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CHIRIYAHUA

BULLSWEET



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37th Edition.

HXL

On April 23, 1875, at St. Louis Missouri a baby girl was born who was destined to contribute a lot more to the welfare and development of Arizona than any one, even a dozen of the Swashbuckling characters ever did who have been and still are being written, talked about, sung about and portrayed in the movies and on Television. That little lady was named Anna Schafer.

When she was between three and four years of age her father, Joseph Schafer loaded she, her baby sister Lizzie and their mother into a covered wagon and joined an Emigrant train headed west.

They stopped somewhere in Texas long enough for her brother Joe to get born, thence came on to Fort Bowie, Territory of Arizona, arriving there in 1879.

The Fort was under construction and work was plentiful so her father pulled out of the train and went to work.

Old Chris Grauer whom we have mentioned in a previous story came with the same train and also pulled out at the Fort and remained in the Chiricahuas for the rest of his life.

Soon after they arrived Joseph Senior established the ZZ Ranch about a half mile west of Apache Pass where his family grew up and resided until about 1913 when the ranch, including several hundred head of cattle and horses was sold to the Riggs Cattle Company.

Another brother, William was born at Dos Cabezas. Anna and the other Schafer children attended school there. Mort Wein who now has a ranch a mile or so west of that little tumbled down village was one of their school mates. Mort is one of the very few people alive today who remembers Fort Bowie as it was in its heyday. No doubt that old rascal also remembers a lot of other things which he isn't telling even at this late day. What about it Mort?

Joseph H. Lawhon and Anna Schafer were united in holy matrimony August 9, 1897. We don't know exactly when Joe came to Arizona from his birth place, Whittset, Texas, but do know that he was working for Brannick Riggs at the mouth of Pinery Canyon in July 1889.

The unknown bard who composed the old cowboy song which begins, "I CAN HANDLE ANY CRITTER EVER WORE A COAT OF HAIR: THOUGH I HAD A LIVELY TUSSEL WITH A TAWNY GRIZZLY BEAR", must have been

looking right straight Joe Lawhon when he wrote it. We never heard of Joe tangling with a grizzly, but any horse or cow that got unruly when he was handling it was sure to win second prize. If it was a horse Joe would be still seated right in the middle of him when the dust cleared away and if a cow brute, it was pretty sure to wind up with its legs crossed and neatly tied with a piggin string.

The old time cowboys used to claim that there was no horse alive that could buck Joe off. When he first came to the country he was just a big overgrown boy and no one would give him a job punching cows because he didn't have a cowboy outfit and didn't look the part, so he took a job swamping for the cook around the Roundup wagon.

One day he was washing up the dishes, wearing a gunny sack for an apron when a horse bucked some top hand off, nearly dumping him in the cooks fire. Joe laughed at him and the gent made a few dirty remarks, among them that mabe Joe thought he could ride the se and se.

Well Joe didn't think anything about it. He knew he could. So he caught the nag, untied his apron to use as a quirt, climbed on and flogged that old pony until he bucked no mere. Right there is where the expression to "Sack Out" a wild horse probably got started.

Anyway that ended Joes career as the cooks swamper. He was number one Bronco Peeler from that date on until he got too old and stiff.

If you ever heard Joe laugh you would know why the gent got mad. You could hear him laugh for a mile with the wind blowing in the opposite direction and he could cuss just as loud on occasion.

His ability to ride the horse was no accident, he had grown up on a horse ranch in Texas where his step father made a business of breaking and training horses. Specializing in training them for Police work. He sold some horses to Police departments as far away as Chicago and St. Louis.

Mrs. Lawhon wasn't as handy as Joe at taming wild livestock but she could get the job done when necessary. Her long suit was handling stock in such way that they produced enough of the Almighty Dollars to keep the bean pot boiling. It is safe to say that during her life time she raised and marketed more cattle than there are altogether in Cochise County, Arizona at the present time.

It is generally conceded by all who knew her that she had no peer as a cattlemoan and as a cowhand. She always did her share of the riding and ground work in the corral. By that we dont mean that she would just mind a gate while someone chased a cow through it. She took her turn at branding, ear marking and vaccinating and changed many a little bull calves way of thinking with her pocket knife. And she didn't ride horse back just for the pleasure of having her feet hang down or so she could watch her shadow.

When this fine young couple of thrifty, able and generous people got married and went into cattle ranching their success was inevitable, although it didn't come easy.

They Homesteaded at the East entrance of Apache Pass and built a home, barn, corrals etc. that have not only lasted through the many years but have been constantly improved and modernized in keeping with the times until it could it could well be cited as a model cow ranch of today.

The range and cattle were improved in proportion. They started their herd by buying the H Y L brand and all the cattle wearing that brand from Mrs. Edd. Heyl for the magnificent sum of ~~Twenty five~~ dollars paid in hand. There is no record of the number of cattle thus acquired but there isn't much doubt as to the class of cattle they were. As at that time a Red-White face cow was as rare as a brindle or buckskin colored one is now.

The deal for the H Y L outfit was summated on May 11, 1899. The original Bill of Sale, hand written on a plain piece of paper bears five- two cent Document Stamps which to a stamp collector are worth several times over what the cattle and brand cost originally.

The Lawhons worked hard most of the time ,played hard once in a while and were widely known for their hospitality and industriousness. It has been truly said many times that of the thousands of people who have visited the H Y L ranch not one has ever gone away hungry. And we will add that of the many who have stopped there for the night, very few, if any have have gotten a full night's sleep, Especially during roundup time.

They started work so early and came in so late that it was a common saying among the cowboys that the H Y Loutfit never ate breakfast or dinner but had two suppers every night.

Down through the years they weathered a good many storms, both economic and domestic. Like most Arizona Rancers their biggest problem was almost continuous drouth. It got so bad in 1918 that they rounded up all their cattle that were able to make the trip and drove them over land to Sonora, Mexico to pasture. Joe went with the cattle and Mrs. Lawhon stayed at the ranch and nursed the poverty stricken and lame ones.

The Mexico deal was almost a disaster for the Lawhons and a lot of other ranchers who took their cattle down there at about the same time. The cattle all did well on the Mexican Pastures but the Mex. owners of the range did a lot better.

Only the young healthy brood stock were taken down. The ranchers were paying a pretty stiff grazing fee but "Our little Brown Brothers" saw an opportunity to do some real profitable business.

They promptly enacted a law prohibiting the export from Mexico any brood cow between the ages of two and seven years of age. That really put them in a position to rake in the "Mordida" as the Mex usually do to the Gringos when they go to Mexico.

Some of the Arizonans got their cattle out by bribing Mexican Officials, which is legal in that country the same as it is here, if you dont get caught; Others were moon lighted across af ter night; a good many were sold at mexican prices or traded for other classes of cattle which didn't come under the export ban.

Lawhons traded theirs for Mexican steers which they shipped to Nebraska for fattening. A blizzard struck and killed a good part of them and the remainder were sold on a Post War Market at a price which didn't come anywhere paying the freight and all the other losses and expenses.

Mrs. Lawhon built the hospital bunch that didn't go to Mexico into a herd that restocked the range within a comparatively few years and Joe went into the Real Estate business up at Phoenix, but did not do very well at that, probably because he couldnt handle real estate on horseback. He passed over the great divide in 1947 and she followed about ten years later. They are both taking the last long sleep in the "Campo Santo" at Bowie

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The Lawhons had three daughters, Maggie Lucy and Josie. Maggie pre-deceased her mother, Lucy (Mrs Vinton Bays) lives at Phoenix, Josie and her husband, Sam L. Moseley has bought out the other interests in the ranch and are keeping up the old brand and traditions. Josie lives in the same house in which she was born. We will let her tell you how many years ago.

SCHOOLS OUT

At the close of the last term of the Portal School, May 7th, the Teacher, Lillian Reed and her 18 or 19 little geniuses put on a Western play that was a knockout.

They portrayed the old West more realistically than most of the professionals do, yet they modernized it to some extent by having a clown the same as the big Rodeos have, although they didn't use any horses.

The boys were all armed to the teeth, (cap guns) and the girls were costumed in keeping with the Gay Nineties or before. Gun play was the order of the day and pistols were drawn but not fired frequently. The Movies have their heroes stand up face to face and go for their guns but those kids invariably did it just like most of the old time fire-eaters did, by waiting until the intended victim turned his back before they went into action.

Old Doc Pugsley played the part of the clown, he didn't ride any bucking horses or fight Brahma Bulls, but snarled a couple of Dude Western songs through his nose in a grand opera manner instead, which produced a lot of laughs. You might say that Doc is one of the most highly educated or graduated ginks in the country. He always plays some part in the Commencement, or finish of every kid who completes the eighth grade at Portal.

Alan (Man Mountain) Gordon was the only one in the graduating class this year and we want to say right here and now that he did us all pretty proud. "Book larnin" comes hard for him, but he did it, and as pointed out by our somewhat corpulent and cantankerous old Game Warden, Ralph Morrow, when he delivered the graduation oration; In the meantime Alan has not only made himself a place as a full fledged member of the community but has

learned the multitude of small things such as the difference between pig tracks and horse tracks that distinguishes the New Jersey Dude kid that he was from the Western Mountain kid that he now is.

The (more or less) honorable school board, consisting of Mrs. Peg Troller, Mr. John Gordon, (Scotty) Anderson, and the old Cub Reporter, sat up on the platform hoping they didn't look as uncomfortable as they felt, while the graduation exercises were in progress.

Betty Dixon and Alice Anderson did a good job as stage hands. They had some trouble with the fancy pink curtain, which the head woman of the PTA (Leona Morrow) had gone to so much trouble to procure and get installed.

Now that we have the participating adults pegged for you, we will get back to the Kids. Rodger Hill starred the show, closely seconded by Sally Dixon. Phil Olney, Winky Anderson, Roy Nichols, Mike Murphy and Carl Chew, played the part of old time grocery store bench warmers. They were somewhat reminiscent of old John McClellan, Charley Small, Rube Hadden and Otto Duffner, sitting on the bench in front of George Walker's Store at Paradise, forty or fifty years ago. Those old codgers put in their time at whittling on the bench and telling big windies. Instead of that our Kids gave forth with some real old time Cowboy songs and music on their Harmonicas.

We couldn't keep up with all the other Kids and the parts they played, but you can bet your last chaw of terbacker that they did good jobs, so we will just tell you their names and promise to do a better job of reporting next time: Elizabeth Bagwell - Roxanna Rainsford - Sherry Nichols - Gail Stonher - Bergera Cousar - Zoe Chew - Alan Lee Cox - Forrest Nichols and Paul Chew.

Two of our favorite "Old Grads" from last year who are now attending High School at Douglas, came back and helped out their "Old Alma Mater" by putting on a couple of special acts. That pretty little Miss Marolyn Bagwell, intoned and extra long prayer from memory and "old dependable" Chuck Troller, recited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, in a manner that would have made "Honest Abe" pretty proud if he could have heard

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

DOWN THE LONG TRAIL

One of our latest subscribers, Ashton
Hawkins, of Long Island, New York, is a
son of Billie the Kid in reverse. The
Kid was born in New York, came to New
Mexico and developed into a rat of the
first water; while Friend Hawkins was
born in New Mexico and went to New York
where he developed into a gentleman, a
scholar and a judge of good literature.

We base the last part of that statement
on the convincing way in which he has
told us he likes the C.B.S.; first he
sent a check for ten bucks and asked to
be put on the subscription list. We
did that and mailed him all the back
issues we could find. Then in less than
a week we received another check from
him for (you don't have to believe it)
one hundred American dollars.

As usual, the official Meeter and Greeter
of the Chiricahuas, Scotty Anderson,
primed the pump for the nice Windfall,
and that was only a small part of the
priming job. The Southwestern Research
Station came in for a sizeable donation
also as a result.

Amigo Hawkins visited the Station for a
day and night last March and when he
got back to Long Island, he advised his
friend and neighbor, Mr. Lousdell Christie
to come out and look the Research Station
over with the view of donating some of
his excess cash to the cause. It evi-
dently looked as good as it was repre-
sented as Senator Christie plunked down
a check for two thousand and promised
another like amount for next year before
old Doc Montezuma Gazier and Scotty
hardly had time to get the red carpet
rolled out for him.

Just a word about Scotty for the benefit
of you good subscribers who have not met
him. We're not going to enter him in
any beauty contests and that's for sure,
but when it comes to meeting and treating
visitors (cash customers and otherwise)
just like people like to be treated,
that's where we will bet the entire wad
on him against all comers at about two
to one odds.

Our good friend and next door neigh-
bor, Jack G. Moore died of heart fail-
ure at about 10:30 PM. May 30th. The
illness came on suddenly after Jack had
gone to bed and he only lived a very few
minutes after the attack.

We, and all the community extend our
heart felt sympathy to Mrs. Moore.

A message from her is hereafter quote
" MY DEEP APPRECIATION AND THANKS TO MY
WONDERFUL NEIGHBORS AND COLONEL BUGSLEY
FOR THEIR HELP AND KINDNESS IN MY GREAT
LOSS ; AND MY THANKS TO JEAN LUDWIG, THE
"HELLO GIRL" FOR HER WILLINGNESS AND
ASSISTANCE; AND TO THE PORTAL COMMUNITY
FOR THE LOVELY SEMI-CIRCLE SPRAY OF BEAU
TIFUL GLADIOLUS AND CARNATIONS; AND FOR
ALL THE VERBAL AND WRITTEN MESSAGES AND
OFFERS TO HELP IN ANY WAY; AND THANKS
TO THOSE WHO STOPPED BY.

I WILL BE HERE UNTIL THE 16th. AND
THEN WILL GO AWAY FOR A WHILE TO VISIT
FAMILY AND FRIENDS. I LOVE THE PLACE
AND HAVE NO DESIRE TO LIVE ELSEWHERE. I
HOPE TO CONTINUE TO MAKE MY HOME HERE.
Signed Mrs. J. G. (Marge)
Moore.

THE HOOT OWL SAYS;

Its about time for either the Forest
Service or the County Supervisor to send
a road grader to turn the rocks over
again. One or the other of them gener-
ally does that when we have gotten all
the rocks in the road worn smooth they
come along and turn the sharp sides up.

Arch and Esther Steele had better
have their moccasins half soled and mabe
the seats of their pants too, before they
come home, as Pop and Mary Knoxton have
landscaped the "Casa de Pterro" with
rock gardens and Cactus (Cacti) until
punctures of one kind or another are
inevitable.

The School Board budgeted \$8897.00
for the last term of the Portal school
of that amount only \$5863.00 was exp-
ended at the end of the term, which left
an unexpended balance of \$3033.01

