

CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET



FORTAL ARIZONA, MAY 31, 1958.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

The Southwest Research Station is getting back into high gear for another busy season. Karen smiled her way back into the canyon from New York the other day with her old folks, Doc Cazier and Carol in tow.

The Tres Cabeza crop is a little below par at the moment but they will begin to swarm within a few days. Doc has already let a contract for the expansion of the dining room and will probably build some more living quarters before fall. He says the old Claw Hammer Brigade has been disbanded for good and that from now on he is going to do his entomology work with some other instrument than a claw hammer.

That new procedure will also give R. A. (Regional Assistant) Anderson a chance to slow down to a lope once in a while and let his saddle blanket get dry for the first time since he started to work at the S.W.R.S..

A couple of Portal Matrons conveyed a bunch of 4-H, club kids to Douglas a while back and didn't get home until way long in the dark part of the night.

Their story was that after they delivered the kids to the meeting they drove around town a while and then couldn't find their way back to where they had left the kids. They went on to say that they had finally been rescued by a somewhat paunchy Cattle Inspector over in Partle-ville. That is, they wound up at his house and he told them that the place they were looking for was directly across the street.

The gullible parties of the second part Mr. C. Morrow and Mr. Anderson believe their story and it's damned well they had better.

Doc Pugsley is still rattling around in his old Model A, with his rattling old trailer hooked on behind it. Aunt Duck has been herding the Limousine here lately.

Jack Maloney says that Juvenile Delinquents "Aint notnin but a bunch of kids that dont have any wood to chop".

There is quite a crop of Rattleweed Loco down on the valley this year. It is not definitely known that it affects humans like it does horses, but some of the Rodeo residents have been acting stranger than usual lately.

Signal Painter Earl Fanning has bid in a job at Lordsburg and is moving over there to make his future home. Last year the same melody struck Section Foreman Pearce Mooney and he moved to Duncan.

The Reverend F. E. Woolery of the Babbist Church at Rodeo, together with his good wife took on a load of the usual Yellow legged fried chicken and hot biscuits at the Dixon Ranch on May 14th. And Boy, that Betty Dixon can build those biscuits.

There seems to be a probability that the Reverend is about to take on a job that might prove to be bigger than the man. That is if he intends to convert Old Dick to the Christian Faith.

We understand that the Reverend is a mighty able man in his line. So it's about an even bet that he can turn the trick if he can get Dick to stop riding bucking horses long enough to listen to what he tells him.

Bill Hoge has a number of females employed at the present time. Most of them devote the majority of their time and efforts to laying eggs and cackling.

Garlyn gathers up the eggs and sells them, so about all Bill has to do is figure out ways and means to spend the money.

The Navajos from Sulphur Canyon have left the reservation again. They passed through Cave Creek, headed toward Cima Cabin on the 21st Instant. The Party consisted of the head squaw, Audrey, two pretty little squaws, Custy and Prissy, A young Buck called Murphy and an old Broken Down Buck. It appeared to be a Jerky making expedition rather than a war party, so the old Game Ranger had better be on his toes.

SONOITA HORSE SHOW.

When you go to a horse show you expect to see horses and the Sonoita show, held on May 18th, was tops in that line with a few added attractions. They had more good horses to the acre than there was on any like amount of ground anywhere in the world at that particular time.

They also had a lot of horsemen, horse women and horse kids who knew how to show them at their best, both at halter and under the saddle.

The added attractions were not even remotely related to the horse family. One of them was probably the result of crossing a five gaited grasshopper with a Republican. It was dressed in a powder blue pair of Bikini shorts, sleeveless shirt of the same color, no hat, no hair on it's head and generally had the appearance of a Chocawally Lizard in the act of being hatched out of a blue egg shell.

It was chasing around over the fair grounds taking pictures of all the horses and riders. Its Photographic equipment was similar to that used by Ted Troller and Jim Cox at the last day of school program and he made himself about as much of a nuisance as they did. Likewise he probably didn't have any film in his camera either. Just flash bulbs.

The other freak at the show was walking around under a big black hat with a not too clean Fuller brush or something like that attached to it's upper lip; Come to think about it, He might have been walking on his hands and if he was, Well, enough said.

Anyway he or it was sporting a big Deputy Sheriffs Badge, so one thing we know for sure. is, that he belongs to the Democratic party, They dont have any Republicans in Santa Cruz County except one of their State Senators who was elected on the Democratic ticket (more particulars on request) .

Our little old Mountain Boomers, Sandy, Winky, Mike and Man Mountain were right in there rimming their old wooly ponies around and Old Mountain Alan did us proud by copping a third place in his class for horsemanship.

Little Miss Patty Maloney of Elgin was there too. We cant claim her as one of our very own Mountain kids, but we would

like to. She is the daughter of George (Little Walnut Head) Maloney and the grand daughter of Emma and Jack (Big Walnut Head) Maloney. Patty is as cute as a bugs ear and if you think she cant handle her horses, then you dont know her very well.

SCHOOL IS OUT

Lillian Reed and Ruth Rea deserve a lot of credit and appreciation for the way they conducted the Portal School last term. And since the Chairman of the school board, Mr. Birt Roberds remarked in our presence that he forgot to thank them for a good job, well done, when he made his little talk. We will just grab this opportunity to say "MUCHAS GRACIAS" for Birt, Ourselves, the rest of the school board and the community at large.

The end of school program extended over quite a period of time and covered a lot of country. Also some excellent grub and other refreshments served by the Portal Mothers and Grandmas.

One night Doctor Adamson took nearly everybody in the community on about a four hour trip around the Hawaii Islands through the medium of several hundred colored slides which he had photographed on a recent trip to that territory.

Another day Game Ranger Ralph Morrow showed the kids several moving picture reels of game animals and birds.

We are all proud of every one of our little old knot headed Mountain kids all the time. But two of them gave us a little bit of an extra glow on the last day of school. Marilyn Bagwell and Chuck Troller graduated from the eighth grade and let us tell you right here, good neighbors, those two are not just the kind that are going to succeed they are each "Success" in person right now.

Marilyn is endowed with a plentiful supply of brains, beauty and poise and is a perfect little lady along with it.

Old Chuck is a good solid citizen with a lot on the ball in the good looks department. He had so many ones on his report card that it looked like it had been struck by lightening all over.

It probably wont make much difference

what we think or dont think about it Kids, But as you go on up the ladder of life and learning, we assure you that our esteem and best wishes go with you.

The last performance was of course the best as it was a program in which all of our little rascals played a part. We wont attempt to tell you how good they were, lest you get the idea that we are bragging.

The following is a roster of the pupils attending at the close of school;
Marilyn Bagwell - Chuck (Charles) Troller
- Sally Dixon - Alan (man mountain) Gordon
- Philip (Bronco Phil) Olney - Daniel Spurr - Vincent Scott (Winky) Anderson-
Michael Carson Murphy - Forrest Nichols-
Roy Nichols - Sherry Nichols - Gail Stoenher - Elizabeth Bagwell - Allen Lee Cox - Danny Payne - Stanley Payne and David Payne. The last two moved to Calif. a few days before the end of school.

NOW YOU TELL ONE.

In the ARIZONA FARMER* RANCHMAN of May 24th, Ernie Douglas tells about tying tin cans to burros and stray horses tails and refers to Jack Weadocks recent story in the ARIZONA DAILY STAR of some army kids who threw an Army Pack Train into an uproar by tying firecrackers to some burros tails and setting off the fireworks at the opportune time.

Ernie's tin can tale deals with life along the Gila, down in the vicinity of Gila Bend at a time when if you had asked the way to the nearest Service Station nobody would have known what you were talking about and Jack's Jack Ass stam-pede occured in the Big Bend Country of Texas about the time when Pancho Villa was thumbing his nose at Black Jack Pershing down around Parra, Chihuahua.

The firecracker stunt was pretty unique on account of the acute firecracker shortage in most ranch country, but the tin can stunt was not unusual about any-where west of the Rockies.

In view of these old boys experiences we feel that we should put in our six bits worth and tell you how some of the more evil minded (then) younger cow hands on both slopes of the Chiricahuas practiced a different version. Understand we are not pleading guilty. we're just tellin ya.

They would get forty or fifty old snaky broom tailed mares in a big corral , rope and hog tie two or three of the snortiest ones, attach dry beef hides to their tails, right close up and then turn them loose . They would mill around among the others at an almost unbelievable speed , kicking the hides until it sounded like shot guns exploding and when the gate was opened the whole bunch of horses would explode out of it and the dust would boil in their wake for miles.

It is probable that later day aviators got the idea of Immelman turns, tail spins, nose dives etc from watching those old beef hides while the broomies were reel-ing off the Miles per hour, REM's and side swiping Mezquite bushes.

Cruelty to dumb animals did you say?, Of course it was, and of the rankest kind but most cowboys of that vintage didn't give such matters much thought until they begin getting along toward the sixty mark.

But dont get the idea that any one of those old broomies wouldn't retaliate by kicking your head off or pawing you down if she got the chance.

CABALLOS MUERTOS.

Horse funerals are getting to be a pretty common occurence at the Poor Farm.

As we told uou in a previous issue, Mikey Murphy's horse died of acute colic or something . His Grandpappy gave him another horse and just forty two days later it died too, of some disease or mal-ady as yet un-diagnosed for certain.

Before the last horse died one of the best Vetrinarians in the business diag-nosed the case as impacted bowels, which was probably correct, as the symptoms all pointed that way.

However; speculation , conjecture and fear of the unknown is again causing some of the good neighbors to refuse to accept the fact that dead horses are dead just the same as everything else that dies. So the horses head has been taken to the Public Health Service to be analyzed for Hydrophobia (Rabies) of which there were no symptoms what so ever.

The creek is still running, but not quite so big.

FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Our Forest Service Fire Guards seem to be a little bit too slow on the draw again this year. We have had three or four small Lightning made fires but in each case the guards have gotten there too late with not enough kindling.

On the 28th, Inst. a small blaze started in the spanish daggers and bear grass around on the South slope of Silver Creek in a place where you could drive right up to it in a pickup. Oscar did his best but it went out in spite of all he could do.

One new guard came down off the mountain on horseback to help him, but got lost and went to Newmans Store instead of to the fire. No doubt it could have been kept for at least another day if help had gotten there in time.

HELLS A POPPIN

Real Estate has been changing hands like the "Beezness of nobody". Gordon (Mud River) Newman has bought forty acres from George Newman.

A. T. Steele has purchased a new house with twenty acres in the Greenmyer Sub-division and Carson Morrow is acquiring the old Hayes dwelling with ten acres.

Mr. Steele is a feature story writer and Journalist of considerable note and as you are probably aware, Mr. Morrow does some scribbling - mostly illegible.

It is rumored that since these two worthy gentlemen are going to be next door neighbors, there is some liklihood that they will go in cahoots and do something big, like bathing elephants or expanding and improving the Bull Sheet.

There is only one residence and a limited amount of acreage left unsold in the Subdivision. So if anyone wants a nice home and some first class neighbors they had better "Quit pulling and start Whipping".

BIG CONTEST.

It has been alleged with some malice and a lot of truth that the Cub Reporter is neither reporter or Cub. We resent the allegation and defy the alligators, but admit that it is true, Never the less. No one else seems to want the job at

the salary paid. So the only way we see to straighten this out and make everybody happy is to have a contest to select a new title for the Cub that isn't a Cub. (we dont know what to do about the reporting; all suggestions regarding that will be considered and rejected).

As to the new title, all suggestions will be acceptable provided the words, "TORO" or "BULL" are incorporated in the suggestion.

DO NOT use the word, "NOVILLO", as that title was awarded by proclamation to one of the good neighbors a long time ago and the cub dont qualify for it yet anyhow.

The contest rules are simple; Write your suggestion on a plain piece of paper -not toilet-, attach it to a Ten Dollar Bill or a Quart of whiskey or a full can of Velvet Tobacco and mail it to The Chiricahua Bull Sheet. Contest Department

The winner will be given mention, Honorable or otherwise, in a future issue and also awarded one free subscription to the CBS.

WANTA BET?

Doc Cazier had a pow wow with the Big Brass of the Department of Agriculture in Washington on May 13th, to discuss several much needed improvements on the Coronado National Forest at large, in the Chiricahuas in general and in Cave Creek in particular. The main topics discussed were road improvements, Installation of cattle guards and deflation of the heads of one or more local Forest Service officials.

We will bet as much as seventeen cents that as a result, we get some roads improved, some cattle guards installed and that some merchant over around Tucson sells at least a couple of small sized hats.

DID YOU KNOW that the National Park Service has to obtain a permit to cut stove wood on the National Forest just the same as us common waddies ?.

That modern Injuns eat the head of a horse before they eat the body?.

Box 7 39851726
6925th Radio Group Mobile
APO 74 San Francisco, Calif.
24 May 1958.

Mr. Carson Morrow
%CBS. Portal, Arizona.

Dear Sir.

Sure was glad to see the "OK" on my last copy of the BS. We really enjoy this little sheet--- It keeps us in contact with my old Stomping grounds. I spent a lot of my younger days around that neck of the woods; Mostly around Rodeo, with many trips to the Chiricahuas. With the exception of those who've moved in within the last few years I have known or heard of most of the folks you mention in the B.S.

In one of your issues you wanted a news correspondent to cover the Willcox area,--- If I may I'll make a one time report on a few of the people of the "LETTUCE CAPITAL":

1. T.L. Moore (who at one time, 'way back when, was in the Triple C. Camp in Cave Creek) is conserving the soil so that---
2. Bill Bousenbark's cows will have good grass to eat so that ---
3. Johnny Kane (of the Willcox Market) will eventually wind up with some good steaks to sell, and So that---
4. Dale Blumehagen can get the hides to make belts and Billfolds so that---
5. All those good people of Willcox will have Money-Belts and Billfolds to put their \$100.00 Bills in.

Since I dont get around those parts very often (Being out of the Country or in Texas, which is about the same) I'd like to take this opportunity to say "Hello" to those I haven't seen for a long time and Hi, to those I saw last year.

(Going back up to number 4, above--- you might talk Dale into being your Willcox Bull Slinger. He's pretty good at it.)

Sincerely,

Jay G. Russell,
M/Sgt. U.S. A.F.

Thanks a lot Jay, I'll see that all the Palookas yu mentioned gets a copy of this; Bill Busenbark is the only one of the bunch that I know real well. I used to wipe his little-- ah- nose for him when he was too little to do it himself. Up near Dos Cabezas. C M

HERES OLD NOAH AGAIN.

Belton Texas,
May 18, 1958

Mr. Carson Morrow
Bull Sheet,
Portal, Arizona.

Dear Sir; Thanks for a wonderful little paper. We enjoy the B. S. very much and hope in the near future to be a part of your wonderful community, in the lovely Chiricahua Mountains-- The prettiest spot in America. Find enclosure for stamps etc.

Your Friends, Noah W. Story and Wife.

* Come on Noah, what are you waiting on? Bring the Ark with you. CM.

BANJO CHARLEY WOULD BE A BETTER NAME.

We know that Hamburger Charley Brown makes the best hamburgers there is because he says so. But the things he does the best, he says nothing about, and that is play the banjo and sing old time ballads.

Then again, the thing he probably makes the poorest hand at, he brags about the most. And that is love making.

The old rascal and his partner, Texas Joe, a native of County Clare Ireland came up to Cave Creek the other night along with a lovelorn young sprout, age 19, to serenade a pretty young blonde who resides down at the mouth of the canyon. The idea being for Charley to play and sing, Joe to tell funny stories and the young fellow to pitch the woo to the accompaniment of sweet music and funny yarns.

There is no way of finging out what the lady's reactions were for sure but they evidently weren't very favorable, as the Troubadors wound up at the Poor Farm early in the evening and serenaded the Cub and Grammy until late bed time while the young Romeo moped.

If charley had brought his banjo into play while the lady from Oil City was here its a ten to one bet that she would be frying hamburgers down in Rodeo right now.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

Paradise, continued from last issue.

Frank Witte drifted into Paradise among the first and opened up a saloon.

For all we know about him before that time he might have escaped from prison or deserted a pulpit.

But be that as it may, he was a nice looking youn fellow and quite popular with the fair sex on both sides of the creek.

Miss Daisy Hawkins, sister of Mrs. Henry Chamberlain (More about Mrs. C later) soon took him out of circulation via the matrimonial route. Daisy was one of the most popular members of the young social set and quite active in Church and Sunday school work. Although Paradise never had a church of any kind, the little heathens were rounded up occasion ally and made to attend Sunday School, She was one of the teachers.

Parson Gus Chenowth and a very few other sky pilots held preaching once in a while in the school house or in other buildings.

Frank and Daisy had one son whose name was Harry. They moved away from Paradise To San Simon. Frank died while the son was a little fellow and he and his mother lived with the Chamberlain family there until he was about grown . then moved to Phoenix where it is believed they still reside.

Some months ago an old fellow by the name of Reuben Nelson called at the CBS. Editorial Office. At one time he tended bar in Witte's Saloon and is one of the few men still alive who worked in the old Chiricahua Development Company Mine. He now resides at San Diego, California.

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The Two Wheelers, Old Joe and Little Joe, hailed from Magdalena, New Mexico. Old Joe was Little Joes uncle and in later years came to be generally known as Uncle Joe Wheeler. They were both good cowboys and Little Joe rated himself pretty high as a Bronco rider and made a lot of spectacular rides ; That is in Bar Rooms and around camp fires. His ability to talk a good ride and his in-ability to actually stay on top of a bucking horse was the direct cause of his untimely death.

On the Fourth of July 1904, Paradise put on an Independence day celebration which included among other attractions, free barbecue, dancing and bronco busting. The word went out for everybody to bring in their bad bucking horses and for all the gents who thought they could ride them to get set.

Only two horses were brought in but they both had a reputation earned by unseating a number of the best cowboys in the business. Henry Buckelew and his step sons, the Noland boys, furnished a black mare whose mother had thrown and dragged Mrs. S. B. Reed to death and the daughter kept up the family reputation by bucking Little Joe off in about a jump and a half. She didn't kill him right on the spot but his foot hung in the stirrup and he was dragged and kicked until he died some months later from internal injuries. As we remember he was buried at San Simon.

The name of the owner of the Bay geldin g is not remembered but the horse was plenty salty. a fellow by the name of Jack Townsend was making a pretty good

ride on him until he bucked into a black Jack Oak tree and not only knocked him off but tore most of the skin off Townsends face and head.

Babe Stidham, from over in the Animas Mountains rode the horse to a squealing stop a few hours later and also rode the black mare for a purse of five dollars.

The Wheelers owned and operated one of the larger Combination Saloons and dance halls "Across the Creek" during the boom days of Paradise. When Oscar Cochran resigned as Wagon Boss of the San Simon Cattle Company, ~~Y I A~~. In about 1909, Old Man Joe got the job.

He stayed with the Company until they were completely Nestered out of the Cattle business a few years later, then bought the remnant of the cattle and some of the range. He got married in his old age and settled down up near Mal Pais Tank and became a rather wealthy and respected citizen before he cashed in his mortal chips, some years ago.

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Charles M. Randolph was born and grew up at Roswell New Mexico. His uncle A. T. Prather was in the mercantile and hotel business at Rodeo for a good many years; Being the builder and one time owner of the building which now houses the Rodeo Post Office also the Gypsum Elock store building presently owned by Buford Martin.

Charley came to Paradise in 1903 and went in partners with W. K. Morrow in the Saloon Business. There is an old road sign now in the John Hands Museum at Portal which advertised their business among others. They remained partners for only a short time when he bought Morrow's interest (More about the Morrow tribe later) .

Charley was a tall extremely thin man and wore a big handle bar mustache in keeping with the times. He was kindly, Gentlemanly and universally liked.

He suffered most of the time with some sort of stomach trouble, probably cancer, and died in 1906, while still in his thirties. He was the second person buried in the Paradise Cemetery.

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Patrick Welch was a little old fat Irishman who came to Paradise from the Old County Via. God knows where. He was always well dressed and

mannerly and just about as wide as he was high. His Saloon Building was one of the last of the business structures to be torn down and moved away.

After the Mine shut down and the town started going to pieces, Pat became his own best and just about only customer.

Some time before his liquor stock was entirely depleted the Pink Elephants, Green Lizards etc. got to chasing him and he was committed to the Insane asylum at Phoenix. He probably died there as nothing has been heard of him since.

Alejo Bedoya owned and operated the Mexican Saloon, It was located on the road leading up to the Chiricahua Mine just West of the main drag. He had a family of two daughters and one son, Frances, Minnie and Alejo Jr. His wife had died some time before he moved to Paradise from Solomonville, Arizona, she was a sister to old Mart Moore's wife, Maria.

Frances was a big fat girl and Minnie was as cute as a speckled pup. Several of the young blades of about Walter Reeds vintage used to squire her around when they got the chance. Alejo Jr. was almost a genius at arithmetic and often did Carson Morrow and other's lessons for them just for fun.

When the crash came old Alejo moved back to Solomonville where he finally cashed in; The girls both married Syrians who used to run fruit and vegetable stands in Douglas, and later moved out to California. They visited the writer at Border Patrol Headquarters in Tucson about ten years ago and they were both so big and fat that they could hardly get in through a wide door.

Alejo Jr. died of acute alcoholism at Solomonville before he was thirty years of age. He had acquired the habit while he was still going to school at Paradise from snitching liquor out of his old man's saloon.

Continued to next issue.

No room for the Hill Top Deeds and Mis-deeds this time. Sorry.

We also have some additional stuff, supplemental to last issue which we will try to work in next time. Thanks to Frank Noland.