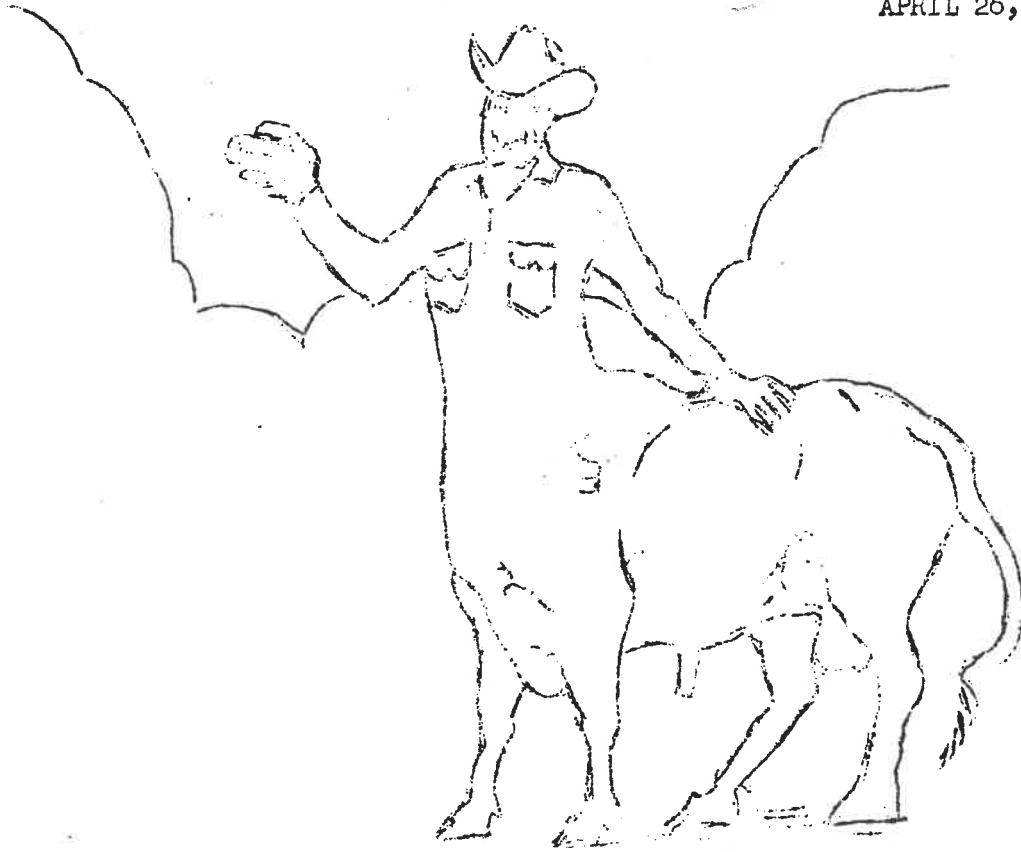


CHARLYANA BULLSHEET

APRIL 26, 1958



WE BELIEVE THIS COUNTRY NEED MORE KIDS
AND LESS GOVERNMENT

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Some few years back, should you have been riding with a group of cowboys just about anywhere in southeastern Arizona, and as you passed a bunch of cattle, one of your companeros had stated "they are all chickens" referring to what appeared to be cattle by every rule in the book, there wouldn't have been any argument.

You're wrong. Those old boys all know the difference between poultry and bovines all right. To carry this on a little further, if the same group should have met a stranger on horseback, passed the time of day with him and ridden on, there still wouldn't have been a dissenting voice if one of the bunch had said "wonder what part of Texas that Lint came from? He must be a new chicken man. He's riding a chicken horse." If they had met a big wagon loaded with bed rolls and a chuck box in the back end of it, more than likely it would have been the Chicken Wagon.

What the hell? Chicken cattle -- chicken horses -- chicken men -- chicken wagon, but no chickens for miles around.

If you are beginning to wonder about our sanity, think nothing of it. We often do ourselves.

To set the record straight and get us all back on the right track, the official title of the outfit we are talking about was the Riggs Cattle Company, and all that chicken stuff didn't come from any hen roost. It came from the company brand which was three V's on the left hip in a semi-circular group with the points turned together.



It was first termed the chicken tracks by the cow hands, then just naturally shortened to Chicken.

The company owned several thousand cattle and a good many hundred horses, but in spite of the name of the brand, not so much as one old setting hen.

It was strictly a family corporation and all of the stock was owned by members of the Riggs Family.

The company was organized along about the turn of the century and was disorganized in 1924. The land and livestock was equally divided among the stockholders and all the land is still owned by members of the Riggs family with the exception of the Cross J, K Bar, and Tom Riggs ranches on the San Simon side of the Chiricahuas which have all been sold to other parties.

The history of the Riggs Cattle Company and of the Riggs family would make mighty good reading if properly written. Although it wasn't one of the biggest cattle outfits in southern Arizona, it was unquestionably one of the best. The Chicken outfit was widely known for its good horses, good wages, and good chuck, especially at the Roundup wagon. The owners were still better known for their integrity and generosity.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

On Monday, April 14th, two county nurses from the County Seat at Bisbee visited the Portal School to check up on the kids' health and to administer booster shots for the prevention of typhoid. But in anticipation of the pleasurable outing to the mountains, they inadvertently forgot to bring along the necessary hypodermic needle. However, the trip wasn't entirely wasted on that account as they did leave some eye test charts so the teachers can test the kids' eyes for faulty vision.

That old lion-hunting Bob Miller, his pappy, and three other dudes, visited in the canyon recently. Bob has been pretty busy this past winter, attending the New Mexico A. and M., and keeping up his lion hunting and dude wrangling chores too. His father manages to keep the dogs fed while Bob is away from home. Young Bill is going to school at Animas and taking care of most of the other ranch work.

A few days ago, Scotty Anderson and Ralph Morrow, assisted by all the little boys in the neighborhood, hogtied Pa and performed a surgical operation on him. In case you don't know, Pa is

Winkie's burr of the masculine gender. The patient has fully recovered physically, but mentally he will never be the same. Instead of looking over the fence and braying as of yore, he seems to have no interest in anything except hay and grass and things like that (changed his mind so to speak).

A comely young squaw, Gretchen Hayes, with her husky young warrior sons, Eric and Marc, came over from the Sacaton Indian Reservation near Coolidge to spend Easter at the Greenmeyer Subdivision, and visit with their many friends and old neighbors.

Our old neighbor, Leo Lady, visited Justice of the Peace Martin recently and donated ten dollars to the Cochise County Treasury. The judge seemed to think that Leo had run a stop sign. He must have thought he did too, as it is understood he didn't argue the point with the judge.

The Cub Scouts in this area are way ahead of the game on den mothers. They have two instead of the usual one. Alice Anderson and Patricia Spurr are presently taking care of wiping the little noses and putting bandaids on cut fingers, also furnishing the cookies, ice cream etc. while the other mothers in the neighborhood get some much needed rest while awaiting their turns at the den mother job.

Our two-bit politicians have given us the cold shoulder, but good, with regard to our pleas for road improvements, so from here it looks like we had better either get some picks or shovels and go to work, or import some politicians from Pima County. Over there, they are talking of building another paved road from Tucson to the top of the Catalina Mountain. If those boys had a real mountain like the Chiricahuas, no doubt they would have six-lane highways built all over it. Some of these days, Douglas, Bisbee, Willcox, San Simon, Bowie, and Elfrida are going to wake up to the fact that we don't object to their people enjoying our recreation areas, free for nothing, and throw in with us along about election time and help us send our present crop of Politicos back

-2- to hanging a mud pool halls instead of misrepresenting us in the state legislature. OJALA.

The Forest Service Bridge Gang is presently installing a cattle guard on the road leading into the recreation area near the John Hand's Dam. There is some likelihood that they will install cattle guards leading into the Southwest Reservoir Station, the Hidden Terrace Estates, and the Maloney Ranch some time after May 13th this year. It is rumored that a big brass conference will be held in Washington, D.C. regarding the matter on or about that date.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Mud River Newman entertained a number of guests at their summer home during the easter holidays: Miss Marian Christian, Mr. and Mrs. Art Mosior. Their daughter Buttons and son Mike came out from Douglas and a couple of slightly corpulent Colonels accompanied by their good-looking wives came over from Fort Huachuca.

Phelps Dodge Newman, as usual, cooked one of his unforgettable chicken dinners on his electrically-driven roasting spit. He uses pine boards instead of charcoal for fuel, and speeds up the cookery by adding gasoline from time to time,— which gives the chicken a — shall we say distinctive — flavor?

OBITUARY

Mickey Murphy's horse died Saturday April 12th, of what appeared to be either acute cholera or strychnine poisoning, and was duly drug off to the boneyard as is usually the practice in such cases.

But conjecture and rumor refused to accept the fact that when a horse dies, he is dead. So after a few days it has become practically a certainty in some circles that the horse died of hydrophobia (rabies) and that the Cub Reporter is doomed to go the same way within a short time since he must have contracted the disease while doctoring the horse.

The Cub says "Try to keep calm, good neighbors. If I take hydrophobia, just take my false teeth and hide them so I can't bite anybody."

PICNIC

The only ones who did not enjoy the school picnic at Sunny Flat on Easter Sunday were the ones who did not attend. There was plenty of good grub, so there was none of the usual snatching and grabbing going on.

The kids played about twenty-five or thirty innings of baseball, and must have run up quite a score, but no one seemed to be keeping tally. A few of the more childish adults participated for a little while, but soon either pooped out or got scratched by the catclaw brush and quit.

Winky Anderson, David and Stanley Payne, Forrest Nichols, and others of about their heavy did most of the slugging. Man Mountain Gordon caught behind the bat for all three or four teams, while Phil Olney, Chuck Troller, and Senator Hayes officiated from the pitcher's mound. Mike Murphy did his best but didn't make much of a showing on account of having caught a hot one on the end of his finger some time before. That was quite a disappointment to Mike because Sandy Newman and Buttons Mosier were among the spectators.

So far as we know, Doc Pugsley was the only one from this immediate vicinity who attended church in Rodeo. Doc promised to do his best for all us other sinners, and no doubt he did. The least we can do is express our appreciation for his efforts.

TRES CABEZAS

The foreman of the Southwest Research Station, Scotty Anderson R.A., is presently carrying on Doctor Cazier's research in a hitherto untried field of science, while the Doc is doing New York, or being done by New York,

The problem is to bring the most highly "book larned" people down out of the clouds of theory, and teach them to do practical things like shoeing horses, dig post holes, and doctor screw worms out of livestock.

Doc Cazier was outstandingly successful at teaching graduates, both male and female, from practically all the higher seats of learning to mix concrete, dig ditches, and nail on roofing. So far as we know, he only had one complete failure among his numerous students of applied practicality. He never could teach the Arizona Game technicians to count the door instead of the pellets.

It has been said many times that George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of all the gringos; but we think Stephen Spurr, Professor of Forestry at the University of Michigan, is the first Yale graduate to learn to shoe a horse, which of course probably brings Scotty in for a blue ribbon too, him being the instructor.

We can't say for sure at this stage of the game that Scotty will score any higher than Doc Cazier in the long run, but, if, in the course of the experiment, he teaches a doctorologist from Harvard to dig post holes and a Cornell graduate to kill screw worms, he will undoubtedly have set a new world's record in practical education.

ROYALTY - NO LESS

That old skinny Liney, Peter Townsend, had better get his love making in high gear as he is soon going to have some real competition for the heart and hand of the fair princess Margaret.

Sir Herbert Smith, wealthy but somewhat senile owner of the W lazy D cattle company Ltd. of Rodeo, New Mexico, is sailing for England on the Queen Mary early next month, presumably to seek the Queen's approval of his courtship and marriage to the princess. (Doesn't he know that you can hardly expect approval for someone you sail on?)

He has not as yet received a formal invitation or a royal command to make Buckingham Palace his headquarters while in dear old Lunnon, but no doubt he will before sailing time.

Sir 'Erbert is a broad-minded, far-thinking man. He says that besides his pre-matrimonial activities, he expects to devote considerable time to trying to convince Parliament that all the British should be sent to America so Uncle won't have to ship their grub so far.

HILLTOP DEEDS AN MISDEEDS

By Verna Nichols

Little Barbara Fisher, the latest of comers to the canyon, has been gaining weight right along, in spite of all the medicine that Doc has been giving her for a cold. She is bouncing up above the 9-pound mark now.

Mr. Nichols was in San Simon for several days helping Red Stoddard change motors in a couple of ol' beat up Chevies. Glad to report mission accomplished with not more than the usual bruises an nashed fingers -- and about the same number of cuss words.

While Olneys were visiting up at Hilltop, we hear that Phil an the dog got to be real pals! This, of course, came right from the dog's mouth.

The Kollmars were horseback riding up the canyon recently, looking over the water situation.

Since deer season is over now, we have a beautiful selection of the creatures up this way. Wonder where Ralph hides them during the time we can shoot them? Or is it that bunch that counts the tracks that are trying to discourage us?

Sherry Ann Nichols spent the weekend at the Stoegner home and attended church and Sunday School with the family in Rodco.

The Mor rows spent Easter in Douglas with their children and grandchildren.

In case any one should feel like taking a trip up this way, we put a sign down the creek aways showing the correct cow trail to take. Of course, one's car will have to be an amphibious creature to make it, an I'm afraid those flat-landers autos have not seen this much water in a long time, and may balk. So be careful! But come along anyway.

Buelha McKee is now working at the Shady Grove Truck Stop.

I have always said, that if you threw the bull long enought an hard enought an loud enought that some thing was bound to happen. True enought, Dub Powers, Tex Sutton, and Oil Well Red were doing such a good job of it the other day that they sat the trailer on fire an all three were just a little scorched. Red must have been real scared cause we went to Texas an we still have not caught him.

If the roads continue to be as rough as they have been, that Doc Baxter in Lordsburg will be a millionaire and can retire, just from putting me back in shape. How about the rest of you alls' creaking joints?

VOX POPULI

April 9, 1958

Mr. Carson Morrow
Portal, Arizona

Dear Mr. Morrow:

As our recent copy of the Bull Sheet had a big question mark, we would like to let you know that we would appreciate receiving further copies of your elite publication.

Actually, we are somewhat miffed over here as you have given the Forest Service, the Fish & Game Commission, and just about everyone in general a bad time and yet you haven't cussed us out at all.

Please remedy the situation. We don't want to be pointed out as the only agency in these parts that hasn't been raked over the coals.

With fondest regards for a continued prosperity.

Sincerely yours,
Forrest M. Benson, Jr.
Superintendent
Chiricahua National Mon.

Portal, April 20

Dear Forrest:

We are gratified and highly pleased that you wish to be retained on the CDS mailing list.

It comes as somewhat of a surprise that you feel slighted because we have apparently failed in our self-imposed duties of keeping all governmental organizations functioning as we think they should.

We cannot believe that you are so naive that you think the Park Service as a whole and your little niche in particular are above reproach. So we can only interpret your remarks as an honest plea for what we deem constructive criticism. So be it!

In the first place, there is a strong tendency on the part of the entire Park Service to forget that they are employed by, and are not the employers of the great American public. Some few Rangers (not the many) have assumed that attitude to the extent that among tourists and others, all of you are becoming widely thought of and referred to as "The Little Gods in Green Brooches."

The public at large is pretty tolerant, but unless that tendency is curbed by policing within your service, it will eventually "break the wagon down".

It has been said that "nothing is so indestructible as a government bureau", but even a few of them have been done in. We offer as one example the

Customs Border Patrol which was disbanded and discontinued some years ago on account of somewhat the same reasons we are calling to your attention. We can think of no other instance that is entirely comparable, but there have been several others of lesser importance, such as the W.P.A., N.Y.A., C.C.C., Hobo Camps, etc. that have fallen by the wayside.

National Park and Monument management also suffers by comparison with the Forest Service's way of managing public camp grounds and recreation areas. We have any number of Tourists and campers come into Cave Creek and express their surprise and pleasure when they find that they are not required to register and comply with all the other restriction regulations, and regimentation to which they have been subjected at similar places under Park Service supervision.

Other things that have soured some of the public on National Parks and Monuments are too many employees and too many widely advertised attractions that are not worth the gasoline it takes to go to see them.

The first-mentioned is almost universally applicable, but most especially at such large attractions as Grand Canyon where they have a large group of rangers with apparently little to do except charge tourists a dollar for seeing the canyon from a few supposedly vantage points, when actually they can't see anything but the Grand Canyon from anywhere they might happen to be in the area, whether they pay the Buck or not.

Your own little Dailiwich comes in for some of the same criticism, in that the only possible real good your crew could do would be to keep down vandalism and pick up trash and papers strewn around by visitors. So in our estimation one janitor or clean-up man would be all the Government-employed personnel required to take care of the situation as vandalism of any consequence is practically impossible in the Wonder Land of Rocks unless the vandal was equipped with a Bulldozer or a Hydraulic Jack.

That is a proven fact, not a theory. Your Cub Reporter along with a lot of other Sap Headed Kids of about the same caliber tried unsuccessfully in every conceivable way short of dynamite to dislodge the balanced rocks and big boulders long before it was discovered that there was anything wonderful about the area.

Right at this point, maybe we had better stop and back up a little bit. It has occurred to us that we might be behind the time. These modern kids and some grown ups are smarter than we were, just as thoughtless, and generally carry car jacks, tire tools, etc. with which they might spoil the scenery. So don't take what we have said about your crew too much to heart. Just carry on, but think about it once in a while.

In so far as we are concerned, Rhyolite Park has nothing the matter with it except its inaccessibility from this side of the mountain. That could be easily remedied by the construction of an inexpensive road through East White Tail Canyon to a junction with your road somewhere near Bonita Park.

Opening up that route would not only afford our sightseers a nice little side trip after viewing the wonders of Cave Creek, but allow tourists from the west to see some really worth while scenery before heading on to their homes backeast.

Some of the places hitherto mentioned as not being worth while are Montezuma canyon at the south end of the Huachuca mountains; that little dingus of concrete construction at Lochiel which supposedly marks the spot where Coronada first entered what is now Arizona; and above all the Organ Pipe Monument.

In case you don't know why we stress the Organ Pipe, let us know and we will use up several pages of paper telling you.

Yours for a better but not bigger Park Service.

Carson Morrow
Cub Reporter, CBS