

THE CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET

MAY 7, 1957

This Publication is non-partisan, non-sectarian and non just about everything else. If you have any secrets tell them to us. We can't guarantee to reveal them as fast or in as much detail as the "Sew What" Club does but we will try.

We reserve the Right to Commend, Recommend Consult and Insult any and everyone in our jurisdiction which extends from Cave Creek to a Point slightly beyond New York City. If you don't find your name in this issue don't get the idea that you have escaped entirely just bear with us and be thankful for a while.

WE SOLICIT SUGGESTIONS, RECOMMENDATIONS AND CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM FROM ALL OUR READERS. SAY ANYTHING YOU WANT TO BUT DON'T KICK OUR DOG.

A Portal resident has been awarded an unrestricted Bull Slingers License and he is now affiliated with this Publication as a Cub reporter. Which brings up the question: How old and ugly does a reporter have to be before they quit calling him a Cub?

SOMETHING KIND OF SPECIAL!

We are going to start off by violating one of our own "rules" by saying something pleasant about a person.

As a rule Texans don't need any help when it comes to bragging but they will soon have someone there that we will brag on for them. That is our little school Marm. Mrs. Sally Richards, has taught the Portal School for the past three years, but has now resigned and is moving to Texas. Our vocabulary is too limited to attempt to express the gratitude of this community for the exceptional job she has done or the admiration, respect and esteem we feel toward her.

Some time ago we were driving by the Richards Ranch and Sandy Newman asked "who lives there?" Mike Murphy replied "Why you dumb Cluck that's where my little "Teacharoo" lives." Mike surely didn't

use very good English and his pet name for her seemed to be of his own coinage but the way he said it left no doubt that she filled a pretty special place in his World. And that goes for all of her pupils without exception.

THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON

We have heard that Bill Miller has finished shearing his "Texas Long Horns."

It is rumored that Glenn Isaacson has joined the Church and expects to be promoted to Bishop soon.

Birt Roberds has quit drinking Mescal and started feeding it to his bulls.

Guy Miller wants to buy a horse. Just as soon as they breed another Man of War and sell him for ten dollars.

It looks like we might have a railroad in Cave Creek before long, Scotty Anderson finished his new horse trailer which he built at the Douglas Welding School. He brought it home the other day and since he welded all the RR Scrap Iron in Douglas onto it, it seems like the SP should build a branch line for it to travel on. Our road bridges are only good for loads of ten tons.

We are sure glad to see Aunt Duck looking so chipper after her seige with the "Saw Bones" at the Douglas Hospital.

Spring is here and there is no longer any doubt about it. The two infallible signs have appeared. The Mezquites have leafed out and Carson Morrow has taken a bath. Some old timers claim that they have seen the Mezquites get frosted in years gone by but we defy anyone to prove that Carson ever took a bath before the last spring frost.

Doc Ozier has been going around with a worried look on at least part his face ever since he came back from New York City and Carrollis eating peanut butter and

water cress sandwiches. Wonder wants up or down? As the case may be. We hope it's a boy.

The population of the Portal Ranger Station has been increased by 200 percent within the past few days. Assistant Forest Ranger Archie Rea and family, and the Leo Lady (no we're not yodeling) family are now reside there.

Archie says it is legal to get dry fire wood off the Forest without a permit provided your wife chops it.

Christopher Columbus thought he had really done something when he discovered America, but Tom and Nora Stafford are stealing his thunder: Right now they are over there discovering Europe.

The entire Population of Paradise were recently over on Cave Creek fishing, it is rumored that Bill Sanders Caught more fish than Ed Epley Did.

If anyone finds a Prospectors Pick wandering around Hands Pass please capture and return to Doctor John Cooper at the S. W. Research Station. No, he didn't lose his hat.

Jim Grunig says its a lie he didn't have to hire a man in a Ford to tow his jeep up Horse Shoe Canyon.

George Newman now has water in his well, that ought to cut down a little on his beer consumption. What about it George?

Somebody told Oscar Olney that he ought to have a red pickup and boy! has he got one!

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

We propose to publish in each issue a thumb nail sketch of one or more of the people who resided in or near the Chiricahua Mountains during the Period 1903 to 10. These sketches will be written from memory and since our memory isn't the best and since a good many of those peoples pasts were more than somewhat sketchy before they came here we'll just tell it the best we can and apologize for any offensive mistake we might make.

That is, if we can't lick or out run the offended.

Many yarns, lies, stories and songs have been written about the old time Peace Officers, outlaws and other swash-bucklers of the old west but at least two of the most outstanding characters who ever inhabited Cochise County, Arizona have been entirely overlooked or ignored.

Parson Chenewth and Stephen B. Reed these men were honest, hardworking pioneers who came to this country in the late 1870's by ox wagons, established homes, raised big families and started the development of the civilization we now enjoy.

The Parson settled at the San Simon Cienega and Mr. Reed in Cave Creek in the Chiricahua Mountains.

Neither of them made any pretense of being Tough Hombres, in fact they were, each in his own way, mild mannered, friendly and courteous. Yet they had something about them that caused the Tough Boys to tread a little more softly when they were around; certainly they did not command the respect both the outlaw and marauding Indian on account of their looks or manners but because when the chips were down they knew that these old boys would play for keeps, and no holds barred.

During the 80's and 90's, murder, robbery horse stealing and cattle rustling were rampant and the Apaches were promiscuously killing settlers, burning ranches and raising hell in general throughout Arizona. The Chenewth and Reed ranches were never molested although Bands of renegade Indians camped within sight of their houses many times., and both peace officers (so called) and outlaws came to put their feet under the table, all were welcome so long as they behaved themselves.

So far as is known Mr. Reed was never called upon to prove his superiority as a fighting man, and was content to tend to his own business and shoot a bear once in a while for amusement. But the Parson was challenged a few times. He had no Church or regular congregation so he preached his sermons in dance halls, saloons, bunk houses or out in the open to any and all who cared to attend.

One time when he was in Galeyville for a preaching one of Curly Bills henchmen, who was probably somewhat in his cups, decided it would be fun to bait the Parson a little, but he promptly learned a lesson which didn't benefit him much because in answer to one of his jibes the parson landed an upper cut on his jaw and killed him deader than a hammer.

The Parson then helped make him a coffin and dig his grave in the Galeyville Graveyard and preached his funeral.

On another occasion the Parson met one of the Tough boys on a trail in the Chiricahua Mountains. The Tough Boy drew his pistol and ordered him to dismount and take his saddle off as they were going to trade horses. The Parson stepped off of his horse on the side away from the outlaw, drawing his rifle from the scaboard as he did so, and when the Tough boy glanced down to see how things were going he found the tables turned and he was looking full into the business end of a .50 calibre Buffalo gun pointed from underneath the horses belly.

The Parson then explained that he wasn't in much of a trading mood that day and didn't want to trade horses at all, but that being as how his old saddle was about to fall to pieces and that the outlaw had such a nice new one, they would just trade saddles.

There is no record of him having converted any one to Christian faith and he probably didn't instill much reverence for the scriptures in many of his listeners but they surely learned to take off their hats and bow their heads in some semblance of reverence when Parson Chenewth went into action either with his fists, his Buffalo Gun or his Bible.

WHAT NEXT?

The following named young socialites caroused at San Simon last Saturday night: Scottie and Alice Anderson, Guy and Audrey Miller, Ralph and June Kimble, Capt. Glen Isaacson and his partner Jack Anderson.

We now have about seventy registered voters in this Precinct whose combined ages are something less than seven

thousand years.

WANTED: A family with ten kids of school age to move into Portal.

If you don't like our Paper, just throw it in the fire it isn't too green to burn

IN PARTING

If you have a dirty mind you probably won't like our Title, but don't get rash about it. As it was suggested by a member of one of Uncle Sam's most Powerful Agencies, the U. S. Navy. No, we don't mean the whole danged Navy, just Commodore John B. Loefer of Pasadena California, and after all what could be more expressive unless Fritzie should make a typographical error.