

MY BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

I Hiram Cornelius Powell, am a son of Silas Powell, who was a son of Joab Powell, the great Missouri Baptist preacher. Grandfather Joab was a son of Joseph Powell, one of the first settlers of East Tennessee. He [Joab] was born in Campbell County, on or in the year 1800. He and his wife had fourteen children born to them; ten boys and four girls.

Originally the Powells came from Virginia to Tennessee. About the year 1833 they moved to Cass County Missouri.

My father, Silas Powell, married Harriet Rice, December 18, 1845. They were married by William Owsley, a Baptist Clergyman, in Cass County, Missouri. There was born to them, while in Missouri, a son named David Crocket Powell, in the year 1847, July 22nd; and also in the year 1849 a daughter Sarah Elizabeth.

In the year 1850, the Government offered a married couple six hundred and forty acres of land, as an inducement towards settling up Oregon and California. So in that year Father and Mother with a numerous host of other relatives, joined a train that was drawn by Ox teams, to cross the plains to Oregon. It was in this way that my forefathers begun their long trip across roadless plains, deserts and snowy mountains, to their new home in the West.

Of the relatives that came across the year 1850 on Mother's side of the family, were her father, Charles Rice, my grandfather. He was born December 5, 1797 in Tennessee. He married Sarah Lett, lived on the Clinch River, about the year 1825 or 1826. They moved to Missouri about 1833, and Grandfather Rice with all his family that were alive, moved to Oregon in the year 1850. Grandmother Rice died about the year 1845, leaving an infant son, Charley Rice. My mother Harriet Powell, his sister, raised this said Charley Rice. Grandmother Rice's children were: Harriet Rice, Freadlen Rice, James Norvel Rice, George F. Rice (died in Missouri), Francis M. Rice, Elizabeth Jane Rice, Rebecca Rice, Chas. William Rice. These folks with numerous others crossed the plains in the year 1850. There was also one known as Big Frank Rice, whose father had died in Missouri, and his Mother and a sister died on the plains. He, Frank Rice, was a full cousin to my Mother's father, Charley Rice. I have seen Frank quite often; stayed with he and his family quite often in the year 1881 and 1882 in Oregon. I went to school at McMinville, Oregon those two winters. Cousin Frank raised a large family, I think all boys, except one. I saw one of the boys, his name was Frank too. This was in Providence during the year 1930. Had not seen him for 48 years.

The train had a long hard pull across that great stretch of wilderness from Missouri to Oregon. No one can tell of the hardships. They were tired, hungry, sore-footed, blue and discouraged, also sickness and death. It was some trial to have some loved one to sicken and die and be buried, and then have to pass and leave their lonely grave. There were lots of hard work to do and standing guard at night. Roads to make, rivers to cross, where they would tie logs on the side of their wagons to help float them across the rivers. Wagons to fix, such as setting tires, mending broken tongues. Ox yokes to be made or repaired. I have heard the old folks say in those days, they did not have very good brakes on their wagons and the roads or trails were steep, rough and crooked and sometimes they would come to a steep mountain, and in order to start down the other side they would cut trees and tie on the back of their wagons and drag them behind, until there was not room to pile them at the bottom.

I have heard my mother say on the plains for days they could not find any wood to cook with, they would have to pick up buffalo chips to cook with. Some places they would come to poison water, which if the stock drank, it would kill them.

The train had lots and lots of stock that they brought across and some of it was good stuff. Big Durham and other good breeds. Sometimes the train would stick to a good place to camp and lay over for a few days, or a week to let the stock rest up. Probably some good meadow, and then there was lots of work to do, mending of all kinds. Probably it would be in a good hunting ground and the hunters would bag a lot of game.

My grandfather Rice was sick abed when they started and before they were out a month he was out walking and he walked most of the way across the plains; in fact he was a great walker. I can remember seeing him walking to church when I was a child in Oregon.

This train came down the Snake River into the Columbia by the Daals, down the Columbia to Portland, then up the Willamette River into the Willamette Valley. Our people located near Brownsville on the Calapooe River. Father located on the Calapooe River, two and a half miles west of Brownsville. The river ran right through the place. On the North of the river it was rolling hills and on the South the land was level and along the river there was lots of timber. All kinds of timber, oak and the best in the world of pine, fir, ash, maple, yew, (that the Indians made their bows out of), vine maple, cherry, crab apple, also hazel nuts and lost of wild strawberries on the hills and in the valleys. Bee-trees, pheasants, grouse, deer, ducks and wild geese. In fact it was the Promised Land!

My father went to work to improve the land. He landed there in the fall of 1850. There was two children at that time, Dave and Elizabeth both born in Missouri, as I have already mentioned. Mary Ann was born June 26, 1851, John Daniel, May 1853, Arminty Jane, June 5, 1855, Emma Caroline, June 3, 1857, Theodocia Earnest, September 4, 1859, Hiram Cornelius, January 8, 1861, Charles Joab, April 18, 1864, Nancy Laura, March 26, 1866 and Olive Harriet, April 7, 1868.

Now for a few years of the early period after the folks landed and took their land, I don't know what happened, and there is no one of whom to inquire. But when I became older and can remember, that being a period of about 15 years from the time the folks located there, they must have been very busy. For as far back as I can remember, father was building an addition onto the house and it seemed to me at that time it was some addition. It was called the new house, two story, double fire place, one in the new portion and one in the old, but both using one chimney. What they called the new barn was built before I can remember. It was about 90 feet long, and the whole width about 40 feet, sheds included in this 40 feet. The sheds were about 12 feet wide and a loft for hay.

There was a very large wood-shed and apple house combined and a wagon-shed on one side. I remember a smoke house where father and mother used to make smoked bacon. I can remember father having a hog killing; killing from 15 to 20 head. The neighbors would come and help. They would have lots of fun, and work hard. Mother would make soap by the barrel; making her own lye; having her ash hopper to make the lye in. They then fenced the whole ranch with rail-fence, or worm fence, and crossed fenced. Father had added 180 more to his 640, so now it was 820 acres and a good place. Father had also put out an orchard, 8 to 10 acres and oh my, the good fruit that did grow there, it would make a horse leave his oats!

So you see the folks were busy all the time. Now these things were built up before I could

remember. One thing I do remember was the death of my sister Arminta.¹ I remember the folks putting her in the coffin, and I also remember one awfully cold snowy winter, father making a big sled to haul hay out to the stock and to haul wood on. One time he came home that winter riding on the sled and was sitting on a box, and when he stopped to unhitch the horses, he told me to turn the box over, and out jumped a pig, black as coal. My how it scared me. My brother Dave by this time began to be a young man, could do a man's work and he was a very handy man all around. He and I were always great pals. He was a great hunter and there was lots of game of all kinds. He got his share. He used to take me along, so I learnt a great deal about how to hunt; how to find the game and how to crawl up on it when we found it. He always hunted with an old muzzle loading rifle. It shot straight. I killed my first coon with it that cold snowy winter. It must have been about 1865 he went out and found what he thought was a coon tree, but when he cut it down, it proved to be a bee tree; the loads of honey he got out of it; all the wash-tubs and buckets were full. When he cut the tree and found out it was a bee tree he came out of the timber in sight of the house and hollered for the rest of us folks to bring buckets and tubs; so we had a feast.

In those early days they worked oxen quite a little. I remember the last oxen that father had on the place, Dave hitched them up and took us children down in the creek bottom to gather hazel-nuts. While we were down there rambling around gathering the nuts, he began to make spooky noises and scared us stiff before we found out what it was.

Father was a lover of horses and he had good horses and kept them in good condition. He could keep about one hundred head of horses and cattle all together on the Ranch.

GRANDFATHER JOAB AND HIS TRAIN

They started in the spring of 1852. This was a large train. There was a great many of Grandfather's relatives in the outfit. Grandfather was the captain. He was greatly respected. He was a Baptist preacher and would not travel on Sunday, but would find a good camping place and would lay over and rest up and hold services, preach the gospel as they understood it in those days. I have heard the old folks tell about how they did. Grandfather Joab and wife raised or had born to them 14 children; ten boys and four girls.

Uncle John was a very large man, must have been six feet two or three inches tall. Uncle Elias was a good sized man, but not so large as John. Uncle Peter was a shorter but heavier set man. My father, Silas was quite a little smaller. (I was eight years old when father died), but I remember him being about five feet ten inches. He was very strong and active. Uncle Dan was just about father's size and build and they looked lots alike. Uncle Joab was quite large. I never saw him but once that I know of. Uncle Billie was also a large man. He never got married. Uncle Abraham, he was always called Abe. He and Aunt Barbara were twins, they were born September 4, 1841, in Missouri. These two married the same day, but not at the same time or the same place. Then there was Aunt Jane Powell [handwritten note: "this Aunt Jane Powell was Grandfather's Sister"], she married John Beeler in Tennessee; they had born to them 17 children. I don't know as I ever saw but one of them, and there was Aunt Mary. She married Steve Davidson, they have 13 children. Aunt Ann, she married Dick Carmichael. Aunt Barbara married Ralph Sloan. There was two of the boys died, that I never saw, so don't know anything about them.

1 [Need the correct spelling of her date and the exact date she died]

These folks and a host of others came across the plains in wagons and ox teams. Now, I don't know much about what happened while they were crossing, except when they got pretty close into Oregon, my father who had proceeded them two years, took two yoke of oxen and a wagon full of provisions and went to meet them. He met them up on the Columbia River at a place called Grand Round Valley. That was a happy meeting. Father's oxen were fat and sassy and his wagon was filled with good eats and their's were lean, worn out, sore footed and tired, and their provisions were getting very low. Uncle Abe said this was the first place they got potatoes on the trip. "My", he said, "but they did taste good." He also said to see father coming in with his loaded wagon, fat oxen made them feel that they were really getting to the land of promise.

Grandfather and his people settled in what is called the Forks of the Santa Amm River. That was good country and they all got good homes. At that time, 1852, when they got here, the Government only gave a man and wife 320 acres of land. But that made a good home. I have seen all these homes. Have visited them several times. My first remembrance was in the year 1882 when I was twenty one years old. I had seen them when I was a child, but did not remember much about them. Still I do remember seeing most all the folks especially my grandparents.

It was said that grandfather Powell was High Dutch. He was born in Tennessee. Grandmother Powell, I guess, was born in Holland. She could talk Dutch. Grandfather claimed that a voice spoke to him and told him "Go preach." He was a young man about twenty. He did not go, so sometime after that he was out by himself and he said there was a dark power over come him, most crushed the life out of him, and then he was freed from that power, and a voice spoke to him again, telling him to go preach, so he thought he had better go. But he was very much handicapped when he first tried to preach, someone had to read his text. But he was a very apt scholar and he soon could read and in fact it was said of him that he most learnt the Bible by heart. He and other leading men of that community organized a church in their neighborhood in 1853; it was called the Providence Church. Grandfather was known as Uncle Joab, and that is what I will call him. Uncle Joab was one of the greatest preachers that ever struck that country.² He would get on his old Gospel horse, with the old time leather saddle bags, that he carried his books in, and he would start out. Sometimes he would be gone for a month, and sometimes for two months. He preached all over Oregon and Northern California. Whenever it was announced that Uncle Joab was going to preach there was a crowd. I have heard it said there would not be standing room.

(Grandmother Powell was born March 17, 1799).

When he would ride into a town there was always someone there that would take his horse and take care of it and some of the folks would care for him. He never would take anything for his service. He said that he believed the Gospel was free. But in after years, he said that he did wrong, that if anyone wanted to give of his own free will, he had ought to have taken it. He preached in Tennessee, Missouri also it is said of him that he baptized over three thousand persons into the church. Besides the host of marriages that he performed. He was a peace-maker. If there was any trouble between any one of the neighbors, he was there and straightened it out and made peace. It was said at one time, that a third of the people in Oregon were his relatives. He was a great singer in his way; after opening the meeting, and congregation got thru their program, of singing, he would sing his song by himself, for it just pleased him to sing.

I don't know much about his last days, our family moved to California in 1869. But I have heard

2 [Rebecca Harper has annotated Uncle Joab's dairy. He is one of Oregon's better known historical figures. The church he built is still standing on Providence Road, near Scio.]

that he complained that his head hurt him dreadful, and that he kept his hair cut very short, said his head was hot. His wife passed on nearly two years before he did. She died May 31, 1872. Grandfather was born _____ 1800, and died January 25, 1873. [Blanks left in original.] He was buried in the Providence graveyard side by side with his good wife, and the good people of Oregon have erected a monument to his memory. They have a reunion on the third Sunday of every June in his memory and come together and revive his many activities and services to that State in its early days. They tell of his great work and what he accomplished and sing his praises, have preaching and tell of the anecdotes that they used to tell on him. One time it is said that he was preaching in his home neighborhood; that morning he had sent his son Billie over to one of the neighbors, whose last name was Paul to get some Bacon. And, during the discourse Uncle got warmed up to a good pitch and was loudly repeating in his booming voice "What did Paul say?, What did Paul say? and WHAT DID PAUL SAY:" when Billie returning from neighbor Paul's stuck his head in the door and said in a piping round voice "He said you couldn't have any more until you'd paid for what you already have." I asked Uncle Abe if this were a true story. He said, "I don't know, but they all told it on him." Uncle Abe showed us the Paul place.

Uncle Joab was a great foot racer. The day that Abe and Barbara were married there was a great crowd gathered and after the ceremony was over, the youngsters were having their fun. There was a couple going to run a foot race, so Uncle Joab got him a switch and when they started he ran along behind them and switched them clear thru the race. Uncle Joab was a big man, and quite a wrestler in fact took a hand in all innocent sports. He and Uncle Steve Davidson were wrestling (rassling, as they called it), one day, and Uncle thru him and hurt him. So he did not wrestle much after that.

Once some of the brethren asked him while he was preaching down in Southern Oregon, why the church did not send some of their big men down to preach to them. He replied, "I think they have. Brother Barnes and I are about as big as any of them, we tip the scales at 300 pounds. I think that about as big as any of them."

Grandfather Rice was born December 5, 1797, died in Oregon; Lynn County, January 26, 1883. Was buried in the old Church graveyard close to where the old church stood [Still stands, as noted. The cemetery is called Providence Cemetery]. Mother was buried there and a lot of the relatives are buried there.

All of the Rice people moved to Oregon in the year 1850. There was a cousin of Mother's that they called Big Frank Rice. He was grandfather's brother's son and his father died in Missouri before the folks started for Oregon, and his Mother and sister died on the plains before reaching Oregon. I was quite well acquainted with Frank. He was my second cousin. He had, I think, four boys and one girl. He was a blacksmith and several of his boys were also. I stayed all night at his house the fall of 1880 with Brother Dave, Sarah and Ida Smith, also we were on our way to McMinville to go to school. Then I stayed several nights in 1881 and 1882, got quite well acquainted with the folks. I saw his son at Providence; his name was Frank. It had been 48 years since I had seen him.

Grandfather Rice being a single man at the time got 320 acres of land. It joined father's place on the South. He built a good house and barn on it. The old barn is standing there yet. This being 1932. It is about 80 years old. Uncle Billie Smith, Elizabeth Rice's husband lived there a good many years. That house and ours, not a quarter of a mile apart, caused us children to get together pretty often. I remember Mother getting among us, quite often before we knew she was near, and my how she would wield that switch. I'll tell you we had to move if she did not give the whole bunch two or three good cuts.

Mother always milked quite a few cows and would let the calves suck and us children would have to mind the calves off, while she was milking. My we thought that some job.

Brother Dave was harrowing a small piece of ground that had been used for a corral; it was fenced in around this corral; he had one horse hitched to the harrow and was leading the horse; the horse somehow knocked him down and run the harrow over him. He just rolled under that harrow like a ball. It hurt him pretty bad.

Dave was a great hunter and I have gone with him to hunt. Those big Oregon quail -- he would find out where a band of them would roost and then he would take pitch pine for a torch and have me hold the torch and shine it on them, then he would shoot them with a rifle. Sometimes he would get the whole bunch. He would go off into the mountains once in a while hunting deer and would have good luck, bring back lots of meat. Sometimes they would hunt the deer with hounds and they would run the deer to the river or the deer would run to the river so as to loose the scent for the hounds, by jumping into the river and swimming down a ways, then get out on the other side. The hunters would take stands along the river and pop them off as they came down.

Dave used to have foot-logs across the river to get to the other side, I was quite young and small then, but I used to like to go with him, and seems he liked to have me along. He would pack me across. Sometimes it would nearly scare me to death, for the river would be up and booming. I was always ready to go again.

The stock used to look good, and oftentimes we would go and find a cow with a young calf or a mare with a baby colt. I remember going over and we found a mare with a little white colt; I always remembered that.

In the year 1867 Dave took a trip by team and wagon to California with Uncle Steve Davidson and his family. They went as far south as Los Angeles. Uncle Steve bought and sold several ranches and then he sold his outfit and came back to Oregon on the Steamer. I know us children were so joyful when Dave got back home. He brought oranges and lemons, all kinds of nuts and all kinds of trinkets.

In the winter of 1868 Dave went to school in Albany. Boarded at Davidson's. Mary Ann by this time began to be quite a young lady; I don't remember that she was out to play with the rest of us kids. When brother Charley was about two years old, he and I were out playing. I got a hatchet and there was a stake driven in the ground. I was chopping down on it and Charley kept wanting to put his finger on the top of the stake. I tried to make him keep it off. So finally I chopped down, just as he put his finger on the stake and cut his little finger off. I know how bad I felt.

SCHOOL

The first school us children ever went to, the school house was about mile and half from home. We walked to school. Our first teacher's name was Kitendoll; don't remember much about that term of school. He (the teacher) always opened school with prayer. Seems that we all liked him.

Sarah Williams was our next teacher. We all liked her. She was our neighbor. Lived about half mile east of us. We were all fond of her. I will remember her as long as I live. Dave and Mary Ann went to Brownsville to a higher school; they had four teachers; a man by name of Bishop. I can remember so well them talking so much about what Bishop said and done. They had great respect for him, and the people of Oregon hold a picnic in honor of him and other pioneer teachers of the early days. They hold

them up above Crawfordsville. I have attended three different ones; they hold them about the middle of June.

The Oregonians are very patriotic in regard to the pioneers. They commenced to hold Pioneer Picnics in very early days. In the spring of 1881 I attended one at Brownsville. I saw a lot of the old timers at that picnic; now as the old timers have gone on to their reward, the sons and daughters carry on every year; they tell the happenings of crossing the plains; what and how they did after arriving there; how they built up their homes, reared their families. Those were good old days!

Those were good sturdy people that banded together, fought Indians together, divided their scanty supply of food with one another. They were God fearing people. They lived and worked; built up their homes and the country together. Learned to love one another and to help one another. They were the best people on earth; they were just like brothers and sisters. They built up their churches and schools; lived and died for one another. Neighbor helped neighbor in those days. Whenever a neighbor had a bunch of hogs to kill for winter use; to make bacon and ham; lard and sausage, the neighbors all came in and helped. I remember father getting hazel [s]witches, running them thru hot ashes, making them hot, then bending and working them until they were as limber as rope. He used them to run thru his bacon sides and ham, to hang them up in the smoke house, when he smoked them. My what lots of stuff they used to lay in for the winter. Take a load of wheat to mill, get five or ten barrels of flour, two hundred pounds of flour was called a barrel, that would insure bread for a long time. Beats living out of a paper sack like thousands do today! They made their own vinegar, pickles and all kinds of dried fruit.

GRANDFATHER RICE

Grandfather Rice was a well educated man. He taught school in his younger days. He made a study of medicine and was a great help with the sick. In fact he was a handy man all around; was a fair carpenter, quite a cabinet-maker; turned out all kinds of stuff on the lathe; could whittle out all kinds of handles such as axe handles, adz and pick handles; in fact all kinds and he sure was a good wood-chopper. He lived around among his children, first one then the other. He was always a help; never in the way, always doing good. He was a great church going man, and had a better understanding of the scriptures than the average man. It was said of him when there was good judgment needed and sound council [counsel] needed, he was called on.

NEIGHBORS

I will name some of our old neighbors; there were the Williams; Lias Kenny, John Kenny; Purls large family; Billie Smiths; High Powells; Cochran's large family; the Hills, Stanard Sperrys; several families of Temples and Templetons; Icoms; Crashaws; Cooleys; the Blakeleys, one lived over a hundred years; Browns, Robertsons, Barrs, Philpotts, Finleys, they had the grist mill; McCards; in fact they were too numerous to mention. There was our old family doctor and Mrs. Swank that waited on so many sick. She went far and near and Mr. Stanard, he was one of our near neighbors. Father and he used to exchange work in harvest. He and father made one of the first reapers that ever struck that neighborhood; they bought the castings and made the wood work and put it together. It was made on the style of the common header; went in front of the horses and a man stood upon it back of the apron and raked off the bunches with a push rake; and they, the hands, or men, would come along and bind it by

hand. The Oregonians hauled their bundles right to the thresher and threshed, sacked and hauled grain right to the granaries. In early days the roads were a problem; it was a muddy country. I have heard it said that it rained thirteen months out of the year! And, the other month was cloudy! I have seen the whole country covered with water, and when they first began to gravel the roads, they said the gravel just sunk out of sight. Some hard getting around, I will say. But there were lots of horseback work done those days. And there were lots of cattle bought up and driven to California. I know our people did lots of that work; different ones, Uncle Frank Rice, Billie Smith, High Powell, Dan Powell and a host of others did that. I have seen them gather their herds together and start on those long trips. And then tell about the trip when they got back. How they carried thousands of dollars with them coming back, money they's received for their cattle.

There was lots of mining done all over the Pacific slope in those days. It took lots of beef to feed the miners. There was lots of packing done in those days too, I heard Green Belieu, my brother-in-law tell how he packed into mines down in Southern Oregon, Northern California and Idaho, and other places. It was quite a livelihood. There were the Indian outbreaks and wars at different times and places. One especially down in Southern Oregon; quite a few from our part of the country went. Father and Uncle Norvel went, they had several battles with them, and finally the Indians gathered up on what is called Table Rock and soldiers went in back of them and came in on them, beat them badly. Besides killing a great many, there were lots of the Indians that jumped off the bluff and killed themselves. Uncle Norvel was wounded in that war, and the wound bothered him all his life. Father had a horse killed by the Indians; mother got pay for it years afterwards from the Government.

HAPPENINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Sister Emma was a very small child, but she had a big temper and was as stubborn as a mule. Dave always said he never put anything so high, but she could climb to it, and never could hide anything, but what she could find it. I remember once she got mad at Mother and Father about something they wanted her to do and she ran off in the woods and they had to go hunt her. They had quite a hunt before finding her, and then they had to bring her back by force.

One time Mother and Father were going to church; the river was up, and was deeper than they expected, and floated the wagon, and washed the seat off that Emma and Docia were sitting on, and away they went down the river. Father got the team and wagon and Mother out, and then ran down the river and found the girls lodged on a drift pile, getting them out safe and sound. Docia was a very quiet girl, had red hair; it was very pretty. Charley, Laura and Olive were quite young when we left Oregon.

Father got kicked right in the chest with both hind feet of a horse; just knocked over backwards, most killed him. His chest was always weak after that. Mother had rheumatism very bad, so Father decided to go down to California and try the climate there, thinking the change would do them good, so the folks began to make preparations.

GETTING READY TO GO TO CALIFORNIA

In the year 1869, Father and Mother decided they would move to California. So all hands set to work for that purpose. I was 8 years old the 8th day of January 1869, but I remember just as tho it were yesterday. Father began to gather in good stock to take down. He gathered in as good Durham stock as he could find and disposed of those that he already had that were not desirable. He got hold of a Durham bull that weighed a ton. He was red, sure was a fine one. He gathered in horses about 30 head. The most of them were good. So, the great work began. There were wagons to get ready, harness, saddles, bridles and especially the big cattle whips made of buck-skin. I remember seeing Dave and others working on them. I think there were six of them. They would pop and crack like a rifle going off. So all this work of getting ready to make the start was finished about the last of May or the 1st of June. Besides our own family, there were hired three men, for drivers for the stock. There was Green Belieu, Alfred Avrille [Averill] and a man by the name of Lappin. He was a big fat man. He sure could holler. There were three wagons. One four horse team and wagon, Father drove that. Then a two horse wagon, then a very large spring wagon, Mother drove that, and the children that were small rode with her. Emma, David and I rode most of the time horseback and helped drive the cattle and horses.

Father rented the place to cousin High Powell. Cousin High's first wife had died some years before and he married sometime that spring. I remember quite well the wedding. They held what was called an infare for most a week afterwards. People came from far and near to the banquet; they sure had good eats and plenty of it. So High took his new wife there to live. She sure was a fine woman. We always called her Cousin Mary. She was a fine cook.

So every thing was ready for the start. People came from all over the country to see us off; the place was lined with neighbors and friends and a great many followed along with us that day, and that evening a great many shook hands, bid us good-bye and turned back, and others traveled along for several days and finally turned back. Hard to leave us. Grandfather Rice was along in the bunch; no one thought of him continuing on the trip with us, but finally he said he believed he would go thru with us. So he did. He was no trouble to us in fact he was always a help. He was seventy two at that time. So the start was made, and we were on the road for California.

Uncle Steve Davidson, and Aunt Mary (she was father's sister) and their children. I think there were 9 of them. Two boys and the rest girls. They had 2 wagons, one heavy two-horse wagon and two large mules hitched to it. Called them Jane and Jennet. They sure were good ones. Then they had a heavy spring wagon, three seater that they rode in with a span of large roan horses hitched to it. They had two large brindle cows that they put in the herd. I don't remember them being at our place when we started, but I guess they were.

As far as I know everything went pretty well for some time. Of course it was the same routine, to drive all day, make camp, cook over the camp fire, make down the beds; they were all to pack up next morning, load up, gather the cattle and start on. Our horses gave more trouble than the cattle. The horses would stray off quite a little at night, caused quite a little trouble finding them. I know several times the men folks did not get in with them 'til most noon. Of course they hobbled some of them, and staked some of them, still some would wander off.

One day after we were on the road quite five days we had got into the mountains, we stopped to noon and someone spied a deer off[f] on the mountain side and Uncle Steve took his big shot gun and slipped around and shot and killed it, so we had venison. We were all looking when he shot and saw it fall. After we had been on the road some little time, our cattle began to get tired and sore footed. Especially the big bull and some of the heavy ones, so we had to get the bull and a few of the others shod. Then as we progressed, it began to get hot and dusty. The trip began to be monotonous, but on we went. Father had tools along to shoe horses and quite often the men folk had to shoe horses. Green

was a good all around man, could do most anything. We had a little sorrel mule, it was pretty skittish and shy, Green got along fine with it, and rode it a great deal. Alfred Averill proved to be a good hand, but our man Lappin was not very good, you could hear him hollering for 2 miles when we were pushing the cattle up hill.

Father got me a little sorrel Indian pony. He was pretty tricky. I could not handle him very well. We had a gray mule that us children rode a great deal. All us children helped drive. Mary Ann, Emma and Docia, they rode a fine white fleabitten horse. He was a dandy. Had been raised for a race-horse. Then there was old Ball, Dave's old horse and others that the girls rode.

Dave had a fine roan mare that he called Rone that he rode a great deal. Dave was a very important man on the job. He was given all the hard and trusty jobs. If there were anything hard to do or accomplish, he got that sure. He was a very likely young man at that time. He was twenty-two years old at the time.

Finally our fine bull could not go any further, so Father had to sell him for \$75.00. I think he gave \$200.00 for him. All of us hated to go on and leave old Buck behind. I don't know where this place was, but it was a nice country. I think it must have been in California. For I know there were Sycamore trees there. So on we went.

The next place that I remember was when we came in sight of Mount Shasta. I suppose we traveled in sight of it for several days before we came to it. We camped near it and Grandpa Rice wandered away from camp and had the whole bunch out hunting for him. When we found him, he was going right away from camp. He could not see very good and the whole country was a wilderness, so we were glad to find him.

Here the train split up, and a part of us took the cattle and all the horses but six and took a road that went out thru Modoc county and the Pit[t] River country. Dave, Green, Alfred, Lappin, Grandfather and I. Father told me if I would go with the cattle and help drive them, I could have Jona; Jona was a yearling steer that I claimed. That settled it, I said I would go. He said I could ride in the wagon, half of the time each day. I just got to ride in the wagon two half days in all. One object in going thru the Pit[t] River was account of getting good feed for the cattle. We made it out there and found lots of feed, in fact the feed was so big and tall, that when we turned the cattle loose and they went out in it, you could not see them. In a few days they wallowed the grass down so we could see them. We had a good camp, good water, plenty of wood, shade. The men built a corral and put up a couple of calves so we had lots of milk and made butter. We stayed there about two months.

I remember that all of us went in to the big cave. I think we must have gone in it most a mile. My there was pretty scenery in it, and it was icy cold.

While camped there, Dave went on a trip to see Uncle Freel. He moved out in that country the same year. He went into Round Valley near Aden. I don't know how far it was, but he was gone several days.

Our cattle fattened up and got to feeling fine, so after being there about two months, we rounded up the herd and started them out. The cattle felt gay when we started. We did not go far until we came to the Pit[t] River. There was a bridge across it. I suppose it was a toll bridge, for we swam the cattle and horses across the river and passed the wagon and team over the bridge.

There was a bunch of Indians there at the Bridge and Alfred told me that he was going to give me

to the Indians. I tell you I stuck mighty close to brother Dave. He wanted to know several times why I was hanging so close to him, but I did not tell him.

It was a long old dusty road down thru the mountains to Sacramento. There was pretty good feed, sometimes we had to get off the road a little ways. I know we had fine water.

There were other bands of cattle and lots of sheep. Finally we wound our way thru. There wasn't much road thru there then. Of course it was traveled quite a lot, but poor road, rocky, rough and dusty.

Finally we got down to Sacramento and found the folks. I'll tell you I was glad to see the folks; they had come on down the main road from Shasta to Sacramento.

Uncle Steve and C.C.Riley -- Riley was a Baptist preacher, a very fine man -- and his family. I don't know how they got together. Rileys were from Oregon. Old acquaintances. So Uncle Steve and the Rileys had gone on. Father and the folks waited at Sacramento for us and the cattle. After resting a few days, we started on down the valley at Sacramento. Sacramento is where I first saw a rail road train and steam boats on the river, the old side-wheelers as they went up and down. Their big wheels would kill a big salmon once in a while. I have seen them turn their white bellies along behind the boat. I'll tell you it was a hot old drive from Sacramento over to Gilroy; then it got cool.

It took all hands and the cook to keep things together. Along down the valley it was dusty and hot, it was in August, the hottest month in the year in the valley. All hands except me got the chills and fever. We were a sorry lot. Sometimes in the evening when the days drive was over, sitting around the camp they were just like a bunch of sick chickens, shivering and shaking then burning up with fever. Of course all cross and hard to get along with.

Green Belieu, one of the best men that ever lived, had the patience of Job -- when us children would be bothering him, he would say: "Here is 10 cents, go off and let me alone." Yes, Green was good to us, and Ah! Mother, no one knows what she passed thru. Driving a team all day, and then to make camp and get the evening meal; then all those beds to make down. I suppose all had a hand in it. Dave had the chills and fever very bad. He craved watermelon, but everybody told him not to eat them, and he kept from eating them for a long time, finally he could stand it no longer, so he dove in and ate his fill and he began to get better right away. My, that old valley was a long hot one! Everything was in a glimmer and very few houses or anyone lived along the way.

I remember Stockton quite well; we laid over there several days, rested up the cattle and Mother had a general wash day. We found some good feed for the cattle.

From there we ducked over into the San Joaquin valley. But it was just as bad as the Sacramento; I don't remember much about it, only that it was a valley as far as the eye could see, and still hot and dusty. In driving the cattle, us children got the children's job alright. There were some of the cattle would lead out, and move right along, and others you had to push along, they were the holder-backs, the fighters, the kickers, and always some that eternally was trying to hide ought and stop. We always had to look out for them, and that was us children's job. Someone of the drivers generally would take a bunch of the leaders and shove them ahead, maybe cut them up in about three bunches and of course us youngsters would get the tail end, that we had to punch, haul, pull or anything to get them along. I don't remember that we ever lost one. Of course we were very careful about that. Sometimes we would loose one for a while and go look for it and bring it in. Finally we worried along till we came to Los Banos. I remember that quaint old town. We got a cow or two shod there and we stayed all night, or late into the evening and Brother Dave went to fix my saddle on my pony. I had the halter rope tied to the horn of my

saddle and Dave in adjusting the saddle and blanket, placed the saddle upon the pony's neck and of course he had to put his head down to get a bite to eat and the saddle fell off over his head. Scared him and away he went, just ran and kicked that saddle all to pieces. Dave had a great time finding the pieces and putting them back on the saddle, but finally got it fixed up. So the next day we made it over what is called Pacheco Pass. It was a very rough narrow steep grade.

I remember how Mother complained how tired she was that night, holding the brake on the wagon. It did not have any ratchet so as to lock the lever, and she had to hold her foot on the lever all the time, so it was very tiresome. Finally we made the foot of the grade and made camp. It was in a rough hilly country. Big dry grass everywhere. While the routine of camp work was going on, Father was shoeing a very mean horse. He got very badly heated up and our camp fire got out in the high grass and all hands turned out and fought it out and Father still got worse heat up and that night there came in a tremendous heavy fog come in; Father was taken with a very bad cold. It went right into pneumonia. The folks got a doctor and did all they could under the circumstances. I don't think he lived more than five or six days, and then passed on. The folks buried his body in a graveyard at Gilroy about fifteen miles away. I tell you that was a sorry camp after that. Us children hardly knew what it was to have a father, the most of us were so young when he died; but I always remember him being so good to us children and to Mother. Whenever we children asked Mother if we could go anywhere or do anything if she said you go ask Papa, we know we could do it, but if Father said go ask Mother, we did not know so much about it.

Well, that was a sad day. I think we stayed at this camp about six weeks. Probably a month, and then we went on down in the valley; the Gilroy valley and rented some feed from a man by the name of Nelson and we had a house to live in and I know Mother had quite a few cows taken up which she milked and made butter. She bought a new cook stove, and we took it along down to San Luis Obispo County with us, and she cooked on it for years. We stayed at this place about six weeks, and then pulled up and mosied on down to San Luis Obispo County.

Uncle Steve Davidson, as I said before, went on ahead of us from Sacramento. He mosied down and bought a ranch on what is called Green valley, over 440 acres and it sure was a good place. I suppose the folks kept track of one another all along.

So we gathered up and made another start, but things were changed. We did not have Father to take the lead. So I remember there was some parlaying who would drive the four horse wagon and finally it fell to brother Dave. He taken holt from that [time] on and lead the family. He sure was a noble brother. Always more like a father to me than a brother, altho' he and I always were pals. He was 14 years older than I, but we were together so much. He got along with the team fine. Our man Lappin left us here at Gilroy and went back to Oregon.

Green Belieu took charge of driving the cattle. So we finally got started for Uncle Steve's. I don't remember part of the road down and a part of it I remember as tho' it were yesterday.

One thing I do remember so well in those days were the big four, six and eight horse stages. How they would come thundering along the road, and especially when they would change horses. The driver would sit in his seat and deal out the lines as the hostlers unhitched each horse, then as they hitched up the new team, as they brought out each horse a man would hold each horse until they hitched them all up and passed the lines up to the driver. When the word was given "already", every man would let go, and the way they would go, sometimes on the run for some distance, until they got cooled down. There were stations every 15 to 20 or 30 miles apart.

I remember when we passed over the Low Mountain and the Low Stage station, and on over the

mountain to the Jolon country. Jolon was and is quite a noted place. The old mission fathers established missions all along this route and old father Junipero Serra established a mission 4 or 5 miles from Jolon on the San Antone river. I have seen it many a time. It was one of the favorite missions, near where we made our camp.

Uncle Steve met us that evening and helped and guided us over to his place.

One thing I will always remember was at this camp. When in the morning we were gathering up our stock to start on, one of our cows, we call her "Pop", because she had such pop-eyes; she was a large roan Durham cow; she had a little calf and the men folks made a place in the hind part of one of the wagons and put the little calf in there so the cow could see it and she followed along.

We passed the station called Plato and to the Nacimiento stage station and camped there; not very much feed along thru these parts. Passed thru San Miguel; we stopped at noon here and drove the cattle down on the Salinas River where there were plenty of water and some feed and we nooned here and all went thru the old mission. That was 63 years ago and that old mission is still standing today (1932)³ and looks just the same. The Catholics use it just as ever. I saw it not very long ago. From there we went to Paso Robles. We camped there all night, drank water out of the noted Paso Robles hot sulphur springs. Since then it has become world renown. Admiral Evans of the U.S. Fleet came there to bathe and the notorious James boys had an uncle that held an interest in those springs at one time. He built the big brick Hotel that stands there today and the James Boys it is said, came there to recuperate after making one of their notorious raids. There is a mountain on the other side of the Cholam valley, about 50 miles away from Paso Robles, a little northeast, that is called the Dark Hole Mountains, that is where it is said that the James Boys made their first night's camp and built up to big fire to let the folks know they were safe thus far. From Paso Robles we cut thru the hills to the coast. Left the main stage road that goes on to San Luis Obispo about 30 miles. We took a right hand road that wandered thru the big oak trees. This was called the Blackburn grant; it extended back to Paso Robles about 15 miles. We crossed the Jack Creek, wound up the canyon; pulled up the mountain to what was known as the Grandstaff Place.

The folks had to double up teams to pull up this mountain. The road was steep then. Since it has been changed and York bought out the Grandstaff's. We passed down the mountain and by the Brass Patrick place, since then James Cass bought it and put up good buildings and improved it all around. Put out a big apple orchard there and named it The Glenbrook. This place was a noted camping place and in fact it was a noted place around; it was known far and near. So we passed on the old Phipps place over the Santa Rita. This Santa Rita was a part or the west side of the Pat Murphy grant, it run clear thru East to the San Marquerita, where Pat had his home ranch, on the stage road going to San Luis Obispo.

Over the Questa grade this was a notorious grade. It was in everybody's mouth in early days. Has since been abandoned and the highway goes down on the East side of the canyon.

The old Phipps place was another camping place, could always get hay here.

So on we went! Soon struck the head of the Old Creek, a small stream that emptied into the Pacific ocean. The grade run different then from what it does now. Was steep and narrow. But we got down. At the foot of the grade old Jim Kester lived. He lived in an old log house. The old man Hazard bought it from Kester. Hazard had a large vineyard on the place. Kester had a small one. As we passed

3 [Handwritten notes: "1932" and "Now in 1977 it is 106 yrs. ago. The Mission has been restored."]

on down, the old man Kester was standing in a little granary door about 300 yards below the house. That old granary stood there for years. I never will forget seeing that old man standing there. He had three sons: Jim, Jap and Newt, and Jim Kester had two brothers, John and Frank. We will hear more of the Kesters.

We are over on the coast side of the mountains now, where all the water runs into the ocean, and on down at the mouth of the Old Creek, we came out right in sight of the Pacific Ocean. Of course, we all stood and looked at it, and Green Belieu asked Grandfather Rice: "Uncle Charley, what do you think of it!" Grandfather replied, "Well it's a big thing."

The old post office was here at the mouth of Old Creek. The old man Stone kept it. He was married to a Spanish wife; had three girls and one boy, Johnny. Then just a mile further on, we came to the Cayucos Creek. There was nothing at Cayucos at this time, except an old adobe, back about a quarter of a mile from the ocean. There was quite a pond of water right at the mouth of the creek, it ran back quite a little ways, and the road went round this and was graded along a blue knoll, and there was a man on horseback. His name was Dock Stewart. This man with a bunch of others was caught and sent up for robbing a stage.

From here we traveled pretty much the same road that we now travel up the coast; in fact the old stage road from San Luis to Cambria by the Harmony Creamery is in its place. On up to the old Strather's adobe. It was an old Rancheree house, where there was always a crowd. I have passed there many times when they had a Fandango going on. It is torn down now, and hardly a trace of it.

Now we turn up the Green Valley about 3 miles to Uncle Steve's place and oh, how glad we were to get to our journey's end. Just imagine, six months on the road! It was in November (the 9th) when we got there. Camped out on the road, driving cattle, herding cattle, all that time, and we did not know where we were going, but it seems that the hand of Providence placed us down in a choice land, flowing with milk and honey. But we had lost our Father. I have thought hundreds of times: "wonder how it would have been with us, if he had lived?"

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW ERA OF OUR FAMILY

Now we are on the Green Valley at Uncle Steve's. He has a place of 440 acres and it is some good place. We have come thru our journey with a hundred head of cattle and they are good stock. We have about 30 head of horses. So the folks rented Uncle's pasture land, all the stock that Uncle has are two brindle cows and two roan horses, a mare and a horse, and two fine mules.

So first thing to do is to build a house. So it seems to me that Dave goes right away to Cambria and gets lumber. Commenced to build a house; not a very big one. I remember going with him up to the San Simeon landing to get shingles to cover it and then Grandfather was quite a carpenter, so all hands soon had the house up and then they started a dug out in the side of the hill to make a milk house. There was a spring there and when they dug back, it proved pretty strong. They built a small house over it and had a good place to keep milk. Mother always had cows and made butter, so the business was on.

There was lots of work to do around in the country. Green hired out to Uncle all the next year. Uncle had close unto a hundred acres to farm, so there was plenty to do. Dave worked for Uncle quite a little. The whole country was beginning to build up. Also to fence up.

I will name our neighbors; there were the Tailors, Pete, Jim and John, and one girl Helen. They were all single. The old man Olday [handwritten note: "Taylor"] was alive then, and they lived about half a mile West of us. Then came the Bryants, Morgan Bryant. He had three grown boys, George, Mack and Lenord and several girls. I remember three, two were married, one at home. (the reason I want to make mention of these people is because, I mingled, lived and associated with them, most all my life after going to that country, or as long as most of them lived.) There was Herb Olmstead and his three sisters. He lived just north about a mile. His mother lived with him. Then on above them, Marks lived. He had quite a big ranch, probably 1200 acres. He is the man that Uncle bought his place of. Then came the Musicks. They had quite a family: Thelbert, Ulerick and Benny and several girls. Then when you go up the Main Creek, east, the old man Covington; three boys and one girl: Jim, Fay and Rufus and Maggie. Then a Spanish family, Guadalupe; they had I think, three girls and one boy. And, another Spanish family by name of Greens; One boy Harry Greens and a brother-in-law, Peter Soto. Next the old man Dowdle, three boys, John, Henry, Bill and a girl that married Jim Vaughn and Mary Dowdle. Next Ogden. He married Jim Vaughn's sister. Their children: Sarah, Ida and I think two more girls and two boys, Bill and George. Now when we cross over the hill going on to Villa Creek, we come to the old man Shipps! He lived on Villa Creek; his boys, Tom, Jeff and four girls, Finey, Selina, Kate, Inez. Next Jim Vaughn, two boys, Billie and Andrew, and I believe one girl. Jim married Sallie Dowdle. Fighting Bill Smith come next. His boys, Billy Jr., and John, and I think a younger boy and a girl. Mrs. Smith was a sister to Mrs. Dowdle.

Then on above come Ben Morris and his father and the old Grandpa that lived with him. Ben had one girl that I know. I will speak of her later. Then way to the head of the creek was John Smith. He married a Rector that we will hear more of later.

Now we will drop over the hill on to the Harmony creek, commencing at the head and going down were the old man Cook; one of his girls married Stewart Neal, one married Quincy Buffington; Sarah a school teacher, married Don McMillan and Jennet married Frank Dunn, then there was Flory who married a man by name of White and two boys Sterling and Neal. Neal Stewart lived close to Cooks; these people were Scotch. Then came the old man Buffington; he was married twice; had 20 children; 10 from each wife; then came a man by name of Buffen. I did not know much about them.

Now I was well acquainted with all these people and went to school with most of these children and grew up with the most of them.

Most of these people were great church going people. They would come from afar to church. This man Riley that came on down from Sacramento with Uncle, he was a fine man, he was the preacher of that neighborhood for a long time. There was a fine branch there for a long time. Uncle Steve was a great church worker and always went to church. I heard him say he was a Baptist and had joined the church when he was 9 years old.

There were a lot of old gray haired brothern that used to gather in; old man Philips, that lived on the Santa Rosa Creek. Old man Musick, Bryant, Buffington, Ogden, Shipp, Dowdle and the old man Cook, who seemed he ought to be the Father of all and Uncle Steve. These were the gray headed ones; I used to look on them as great men, and their wives weren't a whit behind them.

Uncle Jimmy Beckett was our first teacher on the green valley. I went to school two different years; so I never did go to school very steady. Jeff Shipp was one of my best playmates. We used to

crack knuckles quite a good deal and Neal Cook was the champion. Sterling and I used to play lap-jack with willow switches and we just went right after one another. I believe I got the best of him.

CROPS

The crops that the folks used to raise! When we first went to that country barley grew so big that a good sized horse could go out and stand in it and all you could see was his head! I have heard the folks say, sometimes four ton to the acre and I believe that I have seen pumpkins or squash that were so thick on the ground that you could walk all the patch on them, without stepping on the ground. They sure were big! My, the hogs Uncle used to fatten. I had to herd the cattle a great deal and always had to get in the cows and help milk. We surely had big grass those days; everything grew big. Corn just grew wonderful and lots of it.

The calves we got out of that Durham bull; I think about twenty-five, and we saved all the male calves and sold them around over the country. There was nothing like them in the country, and you could see that strain of stock for over thirty-five years after that. The heifers were fine milkers. I never saw better stock.

The Steel brothers down below San Luis, at Edna had some of the same kind in early days. There were big dairies around over the country in early days. The old man Buffington and Buffen on the Harmony had very large dairies. Herb Olmsted, Bob Perry at the foot of the grade at Harmony and in the first of the acquaintances of the country there was a large cheese factory there at Harmony, just above where the Creamery now stands. Blake Short and the old man Logan run the dairy in early days.

Mother milked about 25 cows in the year 1870 and put the butter down in 100 pound barrels. I know something about that for I had to be cow-boy night and morning and help milk. Dave helped with the milking when he was around, but worked out a great deal and teamed quite a lot.

John Hill on the Porteswelo also run a dairy. The old man Shipp in the year of 1870 run a large Dairy over on what is now known as the Charley Philapong place. The country all over San Luis County was open in these early days; no one had their ranches fenced. They had fields fenced or part of their places fenced, but they began to fence in the next few years. Uncle Steve had about half of his place fenced by the latter part of 1870. Stock all over the country roamed around at will, mixed up and scattered all around and that caused the stock men to have Rodeos to gather in their cattle at some center point. Would send out vaqueros (men a horse back) and bring in all the cattle they could find and then they would part out the cows and calves, drive them to a corral near by, brand them. They would know each man's calves by the cows and then the neighbors would all attend, probably finding some of theirs in the bunch and drive them home. I know in the spring of 1870 I attended three Rodeos, one at the old man Dowdles and at Shipps and another at the Vaughn boys on the Villa Creek. It sure was exciting to see the wild cattle coming into the Round-up. They would come in from all quarters, bawling, fighting, and tearing up jack all around. There would be cows and calves that would get separated and would go bawling all around for one another, and how glad they would be when they would find one another; then there were the great monstrous bulls that would meet and fight it out to see who was the best man, and I tell you they would have some fierce battles.

The Vaughn boys had one they called "Old Bob" on account of his short tail. I have seen him have a many a fight. But never saw him get licked. I have driven many a bull around to meet him, but he

always cleaned them up. This bull lived and run the range for several years. I was 9 years old at this time, 1870. I suppose Dave was busy was the reason I attended this gathering. We always found some our cattle at the gatherings. I know I was asked many times how I was going to get my stock home by myself. From the schooling I had in driving cattle from Oregon to California, I sure would get them home.

Sometimes several of the neighbors would put their stock together and drive them home, if they happened to be going the same way. Then I had been schooled in how to handle a big bull whip. I was like the Dutchman, he said: " I could pull eighty hundred mit four horses mitout the blacksnake, but I could pull five ton mit the blacksnake". So he thought one ton for the blacksnake was pretty good. I always calculated my bull whip was worth two men. I have proven it many a time. Then I always used strategy in driving stock. Many a time instead of following up a beaten path up some ridge or over some knoll, I would go some round-about way or up some canyon and would get them over the hill or mountain before they would realize where they were going and another thing; just as soon as you get a cow brute out of the country where she knows every trail, water hole, ridge and canyon, they are whipped. Many the time I have rushed a cow to get her attention or get her mind off what she was intending to do, and would get away with her. What I mean by rushing it, is to just get right after it, run it and flog it with the bull-whip until you would scare it half to death. It will take down the road or trail and lead right out.

Our stock did well and increased. But the country being open, we had to do a great deal of riding to keep track of them. The neighbors were good those days. They always noticed every animal all over the country and if they saw one of yours strayed off they would tell you. Then you could go get it. Sometimes when you would go you would not find it. I have made several trips, sometimes before getting one. Again some people would have to ride up to or thru a bunch of cattle look at the ear marks or the brand to tell if they were what they wanted.

Just as soon as I put my eyes on a bunch of cattle I could tell if any of ours were there. I could tell a quarter or a half mile off if they were walking, or up on a hill top, so the light shone on them right. Of course most of our stock were raised by hand and I knew them just the same as you would know a person, by their walk, the way they held their head, or the way they stood around.

At those rodeos sometimes there would be things happen. Someone would get bucked off his horse or his horse might fall accidentally and hurt someone bad or some bad cow or other animal would charge a man a-horse-back. There were many ways of getting hurt. Then there was the feeding of all this bunch of men. There is where the women's work come in. Of course people ate a great deal of meat those days; they had plenty of it. At each place they would kill a beef and if there were quite a few un-marked cattle in the round-up they would divide them up among the big cattle men. Anyway they always had good eats. Of course among so many cattle men there were lots of good horses, and good horse men. Some of them were just like tigers, ready for anything. Very often someone got thrown so high that he knew when he lit.

THE FIRST HARVEST

Well, crops were good all over the country. Both hay, grain, corn and squash. Green and Peter Davidson did most of the farm work for Uncle Steve. Worked the span of big mules and Green worked some of our horses; we had plenty of them.

Alfred Averell, after landing at our journey's end, took the Steamer and went back to Oregon. Grandfather Rice stayed with us for about three years. He was always busy. He cut lots of wood, would

dig post holes, make fence or anything most. I remember he made some chairs for Mother out of willow. Put string rawhide bottoms in them; they were woven in. We had them for about forty years.

The rest of the children went to school pretty regular, but I was the roust-about, was in and out of school.

Dave helped with the hay and grain; in fact with all the work.

The Bryant's run a threshing machine all over the country. It was the old horse power kind, but it did the work. The women folks had to cook for the whole crew; some job. Mother helped Aunt Mary Davidson.

So we passed the year 1870. Uncle had about 150 acres fenced in as pasture and the stubble of the field, which made good feed, so it was my job day after day to herd the cows in here. My that was some job. While the rest of the children were going to school, there I was riding the old gray mule. I was most raised on that old gray mule. I rode it so much bareback that I wore off the hair where I sat on it and where my legs rubbed against it, til there was none there and it was as slick as an onion. That old mule was pretty tricky. There was another boy that was herding cows in the adjoining place and we would get together sometimes; I told him he could not get on the mule and pick up my hat from the ground with the double of my blacksnake. He said he could, so he clum on, and I gave him the whip. Put the hat on the ground. The old mule cocked one ear up, and the boy laid down on the mule's neck and got a good holt and let the whip down and got it round the hat and started up with it. The mule gave a snort; kicked and started wheeling around. The boy's legs got to standing right straight out, and pretty soon he lost his holt, and flew off about a rod. Then the old mule ran off a-snorting. We had a hard time cornering it up and catching it. So he did not try that trick again. We will hear more about this mule later.

QUAIL AND RABBIT

I will tell a few tales about the quail and rabbits around the country. They were just thick everywhere. Of course I was too young to use the shotgun, but I taken redwood posts that rotted off; they split good, and Grandfather would help me and we made the old figure four trap. I used to catch lots of quail. I made another kind too. Built a box and dug a tunnel so that it would open up into the trap; somewhere near the middle, so it would be away from the sides and sprinkle some wheat around outside and in the passage way and the box. They would go in, but would not have sense enough to go down the hole and get out. They would circle around the sides of the trap all the time. Quail were so thick; have just seen hundreds in a band. Every sage brush point is full of them. And, all the chattering at night when they went to roost. There was a willow thicket down close to Uncle's house about five acres in it and it was a regular roosting place for quail. They would begin to collect in around this patch, and would band out along the edges of the thicket till the ground was black with them. If a hawk or something would disturb them, they would fly back into the thicket. As they arose and flew, they created a roar like thunder. Such droves! Sometimes the men folks would go out and soon get a mess.

The rabbits were most as thick, but that is about all the game close around there that was eatable. Plenty of coyotes and wild goats. One time I was on the old mule, close to the Hearst place and the Bryant place, some three quarters of a mile away where the creek wound along down and crossed the road several times. Where it crossed the road there would be a bridge and there was a big growth of all kinds of vegetation and especially that old bull thistle, which were six or seven feet high. I came to one of the bridges; the mule would not go across; I coaxed, whipped, got off and tried to lead it across, but no, it

would not go. I cried, beat it, looked up and down the road to see if anyone was coming so as to help me, but no one was in sight. Pretty soon I spied an old Mother wild cat and about a half dozen baby kittens right close to me. Now I just felt my hair fairly raise my hat off my head, and I piled on that mule and got it across, I don't know how, or what I did, or anything about it, but I got across, and there was no dust under the old mule's feet for a mile or so.

1871

Now comes the second year of our stay on the Green Valley. Of course everyone was better fixed and pretty well acquainted. There were lots of neighbors and lots of children to play with when we had time to play. I don't remember that we had much to go to only church and school. I did not get to school much.

I remember Claborn Hill, coming down from Oregon. He was a Baptist preacher. He preached quite a lot. He was working hard to get scholarships for the McMinville Baptist College. The old man Shipp bought one. I never heard whether he sold anymore or not. We will hear more of this scholarship.

The wild stock of the big stock men bothered the small ranchers quite a little. They were so aggravating that they were used a little rough. I know a bunch of them came along right close to Uncle's house and he picked up a rock and threw it at the bunch and broke a hind leg on one of them. It belonged to the old man Shipp. So Uncle Steve told him what he had done. He offered to pay for her and the old man Shipp took thirty dollars. We always thought he should not have taken it. And another time the outside stock broke into the old man Covington's field or several times in fact, and finally one of them was found dead in his field, shot with a rifle. There was quite a fuss kicked up about it. A good many threats were made, but finally died out and I don't know whose it was.

I remember this year 1871, of Dave taking a contract digging post holes for Marks for three cents a hole. He got along pretty good for a couple of days. Then he worked on three holes, made nine cents and thru up the job and quit.

This year's work was just about the same as last only more like Home. Everything going more uniform. Green still working for Uncle. Good crops, good grass, stock getting very well. Dave sold a bunch of beef steers at \$30.00 per head; they were good.

Mary Ann and Green Belieu taken a notion to get married. Mother objected. I think just because she did not want Mary Ann to get married. I don't think she had any particular feeling against Green, for he was a very agreeable and upright man. I think they went off to San Luis and got married. J.J. Simmeler, Justice of the Peace.

So the folks, Mother and Dave, paid them, or they agreed on what would be Mary Ann's part of Father's estate. I think they got a span of horses, harness and a wagon. The horses were Button and Berry, a favored team of Father's. A good span, but I guess getting a little old.

So Green and Mary Ann started down south, went down to Ventura. We did not see them for three or four years. They had two children when they came up to see us. Alfred and Emma.

The folks begin to want to get hold of some land of their own; so I suppose they went scouting around. They found a place over on the Cayucos, owned by a man named Kelsey. He had 160 acres

and the folks made a trade with him. I don't know just what they gave for it, but they gave four head horses, one wagon and two sets harness. And probably some cash.⁴ These folks had two boys, and one girl. So we moved over; it being about 7 miles. We drove the cattle thru the hills, up the Green valley, over the hill up by the old Odgen place on the Villa Creek, up a canyon, down along the top of the ridge on the west side of Cayucos Creek to this new home. I would judge it was in July. The family and household stuff, came around by the main road, along the coast and up the Cayucos creek.

In this year 1871, Uncle Ralph Sloan and Aunt Barbara and their children came from Oregon. They came down on the steamer, landed at San Simeon. They brought five children with them: Ella, Tommy, Nealy, Cornelia Ann (we always called her Nine), Addie, and Byron. The reason they made the move was on account of Aunt Barbara's health. She had been in bed most 3 years, and continued to be most a year after they came down. They came to Uncle Steve's and lived there nearly two years. Jim was born there. They were living there. There was a band of children there at Uncle's place while the three families were there. Twenty-two children on the one ranch. We had some big times. Uncle Ralph bought a place over on the Santa Rosa Creek. It belonged to one of the Phillip boys. Mose I think.

1872

It was pretty close picking over on this Cayucos creek. We did not have but little hay. There was about ten acres of corn in on the place. It was fenced, and done pretty well considering. It was a grasshopper year; they were very thick, in fact if it hadn't been for the black birds the grasshoppers would have eaten it all up. They would gather in the corn just like a swarm of bees; then the blackbirds would come by the thousands and clean them up, so we had a good crop of corn. It helped us out wonderful. But I tell you it was hard sledding. In the corn patch there was quite a little garden. Such as tomatoes, onions and some potatoes, squash. Mother sure made good use of it all. She dried quite a lot of it. We had early rains and lots of it that winter. Our stock were poor and we lost quite a few. The water in the creek got up so high it washed several down and drowned them. But this place was one of the nicest spots in the whole country. Seemed like spring came so early and the sun shone so warm, that we soon had good feed and the stock begin to pick up. It was a wonderful little place. Dave took up a 160 acres adjoining it, so we had 320 acres. So the next year Mother had her usual string of cows, and I and the gray mule had our usual work to do. There was a school the first fall we were on the place. A man teacher by name of Lambert. I did not go to him. The rest of the children went there. This was 1871 and 1872. Our teachers name was⁵ [blank in text] and we always liked him. I think I went more steadily to school this year than I ever did. This teacher would get out and play with scholars and have a good time in general. We played what the called Town Ball; used a rubber ball; some of the bigger boys sure would knock it so it would go most like a bullet.

I will give the names of our neighbors and where they lived. We lived 4 1/2 miles from the coast, up on the Main Cayucos Creek and our Neighbors above were Henry Lunceford; they had two boys and one girl, the oldest Dick and the other Arthur. The little girl died this year 1872, they lived 1 1/2 mile above us. Then came Dave Sanders, who lived about 2 miles above. This was one of the prominent families of the community. They had a very large family. There was Yancy, nicknamed Greg; Joe, Miles, Margie,

4 [Handwritten note: " On July 6th, 1871 Bout [bought] of Isiah Kelsey. 160 acres for \$1,600. Now they paid cash difference. I would judge \$850.00."]

5 [Handwritten note: "our teacher's name 1871 was Lambert and 1872 was little Doc" Stunt"]

Jim, Tom, Dave, Hal, Dick, Annie, and Mammie. Five of them were born after we came onto the Creek. The Sanders folks had more company, fed more people, entertained more people than any family in the whole country; always took part in everything that was going on. Mrs. Sanders was a good cook, and always had plenty to eat. It seemed they always had a crowd on a Sunday. Sanders bought the Lunceford place and Lunceford moved to the mountains on the Dover Creek; named after the old man Dover, that lived about a mile and a half below. Dover had a large vineyard and apple orchard; quite noted in early days.

Sanders owned 1200 acres of land. Wayne Lindsay came to live with the Sanders family this year 1872. He was quite a prominent man; good worker all around, could do most anything. Teamed a lot. I have seen him go by many times with a load of wood from over the mountains. He was a good horseman. Didn't care to ride colts much, the first time, but after they were half broken, he would take them and make good horses out of them. He had two race horses, one called Pinto and the other a dark sorrel. He was very fast. Both of them were fine ladies' horses. I have seen Mrs. Sanders ride them a many a time.

This prong of the Cayucos Creek headed up against the Villa creek. As soon as you dipped over the hill you came to the Vaughn boys place. They had about 2500 acres in this place. They had other land scattered over the country. And, we will hear of the Sanders family again.

Below us on the creek about half a mile was Angus Hardy. He was no rancher. He was Overseer of different ones of the Quick Silver mines. The Josephine mine or other prospects up in that locality. There was a little man by the name of Wesley Goldworthy, quite prominent. He was quite a horseman, had race horses. He lived up at the Josephine mine. Mr. Hardy was foreman over on the Lockhart mine for several years. His family lived there and he was quite a politician; always had something to do with the county conventions. In fact he was elected Assessor and served two or three terms. Was road master for a while; he dabbled in real estate some, held the post office at Cayucos for quite a few years, and was also a Notary Public. His children were Frank, Bruce and Maggie, Kirk; Kirk was the baby when we came to the creek in 1871. Then there came Johnny, Roy and Nelly. When we first came on the Creek, Hardy was away from home a great deal and Mrs. Hardy used to come up and visit Mother a great deal. They were great friends.

Next came the Campbell family. The old people, the old man and old lady were quite old, had two sons, George and Alonzo. An old man lived with them, by the name of Hutch. I remember the Campbells went off to some celebration and left the old man at home. He told afterwards that after they were gone, he Hutch, put on his best bib and tucker and hitched up old Nellie and struck out and went also. Could not fool that old man! It was supposed that the old man had a lot of money, and when he taken sick and died, the Campbells would not let any one of the neighbors be with him alone. All of the folks talked about it, and shortly after he died, George Campbell grew up in property like a mushroom.

Next came George Stowell, he lived up the right hand prong of the Cayucos Creek. It was called the Sheep Hollow. Stowell was one of our best neighbors. I don't think I ever saw two men enjoy one another more than Dave and Mr. Stowell did. They were together so much, worked together, always helping each other in the spring of the year. In the Spring of the year, they run a mowing machine together; cut hay all over the country; they generally drove half a day about. But while one was driving the machine, the other was grinding sickles or repairing or going on some errand. I have heard them say that they averaged 10 acres a day. Of course, they cut early and late. They sure got along well together.

1872 was the year that the Epizoodiac struck the country. I guess it spread all over the United States. It was with the horses, and acted just like the grippe or flu on people. It went thru the whole

country and killed quite a few horses. I tell you they were some sick horses. How they would go down in flesh.

At that time Dave sent me with two mares and young colts over to or beyond the Adelaide; down to the old Foster Place. Foster was a son-in-law of Morgan Bryan's. He had a fine jack and Dave wanted to raise some mules. I was eleven years old. I had never been any further on the road than the old Dover place. So I had some time. I just kept plugging along, driving, pulling, pushing, anyway to get them along. The road was not good or plain and some parts only a trail. I passed the old Buckwright place. Charley Gruell bought it afterwards and lived there for years. Then on to the old Selby place. The old man Selby was outside handy, so I inquired of him how to get to Foster's. He was very kind and good, told me best he could and told me I was a pretty brave boy to take such a trip, and that my folks must have lots of confidence in me to send a boy so young on such a long trip. So I went on, passed the John Chesney place; since called the Bell place and on over East of the Mullos; on by the old Sims place; the Uncle Jimmy Beckett place, on by the old Grandpa Wright place (my wife's grandfather) and here I met the Burden children. They told me that the Jack had died with the Epizootic, so I went home with them and stayed all night. Struck back home the next day. I got along better going home. I knew the way and the horses knew they were going home too, and we went right along. Got home alright, but was some tired boy.

Above Stowell's just a mile lived some frenchmen, one by the name of Casuse (sp?) [spelling query and blank in the original] and _____; there were three of them. Casuse run hogs and had some cattle; the others had some wild long-horn cattle; they were prospectors. And they are the laddies that discovered the old Lockhard quick silver mine. Afterwards the Clow mine. Then the Duboice mine.

(Charley Cass hauled all that machinery over from Cayucos over the Old Creek grade and over the Grandstaff or York mountains, down by the Jack Creek, up by the old Chesney place, and on over to the mine. Six horses and a cow-trail for a road. He was 15 or 16 years old. Can you beat it? He has told me what a time he had hitching up his team cold mornings; after they had stood in the cold all night, those were fiery horses! He said he had to work all kinds of plans to get them hitched up and get in the seat and aholt of the lines before they started. Charley Cass was the best teamster that ever hit San Luis County, without any exceptions.)

Now, coming back to the Main Creek, just at the end of a short line of stone fence, coming out of the Stowell place, right at the south end, there is a little flat on the left hand side, going down the road. That is where the old Grandpa Wright house stood and where he lived when we came on the Creek. I have seen the old folks lots and lots of times. They were my wife's grandparents. But she nor her brothers and sisters never saw them. Their children that were with them, Joe and John (twins) and Mary Ellen; they were single at this time. I am naming these folks for we will hear of them often in this write-up.

As we go down the creek, we come to the Stone place. One of the places on the creek. He sold out to Reed. He was a son-in-law of Morgan Bryant who lived on the Green Valley, 1872.

Our old school house stood on this place, about 300 yards below the dwelling house and the old house stands there yet after 63 years. This is the school where all of these children that I have been telling about went to school.

I forgot to mention the Stowell's children; there was Eddy, a grown young man, Susan, about two years old and they had a half brother, Al Smith. We will hear of him often.

Next down about 1/2 mile, George Campbell. He had a boy named Walter.

Just about a quarter of a mile down the road, lived Jerry Hazzard, his children: Tom, Doug, John, Mary and Bessy.

Next Andronica Soto. He had a boy Andronica. They were a Spanish family.

Now we come to James Cass. He lived right down on the Ocean. Was an old sea Captain, and of course was at home on the ocean front. He went to work building up a boat landing, lumber yard and store; a wharf, warehouse also. But not all at once. He first had two or three little shacks. Kept store in one and lived in the other. He soon began to have boats to come in, both to bring freight and posts and lumber. I remember when a schooner would come in with posts and lumber, that Mr. Cass had flat bottom scows and a rope running from land out to the ship and they would pull the old flat bottom scow back and forth. Pulled it to the beach, in as close as they could, then drive a wagon and team out to it and get the freight. All the neighbors were glad to get the job and make a little dough; came in mighty handy those days, as well as these under the Hoover Depression in the year 1932. The Cass children, Charley, Henry, Sarah, Emma and Rosa. I was well acquainted with them; old schoolmates, playmates. Cass first owned a place up little Cayucos and sold it to Quincy Buffington. Quincy married Mary Cook, and I remember I was riding that same old mule and was out hunting cattle. I came out on the road at the mouth of Villa Creek and was galloping it along, and the mule stumped it's toe and just fell head over heels and threw me about sixteen feet. It jumped up snorted and whistled and ran off. I could just get close enough to about put my hand on it and it would move off. Quincy and his wife came along, passed me and went on. They knew who I was, they spoke to me and saw the mule loose, but went right on. I followed them clear to Cayucos, but they never asked me to ride. That was something I never could figure out 'til this day. Then I had to walk 4 1/2 miles up the creek home. The next day I went over on the Rincoon Creek to Burden's and Mr. Burden had the mule tied up.

Well, I guess I might just as well take a trip up the Old Creek about a mile, south of Cayucos. At the mouth of Old Creek, John Stone lived. There was our Postoffice. He kept the postoffice, a saloon, Stage station and a Hotel. Now, as we go out Old Creek, we come to the Preston place. He was quite an intelligent man, served as Justice of the Peace, and in later years, gave up ranching and studied law. I don't remember that he had any children.

Greening lived just above. He had a boy named Ed.⁶

Next we come to the Knuckles family; they were old Missourians. Knew Grandfather Powell in Missouri. The Knuckles were a noted family. There were 16 children: Clark, Will, Holt, Fred, George, Tom, Creed, Hugh, Jake, and five girls; one married Dunbar, lived in San Luis; one married Sam Archer. Rior married George Wallace. Sean married and lived at Visalia. Dode died in the early 1880's, buried in the graveyard at Cayucos.

Just above was Kingery's. There was Guss, Cynthia, Lydia and then came Charley Clark.⁷

Old Jim kester. He had a Jim, Jap, Newt and a girl Lillie.⁸

6 [Handwritten note: "and another one, Dave Greening."]

7 [Handwritten note: "Jack and Cynthia a school teacher. He studied and became a doctor."]

8 [Handwritten note: "And a Henry."]

Still on above was Mr. Swain's boys, Robert called Bob, and Charley and Helen. All these families are pretty well to the head of Old Creek.

Now, as we drop back to the South Ford; the Floods' quite a noted place in early days, quite a large orchard and vineyard. Their children were two boys, one named George, don't know the other's name and one girl.

One above we find John Kester's boys, Bill, Frank, Charley, Phelix, and Cord; (he was the eldest) and one girl named Peggy.

Now, we take a jump away up to the head of the Creek and we find the old man Rector, a regular old backwoodsman. A very large man.

The year of 1873 I went back in there and he was running quite a large dairy. Will Kester was working for him. I was sent over there to get a yearling that had strayed off. I was riding a little yearling colt; I found the yearling and drove it home.

Andy Hudson's next. (Will say more of this in other places).

Now, we will drop down to the Nuckles places and go up the West prong of the Creek. It was called Cottonwood Creek when we first came on the Cayucos. There was a family lived on the Cottonwood, Phillips.

Still on above Andy Hudson and there was Dock Fine. He was a brother of Mrs. Nuckles, and still above was the Mrs. Brounell place. She was a widow. I never saw her man. She afterwards married⁹ Frank Smallman. Lived over on the Josephine, and then down in San Luis. Both died there.

Now we will drop back on the Cayucos and take a run up the Rincoon. We first get acquainted with the old man and lady Outhouse, and their son John, who was a worthless fellow. He would run off from home and they would ride all over the country to find him. They never seemed to get out of patience with him. He must have been at that time 17 or 18 years old. The old man died of cancer. The old lady and John sold out to Peter Tognazzini.

The old man Shipp owned a 160 just above. He always run a dairy there.

The Fowler family came next. Mrs. Fowler was a sister to Ben Morris; children: Theodore, Marguerite, Fred, Lizzie, Alice and Laura. Wash Walker Williams just across the creek; she was a widow woman. Children: boys, Charley and Mary. They had a band of goats.¹⁰

Stuarts next; then Burden. He was a widower. Had a bunch of children. Sarah, Laura, Mary, Minerva, Minnie, Bill and Ed.

And, Burnett lived over on the coast about two miles West of Cayucos. He owned a big lot of land all along the coast. He married a widow woman, Mrs. Cooper, she had two boys. Charley and Alex. I think Alex was killed on a ship. Then they had James K. Wesley, Rosie, Helen and Lillie. Burnett had lots of cattle and horses and sheep and land.

9 [Handwritten note: "Mullins lived at Cambria & Frank Small" (the meaning here is unclear)]

10 [Handwritten note: "And two other boys."]

Now all these people and their children and our family grew up together or associated together.

Wash Walker married Elizabeth Wright, (my wife's Aunt. I never saw my wife at this time, nor till 1889. she and her folks lived up in Yuba County, in the northern part of California). The Wash Walker children were: Harvey, Sarahann, Mary, Hartwell, Rachel, Tom and Johnny.

Well, we might as well take a trip down the Villa Creek, below the old Shipp place,¹¹ we find the big Blackburn place. This Blackburn had a large Grant that extended from Paso Robles to Templeton, then out West most to the York country. I think he owned about 18,000 acres on the Villa Creek. It was a choice place, well improved and had a fine apple orchard on it. Frank Dunn was foreman there for years. He married Jenett Cook. They raised 10 children.¹²

McOlive came next. He sure owned a fine place. In fact this Villa Creek was all good.

Now comes the old Robert Villa place, where the old adobe stands. The boys were Elishu, Frank, Bass and Ramon. Two girls whose names I do not know.

[1872]

HOME PLACE

Now we will drop back to our own family and place. The spring of 1872 opened up fine. In the summer and fall of 1871, after moving over and getting around, Dave went up to Cambria and bought a lot of Cambria pine fencing;¹³a good many thousand feet. He hauled it out by the Strather's place and piled it so it would dry out. It cost 10 dollars a thousand. By hauling it out there he could go from home and get a load in a day. Then it lightened up so much during the later part of the year 1871 and the fore part of the year 1872. Dave got a lot of it hauled home and he and I begin to build fence in the fore part of the spring. We got posts of Cass and Company. We fenced about 60 acres. We, or Dave drove the posts. We would drive the posts and nail the boards on 25 and 30 rods a day, so we got along pretty good. We also got in a crop of about 30 acres of Barley. We put in the home place and about 15 acres over on the Rincoon Creek on the old Shipp place. We had a fine crop, extra good. We threshed some and had a wonderful pile of hay. That over on Shipp place we bailed. But one thing was against us, and that was the grasshoppers; they just came by the millions. The only thing that saved us was they hatched out too late to get our crops. They just came in clouds; they ate the leaves all off the trees of all kinds. They'd go right up the big live-oaks or Sycamores and just pick them clean. I have seen them climb up the sides or end of a building, just as thick as a swarm of bees, and flying in the air, they would darken the sun. They always travelled down to the ocean. I have seen them dumped into water holes or a creek or a spring till the water would stink like carrion. We had them for 3 years. They came earlier every year. Most everyone had better crops this year, exerted themselves more than before or in former years to get more in. probably better able to do it. Everyone begin to get some fields fenced in. The general country was open, unfenced and lots of wild cattle and horses.

Mother and us children milked about 25 cows. Grandfather Rice was with us. I remember him

11 [Handwritten note: "on Villa creek this is the place Bishop lived on."]

12 [Handwritten note: "Jenett the mother died about 1893."]

13 [Handwritten note: "Between twenty and thirty thousand feet."]

digging a well for the house and having us children to haul out the dirt with a windlass. We let the bucket get away and dropped back in the well, and hit him on the shoulder and neck, most killed him. Poor fellow was in bed 4 or 5 days. He always kept us in wood; he was 74 years old now.

Some time in this year Dave took a trip to Oregon and taken Grandfather back to Oregon. Dave shipped a lot of those good old Oregon apples down to us. My they were good. To the best of my knowledge Dave took that trip to tend to the interest of our old place up there. Cousin High Powell had it rented it before, but did not want it any longer. So it was rented to Uncle Jim Sperry. He farmed it very extensively. It was said that he raised some banner crops. I suppose Dave was homesick to see old Oregon and the host of relatives and friends that were up there.

I remember how glad we were to see him back and how he told us of his trip and all the folks. How sorry we were to hear of some of the deaths of our relatives and friends. While Dave was away I had more responsibility looking after the stock. We sure had plenty to do. I remember building a string of board fence, a quarter of a mile long and five boards high. Charley helped some. I was eleven years old; had to carry a box along to stand on to nail the top board.

The Bryant boys gave us a little puppy. It had grown to be quite a good sized dog and one night it treed a coon in a big live-oak tree just across the creek. We heard him barking during the night so in the morning, when we got up, we went over to see what he was barking at, and lo he had a coon. So there was no one to shoot it. So I got the old muzzle loading rifle down and proceeded to see what I could do. It was nearly six feet long and heavy. I just shot off up in the air, just to see if I could shoot it¹⁴. I shot it alright, so I loaded it up again, and proceeded up to the tree. The gun was so heavy and long that I had to put the stock under my arm instead of against my shoulder, then rare back so as to get the gun pointed up towards the coon. The old gun just went wobbling around in circles, but I finally pulled the trigger and down came the coon! My, I was a proud boy. I scun it and tacked the hide up on the wall. Some hunter! I made a coon skin cap out of the hide and put the tail on it. Now, I felt like I was a hunter. We had a small muzzle loading shot gun, and there were hundreds of quail and rabbits so sometime after that I got the shot gun out and went out quail hunting. I did not know how to load the gun. I put the powder in and then poured the shot down on the powder, then put down a wad and I shot a dozen shots, but did not kill anything. When I came in, the folks wanted to know where my game was. "I did not kill any." So Dave asked me how I loaded the gun. I told him, and he then told me how to load the gun. I was anxious to go hunting again. So I did and this time brought in the meat, and after that I was a hunter.

As time went on, we got acquainted with all the neighbors and attended all the gatherings. There was church held in our school house quite often and in the good time of the year there was Sunday school. Mrs. Burnett was quite active; old man Outhouse and the old man Smith, he was Mrs. Stonewall's father, lived way up on Toro Creek. His wife was an invalid and had to keep her bed all the time. But the old man would take her around a great deal; she seemed to love to go around, and the old man taken her to church often. The old man was quite good help in the meetings.

The old man Spooner lived at Morro; was a preacher, and the old man Monroe preached quite a little. He stopped at Stowell's quite often. Helped build that rock fence on the old Stowell place. He taken a trip back to the state of Kansas. Came back and told of the hard winter out on the plains of Kansas. New settlers and it was cold and they had very little fuel and food. He told of a skunk coming into a house and they killed it and ate it. He said it was the best meat he ever tasted.

14 [Handwritten note: "and then loaded it again and shot the coon - of course it was an accident."]

It was about 7 miles over to the Green Valley school house. But we would get up sometimes early, milk the cows, go out and run in a bunch of wild horses and I want you to know, it took a pretty good man to run them down and corral them, but I have run them in a many a time. I generally had a good horse and would ride bare-back and we would sure go. Of course some of the folks would be posted around close to the corral. Then each one would get a horse, even Mother, and we would all strike out thru the hills to the Green Valley to church. You would see the folks coming in from all quarters. Many the time have seen such crowds that there wasn't standing room, and the windows would be full, and still others on the outside. We would then go to some neighbor's, get our dinner, rest a while and rack out for home. Roads weren't very good those days. But they sure had good singing those days, did not have an organ or piano. but they could sing nevertheless. There was a young man in the neighborhood by the name of Joe Bain, who was a good singer and his cousin Lillard was the speaker. Joe might have been up all night in Cambria playing cards, but he was at church on Sunday mornings.

One time there was a hymn given out and several of the congregation tried to start it, but failed, so the preacher called out "You, Joe, you start that hymn." Joe said that was pretty embarrassing to him to be called to start the hymn after playing cards all night, but he buckled in and started the song. Joe was one of these kind of fellows that fit in everywhere he would go. He could go to church and fit in and help there, go to a dance the next night and be one of the boys! Or to a horse and take as big a hand as any one or he could go into the sick room and do his part there. he was sparking one of the Shipp girls, and when the old man Shipp found out they were intending to get married. He got after Joe with a shot gun and run him off the place. There was a rough brushy canyon just back of the house, so Joe started for that and you would have thought that it was an ox running away with a plough; but he got away. That did not stop the proceedings; they finally ran off and got married. They raised 6 children: Mary, Susan, Lizzie and Myrtle and two boys, Marvel and Willie.¹⁵

Joe was a strong man, used to get into lots of fights, but I never heard that he was ever quarrelsome.

There is another family that I want to speak of; the old man Harris. He lived up on the little Cayucos Creek on the place that is now known as the Tomazzini place. He was a noted man. He was a horse doctor and a good one. Had two boys, Sam and Dave. (Just heard that Dave was dead), and there was Maud, she married Jim Beavers. Just died 83, years old (1932). There was another girl. This Harris was an old teamster from Sacramento up thru the Truckee and on into Nevada Mines.

Well everyone kept on improving and trying to better their ways; fencing in fields to raise more crops; for you could not raise anything unless it was fenced, and then maybe some old bull would come along and carry off your gate on his back and let a whole band of cattle in on your crop. Every once in a while such an animal would be found with a bullet hole in his head and he wouldn't trouble any more. Sometimes this animal would belong to someone 10 or 15 miles away.

Our first crop of hay was quite some. Dave built a pretty good rack and I did the loading on the wagon. He hired Edd Stowell to help. We filled our small barn and built a big stack outside and covered it with part of the fencing lumber Dave had hauled in. So we are ready for another winter. Better to be prepared.

In the spring of 1872, the old man Burnett began to buy out the settlers over on the Rincoon Creek. Fowler, Walker, Burden and others. All these folks moved over to the Adelaide. What we called over the mountains, North, about 25 miles. A new country where they could take up more land. They had

preempted the places that they sold to Burnett, so they taken up homesteads. In fact, in the course of the next 3 or 4 years there was a lot of the coast people went over in the mountains.

When you go back 8, 10 or 12 miles from the coast to the divide the water runs East into the Salinas River and that river runs North into Monterey Bay. So over the mountains, means an entirely new country from the coast country. There was lots of Government land to be taken up and settled and just lots of our coast people went over. Grandpa Wright went along.

1873

So we are into the winter of 1873. This was a good season of rains. People all over the country better prepared. But those pesky grasshoppers! They came earlier and they damaged the crops worse than common. They extended all over the country. They ate so much grass. Sometimes there would be a crop cut before it was ready just to get a head of the hoppers. Then if you left it lay on the ground too long they would eat it up. They would keep swarming and eating on a shock of hay until it would disappear. They were worse this year than last. But they seemed to travel faster and they had a red louse on them. It seemed a great many of them flew into the ocean, and they seemed to disappear along late in the fall. I have seen a field of grain with all the leaves chewed off. And, if it were left a little while they would commence cutting the heads off. probably in a week, there would be nothing left but the stock standing; then they would commence cutting down the stocks. The only thing that I ever saw that would withstand them was the castor oil bean tree. If they ate that it would kill them; after they ate everything else up they would strip the castor bean; then the ground under the tree would be covered with the dead.

On account of the hoppers feed was scarce and a great many head of stock were moved out of the county. This year Shipp gathered up his, and his son Tom's and taken them into Arizona, beyond Needles. Tom did well with the cattle down there and grew up to be the Cattle King of Arizona, had thousands of head of stock. He stayed there 'til about 1897 or 1898, then went to Alaska and as far as I know or ever heard never was heard of by his folks.

The Vaughn boys moved their stock out, but I don't know where they taken them. They brought them back again. There was lots of stock moved out.

Our feed was so poor that Dave run around quite a little to find feed. He and Stowell went down into the Santa Maria and Lompoc, but did not find any to suit, so they came back and struck off out East, wandered around out beyond Paso Robles, past the Estraya River up what was called Hog Canyon; up to the very head of the Canyon, found what they thought was a good range. There was plenty of country and water and pretty fair grass. They bought the claim for \$200.00. We gathered up our cattle and picked out what we thought proper to take out there. So we made the start. Hired Al Smith, Stowell's step-son and Edd Stowell, Dave and myself. I don't remember whether Brother Charley was along or not. Mr. Stowell drove the grub-wagon. We made the Jack Creek the first day; the first good camp, about three miles on the other side of the York mountain along about eleven o'clock at night. The cattle got to wandering, trying to back track; the men folks headed them off, then they started up Jack creek, and went two miles before they headed them off. It was long after 3 o'clock when they settled down. So it was a tired bunch.

We moved along alright, except hot and dusty and the stock began to tire. We passed thru Paso Robles, let the cattle water and rest at the Salinas River. Passed McGuffey's on the Worry-Worry. On to

the Estrella River and camped. Had a good camp, plenty of water and quite a little feed along the river.¹⁶ We got started on pretty early and made the Ranch. There was a fine big spring and plenty of good trees and the grass pretty good, mostly bunchgrass. We stayed a few days, and left Al to look after the cattle and the rest of us struck out for home. We went by way of San Miguel and up San Marcus Creek, stayed all night with old Grandpa and Grandma Wright. They were living in the Adelaide country then on what was generally called the Mulus ranch. We were acquainted with lots of the folks here for they had been our neighbors on the coast. The old man Wright was an old frontiersman, just as soon as a place began to get settled up a little, he moved on. he was a great hunter. We made it home the next day.

Then Dave began to gather up things that he wanted to take over where the cattle were, and he and I started back with a team. (A four horse team.) I stayed over there with Al Smith to keep him company and to help him care for the stock. Dave went right home after another load. It was hot over there where the cattle were and they began to go blind. They would wander off, fall in holes and gulches, just kept us on the go all the time trying to take care of them. It was about 10 miles down to the Estrella River. They would wander down there quite a little and we would have to go down and fetch them home. It was a tiresome trip and hard on the stock.

Al Smith was sparking Maud Harris at this time. I suppose getting letters from her. At this time Harris was living in Adelaide. Had moved over from the Cayucos. So Al tells me he has to go to San Miguel. He struck out; left me all alone. I was 12 years old at that time. It was pretty lonely all alone; six miles to our nearest neighbor. That was a sheep camp. Flarity and Feeney, good neighbors, but so far away we did not get to see them very often. So we worried along with the cattle best we could. While Al was gone I got along pretty well in the day time, but it was lonely at night. We had a faithful dog that was lots of company. The second night about 2 o'clock, Al pulled in. he came in singing and the dog heard him coming and commenced to bark and woke me up. I sat up in bed and listened and heard him coming singing. I will tell you I was glad. He had gone to see his girl in the Adelaide.

Dave continued to make trips to the coast 'til he got what hay and stuff over that he wanted, then he taken charge of the stock and sent us home with the wagon. We had an old bio mare and 2 or 3 horses. These we lost. They strayed off and went back to the coast, and on the road home, they picked up a sucking colt. Probably 6 months old, and it stayed with our horses.

Dave taken brother Charley over with him; I suppose for company. Well things kept going from bad to worse, with the stock, so Dave stayed with them, did the best he could 'til finally Bill Archer that lived on the Cottonwood¹⁷ coast came over hunting sheep range, and seemed to like that place pretty well, so Dave sold it to him, and brought all the stock home (all that he could find). They were scattered from there to the coast.¹⁸

By this time it was getting pretty close to winter and when it rains on the coast, and there comes favorable weather after the rains, the green-grass sure comes up in a hurry. So what stock we got home with did pretty well. I remember taking 4 cows over to Uncle Ralph's, over on the Santa Rosa. He had good grass so they picked right up.

16 [Handwritten note: "We camped near the old dutchman. Clippel, fine old man. He had a deaf and dumb sister, kept house for him."]

17 [Handwritten note: "Prong of Old Creek."]

18 [Handwritten note: "He gathered them and put them in the old man Clippel's field, and started from there home."]

1874 was a fairly prosperous year. Good winter. We continued to build fence. Got more land fenced in, so we could farm more. Most everybody did. I forgot to mention a trip that was taken up to San Francisco by a lot of our neighbors to prove up their land. This was in the early spring of 1872. They rode up a-horse-back. I remember that they talked about the trip for two months before they started. There was in this party, Joe and John Wright, George Stowell, Dave and two or three others. They went all together so they could be witnesses for one another. They were gone between 2 and 3 weeks. They got their land all fixed up alright.

And, another thing that happened, the old man Shipp's wife died in this year. She was a sister to George and Jim Vaughn. This year Steven Filey and his family came down from Oregon. He was counted a better preacher than C.C. Riley, his brother. But not so good a man. Both of them preached all over San Luis County.

Steve Riley, rented Shipp's place. He had quite a large family. I only knew one in particular; Luther. He was hardly 4 feet tall, but oh my, he was chasing every girl that would look at him. I never heard of him getting married.

In this year 1873, the Swiss people began to come into this county. Robert Regetta came first. He rented or bought the old Stone place from E.L. Reed and a little later Antone Tognazzini went in with him. Big Frank had rented the Bryant place over on the Green valley, so this was the starting of the Swiss coming into the County.

This year was my first experience plowing with a single plow. I could just tiptoe and reach the plow handles. My, it was hard work; the plow handles that I was using were so high and awkward.

The year 1874 was a pretty prosperous year. Plenty of rain and grass and no hoppers, and we continued to build more fence. Fencing in most pasture and land that we could farm. I had helped with the putting in of the crops in former years, but now I was getting so I made a full hand. I rode the horses when harrowing with four horses. We got along better all around and all the people began to prosper better. The dairy business began to increase and more dairies being established all over the country. More people going into that business for a livelihood. Everyone getting their homes fixed up more comfortable and everybody seemingly happy and prosperous. All making money and were feeling their oats and charging around like a young colt in the spring of the year at shedding time.

Uncle Charley Rice came down from the San Joaquin Valley to our place this year. He was the brother of Mother's that she raised. He, Dave and the Indian boy that Uncle Billie Smith raised, were all about the same age. And as they had grown up together, were in some respects most like brothers.

Uncle Charley left Oregon about 1870 and went to the San Joaquin valley to try farming. He went at it with a pretty big auger, farmed several thousand acres and went in to the threshing machine business also. But did not have very good luck. So he knew we lived down in this part of the world, so he came down with 4 horses and wagon. Dave gave him some work and he got quite a little work with his team here and there. There was quite a few sheep in the country, and he got the job of hauling wool out from the sheep camps, which was quite a job, for there was not much roads back in the hills. I have seen him winding around in the hills and gulleys, apparently on one wheel, but he always come out alright. It seems that the hand of Providence steps in many times just in the right time. Good deal like when the Mother of a little two year old boy rushed to the Doctor and exclaimed: "Oh Doctor, my little boy has chewed up a

razor blade, what shall I do?" He said: "Don't do anything, God takes care of babes and fools." It sure seems He does. Uncle Charley stayed with us that year and also the next.

As I said before this was a good year, good hay and grain. Plenty of work. Lots of hay bailed. I remember Charley and Henry Cass coming up the Creek with their four horses; when they were just small boys, and rolling on those big old Petaluma bails of hay on the wagon. They would weigh 200 and 350 pounds. Then they'd start down the creek with that load over none too good roads. But they got thru.

Mother and the old man Shipp gets married. We children taken notice that Mr. Shipp was a frequent visitor to our house and would have dinner quite often. We thought nothing of it for some time, for they or the Shipp folks had been good friends and neighbors. His wife had died about a year before; so finally they told us they were intending to get married. So I don't know as there was any objections, so the day was set and the crowd gathered in and the Justice of the Peace came, Mr. Preston, (he lived at that time over on the Old Creek) and performed the ceremony.¹⁹ Then we had a step-father. I always liked the old man. He was always good to Mother; only he was a great care to her in after years. He had several accidents that caused her lots of work and care. He was turning shocks of hay once with a buck rake and the rake started to turn over too soon, and he aimed to put his foot on the rake and pull back on the handles to keep it from going over and he could not prevent it from going and it went over and taken him over also and landed him on the back of his neck. He always had a stiff neck and was in bed for 3 weeks; and then he was finally down in bed for several months.

After they were married Shipp had the Rileys to move out of his house and they moved over on the Villa Creek; and in the mean time Uncle Ralph Sloan sold his place to the Oceanic Quick Silver mine over on the Santa Rosa Creek; they wanted the ground to put their smelting work on, and gave him about double what he paid. So when Mother moved out the folks let Uncle Ralph and family move in. This was early in the year, and in the meanwhile Dave had rented the Hardy place and run a dairy of 40 cows there that year. Sister Docia, Brother Charley and I and also Uncle Charlie lived with him, and Docia did the cooking. The rest of us helped to do the milking and the work. We were going to school too. Mr. Dark was our teacher, and he was pretty foxy, all the children in the neighborhood went. The Sloan children with the rest of us. I want you to know that it was some job to crawl out a 4 in the morning, go out and get your horses where they were staked out; it sometimes raining or might be frosty and cold, to saddle that cold horse, it yet being dark; climb on, go out in the hills, get in the cows, milk them and then go off to school, which was 3 miles away. Then back in the evening, get the cows in, milk again. That horse that we staked out was a mustang colt, two years old. The Mother of it was a wild mustang outlaw that run those hill for quite a few years, and quite a few of the buckaroos around there tried time and time again to catch or get her in the corral, but did not succeed. So brother Dave and the old man Stowell thought they would try their luck, so they watched for their chance. They spied the bunch that she ran with on the West side of the Cayucos Creek and there was a line of fence West for about a mile long. The Creek and fence came to a peak at the South end. There was a corral there, so they went for the gate of the corral all set and got around the band and started them. Dave and Stowell were on two old work horses, with blind bridles. They worked them down slow and easy so as not to excite them 'til they got them pretty well down to the corral, and the width of space between the fence and creek bank was not very wide, one of them slipped by and went ahead, so as to turn them in to the corral, for the road went on down the creek. By this strategy they got them in the corral before they knew where they were going. They caught the wild mare. Dave was a good horse tamer, so he wooled her around, tied up one front foot, wooled her around, got on her while her foot was tied up, in fact he just worried her till he conquered her and rode her home,

19 [Handwritten note: "They were married on the 3rd of July, 1874. On the next day, the Fourth of July, they and the whole neighborhood went to Morrow for the Fourth."]

to the astonishment of all the folks. Broke her to ride and this colt that I am telling about was her colt. He was a hard one in some ways. I had handled him when he was quite young, but he could buck. His worst trick was balking. He'd balk when I was riding him. One morning I got on him to go to school and he balked, did not want to leave the place. There was a bridge to cross just a little ways from the corral; but the road made most half circle to get to it. The colt balked with me and I fought it to get it started; finally got it under headway and was going at a good clip, when I rounded onto the bridge; the bridge was white with frost. When he struck the bridge, his feet flew out from under him, and he came down on his side and used my leg for a rolling pin, sliding across that bridge. We got up and I rubbed my leg, limped around and got on and went off to school. He balked many times with me, and I have had him to stop so sudden or turn to one side so sudden that I would go off on the ground.

We had to churn by hand, pack our water up a creek bank 40 feet. I have had to stay out of school in the morning to churn and sometimes all day. Many the day I have stayed out of school to go hunt for stock. What would children do nowadays under such circumstances?

I had now begun to break and ride colts quite a little. In the early spring of this year, Brother Dave sent Brother Charley and I over to San Marguerita after a wild cow. One we had lost when we taken the cattle out to Hog Canyon, and one of our neighbors had been over there to a Rodeo and had come back telling us if we would go over right away we might find her on the Rodeo ground. So, Brother Dave sent us over. I'll tell you that was some outfit! I was 11, brother Charley 8; I was riding that old slow lazy gray mule. Charley rode a little two year old colt about half broke. It was 35 miles over there and over half the way, we had never been over, nor did we know. But we were told to go, and we knew we could do so. So we started. Dave made us take that little colt that I told about us finding with our horses when we were coming home with cattle from Hog Canyon. It was now a yearling. I had broken it to ride just like a full grown horse. So we taken the little fellow along and when we got out on the Blackburn Grant on the Jack Creek, we came to a bunch of horses, and we turned the little fellow loose and started off. He just started to follow us. So we had to scheme some way to get away from him. We got him in the bunch of horses and then started to running and we dodged off behind some brush and lost him. But I just shed tears to give the little fellow up. Dave said it did not belong to us and we had no right to keep it. But I always thought I had as good right to it as anyone. So on we went. We did a good deal of inquiring to find out our way out there. Finally we reached San Marguerita, that was Pat Murphy's headquarters; the Ranch house where he lived. We went to the old adobe and inquired for Pat. He came out and we told him what our business was. He told us where to camp and to go look for our cow. I really was afraid to approach Pat, but he was so mild and considerate of us, that all fear vanished. He asked us who we were and where we were from. Told us to look for our cow, and if we could find her to take her home. He said: "You are pretty brave boys to come so far for a cow." We debated whether we would lass her and tie her up or what. We made camp in a corral, slept under the grandstand, for it looked like rain. In the morning we were up bright and early, ate our little breakfast and started out to hunt our cow. We hunted a long time before finding her. We sure began to think we had made a mistake in not tying her up. But finally found her. There was quite a little fencing around there in the flats and a lane about five miles long. So we felt at least we could have a good start off. But to get her thru the gate we could not, try as hard as we could; she would come to the gate, look at it, dodge and go back, so it seemed we were never going to get her started. Finally there came a man riding up and he was a buckaroo. He asked us what we were trying to do, and we told him. "Well," he says, "I will put her thru that gate." So all of us got around her, and she went right up close to the gate and began to squirm and twist. Finally she turned her head towards the gate, and he put the spurs to his horse and just bumped her thru. She looked so surprised! Now we had clear sailing for five miles at least. But at the end of the lane there was a Chemise patch hundreds of acres of it. I had calculated we would loose her here and I did hate to go home without her. Before we came to the end of the lane I had Charley to let me get on his colt and he taken the mule. So as soon as she saw that she was coming to the end of the land, and coming to the brush patch, her head

went into the air and she taken to the brush like a deer. After her I went. It did not make any difference where she went I just crowded her and pushed her so hard she taken to the road and followed it, 'til we got most up to the town of Templeton, or where the town now stands. In fact the old Blackburn ranch house. Here there was a gate open and in she went. I was afraid to go in the grain field to run her out, so I went up to the house and told what had happened, and a Mr. Dunn a brother to Frank that lived over in our parts. He was rough and cussed us and told us we had ought to have kept her out. But he got her. We got along pretty well. When we came to where we dropped the colt, it knew us and our horses and wanted to follow us, and if I could have had my way it would. How I hated to leave it. We had to give it the dodge again, and we never saw it again.

We got our cow over to the old Phipp's place and she dodged into a willow thicket and we lost her. It was just about dark, so we made camp, got a bit to eat and tumbled into bed. We got up at daylight and looked for our cow, but we could not find her. So we had to go moping home without her. We told the folks all about our trip. The cow stayed around that locality for a year and in passing thru there we would see her. Finally brother Dave²⁰ went in a-foot after and jumped her and out she came like an ox running away with a plow. On every turn she met some of us, so she took to the road and we took her down the Old Creek to Cayucos and home.

BUTCHER BUSINESS

David started peddling beef all over the country; killing a beef once a week. And he did very well at it. Killed quite a few of our own stock and bought quite a few of the neighbor's. Very often a person would run a bill and then give a beef to pay for it, so it worked out good, both ways. He taken turkeys and chickens in exchange. I know late in the fall or after harvest I had a job herding, there were about 200 head to herd. Had to herd them to keep the coyotes from catching them. I have heard it said that a coyote would walk around and around under a tree and the turkey would keep looking at them and twisting it's neck 'til finally it would fall out. I believe it is so. For there was a host of these turkeys roosted in an immense big live-oak tree and the coyotes would come of nights and get those turkeys out of that tree some way. They caught lots of the turkeys before we got rid of them.

SCHOOL TROUBLE

During our school going; Mr. Dark being the teacher, there was some trouble between Andronica Soto and our teacher. This Andronica and Mr. Dark got into trouble because Mr. Dark was going to give him a genuine threshing. He got his switches, did not just get one, but had 3 or 4. He cleared the chairs and benches away; pulled off his coat, got everything ready and the rest of us scholars just expect the poor fellow would get half killed. Mr. Dark went to his seat and took Andronica by the hand, led him out on the floor, squared himself; raised the switch and we all expected to see the fun begin and to our surprise, he just led him back to his seat and gave him a lecture and told him he would let him off this time.

Then Neal Sloan and I got into some trouble with our teacher. Mr. Dark had the name of being a bad man from Bode. So we were a little afraid of him, and tried to walk the chalk line and not get into any trouble with him. But he caught us up about something that we did not do, but he thought we had. He tried to scare us into confessing that we had done the act; he parleyed with us for a long time. I would

20 [Handwritten note: "And I. Eddie Stowell and his Father went over after her. We found her and startled her and into the brush she went."]

have taken the licking or any kind of punishment rather than confess to doing something which we did not do. So finally he let us off. Dark was one of the pioneer teachers of the county. He owned a ranch up on the Santa Rosa Creek for years. Finally moved to San Luis. Was elected School Superintendent of schools and served two or three terms. Was quite old when he passed on.

This fall after the dairy season was over, Peter Tognazzini wanted to buy some dairy cows. So David sold him 40 head for thirty-five dollars a head. There was a few cows in the bunch that we had brought from Oregon. Peter kept one or two of these cows till they were 24 years old. They sure were good cows. Peter started to dairy over on the Rincoon Nather Creek, just about that year. Rented about two thousand acres of Burnett. He ran a very large dairy. There were times when he milked 200 cows. He was a bachelor at that time.

Old man Shipp taken a trip down into Arizona to see how Tom was getting along with the stock. He drove a span of mules to a spring-wagon. Was gone about two months. Jeff, his boy went with him. They taken a bunch of mules with them, and Jeff stayed down there with Tom for a year or two. Tom grew up to be a wonderful stock man. Was counted the Cattle King of Arizona at one time. His cattle roamed over a hundred miles territory. So I have been told.

1875

Right in the latter part of this year, 1874, there were quite a few changes made. David bought 400 acres of land of the Vaughn boys. It lay in the extreme head of Sheep Hollow, and he also rented about 640 acres of Dalley Day, joining this Vaughn land on the South. This was the place the frenchmen lived on. So Dave moved over there and Docia, Charley and I went over to stay with Mother on the Shipp place. Emma also went with us. Dave batched on his new place and run stock and still continued the butcher business. Ralph Sloan still stayed on Mother's place.

Now commenced the year of 1875, and our hopes were brighter. We were getting better established. The country in general was built up better. Us children went to the Green Valley school. Rode horse-back, three miles. I went pretty regular in the fore part of the term. I had more leisure this year than I had had any year since we started from Oregon.

Emma had made up her mind to be a school teacher and was studying for that purpose. She got along fine, learnt fast and the teachers taken lots of pains to teach her. In fact I have thought they sometimes spent as much time with her as they did with the rest of the school. As usual Mother had her cows, but not so many. I had to get up and help to milk, carry the milk a hundred and fifty yards, get ready for school, get our horses and saddle them, ride over a big hill, open 4 or 5 gates and get there by 9 o'clock. This was a chore.

Mother raised a lot of ducks this year, 200 or more. We had a rain in August, a big one, rained over 2 inches and those blooming ducks just stood around in bunches and held their heads up in the air. A lot of them drowned before we knew what they were doing. Then we got them under shelter, but lots of them drowned. Shipp had a lot of hay down and shocked; in very large shocks, and that rain wet it clear to the ground. There was about 75 tons. We had to take a large buck rake and turn the shocks upside down. Then they were all to straighten out and shock up again. I cut the hay in the first place and helped shock it. Those days we had the old revolving wooden rake that run flat on the ground. Tip it and it revolved over and left the hay in windrows. I also taken the old mowing machine and went all over the

country and cut hay for other people. Cut 300 acres. I would load the mower in a wagon to move from one ranch to another. I cut on Villa Creek, Green valley, and on the Cayucos Creek.

Shipp had the hay baled that was cut on his place, by an old Petaluma press baler, weighing 200 to 350 pounds. Smithers of Cambria and I bucked the hay to the Press. The most of this hay was hauled to Cambria. Sold to Jerry Johnson.

I remember one thing that I taken great pleasure in was debating Society that was held on a Saturday night at the Green valley school house. It was organized by John English. There were three of the English boys. They lived with the Bryant's on Green Valley. Were cousins to the Bryant's. This Debating Society meeting were only attended by men folks. They came from far and near from Santa Rosa, Villa Creek, Cayucos Creek. Everyone that came had to take part. They would choose sides, and everyone had to get up and address the chair, saying "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Honorable Judges", and sit down if he could go no further, but he had to do that much anyway. It was not long 'til ALL could talk and I tell you it was a fine thing. I know that I learnt lots there and there were those that got so they could talk and argue so well that the chairman would have to limit their time. We would have a crowd from 25 to 40 to attend these meetings. But finally there was some of the older ones that carried the argument so far that they got quarreling and broke the Society up. I did sure enjoy it and profited by it, so it was a help to me in later years.

Dave got along pretty well on his place. He kept on at the Butcher business, in fact it increased, he had to kill two beefs a week. His stock did well there; lots of feed, it was a remarkable thing this year, it rained every month in the year, and in August, as I mentioned before, it rained 2 inches.

Dave's place was a great place for the boys to gather in, and he had lots of company. This year Charley Cooper rented some grass back on the Villa Creek to run his horses on. He lived with Dave that year. Charley Cooper is the stepson of Mr. Burnett. He was one of the finest buckaroos I ever saw. That man could throw a lariat! And, was a fine rider, and a good associate and good companion; trusty every way, no bad habits. He and Dave broke quite a few colts. One day they went out and found a band of wild horses from the Tulare Lake Country, about 8 years old; pretty as a picture, and as wild as a deer. They had a corral in the brush in an isolated place and a very easy place to trap such a horse. As they drove him towards the corral he just pranced back and forth in front of the band of wild horses, and finally they had him in the corral before he knew what they were up to. Just as they got him in the corral he discovered the trick they'd played on him and made a break for the gate. We were watching and met him at the gate, and Charley piled his rope on him, in a jiffy he was tied from his neck or throat to his lower jaw. Then they let him up and the fur flew. He tried every [thing] imaginable to get away, and to outdo his captors, but in vain. Charley sure was a fine horse man. He could handle him. We taken him over a big hill and down to the Ranch. Dave and Charley rode him. He was just like a tiger. They never got him broken. He got hurt, so they necked him to a gentle horse and turned them loose on the range, and finally turned him loose, not having time to fool with him. He went over on the Green Valley and Joe Baine got him in a corral and last him, thru him, broke his hip and shot him. Sad!

Those days we made lots of the things we used, such things as hair-ropes, hackamores, quirts, riata, raw-hide, bridle reins for spanish bits; spanish bits and spurs. I have made all of these and have used them. We shod our own horses most of the time. Patched boots, shoes, harness, all such things; so as the old saying is, we had no time for swapping jack knives. That is, we were always busy.

Now while we were forging ahead every one was mostly doing the same. The Swiss people were coming into the country, and began to rent the ranches from the settlers and putting in dairies. Cass and Company were enlarging their borders.

The people were patriotic and had their social gatherings of all kinds. Such as May day, Fourth of July, Rodeos, and I remember the first Christmas I ever attended. It was at Cambria. Most everyone went a horseback, especially the young folks. The Sloan children, Odgen's, Dowdle's and us children all went. That was the grandest affair I ever saw in the shape of a Christmas tree. When the hall door was opened and Santa Claus came in, and that tree. Oh, if I could have gotten that! I wouldn't have cared for anything else. But Alas! Us children did not get a thing, nor did we expect to. I was 13 years old and hadn't seen a Christmas tree! Think of the child that age nowadays that hasn't seen a Christmas tree and gotten all kinds of presents. I don't remember my parents ever buying me any toys; other children would get them, but I made mine. I could make tops, bow and arrows, guns, cross-bows, butcher knives or gun stocks or anything else that I wanted or needed.

And, speaking about raw-hide; we used to use a great deal of it. We could tie up most anything with rawhide; wagon tongues that were broken; the first thing we'd do would be to wrap it with rawhide. Anything that was broken; single trees or double trees, wagon brakes, or plow beams did not make any difference what; just rawhide it. Used it just as they did or do with baling wire now. It was a wonderful thing, as old man Burnett said "Baling wire was a wonderful thing, but I never had very good luck tying on a plow share with it."

Now as it came to the Fall of the year there were always changes made; people bought and sold, rented or changed around. This fall Mr. Shipp sold his place to Uncle Ralph and Shipp bought half of Mother's place, and they just exchanged homes. Mother and Shipp moved to the old home place, and Uncle moved to the Shipp place. \$3000.00 was the price of a well improved 160 acres those days!

Dave bought 640 acres of Dali Day, paid \$10.00 per acre.²¹ This was a good place, but it did not have any improvements to speak of. Good grass land, rough open hills, in fact that was the character of all that coast land, with level land along the creeks.²²

1876

Now we enter the year 1876. These seasons so far were good. Plenty of rain. Shipp farmed quite a little. Mother's old place had only about 25 acres of farmland and the old man rented about 20 acres of Hardy. So he had quite a crop. I helped him to put it in. Jeff had come home from Arizona and he and brother Charley helped. We had plenty horses, so we could do quite a lot of work. I lived part time with Mother and part time with Dave. Just where I could do the most good.

Jeff and I were great chums, we were riding colts every chance we got and we seen to it we got the chance pretty often. We had good riding horses and we rode after cattle a great deal. it did not matter what we were doing, we were on a horse every day, in fact, that was the custom of the day.

Mother's house was always great for company and she was a great cook, sure knew how to mix

21 [Handwritten note: "This 640 acres bought off Aypolite Dalledet, July 7, 1876."]

22 [Handwritten note: "On September 5, 1876 Dave bought of Jim and George Vaughn 400 at \$5.00 per acre this land is the land and home where we, Dave and I [grew up? text missing]. And where Mama and I lived and dairied so long and you children called the Ira Powell Dairy up above our home a mile on the Cayucos Creek."]

the feed! And, she struggled like an ant to lay in a supply for winter. She had her garden. Hive of bees. We killed our own fat hogs those days and had plenty beef, so did not cost much to live. So after we got to going it was the land of milk and honey!

Old man Shipp had a small place on the Rincoon, 160 acres, a fine place. He always had a dairy on it. The old man Herald rented it first; He rented it on share, 50-50. he had it for two years. He had a wife.²³ Then Joe Baine, Shipp's son-in-law run it for several years. Joe had six children. His wife (Shipp's) was a great friend of Mother's. They loved to visit.

Now that Dave was located on his own place, he began to improve quite a lot in the way of building barn, fencing in fields. Making roads. There was quite a lot of timber on his place and a great many trees leaning and down, and limbs hanging down, so he hired a swiss for about six months just to cut wood and trim up trees, up and down the creek; the road followed this creek down the canyon for a mile or so. So there was plenty of work to do. He sold lots of the wood at Cayucos.

Cayucos began to grow and build up. New stores going in, Cass and Company built a large warehouse and store combined. I remember when he got his stock of new goods of every kind in, it just looked wonderful and everything of that kind was opened and celebrated with a big Ball. It was some affair. Everybody came and they had a grand time. When the store opened up, Alonzo Campbell went down one night. (I think Mr. Burroughs was in the store). Alonzo had him to pull down most everything in the store and looked at it, and priced it and then finally said "Well, I guess I will take two-bits worth of Bio beans." Bought them and walked out.

This Mr. Albert Burroughs was a young man from some of the New England states, pretty well educated man, and he went to work for Cass & Co., and I want to say right here, I never saw a finer all around man in my life. His word was just as good as his note, in fact he was one of our best neighbors and business men. He was connected with Cass & Co. until his death.

Just about this time Dan McMillin built quite a large building in Cayucos, and started a store. There was a blacksmith shop started up, so we could get such work done near home. Before we had to go all the way to Morro, 10 miles from home. In the year 1872, I packed a heavy crow-bar all the way to Morro to get it sharpened. Time and time again, I have taken picks, plowshares, pittmons and mowing machines knives all the way to Morro to get them fixed up. Some job! But now we have a blacksmith shop right at home, and there were quite a few dwelling houses put up in Cayucos; In fact, Cayucos became quite a village.

I think it was this year 1876 that Mr. Cass commenced to build his wharf from his warehouse down thru the sand to the water's edge and out into the surf as far as he could, by the means he had to work with. He cut screws on the end of the piling and put a sweep on them and screwed them in the sand with the old roan mare. He run the Wharf out as far as he could.

I taken a great interest in this work and watched it very close and not only this work, but all the work that was done all over the country. When Mr. Cass struck the breakers he would have to wait until the tide would go out, and then he would work till the tide came in again and run him out. It made it slow work, but the benefit and convenience that was to be derived from this building of a wharf was of such great hope and benefit that the time did not seem long. Captain Cass got this beginning of the Wharf run out so that the flat bottom scow boats could land. He built cranes on the wharf to land the freight and to load it on the scows to take it out to the steamers. This made the work so much lighter and easier, and

did away with the teams and wagons going out in the surf to the scows.

I believe it was this same year that the Morganti's built a hotel and gave a big Ball. Of course I was just big enough and old enough to be a good-looker-on. And, the supper was free and a lot of us boys had our fun as well as the rest. In those days they had the Big Hall to dance in and the Saloon opened right off the hall and the ballroom. The Ball was free. But the Saloon was not. That was where they made the money! Mrs. Morganti was a very large woman, weighed 250 pounds, was well built very strong. I have seen her pull chickens' heads off just like I would grasshoppers. Throw one down and grab another one, behead it, and have 10 or a dozen flopping around at once. This Swiss woman was in Australia before coming to California to the mines. I have heard from the Swiss people who knew her over there telling of her activities: saying she was very strong, "yes, you bet, she strong; make fight for man and lick too."

This is the year that Miss Leslie taught school. She was a very nice young lady and a good teacher. We all liked her. I was a dull scholar, never went regular, never knew where the lesson was or where the class was. I remember spelling class; I would always take my place at the foot because I knew I would soon be there. Sometimes the teacher would make me go where I belonged. I never could spell anything, nor could I understand grammar, but when it came to history or geography, I did not ask anyone's odds. In fact, I got so I could draw the map of the United States and put every state in its place and all the large rivers in the correct places. Also the principal cities and especially the capitals, without looking at a map for copy. At the end of this school year our teacher made an exhibition and it was one of the grandest affairs that ever happened in our community. Every child had to speak a piece. We practiced for weeks and it was a long program and plenty singing. I remember so many of the pieces that different ones spoke. By this time us children were getting quite grown up or nearly so. There were the Sanders, Powells, Antone Tognazzini's, Hazzards, Hardys, Stowells, Casses, Burnetts, Andronica Soto, Casters, Stones and others.

After the program was over, there was a dance. The benches were cleared away and the rest of the night was spent in dancing. I did not take part in the dance, but I was a good looker-on. I don't suppose there was a scholar in that school but what remembers that night up to this day or to the end of their lives. There are not many of them living at this date, (August 18, 1932, that time being sometime in the fall of 1876. Of the Powells there are 3, Sanders 5, Hazzards 1, Hardys 4, Cass 2, Burnett 2.)

1876 CENTENNIAL YEAR!

Another grand celebration was held during this Centennial year 1876 on the Fourth of July. The whole community from Villa Creek to Morro joined in on this, and it was held up on Old Creek, on the old Greening place. Just below the Nuckles place, which Biaginni afterwards owned. Everybody entered into this celebration with the spirit of its calling. For it was a hundred years since that noted document, the Constitution of the United States was drawn up and that body of men that God selected and called to frame the Constitution of the Greatest nation that ever existed on this earth, up to the present time. The Gathering had a lengthy program; opened with "America"; my country of the free and the brave, and other songs. Speaking, plenty of instrumental music and the young people danced a quadrelle on horseback. Those days they had fine horses, well trained, and it was pretty. That is the first time I attended a barbecue and drank lemonade. And, our good old Mothers were there with their baskets well filled and to spare, pressed down and running over. My, it makes the tears come and fill my eyes to think of the patience and toil and hardship they went thru to make it possible that us children would be nourished, brought up properly for and enjoy ourselves and have a good time. There is no child that could pay for its raising or has paid for it, except those that have raised a family.

Mother and Shipp were there, also Mrs. Sanders with her usual big basket full. She with the others saw to it that there was no one that went away hungry. In fact I have seen Mrs. Sanders after the dinner was most over send the boys around to see if anyone had been missed. For there always were those that had come from afar, probably had no folks, or were perfect strangers. But all were made welcome. There were other good mothers, equally deserving that I was not so well acquainted with.

A MARRIAGE

Cord Kester and Edna Ramon were married on this day, but not at the grounds. They were married a horseback. They raised a large family; 10 or 14 children. Cord was John Kester's boy. Edna Ramon was a niece to the old man Smith that was the father of Mrs. Stowell. Mrs. Cord Kester fell heir to a fortune along in the early 1900s somewhere and she had a sister Lillie that married Tom Johnson. I knew both these girls while single. Lillie also fell heir to the same fortune. All our people were well acquainted with them. Bro Dave kept company with Edna for quite a while. One of the boys was in swimming and dove in the water and struck his head on the bottom and paralyzed him from the waist down. He died with the flue when it first struck this country. Edna, I think, died with the flue in 1923. I have seen quite a few of the children when small. I never saw but one after grown up. He was working at a Creamery in Visalia. He got acquainted with one of my boys and I met him and told him some things of the old times; how his father and mother were married a horseback. He said he never heard of it.

Back to the Ranch! This was a good harvest year, plenty of rain, good crops and good grass. Stock were low in price. Two year old steers sold for \$15.00 a head and big fat cows \$12.00 and \$14.00.

Us boys helped Daddy Shipp harvest his crop of hay and grain. The Hardy flat was in wheat and was cut with a reaper that raked it off in bunches. The machine belonged to Cass and Dave run it. Us boys, Jeff Shipp, Bro. Charley and I, and John Carre hauled and stacked it. Us boys were pretty hard to keep at work; we picked the bunches up with wooden forks and it was quite a job, and John would get to thinking we were not getting along fast enough and get right after us, but we would do just like a lazy horse, spurt up for a while, and then lag back. Finally we got it all hauled and threshed. Was a pretty good crop.

I remember Charley Gruell and his brother George who used to come with the threshing crew; they were good pitchers, always worked together; they pitched by hand those days and the thresher was run by horse power, 10, 12, 14 horses hitched to sweeps and they went round and round. A man stood on the power on a flat frame and drove them. It wasn't everyone that was a good driver, that is, to keep up even power.

And there was Johnny Archer that most always came in with the outfit. He had a big Mexican²⁴ for a partner, always pitched together, they both weighed over 200 pounds. Husky! I used to watch them pitch, it did not make any difference where they put their forks, up would come a big load. Johnny Archer courted Peggy Kester for years. Peggy was John Kester's daughter. John Archer was Bill Archer's son.

In those days everybody taken a load of wheat to Mill and had it ground. The old Mill was down on Choro Creek about three miles north of San Luis. I have gone to mill there quite often. You would get your flour, middlings, shorts and bran. You could pay cash for getting it ground or give a part of the load. As we said in those days part of the grist.

24 [Handwritten note: "Or an Indian named Joe Lojaze (sp?) he is still alive, over 90 years old. Lives in Cambria, Jan 12, 1938."]

The Rodeo business is getting to be a thing most of the past, altho' there are some gatherings we attended. Two or three this year, one over on the Villa Creek and one at the Vaughn ranch on Villa Creek. I know Charley Lee rode an outlaw horse and he sure did buck. I rode a yearling steer that caused the most fun. Someone bantered me, told me that I could not ride it, so I told them to saddle him and I would show them. They saddled it and I clum on, and the way he went, gave me a pretty hard tussle; went out thru the herd of cattle, most stampeded the bunch. But I rode him to a finish!

We were well in practice those days. Us boys would steal out of nights or go out in the hills, catch some wild horse and ride it. We were riding colts all the time. I always thought Jeff Shipp a better rider than I, or at least he was more daring. Jeff and I were always prowling around in the hills with our rope onto something.

It was this year I think, that Frank Mall came to Stowell's to make it his home. He was a stepson of John Lindners. John lived up on the extreme head of Villa Creek and Lindner was a house carpenter. Frank was a pretty good boy to be a stepson and knocked around by everybody. I used to chum with him quite a little. He was very fond of a fiddle and so was I. We would make a pretty good team. I put a neck on a cigar box and we got so we could play a tune or two. A little later on, probably a year or so, we got a better instrument and we went up to Mrs. Sander's to a dance and there was not anyone to fiddle, so somehow they called on us to make the music; we did the best we could, but that was poor enough. But I never remember seeing people enjoy themselves any better and there was a good crowd there.

One time Frank and I played hooky. All the folks on the creek were going off to some Picnic, and we would not go. We had something to do ourselves. We wanted to run in a bunch of wild horses and ride some of the colts, so we waited 'til all was clear, then run in the horses. We would catch a colt and ride one at a time. One would herd for the rider; we got along pretty well 'til we got the fourth one out. I was herding, Frank riding, and the colt commenced to get right down to hard bucking, and Frank's legs begin to double up and begin to crawl up on each side. Pretty soon he shot in the air like a big toad frog and went about 15 feet and lit right on his stomach, just knocked the wind out of him. I thought for a while he was done for, but after a little he begin to blink his eyes and grin, so I felt better. We turned our colts loose, opened the gate and let the horses go cavorting off; covering up as much of our sin as we could. I don't think we ever told anybody.

There was quite few new houses built around in the country. Uncle Steve Davidson had a new one built by John Lindner and his brother Sam built one for George Campbell over on the Portesvella, on the old Trip place. George had sold his place on the Cayucos. There was lots of new building going on up in Cambria. The Oceanic Mine had been booming for several years and it made lively times. There were now two six horse stages running from Cambria to San Luis, and they would meet at Cayucos; one going each way. Lath Carry run them.

This year the Post Office was moved from Old Creek to Cayucos and put in Cass' store and the name was changed to Cayucos.

This same year late in the fall, Mrs. Sanders was going down to the Pacheco Springs to bathe and drink that water. I had rheumatism in my legs so the folks wanted to send me down also. Mrs. Sanders said I could go stay with her. Mother and Shipp taken me down, and I camped with Mrs. Sanders. We were down there six weeks. That water is sure fine, both to bathe in and drink. My what an appetite we did get; ate everything in sight and wanted more. There were quite a few people camping there, and that is where I first met the Nelson family. There were two of the boys, George and the one that was our dentist in San Luis for so many years. The old lady and the old man. George is the man that shot Jim

Beavers up so bad over on Dover Creek a little ways below Charley Gruell's. They called the place "Battle Hill". Jim and George were both stuck on Maud Harris and they got in a quarrel over her. A lot of the folks were there at the time; the Hazzards (there would be a dance twice a week) Charley and George Gruell and Jap Kester were there every once in a while.

There were deer in those mountains. The old man Shepard and another man went out and killed two one day right in sight of the camp. We saw them shoot them and saw them roll down the hill. The entire camp had venison. So when our time was up, Mother and Daddy Shipp came got me. I never knew whether the springs did me any good or not. After coming home the folks got some mustang liniment and I would stand before the fire of nights and bathe my legs. I kept that up for some time and then quit and after a while my legs got straightened out and were all right and I don't know what cured me. But I know I was mighty thankful to get well I had knots under my knees as big as hen's eggs and my legs were bent about half double.

The old man Shipp built quite a little fence this year on the line fence between the Sander's place and his and Mother's. He had Louis Benifield to work on it. Louis was a stayer, that is, when he started on a job he stayed with it 'til he finished. He told me once that he was out of a job and was in search of one and could not find it, nor could he get or find a place to stay all night, altho' he had tried in vain. So he came to a farm, asked to stay all night and also for a job and could get neither. He said he made up his mind he was going to stay all night. Whatever the farmer did, he helped; if he milked, so did Louis, in fact he helped with all the chores and when the farmer went in to cook his super, Louis helped so the old bachelor farmer told him to sit down and help him eat the supper and asked him to stay all night. In the morning he told him if he was so keen to work he would give him a job. Said he then worked for him for about 6 months.

1877

Now we come to the year of 1877, the dry year, that everybody remembers so well. We had very little rain, in fact all along the coast from Cambria to Morro, the grass hardly started. But back in the hills and up on the summit of the coast range there was some grass, and up on the mountains it was pretty good. Over on the Los Tablos, in Adelaid and the Mulos there was good crops. On the coast, especially up and down the coast there was nothing. It sure looked tough, and to save themselves they could do nothing but fence so as to save their own feed and sell off all surplus cattle. So this was a great year of fence building. It seemed that everybody was building fence. Our folks built the line fences all around our places and by so doing and selling off everything that would make beef, we worried thru without a very great loss.

I remember it was this year that we had our last round-up. When people got their fencing pretty well done there was a round-up in our neighborhood and people taken their stock home. While the stock would get thru the fences and stray off some, but not very far from home. We fenced in those days with smooth galvanized wire. Number 9. Put the posts 4 rods apart, bored holes in the post and run the wires thru them. Put pickets on every four feet apart. I did not have anything to do with fence building that year only helping. Dave hired help. Robert Swain, Jess Kester and others helped. Dave still run the Butcher wagon and by that means got rid of a lot of our stock.

Sometime in the early spring the folks took a notion to send Jeff and I to San Luis to school. There was a man down there running a private school. He was a Presbyterian minister. He had spent about twenty years in China and he loved the Chinaman. Charley Cass was going to this school when we

commenced so he was a good companion for us and he was four years older. Ostrum, was our teacher's name. He had about 20 scholars and taught about 20 chinamen at night. Neither Jeff nor I ever had very much of a chance to go regularly to school, so the folks thought to send us away from home, so we might get away from the care of the ranch.

Well, we got along pretty well. There was nothing happened very much out of the usual run. It was very lonely for us down there. The distance home was 24 miles. Some of the folks were always coming down and dropping in and telling us how things were going on the ranch, and that always made us homesick. Mother and Shipp would come and Mother would bring her butter, eggs, lard and chickens; in fact, that is the way they paid our schooling and every once in a while we would get a chance to go home at weekends. I remember going home once and we got horses at the ranch to ride back, as we were passing thru the willows before getting to Morro (we were passing what was called the Willows Hotel, they kept a Saloon there and there was always a crowd around it) and in passing, old Dock Icum run out and hollered for us to stop, but we kept on going. He was drunk, so he yelled out an oath and said he would stop us. He ran and jumped on a horse and taken after us, and so the race was on. It was a mile into Morro and by the time we got there he was right onto us. We run up in front of the Spooner Hotel and there was a crowd there. They all come running out. He got holt of my partner and was handling him rough when some of the men got holt of Icum. We saw a chance to escape, so we shot down the road and that was the last we saw of him. Icum got drunk every time he went to town and finally come home he fell off his wagon and was killed.

Charley Cass had a violin and that was a great comfort to me. I learned to play a few tunes. Mr. Ostrum was a great church man. He said grace at the table and at breakfast. He read a chapter and had prayer. He opened school with prayer. He preached every Sunday and we went to church and Sunday School. Judge Venerable was our Sunday School teacher. In his class was Charley Cass, Jeff and I. Our class always donated the most. The Judge always put in 50¢.

Ostrum had five children. One girl about 15, boy about 17 and two small boys and a small girl, and 2 old maid sisters-in-law.

Johnny Archer was going to school at San Luis at this same time. I have seen him and Johnny Hollister catching ball many times. Charley Cass quit and went home before we did; then it was lonesome. We could hardly stay there. We, Jeff and I used to play tick-tack on the Chinamen's window, and they would come rolling out like a swarm of ants. They would just chachaying [sic], but they could never catch us.

The Vaughn boys gathered up their cattle this year and taken them to Arizona and they run them there for years. Bill Vaughn and his father run them, and did well. When they sold out they come back to California and settled about Hanford, San Joaquin Valley.

And, another thing that I remember that happened, let it be little or big. It was, the death of Brigham Young, the Utah Mormon leader. He had 19 wives. His people went to Utah in the year of 1846 and 1847.

San Luis was our largest town. Also the county seat. E.L. Reed and Brown were the big livery stable men those days and they sure did have fine horses and they loved to drive them. Brown married Jim Kester's daughter and Reed, Morgan Bryant's daughter.

I think we went to school about six months there. I believe it was about the middle of September that we went home.

Dave gave Jeff and I the job of putting the pickets on all that fence. We batched at the ranch and was alone most all the time. We were just about two months putting them on. We made our own staples, bored the holes in the pickets. We sure worked diligently. Dave taken a trip up to Oregon while we were doing this work. I don't know why he went for Jeff and I sure had some time on this job. Of course boys will have their fun, and we had ours. We rode some colts, but like all boys we got holt of a couple of worn out six shooters and we were shooting and practicing all the time; killing squirrels, hawks, badgers. Something got to taking the chickens and we thought it was a coon, so we slept with one eye open and about midnight and old hen fetched a squawk and out we piled, sicked the dog and he ran to tree. It was a sycamore, heavy with leaves so we could not see anything, but finally we could hear something drop every once in a while. We got to looking and found out it was chicken bones. We built up a fire intending to camp there all night, but finally Jeff said that he would climb the tree. So he did, and he saw something and let drive with his gun and down come the old coon; it no more than hit the ground than it started to run. So I turned loose and finally got it down. We did not have any more trouble with the chickens.

Sister Docia and Jess Kester got married on the 9th of September, 1877.

BUILT NEW HOUSE

Shipp started to build a new house this year. Bill Biglow hauled the lumber. He worked for the old man quite a while. Helped him with his hay. Shipp raised quite little hay in spite of the dry year. Built the new house up the creek about quarter of a mile from the old one. Sam Lindner was the head carpenter. Then there was John Kester, Jess Kester, Bill Biglow. Jess and his father painted it. It was a nine roomed house, built out of good redwood lumber. Cost \$2200.00. It is standing yet and has the same roof on it and was never repainted. The roof was made of split shingles and shaved.

Dave and Mattie Petty married this fall. They were married up on the Old Creek at Mr. Tolle's. He was a brother-in-law of Mattie. Her Mother and brother Dick lived with Tolle. They all lived on the old Flood place. They (Dave and Mattie) moved to their home up in Sheep Hollow, and I lived with them. We had a hard time pulling our stock thru, but it is wonderful that as many came thru. As I said before there was pretty good feed over the mountains and lots of the Swiss people taken lots of their cows over there, but they used poor judgment about feed and put too many head of stock on their feed and were soon as bad off as before. They were consequently soon driving them back to the coast and they lost lots of them. There was a good many taken to the San Joaquin Valley that never came back to the coast. By this time there was getting to be lots of Swiss in the country.

This is the year that Captain Cass commenced to extend his wharf on out so Steamers could land along side of it. He hauled piling from Cambria. Of course all of us looked on this job as a great undertaking and were frequently going down to inspect it and to see the Steamers come in and tie up and unload. I remember when Mr. Burroughs began to learn to operate the Telegraph line. All these things were quite wonderful those days.

Now we begin to wonder what the next winter would bring forth. Joe Baine was living on the old Shipp dairy at this time.

If I remember right, the rains started in fairly early and the great trouble was when the new green feed started, the stock being thin and no dry feed and very little hay to go with the green feed, for roughness, the stock physicked so bad that there were a many died when deliverance was so near.

Right at the last part of the year Charley Cass and his father had a little difficulty and Charley left home. So Dave gave him a job. Charley and I were great pals and we worked on the ranch together. We cut a lot of wood and built a lot of fence. Dave put out about two and a half acres of Orchard this year. It being a dry year he hauled water in a barrel and watered them several times. They did well.

I also want to mention that this was the year that people planted the blue gum trees (eucalyptus). I remember seeing George Stowell planting them and hauling water to get them started. Those trees are standing today and are big fellows. (1932, 55 years old).

Orchards were quite a rarity up to this time. Sister Emma taught school down at the Arroyo Grande this year in a two teacher school. Dave and I went down to visit Emma and the school once. Mr. C.M. Lovett was the Principal.

1878

The year 1878 was a great year, we had lots of rain, in fact an abundance. Folks did not have very much stock however, to work with. Had to built up again. It rained so much there were slides all over the hills and grass just grew in abundance.

Charley Cass worked about two months in 1878, building fence and chopping wood. We rode quite a few colts. One of ours, a four year old and very strong, we rode several times. Charley was a pretty good rider. This horse was a bad one, gave Charley some pretty hard tussles, but he rode him. Then after Charley quit work he and I taken a little vacation. We went on the Toro Creek to George Freeman's. George was Charley's brother-in-law.

George and his family were not at home, but we made ourselves at home. Found enough eats, so we got along pretty well. Then we went down to Morro, got a boat and went across the Bay to some fellows over there that Charley wanted to see. Coming back the tide was going out and the water getting low and our boat ran ashore or aground and we would have to get out and push it. We got all wet and the wind was blowing a gale; cold, I never came any nearer freezing in my life. I will remember that the longest day I live. As we passed the Morro beach there was just tons of clams out on the beach. We picked up all we could care for a horseback and went on up the creek to George's. We did feast on those clams! I want to say right here, that in those days, I have seen persons take a plow down there and plow out clams by the barley sack full. I have been in the surf getting them, when a big wave would come and roll out the clams 'til it would seem like you were stepping on cobble stones. They would roll over your bare feet 'til it would hurt. Those were the good old days!

Our principal business up on Toro Creek was that Charley had a young gray mare colt up there with a band of wild horses. She was 3 years old and he wanted to get her and break her.

Grass was getting good by this time, and stock of all kinds were picking up. Stock of all kinds looking better. You could stake a horse out any where and it would get all it could eat. But there was no

hay. The year before being so dry. So we went out and rounded up the bunch of wild horses and corralled them and caught the gray filly. She was a keen one. Saddled her up and Charley rode her. She bucked some, but Charley wanted to break her quiet as possible. I herded for him and kept her from bucking all we could. We rode her home the next day. Charley made his home at Dave's for a little while. He was breaking the gray, but she soon gentled down, so he could ride her alone, and he got a job working someplace in the neighborhood.

This was a year of an abundance of crops and feed. Not much stock to eat it. You could have cut hay all over the entire coast if it had been smooth enough to have gotten over it. The whole country was waving in grass and grain. People did not have much work stock and the fore part of the season was so wet they could not get in so very much grain.

This year Dave and I had twenty cows and heifers to come in and we raised a hundred and twenty head of calves on them. We let them suck the cows. From two, three and four calves to one cow. We put four on her at first if she came in early. We let those suck 'til we thought they could live, taken them off put two more on and kept them on till we thought they would pull thru and then put one on. This cow would take any calf. Now you might wonder where we got all the calves? There were some large dairies that did not want to raise their male calves, so we chased around and picked them up. paid fifty cents a piece for them. I traded a violin that I made for two calves; raised them and kept them 'til they were two years old, sold them to Pinkerton that was on the Pleiato for \$20.00 per head. I called them my "Fiddle calves". We sold 80 head of these calves when they were yearlings to Pinkerton (butcher) for \$8.00 a head. My they were a pretty bunch.

Bother Charley and Jeff lived with Mother, and Laura and Ollie. We all went to school, I part of the time. Our teacher was the lady that married Dave Gimble, they lived at first in the old house that stood on the knoll just before going into Cayucos from Cayucos creek road. She was a good teacher. She boarded at Mother's quite a little.

During the latter part of '77 beef got so scarce that Dave quit butchering and Dave Gimble started in at Cayucos. Started a shop at Cayucos. Run it a year or so and sold out to Biaginni and Nick Storni.

Uncle Ralph Sloan and his family were getting along pretty good. They had good crops if anybody did. The boys did the work on the farm. I thought I never saw little boys do as good work on a farm as those boys did. We were together a great deal. In fact, I don't suppose there ever was two weeks passed that we were not together and sometimes two or three times a week.

By this time there was lots of changing of property. Sander's folks had bought the Jerry Hazzard place; Hazzard bought the old Jim Kester place. Fletcher had bought the old Musick place. There were numerous other changes.

Dave and I, this year, cut about 60 ton of hay, with mowing scythe. It was pretty slow hard work, but we did not have a mowing machine and were pretty close run, so we worked away at it and got on fine. Shipp planted out orchard on Mother's place up at the new house. He planted a variety of all kinds of peaches of different kinds, also apples, pears, plums, cherries, figs, oranges, chestnuts. Mother had, after they got to bearing some kind of fruit all the year round. When everything else was gone, she had oranges. I never saw such orange trees, they always had ripe oranges, green ones and blossoms all the year round. The whole back part of the house was generally filled with the scent of those orange trees.

1878. Dave Stowell built Shipp a barn, this year. Mother had good garden and she had good patch of strawberries and plenty of strawberries, which was a rarity. I kept tab on the wild blackberries

and would get quite a lot and elder berries came in pretty well also. We would get a box of grapes from the Jerry Hazzard vineyard every once in a while which we did appreciate. I tell you Mr. Hazzard was always liberal with his fruit.

One thing I most forgot, a hot spell of weather. It was in March and on the 6th of March it was 106 degrees. Just think of that, at that time of year; the grass was from 8 inches high to a foot, and it was very rank and tender. It was so hot that the grass melted down and was as flat as if it had been cut with a mowing machine. We just thought our grass was gone, but that night, it turned cool and foggy and we had the prettiest grass I ever saw. It was as blue as a jaybird's egg.

I remember this hot spell so distinctly; I was boring pickets. I put a shade over me with a barley sack.

Just about this time there was a rush from all parts of the country taking up land over East of Paso Robles. All over that country out on the Estrella, Cholam hills and up in the Cholam Valley, in fact, all that country East of the coast range and had been going on for several years.

There were a lot of the people of our community and surrounding country went and taken up land and begin to farm over there. They found out that they could raise bumper crops. I think it was this year that Mr. Stowell rented his place on the coast and went over.

187(9)? The Country began to get back on its feet after the dry year. Joe Baine had left the Shipp place and had rented a place of Vaughn boys up on the Green Valley, good place.

Martin Fine married Inez (called Nez generally). Her first husband Walker had died. Fine went onto the Shipp dairy.

Peter Tognazzini over on the Rincoon was just getting on fine, running most two hundred cows. In fact the country was going ahead, improving in every way. Everybody was fencing; cross fencing and more dairies going in and more Swiss people coming in renting and buying out the Americans.

And, another thing I want to mention right here. When we came to the country as far as I know there wasn't a ground squirrel West of the Coast range mountains; but now they were getting in pretty thick everywhere and we begin to shoot them with our rifles. I was making a regular business of shooting them, at it every spare moment I had. I have killed as high as 50 and 60 a day and I could shoot a squirrel's head off at 50 and 60 yards very near every time. We carried our guns with us all the time and woe unto the coyotes, hawks, squirrels and varmints. And, as I said before there were quail in abundance. I sure got my share. I have killed as high as 18 or 20 at one shot, with a shotgun. I remember one time Sam Tolle was at our house and I was cleaning my gun to go out to try and get a mess of quail. He commenced laughing at me, said I couldn't kill anything. I said "Alright", so I went down the road about a quarter of a mile; shot twice, came back with 24 quail. So I had the laugh on him. I got on my horse one day, rode thru the hills over on the Old Creek to John Kester's and killed 60 quail on the way, and didn't we have a feast! Peggy cooked them.

It was this year that a bunch of us boys hatched up a deer hunt. Doug and John Hazzard, Miles Sanders, Frank Kester and myself. We got ready, went a horseback over in the Murphy Grant, in what was called Adobe Canyon. We carried our bedding and grub and guns on our horses. We got over there about 2 o'clock; made camp, staked our horses out, (plenty of feed); it was about the last of August or 1st of September. We lounged around camp and rested and then some of the boys proposed that we try our guns out. So we put a spot on a tree and all taken several shots. We were all pretty good shots, but John

Hazzard rather got beat and it hurt him a little, so he shouldered his gun and started off saying "I'm not very good at shooting at a mark, but I always get my meat". He was the only one that got his deer that night. We got in late that night and did not see much deer, but lots of sign.

So next morning, we were up bright and early, got our breakfast, and started. We hunted 'til about 9 o'clock and it seemed that all of us found our deer just about the same time and commenced shooting about the same time. The old woods just rang with the roar of rifles! I was the one that had a repeating gun and it was an old Henry Winchester, the brass sides; the rest of them had muzzle loaders. But they shot straight if slow. Well, when we all collected in the camp about 11 o'clock and told our experiences we had four deer. We had a deer for each man, but I don't think that everyone killed a deer.

It seems to me that one of the boys got two. Some of the boys went to getting dinner and the rest of us went out to pack in the deer. We got our game in and got our dinner and racked out for home. We had pretty good pack; our camp outfit and each one a deer. That was the first deer I had ever killed and I tell you I felt pretty foxey. About six weeks after that Dick Petty, Bro. Charley and I went over in the same place. Stayed two nights. We taken a pack horse this time. The evening hunt, Dick killed a nice yearling and came in the evening with the liver, & heart for proof that he had killed something; so we felt pretty good. We were off early in the morning. I got a big buck that morning. We did not go out in the evening. Next morning we were out, Brother Charley and I together. We struck a couple and manoeuvred around quite a little, finally we got two of them. Both of us had a hand in killing them, so we loaded up and pulled for home, feeling like a young rooster with his first spurs.

Dave and I milked about twenty-five cows this year and raised quite a bunch of calves.

Mother milked quite a few cows also. Crops pretty good this year. Dad Shipp cut all the smooth rolling wild oat hills and baled it. I brought the hay down off the hill with a home-made buck rake. As I have stated before I had learned to draw the map of the United States by heart, and in bucking this hay down in the flat to the press I drew the Mississippi river with all it's tributaries just as plain as it is on the map with the buck rake!

It was just about this year or the year before that Cole Campbell and Tweed Oliver came to this country; they rented the old Vaughn place and run a big dairy. Tom Sloan worked for them. Tweed also rented the Sander's dairy for a year for so, just about now.

There were many changes occurring about this time. Anda Hudson commenced to be Real Estate man, selling off the Blackburn Grant. He was in with Phillips of San Luis. They got a lot of Swedes in on this land. Hudson bought the place where we camped when we drove our cattle to the Hog Canyon, and where the people held Camp Meeting about 1873. It was known for years as the old Camp Meeting ground. Anda Hudson was quite a prominent man in his day. A very good friend of ours.

In dairying these days, we strained the milk in pans which held about a gallon of milk; then we had to skim it and churn the cream by hand and sometimes it was a job. Then wash it, salt it and work the salt in thoroughly, then mould it out by hand, cloth it, put it in boxes to ship. Each roll weighed 2 pounds with 50 rolls to a box. Those boxes always smelled sweetly of butter. We shipped mostly from Cayucos to San Francisco. The day we had to take butter to town was a general chore day; attending to all errands which might accumulate prior to that time.

It was this year that Dave and I bought ourselves a new mowing machine. It was a Champion; what we called "back cut", the cycle bar run behind the wheel instead of in front as they do now. It was a very good machine; you could cut thru very badly flattened grain, for the drive wheel would roll on the swathe that was down and hold it while the knife cut it off.

We liked it very well and most every part was wrought iron, so you could get it repaired at the blacksmith shop. It lasted for years. Its worst fault was if you should happen to fall off it, you would fall right in front of the cycle bar. I fell off once and if I hadn't succeeded in kicking against the machine as I fell and left the machine and tumbled beyond the cycle bar, it sure would have cut me to pieces.

It was this year that sister Emma went to San Jose Normal school to finish her education and while up there she and Charles Lovett got married on July 7th, 1879. (If my memory serves me right.) That summer they came down in our country and taught the school over on the Green valley.

And, Green Belieu and family and Uncle Charley Rice came by on their way going up to the State of Washington, to try and establish a home there. There was a great rush to that country at that time. There certainly were lots of people going; they stayed a week with us. They had two covered wagons, four horses to each wagon, and several horses that they lead. So they passed on and as they went on North it was late in the season and when they got a chance to work on a big farm ranch, they would hire out for the winter and help put in the crop. I believe they had three children at this time: Alfred, Emma and Jessy.

1880

Now we are going into the year of 1880. We are still building fence and improving the country. The county is paying a great deal of attention to roads, besides building bridges and grading. There is beginning to be lots of graveling done on the roads and a great many new lines of roads built over the hills. What we called short-cuts, so it made it much handier getting around.

By this time there were Steamers landing at the wharf every four days. One going each way. This was the half way place between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Steamers going each way, and besides that Cayucos was the Port where most of the grain was hauled to be shipped and you could send both way and the grain hauling made lots of business for the town. The blacksmiths got their share as well as the merchants.

We are sorry to say that our friend Don McMillian was forced to go thru bankruptcy and his store closed down.

By this time I became quite a fiddle maker. I think I made four or five and began to get so I could play most any tune and it was lots of company to me, but my Mother was quite disappointed in me to think I would take to playing the violin. She thought the devil was in the violin. But after she saw that it did not call me away from my work and did not lead me into bad habits and was such a pleasure to me and in fact kept me at home, she got over her ideas about my music.

We increased our dairy up to about 30 cows this year. Of course I tried to go to school some but did not make much success. Too much work to do. I began to make a full hand, and it was an every day occurrence for me to be riding a colt. I broke colts for all the neighbors. In fact it got so if I wasn't on a colt, the people thought there was something wrong. I was not so much on working colts these days as riding them. Once Brother Charley was riding a colt and it was bossing him around. Charley wasn't

getting it to do what he wanted it to do, so I says: "Let me get on that colt." So he clum off and I clum on and slapped the spurs into it and the first thing I knew I was laying on the ground. "Well, says I, Old fellow, you can't do that again." I got up and did ride to a finish then and made him do what I wanted him to do.

I always taught my horses, especially riding horses, to do what I wanted them to do, go over a fence, gulch, mud hole, or any place I pointed them. I taught them to go and to do it right.

Well this was a pretty prosperous year as I remember it. We did pretty well off our cows, and we always had a bunch of beef to sell each year. We always made some clear money and never thought of how shall we get eats as we do nowadays (1932). (There are world'd of them going hungry now). (Hoover Depression Days).

We had our own eggs, butter, hogs that we fattened on the milk and our own beef and now and then we would sell some horses, so it seemed we were always taking in money.

Well, after the years work was over, Dave begin to talk of taking a trip to Oregon. I hadn't had much schooling, so the folks thought to send me up there to the Baptist college at McMinville. First thing we must do was to rent the ranch. I went over on Toro Creek to see Charley Cass. We thought we would like him to have it, therefore struck out to talk with him. He wanted to try it, so we let him have it on the shares of 50-50. We began to make plans to start and to get things ready. I remember we went over to Emma and Lovett; they were living in the old cheese factory at the Harmony. We stayed all night; their boy Schiller was about two weeks old at that time. We made the start in a few days after bidding the folks good bye. Dave and Mattie's boy Ira was about two years old at that time. They were in a heavy spring wagon, two horses, quite a large team; one a big bay mare and the other one a Percheron stallion, black. I went on horseback, did not start until the next day. I rode the Andronica horse. The first day went as far as Anda Hudson's, stayed all night with him on Jack Creek, the next day I went on over to Stowell's on the Estrella. Dave had gone there, we stayed there two nights. I went out of the road quite a little to see if I could get a deer. There was no laws on deer hunting in those days. I saw about 15 but did not get a shot.

Well, we started on from Mr. Stowell's and made the Plato Stage station, camped there that night. The stages run from Soledad to Santa Barbara at that time. There was a gap in the railroad at that time. I remember we started from home on the 8th of September 1880.

The next night we made the ranch where Green Belieu and Uncle Charley Rice were working; we stayed there two days; they had a very light crop all over the ranch, but they were heading wheat. They would get two loads a day. They were putting it in the barn to use for hay. They told us that some of the wheat would make about two sacks to an acre. I remember Alfred and another boy had gone down to Salinas River swimming and Oh how they did get sunburned.

We started on, camped over at San Juan, nothing happened out of the ordinary, only it was sure a tiresome dusty day's traveling horseback. We made San Jose next day, we crossed on the Ferry boats at Martinez over to Benicia and on out thru the hills. It was a farming country, and when night came on time to camp, we stopped at a place and they told us we could camp, but could not build any fire, so we prepared to eat a cold supper, and breakfast, but to our surprise the man brought us out a hot supper, good enough for a King and also our breakfast. Can you beat that? He was an Irishman. We made Vacaville the next night and put our horses in a livery stable, and the next morning my horse was so stiff he could hardly get out of the barn. He was foundered. I got on him and started on, after he traveled for a while, he would go pretty well, but if I stopped he would nearly fall down when he started again. I fell in with a man riding on a running gear of a wagon. He invited me to get down and bide with him and when

we went to start on the horse nearly fell down and he wanted to know what was the matter, I told him, that the horse was foundered. Well, he says, "Just get three ounces of oil of sassafras and give him three doses. One at night, one in the morning and again the next night," and he said "He'll be alright." So I did, and he got alright, never could tell that he been foundered.

Well, we mosied up the Sacramento Valley, the farmers had a bumper crop that year, they were still threshing in some places. I never saw so much grain in my life. The warehouses were all full and as much piled outside, and all kinds of teams hauling and train after train hauling it off and dust! You could not see a team coming, just a fog of dust. We just ate dust from morning 'til night, and it was hot! My that old Sol just beamed down. White stubble everywhere. Finally we made it up to where Anderson now is; crossed the Sacramento River and out to Millville. Now we struck up in the foothills. This route was called the Tamarisk Route and it was all up-hill, and like the nigger's ground, rocky as the devil. So we finally came to an old rancher from Missouri, by name of Covey. He had a whole brood of children. Mattie sure had a good visit with him.

On we plodded, bumpety bump all day; I never saw such rough and dusty roads. I have traveled over [all] kinds of roads, mountain roads and otherwise, but nothing to equal this. Your wagon rolled up on one big rock to pounce off another one probably as big. I am safe in saying there were plenty of them as large as a wash tub and it just seemed that they would brake the wagon all to pieces. The red dust was so deep and fine it just ran like water ahead of the team and wagon. I rode along behind the wagon and just marveled at the time, how flesh and blood, wood and iron could withstand such hardship. I never afterward saw anything to compare with this in the way of road. We had about 50 miles of this road. The next camp brought us to an old mountaineer and pioneer, named "Kintuck" (nick name). He was a big lantern jawed rough looking customer. He lived in a very good log cabin; it was strung out all under one roof, with a division in the center used for a porch. So it made a big room on both ends. He treated us very well, let us sleep in the house, and we cooked on his stove. He had killed a fat deer and gave of it to us to eat. But for all Brother Dave was afraid of him and slept with one eye open and the door barred. We were glad when the morning came and we moved on. It was cold up here and plenty of snow on the mountains, but not much along the road. We felt a relief to pass on.

From there we bumped along and made camp over on the Pitt River. I remember we got a horse reshod here, and it was not so cold. On we trudged, and by this time our horses began to get pretty well tired out and slowed down, but on we moved. The next camp was on Fall River. This river is supposed to come out of Tule Lake; its head comes out of the ground all at once and it meanders down thru the Fall River Valley like a snake. It is very crooked and they tell me that the heaviest rain storms never raises it over 6 inches.

Now we are passing over mostly level country. Plenty of mountains, but the road keeps mostly on the level ground. This whole country from the Sacramento over here and beyond was very sparsely settled. Now we are emerging into what is called Big Valley. There was a camp here and lost track of, but the next day we passed thru the little town of Aden and on to Round Valley, where Uncle Freel Rice lived and my how glad we were to get there. They were equally glad to see us. Uncle had 4 children, close to my own age, so we enjoyed each other. Round Valley is a wonderful valley, surrounded by mountains. We stayed here about 10 days. We certainly did enjoy our stay and visit. Dave and Uncle Freel were just like two brothers that had met. Uncle Freel went into this country in 1869, the year we moved to California and Dave went to visit him when we came thru the Pitt River country and camped with our cattle. My but they had so many good things to eat. Uncle Freel bought a big box of grapes and they had all kinds of bacon and ham and all kinds of vegetables and we caught trout in the streams; there was wild plums ripe and plenty of them. It snowed while we were here about 4 inches on the level; soon melted off. Our horses rested up as they had the best of care. I also gained 10 pounds. A pound a day!

Well, we had to move on, but my how we hated to, so bid the folks good bye and started on. We passed out of the valley over the Pass into the Hot Spring Valley; there was a hot spring that spouted up about 4 feet and was so blooming hot it had to be run off in a ditch about a quarter of a mile before it was cool enough to scald hogs. We could see the steam going up when we were off about 10 miles. It would arise 30 or 40 feet. I got a cup of water out of it and carried it along 'til it cooled so I could drink it.

We camped that night on Lost River at the Natural Bridge, and my how cold it was that night. There was a barn there full of hay. I dug a hole in it and crawled down in it and kept pretty warm. But the rest of the folks slept outside, altho' I gave them part of my blankets they nearly froze. The wind blew a terrific gale all night.

I had killed two sage hens the day before and dressed them and put them up on the wagon seat and they just froze stiff. We cooked them or one of them next morning and it was fine eating.

We packed up and started on. As we plodded on, it warmed up during the middle of the day. We finally came to a ranch owned by a young dutchman named Baccon; we camped at his place. We made camp up against a large rock that broke the wind off of us, so we had pretty good camp. This man had a large patch of potatoes. I remember we got some of him. We cooked our bread in an old fashioned dutch oven. You can cook good bread in one of them if you heat up the oven and lid before putting in the dough, then put fire under it and also on top of the lid (coals). In a little while you will have a fine batch of bread! Very often we cooked our meat on a stick. We did not have very much of a variety to eat.

We made Tule Lake the next day. There was a rancher living there with barn full of hay. I crawled down in it and had a good warm bed. This was another snappy night.

This Tule Lake was a great place for all kinds of birds; such as ducks and geese, pelicans, sea gulls, cranes and all kinds of birds. They hollered all night and the wind blew a gale. The waves of the lake rolled most like the waves of the ocean.

We were in the lava beds and were shown where Captain Jack murdered some settlers. This place is or the road runs where, the Modocs massacred so many of the early emigrants.

We passed thru Linkville the next day, at the Klamath Falls, where Fall City now stands, and on around the foothills to the left and stopped at a horse camp. I remember two persons there. One was a very tall large man, strong as an ox. He seemed to handle wild horses as easy as I would a goat and there was a great big Negro there also.

We made Ashland the next day. I don't remember anything unusual happening, only one place we passed there was just lots of bear and deer tracks. I rode around in the brush a little but did not see anything.

We were now getting pretty well over the range of mountains between the Klamath Lake and Ashland. I don't remember camping between Ashland and Cottage Grove. I remember quite a lot of the country; it is a wonderfully pretty country, with its rivers and wonderful groves of timber and of course the roads were none too good. I remember those old corduroy roads! Instead of graveling the road they would cut fir poles about 8 or 10 feet long and lay them across the road as close together as possible. Some called it "macadamized" road. You would go bumping over it, and we had miles of it. Especially in places thru the timber.

All this long tedious trip I rode a horseback and I have thought of it many times and wondered why it was done. We just had lots of horses at home. We could of worked four horses on our wagon and I could have ridden in the wagon. How much easier it would have been! Easier on the horses and also on myself.

As I have said Ira was our little two year old boy. It must have been a terrible trip on him, but I don't remember that he made any great fuss about it.

One thing I do remember was the two last days travel. It rained on us the whole blessed time! The folks in the wagon had a cover over them and it protected them a great deal, but I rode right out in it all day long.

Now we had gotten into quite thickly settled country and there was houses every little ways along side of the road. We were tired and wet and stopped repeatedly and asked if we could stay all night with them, but they turned us away and on down the road we trudged, weary and wet; the rain coming down in torrents.

Finally we came to a finely built up ranch. I went in and asked to stay all night. The old folks were away from home and only two little girls at home. They said we could stay and we unhitched and started to put our horses up and the little girls came out crying and wanted us to move on, they got afraid of us, so we hitched up and plodded on down the road.

We soon came to another farm house. I went in and asked to stay all night and the old man said "No." He said "we have no room for your horses and wagon." So it seemed we were doomed again and I pleaded with him, but it seemed there was no use. But finally a little boy spoke up and says "Why papa there is lots of room both for the horses and the wagon" and then told the father how they could move some of the horses around and how they could run the wagons up closer together and make lots of room. So the old man's heart began to soften and he said "Well, we will see." So we went to the barn and soon had things arranged and there was room for two or three more wagons and horses. He had an immense big barn. We made preparations to make our beds down in the barn and go to bed without supper. But he opened his heart and said we must come to the house and have some supper, so we went to the house. I was just like a drowned rat and cold. They had a big fire in the fire-place and the house was warm and they had their table loaded with eats.

During the conversation we told them we were old Oregon People and he just began to open up and would not let us go to the barn to sleep. Made us sleep in the house. You can imagine how thankful we were and I have thought of that little boy hundreds of times. He sure was the good Samaritan. Bless his heart!

Well, we bid those folks good bye the next morning and thanked many times. We felt quite refreshed. But it was still raining at this time. We were very close to Eugene at this time. It just poured down rain 'til in the afternoon and then it let up. But I was as wet as a drowned rat. We arrived at Uncle Billy Smith's late that evening. Oh, how glad we were that tiresome trip was over. We were among friends and relatives again. Uncle Billy had six of his children at home with him. They were just like home folks, we were so well acquainted with them. There was Sarah, Ida, Billy, Champ, Fanny and Rebecca.

We made this our home for a while. And as I have said my purpose for going up there was school. Now after we were up there a while we began to plan on going on to McMinville. Aunt Lizzie Smith had died several years before that and Uncle Billy had just gotten married again. But had not brought his new wife home yet. His children weren't pleased with their new Mother.

So Uncle began planning to send Sarah and Ida to McMinville with me to school, so he could be more able to bring his new wife home. By the time the girls got home she would feel more like she was ruler of the house. Her name was Lucy. So we had an Aunt Lucy. She had two girls about 12 and 14. Uncle Billy let Dave have a two horse wagon and two horses and we got ready and started.

I remember the great boxes of fruit that Sarah and Ida took along. Canned fruit of every kind! My how we did feast on that fruit that winter.

We made Salem the first day, hard old trudge, rained some. We stayed all night at cousin Frank Rice's. He was Mother's first cousin. The man that lost his Mother and sister crossing the plains. We sure were made welcome by all of that family. He had a large family, most all boys, some of them grown and were running a blacksmith shop. Us children had a good time together, just like children always do. We made McMinville the next day. If I remember rightly we found a house that evening and moved into it. I think we gave \$10.00 a month.

Dave stayed a couple of days to see that we were located alright, got us some wood and other things we needed. Then he went home. He and his family rented a house in Brownsville and lived there during the winter. I never knew just why Dave went back to Oregon on that trip. Probably to try and sell the old home place. He was very dissatisfied up there and during the winter his little boy Ira taken scarlet fever and came very near dying. They went out to Aunt Halie's; she was Frank Rice's widow. (Mother's brother). When he taken sick they stayed there 'til he got well enough to take him home. They had Mrs. Doc Swank, our old doctor before we left Oregon in 1869. Dave got very much dissatisfied and sold his team and wagon and went back to California. I think about April. They went by Steamer. Dave came by and visited me at McMinville. I remember he gave me \$90.00. I taken \$340.00 with me up to Oregon and I lent Uncle Billy \$250.00 at 12 per cent interest. He kept it about 2 years. I was very sorry to have Dave and folks go home and leave me. I was very lonely for a while, but he was needed at home in California.

AT SCHOOL

Well we children started to school right away and I knew that my school days were short and I did not like to go to school, but I was a lover of home and the ranch, nevertheless I realized that I needed education, so I put in my best licks. It was very hard for me to learn. I just had to dig it out and many the night I was as tired at night as if I had worked hard out in the field all day. I sure slept good of nights. I never thought that Sade and Ida exerted themselves much to learn. They spent quite a little of their time running around at night with the young men to dances. But they were good cooks and that good fruit and those good biscuits that Sarah used to make would make a horse leave his oats! We enjoyed ourselves and had a good time together. The girls quit school early in the spring and went home. So I had to hunt a place to board. I found one, but I never did like the place. I was always religiously inclined and this college was a Baptist institution and our school was opened every morning with prayer and there was Sunday School every Sunday and Preaching twice on Sunday. There were numerous other churches. This is just about the time that the Holiness faith started and I used to go quite frequently to hear them. I thought they were a crazy bunch and I think so now.

Mr. Burget was our head teacher and preacher. He used to preach lots of hellfire and tell us how we would roast. I remember when I left home on this trip for Oregon and bid Mother good bye, she handed me a pocket testament and told me to read that and if I would do as it said, I wouldn't go far wrong. So I made up my mind right there that I was going to read and study that Book. I read two or

three chapters every night and Sunday more, so I got quite familiar with the scriptures. But I could not interpret it very well.

I did not make very many friends at School. My object was learn all I could and get out and get home. My eyes and heart were always looking homeward.

I had two or three boy chums that were good sensible boys. I would go to the ball games and look on to pass the time. It was pretty lonely for me. I got along pretty well in my studies. Arithmetic was my favorite study and it has been a great help to me all my life since. I also taken writing lessons for ten days, which was [a] great help. So the time wore away and school was out and I made a bee-line for Brownsville up to Uncle Bill's and he give me a job on the place, general ranch work, milking cows, cutting hay, hauling hay, rebuilding header beds, just anything and everything. I remember Uncle and I went out to shock a piece of hay and it was divided in two pieces by a road running thru it, and when we came to start in to shock; I made Uncle take the small side, and says I to myself "alright, but I bet you I will get thru first," so at it we went. I beat him out and shouldered my fork and stepped over and helped him out. It must have been 20 years after that, that I was visiting him and he told me how he had chosen the small side intending to beat me and laughed and said "But I didn't beat you."

Then Dave De Arnel, Uncle's brother-in-law came to repair up the thresher to get it ready to start the harvest. Uncle run an outfit, both header and thresher. We sure repaired things up in great shape. We turned down shaftings, run new boxings and repaired things up in general. Young Billy run the header. We headed and threw the grain right into the thresher from the header beds. We ran three wagons. I run one. There is a great knack in pitching to a thresher from a header bed, so as to keep the machine running smoothly and so it will not be running empty when you are finishing up your load. I always kept my bed scraped up clean and managed to throw into the thresher a big fork full the last forkful and drive off while the machine was still threshing and the other wagon driving in.

This outfit was run by horse-power, about 12 or 14 horses. There was a man by the name of Andrews drove the Horse power. The tumbling rod to the power broke one day and there was a run away. As soon as they started, I grabbed a team and hung on and hollered for everybody to do the same, but they all held back and I tell you that was some run away and the driver on the power was in great danger; they ran around 'til they ran themselves pretty well down and we got them stopped. This was a long harvest, ran up into September. Along in September while we were still threshing, Brother Charley came up to Oregon to go to school. He worked with the crew a while. We threshed flax at the last, finally we got thru and then came preparations to get back to school.

Elica Sperry came down from Eastern Oregon to go to school and young Billy Smith taken a notion he would go, so there were 4 of us went down. We rented a small house and kept bachelor's Hall. We just got along fine. We made some rules. Each one taken turn about getting up in the morning making the fire and starting breakfast, and on Saturdays I did the washing and the other boys cut up wood enough to last a week. Everybody kept these rules and we just got along fine. Billy could not stand it any longer when Spring begin to open up. He racked out for home. Elica stayed longer, but left before school was out. Charley and I stayed till it was out. Uncle Jim Sperry came before Elica quit. I had not seen him for 13 years.

OREGON WINTERS

Oregon is a fine place to go to school, it rains so much that you can study good. For you don't

care to be out doors, especially during the winter months. It actually can rain up there. And, it sure did both winters I was there. It just seemed the first winter we was going to need Noah's ark, it appeared that the whole land was going to be under water. I'll tell you those two winters, 1881 and 1882 for a spell in each winter it was cold. There was a spell in 1881 that there came a big snow and then a rain and sleet that just froze everything up tight and in 1882 I remember there was a water Pond and a mill flume, the Pond froze over and all the youngsters in town were out skating and the water flume was all frozen up and clear to the ground. I thought it was the prettiest sight I ever saw.

We got along pretty well in school. Charley was always a better scholar than I, could learn so much faster and seemed to understand his studies so much better, but when Spring came we got the spring fever and it was hard to keep contented. Finally school was out and we once more turned our noses toward Brownsville. I don't remember how it happened but this harvest Charley and I got a job working for cousin High Powell and Temple, with their threshing crew. I hired out to help run the header. Charley run one of the wagons. We had a pretty good outfit. I had never run or drove a header, but I knew I could do it, so the outfit got started after a lot of repairing and young John Temple and I were to run the Header half a day about. But John was quite well acquainted with driving it, so I told him to drive first and I loaded the header wagons. In the afternoon he wanted me to drive, but I put him off, told him to go ahead. I sure was watching him drive; this went on 'til the third day and John began to get out of patience with me and I must drive, so we were on a straight drive for a half mile and nice level ground. I clum on and started, got to the end alright and went to make the turn and I did not make it, but got away out in the field wandering around and all hands just hollered and shouted and laughed and I tell you I was embarrassed right smart. But finally I got the thing steered around back to the corner and started on and I made the next run a little better, so I begin to get along pretty well, and inside of a week I did not ask any of them any odds. It was just a little while until I had the whole care of the Header and always drove it on the road when we moved on, and on all the rough hilly ground. We made some of the best runs that year I ever heard of being made with a twelve foot header. Two different days we cut forty acres, 40 acres a day. We had a good run, got along fine. This was a very pleasant harvest.

I remember that the crew had about 3 dances during the harvest and I was the Fiddler. Those Oregonians were great to enjoy themselves. The old man Temple had two girls, one named Flora and I thought she was just about right. The other one was Viola. Charley kept casting sheep's eyes at her.

Well, at the wind-up, I felt pretty good and when we cut the last thru, I fetched a yell and threw my hat in the air and jumped off to get [it] and the Header team started to run with the header, I grabbed my hat, ran and over taken them, clum on and stopped them. They ran against a header wagon and smashed up the real some. I was sure sorry of that prank. It learned me a lesson. I never forgot it.

Now harvest over Charley and I helped Cousin High and Silas, his son, haul off about a thousand sacks of wheat. We made cousin High's place our home. Cousin Mary his wife, was one of the best woman I ever knew. They had two little girls, Lula and Lenore. Of course we visited and saw different ones of our relatives that were over in that neighborhood, especially Uncle bill's folks. Uncle Norve and his family also. Aunt Halie and numerous other ones of the family and a great many old friends. I would hit around up to Uncle Norve's just as often as possible. Jim Rice, Norve's boy and I were especially good chums. He was quite a hunter as well as I, so we got off on quite a few hunts, both for grouse and pheasants, as well as deer. We always brought home the meat and Aunt Nancy knew how to cook it and we sure had some good eats. Jim and I were always doing some kind of work together in the line of carpenter work or repairing up some machinery or making something new. He and I built a new porch on the house for one thing.

Jim was quite industrious. I sold him my horse that I rode up there for \$60.00 and he paid for him

in team work, hauling posts and other material down to our old ranch. He and Ollie Bare were keeping company at that time and they got married a few years later.

His sister Minty and Tom Philpott were also keeping company and had been for some time and continued for a year or so. Both these folds or families raised large families later on. (Jim and Tom are both dead now). (1932)

Grandfather Rice was making his home with Uncle Norve. He continued to live there until his death.

Uncle Billy Smith gave young Billy a team and wagon and started him out to work on the railroad. The Company started to build and close up the gap between Roseburg and Redding, California, thru the Siskiyou mountains. Billy worked there quite a while. Then he drifted up into the mining district and out into Eastern Oregon, and finally up into Alaska. Back again into Nevada out at Tonapah and Goldfield and from there he and his wife drifted down to Petaluma, California and bought a chicken ranch.

Well, after getting High's wheat hauled I taken a notion and go over into the Santiam country and see a lot of the Powell relatives. Brother Charley did not want to go so I went alone. Cousin High let me have a horse and I went a horse back. Went out by Soda Springs and Waterloo, across the Santiam river and on to Uncle Peter Powell's. This country was the hot bed of the Powells. Grandfather Joab Powell's train landed and camped the first night about three miles from the present Scio and from there they located and spread out all over that country. I visited with Uncle Peter and Aunt Nancy and some of their children and grandchildren. I remember the old folks going away from home and leaving us youngsters at the house and there were lots of rats under the house and we boys kept quiet and would shoot them when they would stick their heads up thru the floor, thru holes they had knawed in the floor.

I visited a couple or three days and then went down near Lebannon to see Uncle Elias. I had seen Uncle Peter before but I had never seen Aunt Beccy and Uncle Elias. Probably I had seen all of the Uncle and Aunts when I was a child, but I was getting acquainted with them now, never to forget them. I stayed two nights with them; Aunt Beccy was a great cook and it was berry time and other fruits; they had lots of good eats. Aunt Beccy had a blue plate that Mother had given her and she put it for me to eat from. Uncle Elias was a large man and stood very straight and worked with very long handled tools, such as an axe, picks, hoes, in fact all of his tools had such long handles in them. He made them himself. That particular thing about him I shall always remember. He said he wasn't going to break his back. He was a hard worker. This was the first time I ever saw them and the last. At that time I saw two of his boys: Boyacar and Silas. Boyacar was married and raised nine children. Silas never married. They had two girls, but I did not see them at this time. One was married to a man named Wilson. Uncle Joab came to the house while I was there. His wife was dead at that time. He seemed to be a very sad man; I think he had three children. He married, I believe, a Miss Thayers. Another girl named Bell, she married Compton and he died and she then re married.

Nona the boy married _____[blank in original], and they raised twelve children, two pair twins, one pair boys and one pair girls.

I went on down to Scio to Uncle Abe's. He was a twin to Aunt Barbara Sloan. Barbara and Abe married the same day, but not at the same place or the same time. I rode up, tied my horse, went up where Abe was working on a header and talked with him quite a while, and finally I asked him if his name wasn't Powell? He said "Yes, and yours is too." I said "How do you know?" He then said, "You have the Powell thumb." Well, I had a good visit at Abe's. He had two young daughters just about my age and they were good company. Abe was quite a mechanic and machinist. That interested me. He had a buzz

saw rigged up to a power that had a sweep attached to it, so he could hitch a horse to it and make the power. He would do quite a lot of sawing. He also had rigged a brake on his header so he could ease it down hill. His place in general was fixed up pretty good. That always taken my eye. I have visited him quite a few times since and everything is just about the same, that is the building and the place in general. The old stile that people had in those days out at the front gate for ladies and old people to step up on to get on their horses is sitting right there as is was years ago. (Just 50 years ago.) Uncle Abe and Iva his daughter are there just the same. They live on the place after all these many, many years. Abe is the only one of his father's family that is alive now. (This being 4th of September 1932.) (Abe will be 91 years old Sept. 4, 1932.)

At the time I was there he had his second wife; his first wife died and they had a baby girl, probably year and a half old, she was running all around. Her name is Lora; she married a man by the name of Davidson. They live in Sacramento, California, No. 1100 between X and Y Streets.

Abe's two daughters were Callie and Iva. We named our oldest daughter after Abe Powell's Iva. Callie married Steve Davidson of Los Angeles. Her full cousin. (Aunt Mary's boy.) He died with T.B. and then she married Steve Philpotts. They live near Scio at this writing.

I finished my visit and returned to cousin High's and Charley and I went out to our old place and commenced to build and repair fence. There was a man on the place that had it rented by the name of Billy Thompson. He was some worker. I ran up against a match when it came to working with him. He was a working fool. But we built fence and repaired about two or two miles and a half. That was 50 years ago and the most of that fence is standing in good shape today. I remember we used to ride horses out to work and when we went to go home, and came to the Callapooie River it was belly deep on the horses. When we rode into it the horses put down their head to drink. We just had a loop around their noses to guide them. When Charley's horse raised its head and the loop came off he never noticed it. The horse started up, and Charley set back on the rope, there was so much slack in the rope and nothing to stop him, so he went over backwards ker-plunk in the river and sunk clean under.

This is the old fording place, the same place where Emma and Docia taken the ride down the river on the wagon seat.

I had a little experience with a piece of timber about 32 feet long and ten inches square. It had lodged on the bank and I wanted to get it across to the other side, so I taken off my clothes and tied them on top of the stick and got it out in the river; got on it myself and began to paddle it across the river; the current drifted it down stream some and I got out over a hole about 10 feet deep; I couldn't swim a lick; so I was paddling along very carefully and all at once, it turned over with me and to save myself I just grabbed around the log and it went round and round with me; thinking when I came up I would be on top I would stop, but No, it did not stop, and around it went again and again, 'til I was exhausted. Somehow I did stop it, I don't know how and I'll tell you I paddled mighty carefully to the other side and was mighty glad to get there.

I did a lot of repairing around the buildings and fencing around the old home place. Such as fixing up the old barn, gates. Down where the road from the house went out into the main road, I put up a gate that you could drive up and pull a rope and the gate would fly open, go thru and pull another and it would shut. I used a big post that father had hewn out twenty-six years before and had put in the ground and swung a gate to. I dug it up and swung this gate to it, and it worked good for years.

After finishing up this work, Charley and I began to think about starting home. So we visited some of our near relatives, such as cousin High's family, Uncle Billy's folks, Uncle Norve, Aunt Halie and

numerous other friends and relatives.

I remember that Brother Dave wanted us to bring two hound pups home with us, so we got them boxed up and started with them. We went by train from Brownsville to Portland and those blooming pups were the whole show on the train, yelling and moaning; after we got down to Portland they kept up their everlasting howling, and it was embarrassing. Everyone wanted to know who they belonged to, and wanted us to keep them quiet. So finally they were so much trouble, we dumped them. My I was glad to get rid of them. But Dave scolded us for not staying with them.

We went from Portland to San Francisco on the Steamer. The "Queen of the Pacific," that was her maiden voyage after coming to the Pacific coast; She was built in the East. Was built to run on the Pacific coast and that was her first trip. She was the finest ship of the Pacific coast.

The folks at home, and the last two years. Of course we had kept in close touch with them, and if we did not get letters when we thought we should, we were terribly disappointed.

Sister Ollie was our chief correspondent from home. But we got letters from a great many, in fact we were kept posted on all lines, social, business and gossip of the whole country.

By this time there were quite few of our early playmates and school mates beginning to pair off and get married and going into business of their own choosing.

Charley Cass and Melissa Mathews were married the latter part of 1881, and also Henry Cass and Margey Sanders. Robert Swain and Mary Hazzard, and numerous others.

There were numerous new folks coming into the country. Some had sold out and moved off to other parts. It was in 1882 that Uncle Steve Davidson sold out to Jim Taylor on the Green Valley and Uncle and his family moved to Los Angeles, and there were quite a lot of improvements made all over the country.

Dick Petty and his Mother moved to the Adelaide and also the Tolle's. Charley Cass stayed on our place about two years and brought his new wife there to live the first year.

Dave built a new Dairy house on our place that Charley had and that made it so they had more comfort in their dwelling house.

There was sickness and deaths. There were two deaths occurred on our creek. The old man Shipp and Mr. Sanders. Mr. Shipp was sick a good while and was a great care for Mother. Finally his end came. Then the settling of his Estate. Dave was appointed Administrator. Mother got Shipp's part of the home place and some of the stock. Peter Tognazzini bought the Shipp Dairy on the Rincoon Creek. There was quite a lot of the stock sold. Tom Shipp came up from Arizona and was there at his father's death and after they settled up the business, Jeff went home with Tom, and Tom taken Jeff in full partner with him in Arizona. I never have seen Jeff since I left California in 1880 up to this day. (1932). He and I corresponded for a few years and he dropped off. I heard he got married and had two boys and one was in the world war and lost one leg. I have always felt that someday I would see Jeff again. He always seemed like a brother to me.

Wayne Lindsay went into Nevada about this time and was Foreman on a large stock ranch.

The Fowler's came in to the neighborhood about this time. Bought on Willow Creek and Jerry

Mure bought on the Willow Creek.

Now all of this news was written to me, while in Oregon, and Sister Emma and her family had moved to South Dakota and taken up land, made their home there for years and years.

We got along fine on our trip home after we got rid of our Hound pups. We had a pleasant voyage on the "Queen." Ate hearty every meal and did not get sea sick at all.

We had to change Steamers at San Francisco and took boat to Port Hartford, San Luis Obispo County. I don't think I was ever more overjoyed to get home than that time. We came up to Cayucos on Stage and I don't remember how we got out to the Ranch, but how glad we were to get back. To meet the folks at home and the old friends! I had all kinds of nicknames and I was hailed on all sides by those names; such as Square, and Squire Hawkins, Kirk, Phipps and other names, I used to tell the folks I did not care what they called me just so they did not call me too late for dinner.

Now my school days were over and a new period of life started.

1882

After getting home from Oregon. My it did seem good to be home, so we could have the association of Mother and brother and sisters, cousins and friends. And all those horses and stock which was always the joy of my life.

Dave was over at the dairy fixing up so as to move over to take charge of the Ranch. Charley Cass had moved off the place and had built a new house in Cayucos and was living there. I had never met his wife until then. So the next day after getting home I went to work helping fix up the house and around and worked and helped Dave move over.

Then I got a job with John Lindner. He was building a new house over on Toro Creek for Mr. Buffington. The old man that lived up on the Harmony. He had bought this place just lately off the Morro Grant; there was no building on it and he was having a very large two story house built. So I got the job of Cook and general roustabout, at \$2.00 per day. I was chief cook and bottle washer. I helped at the carpenter work all the spare time I had. I had been so interested in carpenter work that this was my opportunity to learn. I was 21 the 8th day of January 1182. Old enough to vote. I voted for Grover Cleveland that November. This was the first house I ever saw go up or worked on from the foundation 'til it was finished. I taken a hand at everything and I want to say right here that I learnt more in that two months and a half that has been useful to me than I ever learnt in my life. In doing the work on the house, Mr. Lindner would call on me to sight some line and I never felt competent to assume that responsibility. I would try to beg off and he would say "Anyone that can shoot a coyote three hundred yards off can site that thing." So I thought, "alright," if you are satisfied I ought to be. So we got along just fine. Tome Sweet, Socrates Whittiker and one Halstead worked on the buildings and as I said I did the cooking, and I'll tell you I had to cook[,] for those fellows sure did eat. I made bread of different kinds and different kinds of pies, tomato pie, peach pie, grape pie. Sometimes I was glad to quit the work on the house to get dinner. I was counted the poorest workman on the job and just the cook. Had to get up earlier than the rest; wash all the dishes, get my own wood, and got the least pay of all of them. I'm not complaining, but it is often said "He is only the roustabout or the cow-buck." I want to say that the experience that I have had in those days proved the roustabout or the cow-buck didn't have a very good time.

I have gone out of a dark morning in the rain, got a colt which I had staked out, all humped up with cold, saddle him, and climb on and I want to tell you right now, I had to pull leather and hang on before I

got the kinks out of his back.

Yes, I had my old fiddle there at the cabin and we spun off a jig once in a while and my rifle was there also. Hawks, squirrels, coyotes had no business fooling around.

Mr. Buffington lived in a granary and some tents about a quarter of a mile away and he had a lot of stock on the place. He had Plinney Murphy working for him and there was a chicken house right close to our shack. Quite a bunch of chickens and ducks that roosted in it. The coyotes got to coming down and digging under and killing the chickens and ducks. Plinney came over and slept at our cabin; thought to watch for them and about two in the morning old rooster let out a terrific squawk and out Plinney piled. Run out and stuck his knee down in the hole where the coyote went in and yelled for me to bring the lantern. I rand [sic] and we looked in and there was old coyote walking around among the ducks and chickens. We taken the shot gun and shot him, so we were not bothered with the chicken thief any more.

After we got this house ready for plaster we taken a run over to the Green Valley to Mr. Fletcher's place. Linder was building a house for him and been away from it while the plasters were working on it and it was drying. So we went over and finished it up. Frank Dunn was living there renting a place. Henry Dunn was about seven years old, just big enough and mean enough to be a good tease. I always liked him and have known him ever since he was a baby. Knew his Mother when she was a girl. She surely was a fine woman. I felt towards her most like she was a sister.

Well, we finished the Fletcher house and went back to the Buffington house. Neal Cook was working for Dunn at the time we were there, helping with the dairy. Neal stuttered very bad. I often wondered how he ever proposed to his girl.

1883

By this time we are in 1883 and the beginning of this was pretty dry and a great deal of North wind. I wish I might tell you how the North wind can blow in this country, especially when it is dry. It is a real force to contend with.

Well we finally finished the house, and I went home of course. During this work I had a chance to get around and visit the folks all over the country. I meet up with and was around the Sloan family quite a little. I went to live with Dave and Matt. Charley and Ollie lived with Mother and Charley did quite a lot of work on the place. Mother always milked cows; had her hogs and chickens and there was quite a crop raised on the place.

Dave and I milked about 35 cows; they were very good cows. But it was a short year and feed was scarce. I remember after the dairy season was over we were troubled about feed enough to carry all our stock thru the winter, and let it be known that we wanted to sell 35 cows. A Swiss came over from the Green Valley. He first talked of buying the cows, and then he wanted to rent them. He had a lot of good feed, he was on the old Mark's place; so we rented him 35 head for \$8.00 per head, with privilege of buying them next year. (If he liked them). We were satisfied that they were sold, for they were good. He had lots of good feed and they got big and fat and when they came in he was well pleased and wanted to buy them. But held off 'til the season was ended so as to get the rent on them.

At the end of this year Mother taken notion she would take Charley and Ollie up to Oregon to send them to school. She would stay with them and keep house for them. So they taken Steamer and went up. That made a change in our program in taking care of the ranches. We had at this, 1400 acres of land to work and two sets of buildings with a big hill between them, one mile over the hill to each place, but

three miles around the road. So Dave moved over to take care of Mother's place. I stayed on the other place and batched.

Now the trouble began. I got along pretty good, but it sure was lonesome. I had been taught that whatever happened to round up your shoulders and submit. So I just made the best of the situation and went ahead.

This year in the latter part of July, I got the hunting fever and we had some Swiss neighbors that loved to hunt. Robert Tognini and Edd Zophi, so we made up a hunting party, got everything ready and struck out. We went over the mountains by the Josephine and down the Los Tablos and out by the Mulos on down to San Marcus Creek and cut off out towards the Nacesmiento River and camped out on what was called the Oilspring creek, where there was an old well full of dead squirrels. We got in and baled it all out and cleaned it good and had fine water.

We went out the first evening and went up what was called Oil or Coal Oil canyon, way up towards the head; we saw three deer a doe and two fawns; they were sucking, we shot, but did not kill any of them and went on. We circled around and went over a big hill and bore back somewhat towards camp. We were about two miles from camp and we came to a wild cherry thicket. As we neared it there went a large buck, bouncing in the thicket and out of sight. So we sat down thinking he might stir and we could locate him, but he would not move and we began to walk slowly towards the patch and directly out he bounced like an ox running away with a plow. It was open around the clump of cherries, most an acre, in the patch. When he bounded out, we commenced to cannonade. We shot three shots apiece before he made it over the hill, but we did not hit him. We felt pretty bad. So we tromped on towards camp. Pretty soon we separated and hadn't gone but a little way when I heard Ed shoot; I hurried over to him and found him looking around and on coming up he said he had shot a big buck and that the buck must be right around close somewhere as he'd just gone over a little raise and out of sight. When Ed went over there he thought that he heard him dying or making noise. We looked around the country, it was pretty open except scatterings oaks and some sage brush. We did not find him, so went on to camp. We felt pretty bad. During the evening's chat, I was lamenting on our back [bad] luck and Edd says: "Well, maybe the day will come that we will kill all that we see." The next morning we got up early and started out even before daylight. We rode our horses. We'd only gone half a mile when it begun to get daylight and light enough to shoot. We jumped two big fellows; one with terribly big horns. They ran over the hill and we went over after them, but never could see them anymore. We went back got our horses and went on in the direction of San Miguel, about a mile; tied up our horses. I taken up a long ridge, Ed taken up the canyon running parallel to each other. Sometimes we would be a quarter of a mile apart and sometimes a half a mile. As I was going along I heard the brush popping a little behind me and on looking back I saw three bucks bouncing up the ridge about a hundred and seventy-five yards away. I taken a crack at the head one and hit him plump in the shoulder. He stopped and crept off into the brush and laid down. As soon as I saw I had hit the head one, I pealed away at the next one, and over backwards he went. Then the little spike stepped out and three shots at him and I had him down. So I went over and along very carefully when I got over there, I saw I had the last two. I began looking for the big one and pretty soon I see him laying down and very sick, did not pay attention to me, so I shot him again. I then had all three. In a little while, Ed came poking along up there. I was sitting down waiting for him. He had heard me shooting and as he came up said "And , why didn't you leave one for me." "Just come over and look at this one" I urged. We walked over and when he saw the big fellow he liked to fainted. We dressed them, hung them up and went on up the canyon further and I jumped another five pointer. Got a shot at him, but did not kill him. The three that I killed consisted of a big five pointer, one four pointer and a spike. We tramped down and got our horses and packed them in. On our way into camp we found the one dead that we shot at in the morning. It fell below a big oak that had fallen down and in hunting for it in the morning we went above the tree and he had fallen below, so we missed it. We went out that evening and killed

another one, so next morning we racked out for home. As we were going along over the rough road, we broke a bolt out of our wagon and it just kept us a guessing to get into old man Weiss (or Wise's) and he welded it for us and went on rejoicing. Got home safe and sound and the folks were all surprised to see our deer.

I went on another hunt in about a month. Edd and Joe Tignini, were with me and we went in the wagon. They went a day ahead of me. I went a horse back. I started in the evening of the next day. It was about sundown when I started; I got over as far as the old man Humphrey's at the Josephine. He had a big stack of hay out in the field, so I unsaddled and fed my horse, crawled into the hay and went to sleep and when the cocks began to crow in the morning, I crawled out and started on. I got out to the camp by noon. The boys had not killed anything and they were as blue as indigo and were ready to go home. I told them: "We'll get plenty of game, I saw a big buck as I came into camp." Next morning I went back to where I saw this big buck, making my brags about how I could knock him down if he would jump out. Just about that time, out he jumped; and what do you think? He ran off right in my sight and I never got a shot at him. I just got madder and madder, thinking how dumb I was and out jumped another, and I want you to know that I sure knocked him down, and when I got into camp the other boys brought in one also and that evening I got another one. The next morning I got two and started for home.

The boys went along home and I went by Adelaide to see Dick Petty and his Mother, so the next morning I thought I would go out and see if I could get another one. I went over by Silvester Ranger's and I was sitting down looking around. Pretty soon I spied one down the canyon about three hundred yards; so I fired at it and it went off limping; believing I had made a good shot, I mosied down and pretty soon saw it and shot it again, when I went to it, it had a hind leg shot off just below the knee, but it was perfectly well, I never hit it the first time. I taken it down to Dick's , then I went home.

We got word that Grandfather Rice Died January 26,1883. He was born December 5, 1797; making him 86 years old.

1884

Now we enter into the year of 1884. This year started in quite favorable. We had plenty of rain and those cows we rented out, did fine. The man wanted to buy them right away. We figured to get the rent out of them, and did not sell them until fall. Then we sold them to him for \$35.00 a head and he was well pleased with them.

Dave and his family lived on Mother's place and I helped him. We sowed all the farm ground early and harrowed it in without plowing it. It was in pretty good shape and he just raised a bumper crop of hay. I also raised a good lot of hay. This was a great year for hay. And also for rain. The whole state had floods. Down south at Los Angeles, those rivers overflowed to beat the band.

The country was very thinly settled then. It was reported in San Luis that it rained 10 inches in one day, and a night, and washed out most of the bridges over the San Luis creek that runs thru town.

Yancy Sander's and his best girl was down there and the water was up so high and the bridges out they had a hard time getting together; but they did and were married. I remember being at Mrs. Sander's after they got home. I always had my violin with me and I played and especially played the newlyweds

that tune: "Now you are married, you must be good; make your husband chop the wood. Bring it in, kiss and kiss and kiss again." It goes to the tune of the Racket.

This was a year of experience to me. I was batching on the place up in Sheep Hollow, a right hand fork of the Cayucos. It was pretty lonesome sometimes. At that I had quite a lot of company, such as the boys of the neighborhood. The Sloan boys, Tom, Neal, and Byron. Frank Mall, he was a fiddler, so was Byron and there was Rufe Covington, he was a fiddler; they would come stay all night and sometimes two or three nights. We would do such things as riding colts, go to dances or other parties. I very often played for dances. They would take up a collection to pay for the fiddler. I never could dance but I could play the fiddle alright and did it quite often.

I did not milk any cows, so I was not tied down. I had the stock to look after and the place to care for, but I had time for most emergencies. I was a general roustabout for the whole community and helped when and where I could. I was always riding a colt, and it was this year that I got a building up for a blacksmith shop and gathered in a lot of tools, such as a bellows, anvil, vice, work bench and wood vice, drill. Al Derome made me a lot of tourniquets, which I have to this day. (48 years)

You would laugh until you cried, if you could have peeked thru a crack at me the first time I tried to weld two pieces of iron together. I got them about red hot. I had put borax on them. I pulled them out, laid them together on the anvil and lit into hammering them. They did not stick! They fell apart. I picked them up off the floor where they'd fallen, put more borax on them again and the same thing happened again. I then fastened two pieces together so they could not fall apart, het them up, fell on them with the hammer and mashed them flat, but they would not stick! So I gave up. Saddled my horse and taken a trip to town, and stood around and watched the blacksmith's work and weld. Bringing their iron out of the fire, shining with a running white heat, all sparkling and snapping. So I went home and built up a fire and welded the handle of a shovel, and from that on I had no trouble and welded anything I wanted. I have welded up old horses shoes; made spurs, spanish bits out of them! I have taken large horse shoes, cut them in two at the toes and welded them at the heel and turned the ends, then welded them down from the eye for the clevis pin and just made a lot of clevises that way. And, gunsights, I always notched off the sites of my gun and built good buckhorn sights and put them on, and a good ivory or bone sight for the front bead.

Once I was down town at Al Derome's Shop and there was something said about filing iron. Al laughed at me, and said: "You don't know how to file iron." I told him: "I can come as near filing iron as you can." It made him a little huffy, so I went home, found a piece of steel about the right size or thickness to make a gun-sight. It had the end turned up with a hole in it just about the right place to make the buckhorn, so I filed the whole thing out. The part that holds it in the barrel, the spring, the horns, and put the slot hole in it for stare strutslide to raise the sight, in fact I have made a many since by forging them, never made a better one than this one tho'. I blued it all up and taken it down to Al and asked him if he beat it? I says: "Can't file eh?" Then I explained to him how it was all filed out and asked him if he could beat it? He looked and looked at it and turned it over and looked again and kept on looking and finally said: "I give up."

I also commenced to make violins. I made 10 or 12, spent quite a little time at it and also I tanned all the deer hides of the deer that I had killed and more for the neighbors. I sold lots of the buckskins to Henry Cass to use in the Store. I always had good luck killing big bucks therefore had good hides.

I got to making flour-chests and putting in six and eight drawers in them. They were very handy in a woman's kitchen, making their work more convenient. I also made quite a few hair ropes. Generally made just about everything I ever used.

My violin and my gun were my constant companions. I went hunting several times this year. Tom Sloan and I went out into Hog Canyon, next to Cholam, up where we had the cattle. When we had the cattle there, we saw lots of deer, but never killed any, but our dog used to chase them. We went over several times a purpose to hunt while there with the cattle, but did not get any.

Dave and I went out once, then: he crippled one, we did not get it. So I knew the country and knew it was good hunting ground. We packed up and got everything ready; we taken a two horse wagon that was pretty roomy. We always taken a good outfit and we had a fine hound, we called him "Bugle" and he sure had the bugle voice. I always lead him, until I crippled a deer, then I turned him loose after it. He caught a many a one for me. We made the Estrella river the first day and camped with our old friend the Dutchman and his sister. They just treated us royal and gave us some hay to take along to feed our horses and we told them if we killed any deer at the last of our hunt so as to have fresh meat, we would give them some on our way back. We went on, the next morning. Got to our camp about noon. There was no one living in six miles of the camp. The whole country was waving in bunch grass. Oh, but that was a grand country, scattering oak trees, open rolling hills, and some places plenty of brush. So about 4 o'clock in the evening we thought to go out and see what the prospects were to get a buck. We hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when we jumped a fine yearling. We followed for three quarters of mile, but could not get a shot, so finally lost it. We went on. I knew the whole country and all the springs and water holes. As we mosied along we soon saw a deer pass thru an opening, but could not get a shot to suit us. There were 6 passed thru and we did not get a shot. They went on over the hill. We followed quite cautious like and when we got to the top we saw one and shot and killed it. Dressed it and hung it up and went on. Just about sundown we saw another one most up to the top of the ridge. I taken a shot; we saw the dust kick up on the other side of it. From this we thought I'd knocked it over. It ran over the top of the hill and as it was about dark, we did not go look after it. We went on into camp. Next morning we went out horse back thinking if we did not strike anything we would wander around all day, so as we went out we passed by the place where I shot at the deer the evening before, so we found it dead right over the hill where we saw it go. We went on up along the canyon, followed up about a mile and we spied a bunch in a patch of brush and got to shooting at them and finally got three of them. We dressed them and loaded them on our horses and started for camp. As we were going along we spied another one standing right in front of a tree. I taken a shot from off my horse and I plumped the tree right over its back. It was down a very steep hill.

The next day we spent cutting up our deer, and stringing it out on ropes, to dry for jerky or jerky meat. We always took along a rope to string up the meat. My but they made good jerky. We salted and peppered it and always cut it across the grain, so as to make it tender. We sure had a good camp, clean and good water. There had not been anyone in that spot that season, making the hunting good. The next day we went out in another direction and roamed around all day, saw a bunch of 12 but just would get a glimpse of them as they passed thru the brush; did not get a shot. Felt pretty sore that evening sitting around our camp fire. We saddled up the next morning, started out in another direction. We traveled until about 4 o'clock and finally saw one off across a deep canyon. We stood and watched it a bit, it was looking at us also. I slipped off my horse and crawled over behind brush and trees and on down the hill to the place where I had picked out and taken a shot and down it fell like a beef knocked in the head with an axe. As I started to go to it, could see that it was trying to get up and finally did get up and wiggled into the brush. When I whistled Tom came right over and we put old Bugle the hound on the track, and as there was plenty of blood he went yelling into the big chemise (chaparral) and directly he brought out a wail and a deer liked to run over us, but we had no chance to shoot, it run across the canyon and on up a hill in the brush. We hurried on as fast as we could; Bugle was roaring and bawling to the very top of his voice and when we got over on the ridge in the big brush, here they both came right towards us, both in the trail, the dog behind the buck. We had to jump to one side and we opened up on him as he ran up a

little draw. We had a pretty good chance, but he was getting off farther all the time. I don't think I ever saw a deer run any faster. Just fairly flew and as we would shoot, he would dodge this way and that and just bend his every energy to get beyond those bullets for we were just pouring the lead to him.

Those old hills were ringing like there was a battle going on, and just as he cleared the hill, we gave him a final volley, and I exclaimed "We got him." Tom says: "Yes? we got him?" I called for them to come on remarking: "We will find him right over the hill." And sure enough when we went over there he lay just over the top. The reason I knew he'd been hit was that I saw him turn his hair all up in front or forward, and also saw his tail go limber. Had he not been hit, his tail would have been straight up. He sure was a fine buck. We went back and put out the hound on the track of the first one that I'd shot. He went off roaring and bellowing. We were in hopes we would get it, but pretty soon we could hear him no more and we hunted around and waited for him and when he did come pretty full and we thought he'd found the deer dead and had eaten on it to his fill. He could not do anything after he came back. We loaded the other buck on and started for camp. We dressed this one and pickled him down. We had a nice small barrel.

We hunted for a couple more days, but did not get anything, so we pulled freight for home. We went by our friend the Dutchman's and did not have any fresh meat for him. His mouth watered for some. It never dawned on us to give him some of the meat we had salted down or some of the jerky. I never was so ashamed of anything in my life, when I came to think of what we had done. He and his sister sure were good folks and they had been so good to us. I never saw him afterwards.

Late that fall I taken a trip to Los Angeles to see the folks down there. There were a lot of folks down there that I knew. Sister Mary Ann and her family and Uncle Charley Rice. He was still with Green. Uncle Steve Davidson and his large family. There was Green Davidson, a cousin of Uncle Steve's. Green Belieu and Uncle Charley bought 80 acres also; it finally became almost the heart of Los Angeles. I guess it made the whole family rich. The city of Watts is built on Green's and Uncle Charley's place. At this writing all of Uncle Steve's family are dead, but three girls Jane, the oldest, Docia and Julia. Julia never married. Jane married Jack Clark of Green Valley. Docia married Lillard. He was a cousin of Joe Baine. He was a Baptist preacher; they both raised large families. (1937, Julia the last of those living in the old Beacon Street home in Los Angeles is dead; we have heard it rumored that she was possessed of a very large fortune, which she let some slick young chap honey around it and finally lost it all to him. The old home on Beacon Street was filled with many treasures, beautiful pictures and porcelain.)

I visited all the folks, first one and then the other. But mostly with Sister Mary Ann. Their children were small. Uncle Steve's children, some were older than I and some were younger. Most of the older ones were gone. Uncle Steve was a great church worker. Los Angeles was a very small city at that time. I soon got so I could go all over it. I bought a new violin at Los Angeles while there; paid \$11.50 for it and it proved to be good one. I have had lots of pleasure playing on it. I have played for lots of dances on it. I have given it to Ira, our son, the youngest boy for a keepsake.

I attended the first Fair in my life while down there. My but it was a big one to me at that time. It was not as great as lots of our County Fairs today, but it was a great one then! They had bicycle races, the first I'd ever seen. They also had a velocipede in the race. If I remember, it beat the bicycles.

Well, I finally got my visit out and started for home. I went down on the Steamer, and also returned home on the steamer. I never have gotten sick riding on the ocean.

This brings 1884 most to a close.

The railroad from Soledad to Santa Barbara had not been built at this time.

It was this year 1884 that the McKeon family came from Yuba County down to Adelaide. Mother McKeon was one of John Wright's daughters, a sister to Joe and John (twins) Wright, Rachel Kirby, a sister, and Wash Walker's wife and James Beckett's wife Mary was also her sister. Mr. McKeon had bought a place in the Adelaide.

Mother had Charley and Ollie up in Oregon sending them to school. We heard from them often. They were getting along pretty well, and thru them we would hear from the Oregon folks quite often.

The Burnett's on the Los Tablos Creek. The old man Hopper was on the place and Burnett could not get him off; so the folks moved in with Uncle John Wright for a few weeks and then they moved into a part of the old Mulos. That old house was about two hundred yards long, more or less. Finally Burnett got the old man Hopper out.

I will tell a little joke on Hopper and the old man Mullins. They both lived on the Los Tablos creek, but about three miles apart. Both of these men had just threshed; one had barley and the other had wheat. Each one wanted some grain that they didn't have. So on the same night, both of them decided to go get some of the neighbor's grain. So they went and loaded up and started home. There was a road right up and down the creek, but they thought to fool each other, so there was a road that was blocked off that went about six miles off out of their way and just dead of travel; the funny part was they both went on the same night! And, they both took this roundabout road! So they met and both pulled away out of the road around so as to not meet each other. Next morning each discovered that some one had stolen grain from him. So each went out to track down the thief, and by following the wagon tracks were able to trace the thief, and each one tracked the other to his home. They both went home and called it square! They quit at that!

Charley Cass rented the Nuckle's place and farmed and ran a dairy there. I sure thought lots of Charley and Lissy, his wife. I was always running over there, staying all night. I suppose I was too much of a bummer, but they always seemed to appreciate it. I always enjoyed going to Charley's. Mrs. Mathews his Mother-in-law stayed with them quite a little. Quilley, Mrs. Mathews daughter was there quite a little. Charley was a great teamster and in the fall of the year, after the cows were dry he would team quite a little, haul wood, grain or anything he could get to haul. Generally hauled over the Old Creek grade. I teamed with him some.

1885

The year 1885 started in pretty bum. Early rains, but they did not keep up. It was cold and the North wind blew to beat the band! Grass did not grow worth a cent. Our cattle got along alright, but they were thin in the winter.

I remember that we let Uncle Ralph bring some of his stock over into our pasture. One time during March he came over to see how they were getting on and we went out in the hills to look at them and the wind just like to blew our hair all out. The grass was so short that it was hard for the stock to get at it. And, it was cold. All up on the summit of the mountain where they always had good feed there was scarcely any feed all year. I never saw it so short before or since.

We finally got quite a little rain and the feed along the coast and foot hills came out pretty good. I still was on the ranch alone, getting along the best I could. Did not milk any. Dave milked a few. We had quite few cattle and I had a good deal to do in looking after them, and patching up the fence. In looking after the cattle I could ride around over the place and then go on to some neighbor's and stay all night. Many the night I have stayed at Uncle Ralph's. Aunt Barbara was just like a mother to me and the children were just like brothers and sisters. We were together so much. There was also Mrs. Sander's, she was a Mother; she never saw me coming down the road, but what she would send some of the boys out to tell me to get down, come in, and get dinner or supper. Many the good meal that I have eaten there. Of course I always tried to be useful and help all I could. These years Joe and Margie were off to school quite a good deal and I believe Yancy went off quite a little before this.

Johnny Archer and Peggy Kester got married and were at this time over in the Cholan hills up in what they call Pine Canyon. He had a big spring at the house. If my memory serves me right, they got married in 1884.

Nick Marquette and Jake Hank bought a stock ranch up in the mountains on the Northeast side of the Cholan valley, and also Blake Short got a stock ranch out in that country somewhere. Also Tweed Oliver, and Blake Short helped Frank Mall to get started out there and Hold Nuckle's married Maggie Covington. Fay Covington went out there also. And, by this time that whole country East of the mountains had become a great farming country and all this grain was either hauled to San Luis Obispo or Cayucos. There were teams of all descriptions in the road. It was a terrible drag on the farmers to get their grain off. There were always some that would get caught in the fall rains.

John Freeman from the Josephine had a stock ranch in the Cholan hills and also farmed quite extensively over on the Estrella. Bob Fosit worked with him. Bob was Freeman's teamster and he was a good teamster. There was the old man Humphrey also at Josephine, he married the widow Fowler that had lived on the Rincon Creek. Along about this time or perhaps before Charley Gruell married Alice Fowler, and George Gruell married Mary Taylor, a sister to Charley Taylor, the man that was Sheriff of San Luis Obispo County for so many years. He was killed by his machine plunging over a bank somewhere near San Marquito.

Along about this time, in September I believe, a bunch of us boys on the coast taken a notion we would like to go off on a hunt. We talked about it a great deal and finally decided we would go. We wanted to have a genuine hunt. We were all good shots, as I have also said we were practicing all the time at shooting squirrels and also Seals down in the ocean. Every once in a while we'd have a turkey shoot. We were going out deer hunting every little while, so we all felt pretty cocky, just dying to get out and try ourselves. So we began to make preparations. There were five of us: Tom and Doug Hazzard, Rufus Covington, Neal Sloan and myself. It fell to me to furnish most of the equipment, so I furnished the wagon, three horses, harness, ropes and so forth, and got everything ready. There was horses to shoe, the wagon to see to, that all the tires were tight and all in order. I saw to it that we had everything from a violin to an alarm clock and a dutch oven, flour, potatoes, ham, baking powder, lard in fact everything that might be needed. Pick and shovel, ax and above all a plenty of rope. I was laughed at a plenty for taking so much rope; they wanted to know what I was going to do with it. I told the boys to "Wait and see." We had one good dog; my dog Bugle. I thought we ought to have another one, so I went over on the Los Tablos to Dick Petty's and got another one. It was claimed that he was a dandy, besides being a good deer dog, he was a rattle snake killer.

So finally everything was ready and we got under way. Each one was to pay his share of the eats and we had discussed the place we would go for our hunt. It seemed that the Dark Hole Mountains was

the choice place. The place was Northeast of the upper cholam valley, where Nick Marquette and Hake Hank had their stock ranch. We had heard that it was fine hunting ground, probably the finest in the country. Nick and Jake had informed us of the hunting there and invited us boys to come out there a-hunting.

There was no road from the valley up to the Ranch. But we knew if anyone could take a wagon in there we could. So the start was made. We had four horses on a two-horse thimble scane wagon. So it was not a heavy load for them. I was the driver. We did not drive very hard, nor did we hurry to get out there. We got a late start first day; had to pick up part of our crowd. We picked up Tom and Doug Hazzard up on the Old Creek.

We all had repeating rifles and all were Winchesters. What was called forty-four forty (44-40) except one, Rufe Covington had a 44-38, the same powder, but smaller bullet. But there was a difference in the 44-40, some of them were or had twenty-eight inch barrels. They were very heavy barrels and each of these had different rifle grooves in them. Each gun being a little different. Neal's was coarser and deeper than mine, and it shot harder. Mine was rather weak shooting gun. Tom Hazzard's gun had the same kind rifle grooves in it as Neal's.

I can't remember where we camped the first night, but we went over the Old Creek grade over the York mountain on to Paso Robles and on out and up the Estrella for some distance and taken up Pine Canyon.

Sometimes some of the boys would seem to get discouraged and want to go some place else to have our hunt or propose some other place, but I would yell: "On to Dark Hole," and pop my whip into the horses and on we would go. We were swinging along up Pine Canyon and the lead horses shied to one side, and as the wagon came up, I see the cause was a rattlesnake coiled up along side of the road and our dog was right behind the wagon; by the time the wagon passed it, it started to crawl across the road and came right in front of our dog and the dog made a lunge at it, but the snake bit him. He made another pass at the snake but he got bit again. Then Doug Hazzard up with his gun and shot it's head off. Our dog began to get pretty sick. We soon made it up to Johnny Archer's. He and Peggy were living up there, had a lot of cattle. Don't believe there was a neighbor in 5 or 8 miles of them. All of us boys were well acquainted with them. Just most like home-folks. We camped there all night. Our dog was pretty badly swollen up. He went down to the creek and would stand and lay down in the mud. We did not know what to do for him. The next morning he died. I hated that, he was a borrowed dog and supposed to be a good deer as well as snake dog, but I suppose he was tired, and his eyes filled with dust from trotting along behind the wagon and wasn't himself and didn't put up his usual good fight.

We went out hunting in the morning there at Johnny's; saw some deer; Doug shot at one and missed, so after dinner we hitched up and went on. Some of the boys wanting to go some place else, but I would always yell: "On to Dark Hole," and on we went.

I remember as we went from the hills down into the Cholam valley we were passing a spring and a lot of watering troughs there were two big rattlesnakes that seemed to be fighting. They were all tangled up and their heads in the air and Doug out with his gun and shot one's head off. It was 35 or 40 yards away. Then he went over and killed the other one.

I was driver and drove all the time; sometimes the boys would get out their deck of cards and level off a place in the wagon and play cards to pass the time.

Now we were going down into Cholam valley, not far from Parkfield. There was quite a settlement

here in this valley. They had a Postoffice, store, dance hall, in fact it was quite a noted "Wide spot in the Road." Rufe's brother-in-law Holt Nuckles lived here in the valley and Fay Covington, so we went up there; stayed all night and Fay and John Miller, his brother got enthused on going hunting with us, so they begun to get ready and in the morning we all struck out for the Dark Hole.

In the Dark Hole Mountains, it was said, was the favorite hiding camp of the famous James boys. Folks said that they made their first camp after leaving their Uncle at Paso Robles after a raid. There they would rest up. They could build a bonfire on this mountain and you could see it at Paso Robles; their friends would know they were safe that far. I have seen the brush houses up there that was said to be the James boys rendezvous.

Fay and John Miller went ahorse back, so if they got meat they could go home whenever they wanted to.

As we struck out, we commenced to climb the mountains; sometimes we had to roll some rocks out so we could pass; cut some brush or fill up some gulch or wiggle or twist around quite a lot of the way up the mountain. The boys would walk so as to lighten the load. So we got on pretty well. It was "On to Dark Hole" and on we plugged. At last we reached the summit and it was not far on to Jake's cabin. He was glad to see us; made us welcome. Good place to camp, good water, plenty of wood and there was a sandy bed of creek just right for the width of our beds; the banks were just about two feet high so we thought that would be the place for our bed. We all made them there, but Oh, I never had such a hard bed, there was one thing to it, we got up early and got off hunting in good time. We all chose our course or direction and started. Tom Hazzard and I went together. I don't remember how the other boys managed. I suppose we had gone probably a mile when Tom and I jumped about five and began shooting. Then it seemed that everybody began shooting just about the same time, and the woods were a-ringing with the roar of the rifles. Tom and I bombarded our bunch and finally got two. We were together shooting, so then we separated and finally I pulled up and shot one, and at the crack of the gun it fell. I supposed I killed it. Then Tom and I came together and were talking of the ones we had killed and I said: "Right up here is the one I killed." He immediately said "That is the one I killed." "No", says I, "I killed him." "No, No," he says "I did." "Well, it fell when shot," I said. So we let it stand at that. We went to camp. The different hunters came in and we sure had some pow-wow, telling our experiences of the morning hunt. So after dinner we taken the horses and went out and brought in our venison. We killed either 8 or 9 that morning.

The nights were cool up on the mountain so we dressed them all nicely and hung them up.

We sure cut boughs and gathered up leaves and grass and fixed our beds for that second night and got them fixed so they made fairly good beds.

Next morning we were off bright and early, but Tom did not want to hunt with me any more, so Rufe says "I will," so we struck out. He was a big lank awkward tall, lantern-jawed fellow always had something to say that kept the crowd laughing and in good humor. He could play the fiddle to beat the band, and we had music quite often. The boys would tell yarns and hunting scrapes 'til they got tired at night and then get out the cards.

Well, we (Rufe and I) went off in the same direction as Tom and I had taken the morning before. We went quite a little farther before we saw anything, finally we saw a big buck down across a canyon. He had not seen us, he was feeding in a little opening. It was along shot; we watched him a while and came to the conclusion that we could not get any closer, so we thought give him a round. We began to shoot, and we thought we had hit him, so we turned the dog loose and he went right straight to him. The

buck did not know he was coming until he was right on him, so down the hill they went like an ox running away with a plow. The old hound was bellowing every jump and finally he caught him. That old hound always caught a deer by the front leg, right up close to the body, and would throw them, heels over head. A large deer would fight him off; then he would bay.

We started to run down the hill as we went down we jumped another one. I paid no attention to it, but kept on down after the other one and crept up where the dog was holding him and shot him again. Found out that we had shot one of his front legs off just below the knee. Rufe killed the one we jumped up, so we were satisfied and went back where we had our horses tied. We took the horses to the deer and loaded them on and went to camp.

The boys had pretty good luck all around. I don't remember how many we killed this morning. Fay and Miller started home with a deer apiece after dinner.

We had located a bee-tree; so Doug and I went out and cut it and talk about the land of milk and honey; we did not have the milk, but we sure had the venison and honey! It sure was good; we could make baking powder biscuits to a turn and if we didn't feast? We had Jake to eat with us, all the time we were there. We went out the third morning; Rufe and I still went out the same way. It was over in the head of the Avenal that runs up on Dark Hole Mountain. We had to go still further this morning; finally we found some fresh signs. I lead the dog. He would track and we would follow. Pretty soon he begin to whine and I says: "He smells him," and Rufe said: "I smell him myself." Just then we heard and saw him go bounding down the hill, at about 16 feet a jump; he started up the other side dodging thru the brush and there was an opening near the top of the hill. I told Rufe: "Get your gun on that opening, he will stop right at the top." Rufe got his gun set and bang! Our guns almost went off together, and as the buck went over the hill, I exclaimed: "We got him." "Like h--- we did," says Rufe. "Yes, we'll find him right over the hill" said I. We went over and began to look for him and we hunted quite a little and I began to think I was mistaken, when all at once we got our eyes on him. He wasn't more than twenty steps away laying down in a trail, just like a cow would lie down to rest with head up looking at us. I raised my gun and shot. He laid over and we went up to him and was admiring him, when all at once he gave a big struggle to get up. I grabbed a horn, Rufe grabbed a hind leg and in the scuffle Rufe turned his hip to me and he had a butcher knife hanging there in a scabbard; I grabbed and cut the buck's throat. When I shot at his head, the bullet just glazed his horn and cut thru the hide on top of his head, right by the horn and stunned him. The first two shots had struck him; one in the shoulder and the other a little back of the small of the back, both a little high. My but he was a fine buck! He was a short legged deer; pug nosed and speckled all over, with large forked horns, extra large. My we were proud of him. We had ridden our horses over quite a ways. We went got them and packed him to camp. The other boys got some, but I don't remember just how many. But one thing I do remember was that we had 18 deer hanging up in camp at one time. I never saw such a sight in a hunting camp. So we called off the Hunt, and commenced to cut up our deer and make jerky out of it and such a cutting as we did have! Now, came my time to laugh. The boys had laughed and joked me about my rope from the time we started 'til we got to putting of meat on those rope lines. We got them all filled full and all the stake ropes that we could spare and there was a barb wire fence close by which we strung a lot on. So it had come my turn now to talk rope, and carried it so far that some of the boys got about half mad. It taken us most two days to cut up that meat. I want to tell you about two of those fat bucks that Rufe and I killed. Believe it or not, just the same it is so, the inside tallow off the entrails of the deer piled up on a big common milk pan so it would hardly lay on the pan. After taking off the deer's hide we skun off a sheet of fat from the carcass from one side to the other. I want to tell you the fat on their rumps were four inches broad with fat. We got seven and a half gallons of tallow out of those two bucks. I have the horns of that special one yet. I don't know how we happened to have the two five gallons coal oil cans with us, but we filled one and a half of the other one. I had it for years after that. In those days I used to re-load my shells and I used that deer tallow to grease the

bullets. I had a box made apurpose to keep all my re-loading tools in and all things that went with it.

I remember making one for Charley Gruell. I used to load as high as 200 at one time and probably shoot a hundred in one day sometimes.

Well, after the jerky party of two days, we were ready for another hunt. Rufe and I went out the same way, and we tramped all day, but did not see a thing. We came in at night with Hunter's luck, a tired footsore and hungry pair. Some of the other boys got one or two.

By this time, all of us began to feel tired and most like our hunt was over. But we figured to go out once more. Rufe and I got on our horses and went to the Northeast. So we struck out and rode and rode. Did not see anything. So we finally staked our horses out and struck out a foot. We were then over the mountain on the Coalinga side. The country was very rough and brushy. This was also new country to us, and we did not know where the water was;and were tired and thirsty. We decided that we should hit it out for camp. I told Rufe that I would turn Bugle loose and see if he could jump a buck. A trick which I often played on such occasions. We turned him loose and sat down to wait the results, if any. He struck off tickled to death to get a chance. We did not have to wait long 'til he struck a track. It kept getting warmer and warmer 'til finally he went into a clump of brush and out bounced a buck and he right at it's heels. We were on our feet, with guns up in a flash. There was plenty of brush, but not very high, so the deer's body shown most of the time after he came into sight. As he came out of the hollow he struck the trail we were on and here they came, and we had to make ourselves known by firing at him: so off down the mountain he flew. The bullets were following him as well as the dog. That old canyon was just booming with rifle fire! The old hound was bellowing right on the heel's of the buck. But finally as he arose in the air, he gave his last leap and came down with a crash. He was a fine one, but not so large; good and fat, altho' not like the others I've been describing.

Now came the funny part of the game; we had to pack him nearly a mile to get our horses. That was something, I was never very good at, but Rufe was equal to the task and he did most of the packing. He (Rufe) was about 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighed 200 pounds and good and strong. We got up the hill at last in sight of our horses, or where we staked them, and lo and behold, one was missing. We felt bad. As we came on closer and nearer, she came into our sight from behind a bush. She's been scared by something, and had broken her stake rope, and that was a mystery, for I'd staked her by the front foot, so she would not burn her hind feet with the rope, which was a custom to me. That is the way I always broke a horse to stand, staked out and I had learned it by hard experience. But how she broke that new half inch rope and did not hurt her is a mystery to me. We hobbled back to camp.

That evening we talked over experiences of the day. The other boys got one and we all felt satisfied with our hunt and decided that we would break up camp. We spent the next day in getting ready to start out. We had quite a little to do; our jerky was to be gathered up and sacked, and we had, if my memory serves me right: 9 barley sacks of it. Besides that, we had all the rest of the outfit to pack up and get ready. I had my barrel along, and we cut up the last deer that Rufe and I killed and salted it down. The other one we taken along with the hide on. Jack was sorry to see us go. He had been mighty good to us and we always had him to eat with us. We left him a quarter of venison. We played him a farewell tune, and gave him a salute by bombarding a big oak tree; shuck hands with him, and pulled out down the mountains. Yes, we went down a great deal faster than we came up. Parts of it was so steep we had to rough-lock a hind wheel with a log-chain, but we made it down alright.

We went back to Parkfield and stayed all night at Holt Nuckle's. He was brother-in-law to Rufe. Our hunt we felt was now over. We were homeward bound.

The next morning we started for home in earnest. If I remember correctly we made Paso Robles, camped there for the night. We met many old friends. The fact is, we could not move around anywhere in San Luis Obispo County without meeting plenty of friends and acquaintances.

On we went, out thru the Blackburn Grant by the Jack Creek. Over the York Mountains, down by the Glenn Brooke Ranch, the old Brass Patrick place; James Cass owned it now. I had the lines and three of the boys were sitting in the wagon trying to break the monotony by playing a game of cards. All thru the country from Paso Robles was good deer country and I had my eyes peeled all the time. So as we cleared the Pass from the Glenn Brooke over to the Phipp's place, I got my eyes onto something that looked to me like a deer standing under a big liveoak tree off about a mile to the North, up on a big hill, with a deep canyon running down to the road where we were. So I stopped the team, told the boys I believed that was a buck standing under that tree. They all spoke up pretty gruff and said: "You are always seeing things." They were busy at their games. At that the buck started off walking along and turned and shuck its head a little and they looked and all said, "Yes, that is a deer." So we hastily grabbed our guns and started up the hill; 3 or 4 of us did. Tom, Doug and I. We mosied along up the hill, got up to where we saw him last. But we could not site him; so we looked around and finally started down the ridge towards the wagon, when one of the boys spied him down in the canyon about half way between the top of the hill and the wagon. He yelled "There he is," and pulled up and fired and at that all three of us began to fire. We made the woods ring; finally got him down. He was a dandy. We hit him six times. We dressed him, slung him on the wagon, covered him up and started on.

In just a little while old Charley Beachum came riding up, hailed us and said he heard us shooting and thought we might have gotten a deer. He wanted a piece. The boys said, "No, we were shooting at a tree," and there was my back at the time streaming with blood from carrying the buck back to the wagon. We did not tarry long. We did not think that Beachum needed the meat very badly, for he was as handy with his riata as we were with our rifles and always had plenty of meat.

So down the Old Creek grade we sailed and at the foot of the grade we came to the Hazzard place and Tom and Doug left us with all our belongings and a quarter of flesh warm venison.

As we separated we all wished we might go on another hunt.

We go on to my home and divide up our spoils again. I don't remember how Neal and Rufe got home, but I suppose I took them home. So this ends one of the greatest hunts I ever experienced, altho' I had lots of them afterwards. However, this was the grandest and we boys talked of that hunt for years. There are three of us boys alive that went on that Hunt. The 7th of September 1932. Tom Hazzard, Neal Sloan and myself. I think Johnny Archer and Peggie are alive; they are or were living in Los Angeles the last I heard. I have not seen them since that hunt that I can remember.

Jess Kester and sister Docia lived in Cayucos for a couple of years and Jess run the livery stable.

Mother, Charlie and Ollie were still up in Oregon. We got word that Charley and Lillie M. Linch were married, November 22, 1885. Charley and his new bride went up to Brownsville to live on Mother's old place. I think Mother and Ollie went up there to live also. Mother had so many relatives up there she could hardly visit them all.

It was late this fall that Dave had a hard spell of sickness and we feared we were going to loose him. I went down to Morro and got Doctor Smiley. He came and tended him and brought him out all right.

Mr. Dannini, the Swiss, that lived above on the old Sander's place was sure good; he came down

quite few nights and sat up with Dave. They were great friends. We like Dannini.

There were quite few dances given around in the neighborhood and over in the Josephine vicinity. All us boys were just as much home at one place as the other. In fact I remember about four of us boys went to Cayucos one night to a dance and it broke up early for some cause, as there was a dance at the Freeman's on the Josephine, we took a notion we would go over there. I suppose it was 2 o'clock when we broke up and started home; as after we arrived they took on new vigor and kept on dancing. It was about daylight when we got back to my Shack and tumbled into bed. Byron Sloan, Doug Hazzard, Frank Kester and myself. I always felt a little ashamed of that trip. Seemed to me we were carrying our pleasures a little to far. Of course I was not carrying on work at that same time that I had to be right on the job, but I know Dave thought I was spending too much time running around. Running around was something I had never done up to this time. I had never kept company with a young lady. I never thought girls ever cared for me, and I guess I was pretty bashful. Sometimes when I would get out in a crowd , I did not know what to do with myself; was like Budd Means in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," my feet were too big and I tried to hide them and then my hands would get into trouble; I would shove them into my pockets and then I would realize how ridiculous I looked, then would straighten up and try to act natural and sometimes when I would get in a crowd I would just pore off and probably I would make a break for the wide open spaces and get on my horse and get out where I was free and easy. Gradually I got over those feelings.

Neal Sloan and I were together a great deal, in fact I was with him more than any of the young men. He would come around when I was riding a colt or wanting to ride one, and I generally would like to have someone with me when getting onto a fresh one. Neal was at my [place] one day and we taken a notion we would go over to Uncle Ralph's that night thru the hills. It was about three miles. I had a small bald faced colt that I had ridden quite a lot, but she would buck. As we rode along up quite a hill, I said; "I never had a colt to buck right down a hill, I don't know if I could stick it or not." We crossed over the top, and started down the other side and that little fool of a colt, turned loose, just squealing and bawling. I never knew what started her, but she sure did a good job right down the hill, about 45 degrees over rocks, boulders and gulleys, and the worst of it, she would not stop just kept on bucking, until she wore herself out, saying nothing about myself. I was glad to crawl off and rest. I lead her down the hill for about a quarter of a mile, clum on and she didn't buck any more that day, but she was a bucking fool.

Charley Cass was till on the Nuckle's place. The Nuckles family lived there also. There were two sets of buildings there. Three of the Nuckles girls and three of boys were home, Marion, Sean and Dode, Cread, Jake and Hue. These girls were counted the bells of the country. They were fine dancers.

1886

Now starts a new period of life for me. The dairy business. As I said before, I suppose Dave thought I was spending too much time running around. Altho' many the time, if he had a hard job I would go over and help him out. Would go over help him get in his winter's wood or help build a piece of fence or haul hay and grain, or maybe fix spring (water) or put in a watering-trough.

So he talked to me about starting a dairy. Of course that was the proper thing in a financial way. We had the cows and the feed, but I realized what that meant. Stay at home, and drill! Finally I agreed to start in. I was a good milker, in fact I never milked with a man that could beat me. So I started the dairy business. We had at that time about 15 cows with calves; I drove them in and milked them. The first morning that I got up I realized what it meant, and I said to myself "This is the first, but when it will be the last is another question." I run them alone for a while, then Jess Kester came, wanted me to give him a

job and have Docia to come and keep house for me. Thru sympathy I let them come, for he had no home to go to. I was confident we would not get along, for he was older than I and thought he knew more, and I knew that he would try to be boss. But sister could stay as long as she wanted to. So he started in. I could see right away that he wanted to be boss, but I was the boss, I told him what I wanted him to do, and I taken good care that it was done. One morning I was going to town and I told him to go to the back part of the Ranch, about a mile and a half from the house and get in some horses that were out on a neighbors. There was a gate to get the horses back thru and they were pretty wild, but by being quiet and gentle you could work them pretty good. I told him to get them around close to the gate and get the gate open, and get them attracted by his horse and then ride away from the gate back in the pasture and they would follow right thru. But not to go and get them to running, if he did he could not get them thru. He knew a whole lot more than I did, so he went up and went in and was just going to drive them out and he ran there for about half a day and did not get them back. Well, when I got home, I could see that he was mad and I asked him if he got the horses in. He said "No, and I would like to see the man that could get horses back thru that gate alone." I said I was the man that could do it, and he ripped out an oath and said he would like to see me do it. Well, I said, "I will get them back." So the next day I went up and they were pretty close to the fence, I stood around the gate and fence a while and came down to the fence. They began to smell of my horse and chew around him and then I sauntered up to the gate and opened it and rode away, and they all followed me thru, and that was all there was to it.

That evening, I told Jess that I had gotten them back and did not ride thru the gate, that I just opened the gate and they followed me thru. Next morning he told me I could get another man. Paid him off and got Neal Sloan to work. Sister stayed with me that season, 'til dairy season was over. Docia had a daughter born to her while there. Neal got up and went over and got Aunt Barbara in the night and it was dark and the North wind was just whistling. Aunt Barbara came over a horse back and she was getting along quite a little in years. She was forty-five. It was a little girl, they named her Harriett.

Neal was a good hand when he wanted to be. Docia got Nan Ray to do the work and wait on her. I think Nan was there about two months. Neal and she would sit up nearly every night from ten until twelve o'clock. Any man that would do that is not fit to work on a dairy ranch. So he finally got the pouts and I asked him what was the matter and he said I was not keeping up my part of the work. The trouble was that he expected me being the boss, that I had no right to go off to town or any place else and leave him on the Ranch to do a job or work alone. That it was my duty to do half of everything. I tried to reason with him, but no, you could not reason with him, so he told me to get another man, and I did. He went home, got his Father's team and came back to get his clothes and things. He would not speak to me. I tried to be friendly, but no, so I says: "Alright old pal, if there is any speaking done after this, you will be the fellow that speaks first." I hated that. Neal and I had been just the best of pals and I went to their house so often. But I guess it was two years before we spoke friendly. We never did get to be the friends we were before. Neal and I had been together so much and Aunt Barbara was such a good woman and was so good to me, and I know it hurt her to know Neal and I were not friendly. Neal would come along, stay all night so many times when I was batching and living alone, and I enjoyed it.

Well, the seasons wore along. Those days we wet the milk in pans and had to skim off the cream with a wooden knife. This knife was run around the edge of the pan, loosening the cream, then we would give the cream a flip with the knife and it would peel off into the cream can. When we got enough cream we would churn. We churned with a horse with a sweep and tumbling-rod from the power to the churn, with a pulley on the end of the tumbling-rod and connected up to a pulley on the churn. It was a box churn. Then the butter was to wash; take out and salted and worked and then mold cloth put on, then it was boxed and taken to Cayucos and shipped by steamer to San Francisco or Los Angeles. We shipped to a Commission Merchant. This process of skimming milk, had to be done each night and morning. All the pans washed. We had a furnace and a big kettle or cauldron and plenty of hot water. It was lots of

work, but we did not mind it those days; got along fine. All the calves had to be fed. When we got the calves taught to drink by themselves, and they would drink the cold clabber it wasn't much trouble and they did pretty well, especially if they had a straw stack to run to.

Dave was on Mother's place. He milked a few cows. He did not like to milk. He raised quite a bit of grain.

There was more or less changing of ranches. The Huberts had bought the Old Ogden and Dowdle place and was running a big dairy there. The Swiss were coming in thicker every year, renting, and buying out the Americans. This sort of exchange was going on all the time.

The roads were getting better all the time and the country was improving. Grain hauling was growing in proportion only more of it was going to San Luis Obispo, on account of better roads. They could use bigger teams. Still there was lots of grain coming into Cayucos. It was just about this time that I got acquainted with Johnny Bagby. I met him at Cayucos. He and Lizzy Fowler were married a little before this time. Johnny was a good scout; felt as tho I had always known him the first time I met him. He was working for the old man Humphry, hauling grain into Cayucos.

I don't think there was a year along these times that after we dried up the cows (we generally got them dry by the last of August), that I did not have two or three hunts. I always got deer. We used to go over to Dick Petty's quite often. It was this year that Dave and I went out to Dick's and went down on the Naciesmento at the deep Holes. We found an old sheep cabin and plenty of wood close by. It was sure cold. The ground and grass would be covered with white frost every morning. We had plenty of hay for the horses; a good place to camp and good hunting. I remember especially, killing one deer, it was a spike buck. Dick run it by me and I shot and struck it low in the brisket. I could see that I had hit it, but not bad. So it started running along a lot of small ridges; when I would get to the top of one, it would be clearing the other; so I would make greater effort to get to the next one, finally I spurted up and got there in time to stop and raise my gun and fire; the deer was in the air, running straight from me; the bullet caught him right in the back of the head while he was in the air. He fell like a thousand of brick.

The next morning Dick run another one out and I saw it coming. I thought I knew where it was coming thru; between two trees, and I put my gun there, when it darkened the hole, I shot. Down he came. My, it was cold of morning, but we went out just the same.

Dave was a great hand to find Bee trees. He found one right close to camp, and cut it and Oh! what fine honey. It would make a horse leave his oats. The deer which we killed were fine eating too, so we fared well. They were in a bunch-grass country, and were also eating holly berries. We would hang them up and they would freeze, and my oh my were they fine eating.

I shot one, one morning and the hound chased him down. Dave got one deer, Dick got one, and I got four. To me that was the most pleasant hunt I most ever had. We had such a good place to camp. Horses had plenty of hay, and we had plenty of venison and honey. So we went home rejoicing!

I forgot to tell about Dave and I building a barn for Dannini, our neighbor, before going on this Hunt. It was a barn 64 feet long and 56 feet wide. 24 feet in main part, and 16 feet on each side. Main post 22 feet tall.

We were kept posted in regard to Mother and the folks up in Oregon. We would hear every little while from some of them. It still rains up there and Charley was getting along on the ranch pretty good. We got word that Ollie and Harvey Stannard were married on the 12th of December, 1886. Harvey was a

son of the Stanard that Father exchanged work with so much and they were such good friends.

It was this fall that Jess Kester went out into the Cholam Hills and taken up a place, taking sister Docia over there. Also Yancey Sanders went out there up Pine Canyon and taken up land. John Carr went out in the Cholam hills also to take up land. He had lived on the Burnett land along the coast between the county road and the ocean. There was a long strip of level land there and John raised grain and run hogs for quite a few years. He married a Miss Burnett; she was a niece of the old man Burnett; they raised quite a large family and lived in the Cholam hills for a long time. John died out there. They had a pair of twins, a boy and a girl. I never knew the children after they grew up. Mr. Carr was a good man. It was always like meeting a brother to meet him. He was true blue.

1887

Well I was left to batch again. Docia had gone over to the Cholam. I was starting to dairy again; cows coming in. I run along for a while and finally Dave went over to the Adelaide and brought Joe Joaquin over to work for me. Joe was a pretty good boy, we got along pretty good. We milked about 25 cows. This is the year that I taken up an 80 acres of land under the Pre-emption law and built a house on it and lived there. It was half a mile from the dairy; made it pretty unhandy, but I got along. This was a pretty good season; good crops and grass. Cows milked fine. Dave had a big crop of hay and so did I. There was an old man who came along just about hay-time and helped Dave with his hay and also helped me haul mine. He was a good hand. Don't remember his name.

Dave and I always had a bunch of beef to sell most every year. This year we had quite a bunch; thirty head, some of them were four-year olds and the others were three-year olds. They were fat and sassy. I know the butcher just marveled at them when he saw them. Said he never knew there were such cattle in the country. It seems to me that his name was Redfern. We got \$42.50 a head for this bunch of cattle. That was a good price those days.

Nick Marquette always said, if you cannot find a beef in the Powell boy's back pasture there is no use looking for one, and it was just about so. We sold this bunch about February 15th. We always had something to sell off the ranch. We always had lots of horses and would sell one every once in a while. We always had a horse for every purpose. Work horses; saddles horses; leaders; wheelers; buggy horses or any kind that anybody might want. I never sold a horse that did not fill the bill. Sometimes a person would come and look thru the bunch and pick out one that they thought they would want. I would ask what he wanted it for; when they would say; "I want a buggy horse." "Well, I'd say, you don't want that one." I know young Frank Kester came and wanted to buy a driving horse for his Father and he looked over the bunch and picked out one. I told him I wouldn't sell him that horse. He wanted to know why. I told him that horse was a mean one and might kill his Father, and besides it was no traveller. I told him of another one and told him that one would fill the bill and would make his Father a good driving horse. Frank did not like him so well, but finally taken him. He was a light bay, rather tall, but gentle, and trusty. John was well pleased and drove him for years. Paid \$125.00 for him, called him Dave.

There is not an old-timer on the coast side that has not seen John Kester driving him. I just speak of this incident, for there were many of the same kind. We lived on the Cayucos Creek for forty years and I don't suppose there was a year passed that we did not sell horses. Some were fine and gentle, and some of them were buckers. We had in our bunch some mares of the regular old California mustang breed and we got a little bay stallion of Frank Grace of Cambria; called him Bay Dick. He was a French Canadian, this Frank Grace, and he went to Montreal, Canada and got the stallion; paid \$900.00 for him, and his colts out of those mustang mares sure could buck, and we also had other buckers. But most of our horses were good dispositioned. Broke in nice. As I said, therefore, selling, buying and trading

horses all the time; so naturally had all kinds.

We sold Nick Marquette a band of yearlings this year and he taken them out to the Dark Hole Mountains. Nick was a trader and was always monkeying with cattle and horses. Cattle were never worth anything when he wanted to buy, but just wait until he wanted to sell, he would tell you what they were worth.

The old man Winchester was living on the old Phipp's place at this time. He came up from Arizona and had quite a bunch of cattle. I traded a couple of horses for ten or twelve head of two year old heifers. I let him have a black mare, black a s coal, had a white star in her forehead. I never could see him after that but what he had to tell me what a good animal she was. He said he could put her on a six or eight horse team, starting out of a cold morning and she would pull and twist and pull until she would make the rest of the team ashamed and they would commence to pull. He rented and lived down on the Naciesmento at the Godfrey Ranch and farmed. But while he was on the Phipp's place he went to Cayucos to do his trading. He generally would get gined up. There were plenty of saloons in Cayucos in those days; about five at that time, and he got drunk and got to prodding a Swiss around with a pitch-fork and they arrested him; fined him \$50.00 and he was telling about it and said "Cayucos is a great place, you can't stick a fellow a little with a pitch-fork, but they will fine you fifty or sixty dollars for it." It was this year that Dave, Byron Sloan and I went over thru San Miguel on a hunt, during the month of August. We went on down the Salinas river to where the Naciesmento runs into the Salinas and we camped there one night, went out did not see a deer. So we crossed the Salinas and went up Indian Valley. Camped one night; saw some signs, but no deer. We then started thru the hills to go over to the Bitterwater country. The old man Burden lived over there and he had invited us to come out and have a hunt. Burdens were great hunters and there was a man by the name of Powell living on the road over there. We wanted to see him; we thought he might be some relation. Byron and I walked across about 10 miles it was claimed it was good hunting thru there. We made a bone head play and did not get anything. We saw the Powell. He was no kin of ours. He was a Frenchman. So we found our way back to the Burden's.

There was the old man, Edd and Minnie out there. Minnie was then just getting to be a grown young lady. I had known her from a child. We camped in about a quarter of a mile of their house under the prettiest live oak tree I ever saw; it was such a large oak. The weather was pretty hot and was getting hotter. We went out the next morning and taken quite a ramble & talk about hot, it was just unbearable. I don't think I ever felt the heat any worse. It just seemed sometimes that we could not get our breath. I had a canteen of water and it got so hot you could have washed dishes with it. We killed a deer and jerky was made of the most of it. I suppose we had it on the line by 12 o'clock and against night it was dry. We sacked it up and it just rattled. Believe it or, we stood our guns up against the butt of that great oak tree, its limbs came down all around about seven feet high, just above our heads, so even and nice. I taken holt of one of the guns and the barrel was so hot that I could not hold it in my hand. I told the boys to take holt of the barrel of those guns and they did, but they could not hold them. Just think of that, there in that shade! I never saw the like.

Well, the next day old man Burden, Edd, Byron and I taken the horses and taken a camp outfit and started for the head of the canyon, up in the rough mountains, and believe me they were rough. Burden said there was where the big bucks were and I guess that was right. We got up and was out hunting by daylight. We just had gotten started when we sighted a big buck standing on top of a ridge. He just stepped back out of our sight. We hunted around quite a little and there was sign everywhere. Byron and I were together, but someway we did not get any. It got so hot that we came into camp. There was a fine spring at Camp and fine shade. We heard something making a rustling in the leaves; we thought it was a bird, but we kept listening and looking ; pretty soon a buck walked out in plain sight. He never saw us; we up and banged away and at the crack of the gun, it twisted and careened, almost ran over us, and into the

bush it went; the brush was thick, so I had to crawl as soon as I got a little ways into it, but I followed right in, and first thing I knew I was right onto it. Up it jumped and started to run. I just raised on my knees and shoved out my gun, never taken sight and fired; down came the buck. We hit him the first shot and he ran into the bush and laid down. I just happened to go right into the bush behind him. The other boys came in and we packed him out. Then we got ready and packed up for home. As we got down off the mountain it began to get hotter and by the time we got to camp it was just boiling. The next morning we started out for home. I got thinking of home about that stove that was setting in the dairy. I had gone away from home and had left a thousand dollars hidden in that stove. The place was alone, so I was pretty anxious to get back. We did not lose any time in getting back either. But we found everything alright. But, that was a hunt!

After getting back from this hunt I went to work for Quincy Buffington to help him build a barn. It was a big barn and a great deal of the lumber was old, but was good and we sure got along fine. Quincy was the Doc and I was the medicine; that is whenever he said do it this way, or that way, that was the way it was done. I wanted to please him and did it by doing things his way. When we got thru he went to pay me off. He asked me how much he owed me. He says: "You are the doc this time, and I am the medicine." I got \$2.00 per day. After getting thru there I did a lot of work for Mrs. Sanders on her house, changing partitions, and some additions made. I put in a sink and made some cupboards, and it was while working here that Dave came down and was quite worried. Mrs. Petty, Dave's mother-in-law was at Dave's and Mattie, his wife, had been sick in bed for some time, and somehow he got to scratching on the head of the bed and making a queer noise and it was bothering the folks terribly. (At this time, they did not know that Ira was the creator of this noise.) Dave did not believe in ghosts or spooks, but this worried him, and the old lady pretty bad. They would talk about it before the boy and he would be all eyes and seem to be interested in it as any of them, wondering what it was. So Dave was telling about the mysterious noise, but I did not think much about it, for I did not think it amounted to anything. Jim Sanders was curious and said that he was going up there and stay all night and see what it was, so he went up to Dave's. It came time for Ira to go to bed, and finally Mrs. Petty went to bed. Pretty soon the mysterious noise commenced. Jim and Dave went to the bed (Ira's bed) and watched and listened. Jim soon said to Ira : "Turn over." He was lying on his belly with his hands or arms under his pillow scratching on the head of the bed. When he turned over, he had to pull his arms out from under the pillow, and the noise stopped. The boy knew that he was caught, so he commenced crying, and the mystery was solved and the ghost was caught. Everything was peace and harmony again. Ira would never talk about that spree.

Stowell had sold out over on the Estrella and had bought a place down at Santa Maria and was living down there. This was the last year for the Swiss renter on his place.

And, brother Charley and Ollie wrote down from Oregon and wanted to get their share out of the property in California. Dave and I figured up and valued it at about \$4400.00 if I remember right. He sent the money. Charley told me several times how surprised he was to get it. Said he would have been just as well satisfied with \$500.00 for he did not have any idea what was in California. Dave was surely a good brother. He was more like a Father to the family than a brother.

If I remember right Mother came back to California, and I think Ollie and Retta Rice came with her. Retta was Aunt Haley's girl, she had rheumatism, and came down to see if the change would not do her good. I think Ollie and Retta stayed about six months and then went back home.

I taken a trip out to the Cholam this fall to see Docia. They were living on the Cholam side of the mountain in a brush shack. But Docia was an artist, and she just had that shack cosey and fine. She had sown barley sacks together for a carpet and had the walls decorated up. The place looked homelike.

She was a good [word missing] and was always making rugs, knitting, tatting, in fact always doing something to make a little money, and then Jess would get it away from her and gamble it off. So you can imagine her life. Docia had two little girls, the eldest Lillian, and the other Harriett; nice little children. Jess wanted to go hunting, so we fixed up and started; went up on the Dark Hole but alas, it was not the place it had been three years before. We went horse back, stayed two nights; only saw one deer and it was just flying down thru a brushy trail. I let fly a shot, and shot it's neck most off. So we pulled our freight for home. I started for my home. Yancey Sanders, Joe Sanders was living out in Pine Canyon at this time. They had taken up land. Joe and Alice Morris, Ben Morris' daughter married. She was Mrs. Humphey's niece.

A little while after Jess traded off his claim over on the Cholam and had come over on the Estrella side and taken a claim, and late in the fall put up a small house.

When I was away from home, Dave would look after the ranches and when he was away I would look after the interests. We kept pretty close tab on things that way.

Well, time had come that I had to get home and stay there. The cows begin to come in and grass getting pretty good. I began to milk quite few cows. I hired Byron Sloan to work for me this year. Byron had worked quite a lot for Dave. Byron was a good hand. We batched and dairied. I had proven up on my claim and had moved back to the Ranch shack at the dairy. Byron was a very congenial hand, we got along fine. He played the violin and he played real well, so we enjoyed ourselves that way, at our spare time. We didn't have much time to swop jack-knives. We built a lot of fence and had lots of repairing on fence every year. The winter's wood to get in; roads to fix. Always something to do and there were parties and we went to quite a few. We would swear that this would be the last, but when the next one came on, we would go. Byron and I played quite often and it had gotten a habit if there was just a common party they would come for us, but if there was something a little extra they would send for Spooner of Morro. They would pay him a good price. There was to be a big dance at Cayucos. Spooner was engaged to play. I did not intend to go, for I did not dance much, and we were pretty busy, and I did not have any girl to take, so wasn't calculating to go, but at the last minute, they got word that Spooner could not come, here they came for me to come down and play. I told them that was Spooner's gang and I couldn't play for that crowd. Tried to beg off, but "No," I just had to come. "Well," I said, "If I go, I will have to have Spooner's price; \$10.00." And I also told them that I would have to have the \$10.00 before I would Draw a Bow! They were in the habit of passing the hat, and we jack-leg fiddlers were satisfied with whatever was taken up. But this was different. So they said alright, they would give it. So I went down. I generally would get up on the stand, and commence playing whether they were dancing or not, but this time, I did not get up to play and they wanted to know why I did not start up the music. "Well," I said, "Where is the \$10.00?" They all chimmed in and told me to get up and play, the ten dollars would come alright. "No," I said, "I get it first." So they began to rustle around and they get it. The music started up and they sure had a big time and said they had as good a time as if Spooner had played.

The folks around our neighborhood commenced to give surprise parties and they had them all around so they taken a notion to have one at my shack. Of course we were batching and did not have too much room. Some of the good sisters came to me and told me what they were going to do, and for me to get in and dust up, so I got to work and scrubbed and cleaned and straightened things up and got extra tables ready. Byron helped and he made the remark several times that I was taking lots of trouble for a bachelor and so on. But never tumbled or knew a thing till the whole crowd came in. Sander's folks, Charley Casses, Nuckles girls. I remember there was a niece of Mrs. Sander's. She was from New Orleans. There was a large crowd and can't remember all. But I do know they had a good time and I felt like they counted me in the bunch. I want you to know it was not all fun and no work, for we had plenty of that. This was a good year, lots of rain, good crops and grass. Dave planted all of Mother's place to corn

and he had a good crop. He had a good watermelon patch, which was something out of the ordinary. My, they were good! I remember he kept planting corn, that is, where the hills didn't come up. He would take the hoe and go around and replant and he planted corn on the 4th of July, and we ate ears of corn from that planting on Christmas day. What do you think of that? And I want to tell you some more stories that might sound like fish stories, but aren't. I have had tomato vines to live four or five years and bare every year. When they live thru the winter, you should cut the old vines off and let them sent out new shoots. And, here on the coast the tomato vines would come up in any cultivated land, such as corn ground or in the orchard. Volunteer, or just grow wild, as weeds grow. These tomatoes were the little round red kind, but they were so good and sweet. I have gathered bushels of them and they were so good. Wish we had some now. There were lots of Elder berries on the coast; many the pie we have had those good berries. There were some wild black-berries, and the first fellow that got to sneak into the patch would get a pie or two. I generally got my share. That is before James Sloan got up big enough to roam the hills. Jimmy, as we called him, sure was a good one, there wasn't a birds nest, fish hole, berry patch or a salmon that came up the creek or anything else that Jimmy wasn't onto it. He caught his share of fish out of the ocean too, and clams and abalones, he also got his share of those.

I remember this year of 1888 being a flourishing year. Good crops, good grass, and the whole country flourishing in great style. We were all making money. I bought a nice spring wagon, that Al Derome had built there at Cayucos and it was a good one. None better. Howard Rigdon of Cambria did the woodwork. He and his wife Eva lived there at Cayucos for years and Howard was the wood workman in Al's shop; they built lots of spring wagons, but this was the first one, a small sized one, more for a riding spring wagon for four persons. But many the time we had six in it. I paid \$250.00 for it. I had begun to feel my oats quite a little by this time.

At this time I taken quite a little interest in politics. I was elected Delegate quite often to the Democratic County Convention, to elect candidates for election of officers of the county. There would be some pretty hot arguments to get some elected a Candidate. Sometimes, I remember Pat Murphy (he was a brother of Martin Murphy, the first Mayor of San Jose), and he was a prominent speaker and when he got up, he generally said something. I used to love to hear him talk. For a good many years I was appointed on the election board at Cayucos. I never cared for the honor, but someone had to serve.

By this time Cayucos was about at its height. It was built up quite a little. There were two good stores, James Cass & Co., and also Billy Watson, and Lull & Company. This Billy Watson married one of the Kite's and Harry Logen married the other. There were two hotels, two blacksmith shops. Al Derome was in one and he had his brother George in as a helper for a while. There were the three Georges: George Derome, George Wallace and George Watterman, and they sure cut quite a dash; they were ladies men. But they were quite prominent men. There wasn't a dance or a party in the county but they were there. But as the frenchman said: "They were pretty good fellows for all that."

There were several good dwelling houses built up; Mr. Cass had a good house built. Burrough's and Mr. Cass had built a new house for Mr. Slocum. He was the Presbyterian preacher. There had been a new church built and they had quite a large congregation and there was quite good interest.

There were numerous other buildings put up, and Mr. Charles Broxey was the main village carpenter. His brother-in-law Will Herman also was a carpenter. Herman was Cass' main man, just good all around. As the Swiss used to say: "Good for everything." He always did good work.

By this time Mr. Cass built a new house on his Ranch at Cayucos for Charley Cass, and had Charley to come on the Ranch and run it, and they built a barn for horses and I worked on it. Herman, Charley Cass and I all worked on this barn. The old man Cass had never paid much attention to me up to

this time, but after this we were good friends.

Now, this work that I did on the outside was after the dairy work was over. I also built a new dairy house for Mrs. Humphrey up on the Josephine. Laura Fowler, Mrs. Humphreys' daughter was a grown young lady then. I was well acquainted with her. Had known her from a child, and there were the three Freeman girls, so I used to shine around all of them. Mary, Ida and Hester Freeman; all nice girls.

Doug Hazzard and Mary kept company for years. I don't know what happened between them, Doug never married. Johnny Hazzard thought lots of Laura. Once he was with a crowd of boys and got a little tipsy and fell off his horse. The boys picked him up, and he said: "Take me to Laura, and let me die in Laura's arms." Bob Foset and Mary were married a few years after this. Foset lived at Freeman's. I have heard that Hester married three times, and the last time married a millionaire. Ida taken sick and died in 1889. Freeman's were living at that time at Paso Robles. Mose Gear was on the Ranch at the Josephine.

Charley Gruell was living at Humphrey's at this time. Humphrey had bought the old Linder place up on the mountain and also the old John Smith place and the Jim Kester place up at the head of the Phipp's Creek. All these little creeks ran into the Villa Creek. Johnny Bagby lived on the Linder place.

Jim Bonetti married Mrs. Marquette's sister; she was a schoolteacher and they lived on that old John Smith place. Smith was a son-in-law of the old man Rector that lived up on the head of Old Creek. Johnny Bagly lived on the Lindner place.

One night I was passing by the Linder place and I knew Laura Fowler was there at Bagby's (Mrs. Bagby was her sister), so I thought I would stop in a while and chat. I was batching at the ranch at the time. I rode up to the fence, threw my tie rope over the fence; pulled off my spurs, and forgot to tie my horse. Went in the house and had my visit and went out to go and Lo I did not have any horse! I went out around looking for it, but could not find it, so I came back to the house and the folks had gone to bed, and the lights were out. I did not like to disturb them, so went out to the barn and crawled into the hay and went to sleep. The next morning I got up and went out and found my horse and went home.

We rented the Stowell place this year, it joined our place and there were fine feed on it. We just run stock cattle on it. I remember we sold off from this place during this year the finest bunch of beef steers that we possibly ever had. There were thirty-five head of three year olds. We got thirty-five dollars a piece a head for the bunch, amounting to \$1,235.00.

My dairy did pretty well also this year, I milked thirty-five cows. Byron was a good hand and good help.

The very last part of this year, Stowell came up and wanted to sell Dave and I his place. Both of us wanted the place, but we hated to go in debt for it. It joined us on the South and let us out to the county road, so I insisted we should buy it. Finally we closed the deal. There were 363 acres, and we paid \$25.00 per acre. \$9,075.00. At nine per cent interest. I let a fine span of mares go in on it as first payment at \$250.00. Now we were packing a load and I felt the responsibility for I had insisted on buying. I felt to double my energy to pay it out.

While working at the dairy house at Humphry's Charley and Alice wanted to locate an old man they had brought up from San Luis Obispo on a piece of land over on the dover Creek, close to the old Buck Wright place. For some reason they wanted to locate him at night, so that when folks awakened up the next morning he would be there all settled. Humphrey owned the Buck Wright place. They asked me to drive the team and take them over that night. I never did get the straight of the trip. I never asked them

afterwards. I drove the team, with Charley and Alice and the old man. It was a long way over and the night as dark as a stack of black cats. Just a cow trail for a road. We struck out and drove along, going out by way of York mountain, down by the Willow Creek and over the summit North until we hit the Dover Creek and up it. When we got up pretty close to Buck Wright's place, they dumped the old man off and taken him out in the brush and left him. We went on up the creek and come out on the main road at the Glenbrook and on up to Humphrey's, about two o'clock in the morning, tired and sleepy. There was one place in the road we had to pass over that night that there wasn't more than 6 inches to play on and there was a bank on the lower side about ten feet off down and the night so dark, you could hardly see your hand before your face. I pulled the horses into the bank and crept around, I knew the place, but I have thought of that place thousands of times and have always thought there must have been a guardian angel with us that night.

1889

Now, we start a new year 1889. Mother came over to keep house for me and that sure was good. I had been off working around so much that I hadn't made the preparations for the coming year that I ought to have made. Didn't have my winters wood in and some many other things undone. This I would have so much larger dairy. The cows began to come in, and I taken care of them alone for a while and I see I must have help. So I got holt of Tom McKeon. Somehow I did seem to have such a lot of work to do this particular year.

I milked 85 cows and there were 50 heifers that come in that year. I broke them all myself, Of course they were strung out during the year or seasons. As fast as I would get one gentle and broken in to milk, another would come along. I turned the gentled ones over to the boys and taken on the new ones myself. I always milked the mean cows and the hard milkers, and milked as many as any of the boys, most generally more.

Then as we got in more cows, I had to have another hand. So I got Frank Joaquin. This was a very wet winter, especially wet after March. Everything was flooded. Our cor[r]al was almost impossible to milk in. The mud was about 1 foot deep, and still it rained; the hills had black-eyes all over them; what I mean is they had slides all over them, which looked from a distance like an eye in the side of the hill. We had to be careful in driving in the cows so they would not get bogged down; if they had their own way they'd never get stuck. We kept getting in more cows and had to have another hand. Dave had Polly Toll working for him quite some thru this winter, building fence and helping to get in the crop. So I got him over to help. I paid these hands \$25.00 per month.

It kept on raining and the mud got so deep that we had to move out of the cor[r]al. There was a nice little flat West of the dairy house across the creek, and we run some barb wire around that and strung some cable across the creek to the dairy house and made a foot bridge, then we had a clean place to milk. This bridge was about sixteen feet high and fifty feet long. We had quite a lot of fence to build and repair and also wood to get in, so we were busy from morning until night.

I got word from Sister Docia that she was going to leave her man, Jess Kester. So there was nothing for me to do, but to go after her. It was raining and muddy at the time also, and was seventy miles over there. It was some task, but it seemed it had to be accomplished, so I just hitched up and started. Had a good large and strong team. The first day out one of them got lame in one front foot, and the poor fellow limped along. We worried along and finally reached sister's the second day along towards evening. It rained most of the time going out. Sister was all packed up ready to start so we pulled out the next day. Joe Sanders was living nearby. I remember we visited them. I was in an open wagon, but had some canvas and oil cloth coat and they kept off quite lot of the rain. It was not so cold, but it did rain.

The first day going back my faithful old horse got better, he had a gravel in his foot and it worked out and he was alright again. I was thankful for that. We made Mrs. York's up on the mountain, stayed all night. We were well acquainted with them and they made us welcome and comfortable.

My! what a comfort to find a friend when one is in need!

Docia had those two little girls with her, and they out in all that storm with us. We got home the next day where we gratefully found food and shelter, and Mother, bless her heart, with a good hot supper.

Aunt Barbara Sloan had been sick with a nervous breakdown and she was very poorly. I haven't spoken of the Sloan family in sometime. The girls got to be great dressmakers and went down to San Luis Obispo to work the trade. They were about the best dressmakers in the country. Ella had been working at the business for several years. She got acquainted with Finney family at San Luis and finally she and Fred Finney were married, and she kept on dressmaking. Fred Finney was a blacksmith and worked at that trade for sometime, and finally got on the Tribune paper works and worked there for years and years.

Nina Cornelia Ann, whom we all called Nine, followed up and did dressmaking for years, finally ending up in Los Angeles, where she made dresses for Colonel Otis' wife of the Los Angeles Examiner. Addie, they all called her Jack, went down and worked for quite a while. They were all good sewers. Callie, the youngest went down and stayed with Ella and went to school for a long time.

Aunt Barbara had lots of sickness. She was sick in the latter part of the seventies for two years, and then got strong again until this spell.

The Sloan family always had a good crop if anyone did. Finally the dairy season came to a close. I had some time haying. Now that we had the Stowell place we had quite lot of hay ground down there. It was a mile and a half from where we lived and the roads were very poor, and our hay wagons were poor also. I can remember going down to the Stowell place after the first load and in coming around a bad turn, the wagon tipped over and spilt the load and one horse got on his back in a small gully, heels up, and the gulch was from two to three feet deep and we could do nothing but hitch the horses onto him and snake him down the gulch about a hundred yards to get him out. It taken that whole day and the next day to get that load of hay up home. That learnt me a lesson. The next year, I fixed the roads and always after that I always had good hay roads, and kept getting better hay wagons all the time.

I started to build myself a heavy spring wagon this summer and by this time I gotten so I was pretty good blacksmith. I wanted a heavy wagon to haul off butter in, so I started in to make it. I worked pretty steady on it for a while. So by working on it at odd times I got it done.

After the dairy season was over, Tom Sloan and I talked up a hunt. We heard that out in the Santa Media mountains was very good hunting. We packed up and started. We had a light thimble scanned wagon and two good horses. Also two good guns. I had a new Forty-five--ninety. Tom had a good Forty-four--forty. So we went down by way of San Luis, stayed all night with Ella Finney. I remember Neal being there; we hadn't spoken for two years, but we were there and were friendly and always have been since. We started on the next morning; made Creston, camped there and we were trying to find someone that could direct us but we wanted to go and there were several that were trying to tell us, when a boy stepped out and said; "Give me a pencil and paper and I will show you how to go out there." He was 14 years old and he marked off a map of the road and every house and obstacle so we did not have to inquire any more. We just went by that map. The next night we camped just before going into Carresa Plains and then we passed the Red Tank, a big well where they watered lots of stock. The next, we

passed Brumley's. I think we nooned there, and on a little further were the painted rocks, we did not go out to them, they were off the road about two and a half miles.

We began to see lots of antelope. Two or three hundred in a band, but we could not get within gun shot of them. We shot several times at long range, but did not kill any. As we traveled on we came to Rolling Hills and began to see antelope again. They could run over the hill and then stop. I slipped up to the top of the hill and opened up on them and shot a big buck. He curled all up and ran about a hundred yards and fell. I went to him and saw that I'd shot him right thru the shoulder and had broken both of them. I don't see how the poor thing ran at all, but he did.

I found a roll of blankets while chasing him, looked like someone had lost them off his horse. Probably had them tied on behind his saddle. We made the Whim [handwritten correction of typed word "Winch"] and camped. The reason it was called the Whim was that there was a big well, and they had a big Whim that the rope rapped around to draw the water up, with a hundred gallon barrel. An old mule drew the water. He did not have anybody to drive him. They had it fixed with a valve in the bottom of the barrel. When the old mule went out so far and the barrel would come up thru the lids at the top of the well, he would back up and let the barrel down on the lids, and the valve would open and let the water run out. I didn't remember how the door would open, but it did, and let the barrel go down again. The old mule worked it all alone.

There were squatters out there that were hauling water from this well for domestic use; hauling it from 10 and 12 miles.

We went on from the Whim to the South Pass of the valley that goes out in the Cuyama [handwritten correction from "Queama (?)"] River County. Going out thru the Pass there is a good country of rolling hills. In fact just a fine looking country. The Emerson family lived out there. We were acquainted with Zasey Emerson. But before going there, I will say, we came to a ranch in the pass owned by Mr. Black. We had heard of him, before. He was a very friendly man and was preparing dinner and we ate dinner with him. He had a wife and some children and while eating dinner we looked out on a knoll some three quarters of a mile and there stood a band of antelope on top of this Sugar Taffe knoll. We finished our dinner, taken our guns and crept up on the knoll, but it was perfectly open and hard to conceal ourselves, so we did not get very close 'til they saw us and started off on the run. We opened fire and kept following on and firing, we finally got a small one and crippled a large buck. We followed for a long ways, but finally gave up without getting our buck, which we were very sorry about, especially after wounding him. There were fifty or more in this bunch. These are the first antelope I'd ever seen, and they are the last.

We stayed all night with Mr. Black and the next morning we rode our horses out to the East into the hills. These were mostly open, but of the shale nature; some places so much so that there were no grass on them. We had gone about a mile when we struck two deer and I shot one down and it lay there as dead. Pretty soon it began to wiggle and I shot a time or two at it's head, but did not hit it, and pretty soon it got on it's feet. It began to run. I turned Bugle, the dog, loose after it. He ran it a long ways. But could not get it. As I've said before the county was so shaley it was hard to track the deer and the dog lost it. We got our horses and rode all day, but only saw one more deer and it was way up on a large mountain. Got off my horse and clum the mountain, there was quite lot brush and when I saw the deer it was flying down the mountain side. I sent two shots after it, but to no avail. We went on and on to the East, finally got in the bottom of a creek with banks eight and ten feet high, and so narrow we could not turn our horses around in it. So we had to keep going. Finally we came to an opening; there was a big spring and a lot of sheep watering troughs. At this spring were the most quail I'd seen in years; they were everywhere. It was getting late so we turned Campwards late in the evening.

The next morning we went thru the gap out to Emerson's and stayed all night. Went on the next morning up the Cuyama [handwritten correction] River; this is the headwaters of the Santa Maria River. We traveled most of the day and passed several ranches where they had hay fields and fields of corn, which looked prosperous. But all the way from the Estrella River as far as we come, it was very thinly settled. Finally we came to a ranch pretty well at the head of the River. I don't remember this man's name. He had a lot of stock up there and there were meadows and very good grass. A fine little lake. We camped all night before going on. Before going to bed we were talking of bear and lions being up in that country and about how the year before a bear had killed a cow at this place. About midnight something awakened me and I raised up in bed and there was a bush at the foot of our bed, and there over the top of the bush appeared two ears and two eyes glittering down on our bed. My gun lay right at my head. I just reached for it and was getting ready to take a shot when that object let me know it was a horse, by blowing its nose!

I thought sure it was a lion. The boys said there were lions screaming around camp that night, but I did not hear them.

The next day, we taken a big round out to the West. Those mountains were rough and steep and bushy. We did not see anything until we got back near camp and we saw three deer. Did not get a shot. It rained on us while out that day. The next day we went horse-back and went out to the East, rode around all day; did not see anything. This side was a sheep range. So we came in tired and blue. We camped at this place this night and started on for the real Santa Media; I think it was about fifteen miles up to Plato, that was called Lockwood Valley, where an old man and his family lived. We traveled up the River for quite a ways and finally the road went right in the bed of the stream, just wide enough for a wagon, and soft sand to travel over all the time, no rocks, not very steep. Finally we came to the top, it opened out into rolling hills. As we went on, we came to a pretty bad place to cross, and in crossing we broke our tongue on the wagon; broke a rod of iron and the wood bar at the back of the tongue, so we were pretty badly crippled. We were not far from camp, so we got in. Got our dinner and went out that evening to prospect the country. It was a very likely country for deer, but we did not see any. We did see lots of trout in a big hole of water. We did see lots of trout in a big hole of water. We were not fisherman and had no hooks or lines. We saw places where there had been lots of mining going on. We came into Camp.

There was lots of good grass there for our horses, they were doing well; lots of water up around here. The tongue of our wagon was worrying us. I happened to think as we passed the old mining ground of seeing water pipes there and told Tom; "I have it." "Have what?" asked Tom. "How to fix our wagon," and I told him of the pipe. But he objected, "We have no way of cutting it off." "Well," says I "We'll cut it off." We went and got the pipe and there was an old adobe house close by and we went prowling around there and lo and behold, we found an old horse rasp. We had more time than money, so we filed the pipe in two, and found a stick to make our cross bar out of and got it made. We had to have holes in it to bolt it on. So it looked like we were up a stump again. My Mother always said, "Where there is a will, there is a way." We got to thinking. We went down to the house where the old man lived and he had an old brace, but no bits, we looked around, found an old cut nailpike, and I pounded out a point and sharpened it with our old rasp, bored the holes, and the old rod that was broken just spliced in our water pipe and we soon had our tongue fixed. This old man had two young girls; they were young ladies, that is 18 and 20 years old; and I will venture to say that their hair had not been combed in six months. Maybe longer. It was matted up in balls like a horse's tail after he gets into a burr patch. I never saw the like. They were good looking girls too.

At this time I was most sick with boils and was feeling most terrible bad, so we did not tarry and

started out the next morning; backed tracked. We went by way of La Panza, that was a large stock ranch and Had McFaden was foreman. We were well acquainted with him and his family. Jim McKeon was working there. We also were acquainted with him, so we felt quite at home and stayed there two or three nights. I was feeling tough and I had two or three boils at once. I was quite a blacksmith at that time and Had knew it, so he wanted me to iron off a pair of double trees and single trees for a spring wagon. I told him I would be glad to do it, but I was feeling so bad. Finally I got started in and got to work and did not notice feeling so bad. I had to take horse shoes and weld them up together to make the irons. In those days, horse shoes were very good iron. It was lots of work to make them, but I got them done and Had was tickled to death.

The McFaden family was from Cambria, lived up on the Santa Rosa Creek. We bid the boys good-bye and started on and as we went by way of Paso Robles. Going on by way of Adelaide, I was well acquainted with folks out there; in fact knew the most of them.

There were Joe and John Wright; the Beckett's, Burnett's, Charley Cooper, Dick Petty and his Mother; the Tolle family. The old man Harris, the horse-doctor. And Tom McKeon, who had worked for me this year thru the dairy season, and also the Joaquin family. Tom Sloan wanted to on home. I had another horse of Dick Petty's, so he taken his horse and went on. His Mother was not well and he felt uneasy about her. I stayed and visited all around amongst the folks and went out hunting several times. One time going up Sifres [handwritten correction] mountain. Will Davis, Tom McKeon and I hunted all morning. Will Davis killed a fine buck. It was the first deer he had ever killed and he was just a boy in the teens. So us old hunters had to bow the knee and give him a handshake.

The folks got up a dance at Uncle John Wright's and as I could play the violin, I did most of the playing. I remember Len Bryant and his wife were there; she sitting up in a corner spooning with a fellow and everybody talking about it; and, Miss Anna McKeon being there that night too. It was about the fourth time I had met her since we had been introduced. I made up my mind it would not be the last! I had met her up at Johnny Bagby's while they lived on the head of the Los Tablos. Johnny had taken a homestead up there and his family was living there; they had a pair of twin girls born to them and Miss Anna was working for them, helping with the work and the twins. They named them Maud and Mildred. I visited the Bagby's quite often. As I was going to and fro, I would stop off there and stay all night, always being welcome. Shortly after this Miss McKeon went to work in San Maguel for Mr, Meed's. Then she was a long ways off.

While I was in Adelaide Aunt Barbara passed to the Beyond. Tommy got home before she went. They were broken up terribly about her passing. She was a true Mother. Was so patient and good, a Mother to all.

There was good hunting up in the hills by the Bagby's. The early part of the fall I had gone over there a horse back and killed several deer. I could ride over in about two hours; sometimes going over and back in one day.

There was quite a lot of Government land up in those hills and Aunt McKeon had taken up a government claim on the head of one prong of the Santa Rosa, and she had come to stay over night. She had come over once in a while, as the law required it. As she was working in San Maguel that made it quite a trip for her. But she was equal to the task.

Well, it commenced raining along the first of November this year and it just kept on raining. I had to start in milking earlier than usual. My cows began to come in earlier. I had the prospects of a larger dairy than ever.

Mother and Docia were with me still. Mother's place was being occupied by Dave and family. He had a big crop this year. After raising the corn crop the year before.

I had to have a hand this fall earlier than common, so I got Tom McKeon for the first one and as we got in more cows Frank Joaquin and later on Polly Tolle. They were all young boys under twenty years. But were good hands to work and we got on fine.

Later on Anna got thru working down at San Miguel and shortly after she got a job in a Hotel at Cayucos, so I got to see her quite often. I could see her every four days when we taken out butter to town. The Steamers arrived every four days. Very often I had a chance to take her out for a little ride on Sundays.

I had gotten myself a buggy by this time. John Brown was working for Al Derome by this time, and he made the buggy for me at odd times. I paid \$250.00 for the buggy.

Finally Anna quit working at the Hotel and went over home. Right after the cows dried up I taken a trip over to Adelaide and found the McKeon family down with diphtheria. Anna with the rest of them. Someone had to take turns sitting up at night with the sick, so I stayed and taken my share and helped wait on them. There had been a siege of diphtheria over thru this country and Doc Mayhall waited on them. He brought the most of them thru.

Johnny McKeon lost a little girl and Henry Redmond's a little boy. I guess I was there two weeks. After Anna got up[,] there were others down with it and she went about taking care of them; the Joaquins and Redmonds and others.

[1890]

The first of January of this 1890 year was the wettest I ever experienced. It commenced raining in November 1889 and just almost rained continually till in May of the year 1890. This year Tom McKeon, Frank Joaquin, Antone Joaquin both worked for me.

I milked a hundred cows that winter. This sure was a year of experience. It just seemed that it just rained all the time. It rained so hard that we could not get in much of the crop. I know I tried to plow with two horses on a single plow and could not make it go, Put three horses on and couldn't plow. Put four no it and could not make it. Quite a lot of my ground was doby. It all ran together and you could do nothing with it, so just had to quit and let it go. Of course I got in some and we had such a time trying to raise our little calves. The pens were so muddy and so dirty. Grass grew pretty well, the rains were warm. The hills slid so badly there were so many slides all over the whole country. Water just running out of the ground everywhere. I feel I can't tell it strong enough. Sometimes it would clear off for a half day or a day and then just cloud up and pour down again. It did let up for a little while, just about cow-time here it would come again. It got so wet, and there were so many slides that we had to drive the cows a-foot and without dogs and give them time to pick their way. The cows learned to keep on top of the ridges. The mud was so deep we had to lengthen our stool legs out. Finally it got so deep that we had to claw out the mud under the cow's bag so we could set a bucket down under her udder to milk. Then she would give her tail a good swish and wrap it around her neck just wet with mud and dirt. I believe it would have made a Preacher swear and as Johnny Kester said, there was only one bad place in the road and that was from the time you left home 'til you got back home once more.

I remember one milking that the cows were so muddy and it rained so hard and ran so much

muddy water down into the milk pails that when we churned the butter, even it was muddy. Finally after we moved our cor[r]al down in the creek or fenced in the creek bed there was quite a wide place and it was quite gravelly, but the water was from a foot to a foot and a half deep all the time. The cows would stand in the creek or wade across and would wash their legs and tails and teats off and my what a help that would be. We got along pretty well after that in milking.

The roads were washed out and slid out so it was impossible to get to town or anywhere else. I built me a two wheel cart so I could put two horses onto it, and then I could go anywhere. I could haul four boxes of butter on it, so that helped out.

Big Sam, away up on the mountain packed butter out a horse back to town for sometime that winter. Then to finish up this was the year that the Grip struck the country. Such a lot of it. There were so many times that things happened that we just had to get right out into the storm and go, we did not know what it was to quit or give up. In the early part of this winter, Anna McKeon and I became engaged to be married. She had gone to San Miguel to work for Mr. Mead and she was a long way off, and I did not get to see her very often. She wrote me she would be home at a certain time, I got Tom Sloan to come and do my part of the work, so I could go over and see her. This I believe, was in February; it was raining pitch forks and other vehicles. I made the start. I was riding a staving [?] good horse, but quite young; not quite three years old, about half broke. He was a noble horse! I got along pretty well until I got away down on the Los Tablos Creek. I had a sneak trail cut thru the brush and two or three private gaps in fences that made a cutoff, and put me by several neighbors that would have been very curious if they had seen me going over that way. As I got down farther on the creek every crossing became more dangerous with the floods; deeper and harder to cross. Finally I came to one that just defied me. I stood and looked at it and realized the danger of attempting to cross. It was in a turn of the creek and was narrow, with lots of large boulders just below where the road crossed. But, I was going to see my girl, and I must get there! I was like the children of Israel when they were hemmed in by a wall of mountains on each side and the Red Sea in front and the Eight Army behind them. Finally I tried to go around over the mountain on the right. It was a high timbered and brushy mountain and on top and beyond thick chimease. I rode, and hunted for a place to get thru, but in vain. I turned back sorrowful and went back to the ford thinking that it might possibly have gone down, for if it would let up raining a little while, it would soon go down, for the country round about was very steep and the creek ran like a millrace. But, Lo! when I got back, it was higher than ever. So I offered up a prayer and started Jim across! I had full confidence in my horse Jim, he was tall and active and very strong. So into the flood we plunged. It was much deeper than I had expected. The flood had washed the bottom out of the crossing and the current swept him off his feet and carried us down stream. The water was foaming and raging all around us and pounding onto those boulders. The horse was on his side floating down stream and I was up on his side. His back was upstream, and his legs stretched out down stream, and it seemed to me after he was swept off his feet that he made no effort to struggle at all. There was a small sycamore tree in the middle of the stream and he struck that, hind legs on one side and front legs on the other side, and as quick as a flash he righted up straight and made a great lunge and leap and his feet struck bottom and out we went. My, how thankful I was. I felt like I had been delivered from a lion's mouth. I believe we do have Guardian Angels watching us as the 37th Psalm says: The Angels of the Lord camps round about us to deliver us.

My troubles were not all over yet. I had to cross that raging stream three times more. Down half a mile, I found a place that was about a hundred and fifty yards across, but it was still and sluggish, and I did not know how deep. We plunged in, and it nearly came over the horse's back, but he did not have to swim. Then there were the two crossings down by Sam Smith's and Davis' which were bad enough, but I made them all right and was soon at McKeon's, where there was a warm fire and in company with the folks and Anna, which seemed to pay for all the trouble and danger I had passed thru. There is no use saying I enjoyed my visit, for that was beyond description. I stayed a couple of nights. Mother McKeon

was one of the finest women you ever saw. She was a Mother to everybody. She just seemed like my Mother.

By the time I started home, the streams were pretty well run down again, so I had no trouble going home. Everything at home was alright when I arrived.

As I said before Anna had taken up a Preemption Claim up on the mountain and the law required that a person must fulfill certain requirements: build a house on it, so much fence, plow so much ground and seed it, stay on it all night once in a while or in fact once a month. So Anna fulfilled all these requirements and her working down at San Miguel twenty miles away from her home and on up to the claim probably 10 miles more made quite a trip. She always made this trip a horse back. I will tell of some of her experiences. In the latter part of 1889 she was up there for the monthly stay and of course I knew that she would be, so I was there also. Johnny Bagby was as much interested in her welfare as any one could be and did all he could to help. I went out that evening and killed a deer over on her place and came back to Johnny's to get a horse to pack it in when I got back to the house Anna was there. We both got on our horses and went out to bring in the deer and over close to where I had killed it as we came back we saw another feeding on the side of the hill, so we hurried on back. I had not taken my gun with me, I got it and Bill Fitzhugh went back with me, by the time we reached there, it was most dark. We got back to the place I had picked out to take a shot at him, we peeked over and could not see him for sometime, pretty soon Bill got his eye on him and said to me: "There, can't you see him?" I did not see him at first, but finally located him, took a shot at him and killed him. We took him in and dressed them both.

I went with Anna to her Claim, and she stayed there all alone that night. I went over early the next morning and we came back to Bagby's for breakfast. She then went on home. I divided up the deer with the folks and I also went home.

I remember being up there one night when Anna came up with her brother Will with her. There was a small cabin there; she slept in the cabin and Will and I slept outside under the stars. The North wind can blow sometimes up there on those mountains and that was one of the nights she did blow. Anna said that she did not sleep much that night for fear it would blow the cabin down. Bill and I had to tie our covers on the bed to keep them from blowing away. We were all glad when morning came.

Later on in the winter of 1890 came time for Anna to go make her stay. She was at San Miguel and her brother Johnny was living there and he had a half broken colt and it was the only thing she had to ride. It taken two men to hold the colt for her to get on and then he was full of buck and when they turned him loose it was all she could do to keep from bucking. But she handled him pretty well and got him started down the road. He had been standing in the stable three or four days and just ready for anything. She got out on the road several miles and met Had and Yancey McFadden and the saddle was loose and the blanket was just about from under the saddle. She was afraid to get off by herself to try to fix the saddle, so they fixed the blanket and saddle, put her back on and she could not make the colt leave them, so Had went along with her for a couple of miles and had her to get the colt under good headway and then he slacked back and the colt did not miss him till some time after, but he went on alright from there. She did not get home until about 8 that night, then she got a new horse and her brother Joe and her sister Lucy went with her and they went on up to the Claim; it was most midnight when they got there. The next morning, they got up early and started for home, the wind was blowing a hurricane. It got under the blanket of the horse that Lue was riding and just lifted her off and sat her down on the ground. The old Los Tablos Creek was up roaring and was just about all they could do to cross it. George Gruell fell in with them and went with them till they were safe across the creek.

Then Anna got her dinner and got warmed up, got on a fresh horse and started for San Miguel. It was after night when she got into San Miguel. The horse she rode back was a single-footer and a fine riding animal, but scary and afraid of the trains. Just before getting into San Miguel she met the train and the horse wheeled and plunged up the bank and then taken down the road after the train. She was quite close to San Miguel when this happened, so finally arrived safe and sound.

Would you blame a fellow for falling in love with such a girl, and hanging onto her apron strings until the last button pulled off?

It was sometime in May that we had our last rain or it quit raining. When it did quit, it quit! Everything dried up very sudden on top of the ground and the ground all over the whole country was just tramped to pieces. All full of cows tracks, and the trail and roads that the cows traveled were just like stair steps; some a foot deep, and it is an honest to goodness fact, it taken years to smooth those stair steps down level again. It was most impossible to ride a horse over the country. And road! We simply didn't have any. The fences were torn out by the many slides. We had lots of work to do in order to get things straightened out. The old big slide, just below the house, that probably is a century old, had slipped down for half a mile years before this rainy winter and had trees full grown in the old track; it slipped about 25 feet and would have slipped more, but it butts up against a hill and the creek washes the end off it to get by. Here we had to build a new road entirely.

In repairing the fences, we had so little time that Mother and Docia would put up our dinner for us, and we would hitch up to the sled and start out in the morning and not come in for dinner, but would eat where we were and when we got ready. I always worked with my men at everything and everywhere and my old gun was always right along with me and if anything bobbed up, such as a coyote, wild cat, hawk, squirrel or anything else, they'd best look out.

Sometimes we would bring in a mess of quail. I always fixed a convenient place to carry my gun and it was no trouble. Coyotes were fierce on young pigs. A sow could not have a litter of pigs outside but they would get them. We always tried to shut them up before the little ones came. We did not have a very big crop of hay. Dave had a pretty good crop. I managed to cut quite a lot of wood during the season. Finally the season came to a close and the cows were dry. We generally had them dry by the middle of August or by the end of August. Then tried to take it a little easy and get ready for the next season.

We kept learning more about how to arrange things. To get our winter's wood up and all repairing of tools, harness, plows and all vehicles, that is to have them all in good shape. I was always making some tool that I needed. Such things as a dump scraper for making road, or a Vee scraper for shoving dirt out in making new roads or repairing old ones, also making plows, and mending them up strong enough to stand the press. I began to do all these things. I had become a pretty good blacksmith. I built the first dump scraper I ever saw outside of the county dump, and I used it for years, in fact, the neighbors would come and borrow them. The Vee scraper was so good to smooth the road in the latter part of spring. If we would get a little rain, and get right out on it right away, it would smooth out as smooth could be. Then there were butter boxes to repair up for the next season.

But we must get in our hunts, and so we did. And cut a bee tree once in a while and there were horses to break. I would break riding horses all thru the diary season for we had lots of riding to do. But not quite so good to break work-horses, so I generally started some in, during the fall, got them ready for fall plowing. I also learned to get my crops in early if possible before the cows began to come in. All these angles helped out.

Dick Petty had been stealing away Jim Beaver's wife. This fall she got a divorce from Jim and she and Dick intended to get married and there was his Mother to be left alone. So Dave bought Dick's place and moved over there to live and that left Mother's house vacant. Dave going on this new place made more work. There was not much hay there and he had to buy hay and haul it over. It was quite a job to move him over. I did quite a lot of the hay hauling for Dave. I also hauled in some wood, and in doing so, I worked some colts.

Anna had complied with the law regarding her Claim, she could now prove up on it. So we planned to go to San Luis Obispo, prove up on the land and get married at the same time.

It was now getting late in the year or winter. I had a good spring wagon, but it was open without a top, so I went to work and put a top on it. Tom Sloan helped me some. I got all things ready. I had to go over to Adelaide and get Anna and Johnny Bagby who was going down with us as a witness. So on the second day of December when I started down the old creek from home, it was raining right down. The wind was blowing a gale, breaking limbs off trees and so forth. I went by Cayucos and up Old Creek, by the Josephine and on down the Los Tablos to Mckeon's. We did not start for San Luis till the day after I got over there.

It was on the 5th of December we started for San Luis. On the Sixth we proved up on the land and then we were married. Johnny Bagby and Johnny Taylor of Cambria were the witnesses. We started home that afternoon, drove as far as San Marguerita, stayed there that night and on out to the Adelaide the next day. It did not rain on us much on the trip home, but it was very cold and frosty. We stayed at Mother McKeon's two or three days and then started home. We went by Bagby's and stayed all night and then went home. Mother and Docia were there at home caring for the things at home or around the place. They remained there a week or so and they went over to Mother's home to live and left us alone.

Now Anna and I began to pull in double harness the rest of our lives. Now of course both of us felt the responsibility that rests on us to be the head of a large business proposition as we had. There were 1800 acres of land and 350 head of cattle and about 40 head of horses, and this is in such shape that we have the care of all of it, and we just feel big enough to do it. We have an indebtedness of \$12,000.00 to pay off, but we have lots to work with and so at it [we] went.

Mother and Docia are living on Mother's place. Docia's health is bad. Mother is strong for her age. She is about 62. I am 30 and Anna is 23. Dave has moved as we speak of, over on the other side of the mountains. Over in the Adelaide country about 25 miles away. He had been at the head of the family and the head of the business all these years, since September 1869 when Father died up near Gilroy. At that time we had a hundred head of cattle and 30 head of horses.

So Anna and I did not have much time for honeymooning. We had to get to work.

1891

Now, we start off the year 1891, which was a very prosperous year for us. We had plenty of rain and grass was good and we had over a hundred cows to milk and the crop was to be put in. I had Mother's place to tend to and the farming on it besides my own. It was three miles over there, but I had lots of good horses.

Sam Whittsett came over and wanted a job and he looked like he was a likely hand, but a perfect stranger to me, but Anna was acquainted with him. He was an Adelaide boy. So I hired him at \$25.00 per month. That is about what I paid all my hands those days. Sam went to work. He was a green boy, but

learned fast and was a good hand. In fact, the best all around hand I ever had. Was one of the most honest and trustworthy men I ever had. He worked for me for six years.

We got on pretty well, but the work piled up and I soon had to have another hand. Antone Joaquin; he was portuguese; a good hand. We were piled up in work all the time. And, we had plenty of rain and mud.

For a new beginner Anna had plenty to do, but she was equal to the task and got on fine. She did not have things very handy to work with either, but did not complain.

About this time Bill Fitzhugh came to work for us.

About this time also Anna and I taken a little trip over to her Mother's, the first time she had been home since we were married. I went the next day up to Johnny Bagby's to catch some wild hogs. Johnny helped me and with help of the dogs we caught them. I felt terribly bum all day and when I got back to Mother McKeon's, Anna was felling pretty bad herself, so we sent for Doc Mayhall and he came. He examined her and said she had the Gripp. "Well," I said, "If she has it, I have it too." I went to bed that night and did not get up for about 10 days. Anna got over her spell pretty quick. Dave was living down the creek a little ways. He came up and I told him of the hogs, and he hitched up and took them over to the dairy. I got better and went home, but I did not get along very well. So I went back over the mountains again and stayed about two weeks; then went home feeling quite a bit better.

By this time haying was coming on. Bill Fitzhugh ran the mower and cut the hay. Cows milked good this year and we had a pretty good crop of hay and had quite a bunch of beef to sell.

Will McKeon helped with the hay, then he went home to take care of his crop, and I began to get pretty strong, and could make a full hand. I got quite [a] lot [of] wood cut. There was not quite so much road work to do this year nor so much fence repairing. So the season would [wound?] up. Cows dried up. Anna took some leisure for a little while. Of course we would have to go over to see her Mother and I would have to have a hunt.

Will Browell and I went out up the Bagby's and as I was walking along I heard a racket above me and a little behind me. I turned my head that way and got a glimpse of deer flying down the hill back of me. I thru my gun back, and when he darkened the sights I fired and down he tumbled. We went on and pretty soon, we separated and in a little bit I saw another one. I shot and hit it low down on the brisket and made it pretty sick. It skipped out over the hill. I followed; it was brushy. Soon I got another shot. He laid down. I went up to him and was admiring him, when all at once he jumped up and made fight. I had the hound tied to me and bowie knife in my scabbard. I jerked it out, cut the rope off the dog and he grabbed him and then I grabbed onto a horn and threw him and cut his throat.

So we divided the meat and I went down home.

Among the other work I did this fall was to make a four horse wagon. I did not make the wheels. I sent and got them. I made the balance of the wagon. I worked at it at odd times. Some job. I got lots of use out of that wagon. Anna would come out and help me when I would get into something difficult. Like welding something. She would help hold it.

I remember when I was welding up the brake roller, I got her out to help me and I told her not to drop it and run if the sparks began to fly. When I taken it out of the fire to make the weld, the sparks just flew and one big one flue up and lighted on top of her head. She just held on to the iron and let it burn,

and it burnt a place about as big as a two-bit piece. We had many a talk and laugh about that. She was pretty gritty. Anna was a good horsewoman, both to ride and to drive. She used to go with me a great deal to look after stock, or drive in the cows, or drive the stock from one part of the Ranch to another. She would often go out and look after stock when us men folks were so busy we could not go. The same with the team; many the time she has taken off the butter. She also went on so many errands. Mother was a frequent visitor and Anna and Mother got along fine. They used to help each other so much and enjoyed each others company.

It was November I think, that I went over the mountains, and Dave and I went out down on the Godfrey on a hunt. It was very cold over there. It is cold on that side of the mountains. We camped with Charley Cooper, our old friend. I went out one evening and run onto a lone buck, and I just saw the glimpse of him going up the hill and got my gun ready for the top of the hill where there was a little opening. Pretty soon he came to it and slowed up, about 175 yards away. I banged away, and saw his tail go limp, over the hill he plunged. I went over and looked around quite a bit and he finally jumped up, and bangs away again, and he goes down again. So we had meat at our house.

The next morning we went out and killed another one. It was so cold that the deer hanging would freeze hard, so they were good. Charley had about four children, and all of us together ate quite a lot. We went out and crossed the Naciesmento to the North. We had ridden the horses and had tied them up and were a foot. Charley was with us and we were all together and were going along in a noisy manner, for we were in open country, except a few bushes and all at once I looked back over my shoulder to my left and there lay a little yearling deer looking at us, but thinking itself safe because we had passed it by; I thru my gun back over my shoulder and fired and cut it's neck nearly off. We went on but did not get anything more.

We made up our minds to go home. I was going to go thru the hills and hunt as I went home. Dave taken the wagon and would go around the road which was more than twice as far. So we struck out. I did not go far until I run into three deer. Soon killed one. It was a nice yearling. So I dressed it and trimmed it and slung it on my back and started to overtake Dave. I began to holler when or before I got very close to Cooper's house and Charley heard me and came to meet me on his horse and taken the deer and rushed on to overtake Dave. He soon came to Dave's team and wagon, with the horses tied up. Very soon Dave came out of a little canyon with a deer, and said he had another one up there. So Charley went up and got it and we gave Charley a half of a deer more and started for home. We had plenty of friends to divide up with, so we always made good use of the meat. This was my last hunt this year.

Now that Anna's folks live over the mountains and Dave lives over there too, it seemed to divide us up quite a lot and Mother and Docia's health so poor. I had Docias go down to Cayucos and stay with Mrs. Mathews and Quilley; she was under the Doctor's care for quite a while. After that Doc Mayhall treated her for a while, but it all seemed to do no good. About this time, Mr. Nuckles sold a part of his place to Mr. Henings.

Addie Sloan kept house part of time for her Father and brother on the Villa Creek and we saw her quite often. She came visiting as folks did in those days.

John Kester has been Road overseer for years and is still is. There is beginning to be lots of graveling done on the roads and its a wonderful improvement; helps so much in winter when the roads would be muddy.

Neal and Tom Sloan have been working a great deal for Charley Cass. The old man Cass has

built a very large cow barn and put stanchions in it, so as to feed and milk in it, and he is trying to raise green feed to feed his cows. He also built a silo to make insilage. This is all something new at this time for this country. He also has a separator to separate the milk from the cream. It is the first separator we have seen in the Country. It was an experiment.

I believe little Johnny Cass was born the latter part of this year. He was Charley and Lissie's first baby.

I hired Sam Whittsett again the last part of this year and borrowed the Chisel tooth drill which Mr. Cass had to put in the Stowell flats, so got my grains in early. In fact, I got all my crops in earlier.

I made a couple of trips to Cambria to get squash, beans and potatoes. Anna went one trip.

1892

This was a bad year; in fact we had a series of bad years in the early nineties, and this was the beginning. We had early rains, then long cold dry spells between and Oh! we lost so many cows. We lost 50 head of cows and twelve yearlings. This was the first year that there were any veal calves shipped from Cayucos, and I was the first to ship. Sold to a young man that came down from the City (San Francisco). He came out to my place and wanted to know if I had any veal calves, and I got talking with him and we went out to see what I had and he said he would take forty head of what I had and give me a dollar per head, so I let him have them. I did not want to raise them. There were hundreds of head of them being knocked in the head and thrown into the hog pen. So that was the starter of shipping of calves at Cayucos. A year or two afterward it got to be a common thing. I believe there was quite a few shipped out that year.

As far as loosing so many cows, was concerned, I had plenty of heifers to fill up their places, I was over stocked and you could not sell anything unless it was good beef. I had my hundred cows this year, but lots of heifers to break in and that is a chore.

Sam Whittsett was my first man this season. Will McKeon and Mr. White and Edd Nevens worked for me that season.

Mr. White was panwasher. He was an old man, but did very well for an old man. In fact he was a roustabout, like the Swiss' horse good for everything. He helped Anna a great deal. He was a good old scout and we will hear more about him.

Anna kept pretty well and kept her end of the neck yoke up as high as any one and sure had her hands full and was always Johnny on the spot and she and all the hands a;ways got along so well. They were always going to her with all their troubles.

The latter part of this season was more favorable. I always got along good with my hands and I believe I could get as much out of them as any man. My motto was, to keep them in good humor, fix things up good for them to work with and keep them that way. I always gave them the best of everything to work with that I had. The best horses, wagons, harness, tools of every kind and I always taken what was left and generally tried to keep things repaired up so when the time came to use them or we had to go to work with things at any job, that came along, there was tools to work with. There was always spells of weather that it would rain for a day or two or maybe a week and sometimes two weeks and I would get the boys all out in the shop and get them all to work. I would study them and put them at what they could best do. And, as they accomplished that put them at some other job, and gave them praise for what they

did and let them know I appreciated it. If they did have a mishap, or something wrong, I never flew onto them and gave them the very old scratch. Of course there were things that did happen that made quite a loss to me sometimes.

One thing I never refused a man that was working for me a horse or team and wagon to go do something that would help them. But I always made them come and ask me for what they wanted, and tell me what they intended to do. And another thing, or two, when a man came to me and wanted to work, and wanted to know what his work would be, or what I expected him to do, I would tell him I expected him to do as near as he could everything I told him to do, for there were all kinds of work to do, on the ranch. I studied the men and put them at what they could do best, and if there was one that was quarrelsome I would try to keep him away from the gang as much as possible and always try to put the ones to work together that got along good. And I always told a man to do as near as he could the way I told him. That it didn't make any difference what he thought about it the job or work, but do it as I wanted it done. I told them if I said, "Plant cabbage with the roots up and the leaves in the ground, do it that way." But if I found out a man could do things and knew how to do and he had been with me for a long time, I would talk to him about the work and ask him what he thought about doing this way or that way, asking his advice. The boys were all good and always got on pretty well.

Of course, we had some trouble at times. Another thing there are lots of people that hire out, and if they get dissatisfied and want to quit they begin to get ugly and grouchy; begin to fight the cows, horses and break axe handles, pitch fork handles, kick dogs around and then commence to get up late, just to kick up a row with you, so they can tell you that they want their time or they can get another hand. When they began to pull those stunts on me, I generally went to them and asked them what was the matter and what was making them act that way. I generally told them if they want to quit to say so, and I would give them their time. Quite often they would be ashamed of themselves and want to stay, and then we would get along alright. Also sometimes I might be at fault. But thru experience I got so when I hired a man for the season, for that was the way we hired them, (for when a man got acquainted with the place, cows, horses, tools and things in general all around, we did not like to change), I would tell a man so, and tell him if he became dissatisfied and could not stay, to not get mad and do all those things, that I have mentioned, but come right out and say so, and let us quit friends, and be glad to get the same man to come work for me again, and maybe he would be glad to come. But let us quit as friends.

When any of the boys were not feeling fit or were ailing, and I found it out, I either had them to slack up or put them on a light job, or just had them milk and Anna was always a good Doctor and she would give the common treatments for ailments that would come up. But one of the great things to health is good substantial food, well cooked, and Anna had been schooled at that from experience of working out and cooking for large gangs and her Mother was a good cook. She had raised a family of ten and Anna learned a lot from her and my Mother raised a family of eleven, and was counted a good cook, and Anna learnt from all their experience and it was a great benefit. Anna and Mother were great friends, and was the joy of my heart for that was one wish that I always prayed for Mother would help enjoy my wife and I had the pleasure of having that to come to pass, and on the other hand I always loved Anna's Mother, she was a real Mother to me, and her family was most as close to me as my own folks.

Pap McKeon and I were always good friends. He lived with us lots.

Yes, and I want to mention Frank Bishop. He was Anna's nephew; her sister Rachel's boy. Rachel married George Bishop while they were up in Yuba County, and they moved down to the Adelaide country and lived on the Mulos, worked for Burnett for a long time. Raised a large family; ten children. Frank came to live with us or did live with us for so long, just seemed like one of the family. I suppose he was six years old when he came. He was lots of company to Anna and helped me. He always was just like a

little old man, steady and trustworthy, would go out and work all day at what he could do. He was a good rider, could go out and bring in a cow with young calf or sometimes drive in the cows in the evening and many the time he has driven or kept the churn horse going.

Well, the season wore on and finally came to a close. The hands left one by one, as they had come early in the season. I would let them go one by one. Mr. White did not have any home to go to, so he stayed with us all summer. Sam generally went over the mountains and run a hay press.

We had lots of fruit of all kinds and Anna and I would put up lots of it for winter use. We would also dry lots of it, and pile up plenty of apples and pears for winter. The work hands would feast on them, and Dave would come over and take great loads of them over the mountains to his home.

I did not make very much clear money these years, but I always made interest money, and would pay from a thousand or twelve hundred on the principal. Prices were very low all around these years of the nineties.

I had to have my hunts as usual! I remember getting on my horse and cutting thru the hills and going over to Anna's Claim and finally I got my eyes on a bunch of deer. They were off a long ways and I went down thru a big chimese patch for about a half mile; got into an opening and sit down to rest, when up over a little ridge came to a deer, just in shooting distance, and I banged away; then another came in sight, and I went over the hill where I had shot the first one and I saw one of the others. It was a long shot, but I sat down and fired, and down it came. I taken them over to Bagby's and gave them one and went on home with the other one.

Sister Docia gradually grew worse and finally on November 29, she passed on to her reward. She sure was a good girl; had lots of friends. She left two little girls. Lillian and Harriett. Mother always kept Hattie, but Lillian made her home at different places. Stayed some with Charley and Lissie Class and quite a good deal at our home and at Mother's also.

Well, winter began to set in again and came time to plow and put in crops. Sam was on the job again, and Mr. White was with us. They both worked at putting in crop and if I remember right, we got our crops in pretty early this year.(1892-1893)

This fall Pap McKeon came over and helped me build a new room on our house. It was 18x20. We used it for a kitchen and dinning room and it had two porches and a pantry, and there were two little shacks moved up to it that made two very good bedrooms. So we were pretty comfortably fixed up for house room.

Tom McKeon was up on a visit when we started to build this room. I remember he helped us grub out some gum trees so we could go ahead with the building. He had been down in the San Fernando Valley working on his Uncle Marion Wright's farm. He went back shortly afterward.

The Swiss people were very patriotic and began to have celebrations and they came to me and wanted to have their stand on our place. There was a very pretty spot under some live oak trees so I gave them permission and I sold them three cows to make meat for the barbecue. They paid me twenty dollars a piece for the cows and they built a big platform to dance on, and a speaker's stand. They did things up in apple pie order. Big time! There was a large crowd. The americans attended, in fact everybody was welcome.

I bought the lumber that was used for the picnic for \$12.00 a thousand. It was good lumber, and

that was the lumber we used in building the new room on our house. I remember Henry Redmond and family were over from the Adelaide and Henry and Anna dancing at the picnic. They were both good dancers. At this time Phillipe Veagus that lived over the mountains at the time was at our house and we put him to sleep in the Bunk House and the steps of the Bunk House fronted a ditch bank about sixteen feet deep and Phillipe was blind in one eye and couldn't see very well out of the other one, and in the morning when he got up, he rolled off down this bank and the first thing we knew he was howling "don't you know Phillipe is down in the creek, come quick! Phillipe is hurt." He was in two foot of water and mud and was mud all over. He had a good time at the picnic however, and he bought Iva a little kid afterwards.

1893

Well Anna and I both are getting pretty well broke in on this Ranch proposition and know pretty well how to handle it. But were always learning, in fact we never get too old to learn. Well, it is the same old thing, the cows are coming in and they have to be tended to, so we begin to gather in the hands again, and the show starts on. Twenty-five cows were counted a string for one man to milk. All men could not milk that many, some could milk more. Sam was a good milker. I, myself always loved to milk and some that the other fellows could not milk, I'd milk. I never had a man on the Ranch that could beat me milking. Nor did I ever have a man on the Ranch that could milk more cows than I. It did not matter how fast a man milked I just milked a little faster. I have milked 15 cows an hour and have done it lots and lots of times. And, I have seen the time that it took three hours to milk twenty-five and longer when the mud was deep and it cold and rainy.

Well, we had so much mud that I made up my mind to gravel the corral, and started in this year to do it, and at it we went. We had a whole mountain of gravel, and we just kept after it every spare minute we had or could squeeze a man or team into, and finally got it done. We put it over six inches deep and it is there 'til this day. My! how much better it was, the corral was on sloping ground and when the hard rains would come it would wash it out and we always had a clean corral to milk in.

I would clean it out in the fall of every year.

Will McKeon worked again this year, Jeff Whittsett and Jim Whittsett [repeated in original], and Pap McKeon was with us most of the year.

We milked one hundred and ten cows this year. There was fair grass and crops this year and we cut lots of wood during dairy season and built quite a lot of fence to make cow pastures handier. We were always building something and another thing was bothering us now were the ground-squirrels. The wet winter of 1890 drowned them so, so we did not have many for a couple of years, but this year there were lots of them. I mixed poison by the barley sack and put it out. We just killed them by the hundreds, but there were plenty left. We would get on our horses and go all out in the hills and everywhere.

I had three grain fields and each one bordered on some neighbor's back pasture there where there was plenty of squirrels, and I had to fight for my life to save my hay and grain and another thing, we had fought the wild mustard on our ranches and succeeded in keeping it off, but it was a hard task.

Our hundred cows would make over a hundred pounds of butter a day. We had to churn every day. Jim Whittsett was my butter man and butter maker this year. He was pretty good.

We broke quite a few colts this year. I remember we got the horses up one day and wallowed colts around all day, between milking, and that night we rode 5 colts that had never been ridden before

after the cows. The cows were quite a ways out in the rough hills, but we just got on fine with them.

We made lots of road this year. I worked the road from my place clear thru the hills to the Humphrey place over on the Josephine, about six miles. Then I worked it from Mother's over to my place, about three miles, and I had between 15 and 20 creek crossings to fix every year to get my hay and grain hauled, and some of them required one or two days to fix. So you can see that we did not rest on our oars very much!

By this time, Bob Myers and Tom Mables were running a dairy out on the old Preston place. Myers was a brother-in-law to Cole Campbell. I liked Cole. He was always good to me. I knew him for many years.

We had lots of hay to haul this year and quite a lot of grain, and we always fattened lots of hogs on the milk from the dairy; close to a hundred hogs during the season. They were low in price.

Well, I haven't told you, how early we got up all this season. We got up at four o'clock each morning, all season long, and Sam Whittsett was the one that started the ball rolling every morning. I never had to tell Sam anything about when to get up. He always got up at four and if there was anything rushing or it was needful, he piled out earlier, sometimes at three!

We rolled along, and wore this dairy season out; got all the work done up and the cows dry once more. I kept Will McKeon for the last hand. He got holt of two old wagons and we rebuilt them over. A four-horse wagon and a spring wagon. We almost made them new. Pap McKeon was a good wood workman and Bill and I did the blacksmithing on them, and we soon had two good wagons. So the folks were pretty well fixed for wagons.

I had gotten a new hollow axle running gear early in the season and Pap had made out the wood for the rack or bed and I had ironed it off. It was a heavy four horse wagon. So Will and I were pretty good blacksmiths by this time.

By this time Anna was expecting to be a Mother and her Mother was with us. We had Doc Mayhall. He was with us most a month. Finally the time arrived and we had a daughter born to us. She was a big fine girl; never was like a tiny baby. She was strong and husky. We named her Iva Grace. Now we had something to occupy our spare time. But Anna was a good nurse and good hand with babies and we got along fine. Iva was born August 5, 1893.

Anna's sisters Kate and Lue taken turns about coming over to help Anna. Tom McKeon was down San Fernando Valley with Uncle Marion. Dave was getting fixed up pretty well. He sure was working hard, building fence, clearing ground of rocks and he had taken up a 160 acres and had tilled it and now had 320 acres.

1894

We start a new year. It begins about as usual, about the same old routine; only I commenced letting my cows run out with the calves for two reasons. While they were out with the calves we had them out in the back pasture where the feed was better and it was saving feed in closer to the dairy and giving that close-in feed a chance to grow, and the calves were doing better, grew fast and got in good shape for veal, and gave me a better chance to get my crop in earlier.

Sam Whittsett my first hand; Jeff the next; they put in the crop. Sam was so well acquainted with

the place all around. All he had to do was just come in and go to work. He knew the horses, harness, tools of all kinds and the different fields, pastures, and all the stock; in fact, he was at home with me. This left me quite free to go do whatever seemed best to do, or most important or useful. Sometimes I would help with the plowing, harrowing, and I generally got around to do the sowing, or to help at least. We sowed with a broad-casting machine on a two wheeled cart; two horses and a man to ride a horse to guide the distance; so we always got along fine. This was a pretty bum year. Fairly good rains early, and then turned drier latter on. Our grass crops in the middle of the season were short and also grain crops was short and dry. But later there came quite little rain and brought everything out beyond what we expected.

There was lots of oats sown for hay and the late rains brought it out wonderful; just beyond expectations. but the prices of our produce was low; butter got down to or as low as eight and ten cents per pound and lower. There were lots of the Swiss people who were renting and could not make the rent and had to give up their places.

I just got \$5.00 for a box of butter; and a box would hold a hundred pounds of butter. This low price did not last so long, but it was low all season. I generally on an average got eight and ten dollars for mine. But the year of 1894 and 1895 my butter did not average me over 15 cents a pound and everything accordingly priced. Fat hogs .02 1/2 cents per pound. Edd Smith was our hog buyer. We had Bell and Trimley. Beef was low, \$14.00 for a two year old steer. Ten and twelve dollars for a fat dry cow that did not come in. So you see we had hard sledding!

But we were happy! Had plenty to eat and wear, and we had a good roof over our heads and comparatively the world was at peace! There were no perilous times as we had today. Men's hearts weren't failing them for the things coming upon the earth. (today, 1932, we have 10 million jobless men out of work).

Fall came, and the cows were turned out dry. Sam, Jeff, Will McKeon and Mr. White were my main help. Mama got along with the help of Mr. White and what the rest of us would help. Our little girl Iva grew and got along fine, and was amusement and plaything for the crowd. Iva never crawled; she sat up and slid along sidewise, and she was walking when she was ten months old, running everywhere.

There were the same old routines of fence building, and fences to repair. Roads to repair. Wood to cut. I always tried to cut enough wood during the dairy season to do the next season. It took lots of wood for the house. The Bunk House also took lots of wood, and it took another lot of wood for the dairy; everything had to be scalded after being washed; and we always looked out for Mother's welfare just the same as our own; saw that she had wood, hay, chicken feed, orchard and garden ground plowed, and everything in general. Mother always milked a few cows; had her pigs, chickens, fruit, garden stuff and her buggy and horse; she could go when and where she pleased. She never went to town except she had something to sell. Mother had lots of friends and everyone knew her. She had quite a lot of company. Hattie the little granddaughter was getting up so she was some help and company. Mother visited us quite often and we visited her as often as we could. Lillian Kester stayed with Charley Cass and Lissey a great deal along about now.

There was getting to be a great pest in the country by this time. The Hearst Ranch begin to bring in lots of cattle from Mexico and Texas and with them they brought the Texas tick which was poison to our home cattle; in fact there were lots of the cattle that they brought in that died after having arrived. Those ticks just multiplied and spread all over that country. There were a curse to the whole country! Besides being poison they just sucked the life blood out of the stock. Where our cattle were brought up with the tick, they were immune from the poison, but just bring in a new animal that was clean and it was dead in a

little while.

And, the squirrels. They were sure a pest also! They were so destructive and the cost and time it took to poison them.

I sent and got a heavy four-horse running gear, to a heavy four-horse wagon this fall. It was hollow axle. Pap McKeon and I built a bed or rack on it and we sure knew how we wanted it built. Always when I would get a good wagon like this built up, somebody would come along and want it and I would sell or trade it to them, and get another one, and rig it up, so I kept myself in a new wagon all the time.

Well, we had the cows off to once a day by the Fourth of July. What I mean by once a day is we milked them once a day. So some of the boys stayed at home and did the milking and Anna and I went to the Adelaide to the Fourth of July Picnic. This was Anna's old home and she loved to see all the folks and they always had a good time. We would visit a few days, then back to the Ranch again.

This fall Will McKeon and Sam Whittsett and some others and I started in to change the main creek by the barn; it was eating in towards the barn and would soon wash it away. It was some job. We were working on it for two or three weeks; the ground was hard as cement. We had bought eight or ten horses on it. It would make great improvement to get it changed. We had to dam up the old channel and cut a new one. Finally we finished it.

1885

We commence a new year. Sam is on the job again. We had the same fall work to do, crops to put in, cows to look after, for they were coming in with calves all the time, and required a great deal of attention to see that they got along alright. If one looses her calf, we have to get her in and milk her and keep her to her milk. Johnny McKeon, Mr. White for me also this year. This was a busy year. The season in general about the same as last, early rains then turned dry. We had about a hundred and fifteen cows to milk. Johnny McKeon made butter this year or part of the time. The boys cut a great deal of wood this season and we made lots of new road. Prices still low, but some better than last. We had a very good run of the dairy and about February Jeff Ramage came over and saw some fat cows that I had and wanted to buy them for beef. They were good cows and I did not want to sell them. He wanted them for Pinkerton the butcher. There were twenty head of them, nice and fat. He kept begging me for them and offered me \$20.00 per head. That was a good price at that time, so much more than we had been getting, that it looked big to me, and he told me to let him have the cows and for me to go out and buy young stock. So finally I did. He told me where to buy some, so I let him have them. I went and bought more than I intended for I found them very cheap. I bought some yearlings for \$6.00 a head and I got 24 head of nice ones off Robert Tonnini, for \$8.00 a head and I got a bunch of two year old steers of Dubois for \$13.00 a head. I bought a hundred head all together and the next year I sold the most of them. The next year, and made a thousand dollars on them. I bought another bunch after the dairy season closed and we wound up the season's work with the dairy. We always found lots to do. Will and Johnny McKeon taken a notion they wanted to try their luck teaming over the mountains. Over about the Estrella country. They hauled to San Miquel. So they rigged up and started and hauled all summer.

Bart and Charley wanted to work for me all thru the summer and fall, so I told them that I would give them fifteen dollars a piece thru the summer and fall, they were ticked to death to get it. I wanted to build a lot of fence, and put Bart to digging post holes. I taken Pap, Charley, Sam and went over to Mother McKeon's. Anna and Iva went over with us, and we stayed for a while cutting wood for Mother McKeon. Joe McKeon and Redmond helped and we cut up about sixty cords of fine oak stove wood and all the good cuts we run across we made into posts, so we cut wood and made posts. I took the posts

home. We just got on fine cutting wood and making posts. After we got thru with the wood job, Pap, Dave and I went up on what was called the Blackburn place, which Dave had rented for feed, and we cut and hued out about fifteen big gate posts; they were about eighteen feet long and eight to ten inches square.

I bought a bunch of goats and hogs off Charley Smith over the Adelaide. About 50 head and also bought 30 head of hogs, drove them all over together to my place.

I made good on these hogs and the goats we kept for seven or eight years and ate on them all that time, and finally sold them to George Bell of Paso Robles.

After getting these jobs done, Pap McKeon and I went back to the coast; rigged up a six horse team and taken a load of wheat to mill to have it ground into flour. We taken it to San Miquel. The Farmer's Alliance had put up a mill there, and while out there I got my eyes on a heavy running gear, it was under a big thresher and I found out that I could get it for \$30.00. It was shop made and hadn't been used but 40 days. Low wheels, two inch iron axles, it was a prize to me; the wheels tracked out six feet and had a common wagon about five. We went home with our load of griss and loaded up a load of fat hogs and taken them over to Edd Smith's slaughter house; it was on the road to Paso Robles from the Adelaide.

We went by Mother McKeon's as we went out. We delivered the hogs and went on to San Miquel and got our running gear and came out again by Mother McKeon's and found we were the owner of a son, born on the 12th of September. [handwritten note: "Franks Birth Sep 12-1895"] Mother and son doing well. We named him Franklin Silas. Silas after my Father. Pap McKeon and I taken a load of posts on home and Joe McKeon, Sam came over got wagon teams and we all went back after posts. Will and Johnny had quit hauling and were at home, so all of us buckled in and hauled up the wood we had cut for Mother McKeon. Then we all loaded up with posts and taken them home to the coast and all went back after another load. Uncle John put his team on and there were five teams on the job and we all taken over another load. Uncle Joe drove Uncle John's team.

We rushed back for another load, it was threatening rain and did sprinkle some, but not bad. Will and Uncle John's team did not come back with us, just my teams. This was the last trip, and we had gotten plenty of very good posts over to my place.

Now I got ready, hitched up four horses to the heavy spring wagon, and went over to bring Mama and the babies home. It was getting cold over in the mountains. We got ready to start home. Our spring wagon had a high seat on it and a jockey box in the middle of the seat; we fixed a place for Iva to sit on the jockey box between us, and I fixed a box to build up so Mama would have a good foot rest for she had to hold Frank all the long way home over the mountain road. We had the wagon, piled full of stuff.

We bid the folks good-bye and started. That was some ride home. No grass grew under those horses feet! Especially on stretches where I could turn them loose. We made it alright but were very tired. Iva sure was game, she sit up there as fine as could be. I don't remember that she caused any trouble. We were glad to get home and settle down.

Mr. White had stayed at the ranch to keep things lined up; Bart and Charley dug post holes and had a lot of them ready to put the posts in.

So Sam came over and Joe McKeon, for we had lots of work to do. Crops to put in, and this fence to put up, all those posts to snake up the hill with chain or sled. Joe strung the posts out and Joe and

Sam worked most at putting in the crop. Charley worked at it some.

That string of fence was a mile long and then we repaired a half mile and in changing the creek that I spoke of required us to build a road around a point so the cows could go around.

We got all those things done by the last of the year. Frank Bishop is still with us, he is good help with the children. Mr. White was always good to help, trusty and easy to get along with.

This string of fence commenced right at the corral [handwritten note: "of lonell" or "of corell"] and run right up the ridge, East, clear to the back part of the place. And made two cow pastures instead of one, as it was before. We got along fine building the fence.

This Charley, the Swiss, did all the tamping while setting posts. I never saw a man do as hard a days work in my life. I did the sitting. Joe and Sam put the posts in the holes and the dirt and rock, and old Charley would fall onto that dirt with his heavy tamper and just literally pound them into the earth, those posts sure was solid and fine. A fine string of fence.²⁵

Contributed to the San Luis Obispo County Genealogical Society
11 March 2010
Mike Harper
Only surviving Grandson of Hiram C Powell

25 Grandfather Powell kept a daily journal from this point on, which I have, but decided to edit before I included it.