

CHIRICAHUA BULL SHEET



ANTONIO HUMOR

MARCH 29, 1959

PORTAL, ARIZ.

DIGGING UP SKELETONS.

We have previously told you about all tradesmen, merchants, saloon keepers etc. of old Paradise except the butcher, W. K. Morrow.

He started out as a cowboy in Texas and like many others, drifted to New Mexico, then on to Arizona. However; unlike most of the others he didn't run for sheriff when he arrived here, although at one time he did own and raise a lot of hogs.

He operated Paradise's only meat market and slaughter house from October 1903 to 1908 steadily, and intermittently for several years thereafter.

He did well financially so long as he stuck to the butcher business but after he was well established and prospering the MINING BUG bit him and he sunk all his savings and property, including about three hundred head of cattle into a copper prospect known as the Malachite which was located a couple of miles east of the North end of the old town.

A vertical shaft was sunk to a depth of 265 feet in hard rock and also a lot of tunnelling and drifting, but when he got down to where the pay dirt was supposed to be he found nothing but more hard rock.

That failure didn't stop him by any means. He went right on chasing the rainbow for the rest of his life with little more of success than he had in his first venture.

Well we now have W. K. Morrow in X Paradise, Arizona and in business so mabe we had better take time out and tell you how he got there; Soon after he arrived at Roswell, New Mexico, he met and married Miss. Eva. R. Corn, a daughter of old man Mart Corn who settled in that country soon after the Civil War. That old gent was a prolific old boy, He had twenty children of his own and two adopted children.

The Morrrows didn't do quite half so well, they only had nine; Rosaline (Mrs) J. S. Stephens of Wilcox, Ariz; Carson, resident of the Bull Ranch and Cub Reporter; Ralph, Game Ranger, Cattleman and general neighborhood nuisance; Chester, (Bally) who wandered off to Australia nearly thirty years ago and couldn't be traced home; Roy Deceased; John,

San Manuel, Arizona; Kitty May, Deceased; Dorothy, (Mrs. Ray Fowlin) Tucson, Ariz.; Mary, (Mrs. Bob Grosham) Santa Ana, Calif.

In the latter part of the year 1900, W. K. sold his cow ranch located about 30 miles North of Roswell, loaded his wife and the first four kids into a covered wagon and pulled out for Colorado. They spent the winter of 1900-1901 at Telluride, Colo. then loaded up and headed for Arizona, arriving at Eagle Creek which is about 40 miles North of Clifton, Arizona the same year. They Homesteaded on Eagle Creek about one mile above the old Double Circle Ranch and tried farming until 1902, when they hooked up the same old team to the same old wagon and moved to Douglas, bringing along fourteen other horses acquired at Eagle Creek.

We have previously told you about all his horses being stolen soon after he arrived in Douglas and never being recovered.

The Calumet and Arizona Smelter was under construction and Douglas, as we know it was just starting to build. Most of the population lived in tents and shacks just to the North of the S. P. Depot.

He had contracted to build a street car track from town to the Smelter but had to give that up when he lost his horses. After that he did a little bit of just about everything including carpentry and running a saloon in Agua Prieta, Sonora until October 1903, when he again hooked up a different team to the same old wagon and moved to Paradise.

By the time the Morrow family had rambled around and arrived at Paradise they had travelled in the neighborhood of two thousand miles by wagon and had one more child, Roy was born at Douglas.

Two days after they arrived at Paradise, W. K. was in business. He stretched up a couple of tents, one to live in and one for a meat market, built some racks to hang the meat on, sawed a block out of a big sycamore tree for a meat block and slaughtered an old brown cow, purchased from Mrs. Henry Buckelew.

At that time George Walkers store was housed in the only lumber building in town.

... he went along

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building next door to the Chamberlain and Hawkins store. A big rain melted the walls and it tumbled down on top of several hundred pounds of meat. He then built a pretty fancy shop (for those times) on Market street near the bridge but it was only used for a short time before the mine shut down and Paradise started on its long down hill slide.

In the mean time (1904) he built a residence of Chiricahua lumber (one room later another room was added) about a mile south of town. That was sold to George Franklin along about 1912, for \$75.00, Franklin moved the old house about fifty yards to the west where it still stands. it is presently owned by Bill Kambithh.

Two Morrows were born in that house, Johnny and Kitty May.

His next venture outside of mining was to Homestead what is now known as the old "Bill Lee" Ranch located about four or five miles North of Paradise. Water was ditched out of Turkey Creek, an orchard of over two hundred fruit trees was planted and about forty acres of other crops were raised successfully from rain fall for a period of three or four years.

He also built up quite a herd of cattle but during those years the "Pea Vine" or Jimmy Weed Loco made its appearance just about everywhere in the foot hills of the Chiricahuas and put nearly every body including him out of the cattle business.

The Jimmy Weed made its first noticeable appearance in about 1909, and thrived until the drouth of 1922, partially killed it out. There is still quite a lot of it sparsely scattered over most of the ranges biding its time until another good rainy cycle gives it another chance to set the old cows to coughing and falling down unable to get up.

In 1916, the Hill Top Mine moved its camp over to the White Tail Canyon side of the mountain and W. K. sold the ranch to Lee Fountain and moved over to White Tail. He layed out a Townsite called Paint Rock, built a Store and restaurant and sold lots to other individuals who built a hotel and pool hall.

Paint Rock as a town didn't last long. The Hill Top Company built their own Store Boarding House, Residences etc. up on the side of the mountain. So the Restaurant and Pool Hall were soon torn down and moved

away and the Hotel burned down. He ran the store for several years and kept the Post Office until it was changed to a Rural Route.

He and his wife made the old Store building their home for the balance of their lives and now sleep side by side in the Paradise Cemetery.

MUCHO DINERO Y POCO TRABAJO.

We have two of the highest paid men the world has ever known right here in the Chiricahuas. Fred Darnell and Joe Glenn team tied a steer in 13.9 seconds at the Tucson Rodeo and were paid \$881.20 each for the job.

According to some mathematician who is smarter than us, that figures up to \$228,240.00 per hour. If those two buttons would get a steady job at that rate of pay they could afford to eat canned peaches every meal.

CABALLEROS, CABALLOS Y TAPADEROS.

If you see the dust rolling and hear the boulders popping up in the mouth of the canyon, dont get excited. That will be Gertrude Moller and Mikey Murphy limbering up their new steeds.

The Cave Creek horse population has been increased considerably lately. Gertrude bought pretty nice horse at the Willcox auction named Tonto and has acquired riding gear including a long pair of tapaderos that would make old Pan Handle Peet McNeely green with envy.

Mikey has an old charger which was recently imported (legally) from Guajuato, Mexico. He finally decided to name him Gordo (fatty) instead of huesos (bones) and now he is pouring the rolled barley into him to make him fit the name.

Ralph Morrow also bought an old Palomino escapee from the glue factory some months ago. He paid about fifty cents a pound for him.

THE HOOT OWL SAYS:

That it is his Unequivocal opinion that facts cannot be retracted.

THE MAN SAYS "NO"

So no it is; It can be readily seen that the following quoted letter is a masterpiece of exaggeration and gobbledegook; but it serves very well to demonstrate the fact that our public hired hands are so well entrenched that they don't give a damn what we, the public wants or needs. Whether it be five hundred or a million of us who wants or needs it. There were 513 signers on the petition for the road in question.

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UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON D.C.

February 13, 1959.

Dear Senator Hayden;

Thank you for the opportunity to review and report upon the petition enclosed with your letter of January 30, in which over 500 residents of Southeastern Arizona signified their approval of a road in Cochise County from the Chiricahua National Monument eastward through White Tail Canyon to join with the road leading from San Simon to Portal, Arizona.

In reporting on this proposal, the Director of National Park Service informs us that the Service has opposed an Easterly connection with the county road system for the reason that such a road would impair protection of the monument, would introduce commercial use contrary to Service policy, and would cause administrative difficulties due to the creation of a through highway in the monument.

Aside from the increased protection difficulties and the expense of maintaining an additional entrance, the Service is convinced that the cost of construction would be greater than the benefits which would accrue and would greatly exceed the estimate of \$2000,00 which the proponents have suggested for improving four miles of road between the park road terminus and the east boundary of the national forest. It does not seem reasonable to assume that a road of lesser standard than the existing park road would be adequate. We would be forced to ultimately by maintenance costs and the development of normal traffic hazards to match the road standards on the existing park road. We estimate that duplication of existing standards would cost approximately \$90,000 a mile. Such construction, totalling about four miles, would be located principally on forest lands since our present road terminates about one-fourth mile from our east boundary and would require designation as an approach road to provide for expenditure of park road funds. Arrangements for county or State maintenance of the road across forest lands would likewise be required as part of the designation procedure. Your letter also indicates that the proposal would include further projection of such an access to intersect the San Simon - Portal road. This would constitute an additional 3 or 3.5 miles of road outside of the national forest and beyond the authority of the approach road act.

That Service has advised us that similar proposals were made as early as the 1930's. An analysis of each proposal has revealed an imbalance of operational disadvantages and construction costs (continued to next page)

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that seriously outweigh the limited benefits that might be realized.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Roger Ernst,
Assistant Secretary of the Interior

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Its a funny thing how some words gradually take on a different meaning with the passage of time. A long time ago the word "WADDY" was applied to cowboys who were just naturally a little bit dirtier , or should we say, less cleanly in their personal habits than others, although none of them were very clean after a month or two out with the chuck wagon without a bath or change of clothing.

Anyway, the name "waddy" was applied to the ones who became so filthy that they appeared to have, or did have little wads of this and/or that clinging to them and/or their attire here and/or there.

But now when a Drug Store Cowboy is called a Waddy he takes it to mean that he is the "Real Mc Coy".

BIG GAME , LITTLE HUNTER.

You will generally find our kids a way out in the lead of just about anything that is going on. Our little Palomino heavy weight- age 9 - weight about 60 pounds is probably the youngest and smallest licensed big game hunter in Arizona, if not in the nation. In case you dont know the young man, his name is Vincent Scott Anderson, alias Winkie, alias Palomino Apache.

He hunted Javalina Pigs like they have never been hunted before throughout the season but his old man consistently took him to all the places where the pigs were not. Lets leave him at home next year Wink.

MYSTERIOUS MUJER

We have all heard the old song, "The Bear come over the Mountain" but in this case it was a woman who came over the

mountain.

The first we heard of her was when she chased Joe Welch up a tree at Pinery Saddle. She swarmed up out of Pinery Canyon in an automobile, saw Joe sweeping deer pellets out of the road with a broom (no kiddin, he is a Game Management Technician, you know), and charged straight for him at plenty of miles per hour. He got to a tree before she nailed him, but he dropped his broom and she ran over it and busted the handle.

She stopped and seeing that Joe is the handsome lad that he is, said, " Hey Cat lets go for a ride ", He says he declined and he evidently did, because she came on down into Cave Creek alone.

She failed to negotiate the curve just above the bridge at Stewart Camp and turned the car up on its side.

The Guy Miller family and Alice Anderson came along and pulled her out and took her to the Telephone Office, where she proceeded, uninvited to go in the bath room and take a bath, using up most all of Jeanne's bath salts, cosmetics, etc. in the process.

Sheriff's deputies were summoned from Douglas and they came out and took her to town. No one learned her name or place of abode and she was driving a car with an out of state license. So she will be remembered in these parts as the mystery woman who treed "Joe the Cat" at Pinery Saddle.

THE HOOT OWL SAYS:

That Ranger Ed Carr has promised to have all the Cats Claw brush removed from the Baseball diamond at Sunny Flat Picnic grounds.

That Cave Creek wont go entirely dry before June 15th, this year.
Wanna bet ?

SICK LAMB AND LAMB.

The Doctors and Hospitals have had quite a run of business from Portal with-

you all know Larry. Our Henry congratulat-
ions and best wishes to all these fine
young people.

FURRIN

New York, City
February 23, 1959.

Dear Carson;

This is just a note to let you know we
have arrived in the big city and expect to
take off in a week or ten days for Black
Africa. We'll probably stop in London and
Paris for a couple of days enroute, then
on to Dakar, French West Africa which will
be our first African stop. Things seem to
be hotting up on that continent-- and I'm
not talking about the weather. This morn-
ings paper talks about rioting in Nyassa-
land. Last week it was Brazzaville. The
week before Leopoldville. Well there's one
advantage in being skinny. We'll make mig-
hty poor pickings for the cannibals.

Mrs. Ann (Aunt Duck) Pugsley under
went surgery at the Army Hospital at El
Paso. She hasn't, as yet gotten around
to telling us all about her operation.

The Saw Bones at the Veterans Hospital
at Fort Bayard, New Mexico is giving
Oscar Olney an overhaul. Oscar collected
an assortment of Japanese Shrapnel and
Machine Gun Bullets in his carcass down
in the Pacific Islands during World War
two.

Doc Pugsley is still doctoring everyone
else, six days a week and then going to
Douglas every Friday to be treated him-
self by another Doctor.

This isn't hardly news any more, but
the Cub Reporter had to go back to the
County Hospital and get his crutches after
he had traded them for a walking stick .
The old busted hind leg flared up again
and Doctor Adamson has been neglecting a
lot of more worthy patients for the past
two weeks to treat it.

ROMANCE

On Friday, February 13th, Miss Jackie
Neuens and Larry Commissaris detted the
old superstition and committed matrimony
over at Tucson. Jackie is the daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neuens of Kent,
Connecticut and is a sister of Mrs. Char-
les Prude of Bonita, Arizona and Mrs.
J. G. Anderson of Portal.

We dont know where Larry hails from. He
is a student at the U of A. and is Major-
ing in Biology and Game Management. He
will probably do a lot better in his
studies after he shaves off his mustache
and eats Jackie's cooking for a while.
Another couple of our favorite kids,
Ann Wright and Larry Dean Dixon headed
the call of Dan Cupid and were joined in
Holy Wedlock (got married) at Douglas
on March 5th, Ann is one of the prettiest
blondes in the country and well, uh, you

going up and down in the elevator is
more fun than a trip abroad-- and a lot
cheaper. You meet fuzzy Wuzzies from Afr-
ica, Sheikhs from Arabby, Indians from
India and now and then an American.
The rooms in this hotel apparently
built by Midgets for Midgets. The furni-
ture takes up most of our room and our
baggage the rest. There's just barely
enough space left for my feet. We've got
a nice view of the canyons and cliff -
dwellings of New York, but its pretty poor
scenery compared to Cave Creek.
I'm going down to Washington in a few
days for a brief visit. I plan to call
on Senator Hayden and see how he's doing
by us Portal folks on the matter of the
new road. I hope you dont mind.
Esther joins in warm regards to you,
Leona and Mike.

Yours,

Arch T. Steele.

