

Pam 344-#46

Elizabeth Collins
Jan 24-1934

Rufus Wall

Mr. Rufus Wall, a colored gentleman, is one of Pueblo's pioneer residents. He gave a scintillating sketch of Pueblo in the earlier days. His own life has been rather unusual. His story of Pueblo is given below:

" I ran away from my boy-hood home when I was but nine years old. I was born in Holly Springs, Mississippi, but became eager to make my own way in the world so ran away in 1871. That tells you how old I am. Yes, I was born in 1862, and that makes me 72 years old. When I ran away I had nothing in the world, and having had no schooling, I couldn't even write. I roamed around for a few months here and there.

Colorado was admitted as a State of the United States August 1, 1876. From that time on Aug. 1, has been known as "Colorado Day". The state constitutional convention had been held in March of that same year, and voted on the admission of the state. On July 1, the constitution was voted upon, and favorably. Colorado has been named the "Centennial" state because 1876 marks the year of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, celebrating the 100th. year of American independence. I was in Las Animas, Colorado, having been there since

July of that year. Then when the state joined the Union I had a ride on the train known as the "Centennial". This train, so called because of the recent admission of the state, made a trip to Dodge City, Kansas from Denver, Colorado. The engine that pulled this train was known as "Uncle Dick", and, if I remember rightly, may be found somewhere near Raton, New Mexico, today.

In Las Animas I worked for a while then went to Fort Lyon to work for Captain W. Hotsenpillar, 19th. Infantry, U.S. I was known as Hotsenpillars servant or valet. It was one of my duties to shine the brass buttons on his uniform every day. To do this I had a small wooden contraption that fitted around the button and protected the material while I shined the button. This wooden affair looked very much like a clothespin. I also had to brush the epaulets on the shoulders of his uniform, and keep his boots shining. At Fort Lyon I met a great many people, and had a rather adventuresous life. In 1879, at the first of the year the Captain retired from his post at Fort Lyon."

" In 1880 I came to Pueblo to work, and with me I brought the recommendation that Captain Hotsenpillar had given me when I left his services." (Here Mr. Wall showed me the paper that he had obtained from the Captain. This was but a copy of the original, the original having been damaged in a flood. A friend of his rescued the paper, pieced it together and made a copy of the document that means so much to Mr. Wall today.)

(This is a copy of the letter of recommendation)

219070

 Charles W. Hotsenpillar -
 to -
 Rufus Wall -
 Filed for record -
 Feb. 2, 1916 at 3:15 o'clock -
 P.M. - E. C. Highberger, -
 Recorder. -

Charles W. Hotsenpillar,
 Fort Lyon, December 16, 1878
 United States Infantry.

To all whom it may concern:

I certify, that the bearer of this R. Wallis colored,
 has been in my employ as cook and general attendant, upon me
 for the past 7 years. I earnestly recommend him for his
 ability, honesty, and good conduct.

He has gained the confidence and good will of all
 those he has been connected with and to any person desirous
 of such a servant, I cheerfully recommend him.

His knowledge of cookery is far above the average
 and his tact in such-matters is excellent.

(Signed) Charles W. Hotsenpillar,

Captain, 19th. Infantry, U.S.

State of Colorado.) S.S.
 County of Costilla)

I, Chas. John, Clerk of aforesaid county do
 hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy
 of the original instrument now on file in my office.
 Witness my hand and seal of said County this
 13th. day of January A.D., 1882.



Charles John,
 County Clerk.

"I came to town and the next day got work as chef at the Victoria Hotel. This hotel was on Victoria Avenue, near the Union depot, and was managed by A. Miller. I worked for two years here before the name was changed. The name then became the Southern hotel. The Hotel occupied a two story building, and the ground was owned by the C.C.&I.

The Union Depot was my next place of business. Here it was my duty to ring the gong for the trains that came in and left. In those times there were three trains a day- one that left for Alamosa, and two that operated between Denver and Salida. In the depot were coal-oil lamps, and the oil that was used was brought into the depot in 60 gallon barrrels. There were no side-walks any where in town, nothing but crude two-by-four planks to walk on.

From the Union Depot I went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which was a popular place then. Here I stayed for a short time, then I went back to the depot, and from the depot to the Southern Hotel. The Fifth Avenue Hotel was under Lyman Thompson, Purdy, and Chilcott when I worked there. Billy Slawson, was the clerk.

I was present at many of the meetings held to decide the fate of the "Big Tree". I remember one Sunday of hearing a Canon City minister deliver a speech at the foot of the tree. During the meeting the people were asked what they wanted to do and there were just about as many out of the 200 people there that wanted it cut down as those wanting it to stand.

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The first street railway was completed in 1880, the first one a horsecar line. In 1885 a franchise was given the company providing they dig up the "Big Tree", the stumps of which were in the street.

I left the Southern Hotel, and for 15 years I was in the restuarant business with Charlie Vargas. From this job I went to the Elks Club where I stayed, serving meals, and fixing their banquets, for 16 years. I stayed with the Elks until they moved to their new building. I left the Elks to go to work at the City Hall. I worked there 7 years, and finally went to work at the Court House where I was employed as head janitor until last year. I was with the Court House 21 years and 7 days.

I have always enjoyed my work a great deal, and have had many pleasures. I attended the Chicago Fair in the 90's, and there, with three companions, got jobs as waiters in the Anheiser Beer Garden. We worked for three months at this, then came to Pueblo. I also attended the St. Louis Exposition.

Some of the business houses in Pueblo in 1880 were:

W.H.HYDE- dealer in the agricultural implement business. He had a wagon and buggy warehouse; agency for John Deere plows, Buckeye mowing and harvesting machines, Dederick perpetual hay press, Studebaker freight and spring wagons.

HANSON & SEIBER- owned the stage line. This stage line was handled by these men who ran six horses. The line extended from Pueblo to Rosita and Silver Cliff, both mining towns. The stage left Pueblo, went to Greenwood and up Hardscrabble canyon. If one were fortunate the trip took but a day. The agent in Pueblo was also the postmaster, and proprier of a book store- his name was James Rice. His store was on Santa Fe and Fourth.

E. BRAYTON- Real estate and insurance business on Santa Fe. E.J. Castle also was in this business. (Brayton is still alive).

CHARLES E. GAST- Attorney, located in the Steinburger block on Santa Fe.

JOHN M. WALDRON - Lawyer, whose offices were at 6th. and Santa Fe.

A.B. PATTON D.F. URMY- Lawyers

CHARLES HENKLE AND COMPANY- Wholesale grocer. With him were N.W. Duke, John D. Miller.

S.C. GALLUP- Saddle manufacturer, shop on Santa Fe. Av.

DR. E.W. SHERIFF

- Leading dentists of the city.

DR. C.E. ROBB

FERD BARNOLIAR- Together with his company this man was the leading broker in Pueblo. They also handled real estate insurance, and loans.

BURDICK AND OTERO- The city claimed these men as their best jewelers. They were speciality workers, making much jewelry to order.

GEORGE PERKINS AND COMPANY- Dealers in carpets and rugs, also household furnishings.

DR. WORRALL- Operated a hygienic institute, and at this time was planning to open a drug store. (Ardent defender of the big tree.)

JAMES RICE

C.L. WALL

(Combined
— later)

STANFIELD BROTHERS

- Owners of bookstores.

N.E. MOTHERWAY

JOHN HUGH, T.G. MCCARTHY- Had a paint shop, and did special sign writing. Their shop was on Union Avenue.

FRANK H. SHROCK- Druggist, located on the south side.

Schools were in full operation in Pueblo in the '80s. On the north side Professor McClung was in charge. This was known as District 1. Professor McClung made \$1600 a year, while the average salary for a teacher was \$70 a month. On the north side there were 720 pupils. On the south side Professor C.L. Buckmaster, was the head, and he had enrolled in his schools about 520 pupils. Altogether the number of pupils of school age in Pueblo county was 1,573.

Some of the leading citizens of the town were: Klaas Wildeboor, O.H.P. Baxter, M. Studinski, and W.B. Hamilton.

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Mr. Wall is well known in Pueblo, and having been connected with so many hotels and clubs in town he knows many of the prominent people about town.

While in the Court House working, Mr. Wall was a general favorite with those in offices. Many times write-ups have appeared in our local newspapers about him.

During the flood of 1921, Mr. Wall lost his wife, and his only child. He managed to make his escape from the oncoming water, but his wife and son were drown. All of his possessions were also taken by the flood, all except the paper that has the recommendation of Captain Hotsenpillar on it, this paper was in the hands of a friend at the time.

This night of the flood Mr. Wall made his way, in a dazed condition, to the Court House. When he got there he took his janitor's keys and opened the doors of the building. In telling me this he said, "I must have let in 500 people that night, for the lawn was crowded with homeless people. After opening the doors I set to work to fix something to eat for them, to care for the wounded and take care of the children. All of the offices were converted into either sleeping quarters, hospital rooms, or kitchens. For three weeks we maintained headquarters here. I just had to forget my own loss, and see that I could be of help to those who were just as unfortunate as I."

At present Mr. Wall is taking care of the N.S. Walpole home at 325 W. 15th. St.

ELIZABETH BIRNS
JAN 16-1934

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Mr. G. G. Withers, 288
Interviewed-Jan. 16, 1934.

G. G. Withers
901 Ray 365
Pueblo, Colo.

Being a pioneer in the early days was one of the most thrilling lives that one could live. Pioneer life was hard work but ^{offered} plenty of excitement by way of recompense.

That is the impression one gains from talking with Mr. Granville (plus) Withers. Mr. Withers is a newspaper man and has been connected with the staff of the Pueblo Chieftain and the Star Journal for the past sixty-four years. He makes his home at 824 W. 13th St.

Following may be found the interesting story of Mr. Withers' early pioneer days:

" My father, Henry C. Withers, was always eager to seek his fortune in the adventuresous unknown. Almost all of his life was spent in frontier settlements. His boyhood home was in Kentucky, but in 1850 the family moved to Missouri. In Missouri both my father and grandfather homesteaded land. After father became older he was interested in freighting, and in '53 he freighted down into Mexico. In 1854 he married Miss Mary Ellen Sharp, a native of Virginia. The next move was from Missouri to Kansas, here he settled in the vicinity of Fort Scott.

From Kansas father again started "West", this time settling at Iron Springs, Colorado. (Iron Springs was nothing more than a stopping place for the stage that was operating on the Southern Overland Express line. Here the stages would stop for fresh teams, and make any other necessary preparations that were needed for the continuance of the trip.) After a while father sent for us to join him, this being in the year of 1862.

We started our trip to Colorado, that is, my mother, my brother Frank, and myself. Taking the stage from Westport Landing, Kansas we headed "West". On the trip we made stops at all of the important places along the route that the stage covered. Some of these places were: Fort Larned, Fort Dodge, and later Bent's Fort in Colorado. (At Bent's Fort we left the stage we had been traveling in and took another one that would take us to Iron Springs.) We spent some time there at Bent's Fort, waiting for our stage, and resting up for the rest of our trip. After reaching Bent's Fort we still had forty miles to go before reaching our new home. Finally we started the last lap of our journey, and succeeded in reaching Iron Springs without any trouble.

Iron Springs was nothing more than a barricade that could be used in case of an Indian attack. A high wall completely enclosed the small house in which we were to live for the next several years. This was real frontier life, many times we saw Indian fights in progress- out on the distant prairie. Indians were rather common around the vicinity of Iron Springs, but were, at the time, comparatively peaceful.

(While at Iron Springs I got a job herding mules. The stage company paid me \$10 a month to care for the mules that were used by the stages in making the trip to Bent's Fort.) Mules have a peculiar habit of running away, and these mules always headed for a place called "Hole-in-the-rock". Whenever the or to Bent's Fort.

animals started their wanderings it was my task to go after them and round them up to bring back to Iron Springs, after so many days this work became most boring. I was rewarded for my work though when I was given a pony so that I could keep track of my charges more easily.

Before leaving Westport Landing, Kansas I had picked up a stray cat. The cat was of a nondescript nature, but was one of my most valued possessions. This cat learned to ride in back of the saddle on my pony, and would go with me everywhere that I went. I used to take the cat hunting, and he would ride behind the saddle for miles and miles, and when I got off the horse the cat would jump down to follow after me. My cat was quite a curio as there were few cats to be found in frontier settlements. One morning I was awakened by a series of growls and snarls that sounded as if they were in the back yard. I got up, and going outside I saw my cat at the top of the flagpole, which was about 40 or 50 feet high. Right at the foot of the pole was another cat. Later I found that this stray cat had come from Bent's Fort with a group of freighters who were passing through Iron Springs, and had stopped below our house for the night. The stray cat ran away when I arrived upon the scene, but it was some time before my cat was trusting enough to come down from his high perch.

A good deal of my time was spent in hunting out on the prairies around Iron Springs. In this country were to be found bears, deer, antelope, and other smaller game. The hides that we got from the animals were used to make out clothe

In the spring of '64 there were a great many Indian uprisings, and we had many uneasy moments when we thought what might happen to us. One day there was a fight out on the prairie between the Cheyennes and the Utes, and after the fight my father left the fort and went out to where Indians had been. There he found a Cheyenne Indian who had been badly wounded, and apparently had been left for dead. Father brought him back to the house, and after a time the Indian became well enough to leave Iron Springs. Before the Indian left he told father that the Indians were planning an attack, and that it would be best if we left Iron Springs. He also told him that if it were at all possible he would return to Iron Springs to tell father when the attack was to be made and warn him. The Indian did warn us and in plenty of time for us to get away. Father insisted that Mother, my sister, and other brother should start out ahead of us. They started for Trinidad late in the afternoon, but I stayed with father at the fort to pack the rest of our belongings in preparation for leaving.

Father and I got away from the place about 4 o'clock in the morning, and the Indians got to Iron Springs at 5 o'clock that same morning. They set fire to the barricade, and succeeded in tearing up everything at Iron Springs. We thought perhaps we would be followed, but nothing happened to us as we left Iron Springs. Once, before this time, I had been chased by the Indians, and thought that we would probably have to ride hard to escape them if they should take a notion to follow us.

We met mother and the rest of the family in Trinidad, but decided to go on as far as a place called Cottonwood Creek to spend the night. We didn't want to go any farther as we thought it best to cross Raton Mountain in daylight. With us were two men, hired to care for the stock, and help whenever needed. We also had two wagons which were loaded with household goods, these wagons were drawn by six yoke of oxen. Then there was my pony. At Cottonwood Creek we built a fire, cooked our supper, and made everything ready for the night. We went to bed about 9 o'clock that evening; I awoke at 3 o'clock the next morning and feeling something soft and wet on the blanket I pulled my head from under the covers only to see snow all over my bed. I called to father who was lying next to me, but he only told me to go back to sleep as it had been snowing for the past two hours.

That morning when we got up we found that the snow was very deep and that there were no apparent signs that the storm had ended. In fact, the snow was coming down so heavily we could see but a few feet away. After throwing off all of the unnecessary baggage we started on, headed for Fort Union, New Mexico. Part of our load that we discarded was made up of "chons", or mattresses. The "chons" were bulky as well as heavy, so they were left behind. For the rest of the day we traveled on toward the south, progress was very slow as the snow was so deep. All of the time the snow kept falling, making it impossible for one to see but a few feet ahead. Toward evening the oxen stumbled over bundle that

lay in their path. Father got out of the wagon and went up in front to see what was in the way, and there to his disgust he found the "chons" that we had left behind early that morning. We had been traveling in a circle all day, the snow had been so blinding that we had not been able to tell which direction we were going. The weather being unfavorable for us ~~to continue our journey~~ we decided that the best thing would be to camp. Father wanted to camp higher up on the mountain, nearer timber-line, so the pony was turned loose to make his way toward the timber. We followed and sure enough the pony led us to higher ground. Here we set up camp, and upon finding some dead pine we started a fire. The snow by this time was higher than the wagon bed.

We stayed, snowed-in, for two days. During this time we had little to eat other than hard tack and coffee. We had not made plans for such a lengthy trip, so our food supply was rather scant. The snow kept getting deeper and deeper, making any chance of escape impossible. Finally after the second day father saw some cattle to the east of where we were camped. He was greatly relieved to see the cattle, as he knew men must be with them. In a little while we saw the wagons winding slowly over the hill, and several men came to our camp. The leader was Tom Young, who had been a friend and neighbor at Iron Springs, and he was on his way to Fort Union where he was to deliver the cattle he was driving. Mr. Young had a beef contract with the govern-

ment . We were greatly relieved to know that some one had come along, for we were about to give up seeing anyone who could make their way through the deep snow. Seeing that we were suffering from the extreme weather and lack of food, Mr. Young killed a calf for us to eat. This meal, the first substantial one that we had had for days, was a real feast. After eating, plans for continuing our journey were talked over, and it was decided that Mr. Young and his wagons should go ahead; we were to follow the trail that he made through the snow. Fort Union was still 40 miles away, but we managed to get there without any further difficulties. On our way to Fort Union we stopped at Maxwell's Grant, there we found numerous soldiers, Indians, trappers, and hunters who had been caught in the storm, but managed to make their way to the Grant. Here the snow was 4 feet deep, and through the mountainous country that we had come the snow was even deeper. That snow took us unawares; the winter had been extremely mild, similar to the winter we are having this year. All of this happened in the month of December, 1864.

After reaching Fort Union, New Mexico, my father bought a hotel. This hotel was under his management for the next four years. It was while in Fort Union that my parents decided that I should go to school. Living, as we did, in frontier settlements there had been little chance for me to attend school. I was sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to school. The school is now known as St. Michael's College, and was under the direction of the Catholic order of the Christian Brother-

In the school were enrolled between three hundred and fifty to four hundred pupils. Out of this number I was one in three Americans that attended the school. I spent a year at the school, but when I came home I found that I knew more Spanish and less English than I had known before I had ever attended the school. Being with those who spoke Spanish more often than English, naturally I became more versed in Spanish. The original idea in sending me to school was to improve my mastery of English, but the goal was not reached. My mother was quite distressed when I came home. She was strongly averse to my going back to the school; she argued that by the end of another year I would have forgotten everything that I ever knew about the English language. I did not return to the school in Santa Fe, but stayed in Fort Union with my parents.

In 1868 father decided that we should return to the old family home in Missouri. The hotel was sold, and we started out for Pleasant Hill, Missouri. This time we made the trip overland. Indian uprisings were most common at this time. All of the tribes were preparing to go on the warpath, and on our trip across the plains we saw band after band of Indians. None of the Indians bothered us, but they were ghastly to see - all decked out in their war paint, war feathers, and wearing grotesque war bonnets. On this trip I saw more Indians than I had ever seen before in all of my life. I was always afraid that some of them would attack us, but none of them bothered us. I kept remembering the time I had been

chased by the Indians when we were living at Iron Springs.

My father had a partner at Iron Springs. One spring, in early May, I was sent with this man to go to Wolf's Bend, ^{12 miles east of Pueblo.} after stock cattle for the ranch. The cattle were on the other side of the Arkansas river, and we planned to cross the river then ford back across with the cattle. At this point the river made a sharp bend. Right below the bend was an island in the river. We planned to cross here and round up the cattle. However, our plans were interrupted; the river, swollen by spring rains was very high. The current was swift and we doubted the chances of getting across safely. My horse was a clay-bank; the minute that I urged him into the water he calmly lay down. The force of the water was so great that the current started to carry the both of us down stream. Father's partner was on the bank watching, but in a few seconds he had made his plans for the attempted rescue. I thought I was done for, I kicked and kicked the horse but he would not try to recover his balance. Looking over on the shore I saw my friend swing his lariat toward us. The loop fell over the saddle horn of my saddle, and I felt the tug on the rope. The man on the bank reeled his horse around and started away from the river. Slowly we were pulled from the river, and from that time on I have been rather particular about the kind of a horse I ride. After the rescue we decided to leave the cattle on the other side of the river until the water went down a little. Getting on our horses we started back home, but had gone a short

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distance when we saw Indians . The country was rather hilly, and we watched from the tops of each hill to see if the Indians had discovered us. One time I turned around, there glistening in the bright sun were their spears. We were frightened and rode as fast as we could, trying all of the time to give them the slip. In a little ravine we stopped, and my friend went back to the top of the hill to see if he could locate the Indians. He came back all excited, saying that they were close behind us. Meanwhile, the horse had become rather frisky, and refused to be mounted. After a few anxious moments he finally got back on the horse, and we set out at a dead pace for home. I had made up my mind that we would probably be scalped, the Indians were so near and greatly outnumbered us. We rode as hard as we could, and when we were within about ten miles of home, suddenly the Indians gave up the chase. We were much relieved by their decision to let us go on unharmed. Later we found that our pursuers had been a band of Cheyennes, looking for their hated enemies- the Utes.

In February, 1870, I again came to Colorado, this time stopping at Pueblo. I have been here ever since that time. When I came here my first thought was of getting a job. I found that a printer's devil was needed at the Chieftain newspaper offices, so I applied for the job and got it. This first job consisted, for the most part, of certain duties around the office. I cleaned the office, cleaned windows, and did whatever else was to be done about the office. The Chieftain, at the time was owned by Captain Lambert although not managed by him. Lambert bought the paper in 1869 from

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Sam McBride and Dr. DeShor^A, who were the original founders of the paper, which was then a weekly. Lambert bought the paper with the idea of coming into town immediately, but was retained by the government at Fort Reynolds for the next two years.)

For the next four years I took it upon myself to learn the newspaper business. My salary was increased as I became better acquainted with the work. As printer's devil I made \$3.00 a week. The paper was growing all of the time, and about this time a bindery department was started at the Chieftain. I had worked as a printer, and wanting to see the more artistic features of the work, I went into the bindery department for the next year and a half. Here I learned all of the niceties of artistic job work.

From the bindery I went back to the printing room, and became the foreman of the news-room. Here I stayed for ~~two~~^{six} years, setting up the paper, printing it, and if there was no one to deliver it I rode horse-back to deliver the paper to the subscribers. As foreman I made \$30.00 a week, but I became tired of this work, and going to Lambert I asked him to transfer me to the editorial department. I especially wanted to try my hand at writing editorials, and after much persuasion I was allowed to go into the editorial department. Here my salary was but \$15.00 a week, but after six months in the department my salary was increased to \$18.00 a week.

After six more months work in the editorial department, I was made City Editor. This position I filled for the next two years at a salary of \$25.00 a week. I then took over the

Managing editorship of the paper. This job included also the writing of editorials, and the caring for the business end of the paper.

1890 saw me as the City Editor again, but not for long. I went to Captain Lambert and asked that he appoint me advertising editor. Prior to this time there had never been a man to care for the advertising, but I knew that I could make such an office be of value to the finances of the paper. I was put in as advertising manager, and held this job until 1900, when I again became the business manager.

(I. N. Stevens, a Denver attorney, bought the paper in 1903, and while I was not connected with the paper in an active capacity, I never lost my identity with the Chieftain. I was collector for the accounts that were due the former owner of the paper, and carried on with the general business end of the paper.

In addition to the newspaper work I was chosen chairman of the Republican Central Committee, and was later Superintendent of the North Side Water Works for a year. For four years I was Deputy State Treasurer, but still maintained my connection with the Chieftain."

(The Chieftain and the Star-Journal combined early last year. The Chieftain is still the morning paper, while the Star-Journal is the evening paper. Both papers are located in the same building. Mr. Withers has charge of the edition of the paper known as "The Colorado Chieftain". This paper is published weekly, and is made up, for the most part, of legal advertising. Mr. Withers is also interested in the advertising of the daily papers. His record is hard to tie, sixty-four years of continuous service in the newspaper profession.)

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ELIZABETH Cairns Vol. 344

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mother?

Alexander H. Lacy, editor of the Wet Mountain TRIBUNE, at Westcliffe, Custer County, was born in Hannibal, Mo., August 8, 1839. He is the son of John L. Lacy, whose father came to this country and settled in Virginia, but later went to Kentucky and from there moved to St. Louis, Mo. Of all his children, seven in number, all were born in Albemarle County, Va. John L. was born in 1603, and accompanied the family to Kentucky and Missouri. Mainly through his own efforts he acquired a good education. For a time he engaged in business for himself as a beef packer, then became a member of the firm of Samuels, Ross & Co., who in the '50's were heavy shippers of pork to New Orleans from Hannibal. An old-line Whig, he was active in politics and was a strong Union man during the war times. He was familiarly known as Squire Lacy. His marriage united him with Elmira Church, of Ohio, whose grandfather Timothy Church, took a prominent part in the Revolutionary war. Eight children were born of their union, viz.: Robert, deceased; Benjamin, deceased; Mary, wife of Leonard Jefford; Alexander H.; Frank, deceased; Eleanor, who is married and lives in Chicago; Lewis, a boiler-maker at Hannibal, Mo.; and Elijah, deceased.

When less than thirteen years of age our subject entered a printing office in Hannibal, where he learned the trade. From there he was sent to Cincinnati, to work for the Methodist Book Concern, but after a short time in that city he left. For a few years he worked at his trade in various places, as employment was

offered. Returning to Hannibal he ran an office there. In 1856 he removed his plant to Macon City, Mo., and started the first paper there, but the venture not proving profitable he discontinued the paper. The war coming on his surroundings grew very unpleasant, so he went to Kansas, where he edited a paper on the border when the militia were there. However, trouble arose and he returned to Hannibal, where he started the Hannibal NEWS, a daily, and a Douglas Democratic, non Union, organ. Early in 1861 the flag that he raised was torn down. However, he continued as firm as ever in his opposition to slavery. When the Sixteenth Illinois Infantry arrived he had the only Union flag in the town. In October, 1861, he enlisted at Quincy Mo., as a private in Company B (but was later transferred to Company I), of the Third Cavalry, which he recruited. At Palmyra, Mo., he was elected second lieutenant and afterward appointed adjutant of the regiment, and in 1862 was placed on scouting duty at Rolla, Mo. Returning to Hannibal in 1863, he was married October 20 to Sarah P. Lewis, of that city. Accompanied by her he returned to his station. On military examination at Rolla he was appointed first lieutenant. He resigned his commission March 12, 1864, and returned to Hannibal.

While working as mail agent on the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, between Quincy and St. Joe, in 1864, in October, the train on which Mr. Lacy was at the time was captured by guerillas. Shortly afterwards he resigned and secured employment on the Quincy HERALD, of which three weeks later he was made city editor. In 1867 he returned to Hannibal, becoming city editor of the paper there. Afterward,

While publishing the WEST and SOUTH, the publishers of the Quincy HERALD sent for Kim to manage their paper during Singleton's campaign; at the close of that campaign he went on the Quincy NEWS, and in 1869 became connected with the QUINCY JOURNAL. Going to Pittsfield in 1871, he conducted the mechanical and local department of the QUINCY JOURNAL. In 1872 he was offered and accepted the city editorship of the Kansas City JOURNAL-CONSERVATOR, which position he held until the summer of 1877. Later he spent three months with the Kansas City NEWS as night editor. When an independent paper, the QUINCY NEWS, was started, he conducted its city department during the campaign of 1878.

(Coming to Colorado in March, 1878, Alexander H. Mac, conducted the NEWS at Silver Cliff for a short time, then, with a man who had some type, he started the Silver Cliff PROSPECTOR. After five issues as a weekly he moved to better quarters and turned his paper into a daily. Seven months later, owing to legal complications, he sold out. After a visit home, in 1880, he returned and started the REPUBLICAN, which was owned by a stock company. Two years later, owing to a disagreement among the stockholders, he was cheated out of his stock and then started the MOUNTAIN GAZETTE. However, this was not a financial success. His next position was as foreman in the mechanical department of the DEMOCRAT, which had recently started. Soon he bought the paper and changed its name to that of Wet Mountain TRIBUNE, taking it with an indebtedness of \$1,500. Within six months the debt was paid and the paper was removed to Crestliffe in 1885, since which time it has been conducted prosperously.)

I was interested in this account of the life of Alexander Lacy as I am personally acquainted with the family. I have known Eleanor Lacy, a grand-daughter, for some time, so wrote to her asking that she confirm the data given in the write-up.

(John D. Lacy, Eleanor's father, is at the present time editor and owner of the Rocky Ford Gazette-Topic. His father, Alexander Lacy was a prominent figure in the early history of West Cliff and Silvercliffe, Colorado.)

Following the account in an old book, Eleanor Lacy has given me this additional information.

"You were quite right about Alexander Lacy being my grandfather. Before he came to Colorado to edit the Wet Mountain Tribune, he was city editor of the Kansas City Star. When lured to Colorado by gold, he went to Westcliffe and started a paper of his own. After his death, Mother and Daddy were married and together ran the old family newspaper. Then Dad's brother came from Missouri, and ran the paper, so that the Gazette-Topic could be born. Now the Gazette-Topic has reformed and is known as the Rocky Ford Daily Gazette, a change that took place last year."

I thought that some one might be working on the early history of Silver Cliffe or Westcliff, and this might be of value to them. I am sure that Mr. Lacy would be willing to give any additional information about either his father's paper, or about his own news-paper. Mr. Lacy's address in Rocky Ford is 917 Walnut, Rocky Ford, Colorado.

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Elizabeth Cairns
Mar 13 1924

Pam 344 - # 49

Mr. Benton Yackey, 301
Interviewed March 13, '24

Mr. Benton Yackey, one of Pueblo's oldest soldiers, lives at 1119 W. 16th. St. He has lived in this house for the past thirteen years, but has been unable to leave the yard for quite some time. During November of last year he was seriously ill, and for a time his recovery was doubtful. It has just been during the past few weeks that he has been able to have visitors.

Mr. Yackey will be 92 years old this year, and has been a resident of Pueblo for the past 56 years.

"I spent my early days in the eastern states, and while I was yet a boy we moved to St. Louis, Missouri. St. Louis at that time was but a very small place. In 1861 I became a volunteer in the Civil War army. I joined in St. Louis, and was only 19 years old at the time. During the year of '62 I was wounded in battle in north east Missouri, and was discharged from active service in that same year. My hopes of reaching the southern firing lines were halted by my discharge.

In '75 my wife and I decided to come "West". Her health was failing and the doctor advised a change in climate. We left St. Louis and came as far as a place called Granada on the Santa Fe R.R. When we reached Granada we bought a wagon and a team and started for the west. When we got as far as La Junta, Colorado a severe case of "eastern fever" hit us, so we turned around and went back to the old home in St. Louis.

In '76 we again started out for the western country, and this time got as far as Colorado Springs. While in Colorado Springs I was engaged in many different trades, however the one that I was most interested in was the selling of wagon equipment. This was the type of business that I had been engaged in before leaving St. Louis. In '77 I sold out my business in Colorado Springs and again went back east, covering the entire distance in a wagon.

Our wagon and team was again put into use when we left Kansas City in '78. Our destination on this third trip from the west was Pueblo. It took us 40 days to cover the distance between Pueblo and Kansas City. During this time we suffered many hardships, the weather was very bad. I think that the winter of '77 was the most severe winter that we have ever had. For miles and miles we followed the course of the Arkansas River, hunting for a break in the ice where we could water our cattle. The river was frozen solid, and we were close to Pueblo before we found a place to see that our cattle got water.

Pueblo was a rather dismal place; the main part of town was located between 6th and 7th on Santa Fe Avenue. Down between 2nd and 4th streets was the section of town where the saloons were located. In South Pueblo there were just a few stores, while on what is now called the Mesa there were but three houses, belonging to three contractors - Crooks, Carlile, and Moore. Union Avenue, that is on the east side of the street, was well populated with saloons. One of the most interesting things that I remember about the old town of Pueblo was the location of the circus ground. This old circus

ground is now occupied by the Union Depot. The "Big Tree", located on Union Avenue between C. and D Streets, has had quite an interesting history, but I doubt many of the tales that are told of the hangings that took place on the limbs of this tree. All of Union Avenue that is now located below the Santa Fe R. track was at that time nothing more than a swamp, filled with willows and sun-flowers.

About the first thing that I bought in Pueblo was a newspaper. That first paper I bought from Gus Pitters. The office of the Chief-tain was located at the corner of 4th. and Santa Fe where the Pueblo Hardware Company is now. I paid 10¢ for that first paper, and was so glad to see news that I would have paid almost any price.

Our first home was located in the "Grove" district and near to the Wildeboer home. I started doing express work, and stayed in this business for the next five years. I also did carpenter work, and carried on with this business until just a few years ago. With the building of the Steel Works, population increased rapidly in Pueblo. For a while I was hired by the head surveyor of the Steel Works to transport the surveyors to and from their work. When my work of transporting the men to their work was done then my time was my own. Often I helped the men drive the pins after they had surveyed the land. This job soon ended- I asked for my wages and was told that I was to be payed in land or not at all. I resented this method of payment and so lost my job. I was offered lots as payment, the lots being worth 5.00 and 10.00 a piece, but worth a great deal more at the present time.

Another job that I might mention was that of being a "taxi-driver". I was hired by the merchants on Santa Fe Avenue to operate a stage line from Bessemer to the main business part of town. This was before the street railway was built. I made four trips a day to Bessemer and back. This means of transportation increased the sales of the Pueblo merchants as the Bessemer people were willing to come to Pueblo if they could ride. The steel-workers, at that time, made good wages and spent a good deal of money in the town. My route covered the distance between the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the town of Bessemer. A charge of 10¢ each way was made for the journey, and I did a thriving business until the street railway company took over the business.

I can remember seeing the many ox teams that came through Pueblo in the early days. The streets at that time were in such poor condition that oftentimes one would see a team stuck in the mud right in the main part of town. Those driving ox teams through Pueblo usually camped here for a short time. The camping grounds were found out where Mineral Palace Park is now and down on what is now 8th and 9th streets. The place where they camped on 8th and 9th streets was a low swampy piece of land and in time of a heavy rain the campers were obliged to move to higher ground or be flooded out.

Incidentally, I can remember the part of town now known as the Dundee district when it was covered with sage-brush and at times water. There were a few houses out in this part of the city, and almost anyone could have the rent free just to take care of the place.

Across the Arkansas River there was a bridge, but the affair was so risky and run down that the most of the people who wanted to get to the other side of the river just forded across. The bridge was more or less a sham, and I, for one, found the journey much safer if I forded the river with my cattle.

You ask of Indians, well the only "wild" Indian that I have ever seen came through Pueblo on the train. I have often heard of the rumpages that the Indians went on, but in all of my travels across the plains never had any trouble with them. One time when we were making our trip east, for the second time, we stopped along the banks of a stream and let our cattle drink for quite a while, then we went on about five miles to a small settlement. When we reached the settlement we were greeted by surprised strangers who asked us all about the Indians that were up the river. When we said that we had seen no Indians the natives of the town were startled. They told us that the Indians were on the war-path and where we had watered our cattle was one of their favorite meeting places.

This "wild" Indian that I speak of was none other than the famous "Sitting Bull". He was the first, last and only Indian that I have ever seen in all of my 90-odd years. "Sitting Bull" had taken part in the Little Big Horn massacre where Custer met his death. The United States ordered a trial and investigation of the affair, so "Sitting Bull" was summoned to Washington for trial. He had an escort of five American soldiers when he came through Pueblo. Many people

flocked to the Depot to see the Indian. I do believe that the people of Pueblo would have mobbed the poor Indian had he not been guarded by United States troops. One of the residents of Pueblo tried several times to get to the Indian, but was always forced away by the soldiers.

Just a few weeks after coming to Pueblo to stay, I received word from friends that were coming west. These people were anxious to go to Sagucho, and wanted to arrange transportation from Pueblo. They offered me \$50 to take them to Sagucho, and being short of funds I decided to take up their proposition although I was very green about the country into which they wished to go.

I outfitted the wagon, and made all plans in readiness for departure. In the group there were 3 women, 2 men, and a small boy, that is, not counting myself. I made all the necessary plans for water, food and etc. that I thought we would use on the road, and we started out. We chose to go across Cosca Pass to Sagucho, and I planned to return by way of Poncha Pass. Cosca Pass we found in terrible condition. There had been no wagons over the Pass for more than 2 years, and the road was just a rude trail. Almost all of the time my passengers were obliged to lie down in the wagon bed to keep it from tipping over. The ride was most uncomfortable and tiresome. The first night we stopped at the edge of the sand dunes, afraid to cross them with the approaching darkness near at hand. I guess that was a lucky stop for the next morning all that we could see for miles and miles was barren wastes of sand. Early that morning

we left our cool, shady camping place and started out across the sand, headed for Sagaiche. All day long we watched nothing but a sandy trail ahead, the heat was stifling. I remember so distinctly seeing my dog lay down in the sand and lick his poor tired burned paws. The horses could hardly keep going, they were hot and thirsty; but being a tenderfoot all I had was one bog of water with us, this we gave to the horses although we were almost frantic for water ourselves. About 9 o'clock that night we sighted a farm-house a short distance ahead also a small stream of water. I knew very little about the water in that part of the country so decided that we should take unusual precautions to prevent any possible disaster. I started several fires and boiled all of the water that we intended using for drinking purposes. One of the passengers became indignant and wanted to take the risk of drinking the water just as it was, but I persuaded them to wait for the boiled water. I can tell you that that night we had water that was not as cool as it might have been. The next morning we went to the ranch and tried to buy food to eat, I had misestimated the amount of food that it would require to make the trip, and our food supply was low. The people living at this ranch, known as the Dickey Ranch were unwilling to part with the provisions that they had. They simply refused to help us in any way. That was the first and only time that I have ever had food refused me. Our only consolation was found in the fact that the water was good, and we found that morning that the creek was clear as could be - that we had taken unnecessary precautions when we boiled the water the night before.

By noon of that same day we reached Del Norte, which was about 15 miles from the Dickey Ranch. From Del Norte we made our way to Sagauche without any further difficulties.

I left my friends in Sagauche and started out alone for Pueblo. As I was driving down over Poncha Pass I saw a stalwart man blocking the road ahead of me. For a few minutes I was indeed frightened, and with a slight glance to the side assured myself that my gun was beside me. Cautiously I moved the gun nearer my side, wondering all of the time just what the stranger wanted with me. I stopped the horses, my friend came up to the side of the wagon and in a gruff tone asked me how much I would charge to take him to Poncha Springs. I told him a dollar, and right away he handed me the mentioned amount. After climbing up on the seat beside me he drew a wicked looking six-shooter from his coat and laid the gun tenderly down on the floor of the wagon. He said that he had noticed that I had a gun also.

That night we reached Poncha Springs and my new found friend took it upon himself to provide the grub for our evening meal, incidentally he also asked how much the fare to Canon City would be. Itold him a dolloar and received the same, however when we reached Canon City then he questioned the price of a ride to Pueblo. I charged him another dollar, that making three dollars in all that he had paid as fare. That was a profitable trip for me as the stranger bought all of the food that we used on the entire trip, refusing to let me buy a thing we needed.

a few minutes he called me and asked if I would go to the depot and buy him a ticket for Denver. I noticed that he took a 10.00 bill from a large roll that he had in his pocket, but promptly forgot the matter. I went to the depot and bought him his ticket. I bought a scalper's ticket, this costing me 13.00. When I got back I gave him his ticket and his change, but he refused the change, directing me to keep it myself.

The next day I went with him to the depot, and while here he confided in me to some extent. He said that he was originally the owner of a ranch over near Sagauche, but had sold out the very day that I picked him up on Pencha Pass. He said that he had between 50,000 and 60,000 with him at the present time. I was stunned, but could then account for all of his queer actions and requests. "Jack", for that was all I ever knew him by, promised to write to me as soon as he located in Wyoming, but I never had a word from him. I have often thought that he may have been in trouble and that is why he was so anxious to leave the Sagauche country, and then I think of the possible chances that I took in bringing him to Pueblo. A man with that much money would be a responsibility at any time. Perhaps someone did follow the man, and that is the reason for my not hearing from him. I like to ponder over this story and arrange all of the possible endings that such a mystery might have.

You asked about the local G.A.R. chapter in Pueblo.

Well, the chapter, officially known as the Upton post No. 8 was started in 1891. At this time there were 12 charter members. During the years that followed, our membership kept on growing, and at one time the active membership of the Post was 351 men. Today there are four members left in the Post that are in Pueblo. They are:

Frank Benham

William McAllister

Thompson

B. Mackey

We have not had meetings for many months as I am unable to climb the stairs to the post room, but the room is always kept in readiness in case some one of us should care to use the room. I have been the Post Commander for the past 6 years and intend to keep the office until I die. I am the only living Charter member of the Post. During the past few years the V.F.W. Post asked the G.A.R. members to become honorary members of the V.F.W. so I am a member in that Post also. Two years ago I was delegate to the G.A.R. encampment held in Springfield, Missouri, and at present have charge of any programs that the G.A.R. is represented in. Until the time of my illness I always went to the hall and wrote up an accoutn of the meeting, although I knew that there would be no one present. However since November, I have been unable to do this.

Another record of which I am very proud is the fact that I am the oldest Odd Fellow in the state of Colorado. I have been an Odd Fellow for 68 years.

(Mr. Yackey is a general favorite in Pueblo, and is a special friend of the reporters that come to his house. Articles concerning his health are frequently seen in the daily newspapers. He has a very charming manner of greeting a person and making them feel at ease. It is rather unusual, so I find, to run across a person who is so old that is still witty and full of fun. Whenever Mr. Yackey would recall some humorous incident his eyes would just sparkle with apparent glee. He is really fun to talk to, and it is hard to keep a serious mood long when you are around him. He got an immense kick out of asking me if I remembered how cold it was in the winter of '78. This was one of the most pleasant calls that I have made.)

THE LAST BUFFALO
(By PATRICK BYRNES)

It was late in the evening of a cold, gray day early in February, 1888, when the writer arrived at the new frontier town "boom town" of Springfield, just in the making in the plains country of southeastern Colorado.

It was a rather rough and tiresome journey of 50 miles due south from Lamar, the nearest railroad station, by stage coach, over different roads, through a new and strange country and the ten passengers lost no time in rolling out of the crowded, stuffy coach and into the lobby of the only little hotel in the town. A bright light gleamed invitingly through the frost-coated windows and a cheerful fire was burning in a big cannon-ball stove that soon was surrounded by the newcomers.

The stage coach was drawn by a four-in-hand of hardy, stocky-built, range bred horses, full of grit and go, and the reins were in the hands of an expert driver who sent them across arroyos and past an occasional big boulder close by the roadside at what seemed to the "tenderfoot" a reckless gait, but horses as well as driver were on their jobs and came through without a mishap.

BOILED BEEF and-

The journey was made in 8 hours of actual traveling time, and one hour additional was spent at the Halfway House, 25 miles out where a plain, hot and wholesome dinner was served. It was always the same-boiled beef, cabbage and potatoes, strong coffee, and good home-made bread and apple pie. The price was fifty cents and greatly relished by all. The driver made a change of horses, greased the

wheels of the big stage coach, saw to it that all his passengers got aboard, climbed to the seat on top, spoke sharply to the four-in-hand to "giddap" and they were ^{off} ~~odd~~ again at a lively clip, the fresh team pulling on the bits in a manner that caused an old horse-man with his head and neck buried in a high coat collar to remark admiringly, "I'd like to be a-drivin' them horses and doin' nothin' else all the time," and he regaled the other passengers with his "hoss" stories of doubtful veracity.

It was while gathered around the red-hot stove in the little hotel lobby that I got my first glimpse in Colorado of men from everywhere, for a number straggled in from their primitive little places of business in town and from the new settlements round about; and from bits of conversation picked up here and there, coupled with an occasional encouraging question, I discovered that many states in the Union were represented, and the "old-timers" (those who had been on the grounds for from three to six months), were telling the "tenderfeet" all about the rich country and the marvelous town they were building up that would some day be a big metropolis and railroad center. Such was the "hope that springs eternal in the human breast" of all frontier folk.

It was an interesting study, the men and the various purposes that drew them together, and it took but very little time for everybody to get acquainted with everybody else in true Western style. They talked business, and romance, and foolishness, and the first-comers related some of their novel experiences on the plains for the benefit of the last-comers; and many an interesting anecdote and jest was related of adventures with centipedes, tarantulas, horned toads, and rattlesnakes in claim shanties and dugouts; of chasing surprised

coyotes and swifts over the plains and decoying and shooting down the deluded antelope that seemed to have a halfway sort of confidence in man until by sad experience they learned to know better and to give him a wider berth.

They jested about their experiences in batching, of cooking on sheet-iron or "tin" stoves, with buffalo chips, alias, cow chips, for fuel, and they seemed to delight in the strange new life of the frontier with all its surprises and adventures. Midnight still saw the last of the romancers lingering in the lobby.

Heard of Last Buffalo

It was here that I heard it casually remarked that the last specimen of all the vast and ill-fated herds of buffalos, or American bisons, that once roamed the broad expanse of the plains, was shot and killed on the range nearby the little town a short time before, and my curiosity was aroused and later on satisfied as to the facts in the case.

In those early days almost everyone who went out into that wild section of the country was looking for a homestead. Government ^{LAND} and was plentiful at that time. A brown or green carpet of grass, as the case might be, according to the season of the year, stretched away in every direction as far as the eye could reach, which was a long distance in the clear and rarified atmosphere of sunshiny, high and dry Colorado.

The topography of the country showed a broad and generally level plain, broken only here and there by an arroyo or small creek fringed occasionally with native cottonwood trees, and in one locality to the south, a long, low undulating ridge of sandhills broke the monotony of the level stretch of plains. About the only vegetation of larger

growth than buffalo and grama-grass consisted of a few hardy native plants, such as yucca or soap weed the dwarf tree cactus and sage brush, now in singles and again in groups or clumps. The soil was very fertile and in following years fairly good crops were raised, principally of the sorgums for forage, and on which range cattle, horses and sheep thrived in the winter time.

It was merely a lottery in making a selection of a quarter-section of land for a homestead, and as chance would have it the one picked out by myself lay about two miles east of the little town of Springfield. A small, one-room, rough-board shack was soon set up, a knotty pine board table and bunk were shaped out, and my term of service in proving up on a government claim had begun.

Most claim holders homesteaded the land, but some commuted it to cash entry, in which case the law required a residence of only six months instead of five years, at the end of which time the claimant proved up by paying \$1.25 per acre to the government. A 160-acre tract thus cost \$200, and it was a popular saying that a claimant bet Uncle Sam \$200 against the land that he could hold it down for six months without starving.

At the south end of the land taken up by myself, and extending almost across the tract for a half-mile was a deep, narrow gorge or canon terminating sharply against a solid wall of rock rising in abrupt steps some twenty feet or more to the level of the surrounding plains.

The erosion by water in the rainy seasons, falling over the precipice for centuries, had worn a deep, round basin or washout in the bed of the canon in which a perpetual pool of water had formed. It was well shaded, almost hidden from view, and seepage oozing from stratified sand-rock in the walls of the gorge gave the place the

appearance of a spring, and such it was called by the pioneers, one occasionally ran across. At any rate it was a watering place familiar to the old scouts, hunters, cattlemen and settlers, and equally well known to both wild and domestic animals, and it is with this enchanted spot that the remainder of our brief narrative has to deal.

Exploring a Canon

One idle, sunshiny day shortly after my arrival in that locality, I decided to "explore" the canon, as no doubt it had been explored before, my main object being to discover the remains of a buffalo I had heard it said had been wantonly shot and killed there by a roving, irresponsible new-comer in the community and who suddenly made himself scarce when he discovered that he had aroused the ire of the settlers by the commission of the hasty act.

Beginning at the lower end of the canon, I followed it up along a narrow cattle trail, winding around patches of scrub brush, hackberry, greasewood and wild rose bushes, and now and then twisting around huge boulders that had been loosened from their moorings on the rim of the canon in times past and came plunging down to the bottom, oftentimes changing the course of the narrow trail and the stream as well. A few gray rock squirrels and chipmunks were seen cavorting about and with shrill chattering and violent wagging of tails showed their alarm and displeasure at the abrupt intrusion of a stranger. An occasional squawking and inquisitive magpie winged by in slow and irregular flight, and a road-runner suddenly darted out of a bush and ran with outstretched wings at great speed along the trail much faster than a man could follow. The road-runner or chapparal kills rattlesnakes and therefore, is protected by the game laws of Colorado.

Thus in the midst of the companionship of squirrels, birds, bushes, and rocks, I had almost forgotten the purpose of my mission, when suddenly I came upon the skeleton of a buffalo lying well under a wide ledge of overhanging rocks, half-hidden by a clump of sage brush. The hide and horns were also there, bearing mute evidence that the story of the killing of a buffalo was indeed true. Prowling coyotes and rapacious birds had eaten much of the flesh off the bones while other scavengers of the plain had, no doubt, often satisfied their appetites at the self-same feast.

Learning the Facts.

Passing out of the canon, I determined to find out all I could concerning the affair, and so made inquiries about it in the little town. The story was simple enough. I learned that the dead animal was a young cow buffalo that had been seen occasionally in that vicinity for several months past. It browsed along the creek bottoms with a small herd of range cattle and had come to be regarded by the settlers and townfolk as a pet, and rare zoological curiosity, and none there was to do it harm. This cow buffalo was the last of its kind running wild, they said, and was soon to deliver a calf, when in a luckless hour it wandered up the canon close to the spring and was shot and killed by the vagabond adventurer who had been hanging about town for a short time. In an unguarded moment he was indiscreet enough to boast of his exploit to some of the towns-people, and the indignation that his story aroused caused him to quickly disappear one night and never returned. He "hit the high places", as a popular saying had it.

As no other wild buffalo had ever since been seen in that part of the country, it is reasonable to believe that it was in truth, the last living specimen of all the vast multitudes of buffaloes that once

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roamed at their free will over that broad expanse of territory lying east of the Rocky Mountains and extending south from the Arkansas river into No-Man's-Land.

Just above the skeleton some sentimental artist had scrawled in crude letters with black paint the legend: "THE LAST BUFFALO", and for a long time thereafter hundreds of sightseers and picnickers visited the spot, read the pathetic inscription, and inwardly if not outwardly, condemned the hasty act of the itinerant adventurer who wantonly fired from a rifle the fatal shot that ended the life of "THE LAST BUFFALO".

There still may be a few old-time settlers in southeastern Colorado to whom the reading of this short narrative will recall recollections of the early pioneer days there, and a very few of whom, perhaps, who actually saw in life the "Last Buffalo", as it browsed along Cat and Bear Creeks, with a herd of range cattle, unscared at the approach of man.

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S. W. Allen.

Pam 344- # 51

Mr. S. W. Allen, 320
Interviewed- Mch. 19, 1934

Mr. S.W. Allen lives at 705 Euclid Ave. He has been a resident of Pueblo for the past 64 years.

"We left our home in Louisville, Kentucky in 1869, and headed for the great "Western" country that we had heard so much about. I was just a boy at the time, but I can remember seeing the "white-tops". We had joined a band of pioneers at Kansas City, and from there started out westward journey with the group. In the train with which we were traveling were perhaps 18 or 20 wagons, covered with white tops, thus the name "white tops". With us we had 4 yoke of oxen, 2 horses and 2 mules, and at night when we would stop for rest all of the wagons in the train would be arranged in a circular formation and the cattle herded into the middle of the circle. Many times on our road out here we were frightened by the Indians, we feared a possible attack, but good fortune stayed with us and we had no trouble with the Indians. On numerous occasions we noticed the Indians in back of us and in front of us, but never did they band together and attack us.

The first thing that I remember seeing in Denver when we arrived was an engine. This engine, one of the first that the C.B.&Q. put into operation, had a diamond smoke-stack, and was quite spectacular to see.

We came to Pueblo Mch. 17, 1870, and pitched camp out near what is now Mineral Palace. There is a Mexican settlement located now just about where we camped. This part of town was

the most popular camping place that the vicinity of Pueblo offered. The prairie was covered with oxen, covered wagons, mule-teams, and various other things. At night the camp-fires made the prairie seem alive, weird shadows lurked about the fires.

(Lake ^{Minnequa} ~~Clara~~ was nothing more than a buffalo wallow, a sunken muddy spot. In '82 it was decided that this wallow should be converted into a lake, so the land was raised on this side and a ditch ^{leading} from the ^{St. Charles} river provided the water that filled the lake.)

We soon moved into a house that was located on 10th. St. There was a bridge across Victoria Avenue, but this had been washed away, so in order to get to the other side of the river we had to ford across. However, the winter months in the earlier days were, so it seems to me, more severe than they are now. Many times I have crossed the river when the ice was anywhere from 18 to 27 inches thick. We seldom had rain in the early times, but we had plenty of wind and sand. Climatic changes do seem to be taking place.

(The site of the old Fort Pueblo was still in evidence when we came here, and I remember poking around the ruins more than once. The old fort was found near the present site of the Forbush Filling Station on South Union Avenue. In early days the Ferris Hotel was also near the fort site.)

The ~~river channel~~ in the '70s was somewhat the same as it is now, with this exception- the hills have been cut away so that the channel is not as curved as it once was. In '75 the river split near the old Quaker Mill and part of the river followed its course somewhere near 1st. and Santa Fe Avenue, the rest following another course.

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(Indians were a common sight in Pueblo in 1870. I have often seen a band come through the town, consisting perhaps of 4,000 or 5,000 persons. The Indians would always camp up on a high place when they came to town. The most popular Indian camps were found upon Signal Hill and up on the Mesa near the site of Jim Carlile's home.) One of the funniest sights that I can remember was that of seeing the Indians run away from the first trains that came into Pueblo. The engines, in that early day, were 10 or 12 ft. long, and when they pulled into town there was always a curious mob at the station to greet the incoming passengers. However, the Indians were afraid of the engine and when they saw one would hurriedly pull their blankets over their heads and then set off on a dead run.

There were not so many Mexicans in Pueblo when we came here, and only several colored people. In fact, so few were the colored people that our servants left us. Before the Emancipation of the slaves we had had several on our place in Kentucky. When we decided to come "West" our old Mammy and her husband decided to accompany us. They had been in Pueblo but a short time when they became so homesick and lonesome that my father hitched up the horses and drove them to Denver where he paid their train fare back to Louisville.

(The first sack of flour that we bought in Pueblo was from Perry Baxter at the Baxter Mill, which stood where the Federal building now stands.)

(The first stock yards in Pueblo were located between the Santa Fe and the D.&.R.G. tracks in a triangle of land found there. The stock grazed up on the Mesa, or that part of Pueblo now known as the Heights. Drivers would bring the cattle in from the range and drive them through Union Avenue to the Stock-yards. Bob Grant was one of the earliest cattle-men that Pueblo knew.)

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The following are items that Mr. Allen mentioned and are more easily handled if put under headings.

SCHOOLS

(I first attended school in the building that was located on South Main Street at the end of the viaduct. I am the only person who went to school from the south side of the river. In '75 I changed schools and transferred from the school in the "Grove" district to the school on the south side of the river. This school was on top of the hill just above where the McClellan Tire & Battery Service is now at 657 S. Union Ave)

I am unable to remember the teacher at the "Grove" school, but the teacher at the other school was Mrs. E.O. Willcott. (Here Mr. Allen brought out two books that Mrs. Willcott had presented him with as a reward for "Good Scholarship and Obedience". In one of these books the date was given as Aug, 1875, the other May 28, 1876. Mr. Allen prizes these books greatly, both for their value as keepsakes, and as specimens of old handwriting.)

In this school there were perhaps 75 students, but there were no Negroes or Mexicans in the class."

From here (I went to the old Corona School that is now abandoned, but was originally part of Dist. No 20. Schools in Pueblo. After leaving Corona I went to Central High School, now called Old Central High School.)

FAIR GROUNDS

(The first Fair Grounds was located on the banks of the Fountain River, then moved to West Abriendo, then to Lake Minnequa and finally to the present site.)

5

, & I CO.

The C.C.&I., later the C.F.&I. built their offices in the old Victoria Hotel (Southern Hotel later). They had built the Hotel, so put their offices in facing the depot. The corner was occupied by Joe Lynch who operated a saloon, and hired as bar-keeper, Lou Hanna. Incidentally, Victoria Avenue is said to have been named after an old colored woman. This old colored woman's name was Victoria Jones, and she was well known in that part of town.

THE SOUTH SIDE OF PUEBLO

(The South side of Pueblo was plotted in 1872, and two of the first homes to be built on the bluff belonged to Mr. Jim Carlile and to Mr. Moore, both men were Railroad contractors. These men homesteaded the land upon which they built.)

SE-CAR

Horse-cars played quite a role in the history of Pueblo. The first horse-cars followed a route that led them up B. St. past the hill, then up Union Avenue and on out to the Steel Works. The "Big Tree" that stood on Union Avenue caused trouble at times when the horses pulling the cars became frightened and split just about the time they reached the site of the tree. More than one fatality took place near the tree when the animals became excited. This was one of the arguments used by those who wished the tree to be cut down. They claimed that it was a menace to those wishing to patronize the horse-cars. The distance between the tree and the walk was just a little more than 8 feet.

Dr. Worrall, defender of the "Big Tree" pleaded in vain for the preservation of the tree. The tree was cut down, according to a note that I have made on the back of a picture, Jan. 25, 1883.

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(Mr. Allen has a Cribbage Board which was made from the bark of the old tree.)

Later (Dr. Worrall started a boom in Pueblo by declaring that there was oil on the Mesa. He drilled for oil out on the point of the hill just below the site of Woodcroft Hospital. He built bath houses out there, and sought to promote the oil scheme, but in time he went broke , without ever having discovered the oil. What he did discover on this point of land was nothing more than mineral water.)

Teams

(Mathew & Geiss built the old Pueblo Smelter in Pueblo and a great deal of ore was brought to this smelter. One of the largest ore teams in the state at that time was the Rosita ore team. Bassick , a man interested in the mining business, brought ore from the mine on Independence Mountain, that he had a claim deed to. In time, Bassick, controled all of the mining interests in the vicinity, and for a period of eight or nine months everyone had to go to him if they wanted anything. These interests became involved in a judicial contest, and were thus held up for the next 13 years. On the day that the courts decided in favor of Bassick he died rather suddenly. All of the property was left to his widow who lived in Connecticut.)

Pueblo was a live place whenever the ore-teams, with their splendid equipment, came to Pueblo with a load of ore.

One time Pueblo was in a state of disorder over the report of a gold discovery. A man was said to have located "pay dirt" on Mt. Pisgah. Excitement ran high and many Puebloans rushed to the scene of the discovery. I was gone for 3 months at this

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time, but failed to locate any gold. Later it was learned that the claim at Mt. Pisgah was a "salted" claim, and if I remember rightly, the man who was said to have made the discovery, was "strung up." In those days "salted" claims were considered a crime, and the instigator was usually punished, if he could be found.

INTER
FIRE DEPT.

(I served for more than 10 years with the volunteer fire department. I belonged to the J.B.Orman Co. No 1. There are but a few original members of this squad who are alive today.)

ROADS

I can recall three different floods that have occurred in Pueblo since I first came here. The first was in '89, then '94, and finally in '21. In the flood of '94 it was my job to rescue 11 horses that were in a stable on Union Avenue. I managed to get 10 of them through the 5 feet of water and out on a higher piece of ground. When I went back for the 11th. horse the water was so swift that I doubted for a time whether I could make it or not. I could hear the other horses neighing, and I knew that this last horse would go to them. I made a desperate grab for the horse's tail and held on until the horse swam out of the high water. I rescued 10 horses, but the 11th. horse saved me.

Every time the water came up high the bottoms would be flooded out, and it was not until the level of Union Avenue was raised that the danger of flooding at every storm was lessened.

(Before the entrance of the railroads into Pueblo the mail was handled by the pony Express riders. One rider would have a certain distance to cover, and when he reached that place another rider was ready to go on with the mail. This relay method of delivering mail was hazardous , many men met their death while

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riding with the mail. I think that today the same thing is being experienced in the method of transporting Air Mail.)

R.G.

a Fe

(In 1876 , in March, the Santa Fe R.R. came into Pueblo and immediately there was a dispute as to whether the D.&.R.G.R.R. or the Santa Fe should have the right of way in the Royal Gorge.) At that time the round-house was in just the same place as it is today. The Santa Fe men were stationed in the round-house, and all were heavily armed. On the hill opposite the round-house were stationed canons that were to be fired that day at 1 o'clock in the event the men still held out to their original plans. Pat Desmond, a well known Pueblo character mustered together all of his forces and they stormed the doors of the round-house. They succeeded in breaking in, and Pat had a man blow the whistle on an engine to tell of their success in routing the Santa Fe men. After the break all of the men in the round-house were paraded through the streets of Pueblo

roads.

(The D.&.R.G.R.R. came into Pueblo in '72, they were supposed to build the depot on the east side of town, but succeeded in putting up a bridge over night and crossed to the other side of the river. In the morning all of the natives were startled to see a string of cars over the bridge where nothing had been the night before.)

(The first round-house in Pueblo was built where the Union Station is now, and this first round-house had 4 stalls and 1 pit. the turntable was just in front of the roundhouse, the freight depot was where the levee is now. One of the first men connected with the freight depot was A.D.Mason.)



In May '76 there was quite a celebration when the Santa Fe line came into Pueblo. There was a big barbecue to which every one for miles around had been invited. The celebration had a double significance as '76 was also the same year that Colorado became a state.

ellaneous.

(Coal in '70s could be had for \$5.00 a ton, but after the event of the railroad the price rose. Prior to this time anyone would haul coal from Canon City for \$5.00. Some of the early coal dealers in Pueblo were : W.C. Albert, L.N. Smith, and Si Marks.)

There was a man in Pueblo, interested in the stock business, by the name of Benny McTash. The story is told of Benny. Benny had several children , and at night when the evening meal was ready he would pay each child 5¢ if he would not eat his supper, then in the morning he would charge each child 5¢ for their breakfast. As to the authenticity of this story I am not certain.

Pay-day on the railroads in the early times was quite an event. The pay car would travel from point to point giving out the pay checks. When the car came in it would always stop at a certain point and all of those who were eligible for their checks would line up before the car and get their pay. The pay car ,after giving out checks here would go on to some other place, probably Canon City and there give out their checks.

(The first Supt of the Depot was a Mr. Tate, he was followed by Charles Clemens, now the supervision of the Depot is first under one road and then under another, alternating from year to year.)

(The new Pueblo Depot was started in '87, but was not finished until '89. It was Nov. of '89 that the offices were changed. The old depot stood where the present round-house is now, and was built about '78 or '80.)

(The Missouri Pacific built into Pueblo in '87.)

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Mr. Allen started in the Express business Feb. 22, 1880, and at the present time is still active in this line of work. He has never worked at any other line or occupation other than the express business.

Patrick Byrnes

Mr. Patrick Byrnes has been a resident of Pueblo for the past 43 years. He came to this city on the last day of the year in 1890. He startedⁱⁿ the newspaper business that same year, and has been with the paper from that time until the present.

"I came to Pueblo in 1890, and in that same year started in the newspaper business. My paper was first known as the Bessemer INDICATOR but after the event of consolidation my paper was known as just the INDICATOR. The paper has been a weekly publication from the start, and is today.

When I came to Pueblo, Bessemer, at that time was a town, separate and apart from Pueblo. Bessemer was on the outskirts of the city of Pueblo, and it was not until Mch. 1894 that Bessemer was consolidated with the city of Pueblo.

According to the copy of the Bessemer City Ordinances, printed by the Indicator offices in 1893 the City Council of 1893 was as follows:

- Mayor-----J.K.Dempsey.
- Aldermen-----L.W.Kirk,
- Sol Fisher,
- M.M.Martin,
- Geo Jackson,
- H.C.Pannabaker,
- J.E.Miles,
- W.S.Keltner,
- J.V.Leithead.

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TOWN of BESSEMER

("The town of Bessemer was incorporated under the General Laws of the State of Colorado on July 20, 1886, with J.S. Stewart as Mayor and John Jelly, William Montgomery, H.D. Van Keuren, Frank Rhodes and F.B. Newlon as Trustees.

On Apr. 5, 1892, the town was changed to a city of the 2nd, class" (This denoted a population of 5,000 or more.))

"My first office was located on the opposite side of the street from what it is now. Along about 1901 the first real activity took place in Bessemer. The Steel Works began to modernize their plant, and the property held by the Suburban Property Company was improved. At this time I bought the first lot on the right hand side of the street-that is- at 312 Northern Ave., and here I built the first building on that side of the street as my newspaper office.

The street out in front of the office was a sight in those early days. First the street would be mud and then dust- alternating with the changes in ^awhether. In 1904 it was decided to pave the street so Bessemer has the privilege of claiming the first paving in Pueblo.

⁴ Bessemer was given a post office at this time, and this was designated as Station A.

(The Bessemer Land & Investment Company platted Bessemer in 1886, and in the 1900's their agents were Schmidt and McHarg. Included in the Bessemer territory was that known as Minnequa, this being south of Bessemer-then there was Minnequa Heights located above Bessemer. Beyond the Heights was a rifle range.)

The Bessemer City Hall was located at the corner of Evans and Mesa Avenues, and was used until Consolidation took place in '94. This building is now used as the headquarters for the Bessemer Fire Department.

Henry Herman and Simon Sloss operated one of the dry goods stores in Bessemer, however, this store was not as large or as complete as the Colorado Trading Company. The Colorado Trading Company, now the Colorado Supply Company, was one of the largest houses in Bessemer. Their first store was located on the corner of Abriendo and Northern Avenues.

(The Bessemer Building and Loan Association, still in active operation, was one of the earliest business firms in Bessemer. They were organized July 1888.)

There were numerous "blind tigers" in Bessemer, among them being the "Tip", and the "Blue Front". The C.F.&I. Co. had originally in all of its property deeds, liquor clauses that forbid the sale or the erection of saloons on any of their property, but this clause was never, to my knowledge, enforced.

(Bessemer is supplied with water furnished by the South Side Water Works, or the Public Water Works Dist. No. 2. This is a municipal plant, having been bought in the early days from Dunbar & Joy Company.)

(The scenic spot of the Bessemer district is Lake Minnequa. This was formerly a dry lake, but with the damming of the neck and the running of water into the low place this became a lake.) At one time there was a proposal to make this

city park, but the measure was defeated, and no improvements have been made since that time. There are also two other dry lakes southwest of Bessemer and near the St. Charles River. In time of heavy rain these places fill up with water.

Harry Baker operated a garden west of Bessemer, and made quite a name for himself in this line of work.

The first Steel Works gate was located on Northern Avenue and the Street Car Company had a track on Northern, but because they refused to pay paving assessments, and because the Steel Works gate was moved, the tracks were torn up.

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R
K

WILD HORSES OF COLORADO
(By Patrick Byrnes)
Editor Pueblo (Colorado) Indicator.

Where did they come from? What became of them? What do we know about them?

These, and sundry other questions, prompted by curiosity, or a thirst for knowledge and love of the wild, might naturally be asked by anyone, anywhere, and at any time, but it would be more difficult to answer them than to ask them.

Many there were who lived in the wild-horse period of Colorado who might have given a fairly good account of these ownerless nomads of the wild, free and broad Western plains had they been closely questioned at the time, but almost all of the old-time settlers of the past, the homesteaders, cattlemen, cowboys, adventurers and rambler passed out with those wandering and untamed mavericks of the range, until now only fragmentary bits of information of a semi-reliable nature may be obtained.

Novelists and early transient writers of Western tales pretend to tell us something of the vanished herds of wild horses, but to the few who possess first-hand knowledge of the subject, many of those tales betray their fictitious nature, and the apparent desire for sensationalism and they are pronounced figments of a vivid imagination. They destroy their value by their own palpable misstatement of facts.

The desire to embellish a story with mild exaggeration and dress it up in order to make it more attractive and appealing is not to be severely criticised, for it seems to be necessary sometimes in dealing with such subjects. To play up the high points of a story is desirable and justifiable from a literary and story writing viewpoint, but this license should not be carried to extremes.

Their Strange Origin

So, with this short introductory, let us proceed to relate something in brief of the history linked with the vanishing days of the wild horses of Colorado, in so far as it relates to the southeastern part of the state, at least, where those roving and picturesque animals made their last stand against the steadily advancing encroachments of settlements. For, indeed, it is very doubtful if actual wild horses ever inhabited any other parts of the state to any extent. Perhaps they did, but if so, the writer has not learned of it, and there are good reasons for the supposition that they did not, except in the San Luis valley and to the west. Those animals, it is reasonable to presume, were products of the early invasion of what is now called southeastern Colorado by the Spanish explorers, gold hunters and adventurers who had many horses in their expeditions, some of which occasionally strayed away from unguarded camps and were left behind in the onward march to the north and west toward the Rockies.

Others rambled off from wagon trains of freighters who blazed the historic old Santa Fe Trail in the '40s, for they used horses as well as mules and oxen in their arduous pioneer travels.

In 1842 and 1843 John C. Fremont with his intrepid ^{little} band explored the country lying east of the Rocky Mountains. In 1846 Gen. S.W. Kearney made a forced march from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River in Colorado to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

These commands had many horses for mounts and draft teams and it is known they lost some of them on the long and weary marches which they made. Caravans controlled by white men are known to have been frequently attacked by Indians and their horses stampeded, some never to be retaken again, and they scattered over the plains to the four winds, obeying their natural instinct of the call of the wild.

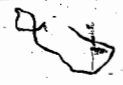
And so the story goes, that little by little and from various sources, domesticated horses became "lost, strayed or stolen," and went roving unhindered and for many years rambled aimlessly about over the buffalo and grama-grassed ranges, as free as the wind. It was a common thing for wild horses to come near ranches in later times and run off tame horses, which in time became reconciled to the herd and were as wild as the others.

Finally they instinctively gathered into small herds or "bands", as the settlers of the '70s and '80s called them, and were sometimes rounded up by men used to hard riding whose love of adventure, combined with the element of profit, lured them on to the roundup, frequently resulting in the capture of one or more horses in a herd.

Rounding them Up

A closeup of the methods used in capturing wild horses robs it of considerable of the romance and picturesqueness popularity supposed to accompany the experience. It usually resolved itself into the ordinary, practical grind of gradually wearing down the pursued wild horses by starvation and killing thirst and keeping them constantly on the move, thus depriving them of their accustomed rest, water and feed until the proper time came to ride them down with fresh relays of mounts and lasso the ones selected out of the herd. This last act, the final dash, afforded about the greatest thrill of the chase.

An incident came under the observation of the writer in the spring of the year of 1889 in the southeastern part of Colorado. Four men planned to go south of the little frontier town of Springfield to try their hand at rounding up a small herd of about a dozen horses, the spring season being chosen partly on account of the horses naturally being weak and thin after passing through the exposure and starvation



of a lean winter, and partly because the warm weather better suited their purpose, for they knew that they must lie out on the ground of nights.

The men rode medium sized, wiry, Western-bred horses, a usual cross between a fairly well-bred horse and a broncho. They had strong cowboy saddles, lariats, blankets, canvas coverings, some plain foods and a few cooking utensils and canteens strapped on behind the saddles in compact rolls on the horses' backs. Dried cactus branches, buffalo chips and cow chips were used for fuel in frying bacon and making coffee, and this together with dried bread comprised their bill of fare.

They were fairly well acquainted with the topography of the country, they knew the locations of the water holes, and they knew the stamping grounds of the herd of wild horses. Their plan was this, as herein stated, to wear down the horses by preventing them, so far as possible, from grazing, drinking or lying down and resting. It was a systematic plan, where in dogged perseverance should win, and as is apparent, it was both arduous and unromantic except for the unusual experience that it afforded.

The herd was sighted the first half day out. The horses were seen grazing contentedly on the gentle slope of a long undulating range of sand hills extending in a northerly and southerly direction, and at the approach of the horsemen they threw their heads high into the air, wheeled about with military precision, gazed in the direction of the advancing horsemen for half-minute, and then scenting danger, they suddenly turned and started off to the south on a keen gallop, one horse which ultimately proved to be a stallion and larger than the others, taking the lead, and disappeared over a gentle knoll and soon were lost to sight for the time being.

The Chase Was On

This was a starter. The chase was on. The pursuers told how they then separated and spread out, two of them following the dusty trail while the others held their horses down to a well-known cowpony half-walk, half-trot gait usually only to trained cow ponies and good for an average speed of six miles an hour.

It was a dogged, jogging pace, and the riders were ever watchful for the herd to attempt to return to the starting point by a round-about course, for horses, like deer, antelope, and rabbits all possess the same trait of traveling in a circle unless driven out of their accustomed haunts by being too hard pressed, which is accounted for by the patent fact that they prefer to stay within the boundaries of a district to which they are accustomed, and which they know has good feeding grounds, watering places, and whatever chance shelter they may afford.

Several times each day the herd was sighted in the long swing around the circle, the two riders in the rear cutting across-country occasionally, and taking the lead while the other pair dropped into a slower pace and thereby partly rested and grazed their horses. It was similar to the cunning of coyotes, wolves and greyhounds in running down their quarry. It was a leaf taken from the book of nature, a gruelling, persistent, stalking, killing pace that sooner or later must inevitably lead to the closing scene of the drama.

The Climax

On the afternoon of the third day out the chase came to a sudden ending when the bewildered and tired out wild horses came to a standstill and huddled close together in a small knot seemingly on the point of exhaustion. Preparations were quickly made for the lassoing act

and the four horsemen surrounded the jaded animals, cautiously and gradually closing in. Then came the rush and tackle.

One horse was caught in a flying lariat loop and its frightful bawling and desperate struggles to free itself seemed to give new life and strength to the others, for off they ran with two horsemen following them, but they presently gave up the chase and returned to aid the others who were struggling with the lone captive and which soon was wearing a strong hackamore and held fast by two lassoes attached to strong saddle horns, the riders spread apart to avoid the mad rushes of the frightened wild horse, while the other two men urged it on from the rear and so brought it safely to camp.

It proved to be a three-year old dark brown stallion weighing about 800 pounds, and after bringing it into the village it was broke to saddle and harness and within a month was as tame as any ordinary broncho. The men explained that their mounts were "nearly all in", and for that reason they gave up the attempt to follow up and rope other horses that escaped. This horse soon became the pet of the town and was spoken of as the "wild-tame" horse.

Sometimes capturing a wild horse by the creasing method was resorted to, which consists in shooting the animal with a rifle ball through the upper muscular part of the neck, or crest, which paralyzes it temporarily, and thus while disabled it is lassoed, saddled and subdued. But more often the aim of the rifleman is bad and the bullet penetrates a vital part of the body, causing death. Carcasses of wild horses thus shot were to be seen now and then on the plains.

The wild horse looks its best from afar off. It is a case of where "distance lends enchantment to the view," as witnessed by the writer on several occasions. The long flowing mane and tail and the proud bearing of the horse gives it a seeming majesty at a distance, which in fact the animal rarely possess.

The Vanishing Herds.

This story relates something of the land of the vanishing small herds of wild horses that once grazed over the grassy ranges of Eastern Colorado, for with the settling up of that new frontier section of the state they were captured one by one and either domesticated, or else killed in the attempt, for occasionally a horse was so badly crippled in the desperate fight that it had to be shot to put it out of its misery.

The principal colors of the wild horses were black, bay, sorrel, roan and now and then an odd-looking buckskin. There were no pintos or piebald, nor undersized knot-headed or broom-tailed cayuses among them at first, and only tracings of the small Mexican mustangs. They were larger and more stockily built in spite of their inbreeding environments, and they were noted for their wonderful endurance, speed, and pluck, as was attested by various men who had been on the roundups.

They possessed the sagacity and cunning of the other wild animals that are popularly accredited with having a sixth sense, and a wild or semi-wild these mavericks were a source of great attraction in the early days of settling up Southeastern Colorado.

But the romance of the wild horse period is now a thing of the past. It made its exit following the extinction of the great herds of buffalo from the frontier map altogether.

It was the good fortune of the writer at various times to have seen herds of wild horses and antelope quietly grazing on the plains together, but the picturesque scene was changed with the coming of the early settlers and in due time they disappeared with the thinning out of the herds of antelope that once grazed in large numbers on the ranges as their contemporaries.

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ELIZABETH CAIRNS

Mch 17 1934

W. J. Kearney

Pam 344 - 341

Mr. W. J. Kearney,
Interviewed - Mch. 17,
1934.

Mr. W. J. Kearney, a former Deulish resident, came to Pueblo for the first time in 1870. At that time he was just a small boy, to be exact he was ten years old. Knowing that Mr. Kearney had been in Deulish for quite some time, I was interested in what he had to say concerning the country when it was known as Face's Hole.

My father was a contractor in Deulish, and in the 40s decided to come to Colorado. He had been here but a short time when he sent for the family, so we left our home and came as far as Denver on the train. From Denver we came to Pueblo by stage. Here in Pueblo my father, who ~~was~~ at that time, was in business with Bob Corkish got a number of contracts. In fact, all most all of the buildings that were erected in the old days were constructed by Corkish and Kearney, Contractors. Most of the buildings that they held the contracts for were on Santa Fe Avenue.

Our first night in Pueblo was spent at the old Lindell Hotel. I was about 10 years old, having been born in 1860, but can still remember that father paid \$1.50 a plate for our dinner that night. We stayed at the Hotel for the next few days, but soon father located a house that we could live in for the time being. This house was nothing more than an adobe shack and was located on West 5th St. This place, although very crude, served as our home for the next several months.

We moved to the Mace's Hole country the following year. At that time it was very difficult to either get into the region or out. Peter Dotson, in 1865 had built a wagon road into the Beulah valley, but this was in poor condition. When Peter Dotson built the road it was primarily for the purpose of bringing his logs to Pueblo to market them. We selected a site for our new home, and located just north of where Goodpasture is today. We had at this time about 10,000 acres of land, and in a few years we had about 50 miles of fence enclosing our land. Father was interested in the cattle-raising industry, and for the most part our land was used as pasture for the cattle.

Almost all that I can recall about the early history of Mace's Hole, is traditional, and not first hand information. I can remember hearing many stories about the country and the desperate characters who made the valley their home. When we went into the Beulah Valley, Mace was a much-talked about man, but by that time had made his mysterious exit. I have heard "Uncle Johnny Sease" tell about Mace, and about the things that he did while on Signal Hill. Mace, so I have heard, was part Indian, a half-breed. He was able to converse with any Indian that came his way; he could talk any Indian dialect that was known in this part of the country. This is probably one of the reasons why he got along with the Indians, and so often used them as aides in the numerous robberies that are accredited him. It is said that he was a civil war renegade, and a deadly shot. The Utes, mountainous Indians, were the staunch supporters of Mace and his activities. Usually he worked with the

Indians as his helpers. He did steal cattle from the passing
overland travelers and from the ranches ⁱⁿ surrounding country. These
cattle he held in a draw on Signal Mountain until there was a chance
of either trading the animals or selling them. He, in the early days,
held the valley as the only approach to this region was through the
road that followed Signal Hill.

(The Sease family was one of the best known families in the vall-
ey as well as being among the first settlers. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sease
with their two children, John and Mary, came to settle in the Valley
in 1869. Previous to this time they had resided in the St. Charles
district. John Sease, or as he was known "Uncle Johnny Sease",
pre-empted land in the center of the valley. (The old home is still
in Beulah and belongs to the Sease family. This is now a summer
cabin and is known as "Kinda-ruff".))

+ (Some of the other early Beulah families are: Colonel Cellars,
who came to Beulah in 1876; the Sam Murray family; Prof. John L. Boggs
and family; Peter Dotson, settled the country around the 3R Ranch, (the
stone wall that borders the road in front of the 3R Ranch was built
before 1870, I remember seeing the wall when we first went into the
Valley); Gust Krenzke, who came in 1871; Lyles, Davis, Yrick, Bonley,
and the Self family on North Creek.)

(One of the best known characters in Beulah in the early days
was Professor John L. Boggs. The professor came into the valley in
1868. He was a graduate of Columbia College in the class of 1859. He
was one of 37 members in the class, and held highest honors of the
number. In 1860 he came to Colorado, here he represented the Douglas
County in the first legislature and took part in formulating the early
policy of the territory. He was for a time a lawyer in Denver, but
became interested in a stage line and telegraph office, so moved to

Beulah in 1868. Here he dealt in stock and also practiced law to a greater or less extent. He was a well known phrenologist, and probably gained as great a reputation doing this as in any other field. He was connected with the public interests of Pueblo County and served as deputy sheriff for sixteen years, was deputy assessor for six years, justice of the peace three terms, and when in Douglas County filled the office of county commissioner for two terms. He was well known in the Beulah region as an effective speaker, earnest, entertaining, and instructive. (In connection with the life of Boggs as an entertainer I might tell you a story.)

Professor Boggs was, in early Beulah days, quite in demand at all social functions. He could provide the entertainment for the evening with little difficulty; he was a phrenologist. I suppose that in Beulah there was hardly a person who at some time or other had not had the Professor "feel the bumps on his head". The Professor was always called upon at all parties to read the bumps on the heads of those who wished him to do so. One night I remember of going to a party and after the party had gone along for a while, lo and behold, the Professor announced his intentions of displaying his knowledge of phrenology. He examined man heads and told the characteristics of each. In the crowd there was one fellow who had thought upon a scheme that would fool the Professor, he revealed his plans to the rest of us. Someone in the crowd challenged the Professor to tell who the person was whose head he was feeling. The Professor said that he could do this easily, so one of the boys blindfolded him, and in a short time the Professor's hands were on a head. Now the boy who had

planned the trick had, before the party, placed some wool from a sheep on the top of a pumpkin. The professor let his hands roam, at random, through the woolly mass, and as the wool closely resembled the hair that one of the young men in the crowd had the professor immediately named the man. It was hard to keep from laughing as the professor solemnly said to the young man, "You, my dear young man, are intellectually inclined. This I can tell by the bump on the right side of your fore-head." About this time the professor, hearing muffled giggles, jerked the blindfold from his eyes and to his amazement he saw before him not the head that he thought it to be, but instead a pumpkin head covered with sheep's wool. It was a good many months after this before the professor could be coaxed into reading the "bumps" again.

Law and order were preserved in the Toulon valley by the Professor. He was the Deputy Sheriff for sixteen years, and during this time took part in many trials and court proceedings. One time he acted as the Attorney for a school-teacher who had become involved in a case. The teacher, Pearl Smith, was employed at the Cedar Grove school, and to get to her home had to go to and from the school on horse-back. She usually took a short cut through the land of a Mr. Holman, going through a gate that he had. However, one night as she was riding home from school she came to the gate only to see it wired up, not anxious to go three miles out of her way to get home she pulled the staple and let down the fence so that she could go on her way. Mr. Holman, knowing that she would probably do this, had hid himself beyond

the fence in a little hollow. As soon as she set foot on his land he met her saying that she had trespassed on his land and was liable to arrest. Holman took the case into court. I was served with a subpoena so witnessed the whole case. Jiggs plead the case, and when the jury reached a decision it was in favor of Miss Smith. The court proceedings cost Holman \$95, so this was one case where trespassing was lawful, yet expensive for prosecutor involved.

Another pioneer of the region was "Grandma Allen". She crossed the plains with an ox team in the year of 1869. She first homesteaded at the mouth of Turkey Creek, and later up on the Hardscrabble. Only last week I attended her funeral at Wetmore, she was more than 90 years old, and had lived the greater part of her life on the Hardscrabble.

In 1879 I was again in Pueblo, and while here joined the volunteer fire department. I belonged to the Richard Hooks No. 1. In those days the Fire Department tournaments were something to brag about. Every year these contests were held to determine the best team in the state. Prior to the tournament the members of the team spent months in training for the events. Right where the Congress Hotel now stands there used to be a race track, and it was here that we did most of our training. The tournament that I remember the best was the one held in Denver Sept. 25, 1879. In competition were 27 teams, representing all parts of the state. Lew Canille put up a \$500 purse for the Pueblo team in the event that we should win. In our

most part of brick buildings that are quite an improvement over the old wooden structures.

Some of the names that I associate with the first fairs are: Blake, John Lowther, Paul Wilson, President for many years, and Aaron Sannabaum, President in those early days.

The old fairs often made more from the race track than from any other source. It was quite the popular pastime in those days to race dogs, ^{to} and have rabbit races.

Mr. and Mrs. Kearney live at 1022 W. 13th. St., and will have been married 54 years the 28th. of this month.

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Pam 344 #55

Mr. & Mrs. J.F. Haggerty
Interviewed - Mch. 27, '34

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E. Orman Avenue
MCH 27 1934

Dec. 31, 1887

J. F. Haggerty

Mr. and Mrs. J.F. Haggerty live at 1443 E. Orman Avenue.
They have been residents of Pueblo since Apr. 11, 1887.

" We are former residents of Vermont. Our old home town was in the northern part of Vermont, and only 30 miles from the Canadian border. Late in the fall of '86 we decided that we should come to Colorado, so for several weeks we were very busy making plans for our journey to the far "West".

In Vermont we were used to very severe winters, intense cold and long freezing periods. These conditions did not stop us from working; we worked in all kinds of weather and thought nothing about being out when the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero.

In the winters in Vermont everyone put away their buggies and used sleighs as a method of transportation. Sleighing and skating parties were all the vogue in those days.

The morning that we left for Colorado we had to get up very early in order to get to the station before train-time. The snow was very deep and if we had waited until the sun came out the crust on the snow would break with the weight of the sleigh. If the crust broke one had to give up all hopes of riding to his destination. We were so anxious to get started on our long train ride that we left our house hours before the train was due- we wanted to be sure and reach the station before the crust on the snow had melted.

We boarded the train in Vermont, and came straight through to La Junta , Colorado. The trip , as nearly correct as I can remember, took five days. La Junta was a surprise for us- the flat country and the entirely different climate. There was snow in La Junta, but not the deep drifts that we had been accustomed to seeing in Vermont. Our snow in Vermont stayed on the ground for weeks and weeks, but Colorado snow stayed only a few days.

(La Junta, at that time, ¹⁸⁸⁶ was a crude settlement. The main street in the town was lined with saloons and dance halls. Many times the cow-boys would ride into town whooping and yelling as if a band of Indians were after them, then they would ride their horses through the saloons. After they had raised a great deal of commotion in town they would leave as quickly as they had come.)

We stayed in La Junta for a few months, I got a job as car-man for the Santa Fe Railroad. We went out on boarding cars. Later in the following spring we came to Pueblo where we have lived ever since. I have been with the Santa Fe Railroad for more than 25 years, but have been pensioned for the past several years. During all of that time I was car-man for the road. Many times I have worked three shifts in succession, that was before the 8 hour law was put into effect. Many times in cold weather I would be assigned an outside job because I was used to the cold and could stand a lot more cold than could some of the men who had been used to milder climates.

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Pueblo was a small settlement when we first came here. All of the business houses and part of the residences were located on Santa Fe Avenue. We lived in the 800 block on E. 3rd. Street, and the only house that was beyond ours was on E. 4th. Street- this was the Doyle home.

There was no viaduct by which one could reach the south side of town. One had to cross the tracks and come up a steep hill before he reached the south side. The south side at that time was a desolate place, sagebrush, sunflowers, prairie dogs and coyotes made up the most flourishing population that one could find on this side of the river. I can remember hearing the dismal howl of the coyote many, many nights; the coyotes were worse than an army of cats could possibly be.

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Mr. Haggerty is 74 years old while Mrs. Haggerty is 70. They have been married over 51 years.

(They both are in poor health, and I found that Mr. Haggerty had forgotten many names and dates that he so wanted to recall but could not.)

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