

*The Goulds  
of Elkhorn*

*by Aileen Barker Rickard*



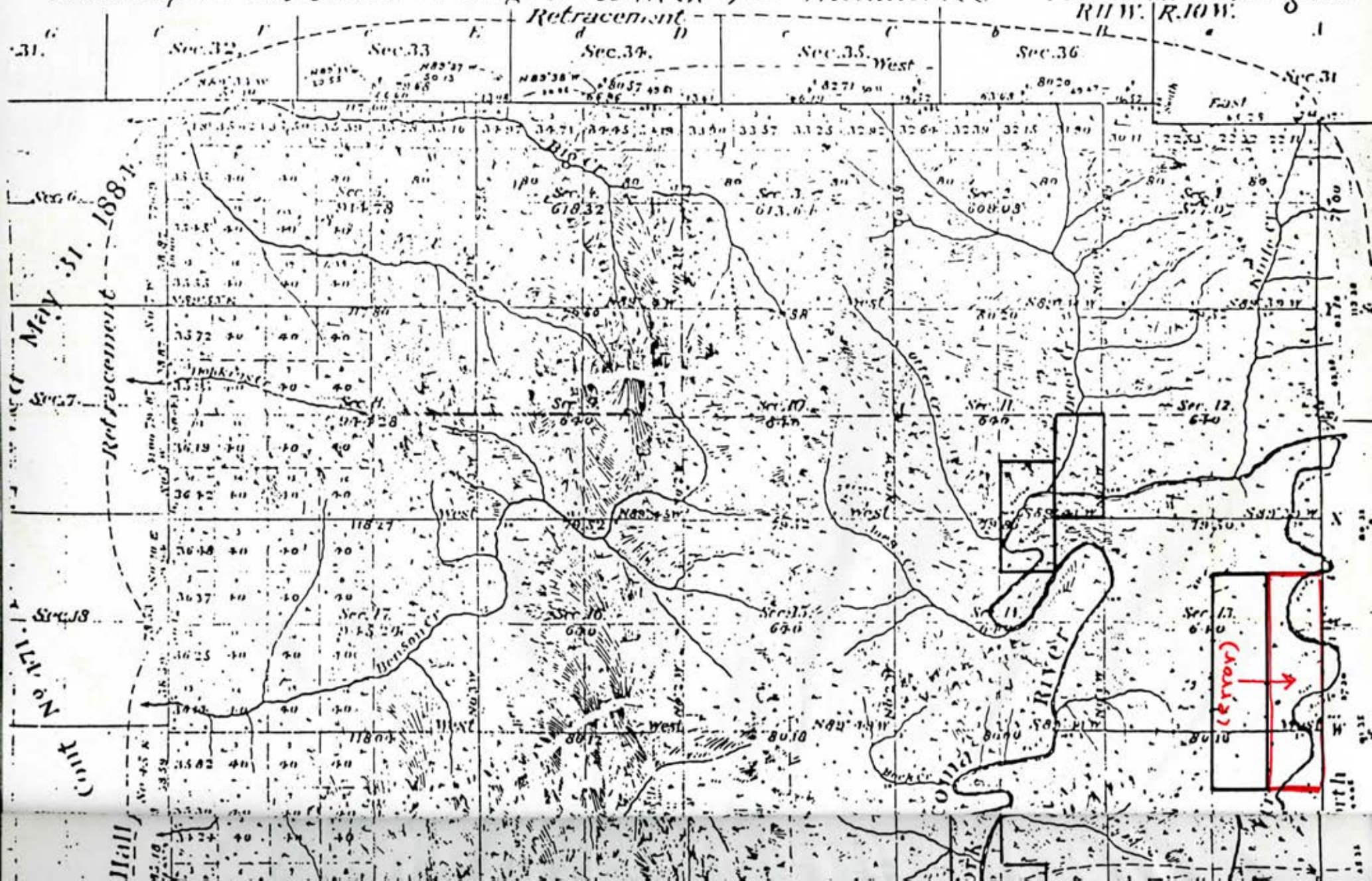
This Belongs to 2014

David Gould  
Kentuck Ln  
North Bend

541 756 5464<sup>4</sup>

For Jerry Phillips  
in appreciation -  
Aileen Barker Richard  
1982

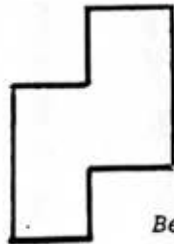
Township No 23 South Range No 11 West of the Willamette Meridian Oregon.  
R11W. R.10W.



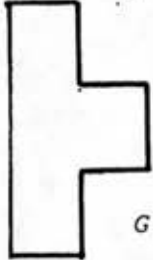


Survey Designated	By Whom Surveyed	Date of Contract	Amount of Survey	When Surveyed	No of Contract
Survey 7423.82 Acres	Albert N. Gould	July 12, 1903	51. 15	12	762
Survey 20350.09 Acres	Albert N. Gould	July 12, 1903	11. 28	86	1170
Retirement	Albert N. Gould	July 12, 1903	3. 71	90	30
Subdivisions	Albert N. Gould	July 12, 1903	3. 78	67	16
Retirement	Albert N. Gould	July 12, 1903	70	17	17
Survey 17342.5	William R. Whipple	April 28, 1883			612
Survey 17342.5	William R. Whipple	April 28, 1883			77
Survey 17342.5	William R. Whipple	April 28, 1883			1383
Survey 17342.5	William R. Whipple	April 28, 1883			1380
Survey 17342.5	William R. Whipple	April 28, 1883			1879
Survey 17342.5	William R. Whipple	April 28, 1883			1878

The above Map of Township 12<sup>th</sup> 23 South of Willamette Meridian, Oregon notes of the survey thereof on file in this office, which surveys General's Office, Portland Oregon, Jan 16, 1907



Bert's Claim



G. A. Gould's Claim  
Proved up 1913

ELKHORN RANCH



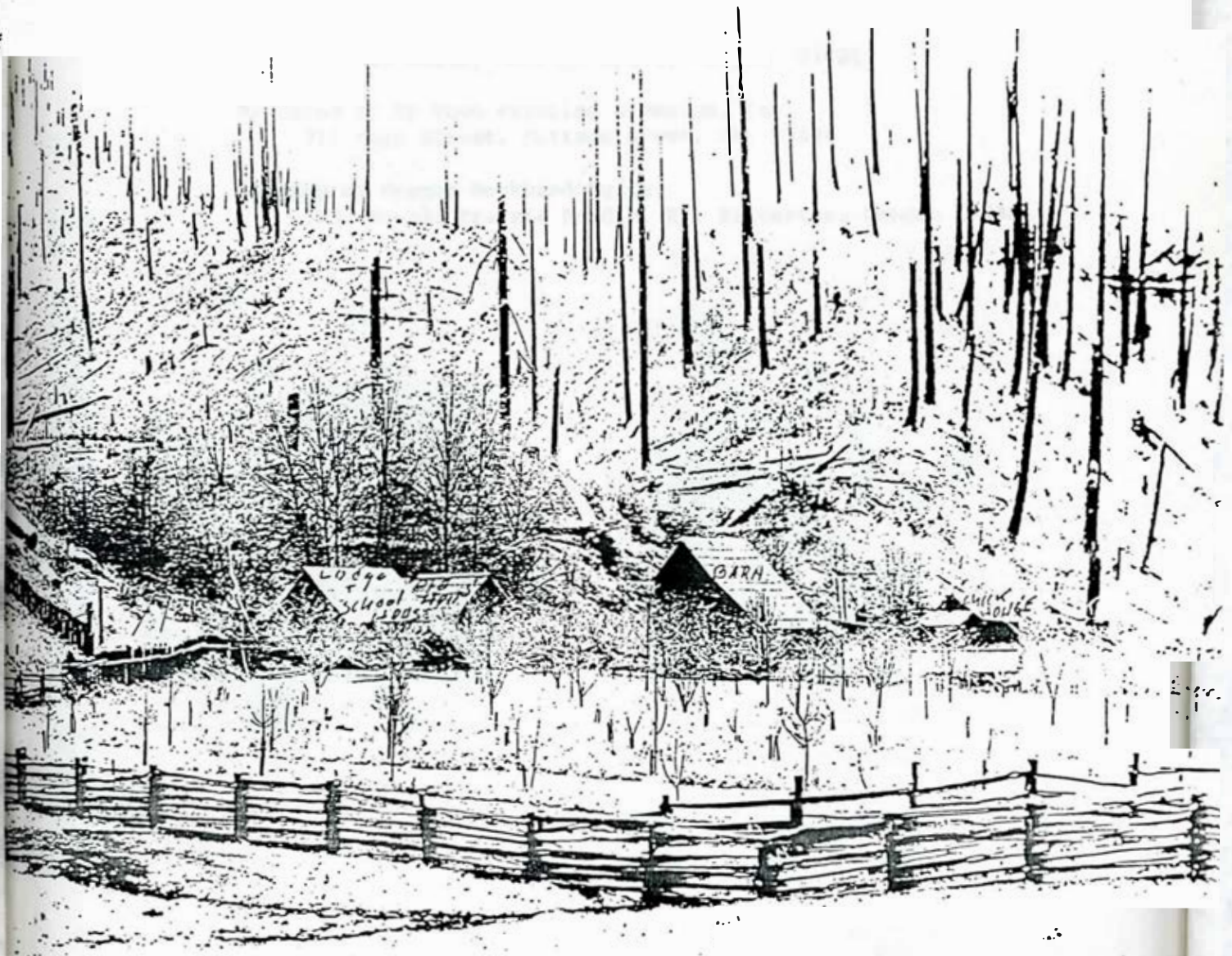
Clarence's Claim



George L. Gould's Claim surrounding Gould's Lake

# The Goulds of Elkhorn

by Aileen Barker Rickard



ELKHORN RANCH

1889

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To  
George and Hattie  
and  
all those who  
lived and told the story



George A. Gould



Harriet McClay Gould

## INTRODUCTION

From time to time my mother and her brothers and sisters used to refer to incidents from their childhood at Elkhorn Ranch, and I sensed that they felt privileged to have grown up in an isolated situation where they never knew they were deprived of the amenities of town or city life. My grandparents, George and Hattie Gould, were not ones to live in the past, but they too occasionally mentioned an incident from that time.

When George's life-long diaries became available to me in 1976 and later the writings of Ted Tourtillott, his half-brother, and Oelo McClay, Hattie's sister, who always made her home with them, I realized that it had been indeed a very special experience. With that was an awareness of George's amazing versatility and energy. I want to share that knowledge with those who did not have the privilege of knowing them. To that end I have tried to write *The Goulds of Elkhorn* in the words of those who lived it. It is their story, in their words. I have just tried to fit it together with the help of relatives and friends who have supplied pictures, maps, documents, letters, and best of all their recollections of stories they had heard. Without their assistance and Pat's encouragement and willingness to eat many a warmed-over meal, this book would never have been completed.

Aileen Barker Rickard

Cottage Grove, Oregon  
April 2, 1982



### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For the McClays: I am indebted to Lula McClay Townsend for writing interviews and supplying pictures, names and dates, to Florence McClay Wool for research in the Santa Clara County, California, Hall of Records, for maps, and for showing us the San Felipe Valley where George and Hattie grew up, and their schoolhouse. Janet and Williard Waggoner have supplied pictures, and they and Lula and Florence have helped with names and dates for a chart of the family. Best of all were Oelo McClay's diaries of her trips and a brief history of the Gould family.

For the Tourtillotts: Ted Tourtillott's autobiography was a gift of Gertrude Tourtillott Bradley. Gertrude, Irma Tourtillott Cleary and Grace Tourtillott McDonald have loaned pictures and papers, and told some family stories. Grace has shared her memories of a trip from San Jose to Elkhorn Ranch in 1911. Irma let me copy her "birthday book", and Gertrude assembled and typed a chart of the Tourtillotts.

For the Goulds: Frank Gould loaned a copy of his grandfather Frank Gould's speech before the U. S. Congress as well as his father Ed Gould's birth certificate and other papers. He and Vi had the picture of Jane and Albert Gould and their two little boys copied for me. Bessie Gould at age 102 wrote in a clear legible hand on checkered notepaper the story of the little boys' running away. Bert Gould had accumulated his father's diaries and account books, Hattie's journal and a number of files of papers and pictures, all of which his son "Pete" made available. Harriet Gould Osika, Glae Gould, Allen Gould Terry, Vella Terry Garr, and James Gould Richmond have all encouraged me, as well as supplying pictures, names and dates and family stories. William Daniel Roberts and Grayce Gould Hatcher have written their stories. Among my mother Lucy Gould Barker's effects were many pictures, post cards, letters and clippings, but the two most exciting finds were Grace Gould's account of her schooldays at the Oregon State Normal School at Drain and her own desk calendar diary for 1944. Alex Sawyers told the story of seeing Leonard Gould drown and riding to Elkhorn Ranch to break the news to the family. Julieanne Atree Welch, Harriet Gould Osika, Margaret Gould, Evelyn Edwards Gould, Bill Roberts, Evelyn Richmond, Holly Barker Love, Grayce Gould Hatcher and Eunice Gould Gallo-way have all helped to fill in the list of the descendants of George and Harriet (McClay) Gould.

For assistance in research: The late George B. Abdill and Lavola Bakken of the Douglas County Museum, the Coos-Curry Historical Museum, Priscilla Knuth of the Oregon Historical Society, Coos County Surveyor Russell F. Torbeck, Jerry Phillips of the Elliott State Forest, William Olson of the U. S. Geological Survey, the Oregon State Archives, the Oregon State Library, the Santa Clara Library, the Sutro Library of San Francisco, the Seattle Public Library, the Denver, Colorado Public Library, the U. S. Archives in Seattle and Denver, the L. D. S. Library in Salt Lake City, the Norman Williams Memorial Library of Woodstock, Vermont, the Essex Institute of Salem, Massachusetts. Also Ellen M. Oldham, Assistant to the Keeper of the Department of Rare Books and Manuscripts of the Boston Public Library for verifying the date of George's story in *The Youth's Companion*, Charlotte Mahaffy from Coos Bay for permission to quote from *Coos River Echoes*, Mrs. Courtland Matthews of Portland, whose late husband had started to write a novel about the Goulds, Curt Beckham of Myrtle Point.

For drawing a map of Elkhorn Ranch: Norman Gould of North Bend.

For reading the manuscript: Rosemary Hite, Roberta Urban, Ruth Aileen Olson (our three daughters), Pat Rickard and George L. Hall.

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## PART I

### THE EARLY YEARS

"...We could not get George to ride after the news [of the massacre near American Falls, Idaho]. He would walk and carry his loaded pistol. If there was any shooting going on, he wanted to help."<sup>1</sup> The writer was Jane A. Gould, who, with her husband Albert and sons George 9 and Frank 7, had left Osage, Mitchell Co., Iowa, on April 27, 1862, bound for California.

Earlier the trip had been a lark for the boys, pulling hay out of an old stack to spread down under their beds and to feed the oxen and horses, sometimes sleeping under the stars. Meals were a continuous picnic. The noon break to rest the stock allowed plenty of time for fun, to explore for nuts and berries, or curious rocks, or new and different wildflowers, which Jane carefully described in her journal.

"...I saw the little ditty of the 'three little boys a-sliding went, all on one summer day' verified. The little boys were sliding down a side hill of snow drift..."<sup>2</sup> Jane helped the boys to write or scratch their names on a rock beside the road, while the men climbed high on Register Rock.

"Gus" Berlin, an old friend, drove the oxen for the covered wagon. On many days Albert was too sick to handle the horses pulling an older light wagon, so Jane took his place, and sometimes George got to drive.

The Indians who visited in camp were good-natured, eager to be friendly for what they could get as gifts in the way of food or iron or bits of clothing. However, all friendship ceased when the Kennedy train a day ahead of them was massacred. In fact, Alfred's little wagon was unloaded and driven off the road to haul back the bodies of the men killed in pursuit of the Indians. Jane and the boys dug fox-holes to sleep in, besides setting mattresses up on edge as a protection from stray shots. At one o'clock in the morning of August 15, exactly a week after the massacre, Indians attacked the Goulds' wagon train, but they were driven off with little damage, except for a few bullet holes in the wagon covers.

1. Gould, Jane A. Journal. August 10, 1862.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ July 27, 1862

Later, on the desert in Nevada, their stock began to give out. Gus had to leave them to drive for a Mrs. McMillin, whose husband had died. By that time, the Goulds were down to one wagon, and it was necessary for everyone who was able to walk all day every day.

Albert was ill when they reached Stockton, California, but he improved enough to find work as a millwright at the McMillan sawmill camp in the Santa Cruz mountains south of San Jose. When he died five months later, Jane found work there. She cooked for the men working in the woods and the mill and, when the mill was not running, she drove a four-horse team hauling freight between the mill and San Jose.

A year later Jane was married again, to Levi Lancaster Tourtillot, whom she had met at the logging camp. Howard, their first child, was born in San Jose, but the four younger children, Millie, Ernest, True "Ted", and Walter were all born in the San Felipe Valley on a 132-acre ranch, which Jane and Lévi bought in 1865.

Albert's sister Lucy and her husband Charles Wyman, who had made the trip across the plains with the Goulds, also settled in the valley. Their only child, Bessie, at age 102 in 1976, wrote what she had heard from her mother of a time when things did not go smoothly in the Tourtillott household.

*There is one story that has stayed in my mind over the years regarding the tie between the Wymans and Tourtillotts.*

*The Tourtillott and Wyman ranches were separated by hills which could be crossed on horseback, but a long way around by wagon road. One day George and Frank Gould walked over to the Wyman's and announced they had come to be their boys. Asked why, they said their stepfather was going to "beat them up" and they had run away. They had their few things tied up in red bandanna handkerchiefs and said they had come to live with Aunt Lucy & Uncle Charley. Asked what they had done wrong, they said they didn't mind him.*

*So Charley said he would go over and see Levi and find out all about it. Lucy said "No", he should not go, as the two men did not get along very well, as both had quick tempers, and she would go.*

*She found Levi cutting wood in the back yard and told him where the boys were and asked what they had done. It seemed nothing serious to her--only small boys' mischief. She told*

Levi he whipped the boys too hard and said if he would promise not to whip them and to turn them over to their mother, she would send them home. He said their mother was too easy on them and he would not agree, so finally Lucy said if he would not agree, she would not see her brother's children abused, she and Charley would keep them. Rather than have a scandal, probably, he agreed.

She went home and told the boys to go back to their mother and try to mind their stepfather and not have any more trouble. It seems he had whipped them once before very hard and they didn't want any more.<sup>3</sup>

George learned to hunt in the foothills and on Pine Ridge, and to fish in Packwood, San Felipe, Las Animas and Coyote Creeks. For years they literally lived off the land. One of his poems tells of killing his first deer.

#### THE FIRST DEER

'Twas a dark lowering day in December  
The gray clouds were gathering low,  
'Twas a day I shall always remember  
No matter where I may go.

There had been a light storm in the night.  
The ground was just sprinkled with sleet.  
As I climbed up the hill toward the light,  
My first love I hastened to meet.

My first love of all was for hunting,  
Some fishing thrown in for a sauce.  
The time that was spent in this fashion  
Was charged up to profit and loss.

And hunting 'twas loss down below,  
'Twas hunting for rabbits and quail.  
The first deer the boy ever shot  
He sure had the world by the tail.

3. Gould, Bessie Gail. Letter to Aileen Rickard, April 27, 1976.  
[Bessie's first marriage was to Harold Campbell. Very late in life, she married Frank Gould's son, Albert, who had been one of her students at Evergreen School. Bessie recalls that in 1893-5, Jane Gould was a trustee, and that five of her children were among the eleven students at the school.]

'Twas early one morning down south,  
 With an old gun that loaded in front.  
 They are very good for a single shot  
 But a damn poor gun on a hunt.

The deer had laid down in the sage,  
 A buck with a couple of points.  
 In trying to shoot the boy tumbled.  
 His legs seemed to be simply joints.

But when the hair trigger was pressed,  
 It took just the weight of a hair.  
 The deer sprang up with a broken leg.  
 The old gun had fixed him for fair.

Did the boy have buck fever you ask.  
 He couldn't put the ball in the gun  
 His hands were trembling and shaking.  
 Perhaps you may think it was fun.

He left his gun there, where he found the deer down  
 And grabbed him and grappled him just like a hound.  
 'Twas up hill and down hill, the deer first on top.  
 The boy was strong and turned him kerflop.

The Gould and Tourtillott children attended the Highlands School at the forks of San Felipe Road, and it was probably there that Hattie McClay first attracted George Gould's attention, as one of his early poems was dedicated "To Hattie, Nina, Mollie / And to Emily and Polly." The first lines were "The girls of Highlands district school / Went out to take a ride."

The McClays, neighbors in the San Felipe Valley, were to be so closely associated with the Goulds that it seems important to tell something of the family background.

William McClay and his sons, David Barton and Henry Stephen, all wore money belts filled with gold coins when the McClay family came by wagon train to California in 1853. The elder McClay had prospered in St. Charles County, Missouri, and had built a massive stone house which is still standing. Thinking there were greater opportunities in the West and an abundant source of hides for his tanning and shoe manufacturing business, he made the trip to Oregon in 1846, spending the winter at Oregon City. It was 1853 before he could dispose of his property in

Missouri and set out again, this time for California.

The land McClay selected in California was 1600 acres of the beautiful Yerba Buena Ranch in the Pueblo of San Jose, near the present city of San Jose. Because of the invalidation of land titles, the original purchase of 1600 acres by 1861 had dwindled to only 160 acres, which the family believes was actually bought and paid for in gold at least three times. The original documents are in the Hall of Records for Santa Clara County.<sup>4</sup> On June 8, 1862, William McClay sold his remaining land, stock and equipment to the younger son, Henry.

David Barton McClay had returned to Missouri by ship in 1856 to marry Melissa Jane, daughter of Alvora Cottle, a lawyer in Lincoln County. They started for California, driving a large number of horses, but lost all but one to alkali poisoning in the desert. Melissa Jane was totally deaf, but she seems to have been a very strong person, following her husband wherever his fortunes took him.

Harriet Eliza "Hattie" was born March 28, 1858 in Santa Clara County, followed by Byron and Forrest. A tintype in a folded frame shows her as a wide-eyed five year old wearing a plaid dress with matching hair ribbon. It was taken in San Jose, probably just before the family moved to Sonoma County, where David Barton purchased property in the city of Sonoma, January 6, 1864. Hattie's sisters Oelo and Olive were born there, but in 1869 the family was back in Santa Clara County. The Sonoma property had been lost, and by 1872 David was farming 136 acres in the San Felipe Valley. The three youngest children, Elmer, Ora (a son), and Alice were born there.

In one of the earliest of George and Hattie's love letters, she addresses him as her schoolmate. From references in other letters, it seems that Sunday School offered an opportunity for meetings, as well as occasional dances.

Mr. George Albert Gould  
San Felipe Highland School  
California

4. *A brief description of the Pueblo of San Jose, of the history of the land grants, of the "Settler's War" of 1861, as well as a map and a list of documents will be found in the Appendix.*



*My Dearest School Mate*

George, I am sorry that you are going away. What are you going away for and where are you going? You wanted me to give you a lock of my hair. I will give you a lock of my hair to remember me by. Is Frank going with you or not? I received the apples with great pleasure. George, I wish you good luck. I will close with saying good by. Write soon.

From your Dearest School mate

Hattie<sup>5</sup>

Years later the following poem was printed in the Coos Bay Times, published at Marshfield, Oregon, with a reference to an incident in the writer's youth.

THE COWBOY'S PLEA

Let's have a ride, my Princess--  
One mad, glad, joyous ride;  
Let's give ourselves this pleasure,  
Ere you become a bride.

We'll saddle up our broncos,  
And hie us far away,  
Where not a soul can bother us  
Nor spoil our precious day.

We'll gallop, talk and laugh so gay;  
We'll cast dull care aside;  
We'll make it one long, joyous day,  
On this our farewell ride.

We'll hit the trail for far away,  
We'll find some shady dell,  
A mossy bank to rest upon,  
And there we'll say farewell.

Let's choose the day before you go  
For one more joyous ride,  
And cast all caution to the winds,  
As we ride on side by side.

Let's have the ride, my Princess--  
Or do you really care,  
what HE may say of one wild ride--  
Oh, can you, will you, dare?

5. McClay, Harriet Eliza. Letter to George A. Gould, n.d.

Hattie's hair must have been flying in the wind as she rode, for a picture of her and Oelo McClay shows two attractive young ladies with extremely long hair.

A letter Hattie saved indicated that George Gould's suit was not favorably received by her parents. It's not surprising, as she was very young, and he had no money or prospects. However, they did marry when she was only fifteen and he twenty. The marriage certificate dated July 8, 1873 shows that both needed to secure parental consent.

On January 14, 1874, George began a diary, which he continued to 1921. From that time on, it is easier to document the story of the Goulds of Elkhorn.

George's first lathe was built from scrap iron and timbers that he was given, but that same year he built an even larger one. A chair was an early project, along with chessmen, rolling pins, potato mashers, darning "eggs" and handles for tools. He even built a wagon. In April the young couple moved over to Labree's ranch to work, taking all of their possessions in two loads.

On August 28, 1874, they figured their expenses for the year from August 1, 1873, had come to exactly \$172.90. Largest sources of income came from working on a threshing crew, from burning oak wood for charcoal,<sup>6</sup> and from pasturing horses and cattle on the range at one dollar each per month. Much of the other work for relatives and friends was paid for in produce.

Both George and Hattie wrote in the diary on October 11, 1874. "At home alone with Hattie. She was taken sick about nine o'clock and a little girl came to bless us. Aunt Lou [Wyman] and Mother McClay came up." "I was taken sick today and a little girl came for us to love and take care of."<sup>8</sup>

Mrs. McClay stayed for several days, and George noted that he helped her to wash, just as he did for Hattie. He continued to do that through the years. Much later, when he built a water-powered sawmill, he contrived a washing machine at the mill and took entire charge of the washing! With a family of nine, plus visiting relatives and friends, this came to be a sizeable operation.

6. Remains of charcoal pits can still be seen.

7. List of jobs mentioned in diary for year of 1874 alone ranged from castrating some colts to making Hattie a breast pin from one of the new trade dollars, from repairing watches and clocks and guns to butchering hogs in return for fresh meat.

8. Gould, George A. Diary. October 11, 1874.

Lydia Grace was nine days old before Jane Tourtillott was able to come from San Jose to see her first grandchild, and she said she looked just like George as a baby. Back in February, Hattie had been thrown from her horse, and George was very concerned for several days until they concluded that she would be all right. He did not say so, but she was already in the early stages of pregnancy.

When George and Hattie were hired to work at Steley's ranch, they took her sister Olive McClay along to help with the baby Grace. Several days were required to clean up the cabin enough that they could live in it. None of the cabins in which the Goulds lived in California was very pretentious, but the women tried to keep them as clean and comfortable as possible. A letter from Albert Nelson "Bert" Gould, their second child, described the house in which he was born January 17, 1877.

... This house or cabin was in the foothills just south of the Santa Clara Valley, and I judge about 25 miles ... south of San Jose. This area was named by the earlier settlers, "Packwood", probably because there was no timber in that locality suitable for the construction of a house. (Nothing but small oak and chamise,<sup>9</sup> too small for building purposes.)

The lumber that was used in this cabin was sawed redwood, hauled from the lumber mill in the Santa Cruz Mountains, ... probably a haul of 30 to 40 miles. ... My uncle Ted [Tourtillott] ... told me the cabin was very small, probably 12 x 14 or 16 feet in size, and was of sawed redwood siding standing on end, and without a wood floor. ...

Grace and myself were born in our cabin ... at "Pack Wood", and Frankie [Frances Augusta] and Clarence were born at our cabin about a mile from Grandmother's. ... Referring to our two homes in the San Felipe valley, they never saw or had any paint in that backwoods district, in those days. ... <sup>10</sup>

9. Chamiso, [Sp.Am.] a small, close, densely growing shrub of the rose family.
10. Gould, Albert Nelson. Letter to Courtland Matthews, n.d. [Mr. Matthews began a novel based on the Goulds, but did not complete it.]

There was trouble with neighbor Sheller over George's old ram, which had gone astray. Sheller demanded three dollars in damages for his trouble in taking it up. That same day George went back home, "got the money and went over after the sheep. Gave Sheller a whipping and paid him his money."<sup>11</sup>

Hattie was called to help care for Lou Wyman (George's aunt) in September and again in early October. At that time they got "By", Hattie's brother, Byron McClay, to take care of the place, as Charley Wyman needed George to work for a week.

George built a fireplace for their house and another one for Mr. McClay, then raised the roof on the McClay house on October 24. He made a little rocking chair to give Gracie when he played Santa Claus for the first time.

Hattie cooked dinner on New Year's Day 1876 for all of the McClays, and George reported that they "did justice to her culinary skill."<sup>12</sup> Firewood was always a concern, and on January 6 he reported floating wood down the creek, probably Packwood Creek. Later in the month, with snow six inches deep, he and the boys went sliding down the hill. He and Forrest McClay also hunted in the snow, as they were out of meat.

In settling accounts, he found that he owed Samson \$17.50, which he agreed to work out at thirty dollars a month, evidently staying there to work, as he moved his bed roll from Wyman's to the new job. This is one of the few times that he complained about hard work. On one of his days at home, he cut out gloves for Hattie to make, and another day he stayed home from work to help care for Gracie, who had been very ill for several days. They were afraid that she might have contracted diphtheria from four-year-old Alice McClay, who had been gravely ill just the month before.

On February 7 George noted that they were out of meat again and that he had only two cartridges left. The next day he got two goats, one for each shot. In mid-April George was again working for Samson "to pay for those dead sheep".<sup>13</sup> No explanation of the circumstances was given.

11. Gould, George A. *Diary*. September 6, 1875.

12. \_\_\_\_\_ January 1, 1876.

13. \_\_\_\_\_ April 13, 1876.

On a visit to San Jose, they learned that the Tourtillotts had found work for them with Mr. Lipe. George worked in the shop and occasionally in the woodyard, where he hurt his back. He also helped with the beehives and the garden, while Hattie worked in the house for Mrs. Lipe. The family moved to a rented house in town, although he had to help plant corn to pay for the use of the wagon. In June George began driving the ice wagon for Lipe and Shaw at a dollar and a half a day, but he did not like the work and felt he was hardly breaking even. When he failed to get the raise he asked for, they moved back to the hills.

A new survey showed that their house was on the same quarter (section?) with Mr. McClay, so he tore down the house and moved it. On the morning of a July 4 family gathering at the Wymans, George went fishing so they would have something to take. A number of times when he had no luck in hunting, he stopped by the creek to get some fish. George found work sewing sacks on Wilber's threshing machine at seventy-five cents a hundred, but on the third day, after sewing five hundred, he had such sore hands he had to quit.

Levi Tourtillott died October 27, 1876, when Walt, the youngest child, was only four years old. It had been necessary to rent the farm to others, to sell the stock and to move to San Jose during the two years of Levi's last illness. Their funds were exhausted, and friends, the Lipes, offered to take them in, but Jane refused. She said, "We will wrest our living from the land."<sup>14</sup> Ted Tourtillott told the story of their return to the hills.

*After Father's death we all went to stay with brother George, who lived on a ranch owned by Jim Steely and located in the mountains some nine miles east of the town of Madrone. The trip from San Jose was made in a spring wagon drawn by two horses, one of which was in poor flesh and in no condition for such a long trip. Mother driving the team, and we five youngsters packed into the wagon along with an assortment of household effects, must have presented a pathetic picture as we plodded at snail's pace along the twenty-eight miles of dusty road.*

*The first twenty miles of the trip was over fairly level ground, but the day was hot and the load heavy, and by the time this part of the journey had been covered, one horse was so exhausted that he could go no further. With the team in such condition and darkness coming on, Mother turned in at the only*

14. Cleary, Irma (Tourtillott). Interview, February 26, 1975.

farmhouse seen on that stretch of the road and asked permission to stay overnight. This request was refused by the owner of the ranch, Mr. Cochrane, even when Mother informed him that she had an ample supply of bedding and would prefer sleeping in the barn to making the trip at night. He replaced the exhausted horse, with one but little better and ordered her to move on . . .

The going was rough and the roadbed in places so uneven that the wagon would slide down the hill at such an alarming angle that it seemed certain we would skid over the precipice. It was necessary to stop frequently to rest the horses and to determine as best we could whether we were on the right road. After five hours of this tedious nerve-wracking climb, we topped the last knoll, and a more welcome sight could hardly be imagined than the lighted lamp we beheld in the window of our new home. On the day previous George had taken up a load of household goods, food supplies, etc. and was expecting us, so had the house warm, and Hattie, his wife, had warm food prepared, which was a grand treat after so many dreary hours on the road.

So there we were, six Tourtillotts and three Goulds, George, Hattie and little Grace, huddled into a small three-room cabin. Here we remained from October, [November 2] 1876 to the late summer of 1878.<sup>15</sup>

George finished the upstairs to accommodate his mother and the five children, while Frank Gould, who was planning to become a lawyer, was named administrator of the estate. On election day George voted for Hayes and Wheeler.

Frank and George Gould made an excursion south and west from San Jose on horseback, evidently looking for work, as George wrote that they found Mr. Holloway, but he had nothing for them. They passed through the Salinas Valley, saw the Mission San Miguel, the hot springs, and at San Luis Obispo, George had his first sight of the ocean. He was particularly impressed with the way it roared as they tried to sleep. A number of times they were invited to play the violin at ranches where they had permission to camp. The only time they were asked to pay for feed for the horses was in the San Felipe Valley, not far from home.

They returned just in time for Christmas, which George said was not much like Christmas back in the States, but they were dry, clean

15. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It, pp. 11-13.

and warm. George, with help from Frank, began building a stone fence. The last day of the year the two of them went out to get some quail for a New Year's pie, as their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Hattie's parents, the McClays, would be there with their family for dinner.<sup>16</sup>

George's diaries for the years 1877 and 1878 are missing, but Ted Tourtillott continued his recollections.

*I have many pleasant memories associated with our stay at the Steely ranch, which to my young mind, seemed a much longer time than it really was.*

*It was there I attended my first school. The Packwood school was four miles from our cabin, and to that theatre of learning rode four of us children, all astride one trusty horse, old Matt . . .*

*Three of the McClay children, who lived a short distance from us, also rode a horse to school.*

*Brother George was a good provider. A crack shot and a skilled hunter and fisherman, he kept the table well supplied with venison, wild duck, quail, rabbit, wild pigeon and trout. He often brought home quantities of wild honey obtained by cutting bee trees he had located while hunting.*

*To locate a bee tree he would watch bees at a flowering bush or watering place, and note the direction of their flight, then repeat the observation from another direction some distance away. By calculating where the two flights converged, he would readily find the storehouse. On one occasion he took the team and wagon to bring home honey he had taken from a tree a short distance away. When he returned, we all went out to meet the wagon, and Walter ran ahead exclaiming, "I'm gonna get the first taste of honey." As he approached the wagon, one of the bees that had followed the load, evidently believing the boy to be responsible for the robbery, settled on the lad's forehead and expressed his disapproval in characteristic bee fashion. Above the shrieks of the frightened youngster could be heard George's laughter as he watched the antics of the boy giving battle to the militant bee. Walter was not permitted to soon forget that "first taste of honey."*

16. Possibly Joe Smith, storekeeper and postmaster at Evergreen.

We seldom left the place and had no desire to do so as long as Mother was at home. Occasionally, however, it was necessary for her to make purchases in San Jose. . . . [She also used her wagon to haul supplies from town for neighbors.]

Bedtime came early in those days, but on rare occasions we were permitted to sit at the top of the stairs leading to the upper room where we all slept and listen to George, as he played old tunes on the violin which his father had brought from Iowa when they came to California by covered wagon in 1862.

#### RETURN TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By the time the lease, held by Mr. Janes on the San Felipe Ranch, had expired in 1878, George had built a small house a short distance from the already existing one, and, during the summer of that year, we all moved back to the old home, George and family to the new house and we Tourtillotts to the one built by Father.

The house seemed like a mansion after the crowded conditions under which we had lived the two previous years. On the first floor were the kitchen, dining room, parlor, and spare room, while the second floor was divided into two bedrooms. . . . Off the back porch was a small lean-to where canned fruit and other food supplies were kept. There were shelves, too, for milk storage and a small counter shelf where pans were set during the skimming process.

The parlor and spare room of our house were papered with wallpaper purchased in San Jose, but the walls of other rooms were covered with newspapers and the leaves of magazines stuck to the wall with paste made of flour and water.

With characteristic foresight, Mother would select short stories, verses, words of wisdom, and pictures of noted personalities to be placed at a height where they could be easily seen and read. . . .

By the end of the first year we had acquired, largely through the efforts of brother George, four horses, several milk cows, fifteen or twenty goats, and a sizeable flock of poultry. . . . Some of the hides. . . were tanned. . . and were used in making chaparejo for use while riding after stock. The primary purpose in raising goats was to supply meat for family consumption. No expense was involved in their keep, as they subsisted entirely by browsing. Each night they were locked in a corral near the



farm building, and each morning released and permitted to roam the range. This precaution was observed on account of coyote and panther hazard. Until the kids attained a size where they could be trusted to look out for themselves in the mountains, they were kept in a corral day and night.

Some of the Billy goats became so belligerent that they were kept tied. . . Brother George's five year old son Bert had an experience with the same goat [that had attacked Howard], which showed the boy's inherent coolness and grit. While playing about in the barnyard where his dad was working, Bert climbed the fence into the corral and was immediately attacked. The goat knocked him down and was trying to rake him with his horns when George saw what was taking place and ran to the rescue. Bert had seized Billy by the whiskers with one hand and was pummeling him on the nose with his free tiny fist. Nor did he cease his assault until his father seized the goat by the horns and took the situation in hand.

One of the first requirements in the new setting in which we found ourselves was to learn to milk the cows. . . Then there were the calves to feed. . . There were chickens to feed, eggs to gather, and horses to feed, water, curry and bed.

Fallen trees which had become dry were snaked from the hill'sides with a team of horses to the yard by the house where they were cut into stove lengths for use in the kitchen stove and the heaters in the dining room and parlor. Snaking was done by wrapping one end of a ten foot log chain around the large end of a log, and, with the other end hooked into a clevis on the doubletree, the log would be dragged along the ground to its destination. The cutting of this wood was a task with about the least glamor of any of the many chores. The need for wood was ever present. . . We soon learned that when Mother said, "Get out that ax and cut some wood." there was nothing left to do but get out the ax and cut some wood.

Ted recounted another incident from those early years.

A man who was driving team for one of our neighbors imbibed too freely, and when returning home, failed to negotiate a sharp turn on the steep grade. Wagon, horses and all were pitched to the bottom of the ravine, and the man was killed.

Brother George was on his way to San Jose, and he and others who had assembled on the scene of the accident put the corpse in George's wagon to be taken to the Coroner in San Jose. As was his custom, George stopped at the watering-trough in front of Smith's

store. On previous occasions he often had a deer or two in his wagon which he would take to the San Jose market, and, while the horses were drinking, Smith would come out to the wagon to see them. On this occasion he came out as usual and, lifting the canvas covering, instead of the usual deer, he looked into the blank face of a dead man. Tragic as the situation was, George could not restrain a chuckle when he saw the expression of abject horror on Smith's face as he dropped the canvas and ran up the store steps two at a time. When he had regained sufficient composure to speak, he blurted out, "George, I didn't think you'd do that to me."

Joe Smith was Postmaster at Evergreen, and in conjunction with the Post Office he conducted a general merchandise store where we did most of our trading.<sup>17</sup>

George continued to sell game in town. He paid \$36.00 for a breech loading shotgun at Clabrough Bros. in San Jose and was able to kill more birds. However, he found they did not sell as well as venison, besides being more difficult to dress. Birds sold as low as 75¢ a dozen, but a deer would usually bring better than six dollars. One day he sold only thirty of the seventy rabbits he had taken to town.

Frances Augusta "Frankie" was born January 23, 1879, but there were no entries in the diary until March 24. It is possible that there was no money to buy one until then. Hattie celebrated her twenty-first birthday March 28, and there are two love poems in the diary.

Look up, darling. Let me read  
In those blue eyes, meanings deep,  
The secrets I most want to know,  
But you most want to keep.

What tales are they telling now, those eyes  
With slumbering passion filled?  
Can't they, won't they, tell me yes,  
That your aching heart be stilled?<sup>18</sup>

\*

17. Tourtillott, T. T. *As Ted Sees It*. pp. 7-13, 55-56.

18. Gould, George A. *Diary*. March 28, 1879. [Both of these poems from George Gould to Hattie appear in his 1879 diary, but it is uncertain just when the second one was written. It is in purple ink, but the other notes in purple were written in 1882 in blank pages of the earlier book. ABR 1981]

*O my darling, my beautiful one,  
Oh why do I love thee so well?  
The sweetest and purest that's under the sun,  
My worship I never can tell.*

*Oh why do I love thee, O, my own?  
Your love for me never can cease.  
It is sowing and reaping the grain that is sown.  
Your constancy, darling, means peace.*

*Oh come to my arms, my nestling pet,  
Let me have one sweet kiss from these lips.  
They are sweeter by far. Oh I'll never forget  
Than the nectar that Jupiter sips.*

\*

George began to get involved in community affairs, serving for the first time as clerk of the election board for Highland Precinct on May 8, 1879, when the new constitution was submitted to the people of California. He was clerk again for the regular election September 3. He also qualified as trustee and clerk for Highland School District, and that involved some extra time and work. They dug the well at the school three feet deeper, hauled wood to put in the woodshed, cut a hole in the ceiling of the anteroom of the schoolhouse and put up a ladder.

Work on the new house for Frank and Hester (Farnsworth) Gould<sup>19</sup> was interrupted in August by a call to help fight fire at the Wyman place. Frank was evidently employed elsewhere, as he helped on the house only part time.

Thanksgiving was spent with the McClays, but Christmas was his family's turn. Weather was so cold that water froze in the house. The children all hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve. The next day they went to have dinner with the Tourtillotts.

The winter of 1880-1881 was very difficult, and the only time in the early years that George and Hattie were separated for any length of time. George, with two of Hattie's brothers, Byron and Forrest McClay, went to Central Oregon to hunt deer for hides and dried meat to sell. Hattie was at home with three children, Grace, Bert, Frankie and another on the way. The letters they exchanged at the time tell the story better than a third person possibly could.<sup>20</sup>

19. They were married January 16, 1878.

20. I have also included a copy of a letter from George to his brother Frank, dated November 22, 1880, a poem on the first mule deer, and a copy of a few daily entries Hattie wrote on a single sheet of paper, with dates from March 27 to April 21. No diaries

November 22nd 1880

Dear Brother [Frank]<sup>21</sup>

How are you tonight & how do you get along with your school? . . . Are you as homesick as ever? We are all well here. By has got back & Forrest and I are hunting. I have killed 10 deer since I went at it. We worked 8 days on a cabin on Bear Creek, so I have not put in my whole time at hunting. Have used your gun all the time. Like it better than ever. Seems as if I got everything I pointed it at. Got 2 bucks that would wigh about 200# apiece. If I can raise the money before you want it or sell the gun, I want it and will sell mine. Will sell it with the small barrell & loading tools for \$35.00 & keep the big barrell to put on something else. Have made some good shots with the Win[chester]. Snowed here some day before yesterday. Suppose you had a treat of the same kind.

Haven't heard from home since \_\_\_\_\_ Hope you have had better luck. It seems 3 months since I saw you last. Hope you have a good place to board. Well, the light has about gone out, so good night.

Your loving brother

Geo. A. Gould

An untitled first draft of a poem on shooting his first buck mule deer is on the back of the letter.

My first big mule buck started out of the brush,  
Sprang up the steep hill with a mighty rush  
Through the dead cedar tops & over the stones,  
Made a deuce of a racket like rattling of bones.

My gun is drawn up as true as can be  
A Winchester rifle model 73.  
The eye of the hunter glances over his piece;  
The trigger is pressed; the ball takes the crease.

remain from the 1880's, but with letters, account books, Ted Tourtillott's autobiography and some of Oelo McClay's writing, it is possible to put together a picture of the activities of the extended family.

21. Gould, George A. Letter to F. H. Gould. November 22, 1880. A. N. Gould has noted that the letter came from Prineville, Oregon. I believe that Frank was attending college at the time.

On the instant rings out the rifle's loud roar.  
 The deer with a shiver dashes on as before.  
 Up! Up! The steep hill on swiftly he goes,  
 But see! Now he falters, blood drips from his nose.

Look! See the blood streaking with crimson his side.  
 It decks with wild glory his dark glossy hide.  
 His life tide is ebbing in bright jets of red  
 Drawn forth from his veins by the marksman's true lead.

See he falters; now rallies, makes a bound & then stops,  
 Staggers on a few paces round some juniper tops,  
 Threw up his broad antlers, gave me one wild gaze  
 That says life is near over. I have cut short his days.

Then the proud antlers droop, the noble limbs quiver,  
 And the great noble creature goes down with a shiver.  
 First sinks on his knees, then down on his side,  
 Threw back the broad horns, gave a gasp & then died.

\*

San Felipe Sunday, Feb. the 13, 1881

My Dear Papa Geo.

I will write about little Frankie. Last Friday morning she was taken sick. I thought she was poisoned; so did Mr. Beggs. Mother [Jane Tourtillott] was gone to town with Bert [Gould]. The boys had put out poison the night before for mice. I set Frankie in her chair up to the breakfast table and went after the coffee pot. When I got back, she was in a Spasm. She had them very hard, would go out of one into another as fast for an hour and a half. Mr. Beggs kept a spoon in her mouth. I was holding her. Howard [Tourtillott] kept giving her sweet oil, lard and Ipecac, but we could not make her vomit until we gave her mustard and salt mixed that Dr. Smith sent down. Mrs. Wilber put mustard on her feet and chest, and we put her in a warm bath as soon as we could. I tried to get her in a tub before Mrs. Wilber and Mrs. Fowler came, but could not [because] she was so stiff. As soon as we put the water on her the last time, she began to get limber and spasms easier, and Coler came back. Her little hands and feet were as black as could be. Her eyes were set for a long time. I thought shure she was going to die. I feel so thankful it was not Poison. She sleeps very good, but is nervus and week. She is around in the house today. All the neighbors have been in to see her. It went around that she was poisoned. They were all frightened, [al]so they were very good to help.

I will be afraid she will have them again. Will dread it more than the croup. It came on without any warning. She did suffer so much. I had her in my lap through all the worst. I was so frighten[ed] about her I am afraid it has hurt our baby. I am expecting to be sick any time now. Mrs. Wilber says she thinks it won't hurt the baby because it is so far along. I do hope so. If there is anything wrong, I will think I have more than my hands full. I do like to have our babies healthy. Dr. Smith came down to see Frankie. He said he thought it was from her teeth.<sup>22</sup>

Dr. Thorne saw Bert last Friday. He has left off the splint and Crutches. Changed the Medic[ine]. He wanted me to probe it once a day. I've tried to do it, but I can't now. He won't hold still, and I can't beare to put the S into the sore. If you was here, you could manage him. The Dr. probed the sore. Said there was a little rough place on the bone. He said if I would give my consent and bring him down town for two or three weeks, he would cut open the sore and scrape the bone and he could cure him. Says the sooner it is done the better. Says it has to be done before it will get well. He says the joint is all right. The Doc says it would not hurt him as much as it did when they put on the Splint, but it seems to me as if it would be pretty hard for him. The Dr. would want to dress the sore for two or three weeks. If it would get well in that length of time, I would feel thankfull. Would not you, Geo.? It seems to me as if there was no end to our troubles. What do you say about Bert? Of corse I can't take him down for a month any way. Mrs. Lipe said we could stay at her house the same that we did before. I would like to get through doctoring some time. His Med[icine] was three dollars the last time. We have paid for it all so far. Write and tell me what to do. All the folks say let the Doc open it. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson was down today. Lou [Wyman] was over Friday when the baby was sick. She said Charlie[her husband] was sick all night with one of his sick Spells. Howard is going down tomorrow after Hester [Gould, Frank's wife] and her babies. They are going to stay with us untill Frank gets the House finished.

We have four milk cows. They all had Heifer Calves except Lina. Old Lettie has a nice Heifer Calf. Mr. Stilley got nine head of Horses for us to Pasture of Mr. Fisk at one dollar and a quarter a head, and we are to get three or four of a man on the Monnterey road. Mr. Stilley says we hadent better get any more.

22. It is entirely possible that this was a case of strychnine poisoning, and that their emergency treatment saved Frankie's life.

Every one seems to help us all they can. Mr. Beggs got a cutting System for Mother [Jane Tourtillott], and he is going to teach her and me how to cut dresses by measure. He understands the business. It has been four weeks today since I have got a line from you. I thought shure I would get a letter Friday when Mother [Jane Tourtillott] came home. I was Holding Frankie when she came. I told her we did not get a \_\_\_\_\_ from papa. She said "Letter from papa" so pitiful. I was so disapointed. I don't see what is the matter. Pleas, papa, write often and a long letter. You don't know how much Comfort your letters give me.

I have looked in Frankie's mouth, and she has no teeth coming, and I have not found any worms. I don't see what made her have the Spasms. I do hope she is not going to have them. You know some Children do have Spasms untill they are six or seven years old. She sufferd so much, and it leaves her so nerves and weak. Write often, Geo. Kiss good night.

From your dear wife  
Hattie Gould<sup>23</sup>

\*

Prineville, Wasco Co. [Oregon] Feb. 11th, 1881.

My Dear Daughter Grace: How are you today?

I hope you are well, and I know you are mama's good girl, ain't you? You must be, and help her all you can till papa comes home again. I should like to see you very much. The children here are eatin' dried venison now. Don't you wish you had some of it? We have lots of it that we can't sell. In fact we can't sell any of it hardly. We have over a hundred hams & shoulders, so you see we have plenty of dried meat to eat. Tell the boys I should like to hear from them very much & that I am going to write to them soon.

The children have great times sliding down hill here now. It is a poor show to slide, but they enjoy it. Well, that is a pretty long letter, & I guess I must close. So good-by from your loving papa. Write soon.

Feb. 13th, 1881

Well, Grace, I have not sent your letter yet, so I will

23. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Letter to George A. Gould. February 13, 1881.

write some more. It has snowed since I wrote the last, a good deal, & the chunucks [Chinooks ?] are tossing the snow around & taking it off of the points so that the horses can get at the bunch grass.

PROBABLY  
"CANUCKS"  
OR FRENCH  
CANADIANS

Tell mama that her horse is pretty poor, but I think she will live through the winter all right. Jule is about the poorest of any of them, & she gets arround all right & seems to get plenty to eat.

How would you like to wade arround in the snow up to your knees as you would have to here? I want you to write & tell me what kind of day it is there today. We were talking about it this morning, & I would like to know. You can look in mama's diary & see. I said the sun was shining brightly then & I want to know if I was right. Well, that is all. Write soon. From your loving papa.<sup>24</sup>

\*

Mar. 4th [1881]

Dearest wife

I am in town. Just got in with some hides. Get 22¢ for them, a small price.

Dear mama, you & mother [Jane Tourtillott] both scold me because I don't write, but I don't deserve it. I have written every week, & that is as often as the mail goes. There is a large lot of mail stacked up at Portland now, as the road is blocked.

I got every thing you sent & have written about them as soon as I got them, & a 1000 thanks for them.

Did you get the paper of pictures I sent? It must have got there by this time.

Dear mama. How I want to be there with you when you are sick!<sup>25</sup> I am so afraid something will happen to you.

Write or have ma, as soon as it is over. Dear mama, good night.

Your loving

Geo.<sup>26</sup>

24. Gould, George A. Letter to Grace Gould. February 11, 13, 1881.

25. Clarence Ai Gould was born March 8, 1881.

26. Gould, George A. Letter to Harriet Eliza Gould. March 8, 1881.

[This letter was written on a page torn from a tiny notebook. Upside down at the top were the words ". . . nd stamps".]



Only one page of Hattie's journal for 1881 has survived, but it seems to fit right in here between the letters of March 4 and April 21.

1881

Sunday, March the 27

Here we are at home once more. It seems so lonesome. It seems as if Geo. ought to be around. I feel to-day as if I could not wait untill Geo. gets back. We moved down yesterday. Last night is the first night we have slept in the house since Geo. went away. Mother [Jane Tourtillott] is sick to-day, sick headache. She has had to work so hard. The children are dilighted to get back home. They wish papa was at home. Little Frankie sits in my lap. There was four bugies past here to-day. I guess they were going fishing

Mon. 28

It is my birthday to-day, 23 years old. Frank [Gould] came up to-day to get a load of wood. Stayed all night and killed a hog for us. I made a milk cupboard. Wrote a letter to Geo.

Tue. 29

Worked in the garden and cleaned the yard. Did my work. Did some ironing and washing.

Wed.

I washed to-day alone. Had a large wash. Got pretty tired. The babie was so good. Frankie has a boil on her eye. It is as large as a marble.

Thursday

Did my work. In the afternoon, all went up to Mother's. Got some chickens and plants. Frankie['s] eye is better. In the night I opened it. It discharged a great deal. Bert['s] leg is about the same. He shut the door on his finger, and it is very sore. Guess the nail will soon come off. I got up in the night several times and put a wet cloth on it.

Fri. April 1

Did some ironing and my house work. I got a letter from Geo. Was so glad to hear from him and to hear that he was going to start the middle of April. It seems a long time before he will get home.

Sat. April 2

Did my house work, some ironing and washing, and worked in the flower garden. The children are well at present.

Sunday 3

Charlie['s] Folks [the Wymans] came over to Church. Mother, Millie and Gracie went up with them. Tilly came to see the Babie and took dinner with us. I wrote to Geo. Been to work all day. Babie is fretful.

Monday 4

Did my work and worked in the garden. Set a hen to-day.

Tuesday 5

I washed to-day, had a large wash, did not get threw untill five o'clock. Babie was cross. Gracie help[ed] take care of him. Frankie was sick in the night, but was all right in the morning. It rained to-day. Mother did not go to town.

Wed. 6

Did some ironing and house work.

Thu. 7

Cleaned house to-day and get every thing ready for Mrs. Lipe. Mother went to town.

Fri. 8

Mother and Mrs. Lipe came home to-day. I been to work all day. Got everything ready for Mrs. Lipe. Supper ready, and she did not come here to stay. Mother was to bring her here, but did not. [Note added in margin of entry for April 8.] Got 8 letters from Geo.

April the 21

Ernest [Tourtillott] and the babies except Grace have gone to bed. She sits in the chair a sleep. I expect to send this tomorrow night by Mr. Beggs. We had a Thunder and lytning storm the other night. I was afraid. I wished for Papa to snugle up to. I got so nourvus. The rain just poured down. Run a stedy stream over the shed floor.

Say good night again. Happy dreams, Sweet papa.

It has just comenced raining again,<sup>27</sup> [This entry was written in ink around the margins of the page.]

27. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. March 27-April 21, 1881.

I sent you a rose in a paper.

San Felipe, April the 21, 1881

My very Dear Husband and Sweet Papa

I got two letters from you to-day. Was so glad to hear from you. Ernest [Tourtillott] went down to Evergreen and got them. They were dated Apr[il] the 2 and the 8. I was sorry that you hadent got started yet. Geo., I feel so bad about you, having to live as you do. It is to bad. I don't half enjoy what we have to eat when you have to go with out. You don't know how sorry I feel for you, dear Papa. We have lived better this Winter than we have for some time. Our grain looks pretty well. There has not been enough rain untill lately, so the grain all around looks better. I think we will have as much as last year, if not more. . . . We have some Colts on Pasture. They bother about geting in the grain. Ernest is staying out of School now to watch them. Old Kate came down to-day with a horse Colt. It is a very good one. Old Sib is not going to have a Colt this year. I am sorry she is not going to have a Colt. Mr. Stelley comes around again with the horse he boards to Mother's. Howard [Tourtillott] takes Nellie Mare up to Mr. Coe. He gave him a colt. Mr. Wilber has the road work now. He wants to sell his place again, and so does Mr. Sheran. Mr. Roper and Edd came up to get a load of wood off the Grant today. I saw them Pass. They asked how Bert was getting along. He is pretty well now. Last Sunday I was worried about him a good deal. His leg looked as it did before his last sickness. I put a Slippery elm poultice on it, and the first time I changed it, I could see a change in it for the better. The doc wants to doctor him so as to get all the bad blood out, so as to operate on it. Papa, we will have to wait untill you get back. I can't take care of Bert and the babie, and any way I want you to take charge of it. Poor little fellow, he talks about Papa so much.

Mr. Wilson only cut us five cords of wood, white oak. He has gone home owing us a dollar and a half. I liked his wife very much. We had another wood Choper, a Mr. Charlie Knap. A young boy only chopped a week, cut two Cords of wood. We can't get any one to chop now. Mr. Rife is going to chop for Frank [Gould]. He has got a Bugie and is to pay in wood. I expect Rife will board at Mother's. There was a man up yesterday after wood and another one to-day. If we had some down on the road, [we] could sell it, but they did not get any. I am afraid our Doc[tor] bill will be a hundred dollars any way, when he gets through with Bert.<sup>27</sup> He has not said a word

27. Hattie saved a receipt from W. S. Thorne, M. D. for professional services, dated June 1881, in the amount of \$50.00.

about pay. I guess he won't untill he cures him. He says he can cure him. I do hope so. The Doc says Bert will not be very sick at that time. I am sorry about your gun. My gun looks as bright as ever. I am so glad we will have the Pictures. Was afraid we could not get them. The Cardozas were mistaken about the Tourtillotts. They are all well. It was to bad about your hams. Try and bring me a taste. I would like it very much. When I was sick, I missed the fresh meat. Did not have Papa to get me a Quail for Mama. The babie [Clarence] is so good. Last washday I did not take him up from the time I commenced washing untill I got through. I call that a pretty good babie. I weighed him when he was a month old. He weighed 13 pounds. The Children think so much of him. Frankie says, "Him good babie." She is well now and talks about Papa every day, says she loves papa a tub full. I read your letter to Grace about your being out of Provisions. She cried. They wanted to know what Papa said about them, and I could not tell them that Papa said kiss the babies for him in your last letter. Mrs. Lipe has been up. Had a good visit with her. Frank's folks [Frank Gould's family] were well the last time we heard from them.

Dear Papa, you don't know how I count the time before you will get here. I get so lonesome for you. Kiss good night, sweet Papa

from your loving wife

Hattie, good-by<sup>28</sup>

On his return from Oregon in late April or early May, George took up again the day to day responsibilities of providing for the large family, with the help of his half-brothers and Elmer McClay, one of Hattie's younger brothers.

Only occasional references were made to hunting in Grizzly Canyon,<sup>29</sup> but Ted Tourtillott wrote a detailed account of the brothers' adventures in taking stock to the canyon to graze on the open range.

28. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Letter to George A. Gould. April 21, 1881 [The envelope was addressed to him at Linkville, now Klamath Falls, Lake County, Oregon.]

29. The name "Grizzly Canyon" is not a misnomer in California, for Charles Wyman killed a grizzly bear close by the house. The bear was attempting to get at a freshly killed hog, which had been hoisted into a tree.

Early in the 'eighties [1881] brother George went into the floor of the Santa Clara valley and collected a sizeable herd of cattle, which we drove into the back country and pastured on Government grazing land. We received fifty cents a month for each animal.

George had previously built a small cabin in Grizzly Canyon which was to be our headquarters. The inside of the cabin was about ten by fifteen feet. Three sides were made of small tree trunks laid in truly log-cabin fashion, and the fourth or front side, was made of poles placed on end, leaving a space about three feet wide, over which was hung a piece of old rag carpet for a door. A lean-to roof of split shakes kept out the wind, rain and snow. Attached to the back wall were two bunk beds, and in one end was a fireplace built of rocks from a nearby creek-bed, held together with mud plaster. The furniture consisted of a small built-in table and a four-foot bench.

A memorable trip it was when we boys assisted in driving the herd of cattle over that fifteen miles of rough trails, up and down steep hills and through brush covered canyons. The task was doubly difficult because the stock had been raised on level ground and was unaccustomed to following mountain trails.

Those participating in the drive were brother George, brother Ernest, Elmer McClay and myself. Ernest and Elmer were both thirteen years old, and I was eleven. It required the most part of two days to make the trip. The first night found us in Horse Valley, where we held the stock in a small meadow. There being no fences, it was necessary that we ride herd throughout the night, which was done in two shifts, George and I taking the first, which ended at one o'clock when Ernest and Elmer took over. Those not on duty would sleep by a log fire burning in a large rock fireplace [in a cabin] belonging to the Bollinger boys and occupied by their foreman, Mr. Kassler. Mr. Kassler prepared food for us and kept the fire burning. I shall never forget how good that fire looked and felt after having been in the saddle all day and well into the night. It was still dark when I was awakened by the breakfast call. George had eaten and gone out to relieve Ernest and Elmer while they returned to the cabin to get warm and eat their breakfast. We then saddled up and by daylight began moving the herd on the last leg of the journey. From here on it was tough going, since the route was along trails lined with a dense growth of chaparral brush, into which the laggards of the herd would stray and have to be literally kicked out. Through heat and exhaustion the cattle became stubborn, and some were decidedly militant. One of them charged brother George where the brush was too thick for his horse to turn. The animal's horns went

on either side of his leg and gored the horse's side rather badly. Unsheathing his pistol, which was strapped to the pommel of the saddle, he was prepared to make short work of her if she returned to the attack, which fortunately she did not.

At noon, while the cattle were resting and grazing in an open spot, we lunched on cold biscuits and took turns sipping black coffee from a frying pan in which it had been made over a small fire. The last mile of the trip was down hill, and the sound of flowing water in the old Coyote River lured the stock on at a more rapid pace, and we soon reached the floor of Grizzly Canyon and were privileged to unsaddle our tired horses and rest our tired legs.

Two at a time, we boys took turns tending the stock, and about once a month, or until our food ran out, we would go home and another two would ride back for a like period of time. Ernest and I took a shift, then Walt [Walter Tourtillott] and Elmer, and Howard spent considerable time there alone. . . . Every other day we would count the stock. This was done on foot, since it would require as much time to find and catch the horses as it would to check the cattle. . . .

The right to graze on Government lands at that time was not administered by authorized Federal agents, but was determined on the basis of "the survival of the fittest."

Possibly because brother George bore the reputation of being a man not to be trifled with, our position in Grizzly was well established before any opposition was encountered.

Evidently emboldened by the fact that George was many miles away and our outfit was operated by boys, Page brought in more stock and assumed a very dictatorial attitude toward us, accusing us of monopolizing the feed, when in fact we had made no additions to our original quota.

Howard, 16 years old, was staying alone at the place, and one day was cutting some willow trees near the cabin when Page rode up and ordered him to stop, claiming that the trees were his. Howard tried to reason with him. . . . Whereupon Page became abusive and remarked with an oath, "You \_\_\_\_\_, I'll shoot you with your own gun" and wheeling his horse, started toward our cabin with the obvious intention of carrying out his threat. . . . Howard dropped his ax and sprinted toward the cabin. . . . When Howard reached the cabin and appeared at the door with a cocked gun in his hands, he could see nothing but a cloud of

dust, as his aggressor tore down the trail well out of range.  
 . . .<sup>30</sup>

With Jane and her children resettled in their own home, the Tourtillott ranch restocked, and the boys getting old enough to handle more and more of the work, George was free to begin exploring options for supporting his own growing family. Then too Frank was expected<sup>31</sup> soon to complete his education and get started in his law practice.

Exactly what prompted the decision to move permanently to Oregon is not known, or why they went to the Umpqua River Valley. Probably there are several reasons, such as the determination not to spend another winter with the family separated, the increasing scarcity of game, requiring longer and longer hunts, and the desire for land.

A somewhat disturbing and intriguing complication is suggested by the following notation on one of the pages in the back of the 1879 diary: "Feb. 24th 1882. Thom's Agnew threatens to shoot me this day in presence of witnesses"<sup>32</sup>

A desire for land was probably the most compelling reason to make a change. That George was seriously looking for another ranch is indicated in a letter just the next month.

Mar 20th 1882

Dear Folks How are you this eve? We are at Mr. Osbourn's-- find him one of the best of men. Well, we have looked at several locations, but I am affraid of it unless it can be irrigated, although Mr. O. says it will raise anything without. I think we will go to Bear Creek tomorrow to the other man's that I have a letter to. Mr. Osbourn has a place that reminds me of Chas.'s [Wyman], lots of fruit trees & some grape vines. The trees look very well & have made a big growth. The country looks like Hilldale some only not much water, no spring. They raise hogs here altogether on the acorns. There are lots of blue oaks here.

I wish you were here, Hattie & 'Elo, to see whether we should go to Oregon or locate here. Well, I am writing in Mr. Osbourn's spare room & I must stop & go out.

30. Tourtillott, T. T. *As Ted Sees It.* pp. 25-28
31. Frank Gould attended the state normal school at San Jose, now San Jose State University, before completing his education in the law school at University of Alabama.
32. Gould, George A. *Diary.* February 22, 1882. [The sentence is unfinished, and no one now seems to know anything more about the incident.]

So good-bye from your own loving Geo.

How I want to see you or at least hear from you!<sup>33</sup>

This is the first mention of Oregon. Description of the country suggests the foothills of the Sierra Nevada; however, the exact location of the Osbourn ranch is not given. Putting together meager clues from distinctive purple ink notations in the back of the 1879 diary gives this possible scenario.

George and someone else crossed Pacheco Pass, buying feed for the horses at Los Banos. Then they headed south and east across the San Joaquin Valley floor, paying toll to cross the river at Kingston. They spent the night of March 17 at Corcoran's Hotel in Visalia, where they had to replenish their provisions. There were two more ferries, over King's and White Rivers. On the 18th he had an appointment with Ellis Tamer. Another name mentioned is Shulta, a sheepman. George paid twenty-five cents for envelopes, either just before or just after writing the letter from Osbourn's. They went to Bear Creek to see another ranch before returning, probably by the most direct route. Round trip would be approximately three hundred miles.

In May 1882 George and Hattie started for Oregon, all their possessions and their four children loaded in two horse-drawn wagons, with Hattie's sister Oelo McClay driving "the light spring wagon. The trip was made via Sacramento, Klamath Falls, Ashland, Roseburg and Elkton, ending at a point on the Umpqua 14 miles . . . upstream from Scottsburg. The family remained here farming a portion of the Jake Sawyers farm" before taking up a claim on government land.<sup>34</sup>

Several entries on blank pages in the 1875 diary tell a bit about business dealings during the years in the Umpqua Valley. An undated entry indicated that George owed "Mr. Sawyers 8 1/2 days work while gone to court" credited by "1/2 day with cow."<sup>35</sup> In August of 1883 he helped with threshing on several ranches,<sup>36</sup> and in March and April of 1885 made the following purchases at the Beckley store in Elkton:

March 26, 1885	3 clevises	.90
	thread	.25
	soda	.25

33. Gould, George A. Letter to his wife and family. March 20, 1882.  
 34. Gould, Albert Nelson. Notebook including some family history, n.d.  
 35. Gould, George A. Journal, n.d.  
 36. Gould, \_\_\_\_\_ Journal, August 1883. [Ranchers mentioned were Kent, Rhodes, Weatherly, Haines Bros., Benton Haines, J. Saffley, Hart, Wm. Stark, C. G. Henderer, H. G. Brown. Crops were oats, wheat, barley and timothy.]



April 2	bunch envelops	.15
	dies, 2 pkgs.	.20
April 10	Pr boots	4.50
	shoes	2.00
	coffee	1.00
	tea	.50
	Plow by Newman	1.50
	Hamburg tea	.25 <sup>37</sup>

Bert Gould, in a letter written many years later, described the first cabin his father George built to house the family.

. . . Small sapling poles were set in the ground, at intervals of about 6 feet, for the entire distance around the cabin. Other small saplings or split cedar about 6 x 2 inches of suitable length were nailed with cut nails to these upright posts, and the siding, which was split from cedar logs with a "Frow", were nailed upright to these split 2 x 6 cedar members. The plates of small poles, and properly notched, were nailed on top of the upright poles, which were set in the ground to a suitable depth, to make the entire building rigid and strong, to withstand any severe wind storm that might occur. The rafters were of small saplings, and nailed on top of the plates, where [they] were cut with a bevel to make about a 45° slope. Slats of cedar were nailed horizontally to the rafter at intervals of about 30 inches, on which shakes split with a frow from cedar logs were nailed to poles at the comb, and extending downward into the center of the cabin. This type of cabin was constructed by most homesteaders and loggers in the early days. The fire was made on the ground under the flue, after all inflammable material was removed so there would be no danger of the fire spreading. A low wall of loose stone was generally laid all the way around the fire pit, and was used for setting pots, pans, fry pans, etc., where the heat would keep them warm. An old cast iron dutch oven, with 3 short legs, and a cover with a rim of about an inch was placed over the oven proper. These dutch ovens were used more than any other item of the kitchen equipment, and this dutch oven traveled to "Elkhorn" in 1885 and was used by Bert and Uncle Byron [McClay] in the fall of 1885 and spring of 1886, and for several years after the arrival of the rest of the Gould family.

In the year 1883 the family abandoned the "Gould Gulch" cabin and filed on a 40 acre tract of government land on top of a high cliff or bluff a short distance North West of the "Jake Sawyer" homestead. We named this homestead "West Cliff",

and another cabin, much more pretentious than the "Gould Gulch" cabin, was constructed out of hewn fir logs, after first being peeled. In the construction of this cabin the "Broad-axe" was used on practically all of the timbers, and the family were surely very proud of the cabin when it was completed, and especially with a nice sawed lumber floor, "whip sawed."<sup>38</sup>

The family of David Barton and Melissa McClay followed the Goulds to Oregon that same year, 1882, and settled in the lower Umpqua Valley. Oelo McClay did not return to her parents' home, but spent the rest of her life in the Gould household. Some of her memories were of great help in writing the Gould story.

They settled in Douglas Co., and for four years they tried to make a livelihood there on a farm, but it was hard. There was no market for farm produce, as each farmer raised his own, and drove a few head of cattle to the R. R. about 20 miles away [Drain] to sell that they might obtain the necessary things. . . . but it was not all work--there was the Fourth of July, picnics, and dances; they would take all the babies, walk, ride horseback or in wagons of all kinds, dance till midnite, when the women would make a supper of food brought by every lady. After eating they would dance till the dawn came to remind them of the chores at home. Mr. Gould always played the violin. Someone would pass the hat and people would put in as they could. It was a poorly paid work, but it helped.<sup>39</sup>

37. Gould, George A. *Journal*. March 26, April 2, April 10, 1885.
38. Gould, Albert Nelson. Letter to Courtland Matthews, n.d.
39. McClay, Oelo. Brief Sketch of the G. A. Gould Family, n.d.

## PART II

## ELKHORN RANCH

George Gould wrote a very brief account of the discovery of an ideal location for his stock ranch and his decision to abandon the claim in the Umpqua Valley to start over again.

*When I came from California to the Umpqua Valley, Oregon, in 1882, I brought with me a large family and a strong desire to kill an elk. It was not till 1885 that the large family left me with leisure enough to go hunting for the animal.*

*Then I went into "The Great Burn" in Coos County with a man who had been through there before. Here I not only killed the elk according to my longing, but found what I thought a good location for a stock range.*

*"The Great Burn" extends over a country about sixteen miles wide and forty long. This, for the most part, is not inhabited, but a few settlers live on the side near the coast. Among the great waste of black logs and naked snags in the burned wilderness, deer, bear and elk are numerous, though the Coos Bay and Umpqua Indians have hunted them for years.*

*There was no wagon road from the Umpqua Valley to the place which I selected for a stock range--indeed there was no road at all except a faint trail made mostly by elk. As large logs are no obstruction to an elk, there are plenty of these in the trail. Nevertheless, I moved in by that road, a distance of thirty miles, packing all my portable possessions on horses. This work of moving kept me busy the greater part of the fall and winter of 1885-86. . . .<sup>1</sup>*

1. Gould, George A. "An Organ Packed by Horses", The Youth's Companion, January 3, 1895, p. 4

When Oelo McClay, much later, told the story of Elkhorn Ranch, she, like George, began with the elk hunt.<sup>2</sup>

They fished and hunted, both for food and pleasure. Mr. Gould's best friend, perhaps was Jake Sawyers, who was of another pioneer family, . . . Mr. Sawyers, Mr. Dickerson, [the] Douglas Co. Surveyor, and Mr. Gould one day started on a long hunting trip. The surveyor was going to show them elk. The elk had long since left the more settled parts. They took food for several days, and blankets, and traveled far out into a country seldom seen by white man. . . . The first day took them to Loon Lake Valley. That far they had a trail, of a sort, as there were several ranches in the valley where men lived alone. This day had taken [them] thru dense forests of tall fir, but when they came to this valley, it was covered with forests of ash, maple and hemlock and other trees standing tall and thick, the under growth being dense with alder, salmon berry and other shrubs. The men made camp this nite on the bank of the stream running thru the valley. This was called Lake Creek. In the nite they were awakened by an unearthly scream, not unlike a woman screaming with pain or fright. The scream brot them all to their feet with guns in their hands. Two of the men had heard it before, and, when they became thurly [thoroughly] awake, realized that it was the call of the huge male lion, or panther, as they were called there. The next day they climbed up a high ridge out of this valley. They soon left the heavy green timber behind and came to what is known as the Big Burn, this being a skeleton forest . . . once one of the largest and finest forests on the west coast . . . burned, no one knew when. . . .<sup>3</sup>

Leaving this high land they descended into a valley with a tiny spring and creek, which the surveyor told them was the head of Coos River, the largest river in Coos Co. Coming up out of this valley, they came to high rough uneven bench land, which extended for miles as far as the eye could see . . .with no trails except those made by deer and elk, which were very good except for the fallen trees which . . . the horses must jump. Night found them across these benches down in another

2. Several other members of the family have related the tales of the discovery and settling of Elkhorn, as has Jake Sawyers's son Alex. Bert wrote of his memory of the winter at Elkhorn, and T. T. Tourtillott also recorded what he had heard from others.
3. University of Oregon. *Atlas of Oregon*, 1976, p. 150. The Coos Bay fire of 1868 burned an estimated 296,520 acres of timberland, now included in the Eliot State Forest.

only much larger with a stream running thru it, which they named Elk Creek, as it was here they killed their first elk. They were now in Coos Co. The surveyor told them this was as far as he knew the country. They made camp here and turned out the horses to graze on the rich green grass, which to [their] knowledge no tame animal had ever grazed on before.

It was this sight of the abundance of wild food for stock that caused Mr. G. to get the idea of running cattle on it. . . . if it should snow, the dense forests would shelter them as a barn would. Mr. Dickerson was of the same opinion and told him that the creek runs for miles in a north westernly direction until it flows into Coos River, all of which would afford good grazing ground for cattle besides a lot of shrub that cattle eat. This was an ideal place to camp. They went farther up the stream and saw signs of many kinds of wild animals, elk, deer, the brown bear, also wild pheasant, grouse, and quail, and fish, this being the best stream for fish in the country. . . .

The next day the men took their guns and started up the mountain on the opposite side of the creek, leaving the horses to enjoy the thick grass. They followed the elk trail, which went straight up the mountain side, not quite a mile, and they were on top of the divide, separating the two streams of the Big Burn. On the east side was Elk Creek flowing north, on the other or west side was Coos River flowing south, and not much more than a mile apart.

The men stood and gazed at the country, so new, not a sound of civilization, not even the Indians, who did sometimes come there to hunt. Mr. Gould and Mr. Dickerson decided it would be an ideal place for a cattle range, as far as they could see was green grass-bordered streams beautiful to look at. But for all the beauty, there was a kind of haunting sadness [for] near and far were the tall dead trees. . . . [with] not even a leaf to murmur at a breath of wind . . . reaching toward the coast. . . . The next day the men turned back toward home on the Umpqua River, all pleased with their visit to the mysterious Burn.

Mr. G. was now resolved to take up a homestead on Coos River, to that end he interested his wife's brother, Byron McClay, in the daring and perhaps foolish scheme to go in together and wrest from nature a home in the mountains of the Burn. By the fall of 1885 they had packed several loads in on their horses, and built a cabin from cedar shakes. They cut the fallen logs out of the elk trail so that the

the horses need not jump them. By the spring of 1886 Mr. G. had made several trips, but Byron came out only at Xmas time; however, he was not left alone as Mr. G's eldest boy, Bert, who was eight years old, spent the winter with him, and he and his uncle walked the entire thirty miles to spend Xmas with the family. . . . ["It was the day before Christmas. . . . It was snowing in earnest, and the trail was snowed in. . . . Morning came, some snow was falling yet, but they got ready and started anyway."] <sup>4</sup>

In May 1886 was the real moving time for the Gould family. Early in May the four oldest children, ages 10, 8, 6, 5, were taken out and left with their uncle, and later in the same month Mr. and Mrs. Gould and the three year old twins [George and Georgia] and the nine months old baby [Lucy], also Mrs. Gould's father [David Barton McClay] . . . and myself, making twelve in all, came to the home in the wild woods. Foolish, our friends told us, especially the Sawyers family, but Mr. Dickerson was the exception. But who ever listens to advice? <sup>5</sup>

The story has been told and retold over the years. Lucy learned that she rode on a pillow in front of her mother. When the horse jumped a log, the baby flew off, but Hattie was able to catch her clothing and haul her back aboard.

Ted Tourtillott wrote an account of the family's trek into "The Burn" as it had been described to him.

. . . Over this trail, so hilly and rough that wagon travel was impossible, . . . George moved his family on saddle horses with all their equipment on pack animals.

It was a difficult enough trip for grown-ups. But George and Hattie had three-year-old twins. This did not stump my brother. Ingeniously he stuck little George into one large oil-can box, and Georgia into another, slung the boxes like saddle bags over the back of Fan, his most trusted horse, and started out. The twins loved the novel arrangement, and when they got tired chattering, cuddled down in their blanket-lined boxes and peacefully went to sleep.

4. Townsend, Lula McClay. Winter at Elkhorn Ranch: 1885, written March 25, 1979, recalling an interview with Jessie (Gray) Gould in 1964.
5. McClay, Oelo. Brief Sketch of the G. A. Gould Family, pp. 1,2.

At one place the trail crossed a deep mountain stream with steep banks on either side. A fallen tree was the only bridge. The bark on the top side had been hewn away to provide a fairly flat surface, but it was a precarious crossing nevertheless and would have stopped the less stout-hearted. George waved the party on, only keeping back Fan until the other horses had safely negotiated the "natural bridge." Then he threw the halter rope, by which he had previously led her, across Fan's neck and turned her loose with her precious cargo of twins. With nose lowered as if to inspect every inch of log, Fan gingerly picked her way, while those on the opposite side of the stream waited in tense silence.

That night they camped at Loon Lake, a beautiful but desolate spot where the loons' eerie cries were the only sounds breaking the impressive silence. The children were bedded down, and the three grown-ups rolled themselves in blankets and slept.<sup>6</sup>

At the request of Coos and Curry County historians, Bert Gould wrote many years later

I can still recall that eventful day, back in 1886. I was already at the place, anxiously waiting for the arrival of the folks. Then I saw them coming over the ridge. Father was leading a horse with the twins, George and Georgia. There were two kerosene cases, one on each side of the pack saddle, with a three-year-old in each, eagerly taking in their first view of the new home. Mother came next with little Lucy, just nine months old. And Grandpa [McClay] and Aunt 'Elo brought up the rear.<sup>7</sup>

Oelo continued her account of the first years at Elkhorn Ranch.

But to go back to our landing on Coos River--we had now severed all connections with the Umpqua country and were located on the upper branch of North Coos River, [now called the Millicoma] but we did not know how far it was down this

6. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. pp. 83, 84.
7. Gould, Albert Nelson. Story in Peterson & Powers. A Century of Coos and Curry. p. 78.

river to the settlement and food, for food we must have. A fifty pound sack of flour lasted only ten days. Just at this time two men had seen the smoke of our fire and come down to see what it was.

Mr. G. and Byron learned several things of importance from them, that there could not be a trail made down the river, but that they must make it on the top of the range of mountains which ran parallel to the river, and that there was a good sized settlement farther down the river on tidewater.

The next day the men started out with their axes and saws, afoot, and crossed the river and a point to the top of the ridge, always following an elk trail. They cut out more of the trees and brush for about seven miles, then the trail left the high ridge and went down and across benches to the first house of the settlement.

Here they learned that it was seven more miles to the settlement proper, where a small boat came once a day from Marshfield, a little town on Coos Bay. This far-off town was to be our trading post. In a few days one of the men took all the horses and started out to get food. One day to reach the settlement, Allegany, and another to reach Marshfield and back to Allegany, and still another to get home again, but we were pleased at that. . . .

The same month, May, the men brot in their small herd of cattle and turned them loose on Elk Creek. This small herd grew in size and numbers until every fall there were a small bunch to be driven to the market at the R. R. [over] thirty miles away. . . .

That summer the men cleared more land and built a real home, with a fireplace, the house being built out of split shakes from those tall dead trees, some as sound and good as when alive. So life went on at Elkhorn, as we named our mountain home. Clearing, hunting, trapping were carried on, many deer and elk were killed and the meat dried and sold, but never an animal was killed for sport alone. That with the fur was our source of income. So passed the first summer, 1886.

That winter Byron worked in a lumber camp down the river. [Coos River] The rest of the family passed the winter contentedly, and certainly were very busy. The studying forenoons of each day, under my guidance. In the afternoons, the older ones worked at whatever there was to be done, fencing, clearing, plowing, planting, cutting, etc. The housework was no small task for twelve. With the ordinary housework, we



spun yarn and knitted our hose and mittens, also made summer hats from the wild rye which grew so abundantly.<sup>8</sup>

Always the hunting and trapping went on in season. Bert was now ten years old and a great help to his father. Well, spring came to bring out all the wild flowers and the grass for the cattle, and, besides, school was out for another six months. The children always studied hard, but were glad of the vacation time too. They would go with Bert and his father over the mountain to Elk Creek to fish in that beautiful stream, while they hunted up the cattle to see how many had perished during the winter, also to find the new calves to bring home for the summer to protect them from . . . panther. They [panther] killed more or less [stock] every winter. The black bear were now coming out of their dens, hungry and poor.

Byron came back in May and brot some cattle which he had bought. He went back to the camp to work again. . . . He was not a hunter, and the cattle needed little care, so in the fall Mr. G. and Byron dissolved partnership. They divided the cattle evenly, and Mr. G. bought his horses and continued . . . alone. [Cattle were given names, and, when they were checked on the range, names were noted to show which ones were found in each area.]

. . . Later they drove in some sheep and still later a small drove of goats, but the goats did not prove a financial success. The sheep were rounded up every nite and put in a corral to protect them from the wild animals. The older children did this, and did not enjoy it very much, but each had his or her sheep, from which they received the price of the wool when sold. The older ones also had their own cattle.<sup>9</sup>

George's records show entries in each child's name of the number of sheep and amount of wool to be sold. By 1899 the two older children are no longer represented in the "sheep account."

8. The spinning wheel George built is now in the Coos-Curry Pioneer Museum in North Bend, along with two violins. One was brought across the plains in 1862 by George's father Albert Gould, and the other one George himself made by hand.
9. McClay, Oelo. Brief Account of the G. A. Gould Family. p. 3

May 11 & 12 1899

Sheared 144 sheep, plus 34 lambs

Wool 442

Sheep	lb. wool
3 F[rankie]	10 "
4 C[larence]	10 "
3 G[eorgia]	11 1/2 "
4 L[ucy]	10
1 M[illie]	3 "
3 George	9 1/2 "
1 L[eonard]	3 "

June 10 sheared 5 sheep that was missed,  
found 3 lambs

June 1899 Sold 46 sheep<sup>10</sup>

Hattie bore two more children at Elkhorn Ranch, Millie Lenora, June 5, 1888, and Leonard Allen, August 10, 1890. They and the three children born near Elkton, the twins and Lucy, were all delivered by George, with Oelo's assistance.

For several years things went on as usual, we had learned to trap the bear, now grown very fat, and to render out their fat, which made very good fat for cooking. Sometimes we would have as much as twenty gallons of this fat in the fall. We used the wild Oregon blackberry for fruit; one fall we dried two large grain sacks full. Of course later we got jars for canning.<sup>11</sup>

We also made cheese in the fall for winter use. Mr. G. built a large barn, also a chicken house, a smokehouse and a workshop where he made all kinds of furniture, very good too, some being made of [native] hardwood. . . .<sup>12</sup>

10. Gould, George A. Every Day Book, 1899.
11. In 1894 Hattie wrote in her journal that they had dried twenty-three gallons of blackberries and canned one hundred six quarts, all in half-gallon jars.
12. McClay, Oelo. Brief Account of the G. A. Gould Family. pp. 3, 4.

It was 1895 before George saw any of his family, when his half-brother Ted Tourtillott came to spend the summer, returning many times later on. Both George and Hattie mention the way in which he entered into the work on the ranch. It was from first hand knowledge that he described the hunting, which still provided a good share of their cash income.

*Deer, elk, and mountain lions were more than plentiful, as well as beaver, otter, mink, and marten. His [George Gould's] learned to hunt at an early age and lent a valuable hand. . . .*

*George had installed many camps throughout the area which were used as headquarters when hunting.<sup>13</sup> To one of these camps we would go with several packhorses, food and equipment, and there we would hunt until game became scarce, then move to another spot. With ordinary run of luck, a load of meat would be ready every other day, when one of the boys would pack it on the horses and trek back to the home place where they would put it through the smoking and drying process.*

*Adjoining the main smokehouse was a room in which was a long work table where the meat was trimmed, cut into strips, rubbed with dry salt and hung in flour sacks over night. The next day, after the blood was well drained out, the strips of meat were hung on pegs projecting from cross bars in the smokehouse. This was a room twenty feet square, with ground [dirt] floor, in the center of which a smoldering fire was kept going day and night. The fuel was green alder wood cut two or three feet long and split for convenient handling. Alder wood contains no pitch or resin, consequently imparting no objectionable odor to the meat, but when placed on a bed of hot coals will smolder until entirely consumed.*

*The meat from twenty-five or thirty deer could be smoked at one time. An idea of the amount of meat handled can be formed from the fact that at one time George and I killed five elk weighing from 400 to 700 pounds each, and the meat was put through the smokehouse without the loss of a single pound. It took two days to cut trails through the underbrush and get that meat out with the pack-stock.*

*When a considerable amount of dried meat (commonly called "Jerky") had accumulated, it was packed out over a fifteen-mile trail to Allegany, at the head of navigation on Coos River, loaded onto a small river boat (a stern-wheeler), and taken*

13. All of the camps were given names, such as Bench Camp, Myrtle Camp, The Old Maid's Cabin, etc. The last was the one put up on Oelo's claim. (Mouth of Cougar Creek)

twenty miles down the river to Marshfield, where it was transferred to an ocean-going steamer destined for San Francisco.<sup>14</sup>

Only a brief note of the number of deer or elk or birds killed, or of animals trapped, was usually made in the diaries or account books. However, some incidents were unusual enough to get special mention.

Bert shot ten pheasants for their 1890 Christmas dinner; then he and Clarence hunted for more pheasants for New Year's dinner.<sup>15</sup> On their way back from checking the cattle at Maple Camp, they killed six more pheasants and a large vulture, which weighed twenty-two pounds and measured nine feet from tip to tip of its wings.<sup>16</sup> Grace added, "Papa and Bert killed 2 elk over at Bench Camp, they being the first they have killed for two years."<sup>17</sup>

GROUSE  
CONDOR

Hattie was pleased that in September, "The boys got 4 bear in the traps the first time looking at them."<sup>18</sup> In the next six weeks, twelve more bear were trapped, and thirty-two gallons of oil rendered from the fat. On October 29, "Geo. took down 150 lbs. of meat [dried] to send to E. Jones of Portland, also one large Elk horn which he expects \$10 for."<sup>19</sup>

This may have been the one about which Lucy told her daughter Grayce. She was already in her nightgown in bed when her father and the boys got back with the elkhorns and meat. The antlers were so large that she could take hold with both hands and swing herself back and forth between them. She was nine years old in 1894.

Saw the first bear  
in the slidden out gulch  
on the trail  
beyond the Dutchman's Spring.<sup>20</sup>

14. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. pp. 64, 65, 85.  
15, 16. Gould, George A. Diary. December 22, 25, 31, 1890.  
17. Gould, Grace. Diary. January 29, 1892, July 19, 1893.  
18, 19. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. September 19, October 29, 1894. [Bert had added the note, "Killed on the head of Elk Creek and packed home on 3 horses."  
20. Gould, George A. Account Book, March 18, 1895.

At Elkhorn Ranch as in California, bees were relied on for part of the family's sweetening, and in time became another source of income. Oelo barely mentioned the bees in her writing. "One must not forget to mention the honey industry; for years we sold on an average for a year, a ton of honey, put up in pound boxes. The best market was in San Francisco. . ."21 It is believed that the income from honey was Oelo's, and that she took charge of this project. Ted Tourtillott went a bit more into detail in his description.

*There were bees to care for, too. Swarms of wild ones were crossed with Italian strains, and their well-built hives were scattered at wide intervals. All these had to be protected from bears. This protection was accomplished by construction of tight log huts with small openings for passage of the bees. All hives and frames and supers were made by George in his workshop. Honey was extracted from the comb by means of centrifugal extractor and transported in five gallon cans, slung over a packhorse.*22

In order that the children could learn something of the highly organized life in a beehive, one of the log cabin-like hives was built against a wall of one wing of the house, with a window to observe the bees at work.

Lucy (Gould) Barker said that the children were sometimes assigned to go up on the ridge to watch for flights of bees, or possibly for swarms. Since they were some distance from home, it was important that they be back before dark. When their father took them out to the assigned spot, he scratched out in the dirt a rude sun dial, with a mark that would indicate it was time to return home when the shadow reached it. Getting bored, the children sometimes rubbed out the mark and made a new one, so they could leave a bit sooner.

On October 14, 1891, George noted that they had sold their very first honey, eleven pounds at 15¢ a pound.<sup>13</sup> Grace went a bit more into detail. "The bees were very 'hostile' today, stung Grandpa [David Barton McClay], Claire [Clarence] and Millie. Papa and Oelo looked at the bees and found some eggs in the hive we got of Mr. Porter."<sup>24</sup> A few days later she added, "Papa and Oelo made a bee rig. [protective hat, veil, gloves and clothing] No more 'shut eyes,' 'fat hands' etc."<sup>25</sup>

21. McClay, Oelo. Brief Account of the G. A. Gould Family. p. 5.

22. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. p. 9.

23. Gould, George A. Diary. October 14, 1891.

24, 25. Gould, Grace. Diary. February 23, 27, 1892.

Even after the hives were producing, wild honey was well worth taking. "We cut a bee tree, got three five-gallon cans full of honey."<sup>26</sup>

In the early years, the forest and the hills provided their main support, plus a source of cash for necessary purchases, but, as time went on, the land began to supply more and more food for the family, with a surplus for sale.

The first fruit trees could not have <sup>been</sup> planted before 1886, but there were two hundred fifty-one by August 17, 1891, when George wrote, "picked the first mess of green apples for sauce ever grown on upper Coos River."<sup>27</sup> The next year he made a stepladder to use in picking fruit. In 1897 they picked one hundred ten boxes of apples. Other fruits included both yellow and purple plums, peaches and pears. Apple varieties mentioned are Bellflower, Gravenstein, Gloria, Mundi, Rambeau, Northern Spy, Pippin, Waxen and Baldwin. Some were given original names when they were grafted from scions obtained from other orchards. Some of the trees are still bearing, although they are almost one hundred years old, and they have been pruned high by elk.

Lucy said that right at first, there were so few apples, and they were so hungry for them, that the children would sometimes pick an apple and rub it in the dirt so it would like like a "windfall."

Apples were made into sauce and put into five-gallon cans, soldered shut. Sections of apples were also strung with stout thread to be dried and then stored in sugar sacks. Both canned applesauce and dried apples were sold, when the mature trees produced more fruit than the family needed.

In her 1892 diary, Grace Gould mentioned the Hermosa rose. A picture taken some years later shows a wealth of roses climbing above the porch on the new house. It is possible that the blooming rose we found in 1975 trailing through the grass at the site of the house is from that start.

On the bottom land near the house were the vegetable and flower gardens as well as the berries. These were all close enough to the barn that manure could be hauled to enrich the soil. Among the berries were strawberries, raspberries, loganberries and gooseberries. As the larger fields were cleared of snags and fern, the ground was plowed and planted to hay crops, potatoes, etc. Timothy grass and white clover were sowed in September after the fields had been mowed and prepared.

26. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. November 11, 1894.

27. Gould, George A. Diary. August 17, 1891.

Besides the usual peas, beans, beets, carrots, corn, etc., they grew asparagus and Jerusalem artichokes. One October they dug twenty bushels of artichokes.

No figures seem to be available for the potato harvest, but a long narrow strip along the river some distance south of the other fields was known as "The Potato Patch." Georgia (Gould) Richmond, the last survivor of the Gould children, pointed it out on her last visit to Elkhorn Ranch in 1966. A logging road into the ranch had been built not long before that, or she would not have been able to make the trip. She did walk clear up to the north end of the field above the house and find in the edge of trees along the river some remnants of the sheep corral.

\* \* \*

The story of the organ has been told and retold, by Bert, by Oelo, by Ted, and by George himself, twice! "Sent for Organ today to M. W. & Co. \$370.00."<sup>28</sup> Two months later he added, "Got here with the Organ today. Got it of Montgomery Ward & Co. It [freight] cost us here \$55.90. Case is plain but sounds very well-5 octaves. We brought it up between two horses, Pat & Fan tandem on two long poles. Oelo, Grace, Bert & I brought it up. Did not have much trouble, did not scratch it at all."<sup>29</sup>

Later he elaborated on this cryptic account in an article published in a magazine of nation-wide circulation, *The Youth's Companion*.

*. . . In summer my eldest daughter, Grace went to school at 'The Forks' [Allegany], the village at the head of navigation [on Coos River]. Here she took music lessons from a lady of the place, and learned so well that we decided we ought to have an organ at home, if possible.*

*Money was a scarce commodity with us, and the price of an organ, even a small and cheap one, could be accumulated only by scrimping and saving on other requirements. After much discussion we decided that, for the sake of music, we could better do without some things that are usually regarded as more necessary. So at last we ordered an organ from Chicago. The next question was, how to get it in over the trail. We knew it would weigh about three hundred pounds, and be four and a half feet high.*

*From The Forks we could haul it on a sled for about five miles. Then it must be packed on horses more than ten miles over*

28, 29. Gould, George A. Diary. August 9, October 4, 1891.

a trail that was steep, crooked, narrow and rocky. The path followed the divide between Coos River and Ten-Mile Creek most of the way, but there were a good many steep ups and downs on the ridge, and some backbones or smooth rock, where the footing was not the best.

While waiting for the organ, my eldest son and I worked on the trail all we could, . . . Four of us started out, with four horses, two for the women to ride and two to pack the organ, together with necessaries for camping on the road until we should get the instrument home.

On the first day we camped about five and one-half miles from the Forks [Allegany], pitched our tent in the edge of a growth of alders near a little creek, and took dinner. Then we hunted up some crooks for runners, and made a sled. Having brought with us harness, whiffletrees and chain, our conveyance on which to haul the organ up to camp was ready. The rest of the afternoon we cut out brush and cleared a road for the sled down to the settlement.

After a sound sleep on our fir-bough beds and an early breakfast, we went down to the Landing, and found the organ at the house of the lady from whom Grace had taken her music-lessons. It looked like a big thing to pack on horses, as it stood in the box, and the more I looked at it the bigger it looked to me.

After trying and admiring it we nailed up the box, lashed it on the sled, and started for camp. Soon our troubles began. In one place we had to hold the sled from tipping over, and in another very steep place it was necessary to take off the horses and lower the sled and organ down the bank with a rope, which we passed around a tree and paid out as we sent down the box. But we arrived at camp without any serious accident before sundown, about as tired as one often gets.

After a good hearty supper we all felt better, and I busied myself as long as I could see in trimming down the weight of the box enclosing the organ, and in cutting two poles on which to pack it upon the horses. My plan was, to lash the box between these poles, which were about twenty feet long, to tie their ends to the horns of the pack-saddles, one on either side, and put the horses tandem, with the organ between, setting upright, an end to each horse, as shown in the photograph I sent to The Companion.



Long before daylight we were up. By daylight we had breakfasted, packed, and were ready to start. When we got the horses ready and brought them around to the poles, the organ box looked larger than the horses.

After much coaxing to induce Pat and Fan to stand still, we got the poles up, and tied fast. But when Pat started Fan hung back, and when Fan wanted to go, Pat would not move. The load would sag to one side, then to the other, but when we finally got the horses going, it looked as if we were likely to succeed. All went fairly till we came to a sharp bend in the trail. There the poles came up against the sides of the horses and they could scarcely turn.

We struggled along this way for three or four hundred yards and then gave up this method of packing the organ. Next we thought we could carry the rear ends of the poles ourselves and leave the front end to a horse. So Albert and I tried that for a while.

The horse went only too well. He jerked us this way and that, over logs, into holes and through the brush, until we were completely worn out and discouraged. Then we feared that we should be obliged to hire men to pack the organ in, which would be very expensive. And perhaps we could not get men for the job.

We sat down on a log, held a council, and tried again. First we decided to take off the box entirely, to make it as light as we could. Then I made a plan for raising the poles above the sides of the horses, so they could turn around corners.

So I took two pieces of pole about three feet long, bored a hole in each end to pass a rope through, and lashed one firmly across and under each end of the poles. Then we raised up the front end, placed it across Pat's saddle, and lashed it to the front horn in such a way that it could not slip back, nor to either side, but could turn like the front bolster of a wagon. We then raised the back end of the poles to Fan's saddle and fastened it in the same manner.

This arrangement looked as if it would work. With the box left off, the organ was much lighter. In going around a bend in the trail the poles could swing back again when the trail became straight. Soon the horses got so accustomed to the motion that they did not jerk and jostle each other.

Now we were much elated, though at noon we had gained but two miles. Here we camped, dined and fed the horses. About one o'clock we moved forward again.

The trail led us along the divide, and as the sun shone warmly down we travelled slowly. Still the speed was such that our precious organ almost came to destruction. This was where the trail ran along a steep hillside past a fallen tree whose roots had turned up a large pile of dirt. Here the organ struck.

With the jolt Pat lurched forward, slipped over the trail in loose stones, and came near upsetting the whole train and himself down the mountain. But I seized his bridle in time and succeeded in holding him while the others unlashed the bolster and took it off his saddle. Then we lifted the ends of the poles and carried them past the roots.

At another place the front cinch, on the rear horse, broke in passing around a sharp corner. This caused the saddle to be pushed backward and came near upsetting the organ and rolling it down the hill, but we stopped the horses in time to save it.

About the middle of the afternoon we met two men with packhorses, who looked at our load in astonishment, and remarked that we must want an organ pretty bad to get it in, in that way. We told them their opinion was correct, but that did not seem to clear the matter up for them. As they left us their conversation dealt with the subject of cranks, and we went on in better humor than before.

At sundown we were about two miles from home, and so tired that we concluded to camp for the night. So we unloaded on top of a hill where we could get water near by, in the canon, and Albert took the horses home to feed them and to bring us something for breakfast, as our provisions were about exhausted.

After supper we watched the sun go down, a great red ball of fire, into the Pacific.

Next morning, soon after daylight, the boys came with the horses and some food, including a fat mince-pie, which enjoyed great popularity while it lasted. We were soon packed up and on the road in excellent trim.

But the worst place was yet to come-- a steep hill going down to the house on the river. We came down the long spur

without much trouble to the head of a grade leading off on one side. But in descending this grade we hung up on a large stump, below the trail, and had to lead the front horse up the hillside, before we could pass. Still we reached the bottom in safety and there found the family assembled to welcome the organ's arrival.

Then my wife, who has a small camera, took a picture of the great event.

In order to enjoy an organ as much as we enjoy ours, you must save as strictly and work as hard as we did to get one. Every jolt ours had on the elk trail seems to have improved its tone. We often remark this on rainy days when we gather to hear Grace play.

GEORGE A. GOULD<sup>30</sup>

Besides the necessary supplies and equipment that had to be packed in to Elkhorn, books and magazines were important. The following shipment of books was held on the wharf at Marshfield until enough money could be scraped up to pay the freight:

Made up a list of books to send for to S. Fran as soon as possible.

Gunns Dr Book	7.50	10% off
Longfellow poems	.55	net
Cooks voyages	.30	"
Hist stories. Strickland	.30	"
" " Modern	.30	"
David Crocket	.30	"
Ivanhoe	.30	"
Outre Mer	.40	3%
Pioneer Women	.30	net
Our girls	1.00	3%
Paul & Virginia	.30	net 31

30. Gould, George A. "A Wagon Packed on Horses," The Youth's Companion, January 3, 1895, p. 4.
31. Gould, George A. Diary. January 16, 1891.

HATTIE'S  
CAMERA

Education for the children was essential, so Oelo was pressed into service as teacher. Oelo barely mentioned her teaching, but Ted wrote a bit more about her work and the school.

*Among the many things George built was a one-room school house with all necessary equipment--desks, blackboards and a large heating stove were provided. Oelo was installed as teacher, and I should like to pause here and give that estimable woman a small measure of the praise she richly deserves. As her only education had been acquired in a few years of country schooling, she obtained copies of books used in other schools and sat up nights studying them, so she would be prepared to teach the following day. George insisted that the children be on hand promptly at nine in the morning. . .No excuse was permitted for remaining away unless strictly necessary. So ably did this discipline and Oelo's teaching work out, that when the youngsters were ready for high school, they entered with excellent grades. . .No one ever knew on meeting them that George [and Hattie] Gould's children had grown up in a wilderness with few contacts in early life with any but their parents, their aunt, and each other.<sup>32</sup>*

32. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. p. 85

Grace was evidently assigned the duty of keeping the diary for 1892. It is particularly interesting in that she tells of the activities of each one of the members of the family, while George's much briefer entries don't give so much detail. Almost every week-day begins, "We had our lessons this morning." Then everyone worked in the afternoon at tasks from following the trap line to cutting wood with a cross-cut saw, pulling fern roots after the plow, or "minding Lennie," the youngest, who was two.

In reading of the work in which each one was engaged, it is hard to realize at what an early age the children were really working, but, when Grace writes that the little girls took their dolls when they went after the sheep, that is a reminder that Georgia and Lucy were nine and seven that year.

At age eight most of the boys had already killed a deer and some game birds. The girls sometimes shot at a mark, but were evidently not active hunters. They often fished, however.

In the division of work at Elkhorn, Oelo taught school in the mornings, took charge of the bees, and did many of the outdoor chores, as well as assisting with the sawmill and carpentry. Hattie usually did the cooking and cleaning. Both Hattie and Oelo sewed and did "fancy work," knitting crocheting, tatting. George built a spinning wheel, and the girls were taught to spin, so there was yarn for knitting socks and sweaters. In the evenings, someone could read aloud while others were engaged in various tasks, making gloves, loading cartridges, cleaning guns, cracking nuts. Wild rye grass was braided and then sewed or woven together to make hats for summer wear.

Several successive entries in January of 1892 give a picture of the activities, even in midwinter. The "Big Burn" had been covered with a thick stand of timber, leaving many snags even in the bottom land. Cutting them down and then sawing them for firewood was necessary to make it possible to farm the land more efficiently. Grace often mentions going with Hattie to saw "cuts" off a downed log.

January 2, 1892

Rained all day steady. All snow gone. . .

January 3

It has been raining steady and hard all day. River is raising very fast, is up higher than it has been this winter. A good deal of drift is coming down. Some jam has probably broken. Children are busy watching the drift (as it is something new) and getting wet as well.

January 4

It was a beautiful day, very clear. River is falling fast. Didn't rain at all today.

Monday, January 18, 1892

In forenoon we washed. Bert and Papa went over to "Summit Springs" hunting. Hope they kill something. George and Claire went up to "Old Joe's" for the cattle, got 15 head, names as follows: Star, Spot, Topsy, Mollie, Jetty, Marko, Kate, Rose, Daisy, Belva, Lockwood, Duke, Roan, Brigham Jr., Bill and Jumbo.

The boys took Fan, and Papa and Bert took Pedro and Pat. I brought up slats from the berries at the river and put them in the Raspberries by the wash house. In afternoon Frankie and Girlie [Georgia] took the cattle off and got the sheep.

I soled Lennie's shoes and Mamma made the soap over. Oelo and the boys skinned and cut up the 5 deer Bert killed, will try and dry some meat. Frank and Girlie saw two deer when they went after the sheep.<sup>33</sup>

Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1892

In forenoon got lessons, all but Bert who hasn't gotten back yet. Mamma sewed today in forenoon.

In afternoon Mamma and I sawed 8 cuts off up to the Timothy Patch and cleared the trail opposite out. Claire [Clarence] and George [L.] went to look at the traps up river, took "The Old Reliable" [rifle] and Shot Gun with them. Coonie treed a pheasant at the Crossing and Claire killed it. They saw three deer, killed 0. Frank braided hats. Oelo made a brine for the meat [from the deer].

Wednesday, January 20, 1892

In forenoon got our lessons. Mamma ironed. In Afternoon Mamma Oelo, Claire, George and I worked on trail up to Bend on this side of the river. Papa and Bert got back this eve., got six deer, one was a little fat. They saw some cattle in "Ten Mile"--their mark was on under slope and slit in the right & crop and slit in the left ear.

January 21, 1892

In forenoon we got our lessons. Bert went down to Mr. Gage's. Hope we get lots of mail. Papa put a buckhorn handle on his hunting knife. Mama ironed.

33. Claire and George were eleven and nine when they both rode Fan to look up and bring in the cattle, but Frankie and Girlie evidently went on foot after the sheep. They were thirteen and nine.

In afternoon Papa, Mama and I went over in the "Field" to get that log out. Mama and I went over first and Coonie with us. He hunted around a while and then we missed him and after a while I whistled to find out where he was. Pretty soon we heard him bark and then he barked right along so I thought he had something. He was up away up the hill at the roots of a hollow Cedar. I went up and a little afterwards Mink, hearing Coonie barking, came over and came flying up there, ran into the hollow, smelled around something, found a hollow root above and up he went, stuck his head into it and then we [Papa and George and Claire] saw that there was a Coon in there. Mink fought long and bravely and finally drew the Coon out. Coonie helped by barking and then they killed it. Coonie deserves his name.

Oelo made a bee hive (or rather put it together). George and Claire stretched the deer skins.

Friday, January 22, 1892

In forenoon got our lessons. Mama did housework. Papa sharpened the saw and made bottoms in the mangers. In afternoon we tried to drive the sheep across the river. . . but failed. And then Papa, Mama and I went over the river to finish [sawing up] that log which was in the pasture. Got it all out but didn't get the pannels in the fence put back up.

Just as Bert came down the Grade we got the last of the log out and of course we had to come up to read the mail. Bert had a good trip this time as it neither rained or snowed, was as clear as could be. Little boys went to bait the traps. Bert brought some traps in, from on the trail to the Forks.

Frank and Girlie cleaned off the yard. Oelo hung up some of the meat, made a calf manger and finished a bee hive.

. . .

Monday, February 1, 1892

. . . Then Papa came. He brought the Box from Grandma. [Jane Tourtillott] It had lots of things in it. There was five (5) pails of different things, almonds, Peaches, Grapes, prunes, figs, and then a dress for me and some ribbons and another dress. Dear Grandma, Auntie [Millie Tourtillott] and Uncles [George's brothers] are so good to us. I hope we can send them a box some time. We got a letter also. . . Oh! yes we got the "History of the U. S." and "The Conquest of Mex." from the express-office to-day where they have been held. Bert is highly delighted with it. It is to be his. . . Grandma sent some scions of "Smith's Cider" apple and a Summer apple which is splendid. Will call it ("Splendid")

and then a winter apple which is Large (will call it "Large" if they live.

There is just a hint of romance when seventeen year old Grace writes:

Thursday, March 10, 1892

. . . In Afternoon Oelo, Mama and I planted two spaces the entire length of the new orchard next to [the] new strawberries to carrots. Put 13 rows in a space so there were 26 rows in all.

About 2 o'clock we were surprised in our work by hearing someone whistling and looking up I saw a tall dark young man coming towards us whistling. I had Papa's gum boots on, so I suppose he had a good laugh afterwards. Mama went up to get him a lunch. He said that he was the young man from Kas. who came out with Mr. Price and Clyde--name is Mr. Shulte. (I don't know how to spell it.)<sup>34</sup>

Nothing more is heard of this young man. Maybe he went back to Kansas.

In a letter to Courtland Matthews, Bert wrote:

Regarding the clothing we wore in the [years] 1885-1890. The women made shirts for the boys and dresses for the girls out of yard goods; ginghams, shirting, calico, etc. I think the only garment made from denim was breeches. . . and later when we could afford them the boys wore Levi Strauss overalls, brogan shoes or boots, and of course we always wore wool socks, mittens & gloves.<sup>35</sup>

Many of the entries in Grace's diary tell of the clothing that was being made, usually as it was completed. As the ranch work and travel went on the year around, often in very wet weather, it was interesting to note how the party dressed for a ride over to Loon Lake. A Colby child was ill, having had spasms for about two weeks, and Hattie was sent for to help with the nursing.

34. Gould, Grace. Diary. 1892.

35. Gould, Albert Nelson. Letter to Courtland Matthews, n.d.



April 1, 1892

. . . He [Mr. Baker]<sup>36</sup> started at a quarter after 3 o'clock, got here after dark. . . . Rained hard. Mr. B. was wet when he got here.

Saturday, April 2, 1892

In forenoon Papa and Mama went over with Mr. Baker to Mr. Colby's to see if they could do anything for the babe. [It] was raining when they started out, but Mama had the oil coat on and Papa his "Sojer" coat and Mr. Baker took his gum boots and oil coat back with him. . . . Just poured down all day. . . .<sup>37</sup>

Two days later, George returned, but it was April 14 before Hattie came back, accompanied by her sister, Olive (Mcclay) Upton. In the meantime, little Leonard was sick, or possibly homesick for his mother, because on some days he wanted Grace to hold him all the time.

George had gone to Loon Lake to bring Hattie back, and before their return, the children cleaned up the yard, "that horrid old chip pile," and rolled it with the big roller. Then they set up the "arches" [wickets] for their first game of croquet with the set that George had made, turning the balls, as well as the handles and heads for the mallets on his lathe. Also on that Sunday they read and played "Consequences" and cribbage, as it rained all day.

36. "Jack" Baker had married Hattie's youngest sister Alice McClay. Their ranch was in Ash Valley near Loon Lake. Also living in that neighborhood were another sister, Olive and her husband, Ed Upton.
37. Gould, Grace. Diary. 1892.

Relatives and neighbors often called for Hattie to help in times of illness or of childbirth, but there were also times when accidents and sickness tested all of their skill right at home. One of the very worst of those times was a recurrence of the infection in Bert's leg. Entries in Hattie's diary for three months in the winter of 1894 and 1895 tell the story.

Nov. 11, 1894

Bert's leg has been troubling him for about two months.

Dec. 5, 1894

The hard pain left Bert's leg last night. When he got up this morning, his leg was swollen, and he could not bear his weight on it and could not walk without much pain.

December 25 Christmas.

We had a good dinner, but it did not seem much like Christmas with Bert sick and Grace and Frank away. I was not feeling well, so Girlie had to do most everything. Pa [David Barton McClay] took dinner with us and saw the first Christmas tree. He seemed to enjoy himself very much.

December 27, 1894

Bert's leg broke out this morning, the same old sore. It is pretty hard for him as he has allways been on the go.

Dec. 28

Geo. made Bert a splint, and we put it on today.

January 8, 1895

Bert's leg is pretty bad off. There is a hole in the old sore that you can put the end of your thumb in.

January 9

We changed the bandage five times today. There has been blood running from the sore for two days past. If it is not better in the morning, Geo will see a Dr. about it.

January 10

Bert's leg seems lots better this morning, did not run much last night. The swelling has gone down lots, looks as if it wanted to heal.

January 11

Geo. is down the river after a load. Bert's leg seems lots better this morning. The swelling seems to have left for good, and it does not run much and looks as if it was

healing. He says to me, "Mama, can I go down the river for a few days when my leg gets well?" He has said all the time that it would not get well.

Jan. 14, 1895

Bert's leg is nearly healed up. He can walk some without his crutches. Used up his med[icine].

Jan. 17, 1895

This is Bert's birthday. We had quite a dinner. His leg seems to be getting better, but I am afraid it will break out again.

Jan. 20, 1895

Bert's leg is nearly well and he is going to school [down the river].

Feb. 1, 1895

Bert came up today on Will's horse. His leg is nearly heald up, but limps some yet.<sup>38</sup>

On April 3, 1897 Hattie wrote that "Millie has the measles, not very hard." Then five days later, "Grace, Lucy, Girlie, Clarence, Georgie, Leonard have the measles." By April 18, although she was not feeling up to par, Grace went to Ten Mile to teach school.

1898 seems to have been the year for accidents; first, Georgie, then George, and finally Leonard, as Hattie has related.

Feb. 20, 1898

Georgie cut his foot real bad, cut clear through his foot and into his shoe for the worst cut that has been in our family.

March 16, 1898

Georgie's foot is nearly well. It was nearly four weeks before he could step on his foot.

May 20, 1898

George cut his hand pretty badly. Cut the cords to the little finger.

May 31, 1898

Geo's hand is getting better fast, but has not much control of the little finger. It is too bad, it will bother him so at work. [also in playing the violin]

June 1, 1898

Oelo and Girlie came up from town. Hadent been home more than an hour when Georgie came down from Deer Creek saying that a tree had fell on Leonard. It gave me such a scare, my head hurts. So we got up there as soon as possible. Found him better. The weight of two trees fell on him. I don't see how it didn't hurt him worse. Struck his head and shoulders. Poor little fellow. It is a pretty mean way to use him.<sup>38</sup>

Lucy recalled that in the spring of every year, the children were lined up to take a spring tonic which tasted pretty bad, possibly with some cascara in it.

Although Mary Olive (McClay) Upton was shot accidentally July 23, 1893, Hattie made no mention of her sister's death until her birthday the next year, when she would have been twenty-eight.

Hattie had gone to Marshfield to check on Frankie's badly sprained ankle, when word reached her from Forrest McClay that their mother was very ill. She took the boat back to Allegany, rode horseback to Elkhorn Ranch, and left with George L. Gould for Elkton in the morning. They spent the night with her sister Alice (McClay) Baker at Loon Lake, reaching Elkton the next day, February 7. Hattie stayed on to help care for her mother until the death February 23, at midnight. Melissa was buried in the Elkton Cemetery on February 25, 1895. The next day, David Barton McClay rode with them as far as Loon Lake. From that time on, he lived with one or another of his children.

38. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. 1894, 1895, 1898.

December of 1892 was cold. Grace recorded a temperature of twenty-seven degrees and four days later wrote in the journal:

December 21

Began snowing. Snowed all day steadily. Got calves down river. Horses were taken over above Buck Creek day before so we were out in snow.

December 22

Papa went for horses. Snow above Buck Creek was 3 ft. 4 in. Papa had a very hard time getting there. Rained all day off and on and the thermometer ran up to 50° by night, was that at five o'clock. Bert is down the river going to school, and the river is raising very fast, is already too high to cross unless on logs.<sup>39</sup> We don't think he will be home tonight as we expected.

But Bert, one of those stubborn Goulds, did come home, and Oelo years later told the story.

. . .The river was small in summer, not much more than a swimming hole, but a raging torrent in winter, and had so much drop to it that logs and debris that it collected in its journey moved faster than the current. . .Bert, who was returning home for the holidays, at Xmas, . . .on reaching the river by his home, found it too swollen to cross. It was too late in the day to return to Allegany, had he wanted to do so. After walking fifteen miles to spend the holidays at home, he would not turn back but called to his father to throw him a rope, which he did. With one end around his waist, the other in his father's hand, he started into the water, but the force of the water was stronger than they had thot and carried him down the river. It is impossible to tell in detail what happened, but when he got out of the water, he was exhausted but soon recovered and spent the holidays with the family. . . .

A year or so later he [George] conceived the idea, some called it foolish, at least it was daring, of putting a bridge across the river in one span, with nothing lower than the three 70 foot stringers. . . .In the spring of 1895 Mr. G. and the boys hewed out by hand the three 70 foot timbers. . . .When the timbers for the bridge were ready, they hired a

39. Gould, Grace. Diary. 1892.

man with a span of oxen to come and help put them in place. This was all the help they had. The bridge raising had been made quite an occasion for the young people to come and have a dance and general good time.

. . .It took some months to finish the bridge. There were the approaches to be built, the trusses must be built and strung up with large steel rods. Then it was no small job to floor it. It had to be flooring that would endure the tramp of droves of cattle and sheep. At this point in the operation Mr. G. saw he must have sawed and not hand hewed lumber, so he built a small saw mill. It was in 1896 that the bridge was finished--an impossible job, but made possible by work and faith. I can well remember the boys standing on the stringers before it was floored. . .defying the rolling tumbling driftwood. . . .<sup>40</sup>

Bert noted that the timbers were of hewn red cedar and that the decking was of sawed planks, span 72 feet.

Hattie wrote in her journal that they began putting up the bridge on August 24 and continued working every day through September 6. The next day, "Frank and Bob came up with the Oxen to help on the bridge." They worked on the eighth and ninth. Then on September 10, she wrote ". . .They got the stringers across today and the boys went out camping." Work went on from September 11 through September 17.

September 18, 1896

Finished the bridge today except the floor.<sup>41</sup>

September 18, 1896

Knocked the false bent from under the Bridge, settled about 1/2 inch. Finished all but planking.<sup>42</sup>

Both George and Hattie listed some of the material which had to be purchased for the bridge, such as a keg of spikes [#60 nails], 6 irons for the bridge, small bolts, etc. George wrote in the margin. "Cost of the Bridge in cash. \$24.00."<sup>43</sup>

40. McClay, Oelo. Brief Account of the G. A. Gould Family.

41. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. September 7, 10, 18, 1896.

42,43. Gould, George A. Account Book. September 18, 1896.

In 1891 Mr. G. enlarged his work shop to enclose a small mill. He turned a small stream into a flume to run over a large wheel into wooden buckets. This wheel turned, from its shaft, other wheels and pulleys, running a small circular saw, a lathe, a washing machine.<sup>44</sup>

This was Oelo's account of the mill, but let's not dismiss it because it was written by a woman, as she herself was one of the hands in the mill. In fact, after the boys had gone away to school and to work, she was George's assistant in the mill. Construction of an even larger mill and digging the ditch for the mill race were completed in 1895. George itemized the purchases for the mill in his cash book, noting on January 1, 1896 that the cost of mill was \$37.84.

Bert told a little more about the building of the mill.

. . . George Gould. . . soon took on new friends in Marshfield. One of them was Charles H. Merchant, the pioneer sawmill operator and businessman. The old Pershbaker mill at Marshfield had been abandoned by Dean and Co.<sup>45</sup> Mr. Gould made a deal with Merchant, whereby he exchanged smoked elk meat and venison, honey and perhaps other products from Elkhorn, for discarded parts of the mill--pulleys and shafts, belting and other things. These were shipped up the river to Allegany and packed over the trail to Elkhorn. An overshot water wheel was built and set up; a sash saw was installed, a planer and turning lathe were added; and soon they were turning out lumber of every type needed for a complete modern home. Furniture was made for the entire house.<sup>46</sup>

Ted Tourtillott wrote:

The mill had a huge overshot water wheel powered by water diverted through a ditch extending a half mile up the Coos River. [Millicoma] Power was transmitted by means of a belt turning in a series of wooden bearings attached to the rafters of the mill. From this line shaft smaller belts extended to the various pieces of equipment, including the washing machine and churn!<sup>47</sup>

44. McClay, Oelo. Brief Account of the G. A. Gould Family. p. 8
45. Some of the family believe that the original Pershbaker mill was built largely of parts salvaged from Sutter's Mill in California and shipped by water to Coos Bay.
46. Gould, Albert Nelson. Statement in Peterson and Powers--  
A Century of Coos and Curry. pp. 79, 80.
47. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. p. 84.

The mill built, George began selecting trees near the river which had been killed by the long-ago fire and were well seasoned and excellent timber. These were felled and cut into suitable lengths. When winter rains swelled the river, George rolled the logs into the stream to float down and be impounded by a boom he had constructed near the mill. From the boom the logs were pulled up to the mill by means of ropes and pulleys where they were sawed into lumber.<sup>48</sup>

Mr. G. had such good luck sawing lumber for the bridge, that he decided to built a new house. Everyone promised to help in one way or another, and were happy to do so, and so the house was built, a large eleven room house, with several large halls and veranda, and all painted ivory. It was a work to be proud of and was the marvel of all who saw it.<sup>49</sup>

All the lumber had been cut and finished in his mill. The only items brought in from the outside--on horseback over 15 miles of tortuous trail--were window-glass, hardware and nails. The stairs had a banister of yew-wood, beautifully turned on his lathe and skillfully mortised together. But the house was not all. Furniture--beds, tables, chairs, dressers--all these my brother made.<sup>50</sup>

On the completion of the house, we gave a dance and people came from far and near, some from Marshfield, Allegany, Umpqua and Loon Lake. Some came horseback, some walked, all stayed all nite and many longer. We had plenty of music, for by this time we had an organ, which some of the girls had learned to play, a banjo, a guitar and of course the violin. We always had plenty of eats.<sup>51</sup>

Hattie wrote in her journal that thirty-six people came to the housewarming, and that they had enough dancers for two sets. She also supplied the dates, February 18, 1898, when the first timbers for the new house were sawed, and October 7, 1899, for the dance. On May 24, 1899 noted that Lennie had sawed, with the buzz saw, over one hundred pieces for doors and windows. He was nine years old.

48, 50. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. pp. 84, 85.

49, 51. McClay, Oelo. Brief Account of the G. A. Gould Family. p. 8.



In 1933 a number of us walked in to Elkhorn Ranch for a few days camping and fishing. I remember the stairway, with the beautiful newelpost and spindles for the railing, all turned on a lathe. Each corner of the window and door casings was ornamented with a turned medallion. A wooden wainscoting was about waist high in the rooms, and I was especially intrigued with the special case built against one wall with pigeon holes to fit cylinders for an old-time phonograph.

Glae Gould, son of Clarence, has in his home a large round table with a checkerboard inlaid in the top. The entire border shows an intricate design of varicolored inlaid wood. Some of the hand-turned and/or hand-carved chessmen were found in the drawers under the edge of the table. Incidentally, Glae purchased Elkhorn Ranch with other timberlands to be logged. When the logging was completed, and the land was to be included in the Eliot State Forest, he reserved five acres at the home site to be forever in the family as a memorial to the Goulds of Elkhorn.

Wrong:  
 (No ossis was ever done on the Elkhorn Ranch during that time period - by Glae Gould or anyone else).

only because <sup>of Walker and Grace Boston</sup>  
saved <sup>it for him from the old house</sup>

The children often had wild pets, ophans whose mothers had either been killed or had abandoned them. On several occasions in her journal, Hattie mentions Wapiti, the elk calf Bert found that grew to be a special favorite of the family.

June 9th, 1894

The little elk measures 32 3/4 inches the day he was a week old, that is a week from the day they got him.

October 16, 1894

Bert and Georgie found all but one of the calves that wintered down the river. 15 they took over to the creek. Also took Wap, but I guess he will be back.

March 28, 1896

Wap shed his horns here at the house.

June 19, 1897

George and Bert took Wap the Pet Elk out to Elkton to see if they could sell him.<sup>52</sup>

Alex Sawyers, who had known the Gould family, in an interview in 1977, filled in the story of the elk.

Clarence [probably Bert instead] and his Dad [George Gould] brought the pet elk out to the Umpqua Valley, leading it like a cow. When they reached Elkton, they tied him to a downed tree so he could browse on the branches. However, he broke the limb and started back toward home. They followed back a way and found him with the horses at the Sawyers place. One of the Haynes's, Jim, I think, traded a horse for the elk. Then he advertised an elk barbecue. No one knew whether they did have barbecued elk or not. I think they killed a beef. Mr. Sawyers went on to say that whenever the Goulds brought out cattle for sale, it was the occasion for a dance.<sup>53</sup>

Much more detail is included in a story of Wapiti, which Lucy (Gould) Barker told to Charlotte Mahaffy shortly before her death in 1961

52. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. 1894-1897.

53. Sawyers, Alex. Interview. June 23, 1977.

One evening my brothers, Bert and George, came home from hunting in the Deans Mountain area bringing with them a live baby bull elk. I never will forget how thrilled I was when I saw the little creature, so sleek, so pretty, and so spindly. The calf, being very weak from the lack of nourishment, was given cow's milk from a bottle. This method of feeding continued until our pet was strong enough to suck one of our cows--which finally accepted him as her own. The calf grew stronger and adjusted to his new mother. When he grew taller than his mother, he found standing for his dinner inconvenient; it was then necessary for him to take a kneeling position. He soon outgrew that position and so, not to be outdone by a small thing like size, he would lie down to snack.

The mother would bawl to her adopted young one; he would answer in his peculiar elk whistle. . .

In time the elk grew beautiful, snaggy horns. He was so proud and so very gentle. We children would crawl all over him and even sit on him. He seemed to love us as much as we loved him.

He always ran with the cows in the field. But as he grew older, he became dangerous at certain times. He would run us out of the pasture when we went to bring home the cows at milking time.

Wapiti, . . . was about three years old when he was taken to the Umpqua Valley. . .

The day that Wapiti left us was a sad one for the smaller Gould children. . . For a keepsake we cut some hair from Wapiti's ears.<sup>54</sup>

Bear cubs were another story. The boys were able to train some of them so well that they were still another saleable item. In a letter answering some questions by Courtland Matthews, Bert told a little about them!

The cub bears Dick and Dan were sold to Barnum Circus, later the "Barnum and Bailey Circus" . . . The episode of the destruction of the peach orchard occurred at Elkhorn in

54. Barker, Lucy Gould. Statement in Mahaffy-- Coos River Echoes. pp. 128, 129.

about 1899, and instead of two cubs there were six of them, two brown and four black. (Bears in almost all cases give birth to twins, and sometimes one will be black and the other brown.) These were the cubs that disappeared. [Evidently George took care of that very quietly.] Later we had several other cubs, one of which we sold to Barnum also. This was the cub that always went swimming with us boys in the old swimming hole...below the bridge.<sup>55</sup>

Mrs. Mahaffey also recorded a story Bert Gould told her about one of his experiences on the trail.

There was a time when Scottsburg was a thriving village at the head of steamboat navigation on the Umpqua River. . . A. N. (Bert) Gould often made trips there from his home at Elkhorn Ranch. At times the young man saw many bear and wild hogs, and sometimes panthers.

One day as he was walking along the woodsy trail, Bert came upon three chubby, fluffy, bright-eyed panther kittens. They were romping and having fun, as all kittens do. When they saw they were being watched, they began squalling and making peculiar noises. The hiker had a feeling that the mother cat was near; in fact he knew that she [had been] protectively watching her babies. For some reason Bert looked behind him. There stood the she-cat, her lips turning up in an ugly snarl, her eyes definitely reflecting anger, her tail lashing from side to side. The man had no gun to defend himself, so he decided almost instantly to try the old trick of staring at the animal and very slowly walking toward her. Bert was within ten feet of the cat when she bounced into the thicket. Like a flash she was gone!

The adventurer turned to glance at the kittens; they too had vanished. . . Bert kept looking back as he hurried home. . .<sup>56</sup>

55. Gould, A. N. Letter to Courtland Matthews, n. d.

56. Gould, A. N. Statement in Mahaffey--Coos River Echoes. pp. 128, 129.

Everything that could not be made or produced on the place had to be brought in on packhorses from the head of navigation, fourteen miles away. Winter travel was particularly difficult, so it was necessary to lay in a supply of sugar and flour to see them through the winter months. Over a period of years, Hattie made occasional entries in a journal. There are four successive notations in the year 1891.

June 20      *opened a sack of flour*  
 June 27      *opened a sack of flour*  
 July 1        *opened a sack of flour*  
 July 9        *opened a sack of flour*<sup>57</sup>

These were fifty pound sacks of flour, while sugar usually came in hundred pound sacks: Many of the purchases of sugar were golden brown. Honey was used a great deal for a less expensive sweetener. Three later entries add to the picture of Hattie's part of providing for the family.

September 6, 1892

*Commenced using the flour, got a ton and a half.*

September 7

*Made soap, four cans.*

August 7, 1893

*Made soap, 7 cans, lasted until first of April.*<sup>58</sup>

Sources of cash income for necessary purchases were varied, stock of course, furs, bear galls, honey, elk teeth, dried venison, elk horns, hides. In later years, dried and canned apples, wool, potatoes, butter. Chickens and turkeys were raised to market. The women also made gloves, wool comforters and mattresses for sale.

The October 1896 page from George's cash book shows a larger income than usual because of the sale of some cattle. October also includes board for a hunter and a charge for packing his hunting gear. Two items show no income. Two cases of honey were evidently going to California with George as gifts for his family. The bears' grease must not have sold, unless he was taking that along too. November lists many more purchases of household items, clothing, dress materials and groceries, with less income.

57, 58. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. 1891-1893.

59. Gould, George A. Cash Book, 1896. See following page

60. Arago, wrecked ship, on which George had planned to sail.

OCTOBER 1896

3rd	Dried meat	50 lbs. @ 12 1/2		6.20
"	"	25 "	"	3.12
"	1 bbl flour		3.20	
"	coffee		3.00	
12	Honey one case to dentist			2.40
12	" (to Cal.)	2 cases		0 00
20	" two cases to Gee Fee			4.80
"	" one case to Brown			2.40
3rd	" two cases (to Elkton)			5.00
"	socks two pair		.20	
"	Sheep of E. M.		.80	
Oct	Hunt paid for packing			8.00
20	Flour 7 bbl @ 3.90		23.80	
"	two sacks chop @ 90		1.80	
"	Twelve bottles bears grease			
"	Grass seed		2.00	
20	Gloves 12 pr @ 1.50			18.00
8	Cattle 8 head			182.00
15	Eastman's board			14.50
30	Honey one case to Emp[ire]			2.40
	Hides in S. F. (W. B. Sumner)			48.20
	Demnick		6.00	
	Oconnel		6.80	
	Fare to Cal.		5.00	
	two shirts		2.50	
21	One "		.75	
	Relic of Arago** 59		.50	
	Supper		.25	
	Expenses in Empire		1.00	
	Fare on R. R. in Cal.		16.25	
	Coat 2.50 necktie & buttons .55		3.05	
	Overcoat \$9 collar cuffs & buttons 65		9.65	
	Sundys [sundries]		3.45	

As the children completed the elementary grades, it was necessary for them to go "outside" to continue. Usually they went to school in Allegany or Marshfield, working for their board. Grace was the first to go farther. Hattie told of her leaving home.

August 29, 1893

Grace, Frankie, Lucy and Clair started for the Umpqua River this morning. It is very hot. They will get pretty tired. Grace expects to start to school Monday Sep 4 at Drain. [Oregon State Normal School] Oh how I did dread to see her start it. It will be so lonesome without her bright face. I do hope she will do well at school and be at home once more. What company her letters will be. Mim [Millie] and Lennie are complaining all ready about her going off for so long. She started with \$33 1/8 dollars and her clothes were \$6 1/2 dollars.<sup>61</sup>

Grace Gould kept a diary for only the months of January and February 1894, but it is so detailed that one can get a very good picture of life in the boarding hall, the entertainment (debates, lectures, singing), as well as the classes themselves. Nothing so frivolous as a dance is mentioned at the college, but she went to one on the way back to school in January.

George Gould and Bert accompanied her as far as the McClay ranch across the river from Elkton, intending to go to a dance at the Grubb home. The weather was so bad the men decided to go back to Elkhorn, but Grace and the young McClays, Elmer and Alice, walked over the hill to the dance. Supper was served at midnight, but some of the young people danced until daylight and then cooked breakfast for the others.

Grace went on to tell how she finally got back to school.

Saturday, Jan. 6. [1894]

Uncle Elmer & I went over to Elkton (rained all the way nearly & snowed some). I rode Dex[ter] to the Ferry and we then walked over. I went to Helen's to wait for the Stage. It came but was loaded down so Uncle Elmer went over for Dex and got back about half past twelve and I jumped on him and started for Drain. . . alone with the exception of my

61. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. August 29, 1893.

sure[-footed] Dex. We got to Mr. Isaac Gardner's & it was just getting dark, got to Drain after dark, rode up to the Livery Stable and just as I was dismounting a man came up and says "Do you want your horse put in here?" And I says, "Yes, Sir." So he put it up and I came over to the Boarding Hall, got nearly to the School Building when Prof. Van Scoy overtook me and he passed and went on ahead of me and told Clara [Gage], so she met me out on the walk, J. P. Mc\_\_\_\_\_ close behind her, and all troubles were forgotten for a while. Met all of the old students who did not go away and a good many new ones.<sup>62</sup>

Then in June Hattie was able to attend graduation exercises for Grace's class at Drain Normal School, as well as visiting with her relatives.

Georgie [George Gould's son George<sup>63</sup>] and I started from home today on our way out to the Umpqua. We staid one night at Loon Lake with By[ron] and Dora [McClay] and two nights at Pa's [David Barton McClay] and then Clyde [Gage], Alice [McClay Baker] and I went up to Drain. Stayed at Mrs. Dickerson's one week, Comensement week. Grace did fine, also Clara. [Commencement program shows that everyone had to speak or take some other part in the exercises.] I enjoyed myself very much. Alice had her teeth pulled while we were there. We came down to Ma's Friday, stayed one night, did not get to make them a visit. Willie [son of Forrest McClay] can allmost walk, he is so cute. We came as far as Loon Lake Sat., stayed all night, then came over home Sunday. Found them all well and glad to get home. All was glad to see Grace and have her at home once more.<sup>64</sup>

After helping a dressmaker in Marshfield as well as working for her board in another home, Grace took the teachers' exams in 1896 and started teaching immediately on Tenmile Creek for twenty-three dollars a month and board. Later she taught on Daniels Creek and "at the creamery", eventually getting all of thirty-five dollars a month. Hattie made brief mention in her journal of Grace's progress. In 1898, after visiting Grace's school, Hattie wrote, "The

62. Gould, Grace. Boarding Hall Diary. January 6, 1894.

63. To avoid confusion, the younger George will be referred to as George L.

64. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. June 13-20, 1894.



school was real quiet for so many little ones. Grace does fine teaching."<sup>65</sup>

The next year entirely different arrangements were made.

Oct 13, 1899

Grace, Clair, Girlie and Georgie [the twins] started down this morning to go to school, will live in the old Reiny [?] house. School will comense the 16. Grace is to teach. I hope they all get along fine. This is Georgie's [George L.] first schooling away from home. I do miss him so much, seems as if several of the family are gone when he is away, as he is always making fun.<sup>66</sup>

Bert, who went to school in Marshfield the winters of 1893, 1894, 1897, and possibly the intervening years, often brought some of his schoolmates home with him for fishing or hunting.

65, 66. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. November 23, 1898, October 13, 1899.

Hattie's family, the McClays, had followed the Goulds to Oregon in 1882, but George had not been able to do more than keep in touch with his family through letters. Then, in 1895, his half-brother "Ted" [True Trevor Tourtillott 24] came to spend the summer for his health. He was accompanied by "Ed" [Edward Bradford Gould 16], son of George's brother Frank.

Ed was back again the next summer, leaving just in time for school. That same year George sailed for California to see his mother and the rest of the family for the first time in fourteen years. Hattie's journal tells something of the event.

October 15, 1896

Geo. started for Cal. today. I hope he has a good visit. My but it will be lonesome while he is gone. I tell you I wanted to go so bad. . .

October 21, 1896

Bert came up from the Forks. Word came up on the ALERT [riverboat] that the Steamer ARGO<sup>67</sup> was wrecked. At first he thought George had sailed on her, but soon after he found out that he had not. He said he [bert] was nearly scared to death.

October 27, 1896

Bert went down to the Forks yesterday. We got two letters from Geo. telling how near he came to being on the ARGO. My but it makes me feel shakey. We ought to be thankful. We ought to have got the Postal and letter when Bert was down before.<sup>68</sup>

Jane Tourtillott, George's mother, and "Walt" [Walter Walton Tourtillott 25], the youngest of his half-brothers, made the trip to Oregon in 1897. In September Grace and Bert sailed with their grandmother for San Francisco on the ARCATA to go to school. Walt stayed on until he had to return to college. Grace came home the next year, taught school for two more years, and then returned to San Francisco until she finally was graduated from Children's Hospital as a registered nurse.

Georgia also took the teachers' exams, teaching in a number of schools in both Coos and Douglas counties before training as a nurse with Grace at Horsfall Hospital in Marshfield. Dr. William Horsfall had put Grace in charge of his hospital, and she trained three of her sisters, Georgia, Lucy and Millie.

67. The ARAGO, a 4-masted barkentine, 146 ft. long, was completed by John Kruse of North Bend in 1891.

68. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. October 1896.

Frankie (Frances Augusta) was more of a problem, as she did not care for teaching or nursing. She was in love! George Terry was a seaman, and the family did not want to have her marry someone who would be away from his wife and family so much. George was in love too, and he thought nothing of walking the twenty miles from the Terry place on Kentuck Slough along the ridges of the Coast Range to Elkhorn Ranch.

In 1898 the Goulds decided to send Frankie to California to school in hope that she would forget George. The stay in California did not have the desired effect. Finally, in 1902, the parents gave in, and the two were married. George Terry did not go back to sea, but became a fireman and engineer on various logging railroads in the county.

\*            \*

After Ted's first visit in 1895, George's younger brothers and his nephews often came to Elkhorn Ranch during summer vacations, sometimes bringing friends to hunt and fish in Oregon. Eventually, others heard of the ranch, so they came as paying guests, with George or one of the boys to be their hunting guide and to cook for them on longer trips. Other travelers came through en route to or from Coos Bay and the Umpqua River. These overnights were usually charged seventy-five cents each. Ordinarily George just noted the number of guests and sometimes the names, but on December 3, 1890, he wrote, "A crazy man staid here last night, said London was his name."<sup>69</sup>

Charges for the guided hunts varied, according to the length of time, the number in the party, and any special services required. Some of the hunters wanted meat dried and shipped, or hides or antlers prepared. One entry was fifteen dollars for three weeks board, plus eight dollars for packing the hunter and his equipment from Allegany to Elkhorn and back.

One time nine hunters and relatives arrived at once, so it was necessary to borrow horses from neighbors for the ride to Elkhorn.

George's reaction to some of the sportsmen he guided on big game hunts was expressed in his diary and later in a poem.

Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1909      Warm, smoky

Mr. Ehman & I went out in the rough country this morn. We saw 2 small ones, got one. [deer] Dan [Roberts] went out & got 2 little ones, felt pretty proud of it. This P. M. I went out beyond Strawberry Peak & found a bear in the trap, left it for them to photograph & kill. Too bad for the poor bear.

Thursday, Sept. 2, 1909      Warm, clear

We all got up early this morn & went over to the bear trap. Cut out the brush some on the trail. Mrs. Ehman shot the bear after taking several pictures of him. Dan also got some.

Got back about 11. Fixed up the bear hide & boiled the head this P. M. Got the cows late. We packed up Mr. Ehman's things this P. M. as they leave tomorrow.<sup>69</sup>

#### THE BEAR

We set the bear trap in the old hollow snag  
At the foot of the peak in the little fern sag.  
We baited with venison, bacon rinds too,  
Not a very strong bait but thot it would do.  
Bear bait to be strong should always smell some.  
~~The~~ louder the odor how farther they come.

Old bruin had supped in a berry patch near.  
We noticed his sign while out after deer.  
The berries were plenty, he'd surely be back.  
'Twas quite a large bear, by the size of his track.  
Old bruin likes berries, likes meat better yet  
And he'll hunt up that taint in the air you can bet.

In 4 or 5 days the old trapper went up  
With his horse & his gun & little cur pup.  
He found the trap gone, some time by the look  
Of the ground torn up by the end of the hook  
On the clog of the trap. 'Twas a limb that stuck out.  
Dragged along in the ground it would retard him no doubt.

69. Gould, George A. Diary. September 1, 2, 1909.

The fern was bent over, mashed down at the roots  
 As flat as a boozier on one of his toots.  
 He tore up the bushes. He ripped up a log  
 & then he got fast by a hook of the clog,  
 Took another direction & jerked his clog loose.  
 He is free of that place, but what is the use?

He heads for the canon. The poor devil knows  
 There's water down there where the willow bush grows.  
 Some logs he rolled over, then on thru the bush  
 He takes the big clog. It takes lots of push.  
 At last he is anchored just below a big root,  
 His arm thru a tree fork, the trap on his foot.

The old trapper goes back for the people from town.  
 They wanted to kill a bear, thus gain renown  
 For killing a bear. Don't mention the trap.  
 Old nimrod was paid, so he cared not a rap.  
 Old bruin had suffered, our conscience was there.  
 Still, what does it matter? He's only a bear.<sup>70</sup>

Mr. Ehmann of the Ehmann Olive Company of Lindsay, California, was so fond of canned venison, that they agreed on an exchange, a dozen quarts of canned venison for a dozen quarts of *olives*. ~~venison~~ Olives were a real treat for the Oregonians, and several years later three-year-old Barbara (Georgia Gould Richmond's daughter) liked them so well that she took an opened jar, crawled under the house and ate all the rest. Many years afterward she said she still liked olives.

An amusing incident occurred when Bert and some friends hiked over the hill to fish in Gould Lake. Oelo McClay packed some supplies for them, as they planned to fry their catch. The salt she had sent for the fish turned out to be sugar, but later Georgia came on horseback, bringing the salt. When that too was sugar, she had to stay and row them all over the lake all afternoon. Incidentally, Gould Lake was caused by a huge slide which dammed the canyon of Elk Creek in the winter of 1893.

Bell Rich, a new teacher at Allegany School told her daughter Harriet (Gould) Osika of her first meeting with Bert Gould, who had just returned from studying civil engineering. Bert visited the schoolhouse, seating himself with his arm around his girl friend. Miss Rich announced that visitors to the school were

70. Gould, George A. The Bear, copied from the original pencil copy by Aileen Barker Rickard, June 19, 1972.

not supposed to sit with their boy or girl friends. Bert replied, "That's quite all right. I'm comfortable where I am."<sup>71</sup> After he began courting the teacher, "there was some kidding about when Bert gets Rich."<sup>72</sup> The two were married in 1904, living for the rest of their lives in Coquille, the county seat of Coos County. Bert Gould served from 1908 to 1914 as county surveyor. His seal reads "Registered Professional Engineer, #1127, Oregon, Jan. 1, 1920, A. N. Gould."

*And he  
was the  
GHO surveyor  
for 23/11!  
in 1908*

The Sawyers and Gould families had first become friends in the Umpqua Valley, and they were together a great deal more when the Sawyers lived at Allegany in the years 1904 to 1906. Some time before 1904, the Goulds had acquired a second home, Riverside Ranch, just below the forks of the Coos and Millicoma Rivers at Allegany. Alex Sawyers recalls many of the experiences he had with the Goulds in those days.

One time when the Gould boys, Clarence and George L., were running the trap line, they caught a bear cub, which Clarence wanted to save for a pet. He stunned it, muzzled it, and tied it to a tree while all three of them took care of the bear in the trap. This was their usual procedure, but Clarence said he "tapped it too hard."<sup>73</sup>

About 1905 Alex camped with the younger George at the "Old Maid's Cabin." There was a bit of good-natured scuffling while they were about their cooking. A piece of fresh liver was flipped out of the frying pan onto the stove. Picking up the lid with the lifter, George gave it a flip, trying to throw the meat at Alex. But the lid came too, and both hit him right in the face. Alex next grabbed the sourdough paddle and hit George with it. The paddle stuck to George's curly hair, and he carried it home that way.<sup>74</sup>

Mr. Sawyers also remembers some of the good times the young people had at Allegany, hay rides with a four-horse team to Golden and Silver Falls, weiner and steak roasts, wrestling matches, parties and dances at the Gould place at Riverside, especially one corn husking bee when there was a lucky ear of corn hidden in the pile. Lucy Gould had also baked a lucky favor in the cake for that same party. Among the young people he mentioned were Florence and Herman Edwards, Lucy and Millie Gould, as well as the three Sawyers, Hilda, Isaac and Alex.

71. Osika, Harriet Gould. Interview. April 28, 1980

72,3 Sawyers, Alex. Interview. March 25, 1977.

74. Sawyers, Alex. Interview. June 23, 1977.

One afternoon when Hattie Gould was visiting with Mrs. Sawyers at her home at Allegany, she saw a chicken scratching in the garden. Hattie threw a stick of kindling wood at it, and one of the prize Wyandottes had to be eaten for dinner.<sup>75</sup>

\*            \*

To get from Allegany to Riverside Ranch, it was necessary to cross the river in a boat and to use a scow to ferry horses and bulkier packs.

On January 22, 1904, as Leonard Gould, 13, came from the schoolhouse at Allegany, he passed Alex Sawyers, 19, who cautioned him to be very careful in rowing the boat across the river, as the water was very high. It was important to cross below the cable. Leonard and a friend, Fay Mattson, ran on down the bank, swinging their lunch pails, putting the boat in above the cable. The swift current pulled the cable down stream until it snapped back, catching their boat and flipping it over. Fay managed to swim out, but Leonard disappeared.

No one was available to ride to Elkhorn Ranch to tell the family except Alex, who had been there only once before. It was getting dark, and his horse kept wanting to turn back. "One time the horse snorted, and I could see eyes in the brush, reflected from my lantern light, but I didn't see what it was." Numerous trees had fallen across the trail, and he had to go either up or down hill to get around them. One time his lantern caught on a tree branch and hung there, while he and the horse slid over the bank. A real problem was finding the trail again after each little detour.

It was one o'clock in the morning before Alex reached the ranch and roused the family. Recounting the story in 1977, he said breaking the news was the hardest thing he ever did in his life. George Gould set out at once for Allegany, but the rest of the family waited for daylight.<sup>76</sup>

There are no entries in George's diary from January 22, when he wrote simply, "Len was drowned in Coos River," to February 22, "Len was found near Al Smith's."<sup>77</sup> Family and friends had searched

75, 76. Sawyers, Alex. Interview. June 23, 1977.

77. Gould, George A. Diary. January 22, February 22, 1904.

continuously for all that time. Hattie, unable to sleep or rest, had walked the river bank at Riverside. Among those hunting for the body were Alex, John and Isaac Sawyers, the Robinson boys and Clarence Gould. It was out of the water when found in a slough just off Coos Bay near Al Smith's place, not in Coos River. Although they had dragged the river, they figured that the current was too swift to find him close by.<sup>78</sup>

On February 23, George wrote "Len was buried on the hill back of the house." It was June 29 before George resumed his regular account of the day's activities and weather. On July 1 he wrote "I painted Len's fence." and on July 18, "I painted Len's fence, put on 2 coats outside and one in. I wonder if he knows."<sup>79</sup>

\*            \*

David Barton McClay had been staying at Elkhorn Ranch with Oelo, and he was evidently in poor health. When his condition worsened, Oelo tried to bring him out on horseback. George takes up the story from there on.

August 25, 1904

*Worked with Clair and Geo [his sons] till noon when Tom Porter came and said that Oelo was not able to get her father through. So we went up above Michelbrink's and met them. Made a stretcher and brot him down to the river where we met Tom with the wagon. Mr. Porter and Thomas helped. Brot him down to Riverside in the wagon. [He was then taken on down to the hospital in Marshfield by boat.]*

August 31, 1904

*Clair came about 3 by way of Loon Lake, said Grandpap died last night. Poor old man, his pain is over. Died at the H[orsfall] H[ospital in Marshfield] at ten last night.*

September 3, 1904

*They buried Grandpap at Riverside near Len.<sup>80</sup>*

After Oelo sawed out some palings for a grave fence for "Grandpap" [her father, David Barton McClay], George planed them, and they built a fence around the new grave.<sup>81</sup>

78. Sawyers, Alex. Interview. June 23, 1977.

79. Gould, George A. Diary. February 23, July 12, July 18, 1904.

80. Gould. August 25, 31, September 3, 1904.

81. Later the bodies were reinterred, Leonard at Coquille, near his sister, Grace (Gould) Woodruff, and David Barton McClay and his son Ora beside Melissa Jane at the Elkton Cemetery. The white picket fence was also moved to Elkton.



1905 was off to a bad start when George reached Riverside Ranch on January 2 to find Buck, a saddle horse, had been shut in the barn for four or five days, and a neighbor's steers were in the field. Someone had left the barricade down. In February he put a padlock on the kitchen door at Riverside and, in August, moved Capt. and Mrs. Leneve<sup>82</sup> into the house to live for the winter.

Jan. 25, 1905

Found the wharf upset. The back log had got loose and drifted off. Cap [Edwards] towed it back and I staid and got Johnny Sawyers, Fred & Sam to help and put it back. It was a miserable job. Grace and a Mr. Woodruff came up to Mr. Edwards tonight. . . [This was the family's first meeting with the man Grace was to marry three years later.]<sup>83</sup>

Back at Elkhorn Ranch, with Clarence's help, they rounded up forty-four cattle, the next day forty-three more. George made a dehorning chute, and then they sheared the sheep.

April 12

We all went over the river and set the fern afire and succeeded in burning up a lot of good rail fence. I have learned that lesson well.

May 5

. . . hauled rails and posts up where I burnt up the fence.

Fri [May] 19

Some rain. Went down to Allegany today. Took down a can of apples to Grace [at Marshfield] and a lot of meat to Clair and Mim. [Clarence and Millie Gould, staying at Riverside Ranch.] Got down about 1:30. Buck swam the river and when I jumped off the boat I fell in, but did not get very wet. . .<sup>84</sup>

82. Probably Geo. W. Leneve, captain on ALERT and other ships on Coos River.

83, 84. Gould, George A. Diary. January 25, April 12, May 5, May 12, 1905.

It was clear and hot on July 7 when he and Clair [Clarence Gould] began haying at Riverside. The next day was even worse, "the hottest day I ever saw in Oregon." They had to stop work about eleven o'clock, rest in the shade until four and then work until six. It took about a week to finish harvesting 131 bales. When George was not able to sell the hay in Marshfield, he went on to North Bend, missed the return boat from Marshfield, and had to stay in town all night. Also he did find a buyer for the hay. Later on, it was sold for \$138.50, and with the pay for the apples and potatoes, he was able to put \$140.00 in the bank.

Back at Elkhorn they found that a stag had broken down all of Oelo's fruit trees. [This must have been on her claim up above Elkhorn.] Unlimited hunting came to an abrupt end at Elkhorn Ranch when George wrote

(mouth of  
Covsar  
creek)

Thursday, July 27, 1905

Cloudy. Got up early. Clair & I went to look for some meat, got some, got back about 1. Ole S. [game warden] came up and counted the rotten deer hides and bid us to town Monday.

Sunday, July 30, 1905

Clear. Went down to Riverside. Found the folks all well. Burnt some hides after we got there.

Monday, 31 July

Cloudy. Went to town and paid the fine \$19.10 each--costly meat.<sup>85</sup> [Probably this was for each man, not each hide.]

For the first time since May 1900, Hattie resumed writing in her journal at Elkhorn Ranch.

July 13, 1905

There has been lots of changes and sorrow in our family and neighborhood since I last wrote in this book. All the children are away. Clair and Mim are at Riverside. Geo. has been gone a week, went down to cut the hay. Georgie [George L.] has been in Cal. for all most a year. Bert and Frankie are married. Grace, Girlie [Georgia] and Lucy are in Marshfield nursing. It is over a year since our baby boy

85. Gould, George A. Diary. July 27, 30, 31, 1905.

*Leonard was drowned. All so Grandpa is with us no more.  
It is so lonesome here now with all the children away.*<sup>86</sup>

Hattie recorded the arrival of two more grandchildren, Willfred John, son of Frankie and George Terry on July 30, 1905 and Harriet Helen, daughter of Bert and Bell Gould, August 8. Millie went to Coquille to stay with the Goulds and go to school.

Both Grace and Lucy Gould had to undergo emergency appendectomies, and in both cases George and Hattie made the hurried trip to Marshfield to be with them. George started to watch the operation on Lucy but was unable to see it through.

When Bert began work August 12 on a contract to survey the township, beginning at a point near Gould Lake, he hired his brother Clarence as one of the five man crew, with George, his father, to pack in their equipment and supplies. After the survey was finished, George drew a map of the Elkhorn homestead, but did not complete proving up on it until it was to be sold. While running the lines for George L.'s claim at the lake, they took time out to catch 167 fish. Later that year the two Georges went into a "co-partnership."

Oelo McClay left September 22 on her way to the Lewis & Clark Exposition in Portland, returning October 19. Since she was alone, she kept a detailed diary of her trip to share with the folks at home.<sup>87</sup>

Walt [Walter Tourtillott] helped drive nineteen calves and one cow down to Riverside Ranch as he left for California October 29. They killed two deer on the way. George returned to Elkhorn, built some cages, and on October 31 took eighteen live turkeys down to Riverside on two horses!

George noted that November 1 was clear and icy, but "The church people dipped 4 girls in the river. One was sick after--a set of fools." Meanwhile Oelo helped the two Georges to cut, saw and haul wood for the winter. They killed two panther, the first one, at the smokehouse, George shot with a Colt's revolver.

*November 5, 1905*

*Killed a wild heifer calf to save working with her all winter, skinned her, and Geo. [L.] is going to try and tan the hide.*<sup>88</sup>

87. McClay, Oelo. "My Trip to the Fair." Oregon Historical Quarterly Spring 1979. pp. 51-65.

88. Gould, George A. Diary. November 5, 1905.

Snow was four inches deep when George rode down to Allegany to spend the next two days tearing down the Peterson house. He wrote that he had bread and milk alone for Thanksgiving dinner. George L. came down to help haul the lumber, and they started building a woodshed at Riverside Ranch. The team was taken up to Elkhorn to be shod. This time George fitted the shoes, son George L. shod the horses, and his father stated he did a good job.

Thursday 21 Dec 1905

Clear, frosty. Went over on Elk Creek after birds for Xmas. The dogs found a cat [bobcat] track and put up the cat after a short run, treed him on the hillside above Elk Camp. He was up a big snag on a large limb. Shot him bet[ween] the eyes with the 22. He fell about 80 ft. Got 6 birds and one goat also with the 22.<sup>89</sup> [Is he calling deer, goats?]

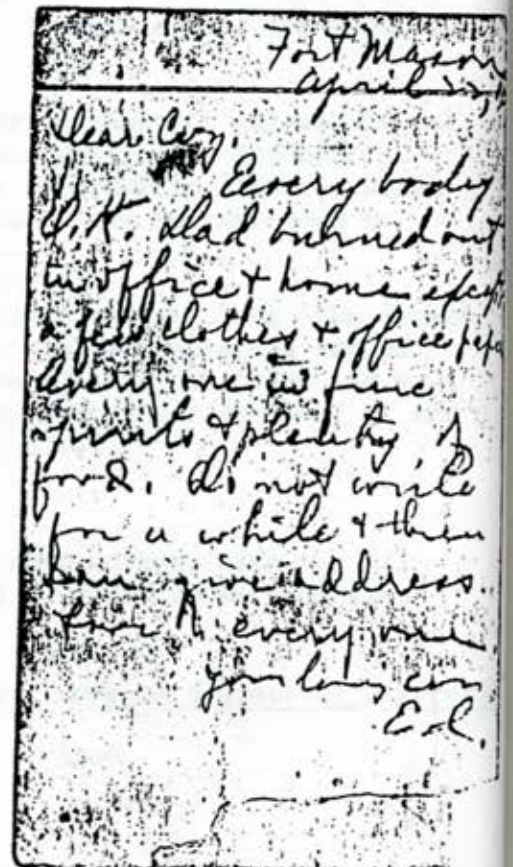
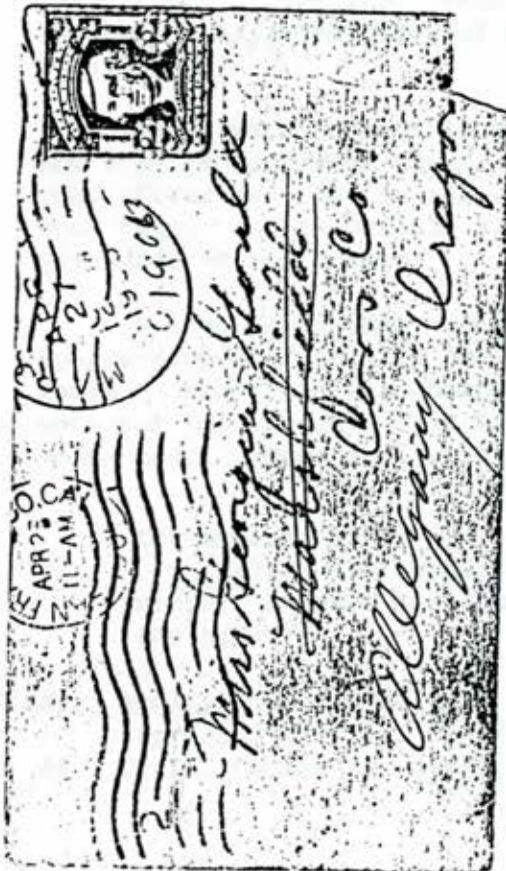
Christmas Day was stormy, but they enjoyed a dinner featuring the six birds, then reading books and eating nuts and candy Grace had sent them. On the last day of the year they slaughtered the last pig and ground some spices. Hattie made four wool quilts that winter.

89. Gould, George A. Diary. December 21, 1905.

Wednesday, April 18, 1906, was the day of the big earthquake in California, but George did not hear of it until he went to Allegany the following day to prepare for the Primary Election on the 20th. He served as clerk, so that he had to take the returns to the county seat, going by boat to Marshfield and by train to Coquille.

First news of the earthquake was followed by "appalling rumors of devastation by fire and the sinking of part of the city into San Francisco Bay." With almost all of his California relatives living in the Bay area, George was uneasy and did not return to Elkhorn Ranch until he heard that all of them were all right.

Brother Frank Gould, an attorney with offices in downtown San Francisco, was not heard from until April 27, when good news came from Frank's son Ed (Edward Bradford Gould). The tiny scrap of paste-board, stamped and sent through the mail, has been preserved to this day.



On May 2 a letter came from George's half-sister, Millie Tourtillott, saying that his mother was very sick. It was followed by a telegram the next day to "come at once." He and Grace went aboard ship that evening sailed early the next morning. The voyage south was longer than expected because the ship went aground in the harbor at Eureka. However, they took advantage of the opportunity to visit a park in the redwoods.

May 7, 1906

Got in to S. F. harbor at 6 this morning. It is a terrible sight, the city all burnt as far as you can see from the boat. Landed at the foot of Stewart St. Went to the ferry. Took the boat for Oakland. Took the train there and got to Mother's [at San Jose] about noon. Found her much better, Walt [his half-brother] about the same, not getting well very fast. Took a look at San Jose. There are lots of buildings down by the Earthquake, one fire of some size, The Fair.<sup>90</sup>

The rest of the brothers came to see their mother, and George managed to visit all of their families and to meet the new additions. Ted Tourtillott at this time was business manager of Agnews State Hospital, which had been hard hit by the earthquake.

Tues. [May] 15

I went out to Agnews with Ted. Went thru the asylum. It is [in] terrible shape, a total wreck. It is a wonder more lives were not lost. There were 112 killed out of 1000 inmates, 11 attendants. They sent about 200 to Stockton, put a few in the Co. Jail and have the bal[ance] on the lawn in tents. Don't seem to give any trouble.<sup>91</sup>

Ernest Tourtillott took him along on his route<sup>92</sup> several times, so George had ample opportunity to visit and to see the countryside, "besides the best crops of grain I ever saw." George bought redwood lumber and repaired the foundation of his mother's house.

On the day he was to leave on the train for San Francisco, Jane was able to come to the table to eat with the family. This was George's fifty-third birthday. He went on up to Santa Rosa to visit Howard Tourtillott and his family. Besides seeing the damage

90. Gould, George A. Diary. May 7, 1906. "The Fair" was probably a downtown store.

91. Gould. May 15, 1906.

92. Ernest Tourtillott bought cattle to butcher for his shop.

there, he visited a silk factory, a shoe factory, and an incubator factory before returning to San Francisco.

Tues. [May] 22

F[rank Gould] got an Auto and gave us a ride all over the city [of San Francisco] and around the Presidio [to view the devastation]. It is simply great the way they go. Sailed on the Ple \_\_\_\_\_ at 4, Ern & I.<sup>93</sup>

Although Ernest Tourtillott had been seasick and was too tired to ride on up to Elkhorn the day of their return to Coos Bay, a few days later he was able to help brand the fourteen calves George had brought over the trail from Allegany, much of the time with only the help of the dog, Mike.<sup>94</sup> Hattie left from Coos Bay on July 4 with Ernest for her first visit to California since they left in 1882. It was August 23 before she returned on the Breakwater.

Roundup began August 28, when George wrote that some of the cattle were pretty wild. Next they began to drive twenty-eight head over to the Umpqua for sale. The first day they put the stock in a corral on Elk Creek, and the second day they were at Jack Baker's ranch at Loon Lake. The third day they reached Camp Creek, where Pete Michelbrink and the younger George stayed with the herd, while George and Oelo rode on to Elmer McClay's. George 'phoned from there to a Mr. Young that the cattle would be in on Friday. They took the cattle across the Umpqua River on a ferry and weighed them at Elkton. After collecting \$740.00, they paid Pete Michelbrink \$7.00 for his help. Oelo was able to visit with her brothers, Byron and Elmer McClay, as well as helping with the cattle.

Just the next month two more members of the family went to California. Both Jane Tourtillott and her daughter Millie were very ill, and this time Georgia and Lucy Gould went to care for them. After they were out of danger, the nurses found work in a home where unwed mothers had their babies.

Back at the ranch, George had a new project to complete.

Another ambition was realized when George at his own expense put in a telephone [line] connecting his Elkhorn Ranch with Allegany at the head of navigation on the north fork of the Coos River.

93. Gould, George A. Diary. May 22, 1906. Ernest Tourtillott came from San Jose to sail with his brother.
94. "Mike" appears in a picture taken June 20 of George and Ernest with a bear hide.

*He and his boys stretched the wires over the intervening fifteen miles of rough mountains and canyons. The wires were anchored to standing trees with an occasional pole to support the long spans. In a general way the line paralleled the trail to facilitate the task of repairs, which were frequently necessary due to the falling of limbs from dead trees and the weight of snow during the winter months.*<sup>95</sup>

George's diary for 1906 gives a better picture of the project. It was in March that he began figuring the cost, and in September that he "ordered 11 cwt of telephone wire" from San Francisco and the two "instruments" from Chicago. October 5 the first telephone pole was set in the orchard. On the 11th he built a ladder and a reel to use in stringing the wire, and on the 13th cut brush for the line to the one mile post. By the 28th, when his son George L. brought up a load of wire and insulators, eight and a half miles had been slashed. That was Sunday, so they rested, but did put up the first two insulators. In the next three days they strung ten and a half miles of line, but the following day was so very stormy that they completed only one more mile.

On November 19 George, Tom Porter, and Pete Michelbrink connected with the line from Allegany. November 22 was clear and cold. They found many trees down, even had to cut one out of the trail. Then they began topping the trees on which the line had been fastened.

Finally, on December 2, they talked to Allegany for the first time. Four days later a terrible storm left an inch and a half of snow on the ground and broke the line. On the last day of the year George had to go out in the snow almost to Michelbrink's ranch to find another break.

This was only the beginning of a hard winter, with twenty inches of snow at Elkhorn Ranch and one inch of ice on the river. On January 20 a Chinook wind took out all of the snow very quickly, and the usual high water followed.

Weather was enough improved by February that George could dig stumps and clear and break three acres of new land on the bench [higher ground] at Elkhorn Ranch. The turnips and carrots were dug so that ground could be worked up and planted. He also mentioned shooting a salmon for chicken feed.

95. Tourtillott, T. T. As Ted Sees It. p. 86.



A piano for Millie Gould was ordered on May 6, and on May 17 George said "54 years old today and feel it."<sup>96</sup> His half-sister Millie Tourtillott came back from California with Georgia Gould for a visit.

The Goulds contracted to supply meat for a logging camp, killing an animal about once a week, occasionally a hog or sheep instead of beef. Sometimes that led to a bit of excitement.

June 1, 1907

Clear. Had a great chase after cattle. Lassoed a wild steer & brot him home. We dehorned a calf. Put a bell on the steer.

Sat [June] 8

Went over to Elk Creek & down the river. Found a cow & calf also the steer we want to kill. Worked on the wagon this P. M. [The wheels and "skims" were packed in from Alleghany, but all the rest was built on the place.]

Sun [June] 9

Cloudy. . . We [the two Georges] killed Frank's steer, the wild one on the bridge, took a long time. 1 quarter weighed 154#.

Mon 10 June 1907

Rain. Loaded on the meat & went out to Organ Camp with Geo. [his son] to see if he needed any help. Took off. . . a bunch of cattle this P. M. over to E[lk] Creek.<sup>97</sup>

For about two months, from September 7 to November 3, George was hired to pack in supplies and equipment, and to cook and tend camp for a survey crew working on Elk Creek. Mim [Millie] came up twice with "good food for them." The survey inspectors, Douglas, Lucket and Hardison, were checking Bert Gould's work on the original survey. Occasionally it was too foggy to run the lines, so he was able then to help with the work at home.

The rest of the month was full of varied activities. One of George's first tasks was to buy and pack in enough provisions to last them through the winter. He managed to get everything packed

96, 97. Gould, George A. Diary. May 17, June 1, 8, 9, 10, 1907.

on three horses so that he could ride the fourth one.

On November 24 they killed and dressed eighteen turkeys to take to Marshfield to sell for Thanksgiving dinner. The river was high, and the scow was gone when they got to Allegany. However, quite a number of the family were able to gather at Riverside Ranch to celebrate Thanksgiving together. Bert brought his family from Coquille, and the Terrys came from Coos Bay. Myrtle's brother, Franklin Burch, brought his wife Carol from Marshfield, and they all danced until nearly midnight.

George L. Gould and Myrtle Burch had been married November 17, 1907, so this may have been a party for them. Hattie wrote, "We like Myrtle so well," but did not say where the wedding took place.<sup>98</sup>

\*            \*

The diary for 1908 is missing, but there were a few entries in the back of the 1907 notebook and in Hattie's journal.

On January 7 George went to Coquille on the train to visit relatives and to help Bert set up a big blueprinting frame, four feet by five, that he had built for him. He and Bert had just returned from a boat ride on the *Venus* to Bandon, when word came that Hattie's brother, Ora McClay, was very ill in the hospital. George got a team and started out with Georgia for the cold rough ride to North Bend. Ora died the next morning, January 11, after an operation for a strangulated hernia. George took the widow, Anna (Minter) McClay, back to Riverside, where Elmer McClay and Jack Baker met them. Ora was buried on the hillside at Riverside beside his father David Barton McClay and Leonard Gould. Anna returned to Loon Lake with her brothers-in-law, while George had to go to Elkhorn Ranch the next day to break the news to Hattie and Oelo, as the line was down.

June 24, 1908, was the double wedding. Grace married Cornelius Vanderbilt Woodruff "Neil", and Georgia married Dr. James Richmond. The ceremony was performed on a scow moored to the dock at Riverside Ranch. Vella (Terry) Garr remembers that fir branches, flowers and Japanese lanterns were used for decorations. Both couples set up housekeeping in Coquille, where Dr. Richmond was in practice, and the girls were operating the hospital. Dr. Richmond, who came from Scotland with his parents at age three, was a graduate of the University of Michigan Medical School. Neil's family were pioneers in Curry County, and he had studied art in San Francisco.

98. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. November 17, 1907.

"Grandfather" clocks just alike were built for wedding gifts for the couples. One clock is now in the Coos-Curry Pioneer Museum in North Bend. Also in the museum are a spinning wheel George built to replace one they had worn out at Elkhorn, as well as two violins. One George himself had made, and the other had come "across the Plains" and had been played by his father, Albert L. Gould.

George had been so young when his father died that it is likely that he was largely self-taught. He began playing for dances very early, long before he and Hattie were married. He probably played by ear. However, after he got someone to give music lessons to Grace, I would guess that he learned to read music from her. Grace (Tourtillott) McDonald (Howard's daughter) recalls that there was music and singing every night after supper when she visited Elkhorn Ranch in 1910. Whenever George was in a city large enough to afford concerts, he made sure to attend. Unfortunately, Hattie could not carry a tune, and only Grace and Millie inherited his musical talent.

Two new grandchildren arrived in 1908. George and Frankie Terry had their third child, Allen Gould Terry, on August 5, and George L. and Myrtle Gould's only child, Eunice, was born September 28.

The following impressions of a youthful visitor to Elkhorn Ranch were recorded almost sixty years later.

*In September 1908 Mabel [McClay], 12 years, and Everett, 15 years, left our. . . [home] on the Elmore Place on the hill [above the Umpqua River]. Mabel. . . [rode] and Everett walked ahead. . . They went along the backbone of the ridge, past the Marshall Place, then along the trail past Camp Creek and on through the mountains to Loon Lake to spend the night at Aunt Alice [McClay] and Uncle Jack Baker's home.*

*Uncle George Gould had come through the mountains from Elkhorn to meet Mabel there at Aunt Alice's. Everett was to take our horse and ride back home the next morning; Mabel and Uncle George to go through "The Burn" to Elkhorn. Mabel remembers them being greeted so warmly by all the relatives, Uncle George especially.*

*Uncle George cut through the mountains on a direct route to Elkhorn. . . The horses had to make their way around the fallen, burned logs, those they couldn't jump.*

*Aunt Oelo McClay was alone at the Elkhorn Place, an eleven room house. The rest of the family that was yet at home was down to Allegany at the Riverside Place. Millie*

[Gould] was the only one yet going to school.

Aunt Oelo and Mabel tended the bees, taking out the excess honey. . . [Mabel] could observe the bees at work through one glass wall. . . Mabel helped Aunt Oelo make deerskin gloves. They skinned and took care of a bear that Uncle George and some others of the family killed. They worked up the skin as a tanned bear skin like a rug. The fat they rendered and put away. It makes excellent cooking fat--semi-fluid. They tended the stock and did household chores.

The Gould family's excellent library delighted Mabel. Aunt Oelo told her she was welcome to read to her hearts content but just to put the books back in their right places. They had them catalogued much to the age of the children and their interests. On the third floor was a large recreation room where the children had played or pursued their hobbies. The organ and other musical instruments were in the library room. Aunt Oelo showed her the schoolhouse close by where she had taught her nieces and nephews. . . each year until they went out to school. . .

The family's old dog was having fits as Mabel and Aunt Oelo were riding down in the field. Aunt Oelo shot the dog, put a rope around it and dragged it up to their pet cemetery. Uncle George had made a nice picket fence painted white around their plot. They had a great variety of pets buried there.

The trail from Elkhorn to Riverside took the better part of a day, over a very steep, high and winding trail. Mabel went down there to visit. Aunt Oelo got her started on horseback and told her the horse would keep on the trail as he knew the way. . . Oelo also said to watch out for overhanging limbs, and she watched as Mabel and horse climbed the trail to the crest of the mountain then disappeared toward the tide-water. About half way Mabel was met by Millie and George [L. Gould]. . . Her horse heard them long before they came into sight and nickered. After a visit there [at Riverside] Aunt Hattie [Gould] and Mabel went. . . down to Marshfield. . . [to see some of the girls and their husbands.]

Mabel doesn't recall her trip home, but [it was] no doubt by stagecoach from Riverside at Allegany, through the mountains to Loon Lake, Scottsburg and home again. Mabel returned home early [in] November. She celebrated her 13th birthday, November 6th, while there at Elkhorn.<sup>99</sup>

99. Shelby, Mabel Oelo (McClay). Mabel's Trip to Elkhorn, 1908, as told to Lula (McClay) Townsend. Mabel and Lula were daughters of Byron McClay, a brother of Hattie and Oelo.

Building a boat at Elkhorn Ranch, lining it through the canyon of the Millicoma,<sup>100</sup> and finishing the work at Riverside Ranch on Coos River is a whole story in itself. As early as 1905 George mentioned in his diary the thought of building a boat. The next year he built a 14 foot skiff, but 1909 was the year of the boat.

Some adjustments and new machinery for the mill had first to be devised and built so that mouldings, "hollow and round," 3/4 round, shiplap, etc. could be manufactured. Next it was necessary to complete the tiller wheel he had agreed to make for Capt. Edwards for the Alert.

Friday, Jan. 8, 1919

Snow, rain. Worked in the shop mostly on a tiller wheel, a large one 5 ft. in diameter. Am making it of Myrtle & apple, the spokes & hub of apple, grown here on the place & the rim of myrtle I had cut out at North Bend.

I want to see how good a job I can do. Sawed in or fitted one set of pieces on the back & turned out in the rough the hub & have had it boiling all day.<sup>101</sup>

Workmanship on the myrtle wood pieces in North Bend was disappointing.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1909

. . . They are myrtle, some rotten, some wormy, some thick & some thin--the worst work I ever saw. I could do better here in my wooden mill. It takes lots of work to dress them.<sup>102</sup>

The completed wheel was packed out on the horse Doll, "a heavy load for her," then hauled by wagon from Michelbrink's at the end of the road. While the finishing touches were being applied to the wheel, work had already begun on the boat, some of it in the mill on wood already seasoned. Logs had to be cut into suitable lengths and then drawn across the river.

100. Lowering the boat down over each rapid or waterfall by means of a cable attached to a tree along the bank.

101, 102. Gould, George A. Diary. January 8, 22, 1909.

Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1909

Warm rain. . . Put [the horse] Nell on the capstan & pulled out the logs we had in the river. Then Geo[rge L.] sawed them up & I hauled them down. We have 9 logs on the roll way enough to more than make the boat & calf barn floor. . . <sup>103</sup>

After replacing the sliding block on the carriage in the mill, they began sawing plank for the sides of the boat. However, he decided that it was not clear<sup>104</sup> enough for the boat, so it was made into two inch planks for the calf barn. There was also trouble with the belt breaking.

On February 8 George mentioned cutting some fourteen inch "stuff" for the flume,<sup>105</sup> as the old one was nearly rotten. They changed the belt, then sawed some alder for firewood and cedar slabs for kindling.

Oelo McClay made him a carpenter apron of a goatskin that she had tanned.

Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1909

33° rain & snow. . . Oelo & I worked in the mill cutting out siding for the boat. It is 5/8 thick & 1 3/8 wide, most of it. Some is only 7/8 inches thick. Got out about enough of that. The lumber is ant-eaten & knotty & slivered some so there was a good deal of waste.

We were bothered some about the belt slipping. This dry cedar [red] dulls the saws very fast. Seems to be gritty & it is hard to cut, but it will make a very light boat.<sup>106</sup>

They were still working on the siding the next day. "There is a robin that comes in the mill every day, sits on the saw table. Don't seem to be much afraid."<sup>107</sup>

On the next trip to Allegany, the horse Major was drowned when he slipped down and got caught under the bridge. It was necessary for George to walk most of the way on the return trip,

103. Gould, George A. Diary. January 27, 1909.

104. Clear means free of knots, etc.

105. A flume had been built from higher up the Millicoma to bring a good flow of water for the mill.

106, 107. Gould, George A. Diary. February 9, 10, 1909.

as he was bringing nails, bolts, screws, linseed oil, etc., plus "bent ribs."<sup>108</sup> for the boat, a big chunk of myrtle wood and a sack of flour.

February 15 they cleaned out the shop and made three moulds for the boat. A week later they sawed a log twenty feet long, "all the carriage would carry." They also cut some "1/4" stuff for decking." When he ran out of bolts, he made some out of quarter inch spikes. He had some blank nuts. He also made or improvised various tools. They dug up two apple trees for more "bent ribs."

By April 2 George noted that he had finished the hull of the boat after thirty-three days work. "The boat is 22 ft. 4 in. long over all and 57 inch beam."<sup>109</sup> The next day they went fishing, and the following day was Sunday!

In preparation for getting the boat through the Millicoma Canyon, he "made a reel to go in the boat for the long rope we got to warp the boat down over the rough places."<sup>110</sup>

Of course it was necessary to drop the work on the boat to do spring plowing and planting and to look after the stock, especially the new calves. They were pretty wild, and one day he wrote, "It is getting to be hard work for the old man driving wild cattle."<sup>111</sup> He was nearly fifty-six years old.

In addition to rounding up the cattle, a whole month of work on Elkhorn Ranch included haying, picking cherries, painting the house inside and out, and even hunting. Fences had to be repaired at both ranches. Their telephone line had to be checked for breaks on almost every trip to or from Allegany. Some breaks were found clear down near Allegany where a road crew had broken the line.

April 19 was the date of a special election to see if the Port of Coos Bay should be organized. As a member of the election board, George was able to report that Allegany had approved, 16 to 13.

Hattie had returned from a visit in Curry County with Grace and Neil Woodruff, who were on the family farm near Langlois for a time, so she and George found occasion for a bit of fun along with the work.

108. "Bent ribs" are cut from the trunk of a tree and a large root, so the "bend" is natural, not formed by steam and pressure or by fitting pieces together.

109, 110, 111. Gould, George A. Diary. April 2, 5, 16, 1909.

Saturday, May 22, 1909

Warm. cloudy. Hattie & I went out on the hill & cut brush on the trail. We cut out to the spring & then got dinner. Had coffee, toasted bread & broiled meat. It was pretty good. We fixed some of the line also. Got home pretty early.<sup>112</sup>

The month of May was nearly gone before George got back to the boat. Back on April 5 he had "made a reel to go in the boat for the long rope we got to warp the boat down over the rough place. . ." <sup>113</sup>

May 29

. . . worked on a rack or cradle for the boat. Made a pike pole. Oelo & Geo. [rge L.] came up. . . We put the boat on planks & got it to the river & put it in. Nell [the horse] helped us. We put it thru the strawberries on planks & rollers. Got it below the falls.<sup>114</sup>

The next four days were spent in getting the boat through the canyon, two of them in getting over "the big falls." He said only that they "had a hard time."

June 2

Got the boat nearly down to the wagon road & thot it easier to get it down by wagon than by water as it is getting so low. . . Was about worn out.

June 4

I cleared the stuff out of the strawberries & set up the rain gauge,<sup>115</sup> also put an end in the house [mill] where we built the boat. . .<sup>116</sup>

It was necessary to repair a number of splintered or otherwise damaged areas on the boat and to do some repainting, before beginning on the iron work, setting in the gas engine, etc.

112, 113, 114. Gould, George A. Diary. May 22, April 5, May 29.

115. May 6, 1909 George accepted an appointment as an observer to the Weather Bureau.

116. Gould, Diary. June 2, 4, 1909.



June 23

. . . We did the iron work in Capt. Edwards shop. I got some coal for it.

June 25

. . . finally got it so it would run some. We went down as far as the bend in the [Coos] river, turned in the river & came back. We were about 10 minutes going to Blain's. She steers beautifully, turns easily in the river here [at Riverside]. . .

June 26

. . . went down to John Beattie's & got our old skiff which floated off about a month ago. We made about 8 miles [mph] down with the tide & 4 back towing the boat & against the tide. We worked on the wharf this P. M.

June 27

. . . put a piece of old rope on the dock to fend off the boat from the log. . . got my pack ready to go home.<sup>117</sup>

It was George's boat, but he had help. His son George L. worked with him to fall the trees and drag them across the Millicomma River to the mill. When it was time to try to line the boat down the Millicoma, George came again to help with that task.

Either Oelo or Hattie, sometimes both, assisted with the actual construction of the boat, and not just the easier jobs like painting or puttying nail holes. They ran the saw, put on siding, etc. Then too they did a great deal of work in the garden as well as the farm chores close at home. They also helped round up stock and slash brush along the trail.

#### BOAT FITTINGS FROM CASH ACCOUNT

Patterns No. 234	5.00
Bent ribs	7.00
Fittings	16.30
Freight on same	9.00
Engine	95.08
Frts	4.50
Bolts, screws, nails	7.50
Paint	3.75
Putty	.25
White lead	.80

33 days work self & helper on the hull<sup>118</sup>

117. Gould, George A. Diary. June 23, 25, 26, 27, 1909

118. Gould, George A. Account Book. 1909. George did not set a dollar value on the labor, so he did not add up the column. His cash expenses total \$149.18

Before the boat was completed, there had been another wedding in the family. Lucy Gould and Edwin Cecil Barker were married at Riverside Ranch on May 26, 1909. Three different accounts of the day have survived. On the wedding day, so many guests wanted to come up Coos River that a scow had to be fastened to the side of the boat. Somewhere along the river, they got stuck and had to wait for the tide to rise enough to get off.

Oelo McClay was staying at Riverside. Lucy and Edwin came from Coquille, and Hattie rode down from Elkhorn the previous day. George left Elkhorn at 4:40 A. M., after having got up at three o'clock to do the chores. He was there by nine o'clock, bringing strawberries.

Edwin said he couldn't see that he could be of any help in the house while they waited, and he was nervous. So he went to the woodshed and started splitting kindling wood. Then he took off his coat and started on the stove wood. He had the woodshed pretty well cleaned up before the guests and the preacher arrived.

George continued writing in his diary for the day.

May 26, 1909

Warm, rainy. . . About 4 the boat came. It brot Bert & Bell & children [Harriet and Harold], Geo. terry & Frankie & children [Vella, Jack and Allen]. . . Mrs. Barker, Ed's mother, and Fred Barker, his brother, Polly [Georgia] & Dr. Jim, Mim [Millie Gould], & the preacher Mr. Rutledge. Had a nice ceremony and Mr. & Mrs. Ed Barker went down [the river] on the gas boat.

May 27, 1909

Rainy. Got up at 3 o'clock & started for home. Left my horse for Polly [Georgia] & Dr. Jim & Oelo, who are coming up as soon as the weather will permit. Got here about 9, did up the chores & fed things & then fed myself. Did not have any breakfast before I started, just a cup of cold coffee & slice of bread. [It is interesting to note that the trip of at least fourteen miles took four hours and twenty minutes on horseback, six hours on foot.]<sup>119</sup>

118. Gould, George A. Diary. May 26, 27, 1909.

Hattie wrote in her journal: "Lucy and Edwin were married today at Riverside. We like Edwin very much, a good temperance boy, no bad habits. Hope they have a happy life. Clair and Millie [Clarence Gould and his sister Millie] left. It is hard to have them go."<sup>119</sup>

As winter set in, George was bored. There were plenty of chores, repairs, etc., but he had no big project going. In January and February, he had seemed to welcome rainy days, when he could work steadily on the boat. But from November 10 to the end of 1909, he wrote a poem every day, mostly about the weather, sometimes with a line or so about various tasks.

November 11    *The rain quit falling in the night.  
Today we hauled up wood.  
The weather getting cold all right  
A fire feels mighty good.*

November 20    *I fitted some shoes  
And shod the old mare,  
Went out to the traps,  
But nothing was there.  
Put a glass in the window  
So we could see out.  
Now the crowd could come in.  
It is better no doubt.*

November 21    *The wind is howling 'round the house,  
The rain in a torrent falls,  
Doors and windows jar and rattle  
As the gusts strike on the walls.  
'Tis pleasant to sit around the fire  
In comfort, talk or read.*

December 2    *Snow on the ground as cold as the deuce,  
And more of it yet we'll see.  
Did lots of odd jobs, so what is the use  
To growl about what is to be?*

December 3    *The whole darn ranch [Riverside]  
Is covered with mud  
And driftwood and logs and slime,  
The fence washed off  
And half of the Point.  
I guess it will all go in time.*

119. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. May 26, 1909.

December 4    I packed my load before day  
 Down to the river bank  
 To ferry across by the way,  
 As the freshet had taken the plank  
 I started for home by 8 or 9  
 Thru the blinding sleet and snow.  
 The snow was deep all up the line,  
 So I took it mighty slow.

Not in verse, but necessary descriptions of weather conditions on the round trip are the remainder of the last two entries. ". . . Got here about 2. It was about the roughest trip I ever took on the trail. There was about 8 inches [of snow] up on the hill. [Dec. 3] . . . Was a little stiff after my tramp from Allegany. . . [Dec. 4]"

December 25    A lonely old Christmas here only us two,  
 But we had a fine dinner the same.  
 'Twould have joyed us to share it.  
 But what could you do?  
 Simply eat it as no one else came.

December 30    It rained today, for a change I guess.  
 'Twas clear for a week or more.  
 It has mixed up the frozen earth in a mess,  
 And the creek is beginning to roar.

December 31    December thirty-first, last day of the year  
 Of nineteen hundred and nine.  
 Another year passed 'mid scenes most dear.  
 We are nearing the border line.

On that same day, these lines were added ". . . I turned out some table discs to set hot plates on from Father's old tool chest brot across the Plains in 1862. Pretty old. . ." <sup>120</sup> [Albert L. Gould was a cabinet maker and millwright.]

From time to time, George's poems were printed in the Coos Bay Times with the pseudonym Hearsay. Hattie had saved both the clipping and the original pencil copy of the following poem. Both are undated, but the incident described probably occurred not later than 1909.

120. Gould, George A. Diary. November, December 1909.

## SCALPS

He came in with skins, the old man from Coos  
 Brought some in a grip, and some he had loose.  
 He was after the bounty, <sup>121</sup> both county and state,  
 And brought the scalps fresh (?) so as not to be late.

Fresh is a relative term, you may guess;  
 For some were full "high" and some more or less.  
 He entered the room, looked around at the books;  
 Sure, he'd done something mean; you could tell  
 by his looks.

He had killed a few varmints and saved lots of game;  
 He wanted the bounty, and that's why he came.  
 So he put down his burden and waited awhile,  
 Caught the eye of the clerk but HE didn't smile.

Then he waited some more, and a deputy came--  
 Like a man led to judgment, 'tis very small blame.  
 He picked up the hides, fore finger and thumb,  
 And counted them quickly--the odor was some.

The noses went up ten degrees in the air.  
 Of course it was awful, some ladies were there.  
 The man signed some papers; they swore him 'till blue.  
 In the face; he'll bear watching, I think so,  
 don't you?

Hearsay

121. A bounty of several dollars per scalp was offered in varying amounts, according to the destructiveness of the animal, for various predators. Not only the wild game, but sheep and the young of cattle and horses on the range, as well as barnyard fowl were often killed.

On the first hunt of the year 1910, George got a coon and a goat. Then both Georges went after cats, armed only with their pistols, for which George had just made holsters. The dogs treed a panther, which was killed with one shot in the base of the ear, saving the skin. They also got a bobcat in one of the traps. Later they got more coons and more meat, but this time with rifles.

Hattie helped cut some small wood with the buzz saw, and Oelo helped put the new floor in the calf barn. After twenty years, it was time to put new shakes on the barn roof, but it took some time to find suitable cedar trees.

Another horse was needed, and one was finally found at River-ton on the Coquille River. George paid \$80.00 for her, borrowed a saddle and rode her to Marshfield, shipping the saddle back on the train. After bringing her up the river to Riverside Ranch on the boat, he walked back to Elkhorn Ranch, leading her and another horse loaded with packs. Before long, Molly became one of his favorites, for she worked well for riding, for packing, and even for pulling the plow.

One trip to Elkhorn Ranch in February was in heavy rain, and George was soaked all the way. He wrote "the damnedest country and the damnedest weather in the world." Then the next time he was at Riverside, he worked on "the cussed boat." George didn't hold with profanity, but he had evidently had had it. Two days later he offered Elkhorn Ranch to George L. to dissolve their partnership. George L. and his wife Myrtle decided against taking the ranch, but they did work out a deal for the stock and the gas boat. On April 3, George wrote "Elkhorn is not good enough to own, but good enough to use on occasion."<sup>122</sup> 1910

Another grandchild arrived April 6, Lucy and Ed Barker's daughter Aileen. Charly Jackson, the census taker, counted the Goulds at Riverside on May 10. That same month, George made the first of several trips up on the hill at Elkhorn to look for Hailey's Comet.

*Thursday, May 19, 1910*

*Got up at 12 this morn & went up on the hill to look for Halley's comet but the air was so hazy I could not see it. Went on at dawn & found a new calf! Bro't it home on Molly.*

122. Gould, George A. Diary. April 3, 1910.

The air seemed to be full of dust all day, was a halo around the sun most of the day.

Tuesday, May 31

. . . Rode Molly up on the hill to look for the comet. Saw something that seemed larger than a star but not so bright or so well defined. *Quien sabe?*<sup>123</sup>

Instead of driving cattle over to the Umpqua River for sale, it seemed better to drive them to Riverside and slaughter them there, or ship the animals on a scow from Allegany to Marshfield to be sold to the butcher, King.

Sunday, June 5, 1910

We got up early this morn & started with the cattle, 8 of them. They went all right till they got to near the old signboard & broke up the hill, down the Tenmile divide about a mile, when I got ahead of them & turned them into Shake Gulch & got ahead of them & brought them back to the trail. Got here about 3:30 with 7.<sup>124</sup>

Later on George hurt his leg in getting the steer that had escaped on the trail. The injured leg was a considerable handicap for some time. Occasionally he had to soak it or keep hot packs on it. Even riding horseback seemed to be painful. He lamented that it was a bad time to be laid up when there was haying to be done on both sides of the river. Evidently he managed to ride the mower, while the women raked. Earlier Earl Grey had arranged to buy "Old Blackie", paying with four weeks of work, or \$30.00. He had some time left in working out the debt, so he could help with haying.

Jane Tourtillott, with her daughter Millie and granddaughter Grace, Ernest's young daughter, arrived for a visit July 16, staying until October 19. Oelo sailed with them on their return to be gone over a month. Grace (Tourtillott) McDonald has many happy memories of that stay in Oregon. Like Mabel, she was impressed with the schoolroom. She also saw a rather frightening forest fire. On a visit to the relatives at Coquille, she noted the high walkway between the Richmond and Barker houses, which were back to back. Dr. Richmond, who had just returned from the office, mentioned that he was going over to see the baby [Aileen]. When Lucy said she was asleep, he walked across the walkway just as noisily as he could.<sup>125</sup>

123, 124. Gould, George A. *Diary*. May 19, May 31, June 5.

125. McDonald, Grace (Tourtillott). Interview, December 27, 1980.

The fire Grace described resulted in the loss of some fence across the river from Elkhorn Ranch buildings, although George told how everyone fought it by digging a ditch and backfiring.

One of the more unusual hunting guests was a part-Indian actress, "Wata Wassa Fatio, a princess of the Wolf Tribe of Senecas", who arrived with two men. They looked over Elkhorn Ranch "with a view of buying it", but paid their bill and left.

George usually noted the number of deer or other game, but seldom told much of the story of the hunt, unless there was something unusual.

Friday, Sept. 16, 1910

Got up early & went hunting over to the lake by Sheep Creek Ridge. The girls came over & we fished, got 87. While we were there, the pups got loose and chased in a good sized buck, 4 pt. [point]<sup>126</sup> I shot him just as he climbed out of the water, towed him over with the boat. He weighed 150 lbs. dressed.<sup>127</sup>

Most sportsmen have their hunting or fishing or golfing stories to tell, and the exploits expand with repetition, but George chose to write his in verse. Many are mood writing, an attempt to put his feelings into words, rather than tales of particular hunts.

What is this thrill  
That the old hunter feels  
As he climbs up the mountain at dawn  
And meets with Old Sol  
At the top face to face  
E'er the mists in the bottom are gone?

It is clear simple pleasure  
That fills the man's heart,  
Being out on the hill tops in view  
Of the white rolling mist  
Spread out far below  
And the tree tops all covered with dew.

126. "Points" are determined by counting the points on the tips of all the branches of the deer's antlers on one side only.

127. Gould, George A. Diary. September 6, 1910.



*Or is it the lust of the hunter,  
Excitement pursuing his game,  
That sets all one's pulses atingle?  
Who is there can give it a name? 128*

As usual George worked on the election board in November and took the returns to Coquille. He mentioned that he thought the county would go dry, but did not say whether that measure had passed. Later he was summoned for jury duty, serving most of the time from December 12 to December 23, except when he was excused from three "whiskey cases." His comment on the very first case shows his reaction pretty well. "Loafed about town [Coquille] till 1:30 after dinner at Bell's. [Bert Gould's wife] Was called on jury duty at 3 on a case for damages for alienation of affections of a wife, \$19,300. Don't think she was worth it. Had supper at Lucy's. [Lucy Gould Barker] . . . [The plaintiff got \$500.00] 129

\* \* \*

High water in the East Fork of North Coos River every winter made it difficult for anyone to get to Riverside Ranch, which was across the river from Allegany. Occasional sluices from "splash dams" at logging camps farther up the river were designed to wash the logs quickly down stream, avoiding logjams in shallow places. However, they often caused quite a bit of damage to stream banks along the way, as well as leaving some logs stranded as water receded.

1911 was no exception, as George wrote on January 3, "They sluiced out the footlog", and the next day, "Someone stole our boat last night." This was the skiff used to cross the river from Allegany to Riverside Ranch. It had been built large enough to resemble a little scow in order to transport horses and other stock. He and Neil [Woodruff, Grace Gould's husband] borrowed a boat so they could replace the footlog. Then they took the river boat to Marshfield and searched the wharves for the skiff. They walked clear back up the river searching the banks without success. In order to get to the post office at Allegany, it was necessary to go up stream about two miles and cross on the boom logs. 130 George began work immediately on a new skiff. Snow

128. Copied from the original pencil copy in the back of George Gould's diary for 1909, undated, untitled.

129. Gould, George A. Diary. September 16, 1910.

130. "Boom logs" or "boom sticks" are strung together with chains and/or cables across the river to hold floating logs back until they can be gathered into rafts to be towed down the river.

was three inches deep by January 13, when they put the scow in the water and again replaced the footlog. Work continued on the sideboards of the scow, with some plank flooring added as well. The river began rising fast, so they pulled in the wharf and tied the boat with a long rope." When the high water went down, the wharf was up on dry land and could not be floated until the river rose again.

Then George began to build another boat, with quite a bit of help from Neil, who provided the name *Klatawa*, meaning swift water. Time out to order seed and to plow and harrow some ground to plant to potatoes. Work continued on the boat, although it was almost mashed when the logs again came down river from camp. On March 11 the boat was launched, "put in down by the old road." A scrap of paper in one of the old account books lists the cost of this second gas boat.

COST OF BOAT    Nov. 1910

2 cylinder Gray motor	250.00
Ribs for No. 234	7.50
Tank " " "	4.00
Deck tankplate	1.00
Fuel connections	1.70
Lumber & frt	27.90
3 gals coal tar	.90
2# babbit	.40
Stuff for rudder	.70
Tiller rope, sash cord    40 ft.	<u>.40</u>

294.50<sup>131</sup>

The greatest pleasure in the first boat must have been in the project itself, the challenge of building it "from scratch" or literally, from the tree, while the second boat seemed a delight in operation as the poem attests.

131. Gould, George A. Account Book. Gas engine and other fittings and materials were probably purchased or ordered in November, 1910.

## OUR RIDE IN THE KLATAWA

I'm dancing over the rippling wave  
 In the Klatawa, "meaning git."  
 See the sharp prow cut the water,  
 By the glancing sunbeams lit.

The engine is running so perfectly  
 Like a sewing machine so smooth,  
 With a purr that's even and regular,  
 A sound just made to soothe.

The nerves of the engine driven,  
 When the spark and fuel is right,  
 So the motor is running evenly  
 And the hull is snug and tight.

See her dance over the rolling waves,  
 Throw the spray from her bow as they break;  
 See the foam, rushing by, 'long the sides of the hull  
 And vanish away in her wake.

Then a big breaker comes, with a white cap on top,  
 And dashes the spray in my face.  
 It makes one feel sorry the cabin is low  
 But the pilot must stick to his place.

We are over that billow; we've passed them all by,  
 As the little boat swiftly glides in,  
 I am thinking of things, that are different far,  
 In truth, what the ride "might have been." <sup>132</sup>

132. Originally published in "The Coos Bay Times".

\* \* \*

A sailor from a ship in port in Coos Bay was brought to the hospital there, and, before he died of typhoid, the fever was contracted by two of the nurses, Marguerite Mauzey and Grace (Gould) Woodruff. Marguerite died, and Grace was moved to Coquille so her sisters could care for her. She was very ill for several weeks, but seemed to be over the worst of it, when she developed erysipelas. Too weak to throw off the infection, she died on May 25.<sup>133</sup> Lucy too contracted typhoid, but she recovered. George and Hattie made a number of trips to Coquille during Grace's illness, and Hattie stayed on to help at the last. Bell Gould took care of one-year-old Aileen along with her own small children Harriet and Harold.

George's diary recounts the last days of the month.

May 25, 1911

Got a "phone" [call] from Polly [Georgia] saying to come. Grace was worse. Went down in the little boat, got 8 o'clock train. Dada [Grace] did not know anyone. Died 7:30 this eve. Why do they take the best and most useful? Why could they not have taken a worn-out carcass like mine? 'Phoned Oelo this eve.

May 26, 1911

Wandered about all day, most of the time with Neil. [Woodruff] Poor chap, he is completely lost without her. He don't know what he is about half the time. The longest day I ever spent.

May 27, 1911

The day of the funeral. She was buried 1:30 today. There were lots of people there. She had hosts of friends. Jack Baker & Oelo [McClay] came over. [He had come from Loon Lake by way of Allegany and Riverside Ranch, where he met Oelo.] They went back today. Lots of flowers from many. Bert, Polly [Georgia], Mim [Millie Gould], Neil, Clarence and I came over [to Marshfield].

May 28, 1911

We went to work on Grace's things at the Hosp[ital] today. Got most of them packed. A hard days work.

May 29, 1911

Finished packing and got her things to the depot, and

133. With modern antibiotics, no one dies of erysipelas, an acute infectious disease with local infection and fever.

Neil got his to the Bandon boat.<sup>134</sup> [He returned to Curry County to live. The trunks were stored in the Richmonds' basement and were not unpacked until after Neil's death many years later.]

After putting flowers on the graves at Riverside, George went up to Elkhorn. A tree across the trail had to be sawed out, and he found someone had broken into the house for food. He checked on the cattle, put new supers in the beehives, repaired the fences, and wrote: "I wish I didn't have to come here."

On a later trip to Elkhorn he got some nice "veal" and 118 fish. At another time he wrote, "Lonesome, sad memories. What good times I have had there." It was probably in much that mood that he wrote this poem for the "Coos Bay Times."

REVERIES BY THE CAMP FIRE

Sitting alone by the camp fire  
 In the flickering light  
 Watching the embers falling apart;  
 It is lonely here tonight.

One thinks of many things passed on  
 Old friends and times gone by.  
 Some memories bring out joy and peace.  
 Others could only cause a sigh.

One hears a hoot owl now and then,  
 A mountain lion's startling scream,  
 And through it all a low refrain,  
 A steady, droning soothing dream.

The sound is scarce a sound at all,  
 Not like the coyote's quivering bark,  
 But just a dull monotony  
 One always hears, out after dark.

The fire is slowly burning down.  
 The light is turning dim and gray,  
 Fit emblem of the human life--  
 We all full soon must pass away.

Must pass away, but whither go?  
 To some bright gilded heavenly home,  
 Or do we just keep drifting on,  
 Condemned by fate to always roam?

134. Gould, George A. Diary. May 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 1911.

It was about this time that George began to make plans for getting out of ranching altogether.

June 8, 1911

Put the place [Riverside Ranch] in hands of real estate agent. 119 acres more or less, 20 acres bottom, bal[ance] grazing land, 1 1/2 acres orchard, 9 room house, barn, fenced and cross fenced, 4 cows, 6 shoates, 2 horses, farm implements. Terms 50% down, bal[ance] 7 % per annum on first mortgage, \$7000 net to me, the agent to have for com[mission] what he can get above that price. Name of Agent, Wilcox. Term of contract 60 days.<sup>135</sup>

While George was in Portland going through the formalities of getting his river boat pilot's license, word came that his half-sister Millie Tourtillott had passed away in San Jose at the age of 46.<sup>136</sup> After the license was framed and put in the boat, he began hauling passengers on special trips. He complained that the boat had a tendency to leak with a heavy load, seven passengers at one time.

Oelo hired George to build a house for a rental, but she herself did a great deal of the work, including papering, painting and laying shingles.

Frank Gould brought their mother, Jane Tourtillott, to Oregon in late summer, and she stayed until George could take her back to California in November. She got to see all of her Oregon descendants including the very newest. Lucy gave birth to her second daughter, Grayce Gould Barker, on her birthday, October 17.<sup>137</sup>

Both George and his mother were seasick on the way to San Francisco, so Jane stayed at Ted's home at Agnew for a few days, while George rode horseback to her home to build fires and warm the place before taking her to San Jose. He also managed to call on a number of old friends, to ride all over the hills where they used to live, and to see the place where the boys learned to swim in Coyote Creek. Then in San Francisco, Frank took him to Tait's and other well-known restaurants, and to shows and concerts, before putting him on the *Redondo* with quantities of grapes and sweet potatoes for the folks at home.

135. Gould, George A. Diary. June 8, 1911.

136. Millie Tourtillott had a rheumatic heart.

137. Grace Gould had tried spelling her name with a "y" after one of her trips to California, nad Lucy decided she preferred to use that spelling for her namesake.

Building a cable footbridge over the East Fork of Coos River was the next project. George mentioned several times that it was "sort of scary, working on the bridge so high above the river." Work was barely completed when the bridge washed out and had to be replaced higher above the water.

I remember walking across that bridge when I started first grade at the Allegany school. I thought it was pretty scary too, even though there were handlines and chicken wire netting walls on the sides. In the winter of 1917-18 a freshet took the swinging bridge out again, and my dad had to take me across on the boom logs until the bridge could be put back in place. I remember that there was a thin crust of ice on the river and the logs one morning. In fact, we could toss a pebble, and it would break through the ice.

\*            \*            \*

The building years at Elkhorn, creating a little empire in the wilderness, were the golden years for George and Hattie. After that, things seemed to go down hill. As the children grew up and moved away, Riverside became more and more the family home, although stock raising at Elkhorn Ranch continued. It seemed that a great deal of George's time was spent going from one ranch to the other, keeping activities going at both places. The grown children, with or without their families, were often with George and Hattie at one place or the other. Elkhorn Ranch was rented, had to be taken back, was sold, had to be taken back again. Buildings were broken into, fences were burned for firewood, and finally the ranch was sold for good in 1913.

Here Hattie's occasional journal takes over.

Elkhorn, May 1912

Here I am at Elkhorn for a few days. We can prove up here now and sell. Am so glad. Hope we can sell before the place goes to [w]rack. It is two years since I went down to stay at Riverside as Geo. and Georgie [George L.] have settled up, and Georgie goes away. He and Myrtle are in Ariz. now. Oh, such a long way off. Hope they soon come back.

...

We sold Riverside to Clarence [Gould]. . . I hated to give it up but was glad Clair is to have it.

We are not as able to work as we have been. We bought a piece of ground of Mr. Price. Are going to build there

this summer.

Oelo was coming up here with me, but she was too lame to come. It is a shame she is so crippled [with arthritis]. Hope she gets better soon.

. . . Clarence and Jessie [Grey] were married the 2 of May 1911. We like Jessie fine. She is a good dear girl. Hope they are happy. I stayed all night with them coming up here. Geo. brought Frankie [Terry] up, will come after us in a few days. My, but it is lonesome, it is so changed. I have been getting things packed ready to pack out.

I opened Leonard's trunk to pack the children's keepsakes in. Hadn't been opened since he shut it six years ago. Also Grace's trunk I opened. Burned some of the things. My, but it was hard.

Dear sweet Grace. You seem to be so near Mama these last few days. I wake up in the night seeming to see you and waiting on you as we did in your last sickness. I don't understand why you had to suffer so when you always was so thoughtful and good to others and eased their suffering so often.

. . . I packed six boxes, one Gripp [satchel] and papers ready to pack down.<sup>138</sup>

Dr. James and Georgia (Gould) Richmond's first child, Barbara Mildred, was born August 12, 1912. Later in the year the Goulds dried fruit and meat to pack out. They also brought down the telephone and the old clock to use in the new house. On almost every trip, more of the household goods were packed out. This time the organ was taken to pieces and then reassembled.

Some of George's poems were designed to be sung, and one particularly poignant one tells of their regret in leaving Elkhorn Ranch and hints at the future.

138. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. 1912



BONNIE ELKHORN

Air "Nellie Grey"

Written for the Times

I am tired sick and weary  
 In my dear old mountain home,  
 Where I've toiled away the better part of life.  
 I am sitting here and thinking by the dear old  
 kitchen stove  
 Of the days that I have spent in toil and strife.

Chorus

Oh my dear old mountain home  
 I am leaving you to roam  
 'Mongst the strangers in a strange land far away.  
 I shall never feel the pleasure that I have in  
 this dear spot  
 When I leave the dear old Elkhorn Ranch to stay.

We are leaving dear old Elkhorn  
 And we may return no more  
 To its fir clad hills and valleys all so dear  
 And the smoothly beaten door yard  
 That was worn by little folks  
 As they played and sang around the kitchen door.

We are leaving dear old Elkhorn  
 For the haunts of other men  
 For the folks get tired and lonesome here alone.  
 But it grieves my heart to leave thee,  
 Oh my dear old mountain home.  
 What is there in this world that will atone?

Oh the brush will take dear Elkhorn  
 And the fences all fall down  
 Where we tossed about the fragrant new mown hay  
 And the trails are choked with timber  
 Where we drove the cattle in,  
 From the pasture in the valleys far away.

But we'll all come back to Elkhorn  
 With its rugged hills and vales  
 With the friends that oft have been with us before.  
 Yes we're coming back to Elkhorn  
 At some future happy time  
 And we'll never leave the old home any more. <sup>139</sup>

139. Gould, George A. Poem. Written December 27, 1910. Printed somewhat later in Coos Bay Times.

## PART III

## THE LATER YEARS

The Goulds built a house near Allegany, which was called "The Maples" for the grove of huge maple and myrtle trees between the house and the bank of the East Fork of Coos River. The grove was cleared for a picnic area, and a club house built for the community. Volunteer labor was not too steady, and George finally finished it himself. He was employed to remodel and reroof the Allegany schoolhouse and to work on other carpentry jobs. He even built a wooden sidewalk from The Maples to Allegany. Then too everyone knew he could fix anything, so he was called on for everything. There were community activities to join in, dances to play for, church to attend. Oelo and Millie hired out as cooks at a logging camp, but George brought them home every weekend to go to the dance and to church.

In 1914 George mentioned cutting a piece of myrtle "4 feet square" out of a myrtle stump to use for gun blanks. He would have been much interested in his grandson "Pete" Gould's gun stock business--logging, sawing, seasoning hardwood and selling gun stock blanks all over the world for use on expensive guns.

\* \* \*

George's love affair with the car began early, probably with his first ride in 1906, while visiting his brother Frank Gould in San Francisco. He completed a correspondence course in "auto running", probably from International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

By the time they were all settled in the new house with a road at the front door, he was ready to do something about a car. On December 12, 1912, George wrote "Made a trade with Edwards & Son. Gave them the landing on the W.[est] Fork near the warehouse, the Klatawa, a scow & wharf for an Auto and \$200." When the certificate of registration for the car arrived, it was Oregon #2294. It was received December 27, 1912.

The first time he drove a car was to back the new one out of the garage so as to get the buggy out. Even before trading for the car, he had built a garage and a shop to do repair work, as the early automobiles had to be tinkered with continually. Every so often, someone with a team of horses would haul in a car that had

broken down on the road from Loon Lake. Sunday excursion boats often came up Coos River, and he was kept busy hauling passengers to Golden and Silver Falls for picnics. One automotive project involved fitting the Mitchell car to run an ensilage cutter. Some time later, George said that he had "put the gear back in the Mitchell. Guess it will run forward anyway."<sup>1</sup>

As he was unable to borrow money from the bank in Marshfield to go into the business of selling cars, he mortgaged the place to Prices for \$1200 and got the agency for the Lambert car for Coos and Curry counties. When the new car arrived, he drove it on to a scow attached to the boat to bring it up Coos River. All went well until the next trip to town. Somehow the car broke loose and ended in twenty feet of water. It never ran very well after that, even though it was hauled out the next day and taken back to Marshfield for extensive repairs.<sup>2</sup>

Cameras were not quite so expensive a venture, and many, many pictures remain, some from the early days at Elkhorn Ranch. George and Oelo experimented with developing, even printing some of the early ones on glass plates. A portrait attachment, so that he might take pictures for pay, possibly paid for the attachment itself.

Clarence's down payment on Riverside Ranch enabled George to pay off the note at the bank in Marshfield on May 3, 1913. Hattie returned to Allegany, but George took the train to Coquille to visit the children. Bert Gould took him for a ride to Myrtle Point in his new car, but George thought it a rough ride. The next few entries tell of his trip to Curry County to visit Neil Woodruff.

*Sunday, May 4, 1913      Bandon*

*Went to church with Mim and Polly [his daughters, Millie Roberts and Georgia Richmond], then got the boat at 1:30. Got here about 5, am at Hotel Gallier. Went to a picture show. The music was the best I ever heard at a dime show.*

*Monday, May 5, 1913      Denmark<sup>3</sup>      Clear*

*Started from Bandon in an Auto, got down to Langlois<sup>4</sup> about 10. \$2.50. Found Neil about noon. Came down with the Hawkins, was in luck to get the chance.<sup>5</sup> Neil is clearing up some bottom land, seems good soil.*

1. Gould, George A. *Diary*. August 30, 1913.
2. Cost of car was \$1326.60, plus freight \$230.95. Cost of repairs not mentioned.
- 3, 4. Langlois, a village in Curry County. Denmark, even smaller.
5. Hawkins gave him a ride from Langlois to the Woodruff ranch.

Tuesday, May 6, 1913 Clear

Helped Neil some on his clearing. Lots of wind.

Wednesday, May 7, 1913 Windy

Was down on the beach today with Neil. Saw and smelled a dead whale. Also saw Flores Lake and the boom town that petered out, a fake swindle.<sup>6</sup> Went to the Denmark store. Met there Neil's sister-in-law. . . .

Thursday, May 8, 1913 Rain Bandon by the sea

Left Neil at 1, came by stage. Got here about 5, slow team, and the dirtiest crowd I ever fell in with. At the Gallier hotel, fare 1.50. Went to show, good music.<sup>7</sup>

September 6, 1913 was a big day. The patent for Elkhorn Ranch finally arrived. Then they went to a dance and got home at six o'clock in the morning. September 23 the ranch was sold to Harry Stull for \$1400.00 cash.

On the last day of that year, 1913, George wrote ". . .Went down to the boat with the buggy for Lucy and the children, She and Ed [Barker] came up to stay on Clarence's place." I remember standing at the window at The Maples that day, looking at the rain pouring down. The tears were pouring down my face too. Even though I was not yet four years old, I must have sensed that this was not just a visit. Dad's business, a jewelry store in Marshfield, had failed, so he farmed Riverside Ranch until after the end of World War I.<sup>8</sup>

\* \* \*

6. For information on Lakeport and Flores Lake, see Peterson-Powers, History of Coos and Curry, pp. 140-142. Newer maps and other references give spelling as Florás.
7. Gould, George A. Diary. May 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 1913.
8. During the war, the Spruce Division of the U. S. Army came to Coos County, locating one of its camps near Allegany. A logging railroad brought the huge spruce logs across Riverside Ranch to a log dump on Coos River not very far from the house. From there they were rafted down river to the mill. Ed Barker made a little money buying cattle, butchering them and selling beef to the camp to feed the soldier-loggers. He and others also got out "ship's knees", L-shape pieces cut from the trunk and a large root of a tree, much larger than "bent ribs" used in small gas boats. The "knees" were floated in long chains made by stapling wire to each one.

What was the spruce timber called?  
?

George, Hattie and Oelo continued settling in to the community at Allegany, improving both "The Maples" and the picnic area and community building at their grove. They enjoyed keeping in touch with their growing family and their freedom for responsibility for the ranches.

After serving on the jury at Coquille, George and car sailed for San Francisco on the *Redondo*, a pleasant trip until they reached the city.

*Friday, January 30, 1914 San Francisco*

*Got the car out early. Got my breakfast and shaved and hunted up Frank. When we came back, my grip [satchel] and coat was gone. Some damned thug got them. We got to Mother's [at San Jose] about 3:30. She looks weak and was glad to see us.*

*Monday, February 2, 1914*

*Went up town and got some clothes, overcoat, shirts, etc. 20.00 . . .<sup>9</sup>*

A few days later, for \$11.75, he bought a new suit, which had to be altered to fit. Several of the diaries included a page for measurements, but George's seemed not to vary from year to year. He was only 5'6", but he wore a size 16 1/2 collar, and he weighed 150 lbs.

George was much impressed with the new buildings Ted showed him at Agnes State Hospital, which had cost one and one-quarter million dollars. With his own transportation, George revisited the back country where they had lived, looked up old friends and saw quite a number of his relatives in the San Jose area. Hattie's brother, Forrest McClay and his second wife, Roberta, were also in San Jose at the time.

He advertised the car for sale in the *MERCURY* for \$850.00 and began looking at real estate. Later that year Ted was able to trade the car as a down payment on a house and lot at 867 S. 11th in San Jose.

Bert Gould, who had to be in California for a short time on business, joined George in visiting the relatives before going to Sacramento. They drove across the state to Lindsay, picking up Frank Gould at Livermore. It was while all six of Jane's sons were together that Bert took their picture at the home of Howard Tourtillott. [The brothers, in order of age, were George and Frank Gould, Howard, Ernest, Ted and Walt Tourtillott.]

9. Gould, George A. Diary. January 30, February 2, 1914.

Frank Gould and Ted Tourtillott returned by train to their homes, but George and Bert stayed on for a few days. One of the nephews, Ed Gould, packed a big box of citrus fruit from his orchard near Lindsay to send back to Oregon. The nieces too were growing up, and Irma (Tourtillott) Cleary remembers the visit very well.

*. . . About 1914 he [George Gould] and Uncle Frank came to visit us in Lindsay. Before their arrival a beautiful arrangement from the florist (Fresno), pink carnations came to me. I didn't know where they came from. There was much teasing by both of them about "Irma's mysterious wooer." After they left I embarrassed myself by thanking two boy friends who hadn't sent them.*

*Then about two weeks later I received an envelope from Uncle George. In it was a post card size picture of Uncle George in a dress suit--and under the picture was written "The Mysterious Wooer." I treasured this for many years.<sup>10</sup>*

On the return trip, they found water so high and roads so bad that they decided to ship the car and themselves back to San Jose by train from Merced. When the car finally arrived, George had to wire home for \$25.00 to pay the \$21.00 freight bill.

Back in San Francisco, Frank Gould again entertained him royally, taking him to famous restaurants and to the theater, as well as to the home of friends who helped to show him the city. They went to Golden Gate Park, to the zoo, to the beach, and to the fairgrounds where the Golden Gate Exposition was to be held in 1915. He was disappointed on his trip to Petaluma that he missed seeing his cousin Bessie (Wyman) Campbell, although he had dinner with her husband, Harold.

Highlights of the trip were the days he spent in court with Frank. On his last day in San Francisco, Wednesday, March 11, he wrote "Went to court with F[rank]. Heard some expert testimony by the famous surgeon Dr. Alden. Went down to the boat but had to wait from 3 to 7. Saw an eclipse of the moon, almost total. Sea quite calm."

As soon as George got back home, he learned that Bert Gould had arranged to have him appointed as deputy assessor for part of Coos County, so he immediately got busy on that assignment, finishing his report in just nine days. When Clarence and Jessie Gould's first

10. Cleary, Irma Tourtillott. Letter to Aileen Rickard, December 28, 1976.

son Earl was born July 12, 1914, George reported that he had red hair and blue eyes.

That same month George got involved in the Petermaux case, which required several trips to Marshfield and to Coquille to testify in court, after the first discovery, July 28, 1914. "Went up with Fred [Rodine] and Gene Terry to search Petermou's place for a heifer that Rodin lost. We found the meat under the table in 3 kegs and the offal and head with the mark on buried. . ." [Petrinaux was fined \$100.00 and had to pay for the cow.]

Hattie and Millie were called to Coquille to care for Georgia when she had breast surgery. They called George as soon as they learned that the report on her was good.

Elkhorn Ranch had evidently had to be taken back again, for different groups of the family and friends went there occasionally to hunt and fish. They also harvested what apples they could find, and George picked salal berries to send to Mr. Ehmann, who continued to exchange olives for canned venison and berries. It was a hot summer, and at one time he helped to fight a fire that burned over the ridge almost to the water tank at The Maples. He also helped Ed Barker run the lines around a 40-acre tract that Ed and Lucy had bought of Mr. Thomas.

George's attitude toward alcohol was pretty well known, and on Election Day, his only diary entry was "Hope Oregon goes dry." That was followed two days later by "Heard Oregon was dry."

The day before Christmas, George met all the relatives at Marshfield and brought them up river for the Christmas tree at Riverside Ranch. On Christmas Day he helped Bert make the description of land by the boat landing that Clarence planned to sell to Herman Edwards and Jesse Ott.

\* \* \*

1882 marked the year of the Goulds' move to Oregon from California, and 1915 the year of their leaving Oregon to live in California and Arizona. Diaries for both of those crucial years are missing, so it is necessary to account for their reasons, as well as their movements, as best we can.

George made regular entries through January 15 in the back of the 1914 book. Another cash payment of \$1300.00 from Clarence for Riverside Ranch was enough to pay off the mortgage on The Maples, as well as to send Ted \$621.00 to satisfy the mortgage on the San Jose property.

George had been commissioned a notary public, but the last entry in that business was dated July 2, 1915. Soon after that he went to San Francisco to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which his brother Frank Gould had been instrumental in bringing to San Francisco.<sup>11</sup>

Hattie's brief notes tell of Millie's marriage to Will Roberts at Marshfield and of her leaving with them to visit George and Myrtle in Arizona. Hattie stayed three months there and in California, but Millie and Will returned to Oregon and lived for a time on Yaquina Bay near Toledo. Their daughter Phyllis Georgia was born there on December 19, 1915.

Hattie wrote that they had rented The Maples to Herman Edwards for five years for two hundred dollars, so this was evidently not a casual visit. She added that Clarence and Jessie had been forced to leave the damp climate of Coos County because of Jessie's health, that they had visited George L. Gould at Cibola and then settled at Phoenix, Arizona.

Oelo McClay sailed from Bandon for San Francisco in late November, visited the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and went on to San Jose. On December 5, 1914, Oelo wrote in her trip diary, "Am looking for George and Hattie soon. Then we will go on to Cibola, Arizona."

11. It seems that, after the 1906 earthquake, New Orleans tried to take over a celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal, assuming that San Francisco would not be able to handle it on top of rebuilding the city. In an eloquent speech before the U. S. Congress in his debate with Gov. Sangers of Louisiana, he explained that the city had risen from the ashes in four years. \$7.5 million had been raised in individual contributions from the citizens of San Francisco. The people of San Francisco had also voted to be taxed for \$5 million to support the fair, and the citizens of the state of California had voted a constitutional amendment authorizing a bond issue of another \$5 million. Incidentally the speaker following Frank Gould was William Jennings Bryan. Complete text of Frank's speech was made available by his grandson, Frank Gould of Bandon.



George planned to sell the house and lot in San Jose for enough to buy a car, but was not successful. Oelo McClay came to his assistance with a loan secured by a mortgage on the property. He had a sidewalk and gutter put in for \$45.00. Then he shopped around, trying out various cars before settling on one.

*Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1916 San Jose Cold & Clear 29°*

*Mr. Metanson came with the Ford to sell, \$450, but I had made that offer to Mr. Carlton for his Reo & he brot the car and took me up, so closed with him. Have not heard from the money yet, so could not pay. [Telegraph lines were down, and Oelo's money was in an Oregon bank.] Will get the car as soon as the money comes. The car is in good shape and well equipped--two extra rims and tires, 4 inner tubes and curtains, cover for top, tools, etc., electric starter, lights & storage battery--a good buy at \$450.<sup>12</sup>*

When they drove around to see friends and relatives, as well as the old familiar places, they found gas was selling for \$1.65 for ten gallon.

The three, George, Hattie and Oelo, left San Jose at 8:a.m. January 18 and were at the El Capitan Hotel in Merced by 5:30 p.m. Somewhere near Visalia, they got stuck in the mud and had to be pulled out by a team, but they did reach Howard Tourtillott's home in Lindsay the next day.

A long visit had not been planned, but bad weather--a wind-storm, rain and snow, with floods farther south--delayed them until February 14. George's half-brothers, Howard and Ernest Tourtillott, and his nephew Ed Gould all made their homes in Lindsay and Porterville, so they visited around, helped with the chores, enjoyed evenings of music, and hunted pigeons, quail and squirrels. Howard and George built a trunk rack in Howard's blacksmith shop and installed it on the car.

The trip was an adventure in itself, and there are two blow-by-blow accounts of it, as Oelo kept a journal too. Blow-by-blow is apropos, as tires were a real problem in the early cars.

Their route followed approximately the present Highway 99, with

12. Gould, George A. Diary. January 11, 1916.

San Pedro as their first destination, since their household goods had been shipped there by water from Coos Bay. It would be necessary to send them on by rail. The nearest railway station to Cibola, Arizona, was Glamis, near Blythe, just across the Colorado River in California.

February 15, 1916

Left Bayly's [a boarding house near Tejon Pass, where Oelo left her watch under her pillow] about 6:30, came over the ridge road, the grandest mountain road I ever saw, about 50 miles of curves and slopes from the height of 4000 feet nearly to sea level. Got to Los Angeles about 1:30, got balled up in town but got out all right. Went to San Pedro and reshipped the freight to Glamis, \$9.40. There was 25 cents storage and the transfer was .75. We are on 1st St. near hill at a boarding house.<sup>13</sup>

On the road to San Diego, a bridge had been washed out near Oceanside, so they had to turn back to Los Angeles. George figured his mileage at 19 1/2 miles to the gallon, 53 gallon for 1032 miles from San Jose.

The new Interstate 10 passes through many of the same towns that the Goulds saw on their way from Los Angeles to the Colorado River, but it is interesting to compare the two accounts of travel conditions and impressions of the country, as they were told by Oelo McClay and George Gould. Of the four entries, the first and third are by George, and the second and fourth by Oelo.

February 18, 1916 Coachella at Mr. Young's

Left Beaumont about 7. Came over a tough road, came down the river bed about 2 miles, just kept in the water most of the way. Looked risky, but we got thru all right. Came by Palm Springs, Indian Wells. County work has begun on the road above here. Stopped about 2:30.<sup>14</sup>

Feb. 18

Traveled that day to Palm Springs, a hard hot trip, dirt roads all the way & high water in the White Water River. Some cars turned back at the river. Some got stuck in the sand by not keeping in the ruts. We stayed at Palm Springs several days. It was beautiful there if you like the desert in its raw state.<sup>15</sup>

13, 14. Gould, George A. Diary. February 15, 18, 1916.

15. McClay, Oelo. Trip Diary. February 18, 1916.

Saturday, Feb. 19, 1916      5 miles west of Blythe, 100 miles from Lindsay.

Camped by the roadside. Started about 6:10 from Coachilla, came to Mecca where I got some more gas, 5 gal. 1.10. Came on over here. Came [through] one of the most wonderful gaps I ever saw--a wash thru the hills 7 miles long and an even water grade, steep rocks on either side and nooks & crannies in all directions. Came by Mountain View Rancho and got water. Then made a 40 mile run without any water, a dry, barren desert. I wonder what it was made for, looked like a crater. Box canyon. I got 1 quail & a jack rabbit.<sup>16</sup>

February 22, 1916

Got to the Colorado River. The river was a dark deep sullen body of thick water. The only way to get over to Cibola was by rowboat, not a ferry. Fortunately a boy came along who had been to Blythe up the river. George asked if he would take Hattie & I over with him. George stayed with the car. [He slept in it.] It was dark now. We got into the boat & the boy pulled out from the shore. That was a frightful trip. The boy pulled hard but the boat kept going down stream. But we did land & loosened our grip on the edge of the boat & got ashore. Next day George and Georgie [George L.] went over & took the car up river to a ferry & brot it down on the Cibola side of the river, took them three days.<sup>17</sup>

While George L. ran the ranch, Myrtle taught school so far away that she and Eunice were at home only on weekends. Hattie and Oelo kept house for the two Georges, and George found plenty to do in the way of fixing up the house, adding to it, putting up more screens, gardening, helping with the stock, etc. The family had many friends in Cibola and in Blythe, just across the river. Tony Seeley and his family were especially close.

The intermittent flooding of the lowlands was followed by swarms of mosquitoes, a particular vexation. They had to build smudge fires to keep away the insects while they worked outdoors, but indoors it was hopeless. George even closed his diary on some of the mosquitoes as he wrote.

Possibly the mosquitoes may have had something to do with the

16. Gould, George A. Diary. February 19, 1916  
 17. McClay, Oelo. Trip Diary. February 22, 1916

decision not to buy land in that area, although they looked around quite a bit, going out with developers who were planning dams, irrigation projects, etc. While the floods enriched the bottom land, they sometimes came at unexpected times to wipe out some of the plantings. Another problem was the lack of a bridge across the river, and the necessity of relying on a boat or going some distance away to a ferry. Then there was the heat, 106° to 112° for days on end, which George always recorded in his diary. Rattlesnakes were killed right in the dooryard. Hattie and Oelo could stand anything but that.

Farming did not occupy all their time, as there were numerous hunting trips for wild burros, as well as mule deer, jackrabbits, turkeys, quail, and even "big horns." George said that wild burro tasted something like elk. Some of the hunts involved several days excursion out into the mountains, while others were close to home. Hunting in the desert was different from hunting in Oregon in many ways, but all of the meat was dried or canned, sometimes right in camp on the longer hunts. George mounted the head of a big horn sheep and one of the largest deer they shot in Arizona. A few selected diary entries from 1916 tell how they got these special trophies.

June 28 110°

Geo. & I got up at 2 and went out to the tanks horseback to look for Big horn. We made a can of coffee just before day light, then went on up to the tanks, the Papon tanks.<sup>17</sup> We saw 5, got 2, one very large one. Was sorry we did not take the camera. I skinned out the head to mount. We got back about 12. We found a dead burro near the tank.

June 29

Worked most of the day on the head of the big horn. . .

June 30

. . . I was working on head this P. M. when I looked up to see a coyote come trotting by the corral. I ran in and got my gun and took a shot at him. Shot him thru the shoulders, killed him instantly. . .

October 20 Cave Camp

Started from home about 8. Took east looking for game. Saw ). Found one water tank, but the one where we wanted to camp was dry, so came on here. Dick [horse] bucked off our camp

17. Probably Pom Pon Tanks. The "tanks" are not man-made, but pot holes where water collects naturally.

[gear] and spilled our sourdough, but we are making tortillas.

October 21      Ralph's [Ralph Seeley]

Got up early and started up the wash south. About noon we found a track and followed it till Geo. [L.] got a sight of him, a big mule buck, out in a grass flat. He had made several beds and moved as the sun came [around]. Think he was hardening his horns. They were still in velvet, but ready to peel, 4 on one side and 5 on other. We got in about 6:30, hard day on horses and men.

October 22      Ralph's

Cut up some meat and tallow and skinned out the head of the big deer. Ham weighed 19 1/2, fat about 1 inch on rump. . .

October 23      Ralph's

Just got thru printing pictures. Some are good. Put up meat in bottles and cooked it. Cooked and cleaned the head, and did some cleaning up.

October 24      Ralph's

. . . Worked on the head and scalp of the big buck. . .

October 25      Ralph's

Worked on the head all day except to do the house work, cut some wood and can some meat & soup.<sup>19</sup>

It was soon after the June hunt that welcome news came from their Oregon properties. Herman Edwards paid his rent on The Maples and offered to buy Riverside Ranch, but George sold to the Buehner Lumber Co. for \$7,000.00, \$4,000.00 down and the rest at 7%.

The garden planted, and the car practically rebuilt, the two Georges, Hattie and Oelo started for Lindsay, going across the Mojave Desert in July and through the Tehachapi Pass. Even before they got to the pass, they had been held up two days for new tires and tubes, and three days for a new rear axle.

The first indication that George was not well was when he wrote that he was "having trouble making water" and that Georgie [George L.] had to drive the last part of the trip. He saw Walt [Dr. Walter Tourtillott, his half-brother] in Lindsay, also later saw a

19. Gould, George A. Diary. June 28, 29, 30, October 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 1916.

doctor in Fresno and another in San Jose. By July 31 George wrote that he had "bought a catheter to do for myself."

Myrtle and Eunice rejoined them in San Jose,<sup>20</sup> and George helped his son buy a car and then loaned him \$1000.00 on the ranch at Cibola, four years at 7% to be paid semi-annually. Hattie and Oelo left for a visit in Oregon.

George wrote at one time, after making numerous repairs on the car, "I'm sick of the whole business." Taking his mother with him, he started to drive to Lindsay, but was involved in an accident near Tracy. Jane Tourtillott stayed with Al Gould (Frank's son) and his wife at Modesto while George got a new wheel put on the car.

The constant need to change tires on early cars led George to devise a "tire spreader" to make the task easier. He attempted to get it patented, after Howard Tourtillott built the model for him in his shop in Lindsay. He had a number of them manufactured in Phoenix, but they did not sell very well.

Hattie and Oelo returned by ship from Oregon November 23, and George met them in San Pedro. They went on to San Diego, living there for a time, looking for property to buy. They visited various missions and went to Tia Juana for the horse races. On the back of a bank statement,<sup>21</sup> George pencilled some impressions of that visit.

*Oh, Tia Juana, Mexic town,  
Most proper Ladies, why this frown?  
We'll sure go down and see the races  
And the Spanish girls with pretty faces.*

*Then hie away for Tia Juana,  
The place that gave us La Paloma,  
The little town across the border,  
Too naughty now to keep in order,*

20. When school was out, Myrtle had taken Eunice with her to Chico, California, to visit her parents and attend summer school.
21. Statement from Anglo & London-Paris National Bank of San Francisco, showed balance of \$447.74 on October 31, 1916, with three checks totaling \$10.20.

*Just bet your life we race,  
If we clean out all the place,  
And we'll bet on every horse  
That flies around the course.*

*And then we'll try a gamble  
When we work in thru the scramble.  
We'll stay till all are broke.  
I'm sure that's no joke.*

The day after Christmas they started for Arizona again. Hattie fell in love with San Bernardino, where they stayed long enough to buy some town lots and set out fruit trees.

To bring us up to date with news of the family in Oregon, we must turn again to Hattie's journal. She noted that Lucy and Edwin Barker were renting Riverside Ranch from the lumber company, and that Edwin Cecil Barker Jr. was born there March 10, 1916. Back in Coos County again were Millie and Will Roberts from the Yaquina Bay area and Clarence and Jessie Gould from Arizona. Their second son Clarence Glae Gould arrived December 26, 1916. Clarence broke his ankle in a freak accident, when he slipped and fell into the crotch of a big "chittum" tree that he was peeling for bark to sell.<sup>22</sup> He still had his axe in hand and was able to free himself by chopping his way out. Many years later his grandson, Dave Gould, found that very tree near a logging road he was building.

Unable to find work in San Bernardino, George bought an old house to tear down for the material. The furniture arrived, and they set up housekeeping in a tent on the new place. When his rent money, and Oelo's, came, plus the balance on the mortgage from the lumber company, over \$3000.00, he bought some lumber and began to build a garage that they could live in temporarily. Hattie had work, sewing and cleaning for Mr. Stevens, but she and Oelo both helped with the new house. It was cold, so Hattie had to buy a new coat. They all went up in the hills, almost to the timberline, to cut firewood. They borrowed books from the library.

It was in early February, 1917, that George went to Los Angeles to get ten days instruction in vulcanizing. By the end of the first week, he was able to use some of his own ideas on the retreads.

22. Gould, Harriet Eliza. Journal. May 24, 1917. "Chittum" bark is dried and used for making cascara. Hattie barely mentioned Clarence's badly injured ankle, but Glae Gould filled in the story.

While in Los Angeles, he saw Geraldine Farrar in "Joan the Woman", heard Nellie Melba sing, and also went to a vaudeville show. He bought equipment and supplies to set up his own vulcanizing shop.

When he could not find a suitable location in or near San Bernardino, he started looking. There was nothing in Blythe, but he did make some loans on real estate. Yuma, Arizona, seemed to be the place. After he got settled, the women followed, but they didn't like it. Hattie wrote, "We went to Make George [George L. Gould] and Myrtle a visit, stayed two weeks, then came on down here where the Mexicans and Indians are, Yuma." The women were a little better satisfied with Yuma after they found a house out of town a way, where they could have a garden. They also could go still farther out into the country to buy fresh fruit.

Quite a bit of expense was involved in setting up the shop at 141 Main Street. Extreme heat drove George to install a shower at the shop. He said it was a luxury, but he wanted a shower night and morning. Work picked up so that they were very busy, but rates people were willing to pay barely covered expenses.

When Lucy wired in June that little Grayce and baby Cecil were desperately ill with whooping cough, Hattie was on the next train for Oregon. She stayed on until the children were well out of danger and visited with the families of all of her children in Coos County before returning to Arizona.

In Phoenix, where Clarence and Jessie were living again because of Jessie's health, the two little boys were bitten by a rabid cat, so they had to take the Pasteur treatment. Hattie went to see them on her way back to Yuma.

Jane Gould Tourtillott passed away on August 5, 1917. George had left for San Jose as soon as he got word that she was failing, so he was there with all of his brothers for the last days of her life.

In October Vella Terry came south with her uncle Clarence Gould to stay with her grandparents and attend high school in Yuma. The family was living at a camp in Oregon where George Terry was working, and there was no high school available. She remembers going out with the women to pick cotton, dragging great long sacks behind them as they worked. Her grandmother and aunt seemed to be very good pickers, but she felt she did not accomplish much.

Soldiers went off to war with parades. The circus came to town,



and the Chautauqua. They saw the governors of Arizona and Baja California at the county fair. They saw Sarah Bernhardt in a movie. Hattie and Oelo sewed with the Red Cross. With his best helper, Ed English, gone to war, and others not satisfactory, George was busier than ever. He wrote the young man to see if he was interested in buying the shop or working out some kind of partnership.

Ed English decided he wanted to buy the shop in Yuma, taking over in February 1918. On the second day of that month, George wrote "English & I got out the agreement & he paid \$100 to bind the trade. I took a chattel mortgage, and he is put on \$1000 insurance. The price for the whole thing that we agreed on was \$2000, \$1000 down in a week or so, and \$25 a month, 7% a month on deferred payments.

A telegram announced that Frank Gould had dropped dead January 26, 1918, as he entered his office in San Francisco, so George joined his brothers again. A Masonic service was held in San Francisco, with burial in San Jose.

George advertised the Reo for sale for \$450.00, selling it nearly two weeks later for \$400.00 on a three month note at 10% and a mortgage. He looked at several pieces of property, but decided not to buy in Yuma. They packed up, shipped their household goods and took the train to San Bernardino, where Vella was promptly enrolled in school again.

Early in March George went to Los Angeles and bought a new Reo for \$1000.00--"Reo 6 touring car, serial number-3327, California license 389 818." Then he immediately bought lumber, cement blocks, etc. and started to build their new house, "30' x 30'." With time out for a picnic at Arrowhead Springs on Sunday, March 31, by April 2 he and Oelo had finished the roof.

After having the ground plowed, they planted beans in all of the lots. A bit later, after the water company had put in the connection, and George had laid three hundred feet of pipe to water all of the lots, they set out sweet potatoes, onions, cotton, lettuce, etc. On Sundays they often drove up into the mountains for a combined picnic and wood-gathering expedition. Hattie bought a sewing machine from Montgomery Ward for twelve dollars.

The house finished, and a car-size door cut in the garage, they began to get ready to drive to Oregon, visiting relatives and camping along the way. They left on George's sixty-fifth birthday, May 17, driving up the coast road by way of San Luis Obispo. San Miguel

Mission<sup>23</sup> and Salinas.

After several days in San Jose, painting the rental house and helping Ted Tourtillott put in a water line from a spring to his new home, they drove on north. At Sacramento they put Vella Terry, more and more homesick as they neared home, on the train for Oregon. June 8, near Chico, where they found Myrtle and Eunice with Myrtle's parents again, they saw an eclipse of the sun. Eight miles southeast of Klamath Falls, they visited Elmer McClay's family. (Elmer and Byron McClay were brothers of Hattie and Oelo.)

Monday, June 17, 1918      10 miles south of Ashland  
Left Elmer's about 9. Came to town [Klamath Falls], saw By's girl Florence [daughter of Byron McClay], a nice girl. Came over a bad road, very steep, made 66 miles. [Probably the Green Springs road.] Saw the old hot spring where we camped 37 years ago. [It was the winter of 1881-2 that the men spent hunting in Oregon.]

Tuesday, June 18, 1918      [Near] Myrtle Creek  
Came 118 miles over a pretty steep & crooked road. Came thru Ashland, Medford, Grants Pass, Myrtle Creek and a lot of other little towns. Camped early.<sup>24</sup>

They saw Jim Sawyers from Elkton at Roseburg, and "Bert, Bell, Polly [Georgia Richmond] and all the children" met them at Bridge for a picnic. That night they were in Coquille, thirteen days from San Jose.

From Coquille they headed for Allegany, driving to Marshfield by way of Sumner and hiring a scow to take them up the river. While visiting Ed and Lucy Barker at Riverside Ranch, George wrote "Helped Ed and Will [Roberts] haul hay. It is hard work for me, as I am soft. The Red Cross met at Lucy's today."

Wild blackberries were ripe, and on one of their berry-picking excursions, four of them in one day picked twelve gallons. Some of the berries were dried to take back to California.

The tent was set up near the Herman Edwards home at Allegany, and George busied himself with many odd jobs for relatives and

23. It was at San Miguel that Hattie and Oelo's brother Forrest McClay married his first wife, the beautiful Maria Antonia Lopez.
24. Gould, George A. Diary. June 17, 18, 1918.

friends. He even found time to make his granddaughters, Grayce and Aileen Barker, a little box trap for chipmunks. George was hired to help put in a toboggan slide at the grove below The Maples and to re-roof Larson's store, finishing it in the rain. He took Sunday picnickers to the Golden and Silver Falls for one dollar apiece.

One trip took the family on beyond the falls to Loon Lake. Although they had to cut out a log on the grade, they still made it in two and a half hours. Jack Baker was not at home, but they visited with Alice and the boys, even made ice cream! [Hattie and Oelo's youngest sister and her husband Jack Baker lived near the creamery in Ash Valley, just south of Loon Lake.]

George mentioned that he was running the car on "half distillate and half gasoline", and that it ran just as well as on all gas. He saw both a milking machine and a mowing machine in Coos County, but in August he cut oats with a scythe for Ed Barker, the first time he had "swung a scythe for many years."

George Terry was working at McDonald and Vaughan's spruce logging camp on South Slough, and George Gould found that the only way he could get there to visit the Terry family was by boat. While he was at Marshfield, he learned that Dr. Dix was not able to do anything for his knee. [He had not mentioned in the diary that it was paining him.] He also checked on the freight rate to San Bernardino, fifty dollars a ton, and collected some boxes to use in packing their goods.

Hunting at Elkhorn was fruitless, but they caught a good many trout in the lake, all on the fly. He wrote "Everything was gone to 'rack and ruin." Then the next day, "What a failure life is, if we only knew beforehand. G. H. U." [God Help Us?] And the following day, "I wonder what I want. There is something missing."<sup>25</sup> While Hattie washed, George "packed books, pictures, the writing desk, deer and elk horns, records, etc."

They finally shipped well over a ton of freight, as the bill came to \$67.82, plus six dollars on the boat to Marshfield and one dollar for help. The horse Mollie was sold with saddle for forty-five dollars on a six month note, and Ed Barker bought the Mitchell car, "as soon as they got it so it would run." [I remember seeing it parked on the grass not far from the house at Riverside. It seemed elegant to me, bright red with lots of brass, two upholstered seats, with third seat up behind. Dad occasionally started it, but

25. Gould, George A. Diary. August 21, 22, 23.

I can't remember that he made any use of it. There was no road on that side of the river.]

The whole neighborhood gave a farewell supper before George and Hattie left September 10 on the return trip to California, this time to make their home permanently in San Bernardino.

They drove again beyond the falls and over the divide, made an overnight stay with the Bakers at Loon Lake, then went on to Elkton, where they called on the Sawyers family and visited at Byron McClay's farm. Everett, By's son, hunted with George, bringing home twelve grouse one day. However, it was prune picking time, so they all pitched in, preparing apples and pears as well as prunes for the dryer. Prunes had to be dipped, the apples and pears peeled, cut and cored before drying. George mentioned keeping up the fire all night in the dryer. Lula [By's daughter] remembers this visit well.

*The one [picture] of the "Immigrant Apple Tree" he [George Gould] took [in] 1918 when they visited us at Hedden Bluff near Elkton, Oregon, and helped with the prune picking and drying. I stayed at the house about 3 1/2 or 4 miles distant and did the housework and cooking. Later when Uncle George and Aunt Hattie were at home at San Bernardino, he sent me a gift of a book "The Crisis" inscribed to "The world's best Cook", which did my 14 year old soul much good. It wasn't the food so much but the outdoor appetites, I'm sure. . .*

*This tree was a large tree when Mother and Dad had their first log cabin home (1891) here just to the left a few rods from the tree; the spring was to the right. . .The "Oregon Farmer" wrote up the story of the tree along in the 30's. It was always assumed the seed was dropped here by camping immigrants coming along the Military Road. It had lots of fruit, but not very good, as it was a seedling. . .we surprised deer under it one time. In the Hurricane Freda 1962 [Columbus Day Storm] it was twisted off about 4 or 5 feet up.<sup>26</sup>*

Oelo McClay rejoined the Goulds just as they were ready to leave for California. The magneto had been giving trouble en route to Elkton, but George struggled along until more trouble developed, and not just to the car- "sore chin, headache, misery." From Willows,

26. Townsend, Lula McClay. Letter to Aileen Rickard, June 24, 1973.

California, George "telephoned for a part for the car, but the wrong part was sent--more misery." It cost \$10.00 to have the car towed forty miles to Sacramento. George consulted a doctor in Sacramento about his sore chin. The doctor thought it should be opened, but George decided to wait and have his brother, Dr. Walter Tourtillott, look at it. The next day the boil broke, and he felt better. Car repair cost \$32.93. They saw ten airplanes "sailing over" Sacramento.<sup>27</sup>

Before they reached San Jose, a new tire wore out in two days! After a night with Ted Tourtillott at Agnew, they checked on the rental house and visited the cemetery. Then they set out for Lindsay by way of Pacheco Pass and Los Banos. Roads were very slick from the rain. Howard Tourtillott was away, but they saw Ernest Tourtillott and Ed Gould.

From a camp in the foothills south of Bakersfield, George wrote, "Ed [Gould] gave me the old violin and I left mine for Gertrude [Ernest Tourtillott's daughter] to play on." The "old violin" was the one his father, Albert Gould, had played on the trip across the plains.

The freight had reached San Bernardino ahead of them, and their garden was "covered with wet beans and weeds." After getting the freight hauled to the house and unpacked, George was off again, this time by train for Yuma. There he wrote, "Started at 10:24, got here [at] 4:30. We left the clouds behind at Beaumont. From there on it was pretty warm. Found English at the shop, has a boy working for him."<sup>28</sup> George looked up old friends, worked three days at the shop for pay, and considered going back with English in the business.

Then he joined George L. Gould and Tony Seeley on a hunt in the desert. Although they brought back four deer, one of them a big mule deer, George said he himself "was skunked." At Ralph's ranch, they cut up the meat, bottled some, and dried the rest as usual. They stopped briefly at Palo Verde, where George L.'s wife Myrtle was living in a tent and teaching school, before going on to the ranch at Cibola.

After collecting some interest money and more promises in

27. Second reference to airplanes. First was August 4, 1913, when George saw a "flying machine" at Marshfield, where he had gone to bank money.

28. Gould, George A. Diary. October 18, 1918.

Blythe, George took the Santa Fe to San Bernardino, an overnight trip. He found the women had saved most of the beans, two hundred pounds! There was a good deal to do on the house, putting screens on nine windows, making a mailbox, putting on the wainscoting, papering, moving the privy, building another cupboard, and repairing the old clock from Elkhorn. Bill Roberts, Millie's son, has the clock, which he has had put in beautiful condition. He believes that it was brought across the plains.

World War I ended November 11, 1918, and George drove his car in "the biggest and noisiest parade ever seen and heard in San Bernardino." George listed war bonds totaling three hundred fifty dollars, purchased during the war, and both Hattie and Oelo helped with Red Cross sewing. They were also often called to work as nurses and midwives.

A "filling station" was the next business venture. George noted that he "Borrowed \$500 at the bank, paid \$650 cash down payment, got deed to place [oil station], gave notes \$125 Jan. 1, \$300 1 yr., note for \$500 60 days 8%." <sup>29</sup> When he took in only fifty cents the first day he "wondered if he had been fooled." However, by the twenty-seventh, he was able to make the first \$125 payment to Harper. The deal was for the station and Colton lot #14, at the south west corner of Mt. Vernon Avenue and Orange Show Road. There is a picture of the station, with elk horns and an Elkhorn Service Station sign on top, and cars parked at the pumps. [Bill Roberts says the building is still there.]

The three, George, Hattie and Oelo, had Thanksgiving dinner November 28, beefsteak cooked over a campfire at the station, with pumpkin and blackberry pie. George put in some equipment so he could work on tires, but, when the battery on his car failed, he decided "to crank awhile" for lack of the forty dollars.

The Roberts family came from Oregon December 12. Will found work at a succession of jobs until he became a regular employee of the Pacific Fruit Express (P. F. E.) at Colton, repairing and building refrigerator cars and staying with the firm until he retired. On Christmas Day the Barkers arrived, having traveled by train in the middle of the influenza epidemic in the winter of 1918-19. Every one of them except Edwin came down with the "flu."

The Barkers moved to Riverside early in January, when Ed began work as a watchmaker in a jewelry store. As he very soon decided his employer was a crook, he moved again, this time to Cagwin Jewelry in Hemet. The only house they could rent was in San Jacinto, three miles

29. Gould, George A. Diary. November 21, 1918.

away, so it was necessary to buy a car, a 1919 Model-T Ford. Will Roberts rode a bicycle to his work in Colton until he could buy a car too.

On December 30, George complained "something wrong. Spavin hurts so bad I can hardly get about." Day after day he wrote "Not much doing." On February 6, 1919, ". . .small sales. They seem to be falling off. I will try it some longer till the good weather comes. If it don't pick up then, I will drop it." Four days later, "I am just about coming even on the deal here. If it don't get better, will have to walk out & leave it."

After business picked up during the Orange Show in late February, George planted a little garden, with the idea of presenting flowers to the ladies to develop some repeat customers. He also installed an ice box to carry some soda pop and put in a small stock of staple groceries. He built a car shed beside the station, with a sign GAS & OILS on the side toward the road.

Late in the year 1917, George's half-brother Ted Tourtillott, had become business manager of a sanitarium in Monrovia, so he and his wife Gertie (Gertrude Sherburne) and son True often could join the relatives for picnics or Sunday dinners. Business was slow at best, but Sunday was the day George could not afford to close the doors. Sometimes they all picnicked on the lot beside the station. At other times, someone tended the pumps so he could get away. When there was business to take care of, or gardening or carpenter work at home, either Hattie or Oelo helped out, although they did not like the work. On Tuesday, June 10, 1919, George noted that "Gas & distillate went up 1 cent, will sell for 22 1/2 & 16¢."

Later that month he sold his seven-passenger Reo for \$875.00 and then was sorry when he had to walk home June 26, with the temperature at 104°. About that time his nephew, Carter Tourtillott, returned from England, where he had been serving in the U. S. Army, so the two of them looked for a new car in Los Angeles. He came home with an Oldsmobile 8.

The very next day Georgia Richmond and Barbara arrived from Oregon for a visit. Many other relatives and old friends came for varying lengths of time, and George felt more and more tied down by the station. Buyers, usually with property to trade, came to him, and he began to listen to their offers and even to look at their properties. In August he inventoried the fixtures and stock at \$498.00.

At harvest time the women bought peaches, apricots, grapes and figs by the hundred pounds, drying most of them, although one day George wrote that he was sick from eating too much fresh fruit. Another time he mentioned that Hattie had gone over to stay with her granddaughter Phyllis Roberts "and her horned toads." Evidently Millie had to be away for a bit.

Relatives sent clippings from the San Francisco papers telling of the contest over his brother Frank Gould's estate. He had filed suit for divorce just two weeks before his death, but his second wife and her lawyers managed to get almost everything away from his three children, Edward, Albert and Gladys. Ed's orchard near Lindsay was one of the few properties left.

The Maples was sold to the Nowlins for \$2000.00 cash, and about that time George had to put an over-due bill for tires and gas in the hands of a collector. After sawing up some orange trees and grape vines for firewood, he said that cutting up trees seemed to make him feel better. He felt worse when George L. Gould invited him for a long hunt and he could not leave.

On October 30, he took Oelo over to San Jacinto to stay with the Barker children and brought Lucy back to care for Millie Roberts, but William Daniel Roberts III had arrived before they got back.

George heard Harry Lauder sing on November 30. On a number of occasions, he had mentioned listening to records with friends, but this was a concert in person.

Al Ledom got together with George to buy cars, which George would repair in Al's shop in Colton and then sell on shares. The first one, a Reo, for which he paid \$550.00, sold for \$650.00. Several days early in 1920 were spent looking at property. They finally closed a deal on January 31 for a house and four lots on Mt. Vernon and Oak in San Bernardino. [Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of the Martin tract.] Later that year, by paying the back taxes, they were able to get the two Houlihan lots adjoining the others. [Lots 10 and 11 in the Martin tract.]

Deciding that prices of paint and lumber were out of sight, George found a three-room house to be torn down for \$200.00. Oelo tended the station on weekdays so that by February 17 he could have the salvaged lumber put on trucks. He also mentioned that he had straightened about twenty pounds of nails from the wrecked house. He had commented earlier that it was "well-nailed."

Again business at the station was very good during the Orange Show. On Sunday he sold 119 gallons of gas, and he was able to



count six hundred cars passing by in thirty minutes. A Mr. Wheeler was hired to take care of the station so George could meet his son George at Shaver's Wells, but he made two starts and each time the car caused trouble. Finally Ed Barker came over from San Jacinto and took him to meet George at Mecca. The manufacturer had the Reo repaired for him when he was unable to do it himself.

In March the San Jose property was sold for \$1500.00, and Tony Seeley paid the balance of his note, \$1000.00, but not the interest. Work had already begun on remodeling and renovating the old house on the property on Mt. Vernon Ave. A big pear tree close to the back door had to be cut down. Later a back porch was added, and a screen room for a hot weather sleeping room. Hattie cleaned the whole house and patched the holes in the plaster. Millie Roberts also helped to peel off the old wallpaper and to paint. All this time Oelo tended the pumps on weekdays. It was raining off and on while George put on the new roof, evidently roofing paper. George took Will Roberts on a brief trip to the desert. On April 8, 1920, he wrote, "Started early for Palm Springs, had a fine time, went up Palm Canon, saw the wild palms & the Hermit. Bill [Roberts] had the time of his life. I got him up to see the sun rise in the desert. Found a good camp." On the return the next day, he reported ". . . no trouble with the Reo. Looks like rain here. Was summer in the desert, but windy this side."

A strike caused the oil company to cut the station to eighteen gallons a day, so he had to turn people away. George brought home the stock of groceries and began to wonder if he would not have to close the door. He did just that on July 5, 1920. ". . . Shut up the station, no gas, no pay." The following day he "Went over to Colton, had power & lights stopped, mail changed, then to San Bernardino, had gas stopped. . . ." They continued to go to the station occasionally to water the trees.

After moving the furniture from the other house on a home-made sled, George built a chicken house, then a garage with a cement floor. By the time the cow had a heifer calf, he had added a cow stall, also with a cement floor. Will helped him fall a big eucalyptus tree.

Ed Barker bought some tires at cost just before his family left to return to Oregon. Their household goods were stored with the Goulds and then shipped to Myrtle Point, where Ed bought a jewelry store. He and Lucy remained in Myrtle Point for the rest of their lives.

After he had worked for several days on odd jobs at sixty cents an hour, George decided he could hold down a regular full-time job. In August he left on a railroad pass for Sparks, Nevada, by way of Los Angeles, Sacramento and Reno, to work on a construction project for the P. F. E. At first he and two others lived in a small shack, but he soon found a place to board on a farm with the Christensens and their seven children. He worked nine and a half to twelve hour days, mostly at carpenter work, but they soon found he could do 'most anything, so he ran the saw, filed saws, and built furniture.

On September 1, 1920, he noted, "Worked 1 1/2 hours. Worked on the forms nearly all day. Was sick as hell last night. Thot it was waterworks, terrible cramps, thot I would have to go to Dr." After complaining of the cold, George ordered winter clothes from Sears. His pay for the last half of September was \$96.70. But on October 21, he wrote, "Worked an hour, then decided to quit. Lynch [his boss] made me sore. Got pay and will have a pass in a short time. Tele[graphed] home." He banked \$340.75 earned at Sparks.

Everything had been frozen at Sparks, but, when he got as far as Sacramento, he had to change the new winter clothes for lighter ones. He stopped to visit with relatives at Lindsay and Porterville on the way back to San Bernardino.

Will Roberts got George a job at the P. F. E. plant in Colton, nine and a half hour days at sixty-eight cents an hour, putting cork in the walls and tar on the roof of refrigerator cars. He got very tired, and ten days later was down sick. He was sick for some time, even had to call the doctor. Early in December, he tried to spade a little for Hattie's winter garden, but he complained of getting too tired, and had the lots plowed.

He felt better after Leedom repaid part of the money he had borrowed, and Gardner leased the station for two years. Will Roberts got him to go to Brawley, where they worked for eleven days, even on Sunday, from ten and a half to fourteen hours a day to finish the job. Next Will sent for him to work at Los Angeles at seventy-five cents an hour. Will went back to Wallula, Washington, to complete a project he had been working on earlier.

The carpenter work finished in Los Angeles, George began to catch up on the work around home, painting, trimming the pepper tree, and cutting wood. By the time he had ricked up four tier of wood, he felt dizzy and rested the rest of the day. He won the suit

for repossession of a car, but sold it for \$430.00, about enough to pay for the note and fees. The cow he had paid eighty dollars for was sold for only twenty. Renters moved into the Chestnut Street house, and Oelo bought one of the lots on Chestnut for \$150.00 down. Oelo also loaned Will and Millie Roberts \$500.00 on the house and lots they bought at 303 South "G" Street.

On March 10 George, Hattie and Oelo left for Blythe, staying over at Palm Springs, where George hunted for jackrabbits and looked in pools in the creeks in the hills but found no fish. He did find "a mortar and pestle used long ago." Near Shaver's Wells he climbed to the top of a hill, built a rock cairn on top and named it Windflower Peak. The two Georges went on to Phoenix, where they saw Clarence Gould and his family, as well as Forrest McClay.

At George L.'s ranch at Fertilla, they began improvements on the new place, building a car shed and a bridge over a ditch, as well as gathering poles from the Colorado River bottoms to use in making chicken coops.

Hunting with saddle and pack horses, near Pom Pon Tanks, they saw ten mountain sheep, and George shot one that came down to water. At the forks of Big Wash, they saw eight and got two more. George again went to the top of the tallest peak to take pictures of the valley and surrounding mountains. He got some excellent pictures of giant saguaro cactus, and tried to get one of a big horn. Unfortunately, the animal was running too fast up a steep canyon. His head and horns are clear, but the hind quarters are blurred.

Back at Cibola, they took down part of the kitchen to move to Blythe. After waiting several days for a terrible windstorm to subside, they took the lumber across the Colorado River in a boat and swam the horses. They rode four horses and led four the twenty-six miles back to Fertilla. Here they began at the bottom, putting in a new foundation, a dirty job, because the previous owners had kept chickens under the house. Work continued on the house and porch, but on May 2, 1921, George had to give up laying flooring. "Something ails my leg so I can hardly step--can't rest it so as to sleep." Ten days later, still working on the house, he thought it was somewhat better. On his birthday, May, he wrote, "Worked on house, got ready to put on the beaver board ceiling. My leg is some lame, don't see what is the matter. 68 today, an old man." By June 3, ". . . Leg on the bum, sore in the groin again. Hardly slept."

They returned to San Bernardino two days later, where he found a paving bill for \$539.94. He wondered if the next step would be

ornamental street lighting. The next day he sent off a specimen of urine for examination, and a week later, after a spell of stopped urine, he went to see Dr. Baylis, who relieved him with a catheter, but told him he would have to have an operation.

They left at once for Oregon by train, taking it by stages, finally reaching Eugene, where Dr. Richmond met them on June 23. His first operation was June 26. After the second operation, he recovered his strength only enough to return to San Bernardino, to begin the long and painful siege of dying of cancer at the home of Will and Millie Roberts. Will was building a new house next door, but George was not able to help.

After George became too weak to write, Hattie continued the diary from December 11 on. George may have dictated many of the entries, as they were still in first person. Gardner bought the service station for \$1300.00, \$200.00 down and \$200.00 a year, in quarterly payments, with interest at 7%. Both of their houses were rented.

All of the relatives came to see George, either while he was in Oregon or after his return to San Bernardino. George L. was working on a logging operation out of San Bernardino, and Forrest McClay had moved to San Bernardino, where his wife Bertie [Roberta] was nursing. George sat up long enough on Christmas Eve to see the Roberts children open their gifts, and on January 3 he walked over to the new house when the family moved in.

The last diary entry is January 4, but George lingered on until June 4, 1922. Both Georgia Richmond and Lucy Barker came from Oregon to help care for him toward the last.

## PART IV

## THE LAST YEARS

After George's death, Hattie and Oelo remained in San Bernardino. Some time later Hattie built a small house at 1324 Chestnut Street, on one of the lots just around the corner from Mt. Vernon Avenue. They sometimes took care of neighbor children while the parents were at work. Millie Roberts had learned to drive, so she was able to look after them, as it was too far to walk from one home to the other.

Hattie enjoyed traveling and could be ready to go at the drop of a hat. In fact, her children and grandchildren said that, if any mention was made of a trip or a drive in the car, she was soon out on the front steps with her hat on. After automobile travel got to be somewhat easier, the Oregon families sometimes drove south for a summer visit. She entered into the travel with enthusiasm and no complaint about the extreme heat they usually found in the Great Valley, whenever she returned to Oregon with them.

Will Roberts was able to get railroad passes for his son and his mother-in-law, so, for a number of years, Hattie and Billy spent most of their summers in Oregon. Bill remembers an incident when he was about ten years old.

*One summer Grandmother got tired of seeing my shirt tails out of my pants so, for the train trip back, she put me into long underwear and pinned my shirt tails to my drawers. When we got back to San Bernardino, it was very warm. I remember my mother laughing over this.<sup>1</sup>*

A letter Hattie wrote to her niece, Florence McClay, March 24, 1936, told of her enthusiastic support of the Townsend Plan,<sup>2</sup> of attending meetings and rallies, helping with a cooked food sale, making an afghan which sold for \$28.00, and piecing a quilt in the Townsend pattern. She mentioned that it was difficult for her to write.

1. Roberts, William D. Letter to Aileen Rickard, April 10, 1978.
2. Dr. Francis E. Townsend of Long Beach, California, proposed an "Old Age Revolving Pension" calling for payments of \$200 a month to persons age sixty or over, to be paid by a 2% tax on commercial transactions. This and other similar schemes proposed by Senator Huey Long and Rev. Charles E. Coughlin probably led to enactment of the Social Security Act.

Bill Roberts recalls a great deal of another trip to Oregon when he was just sixteen years old.

It was the summer of 1936 that I drove Aunt Alice Baker and Grandmother to Oregon. Aunt Alice had purchased a new car that year--a 1936 Buick coupe, which I naturally remember and enjoyed.

The first day we drove to Porterville and stayed with Uncle Walt [Tourtillott] and his wife Mary and daughters. [Mary Jane, Irma Lou and Carla Mae] At the time the girls were in to horses. We stayed there two or three days, I believe, then drove to Lindsay. There we stayed overnight. I remember a farmhouse tucked away in an orange grove. My most vivid memory was how hot the night was--no breeze. I believe this was where Ed Gould lived [east of Lindsay].

Then we also met Frank [Ed Gould's son]. As I remember Frank was in the electrical business. [He was working with Ruth Tourtillott's husband, Paul Chambers, in his shop at Exeter.] At any rate, I think we spent but one night there. Our next stop was at a cabin (motel) near Chico, California. I remember this, as I had to come up with a pretext to get away for a few minutes to have a smoke. I guess I told Aunt Alice I had to check something on the car.

Next day on to Klamath Falls, where we visited McClays [Elmer and Maude]. This was on a farm. I remember having corn on the cob and biscuits and comb honey. I don't remember the names, but I think there was a fair-size family there. [Marshall, Grace and husband Lawrence Birk and Lawrence Elmer, Alma and husband H. Pound and daughter Oelo]

I think we stayed a couple of days there, then drove by Crater Lake and spent the night with Will McClay and his wife [Irene Gibson]. . . .He took me fishing for bullheads in a little creek on his farm, and I helped him pitch hay from a wagon into the loft. This was somewhere between Roseburg and Myrtle Point, in the open country,--grain or hay fields. [Brockway\_Winston area]

. . .We went on to Myrtle Point to your folks [Edwin and Lucy Barker], then on to Richmonds [Dr. Jim and Georgia, Barbara and Jimmy] and the [other] Coquille people [Bert and Bell Gould, Harriet and Harold].

Later on I drove Aunt Alice and Grandmother up to the Allegany area to visit Clarence Gould and family. [Jessie and boys Earl and Glae] From there we went on to Loon Lake and visited Aunt Alice's family. [Sons Auldin, Earl, Orval and wife Vesta] I do remember the area they lived in, which I thought was bleak--seem to remember either or both a logged or burned-over area, and I think Loon Lake was full of snags, unless I have this lake confused with the one at Elkhorn.

. . .following this visit we returned to Coquille. Soon after, Aunt Alice went to Loon Lake. I think she left San Bernardino, California, at this point. She had been a housekeeper for different older men for some years. . . .

I stayed most of the summer in Coquille, then took the train to the Seattle area and over to Victoria, B. C. I remember this well, as it was my first awareness of the nearness of war, as there were troops in Canada training.

I returned home, and Grandmother stayed on for another month or so.

[I] have tried to remember specific things involving Aunt Alice or Grandmother. I do remember we had a good time. They both were good travelers. Aunt Alice was a "bubbly" person, always with a laugh or smile and cute comments. Grandmother was quieter, but had a good sense of humor. I used to joke with her a lot.

. . .This was my last trip with Grandmother. . .<sup>3</sup>

In 1939, when Hattie was well over eighty, she kept a very brief journal of a trip to visit various children, grandchildren and their families, going as far as Vancouver, Washington, with each family taking her to the next one by car. (Her oldest grand daughter, Vella (Terry) Altree and husband Clair, daughters, Patsy, Terry and Julieanna lived near Vancouver.) As usual, she was in Coos County for most of the summer.

On Sunday, June 18, thirty-nine of the family gathered at Bert Gould's summer home below Brewster Canyon for a picnic dinner. Hattie mentioned that Bert had picked about six gallons of wild blackberries and had also caught several large trout. Lucy had made two cakes, one a Dad's Day gift for the eight dads present, and the other for her granddaughter Roberta Lou Rickard's second birthday just the day before. On another day Bert took her to see Susa, his pet elk, found just

3. Roberts, William D. Letter to Aileen Rickard, April 10, 1978.

forty-six years after he and his father had found Wapiti at Elkhorn.

Bell Gould was critically ill during most of July and August, but she rallied, and was well enough to move into their new home in mid-September. She was killed, and Bert very seriously injured in an automobile accident the next year. Just before Frankie Terry died of cancer, her brother George L. and his friend Tony Seeley, came from Blythe to see her.

Oelo McClay wrote to her niece Gladys with news of the family and some of her philosophy as she neared the end of her life.

. . . Perhaps the war will soon be over.

Bill Roberts is in England. His wife [Betty] writes every day, sends the baby's [William Daniel Roberts IV] pictures very often. He is a fine big boy, 1 year old. . .

This is the next day. I got too tired yesterday.

We got a good long letter yesterday from Hattie. She writes better than I can. [She] was at Bert's for a time. Every Xmas for 30 years George Richmond has had them all for dinner at her home, but this time was different. For one thing her daughter Barbara wanted to spend the day at home. She lives in Reedsport. Her husband [Verner "Putz" Arens] is in Italy and she has had no letter for several weeks.

And the people of Coquille have put Georgia at the head of the big task of collecting second-hand clothing. All is brot to her church (the Methodist) and there is separated, boxed, fumigated & so on. You know what a task it would [be] even with the help she would be sure to have.

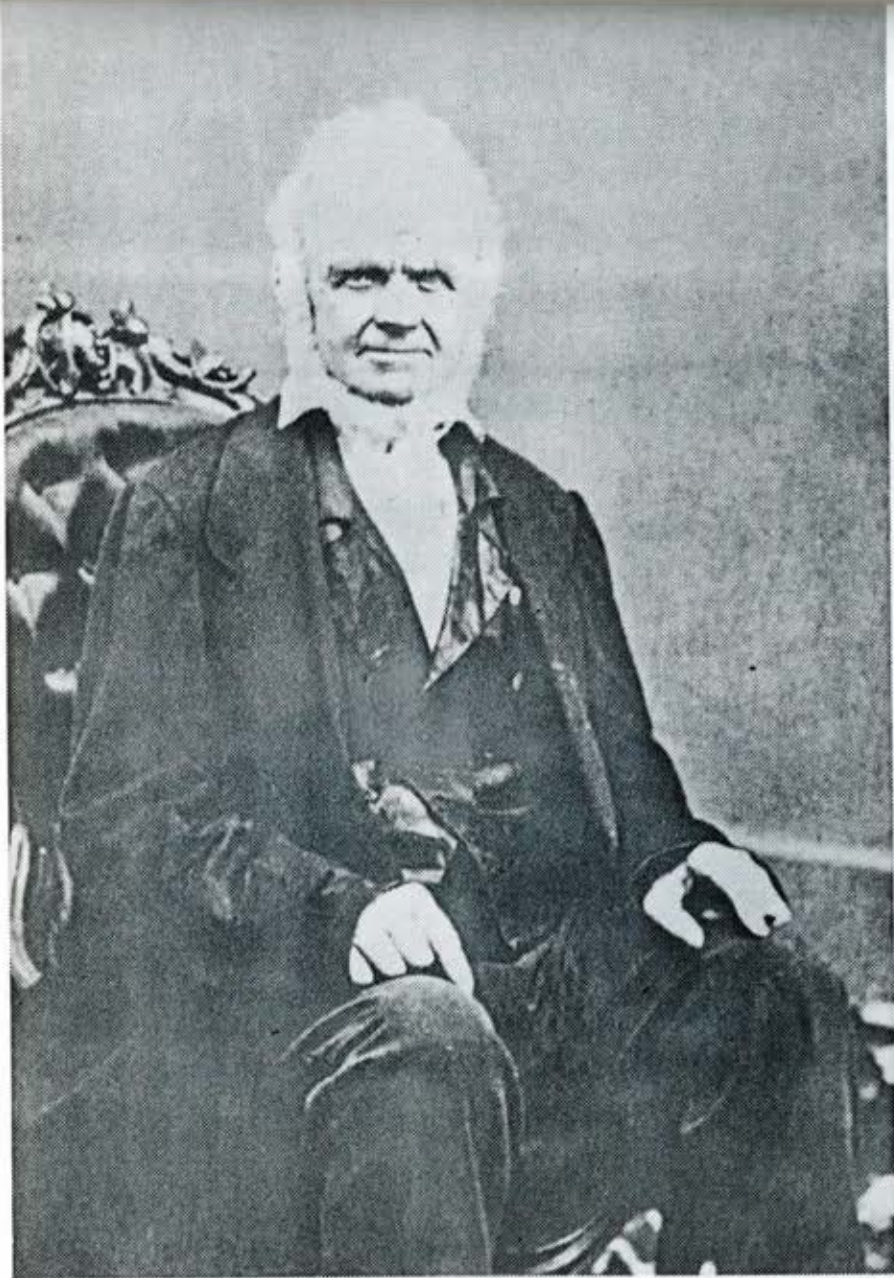
And her son Jim is in camp somewhere in the East expecting to be sent off any time. Several of the young people may have to go soon.

Bert married again about a year ago. [Georgia Anne Burkett] Hattie likes her real well. And Frankie's husband [George Terry] is also married again. [Mrs. Della Ralston] and they all like her also. I wonder if Elmer [McClay] and Maud got moved by Xmas.





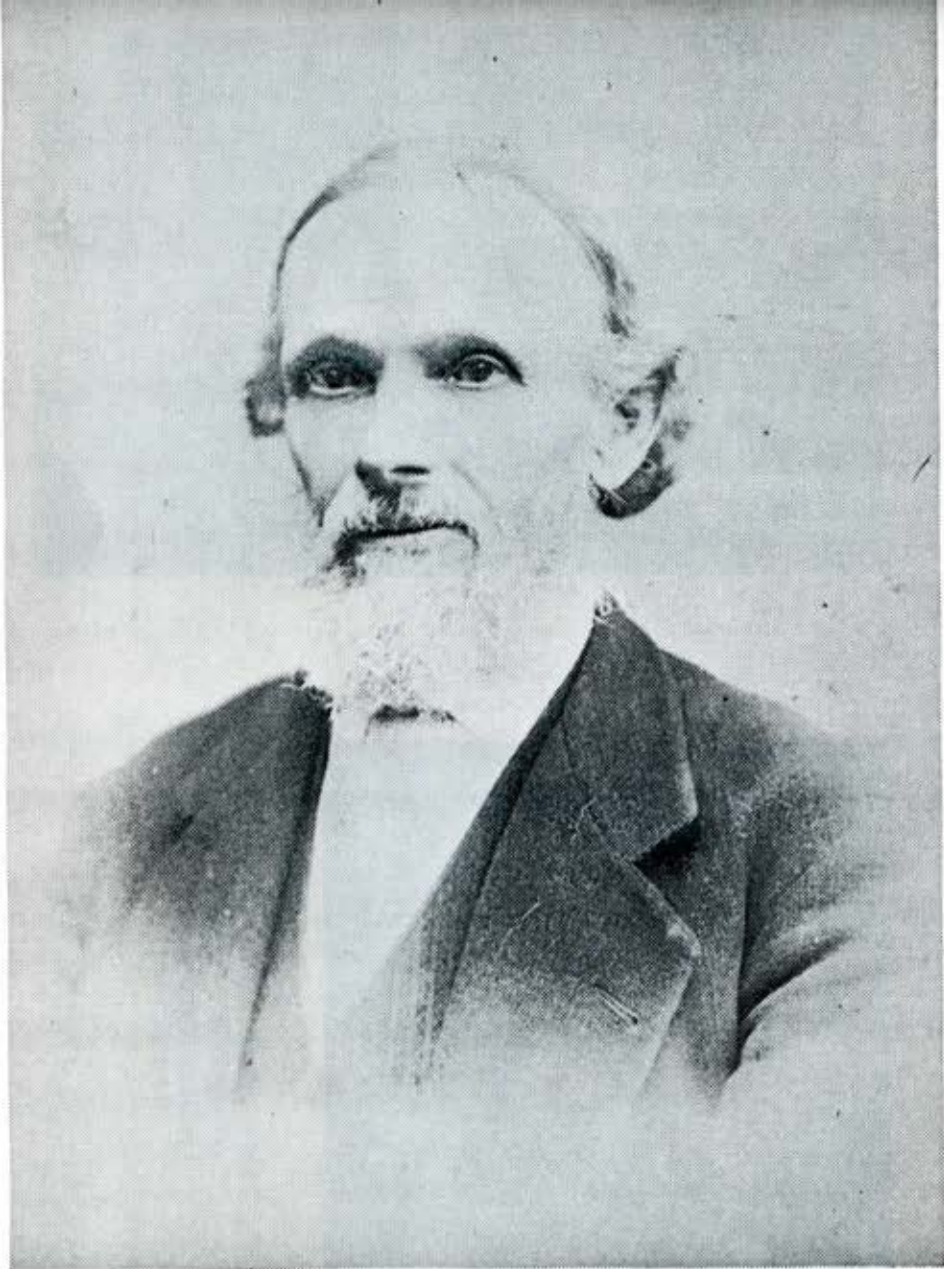
**THE GOULDS**  
Albert Jane  
George Frank



WILLIAM McCLAY  
1793 - 1871



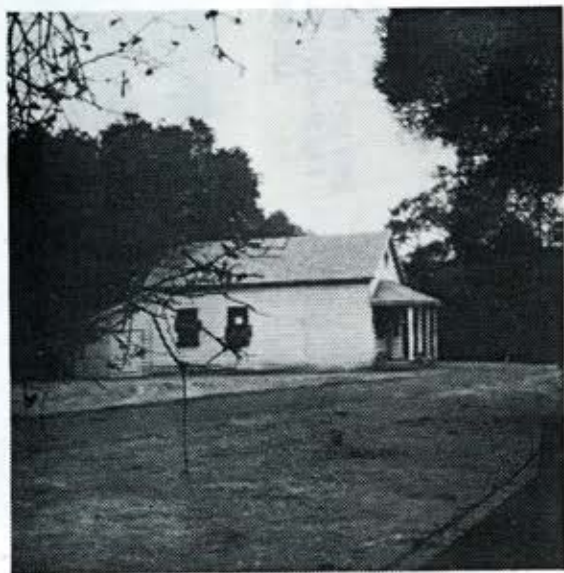
BETSY (THOMAS) KILLIAM  
second wife



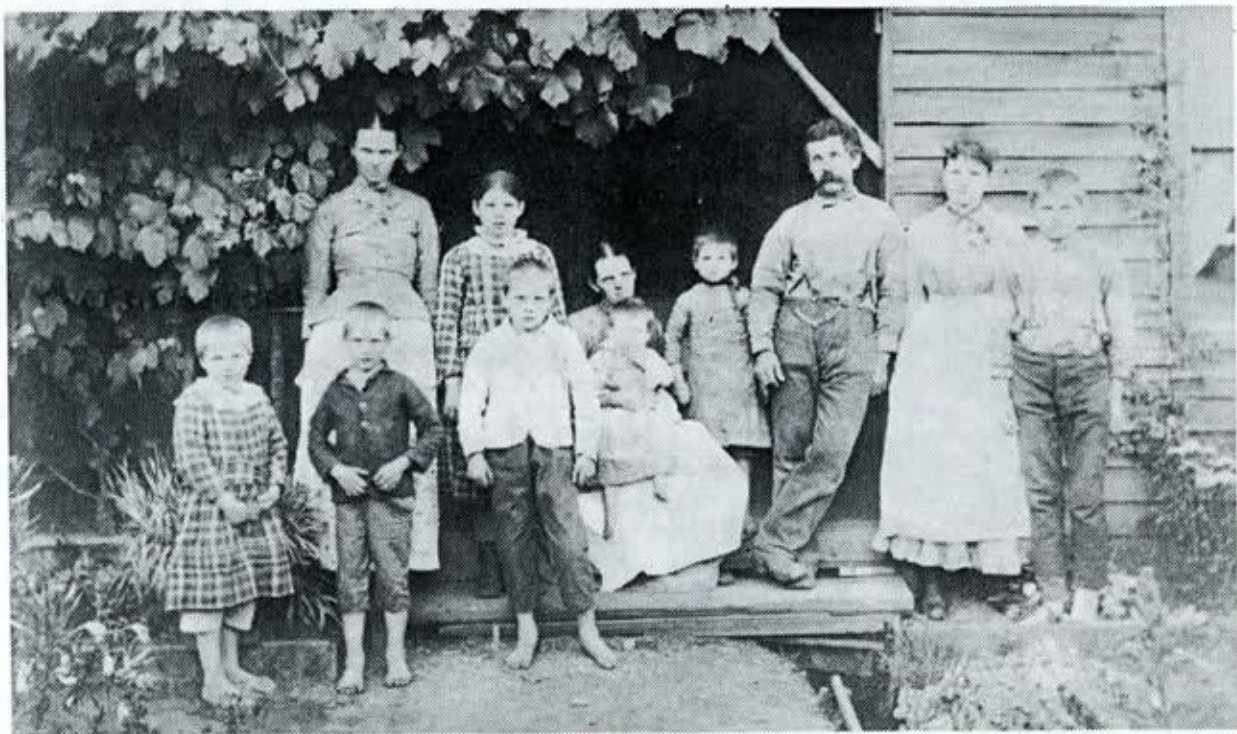
DAVID BARTON McCLAY  
1830 - 1904



MELISSA JANE COTTLE  
1831 - 1895



Harriet and Byron McClay, 4 and 2  
"Hattie" and Oelo McClay  
The Highlands School in  
San Felipe Valley



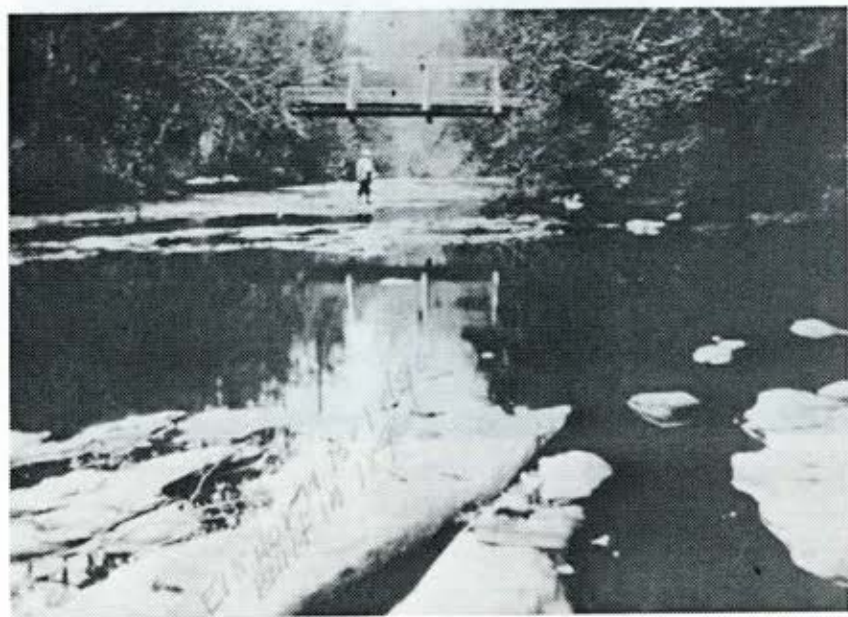
**THE GOULD FAMILY in 1890**  
Left to right in front: Georgia, George, Clarence  
Back row: Oelo McClay, Frankie, Hattie with Millie,  
Lucy, George, Grace, and Bert



arrival of the organ --1892

left to right: George L. Clarence, Georgia, Frankie, Lucy Gould by fence

Elkhorn Bridge -- West Millicoma River  
72 Foot Span -- 1896  
Built by George Gould and Sons  
using 2 Yoke of Oxen  
Hewn Red Cedar Timbers Sawed Planks for Decking



Walt Tourtillott fishing below Elkhorn Bridge



ELKHORN RANCH Winter 1896-7





OELO McCLAY ca 1915

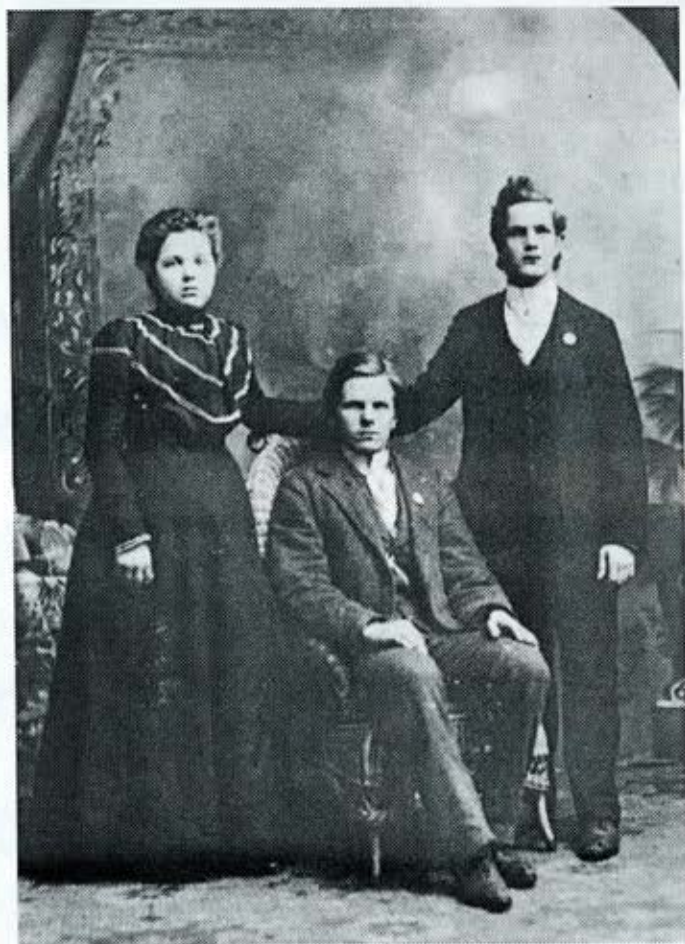
GRAYCE, HATTIE, LEONARD & MILLIE  
GOULD -- August 1899



Gould Lake "The Island" about 1889



**LUCY MARY GOULD**  
**AT GOULD Lake 1905**

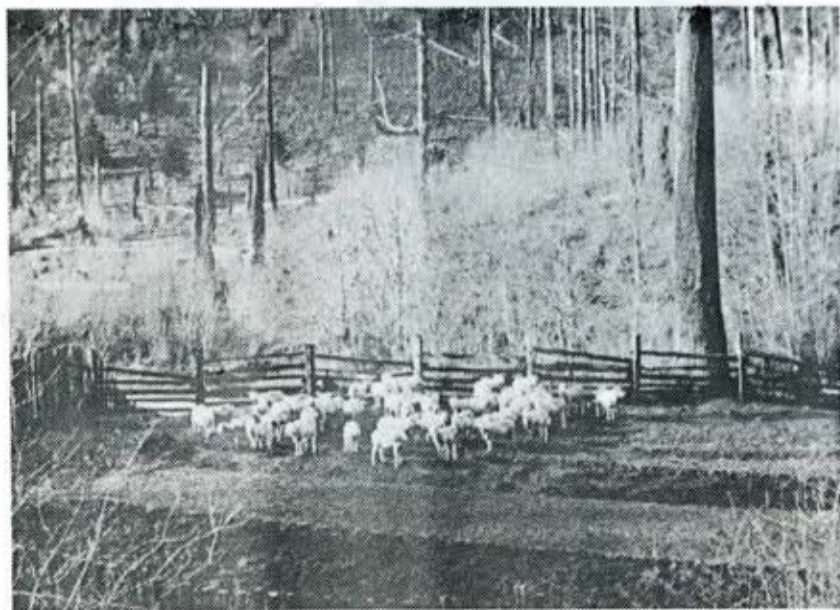


**GEORGIA JANE and GEORGE LEVI GOULD**  
**CLARENCE AI GOULD**



George Gould with half-brother Ernest Tourtillott  
with hide of Ernest's bear - 1910

Sheep at Elkhorn Ranch about 1900



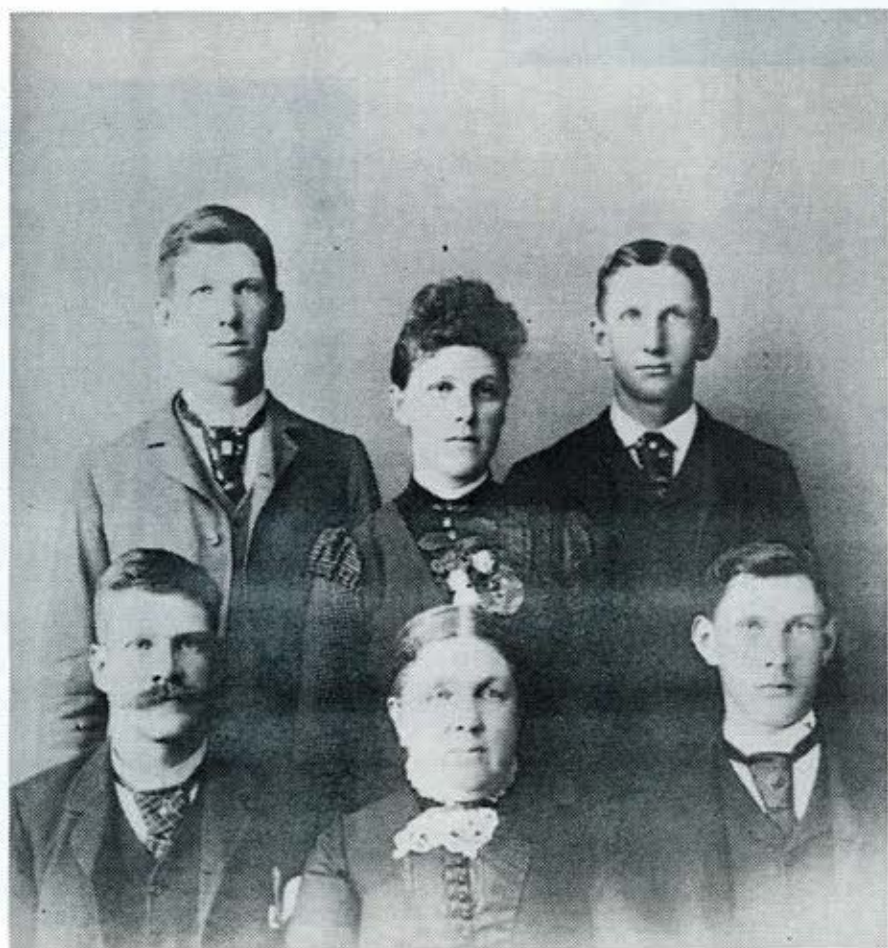
Interior views of dining room at Elkhorn Ranch  
telephone suggests 1906 or later



Harriet Eliza (McClay Gould  
Frances Augusta (Gould) Terry  
Vella Terry  
Jane Augusta (Holbrook) Gould Tourtillott

**JANE'S SIX SONS -- 1914**, top Howard Tourtillott  
second row -- Frank and George Gould  
front row -- Ernest, "Ted" and Walt Tourtillott

**THE TOURTILLOTTS -- May 13, 1890**  
standing -- True Trevor, Millie Augusta, Ernest Levi  
Seated -- Howard Holbrook, Jane Augusta, Walter Wallace





**FRANK, GLADYS & GEORGE GOULD**  
with REO 6 in 1916



**KLATAWA** passing Riverside Ranch house  
North Coos River 1910

**THE MAPLES** at Allegany 1915



Four Gould nurses at Marshfield  
Grace, Georgia, Lucy, Millie



Clarence Gould and loggers  
Will Roberts looking toward Clarence



Coos County, Oreg.  
County Surveying Party  
A. N. Gould County Surveyor  
Feb. 11, 1914.





### **ELKHORN SERVICE STATION -- 1919**

Corner Mt. Vernon & Colton Avenues  
San Bernardino, California

In Ed Barker's 1919 Ford: Oelo McClay,  
Grayce, Cecil & Lucy Barker

In a friend's 1918 Dodge: Phyllis Roberts,  
Hattie Gould, girl

On running board: Will Roberts, Ed Barker  
Standing: George Gould

REO 8 at Gould Home on Mt. Vernon Avenue

## THE APPENDIX

Not really a part of the story, but helpful in understanding it, are a number of items included in the appendix.

Maps of the Pueblo of San Jose, of the San Felipe Valley, a brief history of the Settlers' War and a list of the McClay land deeds, all in Santa Clara County, California.

Maps of Coos and western Douglas Counties and of Elkhorn Ranch, as well as the township surveyed by A. N. Gould in 1905, all in Oregon.

All of George Gould's poems not already included in the text. Most of them were published in the *Coos Bay Times* in Marshfield (now Coos Bay), but a few were found in manuscript. The clippings Hattie had tucked away in an envelope were usually signed *Hearsay* or *H. H.*

Hattie's brothers and sisters and George's brother Frank and his half-brothers, Howard, Ernest, Ted and Walt, were so much an extended family, that I have included a chart of the Goulds, Tourtillotts, and McClays. To that is added a list of the descendants of George and Hattie Gould. When I learned that both sides claimed descent from Governor William Bradford, a chart was definitely indicated. This book is not intended to be a genealogy of the families, but a list of references is available for those who wish to do further research.

A very few pages from the diaries and account books have been duplicated, but many are not sufficiently clear, as is quite understandable, considering the age of the records, various types of paper and writing instruments.

## CALIFORNIA LANDS

The Pueblo of San Jose was established in 1776 by order of King Philip II of Spain. A pueblo was to contain four square leagues of land, either in a square or in a parallelogram. A mile square was set aside for the city of San Jose, and in 1847 the balance was divided into 500-acre parcels to be drawn for by heads of families. These land grants later were declared invalid by the Supreme Court of California. On March 3, 1861, the U. S. Congress passed a law creating a Land Commission to examine land titles dating from the old grants. In addition, many "squatters" had built cabins and improved pieces of land, which they in turn sold to newcomers.

An illiterate Mexican, Antonio Chabolla, with the assistance of lawyers, produced a deed for six leagues of land, the Rancho Yerba Buena y Socayre. The United States District Court issued orders to Sheriff John M. Murphy to eject from the land near Evergreen William McClay and twelve other settlers and their families. Word spread quickly, and organized opposition came not only from Santa Clara County, but from adjoining counties. In some towns companies began drilling under hastily sewn flags. On April 9, 1861, in front of the county courthouse, the sheriff attempted to serve his writs of ejectment with the assistance of a posse of 378 citizens he had summoned to assist him. However, over a thousand settlers had gathered, and he had to report that he was unable to execute the writs.

*Condensed from accounts in San Jose Weekly Mercury April 4, 1861, p. 3; April 11, 1861, pp. 2,3; April 18, 1861, pp. 1,2,3; April 25, 1861, p. 3; May 2, 1861, pp. 1,2,3; May 23, 1861, p.3.*

## M C C L A Y L A N D D E E D S

Hall of Records, Santa Clara County, California

M. Baldrige to Phineas Thomas, November 3, 1852, Book I, p. 261  
Phineas Thomas to Barton McClay, November 28, 1853, Book F, p. 256.  
160 a. m/1, \$1250.00

Oliver Farnsworth to William McClay, November 28, 1853, Book F,  
p. 525, 160 a. m/1, \$1250.00.

Gabriel A. Byrd to Wm. C. McClay\*, November 23, 1854, Book H, p.  
302, 80 a. m/1, \$625.00

W. C. McClay\* to Wm. & H. S. McClay, February 16, 1856, Book K,  
p. 176, \$625.00.

Thomas Wall & Sarah E. Wall (wife) to William McClay, Nov. 18,  
1857, Book L, p. 257, 160 a., m/1, \$1100.00.

Edmund Peck et al to William McClay, June 4, 1859, Book M, p.  
340, 160 a. m/1, \$700.00.

Commissioners of the Funded Debt of the City of San Jose to  
William McClay, January 14, 1860, Book N, p. 53, 451 19/100  
a., \$563.98.

C. Martin and wife to W. McClay and wife,\* July 27, 1861, Book O  
pp. 456-7.

...between Calvin Martin and Francesca Martin, his wife and  
William McClay and his wife Mary McClay.\*

...the right title and interest in all that certain tract and  
parcel of land lying and being situated in the City of San  
Jose and described on the map of said city and in the original  
deed from Charles White, Alcalde, now on Record in Recorder's  
office, of lots three, 3, and four, 4 of Block three, 3, Range  
nine, 9, North of the base line being 50 varas\*\* square each,  
more or less.

\*Florence (McClay) Wool, granddaughter of Henry Stephen McClay,  
made the search of land records, but she did not learn identity  
of William C. McClay and wife Mary.

\*\*Vara, a Spanish-American measure of length corresponding to English  
yard. ... in California as the equivalent of 33 English inches.

## NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES, NICKNAMES, ETC.

George Albert Gould  
 Harriet Eliza (McClay) Gould - Hattie  
 Lydia Grace Gould - Gracie, Dada, Grayce  
     Cornelius Vanderbilt Woodruff - Neil  
 Albert Nelson Gould - Bert  
     Bell (Rich) Gould  
 Frances Augusta Gould - Frankie, Frank  
     George H. Terry  
 Clarence Ai Gould - Clare, Clair, Colonel  
     Jessie (Gray) Gould  
 George Levi Gould - Georgie Boy, Boy, George L.  
     Myrtle (Burch) Gould  
 Georgia Jane Gould - Georgia Girl, Girlie, Polly  
     Dr. James Richmond - Jim, Dr. Jim, Doc  
 Lucy Mary Gould - Lou, Lucia  
     Edwin Cecil Barker - Ed  
 Millie Lenora Gould - Mim  
     William Daniel Roberts - Will  
 Leonard Allen Gould - Lennie, Len  
  
 Frank Horace Gould - Frank  
 Albert Gould - Al  
 Edward Gould - Ed  
 Ernest Tourtillott - Ern  
 True Trevor Tourtillott, Ted  
 Millie Tourtillott - Mim  
 Walter Tourtillott - Walt  
 Howard Tourtillott - Howard  
  
 C. A. Wyman - Charlie  
     Lucy (Gould) Wyman - Lou  
 Oelo McClay, pronounced "Ello. Hunting camp on her land claim  
     was referred to as the Old Maid's Cabin.  
 David Barton McClay, Pap  
 Byron McClay, By

In Santa Clara County, California: Evergreen, Highland,  
     Summit, San Felipe Valley, Pine Ridge, San Jose  
 In Central California: Lindsay, Porterville  
 In Southern California: San Diego, San Pedro, Los Angeles,  
     San Bernardino, Riverside, San Jacinto Colton, Blythe  
 In Arizona: Cibola, the Colorado River, Phoenix, Yuma  
 In Central Oregon:  
     Prineville, Linkville (Klamath Falls)  
 In Douglas County, Oregon: Loon Lake, the Umpqua River,  
     Roseburg, Drain, Elkton, Scottsburg, Gould's Gulch  
 In Coos County, Oregon:  
     Marshfield (Coos Bay), Coos River, Millicoma River, The  
     Big Burn, The Forks (Alleghany), Elkhorn Ranch, Riverside  
     Ranch, Township 23S R11 W, Coquille, Riverton, Bandon,  
     Kentuck Slough, Stull's Falls, Golden and Silver Falls,  
     Gould's Lake

L I N E S   O F   D E S C E N T   F R O M   G O V E R N O R   B R A D F O R D

Gov. William Bradford<sup>1</sup>     m.     Alice (Carpenter) Southworth

Maj. William Bradford<sup>2</sup>     m.     Alice Richards

Kenelm Baker     m.     Sarah Bradford

Thomas Bradford     m.     Anne Smith

Sarah Baker     m.     John Sherman

Jerusha Bradford     m.     Jaques Pineo

Sylvanus Cottle     m.     Abigail Sherman

Silas Newcomb     m.     Submit Pineo

Elizabeth Allen     m.     John Cottle

Capt. Warren Cottle     m.     Relief Farnsworth

Bradford Newcomb     m.     Azubah Phelps

Salome Cottle     m.     Dr. Warren Cottle

Ira Cottle     m.     Subrina Cottle\*

Silas Newcomb     m.     Augusta Freeman

Alvora Cottle     m.     Harriet Cottle

Eunice Augusta Newcomb     m.     Giles Nelson Holbrook

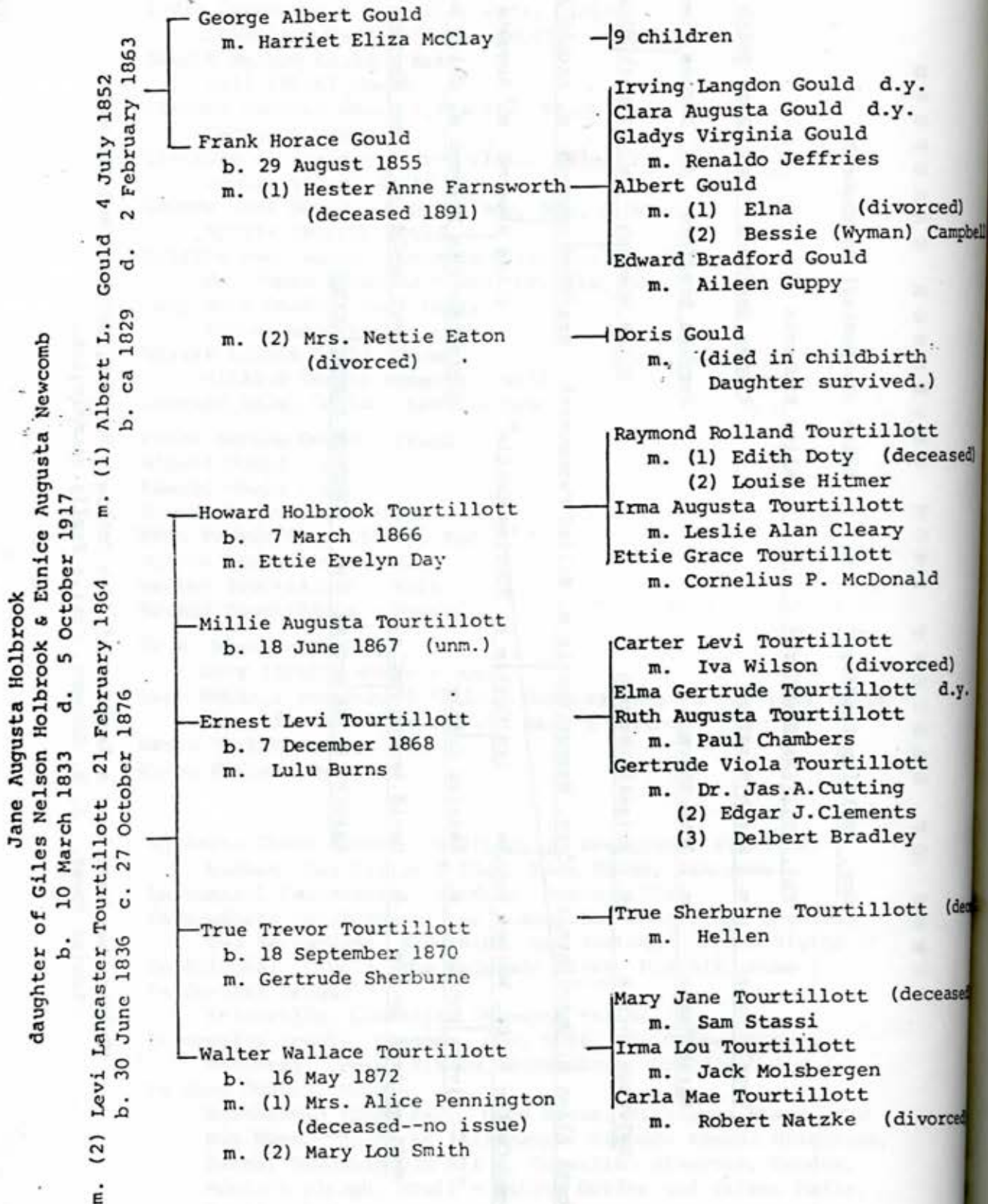
Melissa Jane Cottle     m.     David Barton McClay

Albert Gould     m.     Jane Augusta Holbrook

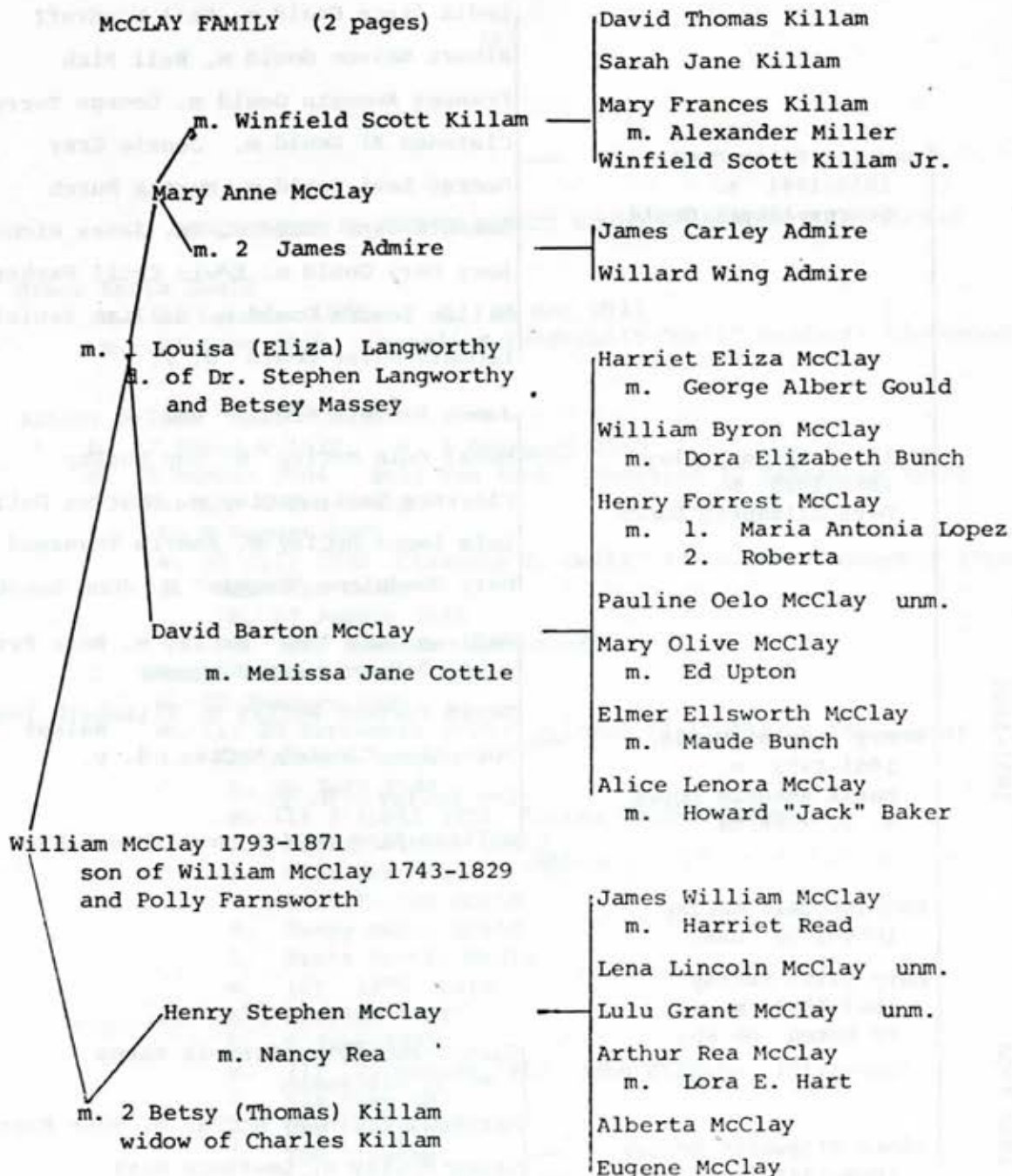
HARRIET ELIZA McCLAY     m.     GEORGE ALBERT GOULD

\*Subrina may have been a daughter of John Cottle's brother, Sylvanus and his wife, Louisa Power. J. B. Schwabe, Cottle Family genealogist.

## JANE'S GOULD AND TOURTILLOTT FAMILIES



## McCLAY FAMILY (2 pages)



Children of Betsy  
and Charles Killam

Julia Killam

Winfield Scott Killam  
m. Mary Anne McClay

Violetta Killam m.  
Lorenzo Cottle

Children of Arthur Rea McClay  
and Lora E. Hart

Leslie Leroy McClay  
m. Dorothy Cur

Dorothy Helen McClay d. 1982  
m. Max Kuehn

Florence Elizabeth McClay  
m. Jack Wool

Eugenia Lena McClay unm.



David Barton McClay m. Melissa Jane Cottle  
1830\_1904 1831-1895

Harriet Eliza McClay  
1858-1944 m.  
George Albert Gould

William Byron McClay  
1860-1925 m.  
Dora Elizabeth Bunch

Henry Forrest McClay  
1861-1932 m.  
Maria Antonia Lopez  
m. 2. Roberta

Pauline Oelo McClay  
1864-1950 unm.

Mary Olive McClay  
1867-1893 m.  
Ed Upton no ch.

Elmer Ellsworth McClay  
1869-1947 m.  
Maude Bunch

Alice Lenora McClay  
1872-1966 m.  
Howard "Jack" Baker

Zora Ora McClay  
1875-1908 m.  
Anna Belle Minter no ch.

Lydia Grace Gould m. Neil Woodruff  
Albert Nelson Gould m. Bell Rich  
Frances Augusta Gould m. George Terry  
Clarence Ai Gould m. Jessie Gray  
George Levi Gould m. Myrtle Burch  
Georgia Jane Gould m. Dr. James Richmond  
Lucy Mary Gould m. Edwin Cecil Barker  
Millie Lenora Gould m. William Daniel Roberts  
Leonard Allen Gould d. y.

James Everett McClay unm.

Mabel Oelo McClay m. Guy Shelby  
Florence Emily McClay m. Charles Dailey  
Lula Leone McClay m. Andrew Townsend  
Mary Magdalene "Maggie" m. John Bonadurer

Melissa Jane "Mae" McClay m. Ross Perkins  
m. 2 Dennis Ray Waggoner

David Forrest McClay m. Elizabeth Yaquina  
Walker

Josephine "Josie" McClay d. y.

Eva McClay d. y.

William King McClay m. Irene Gibson

Gladys McClay m. Francis Karns  
m. 2. Ole Bunch

Marshall McKinley McClay m. Rose Frost

Grace McClay m. Lawrence Birk

Alma McClay m. H. Pound

Orval Baker m. Augusta

Aulden

Earl

## DESCENDANTS OF GEORGE ALBERT GOULD &amp; HARRIET ELIZA McCLAY

## I. Grace Lydia Gould

- b. 11 October 1874      d. 25 May 1911  
 m. 24 June 1908      Cornelius Vanderbilt "Neil" Woodruff (deceased 1922)

## II. Albert Nelson "Bert" Gould

- b. 17 January 1877      d. 1 February 1963  
 m. 31 August 1904      Bell Vea Rich (deceased 12 September 1940)
1. Harriet Helen Gould
    - b. 8 August 1905
    - m. 30 July 1935      Clarence S. Osika (deceased 1 November 1968)
    1. Ruth Ann Osika
      - b. 27 August 1943
      - m. Ted Romoser (divorced)
  2. Harold Albert "Pete" Gould
    - b. 20 January 1909
    - m. (1) 20 September 1929      Mildred "Peg" Chapin (deceased)
    1. Ken Albert Gould
      - b. 30 July 1931
      - m. (1) 3 April 1951      Gloria Smith (divorced)
      1. Rodney Albert Gould
      2. Mike Ken Gould *18 May 1954 - 14 JUN 2015*
      3. Wade Taylor Gould
      4. Nancy Marie Gould
      5. Brett Martin Gould
      - m. (2) 1976      Lois
    2. Jane Harriet Gould
      - b. 6 June 1935
      - m. (1) 21 August 1953      John Clayton (divorced)
      1. Kim Clayton
      2. Dan Clayton
      3. Tom Clayton
      - m. (2) Bob Jackson (divorced)
      1. Terry Jackson (twins)
      2. Mark Jackson
      - m. (3) Ray Woolley 1978
  - m. (2) 11 August 1968      Mrs. Margaret Murray (b. 13 January 1914)
  - m. (2) 1943      Georgia Burkett (deceased 1944)
  - m. (3) 1946      Mrs. Ethel Low (deceased 1953)
  - m. (4) 1954      Mrs. Dorothy Rich (deceased 1978)

## III. Frances Augusta Gould

b. 22 January 1879 d. 17 November 1935

m. George Henry Terry 1903 (deceased \_\_\_\_\_)

1. Vella Vea Terry

b. 6 February 1904

m. (1) Dale Holden (divorced)

1. Patsy Colleen Holden

b. 28 December 1922

m. 28 August 1948 Donald Thomas Freeman

1. Donna Joanne Freeman

b. June 1949

m. Paul Soderburg

Christopher Soderburg

b. 1976

2. Dianne Lynn Freeman

b. May 1952

3. Deborah "Debbie" Colleen Freeman

b. 8 April 1954 d. 1967

m. (2) Clair Ward Altree (deceased)

1. Julieanne Altree

b. 10 September 1933

m. Rex Delano Welch

1. Joyce Marie Welch

b. 8 August 1962

m. Mark William Wright

Janee Ericka Wright

b. 19 March 1981

2. Alan Damien Welch

b. 4 November 1966

3. Andrea Kriemhild Welch (adopted)

b. 23 June 1977

2. Terry Altree

b. 30 November 1934

m. 1) April 1934 John Albert Clemmer (divorced)

1. Gregory Alan Clemmer

b. 5 July 1956

m. Jolene

2. Jeffery John Clemmer

b. 28 May 1960

m. 2) Robert Muir (divorced)

Vella m. 3) Collis Garr (deceased)

2: John Willfred "Jack" Terry

b. 30 July 1905 d. 3 July 1971

m. Edna Prefontaine

1. Frances Elizabeth Terry

b.

m. 17 January 1959 James Thomas King

1. Michael James King

b. 29 September 1959

2. Thomas Jeffery King

b. 19 March 1962

3. Shannon Lynne King

b. 22 December 1964

3. Allen Gould Terry
  - b. 6 August 1909
  - m. (1) Beatrice "Bede" Campbell 11 June 1939  
(deceased 1 January 1970)
  - m. (2) Kathleen Elizabeth (McClintock) Carroll

## IV. Clarence Ai Gould

- b. 8 March 1881 d. 23 February 1963
  - m. 2 May 1912 Jessie Gray
  1. Earl Elmer Gould
    - b. 12 July 1914 d. 2 August 1952
  2. Glae Clarence Gould
    - b. 26 December 1916
    - m. 21 April 1937 Evelyn Weaver
      1. David Glae Gould *b. 16 DEC 1942*
      - m. Donna May Bartels *b. 22 MAR 1943*
        1. Kristie Kay Gould b. 30 May 1966
        2. Brian David Gould b. 2 August 1970
      2. Carolyn Joanne Gould
        - b. 3 November 1944
        - m. John Pinkham
          1. Jeremy William b. 5 January 1971
- 3 N. GOULD*
3. Norman Kieth Gould
    - b. April 1946 *d. 2 NOV 2016*

## V. George Levi Gould (twin of Georgia Jane)

- b. 7 March 1883 d. 7 November 1953
- m. (1) 17 November 1907 Myrtle Burch (deceased)
1. Eunice Gould
  - b. 20 September 1908
  - m. Gordon B. Galloway
    1. Helen Galloway
      - b. 7 February 1940
      - m. Charlie Mayes (divorced)
        1. Amanda Mayes
          - b. 9 January 1960
          - m. Warren
            1. Joshua Warren b. 12 June 1980
            2. Jessica Warren 11 July 1982
        2. Annette Mayes
          - b. 26 June 1961
          - m. (1) Johnson
          - (2) Marcio
            - Candice Marcio b. 11 January 1979
        3. Alicia Mayes
          - b. 5 May 1969
        4. Kristian Mayes
          - b. 30 May 1971
- m. (2) Bill Henderson
  1. Mistique Henderson b. 5 October 1981

- 2. George Galloway
    - b. 24 August 1942
    - m. Ann Hansen 1963
      - 1. Karrie Galloway b. 21 January 1965
      - 2. Kevin Galloway 30 January 1968
      - 3. Kenny Galloway 1 October 1971
  - 3. Elva Galloway
    - b. 8 July 1946
    - m. Norm Foley June 1964 (divorced 1980)
- m. (2) Eunice

- VI. Georgia Jane Gould (twin of George Levi)
- b. 7 March 1883 d. 8 August 1967
  - m. 24 June 1908 Dr. James Richmond (deceased)
    - 1. Barbara Mildred Richmond
      - b. 15 August 1912 d. 17 June 1977
      - m. Verner "Putz" Arens (deceased)
        - 1. Allen Arens (adopted)
          - b. October 1945
          - m. (divorced)
    - 2. James Gould Richmond
      - b. 5 May 1921
      - m. (1) 2 October 1943 Evelyn "Mickey" Mitchell (divorced)
        - 1. James Gordon Richmond
          - b. December 1946
          - m. June 1975 Naomi Arreguin
            - 1. James José Richmond
              - b. October 1979
      - 2. Douglas John Richmond
        - b. February 1950
        - m. August 1973 Janet Shangle
          - 1. Jeffrey John Richmond
            - b. August 1976
          - 2. David Michael Richmond
            - b. November 1977
      - 3. David Bruce Richmond
        - b. February 1952
        - m. July 1980 Nancy Ruddy

m. (2) Elaine

## VII. Lucy Mary Gould

- b. 17 October 1885 d. 6 July 1961
- m. 26 May 1909 Edwin Cecil Barker (deceased 24 August 1956)
- 1. Lucy Aileen Barker
  - b. 6 April 1910
  - m. 26 May 1932 Edgar "Pat" Rickard
    - 1. Rosemary Rickard
      - b. 24 November 1934
      - m. 1953 Ronold Hite (divorced)
        - 1. Rick Allen Hite (adopted)
          - b. 9 January 1964
    - 2. Roberta Lou Rickard
      - b. 17 June 1937
      - m. 24 June 1961 Dr. James Godfrey Urban
        - 1. Elizabeth Helen Urban
          - b. 24 March 1962
        - 2. Patrick James Urban
          - b. 28 August 1963
        - 3. Holly Aileen Urban
          - b. 8 September 1966
        - 4. Scott Andrew Urban
          - b. 31 August 1969
    - 3. Patrick Lee Rickard
      - b. 11 February 1941
      - m. Judith (Manzer) Higginbotham
        - 1. Michael Rickard adopted (son of Judith & Don H.)
          - b. 6 December 1956
        - 2. Patricia Lynn Rickard
          - b. 21 July 1959
        - 3. Bruce Rickard
          - b. 2 December 1962
    - 4. Ruth Aileen Rickard
      - b. 12 August 1943
      - m. 19 December 1966 Bruce Aubin Olson
        - 1. Emily Ruth Olson
          - b. 27 February 1974
        - 2. Diedra Louise Olson
          - b. 8 April 1976
- 2. Grayce Gould Barker
  - b. 17 October 1911
  - m. 5 December 1936 Harold Edwin Hatcher
    - 1. James Gould Hatcher
      - b. 12 December 1937
      - m. Patty Bryant
        - 1. Scott Hatcher
          - b. 17 January 1960
          - m. 1979 Judy Johnson (divorced)
            - 1. James Scott Hatcher
              - b. 11 February 1980
        - 2. Sharon Hatcher
          - b. 19 July 1961
        - 3. Sandra Hatcher
          - b. April 1964
          - m. 24 July 1982 Ernest Robert Bighaus

2. Joann Grayce Hatcher
    - b. 19 February 1939
    - m. (1) 1954 Rick Allen (divorced)
      1. Craig Allen
        - b. 23 February 1955
    - m. (2) Gerald "Jerry" Boone (divorced)
      1. Anthony "Tony" Boone
        - b. 12 June 1958
        - m. 1979 Pat (divorced)
      2. Tami Boone
        - b. 3 June 1959
        - m. 6 January 1980 Scott Standley
          1. Trish Marie Standley
            - b. October 1981
    - m. (3) Pat Tatom
3. Edwin Cecil Barker Jr.
    - b. 10 March 1916 d. 24 February 1947
    - m. 14 June 1937 Elizabeth Emmaline Hollenback
      - ( She m. 2nd. Robert Tiffany)
      1. Holly Jo Barker
        - b. 14 May 1940
        - m. 11 June 1961 Kerman L. Love
          1. Scott Warren Love
            - b. 16 May 1964
          2. Todd Kerkman Love
            - b. 18 April 1966
          3. John Edwin Love
            - b. 24 October 1968
          4. Ryan Robert Love
            - b. 2 March 1972
      2. Edwin Cecil Barker III
        - b. 26 January 1943
        - m. 27 February 1964 Colleen Mary Thacker divorced 19
          1. Edwin Cecil Barker IV
            - b. 6 August 1965
          2. Daniel John Barker
            - b. 12 March 1969
          3. Kellie Elizabeth Barker
            - b. 24 May 1978
        - m. (2) 1982

#### VIII. Millie Lenora Gould

1. 6 June 1888 d. 27 November 1942
- m. 5 February 1915 William Daniel Roberts III (deceased)
  1. Phyllis Georgia Roberts
    - b. 18 December 1915 d. 4 February 1971
    - m. 29 December 1934 Roy Kuykendall

1. Susan Annette Kuykendall
  - b. 4 March 1940
  - m. 11 July 1959 Richard Hugh Williams
    1. Richard Hugh Williams Jr.
      - b. 17 May 1960
    2. Christie Lee Williams
      - b. 18 February 1962
      - m. Whal
        1. Jonpaul Whal
          - b. 17 October 1980
    3. Rhonda Shawn Williams
      - b. 3 August 1965
    4. Gary Leonard Williams
      - b. 19 December 1968
    5. Matthew Hoyt Williams
      - b. 27 January 1971
2. Roy Edward Kuykendall
  - b. 18 November 1941
  - m. 29 December 1970 Sherry Lee Williams
    1. Reid Edward Kuykendall
      - b. 7 May 1971
    2. Christian Lee Kuykendall
      - b. 3 July 1973
2. William Daniel Roberts IV
  - b. 30 October 1919
  - m. 12 July 1941 Betty Marie Prince
    1. William Daniel Roberts V
      - b. 7 December 1942
      - m. 18 September 1967 Maureen Trahman
        1. William Daniel Roberts VI
          - b. 30 May 1970
        2. Kristen Mae Roberts
          - b. 2 October 1972
        3. Sean Patrick Roberts
          - b. 16 February 1974
    2. Cynthia Lee Roberts
      - b. 21 September 1948
      - m. 19 June 1971 Loren Gene Stueckle
        1. Jacob Nathaniel Stueckle
          - b. 12 September 1972
        2. Joshua Adam Stueckle
          - b. 29 January 1975
        3. Jesse Issiah Stueckle
          - b. 25 March 1977
        4. Jael Bethany Stueckle
          - b. 18 July 1979
        5. Jared Daniel Stueckle
          - b. 23 April 1981
    3. Vicki Lynn Roberts
      - b. 17 January 1951
      - m. 25 October 1978 William Cittadino Jr. (divorced)

## IX. Leonard Allen Gould

b. 10 August 1890

d. 21 January 1904



## THE GIRLS OF HIGHLANDS SCHOOL

To Hattie, Nina, Mollie  
And to Emily and Polly

The verses now before me I dictate  
But the girls in all their folly  
May not like it now by golly  
But I'll write it down below at any rate.

I heard a thing the other day  
That I can scarce believe.  
The object though 'tis good they say  
Is doubtful I perceive

The girls of Highlands district school  
Went out to take a ride  
And over to young Hobson's place  
Their instincts did them guide.

As soon as they got over there  
Their ponies did they tie  
And looking out of the cat hole  
Young Jasus did they spie.

The girls on being invited in  
Were told to take a chair.  
One sat down on a redwood bench  
The rest in empty air.

And now I must speak of the dinner  
But I hardly know what to say  
Though I'll say that they did not see any  
During their lengthy stay.

Girls, when you go out to ride  
You should start the other way.  
The boys might take a cut across  
To see you perform with pay.

Now, ladies, if there is anything  
In this that is not true  
Just hand it back and I will try  
To fetch out something new.

George A. Gould

Note: Since George and Hattie were married at 20 and 15, this event must have occurred when they were still younger.

## THE COWBOY'S PLEA

Let's have a ride, my Princess--  
One mad, glad, joyous ride;  
Let's give ourselves this pleasure,  
Ere you become a bride.

We'll saddle up our broncos,  
And hie us far away,  
Where not a soul can bother us  
Nor spoil our precious day.

We'll gallop, talk and laugh so gay;  
We'll cast dull care aside;  
We'll make it one long, joyous day,  
On this our farewell ride.

We'll hit the trail for far away,  
We'll find some shady dell;  
A mossy bank to rest upon,  
And there we'll say farewell.

Let's choose the day before you go,  
For one more joyous ride,  
And cast all caution to the winds,  
As we ride on side by side.

Let's have the ride, my Princess--  
Or do you really care,  
What HE may say of one wild ride--  
Oh, can you, will you, dare?

## A HUNTER'S SOLILOQUY

There aint a track here that was made during the night.  
 There are no deer here, for not one is in sight.  
 While here I am tramping & hunting to see  
 A deer get a shot kill one and be  
 A successfull hunter.

But hark! Thought I heard one crackling the brush.  
 Not so, for 'tis quail flying past with a rush.  
 Some coyote or cat has been trying to fill  
 His stomach with fowl & so prove his skill  
 As a hunter

Well, what use to hunt, run your legs off, I say  
 & get nothing for it. Cuss the deer any way.  
 I'll go home, so I will & no one shall see  
 Or hear of my hunting or striving to be  
 A successful hunter

\*Copied from the original written by George A. Gould  
 Aileen Barker Rickard, June 18, 1972

## AN OCTOBER TRIP

What a beautiful morn it is to be out,  
 In October, late in the fall;  
 When the wind is fresh and the air is clear;  
 Most wonderful season of all.

When the leaves are turning sere and brown  
 And quitting their parent stock;  
 Come drifting down, in colored clouds,  
 Covering log and rock.

Just notice the yellow and crimson tints  
 Across on the distant hills.  
 A herald of winter that never fails,  
 They are struck by the frost that kills.

We are riding along on the Ten Mile divide,  
 Far out on the Elkhorn trail;  
 What a glorious season 'tis to be out!  
 October weather, all hail!

This trip of ours brings fresh to mind  
 Comrades of other days,  
 Some of whom have passed beyond  
 And some gone other ways.

Some of these comrades were naught to me,  
 A few indifferent--yet  
 There was one comrade tho all time pass  
 I never could forget.

HEARSAY

\*George Gould's poems printed in the *Coos Bay Times*  
 were usually signed HEARSAY or H. H. ABR

## MISSING WORD POEM

[The following poem was written for The Times by an Allegany hunter who says it portrays some of the experience of the deer chasers. He has not spelled out the name of the poem, but he says any hunter who has had the experience can quickly supply the missing word. Can you?]

D \_\_\_\_\_

We are sitting here just waiting  
 In the weird, uncertain light  
 For the fog and mist to raise  
 That has gathered in the night.

All things look so distorted  
 In the shifting, drifting fog.  
 One can hardly tell the difference  
 'Twixt deer, or fern, or log.

Then through the hazy veil of mist  
 A pair of horns is dimly seen.  
 A shadowy form shows up below  
 And then the fog drifts in between.

\* \* \*

THANKS TO A. D. N.

You say the devil sneezed one time  
 When he brot out the word.  
 We spelled the name phonetically  
 And gave the sounds we heard.

Oh, critic in orthography,  
 Oh, most profound of men,  
 We thot the name was Mexican,  
 But thank you, come again.

HEARSAY

[The two brief poems may, or may not,  
 refer to the same word. ABR]

## ONE HUNT

We all went out to camp in the rain.  
You better believe it was fun.  
We got wet to the hide again and again  
And then we went home in the rain.

We put up a canvass to keep off the rain  
But the water came thru in big drops.  
Our efforts to keep dry were gloriously vain  
As the winds blew the sheet off the props.

We cooked in the rain. We ate our grub cold.  
Our bed got delightfully wet.  
Our guns got all rusty, worse couldn't be told.  
It was fun for the hunters, you bet.

We were eager to hunt, but the fog drifted in  
Till you couldn't see seventy yards.  
It got thicker and thicker, sure wasn't too thin.  
Worse luck for me and my pard.

So we gathered in wood and built up a blaze.  
There's comfort and cheer in the heat.  
And comfort adds much to the length of our days  
In this life which is all but too fleet.

Then cut up the bear fat, put on the pan,  
Cut plenty of venison steak.  
We'll eat and be merry whenever we can.  
We're here for the pleasure we take.

Now the fog lifts a bit and soon we can see.  
We will welcome a glimpse of the sun.  
We'll stay here awhile for better 'twill be  
Than to all go home on the run.

Copied from the original pencil copy by George A. Gould  
in his diary for 1909.      ABR      May 1978

## BOUND FOR TROUT CREEK

They came straggling along, the party from town  
 Three men, a boy, and one yellow hound.  
 They had boxes, and bundles, guns hid in the pack;  
 Satchels, and kodak, and one had a sack.

The packer was there, his jaw was swelled out  
 Like a gentleman's foot afflicted with gout.  
 Two horses he had--I pity them yet--  
 Men's saddles, no lash rope; there was trouble, you bet.

The bundles kept rolling, the boxes would slide,  
 And once in a while, ALL went to one side.  
 They'd gather around it, consult for awhile,  
 Then balance it up, and go on with a smile.

They were out for amusement (?) three days before time.  
 I would mention the Warden, but that wouldn't rhyme.  
 They said he was coming, to camp with the crowd.  
 I thought it was good, it did them all proud.

Next time they were seen, they were hunting the spring,  
 The packer was guide, but knew not a thing  
 Of country or water, or even of game.  
 They paid him good wages, 'twas all just the same.

Their guns were all out, they looked new and bright.  
 They were out for amusement, but that was all right.  
 They would not shoot a deer, till the 1st, don't you know;  
 A buck, or a fawn, or even a doe.

The man that came by, had been there before;  
 Had camped at the spring in good days of yore.  
 He said he would show them, and one came along,  
 He gave them directions that wouldn't lead wrong.

The rest came behind, three shots, then a hush,  
 Where the man saw a deer in the edge of the brush.  
 We don't know they got one, sure, how could we know;  
 They had meat for supper, was it fawn, buck, or doe?  
 or bacon.

HEARSAY

\*Original version of this poem was written on last pages  
 of George Gould's 1909 diary. ABR

## S T U N G

We hit the trail for up above.  
 'Twas one day late in June,  
 And nature seemed in smiling mood.  
 The birds were all in tune.

With horses and spirits high,  
 That gave the time full zest,  
 Until Queen Lil, who came behind,  
 Lit on a hornets' nest.

Her eyes were big as saucers  
 And wild with abject fright.  
 We tried to keep from laughing, sure?  
 We tried with all our might.

We all ran back to rescue her,  
 Big, little, old and young,  
 But didn't go so very close--  
 The time Queen Lil got stung.

Cheyenne's a pretty pony,  
 A bay with live back,  
 A little white cast in her eye  
 To show she didn't lack  
 A mustang's festive spirit  
 And love of willful fun.  
 She'd buck enough once in a while  
 To bluff the common run.

We went to town to get her,  
 Some twenty miles or more.  
 We thot we'd ride her home next day.  
 We'd ridden her before,  
 So we put the saddle on at once  
 To see what she would do.  
 She did it mighty quick I thought,  
 And you would think so too.

Note: Both of the above poems were copied from the originals  
 in George Gould's diary for 1914. ABR 1979



## A DAINY STEP

Hark! What is that sound in the brush that I hear?  
 Step, dainty step, it must be a deer,  
 For a bear makes a clumsy, slovenly sound.  
 The dog keeps shuffling--there is something around.

Step, step, step--do you hear that twig crack?  
 He was passing below, but must have turned back.  
 I wish I could level, one moment, those brush,  
 One peep through the sights, a report, then a hush.

But the bushes are there, the hunter is here;  
 They are ample protection for dozens of deer.  
 So the quarry goes on, step, stepping away,  
 But someone will get him, on some other day.

No doubt he will need him so much more than I;  
 As he's step, step, stepping. I let him pass by.

## HEARSAY

I'm lying here watching the moon  
 By the camp fire on the divide  
 A cloud sails along the moon slips beneath  
 As though she were trying to hide.

One gap in the hills shows crimson  
 How far off one can't tell  
 But it shows a glaring bloody red  
 Like the seething flames of hell

Note: These two brief verses were written on two successive pages toward the back of a journal begun in 1895, used as late as 1910, then used again for the service station accounts in San Bernardino. ABR 1978

## THE BIG WHISTLE AT SMITH'S MILL

It begins with a wheezing squeal,  
 Then bellows a bit before  
 It gets the full force of the pressure,  
 When it comes with a deafening roar.

It tears into shreds the darkness.  
 It rips up the silence of night,  
 A roaring, bawling nightmare,  
 A deafening maddening blight.

It shatters the silence of night  
 As the echoes go wandering away.  
 Then the mountains and valleys for miles,  
 Oh, what can they, what do they say?

Do they wake up the slumbering workmen?  
 Do they whisper among the trees?  
 The fate that surely awaits them,  
 It is one of God's own decrees.

To the people who live in the country  
 The echoes come softly at dawn.  
 They set the time for the famous clock  
 'Ere they echo away and are gone.

## HEARSAY

[When the wind was right, the mill whistle could  
 indeed be heard as far away as Riverside Ranch  
 and Allegany, but probably not Elkhorn. ABR]

## THE LAST TRIP

I's lyin' in dat lower berth  
 A lookin' out de do;  
 De stars go dancin' up and down  
 As de boat rolls to and fro.

Some folks likes to trabble  
 In boats upon de sea.  
 I takes mine on terra firma--  
 Dat's good enough for me.

De water comes a climbin' up,  
 Runs 'cross de deck, kerswash,  
 An' gives we all a shower bath--  
 It's mos' too cole, by Gosh!

When a fella tries to dress himself,  
 De tings goes wavin' re'un';  
 He tinks of home an' mother  
 An' de good ole solid groun'.

His stummick soon begins to work,  
 An' straight for the rail he scoots;  
 He strains and gags; it makes him tink  
 He's heavin' up his boots.

De folks on board is mighty kind,  
 Comes ebry hour or so  
 An' tells about de chicken  
 Dey's eatin' down below.

I wish de boat would hurry up  
 An' pass de Golden Gate,  
 Where de waters all are calm an' still,  
 It seems dey's might late.

An' when I gets to 'Frisco town,  
 I'll not go back to sea;  
 I'll stay right on de solid groun'--  
 Dat's good enough for me.

HEARSAY

(Written on board the *Redondo*.)

## A DREAM?

What a boon is life; 'twould be,  
 Could we take things as they come,  
 Not fret and fume and worry  
 Till the heart with pain is numb.

Not work up vague suspicions  
 Of some other one's intent  
 To injure, slight or vilify,  
 When no such thing was meant.

But when that state is realized  
 All earthly time is done;  
 We're through with this old world of ours,  
 With heaven fairly won.

Would it be truly heaven, though,  
 With each the same as each?  
 If this should fail to satisfy,  
 Then heaven's out of reach.

## HEARSAY

## TRAVELING ALONE

Traveling alone. I guess you'd call it so,  
 Alone, except for thots of other times,  
 Alone, except for thots of other trips,  
 Of long ago, and made in other climes.

Motoring alone upon the desert  
 Thru miles and miles of sagebrush, rock and sand.  
 The landscape wrapped in hues of somber gray.  
 Like rigid sentinels, the giant cactus stand.

Traveling alone. The pleasure's ne'er the same.  
 Give me some comrade, kind and proven true,  
 Some man or woman of congenial thot  
 To share the toil and pleasure 'coming thru.

Alone upon the trail, one thinks of many things,  
 Of comrades good, and bad, of others neither one,  
 Of times long past, of others yet to come.  
 Again he thinks of after-life, when all our work is done.

But thots tho ne'er so pleasant, mute companions tho they be,  
 Can never take the place of one, a comrade dear,  
 Tho absent still a friend, tho present yet the same,  
 A friend in need, a friend in deed, a friend tho far or near.

## HEARSAY

## DAILY POEMS--November &amp; December 1909

by George A. Gould

- November 10 It rained. Oh yes, a little bit  
Twelve hours in twenty-four  
Six hours of wind and six of sleet  
Will it storm for evermore?
- November 11 The rain quit falling in the night  
Today we hauled up wood  
The weather getting cold all right  
A fire feels mighty good.
- November 12 'Twas frosty this morn everything white.  
Is it frost that is sent to kill germs?  
Seems as tho it were better to make the bugs right  
Than kill them to bring them to terms.
- November 13 The old man went out to look for calves  
The rain was powerful cold  
He saw an old buck he would like to have  
But that is a story of old
- November 14 We thinned out the skin [mounting a deer head]  
As well as we could  
Cooked all th[?] off the head  
The manikin made out of plaster seemed good  
But still you could see it was dead.
- November 15 Went out to the traps and got a cat  
And over the ridge beyant  
Saw the "Three Sisters" draped in snow  
With the sunbeams striking aslant.
- November 16 I hit the trail this morning  
By seven o'clock or eight  
No saddle on my mustang  
A style not up to date  
Some little things for Myrtle in [George L.'s wife]  
Each end of a seamless sack.  
I got my saddle four miles out  
Where I lost old Doll and pack. \*
- November 17 I came up home this morning  
The rain fell gently down  
It's difficult to go this trail  
And not to wet your gown.  
The traps I set were occupied  
By spotted cats galore [skunks]  
I shot them all one, two, and three.  
'Twill stink for evermore.

\*Old Doll, a pack horse, had slipped on a slick rock on the trail,  
rolled down the hill and injured herself so badly that George  
had to shoot her. November 4, 1909

- November 18     It is raining again  
 So we worked in the house.  
 We put up a deer head with horns  
 We're tired tonight and all out of sorts  
 And our feet fairly ache with the corns.
- November 19     It has rained all day  
 I'm sick of the wet  
 A rainy day isn't a rest  
 When it rains nine months  
 Of the year. You get  
 Well tired of the place at best.
- November 20     I fitted some shoes  
 And shod the old mare  
 Went out to the traps  
 But nothing was there.  
 Put a glass in the window  
 So we could see out.  
 Now the crowd could come in.  
 It is better no doubt.
- November 21     The wind is howling 'round the house  
 The rain in a torrent falls  
 Doors and windows jar and rattle  
 As the gusts strike on the walls.  
 'Tis pleasant to sit around the fire  
 In comfort, talk or read.  
 Oh, help the ones at sea, so dire  
 Seems now to be their need.
- November 22     We worked on the deer head  
 The first thing today  
 To make it more perfect  
 To life by the way.  
 Then braided some reins  
 For the kid down below [son George L. ?]  
 Of buckskin and cow hide.  
 Slow work, don't you know?
- November 23     Rain rain rain blow blow blow  
 What is the country coming to?  
 Where are we all to go?  
 Next it will freeze freeze freeze  
 Then it will snow snow snow  
 Let's hike for some other place  
 Down in New Mexico

- November 24 Cut up the hog, put on sugar and salt.  
Got out a shield for the head [deer]  
Put a cap on the pipe {stove}  
It was badly at fault.  
Now I'm ready to hie me to bed.
- November 25 Less rain & more cold  
Is the style of the day.  
It will suit me much better awhile.
- Eat, drink and be merry  
Is the rule so they say  
Of Thanksgiving Day held in old style.
- November 26 Got up before day light  
Went out on the trail  
To look at some traps and the line. [telephone]  
Found skunks in the traps  
That were wofully stale  
And breaks in to \_\_\_\_\_ no sign. [of deer]
- November 27 The weather is colder.  
I specks it will snow.  
If it does, we'll go hunting for cats. [panther]  
We'll hunt the high ridges  
And also the low  
And shoot anything bigger than rats.
- November 28 Worked some, rested some,  
Read some today.  
It is Sunday and rainy at that.  
I was over the hills and faraway  
In pursuit of a lively cat.
- November 29 We hauled wood this morn  
Till the rain drove us in.  
We got in both 'green wood and dry  
We'll never go cold.  
For sure 'tis a sin  
Where we don't have the fuel to buy.
- November 30 It was clearer this morning  
I am happy to say  
So we finished up hauling the wood.  
The windstorm and rain  
Has missed us today.  
It seems to me b \_\_\_\_\_ as good.
- December 1 Hauled out the manure  
And spread it on thick.  
'Twill make the stuff grow pretty fast.  
This P. M. I went to the traps  
And back quick.  
This time I got same as the last.



- December 2      Snow on the ground as cold as the deuce  
 And more of it yet we'll see.  
 Did lots of odd jobs so what is the use  
 To growl about what is to be.
- December 3      The whole darn ranch [Riverside]  
 Is covered with mud  
 And driftwood and logs and slime,  
 The fence washed off  
 And half of the Point.  
 I guess it will all go in time.
- December 4      I packed my load before day  
 Down to the river bank  
 To ferry across by the way  
 As the freshet had taken the plank.  
 I started for home by 8 or 9  
 Thru the blinding sleet and snow.  
 The snow was deep all up the line  
 So I took it mighty slow.                    \*
- December 5      My bones are sore. I got up late.  
 The snow is over all.  
 I shot two quail and one big crane.  
 You should have seem him fall.
- December 6      Got down the water and sawed some wood,  
 Worked at the forge a spell,  
 Made ferrules [?] for neck yoke as well as I could,  
 Put calks on some shoes as well.
- December 7      We went over the hill  
 To the lake to hunt  
 For cat and quail and duck.  
 We searched the places where they were wont  
 To feed without much luck.
- December 8      We went out this morn  
 In pursuit of a cat.  
 Got wet to the hide  
 For the matter of tha.  
 It sleeted and snowed. It rained and blowed [?]  
 We came home on the run for sure, "Scat".
- December 9      Put a sight on my Colt  
 It's a son of a gun  
 In more ways than one I expect.  
 It's small as to size  
 And chuck full of fun  
 And in shooting 'tis surely direct.

\*...Got here about 2. It was about the roughest trip I ever took  
 on the trail. There was about 8 inches [of snow] up on the  
 hill. [Dec. 4] ....Was a little stiff after my tramp from  
 Alegany. .... [Dec. 5]

- December 10 I made me a shaving horse  
Out in the shop.  
When done I called it a mare.  
Then I shaved out some shingles.  
It works like a top.  
I'll patch up the roof when I dare.
- December 11 It is raining again, a devil of a bore.  
I thot 'twas clearing off.  
It makes me fidgety, nervous and sore.  
'Tis hard on the man with the cough.
- December 12 It is Sunday once more  
But there is no sun.  
It is raining as yet \_\_\_\_\_ to rain.  
I hung up the bacon but that was no fun.  
When it's cured 'twill be raining again.
- December 13 I split out some palings  
To nail on the fence,  
Set posts in the ground for the same,  
Got up two panels before I went hence,  
A useful performance tho tame.
- December 14 Went over to Elk Creek  
And out on the trail  
To bring in the traps today.  
Saw a couple of bucks  
Or the end of each tail  
As they both went bounding away?
- December 15 Worked on a deer scalp  
Thinning the skin.  
While 'twas cold and frosty outside,  
Fixed a leak in the roof.  
'Twas a hole in the tin. [in the valley]  
But where? 'Twas hard to decide.
- December 16 Made a trap for a sly raccoon,  
Set it under the old apple tree.  
I hope he'll be coming back soon,  
The good of the trap we'll then see.
- December 17 Put up some fence up on the bench  
Also over the river this morn.  
Then worked on a deer head mending a prong.  
In a fight he had broken his horn.
- December 18 We built a fence of palings high  
To keep the chickens out.  
Last year they ate the berries some.  
They'll miss them this no doubt.

- December 19      And this is the Sabbath.  
                   'Twas cloudy today  
                   With a cold mist falling this morn.  
                   I read some and worked some  
                   And passed in this way  
                   Time otherwise had been forlorn.
- December 20      I chased off some cattle  
                   Tried to put them up stream.  
                   The morning was frosty and cold.  
                   They wouldn't take water [cross the river]  
                   Were affraid it would seem,  
                   And the old man is getting too old  
                   to run much.
- December 21      Killed some chickens for Oelo  
                   I chopped off the head.  
                   Then worked on a head some time.  
                   Not the head of a chicken,  
                   Of a deer that was dead.  
                   When mounted 'twill surely look fine.
- December 22      Oelo is gone and Carrie went too.    [Carrie Rodine]  
                   The trail will be covered with ice.  
                   For a woman 'tis hard, the best you can do.  
                   An air ship would make it more nice.    [18°]
- December 23      Cold weather this morn  
                   'Twas eighteen above  
                   And the ground was covered with frost.  
                   It would make a man move  
                   For money or love,  
                   As he would find out to his cost.
- December 24      How different this Christmas Eve,  
                   We two here alone,    [George and Hattie]  
                   From the times gone by.  
                   The youngsters then were all at home.  
                   The memory brings a sigh.  
                   We had our Christmas tree up here  
                   Tho all live so far away.  
                   The pleasant times were made most dear  
                   By song and laughter gay.
- December 25      A lonely old Christmas here only us two  
                   But we had a fine dinner the same.  
                   'Twould have joyed us to share it.  
                   But what could you do?  
                   Simply eat it as no one else came.

- December 26     Just finished two frames  
 For Bert and for Grace  
 Of alder as dark oak stained  
 To frame in the elk and leave a small space,  
 "Old Mission" style, sanded and planed.
- December 27     Sawed wood for the house today,  
 A dead log of fir hard and dry,  
 Got off five cuts. Not much you will say.  
 If you can do better, just try.
- December 28     It was cold as hell this morn  
 A little bit colder I guess.  
 Iff 'tis as hot as they say it is  
 One would need a little less dues.
- December 29     Sawed more wood today.  
 'Tis hard as a bone  
 And dry, but no pitch, that is good.  
 But the cussed old saw will not run alone,  
 So I push it, but that's understood.
- December 30     It rained today for a change I guess.  
 'Twas clear for a week or more.  
 It has mixed up the frozen earth in a mess,  
 And the creek is beginning to roar.
- December 31     December thirty-first last day of the year  
 Of nineteen hundred and nine  
 Another year passed mid scenes most dear.  
 We are nearing the border line.

\* \* \*

.....I turned out some table discs to set hot plates on from  
 Father's [Albert L. Gould was a cabinet maker and  
 millwright.] old tool chest brot across the Plains  
 in 1862. Pretty old. .... Dec. 31, 1909

Copied from the original diary, May, 1978.     ABR

# Sept

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1880

Sep 10	dress 1.50 Overcoat 2.50 Strings 2.00 book 25	8.26
"	Medicine 25 Powder 2.25 Cops 1.75 Pistol 2.50 Shot 50	1.25
"	Knives 50 books 4.50 Rive 6-60	1.56
"	Boston blacksmithing	9.25
"	Schilling on Linn	5.70
"	Sundries 25	25
"	Harness	10.00
Sep 15	Sugar 2.00 Coffee 1.00 Talc 12 1/2 grease 05 Comb	3.17 1/2
"	Tea 1.25 Lunch 4.50 Shoeing 7.00 Boots 4.00 dry goods 2.90	15.97 1/2
"	Cops 50 Lard 85 Shoes 2.00 Millie	3.35
25th	Sugar 1.00 Coffee 1.00 Tea 40	2.60
"	Matches 20 Berti Med 25 Cod Fish 25	60
"	Window Glass 70 Dry Goods 1.75	2.45
"	Blacksmithing 2.50 Shot 50	75
"	Butter 4.85 Potatoes 1.00	7.54
"	Sugar 1.00 Soda 10	1.10
"	Dress 1.00 Millie 25 Stocking 50	1.25
"	Ruching 10 Howard 50 Socks 50	60
29th	Thread 10 factories 50 Lard 50	1.10
"	Beans 7.46 Rice 2.46 Cracked Wheat 1.89	3.19
"	Tomatoes 30 Cabbage 15 Soap 1.89	1.84
"	Berti Med 50 Sugar 1.00 Tea 65	2.15
"	Stamps 25 Envelopes 25	50
"	Shoe Blacken 10 Find Mr Frost 85.00	5.10
"	Shoes 2.00	2.00

Sept

1880

12 <sup>th</sup>	Stetys Note Paid	65 00
	Deerskins 28 <sup>th</sup>	7 35
	Wood for Blacksmithing	9 00
	in Wagon	40 00
	Board Money	15 00
	Hog	5 00
25 <sup>th</sup>	Pigs	2 00
	Eggs	2 25
	Birds	85
	Hogs	2 50
29 <sup>th</sup>	Eggs	80
	Board Money	7 1/2
	Turkie	85
	<del>Paid Mr. [unclear]</del>	5 00
	Money from Mrs Jones	6 00

Note:-Hattie kept the accounts after George left for a winter of hunting in Oregon.

# County of Santa Clara

Dec 29	By warrant on Geo Treas	Cash	20.00
Mar 14	" " " "	Cash	24.00
May 6	By Warrant	Cash	54.25

54.25

Note:-George's record of work on the road for the county of Santa Clara, California.

# County

12	1 day	1 W Team	3.50	
"	"	Man Howard	1.75	
14	1	Team	3.50	
"	1	Man H	1.75	
15	Sat	Self pick & shovel	2.50	
18	Tues	Work on scraper 1 day	2.50	
19	Wed	" On road with Team	3.50	
20	Thurs	" " " " "	3.50	
"	"	Man	1.75	
"	"	Self & Team	3.50	
"	"	Man	1.75	
"	"	self with pick & shovel	2.50	
"	"	Man	1.75	
21	Wed	Man & Team 2 horses 1/2 d	1.50	81
"	"	Self	1.25	
"	"	" 1 day	2.50	
"	"	Man & Team on scraper & plow	3.00	1.75
28	Fri	" " " "	3.00	1.75
"	"	Self on scraper & plow	2.50	
29	"	" " " "	2.50	
"	"	Man & Team	3.00	1.75

54.25

Feb

Mar

6 Lower rats over the river & hauled it in

7 Went down to the Porter & finished his grafting

8 Went down to the forks & up to Bazzis left my new violon & brought back his to me. H. Buckleberg

9 did some grafting for Dufrenoy & came home got the strawberries sent from Wilsons in the east they are Bubach Howmouth 8 on days prize they came in fine condition.

10 set out the straw berry plants 47 in all  
Hafled & set out 26 Million apples & 4 Early Russian

24 Got up & head of cattle found them on the head of deer creek they were 23+ Gade, below, know, Brigham, Duke, Iron, & Maurice. Maurice got away & went up the river but think she will fall in with calves turn the bulls up the river.

28 planted 16 plum trees for the children to day on my birth day also saw the first asparagus shoots

15- set 2 bear traps up at the mouth of deer creek

19 the children went over to Grand place fishing they caught 154 But caught 63 Frank 25 Clarence 25 & Leo 31 he is only 8 years old



Apr

Clarence killed a  
pheasant with a stone to day  
Georgie killed his first  
bird with the shot-gun  
A dove <sup>Flycatcher</sup> made to pie  
her first-bird pie  
Wood. (Pap)

Nov  
10 3 men young out East 2.25  
A Swiss came  
through yk stand one night  
charged him .50  
bound for cows

May 3 2 men came  
through - charged both 1.50  
going to cows bay

May 9 a man pired going  
to Yaginnaba bay  
staid over night .50

Clarence killed  
a deer with the  
44 this eve while  
after the cows  
is ten yrs old

Aug 9 Rant for Organ  
to day to M Waco  
\$37.00  
Organ

Note:-First entry is by Hattie. "pap" is her father, David Barton McClay  
Marginal notes by Bert Gould many years later.

Sept 17

Mink tried a  
panther which I  
killed down by  
the little bank  
under the big log  
it weighed 1130 lbs  
measured whole  
length 7 ft 9 in  
" of body 4" 8"  
girth 30"  
height 31  
killed one of our  
bucks on the inner

Panther

Oct 4 1891

Went here with  
the organ today  
got it of Montgomery  
Ward & Co. it costs

ORDER WITH ARRIVED

no here \$15.50 can  
is plain but rounds  
very well - 5 octane  
Wd brought it up  
between two horses  
Pat & Fran tandem  
on long poles  
Qubo local Best  
& I brought it  
up did not have  
much trouble  
did not scratch  
it at all

EXE 9 1/2 370  
A 2590  
DELIVERED  
1891

370.  
5590  
42390


# August 1898

B n

9	Boas Bay News	2 50	
"	Meat to Bennett		2 40
"	Phil Wilber		2 30
"	Grow Why 72# 12 1/2 c		9 00
"	T. Marcolo		1 00
"	Green Tea		6 25
27	Ed. O. Connell Prun 22	70	
"	Shoes	1 00	
"	Loda	25-	
"	bussello's Dues Hattie 1 00	1 10	
"	Morrey Order for Knives 3	2 30	
"	Canvas 50- Photo made 20- Buttons 20	3 30	
"	Rice 3.25- candy 10- Paper 10	20	
"	Shoes 75- Shoes 2 00- Shoes 2 00	5 70-	
"	Flour	32 25-	
"	Meat to Grow Why 15-8#		
"	" " Gin Fuel 30		3 75-
"	" " Marcolo 40		5 00
"	" " Green Kee 24		3 00
"	" " Coydes 7 1/2		1 00
"	" " W. Vincamp 3 1/2		50
"	" " J. B. Rungsticker 40		
"	" " F. Sacchi 24		3 00
"	Oil cloth 30- Percalle 65- hat 35-	1 20	
"	2 Cases honey		6 00
"	" " to S. B. Brown		3 00
"	dog Lachs 45- 2 dog chains 60- 2 Pots 1 00	2 05-	
"	Paper Lachs 10- glass 10- fare 75-	95-	
"	fat 50- Orms 90- Ex at Vincamp 100	2 40	
"	Hotel 125- Watch glass 40	1 65	
	By Board of June 7 02		14 00

1905

Tues 10 Oct clear  
 Got up at 1 and tried to put  
 in the foot log but could not get  
 in clear up. tried it - when I was  
 the came home to day got here  
 about 2. brot up a load of Beans  
 + coffee. the boys came in from  
 deer creek about 7.

Wed 11 Oct clear  
 Some cold this morn turned out  
 a shield for Port house  
 fixed some legal cans to put  
 fruit in. soldered up one with  
 apples in. We run the line to  
 a center stake to see where I will  
 want to lay out my homestead  
 it will lay in a  shape

1905

Thurs 12 W it clear

Went over to the lake with the boys  
to run a line to locate George's  
place at the lake

and after we caught 167 fish  
Capt Edwards Florence & Hilda<sup>com</sup>

Fri 13

Capt & I went out for a hunt  
saw only one deer

George Florence & Hilda went to  
look at the bear traps got one bear  
Hilda shot it. I got a deer

But went over to the lake and got  
some fish to salt.

Delaney went down below boat  
2 hours

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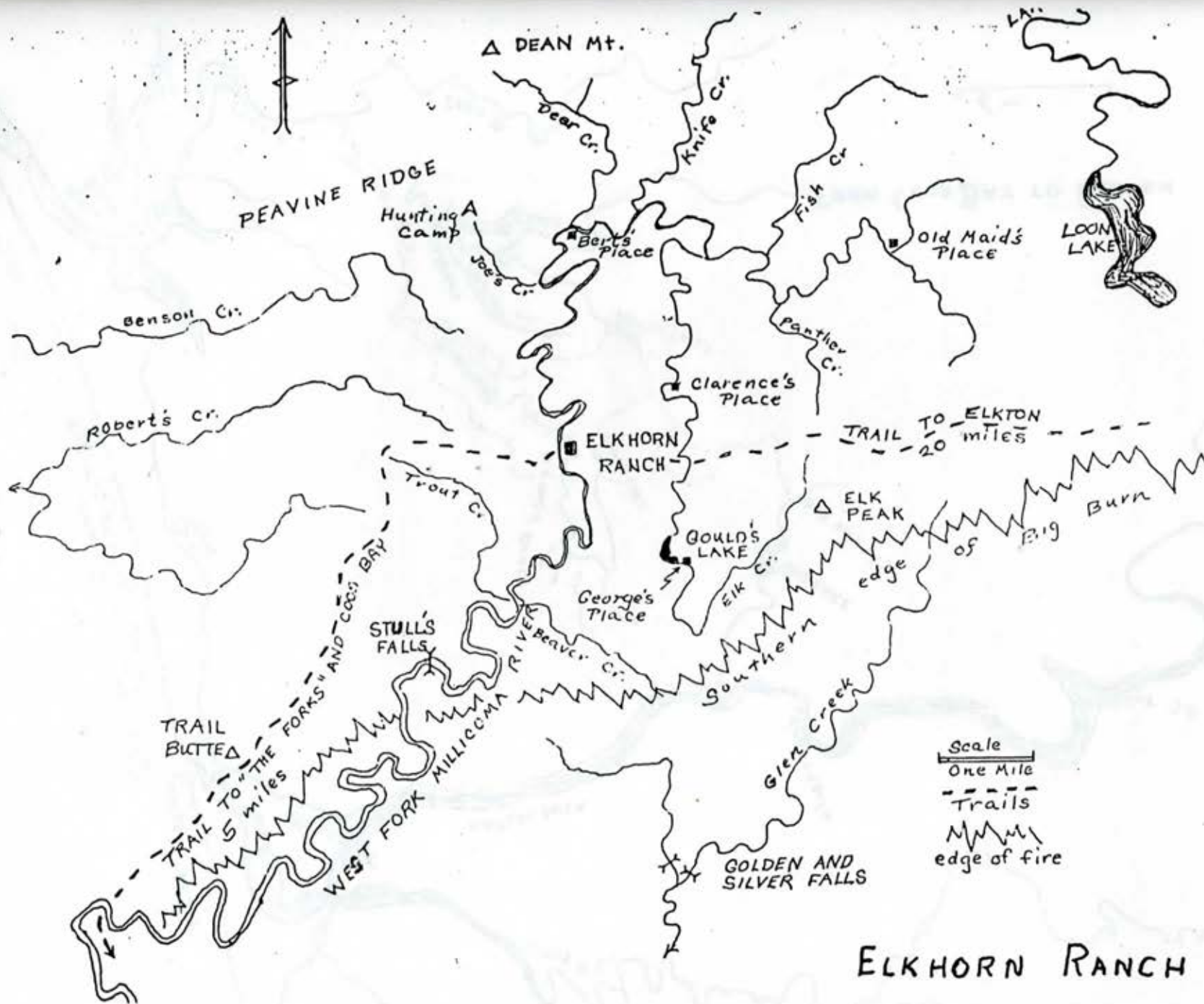
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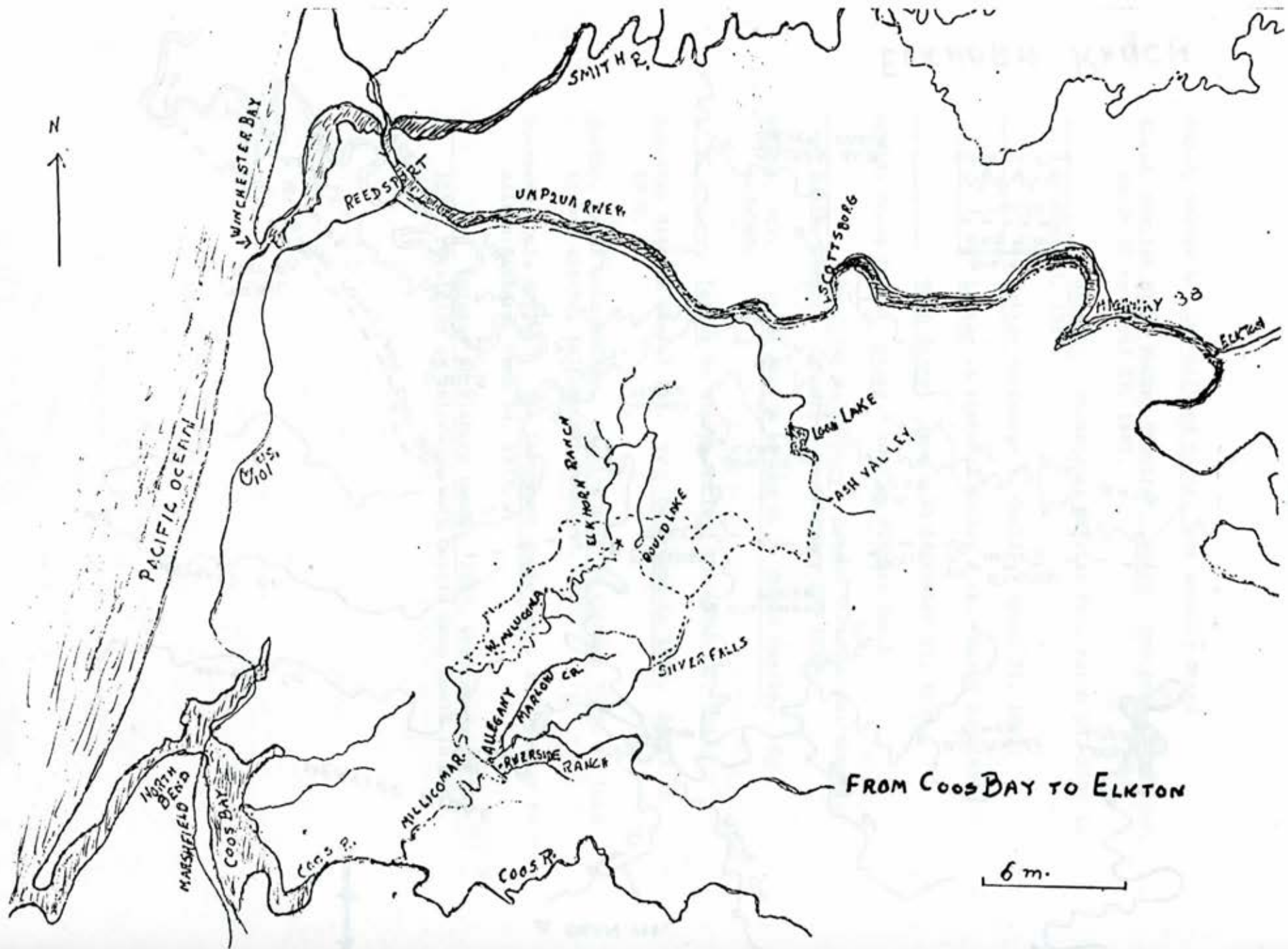
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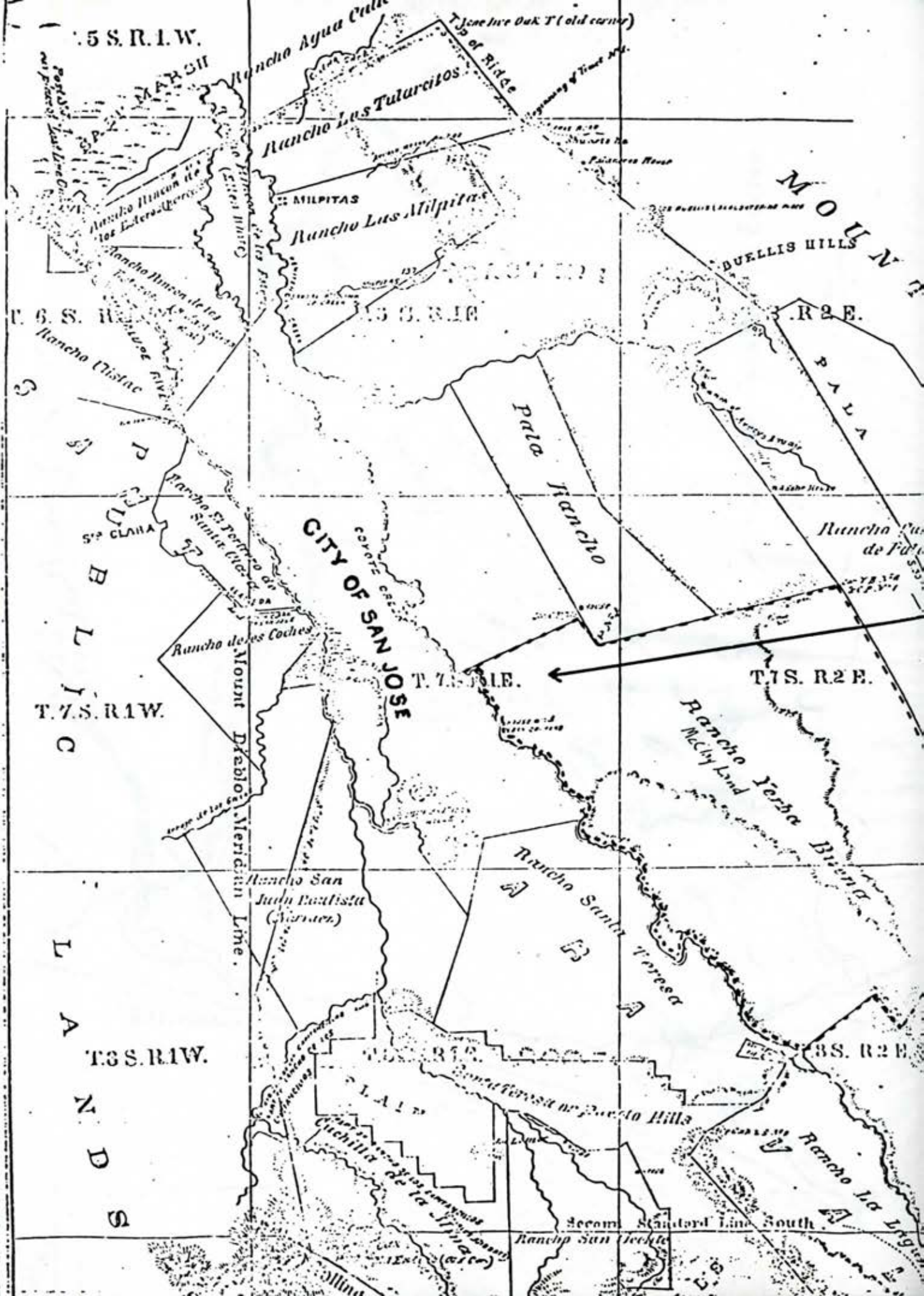
\_\_\_\_\_ Winter at Elkhorn Ranch: 1885, written March 25, 1979, recalling an interview with Jessie Gray Gould in 1964.



# ELKHORN RANCH







5 S. R. 1 W.

MARSH

Rancho Agua Caliente  
Tip of Ridge  
Rancho Las Tularcitos  
Rancho Las Milpitas

MILPITAS  
Rancho Las Milpitas

MOUNTAIN  
DUELLIS HILLS

U. S. S. R.

U. S. S. R. 1 W.

T. 7 S. R. 2 E.

Rancho Cristae

Palo  
Rancho

Rancho San  
de F...

CITY OF SAN JOSE

T. 7 S. R. 1 W.

T. 7 S. R. 1 E.

T. 7 S. R. 2 E.

Rancho de los Cochinos

Rancho Yerba Buena  
McClay Land

L  
A  
N  
D  
S

T. 3 S. R. 1 W.

Rancho San Juan Bautista (Germans)

Rancho Santa Teresa

T. 3 S. R. 2 E.

Cuchilla de la Milpa

Rancho Santa Teresa Hills

Rancho La Laguna

Secom Standard Line South

Rancho San Jacinto



# PUBLIC LANDS OF SAN JOSE

finally confirmed to

MAYOR & COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF SAN JOSE,

Surveyed under instructions from the

U. S. SURVEYOR GENERAL

By  
**GEORGE H. THOMPSON DEPT. SUR.**

JULY 1866

CONTAINING

TRACTS NO. 135069 to 135073 ACRES

- II 19657 3/4 "
- III 7159 1/2 "
- IV 1524 3/4 "
- V 621 1/2 "

in all 65132 1/2 ACRES.

*Note 1. The ancient limits of the Public Lands are shown on this map by lines shaded thus. The 5 Tracts remaining within said limits to the Pueblo of San Jose are listed.*

*Note 2. The Maria Dicke Meridian Line in Township 8 South was adopted as the western boundary of the Tracts II, III, IV, because there remained but few fractional lots of public land in Range 1 East of said township outside the Pueblo limits the greater portion of which lots have been decided by the Pueblo to their parties.*

San Felipe Valley

Highland District and School

Metcalf Road and San Felipe Road

L. L. Tourtillott	320	acres
C. A. Wyman	359.4	"
D. B. McClay	136	"

First purchase by Wm. McClay 1853 - 1000 acres  
 Final purchase 1861 - 160 acres  
 Sold to son H. S. McClay 1862  
 Evergreen District - Quimby Road and White Road

RANGE

OF

TRACT

Pine Grove on Top of Main Range of Mountains

San Felipe Hills  
 R. 3 E.  
 Cañada de San Felipe  
 Animas