

ELIZABETH GARNER

ADDRESS

of

HON. THOMAS. D. WORRALL, of SOUTH PUEBLO, COLORADO

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIG TREE

the

LARGEST IN THE CENTENNIAL STATE

Delivered in South Pueblo, Thur, June 7,
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ADDRESS

Hon. Thos. D. Worrall's Address on The Destruction of The Big Tree
in South Pueblo.

Fellow-citizens:- One of the greatest pieces of iniquity ever perpetrated in the Centennial State is that just consummated by the Mayor and City Council of South Pueblo; and today, with bowed heads, and shame settling like a guilty pall on all our countenances, we meet- not to protest, but to mourn.

Our rich and expressive language is too poor in which to measure our thoughts, and only those who can penetrate the utmost recesses and read the inmost emotions of the soul can realize the depth of degradation into which we have fallen. Standing upon the spot made sacred by the hallowed associations of a thousand years, and gazing upon the trunk of that once magnificent tree nothing remains for us but to mourn and refuse to be comforted. Behold the noble trunk of this tree which God planted here long before Columbus planted the Cross; the emblem of salvation, upon the American continent; long before men seeking ~~an~~ asylum from the oppressor set foot upon the rock of Plymouth; long before De Soto steered his bark into the turbid waters of the Mississippi- waters which sprang from fountains trickling from melting snows on the crest of our everlasting Rocky Mountains. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, part of the waters that floated the ships of De Soto had first given vitality to

this noble tree, which ruthless hands have cut down; and it would be possible now to point out the very ring which marked the year in which white men gazed for the first time upon the grandest river in the world. The waters of the Arkansas formed part of that mighty river, then, meeting kindred streams, as kiss meets kiss, laughingly rolled on to meet those of the Missouri and Mississippi, and at God's bidding swelled into a liquid highway up which white men sailed, to gaze for the first time upon land which Jehovah had consecrated to liberty and reserved as the latter-day asylum for the oppressed of all nations. Poor, ignorant mortals fail to appreciate how numerous, grand and glorious are the associations which cluster around this tree, and cast their halo about the spot made sacred by its presence. To such, age has no title to respect, tradition nothing to inspire veneration, the works of God little they will not impiously trample under foot. None of these things can they understand.

The blindness of ignorance is inexplicable; and if this alone prompted the act of which we complain, we could turn our eyes to heaven and say: "Father, forgive them- they know not what they do!" But back of this ignorance were passions that amount to crimes. Pride, envy, hatred, malice, love of revenge, inordinate conceit, abuse of power, tyranny- all mingle to urge the destruction of the grand old monarch, whose head has been lopped off, and whose trunk we now behold prostrate, doomed to wither and decay. As our citizens now tramp our sidewalks and gaze upon this desolation, old men weep, strong men curse, young men wonder, and even maidens sigh. There is something so appalling in this act of our City Council, that the whole community is shocked by its audacity. Like a stunning and unexpected blow, its full force has not been realized, nor, as yet, has the

depths of the damning crime been fathomed. When consciousness has been fully restored, men will shun the perpetrators of this deed as they would a den of ravenous beasts, or the hole of a deadly scorpion. In the meantime, we must wash our hands of the crime, and in the presence of the State which has been outraged, and of the Nation which has been robbed of one of its noblest objects, we must assert our own innocence, and fasten the guilt alone where it belongs. We know that it will be a difficult task to make men see that, as a people, we are not responsible for this act of our rulers. In that we elected such men to office, we are responsible, and must bear, each for himself, a portion of the disgrace. It would not, however, be just to charge the Continental army with the treason of Benedict Arnold; neither would it be just to charge the people of South Pueblo with the destruction, by the hands of traitors, of the largest and noblest tree in Colorado.

A few men only are responsible, men who were chosen to be our servants, but who betrayed the confidence reposed in them, and did violence to the expressed will of the people; even going so far as to deny the right of petition, guaranteed to the poorest and meanest citizens, by the constitution of the country. So far from consenting to the iniquity, our people are appaled by its magnitude and stand agast at its contemplation. One word is found upon every lip and that word is OUTRAGE. Every woman who passes the spot around which cluster so many memories of the past, casts her eyes upon the vacant space and cries shame. Men approaching shake their heads, and in modern language reiterate the voice

of the divine law-giver: "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark."

The aged pioneer who made it his guide when the plains were a trackless waste, long before turnpike and railways were thought of, and who sought the shelter of its branches during many darkened nights- inquires what vandal hand could have removed so venerable an asylum? Even little children, clinging to the skirts of their mothers lisp the question, who cut down that Big Tree. The dead bones of the first white woman who ever died in Colorado lay mouldering under its spreading branches. Would it not be a fitting after piece to the recent drama played by our city fathers, that they should order these bones removed and sold for relics? Were I an alderman, or the Mayor of South Pueblo, I would keep my bedroom well illuminated, lest some dismal night this woman's spirit should shock me by its presence, and in sepulchral voice demand: "Give me the shelter of my grave!"

To me, the tree has ever been a thing of beauty, and when bereft of all that made life dear; finding myself lonely and alone, even where the daily multitude would throng; with no fond heart that I could call my own, not one to love and none I cared to win- I sought a home where I could gaze daily upon the grandest of our feathered songsters who have built their beauteous nests within its sheltering folds, as hour by hour they sung sweet praise to God. For weeks I waited until I found a small office directly under its shelter. This I decked with flowers and made as neat as modesty could wish. For a time I gloried in my new-found home, whose roof was covered by that grand old tree. When the wind would whistle through its branches, I feared no evil, but slept in peace and confidence;

and when the God of Day, awakening from his slumbers shook his fingers and sent forth myriads of scintillations of light rolling back the darkness that had sat like a pall upon the earth, little birds, from the top-most branches, who were the first to witness the return of the welcome day, twittered in mirthful song, and reminded me that the period of rest had passed, and the hours of toil were rolling in from the distant east. It was then that I arose from my solitary couch, and, turning my eyes heavenward, thanked God for trees and birds *- and when the arduous duties of the day had tired both brain and limb, and I sat beneath its shadow, in my office door, and gazed upon the myriads of leaves, which like mirrors, reflected back the soft yet splendid rays of the silvery moon, which presented to my vision the sparkle of a million diamonds vibrating in the breeze, the scene dashed from my doubting mind the last vestige of infidelity, and every zephyr revealed to my eyes the evidence of the existence of a wonderful God; and it was thus that my troubled soul found rest, and I retired to sleep of one who lies down conscious of Divine protection.

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Hearing the manuscript of the lecture read, a local poet "O.Q-D", who had previously written in defense of the Big Tree, sent the following to Dr. Worrall:

THANK GOD FOR TREES

Thank God for trees! the weary traveler stands
 Upon the plain and looking forth afar
 Doth view the landscape o'er, its desert sands,
 Its trackless wastes, without a guiding star.



Thank God for trees! behold he dimly sees
 A sturdy one uprears its lofty crest,
 Its branches moving in the gentle breeze;
 Thank God! he cries, for shelter here and rest.

When the summer sun gave forth that heat which was necessary to give vitality to vegetable life, and I turned from its rays, weary and oppressed, that grand old tree invited me to his shade and fanned me with his fluttering foliage, when, in mid-summer, the millions of bursting cones scattered their velvety fleece over the street, I witnessed the pleasant phenomenon of the likeness of a glorious snow storm, accompanied by a temperature that was semi-tropical.

While writing or speaking on this subject, I am accused of displaying considerable feeling. Feeling! Feeling! how can I

Thank God for trees! ignoble men may here,
Destroy what age to every heart endears,
Three score and ten doth close their brief career,
While grand old trees outlive a thousand years.

Thank God for trees! the songbirds linger here
Their lays attune in sweetest melody
Like glorious hymns, sonorous, sweet and clear,
Earth's near approach to Heavenly harmony.

Thank God for trees! the grand old forrest
The woody dells where elfins sportive lurk,
Majestic pines and stately oaks, Ah! then
Are emblems fit of Nature's handiwork.

Thank God for trees! the grave is strewn with flowers
Of him who sang in numbers grand and sweet,
"The groves were God's first temples," 'neath their bowers
In soul's communion did our fathers meet.

Thank God for trees! we love them with a love
Inborn and lasting as that sacred tie
That binds two loving hearts thro' life to rove,
And loving, love thro' all Eternity.

it is said he is part owner. The second is given by a local poet:

The reason for felling the tree
At last has been found; it is said
The street is too narrow by half
To hold the Postmaster's big head.

I believe that I am the least understood man in this city; but there never was a more thorough case of mistaken identity than that shown by the postmaster when he came to my office and asked me to sign his petition. My reply was: " I will sign five hundred petitions to have it stand, not one for its destruction." If my innate modesty has prevented my self-assertion to such an extent as to leave upon any man's mind the impression that I was a vandal who would destroy public property, especially a tree that has been the pride and glory of our Centennial State, I here publicly ask the pardon of my fellow citizens, and promise in the future, as I am doing this evening, I will show you all what manner of a man I am.

At this time I had not the least idea that ten men could be found in the State of Colorado who would vote to destroy a relic around which clusters so many associations dear to our people, but I did write a half humorous, half serious article on the subject, which was published in the Saturday Opinion and copied by the Denver Republican and the South Pueblo Daily News.

Subsequently several articles appeared in the Denver Republican, the Denver Tribune, the Pueblo Chieftain, the South Pueblo News and the Saturday Opinion, for which the thanks of our people are due and are hereby tendered. Simultaneously with these, Mr. Holden,

of the South Pueblo National Bank , a gentleman of brain and culture, prepared the following protest.

TO THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF SOUTH PUEBLO.

The undersigned , citizens, business men, or property owners of the City of South Pueblo, having learned that a petition for the destruction of the Big Tree standing in Union Avenue between C. and D. Sts., is about to be presented to you , desire to call to your attention the following petition and remonstrance.

The Big Tree is one of the largest, if not the largest, tree in Colorado, and has been a landmark for many generations. Not only so, but its bulk is a majestic one, and its shade far-reaching and as grateful as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land". The winds of centuries have played through its giant branches , and its sturdy trunk hath withstood the tooth of time and the fiercest blasts.

The tree is older than the Pueblos, older than the State of Colorado, older than the American Union, older than the white race in America, older perhaps than the race of the red man. Chief among the grand old cottonwoods of our beautiful valley, it has stood and looked down upon the passing events of the last thousand years. When Columbus was in the West Indies it was a stately tree, and when, at the landing of the Pilgrims,

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the trees against a wintery sky
Their giant branches tossed."

its branches were as giant-like as those of its New England brothers , and we may fancy waved their welcome as well to the exiles who had come across the stormy sea.

These things being true, shall it be said that the people of South Pueblo have no reverence for the old land-mark, no love for the beautiful, no appreciation of the grand and majestic works of nature? The old tree, too, is a living thing, rejoicing in its strong vitality, striking its massive roots deep in the earth and even now putting on its green robes for the summer. Who would be so cruel as to destroy it? We fail utterly to conceive of any reason for its removal save the one fact that it occupies a little space on the street, which seems to us unworthy of a moment's consideration in comparison with the vandalism involved in its destruction. We have not enough trees in this city now, and why should we cut down those we have? It would be poor encouragement, indeed, for our citizens to plant and water trees should our City Council set the example of destroying so grand a tree, one which has made the name of South Pueblo known far and wide, one which arrests the attention and excites the admiration of every new comer and delights the heart of every old resident.

True, there are in the tree some unsightly dead branches which

mar its beauty and are a source of danger during storms, and we respectfully request you to have them removed, and the projecting stumps of branches lopped off under the direction of the City engineer, but to let the old tree live. It has never harmed anyone, but is and always has been a public benefactor, freely dispensing its cooling shade throughout our hot summers, and forming ever an agreeable object to the eye, to break the monotony of long rows of buildings. We close in the words of the poet, slightly changed:

"Alderman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough."

And we together, with all the present and future dwellers in our City who love the trees and flowers, green grass and running brook and all the beautiful things our God has given us, will ever hold you in grateful remembrance.

This protest was signed by 366 of the best citizens and property owners of South Pueblo. The Stimpson petition, we are told was signed by 76 citizens. We have not a copy of this, and if we had, in pity to those who signed it, we would not publish the document, especially since we have been informed that many signed it under a misapprehension, and now regret their act.

With such a protest we do not think there are five persons outside of Stimpson and the City Council, who for a moment thought the tree was in danger, but we knew not the men with whom we had to deal.

The usual time of meeting of the City Council was 8 o'clock, and at five minutes past that time Mr. Holden appeared with the remonstrance, and was astonished to find that the Council had already acted upon the subject, and ordered the tree cut down, and he could not get the Council to act upon or even receive the remonstrance of so large a majority of our citizens.

Learning of this, the following hand-bill was issued, and the largest audience ever assembled in South Pueblo met under the Big Tree!

Citizens of South Pueblo, strike for your rights!

An outrage was last evening perpetrated by the City Council, recently elected to do our bidding, which should not pass unheeded.

Seventy-six citizens, many of whom now regret their action, petitioned the Council to cut down the old landmark, the Big Tree on Union avenue.

Against this action a remonstrance was signed by 362 of our best citizens and property holders. This remonstrance of a majority of 290 of our best citizens was ignored by the City Council!!!

Shall the majority rule in South Pueblo? That's the question!!!

Rally 'round the old monarch! The pride of the State- the glorious Big Tree that has withstood the blasts of a thousand winters!!

There will be a meeting of the citizens under the Big Tree this evening at 8 o'clock.

Be on hand and listen to substantial reasons why the Big Tree should remain.

"Come as the winds come when forests are rended;

Come as the storm comes when navies are stranded!"

Turn out and settle the question as to whether a factious minority shall rule South Pueblo! If we are to have minority rule, let us know it; if we are to have the good old democratic rule of enforcement of the will of the majority, this is the time to enforce it.

Be on hand at 8 sharp.

The following is a report of the meeting, taken from the Pueblo Chieftain:

The order of the South Pueblo Common Council, decreeing that the Big Tree on Union avenue south be cut down, was not generally known until the morning paper was distributed yesterday morning and the news was received with general expressions of surprise and disapproval. Citizens in the immediate neighborhood of the tree, as well as in all parts of the city, considered it a mistaken and unnecessary action, and much interest was manifested.

During the day a big dry goods box made its appearance, being placed at the roots of the tree. On the box in large letters was painted the word "DYNAMITE!" and also the following words; "NOLI ME TANGERE!", "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

On the box was also posted the following handbill, copies of which were distributed throughout the city.

Here follows the above handbill. The Chieftain then says:

The box was later taken away by the marshall, the word "DYNAMITE" being considered too incendiary in its nature to be allowed to stare the public in the face. The hand bills, however, did their work, and in the evening an immense mass meeting gathered under the Big Tree. The crowd numbered at least two-thousand people, filling the streets for a distance of several hundred feet.

Dr. Thomas D. Worrall, from the front of his office opposite the tree, addressed the meeting in his sonorous manly voice, which could be heard far and near. He spoke nearly three-quarters of an hour, and was heard with close attention and frequent applause of the most earnest character. The doctor reviewed the action of the council in passing the order before the arrival of Mr. Holden with the numerously signed remonstrance, stating that he arrived at the council chambers at 5 minutes after 8 O'clock. Dr. Worrall called attention to the fact that the opposition against cutting down the tree had been conducted in an orderly and straight-forward manner, without any display of malice or unpleasant bitterness, and was entitled to the respect and consideration of the city authorities. He pointed to various business houses, in the immediate neighborhood, the proprietors of which desired the tree to be left standing, and defied contradiction to the assertion that the overwhelming majority of the people were strongly opposed to its destruction. He invited Mr. Stimpson and other enemies of the old monarch to step forward and give any valid reason why the tree should be destroyed. To this challenge nobody responded.

Bursts of applause greeted the doctor's remarks, and after his speech he took a viva voce vote, inviting all who wished the tree to remain to say "aye". The response was a general uproar of affirmative votes. Then he invited all who disapproved to say "no" and there were only two or three voices in the response.

After three rousing cheers for the Big Tree the meeting dispersed.

To men possessed of common decency this would have been enough.

But it was learned that preparation was still being made to carry out the iniquitous order of the Mayor and Council; and learning that it was still claimed that the business men, doing business opposite the

the tree , had signed the petition for its removal, another declaration was prepared and signed only by these gentlemen.

The following is that declaration:

Another grand rally in favor of the Big Tree!
Turn out again this Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, under the shadow of the old monarch.

The representation to the City Council, on which they based their action was false and fraudulent. The business men on the block have been misrepresented. There are but thirty-six in the block, and in two hours this morning nearly every house signed the following remonstrance.

Can the City Council afford, under the circumstances, to trample on the rights and disregard the wishes of the people?

We, the business men of South Pueblo doing business in the block on which stands the Big Tree, do hereby declare that any representation made to the City Council of our city to the effect that we are in any way injured by the existence of the tree, or desire its removal, is false and fraudulent; on the contrary we desire it to stand as a monument of the fertility of our soil, and as an advertisement of our places of business; and we hereby protest against the action of the City Council in ordering its removal.

Thos. D. Worrall
T. H. Holmes
Geo. T. Breed
Boysen & Daniels
H. T. Barrett & Co.
G. C. Eldridge
S. A. Spencer
J. E. Knapp
J. G. Leathers
M. F. Cramer
J. H. Henderson
H. V. Lake
J. N. Calkins
Chas. W. Babbete

P. F. Sharp
J. H. Hayedon
G. W. Crites
Hiram L. Holden
W. G. Irwin
Westcott & Irwin
J. H. Connell
C. H. Beatty, D. D. S.
J. F. Drake
A. T. Stewart
L. E. Moses
S. B. Lombard
Chas. G. V. Mann
T. C. Wilson

Q. Blacke
J. Rickert (if trimmed)
E. M. McCurdy
Johnnie Yarrel
J. Hospitalier
Matt Bell
Jas. West & Co.
Chas. H. Small
Delos S. Holden
P. S. Dotson
Gray & Decker
Will C. Cannon
Will J. Mansfield
J. White & Co.

It now comes to be a question not of the tree, but the more serious one of the City Council tyrannically trampling on the rights of the people whom they pretend to represent. If the people of South Pueblo submit to this, they may as well establish a worse than Roman Tyranny!

Turn out and speak for yourselves!

Be on hand promptly at 8!

During the afternoon, I who was expected to be the chief speaker, was taken seriously ill; and, at the request of my attendant physician, Dr. Chew, who desired to keep me quiet, the meeting adjourned. A large number of citizens had, however, assembled in the street.

After such a demonstration as this, can it be doubted that the Mayor and City Council of South Pueblo were actuated by dishonorable motives, in proceeding with the work of devastation? Reading this can the people of Colorado justly charge the citizens of South Pueblo with the destruction of the tree which was the pride of the State?

Short of bloodshed or murder, we did everything, we could to prevent the iniquity, and up to this time few men believed the Council would have the audacity to cut down the favorite tree of the people. I also tried to obtain an injunction from the courts, but neither our own judge nor the one on the next circuit could be found.

We now, with shame, narrate the most cowardly and dastardly act of all. When Monday morning came, the men, employed by the Council proceeded to the tree, and immediately a crowd gathered around it. I was still in bed, but had messenger's reporting what was going on. I was early informed that the men were only proceeding to trim off the decayed branches. This was what all parties desired, and the crowd quietly dispersed; and, 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the gates of Aspalon' the moment the people left, an order came from some of the city authorities to girdle the tree. This was done before any one was aware of the cowardly act, and from that hour all hope of saving it departed. The defenders of the tree were out-witted by knavery and fraud, backed by a little brief authority.

But as fell the branches of that noble tree so fell the hopes of men who ordered its destruction. Not one of them, in future, could obtain the votes of the people for the office of public spittoon cleaner. "SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS".

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE VANDALISM

If we do not fasten the responsibility of this crime where it belongs, while the sap, like blood from a gaping wound, is running from every pore of this fallen monarch, it will be difficult to decide who is responsible for this act of violation of public trust and confidence. Already we observe a disposition to shift the responsibility. No one man of the City Council is willing to say - take it, and we are beginning to inquire who did strike Billy Matterson? Now is the time to settle the question, and we say that the Mayor of South Pueblo and every member of the City Council, with Postmaster Stimpson, with his lash, in the background, are alone responsible. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, they did it with their little hatchets, and although like George Washington they did not bravely defend the rights of the majority against the tyranny of the few, they had better thus far imitate the example of the youthful hero, and each for himself say, "I did it". Mayor Wildeboor would never have been thought of as a fit person for the office he holds but for his defense of the people of South Pueblo against the soulless corporation who strove to dam our public streets, and that he should now go back on his record and permit the council, by which he is surrounded, to trample the rights of the majority is a source of grave regret to his former friends. That by so doing he should have lost

the confidence of these very men, who proceeding from one extreme to another, at the very next council meeting, trample on his prerogative, and defy his authority, is but a righteous retribution. His veto would have saved the big tree. This authority he failed to exercise in the interests of the people, and now, bad as they are, it will be vain for him to seek the support against the council. How soon chickens come home to roost! If any member of the council had arisen in his seat and denounced the vandalism which proposed the destruction of this tree it would have been stopped. If when a majority of 290 of our leading citizens presented a respectful remonstrance, which was denied even a formal reception, any one of them had said gentlemen, in your mad haste you are violating the very constitution of our country, which says, "the right of petition shall not be denied," and these citizens must have a respectful hearing, the big tree would still be standing as the pride and glory of the State. The stuff of which the Cromwells are made does not germinate in the South Pueblo City Council. The plea that some make, viz: that they did not vote either way is a cowardly subterfuge! "He that is not with me is against me," and it is worse than folly for any member of the Council to say, "I did not vote to cut down the Big Tree". Are your wise lawgivers so wise that they do not know the parliamentary rule, that no vote in the negative is necessarily a vote in the affirmative, that silence gives consent? If not, let them examine their own records in this transaction, and see whether the City Clerk has not entered the vote as unanimous. Neither can they excuse themselves by saying

that they are indifferent, one way or another. Indifferent! Indifferent! When the vast majority of the people who elected them to do their will - when 366 petitioned them not to do an act that 76 demanded, are we told that our servants maintain a stolid indifference? Such a plea as this is fearfully dishonorable. Did the people elect these men to be indifferent when they appeal to them for the protection of rights and property? Well has it been said that the officer is the people's servant before the election, their master afterward. When these men next ask for votes of the citizens, we beg them to bring up this plea of indifference, and we will soon teach them, one and all, that we have no votes for men who are indifferent when the rights of the people are trampled under the feet of tyrants.

TENDERFEET NOT CHARGEABLE WITH THE CRIME

An attempt has been made to charge this crime upon the newer and more enterprising of our citizens, who are said to have demanded the removal of the Big Tree, in the interests of commerce. This charge is false and cannot be maintained. If the Big Tree had been in the way, we should have found it barked by the wheels of our drays and carriages. Instead of this, up to the time in which it was treacherously girdled, not a mark was found upon it. We called public attention to this fact in our first address, before the tree was touched, and here permit me to correct an error on the part of one of our friends of the Denver press, viz: that the tree was marred by signs. Not a sign was nailed to the tree, nor had there been for months past. The brighter, more

intelligent and refined who have recently come into our midst, were, almost to a man, opposed to its destruction. Culture and intelligence lead to the veneration of all that is noble and grand in nature and art. Men of the class of which we speak are kindred to those who mourn over lost arts, and spend their time and money, without stint, digging in the foundations of Egypt and Nineveh, Jerusalem and Rome, and into the mounds of the ancient Aztecs, in order that they may leave to future generations remnants of the skill and greatness of the past nations. Such men have brains to understand and tastes to appreciate the handicraft of the great and skillful of all lands, and such are not men who lay vandal hands upon the noblest tree in the State of Colorado.

We know of but one of the new men of the City who is an exception to the rule, and that is the man who by some mysterious dispensation of Providence has been installed as postmaster of South Pueblo. He was the man who, after defeating his own party in the late city election, went around with a petition, asking for the destruction of the Big Tree. The men who were elected by his perfidy to its party under whom he holds office were only too willing to bend the pliant knee and show their gratitude even at the expense of the people. Where this man came from, or what claims he had upon the people of South Pueblo, or upon the lamented President Garfield, I could never understand, and yet, if my memory serves me a right, he had only been in the city but a few weeks and could scarcely been a citizen of the State of Colorado when, in some mysterious manner, he

received his appointment , and that too over the head of Mr. Barklay, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, a man who had fought for his country and whose daily walks on our streets gave evidence of his having received honorable wounds in battle, not against the rights of the people , nor against venerable trees, but against the foes of the nation.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, WHO IS TO DECIDE?

One of the most prominent features connected with this iniquity is that which places the perpetrators before the people as arrogating to themselves the right to be the sole judges of the beauty and the value of the tree, and of the reasons for its destruction. By them the old monarch was called not only unsightly but positively ugly. It was said to obstruct the view of the avenue. Its trunk they called an ugly fungus. The only man who ever had honesty enough to attack the tree in the public press, but who was ashamed to publish his article over his ^{own} name, was frank enough to admit that nations had shown a venerable regard for historic trees; still the gentleman shows his absolute ignorance when he asserts that "the venerable oak of England was preserved because Alfred the Great, who gave us the charter of our liberties, hid in it when pursued by his enemies." Where the gentleman found this bit of history is more than we can imagine. A school boy would have told him that it was King Charles, and not Alfred who found shelter in the oak. ^{the} Men who plot destruction of noble trees are not likely to know much about history or anything else.

On the subject of beauty, we are willing to submit the question to a majority of those who saw it in all its grandeur, or even to the judgement of those who have only been permitted to examine its lineaments in the productions of the camera. The moment the axe was laid at its root, we found springing up numerous photographs and other illustrations of the forrest monarch. Do men of aesthetic tastes pick ugly and unsightly objects for the easel or the camera? Scores of men and women, while traveling to view the country, have missed their meals at the union depot that they might feast their minds by a few moments' examination of the Big Tree of Colorado, and so charmed were they by the sight that they have carried for thousands miles bits of twigs or bark as mementoes of their visit. Do people of intelligence thus honor a thing that is ugly or unsightly? A mind blinded by passion and prejudice may distort an angel into a demon, the most lovely flower into a worthless weed, and the very stars of the firmament into twinkling fireflies. Such would see in Niagara only a useless waste of water, and in the Yosemite Valley only an unsightly hole in the ground. Ignorance is always conceited, and ever ready to arrogate to itself the right to decide for others the question of what is and what is not in good taste. How can a man be expected to appreciate that which he has not the brains and the education to understand? A man blessed with a large measure of ideality would be filled with delight on first beholding our noble tree. To him, its every branch would be a poem, and its every twig a finger directing his eye toward God. A sight of it would have

charmed Rubens, thrown Van Dyke into ecstasy, driven Turner to his easel, and given Hogarth a new illustration of the lines of beauty and grace. At a single glance Bierstadt would have seen that God made it as a fitting foreground to the sublimity of the Rocky Mountains. Had Shakespeare gazed upon it, he might have exclaimed:

Vast in its proportions, mighty in its strength;
 Its every branch a picture;
 Its every twig an inspiration;
 Its leaves the pulsation of a vigorous life;
 What vandal hand would dare cut it down?

If during his recent visit to this country Oscar Wilde had seen it, he would have thrown aside his sunflower, camped a night under its shadow, drunk inspiration from its beauty, and would today be speaking of it among the thousands of men and women of aesthetic tastes in the Old World as the grandest emblem that he had seen of American strength and loveliness; and yet the nine wise and great men of South Pueblo government pronounce it ugly and proceed to cut it down. When doctors disagree who is to decide?

CUT DOWN BECAUSE SOME ADVOCATED ITS PRESERVATION.

We now approach the blackest, the foulest, the most damning of all features of this crime against the people of Colorado. It is actually upon the streets proclaimed that the City Council would not have cut down that tree, but for the defense thereof by certain gentlemen of this city. Oh! Oh! Then it has come to this, that men placed in positions of public trust, abuse that trust to gratify their private spleen and satiate their private envy and malice by destroying public property! Are these the men who rule South Pueblo? Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Why, such a crime as this should, if proven or

confessed, blacken the foulest pages of our history, and make the acts of these men so damning that even a treacherous Indian would shrink from their shadows; and yet, is there not some reason for believing the truth of their boast, arising out of the past history of the Pueblos? Has it not been too much the case that envy and jealousy have been the sleuth hounds that have followed every man of superior education and intelligence who, for years past, has settled in these cities? This fearful crime has, at last, brought forth its bitter fruits; and if this occasion can only be improved by making it a means of exposing the criminals and preventing the future consequences of their crime, it will be one of the blessings which wise men frequently snatch from a curse. If we were asked to define what we regard as the greatest source of crime, we should say unhesitatingly, envy and jealousy. To gratify these, men will sacrifice truth and honor, and plunge into the lowest depths of meanness. Of such it may truthfully be said :

They will steal a good name with the stealth of a cat,
And lie, without shame, at the drop of a hat.

The best and purest of men and women have ever been the victims of these base passions, and whenever you find men against whom popular prejudices have been excited, you will, in nine cases out of ten, find them men of integrity, education, enterprise and genius. Do not throw sticks at crab trees, nor boys stones into trees bearing worthless fruit. Even the Scriptures proclaim a "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you," and why? Simply because no man can faithfully discharge his duty to humanity and long remain popular. If you withhold the truth, you are guilty of infidelity to

the race. If you tell it, you are bound to hit somebody, and that somebody will hate you. If you rebuke selfishness, expose venality, denounce fraud, despise ignorance and drag the veil from hypocrisy, you at once make enemies of the selfish, the venal, the fraudulent, the ignorant and the hypocritical. The jealousies that exist among men usually spring from business or social competition, and men will rob their own brothers for gain and sacrifice them for a consideration.

The worst class of men you have to deal with are those who are cursed with an unrestrained love of approbation. We say unrestrained, because the love of approbation, per se, is not an evil. If controlled by a sense of justice and appreciation of right, it becomes the main-spring, or motive power, to honorable ambition; but when it becomes the ruling passion, it is dangerous in exact proportion to the ignorance and brutality of its possessor. A good word spoken of another is, by such men, regarded as so much taken from themselves; hence, when they hear it, they chafe and fret and immediately enter upon a course of lying, detraction and defamation. And yet such men are continually forcing themselves upon the attention of the community, and to gratify their morbid vanity they intrude into society where they are not wanted, force themselves into positions they are not competent to fill, obtain membership into societies and on committees the duties of which they neglect, procure election to offices which they can only disgrace, crowd back men of more modesty and much greater ability, and thus stand in the way of progress and prevent public advancement. The towns and cities ruled by such men are brought into public contempt, capital and brains are driven away and general prosperity prevented; and yet not one man in a thousand can account for the general depression

which inevitably follows the course of such men. By such, property is depreciated, commerce languishes, poor men are left out of employment and women and children are driven to poverty. Such is the case in the Pueblos to-day. I know of not a few men of ability and means who have been driven out of our cities in disgust, and others who, were they not of the stuff of which heroes are made, would take both themselves and their capital out of such places, and yet the community stands by while such men are hounded as though they were criminals. Ask any of these fellows who are continually yelping at such men, what they have against them, and to save their souls they cannot tell. They can give no reasonable excuse for their course, and in imitation of one of their class, they can only say:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
 The reason why I cannot tell,
 But still I know, and know full well,
 I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

One of the greatest misfortunes connected with this state of things is that many men otherwise ordinary intelligence cower, like whipped curs, in the presence of such men, and have not the moral stamina or honesty to defend the defamed against the defamer, even when they know that the prejudices created against good men are unjust and without foundation; and so evil becomes chronic, and the community is deprived of the services of the best minds in the State.

Genius is apt to be modest, but "Fools rush in where angels dare not tread." Hence we are not surprised that ignorance and venal force themselves into public positions and commit blunders and crimes "which make high heaven weep." Such men fear men of superior attainments, and let slip no opportunity to wrong them, and then to cover

their crimes learn to hate them. He hates you most who most has wronged you. So that it comes to pass that if the able men of any city, where such men rule, propose any measure for public good, this is sufficient reason why shallow minds oppose it; and this spirit on the part of the men who, for the time being rule the roost in South Pueblo, without doubt, led to the destruction of the Big Tree on Union avenue.

One of the most foolish things that any ordinary man can do is make enemies of men of brains and education. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and it thrusts more certainly fatal. A fool had better try the experiment of drying giant powder or dynamite on a red-hot stove, than thoughtlessly or wilfully incur their hatred. They are usually blessed with excellent memories, are quick to perceive and ready to resent an insult, and can afford to patiently wait until a favorable opportunity to strike a vicious adversary has arrived, and in the life of a conceited simpleton such opportunity will, sooner or later, come; then, while the vulnerable part is exposed, the shaft will strike the most vital spot and the victim die, leaving only his own folly as a shroud. You cannot down a man of ability by a frown, nor long quiet him with a slander. The community in which he lives will sooner or later recognize his worth, and become his admirers and defenders. An ass, even, may take a wise man at a disadvantage, and deal him a serious kick; but woe to the donkey that undertakes the experiment! Better have one intelligent man than ten fools as your friend. Better have ten devils holding you at bay than one wounded genius.

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FAREWELL, OLD TREE!

Now, fellow-citizens, I am truly sorry that this noble tree has been cut down; and if I am one of its defenders, whose defense hastened the perpetration of the vandalism, I could fain moisten its now withering trunk with my tears, or tenderly weep over one of its twigs until it gave evidence of starting into that new life which a thousand years hence should develop into a tree as vast in its proportions and as beautiful in its symmetry as the one whose death, by vicious hands, we now lament, but what will you say to and of the men who committed this crime? Your chief crime and mine was placing men in office who now boast that they would not have laid violent hands on this invaluable piece of public property if we had not been its defenders. Is it a crime in the eyes of these men that we should defend public property? Is it a crime that a majority of our citizens should demand respectful consideration? Is it a crime that by education and taste we are able to see beauty where others trace nothing but ugliness and deformity? Is it a crime that when, in our persons, the constitutions of this State and of the United States have been violated, and that we have been denied even the right of petition that we should protest, and that, too in language becoming American citizens? King George the Third and Lord North could have asked no greater degradation on the part of our ancestors. Oh! we have fallen on degenerate times, when we are not even permitted to bend the pliant knee and ask a favor of the South Pueblo clique! One right the City Council cannot take from us, that is the right to vote; and if any one of them henceforth commands votes enough to elect him town constable then we are indeed degenerate sons of a glorious Republic!

And now, as I lose the grateful shade of that dear old tree, a

deeper shadow clouds my mind, still the shape of the old monarch, with all its limbs and branches and twigs, with all its silvery leaves and graceful curves is photographed on my memory. To me it lives as one of the glorious things of the past, but how can I forget the worse than vandal hands who laid the axe at its roots and destroyed a thing of such exquisite beauty. Farewell, old tree, thy like will never again be seen in South Pueblo. Such a shadow as thine will never return to refresh the weary traveler. Thy tender branches, nursed by fair hands, and watched by anxious eyes, may start into life anew, and grow into trees, but empires must rise and fall, generations after generation must pass away and even the scroll of time may be rolled up and the angel of God may "set His foot on the sea and the other upon the land and declare that time shall be no more" before their age may be set at a thousand years. Oh ! ignorance, ignorance, ignorance, how blind are thine eyes, how many crimes hast thou committed against God and humanity !

At the close of the meeting the following resolutions were passed with perfect unanimity, there being not a solitary voice raised in the negative:

Resolved, That the President and Postmaster-General of the United States be and hereby are, respectfully but earnestly requested by the citizens of South Pueblo, in mass meeting assembled, to remove from office of Postmaster of this city, G.B. Stimpson, he being a person whom we regard as unworthy the confidences of our people, and of the Government, by whom he was appointed.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to each of our Senators and our Representatives in Congress, also to the Secretary of the Interior, and that they and each of them be requested to use their influence with the Government to secure the removal of the said G.B. Stimpson.

Resolved, That in the acts of our City Government, in which they have violated the Constitution of this State, which guarantees to every citizen the right of petition, and in which they have allowed private prejudice to outride public duty, and in which they have ruthlessly destroyed the property of the City and State, in violation of the wishes of the people, we have occasion for alarm and distrust, and hereby request the Mayor and City Council to resign into the hands of the people the offices they have abused and disgraced.

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Elizabeth Cairns,
815 Van Buren St.,
Pueblo, Colorado.

Jan. 4, 1934.

Pam 344

Mrs Mollie Carr

Mrs. Mollie Carr has been in Pueblo since Jan. 20, 1880. She lives at 119 Penn Ave., which is one of the first houses that was built of the Mesa. Mrs. Carr came from Champaign, Illinois directly to Pueblo. She and her family made the trip out here on the train. Her name at this time was Miss Mollie Dale, but three years later (on May 14, 1883) she changed her name to Mrs. John Carr.

Mr. John Carr came to Colorado Feb. 20, 1880. Two days later on the 22nd. of the month he got his job with the Denver & Rio Grande all-way. He fired an engine for a year, and after a year of this was promoted to the position of engineer. At the time of Mr. Carr's death three years ago, Mr. Carr was the oldest engineer on the D.R.G.R.R. system. His run was from Pueblo to Salida, and as long as Mr. Carr lived he held this run never changing for another part of the system.

The following is a clipping that was taken from the Chieftain at the time of the Dale-Carr wedding. This clipping I have copied from an old scrap-book that Mr. Carr kept as long as he was alive.

Orange Blossoms

Wedding of Miss Mollie C. Dale and Mr. John Carr.

One of the happiest weddings which it has been our pleasure to record for many days ocured last night at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Robert Dale, corner of C. and Eleventh St., South Pueblo. The contracting parties were Mr. John Carr, the popular and well known railroad engineer who pulls the throttle on engine No. 222 between Pueblo and Salida on the Denver & Rio Grande R.R., and Miss Mollie C.

Dale, the charming daughter of Mr. Robert Dale, ont of South Pueblo's best known citizens. Mr. Jere Sullivan acted in the capacity of groomsman on the happy occasion and Mrs. Margaret Higgins, sister of the bride, performed the pleasing duties of bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed promptly at 8:30 o'clock by Rev. Father Holland, of St. Ignatius Catholic church, and was witnessed by a large number of the intimate friends and acquaintances of the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed in the parlor of the spacious home of Mr. Dale, under a magnificent yoke of flowers, and the floral decorations throughout the building were of the most beautiful and costly character, and the incense of the tender plants filled the rooms with a delicious perfume. The bride looked lovely and was elegantly attired in a fawn colored silk, trimmed in lace, her head being crowned by a wreath of orange blossoms. The groom wore the customary black, but notwithstanding the sombreness of the attire, he was certainly the happiest looking man we have seen in some time, and his smiling countenance clearly indicated that he was proud of and appreciated the prize that he had won.

Shortly after the ceremony, when congratulations had been extended, an elegant wedding supper was served, which was partaken of with relish which denotes appreciation by those present. A very large and select party was present, among them Mayor Klaas Wildeboor and wife. At 1 o'clock the happy pair took the train for Salt Lake City, Utah, wither they go to spend two weeks of their honeymoon, when they will return and make their home in South Pueblo.

The CHIEFTAIN , in company with the many warm friends of the bride and groom, desires to extend congratulations on this occasion, and trusts that no shadow may ever cloud the horizon of their love, but that their life may ever be as peaceful and light as the spray dashed over the golden sands by a summer sea.

The presents were numerous and costly, among which may be noticed the following:

- One large bronze and alabaster French clock; one large silver water pitcher and goblet, both presented by Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, B. of L.
- Silver milk pitcher, Miss Katie Tammany
- Toilet set, Miss "elly Kelly
- One set cabinet picture frames, Miss J.M. Dickson.
- One dozen napkins, Mrs. A. B. Gutshal.
- One dozen napkins, Mrs. K. Wildeboor.
- Copy of Owen Meredith's "Lucille", Mrs. J.A. Hall.
- Field glass and ebony work box, Frank Tammany, cousin of the
- One silver dinner caster, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lee. (bride.
- One silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. Dolan.
- One silver cake basket, MR. and Mrs. Buckley.
- One silver card receiver, Mrs. G. Crater.
- Silver sugar spoon, Miss Libbie Powell.
- One silver pickle dish, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Miller.
- Vase and bouquet, Miss Kate Moran.
- Silver cake basket and boquet, Miss L. Graham.
- Silver fruit basket, Hugh and Thomas Gallagher.
- Dressing case, Mrs. Mary Tammany.
- One dozen solid silver spoons, Wm. & J. Salter.
- One set silver napkin rings, E.B. May.
- Butter knife and spoon in case, Miss R. Naylor.
- Silver spoon holder, J.L. Mathis.
- Silver sugar bowl, D.H. Davis.
- Toilet set, Mr. and Mrs. Murray.
- One silver dinner caster, T.J. O'Conner and N.S. O'Rourke.
- One set silver preserve spoons, Harry E. Young.
- Individual Caster, Jas. Morrow.
- Silver preserve dish, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow.
- One silver sugar bowl and set of spoons, Mrs. Higgins and Mrs.
- Toilet Set, Mr. and Mrs. Miles. (Ed. Hume.
- Bed spread and pair of towels, Mrs Gallagher.
- Decorated chamber set, Mrs. Hohn Tammany.
- Silver sugar spoon, Frankie Tammany.
- One case of Mumm's extra dry champagne, James Tammany.

And last , amid much merriment a plain broom, was presented by Miss Lizzie A. Graham, with the following inscription attached:

Dear Mollie- To you on your wedding day,
This present I would send,
In sunshine use the Bushy ~~and~~ part-
In storms the Other end.

Orange Blossoms

South Pueblo, Col., May 25, 1883.
Editors Firemen's Magazine.

One more Car(r) added to our rolling stock. It is with feelings of good-will and pleasure that we note the marriage of Bro. John Carr, No. 59 one of the Order's most energetic workers, who represented his Lodge at the Boston Convention, to Miss Mollie C. Dale, daughter of Mr. Robert Dale, of South Pueblo, on Monday evening, May 14. Since attending the convention of '81 Bro. Carr has received the promotion that he has so honestly earned and richly deserved and now pulls the throttle of engine 222 on the D.R.G. R.R., between Pueblo and Salida. The bride was one of South Pueblo's most charming beauties and had a host of friends of both sexes, who assembled on this occasion to give the young couple a good "send off" as they start in life. Bro. Jerry Sullivan, a true scion of the green mountain, and Mrs. Maggie Higgins kept the party in good spirits until dewey morning. We would state that Bro. John Sullivan graced the occasion with some very fine singing.

Bro. and Mrs. Carr took the Pacific Express for Salt Lake City at 7 a.m. and their departure was witnessed by a host of friends. They will return in a few weeks and take up their residence in South Pueblo, where they intend to make their future home.

This last clipping was taken from the May issue of the Railroad magazine.

Cynthia Fisher,
Flora Short,

Mrs. Cynthia Fisher 89
Mrs. Flora Short.
Interviewed- Jan. 5, 1934.

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Elizabeth Cairns

"We came from the State of Kansas in '73, and made our
our home about four miles above the present Rye, Colorado-up
on the side of Greenhorn Mountain. I was born and raised in
North Carolina, and if I remember correctly I will be 87 this
next September, for I was born in the year of '47. In North
Carolina I was used to the luxuries of the "South", and I
had never had to do anything in the line of work, for we
had colored help. However, all of this changed when I became
married. Our first home was in the State of Kansas, in Miami
County which is about 50 miles from Kansas City. Miami County
in those days was about the last outpost of civilization, a few
houses, a few families made up the community. We stayed here,
all of the time the frontier moving farther West, and the country
in the near vicinity gradually building up to city-like dimensions.
Conveniences and luxuries were unknown in Miami County, why we
had nothing but a treacherous water hole from which to get our
water. I used to have to send Flora, then but two years old,
after the water. I would give her a pail and send her for the
water, hoping that she would return safely. The water was in
an ugly, gaping hole in the ground, and into this we had to
dip the pail to draw up the water. I sent Flora for I was
unable to go myself, and her father was often out in the fields
working, or away from the farm selling our meager crops. In

the part of Kansas in which we lived the land was unusually low and marshy. One of the family would just get over an attack of the "chills and fever" when another one would take down with it. We had no medicine, or knew nothing of the new methods for fighting this sickness, and many of my friends died during the frequent attacks of chills and fever. Many times prolonged attacks of chills and fever resulted in consumption.

When Flora was four years old and Frank was two, we started for the "West". A neighbor of ours, a Mrs. Graybeal, was ill, and everyone thought she was going into consumption. Her husband was anxious to take her to a higher altitude in hopes that her health would be benefitted. He talked to both my family, and others in the country and it was decided to make up a wagon train to travel west. We left Kansas in May in 1873, and with all of our possessions, and all of our cattle we started on our long trip. There were 15 wagons in our train, and several men who acted as guards. The trip was both hard and dangerous. We all felt afraid of an Indian attack, but it was never our misfortune to have any trouble with the Indians. I do remember one time on that trip when we all got a terrible fright. We were traveling along and on the hills in front of us we could see a cloud of dust, and what looked to us like a whole tribe of Indians on horseback. A cry of alarm went up through the whole train, and preparation for an attack was in order when several

of our scouts returned to tell us that what we thought to be Indians was nothing more than a herd of buffalo. Almost all of the men left our temporary camp and went to stampede the buffalo, in hopes of getting some of the young calves. I have often thought what an opportunity the Indians missed of attacking our camp - all of our men out after the buffalo, and nothing in camp but defenseless women and children. The men went wild over the hopes of getting buffalo meat, and apparently forgot the danger of the Indians. I know that I was greatly relieved when the men returned with their kill, and we started on our way again.

I will never forget the many streams that we had to ford, creek beds running bank to bank with muddy water. I can see the horses plunge down into the water, not at all sure that the water would not carry them and their load on down stream. Many times we had to plow our way through the low flat places which were covered with mud, and such things as these I have mentioned made the journey all the harder and slower. In some places, especially along the water, the grass grew very high almost as high as the bed of the wagon. The cattle traveled very slowly, and we had to stop many times to let them graze. With a good horse one could travel about twenty-five miles a day, but with wagons and a lot of slow cattle we didn't begin to make as good a record as this.

After we had been out on the trail about six weeks, Mrs. Graybeal became so weak that Mr. Graybeal thought that the train had better separate and half of them go on, the other following

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with all of the cattle and the rest of the supplies. We decided to go on with the Graybeals, so left the other families and continued our trip. Without the cattle we were able to make much better time, and finally reached our destination. We settled on the Greenhorn, about 4 miles above Rye, Colorado. Here we had a rude log house- dirt floors, sod roof, and a fireplace. Our home was along the side of a beautiful little mountain stream. We had no money, and there was absolutely no way of earning money, for Rye was hard to reach. This was a terrible year, and I often wonder just how we managed to survive the intense cold, the lack of food, and the great discomforts which our log house afforded.

We decided that our best crop should be potatoes for potatoes brought a higher price than did other products. My husband had no shoes, and with winter at hand, we decided to sell some of the potatoes. I groveled out the biggest potatoes and filled a small wooden pail with them, then Mr. Fisher took the potatoes to Rye where he exchanged them for a pair of shoes. I thought that we would let the rest of the potatoes mature, and then sell them at Rye, but my plans were interrupted as a big hail storm came and ruined everything that we had, including the potatoes. The next year we had a crop of corn beaten to a pulp by hail, and had all of our other would-be crops eaten up by the grasshoppers.

One time Mr. Fisher took a pail of potatoes to Walsenburg, and there sold the potatoes for two calico dresses for me. Of the greatest pride were these two dresses to me. To have two dresses at one time, and these both of calico, placed me on a high level among the people of the frontier. Almost all of our

our clothing was made by hand- hand woven and hand made. To have two calico dresses was almost heavenly. It took Mr. Fisher four days to make the trip to Walsenburg and back.

One winter when we were especially hard up Mr. Fisher had to go back upon the mountain-side where there was dead poles (the poles left standing after a forrest fire) and bring them down to the house. From the house he hauled the timber to Crow where he exchanged the poles for food for us to eat. These poles were used to mark off the boundaries of peoples land, for such a thing as barb-wire was unknown. The land was fenced in by these poles, and it was years before wire fences were erected.

Many times we had nothing to eat for days, but potatoes and choke-cherries. The choke-cherries we had gathered during the summer months, and had dried them. This was about all of the fruit known in Colorado at the time, occasionally we would find wild raspberries farther up in the hills, but one almost had to have a horse to ride to these places. Some of the other parts of the State were more fortunate in finding other kinds of berries, but these two kinds were about all that grew around Rye. We practically lived on venison, and I never was sicker of anything in all of my life than I was of eating venison. But at times, when we were unusually hungry even venison tasted mighty good.

In later years we were able to afford a barrel of apples, and the children would steal them upon every occasion that they got so hungry for fruit were they. I had to divide the apples evenly among us, and dole them out upon rare occasions only. Butter

brought a good price when one could take to market their supply, but this was hard to do as it took so long to go any place. I often made butter, but with about half as much effort as is put into its making today. Mr. Fisher fixed a box out in the stream where I could put the butter to harden, and after the crock was full if he took it to Crow he could get a good price for his efforts.

We had a work horse and a pony, but because we were unable to get hay for the horse, he died. We fed him wheat, and the chaff in the wheat killed the poor horse. The pony we traded in to a neighbor for his "gentle-riding" horse, but this trade proved to be a bad one for the gentle horse was a bronco, and threw you off every time you tried to ride him. We finally checked his spirit enough so that he could be ridden, with some difficulty however. Perhaps our cow (which we were able to afford after several years) was our most valuable possession; more than once the milk and butter that we had kept us alive, and from starving. Flour was a true luxury, and one time Mr. Fisher exchanged a wagon bed- 2 feet high, 3½ feet wide, and about 8 feet long full of shelled corn for a sack of flour. In the sack was 100 pounds, and in addition to all of that corn, he still owed the store-keeper some cash for the flour.

To get a doctor to come out to the country to attend anyone who was sick it was necessary to ride to Pueblo. When you came after the doctor you had to see that he also got home, and the average fee charged for his services ranged between \$5 and \$10, a trip. So the patient had to be very ill to have medical attention. Many stories are told of how horses were run to death in an effort to reach the doctor in time to be of help to the sick person.

Mrs. Fisher, and her daughter, Mrs. Elora Short, live together here in Pueblo, at 1428 Wabash Ave. Mrs. Short was but 4 years old when she came to Colorado, and has never left the State since. In that same party that came from Kansas there are either two or three residents of Pueblo that are still alive.

Fisher's lived on the St. Charles Mesa for a long time after moving from their first home at Green Mountain, but nothing of interest could Mrs. Fisher recall about the events of her life on this farm. Today her son farms the old original farm.

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Mr. Fisher, the late husband of Mrs. Cynthia Fisher, was a successful and prominent ranchman. Mr. George Rush Fisher died about a year ago; before his death he was known as one of Pueblo's pioneer citizens and representative men of this County.

On the St. Charles River Mr. Fisher was engaged in general farming and in stock-raising.

Mr. Fisher was born in Wythe County, Virginia, January 29, 1839, but when seven years old moved to North Carolina. When the family moved to North Carolina Mr. Fisher's father became a well-known blacksmith. When the Civil war broke out Mr. Fisher, being old enough to enlist, joined the Confederate army as a member of Company A, Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, under Col. Z.B. Vance, and participated in the battle in which Newbern was taken. At the battle of Gettysburg, his regiment which had originally consisted of nine hundred and eighty-four men, lost in killed and captured all but sixty-four of the men. For a period of several months Mr. Fisher was a prisoner at Point Lookout in Maryland, being transferred later to Fort Delaware. He was released from prison in 1865 just before the surrender of General Lee.

In 1866 Mr. Fisher married Miss Cynthia Cox, of North Carolina, and in 1869 they made their way to Kansas where they stayed until they started for Colorado in 1873. They located near Rye, on the Greenhorn Creek, and stayed here until 1887. In 1887 Fisher's came to the ranch on the St. Charles, which is just 12 miles from Pueblo. On this ranch there were 220 acres of land. One of the greatest things that Mr. Fisher did for this land was to establish here one of the finest orchards in the country. His butter was very well known on the markets in Pueblo, and brought unusually high prices.

For some time Mr. Fisher also served as the postmaster for the Fisher postoffice which was located at his home on the St. Charles.

William C. Scroggs 97

William C. Scroggs
Interviewed- Jan. 8, 193

Pam 344- #12

ELIZABETH CHAIRNS

(I went to visit Mr. Scroggs at his home , 1141 Claremont, and when I had explained what I wanted he brought out a clipping that told of his life in the early days. This piece appeared in an August number of the Pueblo Star Journal, and was written by C. F. Osborne. Mr. Scroggs feels that this piece gives just about all that he is able to recall about the early days.)

PUNCHING COWS IN THE SEVENTIES WAS ROUGH LIFE,
SCROGGS RECALLED.

Being a cow-puncher in the early days was hard work but it offered plenty of excitement by way of recompense.

That is the impression one gains from talking with William Calvin "Cal" Scroggs, 1141 Claremont, who came to the Pueblo district in 1870 and became a cow-puncher. Now past 83 years of age, Scroggs remains unusually spry for a man of his years, caring for the yard about his place and doing other work that many men considerably younger would find too arduous.

Scroggs came to Pueblo Aug. 12, 1870, taking a squatter's claim on the Greenhorn. Shortly thereafter he began punching cows for Jack Thomas, father of the former Sheriff Sam Thomas. The elder Thomas, observing that Scroggs did not drink and that he was industrious, gave him a chance to get ahead, advising him to put what money he saved into cattle and at that time permitting him to turn such cattle as he bought in with the Thomas herd.

Scroggs eventually became a rancher in his own right, operating his Greenhorn place for thirty-five years. He sold it twenty-two years ago, moving to his present dwelling on Claremont.

Riding the range in the early days involved making trips each spring as far as Las Animas, the cattle having drifted about that far during the winter. Slowly the animals were driven back toward the ranch, where the calves were branded. In the fall, the annual beef hunt occurred, such cattle as were ready for market being segregated from the main herd.

Because corrals could not be found large enough to hold the cattle, the cow-punchers were compelled to ride herd nights as well as days, the former being done on a shift basis.

Cattle rustling was rather prevalent in those days, but the cattle men took effective, if drastic steps to put an end to the practice.

"We had little sympathy for professional thieves," Scroggs says. "It seems harsh, but hanging the rustlers was the best thing we could have done to stop them."

Scroggs never had an active part in hanging a rustler, but he helped capture some who were later hanged.

Among the latter were James T. Phoebus and Jay W. McGrew, who were captured on the St. Charles, legally arrested and placed in jail.

"We had heard they were selling beef in Pueblo," Scroggs explained. "We went into their place and found where they had butchered some cattle, and found about two dozen hides they had buried."

"Some of the cow-punchers took them from the jail and hanged them to an old cottonwood tree that stood nearby. That put an end to rustling for a time, let me tell you."

Indians also occasionally gave trouble. An uprising occurred in 1870, a man named Sullivan came warning the settlers on the Greenhorn that the redmen were coming and that trouble might be expected. While the Indians mainly contented themselves with stealing horses of the settlers, there was no doubt they would have shot any settler who tried to stop them, Scroggs says.

"We all gathered in a blockhouse, and drove our horses into a corral right next to it. Bill Davenport was leader, and he said:

"Boys I don't want to have to kill any Indians, but if any of them start to take our horses, let them have it."

"The Indians came up and talked a bit then finally rode off without trying to take any of our horses. They knew the first one who tried it would get plenty. There were seven or eight of us inside that house and we all had Winchester rifles."

ROUGH RIDERS

Modern bronco "busters" do fairly well, says Scroggs, but he doesn't believe they ride as well as the old-timers, did.

"I wasn't a professional, but I could ride bucking horses and wild broncos," he says. "We all had to in those days."

Oddly enough, Scroggs did not carry a six-shooter, although most of the cow punchers of his time did.

"The cow-punchers of those days were a rough lot," he says. "They drank heavily and many of them were worthless. Still, I don't know to whom I'd rather go if I needed help than to a cow-puncher. They were always glad to help, any way they could. I still enjoy talking with them".

Scroggs was born in North Carolina, and barely missed being old enough to have fought in the Civil war. Had he been a few years older, he would have been with the Confederates. His two older brothers served with the southern forces, one receiving a disabled arm and the other losing a leg, both as a result of a gunshot wound.

Leaving his home, Scroggs went to Hillsboro, Ill., in Montgomery County, 60 miles east of St. Louis, coming to Pueblo from that place.

He lives with a daughter, Miss Eupheme Irene Scroggs. Another daughter is the wife of Jim Duckworth, who has charge of the 6,000 acre Hayden ranch near Crow.

Scroggs is a member of the Southern Colorado Pioneers' association, being one of the earliest surviving pioneers in this region.

In supplementing the newspaper account that was written by C.F. Osborne, Mr. Scroggs said:

" The man for whom I was working in Hillsboro, Illinois, first interested me in a trip to the far "west". He was a cattleman, and had he been a younger man I suppose that he would have come west with me. This man was primarily interested in finding a place where there would be year-around feed for his cattle. In the East grazing lands were scarce, and the climate more severe than in Colorado. Here in Colorado the cattle could be adequately fed all year , and that was the big reason for my coming to Colorado. The more this man talked the more interested I became- he said that one could come here and take up land, and by doing this get a start in life. The East afforded no such opportunities.

I boarded the train in Illinois, and came as far as Denver on the train. From Denver I bought my ticket to ride the Stage to Pueblo. At this time the Stage was being operated from Denver to Trinidad. About the first thing I remember of seeing in Pueblo was the old house that Maas Wildeboor ran for the convenience of the Stage passengers. This "hotel" was nothing more than a log hut, having in it a sod floor. The roof on the "hotel" was also sod. This house was on the stage route, and the passengers who desired to stop for the night found accomodations here. Wildeboor found his start in this small place, and gradually built up a flourishing trade. He added to this building, and built other places. I suppose he had more property in the early days than any other person in Pueblo. Wildeboor was a smart man- if anyone wanted to make sure of any legal contracts and couldn't hire a lawyer he went to

Wildeboor, who usually gave the best of advice without charging. This advice was always reliable.

The reporter failed to make clear one point in that story about the hanging of the cattle-rustlers, Phoebus and McGrew. I told him of finding the buried hides- but he didn't get the point. Those hides were not-as a reader might suppose buried in the ground, but they were buried in the St. Charles River. That was one of the ways the rustlers thought they could avoid suspicion. When we went to the ranch where we knew the rustlers were we found evidences of freshly butchered cattle, but this told us nothing-the cattle might have been their own. However, down at the edge of the river we found our evidence, all of our vague suspicions were confirmed. There buried in the water were dozens of hides. These hides when brought up from the water showed the brands of the cattle that had been stolen by these rustlers. You see in the spring the waters of the St. Charles usually went on a rampage, and tore out big holes in the river bed. In these holes the hides were weighted down beneath the water. When the water in the river was low it was easy to see hides, and this is how we found out for sure that the men whom we suspected of rustling cattle were the men who had committed the crime.

After this happening we were not bothered with cattle rustlers again for many years. I think that this was the only way of dealing with these men, the courts would have been too generous with them had they been allowed a trial. "

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F. H. Benham

Pan 344 # 15

Elizabeth Cairns

Mr. Benham is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and is very well known in both business and social circles here in Pueblo, and in the country around Rye, Colorado. He and his wife are at present living at 1231 Evans Avenue. For the past several years Mr. Benham has not been actively engaged in the lumber business, which is his trade. He will be 88 on the 5th. of June of this year. Following is an account of his life as taken from an old book that belongs to Mr. Benham. This book was published by the Chapman Publishing Company of Chicago, in 1899., and contained both portraits and biographies of many well known citizens of the past and present. In reality this book is but a portrait and biographical record of the State of Colorado.

Frank H. Benham is one of the honored veterans of the Civil war whose devotion to his country was tested not only by service on the field of battle, but in the still more deadly dangers of a southern prison den. This gallant soldier is now one of the honored and highly respected citizens of Pueblo County, where he owns and operates a ranch and also a sawmill five miles from Rye.

Mr. Benham was born in Hammondsport, Steuben County, N.Y., June 5th, 1846, and is the son of Henry and Mary (Cleveland) Benham, also natives of the Empire State, where the father engaged in the tanning business many years. In the family there were two other sons who were also among the boys in blue during the Rebellion. George K. died in the services of his country, while Lemuel C. served all through the war

and participated in the battles of Antietam, South Mountain, and others.

During his boyhood and youth Frank H. Benham attended the public schools of his native county, and in November he enlisted in the Twenty-Second New York Cavalry, and being in active service until taken prisoner, participated in many important battles and skirmishes. He was first incarcerated in Libby prison and later at Pemberton and Salisbury, N.C., and at Florence S.C., being finally released March 1, 1865, at which time he returned to Annapolis, Md., where he was discharged the following June. His first engagement was the battle of Wilderness.

At the close of the war Mr. Benham returned to New York, where he did contract work until 1872, coming to Pueblo County in that year. He located upon his present place, which he has improved with a good residence and substantial outbuildings. Being situated at the foot of the mountains and easily accessible to the timber belts, he early became interested in the milling business. For some years he engaged in that enterprise in connection with others, but subsequently purchased the mills and now carries on business alone. They are run by steam and he has succeeded in building up a large and profitable trade.

January 7, 1879, Mr. Benham was united in marriage with Miss Louisa Butler, a native of Webster City, Hamilton County, Iowa, and a lady of culture and refinement. Her father, Theodore Butler, came to Pueblo at an early date, and later settled on a ranch in the mountains, where he died in 1876. As a Republican, Mr. Benham has ever taken an active and prominent part in local politics, and two years ago was the

candidate of his party for the office of county commissioner , but lacked nine votes of being elected. He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and in business and social circles occupies an enviable position. As a citizen he stands ready to discharge every duty devolving upon him, and has manifested the same loyalty in the days of peace and as in days of war.

Mrs. Benham is much younger than Mr. Benham, and was able to tell me more than he could. Mr. Benham is in a very weakened condition, and being partially deaf I found it rather hard to get information of an interesting nature from him.

Mr. Benham came from New York on the train as far as Denver, from Denver to Pueblo he took the Stage which was operating at that time. However, Mrs. Benham, then about 15 or 16 years old drove a span of horses from Webster City, Iowa to Rye, Colorado. She arrived in Rye Nov. 8, 1872, while Mr. Benham reached Rye March 5, 1872.

They have lived a rather comfortable, secluded life, and do not remember the hardships of frontier life as do many of the other people I have talked to. Mrs. Benham spoke of the difficulty of getting water if one was a resident of Pueblo. A man was paid a fee for hauling water from the river bed to the barrels behind the various houses in town. These barrels were kept at the back of the lot so that he could fill them more easily as he came around to distribute the supply of water.

Mike Studinski, a Pueblo pioneer, who was near the 100 year mark when he died, had many adventures while crossing the plains, and Mrs. Benham said that he often entertained them with his tales. He told about crossing the plains, saying that he had been bitten by a

rattlesnake, and for a time it was doubtful if he would recover. His friends buried him in mud and succeeded in saving his life. Mr. Studinski, a boy at the time, found it hard to get enough to eat along the trail. Stops were few and far between-that is for eating. Mike used to steal one of the flap-jacks that they had at mealtime, and with the greatest of caution, slip his booty beneath his shirt. Then if he became hungry he would slip bits of the cake from beneath his shirt and nibble on the food. He said when telling this-that this stolen food tasted better than anything that he had ever had before, even though the shirt he had on was the only one he had, and was not as clean as it might have been.

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