

Sarah Gourley, SILVA

My earliest recollection is of our home in Whitney County, Indiana, fifteen miles from Ft. Wayne. A log house of three rooms. There was a large fireplace in the front room, a bed for father and mother and the three children slept in a trundle bed which was drawn out from under the large bed. I remember the big iron kettle that hung in the fireplace. Mother used to bake in it sometimes.

Mother used to have neuralgia in her face. When these attacks came on my father hired a girl to do the housework. On one occasion a young man came to see the hired girl. They sat by the fireplace one evening. Mother awoke and found them sitting there but they had blown out the candle. The next day the girl was discharged.

We had a fine orchard of fifteen acres, a wood lot that supplied us with wood and fine farming land for grain and corn. When the corn was harvested the neighbors helped at husking bees at the different farms.

Grandfather Anthony lived a short distance down the road in a two story frame house. The house had a lightning rod on it which I thought was very wonderful. I was in this house that Johnny Appleseed spent many nights curled up on the floor before the fireplace. He never would sleep in a bed. During the night he called out as the hours passed—"One more hour gone forever." And all is well he would not accept money. So Grandmother Anthony baked bread for him in exchange for Appleseeds which were brought to California. They were planted in a nursery by Grandfather Anthony. He raised, grafted and sold apple trees. Also raised the locust trees that bordered Locust Street.

My father had two brothers who lived in Ft. Wayne, Samuel and Edmond. Mary Elizabeth Hinton kept house for her Uncle Edmond. She was a niece of my father's and was raised by Grandfather Hinton. Uncle Samuel had a family of eight children.

It was a happy day when we were dressed in our best to drive to Ft. Wayne fifteen miles distant. I can see my father yet with his black broad cloth suit and tall hat (stove pipe hat). We visited the Tiger family. Mrs. Tiger, the 1st wife, was a cousin of my father. Her husband was the editor of the "Fort Wayne Times." They lived in a two story brick house which I thought was very beautiful. They had a piano down stairs and an organ upstairs. The girls, Sarah and Mary, were good singers and full of fun.

They came to visit us out on the farm. I used to have a habit of pouting and stood outside by the chimney and picked dirt from the cracks. This happened one day when the Tiger girls came and were sitting in the house. So I made up my mind to quit pouting as I could not have a good time.

Across the road from our house was a family by the name of Smith. There were three children, Charles, Edward, and Hattie. Hattie and I were great friends. On Mr. Smith's place were maple trees. They used to boil maple sap in large kettles. Sometimes they filled empty egg shells with the maple sugar for the children.

I remember once when we went for a sleigh ride. The sleigh was filled with grown people so they tucked Hattie and me under the seat. It was great fun for us.

I never went to school as I used to have fever and argue so much. Charlie attended school which was not far from where we lived. It was taught by a man named Rayhouser.

Uncle Elihu crossed the plains to California in 1814. He made several visits to Indiana to see the relatives. He gave lectures on California. Each time they had more of the California fever. Uncle E. always told us about his little girl, Louisa.

Grandfather Asa Anthony was the first to start with his family in 1855. Accompanying him were Uncle George Anthony and family, Uncle Burnett and family and neighbors which brought the number up to about fifty.

I never can forget the morning they drove by our house in covered wagons drawn by oxen. I stood by mother and held to her dress as she bide her folks goodbye. She felt she would never see them again as there was great danger from Indian attacks on settlers crossing the plains.

Grandfather Anthony was captain of the company. He carried a good supply of medical herbs gathered in Indiana and was the doctor for the whole train. During the trip the train was delayed a few weeks on account of Grandmother Anthony having the typhoid fever. Grandfather's good care brought her through.

Many amusing incidents of the trip were told. At one time they passed a place where a train of immigrants had been massacred the night before. They camped a little past this scene for the night. While making camp an Indian came up and made some demands of them. Grandfather had the women stay in the wagons. When the Indian inquired for the squaws, Grandfather told him they had the smallpox. The Indian immediately left without molesting them.

Another time a squaw came into the cap minus everything in the way of clothing. Grandfather Anthony said, "Oh father get my apron quickly." It was handed to the squaw and she tied it on her back. Grandmother called, "Get her another." They did and this one was tied on in front.

One day an Indian came into their camp and demanded flour. Grandfather gave him the flour in a sack. He was so surprised that he could have the sack, that he asked, "Sack too?" That expression was used by the folks in the wagon train as a byword.

One morning when Uncle Burnett went to yoke his oxen to the wagon, he found one of the oxen dead. He yoked the milk cow with the remaining ox and came through to California. The cow was sold for a good price.

They made the trek without any very serious mistakes.

The following year in 1856 my father had the California fever. The farm was sold and everything we had was bidden off at auction. A large crowd gathered and the auctioneer stood on a box bid off the things. The money received was placed in a red knitted stocking that mother had made. I felt badly to see the goods going and thought we would have nothing left but the red stocking with the money.

Uncle David Pringle and family came from Iowa to our place and my father brought them to California. We went to New York by rail and took the steamer from there crossing the isthmus on its second trip. We were traveling at a great rate of speed due to a drunken engineer. A swampy section something happened to the train we were in and the one following us ran on top of our train and telescoped it.

The Pringle family (father, mother and three sons) and Charley and Mary escaped without injury. My father was caught in the wreck and had his leg broken in two places. Mother's lower jaw was broken in two places and my ankles were cut. An iron rod ran almost through one and the other was cut all around. In pulling me out, my mother caused the injury to my feet. I was insensible and was not given long to live. She stopped a passing doctor and asked him to look at her child. He said he had no time for dying children.

Mother said she must have had strength given to her to pull my father and me from the wreckage. Mother and Aunt Amanda put water on my face and revived me, just for a few minutes, long enough for me to say, "Mother, may I be buried right by the side of you?" Mother

answered, "Yes, my dear child, you may be buried by me." Then I lapsed into unconsciousness again. Mother was going about with a broken jaw. Aunt Amanda remarked that mother was badly hurt. She replied, "No, I'm not hurt." We got out just in time as the cars collapsed and killed instantly the people who could not get out. There were sixty people killed outright. The wounded and dying were gathered up and taken to Aspinwall. The ones who were not expected to live were taken to a hospital. We, with others were taken to the Railroad House.

It was a two story building. The Pringles with Mary and Charley bade us goodbye as they never expected to see us again as it was such a sickly place. They had to come on to California as there was no place for them to stay. It was a very sad parting. I shall never forget Charley as he stood there with the tears rolling down his face. He said, "I'll never see any of you again."

We were cared for by two native nurses, Mary and Elizabeth. Doctors and nurses did all in their power to help us.

My father's leg was set. He suffered a great deal. When he recovered one leg was shorter than the other. Poor mother endured much pain. Her jaw was set, but in the hurry of everything, it was not done correctly and the teeth did not meet. The doctors said it must be broken over. Mother objected, but they did it anyway. She had to stay in bed. It was very difficult for her to eat as she could not open her jaws.

There were two doctors that attended us. One was Dr. Redfern whom I remember well. Both the wounds in my ankles filled with proud flesh. The doctors came every morning. I would crawl away and hide and the nurses would help me. The doctors said they would take me to Monkey Hill if I did not let them treat me. That was where the dead were buried.

When the doctors found me they would bribe me with small change to have my wounds treated. One held me and the other one burned the proud flesh with caustic. It was so painful, that I did some loud screaming.

The nurses wore bandanas in folds over their forehead. One day I told the doctor that my money was all gone. He said he would show me where it was. He pulled a fold of the nurse's bandanas and my money fell out on the floor. They were angry but did not deny it.

There were a great many deaths among the victims of the accident and they were hurriedly buried on Monkey Hill.

There was a young lady named Maggie who was so bruised that her face was black. I said to mother one day that Maggie looked like a darkey. Mother said, "Why you poor child, your face looks just the same as hers."

I asked the nurse for a mirror. When I saw my face, I cried and cried. Mother said that showed that I was naturally vain.

Everything was done for our comfort that could be done. We could get anything that we wanted at the expense of the R.R. Company.

I was soon able to go about on my hands and knees and not have to stay in bed as Mother and Pa did. I used to go to the kitchen with the nurses and there I ate bananas cooked in many ways also other native dishes which agreed with me.

As soon as my father and I were able to go about on crutches, we went for a walk to the hospital to see the pick and wounded. When we returned I ran to mother and said, "We were not hurt a bit."

In our trips about the town I remember seeing coconut and banana trees and tropical plants. Among articles we got at the stores were a large type testament and a fancy purse.

We gained steadily until we were able to come on to California on the "George Law." It was an old boat. The name was changed to "Golden State" and it was sunk on the following trip.

It was a very sad sight to see the people at the dock in San Francisco who had come to meet friends and relatives and were told that they had died in Askinwall.

I remember seeing a man who came to meet his sweetheart who was to come on the boat and he was told that she was among the dead. It was sad indeed to see how badly this young man felt. We stopped at the Wm. Taylor Hotel.

We took a boat to Alviso. Uncle Elihu Anthony met us there with two horses and a rockaway and brought us over the mountains by way of San Jose and Soquel to his home on Water Street.

We arrived there just in time to get the measles. Nearly every bed in the house had a patient with the disease. Mary ran out and said, "Oh Ma, I had the measles."

We stopped with Uncle Elihu Anthony family while looking for a house. We found one on Mission St. near where the Pope House afterward stood. It was called the Hutchins house and stood until torn down to make room for the new Mission Hill school yard.

There were few houses on Mission St. other than farm houses. There were pastures on both sides. The road was bad in winter as the soil was adobe and when driving over it the horses made a snapping sound as they drew their feet from the mud. The street in front of some of the farms served as a corral for the cattle over night.

My father, mother and I had arrived in Santa Cruz shortly before July 4th 1856. As a result of the R.R. accident while crossing the Isthmus of Panama my father and I were still on crutches. The celebration of the 4th in those days was a great event in Santa Cruz. The procession formed on the upper plaza in front of the old mission. To the tune of Yankee Doodle, the citizens and school children marched to Willow Grove near where the Garibaldi Hotel now stands. A.P. Jordan sometimes had five yoke of oxen hitched to one wagon. About two hundred children rode in the parade. Had to tie a yoke of cattle to the rear end of the wagon to turn it around. School girls dressed in white wore sashes bearing the name of a state.

The exercises consisted of orations, singing and music by the band. One 4th a lady singer came from San Francisco to sing the "Star Spangle Banner." This was followed by a barbeque in which bread, meat and lemonade were furnished free for all.

There were a good many Indians in Santa Cruz at that time. They sat in the background and partook of the remnants of the re-past after the citizens has finished. Something stronger than lemonade was freely indulged in on this day and by night there was much evidence of its effects.

In a short time we moved to Plymouth St. to a large house. Uncle Elihu owned about 100 acres. My father and Uncle Dave Pringle farmed it for one year.

In going from Plymouth St. to town we went down what is now Franklin St. to the river which had very high banks, we followed a path along the bank to where the Water St. bridge is now and crossed a foot bridge. A Spanish house stood near what is Booth's Grove. It was the home of the boys who murdered the man in Sycamore Flat to obtain money to attend a circus. They were hanged on the bridge in 1877.

Charlie, Mary and I were returning from town one day and had reached the Frank Ball place on what is now Franklin St. His place extended to Water St. He raised many melons and much garden truck. He was a white man and wore a beard reaching nearly to his waist and it was quite generously sprinkled with tobacco juice. He had a squaw.

The wagon road to town was down Ocean St. then called Sand Lane. A stream ran down the street in the winter time. Where Uncle George Anthony was supervisor, he had redwood bark put on the street but it was not satisfactory. Ocean St. had but few houses and was farmed on either side.

After crossing Water St. the continuation of Ocean St. was called Maiden Lane. After we left Plymouth St. Uncle George and his family moved to the farm. We farmed it, had cattle and ran a blacksmith shop. When Arthur Anthony was small his parents were visiting the George Anthony family. Geo. A. butchered an animal on Sunday down on the lower part of the farm. In running about Arthur discovered the killing and ran to the house saying "Oh Papa, come and see Uncle George peeling a cow."

After leaving Plymouth St. my father bought a place in the Potrero. It contained eight acres. The house had three small rooms, hard finished, and a fancy in the front gable. It was built by a bachelor named Foot. We soon enlarged the house.

In those days every one with a few acres raised their own breadstuffs. The wheat was cut and put in shocks and then beaten out with flails. Deacon Taylor was an expert at binding wheat. He would work all day for two dollars. The wheat was put through a fanning mill to remove the chaff. Buckwheat and corn were raised. Mother always looked the corn over very carefully.

We took our grain to the Major's Mill on High Street, near where the Hatch home is now, to be ground and waited to take it home. The water that turned the mill wheel was the stream that ran by the mission. Mary and I always went on this trip with my father.

There had been a great improvement made in the lighting systems. We had small tin lamps with two wicks which burned whale oil. It was necessary to scrape and clean them every day to remove the gummy deposit. The lamp had no chimney. It was my task, when a little girl, to clean the lamps.

We made our own candles. Used wicking, tallow from the butcher shop, and candle molds. Then can coal oil lamps which gave a most brilliant light.

Vegetables, berries and eggs were sold or exchanged for groceries. Fruit was scarce and brought a good price. A substitute for apple pies was the pie melon which grew like a water melon. They were light colored, very firm and not juicy. To prepare for use, they were cut into small pieces and stewed until tender, then mashed. As they were quite tasteless, tartaric acid was used to make it tart. Sugar was added to sweeten. When seasoned it tasted like apple pie. As a child, I used to help my brother pick green peas and strawberries. We liked to pick peas near the Gharkey fence as Mr. G. had peach trees. He would call us to the fence and give us windfall peaches which were a great treat.

We used oxen on our farm for awhile.

Eggs brought fifty cents a dozen. My father took use one moon light night in a wagon drawn by Baldly and Jane, to a neighborhood prayer meeting at Brother Ellingwood's on High Street beyond the grist mill.

We sat on the back of the wagon on the straw. My father was in the driver's seat. When we reached home, one of the horses, Baldly, who always ran away when he could, took fright and there was an exciting runaway. My father had set out a young orchard. The horses ran around and around over the trees. Father was thrown from the seat but held to the reins. We were all calling "Whoa!" at the top of our voices. He finally headed them toward a stack of straw where the horses had to stop. My father was scratched and his long linen duster was torn in pieces. Our neighbor, at the tannery, Billy Warren came up early the next morning to see what had happened to the Hinton family the night before.

Charley, Mary and I were blackberrying on the hills near the Renay place. Mr. R. used to set figure for quail traps. He had told us that someone had been knocking his traps down. Mary said she had a notion to knock one of the traps down. We tried to stop her but she kicked it over. Just at that time Mr. R. jumped out of the brush to scare her. She ran down the hill and in her

excitement climbed a fence and jumped into a corral where there were wild cattle. She kept on running and climbed the fence to safety. Her sunbonnet was hanging down her back.

In those days all little girls wore hoop skirts. The hoop was held together by a little brasses clasp which sometimes pulled loose. They were suspended in order to mend them. I was mending mine one day and caught my finger in the brass clasp and the brass infected my finger. It made a very bad sore. It filled with proud flesh. I went every morning for three weeks to Drs. Rawson and Bailey to have Dr. Bailey dress it before I went to school. Among other things they did my nail was pulled off. I suffered terribly and the last time he dressed it he said if it did not look better the next day, he would remove my finger at the first joint. I went to the office the next morning and Dr. Bailey was making preparations to take it off when Dr. Rawson came in. He said it would be a pity to do it and I would feel badly about it when I grew up, so he took it in charge. There was quite...next morning. It was a great disappointment to me and I began to cry and said "Oh Pa, I can't have my new dress." Mother told me I could select a dress for myself if they cut my finger off. I felt so badly that my father said, "Never mind, I'll take you down to Cooper's Store and you can get a dress." I cried again and said, "Oh no, Ma won't like it." I selected the goods for a dress and was very proud of it as it was the first one I ever chose for myself.

The Indians settlement was in the Potrero on the left side of the street by that name near Evergreen cemetery and was fenced in by a deep ditch so that their horses could not escape. Most of the houses were made of slabs with shake roofs.

They had a sweat house plastered with mud on the outside. A fire was built in the center with a small place for the smoke to escape. The Indians sat around the fire. When sufficiently sweated, they ran from the building and plunged into a hole of cold water in the creek. They made their living by working for the white people. They were expert pickers of wild blackberries and got many where the golf links are now. They were trustworthy and well behaved except when they indulged in...then they quarreled among themselves.

Our nearest neighbor was Reverend Thomas Hinds and his family. Amelia Hinds came to call on me soon after we moved to the Potrero. She was three years older than I and about to quit playing with dolls. She was very generous and gave me many pretty scrape for my doll.

A creek ran through their place and ours. We had happy times playing along this creek. The boys built little boats with sails. Amelia and I made little sacks and filled them with sand and sent them by boat from their house down to our place.

Owing to the heavy rains there were many wild flowers. In May Amelia and I had one day for ourselves and took our lane and went to the hills above where the golf links are. It was then the Renay (Fr.) place. We gathered flowers which were very plentiful. We had pins with use which we had been saving for some time. We tied the flowers in festoons with string and pinned them to our dresses under which we wore hoops. Wreaths were made to wear on our heads. It took all day to get decorated. When we came home we called on Amelia's father first and then came down to our house to show mother. Mr. Hinds was always pleased when Amelia and I enjoyed ourselves on our annual trip for wild flowers.

Mr. Hinds farmed. Raised strawberries and vegetables. Used oxen with which to plow. They were Duke and Dick. They also kept bees. Amelia worked with her two brothers, Alfred and Willie.

They had a tree that bore very large apples. Willie and I were great friends. Mr. Hinds had picked the apples and laid them away to ripen. Willie took one of them and brought it down to share with me. We had a pear tree that had produced pears for the first year. Mother had some

put away. I wanted to share a pear with him. I took a large knife and cut the pear toward me and cut through the pear and cut my hand between the thumb and forefinger. I had a very bad hand for a long time and carried my arm in a sling. It taught me a lesson to leave things alone that did not belong to me.

Amelia Hinds took me to my first school. The school was located on Front St. and Soquel Avenue in a small white house. It was a private school, eight dollars per month, taught by an English lady, Miss Wells. From our homes we walked along the Russell track and past the Evergreen Cemetery then down Mission Hill to Forth St. The teacher was a very particular maiden lady. I wore a clean tire every day and gloves to keep my hands clean. My neck, ears and teeth were inspected before leaving home.

Amelia and I were allowed to buy meat at Roundtree's butcher shop to feed her dog.

The teacher was quite deaf. If a child proved to be careless about their person or clothing, he was expelled from school.

My little chum at school was May Cooper. When May and I were naughty, she placed us in a little room by ourselves for punishment. We leaned out of the window and popped the fuchsia buds.

In singing the song containing these words—

Mary to the Savior's tomb,

Spice she brought and rich perfume

Some of them took advantage of Miss Wells' deafness and sang—

Spicy Mix (the name of a pupil) and rich perfume.

Some of the pupils were—

Spicy mix, Lizzie Hardy, Sarah Pyburn, Louisa Anthony, Amelia and Hattie Alexander, May Cooper, Amelia Hinds, Tommy Cooper, Charlie Arcane and Sarah Hinton.

Miss Wells' nephew, Mr. George was married in the old Boston home on Church St. Miss Wells helped about the wedding. Amelia stayed after school and beat eggs to make the wedding cake and helped in other ways and I stayed too. All the pupils were invited to the wedding. We practiced our behavior about two weeks so as to be just so at the wedding. They were married in the parlor. We children were seated in the room very precisely. The bride and groom and guests went out into the next room for refreshments. After the couple had been congratulated by the grownups, we children shook hands with them and congratulated them. Later we were served refreshments. The next day at school Miss Wells told us how proud she was of her pupils as we had done just the right thing at the right time. The wedding was a wonderful event for us. Miss Wells was a very conscientious teacher and we all loved her.

On our way to school we passed the old Mission orchard of pear, olive and walnut trees. The trees were large. It was a beautiful orchard. It was rented by Capt. White. His wife was an old lady about twenty years his senior. Mrs. White wanted to be kind but was very close. She would pick up the windfall pears and give them to us. They were very soft and on the verge of spoiling. Mother said to take them and thank her for them but when we came to the ditch that formed the Indian fence around their enclosure, to throw the pears away.

The Indians used to pass our house on their way to pick wild blackberries. Amelia Hinds and I were young girls then and each had an Indian admirer. The one who brought me berries was Lahugh. He called about dusk, "Sala, benica." I hurried out and he gave me the choicest berries he had picked. My mother thought it was hardly the right thing to take the berries but she used them just the same. The berries were much larger in those days.

Drinking liquor made the Indians very quarrelsome and they fought with knives among themselves. Lahugh was badly cut about the face in a fight. I told him I could not take berries from Indians that quarreled. So that put an end to my getting free berries.

Amelia's father hired a young Indian named Kajesus, to work for him sometimes. He smiled on Amelia. He got quite in earnest and her brothers, for a joke, told him the proper thing to do would be to ask her father if he could marry Amelia. He took them at their word and asked her father. He explained it to the Indian and told him it would be a terrible thing to do for a white girl to marry an Indian. So that was an end to the Indian beaux when we were young girls.

There was a tannery where the Krohn tannery is now. It was owned by Billy Warren and a man named Gregg. Billy was an Englishman with a very turned up nose. Was very jolly. He used to get a barrel of raisins from England. He was very clever and gave us each a handful of raisins whenever we went to the tannery. They were a great treat. We liked to play at the tannery and jumped across some of the vats.

My sister Alice was born on July 2. On the Fourth of July my father went to see the parade. Billy Warren took a notion that he wanted to call to see the baby that day. I looked out and saw him coming with an Indian. Warren had had a little too much 4th before he started so we decided to keep still and not let him in. He and the Indian then walked up the path to the Hinds place. Billy told Mr. Hinds that he had called with his servant at Mr. Hinton's to see the baby and they would not let him in. He was very sorry when he was in condition to realize what he had done and came to apologize.

The Hinds and Hinton families were neighbors for eight years. We were always neighborly and true friends.

On a hill south of the Hinds place lived Joe Russell an Irishman and a bachelor. He cut and sold wood and delivered it. Always had about five dogs following him. His house was built in very early days by two women, Mrs. Kirby and Mrs. Farnham. The women wore bloomers when they built the house and were not considered nice women on that account. The house was lathed but never plastered. He raised pigeons in the attic and kept pigs under the house.

A brother named Paddy and family came from the east. He settled near his brother Joe. He made a business of raising hogs. A corner of his place joined ours. He was a very pleasant man and sometimes wore a dress suit and tall hat. He often called to me to ask if I had seen some of his stray pigs.

The community was greatly shocked when Paddy came up missing. A search was made for him. He was found lying near a trail on a hillside. He had been shot just under the eye and had fallen near the trail. The guilty person was never found out.

A family named Garn from Pike County, Missouri, bought a tract of land below Graham Hill. Mother and Mrs. Hinds thought they should call on the new neighbors. I showed them across the river and guided them through the willows to the house. They had quite a large family and talked in a peculiar way. They had to reckon the children's age by referring to corn planting time or bean pulling time and similar expressions.

A man wearing a patch over one eye, riding on a one eyed horse rode by one day. One of the larger girls remarked, "A blind eyed man and a blind eyed horse."

They were very hospitable and we had intended to call only. They were preparing supper and over urged use to stay. The meal was served on a long well laden table. They brought in an immense platter of stewed chicken with chicken feet sticking up in every direction.

Mother and Mrs. Hinds had many a laugh over their first and last call on the new neighbors.

In 1862 (May) there was a flood which many people will recall. Charlie and I stayed by the river whenever we could watching buildings, logs, chickens, pigs and many other things floating down to the bay.

When the river had gone down somewhat but still rather too high to cross with horses and wagon, a lady named Mrs. Foul who was visiting Mother insisted upon being taken across to Sister Russell's'.

My father thought he could make it. They got into the wagon. My brother, sister and I walked to the river. Charlie tried to persuade my father not to try crossing it. Mary was determined to go with them. Sister Foul had a small package tied up in a handkerchief. So they started. The current was very swift and the horses had to swim. My father tried to pull them to the bank. Mrs. Foul held up her small package and called out, "Poor Sister Russell's' dried peaches." Mary was screaming. We were anxious about them but could offer no help.

As they got nearer the other side, the wagon caught on some bushes. The hind wheels lift the wagon. They lodged on brush and were afterward taken out. My father and passengers succeeded in getting out on brush near the edge.

Each May Day we looked forward to a picnic. They were often held in Isbel Grove. The pupils met at the school house and walked over to the grove. One May Day, Louisa Anthony was the queen as she was the oldest girl. I was one of the maids of honor. We sang—

"Here we crown thee, Queen of Beauty, Queen of Science, and Queen of Art. Welcome to shady grove, welcome, welcome, welcome."

We crowned the queen with a wreath of flowers.

One day Amanda Anthony and her brothers, Charlie and I took a walk up on Russels Hill. The boys dared us to roll down the hill. We took the dare and removed our hoop skirts and hung them in a tree. They tied our feet together and bound our arms to our body. They shoved us and away we went over and over to the bottom of the hill. My head felt big and my body was sore. Cousin Amanda was badly used up and remained in bed for two weeks. It was a sport for the boys, but not for me.

I was taken into the Good Templars when I was twelve years old. Aunt Lydia would not let my cousin Amelia Alexander join until I was old enough. They voted to take me in before I reached the required age. My hair was in long curls and I wore a nuns veiling dress of blue with brown dots. I felt as smart as my cousin and festivals were all we had in the way of evening entertainment.

After Grandma Anthony died in May 1858, Grandpa Anthony was very lonely. Elihu Anthony located a ranch in Blackburn Gulch. A house was built. Grandpa A. and one of Uncle Elihu's boys lived in it for a while to prove up on the property. It was a very wild country and they used to trap wild animals. Grandfather A.'s children and grand decided to have a picnic at his place. We were taken out in a wagon drawn by oxen which was rather slow traveling. Thick woods were on each side of the road. The young folks walked ahead of the wagon and climbed up on stumps and sang when the team came by. We had a bountiful lunch and spent a very happy day.

Our folks took up about eighty acres of land in Blackburn Gulch. When they moved to this farm, I went to live with Aunt Hannah Anthony and attended the Grant School a short time. Miss Louisa Fernald (Drennan) was the teacher and boarded at the Geo. Anthony home. I helped Aunt Hannah with the work. In the evening I sat with Grandfather by the fireplace in his room as he was so lonely. He told one stories of his early life which were very interesting.

In Aunt Hannah's pantry there were panes of gingerbread, baked apples, cheese, cream and milk. We used to help ourselves to all we wanted after school. Aunt H. was a kind hearted woman and loved every one.

Louis A., Miss Fernald and I had many jolly times together.

The youngest child in the family was badly spoiled. Had breakfast after the rest were gone. Aunt H. would cook an egg for him. He would eat it and say, "Mother, I want another."

Lewis, Miss F. and I sat up with the little Lupeer child that died. We made a dress for it that night. We were about eaten up by fleas. We ate the loaf of bread that Aunt Hannah had sent to the Lupeer family.

I stayed a school term at Capt Mc Almonds. He was home only once in two weeks. Sometimes he could not land here due to bad weather, and had to take his schooner to Monterey. Mr. Hazen the M.E. minister boarded there. Mrs. Mc. A., Mr. Hazen and I were all Hoosier's. I stayed with Uncle Charles and aunt Obi for awhile and went to school. Rosa Wager, Becky Martin and I were great friends.

I first attended a private school taught by Miss Wells in the little white house near the west end of the Soquel Ave. Bridge.

After that I attended Mission Hill School. The building was plain and had one room. Later an ill was built on. It had rows of double wooden desks. There was a long recitation bench.

The hill on the south was very steep and very wet in the winter time. The boys used to slide down on sleds and often landed in the orchard at the foot of the hill. I know it was a thrilling trip as I accepted a dare and tried it myself. Once was enough, though I never regretted it. No Physical Education in those days but plenty of exercise such as ball, marbles, pump, pump pull away, teeters and jumping rope.

Once in awhile we had School Exhibitions in the school house and the program included singing, recitations and tableaus. A picnic was held on May first.

Charlie Perry used to attend to the ringing of the bell. We girls used to go over to the churchyard on Green St. to gather poppies. Charlie often held the bell rope until we had time to reach the building.

School was opened by reading a chapter from the bible followed by the Lord's Prayer by the children and the singing of patriotic songs.

Every Friday afternoon we had a spelling match out of Town's Speller. We had a little drawing. We were given pictures to copy.

The school was not graded. We took a slate, copy book, and necessary school books to school. The teacher inquired how far we had been in each book and placed us in classes accordingly.

I recall the following teacher who taught at Mission Hill. Robert Desty was French and a highly educated man. He had a peculiar way of imparting his knowledge. The first class in arithmetic was called in the morning. He would place a difficult problem on the board. He would explain it, using a pointer. He would then ask the class if everyone understood it. If some did not, he would erase it with the sleeve of his alpaca coat at the same time calling us numbskulls and no nothings. He placed it on the board again and stayed with it until all the class understood it. Then he would change to endearing names.

He was fond of sea life and on Saturdays when there was low tide, would take all the pupils to the beach and explain thoroughly the wonders of the sea. On other occasions he would close school and take us to the beach to see a whale before it was cut up.

The last term I attended school Professor Gatch was the teacher. This was during the Civil War. He was a man that was loved by his pupils. At recess and noon we ran down the hill to read the Bulletin Board to get the latest news of the war.

This was before the age of bobbed hair. The girls decided to present Mr. Gatch with a present. Every girl contributed a lock of hair which they had woven into a watch chain. We paid \$12.00 to have it gold mounted.

The girls composed a presentation speech and Sarah Fields was selected to read it. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he accepted it and it was one of his most prized possessions.

Teachers—

1. Miss Wells 1856 (Private School)
2. Miss Bacon
3. Miss Ann Lidell
4. Miss Hill 1862
5. Mr. Desty
6. Mr. Gatch 1865
7. Mr. Gosling
8. Miss Louisa Fernald Grant School
9. Mr. Baily

The San Lorenzo River in town was beautiful, being very wide and having a high bank on the east side. The sand was dotted with lupine bushes. It was an interesting sight to see the Spanish women washing on a plain board as they knelt by the river. They rubbed their clothes with soap root, rinsed them, and hung them on lupine bushes to dry.

Due to heavy rains the river sometimes left its bed and flowed over what is now Pacific Avenue and even to Shanty Flat. Several pretty homes on the west side were carried into the bay by the floods.

There were no bridges across the river except a foot bridge in summer. A boat was sometimes used.

Front Street was the only business street. It boasted having two hotels. The Franklin and the Santa Cruz.

The Mix Butcher Shop with a slaughter house in the rear occupied the site of the present Post Office. Mix would call, "You Steve, into the corral," whenever they were going to butcher. Old Mrs. Steen nearby would come with a pan to catch blood for a pudding.

The Cooper Brothers had a grocery and dry goods store on Front St. The only means of delivery they had was a clothes basket filled with goods carried on the shoulders of an Indian.

The west side of Pacific Ave. (Willow St.) was in farms. Judge Blackburn had an apple orchard. Where the Santa Cruz Theater was first built, there was a splendid spring of water and some fine apple trees.

Elihu Anthony had the first post office and it stood where the Mission Garage is now. Down what is now Pacific Ave. there was a board sidewalk to the beach. When the river flooded, it was a floppy affair on which to walk.

Driving was permitted on the beach. It was a great place for fine turnouts to go during the day and on moonlight nights.

Schooners and steamers came to the three wharves. There were many sailing vessels. Saltpeter was bought from Chile to be used at the powder mill.

My friend Rosie Wager and I used to take old wrappers and go down to the beach and put them on near an old building. Went about 4PM. Had fine times bathing. One day a couple passed

us and we heard the man say to his lady companion, "Let's sit down here and lubricate for awhile."

All the Protestant denominations worshiped together in a small church on Green Street. A little cemetery surrounded the church.

Across from the old Mission Hill School stood the Eagle Hotel. It was a large building. Festivals and fairs given by the churches were held in it.

There were many Spanish people on the East Side. On Sunday morning they attended church. The women wore black dresses with a shawl thrown over the head and the end thrown across the shoulder. They walked very erect.

Many Indians also attended the Mission church. The women were attired in blue calico and black shawls. They sat on the floor in the back of the church. The burial ground was around the church. It was so crowded several were buried in the same grave. This was found out when they were later removed to the present cemetery on the Capitola Road.

The Mission was a roughly constructed one and not architecturally beautiful. It was in a state of fair preservation in 1856. A heavy earthquake shook so much of it down that it was never repaired.

A stream ran by the old mission across the plaza. In winter it was a swollen stream and flooded the upper plaza. In the summer it was a pretty stream bounded with water cress.

The Evergreen Cemetery is on land given to the city by Hiram Imus. He had a large farm and raised strawberries and apples which brought a good price in those days. I used to go to their house to play with Hattie Imus.

The East Side was called "Greaser Town" on account of the many Spanish people living there. The houses were board and batted and white washed. The principal flower in the garden was the Rose of Castile. The petals were used as a medicine.

Red peppers in large bunches were strung and festooned on the sides of the houses to dry. Beef cut in narrow strips was also hung on line or against the house and called "jerk beef." If one had a cow die and notified a Spaniard, he would come with a horse and drag it home to make jerked beef.

The following incidents were told by Uncle Charlie Hinton:

In the grove beyond Wagon Park on 4th of July Coopers furnished barrels of lemonade flavored with lemon extract. There were dippers by the barrels Mr. Imus furnished sheep barbecued. Wild blackberry pies were on the table. White people ate first, then the Indians.

At early Spanish funerals they carried the coffin on two sticks like which barrow handles.

A man was arrested for horse stealing. He was placed in jail a wooden building on the east side of the Catholic Church. When the jailer went to the cell with flood, the man attempted to throw lime that he had scraped from the white washed walls, into the jailer's eyes in an attempt to escape. The jailer was too quick for him and shot the man.

They used to have bull and bear fights on S. Branciforte Ave. The Spanish used to thrash beans down on the Thompson (florist) place by driving a team of horses around and around a pile of pulled beans.

At a picnic in Laveaga Park the following incidents were told.

Aunt Amanda—1856

The bells were tolling for Jas. King and the city (S.F.) draped in black, while Casey and Corey were being hung when the Pringles landed in San Francisco.

On the upper deck of the vessel coming from Panama, after the accident at the Isthmus of Panama, I was without necessary clothing. A woman gave me a red flannel petticoat. The boat began to tip as we were crossing the bar at San Francisco. People were frightened but learned it was caused by the crowd on the upper deck trying to get a glimpse of San Francisco.

Cousin Louisa—

I remember staying at Fagans while my parents were in New York. My dresses were long and they put tucks in them.

Cousin Amelia Heath—

We were living on Union St. with my mother and sister. I attended a funeral at the Masonic Cemetery near the Majors place.

Mrs. Swates—

Joaquin Arana said that a stream flowed from Laveaga and crossed what is now Broadway.

Cousin Louisa Anthony's meidran was ordered by her father Elihu Anthony, from New York and was sent by way of the Horn to Santa Cruz. It arrived here in 1859 and is believed to have been the first organ in Santa Cruz. It was used in the Mr. E. Church for awhile until they obtained a regular organ.

(Bermits lived near Danuba, California)

A True Story

A neat little cottage stood at the foot of Eden Hill in Scotts Valley. The gentle murmur of Bean Creek could be heard as it flowed by on its way to join the Jayante Creek.

The family living in the cottage was composed of Adam and Sarah (often called Eve) Gourley, little Edna and her faithful companion Prince, and Uncle Sam Gourley.

The household had been informed that the stork would pay them a visit.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Sarah Friend (a friend by name and also by nature) was an ever ready helper.

There lived nearby on the Devils Half Acre, a trusty bachelor neighbor, Uncle Alec. He volunteered a loan his gentle white horse, Pilgrim to Uncle Sam to ride eight miles to Santa Cruz to inform the doctor when the stork was due. Uncle Sam tied him up every night so that he would be ready.

Friday June 10, 1870 is the date of the eventful morning. Uncle Sam on Pilgrim started to town. He passed a neighbor, Mrs. Hindincke who had offered her services as she was soon at the cottages.

When the baby arrived Dr. Fagan said, "Well Mrs. Gourley, this is the thousandth time that the stork and I have worked together.

Little Edna with a sad expression on her face and her chubby hand on her dog, sat on a step where she had a glimpse of the doctor in her mother's room. She kept repeating, "I want that man to come out of my mama's bed room."

Little Mary Grace was a very attractive baby with her bright dark eyes and abundant hair.

Edna was very proud of her little sister. The next day as the baby lay in the cradle, she discovered that its feet were bare. She wanted her baby slippers put on Baby Grace and was disappointed when they did not fit her.

Thus endeth the first chapter of...history of Baby Grace Gourley.

Dictated by Mother.
J.H.G.

June 1933

Place lived in by the Gourley Family.

1. Powder Mill Flat
2. Beach Hill
3. Near Saw Mill-moved to Mill
4. Bean Creek
5. Hinton Home
6. Locust Street
7. Weymouth Palace-Ocean Street
8. Garfield Street (sold)
9. Leslie Bldg. (6 mo.) Mission St.
10. Knight Street
11. Riverside Avenue (built home)
Calaveras County
12. Mokelumne Hill-Sturgess Bldg.
13. Cook Home
14. Parsonage
15. Santa Cruz Anthony Bldg.
16. Calaveras Co. Sunrise Ranch
17. Santa Cruz 326 Broadway
Mother lived as a child—
 1. Indiana near Columbia
 2. Mission Hill Santa Cruz
 3. Anthony Farm Plymouth St.
 4. Heller Place in Potrero
 5. Hillside Farm Blackburn Gulch