

As Ted
Sees It

By J. J. Joutillott

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As Ted Sees It

By J. J. Tourtillott

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TRUE TREVOR TOURTILLOTT

Born September 18, 1870

San Felipe Valley
Santa Clara County
California

Married to Gertrude Jane Sherburne
November 2, 1902

One son, True Sherburne Tourtillott
Born July 23, 1909

PREFACE

As I open the door to the storehouse of memories, I am so besieged with recollections of familiar voices, places, incidents and people, all clamoring for expression, that I feel helpless and insufficient to the task of recording that which might be of interest to those who follow me, and for whom this is being written.

I would that I were endowed with the ability to photograph in true colors the entire picture as my mind's eye reveals it in retrospect, all indexed, for the convenience of those who may care to go with me on excursions into the past. In the absence of this, I must be content to portray as best I can the things that come most prominently to the surface as I scratch about in memories of the past where one is prone to spend considerable time as he nears the finishing tape in life's long race.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

As I ponder the site of the home that was ours
By the widespreading sycamore tree
Where the love of a father, a mother and all
Made the household a Heaven to me,
I search for expression of things I recall--
The things that my mind's eye can see,
And I would that my pen could record in true form
Each event as it comes now to me.
It could tell of the time when our assets were low
And the extras of life were but few,
When we had little income or credit at hand
And lived on the things that we grew.
Our father passed on after long being ill
And mother was left with the need
To maintain the home and provide the essentials
We five growing youngsters to feed.
With no kindly shoulder on which she could lean,
With heart heavy burdened and left all alone
She arose to the challenge and bravely pressed on
To protect and provide for her own.

There were chickens to feed, eggs to be gathered,
Hogs to be watered and fed,
There were fields to plant, hay to be garnered
And hauled to the mow on a sled--
There were wagons and buggies which had to be greased,
There were pieces of harness to mend--
There were cows to be milked, calves to be watered
And always some horses to tend.
With the ups and the down of our every day life
Calling forth all our know-how and might,
There was never a time when our mother's advice
Didn't aid us in seeing the light.
Always calm and contained when excitement was rife
Seeking wisdom, truth and fair play;
Our council with her, like a fountain of faith,
Would dissolve all contentions away.

Our brothers departed as time passed along,
In response to an innermost yearning;
And mother, my sister and I all remained
To keep the old home fires burning.
Those were true, happy years that we spent at the time,
Brimming full of both hardships and fun.
Our wants, not excessive, were all well supplied
By our mutual efforts well done.
When conditions were such that we changed our abode
To a life of more lucrative living,
The pulling of roots which had anchored us there
Was not done without dire misgiving.
The plans we had laid and the friendships we made,
All of which we were destined to sever,
Made us feel as if stranded on some foreign isle
To remain in seclusion forever.
Every thing that I loved and held dear to my heart,
Every vale, every vine, every tree,
All combine as a halo to guard the one spot
Which will always mean HOME to me.

TTT - March, 1960

I AM BORN

That this is true is evidenced by the following record made by my father at the time: "True Trevor was born in San Felipe, Santa Clara County, California, Sunday, September 18, twelve o'clock and forty-five minutes (12:45) A.M., 1870 A.D., weight nine pounds. Weather pleasant."

To me now, the first four years of my life seem pretty much a blank. I probably caused my parents the usual amount of anxiety attendant upon the rearing of a baby boy along with four others, all of whom arrived within a period of seven years. Being next to the youngest I felt no great responsibility for the welfare of others. Nursing bottles were not used in those days so, judging from my present intake of food, I must have consumed a lot of my mother's time so sorely needed for other household duties. The need for frequent changing, the usual squawking, the bellyaching, and the questioning, was doubtless fully up to standard.

Mother related an incident that occurred when I was four years old, which showed the budding of a certain degree of caution. A gopher snake had been killed and left in the yard near the house and while at play I accidentally stepped on it with my bare foot. A terrific howl was set up and mother, who was witness to the incident, endeavored to assure me that no harm had been done. I was convinced, however, that she greatly underrated the gravity of the situation, and my grief could not be assuaged by any amount of maternal coddling until the foot was swathed in a generous bandage.

My parents were Levi Lancaster Tourtillott and Jane Augusta Tourtillott. Father was born in Penobscot County, Maine, June 30, 1836. He descended, five generations removed, from Captain Gabriel Tourtillott who sailed as ship's master from Bordeaux, France, in 1688 with other fugitive Huguenots, to escape religious persecution. He landed at Newport, Rhode Island. Mother was born in Lake County, Ohio, March 10, 1833. She was a descendant of William Bradford, a Mayflower Pilgrim, and a Governor of the Plymouth Colonies.

Dad came to California with an emigrant train from Lee County, Illinois, arriving at Placerville in the year 1860. Mother started from Osage, Mitchell County, Iowa, and came to California in a caravan of covered wagons arriving in Stockton, October 8, 1862.

Mother's name at that time was Gould. Her husband was Albert Nelson Gould who died shortly after reaching California. They had two sons, George Albert, born May 17, 1853 and Frank Horace, born August 29, 1855. Albert was a mill-wright and found employment at McMillan's lumber mill at Lexington, Santa Clara County, which position he held up to the time of his death.

Levi Tourtillott was driving bull team for the same concern. This outfit was cutting redwood timber in the Santa Cruz mountains, and hauling it over skid roads with bull and ox teams to the mill where it was reduced to lumber for shipment to market. Much of it was hauled on wagons, drawn by four to

six horses or mule teams to Alviso where it was loaded on small river boats plying between that point and San Francisco.

A skid road was made of closely spaced logs eight to ten inches in diameter, from which the bark had been removed. These small logs were placed directly across the road-bed which had been laboriously prepared with horse or ox drawn plows, V-scrapers, and with picks and shovels. When in use, the top of the skids were occasionally smeared with grease by a "skid greaser" who carried a bucket of grease or heavy oil which he applied with a crude mop.

The trees suitable for lumber were felled by timber-fallers, rolled onto the road and then hauled to the mill with bull teams consisting of from two to ten "yoke". Where the terrain permitted, these roads were built on a down grade from timber to mill.

Immediately following Albert's death, mother took a position as cook for the lumbermen, which she held until she and Levi were married February 20, 1864. In 1865 they moved to the ranch near San Felipe Valley where all of their five children were born excepting Howard, the eldest, who was born in San Jose.

Many difficulties were involved in establishing a home in those early days. Our ranch consisted of 320 acres of mountainous land fifteen miles southeast of San Jose. It was acquired under the Homestead Act which was, in effect, a contract with the U. S. Government to reside a certain portion of each year on the property and to make certain improvements in a specified time. The tenure of the contract was five years, after which, if all requirements had been met, the contract would terminate and the settler would receive a deed to the property.

Shortly after father had acquired his deed from the Government, the City of San Jose claimed the property under an ordinance passed in the sixteenth century by King Phillip II, of Spain, and was known as the Pueblo Land Title Act. By virtue of a special decree pertaining to the laws regulating the founding of Pueblos under the above ordinance the City of San Jose established a valid grant to lands embracing some ninety-seven square miles in the heart of Santa Clara County. This was known as the Pueblo of San Jose.

Under an agreement with the State Convention, the citizens of the Pueblo pledged lands and a building for the meeting of the first State Legislature. As the city had no funds or credit to cover this expense, a group of citizens came forward and provided the necessary money. The property was then sold to the State, to be used as the Capitol of California, for a consideration of \$38,000.00. The State House was located on the east side of the plaza (later named City Hall Park) and directly across Market Street. The first legislature convened on December 15, 1849 and occupied the second floor of the new State House. The first floor, which was designed for the Senate, was not ready for occupancy so the Senators met for a short period in the home of Isaac Branham situated in the southeast corner of the plaza.

When the property exchange was made it was stipulated by the State that

the money paid into the city treasury be applied to the credit of those individuals who had made the contributions. Instead of refunding the money as agreed the City Fathers ignored the claims of those citizens and used the funds for other purposes. The men thus injured then banded together and formed what was called The Land Company (later termed by the settlers "The Forty Thieves") and brought suit against the City to recover. The Land Company won the suit but as the City had no funds to meet the judgment, the members of The Land Company were given authority to eject one hundred and thirty settlers from their homes and confiscate their holdings to satisfy the claims.

As father's ranch came within the limits of the Pueblo lands he was faced with the alternative of either moving out or paying the "Forty Thieves". He chose the latter course and paid them \$5.00 an acre--a total of \$1600.00. This, after obtaining it legally from the U.S. Government as a homestead.

Although now holding two deeds and feeling secure in his possession of the ranch, father soon learned that his troubles were not yet over for a few months later another claimant appeared in the person of General Henry M. Naglee armed with a Spanish Grant deed. Fearing that he could not win against so formidable an adversary, father paid again. The wisdom of not resorting to litigation was demonstrated by the case of his brother-in-law, Charles Wyman, whose property adjoined father's on the east, and also was embraced in the Naglee grant. He took his case into court and after several years of costly litigation lost his entire holdings.

Located as father's ranch was in the mountains and reached only by a narrow and poorly graded road, the task of getting to and from home was not an easy one. Lumber for buildings, fences, etc. was hauled thirty miles by teams from the mills at Lexington, three miles south of the town of Los Gatos (The Cats) to the ranch. The round trip took two days. On the return trip a portion of the load would be left at the beginning of the mountain grade six miles from home and then picked up the following day.

Household supplies were purchased mostly in San Jose and a full day was required for this trip. On one occasion dad was returning with a miscellaneous load including a crate containing a small pig. In keeping with his usual procedure when he came to a particularly steep hill, he took off part of the load which included the pig in the crate. In the act of unloading, the crate was dropped and so badly damaged that the occupant slipped through the breach and away he went. After a spirited foot race which the pig easily won, dad reluctantly abandoned the chase and decided to consign the embryonic piece of side-bacon to the mercy of the California lions and coyotes, while he devoted himself to the task of carrying, piece by piece, to the crest of the hill, the articles taken from the wagon. Upon reaching the wagon at the top of the hill with his first load he discovered that the pig had back-tracked and was following him. It required many trips to get all the supplies up to the wagon and on each occasion the pig tagged along emitting squeaks of disapproval when the going was tough, but never forsaking the one whom he evidently regarded as his protector. When the loading was completed an effort was

again made to coax piggy into the crate, but the little fellow would have none of it and there seemed nothing to do but abandon him to his fate. However, when the journey was resumed piggy fell in line a short distance behind the moving wagon and grunted along the dusty road all the way to his new home.

The farm house was originally built among some large oak trees that grew on the east side of a stream which ran in a southerly direction through the ranch. This proved to be a poor location as the water for domestic use had to be carried from a spring beside the creek up rather a steep bank, an elevation of about a hundred feet. Consequently the house was taken apart and rebuilt on the west side of the creek in a clearing of two and a half acres and close to the water supply. Water was lifted from the spring by means of a rope attached to a bucket and passed through a pulley made fast to a willow tree.

A good barn was built with storage room for an ample supply of hay and with stalls to accommodate six horses. Corrals were made, and the clearing fenced in and planted to fruit trees. Further clearings were made so that hay could be raised for the work stock. In the pasture lands there was an abundance of wild grass for the range cattle father accumulated as funds permitted.

Things went fairly well for a time, but father's health soon began to fail and he was unable to accomplish all he had laid out for himself. Mother's two sons, George and Frank Gould, did much to help for a time but later Frank went to San Jose and attended the State Normal School (now San Jose State College) to prepare himself for teaching school. Father cut and hauled wood to pay the tuition. George married while quite young and did odd jobs for the neighboring ranchers.

Father's condition grew progressively worse and in 1874 he was obliged to leave the ranch and move the family to San Jose where he could better receive medical treatment. He rented a house on Clay Street, now Nineteenth Street. The ranch was leased to a man named Janes and the stock sold to provide funds for doctor bills, maintenance of the family, etc. He took one horse and a buggy to town with him and for the first year or so was able to drive about to a considerable extent. I well remember a trip we took during that time. It was on a Sunday morning and mother prepared a lunch. We all climbed into the buggy and father drove up the road then under construction toward Mt. Hamilton. The purpose of this road was to facilitate the installation of, and give access to the 36-inch telescope, at that time the largest in the world, and donated to the University of California by James Lick. We went as far as the road had been completed, which was some distance beyond Halls Valley and this side of Smith's Creek. Road construction in those days was done with pick, shovel, horse-drawn scraper and plow. We had our lunch by the roadside in Halls Valley and returned home late in the day, a tired but happy group.

The summer of 1876 found father's condition such that he was confined to his bed most of the time. He had a heart ailment induced in a large

measure by a condition of inflammatory rheumatism contracted while working in the logging camps. I can remember seeing him sitting in an armed rocking chair over which was thrown a patch-work quilt so arranged that the corners could be thrown across his knees. Mother would take the chair to the bedside and help him into it, then by taking hold of the chair from the rear would pull it gently to the desired location. Father was a man six feet tall and in his prime weighed 196 pounds. His weight by this time was of course much less, however it was no small chore for mother to move him about in this manner, help him to and from the bed, and give him the necessary care. She was one who could rise to any occasion in a quiet, unassuming and uncomplaining manner, which characterized her attitude at all times and under all conditions. While my mind at that age recorded few details, she related in after years that toward the last when she would move father's chair in the most gentle manner possible, the pain was so acute he would cry out in agony, and great beads of perspiration would appear on his pain-racked face.

On October 27, 1876 he passed away and was laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery, where in June 1911 he was joined by his daughter, Millie, and in October 1917 by our Sainted mother. Their lot is now enclosed by a concrete coping in which is embedded a marble name plate, and at each grave, resting on a concrete footing, is a marble stone on which is engraved respectively: FATHER, MILLIE, MOTHER. The lot has been placed under perpetual care.

The funeral, the first we children had witnessed, left a lasting impression in the minds of us all. Compared with the technique of later years, burials were conducted in a manner that was little short of brutal. At father's funeral the coffin was placed in a large square redwood box which was lowered into the grave by means of canvas strips in the hands of the pall-bearers. At the point in the sermon where "dust to dust - earth to earth" was pronounced, an attendant threw several shovel-fulls of earth into the grave which landed with a sickening thud on the box. At this juncture little Walter, who was four years old, cried out in anguish "Don't, don't, they're putting dirt on my papa, stop them". He simply could not accept the situation and was taken away from the scene by Aunt Carrie, mother's sister who had come from her home in Iowa to help during those trying months. At the conclusion of the service the grave-diggers proceeded to shovel in the earth while the mourners sat close by and witnessed the gruesome process. When the grave had been filled and the excess earth mounded and smoothed over in true grave-like fashion, the minister pronounced the benediction and announced that the ordeal was over.

Such a ceremony coming at a time when the loss of a dear one is most acutely felt was truly enough to drive the stoutest heart to distraction, and instill in the mind a lasting fear and a feeling of horror at what we call death. We should have no fear of death. If we can maintain the thought that the ending of existence on earth is just as natural as its beginning, and that our tenure is at best but temporary, we should have no apprehension when the end comes, but accept it as a natural consequence and with enduring faith in the

wisdom of the One who plans our destiny. This attitude of mind is extremely difficult to maintain when our loved ones are taken, but time, under constant pressure of sober thought and dispassionate reasoning can eventually bring us to view our loss in more appropriate perspective.

I have in mind a verse that has given me much comfort in times of great sorrow--entitled "A LITTLE WHILE". "

"So natural is it that we fall to sleep
like tired children when the day is done,
that I would question why the living weep
when death has kissed the laughing lips of one.
We do not mourn when golden skies
have donned the purple shadows and the gray of night,
because we know the morning lies beyond
and we must wait a little while for light;
so when grown weary of care and strife,
our loved ones find in sleep the peace they crave,
we should not mourn but learn to count this life
a prelude to the one beyond the grave;
and thus be happy for them, not distressed,
and lift our hearts with love to God and smile;
and we anon, like tired ones will rest
if we'll but hope and trust a little while".

A sad household it was to which we returned, with father's clothing, hat, boots, etc., to add emphasis to the great loss we had sustained. But, we had mother, and SUCH a MOTHER. To us children she showed few outward signs of grief, but when lights were out and all had retired for the night her subdued sobbing could be heard, and the pent-up tears found release as she poured out her poor heart in prayer.

Father was a truly wonderful daddy to us children. Mother told us later that shortly before he passed away when he knew the time was near, he said to her, "God bless our darling children, they'll never know how much I love them." In truth, we cannot approximate the extent of our parents' love for us until we have had children of our own.

Thus ended the career of a man loved and respected by all who knew him. A man who, although having had much contact with the rough, tough element of the early West, neither drank nor smoked. A man who never started a fight but who finished many in a most decisive manner. One of the men who worked in camp with him where gang fights were frequent once made the remark that "Tourtillott knocks 'em down an' I drag 'em out".

While having been afforded no opportunity for an education other than that provided in the ungraded schools of that period, he was a reader of good books and took active interest in all civic affairs. He was elected Justice of The Peace in his township (Burnett) in 1869 and again in 1871.

Related by those with a knowledge of the facts is an incident which might have led to serious results had it not been for his keen sense of business

proportions. A Spaniard named Juan Soto was driving some cattle past the ranch, and as father was in need of fresh meat, he purchased a young fat steer from the Spaniard. A few days later while dad was engaged in slaughtering the animal one Jacob Scheller rode up and claimed the steer as belonging to the Weber ranch, of which he was foreman. The hide was inspected but no brand or mark of identification was discernible, so with his characteristic sense of fairness father took a pan of warm water and some soap and proceeded to scrub that portion of the hide where a brand would ordinarily appear, and sure enough, there was the faint outline of the brand which at once identified the steer as having come from the Weber ranch. Although told of the purchase of the animal, Scheller in a rage hastened to the Sheriff's office and caused a warrant to be issued accusing father of cattle rustling. Cattle rustling at that time was an offense which frequently resulted in the accused being taken for a "one way ride" without the benefit of a trial.

The warrant was served, the day set for trial, the case called, and all concerned appeared in court. After the plaintiff had made his plea, the defendant who appeared without counsel, was called and sworn. Following a brief statement in reply to questions asked by the attorney representing Scheller, father handed a piece of paper to the judge with the remark, "This may have some bearing on the case". The judge scanned the contents of the note for a few moments, then with a vigorous flail of the gavel announced with ringing voice "Case dismissed". The piece of paper was a bill-of-sale duly signed by the man from whom the animal was purchased. Scheller, furious at being thus frustrated, made an impassioned appeal to the court in which he accused father of being discourteous. Asked to explain, he replied with a broken Austrian accent, "He told me to keep mine shirt on". His further remarks were drowned in a storm of laughter from the court room. Jaun Soto proved to be a member of the famous Joaquin Murieta gang of outlaws that so terrorized the west at that time. He was later apprehended and eventually paid for his crimes on the gallows.

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 farm house seen on that stretch of road and asked permission to stay overnight. This request was refused by the owner of the ranch, Mr. Cochran, even when mother informed him that she had an ample supply of bed-

ding 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.

How anyone imbued with the slightest degree of hospitality or compassion could permit a woman with five small tired and sleepy children to start on a dark night to negotiate that eight miles of steep mountain road which in places was little more than a cow-path, and over which she had never before travelled, is beyond comprehension.

The going was tough and the road-bed 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-racking 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, 1876, to the late summer of 1878. I have many pleasant memories associated with our stay at the Steel 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 four of us children went, all astride one trusty horse, old Matt. The path we traversed wound through brushy canyons and along steep mountain sides to terminate at a cozy little schoolhouse tucked in among a group of oak trees, only a short distance from a spring of cool, clear water.

Three of the McClay children, who lived a short distance from us, also rode a horse to school, and on the return trip the question often arose as to which horse could develop the greatest speed. So when we reached a spot where the trail led along an open ridge all passengers but one would dismount and a race would be staged. Whichever way the race ended, those on the winning side were truly jubilant and proceeded on their way with feelings of definite superiority.

Four youngsters strung along the slippery deck of a horse could manage very nicely where the path was level, but going up a steep hill entailed some genuine difficulties. Each would clasp his arms around the one in front and the member in the lead would cling to the horse's mane. All was well so long as each maintained his hold, but if one pair of arms relaxed, he and all behind would slide back over the horse's rump and land in a squirming heap on the trail below. Matt was a kindly old fellow and when someone fell off he would stop abruptly and wait patiently until the remount was completed. This was accomplished by turning the horse parallel with the hill and climbing a-

board from the high side.

Miss Addie Ketchum was our teacher and we were all very fond of her. Her discipline was firm but kindly, and at recess she would enter into the playground sports with a zest that challenged the best of us.

I do not recall much about the school work. Perhaps because I did not take it too seriously. I do recall that the first "term" was devoted chiefly to learning the alphabet and how to print it. The next step was to discontinue printing and learn to write. This was obviously a lot of lost motion, but was the accepted procedure in all schools at that time.

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 and 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".

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 and then we were indeed a sorry lot of desolate waifs. The most demonstrative one of the group was Walter, the "baby", who voiced his resentment in no uncertain terms by yelling "I want to go too--I want to go too", meanwhile bouncing up and down like a jumping-jack with legs rigid and arms flailing the air like the frantic signaling of a lone survivor on a life raft.

Long before it was time for her to return we would confine our play to a spot from which we could see the road leading from town, and when finally the form of driver and wagon could be observed silhouetted against the evening sky there would be a mad rush up the incline to meet her and ride back to the house in happy reunion with the one we so loved.

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 spareroom, while the second floor was divided into two bedrooms; one large one where we boys slept and a smaller one for mother and sister Millie. 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 spareroom of our house was papered with wall paper 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. I recall one verse pasted beside the roller towel which served as a challenge to us youngsters as we vied with one another to be the first to memorize it. It was Robert Burns' "A man's a Man for a' that".

Many of the ranch houses were thus papered, and after the lapse of time the date of such papering could be determined by the dates found on the walls.

I well remember how, when mother was not close by, we boys would slip into the storeroom with a tin cup taken from the kitchen cupboard, and how deliciously cool and refreshing the milk would taste as we took turns dipping it from pans on the shelf. The stealth employed in this act was frequently of little avail because of the disturbed condition of the cream on the pans and the telltale smears on shelving and floor, all of which would be called to our attention when mother did the daily chore of skimming the milk.

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. The goats were of miscellaneous lineage to which was later added some very good specimens of the Angora breed. Some of the hides of the latter were tanned with the long flowing hair left on and were used in making chaparejo (chaps) for use while riding after stock. The primary purpose in raising the 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 buildings,

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. It was a never ending joy to watch the antics of the little fellows as they played about the corral. But the crowning event was reached when the mother goats had returned in the evening from their foraging and were permitted to enter the corral. The kids were put into a smaller enclosure until the mothers were all within the main corral, then as the youngsters were released in a group, the mad scramble was on. Each mother sought her own baby or babies since they often had twins and sometimes triplets and each kid searched frantically for his source of nourishment. In this search the kids were not choosy in their approach and would proceed to apply suction at any station available so long as that station remained stationary. But the mother goat was more particular, and after a hurried inspection should the applicant prove to be alien she would hoist her rear compartment over the head of the intruder and move on, repeating the performance until contact was made with her lawful heir.

Some of the Billy goats became so beligerant that they were kept tied. It was a common sport for us boys to tease Billy by venturing near enough to attract his attention and yet be out of reach of his horns. The usual method of a goat's attack is to advance to a point a couple of yards from his objective, then rear up on his hind legs and lunge forward throwing all his weight into one smashing blow. We would stand just outside the limit of freedom allowed by the picketing rope, then as the goat made the lunge he would be suddenly halted by the rope and the momentum would land him sprawling on his back. This was great fun for us boys, and oddly enough the goat could be drawn into repeating the performance time after time. One day brother Howard made the usual approach but when the goat made the accustomed attack the rope parted and Howard found himself face to face in the corral with Billy goat bent on retaliation for past insults. A wild race ensued which the boy won, but not without being conscious of a burst of pressure applied to the seat of his pants as he clambered frantically over the fence.

Brother George's five year old son Bert had an experience with the same goat which showed the boy's inherent coolness and grit. While playing about in the barn yard 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 siezed 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 siezed 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. After many lectures on the mechanics of the operation, accompanied by as many demonstrations and followed by an extended period of trial and error, we managed to do the milking. Mother

must have suffered much misgiving before our proficiency in the art reached the point where danger of drying up the cows was passed. To perch atop a one-legged stool and direct a stream of milk into a four-gallon bucket held between two wobbly knees was no mean accomplishment. In the early stages of our apprenticeship so much of the milk found lodgment on our knees and feet that our mother said we were using as much for external application as was being made available for internal use.

Then there were the calves to feed. When about a week old they were taken from their mothers and taught to drink. This was done by standing astride the calf, then putting a couple of fingers into its mouth and dipping its nose into a bucket of milk. The hungry calf would suck the fingers and thereby pull some of the milk into its mouth. With this process well under way, the fingers would be suddenly withdrawn, and if the ruse proved successful the young bossy would continue to draw the milk into its mouth and would soon be taking nourishment without further priming. Some calves learned readily while others stubbornly refused to drink without the aid of the fingers, and when deprived thereof would become impatient and butt the bucket so vigorously that milk splashed over themselves, as well as their instructor.

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 hillsides 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 double-tree, 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. No matter whether we were making preparations for a fishing or hunting trip, or getting ready for a picnic or dance, that wood had to be cut. Putting up an argument on the ground of being too busy, or of gladly cutting a double amount the next day, was a sheer waste of breath. 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.

BERT

Aside from the calves, colts, kids, puppies and little chickens, we did not have many special pets. One such pet, however, to which we were all very much attached was a wild canary, or green-back goldfinch. He was found under a tree where he had fallen from his nest which had evidently been raided and destroyed by a blue jay, or snake. Being too young to fly, he was brought to the house, and sister Millie took over the task of nurse to the little orphan and named him Bert. His diet for several weeks was bread and milk, and he was kept in a small cardboard box until a suitable cage could be provided. His feathers soon developed and in a short time he was able to fly

about the room, which privilege he was granted for a short time each day. The soft diet was gradually replaced with canary seed and his daily bath was taken in an old-fashioned oblong, glass salt cellar. He craved attention, and when a finger was poked through the wires of his cage he would assail it, and while perched upon it would peck and scold in mock fury. It was a great show of temper but he loved it.

When not quite a year old Bert began a self-imposed course of voice culture. He would sit for hours, humped up on his perch with feathers ruffled, chattering in a low voice some unintelligible jumble of squeaky notes until finally he burst forth with the native song of his antecedents. His repertoire had not been long established when it was thought that he should have companionship so a tame canary was brought into the home. The newcomer was a splendid singer and for a time there was intense rivalry as each tried to dominate the air with his own version of harmony.

The contest continued for several weeks when it was observed that Bert was silent. He would sit quietly when Carl was singing, as if drinking in every note. This went on for some time, then he began chattering softly to himself, and after a few days of this broke forth in full song, but this time it was Carl's song he was singing. He never again was heard to sing the native song of the goldfinch, but with his little body swaying from side to side and his throat distended with emotion, he would pour forth his newly acquired aria in happy competition with his more proficient mate.

Millie would occasionally hang the cages out on the sunny side of the house, and it was interesting to watch Carl and Bert on such occasions. They seemed spell-bound as they listened to the voices of myriads of wild birds coming from the surrounding trees and bushes. They did not sing, but seemed to feel a sense of humility and reverence in the presence of that symphony under the direction of the great master of all maestros, the Creator.

One day when the cages were brought in, it was discovered that some of the wires on Bert's cage had been sprung apart and the little fellow had slipped through and flown away. This was a sad blow to us all. We spent many days searching the surrounding woods for him, and finally gave up in the belief that he had either joined his kind or had been destroyed by some natural enemy. Several weeks later a group of the family was near the barn which stood about a hundred yards from the house when mother exclaimed, "Look this way". There on her shoulder, flitting his wings and chirping softly was our truant Bert. Mother remained stationary while one of us ran to the house and brought the cage, at sight of which Bert flew through the open door and began eating ravenously from the feed container.

DICKY

Another pet which we enjoyed for a short time was a baby fox which, with four others, was found in a hollow tree by a man who was chopping wood for us. We kept three of them and gave the other two to some neighbor boys. They soon learned to drink milk from a pan and were very friendly, playful little

rascals. We soon felt that they should have fresh meat, but having little available, we killed blue jays, stripped off the feathers and fed the meat to the foxes. This proved to be the wrong diet and they soon became sick, and two of them died. We named the remaining one Dicky, changed the diet to bread, cooked meat and vegetables, and it was not long till he recovered his health and was a happy, rollicking playmate. As time went on he became shy and less friendly until finally he shunned us completely and spent his entire time under the house, coming out only at feeding time.

It was not long till it was discovered that some of our half-grown chickens were missing so a watch was kept on his movements and the discovery made that he would occasionally dash from under the house, snatch a chicken and take it under the house to augment his food supply. The chickens were shut in a pen some distance from the house and soon after that the fox disappeared entirely.

A couple of months later a half-grown fox was found dead a short distance from the house with marks on the body indicating that it had been killed in a fight. It was about the size that Dicky should have been, and it was believed that he had returned during the night, probably in search of a chicken dinner, and our dog, Jack, had caught and killed him without recognizing his former friend.

CATS

We had various cats from time to time, cats of all colors, sex and characteristics. But the cat that appealed to us most was a three-colored female which regularly contributed a sizeable litter of buxorn kittens. She felt a maternal responsibility for their welfare and was continually bringing in a supply of rats, mice and squirrels.

She was allowed the freedom of the house and would follow us about the yard, and was always on hand at milking time. She would stand on her hind legs beside us while we were milking and beg. We would then direct a stream of milk into her mouth, which she would lap at frantically despite the fact that her exterior was getting well plastered with the fluid. When we prepared milk for the calves she would sit beside a bucket, dip her paw into the milk then lick the milk from her paw, repeating the performance till satisfied.

In the evening when we were gathered in the living room she would climb into my lap and snooze until she was put out for the night. She seldom did this with other members of the family. Returning home after being absent for a month and when seated after the evening meal, the old cat climbed onto my lap as usual which brought forth the remark from Mother and Millie that the cat had not been seen in the house during the entire period of my absence.

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When quite young, Walter and I learned one of those lessons which, through sad experience, is indelibly seared into our memory at the expense

of tears and regret. One day our dog, Jack, was barking at the base of a tree on the hillside across the road from the house and, upon investigation, we found our pet tom-cat perched on a limb well out of reach of the dog. The question of the relative speed of the dog and cat had long been debated, so on this occasion we determined to reduce it to a point of crystallization. The plan was to hold the dog, flush the cat from the tree and permit it to gain half the distance to the house before releasing the dog. If carried out according to specifications the test might have been declared a success and have contributed some valuable data to our store of knowledge, but the one thing that was overlooked was the difficulty involved in restraining the dog for the required length of time. The dog was held by one of us while the other climbed the tree and dislodged the tom-cat who started full-tilt for the house. At sight of the cat the dog struggled in a wild frenzy to give chase, and before the cat had gone many yards the dog had torn loose and the race was on prematurely. The cat was making good progress but the gate through which he had to pass had blown shut, and in his attempt to scale the fence had slipped back and Jack was upon him. Before we could pull the dog off the cat was dead.

We rushed to the only haven we knew in time of trouble and as she took us in her arms, mother said "You needn't tell me--I saw what happened." When tears were dried and composure restored, mother said quietly, "Now you'll have to get the shovel and bury your pet, boys. I think you have learned your lesson." What a climax to a foolish, childish prank, and what a lesson!

TIM

Another tragedy with a tom-cat was enacted when we shot Ora McClay's Tim out of a tree in the belief that it was a coon. Our dogs had treed it quite some distance from any house, and the foliage was so thick all that could be seen was the reflection of the lantern light in the animal's eyes. Our feelings when we discovered we had killed old Tim can well be imagined.

After a restless night we went to break the sad news to our close neighbor and pal, Ora, who with his folks occupied a house on the lower part of our ranch. Upon reaching the McClay house we told our story, and after a lengthy pause Mr. McClay said, "Well, I am glad that you are fair enough to come and tell us, but we already knew." We were then told how Ora had heard the shot in the night and subsequently had dreamed that his cat had been killed. So impressed was he with the realism of the dream that the first thing in the morning he made a search in the direction from which the shot had come and found his suspicion verified.

The sorrow over his loss was acute, but he harbored no animosity toward us. He would not permit a friendship which had existed through years of close association to be shattered by an incident which he, in the largeness of his heart, knew to be a regrettable mistake.

"The truly noble mind has no resentments"

EDUCATION

SCHOOLHOUSE

A half-mile from our home was the Highland school. It was built on an eminence which sloped on the west to the county road, and on the east to a small ravine running through the rear of the grounds. The yard consisted of four acres studded with oak trees and enclosed by a five-foot fence constructed of six-inch boards with one board nailed on the top of the six by six posts. At the rear of the schoolhouse, standing amidst small oak trees to protect them from the eyes of the curious, stood two small buildings placed for obvious reasons at a respectable distance apart. Directly behind the schoolhouse was a shed, at one end of which was piled a supply of firewood, and at the other a space was left where the boys would congregate when the yard was too wet for games.

Water was obtained from a well, equipped with an old-fashioned hand pump, located near the ravine at the back of the buildings. Water from the well was not always palatable, and at such times we were obliged to carry water from a spring a short distance up the ravine and off the school grounds. To get water at the spring, especially when school was in session, was a much sought after privilege by us boys. When the water arrived someone was assigned to go down each aisle with the bucket and a long-handled dipper, from which each youngster took a drink.

Another duty was to pass around a basin of water that each pupil might wet the sponge attached to his desk with a string, and used for cleaning the slate, a piece of equipment each pupil was obliged to possess. The slate was a piece of smooth flat slate-rock mounted in a sturdy frame of hard wood. Bound to the frame with a piece of stout cord was a pad of red felt as a protection to the furniture. Writing on the slate was done with a pencil made of the same kind of rock, and the process was accompanied by a scratching sound that was anything but pleasing to the ear. When all hands were thus engaged the scratching would swell into a chorus of discordant notes which would rival a good sized flock of screech owls.

The school house had one class room and an anteroom. In one end of the latter was shelving for library books, and across the other end was a bench upon which a water bucket, wash basin, and a motley assortment of dinner pails were kept. The dinner pails ranged from a small two-pint size up to a ten-pound lard pail, all in accord to the size of the family. On the wall and to one side was an endless towel mounted on a wooden roller. When recess was over and each pupil had gone through the motions of washing his hands, that towel was a sight to be remembered. It was replaced each morning with a clean one, but although admonished regularly by teachers and parents, the close of each day witnessed the same condition of grossness as to the

inherent aversion of youth to the application of soap and water.

On each side of the classroom was a row of combination seat and desk units built to accommodate two pupils to each seat with a two by four beam between. These were for the larger pupils, while in the center of the room was a similar row of smaller seats for the kiddies. These units were built of surfaced redwood and each bore ample evidence of a budding genius in the art of carving. In the latter days of my schooling desks of more modern design replaced the old ones. The new desks had the adjustable seats and were attached to long strips of one by four flooring, and could be easily moved about the room.

Across each end of the room was a blackboard with a grooved rail at the bottom to hold chalk and erasers.

The teacher's station was a small table-desk and an arm chair on a six inch elevated platform made of flooring, and about six by ten feet in size, placed at the extreme end of the room. At the opposite end of the room and next to the entrance door was a wood stove with a pipe reaching upward nearly to the ceiling, extending the entire length of the room, and supported by wires attached to the ceiling at frequent intervals. The purpose of the long pipe was to gain greater radiation of heat during the winter months.

Prior to the time our family came to the neighborhood the Hyland School bore the reputation of being a mighty tough school for teachers to handle. Due to the behavior of a certain group of man-size mountain boys who openly defied all attempts of discipline, several lady teachers had given up in despair. One morning they locked the door from the inside before the teacher arrived and refused to open it. She met the situation by conducting classes under a large oak tree in the yard. They put glue in ink wells, grease on black boards, and on one occasion climbed to the roof and placed a board on top of the chimney, filling the room with smoke to the point where everyone had to evacuate. The reputation for disorder at the school became so widespread that there were few applicants for the position of teacher.

Finally a rather slightly built, mild mannered young man by the name of Gray made application, and although aware of the difficulties experienced by his predecessors, said he was willing to give it a trial. He looked to be no match for any one of those brawny lads to say nothing of them as a group. The very first day of school they elected to put the instructor to the test and began their rough-house behavior soon after roll call. When asked to desist they arose in a body and defied the teacher to do anything about it. When challenged by their leader to fight, Gray suggested that they go outside to settle the argument. Upon reaching the yard the leader came at the teacher like an enraged bull, swinging a hay-maker that would have settled the contest then and there had it landed, but Gray stepped cleverly to one side and came in with a counter punch which knocked the young man sprawling to the ground where he lay, "out cold". The balance of the gang then swarmed in and as each lunged at him, the old counter punch was put into play until the last boy lay prostrate on the ground. It was not known then, but later it was

learned that Gray was a skilled boxer and an all-around athlete.

No further trouble was experienced that day, but the following morning when they had taken their seats each one of the boys drew a pistol from his pocket and, with a menacing flourish, laid it on top of his desk. Mr Gray, giving no sign that he had observed the display, opened his desk drawer and the boys found themselves looking into the muzzle of a 44-Colt revolver with shining slugs showing in the cylinder as he placed it on the desk and proceeded with the routine duties of the day. When recess came the boys found their teacher coming out and entering into the playground activities. He organized the games in a way that so completely won their admiration and respect as to put an end to all lawless behavior.

Schooling

During my limited schooling the teachers came in the following order: Dick Beggs, "Father" Beggs, Mr. Crossett, my brother Frank Gould, Charles T. Coyle, Anna Keefe, and J.M. Haskins.

Dick Beggs was a young man just out of college. He boarded with us and was a very agreeable fellow, well-liked by all but with an unfortunate weakness for gambling. He had been with us but a short time when, being entrusted with funds with which to purchase books for the school library, he got into a poker game in an Evergreen saloon and lost the entire amount. When the facts became known, Dick was released and his father appointed to fill the unexpired term.

Mr. Beggs, Sr., was a tall, angular man with a long gray scraggly beard draped over an unkempt shirt with no necktie. His beard was liberally streaked with tobacco juice which was emitted at regular intervals during the entire school session. A small chalk-box partly filled with ashes served as a cuspidor and when the contents became so liquified as to defeat its purpose, some pupil who had incurred the displeasure of the professor, would be assigned to remove it from the room and return it with a new filling of dry ashes. During the absence of the box the stove served as a substitute receptacle.

When recitations were being heard he would line up the class in front of his chair and, if immediate response was not forthcoming to his questions, he would give the one being interrogated a sharp clip on the knuckles or top of the head with an oak switch which at such times was always in evidence. Such treatment could not serve to contribute to one's ability to concentrate. One of the unique forms of punishment was that of requiring an offender to stand on a chalk mark about a foot from the hot stove for a given length of time. As punishment for not having a satisfactory lesson, one boy was required to stand for ten minutes on one foot while holding a pen holder between his teeth.

Mr. Beggs taught the full-arm method of penmanship and his writing was truly beautiful. Aside from penmanship I do not recall that we were much impressed with any of his accomplishments.

Next in line came Mr. Crossett. In those days he was the type of man we called a "Dandy". His shoes were nicely shined, he was neatly dressed, and in general was well groomed. He entered into all games and could out-run any of us boys. He could spin a top and catch it spinning in his hand. He could dance a jig, or sing a song, so it is quite understandable why he was regarded as a hero by the boys.

The most serious incident from my personal point of view came while working out some original designs on top of my desk with an improvised brush and using the ink well as a paint pot. Apparently having no eye for artistry, Mr. Crossett demanded that I extend my hand, which I did, and supporting it with his own, made a vicious swing with a large black rubber ruler. Instinctively at the same instance, I jerked my hand away and he received the full impact of the blow on his own hand. I realized that this was a mistake for he then held my fingers tightly with his own and applied a series of strokes that dispelled any artistic pursuits I may have entertained.

Crossett was followed by my half-brother Frank Gould. Frank was not given to playground activities, being of a more serious and intellectual mind. He was a good teacher and we learned much from him. We Tourtillott kids felt that he was somewhat extreme in his desire to gain a reputation for showing no favoritism toward his relatives. A very commendable attitude to which I can now subscribe most fully.

Aside from the swats on the hand by Crossett, Frank gave me the only "licking" I ever received in school.

Shortly before the incident in mind, I had climbed one of the large oak trees in the school yard and had slid down from the main trunk of the tree to a projecting limb and, being unable to get back, found myself marooned fifteen feet from the ground. Seeing my plight, several of the larger boys came and I was rescued by dropping into their arms. Brother Frank heard of the incident and advised me to climb no more trees. It being the custom of the larger boys to eat their lunches sitting on a low horizontal limb of a tree near the school house, shortly after the above incident, I thoughtlessly climbed out and joined them at lunch time. While depositing my lunch bucket in the anteroom Frank called me inside, closed the door, and gave my trousers a sound warming with that same rubber ruler. I still don't like black rubber rulers!

Our next mentor was Charles T. Coyle. He was permitted by the trustees to build a small house on the school grounds which he occupied together with his wife and two daughters, Ida and Bernice, during his two-year teaching tenure.

Mr. Coyle was a small man wearing a full beard, but unlike our Mr. Beggs, his clothing was always neat and in good taste.

To some of us Mr. Coyle took pride in maintaining rather strict discipline, and which, on one occasion suffered a rather shocking reverse. Among

the games we boys played was one called "Fox and Hound". According to the rules of the game one lad, the fox, with pockets filled with small bits of paper would start out into the hills dropping the bits of paper at specified intervals and a few minutes later a number of boys, the hounds, would take up the "scent" and attempt to overtake the fox. An ambitious fox could extend the chase to a very considerable length, and on one such occasion resulted in the group being fifteen minutes over the noon hour recess limit. Mr. Coyle announced in no uncertain terms that he would thrash any boy or boys who repeated the offense. That sounded like pretty strong talk so straightway we went into a huddle and emerged with a resolution to put the old boy to the test. The next day five of us larger boys proceeded to stage another fox-hound chase. In reality we merely went out of sight of the school house, sat under a tree 'till 2 o'clock (an hour late) then returned and marched in single file to our seats. While seated under the tree we had rehearsed at great length just what each was to do if the teacher attempted to carry out his threat. In our pockets we carried cobble stones, long-spindled tops, sling shots, hard rubber balls, and various other missiles for use in case the impending melee occurred. Upon reaching our respective seats we nonchalantly opened our books and proceeded to study. All was quiet as a tomb as the entire school waited with tense expectation for the explosion. After a few awkward moments the teacher arose and with hands trembling with emotion and face blanched to an ashy pallor said "Boys, don't let this happen again". What a let-down! We had called his bluff, were satisfied, and were never again purposely late.

When his contract with the school was up Mr. Coyle moved with his family to San Jose where Ida attended the State Normal School, now S. J. State College, and later married Ned Kersell. Bernice married Angus Morrison of Santa Clara, California.

Next came Anna Keefe. Her name was originally O'Keefe but she dropped the "O" when attending college. Anna was but nineteen and this was her first assignment. In spite of her youth she ruled with a kindly firmness and dignity that soon won the love and admiration of both parent and pupil.

She boarded with us, and being but little older than sister Milla, they soon became inseparable companions. Anna was accepted in the family circle as one of our very own. A keen sense of humor, a ready wit, a fine dancer and singer, she was in truth the sweetheart of the neighborhood. It was she who gave us our first instructions in dancing. In the long winter evenings we would assemble in the kitchen and as there were but a few wooden boards smooth enough for the purpose, each youngster had to make his own special lesson in terpsichorean art, while Anna provided the music. For the walls her lips were ever ready to sing. Later we boys supplemented her efforts with the boys' strike hoop-skirt and the boys' from hollering over the...

Anna naturally had a number of suitors among the eligibles of the neighborhood but her affections were soon monopolized by our next-door-neighbor, Ned Kersell, to whom she became engaged. This attachment lasted for some time, even after she had left the hills, but was eventually shattered on the rocks of religious creed, she being a devout Catholic and he an equally devout Presbyterian. Her love for him was such that she adhered to a vow made at the time of the separation, never to marry if she could not have Ned.

She rendered distinguished service in the San Jose schools until reaching the age where retirement became necessary. While on a vacation in Panama she adopted a native orphan girl, Madalina, whom she reared to maturity and to whom she left her earthly belongings at the time of her death which occurred in her 82nd year. (1945) It was my sad privilege to serve as pall-bearer at her funeral.

My next and final teacher was Jos. M. Haskins. During my last two school years, work on the ranch was such that it was necessary for one of us boys to remain at home and, as Howard had gone to Oregon to work in the logging camps, Ernest and I attended alternate terms of school. Our education was thus materially hampered, but with the boundless patience and understanding of "Uncle" Joe Haskins we managed to acquire a fair understanding of the subjects as taught in the ungraded schools of the day.

My regard for Mr. Haskins was such that, through my school days and, in fact through my entire life, I looked upon him as a model for anyone who aspires to become a well rounded, God fearing, American citizen.

I regard the ten years of attendance at that old school as the happiest period of my life. Vivid in my recollections are the times when we all went barefooted, and when compelled to wear shoes how, when out of mother's sight, the shoes would be removed and carried 'till reaching school and then the same performance be repeated on our way home. During rainy weather the feel of the cool mud oozing up between the toes as we paddled along the old county road was a genuine delight.

Living as we did but a half-mile from school, we walked, but most of those living a greater distance came by cart or saddle horse. The Kelliher family lived five miles away and frequently when horses were not available would walk the entire distance.

Harry Coe used to ride a mule to school. The mule didn't take kindly to the idea and when being mounted after having had the freedom of the yard during school hours would frequently put on a wild-west show to the great delight of a large and enthusiastic audience. To promote greater action Harry would occasionally have two boys take the ends of a hair rope and, stretching it tight, draw it back and forth under the belly or tail of the mule. That would really set off the fire-works but Harry would stick in the saddle like a veteran wrangler and got as much fun out of it as we did.

A really big neighborhood rally occurred in the last day of each school

year. That was the occasion when we would "Speak our pieces", have our dialogues, charades, pantomimes, and plays--when the girls would appear in their new or newly-laundered dresses, with hair tightly braided and adorned with gorgeous colored ribbons, and the boys would wear their "Sunday best."

Neighbors for miles around would flock in, the parents to witness with undisguised pride the accomplishments of their offspring, and those without children just to see the show. A motley assortment of conveyances was employed for transportation consisting of spring-wagons drawn by two horses, farm wagons with benches along the side or straw in the bottom, single-top buggies, open buggies, piano-box buggies, surries, carts, and saddle horses.

When school activities which were held in the afternoon terminated, all hands would go home, do the chores and return for the dance. Desks would be moved to the side walls and the floor made smooth by a liberal application of scrapings from wax candles. Music was furnished either by local talent or paid musicians from outside. The usual instruments were the violin, and guitar or the violin and string bass. Failure to obtain such music, however, did not dampen the ardor of the dancers for there could always be found someone who could play an accordion or harmonica. The most popular dances of the period were the plain quadrille, Lancers quadrille, polka, schottische (Plain, Highland, Military, Heel-and-toe), waltz, two-step and three-step.

A floor-manager was appointed whose function it was to "Call" the dances, make introductions, encourage the timid, and assume general management of the ball room. Dancing began at eight-thirty or nine o'clock. A gentleman escorting his lady to the function was expected to dance with her the first, the supper, and the final or "Home Sweet Home" dance. Aside from these three dances, it was his duty to provide her with suitable partners while he danced with others. To monopolize the attention of his own lady would have been construed as a discourtesy to the other ladies of the group.

At twelve o'clock coffee was made on the heating stove and the women would bring out their cakes, pies, cold chicken, roast ham and all the other good things for which the dear souls were so justly famous.

With supper over and the dishes cleared away, dancing was resumed until four or five o'clock in the morning when the youngsters, who had been bedded down on benches and chairs and covered with lap-ropes, over-coats, etc., were aroused, hustled into their respective vehicles and the horses, long since grown cold and impatient, headed for home. Everybody was tired but happy.

Another function of no less magnitude was the annual May-day picnic. This was an occasion when all work on the ranches, aside from necessary chores, was suspended and everybody turned out for a full day of fun and relaxation.

A committee, formed by common consent, would be assigned to select a suitable spot for the event. The picnic was usually held on the Webber ranch which abounded in shady nooks, large oak trees, green grass, running water,

and where plenty of room presented an ideal setting.

Long ropes attached to high limbs of the huge oaks provided swings for kiddies and grown-ups alike, and for the more rugged individuals there were ball games, wrestling and foot races, while croquet and horse-shoe games were available for the less active ones.

Fire arms were tabu following an unfortunate accident in which a boy, Sheridan Roper, had his arm nearly torn off by the accidental discharge of a shot-gun which he was exhibiting.

The stellar attraction, however, was the picnic dinner. Table cloths of various colors were spread on the grass forming one long table around which the entire group would sit, squat, or otherwise distort themselves, to partake of those grand products of culinary art provided by the good mothers who vied with each other in the quality and quantity of their ample offerings. Coffee was made on a campfire in large tin coffee pots and served with thick ranch cream. Then there was the ever-present lemonade. Mixed in large buckets, it was kept on tap throughout the day in some shady spot, with a long-handled dipper or ladle in each bucket for convenient serving.

The picnic was usually followed by an evening dance at some farm house. On one occasion the Ingram boys (four of them), all of whom were excellent musicians, brought their instruments and provided band music throughout the day.

At the age of eighteen, conditions were such that I could attend school no longer and thus my school days were terminated.

What little knowledge I acquired at the old ungraded school was augmented in a way by a course taken a few years later, in book-keeping and business forms with the International Correspondence School, followed by a course with Emerson's School of Efficiency, while employed at Agnews State Hospital.

GRIZZLY CANYON

Early in the 'eighties 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 fire place 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 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 the most brush into which the laggards of the herd would stray and have to be literally kicked out. Through heat and exhaustion the cattle became unruly and some were decidedly militant. One of them charged brother George and his horse was too thick for his horse to turn. The animal's head was on the side of his leg and pored the horse's side rather badly. The animal was so wild that it was strapped to the pommel while the rest of the herd was driven on. The work of her if she returned to the herd.

At noon, while the cattle were

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 return home and another two would ride back for a like period of time. Ernest and I took a shift, then Walt and Elmer, and Howard spent considerable time there alone. We had occasional nostalgic moments but there was always plenty to keep us busy and we really got a lot of fun out of it.

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. On such days we had little or no time for other work as it usually took the entire day and we were very tired youngsters by nightfall. The reason for such constant vigil was there were no fences and our stock must be prevented from wandering away and mingling with those of other squatters. On alternate days we would rustle fire wood, cook rice or beans and do other necessary chores. This was not so busy a day and we could also play around and do the things we liked.

When weather permitted we would often do the cooking outside. Having no stove, we cooked either on the open fire outside or in the fireplace.

Our bread was made with sour dough and baked in a skillet. When Ernest started to make the usual batch of bread one morning it was discovered that the lid had been left off the sour dough can, kept in a corner of the fireplace, and during the night an inquisitive mouse had fallen into the can and met a tragic death.

There we were, miles from home, with no bread and little of anything else to eat. The thought of eating bread made with dough in which a mouse had spent the night was anything but alluring, nor was the prospect of going without bread a pleasing outlook to a couple of hungry kids with a hard day's work ahead. After a lengthy discussion of our plight we decided to use the dough on the basis that it couldn't be poison and anyway we were hard boiled mountaineers and should not permit such a minor detail to sway us from prescribed routine.

The bread was cooked and each took a slab and began eating with a determination to forget the mouse incident and enjoy our breakfast. The meal had not progressed far, when I began to feel chills racing up and down my spine and an involuntary heaving of my insides. Placing the remainder of my bread slyly beside my plate and stealing a glance at Ernest I observed that he was doing exactly the same thing. As though by prearrangement we both bolted for the door and there under the spreading branches of the pine tree we heaved Jonah in perfect unison.

The next morning Ernest caught a saddle horse and rode home, returning in the evening with a fresh supply of sour dough and other needed supplies.

QUAIL

At the rear of the cabin was a grove of laurel trees which provided a harbor for a large covey of quail. We could hear their friendly chatter in the early morning before leaving their perches. At dusk the flurry of their wings could be heard as they flew in from the surrounding hills to seek shelter for the night.

We found several of their nests in the meadow near the cabin and would remove all of the eggs except one which was left for a "nest" egg. A visit the following day would reveal that the lady of the house had laid another egg, which in turn was diverted to our culinary store. After several days of such procedure the birds would evidently despair of any progress in their attempt to perpetuate the species, and abandon the nest. A lone exception to the rule was a mother quail that continued to lay her daily egg for two weeks and may have done so much longer but for the fact that upon our last inspection, instead of the customary egg we found a three-foot rattle snake coiled about the empty nest. We disposed of the snake but not before he had disposed of the source of our egg supply. The eggs were small but tasted mighty good when fried along with some home-cured bacon.

Our only firearm was an old muzzle-loading shot gun, but, owing to the limited amount of our ammunition, it was seldom used and consequently we had little wild game for the table.

We enjoyed a good fish dinner one day when we caught, with our own hands, a fourteen-inch brook trout which had been marooned in a pool at the edge of the creek. We got pine nuts from cones that were gathered to burn in the fireplace, and also from dead tree stumps which were studded with nuts driven into holes by wood-peckers. These would be cut out with an ax when reducing the stumps to fire-wood.

When the desire for thrills became overpowering we would go out on a hill-side and select a young pine tree fifteen or twenty feet high, to the top of which one of us would climb, and the other would cut the tree down. That ride through the air as the tree plunged down the hill would afford a real thrill, and, clinging to the upper side and protected by the springy boughs, the rider took little chance of being injured.

MILK

The absence of milk in our diet was very keenly felt, for at home no meal was complete without it; so after a time we decided to do something about it.

The horses were caught and a number of cows with calves were rounded up and run into an old corral that George had built while putting up the cabin. The cows were wild and it was not safe to go among them on foot. At that time we were sufficiently skilled to lasso from a horse, so after selecting a cow that was obviously furnishing milk to a young calf we dropped a rope over her horns

from the top rail and tied her to the fence. The rest of the stock was let out of the corral and the gate closed. After considerable maneuvering we managed to get another rope on her hind legs and, taking a turn around a snubbing post in the center of the corral, tightened the ropes until she lay on her side and in position to milk. After taking turns at stripping for fifteen or twenty minutes we terminated the process with a net result of only one pint of milk. Bossy showed her indignation at being thus outraged by viciously charging the fence where we perched after she had been released.

As the entire episode consumed the greater portion of the day we concluded that results did not justify the effort.

PAGE

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.

Elgin Page, who had other Government holdings, came into the canyon soon after we did and built a small shake hut a short distance from our cabin for the purpose of grazing the lands being used by us. We made no objection as the land was free and he had an equal right to grazing privileges, and for a time all was serene.

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, saying that he was merely chopping wood for the fireplace and that in his opinion no one had any prior right to the timber as it was on Federal property. 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. He underestimated the mettle in the boy, for Howard dropped his ax and sprinted toward the cabin. Page, seeing that he was no match for such a burst of speed, wheeled his horse, and 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.

This show of violence didn't set well with us and we were determined to play our best cards in what had developed into more than a battle of wits.

Page was not seen in the canyon again, but his father moved into their

shack, and while he made no show of physical violence, was discourteous, if not impudent in his manner.

While Walter and Elmer were staying at the cabin shortly after the above incident the old man's attitude created such resentment that when he returned after a few day's absence every window in his shack was broken, the shake walls battered in with cobble stones and the place in such a state of shambles as to be utterly untenable. No attempt to restore the shack was made and within a few days Page's cattle were moved to greener pastures.

Howard was alone in the canyon during a protracted storm and it became necessary for him to return home for food supplies. With the trails through the brushy country completely obliterated by a heavy fall of snow and landmarks obscured by a flurry of falling sleet, he soon lost his way. To make matters worse his horse, Sandy, a pony bought from the Cayuse Indians by George on a hunting trip to Oregon, became exhausted from wallowing through the deep snow and could go no further. Hanging the saddle and bridle high in a tree out of reach of coyotes, the boy then proceeded on foot.

A lad with less experience and native judgement might have become confused and perished in the snow which by then was several feet deep, making progress slow and difficult. At one place in a deep canyon he came upon a trail which was well outlined and packed down by the passing of a grizzly bear. The tracks made by the bear led for some distance in what he judged to be the right direction so he took advantage of the better footing and followed the path to the crest of a ridge which he recognized as being close to the Bollinger cabin. It was nightfall when he reached the cabin, where Mr. Kassler welcomed the tired and shivering lad and gave him warm food and coffee. It was necessary to cut the boot from one of his feet which was badly frozen. Applications of snow were made but with little effect as he had been in the cold for so long a time.

After a night's rest in the warm glow of the great fireplace and a hot breakfast he left for home on a horse borrowed from the Bollinger ranch. With the condition of the frozen foot such that the stirrup could not be used, the trip home was not a pleasant one. He was confined to the house for several weeks as a result of the injury.

After the snow had melted the saddle and bridle were recovered but no sign of Sandy was to be found. In her weakened condition and the scarcity of food during the bleak winter months she could not be expected to survive.

One morning in the late spring, Ernest and I were eating breakfast when we heard the clop-clop of horses feet coming up the cabin trail. We went to the door to investigate and there we saw old Sandy horse, swinging along at a lively pace, fat as a seal and apparently glad to be home again.

The environment in which she had been reared in eastern Oregon had no doubt fitted her for the ordeal through which she had just passed and it was

"all in a day's work" for her.

RODEO

Uncle Howard and I were bringing some cattle from the canyon to the home ranch, and upon reaching Halls Valley found that the annual Spring round-up was in progress, so we decided to stay over and take part in it.

Stock men and their cowboys from many miles around were gathered there and the riders were combing the hills for cattle which were driven down to the floor of the valley where they were held by other riders. There were no fences. By nightfall the last stragglers were driven in by the yelling cowboys and some three hundred head of bawling cattle were milling about in one large drove held by riders ever on the alert to forestall the attempt of any steer that might make a break for liberty.

When some restless animal would persist in an attempt to break herd he would be given what was called the "tail" treatment. To do this, some cowboy with a fast horse would ride after the steer and by keeping in close would catch him by the tail and, coordinating his action with that of the steer, in a split-second when the animal's hind feet were off the ground the vaquero would take a turn around the horn of the saddle with the steer's tail and at the same instant swing his horse sharply to one side. This would throw the animal off balance and going at such speed he would land sprawling on his back. Scrambling to his feet in absolute bewilderment, the steer would take refuge with the herd, so completely frustrated that further treatment of the sort was never necessary.

Early in the day a fat yearling steer was roped and killed to provide meat for the hungry cow-men. Quartered and hung in a nearby tree it was at the disposal of all hands. Each fellow would cut off a piece to his liking and cook it over a large fire of oak wood which was kept burning day and night. This meat, cold biscuits brought from the ranch kitchens and plenty of black coffee constituted the menu.

The head of the animal was considered a real luxury by the Mexican vaqueros. A hole was dug in the ground three feet deep and two feet in diameter into which was shovelled a foot of live coals. The coals were then covered with a few inches of earth and on this was placed the calf's head wrapped in a wet sack. Then came more moist earth, followed by another foot of coals, when the hole was finally filled to the top with more earth. Thus was the theory of the fireless cooker first applied. The following morning the head was dug up, steaming hot and thoroughly cooked through, the skin removed, and the morsel was ready for consumption.

The head with the eyes still in their sockets glared up at me accusingly, and I could not bring myself to eat any part of it, but the Mexicans were truly in their element and devoured all but the ears, snout and embryo horns.

We took turns at riding herd the first half of the night, then snatched what

sleep we could lying by the fire. We were stiff and lame from sleeping on the ground without blankets, but with daylight, came the hustle of everybody preparing breakfast, and we were soon limbered up and ready for the activities to follow. After breakfast, came the task of separating the stock into groups according to brand or ear-mark. This was slow work and took most of the day.

The groups were held at a distance by riders while others rode among the stock and singled them out to join the herd to which they belonged.

There were several with neither brand nor ear-mark. These were called mavericks and became the property of the first man to get his mark on them. In fairness to all concerned, the marking of these was left until all others had been separated, then the mad rush was on. Two cowboys from the same outfit would usually work together. The game got pretty rough at times -- but all was in good spirit.

ROPING

Associated, as we were, with cowboys and horsemen, it was natural that our ambition should be to become one of them, so at a tender age we began to master the art of roping. First, with a piece of bailing rope we practised on young calves, then with longer grass ropes we caught yearlings, goats, etc., and finally with a raw-hide riata and a saddle horse we tackled grown stock of all description until eventually we could compete favorably with any of the cowboys in our section of the country.

Our mother did not fully sanction having us practise on our stock because of the danger of injuring them; so, without her knowledge, we would slip away and hold an impromptu round-up in the back country with stock belonging to the McDermott ranch.

On one occasion we had roped a good sized calf and one of us had dismounted to release the calf, when an angry cow, probably the mother, came charging after us. The lad on foot ran to the creek bed with the cow in close pursuit, and as he sprang from rock to rock the cow stumbled and fell among the boulders and there she lay. We tried to help her to her feet but got no assistance from her, nor could we move her with our horses and ropes, so there was nothing to do but leave her there and trust that in some way she might manage to extricate herself.

When later we returned to the scene of the crime we found the skeleton of the poor creature bleached in the sun where she had fallen.

That was our last round-up on forbidden grounds and our ardor for the sport was dampened for a time, but scars soon heal in the young mind and we were soon swinging the riatas again, but with a greater degree of caution.

I had an experience when roping a calf which might well come under the heading of "Once in a lifetime". A yearling steer had broken into the grain field and, after several attempts to drive him out, I roped him with the idea

of getting him through the fence with less damage to the grain crop. As the loop settled around the steer's neck I took my "Tallys" on the saddle horn. Bell came to a full stop and as the steer came to the end of the rope he was pulled directly over backward with such force that one hind leg was broken.

I felt pretty sick about it but mother, bless her heart, said that "It could happen to anybody". I put him out of his misery and, as he was good and fat, brother Ernest sold the meat over the counter in his butcher shop at Evergreen.

The view that mother took in this particular case was in keeping with her attitude at another time when impulse dominated my judgement.

A young cow that had been milked but a few times was in the corral with other milk cows, and late one evening when I attempted to milk her she jumped the bars, and ran across the creek into a thicket of bushes and berry vines. After trying to dislodge her with small rocks and clods, during which time the only thing that ran out was my patience, I picked up a stone the size of a base ball, and moving about until her white face could be seen in the moonlight, threw the stone with all my might. The cow toppled over. The stone had crushed her skull and she was dead.

When advised of what I had done, mother said quietly "Well son, I'm sorry and I know that you are, so let's make the best of it." Can anyone wonder that we idolized our mother?

The cow was a fat one so that made another critter for Ernest to dispose of through his butcher shop.

WORKING "OUT"

Income from the ranch was so meager that when opportunity afforded we boys would work away from home. Howard, being the eldest, was the first to do this and then as we developed physically, Ernest and I took turns at earning a little money to augment the family budget. My first job was at the age of ten when I drove team on a harrow for Mr. Carling. It was a might proud boy who for a week's work was able to turn over to his mother the sum of three dollars.

At the age of sixteen I got a job in San Jose driving team for a contractor who was hauling gravel from the Guadalupe river to the Plaza (now City Hall Park) on Market St., where a fill was being made by the City for construction of the City Hall. The location was across the street from the building in which was held the first meeting of the California State Legislature in 1849.

There was no water in the stream during summer months and the wagons were driven down a road cut in the west bank just south of the bridge on Willow Street. Loading was done by a crew of shovelers, most of whom were Mexicans, under supervision of a boss named Cunan. An extra span of horses, called the snatch team, was employed to help pull the loaded wagons from the river bottom up onto the street.

When the empty wagon pulled into the creek the driver was required to take a shovel and assist in the loading. Cunan, who was the Irish section boss type, would call out to the men "Heave 'er up, me hearty bucks", "Cover the maker's name" (Which meant the name stamped on the shovel handle above the blade). Most of the Mexicans were members of a gang of notorious hoodlums from the south end of town, but were good workers and well able to "cover the maker's name".

I got room and board with my employer who lived but a short distance from the livery stable on south First Street where our teams were kept. After a couple of weeks I developed an ulcerated tooth and went home, so Ernest finished out the job. I was glad to get home but the tooth trouble persisted, and a few days later I went to Dr. Bland in San Jose and had two teeth extracted.

It was my first experience in a dentist's chair and one to be long remembered. No anaesthetic of any sort was used. The Doctor simply jammed his forceps down around the tooth and pulled and pried until something gave way. I was ready to collapse by the time the ordeal was over and then he looked the part, for the Doctor had me lie on the couch and gave me my first drink of whiskey.

The usual pay for farm labor was one dollar a week. During the haying season it was \$1.25. I liked working in the fields and the hauling hauled hay with four teams in a day.

could do a pretty good job at driving. When working for Frank Senn we hauled over the Metcalf road from what is now the Ramelli ranch and sold the hay in the San Jose market.

This road was very steep and narrow, having been cut from a steep rocky hillside. It was but wide enough for the wagon wheels and on the outside the bank dropped off abruptly to a depth of several hundred feet. When making the sharp turns it was necessary to hold the leader team back and let the wagon pole extend out over the lower bank to prevent scraping the bank on the high side. One of the best horses I had was on the wheel team and was totally blind. She was a fine large mare and a splendid work animal. A strong companionship existed between us, as one's heart will go out in sympathy to a creature whose every movement depends so completely upon human guidance.

Frank was a grand fellow and I enjoyed working with him. He carried a six-gun in the jockey-box of his wagon, and when going up the grade would occasionally signal for me to stop while he took a shot at a squirrel or rabbit.

The year before I worked for him his father was killed while hauling loose hay from the field to the barn. In making a turn from a steep side road into the main travelled road the load of hay slid forward and he fell beneath the wagon wheels and was run over. Too badly injured to be moved from his home (we had no ambulances in those days), the doctor treated him there. It developed that several badly broken ribs had punctured his lungs. I sat with him during the night and he died the following day. He left a family of eight children, Frank being the eldest.

Several tragic accidents occurred on the old Metcalf road. One of our neighbors in attempting to cross the Coyote river near the highway, when the flood water was high, was swept down the stream and both he and his team were drowned.

A man who conducted a wood sales yard in San Jose attempted to negotiate the road with six horses and two wagons loaded with wood. Although warned against it he laughed it off and started down. He had not gone far when, on one of the short turns, the trailer wagon ran off the edge of the road, broke its coupling and hurtled over the precipice to the bottom of the gorge with its two cords of stove wood. Neither wagon nor wood was recovered.

Rated as about the hardest work in haying season was the job of baling. My experience at this was with Jake Biederman who operated what was called a Petaluma press. The process of operation was for two men to pitch the hay into the top of the press while one man forced it down into the box by jumping on it. When the box was well packed the cover was fastened down with a clamp, and the hay was further compressed by the bottom of the box being forced upward with tremendous pressure, applied by a rope being wound on a large drum, and a team of horses hitched to the end of the rope. Five pieces of baling rope, which had been placed in the bottom of the box, were then tied,

the bale released, weighed and rolled away. The workers usually rotated with the work, each man jumping out ten bales at a stretch.

While on this job I was troubled with a severe pain in my right side. Although continuing with the work until the baling was done I was destined to see several months of semi-idleness.

The trouble first appeared on a Sunday when I was at home and riding a young horse after some cattle. The horse began to buck on a steep hill-side and, to avoid being brushed from the saddle, as he ran under a low limb of a tree it was necessary for me to swing to the side of the horse, and in regaining an upright position I was seized with a sharp pain in the side that just about doubled me up.

When the job terminated our family physician, Dr. Curnow, was consulted. He pronounced it pleurisy and recommended porous plasters, cold baths and no hard work. For many months the pain persisted and at times was extremely acute but, with a mother and sister who were never found wanting in their care and consideration for my welfare and comfort, I eventually emerged from the affliction with no apparent ill effects.

Twenty-five years later some X-rays, that were taken when being treated for some gall bladder trouble, revealed a group of scars in the right lung, which indicated conclusively that I had been a victim of tuberculosis.

By subsequent medical standards such treatment would not warrant a favorable prognosis but it is presumed that the recovery was due to a combination of circumstances, viz.: Pure air, pure water, plenty of rich milk and cream, cares and prayers of a sainted mother and sister, and a blissful ignorance of the true nature of the malady.

During my enforced inactivity our supply of fire wood had become depleted almost to the vanishing point, and we were feeling no little concern about the situation, when something took place which revealed the social structure of our immediate neighborhood.

One morning we were surprised to see a group of some twenty-five or thirty people drive into the yard, and from the various vehicles the men were seen to take saws, axes, mauls and wedges and trek across the field to a group of oak trees, which they proceeded to reduce into stove wood.

Meanwhile the women were not idle, for when the men returned toward evening after having cut sufficient wood to carry us through the winter, they sat down to a dinner such as can come only from those farm kitchens, and prepared by the deft hands of those good housewives.

When people will leave their own work, of which there is always an abundance, to perform such acts of kindness, it renews one's faith in all mankind and adds fiber to those precious ties which bind one neighbor to another.

The following summer I took a job working on a header for Josh McDaniels. This work was less strenuous than the hay-press job, although any part of the heading process was no child's play.

The machine was powered with six horses hitched abreast behind the

sickle-bar, and steered by a tiller bar on a beam running between the two middle horses. As the grain was cut it was carried by an elevator and dropped into a wagon being driven alongside. A man on the wagon would spread the grain about, and when filled to the top, the wagon would be driven away to the stack and another would take its place. It usually required three wagons to keep the header going.

My jobs on the various machines on which I worked during several seasons were; Loading for the Murphy boys; Stacking for Lee Taylor; Driving wagon for McDaniels and Mert Beckwith.

Work on the Richards fruit ranch near Evergreen seemed like pretty much of a snap as compared with harvesting jobs.

There was the work of picking apricots and peaches, cutting and spreading them on trays, putting them through the sulphur house, and placing the trays in the sun for drying, then boxing and storing the dried product. I was soon given the job of driving team to haul fruit from the orchards to the drying yard, and from the ranch to market.

Mr. Richards bought a span of young horses soon after I went to work for him and gave orders that no one was to handle them but me. They were horses weighing about fifteen hundred pounds, roan in color and well matched in spirit and conformation. The road from the lower orchard made a couple of sharp turns and was too steep for one team to pull a full load of fruit up to the dry-grounds so an extra team was used. In the past the driver of the extra, or lead, team would walk along beside and guide his team while the man on the wagon would drive the wheel horses. My team, being the faster, was used as the lead team but that idea of walking and driving didn't appeal to me, so I put extensions on the reins and drove the two teams from the driver's seat. The other drivers were skeptical and warned that the two teams could not be maneuvered around those turns without upsetting the wagon. The undertaking did not seem difficult to me for I was accustomed to driving over some pretty tough roads. With a yell at the leaders and a crack of the whip we sailed up the incline and around the turns without difficulty and came to a stop beside the loading platform. From that time on I was called the "Hank Monk" of the outfit.

It was a good crew of fellows and we had a lot of fun after working hours. What with one of the boys playing on the guitar and me sawing the old fiddle, together with various barber-shop singing, there were not many dull moments.

Practical jokes were not uncommon and with one exception were taken in a spirit of comradeship.

The one exception was when we pulled one on the Chinese cook which came near costing some of our jobs. After serving the Saturday evening meal the cook was excused from duty until Monday morning and during his absence those remaining were obliged to cook their own meals. Knowing the characteristic superstition of the Chinese race we planned a little surprise for our cook when

he was to return Sunday evening. With some clothing from his closet and some pillows we fashioned a dummy and, placing it in a sitting position on his bed, attached a string to an arm and to the door in such a manner that the opening of the door would cause the arm to be elevated. His room was one of several in a bunk-house where a number of us slept and my room was next to his. It was his custom to spend his evenings in the Chinese gambling dens of San Jose until the wee sma' hours then walk to the ranch, a distance of six miles.

About two o'clock I was awakened by the sound of his foot-steps as he came onto the bunk-house porch. There was a full moon and as he unlocked the door and started to enter he evidently beheld that apparition sitting on his bed in the moon-light with arm menacingly extended. With a blood-curdling yell Mr. Chinaman slammed the door and lit out for town on the dead run. He was seen a half mile away, still running. That was the end of his stay on the ranch and came near being the end of ours as the foreman vowed that he would fire those responsible for the outrage. However, he was unable to place the blame, although, judging from the trend of his interrogations, he evidently had his suspicions, for nobody knew a thing about it.

One of the itinerant fruit pickers was drafted for the cooking job and the food that fellow put on the table was something truly terrible. We felt that the boss didn't try very hard to find a cook and purposely compelled us to eat the product of that fruit picker's culinary skill for nearly a week. We secretly agreed at the end of that week that we had paid dearly for our fun.

One Sunday when most of the boys were absent a member of the fruit picking gang made a tour of the rooms and with a collection of plunder gathered therefrom vanished into thin air. I had gone home for the week-end and upon returning found that several articles of clothing were missing and that an attempt had been made to pry open my fiddle box. Fortunately the lock held and the box was not taken. The probable reason for leaving it was that it was considered too bulky an addition to the balance of his loot and too conspicuous for a man walking on an open road. The box was one that Brother George had made and the violin was brought to California by his father in their prairie-schooner in 1862 and regarded by our family as an heirloom.

Returning home one Saturday night I found the folks agog over a report from sister Millie, who was staying with a neighbor, Mrs. Newell, whose husband was away from home, that night prowlers had been heard around the Newell house on several occasions.

A quantity of dried fruit had been stored in a second-story room having an outside stairway and no lock on the door. Prowlers had been heard in this room which led to the belief that they were helping themselves to the fruit.

Walter was working at home at the time so we planned to guard the house. Soon after it became dark, armed with rifle and pistol, we approached the house and took our stations; he in a small milk house at the rear of the main building and I in a wood shed commanding a view of the outside stairway.

All was quiet until about eleven o'clock, which was the hour of their former visits, when suddenly from an unseen source a light was shone upon me and my surroundings. Dodging into the shadow of the wood shed I waited, vainly trying to locate the source of the light, and after a very few moments the light went out.

After having remained there in fancied seclusion for several hours, I felt helpless and foolish to suddenly find myself sitting there on a box with a rifle across my knees in full view of some unseen person obviously bent on some unholy mission. Nothing further developed and some time later, by pre-arranged signal, we met at the rear of the house to compare notes. Walter's experience was identical with mine. A light had been shone on the milk room but directly upon him as he was inside looking through the lattice work and well concealed from view.

I was obliged to return to my job the next day so Walter spent the following night at the house with the women folks. About the same hour in the night Walter was awakened by Millie, who had heard sounds at the rear of the house. The door between the kitchen and the dining room was ajar, and through this it could be seen that a light was being shone through a small kitchen window by someone who was apparently doing some exploring. With pistol in hand Walter eased the door wider open and fired at the window through which the light was coming. All was dark immediately following the shot and Walter slipped through the kitchen into the living room and concealed himself by the chimney of a large inside-fireplace and waited. All was quiet for about a half-hour, when there was a light shone into the room where Walter was in hiding and, while he could not be seen, his location was obviously known. Not knowing through which window the light was coming he dared not expose himself to do any more shooting. Simultaneously with the shining of the light, footsteps could be heard in the upper room as the accomplice there boldly walked down the stairs, after which they could be heard retreating through the orchard together. In this get-away the men showed excellent team work.

Upon examination the next morning it was found that Walter's bullet had gone through the middle of the window about six inches above the sill, a perfect shot, but the invader was evidently no novice and ducked in time to save his life.

Walter stayed three nights until Mr. Newell returned, but the marauders evidently did not like the fire-works and played no further engagements.

This was prior to the advent of the electric flash light. The only thing available was what was called the "dark lantern". The dark lantern had, instead of a glass globe, a tin cylinder encircling the kerosene light and having a slot-like opening on one side which could be opened and closed by a sliding metal shutter. This was probably the kind of light used by the prowlers.

When this episode became known among our friends a searching party was organized and the country-side scoured for miles around which resulted only in the discovery of a freshly abandoned camp a mile from the Newell house.

The camp was watched for some time afterward by those living on the nearby ranches but no one was seen to return to it.

The temper of those mountain boys was such that it would have gone pretty hard with anyone who could not have established a perfect alibi.

The following season (1891) I worked on a threshing machine in southern California for Wilson Lipe of San Jose who owned and operated the outfit. Mr. Lipe ran the engine, his wife did the cooking and my job was firing the engine. Wages \$2.50 a day. Firing the engine entailed a constant poking of straw with a pitchfork into the fire-box to maintain a certain steam pressure in the boiler. A pile of straw was kept for the purpose at the rear of the engine and replenished from time to time by the straw-buck, when signaled to by a couple of toots from the engine's whistle. After becoming accustomed to the work, the engineer job was largely my responsibility, as the boss' time was pretty much taken up in overseeing the operations of the entire outfit.

In the evening after the machine was shut down and supper over (the cook house comprised a kitchen and dining room mounted on wheels and located but a short distance away) the day's work was finished for the balance of the crew, but not for me. The fire box had to be cleaned, the boiler tubes swabbed out, and oil cups filled, so by the time this was done it was nine o'clock and time to roll in.

Four o'clock in the morning came all too soon, and was heralded by an alarm from the cook house where Mr. and Mrs. Lipe slept. My bed-roll was spread on the straw pile by the engine. A piece of canvas covering the bed and draped over the handle of a pitchfork stuck in the straw at the head of the bed formed an improvised tent, which served to protect me and the bedding from the moisture of those southern California fogs. My first job in the morning was to start a fire in the engine, and while steam was being generated my bedding was shaken out, rolled and tied, and made ready to be picked up later by the roustabout who put it on the feed wagon with the rest of the bed-rolls, to be transported to the next point of operation. By the time this was done enough steam had been generated to blow the whistle and wake up the crew. My pet peeve was that while I was busy with the engine in the evening the other boys would be gathered in groups and having a lot of fun boxing, wrestling, playing cards, etc.. My only opportunity for such recreation was on Sundays, and then only after necessary repairs had been made on equipment.

My chief interest was in wrestling and boxing, and there was no shortage of competition in these sports. I had made a pretty fair showing in several bouts when a difference of opinion arose as to who was the better boxer, a big Missourian who operated a derrick fork, or myself. After a lot of bantering among the boys, bets were made and the time came for us to lock horns. The Missourian had an advantage of twenty pounds in weight and was the favorite.

Some time before leaving home Brother Walter and I had a rather consid-

erable attention to the science of counter-punching and I was anxious for a chance to use it in a real scrap. There was not much action in the first round as each fellow was feeling the other out, but in the second, things warmed up and we were throwing punches at a lively rate. My purpose was to feint him into a lead with his left which was his best blow. The opportunity soon came and as he made a swing which, had it landed would have ended the affair, I ducked to the left and countered with a right on his chin and he hit the ground and the scrap was over.

My next challenge came from a man who operated the other derrick fork. He was a young Mexican weighing 200 lbs. while my weight was but 165. The show was pulled off on the following Sunday and while my stock had come up some as a result of my win over the Missourian, the Mexican was the favorite for he bore a local reputation of being a pretty tough hombre.

Well, it was largely a repetition of the previous bout except that the Mexican went down three times before he stayed there.

A wrestling match had been arranged with the roustabout who had quite a rep. as a grappler, but after my successes in the boxing contests my opponent withdrew his challenge with the statement that he "Didn't want any of that damned cow-boy's medicine". It was probably fortunate for me that he did, for he might have bitten quite a chunk out of the reputation I had gained.

Our threshing operations extended all the way from Redondo Beach to Santa Ana. We liked being near the beach where we could take a dip in the ocean after the day's work was over.

When at camp near Inglewood I beheld the first orange tree I had ever seen. In my enthusiasm over the prospect of picking an orange I shinned up an old seedling tree, and while my ambition was realized, my enthusiasm was severely shaken by the fact that my arms and legs were bleeding in half a dozen places from contact with savage thorns and my Sunday suit suffered several jagged tears and was covered with dust and cobwebs. Anyway it was something to write home about.

The trip from San Jose to Los Angeles was my first ride on a railroad train. Not having the price of a Pullman and getting but little sleep in the chair car, Los Angeles looked good when we arrived the next morning.

Los Angeles at that time had the appearance of a large country village sprawling over a lot of territory with shabby buildings and narrow streets where people meandered aimlessly about with no apparent destination in mind. All of this in striking contrast with the up-and-going, hustle and hurry of the San Francisco populace.

We had little time or opportunity to see many places of interest, but made the best of such time as was afforded.

Orange Hathaway was a member of our crew and a young lad with whom I had formed a very pleasant friendship. He and I went to Santa Monica on one of our Sundays to see the sights and have a swim in the commercial swimming pool. Orange had travelled with a circus as a contortionist. Emerging from

his dressing room he created consternation among the spectators by walking on his hands to the edge of the pool and in that same inverted position descending the steps into the water until only his feet were visible. He was an expert swimmer and diver.

On another occasion we visited the ostrich farm where I bought a large plume for sister Millie. She prized the plume very highly and it was found among her effects after she passed away twenty years later.

After a two-month's stay it was good to be home again with mother and Millie who had been carrying on during my absence.

I was ten pounds heavier than when I left home.

My work the following season was with Andy Fowler's threshing machine in Santa Clara valley. This time it was handling a derrick fork, the toughest job on the machine. Wages were \$3.00 for a twelve hour day.

Grain to be threshed was cut with a header and put in double stacks with a passage between, where, in threshing, the separator was placed. On the separator was a table or platform on either side of which stood two men (called the Hoe-down men) whose job it was to pull the grain into the cylinder of the machine from the table with hoe-down forks where it was dumped by the derrick forks. The derrick forks (two in number) were equipped with a long rope with which they were pulled by the forker, who stood on the stack, and plunged into the grain, then hoisted high above the table by a rope running through a pulley at the bottom of the derrick pole and down through another at the base. A single horse hitched to the end of the rope, usually driven by a teen-age boy, furnished the power. When the loaded fork was pulled into position it was tripped by a jerk of the forker's rope and the contents dropped on the table. The forkers worked alternately. When one was being pulled up with a load the other was being pulled back and set. It was rugged work, pulling a sixty-pound fork back across a stack of loosely piled grain for six hours at a stretch, and when I took the job, being a tall gangling kid, it was predicted by many that I wouldn't last 'till the first pay day (Saturday). The man on the other fork was a Mexican, older than I and well seasoned in that sort of work. It was mighty tough for a while. Gripping the rope and letting it slide through the hands seared my palms and wore the skin 'till 'twas like taking hold of a hot iron. When straightening the fingers in the morning blood would gush out of the cracks in the skin at the knuckle joints. To get the hands limbered up I would get an oil can from the engineer and squirt oil on the palms and rub it in well before going to work. This treatment was repeated frequently during the day. After a week or ten days the hands were healed and soon became calloused and hard and gave no more trouble.

That one should drink sparingly of water when doing hard manual work in hot weather is a fact which was brought forcibly to my understanding one day while on this job. The sun was hot and I had been drinking frequently and copiously from the water jug which was kept on the shady side of the stack.

Suddenly I observed that I had ceased to perspire. My head was hot, my feet were unsteady and that sixty pound fork felt like it weighed a ton. One of the boys, Gus Kettman, saw my condition and suggested that we trade jobs for a while so he took the derrick fork and after taking a good rest in the shade I drove the water wagon team for a couple of hours. Taking his advice to drink no more than two swallows of water at a time, I soon began to perspire normally and was able to go back to work on the stack.

I felt and still feel an undying gratitude for the kindness shown me on that occasion by Gus Kettman.

The last threshing we did was on the Hubbard ranch in Halls Valley, and there was where I received my baptism of fire. The last field where we threshed contained several stacks of grain and smart, or skunk, weed in about equal proportions. Having had some experience with dust from skunk weed we drew straws to decide who should work on the windy side and I lost the draw and was compelled to work where the wind blew from the separator and sprayed me with the dust. The effect was not unlike what one would expect from an application of cayenne pepper on a perspiring body. With my entire body smarting and eyes and nose burning and weeping, the tripping of that last fork-full of grain for the day, and season, was a mighty welcome occasion.

With a tremendous desire to get home where a bath and change of clothing could be had, I made an agreement with one of the boys by which he was to drive team for me on the return trip and I would ride his horse and take a short-cut which would get me out of the hills an hour sooner than the rest of the outfit.

I was cinching saddle and about to mount when Andy, the boss, came over and said, "What's the idea here"? Hearing my explanation he simply said, "Nothing doing. You brought the rig in and you're taking it out". So that was that.

It was a disappointment alright, as my body was burning like fire, but my pride was bolstered when told by the assistant boss that Andy had said "Ted's the only man in the crew that I'd trust with that engine".

As soon as my hands were healed at the beginning of the season I had been assigned to the chore of driving the teams that lugged the engine when moving. It was no mean accomplishment to negotiate the steep descent from Halls Valley where the road bed was rough with many sharp turns. With four horses hitched to the top-heavy engine and trailing a long feed wagon the possibility of trouble was anything but remote. Things went OK, however, and we pulled safely into Fowler's Lane near Evergreen where the equipment was stored for the winter and we boys received our final pay.

CATTLE DRIVE

As a result of a rail-road strike among engineers and firemen in 1892-3 all coast shipping was at a stand-still, during which time many of the promi-

ment stockmen drove their butcher cattle to the San Francisco market.

At the request of Elhin Page, foreman of the McDermott ranch, I was one of the three cow-hands selected to move 205 head of stock from the ranch to South San Francisco's Butcher Town. The herd had been rounded up the day before we were to start and held at Madrone, eighteen miles south of San Jose. At five o'clock we were on our way, moving at snail's pace along the old Monterey road, later called Camino Real (Royal Highway), so named because this was the route taken by the Franciscan Friars when establishing the famous California Missions. Our route through San Jose was via Market St. to Santa Clara St. then west to the town of Santa Clara over The Alameda. The Alameda was skirted on either side with a row of willow trees, with another row of the same in the middle of the road dividing the highway into two separate drives. Along the east side was a carline over which horse-drawn cars ran and connected with another line forming a loop, via Polhemus and Hobson, with the north First St. line.

The sun had sunk behind the hills when we reached Santa Clara and we decided to hold stock for the night in Scott Lane at the north-west border of the town. During the latter part of the day's drive our foreman spent his time in the various saloons along the way which left the responsibility of procedure with the three riders, Irving Finlay, Larry O'Tool and myself.

Taking my station at the north of the herd, the other boys guarded the south entrance to the lane where the potential traffic hazard was greater. Not until eleven o'clock did our foreman arrive on the scene to bring our supper-- a sandwich and bottle of beer for each. I didn't drink beer and that lone sandwich seemed like pretty slim fare having had nothing to eat since a hurried four o'clock breakfast at the ranch. After midnight I got some rest but no sleep by hitching my horse to the fence and propping myself against the saddle on the other side of the road with the saddle blanket over my legs.

In the morning it was discovered that some of the stock had broken the fence into an orchard, wandered back to the highway, and were on their way back to the McDermott ranch. Larry and I held the herd together while Irv. and the boss rounded up the strays. When the boys returned we went in relays to an eating house for breakfast and had the herd moving at eight o'clock. That evening the stock was put into a small enclosure a short distance from Redwood City and given their first food since leaving home. Our horses had fared no better and shared the hay which by prearrangement had been provided by a local farmer. We boys had meals at a ranch home and slept in their bunk-house.

We met several groups of riders on the road returning from San Francisco after delivering their stock. Among them was Henry Miller, the famous cattle king of the West. He and his cowboys were watering their horses at a trough in Mountain View. After a brief conversation he went his way and we ours.

The trip was not without its thrills, for I was riding a hackamore colt which was ever on the alert for an excuse to pull off a show if not throw off a rider. On the outskirts of Redwood City a cow had been tethered to the fence with a long rope and as I crossed the rope in an effort to keep our stock moving the cow reached the end of her rope which came up against the belly of my mount. That was reason aplenty for the little nag to put on her rodeo act and she did it with a vengeance.

She went into the air like a sky-rocket and came down stiff-legged as a buck deer on a rattlesnake. Giving no heed to the ten-second limit the professional riders are required to stay, she ran the event over-time by a margin that seemed interminable to me. I was still in the saddle but a mighty dishevelled looking cow-hand when she decided to call a recess.

The remainder of the trip was without special incident and we reached South San Francisco in time to visit the slaughter houses and witness their methods of operation.

Our boss remained in San Francisco to arrange for sale of the stock and we boys returned to Redwood City where we spent the night and rode back to the ranch the following day.

The drive was not a financial success as the strike broke the day after we landed and our stock sold for five cents a pound - the same price that was offered at the ranch by a San Jose dealer. The expense of the trip coupled with the shrinkage sustained in such a drive represented a substantial loss to the owner.

ROAD WORK

Responsibility for the maintenance of county roads was vested in each district in a man called a Road Master who was appointed by the Supervisor of the district.

For many years this position in our district was held by Frank Lee who lived at the intersection of Metcalf and San Felipe roads. Mr. Lee distributed the work among those in the neighborhood and we boys received a fair share of the patronage. Payment received for the work was two dollars a day and four for man and team.

Some winters, as a result of heavy rainfall, there would be slides in the banks of the roads which at times would require several days work with all available man-power to make the road usable. The work was done with pick and shovel, and with horse-drawn plows and scrapers (Fresno and V).

During the winter of 1889-90, the heavy and protracted rains caused a series of slides which closed the road completely for three weeks. Great quantities of earth, rocks and trees obliterated the highway in places and was so sloppy and tangled with rocks, trees and rocks that teams could not be used and it was necessary to move the earth and rocks with hand tools.

At this time something happened which threatened to disrupt the cordial relations that existed and to create a division of sentiment among the neighbors.

The road master was away when the slides occurred and our close neighbor Alex Kersell, and we boys, realizing the seriousness of being so completely bottled up, took picks and shovels from Lee's barn and went to work at the task of clearing the road. Lee returned two days later and became quite incensed because we had begun the work without special authorization from him.

Assembling a crew, including the Kidder boys, Lee's brother Fred, and a wood-cutter named Morgan, he appeared where we were working and demanded that we stop. We learned later that they had planned to start a fight, beat us up and take the tools. Each of them had selected the one he was to tackle and Lee was to lead off by attacking Kersell.

Sauntering ominously up, closely flanked by his followers, Lee demanded of Kersell that he surrender his shovel. Seeing the attitude of the opposition and feeling the injustice of it all, Alex's Scotch blood began to boil and, not being the type to back-pedal when a good scrap was in the offing, as he stood the shovel up with his foot on the blade and a firm grip on the handle with his left hand, remarked, "All right, come and get it if you think you can". We boys lined up beside Alex, and were ready for whatever might come.

Lee, who lacked the back-bone required in a scrapper, still hoping to make his bluff work and not wanting to back down in the presence of his followers who were pretty tough lads, slowly took off his coat, and carefully folding it, laid it gingerly on the bank by the roadside, patted it with his hands a couple of times, and with fingers trembling began to roll up his sleeves. Both groups, like players on opposing football teams, were waiting tensely for the starting signal. But Lee's courage failed him completely and the starting signal was never sounded. The sight of that sturdy Scot defiantly waiting for the attack was too much and wisely forsaking valor for discretion, remarked, as he began rolling down his sleeve, "Well boys, let's not have any trouble over this, we can find tools enough for all hands". Tension was over but no love feast ensued. Our group stayed closely together as did theirs for the balance of the day.

However, by the following morning tempers had cooled and friendly relations were resumed, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. We had been good pals and a breach in such friendships would have been deplorable indeed.

Lee's pride had been wounded and, while outwardly he seemed friendly enough, he refused to report the time we worked. After a delay of several months we appealed to the Supervisor and shortly thereafter received our pay.

During the time that the road was closed our household ran short of food so brother Howard, with saddle horse and pack animals, came over the ridges to the store at Evergreen and returned with the needed supplies.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

In the summer of 1886 we made a pilgrimage across the Santa Cruz mountains from our home in Santa Clara County, a distance of fifty miles, and for the first time viewed the Mighty Pacific.

Transportation was by means of two double-seated spring wagons each drawn by a span of our farm horses. The group consisted of Mother, sister Millie, Louise and Alta Adams, Ida and Bernice Coyle, brothers Ernest, Walter and myself.

Leaving early in the morning, brother Howard rode with us to San Jose where he took a train to San Francisco and there embarked on a coast steamer for Coos Bay, Oregon, for a visit with brother George and family and to seek employment in the nearby lumber camps.

Middle afternoon found us pitching camp by the roadside on the summit of the Santa Cruz mountains. This was familiar country to mother who, some twenty years prior had lived in the vicinity while her husband worked with a logging outfit. While we boys were unhitching and feeding the horses with hay purchased from a farmer close by, and pitching the tent, Mother walked a short distance to visit Mr. & Mrs. Van Lone, old friends whom she had not seen for several years. Mrs. Van Lone returned with her and brought us some fresh peaches which, at the mercy of a half dozen hungry youngsters (To use an old Indian expression) "Lasted Quick".

The 10 x 12 side-wall tent was occupied by the women and girls while we boys bedded down behind a nearby patch of berry vines. All went well with us for a short time but the terrain had a definite slope so that every move made while asleep caused the body to slip down hill until a fellow would waken with a start to find his bare feet thrashing about in the briar bushes.

The next morning after a good breakfast all hands pitched in to assist in breaking camp and we were soon on the move again. After a few miles travel we came to where the road forked and, having no map and there being no sign posts, we chose the wrong course and found ourselves at the bottom of the canyon in the barnyard of a Mr. Stutterman. The descent was so steep that in places it required all the brakes could do to prevent the wagons from bumping against the horses.

With the heavy loads of camping equipment, etc., it became necessary to hitch both teams to each wagon to get back up the hill. All but the driver were obliged to walk.

Reaching Santa Cruz without further trouble, the driver of the lead wagon pulled off the road near a bridge and the occupants alighted and began planning to pitch camp for the night. The rear wagon soon arrived and came to a stop. Mother, sitting on the front seat, cast a glance about the place and, straightening up to full stature and in a voice quite foreign to her habitually mild manner, said "NO - we don't stay here". No one ever questioned her authority and the caravan moved on. Her experienced eye saw the signs of a trap.

old newspapers, cast-off garments, etc., all of which labeled the spot a typical "Hobo Jungle". We just didn't know any better.

A few miles further toward Soquel we found an old abandoned building consisting of one large room with doors and windows gone. After a hearty camp supper we purchased a bale of hay, gave the teams a good feed and spread the balance of the hay on the floor for a bed. All hands slept in one continuous bed - girls on one side and boys on the other with Mother in the middle. The floor was about three feet off the ground, so we tied the horses at the door openings and with the feed within reach of them we all went to sleep to the music of stamping feet and the munching of hay.

A few miles past Soquel we came to the Aptos river which we followed down a short distance and emerged at the base of a cliff which skirted the sandy shore, and there at our feet lay the Great Pacific Ocean. My first impression was akin to that of the lady who, at first sight of the ocean remarked, "It's not as big as I thought it would be".

A few years prior, Aptos had been the scene of extensive lumbering operations. The old railroad extending several miles up the river was still there as was a well constructed wharf at the terminus of the road, where ships were loaded with lumber from the Aptos mills. In a grove of trees near the mouth of the river was a dance pavilion constructed by the lumber company for the benefit of its employees, which was said to have been quite extensive during the period when the company was in operation. Our tent was pitched at the base of a high bluff and water was obtained from a spring by the river. A disappointment was in store for those of us who believed that the sand, which felt soft and soothing to the hands and feet, would be an ideal foundation for a bed. The disillusionment was due to the mobility of the sand which shifted with each movement of the body resulting in a very lumpy, uncomfortable resting place. This condition was eventually overcome by a liberal padding of hay and redwood boughs.

The old wharf provided an excellent place for fishing and the catch was a welcome supplement to the food supply. We also operated a crab net with good results. This kind of sea food was entirely new to us. Others ate them so why couldn't we? The question of killing them was debated at length with no plausible solution in sight until little Bernice volunteered to scald them in a bucket of hot water. This she did and they were soon ready for the table. Getting inside of that bony armor for a sliver of edible meat seemed to us a waste of time so the item was scratched from the menu. Before all hands had agreed to use no more of the crabs (There was still half of a bucket of them left) Alta Adams, who revolted vigorously at the idea of scalding the poor creatures, took me to one side and suggested that I put them back in the ocean. To this I agreed so after all hands were in bed that night, under some seemingly valid pretext, I slipped out and with the bucket of crabs started toward the beach. The night was dark and as I approached the water the sound of those breakers became increasingly loud and I had a feeling that

each forward step would bring me to the water's edge. Finally as a huge breaker burst with a booming roar I dumped the contents of the bucket and ran back to camp fully convinced that I had narrowly escaped being soused in the briny suds. I was happy to be again snug in bed with the comfort of feeling that the poor crabs were also happy.

Retracing my steps the next morning I was amazed to discover my crabs in the dry sand fully fifty yards from the nearest moisture - right where I had dumped them. Those old breakers had done me a scurvy trick. The crabs were then collected and placed on the wet sand where the incoming tide restored them to their native habitat.

We boys enjoyed the swimming and discovered the greater buoyancy felt while swimming in salt water as compared with the fresh creek water to which we were accustomed. While we were swimming, the women folks, with shoes and stockings removed and dresses held at the knees, were paddling about in wet sand and spent breakers while the air was rent with shrieks from the more venturesome souls as they suffered the baptisms of ocean spray and beat their hasty retreats to higher grounds.

The Adams sisters were highly Puritanical spinsters and would walk a long distance from the rest of us before removing shoes and stockings to do their wading by themselves. Being nearly six feet tall and possessing more angles than curves they presented a grotesque silhouette against the glimmering sands beyond. Brother Ernest referred to them as "The Sandhill Cranes" - an appellation which seemed eminently appropriate.

We spent many happy hours fishing, swimming, eating, sleeping, gathering shells, pebbles and moss and just surrendering ourselves to the magic spell of the sea.

Alta would often sit watching the breakers exhaust themselves as she quoted Tennyson's "Break - Break - Break on thy cold gray stones, Oh Sea, and I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me".

It was with profound regret that we broke camp and started homeward. Our course lay through Watsonville and our last night was spent on the banks of the Pajaro river. Then came Gilroy and at Madrone we turned east on Cochran road and north through the Webber ranch (Later O'Connell). Dinner was had in the shade of some alder trees by Los Animas Creek where its waters mingle with those of Packwood Creek.

In removing food and utensils from one of the wagons an incident occurred which might have been quite serious. Ernest was having trouble extricating the large coffee pot from its place among other luggage. After some moments of patiently tugging at it he lost his temper, and with some unpolite remark gave a mighty jerk which loosened the pot with such momentum that it swung over his shoulder and struck the forehead of little Herbert, causing a nasty gash which bled freely until, under the skilful hands of mother, Courtitch, it was brought under control.

Ernest felt badly about it, but Bertha, his mother, said, "Don't worry, the boy will be all right."

it in her stride and kidded him about his attempt to annihilate her.

Five miles further and we were home. That ten days by the sea-shore under such entirely new conditions and surroundings, embracing the ever changing moods of a mighty ocean, was like living in Fairy-land to that group of young people who had seen but little beyond the confines of their own rustic homes.

It was one of the many educational ventures provided by a mother whose every thought and action was toward the benefit and uplift of all mankind and above all - The Love of Home.

HORSES

SCRUB:

One of our first horses was a small line-backed buckskin cayuse with an enlarged knee joint. This enlargement was on the left front leg, and as our early riding was done without saddle, served as a good toe-hold for our bare feet when mounting.

Scrub was gentle, and anyone could ride her, but she had an unfortunate affliction called "blind stagger's". When thus afflicted a horse will have periodic attacks of temporary blindness, causing it to stagger about with head twitching and eyes bulging. This condition lasts but a few minutes, after which the animal seems entirely normal again. If a horse is on level ground during these seizures there is little danger, but in mountainous terrain it constitutes a real hazard. Such was the case when brother George was returning from a hunting trip with several pack horses and riding Scrub. On a narrow trail directly above a steep slide, extending a hundred feet or more down to the San Felipe Creek, Scrub had one of her attacks. She commenced to stagger and whirl around and, but for George's quick thinking and good horsemanship, both horse and rider would have gone over the precipice to almost certain death. George slid from the saddle and quickly applied a hitch to the tail of the horse ahead with the end of Scrub's tie-rope. Some moments of suspense ensued as Scrub swayed unsteadily on the brink of the cliff while the lead horse strained every muscle to prevent being pulled off the trail. Horse and rope held, however, until the poor ole mare regained her composure and looked about in seeming bewilderment at the sudden turn of events.

"PAT"

Born on St. Patrick's Day, hence the name, Pat was one of our best horses. Dappled iron gray in early life, his color faded in later years to an almost pure white. When but a colt he caught one ear in a barbwire fence and in pulling loose the skin was stripped from the back of the ear causing it to curl over, in which condition it remained throughout his lifetime. Having a kindly disposition, he never quarreled with other horses and was most obedient to commands. No load was ever so heavy that he refused to do his very best to move it.

Four horses were used when hauling wood or hay to San Jose. After delivery was made, we would drive to the Plaza where the horses would be unhitched, given water at the community trough, tied to the wagon and fed hay that had been brought from home in sacks and dumped into the wagon bed.

The Plaza was an open space extending from San Carlos to San Fernando Streets on the west side of Market Street, later occupied by the City Hall and City Park.

While the horses were thus engaged we would do what shopping was necessary at nearby stores. Upon returning and while still a block or more from the wagon Pat would herald our approach with a loud, raucous whinny, much to the consternation of everyone in the vicinity.

"DAN"

Pat's team mate, Dan, was a dark bay with black points. For several years Dan was fully as faithful as Pat, but later developed a serious fault.

One summer I was away from the ranch working on a threshing machine near Los Angeles. During my absence, I had left a neighbor to do certain work with the teams. Upon my return, the first time Dan was used, he balked when the going became tough and no amount of persuasion would change him. With small loads and judicious handling, this fault was in a measure overcome, but we were always dubious of what he might do if put to a severe test.

Being smaller and more active than Pat we sometimes rode Dan after stock. Soon after returning from the south I saddled Dan and started after some cattle. Going up a steep trail through the sage brush, the horse picked his way along the trail, with reins loose on his neck and playing a merry tune on the harmonica, all was serene until a loop of the riata which hung on the saddle horn swung against Dan's belly. Right then and there that nag gave a preview of atomic energy which left me perched precariously on the top of a sage bush that had never been de-horned. When he would hear a saddle rustle he would snort and show unmistakable signs of fright, so I chose discretion as the better part of valor and put my saddle on a pony with less pronounced aversion to that type of service. We had other horses to ride, so that ended Dan's career as a cow-pony.

It was later learned that the neighbor had attempted to pack a deer in from the back country and Dan had broken loose, bucked off the deer & saddle, and returned home alone. For this he had been severely beaten with a riata which accounted for his antipathy toward the whole idea of being ridden and caused him to harbor a desire for retribution - and I happened to be his first victim.

We broke a good many young horses for saddle stock, some good, some not so good. Most of the "not so goods" were no doubt due to our training methods, for as time passed and we acquired a greater degree of proficiency in horsemanship we developed some truly fine saddle stock.

"BIRD"

Brother Howard, who had a blacksmith shop on Almaden Road and Downer Avenue, lived in a cottage where the school house now stands. He bought a young mare named Bird, which he used as a buggy horse. Bird formed the dangerous habit of running away. On one occasion she ran when Howard's wife was driving, throwing Mrs. T. out and then kicked loose from the buggy. At this, Howard declared the mare an outlaw and sent her to the ranch for me to dispose of in any way I might choose. The other boys had all left and I was living on the ranch with mother and sister Millie.

All apprehension was soon dispelled, however, when the corral work began. In that maze of surging long-horns and wild cowboys and their swinging ropes, she behaved like a veteran, and, small as she was, held everything that my rope encircled.

It was necessary to use a martingale to overcome a fault she had of holding her head too high when being brought to a stop. On one occasion when brought to a sudden stop while running stock, the martingale broke, permitting her head to fly up. She reared over backward and landed squarely on the saddle. As she toppled for the fall, I succeeded in freeing my feet from the stirrups and swung to one side which no doubt saved my life.

Shortly before we left the ranch in 1895, Bird was loaned to Elbert Newell, a neighbor, to ride to school since he had no means of transportation. The horse was never returned nor was he ever paid for. I valued her at \$45.00, which I felt represented my loss. At a picnic held some time prior, a porcelain salt shaker belonging to Newell had been accidentally taken home with our dishes, so we called that our \$45.00 shaker and named it Bird.

"BELL"

The best saddle animal I ever owned was Bell. Bell's advent into the world was under extremely adverse circumstances. The mother was old and poor and the colt was born prematurely. When discovered by brother Howard, the mare was in a dying condition and the colt unable to stand. He carried the baby in from the field on his shoulders and laid it on a bed of straw in a sheltered place. After being fed warm milk from a nursing bottle for several days the colt attempted to stand, but it was then discovered that the front feet doubled under so that the ankles rested on the ground. We boys saw no hope for her and felt that the only thing left to do was to dispose of the dear little orphan which by this time had completely won our hearts. Mother, however, was not to be so easily thwarted. Under her supervision a couple of crude splints were fashioned from pieces of light weight wood and bandaged to the front of the ankles in a way that held the leg straight. After several attempts and with many willing hands to support her the colt was able to stand, then to walk, and in about two weeks the little legs assumed normal shape and the splints were removed.

Bell soon learned to drink milk from a bucket and to nibble grass from the yard by the house where she was permitted to run. We were all tremendously fond of her, especially mother and Millie, and when they were in the yard she would follow them about, nudging them with her nose to obtain the caresses that were never denied her. At milking time Bell would be waiting impatiently at the gate to claim her share of fresh warm milk.

As time went on the milk and grass diet was gradually replaced by hay and grain and she was put in the pasture with other colts and horses. She never lost her liking for milk and in mature years would drink it whenever available.

One evening she was left standing with saddle and bridle near the corral where the cows were being milked. As was our custom when a milk bucket was filled it was placed just outside the corral fence. While busily engaged milking a cow my attention was attracted by a scraping sound and there was Bell with her nose soused down in the bucket of milk, bridle and all, helping herself with a nonchalance that could evoke in the beholder naught but an appreciation of the absolute ludicrousness of the spectacle. The milk was now not fit for human consumption, so with bridle removed she was permitted to drink what remained of the bucket.

In her fourth year she was broken to the saddle and given the regulation hackamore-bridle course of instructions. She was extremely intelligent and co-operative and eventually developed into what could rightfully be termed a perfect cow-pony.

In conformation she was of the quarter-horse type and, while not weighing more than 950 pounds, could hold a steer with the best.

For example - I once roped a long-horned Texas steer that was taller and heavier than the horse and when Bell "Set for the Stop", so rigid and unyielding was her stance that the steer flopped end over end to the ground and the stout four-strand rawhide riata was broken.

At a rodeo on the Bradford ranch where top cowhands from the various ranges of the county assembled, Bell and I were voted the best horse and cowboy in the outfit. While this was highly gratifying, I could claim little credit for myself because without Bell's splendid understanding and co-operation there could have been no outstanding performances.

The most heart-breaking feature of leaving the ranch to take a position at the Agnews State Hospital was the necessity of parting with Bell. We had been inseparable for a number of years, and no one but a horseman can understand the downright affection and companionship that can exist between a man and his favorite saddle horse.

I gave her to brother Ernest who was conducting a butcher business in Evergreen, for I knew he would give her the best of treatment. He appreciated her worth and she was like "One of the family" for a number of years, when she finally died of some intestinal disorder.

GENERAL FARMING

On the southern part of our ranch and east of the county road was a clearing of about thirty acres where we sowed grain and cut it for hay; and to reach the clearing with teams and equipment it was necessary to build a road up the side of a canyon. This was done with a plow, V-scraper, picks and shovels. The road was quite steep and when coming down with a load the standard brake with which wagons were equipped was not sufficient to hold the wagon from running onto the horses. We used four horses (two span) on the wagon and a run-away wagon on such a road could have made a sorry mess of things, so we employed either a rough-lock or a shoe on the rear wheels.

The rough-lock is applied by winding a heavy chain around the felly several times and attaching both ends to the brake-bar in such a manner that when the rotation of the wheel, caused by the forward movement of the wagon, was checked, the chain would dig into the ground and prevent the wagon from gaining excessive momentum.

The shoe is made with a piece of flat, heavy iron about two feet long and wider than the tire and on the bottom are bolted two pieces of U-shaped iron to keep the wheel in place. The wheel is rolled onto the shoe which is attached to the brake-bar or the wagon bed with a heavy chain just long enough to permit the wheel to ride on the shoe, thus creating a greater amount of friction on the ground than would the smooth tire.

The need for adequate brakes on the heavy wagons in use at that time is obvious. Many serious accidents are of record due to insufficient brakes or through some mechanical failure.

Walter and I were on the way to San Jose with four horses and a heavy load of wood when the brake suddenly gave way on a steep down grade. With me in the driver's seat doing what I could to hold back with the wheel-team and to keep the leaders lined up and away from the wagon pole, Walter quickly threw off several large pieces of wood and, jumping to the ground, ran along beside the wagon and threw pieces of wood in front of the rear wheel. The wheel passed over the first few pieces, but each time the momentum was reduced until finally the wagon was brought to a full stop.

Walter's presence of mind and quick action saved us from what might have been a serious accident.

Temporary repair was made on the brake which enabled us to reach Evergreen, our destination, where we had it fixed at the village blacksmith shop.

Joe Smith was Post Master at Evergreen, and in conjunction with the Post Office he conducted a general merchandise store where we did most of our trading. Purchases were made on "account" and during the winter months our indebtedness would add up to quite a large amount; then, when weather permitted, we would whittle it down by hauling stove wood from the ranch and cording it in Joe's yard for resale by him to neighboring farmers.

When wood was delivered we would be given credit by him at any rate he chose to allow. Thus, by resale of the wood at his own established price, coupled with the prices he chose to charge for his merchandise, Joe Smith made a handsome profit.

The recognized measurement of a cord of wood (stove) was three tiers four feet high, eight feet long. In cording freshly cut green wood, the choppers were required to add four inches additional in height to allow for shrinkage. In selling dry wood to the trade this extra height was not required, but with Joe Smith we were obliged to tack on that extra measure of four inches although the wood was dry and thoroughly cured, consequently we suffered a loss on each delivery.

It was not long, however, before we discovered that cording wood could be developed into something of a science. By mixing straight wood with the crooked pieces of limb wood, thus forming many bridges and voids, our cording technique was perfected to the point where instead of losing by the process we actually had more wood than we started with. While we enjoyed some financial gain in the process, Smith suffered no loss for he sold the wood in the yard by the measurements as delivered by us. So, indirectly, we were short changing our good friends, the farmers. However, it was good wood, and the farmers were not obliged to buy it if they didn't want to; while we were forced to part with it in payment for what we had already received. Any venture on our part to sell directly to the consumer was met with vigorous disapproval from friend Smith, and he was right.

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".

The hay land referred to was a half-mile from the house and in tilling operations, we boys, after doing the milking (five to eight or nine cows) would leave the stable at daylight riding one horse and leading the rest.

Having no timepiece to tell the noon hour, we would watch from a point where the house could be seen for a signal from mother. The signal was a white cloth hung on a Crawford peach tree beside the house. The signal would appear at 11:15 which would give time for us to come from the field, water and feed our horses and prepare for the noon meal.

At dusk we would return and put the horses in the stable, remove their harnesses and milk the cows before supper. After eating, our job was to water the horses, feed, curry and bed them with straw. By this time it would be nine o'clock. After a short session of reading, discussing the day's events or playing the fiddle we would hie to bed, where it would seem an incredibly short time until the alarm clock would warn that it was four o'clock and time to start another day's activities.

The cows were to milk, calves to feed, horses to feed, curry, and harness, and stable to clean before breakfast. During the short winter days it would still be dark enough to require a lantern when getting the horses out and ready to go to the field.

Having no mechanical equipment for the purpose, all seed-sowing was done by hand. The sacks of grain were hauled on a sled and distributed at convenient points about the field where the bucket or shoulder-sack carried for the purpose, could be re-filled without walking too great a distance.

After sowing, came harrowing, which was done by hitching four horses abreast on a ten or twelve-foot spike-tooth harrow, built in two sections and hinged in the middle to permit greater flexibility in conforming to the uneven surface of the ground. When harrowed and cross-harrowed the seeding operation was complete.

There was always plenty to do on rainy days when the ground was too wet for team work. Harnesses would be taken apart, washed in a tub with warm water and soap and when dry, treated with neatsfoot oil.

The blacksmith shop was equipped with a workbench and vise, anvil, forge, and an old style bellows with leather accordion sides and flapper air valve on the bottom. There were harrow teeth to be driven out of the frame, heated in the forge and pounded to a point on the anvil, plow-shares and cultivator blades to be sharpened and an assortment of other repair jobs that had accumulated, waiting for the rainy day.

While there was always plenty to be done about the place, Walter and I could usually find time to get out the shot-guns once a week or so and go for a quail hunt. Quail were plentiful and we always returned with a well filled bag. We enjoyed the sport and the game brought in was an acceptable item in the cuisine department. Ernest would sometimes go with us but, being more serious minded, he felt that the work was of more importance and was willing to stay home and do it while Walt and I were willing to do the hunting. This made a willing team. This applied also to the Sundays when Walt and I would take a lunch and spend the day fishing in the San Felipe creek. We just couldn't permit business to interfere with pleasure.

Our first fishing trip was made when we were quite small boys. Armed with some wrapping twine, bent pins and a can of angle worms we walked two miles to the Las Animas creek where, with a willow switch for a pole, the wrapping twine for a line, and a bent pin for a hook, the stage was set for real action.

Having had no instructions on fishing technique, we simply stuck the pin through one end of a worm and with the other end dangling, heaved the thing into the stream and with muscles rigid and nerves tense stood braced and ready to beach the catch.

But the "catch" never came, for the fish grabbed the dangling end of the worm and pulled it off the pin the instant it struck the water, while the juvenile pescadors were kept busy supplying more worms.

Near the head end of an angle worm is a callous-like band and we were of the opinion that this was designed by Mother Nature to indicate the correct spot to apply the hook, hence our persistence in this method of feeding the fish.

With the supply of worms exhausted we trudged back home, weary, empty handed and with a firm conviction that bent pins as fishing tackle could not be rated as Class A equipment.

GUNS

COLT-NAVY

When we moved to the ranch in 1878 the only firearm we possessed was a pistol used by father when he served in the California Volunteers as First Lieutenant Cavalryman during the Civil War.

It was a five-shot, 36 Caliber, cap-and-ball Colt revolver. Bullets made of lead, melted and poured into a mold, black powder and percussion caps comprised the ammunition complement. The pistol was quite accurate and as we boys became old enough to use it freely, we could do pretty good shooting with it. Walter was the best pistol shot and I was about the poorest.

After being used for many years the pistol became unsafe, as one of the cylinders corroded through so that, when fired, the powder in the adjoining cylinder would ignite and cause a double discharge.

MUSKET

When still quite young, Howard bought a single-barreled, muzzle loading musket such as used by our soldiers in the Civil War. It was a smooth bore gun designed to shoot round bullets. The barrel was forty inches long with stock extending nearly to the end and an iron ramrod concealed between the stock and barrel. Howard cut 14 inches off the barrel with a hack saw and used it as a shot-gun.

DOUBLE BARREL

This served as the game-getter for a time, then we bought a double barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun. It had the conventional choke, i.e.; right barrel modified and left full choke. The stock had a raised cheek piece and the pistol grip was decorated with the carving of a deer's head with red beads for the eyes. It was not a new gun but was in good condition. With this and the old musket we provided meat for the table for a good many years, as well as game for sale. Quail brought us \$1.00 to \$1.25 a dozen and rabbits the same.

TRAPPING QUAIL

There were times when, due to restricted finances, we were unable to get all the ammunition we wanted, so we took to trapping quail. We made traps with narrow strips of redwood shakes put together like a log house but coming to a pyramid and held together with a stout piece of green bough, anchored to the side bars with rope or a piece of buckskin string. The trap was set with a figure-four trigger.

Sometimes a large box trap was used. This trap was stationary with entrance through a grill-like door hinged to swing inward only and drop back into place after each bird had entered. All traps were baited with wheat. Traps were visited twice daily and the birds brought home in a grain sack and put into the calaboose. This was a lattice cage about six feet square and located in the bushes back of the house where it could not be easily seen by

curious-minded game wardens. The trapping of quail was not legal but our consciences were eased by the argument that the birds gained their livelihood on our property and, there being no limit on the killing of quail with guns, they would be shot anyway.

The birds were well fed while in captivity and when several dozen had been accumulated they were knocked on the head and taken to San Jose where a ready market was found at hotels and restaurants. They were preferred to those killed with guns as there was no loss of meat through being torn by shot. As a result of this preference there was little danger of the purchasers divulging the method of their capture. They asked no questions, but those preparing the birds for the table must have either understood the situation or thought that shooting them all in the head was pretty good marksmanship.

LOADING GUN

Having no choke at all, the old musket was the proverbial "Scatter Gun" and consequently was not effective at any great distance but for short range shooting was a very formidable weapon. We did little wing shooting with the old guns because after firing each time it was necessary to reload which required several minutes of precious time. Requirements for the reloading process were black powder, shot, wads and caps. Powder was carried in a powder-flask or horn, shot in a shot pouch, each of which was hung to the shoulders by a leather or raw-hide thong, and on one end of flask or pouch was an attachment which, by pressing a lever the required amount of charge would be released into the gun-barrel. First came the powder, then a wad which was made of two pieces of cardboard with deer's hair between and cut to fit the gun-barrel. The wad, which was made to fit tightly, was pressed into the barrel with the ramrod. It was imperative that the wad be pounded down very snugly to insure maximum power when the powder was ignited. Next came the charge of shot, followed by another wad which was tamped lightly. Heavy tamping at this juncture would cause excessive recoil and add nothing to effectiveness. The rod was then sheathed in its place, a percussion cap affixed to the tube at the breech of the gun and you were ready for the next bird. A standard expression used by old hunters when giving advice to the beginner was: "Ram the powder, tamp the shot; a wad in the middle and one on top".

Smokeless powder had not come into use at that time and after a shot had been fired with that old black powder a cloud of smoke would fog up the air to such an extent that very often the result of the shot could not be observed for some moments unless the marksman would step to one side for a short distance.

When the supply of fresh meat became low it was the custom of the fellow who went to drive in the milk cows to take a gun along and knock over a few rabbits or quail. One evening when Walt was about ten years old he took the musket when he went after the cows, and about dusk, here he came trudging along behind the milk cows with the gun on one shoulder and the game bag

swinging from the other containing nine large rabbits. The total weight of the game was at least twenty five pounds. He was a mighty tired youngster, but a tough kid who would never shirk a task involving endurance and downright grit.

CLEANING GUNS

When using black powder, the frequent cleaning of a gun was more imperative than in the use of smokeless powder. The cleaning of a muzzle-loading gun presented an entirely different problem from that employed in cleaning the breech-loader.

The invariable rule, as taught by brother George, was to clean our guns every night after firing them. This care contributed very greatly to the long life of those old guns which meant so much to the pleasure and economy of the family.

The process of properly cleaning the muzzle-loader, either shot-gun or rifle, was this:

If loaded, remove the charge by the use of a special screw which could be attached to the ramrod for withdrawing the wads. Remove the barrel from the stock, attach a soft cloth to the ramrod, dip the breech into a pan of warm soapy water and, using the rod as a plunger, draw the water in and out through the tube of the barrel. Do this repeatedly with frequent changes of water until no color can be seen in the water. Then repeat the performance using clean hot water as a rinse. To dry the barrel use dry cloth to remove all surface moisture, then hold the tube over a hot stove or coals and draw the heated air into the barrel by the same application of suction. When thoroughly dry, swab the bore with an oiled cloth, apply the same to the exterior of the barrel, and the job is finished.

HOWARD

Of the four boys, Howard was most skillful in the use of a shot-gun. In spite of limited practice, due to the scarcity of ammunition he quickly mastered the art of wing shooting and there were few better shots to be found than he.

On Sunday a group of business men from San Jose came to the ranch to hunt quail and as they were making ready, a blue-jay started to fly from a nearby tree. Howard, who was standing by, snatched one of their guns and dropped the jay before it could get out of range. So impressed were they with his skill that one of them furnished a gun and ammunition and insisted that he accompany them. This he did and returned with more game to his credit than the entire group had.

22 RIFLE

The first small bore rifle we possessed was a single-shot, 22-short, Flobert. This was a good little gun, but its range was quite limited, although we bagged a good many rabbits with it. Walter was the best shot with this gun. I made a freak shot with it one day on a flock of wild pigeons which had perched in a tree on a hill near the house. Creeping through the underbrush to within sixty yards, I drew bead on one and fired, and to my utter surprise,

down he came as the balance of the flock took flight. Upon examination, it was found that he had been hit in the back of the head. Just one of those remote occurrences which could not be duplicated in a lifetime.

FIRST DEER

I killed my first deer with a gun belonging to the Kidder boys; a muzzle-loading 52 caliber Kentucky rifle. It was a beautiful gun, with elaborate silver mountings with buck-horn rear and ivory front sights. It was middle afternoon and Walter and I had been out since daybreak. We were on the McDermott ranch east of the San Felipe creek and about two miles from home. Walter had no gun, had given up the chase and was nearly a half mile across the canyon on his way home, while I made a final detour around the head of a small gulch. Emerging from the timber and overlooking an open space, I saw two deer lying down in the high grass about a hundred yards away and standing near them was another one that looked pretty large to me. Squatting down with elbow on my knee (I was eleven years old and the gun was too heavy to use otherwise) I drew bead on the standing deer and banged away. At the crack of the gun the deer dropped and was thrashing about in the tall grass, and the other two sprang to their feet and ran up the hill a short distance where they stood and watched me and the deer that had fallen. One of them was a large buck with a beautiful spread of horns and the other was a full grown doe. I reloaded the gun but not before the two had disappeared over the hill. So elated was I at my success that I shouted the good news to Walter who retraced his steps at once to help me pack the quarry home.

After going to the top of the hill in a fruitless search for the other two deer, I returned to the scene of carnage and, to my great surprise, found that what I had shot, instead of being the huge deer I had thought it to be, was a spotted fawn. I had overlooked a chance at a fine buck and knocked over a piece of meat not much bigger than a jack-rabbit. I was looking over my prize as Walter came puffing up the hill and when he saw what I had done, remarked with a show of disgust "Well, if I'd known that was all you had, I'd never climbed that hill".

The rifle I used after the boys had left the ranch was a 44-caliber Kennedy repeater. This gun was quite similar to the Winchester model 73 of the same caliber. Its performance up to 150 yards was just about ideal and I had some good luck with it at greater distances. One such occasion was at a turkey-shoot held by the Kidder boys. It was off-hand shooting at a distance of 200 yards held at the Hyland School House and the target was a live turkey which was anchored on the hillside across the road from the school. (It was later admitted that the true distance was 220 yards).

TURKEY SHOOT

I paid twenty-five cents each for two chances and knocked over two turkeys and was willing to keep on shooting but the boys ruled me out and would sell me

no more tickets. This was middle afternoon, a cold drizzling rain had been falling all day and the boys were cold, wet and hungry. Due to the weather condition their project had received little patronage. They then agreed to give me another chance providing that, if successful, I would permit them to cook the turkey on the spot. Having nothing to lose, I accepted and was again successful. "Big George" Moulton, who was in partnership with the boys in the project, hung the bird up on a limb by the legs and began stripping the feathers off with both hands. An amusing spectacle he was, his pipe clenched between his teeth, the water dripping from his hat and the wind blowing feathers in his face, while he sputtered, spit and swore that he'd never again get into a -- mess like this.

We built a fire in the woodshed by the school house and by the time the turkey had been divested of feathers and other unedibles, a fine bed of coals was ready and the bird was soon merily sizzling. After many turnings and much free advice from by-standers, the carcass was suspended on a rope from a rafter and each fellow cut off what he wanted with his pocket knife. Despite the fact that we had no salt and the object of our attention was well smeared with wood ashes and liberally sprinkled with truant feathers, it tasted pretty good.

COYOTE

I was working in the orchard near the house one day when mother called and said she had heard a hen squawk on the bench across the creek. Taking the Kennedy rifle, I climbed to the brow of the bench and there at a distance of about a hundred yards saw a coyote stripping feathers from a White Leghorn hen. He toppled over with a broken back when I shot and at my approach was endeavoring to crawl on his fore legs. I poked him with the gun barrel and quick as a flash he seized the muzzle with its powerful jaws and set his teeth into it, wrecking the front sight and leaving imprints in the steel barrel that remained as long as I had the gun.

This was the third coyote accounted for with that gun, beside several deer. A government bounty of five dollars was paid for each coyote scalp at that time.

The other two coyotes were accounted for in the following manner: A man named Randall, who lived in the neighborhood, owned a horse which had become too poor and old to be of service. He wanted to dispose of it but did not care to do the job himself, so paid me one dollar to put the horse out of its misery. Selecting a spot on the back end of the ranch which was favorable for my purpose, the horse was mercifully put to sleep. Before day-break the next morning I crept up and concealed myself in some bushes within range and waited. I could not see anything, but could hear coyotes snarling at each other as they began their feast. After a considerable wait, I could see three of the varmints gnawing at the carcass and it soon became light enough so I fired and dropped one in his tracks, then, as the others fled, poured three shots after them, the last shot bringing down the second coyote.

The two scalps, plus the dollar paid me by Mr. Randall, netted me eleven dollars for the job, which was a lot of money at that time.

The old gun was good within its range but I sometimes asked it to perform the impossible.

One such occasion was when I shot at a mountain lion at a distance of over four hundred yards. The bullet fell fifty feet short of the mark. I pumped a couple more in his direction as he ran for cover but they all went wild.

OREGON HUNTING

The next gun was purchased from a man from Oregon who was boarding with us. He was an invalid and, having no use for the gun, offered to sell it for twelve dollars. No one of us had that amount of ready cash, but Howard and I managed to scrape up six dollars each and took over the gun. It was a 45-90 Winchester, Model 1886, and had been used but little. It was a very strong shooting gun and we had good luck with it and kept it in the family until 1895 when I took it to Oregon where I spent the summer hunting with brother George.

There was no limit on deer at that time and George was smoking the meat and shipping it to the San Francisco market.

He was living on what was known as the "Big Burn" through which ran the north fork of the Coos River. The burn covered an area of twenty five by fifty miles, where little was left but the trunks of burned trees, grown white with age and presenting the appearance of a gigantic forest of tomb stones. The date of the fire was obscure, but some of the oldest Indians in the vicinity placed it as being in 1845. About the only growth was of alder along the water courses and gullies, interspersed with thimble, huckleberry, salmon and salal brush. There were many open hillsides and ridges, making an ideal habitat for deer, elk and bear. Smaller game, such as pheasant, grouse and mountain quail were found in abundance. It was truly a hunter's paradise.

Two miles from the home place was a lake, formed by a huge landslide, and in this as well as in various streams was what seemed like an inexhaustible supply of trout.

George had installed many camps throughout the area which were used as headquarters when hunting. To one of these camps we would go with several pack horses, 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 George would put it through the smoking and drying process.

Adjoining the main smoke house 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 smoke house. This was a room twenty feet square, with ground 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 smoke house 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 Alleghany, at the head of navigation on the Coos River, loaded onto a small river boat (a stern-wheeler), and taken twenty miles down the river to Marshfield, where it was transferred to an ocean-going steamer destined for San Francisco.

GUN TRADE

Toward the latter part of the summer I felt that the Winchester was not performing with its usual degree of accuracy, so to determine the causes, we shot a few times into a rotten stump and cut the bullets out. Evidence was found that the lands in the barrel had become worn to the extent that the bullets would not hold to the grooves, thus affecting the accuracy of the gun. Consequently I traded with Pete Michaelbrink and got a 40-65 Winchester of the same vintage which proved to be a much better shooting gun than the one of larger caliber.

A year or two later George worked Pepe's 45-90 over and converted it into a smooth-bore for using bird shot.

POULTRY, DOGS, ETC.

As time passed we increased our poultry flock by nature's process under our own hens. To each setting hen was assigned thirteen eggs, selected by mother and each marked with lead pencil so that should another hen lay in the nest during the temporary absence of the mother hen the fresh egg could be readily identified and removed.

When the chicks arrived, (the period of incubation being approximately twenty-one days), they were placed with the hen in coops made for the purpose, located near the house as a precaution against predatory animals which seemed always ready to rush in and carry off any fowl that had strayed too far from home. Even in the face of the above precaution skunks have dug under a coop and destroyed an entire flock of chickens. Skunks do not eat the meat but suck the blood from a chicken and then attack another one until the entire flock has been killed. Mother heard a disturbance one evening and upon investigation, discovered a large skunk in a coop busily engaged in his mission of destruction. She called to me and with the aid of father's old cap-and-ball colt revolver, which had been his side arm during his service as first lieutenant in the cavalry during the civil war, the marauder was dispatched, but not before most of the occupants of the coop had been killed.

As most of the grown poultry roosted in trees that grew by the creek at the rear of the nesting house, it was not infrequent that coons, bob-cats, or foxes would climb the trees during the night and help themselves to a chicken dinner. This was indeed a serious situation, but we later acquired some good varmint dogs, which, after some experience at the game, just about spelled finish to the career of any animal that ventured near. The dogs slept in a sheltered spot near the house and at the first squawk of a chicken, would dash out and Mr. Coon, fox, or cat would find his exit cut off by one or more dogs barking at the base of the tree, sounding the alarm for us humans to take a hand in the affair.

If we boys failed to hear it, mother would call to us, and, difficult as it was to arouse us from a warm bed when the alarm clock sounded in the morning, on these occasions we were never slow getting into our clothing, lighting a lantern, and with shotgun or pistol in hand rushing to the scene. And a scene of action it was, for as the dogs heard us coming, they would increase the tempo of their barking and make frantic attempts to climb the trees that harbored the intruder. The one exception to this behavior on the part of the dogs was our old Nigger, a hound with long ears, jet black color, a small white star on his chest, a deep voice, and endowed with plenty of brains. If alone in the venture he would sit at the base of the tree, but with another dog stationed at that point, he would take his stand to one side and observe the movements of the quarry. He had learned from experience that an animal will sometimes jump from a limb to the ground trusting to its speed rather than taking chances with those human creatures with lantern and gun. So there Nig. would sit, watching every movement and emitting with great deliberation those deep-toned challenges which carried conviction that he was not one to be trifled with. If the varmint remained until located by us, he

was dispatched, whereupon the dogs would be upon him in truly primitive fashion, but if he chose to make a break for liberty, the dogs would give chase at a pace which would soon put him up another tree where a similar procedure would be enacted. With but one dog to cope with, some wise old coons will slip down the opposite side of a tree and either make good their escapes or gain a substantial lead before the ruse has been detected.

One night the dogs had a coon in a thick group of willows, and, being unable to locate him, brother Walter with the Colt pistol in his belt climbed one of the willows while I stood a short distance away with a shotgun. We hoped the coon would shift his position so I could see him, but when Walt was well on his way I heard a shot and down came the coon - dead as a mackerel. He had sighted the coon coming head first down the opposite side of another tree and Walt, who was a crack shot, let him have it under the chin. The bullet, a 36 Cal. had gone through the head and lodged beneath the skin on top of the skull.

(As I write this in my home at Coon Hollow, Dec. 2, 1944, the baying of a neighbor's hound can be heard from the canyon east of the house. That sound thrills me as of yore and I'd like nothing better than to get out the old shooting-iron and take to the trail - but Father Time says "No!").

We had another dog named Nick who worked well with Nig., and when together they were a hard brace of dogs to beat. Nick was half English setter and the other half, just dog. He was a nervous active fellow with fine disposition and possessed a characteristically good nose of the bird-dog. While a faster trailer, his judgment was less dependable than that of Nig's, and occasionally when responding to his call, we would find nothing in the tree he was guarding. The quarry had either gone up the tree and jumped out or had passed so close to it as to leave the impression that he was "up". On the other hand when Nigger was fooled, which was rarely the case, he would make a wide detour around the tree, and if no trail could be found leading away and if nothing could be seen, he would remain by the trees and "give tongue" in those deep-throated tones so characteristic of the hound but with an inflection which indicated a degree of doubt. But when he could see the creature, there was an unmistakable note of finality that left no doubt in the minds of us who understood him.

At times the dogs would tree something so far away that their barking could not be heard at home. Such occasions Nick would return and give the alarm by scratching on the door and barking furiously. He would then lead us to the place where old Nigger would be found standing guard and waiting patiently for us to come.

When alone, Nick would soon become discouraged and return home; but not so with Nig., who was never known to forsake a tree when sure of his game. He would be found the next morning where he had maintained his lonely vigil throughout the night stoically waiting for the help he felt sure would come. His faith in us was not without justification, for I recall a night

when we were about two miles from home, the dogs put a coon up a sycamore tree too large to climb and with foliage so dense that whatever was there could not be seen. After many fruitless attempts, we decided to wait for daylight so sure were we that something was there because Nig. said so. We made a small fire at the base of the tree by which to keep ourselves warm and there we sat through the night. In the early morning we were rewarded by the sight of a large coon perched upon a limb near the top of the tree. It was a sleepy, tired pair of boys (Walt and myself) who sat down to breakfast that morning, happy in the knowledge that we had verified Nigger's faith in us - and that we also had another hide to nail on the barn.

Nigger met with an accident which for a time seemed likely to put an end to his career as a hunting dog. When we boys rode horse-back, he was usually on hand and bantering for a race. I had left the barn riding a young horse we were breaking to the saddle when Nig. appeared and made the usual challenge. We cut loose at a furious pace. We were neck & neck as we came to a narrow place in the road with a steep bank on either side when my horse shied at something at the side of the road and swung over where the bank dropped down so abruptly that the dog was trapped. The horse's front feet knocked Nig. down and a hind foot struck one of the dog's rear legs, causing a nasty break between the hock and pastern. Usually when a dog received a broken leg he would be dispatched immediately, but not so with our Nig. The leg was bound up with a couple of crude splints and he was most assiduously cared for by all members of the family. The leg eventually healed and, although somewhat shorter than before, and caused him to walk with a limp which slowed him down somewhat, he was still able to take the trail and resume the war on nocturnal marauders.

Nig. was not much given to picking fights but when he did tangle with another dog he was a tough customer to beat. He would maneuver to get a hold on his assailant's neck and there he would hang like a pit-bull. He had surprising strength in those jaws of his. When another dog had him by the neck his hide was so loose that his opponent simply held a hunk of skin in his mouth and Nig., instead of resisting, would remain limp and yield to the strain until the other dog, encouraged by his lack of resistance, would attempt to shift his hold, then the old warrior would spring suddenly into action and fix a hold on his adversary before the deception could be discovered. We never knew him to be whipped but once and that was by a shepherd belonging to our neighbor, Kersell. This dog fought for the legs, a technique to which Nig. was not familiar. After the scrap the old fellow limped home with his legs terribly cut and bleeding, with his morale apparently pretty well shattered. He retired to a dark place under the house where the flies wouldn't bother and where he could lay and lick his wounds. He emerged but seldom for a period of a week or ten days, and while we supplied him with food, he took nothing but milk for the full time. During this retirement, he evidently did some serious thinking, for after his recovery, we noted that in his very first fight he too went for the legs. What he learned in that one defeat coupled with the knowledge acquired in previous encounters made him practically unbeatable.

But there comes an end to all living things of this earth and the existence of our pal was to be no exception. Having missed him for several days we instituted a country-wide search and found his body under a tree on the hillside a quarter of a mile from home. He had died of strychnine poisoning caused by eating meat set out by a neighbor to kill coyotes. We brought him back to the home he loved so well and buried him tenderly in a grave a short distance from the house in a plot where others of our pets were sleeping. It was a sorrowful occasion and caused the shedding of many tears. Dear old Nigger, how we all did love him and how we did miss him. No other dog we ever owned could fill the place made vacant by the passing of this lovable, dependable and unobtrusive companion.

If there be such a thing as a dog-Heaven I am convinced that there our faithful Nigger will be found. I can envision him lying with front paws crossed in characteristic pose, his ears perked and those soulful eyes cast longingly back toward that land from whence he came, patiently waiting, waiting, and watching for the gleam of the lantern and listening for the sound of voices to justify the belief that he has not been forgotten.

Among other dogs we possessed at various times was JACK, a scotch terrier with a wealth of coarse hair on his muzzle, which, with his cropped ears and tail gave the impression that he might be ill-tempered. This impression was not verified by his attitude toward human beings for he loved everybody; but to his own kind he was all that his appearance indicated, for he would fight at the drop of a hat and drop the hat himself.

A neighbor had a large St. Bernard whose life was made miserable by little Jack who was but twelve or fourteen inches high and weighed about thirty pounds. When they came together Jack would nip him on the hind legs and dodge away when the big fellow attempted to retaliate. This would continue until the St. Bernard would become disgusted and start for home. Jack loved this for when the big dog was well under way Jack would dash under his belly, grab a foot and then put on the brakes that would throw the big fellow off balance and roll him in the dust. After a few such experiences the St. Bernard refused to come anywhere near the Tourtillott house. When passing with his master he would leave the road and pick his way along the hillside in a wide detour to avoid coming in contact with that ill-mannered little upstart who seemed oblivious to the dignity and splendor of his Royal neighbor.

Apparently Jack did not have a good nose, for I do not recall that he ever treed anything. His chief diversion was chasing ground squirrels, which he frequently caught. He also had a passion for music. He would take a stand by anyone who was playing a harmonica or fiddle and, with that little stub-tail vibrating like an electric mixer, would pour out his soul in long-drawn doleful howls that were anything but harmonious - but he sure liked it.

SANKO

Sanko was a large Newfoundland with a wealth of black curly hair - a motherly sort, a splendid companion for children and a fine watch dog, but

her stay with us was of short duration - as she soon went via the poison route as did so many dogs in those days.

GUS

A powerful Mastiff with ravenous appetite and little respect for anybody or anything. He would drink three gallons of milk without stopping and snarl all the time he was drinking it. He didn't remain with us long. Brother George took him for a walk one morning and Gus just didn't find his way back.

TIGE

This was brother George's deer dog. A well built chunk of a fellow with some bull-dog blood in his veins, dark brindle in color with cropped ears and tail. A back woodsman whom George met on one of his hunting trips asked if the tail had been "cut off or driv' in". With Tige at his heels George made frequent trips back into the high country and would return with several deer lashed to the pack saddles of his horses. In the accomplishment of this Tige played no small part for he displayed rare skill in tracking down any deer that had been wounded.

George used to tell the story of an Indian who so admired the short tailed dogs of the white man that he asked for advice as to the proper way to shorten the tail of his own dog. He was told to drop the tail across a log and then cut it off at the desired length with an ax. This he did, but in his effort to make a good job of it he made such a wild swing that the one holding the tail pulled back to save himself and the ax landed squarely on the poor dog's neck cutting off the head completely. The Indian viewed the remains solemnly for some moments then turned away with the remark "Too short by damn site".

JOE

This dog came to us during the later years of our stay on the ranch. He was a Collie and one of the really fine dogs we owned. This was after the other boys had left the ranch and Mother, sister Millie and I were running the place. Joe was a stock dog and could drive cattle better than most humans could. Our milk cows were left to run on the range during the day and brought in at night. One cow wore a bell and when it came time to bring them in for the night we would tell Joe to "Fetch the cows". He would go a short distance, then listen for the bell and if he could hear it, no matter how far away it might be, he would start off on a leisurely trot and in a half hour or so have the cattle all back in the corral where he would stand guard until someone came and put up the bars.

Sometimes the bell could not be heard from the house, so either Millie or I would go after the cows with a saddle horse, one or two of which were always kept close at hand. When the stock was sighted or the bell heard there was little for us to do for Joe would soon have the herd moving toward home. Millie did a lot of riding and Joe was always with her just as he was while she

was busy about her other work.

I was doing considerable team work at that time, making frequent trips with a four-horse team handling large loads of wood and hay. These trips took an entire day and it would be late when I returned in the evening. About the time I would be expected to arrive home, Joe could be seen walking slowly to the outer gate where he would remain until I drove in. Sometimes I would be detained and not reach home until 10, 11, or 12 o'clock at night, but no matter what the hour, Joe was always there to meet me.

One summer I was away from home for two months working on a threshing machine near Los Angeles. When the job ended, I wrote home and asked that the folks have a saddle horse in San Jose for me on which to ride back to the ranch. Upon reaching home, there was Joe at the gate where the folks said he had been waiting for several hours. The unusual feature was that during the entire period of my absence he had not gone to the gate before. It was certainly mystifying, and the only solution we could arrive at was he may have heard my name mentioned in their conversation during the day.

GERMAN SHEPHERDS

Lacking facilities for such an event, Leslie Kersell brought his dog Fawn to our place at Agnew to await the arrival of her family with the understanding that the puppies be shared equally. There were ten of them, nine of which survived, and a more handsome lot of police dogs would be hard to imagine. We kept two, one of which we sold for \$15.00 and the other was held for our own. Jerry developed into a very large powerful fellow. Affectionate and intelligent, he soon became a fixture in the home. Wherever Gertrude went, Jerry was at her side, and when any stranger came to the house he would walk quietly between them and there he would stand watching their every move. He would have made short work of anyone attempting to molest her. They had a lot of fun romping on the lawn and playing ball together. She used a tennis ball which he would catch when thrown from almost any distance and return it to her for further play.

When two years old he developed a trait which, located as were adjacent to the various farm activities, constituted a real hazard. One Sunday morning we were taking our usual stroll, when he spied a movement in one of the pens where we maintained a very fine herd of Duroc hogs. Jerry was away like a cyclone, over the fence he went and into the pen where he attacked one of the half-grown shoats. By the time I arrived he had the pig down and was tearing away at his throat, cutting deep gashes that very soon would have finished the job. A keeper who heard the commotion had arrived on the scene and was trying to call the dog off, but so intent was Jerry on his mission of destruction that he gave no heed to either of us. The keeper then seized a club and banged the dog over the head, knocking him out. Jerry soon regained consciousness and, looking up at me apparently with the thought that I was there to assist with the slaughter, wagged his tail in friendly salutation and dashed back after the pig. He was promptly knocked out again and this time was tethered with a rope and let away.

Fearing what the result might be should the chance be again afforded, we decided to part with him. This was a hard decision to make but seemed to be the only sane solution. Consequently he was given to Mr. Suttentfield, business manager of the Sonoma State Home, who wanted him as companion for his twelve-year-old son. The boy and dog were inseparable until Jerry became so solicitous of the boy's safety that he would attack patients of that institution who came to deliver supplies to the residence. A home was then found for him on a large stock ranch. Jerry evidently took the transition as a stepping stone to greater achievements for his next move was to attack a fullgrown steer in the process of which, with his powerful jaws, he bit the animal's tail off, leaving only a short stub. What became of him beyond this point, I never knew.

While we enjoyed his early life with us immensely, our experience with Jerry caused us to subscribe wholeheartedly to the theory advanced by many a dog fancier that "To possess a Police dog is to assume a grave responsibility".

BEPPL

The devotion in some animals toward their offspring was graphically exemplified in an incident which occurred when we were living in the village of Agnew. Bepple, a beautiful Llewellyn setter, had given birth to eight puppies and we had provided a box with clean straw for her in the woodshed at the rear of the house. It had rained for several days and one night about one o'clock we were awakened by the whining of the puppies. Upon looking out, we discovered that the streams had gone over their banks and the house was surrounded by a lake of swirling muddy water. Hurriedly donning pants and rubber boots and with lantern in hand I made my way to the shed. There in the box lay the mother dog on her side in six inches of water holding her head up, while on her body and above the water were those sightless little puppies clinging frantically to each other while she lay there half submerged and shivering. They spent the balance of the night in a dry box in the kitchen and the next morning were provided with new quarters well above the high water line.

NICK

Clarence Stiffler, who conducted a blacksmith shop at Coyote and was an ardent hunter of both quail and deer, owned a Cocker spaniel named Foss. On our various quail hunting trips together I had expressed great admiration for the dog. After I had left the ranch and was living at College Park, Mr. and Mrs. Stiffler came to visit us one Sunday and when Gertrude opened the door, in walked Clarence and placed in her hands a little brown curly puppy not over eight inches long. The mother of the little creature was a Water Spaniel and the father none other than the old quail dog Foss.

With such a background it followed naturally that he was to be my hunting dog. Being a timid fellow he required more encouragement than correction. His loving disposition and obedience to every command won the hearts of the

entire family. He soon learned to retrieve a ball and to do many stunts which indicated an unusual degree of intelligence. On his first trip in the field he developed gun-shyness which, in some dogs, is very hard to overcome. In his case the difficulty was easily corrected. To do this I shot a bird with a 22 rifle and although very much frightened at the report I called him to me and had him retrieve the bird several times. I then shot the gun and at the same time threw the bird a short distance into the grass, and got him to return it. So eager was he to do this that a few repetitions of the process dispelled all fear of a gun and he eventually developed into an exceptionally efficient hunting dog. Although less than a year old and but half grown he would heel, retrieve, charge, and he would remain motionless until ordered forward, and could be guided in any direction with a wave of the hand. When returning with a bird, Nick would stand on his hind legs and back up against me so that I could take the bird from his mouth without stooping.

In retrieving a dead dove the feathers will come off in a dog's mouth and this has been known to spoil many young dogs for retrieving birds of any kind. I hunted no doves with Nick until he had mastered the technique quite well with quail, but naturally felt some apprehension on the occasion of his first dove hunt.

My fears were groundless, for the first dove he retrieved, instead of taking it into his mouth as he would a quail, he looked it over a bit, then took it by the wing tip and dragged it gingerly along the ground and deposited it at my feet. How he sensed the hazard I cannot understand. Nor can I understand the sense of direction he possessed. After Gertrude and I moved to the village at Agnew he would make periodic trips between there and the home of Mother and sister Millie in San Jose, a distance of seven miles, ten blocks beyond the center of town. He always went at night, probably to avoid traffic, and after a stay of a few days would make the return trip in the same way. How the little fellow could find his way through the maze of streets is just another mystery.

He took on a new responsibility when True was born. Whether on the bed, the couch or in the baby carriage, there Nick would take his place and there he would remain hour after hour.

On one occasion True was asleep in the carriage on the front porch where his mother had put him, and as a protection from the wind had placed an umbrella over the carriage. Some time later while busy in the kitchen she heard the dog barking frantically and scratching at the back door. When she went to investigate, Nick dashed around to the front of the house, and there Gertrude found that the umbrella had been blown away and rain was falling on the baby's face causing him to squirm and fuss.

Nick's first experience with ducks came when he was about three-quarters grown. The trip was made with Sam Lowe and we hunted on the mud flats of Alviso. He had never seen a duck and had never been in deep water. Sam's dog was a pointer with a lot of experience in that sort of hunting and worked well. We had killed several Wilson snipe, which the dogs retrieved in con-

ventional fashion. Finally Sam shot a lone mallard which dropped in the tall grass on the far side of the slough about seventy five yards away. His dog was a good swimmer and was soon on the other side of the slough but couldn't locate the duck. Assuming that the bird had been crippled and made good his escape, Sam called his dog back but I was not convinced and decided to see what Nick would do under such circumstances. When told to "Go Fetch" he plunged into the water and was soon on the other side where, after shaking himself, he faced me and waited for instructions. He couldn't be seen in the tall grass but he would stand on his hind legs and peek over the grass with only his head visible. Responding to the wave of the hand, right or left, forward or backward, he covered every foot of ground until finally we saw nothing of him nor would he respond to my call. A few minutes later he emerged from the grass half carrying, half dragging the large mallard drake. As if uncertain as to further procedure, he dropped the duck at the water's edge and looked to me for further instructions. When told to "Fetch" he seized the duck and, dragging it into the water, began the pilgrimage back across the slough. It was a tough trip for he had to swim at one side of the duck which was nearly as large as the dog. At times he seemed to be making no progress but not once did he release his hold on the bird or waiver in his effort to do as he had been told. He finally reached the shore and, dragging himself and the duck wearily out of the water, laid the bird at my feet and looked up for a word of commendation. I had to swallow hard to keep down the lump in my throat as I took him in my arms and we returned to the car with that sappy little bunch of shivering brown fur snuggled under my hunting coat.

To mention a few of his many accomplishments: At my command to "Stand in the corner" he would go to the one indicated, stand up on his hind feet, turn around and back squarely into the corner. He would bark any number of times he was told up to three and when commanded to "Speak lots" would cut loose with a series of yips until told to stop. An assortment of articles would be thrown into another room including gloves, slippers, hat, ball and an old coat and someone would be asked to name any one of the list. The article selected I would whisper to Nick and away he would dash and return with the thing mentioned. He very seldom made an error in his selection. When it came to the coat he would drag it in across the floor to my feet, and when told "Let's put the coat on" he would stand up, turn around and back into the coat as I held it in position. I would put a pair of gloves on the top of an eight-foot step ladder and when told to fetch them he would painstakingly climb the ladder and back down with the gloves.

So sensitive was his nature that should I leave the house after having reprimanded him for some misdeed (I never whipped him) he would refuse to eat and would remain in seclusion the entire day until my return when, upon being assured that all was well between us, his joy knew no bounds and he was then willing to eat.

Gertrude brought him to the hospital one day when she came to walk home with me and I had him do some stunts in my office for the edification of the board of managers who had met for their monthly session. When, at my command, he had gone to a remote corner of the large office room and stood there at "Attention", the chairman of the board, Mr. Montgomery, pulled out his check book and said "I'll give you a hundred dollars for him". When told that no amount of money could separate us, he remarked sorrowfully, "Well, I don't blame you".

Nick's death was a tragic event in our family. It was his custom to be at the curb when I returned from work and ride on the run-board through the yard and into the garage at the rear of the house. For several days he had seemed listless and moped about, refusing to eat. When I returned the following evening he was waiting at the curb as usual and when I stopped he made several attempts to get on the run-board but couldn't get his hind feet off the ground. A veterinarian was called immediately but Nick became steadily worse until he was unable to stand at all. His trouble was diagnosed by the veterinarian as "Dumb Rabies" for which there was no known cure. Inasmuch as there remained no hope for his recovery the doctor offered to dispose of him for me but I refused and said that I would rather assume that responsibility myself.

Difficult as the task would be I could not think of trusting so important a measure to another. I felt that if he could have been consulted, Nick would have said "No, let's keep it within our own circle and let it be just another pact in our sacred trinity- The Man, The Dog and The Gun. If it must be done I would rather trust you, and let us be together to the end".

Mother, who loved him as we all did, was in poor health and I feared what the shock of parting with him would mean to her and determined, if possible, to keep from her any knowledge of the method employed in his disposal.

That night seemed endless as I tossed about in an effort to steel myself for the coming ordeal. When I slept at all it was only to see those soulful eyes imploring me to do something for him.

Beginning at an early hour in the morning the electric street cars passed the house at thirty-minute intervals and made much noise. I was at his side when the first car passed and with a pistol in my hand and a prayer in my heart, his spirit was mercifully released from his poor pain-racked body and I bid farewell to a faithful companion who neither questioned my judgement nor failed to conform to my every request. Mother, who had heard nothing but the rattle of the street car, rested in the belief that he had passed away during the night. He was buried under a fig tree at the rear of the lot. While gone from us in the physical sense, the little fellow is still retrieving for me the memories of the many happy moments we spent together in the field and in the home.

MUSIC

VIOLIN, ETC.

When Walter and I were about twelve and fourteen years of age we were given permission to cut wood for sale and use the proceeds for the purchase of a violin. To own a violin had been our cherished ambition for a long, long time.

Consequently, during the summer school vacation we put in our spare time cutting down a good-sized live oak tree and chopping it into stove-lengths. The tree grew in a rather steep canyon and it was necessary that the wood be "gulched" out with a team and sled to a point where it could be reached with a wagon. The two cords thus obtained were sold to a neighbor, Mr. Rathbone, for six dollars a cord (delivered). With that precious twelve dollars I made a special trip to San Jose and going to the Gimmel Music House exchanged it for a violin, bow and box.

No product of Antonio Stradivari could have been more treasured than was that shallow-toned fiddle which so completely filled a long-felt void in our young hearts.

With no knowledge whatever of music and not knowing even how to tune it, we took turns trying to get something out of the old fiddle, while the other members of the family, with an heroic display of patience, endured our feeble attempts without protest. After several weeks of fruitless endeavor, except for the fact that after much experimenting we succeeded in tuning the strings into something vaguely resembling their proper relations, and could scratch out short snatches of the few tunes we knew. Mother, probably driven to near desperation, suggested that we concentrate on one piece until we could work out a full tune.

Taking me into the parlor she sat on a chair and hummed "The Girl I Left Behind Me". She would hum a few bars, then cause me to repeat it, then another and another until I could finally play it through. Walter soon caught on and from then we laboriously whipped other pieces into shape until we developed a sufficient repertoire to relieve the tension on the household which our earlier attempts must have created.

There were few evenings that the fiddle was not given a work-out. Very often on Sundays and holidays other boys of the neighborhood with musical aspirations would join us and each would endeavor to outdo the others on whatever instrument was at hand. There were guitars, banjos, accordions, jewsharps and harmonicas. In addition to this there was usually a pair of bones (made from the ribs of a deer or goat) for some one to rattle. And when this menagerie broke into high gear, the resultant din of discord must have been something truly horrible for those within ear-shot.

The musical growing pains eventually evolved into a degree of proficiency which created a demand for our services at many neighborhood entertainments and dances. Walter and I usually played the violin with guitar accompaniment

by one of the Kidder boys or the old stand-by, Henry Randall. The larger affairs were held at the School House. People would come from remote ranches in the back country as well as from the foot-hill sections around Evergreen. As the dance progressed and the effects of liquor became manifest in the drinking characters, certain clanish propensities would come to the surface with the result that we musicians would frequently be obliged to put down our instruments and endeavor to help either stop or finish the fighting.

BAND

About the time when my brothers had found employment away from home and I was on the ranch with Mother and sister Millie, a family named Ingram came into the neighborhood. They moved into a house on the Coe ranch in San Felipe Valley. There were four boys and a girl in the family and the boys were all quite musical.

They had been with us but a short time when they took steps toward the organization of a brass band. Having no brass instrument and hearing of one for sale by a young fellow in Morgan Hill, I drove to San Jose, rented a bicycle and rode the twenty miles to inspect the horn. I had no wheel of my own and had but recently learned to ride so the twenty-mile trip was no small undertaking. I paid Fred Malaguerra \$15.00 for the alto horn, tied it to my shoulders with a piece of bailing rope and started on the return trip. My legs were numb and lifeless from the strain of riding so far and as I descended the steps they folded up and I went sprawling full length on the ground. After resting a few minutes I was able to mount the wheel and made the trip back to San Jose without further difficulty. The road was rough and dusty and the day hot, but my spirit was exuberant with the knowledge that I might soon qualify for membership in the "Hyland Band."

I knew nothing about playing a horn or reading music, but Ned Ingram explained the operation of the valves and the position of the notes on the staff, so after a short period of intensive practice I was able to play "after-time" with the rest of the boys.

Our usual meeting place was at the School House where we would practice playing while marching in the yard. We learned there how much more breath was required to play while in motion than while sitting or standing. Realizing that we could not play at night-time without lights we levied assessments and created a fund with which was purchased musicians caps equipped with oil-burning torches attached to the crown. Music was also purchased from this fund.

Being thus equipped for night playing, we furnished music for various political rallies in neighboring towns. For this we made a charge of ten dollars. A hay wagon and team from the ranch of some member of the band was used for transportation. Reading music by the flickering light of a smoking oil lamp and marching down the main thorough-fare of a country village to the strains of "Hail Columbia", or some other martial air, at the head of a torch-light procession, created in me a feeling of extreme satisfaction and pride. The

plaudits of the motley assemblage was truly heart-warming.

We favored no special political party. We were interested primarily in any event which afforded an opportunity to play and secondarily in the monetary reward.

Instruments used in the outfit were: Two Cornets, and one of each of the following: Valve Trombone, Alto, Tenor, Baritone, Clarinet, Drums and Cymbals.

A memorable trip was when we played for a dance at Soda Spring which is nine miles east of Madrone and a short distance south of Pine Ridge. The road was narrow and steep so we went early and returned by daylight the following morning. The dance broke up at five o'clock. Dancing was done on an open pavilion which was built across a small stream at the side of which was the soda spring. Water was lifted from the spring by a hand pump attached to a pipe extending down through a corner of the dance floor.

As the night wore on, the cold wind whistling through the open pavilion and under the floor converted the bandstand into a veritable refrigerator. We would stamp our feet and take turns at dancing, but all-in-all it was a chilling experience. The warmth of the morning sun was most welcome as we hitched our impatient horses to the old farm wagon and retraced our course down the tortuous mountain grade.

TOM

The one who went farthest in musical attainment was Tommie, the youngest member of the Ingram family and the junior member of the band. Tommie played cornet in the band. He later took up violin, which he played exceptionally well, but still later forsook all other instruments for the trombone. Eventually he moved to San Francisco where he taught trombone and played in the then famous Park Band. Tommie was regarded by many critics as the leading trombone player of the Pacific Coast.

Our clarinet player, Frank Carlton, played with the best musical groups in San Jose and stood high in his profession for many years.

When I left the ranch in 1896 I traded the alto horn for a cornet. Never did anything much with the cornet and later gave it away, thus terminating my brief experience "in brass".

RANDALL

The best guitar player in our neighborhood was a man called Henry Randall. Henry was a professional sheep-shearer. During the shearing season he met assignments on ranches of the large sheep raisers in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys.

At that time all shearing was done by hand. This required a certain technical skill which could be acquired only through wide experience coupled with boundless patience and painstaking effort. Possessing rare skill in the operation, Henry's services were eagerly sought by those who knew him.

At the close of each shearing season he would return to the hills and engage in cutting stove wood. He would batch in various cabins in the neighborhood, and later made his headquarters at the Kidder homestead. During all his travels in pursuit of his varied occupations he was never without his beloved guitar. Although unable to read music he possessed a rare fund of old songs, both sentimental and comic, which he loved to sing and no social gathering was complete without Henry and his guitar.

His wood cutting was as skillful and methodical as was his sheep shearing. In a given period of time he could turn out more stove wood than anyone else of our acquaintance. An outstanding characteristic was the fact that during our entire acquaintance and association with him, his conversation and demeanor were free from any disrespectful allusions toward women, suggestive stories or any other form of vulgarity. Consequently he was a welcome guest in our homes and our parents entertained no misgivings about his influence on us teen-age boys. This characteristic was most noteworthy considering the fact that his vocations had thrown him among a class of men who were less discriminating in their attitude toward the better things of life.

As time went on Mr. Randall developed a rheumatic condition which progressed to a point where he was unable to engage in his usual work. With his resources thus curtailed he decided to apply for a Government pension to which he was entitled for having served with the armed forces during the civil war.

It was then we learned that his full name was Henry Randall Mansfield, the name under which he joined the army. (Randall was his mother's maiden name). Due to the hardships and vicissitudes of his protracted war service coupled with constant association with convivial buddies, Henry acquired the liquor habit to such an extent that when the soldiers were disbanded he felt ashamed to return to his home. His parents were wealthy, influential, church-going people and extremely proud of their social attainments. Believing that his condition would serve as a blot upon the good name of the family, he preferred that they believe him to be dead rather than know that he had fallen so far below the family standards. Consequently his parents mourned his loss on the assumption that he had become a war casualty.

Positive identification was a prerequisite for obtaining a pension which made it necessary that he contact the remaining members of his family whom he hoped were still at the old home in Michigan. He wrote to their address but received no reply. They believed the letter was written by an imposter, but when a second letter was received requesting them to send a list of questions pertaining to his early childhood they responded. His answers to the questions submitted convinced them and they lost no time in providing the Government with the necessary identification, which resulted in his receiving the pension.

His condition became progressively worse and it was necessary to remove him to the county hospital. When this was decided upon he expressed a desire to see his guitar which he had left with me some months before for safe keeping.

Propped up in bed with pillows at his back and under his knees, the guitar was placed in his hands. Looking it over fondly, he strummed the strings gently with those poor pain-racked fingers while the tears streamed down his sunken cheeks and his withered frame convulsed with sobs. Then, after sitting quietly for a few moments with eyes closed and head bowed as in prayer, he passed his beloved guitar back as he murmured "Good-bye, old friend".

The end came a short time after entering the hospital and his remains were buried in the Veteran's section at Oak Hill Cemetery, San Jose.

GEORGE GOULD

Brother George was born in Osage, Iowa, May 17, 1853. He was nine years old when in 1862 he crossed the plains with his parents in a covered wagon. A sturdy, dependable lad, he drove the oxen with the nonchalance of a grown-up.

Like all his family, George Gould was an expert shot. When the little caravan passed through hostile Indian country, armed with a muzzle-loading pistol, George took his turn standing guard with his father.

Arriving in California, the boy was called upon to do a man's work in helping his twice-widowed mother support five little half-brothers and sisters. His steadfast adherence to duty, as well as his devotion to his family, were remarked even then in the community. But it was his later achievements, single-handed in an Oregon wilderness, that caused us younger children to realize we had a courageous and outstanding brother.

At twenty, he married fifteen-year-old Hattie McClay. For the first few years he continued to live nearby and help his mother. But in 1882, after the birth of his fourth child, George loaded his family, his wife's younger sister, Oleo McClay, and all his worldly possessions into two wagons, and set out for Oregon to fulfill a lifelong ambition--homesteading on government land.

In Elkton, on the Umpqua River, Douglas County, Oregon, the family was established temporarily and George struck out alone to explore the country. Soon he came to what was known as The Great Burn, an area approximately 25 by 50 miles, burned so long before that no record of it could be found. The oldest settlers in the region, including a few Indians, placed it as least fifty years before George discovered it.

He beheld what was once a splendid growth of timber now reduced to a forest of bleached ghosts of the past, standing white and majestic--monuments to the devastating effects of fire. My brother looked over the vast area and his breath caught. Then, like Brigham on entering Utah, he said, "This is the place!" and went at once to file his claim. This was in 1884.

In the spring he returned and built a rough log cabin of shakes close to the North Fork of the Coos River, 15 miles from the town of Alleghany, the head of navigation, and 35 miles by trail from the Douglas County line. Over this trail, so hilly and rough that wagon travel was impossible, on May 1, 1886, 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 pack of Fan, his most trusted horse, and started out. The twins loved the novel arrangement and when they grew tired chattering, cuddled down in their blanket-lined boxes and peacefully went to sleep.

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 stouthearted. 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 watched in tense silence. To the little ones it was just extra fun.

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 grownups rolled themselves in blankets and slept.

While building the cabin George had found time to clear the bottom land in preparation for an orchard and garden. He had also built rail fences and had driven his cattle here before bringing the family.

A busy time followed for all. George had to keep the table supplied with meat; there were plenty of deer, elk, bear, and pheasants. The women milked, made butter and cheese, took care of the chickens and ducks, gathered and canned wild berries, and spun and wove the fleece from their flocks of sheep into garments. Native grasses were gathered and woven into hats for all hands.

In spite of all this necessary work, two years later George had accomplished what to me at this day seems an incredible feat; he had built a saw mill.

The mill had a huge overshot water wheel powered by water diverted through a ditch extending a half mile up the Coos River. Power was transmitted by means of a belt running from the main shaft of the water wheel to a line shaft turning in a series of wooden bearings attached to the rafters of the mill. From this line shaft smaller belts extended to various pieces of equipment, including the washing machine and churn! Thus Hattie Gould, separated from civilization, nevertheless enjoyed conveniences other women did not know until years later.

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 and stacked until sufficient material had been accumulated for his second ambition--the building of a "real house".

In 1900 his dream was realized. His family of nine children--the last five of whom he had assisted Oleo in delivering--with the three adults, moved into a well-built, two-story house of eight rooms; concrete testimony of one man's imagination, ingenuity, and WORK. All the lumber had been cut and finished in his mill. The only items brought in from the outside--on horse-

back over 115 miles of torturous trail--were window-glass, hardware and nails. The stairs had a banister of yew-wood, beautifully turned on his lath and skillfully mortised together.

But the house was not all. Furniture--beds, tables, chairs, dressers--all these my brother made. Still, wood-minded as he was, George was obliged to give attention to other things. Sheep had to be sheared, the wool washed and carded. During the winter a line of traps was maintained and the valuable skins obtained had to be cured, then carried by packhorse to Alleghany to be shipped to the Eastern market.

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 a centrifugal extractor and transported in five gallon cans, slung over a pack-horse.

Deer, elk, and mountain lions were more than plentiful, as well as beaver, otter, mink, and martin. His sons learned to hunt at an early age and lent a valuable hand. Camps were established in different places, the meat and skins brought home by pack-horses. Meat was cut up and placed in the smokehouse where a smouldering fire burned day and night, converted into "jerky," and packed out to the boat landing where it was shipped to San Francisco and Portland markets.

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. Oleo 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, and except for dinner at noon, remain until four in the afternoon. No excuse was permitted for remaining away unless strictly necessary. So ably did this discipline and Oleo's teaching work out, that when the youngsters were ready for high school, they entered with excellent grades. The four girls became trained nurses, one of the boys a civil engineer, and all established themselves in worth-while work. No one ever knew on meeting them that George 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.

It would seem that all this left little time for other activity. But George was a human dynamo. Rainy days and long winter evenings he whistled and worked in his shop, making violins, furniture, etc. Music he dearly loved and played the violin with considerable skill.

As an incentive toward development of music appreciation, he conceived the idea of buying an organ for his entire family. Obtaining the instrument was

easy enough, the difficulty lay in getting it transported over those fifteen miles of narrow mountainous trail, so precipitous that no road was ever made from his home to Alleghany. The organ was ordered and when it arrived George was ready. Taking two 18-foot poles, he mounted each end on frames above the saddles on two horses in such manner as to permit the animals to turn freely in any direction. Between the horses, moving tandem fashion, on a canvas suspended from the poles, was the precious organ, well padded with blankets.

Progress was very slow and it was necessary to make camp the first night. At daylight the instrument was again loaded on the poles and by noon the last stream was forded and the pack train halted at the door. Soon the organ was in position in its new home.¹

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

As a young man I frequently visited this older brother and his family. As I witnessed first-hand his stupendous achievements, I marvelled more and more. No one had taught George to do these things. His education was limited to a few terms at our country school. Yet he loved to read and found time in the wilderness to make a worthwhile collection of good books. But his know-how was not to be found between the covers of any book. We in the family were pleased to call him "Nature's nobleman," but George Gould was more than this. He was truly a great man.

In spite of the roughness of his life, George was essentially fine. He neither smoked nor drank and abhorred all forms of vulgarity. On one occasion while conducting a hunting party the men were relaxing by the camp fire and the conversation gravitated to the objectionable. George arose and, in his low, well-modulated voice, remarked, "Boys, we don't have that kind of talk in our camp. Anyone who does not respect the dignity of man and the chastity of womanhood can get out." No one left, but there was no more lewd talk.

An out-of-door man and sportsman to the last. While hunting Rocky-mountain sheep in Arizona he became ill and passed away soon after at the age of 69.

1. This feat received wide publicity and appeared in the (then popular) magazine, YOUTH'S COMPANION.

FISHING TRIP - 1913

Account of fishing trip made by the four Tourtillott boys: Howard and Walter (Dr.) of Lindsay, Ernest (his home ranch at El Mirador east of Lindsay), and Ted of Agnews State Hospital.

Monday, August 18th - Left Ernest's at 7 A.M. with four horses hitched to a lumber wagon and leading two more. Saddles, camp equipment, food supplies, rolled barley, fishing tackle, guns, etc. piled into the wagon where we all rode with Ernest driving.

Passing through Frazer Valley, we arrived at Springville at 12:30. Fed horses some barley, ate a watermelon on a large rock beside the road, had a horse shod and left at 4:35. Camped for the night above Aikens' near Coffee Camp.

Tuesday, 19th - Packed our luggage on Maud, Queen and the mule and three of us rode the other horses while one of us walked. Soon after starting, the stage came along and I rode to The Forks (Tule River) and took the Nelson trail. The boys overtook me at Pierpont Falls. The trail was narrow and built along the rocky mountain side with occasional rocks jutting out from the upper side where it was necessary to sway the packs to one side to prevent their being torn off as the horses passed. The mule was an experienced pack animal and did his own swaying by shifting his feet so that the load would swing out in passing. Reached Camp Nelson at 1:30 - got dinner at the hotel. Aileen Gould came to the hotel and we went with her to their cabin where we met her mother, Mrs. Guppy, and her two children, Francis and Frank.

Left Nelson at four o'clock - camped at White Meadows. Lots of feed for the stock and good spring water.

Wednesday, 20th - Up at 6:30 - Howard went after the horses and Walt with his rifle - I did the dishes. Ernest had a severe attack of asthma and remained in bed for a while. He must have felt mighty tough for it takes a lot to keep the old boy down. Saw a Mr. Crabtree who is running cattle in the meadow for the summer. Walter and Howard returned with horses but no venison, and as Ernest felt much better we filled the thermos with coffee, which, with some of Ettie's cookies, was made accessible for a lunch to be eaten later.

Broke camp at 11:30. About one o'clock we came in sight of the canyon of the Little Kern River. Across the canyon and to the north could be seen the Sawtooth Range and Farewell Gap. About half way down the trail leading to the river a rattlesnake slithered down the hillside and directly under the horse that Ernest was riding. The rattler was dispatched with my 32-20 S&W and relieved of his "six and a button".

Reached the river at two o'clock, loosened the saddles, and in a very short time all but Ernest were in the river for a swim, attired in nature's bathing suits. Had our coffee and cookies and were on our way at three o'clock. As we started we heard a peal of thunder and rain began to fall, which continued

intermittently through the afternoon. Trout Meadows at 4 P.M. and Big Kern at 6.

Camped on the river where the trail leads over to Little Kern Lake. As we came down the trail, Ernest noticed that his horse, Lou, was in distress and after reaching camp she writhed about on the ground with what seemed to be an acute attack of colic. Going into a huddle we decided to take chances with the rattlesnakes and gave Lou the only remedy we possessed - a pint bottle of whiskey. She nodded her head in approval and the next morning was in high spirits.

Thursday, 21st - Walt and I fished. Walt caught four - I five. Ernest remained in camp - Howard went after the stock which had drifted back to Trout Meadows. He returned at nine o'clock riding one and driving the others. Upon dismounting he discovered that he had lost his pistol. He caught three fish as he went down the river.

Left camp at 11:45 and arrived at Big Kern Lake at 2 P.M. Howard and I pitched the tent, Walt arranged cupboards, table, etc., Ernest cooked supper.

We barricaded the trail below camp and put the stock up the river where grass was plentiful. Staked Lou and hobbled Bob.

Friday, 22nd - Up at six after the best night's rest since leaving home. Walter didn't fare so well as he has a severe cold and had a restless night. Ernest made biscuits, which with bacon, mush and coffee constituted a grand breakfast. At 10 A.M. all hands went fishing up the river. Rained - Ernest and I took shelter under a huge rock, from which we had caught two nice rainbows. Ernest tied Maud to a tree as we went up the river and released her as we returned. Returned from fishing at 2 o'clock. Walt caught one, Howard none, Ernest five and I nine.

Dinner at 3:30 of potatoes, gravy, ham, tea, and prunes. At six o'clock Walt and I fished - each caught one. Built a fire in front of tent and sat inside. Cloudy - had a lot of thunder during the last three days. Yesterday Ernest left a piece of fat in the skillet by the fire and this morning it was gone. We attributed the larceny to some hungry bruin but this morning found it buried near the fireplace. The guilty one was Walt's collie "Buddy". Buddy's feet got pretty sore on the trip so Walt has fitted him to a set of buckskin moccasins. He tried to pull them off at first but has now become resigned to the situation and is being a good Indian.

Saturday, 23rd - Fished in the lake in AM and caught two each. In PM Ernest and Howard fished - E., 8 and H., 4.

Walt and I took horses and hunted west of camp. Saw three deer, one a fine fourpoint. I shot three times at him and missed him slick. Killed a six-foot rattler. Thunder and light sprinkle.

Sunday, 24th - Howard and I rode horses (Bob and Lou) and hunted up Coyote creek. Left horses and hunted on foot - saw doe and two fawns. Walt and Ernest came later riding Maud and Queen. H. and I returned to horses at one

o'clock. Walt at two o'clock (Ernest didn't hunt). All hands rode down to the Coyote Creek where we let the horses feed while we made a fire and cooked bacon, beans, hot-cakes and coffee. Returned to camp at four o'clock. H. & E. fished in the river and W. and I in the lake. Howard caught four, Ernest two, Walt, three and I, none. We were sitting by the fire at eight-thirty when it began to lightning and thunder. Sheet lightning had been playing on the horizon all evening. Rain began to fall so we got things into the tent as best we could, but soon discovered that the rain was beating through the tent. To protect the bedding we pulled the heavy floor canvas over the beds and crawled in under. The storm continued until midnight during which time little sleeping was indulged in by any of us due to the constant dripping of water on the canvas covering, and the intermittant rattling of thunder which increased in intensity and finally terminated in a deafening roar which shook the earth like an incipient earthquake, and caused each of us to cuddle closer under his blankets in an effort to occupy as little space as possible in this troubled universe. Each was hoping that his remains would be recognized by the loved ones at home.

Monday, 25th - Up at seven o'clock and after breakfast took the horses and a lunch and rode to the lower lake to fish. We had not fished long before it began to rain. We huddled under tree stumps and logs for a half hour when the storm was over and we resumed fishing. Howard and Ernest fished on the west side of the river and Walt and I crossed the stream and went down the east side. Ernest returned to camp at five o'clock and the rest fished till six-thirty. Ernest left his fish, the lunch equipment and Walt's coat where we had our horses tied as he had no saddle on his horse - all of which we overlooked when we left the stream.

At camp Howard and I took the horses up the river while Ernest and Walt prepared supper. They had to cook everything in the Dutch oven because the fry pan had been left down the river. After supper we counted our fish (Howard, 17, Walt, 24, Ernest, 12, I, 27). Walter caught the largest - 13 inches. The evening is beautiful and if we don't get struck by lightning or washed into the river we should enjoy a good night of sleep.

Tuesday, 26th - Arose at six o'clock and while Ernest and Walt got breakfast, Howard and I brought in the horses. We found all but Bob, so after eating, Walt went up the river and found the horse, filling his basket with what he seemed to consider a more attractive menu. Howard and I fished below Little Kern Lake and Walt went up the river about three miles to Lewis Camp and fished on Whitney or Volcano Creek. Walt caught eleven beautiful golden trout. Ernest fished in the lake near camp and caught eight nice rainbows - one sixteen inches, the largest one caught by anyone on the entire trip. Howard came in with thirty-four and I with forty-seven. All but Ernest got soaking wet as it rained most all PM, also thundered. Ate supper in the tent, then cleaned and salted fish and dried clothing. Expect to break camp in the morning and start for home. Ernest feeling better. He had a troublesome headache and some asthma this morning.

Wednesday, 27th - The weather looked stormy so did not get up very early this morning. When breakfast was over and dishes done we tested the penetrating power of our guns by shooting into a stump and cutting out the slug with an ax.

Result in following order:

303 Savage Rifle
32 Special Winchester
32 Automatic Colt pistol
32-20 Colt revolver
32-20 Smith & Wesson revolver

Howard brought in the stock and the rest of us broke camp. At 3:30 we took a last drink from the spring of cold snow water and strung the pack train out on the trail with heads pointing homeward. The stock were thinner than when we came in, but were all in good spirits and anxious for the return trip.

As we reached the crown of the ridge above the Lower Lake, Buddy jumped a deer out of the brush so Walt and I rode ahead with the hope of getting a shot but had no luck. (On one of Walt's trips he visited the spot where I had shot at the buck on the 23rd and did such a good job of missing him, and returning to camp handed me three empty shells with the remark, "Don't feel too bad about your apparent poor marksmanship. You were shooting 30-30 shells in your 32 Special". I felt better about it).

Left the Big Kern at Grasshopper Flat at 5:30 PM. Camped at Willow Meadows at 6:25. Pitched the tent as it looked like rain and turned the stock into an enclosure built by Government Rangers. Made a record tonight by putting up the tent, disposing of the stock, and being ready to eat a well-cooked supper in just forty-five minutes from the time we dismounted.

Thursday, 28th - Walt and I tried to get some venison east of camp - no luck. Left camp at 11:30 - weather fine; Saddle Spring at 1:10; Little Kern River at 1:40; Log Meadow 3:25 and Grouse Meadow at 4:39 where we camped and turned stock out after hobbling Bob and staking Lou. Good camping ground - weather looked so good we did not put up the tent. Ernest made biscuits again and they were splendid as usual. He is a swell cook.

Friday, 29th - Up at 5:30 and hit the trail at 7:40. Evidence all the way of it having rained heavily. Reached Camp Nelson at 9:30. Walt and I went to the Gould cabin and found Ed there. He will hunt deer for a few days. Left Nelson at 9:45, passed Moorehouse cabin at 11:00 A.M. At 11:30 had thermos-bottle coffee on the south fork of Tule River - passed Pierpont Falls (Stony Camp) at 12:20 - The Forks at 12:40 - arrived at our wagon, which was left three miles above Springville, at 2:15.

Unpacked the stock and fed them what hay was left in the wagon, tied Speck and Bob behind, and turned Lou and the mule loose to follow. Bought some hay at Springville and about a mile further on we stopped by the roadside, fed the stock and cooked supper.

After supper all went to the river (Tule) and took a bath. Coming from the cool temperature of the high Sierras, the heat of the San Joaquin Valley seemed terribly hot and oppressive.

At 7:45 we started on the last leg of the journey. There were few road signs at that time and in the darkness we experienced some difficulty in finding the road through Frazer Valley. At a fork in the road near a school house Howard and Walt saddled Bob and Speck and rode to their homes in Lindsay (arriving at four o'clock), and Ernest and I drove to Ernest's ranch which we reached at three AM. My Gertrude and True had been with Lulu during our absence. I had not shaved during the trip and had accumulated quite a growth of whiskers and when I awakened True (4 years old) he sleepily raised his head, looked me over and said "Shave 'em off" and went back to sleep.

A high-light in my memory through the years was that trip with those fine brothers of mine, each one a Prince of a fellow and grand companion. During the entire trip there was not one word of dissension, complaint or criticism from anyone. To have been associated so intimately with that group of fine men was indeed a cherished privilege.

June 6, 1947 - Typed from notes made on the trip -

T. T. Tourtillott

"I shall pass this way but once, therefore, any good that I can do or any kindness I can show toward any human being - let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it for I shall not pass this way again".

UNCLE CHARLEY WYMAN'S BEAR

1868

After scraping and dressing out a hog he had killed, Uncle Charles hoisted it into a tree by means of a block-and-tackle, the lower end of the carcass being about ten feet from the ground. The tree stood but a few yards from the house and the limb on which the hog was hung projected over the building.

Late in the night Charles was wakened by the furious barking of his little dog. The moon was shining and as Charles looked out of a small window he saw the back of a bear standing but a couple of feet from the window and trying to reach the hog. Seizing his gun (a Kentucky muzzle-loading rifle) he shot through the window and the bear, dropping on all fours, took off through the woods at a rapid rate.

By the aid of his lantern, Uncle Charley discovered some blood on the ground where bruin had gone around the house in his hasty retreat. Not wishing to come to grips with the brute in the night time, he waited until daylight and with the aid of the dog, followed the trail up a rather steep wooded canyon north of the house. There he found the bear bedded down in a patch of bushes near the bottom of the ravine licking his wounds.

With the little dog at his heels, Charles walked out on a large log which had fallen across the ravine and from that position was afforded a good view of his quarry. From this point he drove one of the old lead bullets into the body of the bear which caused it to moan and writhe about in the bushes.

The task of loading an old muzzle-loader consisted of pouring a charge of black powder into the muzzle from a powder horn hung from the shoulders by a strap. Next a patch of tallow-soaked cloth about an inch square was then taken from a recess cut in the stock of the fife, and covered with a silver plate hinged to the wood, place it over the end of the barrel, seat a lead bullet on the patch and force it down into the barrel with a wooden ram-rod. When the bullet was well seated on the powder it was the custom of the old hunters to continue ramming the bullet by lifting the rod and casting it down sharply, releasing hold on the rod before it reached the bottom. This was repeated until the rod could be made to bounce out of the barrel thus insuring required compression of the powder. With a percussion cap fitted over the tube, trigger set and hammer cocked, the weapon was ready for action.

Crack shot hunter though he was, Charles experienced a violent attack of Buck-fever which made it extremely difficult to coordinate any contact between the powder horn and the gun muzzle when attempting to reload. While thus engaged he was startled by a hoarse growl and saw the bear crawling toward him with obviously homicidal intent. This challenge caused Charles to regain his composure quickly and with the gun loaded, he shot the bear in the throat which sent him skidding down the bank of the gully. The bear proved to be a grizzly.

HUNTING * COONIE RIFE * PURDY

We boys owned and used a shot-gun at the ages of eight and nine years, but did not possess a rifle at that time, but a short time later we bought a Flobert single shot 22 short rifle. This was little more than a toy and contributed but little to our game-getting equipment. Like most boys our ambition was to own a gun capable of bringing down a deer or coyote, but our finances would not permit such luxury. Occasionally we would borrow a gun from some kind-hearted neighbor and try our luck at the larger game.

On my first such excursion I borrowed a rifle from the Kidder boys. It was a muzzle-loading gun with elaborate silver mountings and weighed about eight pounds. Being a muzzle loading weapon it was necessary to carry loading equipment which consisted of a powder horn, a few bullets, a box of percussion caps and a number of cloth patches well saturated with tallow. These patches were kept in a small box-like compartment chisled into the gunstock near the shoulder plate with a sliding silver cover embedded flush with the surface of the stock.

The process of loading this kind of gun consisted of first placing the butt of the gun on the ground and, holding the gun with one hand while with the other you poured a charge of black powder into the barrel from a powder horn which is equipped with an adjustable measuring device operated by a simple pressure of the thumb. A greased patch is then placed on the barrel's end and on this is placed a lead bullet which is forced down into the barrel with a wooden ram-rod and driven tightly against the powder. The more the powder is compressed the greater the power generated by combustion. A percussion cap is then fitted on the tube, or nipple, and the gun is ready for use. The owners of these guns made their own bullets. This was done by placing pieces of lead into an iron ladle and heating the lead to a molten state then pouring it into a mold so hinged as to be opened in the middle to disgorge the bullet when sufficiently cool to retain its shape (round).

The powder horn is suspended by a cord or strap passed over the opposite shoulder to hold it against the side of the body at the waist line. When hunting with a shot gun, the shot flask is carried in the same manner but on the opposite side. Like the powder horn, the flask has an adjustable device to gauge the desired amount of shot.

When loading the shotgun, a round wad of proper size is inserted on top of the powder and another on top of the shot to hold it firmly in place. The wads are made of two pieces of heavy paper between which is compressed a quarter inch layer of deer-hair cemented to the paper. When loading the shotgun, care should be taken to not ram the top wad too vigorously as this would create unnecessarily increased recoil and add nothing to the effectiveness of the charge. A standard bit of advice to the beginner was: "Ram the powder - tamp the shot - a wad in the middle and one on top". This advice does not apply to rifle-loading, the common practice being to force the bullet down to the powder, then with the rod held between the thumb and index finger, pull the rod nearly out of the bar-

rel and with sudden downward thrust release and cause the free rod to strike the bullet. Repeat this again and again until the rod will bounce upward and out of the barrel.

Referring again to my first trip ;

Brother Walter was with me, carrying the little 22 rifle. I had crossed to the east side of the San Felipe creek and was hunting on the Horace Little ranch, now the Tony Costa place. Near the top of the mountain range I spied four deer lying in the tall grass under an oak tree about a hundred yards distant. Being but twelve years of age and unable to hold the gun to my shoulder I squatted down and with supporting elbow resting on my knee drew bead on the nearest deer and fired. Jumping to their feet at the sound of the gun, 3 deer bounded a short distance up the hill and stood watching me while the fourth lay thrashing about in the high grass. By the time I arrived it had ceased struggling and was dead. To my amazement it proved to be a spotted fawn while one of the others was a large buck with a beautiful spread of antlers. While I nervously proceeded to load my gun the three others disappeared in the timber and were well out of range. Walter, hearing the shot, came panting up the hill and, upon seeing my tiny trophy remarked, "If I'd known it was no bigger'n that you'd never got me up that hill".

The only gun in our section at all comparable to the Kidder rifle was owned by Coonie Rife, a bachelor living in a small cabin near the Kidder ranch. His rifle was less decorated with silver but was a good shooting weapon as was often attested by the splendid marksmanship of its owner who was recognized as a "Crack Shot".

To say the least, Coonie was an odd character. About 5 ft. 6 in. - weighing 140 lbs. very quick and active. He would walk rapidly along the road swinging his body from side to side, his head bobbing in the same way, chuckling and muttering to himself in high pitched tones. He was a good worker but wouldn't stick long on a job. His favorite work was chopping wood. The only time he was known to have manifested any leaning toward matrimony was when he proposed to fifteen-year-old Neva Kidder. Evidently feeling that this was an occasion calling for strict adherence to conventional ethics, he proceeded accordingly. Neva was working about the house when he entered and approached her with hat in hand and kneeling at her feet with bowed head asked for the honor of her hand in marriage. Instead of being impressed by his humble approach and courteous manner she let out a yell and ran to her mother. Deeply chagrined by this sudden turn of events Coonie left in haste and was not seen for several weeks.

Another interesting personage was a Mr. Purdy - often referred to as the "Mystery Man".

Mr. Purdy was an entirely different type of man than was Coonie Rife. Arrangement was made by a prosperous appearing man (he was never seen again) for lodging and Mr. Purdy was housed in a small cabin with meals to

be obtained from the kitchen of Mrs. Kidder.

He was a quiet man and was never known to utter a word which might shed light on his past which remained a total blank. Always courteous and considerate of others he maintained a degree of dignity and aloofness which defied any attempt to pry into his past. His clothing was of good quality and his demeanor that of one accustomed to the better things of life. He would occasionally walk to the home of some neighbor for a brief visit but left the neighborhood only on rare occasions when he would make a trip to San Francisco for a few days or a week. He left no address nor word where he might be reached.

While away he made purchase of such personal items as needed and never seemed to be short of funds. He invariably brought a liberal supply of candy for the children. It was often rumored that he had buried large sums of money near his cabin but these rumors were without factual foundation.

He carried a small Derringer pistol concealed in his clothing at all times. He rarely displayed it but on one occasion it was brought into play when a drunken rowdy became boisterous and insulting in the presence of the women. With gun in hand he approached the fellow with a look on his face that spoke volumes and said quietly "Get OUT". With blanched face the fellow made a hasty retreat and from that moment Mr. Purdy was our hero.

Being well advanced in years he became progressively less active and was finally confined to his cabin where his meals were served by the family. Finally one morning as Bertie entered with his breakfast she found him sitting in his chair by the table - dead.

He had reached the end of the trail and, taking his secret with him, still remained "The Mystery Man".

BENEFITS SHOWN BY THE USE OF REINFORCING IRON TO STABILIZE CONCRETE AND BRICK STRUCTURES.

In the early 1880's when Agnews State Hospital was under construction and the large sand-stone arch at the entrance of the administration building had been completed and was ready for the brick masons to work on the front wall, a crack was discovered at the apex of the arch.

Work was halted while the contractor and State Inspector endeavored to find a solution which would not necessitate rebuilding the arch. By mutual agreement an inch and a half iron rod was installed in the brick wall extending horizontally through the entire front wall of the building with ends threaded and provided with huge iron washers held securely with threaded nuts.

The rod passed through the arch three feet below the apex and was camouflaged with metal grill work.

When the institution was wrecked by the 1906 earthquake, the entire rear part of the four-story building, which had no re-enforcement, crumbled and fell, while the front portion of the building remained standing, thereby saving the lives of the Superintendent, Dr. Stocking, his wife and daughter, as well as all of those in that portion of the building.

This was due to that one rod which held that part of the walls from spreading.

(There were ten employees killed in this building. Killed in the entire institution were 101 inmates and 11 employees - Total 112).

AGNEW

Brother Frank, who was practicing law in San Francisco, was quite active in the campaign of James Budd ("Buck-board Jim", so called because he covered the entire state in a buck-board during the campaign) when he ran for and was elected Governor of California. As a result of such support Frank was appointed to membership on the Board of Trustees of the State Insane Asylum at Agnew, California. This Board was later called the Bd. of Managers and the name of the institution changed to Agnews State Hospital.

Early in the year 1896, a vacancy occurred in the position of Secretary to the Medical Superintendant and Frank came to the ranch with the information that one of us boys could have the job. Howard and Ernest were in business for themselves, so the selection lay between Walter and me. After a week's deliberation it was agreed that I was to be the one to accept the position.

The task involved in the transition from cow-hand and farm worker to office and secretarial duties seemed insurmountable to me and my apprehension increased as the time for the change approached. I would have much rather remained on the ranch and the prospect of leaving my horses behind was anything but alluring.

Having no suitable clothes for such work, Brother Frank loaned me \$35.00 with which to purchase a suit - the loan to be returned out of my first month's salary. I was to receive \$150.00 a month with full maintenance. The new job was to start Feb. 1st, 1896, but I was advised to report on January 20th to acquaint myself with details of the position in advance.

Arriving at the institution I was conducted to my room on the fourth floor of the administration building and told to make myself at home - that the Sup't would see me shortly. Make myself "at home" in such surroundings? Never in this world! I had a fleeting hope that I wouldn't make good on the job - then I could return to my real home in the dear old hills. It is doubtful if there was ever a more dejected, lonesome, homesick boy than was I during those first days at Agnew.

My predecessor was to remain until the end of the month, balance the books and prepare the monthly reports. His attitude toward me was anything but cooperative so I learned but little from him and, as I possessed no knowledge of book-keeping, the outlook was anything but encouraging. Nettled by remarks he was broadcasting to the effect that "That country hick would never be able to keep the accounts straight" I was more determined than ever to justify Frank's belief that I could handle the situation. So, after Mr. Bailey had closed the office at night and returned to his home in San Jose, I obtained keys from the Sup't., Dr. Hatch, and spent my evenings poring over the books and records. Beginning with the receipt stubs which represented payments made on accounts of the inmates I would trace the postings to the cash book, thence to the ledger etc., etc., etc..

Consequently when I took over on February 1st., the business of the office progressed without a ripple. Confidence in myself was now fully restored and I felt equal to the task -- a task which later proved to be my life's work.

To one whose experience in the handling of money was so painfully limited, this responsibility seemed colossal to me. Payrolls were prepared on the last day of the month and on the following day the Steward and I drove to San Jose, a distance of six miles, and drew the money from the bank. All payments were made in gold and silver which was stacked in piles on a table (in a corner of the room) behind which I sat with a six-gun within easy reach. To guard against being held up on the return trip from San Jose we had the coachman follow in another buggy at a distance of several hundred yards. We were never molested but always felt a sense of relief when the leather coin bag was safely locked in the office safe. When all was ready the employees were notified by telephone, the doors unlocked and the task of dealing out the money began.

Salaries at that time were \$40.00 for charge attendants and \$35.00 for assistants. This included full maintenance. Salaries of other employees were on about the same level.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays relatives were permitted to visit the inmates. On the two former days the general public was admitted. On these occasions ushers were provided to conduct the visitors through the institution. However, there were but four wards designated as visiting wards - no visitors were ever taken through the violent sections.

Sunday was always a big day at the institution. More money was taken in than at any other time as relatives poured in by the dozens and many of them made payments on the maintenance accounts of their respective charges. Many inmates had neither relatives nor estates so were maintained solely by the State as also were many whose relatives were not financially able to pay.

The state law exacted that relatives of certain degrees of consanguinity (i. e. father, mother, brother, sister, son or daughter) who were financially able must pay, and that collections could be made from estates of the inmates.

It was my duty to send bills to those responsible, and where repeated efforts to collect were ignored, to refer such cases to the Attorney General's office where legal action would be instituted. Some accounts required much correspondence and threats of prosecution before collections could be made, while others required but little effort. As an example of the latter - a supposedly indigent patient died whose only correspondent listed was a man in Germany. A bill covering past maintenance was made against the estate of the deceased and sent to the German address. It was just a "shot in the dark" and soon forgotten. After a lapse of six or eight months a check for the full amount, something over \$2,000.00 was received from the Public Administrator.

The volume of collections received on the Sabbath made it seem imperative that I be in the office on that day with the result that I was on the job seven days a week. This condition obtained for ten long years, during which time nothing short of sickness or a death in the family entitled me to be away for a single

day excepting a two-weeks vacation each year.

Directly following the earthquake of 1906 conditions were in such a state of upheaval that for four consecutive years I had no vacation of any kind, nor was I given any additional time off when later I was able to take my annual leave. Finally our Matron, Miss Addie Fitzgerald, suggested that, inasmuch as she was obliged to be present each Sunday, she receive the money, list the payers and I could mail receipts the following day. To this our Sup't., Dr. J. A. Crane, agreed and from that day I felt as one who had been released from bondage.

Once each month church services were held in the auditorium and conducted by ministers of different denominations from San Jose. Music was furnished by our local choir consisting of employees who would volunteer their services. During the summer months the hospital brass band would give concerts on the grounds for the benefit of the inmates. The band was composed of employees, as was the dance orchestra.

Each Friday night a dance was given and all inmates who could be trusted to that extent were taken to the auditorium by attendants - each attendant being responsible for those from his or her ward. All employees who danced at all were obliged to dance every other dance with some inmate and inmates were permitted and encouraged to dance together so long as their behavior was proper. Hours for dancing were from seven thirty to ten o'clock.

Behavior of the inmates was usually good. Occasionally, however, some one would become noisy and have to be taken back to the ward, or some epileptic would have convulsions and be removed to his department. A visitor who had witnessed one of these gatherings at the institution once remarked that there was little difference between this and dances held by sane persons except that "The inmates are better behaved". Visitors were permitted to occupy the balcony on permits issued by either the Sup't. or me in advance. Access to the balcony was had by a stairway leading from a hall outside the ballroom. Visitors were permitted to participate in the "round dances" but not with the inmates. Frank Coombs, our chief engineer, officiated as floor manager and "called" the square dances which were Lancers, Quadrilles, Paul Jones, etc.

The volume of visitors on visiting days would often tax the efforts of the ushers to a point where it was difficult to adequately extend full courtesy to all comers. On these occasions I would occasionally volunteer to assist in conducting groups through the institution.

Often irked by the constant repetition of hackneyed replies to the myriad routine questions propounded, we sometimes indulged in mild exaggerations.

The universal lack of understanding and the grotesque conception of the mental processes of those adjudged insane held by the general public seems particularly astonishing to those of us who have had the good fortune to be with and to know more intimately the problems and mental workings of our unfortunate brothers and sisters.

We have learned that in the minds of the majority of these people there still remains much of the knowledge and culture acquired during their earlier lives.

The popular belief that their minds become total blanks is in many cases not substantiated by facts.

The delusions harbored by many are but exaggerated tendencies often found in lesser degree in friends we meet in the daily walks of life. We all know people who have ideas and beliefs which have no factual foundation yet are clung to with the tenacity of a leech. Such beliefs if taken too seriously could develop into a condition of paranoia. One of our Superintendents, Dr. Julius Crane, possessed a splendid vocabulary and when asked for a definition of paranoia replied, characteristically, "A paranoiac is one who is so constituted as to be incapable of correcting obviously mistaken conclusions".

As diversion from the monotonous flood of elementary questions, we sometimes resorted to stunts which enhanced the belief in the minds of the visiting public that employment among the insane was an extremely hazardous venture.

Among one group which I was showing through the institution was a very pretty and charming young lady in whom I soon became more than mildly interested. After entering one of the wards I was busy explaining matters to the group. An inmate, who had been committed as an alcoholic but had now fully regained his mental equilibrium and, above all, his keen sense of humor, strolled to a remote room where he turned his coat insideout, put it on, and ruffling his long black hair came running toward us with eyes glaring and mouth agape. Stopping a short distance away and scanning each member of the group he suddenly, responsive to a directional nod from me, fixed his gaze upon the sweet young thing clinging to my arm and, crying out "MY WIFE", rushed toward her with outstretched arms. Releasing her trembling hands from my arm I stepped gallantly between them and grappled with the raving monster. Deftly applying a half-Nelson I forced him into a side room, while under his breath he was saying "don't break my neck you damned old so and so". Locking the door, I returned to my guests and as the little darling flew to my side loudly praising my heroic defense, I nonchalantly flicked a speck from my sleeves and remarked "Think nothing of it. I would stop at nothing to protect you". When taking leave of them at the entrance door my little Queen said as she clung to my hand "I feel that I owe my life to you". I never saw her again. Maybe I should have. It's a safe bet that I would have admitted nothing which might have dispelled her belief in my heroism.

There was little done in those early days for the comfort of the inmates, especially those who had been declared incurable, and had no friends or relatives interested in their welfare.

Brother Frank had been a member of the Board of Trustees but a short time when he made a thorough investigation of conditions in all departments. On what were termed the "front" wards, those open to the visiting public, he found things fairly satisfactory, but not so on the "back" wards - those where no visitors were permitted and where were kept the violent, the untidy and the extremely demented cases. In many of these wards for the men, there were neither chairs nor benches - no place to sit but upon the floor. Many of the inmates had neither

shoes nor socks. Many had no suspenders and were obliged to hold up their pants with their hands as they paced back and forth on the cold floor in their bare feet. Buttons were off shirts and pants and those fortunate enough to have shoes, had no laces.

The Sup't. was more interested in showing a low per-capita maintenance cost in his reports than he was in the comfort of his charges. When requisitions were made by the charge attendants for additional supplies the doctor would invariably cut down the quantities without having made any attempt to ascertain the real needs of the department.

At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, Frank dropped a real bombshell in the lap of the Superintendent. He demanded that chairs and benches be immediately purchased for all departments needing them and that all inmates be supplied at once with warm clothing, shoes and socks. "To Hell with that per-capita report", he said, "from now on your job will be to make every inmate in this institution as comfortable as his or her mental and physical condition will permit."

It was not long before his demands were fully met and it was not long until we had rugs on the floors in the better wards, as well as potted plants and bird cages with canaries singing in many of the wards for women.

Brother Frank was a real fighter for all that was just and humane.

Then came Dr. Leonard Stocking who had been a member of the medical staff for about four years. He was a mild mannered and well qualified educationally for the work.

Aside from the routine happenings at such an institution there was little of note until the earthquake of April 18th, 1906, which made a shambles of the entire hospital. The only buildings found to be at all usable were the laundry and engine room.

Casualties were 101 inmates, and 11 employees. The task of searching for the dead and injured was tremendous.

As keeper of the records it was a part of my duties to reconcile the records as to the population after the earthquake. After ten days of uncertainty and frantic searching through the ruins we were relieved to learn that seventeen inmates were being held by the Sheriff of Santa Cruz County. This, with the number of dead and those in custody, tallied with the population on record when the quake struck.

The Sheriff very kindly agreed to retain those in his custody until such time as we were in position to receive them, which was a welcome contribution at the time.

All banks were closed but the State Administration arranged with the First National Bank of San Jose for \$10,000.00 credit to meet immediate necessities. From a \$25,000.00 emergency appropriation we ordered materials from local dealers and construction of temporary wooden buildings was soon under way. The question of rebuilding was being discussed by those in authority as was the matter of whether we should build in the old site or move to some more favor-

able location. We inspected many prospective sites but found none of sufficient merit to warrant serious consideration.

Vital features in support of remaining were: Water supply in the form of eleven flowing artesian wells, sewer facilities, including rights of way and three miles of pipe line running to salt water, and shipping accommodations, spur tracks etc.

The Lunacy Commission instructed Dr. Stocking to make an extended tour of inspection and report his findings and recommendations to the Board.

After visiting many hospitals in the United States and using what he deemed the best features of each he recommended what is known as the Cottage System. This consisted of many smaller buildings of different types which contributed to better segregation of the different types of affliction.

His views were accepted by the Board and after months of planning and working with the State Architect, plans and specifications for twenty-three new buildings were completed. Through the medium of competitive bidding, contracts were let and work begun on the first group of five buildings. As the group neared completion another group was processed and so on until the entire lot of buildings was completed.

Most building was done by Union Labor but one of our contractors, Mr. Engstrom of Los Angeles, ran a non-union job. His contract covered seven buildings and there existed considerable rivalry between Union and Non-union crews. Mr. Engstrom's system differed from conventional methods in that there was a central mixing unit and the concrete mix was distributed by means of long adjustable galvanized ducts reaching all parts of the building under construction.

Complaint was lodged with Sacramento authorities charging that large quantities of sawdust was being mixed with the concrete which went into walls and floors. A union man reported that he had seen sacks of sawdust being put into a certain section of wall and had marked the spot. Consequently the marked section of wall was dug out and no trace of sawdust found.

The floors in question were to sustain a certain weight without exceeding a certain limit of sagging. Mr. Engstrom piled sacks of cement on each floor in the amount of twice that requirement and the sag created was still well below the required safety limit. It developed later that the Union man confessed to putting the sawdust in the wall himself. The mix under this system was more liquid than that handled with shovels and the act of pouring it into the forms scattered the dust so that it was not discernable. The victory gained by Mr. Engstrom was so decisive that no further trouble was had with the Union.

Mr. Engstrom was a large operator and owned his own lumber mills and cement plant.

A pathetic note in the overall picture was that the architect who labored so long and efficiently with Dr. Stocking became afflicted with a mental disorder and was confined as an inmate while the last of the twenty three buildings was under construction.

Immediately following the earthquake our offices were in a small wooden building at the east end of the front avenue, and there was great activity in clearing the mortar from thousands of bricks, loading bricks on flat cars for shipping away and hauling many others to a vacant field near by.

At one time we had five hundred workers all of whom were paid at the end of each week. When the time sheets were handed in it was my duty to compute the amount due each, obtain the money in proper change from the bank, and pay off in cash.

There is no long stretch of pathetic endeavor without an occasional flash of humor if we look for it. While the searching for bodies was in progress, word was passed along that a voice was heard in the ruins calling - "Hurry up, doctor, quick, quick, ". All hands immediately rushed to the scene with all possible speed and began working among the rubbish. Timbers were pried loose and passed out in bucket-line fashion until they had burrowed down to a depth of ten to fifteen feet and there was found the badly damaged cage containing the badly frightened parrot belonging to the wife of Dr. Stocking. The parrot was repeating what was so often heard as Mrs. Stocking attempted to accelerate the speed of the slow moving doctor. With tension abated the crew went wearily back to its former assignment but not without the prevailing thought that it may have been well to have refilled the hole and left the occupant in it.

With major units completed, furnished and occupied, the rush for housing was over but there remained the task of extending water lines, building roads and walks, and the planting of shrubs, trees, etc..

The entire scheme of roads, walks, garden planning and planting was conceived and planned by the man responsible for the creation and maintenance of the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, Mr. John McLaren. Mr. McLaren made many trips to Agnew to inspect the work and confer with the hospital management and finally when the work was completed he announced that there would be no charge whatever for his services. Thus, Agnew State Hospital had the good fortune to receive the gratuitous services of the leading Landscape Architect in the whole United States.

Through the years of constant application and unrest Dr. Stocking had become increasingly more fault-finding and exacting and, with my duties pyramiding, I too had become restless and irritable, so with the feeling that my best efforts were not sufficient to satisfy the doctor, I decided to resign my position as Business Manager. This was in 1918 -

When this became known I was offered a position as Business Manager of the Pottenger Sanitorium at Monrovia, Calif. which treated tubercular cases only.

Not being satisfied with either working or living conditions, I resigned and, with the wife and son, loaded our belongings on a trailer and wended our way back to Santa Clara County and wound up at our ranch which was located in the northern part of Paradise Valley.

My co-owner in the ranch was Don Brewer. We purchased from the Henry Bonetti holdings, 186 acres and had built a house, barn, garage, corrals and planted twenty five acres of prunes. We had a keeper on the place while I was away.

In the fall of 1921 I received a letter from Dr. Stocking requesting an interview which was had in San Jose at the Montgomery Hotel. The Manager who succeeded me had proven unsatisfactory and was released. Dr. Stocking asked me to return to my old position saying that I would be given an increase in salary, a wider range of authority, more leisure and, as the doctor stated, "You'll find me different". He said that "Not until you had gone did I realize the full value of your service". This was heart-warming to me as was the thought that I was finally to be active in the work to which I had long been dedicated.

It was necessary that I take a Civil Service examination, which I did and passed with a rating of No. One in a field of seventeen applicants.

On February 1st., 1922, I was back in the harness and can truthfully say that Dr. Stocking lived up to his promise in every respect, and I found it a pleasure and an inspiration to work with him all through the remaining years of his life, which terminated about ten years later after a long period of illness.

Our next Superintendent, a man who had been identified for many years with hospital work and well qualified for this position, was Dr. John Scanland. He served well for two years and was then appointed Superintendent of Napa State Hospital where he passed away after a short period of service.

Dr. Eugene W. Mullen was our next man to fill the position as Superintendent. Dr. Mullen had served on the medical staff at Agnews for many years and stood high in the field of psychiatry.

During the summer of 1938 I was confined to my bed with a serious attack of inner-ear inflammation and, being in no condition to carry on the work, resigned in October of that year.

We moved to our abode on Metcalf Road, which we had purchased in August, 1921. It was three acres of mostly hill land and the house was one built by Mr. Metcalf for whom the road was named.

The homestead was owned by Mrs. Kidder and operated by her and her family which consisted of five girls and three boys.

The house had been vacant for a number of years and, as so often occurs when a house is vacant for a long time, was in a bad state of repair. Through the years we had done considerable work to make it more livable.

The walls were built with no studding - the 1 x 12 boards were simply nailed to the floor and ceiling joists and were the only support provided for the upper floor and roof. The walls had no covering other than some newspapers, most of which had been torn off. The walls were straightened with strips of tin, covered with heavy felt on which we put smooth plaster board which was later painted. New mud-sills were put under the house and new roofs installed and the house painted outside. A two-stall garage with shop attached was built as was a den and pump house - also wood sheds. A new tank and water pipes com-

pleted the water system and a septic tank unit just about supplied the necessary facilities for modern living. Hence, the initial home making was not much of a problem.

Mrs. Tourtillott and I had planned that after my retirement we would take many long trips together, but the only one of note taken was a tour through British Columbia. Mrs. Tourtillott developed a heart condition which prevented extended travel and this condition progressed until she passed away on June 3, 1942.

This was, of course, a severe blow to me and I took no more of the trips planned. COON HOLLOW was home to me and that is where I stayed.

During the latter part of Gertrude's illness I had a housekeeper who remained after the funeral for several months. When she left, another came. The remoteness of the place with attending inconveniences made it hard to keep a woman, so after a short stay she resigned and my neighbor, Mrs. Farrah, came and did the house work and cooking for me. She was a widow, living but a short distance from me and would return to her home each night.

The Business Manager of Santa Clara County Hospital, Norman Downer, was called to do military service, which left his job temporarily vacant, so a man from San Jose was appointed to the position. This man was found by the Board of Supervisors to not possess proper qualifications for the job and by reason of his negative personality and lack of managerial background was dismissed.

A three-man committee of Supervisors came to my home and, because of my experience in hospital management, asked that I take over the job of Business Manager of the County Hospital, pending the completion of Downer's service in the army. To this I agreed, on condition that I be permitted to go and come at my own discretion. This being satisfactory to them, I took over the assignment.

Dr. Henry Dahleen was Superintendent, and I soon recognized his superb ability as an institution man and his wholehearted cooperation in all measures involving economical expenditures as well as his absolute fairness and courtesy to inmates and employees alike. To say that I enjoyed working with him would be putting it mildly.

I found all employees sincere in their work and truly interested in the welfare of those for whom the institution was designed.

Serving in this capacity for about a year I was finally relieved by the return of Mr. Downer, who had then completed his military stretch.

Immediately preceding my departure, I attended a reception held in my honor in the hospital auditorium. Escorted to the gathering by Dr. Dahleen, I was presented with a magnificent gold pen and pencil set. All employees passed by and shook my hand as they were released from duty long enough to partake of refreshments and join in the occasion.

My heart was heavy with the thought of leaving, yet happy in the knowledge of such respect and courtesy shown me.

After a brief period of relaxation in my home, in February, 1945, I was again approached by the same committee and requested to take over the Superintendency of the County Alms house due to the death of Mr. Oscar Martin, who had been ruler of the institution for many years.

My duties there, while of lesser magnitude than at the hospital, were still sufficient to constitute a full time job. I lived in the house vacated by Mr. Martin which was but a short distance from the office.

Because of the protracted illness of Mr. Martin, the physical condition of the institution was at a low ebb as was the morale of the employees, and some drastic measures were necessary to achieve a much needed boost in efficient operation. Of great assistance toward this restoration were the constant and loyal cooperation of two members of the Board, Walter Pfeiffle and Sandy Wool. Together, beside many other improvements, we bent our efforts toward restoring the fire-fighting equipment which had degenerated to a point of practical uselessness. On the wards of the helpless and bed-ridden inmates we changed all doors to swing outwardly and provided long ramps in place of concrete steps which made it possible to roll all beds into the yards without disturbing the occupants. And, with the acquisition of more extinguishers and the recharging of those in service, the safety from damage by fire was greatly enhanced.

A fine herd of holstein cattle was maintained from which was obtained ample milk for the inmates as well as for the County Hospital and jail farm. Beside the milk, a quantity of fresh pork was provided for these departments each week from the herd of Jersey Red hogs (about 300) maintained mostly by produce raised on the farm acres. In turn we were supplied with hams and bacon converted at the hospital in a smoke house there constructed for the purpose.

My tenure at the Alms House depended upon the time required for the Civil Service Commission to prepare and hold an examination and provide a list of applicants from which the Board of Supervisors could select a man duly qualified for the position of Superintendent. Thus, after a period of eight months, Mr. Edward Bohlen was selected and began his career as Superintendent on October 1, 1945, thus permitting me to return to my "Home In The Hills" where the relaxation obtained was of such proportions as to justify the appellation of "Professional Loafer".

AGNEW - COUNTY HOSPITAL - ALMS HOUSE

In 1898, the State Lunacy Commission was created and Dr. Hatch was appointed by the Governor as Superintendent with offices in Sacramento. Dr. Hatch's departure from our institute was a sad blow to all and especially to me. I had become very fond of him. During the entire time of my association with him he had never spoken a harsh word and had been most courteous and kind at all times. His unfailing patience and kindly consideration in the light of the many shortcomings I must have shown in those first hectic months while endeavoring to adjust myself to a situation so foreign to my earlier training, were truly outstanding.

The following incident will serve as an index to his tact and diplomacy: While making the usual book balance at the close of the day I found a shortage in the cash. After the dinner-hour I returned to the office and pored over the accounts, but no amount of checking and re-checking would reconcile the discrepancy. About ten-thirty, while in a state of cold perspiration still feverishly struggling with the accounts, Dr. Hatch, whose office adjoined mine, passing my desk remarked casually "Does she check out alright, Ted?" When I replied that my cash account was short he drew his hand from his pocket and placed four twenty-dollar gold pieces on the table - the exact amount of the shortage, remarking, with a twinkle in his eye "When you leave the office it's a good idea to keep the safe door closed". With a fatherly pat on the shoulder and a pleasant "good night" he passed into the hallway and up the stairs to his living quarters on the second floor, leaving me in a state of relaxed frustration but with a prayer of thanks in my heart for the good fortune of being associated with such a man.

With all his calm exterior, however, he could be extremely tough with those who would deliberately commit any serious infraction of established rules.

This being prior to the establishment of Civil Service in the State, the Superintendent of an institution was the sole administrator and could hire and fire as he saw fit. As Superintendent of the Lunacy Commission, Dr. Hatch had supervision of all State institutions, both mental and penal.

DR. F. M. SPONOGLE

Possessing none of the sterling qualities enjoyed by his predecessor, Dr. Sponogle proved an easy prey for the hungry politicians of the time.

One of the first acts to indicate his propensity to yield to political pressure was to levy a ten percent assessment on the salary of each employee.

As pay-master I was asked to make the above deductions. This I refused to do on the grounds that under the state law, all employees of the state were forbidden to take any active part in politics. I did, however, at the request of my superior officer, after giving each employee the full amount of salary, direct him to the office of the Superintendent where the "squeeze" was made. To my knowledge, there was but one who refused to pay the assessment. That was our

Supervisor, Gus Braden, who challenged the doctor to make an issue of it by placing it before our Board of Trustees for a decision. This was not done and the Trustees remained in ignorance until later when the Dr. was roundly censured for his action. Dr. Spongole's tenure was of short duration. Discipline in the institution had faded almost to the vanishing point and disorder obtained in nearly every department.

Indiscretions of his past began to catch up with him and when a new Governor took office, rumors of unethical practices had become so general that Governor Gage ordered an investigation made, which brought to light sufficient factual findings to warrant the immediate dismissal of Dr. Spongole.

DR. JULIUS A. CRANE

Our next Superintendent, appointed by Governor Gage, was Dr. J. A. Crane from Santa Ana, Calif., who had retired from active practice because of a heart condition which excluded any violent physical exertion.

A man with untarnished record, both professionally and socially, Dr. Crane soon endeared himself in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. His long experience in the practice of medicine coupled with extensive reading and study of mental disorders, proved him well fitted for the position of Medical Superintendent of Agnews State Hospital.

The living quarters for Doctor and Mrs. Crane were on the second floor of the administration building and directly above the offices. I was single at the time and occupied a room on the fourth floor of the same building. In the winter season we spent many evenings together in my office, sitting in large easy chairs by a sparkling coal fire in the fireplace. A well educated man, an adept linguist and a writer of no mean proportion, his conversation was both pleasing and enlightening.

When accepting the position he had planned to bring his own secretary and had selected a young man for the job. However, it was his purpose to delay the change for a few weeks while acquainting himself with the office routine at the institution. This being agreed to by the Board of Directors, there was nothing further said about it until the next monthly meeting of the Board.

When questioned about the proposed action at the meeting, Dr. Crane replied: "After carefully observing the capability of Mr. Tourtillott and his attitude toward the management and the public, I have developed an affection for the boy and shall make no change".

Because of his heart ailment he would retire to his apartment for a period of relaxation each afternoon and it was my assignment to see that he was not unnecessarily disturbed.

After two years of peaceful tenure, Dr. Crane applied for retirement which was reluctantly granted, and he returned to his home in Santa Ana where, a year later, he passed away in the manner he had often predicted - "with his boots on". One of the finest men I have been privileged to know - he was like a Daddy to me.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

NOTE:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA