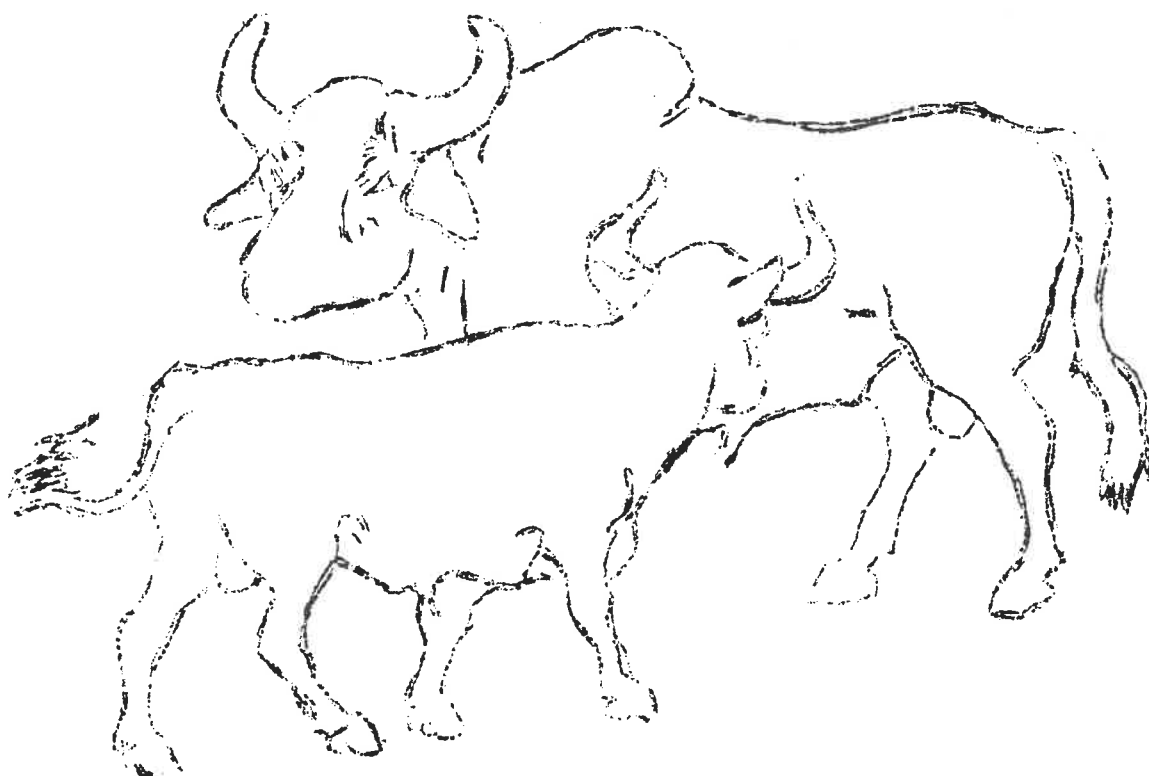


CHIRICAHUA BULLNET



Eric Hargrove

THE PRIDE OF COCHISE COUNTY, ARIZONA

Good neighbors, we have one institution here in Cochise County of which we can be justly proud, and that is our county hospital at Douglas. And believe me, this old gink knows what he is talking about, having just completed a thirty-three day sentence in that institution recuperating from a broken hip.

The ordinary time for recovery from such injury for ordinary people in ordinary hospitals is six seven-day weeks, but in this case the patient worked at it on a five-day week and made the grade in thirty-one days from the time Dr. Montgomery bolted the hip back together with stainless steel bolts and screws. (Stainless steel rear end, huh?)

Credit for this speedy recovery is accorded to the able, kindly ministrations of the entire hospital staff, minus one. You would think that those good people would eventually become inured and callous to the suffering of mankind, since they are, you might say, into it up to their ears every moment they are on duty. But such is by no means the case. They not only perform the duties required to hold their jobs but go a long way beyond that by doing a myriad small things to alleviate suffering, ranging from fluffing up a pillow to bringing a cup of coffee at 5 a. m. to some bed-worn old patient whose conscience or affliction won't let him sleep after that hour.

If they want to end that segregation business in Arkansas all they need to do is break Governor Faubus' hip and put him in Cochise County Hospital until he gets well. There he will find that the color of a person's skin has nothing to do with the kindness of heart and tolerance for the suffering and shortcomings of others. He will see negroes and Mexicans and so-called white patients impartially receiving the same good care from a group of hospital employees whose skins are just as diversified as to color.

After he has been there two or three

days he will wake up every night about one o'clock and his leg will be giving him so much hell that the fiery furnace would look good by comparison. About the time he has reached the point that he is seriously thinking of rolling off the bed with the hope that it will break his neck, either Mrs. Margaret Huish or George Mitchell will come into his room and straighten his old gimpy leg out and poke a few pillows under him here and there and leave him feeling so much better that he will wonder whether it hurt so bad after all.

Then along about 5 a. m. when the miseries are again making the time pass pretty slowly, one or the other of them will slip him a pot of coffee which will make life bearable until breakfast time. These two people have been selected as examples because of the great contrast in appearance which would be certain to make the desired impression on Governor Faubus, mule-headed though he is. Margaret is one of the prettiest blondes in Arizona and probably several other states, while George is a big, husky guy who looks as though he could tie a knot in your leg with his bare hands even if it wasn't already broken.

There are any number of other employees at the hospital who should have a special niche set aside for them when they reach the Happy Hunting Ground on account of the good they have done and are doing. I don't remember or probably never knew all their names, but my gratitude to each of them is inexpressible without getting gushy. The ones I do remember well will always be something just a little bit special to me. They are Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Mealins, Miss Marion Christian, Jack Benson, Mrs. Benson, Eloise Amarillas, Mary Davis, Cleo Terry, Chick Fisher, Mrs. McKinney, Boswell, Charles and Earl, and Jeanne Gallagher, the little lady who has two hens, no rooster but gets two eggs every day just the same.

It is seldom that any play has an all-star caste, so on account of just one person we will have to concede that the County Hospital has one bad egg. She and everyone out there will know

who is referred to when, without further comment, we say "La Diavala Blanca". It is sincerely hoped that hell will be well supplied with fuel when she arrives there, and for the good of humanity that she has an early and painful demise.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

From Cave Creek to Spain and back via France, Germany and Goose Bay is undoubtedly quite a fur piece. But one of our little old kids that was born and grew up right here and who is now a grandmother has just completed that jaunt via the air lines. She came by to tell us about the trip but mostly to tell us about her two grandchildren who are in Spain with their soldier father, Pat Stoltz, who is also a Cave Creek product. Lela (Maloney) Stoltz is the lady we are talking about and Boy! Were we glad to see that bratty little grandma?

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

An old timer by the name of Earl Reed who grew up over in East Turkey Creek a lot of years ago has given us the dope on Fly's Peak and Fly's Park. Earl knew the man well for whom they were named. His name was C. S. Fly and he ran a photograph shop in Tombstone for years and at one time was sheriff of Cochise County. Mr. Fly had quite a ranch in Fly's Park. He had a few stock and a large garden in which he grew potatoes, cabbage, strawberries and just about everything that would grow at that altitude (somewhere around 9,000 feet). Volunteer potatoes and strawberries were still growing there as late as 1910 and possibly still do.

He liked a lot of company and often invited everybody in the country to picnics at his place. They would bring their bedding (hot rolls) on pack horses and he would furnish all the beef and vegetables. These parties would last for several days. In those times there was always one or more fiddlers in every crowd. So they would square dance on the ground and sing and whoop and holler and probably indulge in foot races, shooting matches and other kinds of

matches until everyone pooped out and drifted toward home. Wonder how many people would or could attend and enjoy a fiesta like that in Fly's Park nowadays.

Earl Reed and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary a few days ago. She is a daughter of Jack Scheerer, one of the first permanent residents of Cochise County.

TRES CABEZAS

From here it looks like old Doc Montezuma Cazier should have been identical twins instead of the one old ugly mug that he is. We need him right here now worse than we ever did on account of Scotty being a little more than somewhat indisposed, in other words, sicker than hell, and the Cub being geed up in the get-along until he is more useless than ever, if that is possible.

The fact of the matter is that Doc is being called back to New York right away pronto, leaving us high and dry. Unless we get all the breaks (not broken legs) we won't be able to even get out the Bullsheet, much less manage the affairs of the Southwest Research Station. The only way it can all possibly be done is for Russel Clark to throw himself into high gear and stay that way day and night. It would surely make it a lot easier on us if Dr. Parr, director of the American Museum of Natural History, could manage that little one-horse outfit without calling on us to lend him one of our best hired hands.

THE DOUGLAS PUMPKIN SHOW

Bronco Phil Olney did us proud down at the County Fair at Douglas. He showed nearly all of those nester kids how to ride a horse. Although they only gave him a red ribbon for second place in the Stake Race, we have to say that if the kid that got the blue ribbon beat Phil fair and square he is quite a little cowboy. Phil's sheep took a white ribbon but we aren't bragging about that; it should have been a calf.

Man mountain Allen Gordon and our little old freckled-nosed Sandy Newman were right in there doing their stuff,

but they were either outhorsed or out-judged, as they didn't win any prizes. Winkie Anderson and Mike Murphy couldn't participate this time as Winkie's daddy got sick and couldn't take them.

Chuck Troller came in for a blue ribbon on his sheep and there is no doubt in our mind that he would have gotten a purple one if he had showed a calf instead of that stinking ~~ewe~~. The Portal school was awarded a blue ribbon for the school exhibit, as usual, and Gertrude Moller got a third place on her colored slides.

Betty and Sally Dixon really went to town on their apple exhibit from the Dixon orchard in Whitetail Canyon. They were awarded six blue ribbons, two reds and a purple. They would have gotten first places all the way but as usual old Dick pattered around and pulled the stems out of some of their prize apples.

Tom Stafford won some prizes with his cucumbers but we have been unable to learn what they were. Chrissy Troller evidently had a whole herd of sheep on exhibit, as she won enough blue ribbons to make her a new dress. Incidentally, Phelps Dodge Newman took a first prize on some colored slides that Francis had taken for him.

ANOTHER LANDMARK CHANGES HANDS

One of, if not the oldest continuously operated cattle ranches in Cochise County has changed hands recently. Our old friend and neighbor Sam I. Mosely has sold the Red Top ranch for a lot of dinero and he and his wife, Josie, have bought out the other interests in the HYL (Lawhon) Ranch.

The Red Top was originally built by an old Irishman by the name of Shanahan, circa 1880. Old Baldy George Walker owned it for a while and Charley Hall filed a homestead claim on it after that and sold it to Sam and his mother, Mrs. Nora Mosely, along about 1915 or so. They had a pretty hard go of it. Sam was a pretty small kid at that time but dug in and made a hand all the way. They had some milk cows and he packed many, many gallons of milk and butter to the Hill Top Mine on horseback and sold it.

Incidentally, he learned to play poker pretty fast and it wasn't long before his winnings amounted to as much or more than his milk sales.

Sam eventually got up in the world until he didn't have to peddle butter-milk, but he didn't ever forget how to play poker. If you would like to take a few lessons in that game he will teach you but what you learn will come high, you may be sure of that.

A letter from Josie tells us that a cloudburst fell up in Apache Pass on August 19th and almost washed the HYL Ranch away. It washed out retaining dykes that had withstood all flood water for well over thirty years.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

When the Old Cub finally got out of the hospital, old Mud River Newman brought him back to the Chiricahuas in that big purple job, which was a lot of style for an old mountain man.

We have been having a lot of genuine California weather lately. The fog settled down in the canyon until we didn't see the sun for three days and nights.

Harry and Dorothy Bliss have been visiting relatives at their old stamping ground in Colorado recently.

The Sub-Cub, A. T. Steele, evidently never did learn the old Army rule, "Keep your mouth shut, your bowels open and don't volunteer for anything." He volunteered to type the sheet once and since that time he has been imposed upon to cut the stencils and draw the cover picture for the last issue. Wonder how he is going to escape. You will remember that Carol had a baby and Fritzie went into nurse's training to get out of that job and Doc Cazier let his whiskers grow so long that he got them mixed up in the typewriter and had a lot of trouble getting loose.

(Note from the sub-Cub to the Cub: I don't plan to have a baby or even to become a nurse--after seeing all the trouble you gave the County Hospital. But I'll find a way.)

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

(Continued)

The Cub just barely got out of the hospital in time to make room for Scotty Anderson, the last person on earth you would think of ever landing in a hospital. The doctors diagnose his ailment as a kidney infection, but in our learned opinion it was purely a case of "road founder". That young shaver has been making at least 25 miles a day on foot tending to everything around the Research Station for the past more than three years, besides helping out everybody else with whatever they have had to do.

It seems like old Lady Luck has just about deserted this community lately. Our old compadre John Pence is also in the hospital with an eye infection.

We are losing two of our best residents and gaining some of which we know nothing. (But we're gonna like 'em). It all came about this way. Miriam Toles sold the Toles Ranch to some Tucson people by the name of Rainsford and as Bob and Mary Renfrew were leasing the place, their lease has been cancelled and they are moving to Tucson. The Cub told those two old rascals that they were positively not to move away from Portal under any circumstances, but they are taking advantage of his Broken Rear axle and going anyway.

Jack and Emma Maloney have decided that they won't move to Elgin to live and that's a strike for we Common People. This doggoned canyon just might turn around and run back the other way if they should move out of it.

We have received letters from each of the Hayes family except the Senator. No doubt he is busy politicking and was foxy enough to know that the Cub would be too lazy to answer anyway.

Those good old ex-neighbors all seem to be pretty happy in their new location at Maricosa, Colorado; however, if anyone happens to drive up that way they would no doubt be glad if you dropped in for a little bull session. It seemed as though there was just a faint tone of homesickness in their letters

(Note: Let me know whether you

received a C.B.S. dated Sept. 13.)

WEATHER AND POLITICS

Any and all of you old kids who grew up in the Chiricahuas and have drifted to other parts of the world on account of bench warrants and other urgent reasons should come back and pay us a visit now if you are ever going to.

We have had two good rainy years in a row and the mountains have never been more beautiful. The creeks are all running clear and water is seeping out from under just about every rock. Of course the grass and weeds are as high and green as they ever get.

You won't have to worry about the law getting you for anything you might have done before you left the country because we haven't had a sheriff that was worthy of the title since Harry Wheeler, and he went out of office back in 1916. Instead of electing experienced peace officers to that office, we have been electing Texas goat herders, broken-down ice men and pus-gutted cotton pickers. Nearly all these funny paper cops have had a few things in common. They have decked themselves out in modern cowboy regalia, high heeled boots and all, have gone around with one hand held behind their back except for a few weeks just before election and have kept their expense accounts well padded.

The odd thing about it is that they have all been staunch members of the Honest Democratic Party. We will say one thing in their favor: we haven't seen any of them wearing any kind of a fancy fur coat. So Mr. Goldfine must have confined his love and affections to the bigger fish up around D. C. BUT--- in spite of that apparent sign of honesty, the slot machines and other forms of unlawful gamblin have gone on unabated except for short periods around election time, and raids on houses of prostitution have been restricted to about the same procedure.

As one example, a woman was arrested in Willcox some months ago for running a house of prostitution. While serving sentence, she had to be taken to the county hospital where she gave birth to her tenth illegitimate child. Yep, business is good in Old Cochise!