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CHIRICAHUA BUSHNET



WE ALWAYS USE FRESH MATERIAL

Written and printed in Cave Creek Canyon, Chiricahua Mountains; where
the Morning glories bloom at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mailed at Portal, Arizona, January 16, 1958

Drawing by Eric Hayes, CBS Staff artist

LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS:

Apparently the Chiricahua Mountains have been here for quite a while and so far as we know they have been known by that name ever since the first old gut eating Indian called them that for the first time.

We have been told by people who probably don't know any more about it than we do that Chiricahua means "big mountains" in the Apache language, but be that as it may, we like it. However, we don't like some of the place names which have in late years been given to some of the Peaks, Water falls, picnic grounds, etc., such as "Silver Peak", formerly White Rock Mountain, "Cathedral Rock", "Camp Idlewild" and others.

Such names are pretty if used in the right setting, maybe back in New Hampshire, but completely out of place in a western mountain range which bears an Indian name, whatever it might mean in English.

To correct that and to belatedly commemorate and honor two of our most stalwart pioneers, Stephen B. Reed and C. A. (Gus) Chenoweth, we propose that proper steps be taken to change the names of two of the misnamed land marks and rename them after these two worthy men.

Please give us the benefit of your thoughts and wishes in the premises. If sufficient interest is shown we will be more than willing to assist in carrying on through.

DID YOU KNOW?

That Frissy Miller, Philip Olney, and Mike Murphy all celebrated their tenth birthday and that Winkie Anderson celebrated his eighth one during the month of December.

That Sandra Newman wears a dress once in a while?

That Billy Darnell, Geary Spencer, Alan (man mountain) Gordon, and Chuck Troller have to shave occasionally. Rather lightly we assume.

That we have just about a full squad of Colonels here in the Canyon but so far as we know, nary a Buck Private.

That the Rodeo Barber cut the Cubs hair (all twelve of them) for two subscriptions to the Bull Sheet? That's sort of like trading nothing for less. A fair trade says we.

That we need a correspondent to furnish us the news from Rodeo, San Simon and Hill Top. Just tell us what happened or what you think might have happened and we will do the rest. Sources of information are always kept confidential if so desired. It would likewise be appreciated if someone at Dos Cabezas, Bowie and Eldorado would send us the dope.

That Sam and Josie Moseley found their way to California and back over the holidays.

That Pearce and Esther Mooney are flitting about in a red and white Ford Ranchero. Just trying to make Earl Fanning look bad in his De Soto, we think.

ROMANCE:

We have been unable to get the inside dope on the John Pence Vs Matty romance, but instead of increasing his hog herd John has butchered the ones he had, so it is probably safe to assume that loves YOUNG dream has either gone bust or he has decided to run for sheriff next fall.

Of course there is always the possibility that the old rascal has found a new target for his affections. He has been hanging around the kitchen at the Research Station some lately.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON:

Carl was the Portal Forest Ranger at the time when the present dwelling house was built. He retired several years ago and he and Mrs. Scholefield now reside at Pima, Arizona. Their daughter and her family live at Placerville, California. We were truly sorry to hear that their son George passed away about two months ago.


The Cub Reporter sort of fell down on the job on the last issue on account of a slight indisposition due to an attack of Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and a touch of tuberculosis abbetted by old age and a couple of sore corns (on his toes) so the Editor wrote the last page including the future menu at the SWRS.

From that it appears that all those good people are facing starvation, and come to think about it old Doc has been looking like hell for the past several months but you would never guess it was from hunger. If it is, that frontal bulge he is packing around must be filled with mal-nutrition and lots of it, or maybe it's some of Birt Roberds' good grass hay.

GLUTTONY:

One of the finest Christmas dinners that has ever been served in this corner of Arizona was eaten by the Cub Reporter, his hungry family and the following named distinguished and more than welcome guests; Archie and Ruth Rea and their two pretty daughters Sally and Fritzie; The Anderson Kids, Scotty, Alice and Winkie. Boy what a feed.

Ruth brought over a roasted goose with all the trimmings, several pies, fruit cakes etc., while Alice provided the salads, cakes, cookies and stuff like that. Grammy and Pearl cooked the coffee, furnished the drinking water and most of the dishes and the Cub had a little jug of wine which he enjoyed the most of.



We have always understood that Noah's Ark landed on Mount Araret many moons ago, but that must have been another of those darned rumors because Noah in person, in the flesh and accompanied by his good wife Bonnie are right here in the Canyon now.

They are staying with the Pugsleys and have been running back and forth to Rodeo frequently to confer with Reverend Woolery, probably seeking advice about the best route to bring the Ark over for a final landing in the Chiricahuas, he and the Reverend both being sort of in the piloting business, so to speak.

Ranger Ed Carr might buck up on giving him a permit to turn all his stock loose on the Forest but if he does, no doubt some of those Rodeo Nesters will donate a few bales of Hi-geary (you're right we don't know how to spell it). Amongst that large assortment of animals there must be some that will eat it.

The Ark is probably anchored temporarily in Texas at present, as when Noah wrote in for a subscription to the Bull Sheet sometime ago he gave his address as Noah W. Story, Belton, Texas.

On December 29th, some real live ghosts drove into the Portal Ranger Station in the persons of Carl Scholefield, his wife Betty, their daughter Virginia and her husband and little daughter.

COMPETITION?

It is a pretty well established fact that the pen is mightier than the sword but there is a project underway that might determine once and for all whether or not the shovel is mightier than the pencil.

It seems that a little professional jealousy might have sprung up amongst some of the good neighbors. They seem to think that the CBS is taking unfair advantage of them by spreading the Bull all over the country by mail, so Tommy Stafford has made a deal with Birt Roberds to clean out his bull corrals and he is going to spread the contents about knee deep all around his place, using a shovel and truck in the process.

Well if they put us out of business, more power to them. We are still working on the theory that the grass grows greener if you don't spread that stuff on too thick. However, it might be that Tommy only intends to raise some more highly flavored cucumbers.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS:

Sometime ago we published a little story predicting that Portal would move away from its present location to a site further up the creek and everybody thought we were joking. Maybe we were but Portal has moved one time before.

When it first came into existence in about 1905, it adopted the name of Portal because it was considered a gateway to Paradise, which at that time was a thriving mining camp.

Not one of the present buildings were any part of the original town, nor were there any buildings on the present site. The only thing that is left of the original town is the name and the only original residents still living in this part of the country are Mr. and Mrs. Ed Epley, who now reside at Paradise.

The founders of the town had, or thought they had a good reason for building up on the mesa to the west of what is now Newmans store, rather than down along the creek in the shady spots. About that time a flood came down Cave Creek which covered all the bottom land to a depth of several feet and left drifts up in the trees as a reminder.

Old Portal had a considerably larger population than at present. Ed Epley was the first Postmaster and ran a grocery store and meat market in connection with the Postoffice. He soon sold out to Emmett Powers and Fitch McCord. They built a large General Merchandise store stocked with all kinds of supplies and implements for ranching and mining. They also erected and put into operation a small hotel which was nice but not modern by present day standards. Neither of these ventures ever did very well financially. After a few years the hotel was torn down and moved away and the store burned down, or was torn down and moved away.

There were two saloons, one in a walled up tent was operated by a man by the name of McManus, who had a wife and daughter. The daughter, Minnie, married a fellow named Frank Hunter while they resided here.

The other saloon was housed in a lumber building and was owned and operated by a man by the name of Boswell, he was a nice appearing quiet spoken man but nevertheless shot and killed two men in his saloon.

The first was a fellow by the name of Reed (no relation to Stephen B. Reed), and the others name was Jewell. Reed is buried across the creek to the east of Newmans store, Jewell was buried in a prospect hole on the slope near the old Virtue Mine tunnel but some time later his brother who was here with him went back to Texas on the train and came back with a wagon and team, disinterred the body and hauled it to Texas for re-burial.

Reed and several others had been on an all night binge at Boswells and when the party broke up about day break he went home and got his rifle, forced his way into the saloon and attempted to shoot Boswell who got his pistol from under the bar and shot him in time to save his own life.

The second killing also occurred after a nights drinking and gambling spree, and before day break, Jewell came back to Boswells and demanded another drink. Boswell had gone to bed in his living quarters which adjoined the bar and refused to get up and let him in, so Jewel who had armed himself with a heavy caliber rifle shot the lock and part of the door facing off and came in anyway. Boswell got up and went into the bar room to pour him a drink. While he was doing that Jewell shot out the light so Boswell ran back into his bedroom, picked up his double barreled shotgun and mowed him down.

Two old time Portal residents, Jim Coachman and Hugh Rowe went insane and were committed to the Insane Asylum at Phoenix. Some little time before this occurred Coachman told Ed Epley that Rowe was going crazy, that he could tell from the looks of Rowe's eyes. It so happened that Coachman went off the beam first and was sent to the bug house several months before Rowe. When the officers arrived there with Rowe, Coachman came up and shook hands with him and said "Hello Hugh, I knew damned well you would be here before long, I told them fellows down there that you was going crazy a long time ago."

Several different things contributed to the short lived prosperity of the original town. The Savage Mine in Round Valley of which Jim Reay was superintendent was employing several miners and some other men in building a small smelter, which by the way never did go into operation as it was built before the mine was developed, or should we say over developed? Anyway when all was said and done there was no ore to smelt so the whole works was shut down,

the machinery sold and moved away. Jim Reay moved onto his homestead down at the mouth of Cave Creek and started farming and raising cattle and horses.

The Virtue Mining Company with Ed Epley as superintendent was employing several miners driving the long tunnel into the limestone mountain Northwest of town. That work was all done without benefit of machinery. They used single and double jacks (four and eight lb. hammers) with hand turned steel drills. This operation lasted longer than the Savage did but the results were the same. No Ore.

Filing Homestead claims on Government land was just getting underway in this part of the country at that time. Fred Finnicum homesteaded the place which now belongs to the Toles sisters; Hugh Rowe's claim was on the north side of the lane just to the west of town; Powers and McCord filed claims on most of the land lying between the Ranger Station and the Post Office, and a widow whose name is not remembered homesteaded the land covering the little seep spring on the mountain side about two miles directly west of town. She married old Walt Finnicum while holding down her claim but they didn't stay hitched very long. The main part of the AVA Ranch was homesteaded several years later by an ex Forest Ranger by the name of Billy Stewart. There were a good many other homesteaders or Nesters as they were commonly called located further down in the valley who did most of their trading in Portal.

Considerable trade came from people travelling between Paradise and Rodeo up to the time when Paradise went on the rocks for the same reason the two aforementioned mines did. No pay dirt.

A lot of wood was being cut and shipped to Douglas, Bisbee and Tucson, Frank Kelsey had a big bunch of Mexican wood cutters camped about where the John Hands dam is now. Powers and McCord and some others were also in the business, the wood was hauled to Rodeo with wagons and shipped from there on the Railroad.

Portal never did die completely, as the old town died out a few buildings were built on the new site and now as we have told you before the same thing is happening again. The only new construction that has been done for the past several years has been further up the creek. Wonder if it will take the name with it this time? If not we suggest that the new town be called Jack Maloney, Arizona.

HIGH MOUNTAIN SOCIETY:



A large group of the good neighbors gathered at the SWRS on New Years Eve to bid 1957 goodbye and '58 hello. In the good old American tradition and spirit but not in the same bottle of spirits, the hello came several bottles later on. A lot of honest to god grub was served too. They must be saving all those grass hopper giblets and pickled icicles mentioned in Doc's menu for the more high falutin customers, maybe the cash paying kind.

Several impromptu shows were staged by various members of the audience which were quite entertaining. Mrs. Alice Anderson and Mrs. Audrey Miller stood up in front of the fireplace and enacted a pantomime of a Yankee conversing with a Navajo in the sign language. We might have been mistaken in the portrayal but we thought that was what it was, more on account of the nationality of the actresses than anything else. Judging from the

motions they were making, they could have been Mrs. Ginsburg trying to sell phony jewelry to Mrs. Goldberg.

Mrs. Mont Cazier rendered a perfect interpretation of an anxious mother while her daughter Karen took in the whole shindig with bored indifference, about the most fun she seemed to have was when she got a chance to burp up a little clabber on some of the old dames evening gowns. Mom cheated her out of most of her fun when she put those darned rubber panties on her.

Sir 'Erbert Smith put in most of the evening restraining himself from taking a bit of a drink and eating a bit of boiled 'Am. Also in trying to convince everyone that he was never a member of the Queens Rifles as previously reported. In fact 'E said 'E ad never 'eard of such a bloody regiment in the British Army.

The dancing and cavorting was slow in getting started. Doc Cazier finally led off with some fancy steps and after he warmed up he really pulled out all the stops. That old boy has a lot better leather in him than you would think. Bill Miller, Marty Mortensen, Bill Hoge, Fred Darnell, Scotty Anderson, Guy Miller and others did their best to keep up with him but old Doc led the field by at least a good length all the way and when kissing time come he was way out in front and had most of the good looking girls rounded up over in one corner. Everyone of them who was wearing a low necked dress giggled when he smacked them. Wonder if his chin whiskers had anything to do with that?

The Cub Reporter would have liked very much to join in the active merriment but the best he could do was trip over the corner of the wood box and fall down.

Miss Jo Troller played some old time tunes on the accordion accompanied by Mrs. Frances Bagwell on the piano. They really did well for a couple of country gals.

A few of the more ancient guests went home a little early on account of they thought the egg nog was a little too potent while some of the youngsters thought it needed more spiking. Oscar, LaVerne and Glenn were among the last mentioned group and soon took off for the San Simon Dance where they would have more room to strut their stuff. San Simon could be a better place to celebrate anyway. These Cave Creek Boulders are pretty rough going, even when it is daylight and you are cold sober.

Mud River Newman was one of the first of the Oldsters to depart, he was almost as sober as a judge but just wasn't taking any chances of leaving any purple paint off that new Oldsmobile on the Sycamores along the Canyon. His wife, his sister-in-law Nora Newman and Grammy Morrow accompanied him. They were all well able to walk out to the car under their own power.

Aunt Duck and Doc Pugsley attended Church before they came to the party. She said she prayed a little bit for all of us, so we think they are excusable for being late.

Quite a bunch of Rodeo Nesters were among the invited guests and they behaved surprisingly well.

Thanks to the SWRS for a good time and a Happy New Year to everybody. By the way we were about to overlook the newly weds, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Justice. They weren't any more lovey-dovey than could be expected except that they sort of reversed the usual procedure, she cuddled him on her lap most of the time.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

We recommend and patronize the following named business establishments:

MARGARETS GALLUS AND GARTER GROCERY:

If she don't have what you want, give her hell, she don't care.

HAMBURGER CHARLIES EMPORIUM: Charley fries them and serves them himself at present but we're betting he'll have a female helper before long.

CLARENCE RUSSELLS BARBER SHOP: He also shears sheep and goats, roaches, mules, does construction work and picks some cotton.

BEULAH'S PIE SHOPPE (San Simon): She is still dishing out edible grub in large batches. Stop and shop. She's a good guy and a darned good cook too.

JIGGS AND JIMS GROCERY: These boys deal in everything from bull yearlings to babies didies.

EVERETTS GARAGE: Gass, Oil, Air, Water and service while you wait.

RODEO POSTOFFICE: We do some mailing business with them occasionally.

NEWMANS AIR COOLED GROCERY: A country grocery for country people. No extra charge for rocking chairs while you shop.

PORTAL POSTOFFICE: Buy all your stamps from LaVerne, she don't sell them at cut rates but she does put a lot of time and effort in helping all of us. Her office is rated on the amount of stamps she sells, so let's help her.

HOME GAS AND APPLIANCE COMPANY (Willcox): Trade with Old Bugass Red Thompson and you'll never run out of gas in a snow storm or any other time. Wanta bet?

MOLLERS CAVE CREEK RANCH: We are a little bit old fashioned but our cabins are as modern as day after tomorrow. Come in if you would like to stay a night or several days in a nice place at reasonable rates. If you don't need a cabin, come in anyway and get acquainted. We have a hitching post for your horse or a parking space for your car and plenty of time to swap a few yarns. Its a great place for kids too, plenty of sycamore switches growing along the creek and a swimming pool to cool them off in afterward.

GRAB YOUR HATS KIDS HERE WE GO AGAIN:



The Christmas school play, "Goblins Bells" is the talk of the East slope of the Chiricalhuas. Everyone who saw it says it was one of the best the Portal School has ever produced and that is really something to write home about because Portal has always been a way out in front on school plays.

These little old knot headed kids of ours may not be Hollywood material but when they put on a play or do just about anything else they make a hand at it. Pretty good looking little rascals too when they have their faces washed.

Their teacher, Lillian Reed, lays no claims to being a magician but she just about pulled a rabbit out of the hat when she put on this play. After rehearsals had begun she was sick for a week or so, then practically all the kids were sick, from one or two to half a dozen at a time. Just about everything went wrong until a good many of us smart people thought it was impossible, but she managed to get all the cast together for a fast workout or two and the play was in the bag.

Sally Dixons' old Uncle Cub will now step back and let that cute little kid doins reporter of ours tell you the names of the players and the part each of them played.

JERRY SUTTON: Peter, a selfish boy who wouldn't give toys or money to poor children.

SALLY DIXON: Peggy, an unselfish girl who tried to get Peter to give.

MIKE MURPHY: Low Do, a goblin who was always feeling low.

PHILIP OLNEY: Re, the goblin with the muffled tone who always knew what night it was.

STANLEY PAYNE: Hi, who was selfishness personified, stingy and hateful, but was a good mi until after the telephone rang.

ROY NICHOLS: Fa, the goblin who dared talk back to grandma.

LARRY SUTTON: Sol, a fine soul, though sometimes he thought too long.

WINKIE ANDERSON: La, the fat lazy goblin who dropped grandmothers purple pills into the fireplace.

DAVID PAYNE: Ti, who always was just a shade off key and was unkind.

ALLEN LEE COX: Do, with a loud voice and a quick Do.

ALAN GORDON: Santa, who rescued the purple pills.

FORREST NICHOLS: Santas helper with an "is there anything else we can do?" tap, tap, tap.

GAIL AND MARGARET STONNER; DONNA SUTTON; ELIZABETH BAGWELL; AND SHERRY NICHOLS: Five beautiful dolls.

CHUCK TROLLER: A grouchy, grumpy grandmother establishing a precedent and making long speeches.

Our boys got slightly rough the other day (playing ball on the platform). Alan Gordon socked the ball into the storehouse window. Phil says he got a bad deal too, he was skating in between Alan and the window.

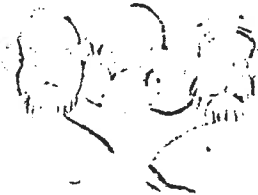
Allen Lee Cox, age 6, told Mrs. Dixon that his dog ran away and that he was going to tie him up the next time he did it. She asked him what kind of a dog he has and he replied "Oh I think its a Bull Dog or maybe its a mother dog".

An election was held January 7, 1958 at Portal School to elect Student Body

representatives. Those elected were:
CHUCK TROLLER, President. ALAN GORDON,
Vice President. MARILYN BAGWELL,
Secretary. GARY SPENCER, Reporter.
Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Reed,
room Sponsors.

We are happy to have Marilyn Bagwell back
in school after a seige with the bugs.
Margarite Stonher is out of school with
them now. Who is next?

TRES CABEZAS:



At the present time we don't have a
very large variety of the "Genus Tres
Cazeza" to offer but the two we do have
are tops in their line.

We have Frank Cotner, a retired sheep
herder from Montana who is devoting his
declining years to collecting and
classifying all sorts of "Fungi" - Toad
stools to you. In scientific circles
he is known as a Doctor of Botany, but
he being the nice old guy that he is,
we think he should have a classier more
dignified title. Maybe "Toadstool
Professor" or something like that. We
might be mistaken about his occupation
prior to retirement. Maybe he said he
was teaching School instead of Herding
Sheep. Both of those occupations seem to
have pretty much the same effect on
persons who devote a lot of time to them.

Sam Bass, the famous old outlaw, and
Ruth Dippell, Dr. of Protozoology, both
come from Indiana. Sam came to rob
banks and run horse races but Ruth came
to the SMRS to hunt Water Bugs.

We think Sam was more successful in his
line than she will be. Not that there
aren't plenty of bugs around; the kind
that live in what little water there is

and the ones in some of the natives
Bonnets too. The description of the
kind she is looking for sounds more
like something a nester dreamed about
the night after his well went dry than
anything real. About a million of them
can live in one drop of water and they
must be the Worlds most prolific and
immoral creatures. They multiply by
division like the amoeba and also breed
like, well, maybe people, but a lot
faster.

In the singular they are called
PARAMECIUM but there is no use memorizing
that because before you could possibly
say it there would be at least two and
maybe a whole family, so just refer to
them in the plural, PARAMECIA.

VOX POPULI:

"Dear Carson,

This money is not a Xmas present for
you, so don't put it in your jeans.
Buy a few stamps with it so that the
Bull Sheet can struggle along for
another issue or two.

I'll never know what this community
ever did to have a rag like that foisted
upon it (foisted, a good word that,
look it up in Websters).

Going by the subscription rates of
good magazines, I figure \$5.00 will
pay my subscription for the next 50
years.

Of course you won't be around then
but I guess there will be other half
baked galoots to carry on.

Well as the French say,

Hasta Manana

Sir 'Erbert"

Who says a lime juicer has no sense of
humor? Well whoever it was don't know
H.R.H. 'Erbert Smith very well. The
above quoted letter not only proves that
he has wit (about half), but that he is
also endowed with some common sense,
especially as to the true value of the
CBS subscriptions, although he is
considerably more generous than we have
ever been.

For the benefit of you readers who have never had the questionable pleasure of meeting this old galvanized gringo we feel that a short biography is in order. He originated down in the Line House district of dear old London something less than a hundred years ago; joined the British army at a tender age, fought through the Boer war and World War I, for the bloody King and the Glory of the British Lion then sailed for Namericca where he became a naturalized citizen of the Blasted country whose Hemblem is the Bloomin Heagle.

Our subscription price is nothing. If you feel that you are being cheated let us know and we will gladly cancel your subscription and refund your money.

He and a dago fellow bought the old Billie Dickson Ranch a few years ago and are now engaged in starving a small herd of black Angus cattle to death.

So if you see a grizzly old bloke, riding an old poor horse with one stirrup about a foot longer than the other, posting around after a few wooly black dogies down near Rodeo, That will be 'im.

"Christmas Day

Thank you, whoever you are, for your clever publication as a Christmas gift. Henceforth I shall endeavor to furnish postage, at least, via P.O. slot-machine which certainly does "pay off". Hope the Healds are on your mailing list and let's have more history.

Happy New Year!

Dorothy Hayes"

Thanks a lot for those kind words.

"Christmas Day 1957

Christmas eve we received a gift of money from our wonderful friends in Rodeo and Portal to be used toward a new pickup.

We were overwhelmed by the kindness. Words cannot express how much we appreciate it! It's something we'll never forget.

Sincerely,
Jim and Lucille Wilbourn"
