



My Early Childhood Memories

By Sarah Hinton Gourley

Edited by Keith and Dee Kraft

Preface

Sarah Hinton Gourley (1849-1940) was seven years old when she arrived in Santa Cruz in 1856. Her memories about the trip to California and other early childhood experiences provide an interesting and sometimes humorous look into what life was like in those early days.



Sarah Hinton Gourley, 1899

Keith Kraft, a great-grandson of Sarah, and his wife Dolores (Dee) reside in the Gourley family home in Santa Cruz. Dee's enthusiasm in researching the Anthony - Hinton - Gourley family histories is well known by members of the History Museum. Submission of Sarah's journal is largely due to Dee's efforts.

Introduction

In June 1933, Sarah Gourley, at the age of 84, dictated her most vivid early childhood memories to her daughter, Jessie Gourley. The journal contains numerous references to people, places and incidents and provides glimpses of life in early Santa Cruz. Following are excerpts from the original hand-written journal. Some changes in punctuation and editorial additions in brackets were made to improve reading clarity.

Sarah Elizabeth (Hinton) Gourley was born near Fort Wayne, Indiana on May 27, 1849. Her Uncle, Elihu Anthony, had crossed the plains to California in the spring of 1847. Influenced by Elihu's lectures, Sarah's parents, Lewis and Harriet (Anthony) Hinton caught the "California Fever," and began the long journey from Indiana in 1856. Surviving the misadventures of the trip across the Isthmus of Panama, Sarah and her parents arrived in Santa Cruz in July, 1856.

On October 11, 1866, Sarah, at the age of seventeen, Married Adam Fulton Gourley. They had four children: Edna H. (Gourley) Smith (1868-1960) m. George G. Smith 1890; Grace M. (Gourley) Scofield (1870-1945) m. Reuben L. Scofield 1888; Jessie H. Gourley (1875-1962) - she never married; Asa A. Gourley (1881-?) m. Leola B. Faust 1920.

The Gourley family moved to Calaveras County in 1879, where Adam owned a candy store and a gold mine. Sarah returned to Santa Cruz in 1913, the year following Adam's death. Sarah lived with her daughter, Jessie, at 326 (later 1111) Broadway, until her death in 1940.

Sarah is buried at Evergreen Cemetery, plot #110. Also buried in this plot are: Sarah's mother, Harriet (Anthony) Hinton, and her brother and his wife, Charles Hinton and Mary (Bunting) Hinton; and Jessie Gourley.

Part One



Sarah Hinton, 1865

My earliest recollection is of our home in Whitley 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, ... 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.

Grandfather Anthony[1] 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. It 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 apple seeds which were brought to California. They were planted in a nursery by Grandfather Anthony. He raised, grafted and sold apple trees; [he] also raised the locust trees that bordered Locust Street. [Santa Cruz]

Uncle Elihu crossed the plains to California in 1847. 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 [2] 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 bade her folks goodby. 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 Indians immediately left without molesting them.

Another time a squaw came into the camp minus everything in the way of clothing. Grandmother 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 train as a byword.

One morning when Uncle Burnett went to yolk 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 trip without any very serious mishap.

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 and 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 [3] 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 to Aspinwall. [4] Took the train crossing the isthmus on its second trip. We were traveling at a great rate of speed due to a drunken engineer. In 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 [5] 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 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 goodby 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 Charlie 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. [6] 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 bandannas in folds over their foreheads. 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 nurses bandannas 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; [and] 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 sick 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 store 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 Aspinwall.

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.

Part Two

We took a boat to Alviso. Uncle Elihu Anthony met us there with two horses and a rockaway, [7] and brought us over the mountains by way of San Jose and Soquel to his home on Water Street.

We stopped with Uncle Elihu Anthony's family while looking for a house. We found one on Mission St. near where the Pope House [8] afterward stood. It was called the Hutchin's 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 [Albion Paris 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, [who were] 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 Spangled Banner. This was followed by a barbecue 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 repast after the citizens had 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 now Booth's Grove. [9] 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 wife and several children. He had been hauling in his melons, and we stopped to look at them as they were scarce and high in price. He turned to me and said, "Now Sarah, if you will walk up to me and kiss me, I'll give you the largest melon in the pile." My brother was full of mischief and fun. He nudged me and said, "Do it. It will take only a minute." After some coaxing, I made a dash toward him and planted a kiss somewhere in the whiskers. He was as good as his word and gave us a large melon. We could not carry it and had to borrow a small wagon in which to haul it home. When we reached home and told how I earned the

melon, mother gave me a severe talking to and said she was ashamed she had a daughter that would act in such a way. I was deeply humiliated and am to this day, but the family enjoyed the melon just the same.



The Hinton Children: Charles Hinton, Sarah Hinton Gourley, Mary Hinton Hopps, Alice Hinton Hunsucker – McKern & Ort, Santa Cruz, undated

The wagon road to town was down Ocean St., then called Sand Lane. [10] A stream ran down the street in the winter time. When Uncle George Anthony [11] 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 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 [12] 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 bread-stuffs. The wheat was cut and put in shocks and then beaten out with flails. Deacon [William] 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 [13], to be ground and [we] 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 has been a great improvement made in the lighting system. 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. [We] used wicking, tallow from the butcher shop, and candle molds. Then came coal oil lamps which gave a most brilliant light. Grandma said not to look at the light as it was too bright for the eyes.

As a child, I used to help my brother pick green peas and strawberries. We liked to pick peas near the [David] 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.

My father took us one moon light night in a wagon drawn by Baldy and Jane, to a neighborhood prayer meeting at Brother [Giles M.] Ellingwood's on High St. beyond the grist mill.

We sat in the back of the wagon on the straw. My father was in the driver's seat. When we reached home, one of the horses, Baldy, [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 [14] was torn into 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 black berrying on the hills near the Renay [15] place. Mr. R. used to set figure-4 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 brass 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 [See endnote 6]. I went every morning for three weeks to Drs. Rawson and Bailey [16] to have Dr. Bailey dress it before I went to school. Among other things they did, my nail was peeled 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 an improvement in it by the 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 Indian 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 [Indian's] houses were made of [wooden] 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. [17] They were trustworthy and well behaved except when they indulged in coniac [cognac] then they quarreled among themselves.

Our nearest neighbors were Reverend Thomas [William] Hinds and his family. Amelia Hinds [18] 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 scraps for my doll.

A creek[19] 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 lunch and went to the hills above where the golf links are. It was then the Renay (Fr.) place. [See endnote [15]] We gathered flowers which were very plentiful. We had pins with us 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.

Part Three

Amelia Hinds took me to my first school [1857]. The school was located on Front St. and Soquel Ave.[20] in a small white house. It was a private school, eight dollars per month, taught [taught] by an English lady, Miss [Anna M.] Wells. From our homes we walked along the Russell tract and past the Evergreen Cemetery, then down Mission Hill to Front St. The teacher was a very particular maiden lady. I wore ... clean tire [attire] every day and gloves to keep my hands clean. My neck, ears and teeth were inspected before leaving home.



*Girlhood Friends at Sarah Gourley's 70th Birthday
May 27, 1919*

Top row from the left:

Louisa (Anthony) Huntington-- Sarah's first cousin whose father was Elihu Anthony; Sarah (Hinton) Gourley; Mrs. Chase; Mrs. Grant, Laura Hecox

Bottom row from the left:

Mary E. (Hinton) Hopps--Sarah's sister, Amelia (Hinds)
McPherson--married to Duncan McPherson, Amelia (Alexander)
Dempsy Heath--Sarah's first cousin

Amelia and I were allowed to buy meat at Roundtree's [Almus A. Rountree] butcher shop to feed Miss Well's 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 [Miss Wells] 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 [her students] took advantage of Miss Wells deafness and sang - 'Spicy Mix[21] (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 [Arcan] and Sarah Hinton.

Miss Wells nephew, Mr. George [22], was married in the old Boston home on Church St. Miss Wells helped about [prepare for] 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 grown ups, 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 [23]. 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, ... throw the pears away.

The Indians used to pass our house on their way to pick wild black-berries. 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." [24] 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 beaus when we were young girls.

There was a tannery [25] where the Krohn [Kron] tannery is now. It was owned by Billy Warren and a man named Gregg. Billy was an Englishman with a very turned up nose. [He] 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 [26] was born on July 2, [1862]. 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. [1858-1866] 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. [He] always had about five dogs following him. His house was built in [the] very early days by two women, Mrs. Kirby and Mrs. Farnham. [27] 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 [Tom Russell] 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. [28] 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.

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 [Evan] 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 left 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. [29] The pupils met at the schoolhouse and walked over to the grove. One May Day, Louisa Anthony [30] 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, Queen of Art. Welcome to the 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 Russell's Hill. [31] 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 sport for the boys, but not for us.

I was taken into the Good Templars when I was twelve years old. Aunt Lydia would not let my cousin Amelia Alexander [32] 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 nun's veiling dress of blue with brown dots. I felt as smart as my cousin, if not so old. The Good Templars and festivals were all we had in the way of evening entertainment.

Part Four

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 [improve] on the property. It was a very wild country and they used to trap wild animals. Grandfather A's children and grandchildren 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, [33] 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 [her] work. In the evening I sat with Grandfather by the fireplace in his room as he was so lonely. He told me stories of his early life which were very interesting.

In Aunt Hannah's pantry there were pans 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 by every one. Lewis A., [34] Miss Fernald, and I, had many jolly times together.

The youngest child [35] was badly spoiled. [He] 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 [Louis La Pierre] 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 [La Pierre] family.

I stayed a school term at Capt. McAlmond's. [36] He was home only once in two weeks. Sometimes he could not land here due to bad weather, and [he] had to take his schooner to Monterey. Mr. [Edward A.] Hazen the Methodist minister boarded there. Mrs. [McAlmond], Mr. Hazen and I were all Hoosiers. [37]

I stayed with Uncle Charles and Aunt Obi (Niobe) [38] 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 ell was built on. It had rows of double wooden desks [and] there was a long recitation bench.

The hill on the south [39] 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. [There was] no Physical Education in those days but plenty of exercise such as ball, marbles, pump, pump pull away, teeters and jumping rope.

Once in a while we had School Exhibitions in the schoolhouse 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 [Methodist] church yard on Green St. to gather poppies. Charlie often held the bell rope until we had time to reach the building.



Adam and Sarah Gourley's Wedding, October 11, 1866

School [Mission Hill] 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 teachers who taught at Mission Hill. Robert Desty [Daillebout] 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 under-stood 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 [that] I attended school, Professor [Thomas Milton] 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.

I had the following teachers:

1. Miss [Anna M.] Wells 1856 (private school)
2. Miss Bacon
3. Miss Ann Lidell
4. Miss [Mary] Hill 1862
5. Mr. Desty [Robert Daillebout]
6. Mr. [Thomas Milton] Gatch 1865
7. Mr. Gosling
8. Miss Louisa Fernald - Grant School.
9. Mr. Bailey, C.P. [Calvin Porter Bailey]

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 the lupine bushes to dry.

Due to heavy rains the river sometimes left its bed and flowed over to what is now Pacific Avenue, and even to Shanty Flat. [40] 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 [Edward H. Mix] would call, 'You Steve, into the corral,' whenever they were going to butcher. Old Mrs. Steen near by 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 Theatre 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 [Head of Pacific Ave.].

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 moon light nights.

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

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. [41] 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. [42]

The Mission was a roughly constructed one and not architecturally beautiful. It was in a state of fair preservation in 1856. A heavy earthquake [January 9, 1857] shook so much of it down that it was never repaired. A stream [43] 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 bordered with water cress.

The Evergreen Cemetery [44] 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 battened and white washed. The principal flower in the garden was the Rose of Castile. The petals were used as a medicine.

Dictated by Mother, June 1933

Jessie

End Notes

1. Grandfather Anthony, i.e., Asa Anthony. m. Sarah (Odell) Anthony in 1814.
2. Uncle Burnett, i.e., Isaac Burnett, second husband of Lydia A. Anthony, (sister of Elihu Anthony).
3. Uncle David Pringle, i.e., first husband of Amanda M. Anthony, sister of Elihu Anthony.
4. Aspinwall - a small town on the east coast of Panama which was the starting point for the passage across the isthmus via the Panama Railroad.
5. Charley and Mary Hinton, Sarah's older brother and younger sister.
6. Proud flesh - an abnormally abundant growth of granulation tissue in a wound or ulcer.
7. The rockaway was a light, low, four-wheeled carriage with a standing top and open at the sides.
8. Horace Pope started the Pope House, which became a stoping place for the wealthy and social elite of San Francisco. See Rowland, Leon, *Santa Cruz - The Early Years*, Santa Cruz, Calif., Paper Vision Press, 1980, p.147.
9. Booth's Grove once stood at the west end of the Water St. bridge near where the County buildings are now.
10. Sand Lane - a former section of Ocean Street to the foot of Graham Hill Road.
11. George T. Anthony, brother of Elihu Anthony.
12. Fancy, i.e., ornamental woodwork.
13. Hatch home - ... near High Street in the Escalona Heights area of Santa Cruz. See Clark, Donald, *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986, p. 205.
14. Linen duster - a light overgarment to protect clothing from dust.
15. Renay - may refer to William Rennie.
16. Asa W. Rawson and Fredrick E. Bailey.
17. The "golf links" refer to the Santa Cruz Golf and Country Club (in Pogonip) which folded in 1935. See Clark, Donald T. *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986, p. 259.
18. Amelia (Hinds) McPherson was a lifelong friend of Sarah, and was Lillian (McPherson) Rouse's grandmother.
19. Creek, i.e., Pogonip Creek, a small intermittent stream that rises to the east of Coolidge Drive on the UCSC campus and flows in a southeasterly direction into a reservoir between Encinal St. and Golf Club Drive. See Clark, Donald, *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986, p. 260.
20. The school referred to was Miss Well's private school, which was conducted in a little cottage located at the edge of the Soquel Avenue bridge at the corner of Front Street and Soquel Avenue. Santa Cruz. [About 1857] *Sentinel*, Sunday, January 22, 1967.
21. "Spicy Mix" - Edward H. Mix, left Santa Cruz in the late 1870's for Walla Walla territory. He was an engineer for the Oregon line.

22. Mr. George - Robert George of San Francisco, married Josephine Boston of Santa Cruz on Dec. 8, 1858 at the First Congregational Church .
23. Capt. White - Unknown.
24. Sala benica - Believed to be a greeting.
25. The tannery refers to the Anton Fischer Tannery located on River Street, which was sold to Jacob Kron in 1866. The tannery was sold to A. K. Salz in 1914.
26. Alice (Hinton) Hunsucker. (1862 - 1943).
27. Georgiana Bruce Kirby and Eliza Farnham.
28. "Murder. - The body of Mr. Thomas Russell was discovered this morning in a small ravine above the tannery of Messrs. Kirby, Jones & Co." *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, March 21, 1862.
29. Isbel Grove was a popular camp meeting ground, named after Dr. Chauncey Isbel. It was located near the junction of Isbel Drive and Branciforte Drive. - See Clark, Donald T. *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986, p.165.
30. Louisa (Anthony) Huntington.
31. "Russells Hill", probably on Evan Russell's farm which "reached from Ocean Street back to the San Lorenzo River and to Pasatiempo Creek." See Koch, Margaret. *Santa Cruz County*, Fresno, Calif., Valley Publishers, 1973, p. 216.
32. Amelia Alexander, daughter of Lydia A. (Anthony) Alexander. Lydia Alexander was widowed and married Isaac Burnett in 1853.
33. Hannah (Hurd) Anthony, married to George T. Anthony in 1840.
34. Louis A., i.e., Lewis H. Anthony, son of George T. Anthony.
35. "youngest child", i.e., Orvil A. Anthony.
36. Capt. McAlmond - Charles Gustavus McAlmond. Born in Maine, his occupation was Mariner. He lived in Santa Cruz in 1868 and left for San Diego in 1871.
37. Hoosiers - people born in Indiana.
38. "Uncle Charles", i.e., Charles V. Anthony, m. Niobe (Bennett) Anthony (Aunt Obi).
39. "The hill on the south..." The junction of Center and Chestnut Streets.
40. Shanty Flat, i.e., If one was going to the lower part of town [Santa Cruz] they were going to the "flat." The small boys and older ones called it "shanty flat." See Clark, Donald T. *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986, p. 339.
41. Eagle Hotel - The southwest corner of Emmet and School Streets.
42. Holy Cross Cemetery.
43. The stream was called "Tres Ojos de Agua", and was formed by three springs that gushed forth from limestone formations high on the hill above the Mission. See Koch, Margaret. *Santa Cruz County*, Fresno, Calif., Valley Publishers, 1973, p. 6.
44. Evergreen Cemetery - "this is one of the earliest Protestant cemeteries in California." See Clark, Donald T. *Santa Cruz County Place Names*, Santa Cruz Historical Society, 1986, p. 113.

Source

Copyright 1996 Keith and Dee Kraft. Reproduced by permission of the editors, Keith and Dee Kraft.
Photographs courtesy of Keith and Dee Kraft.

It is the library's intent to provide accurate information, however, it is not possible for the library to completely verify the accuracy of all information. If you believe that factual statements in a local history article are incorrect and can provide documentation, please contact the library.