

Peninsula Diary Mayo Hayes O'Donnell

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Hiram Scott

Mrs. C. A. Trumbly of Camel has provided us with fascinating material for a column on California history for today's diary. She had learned a great deal about these days of long ago from the stories which her grandmother had told her to instill in her grandchild an appreciation of the history of the State when times were hard. Her ability to tell these re- life stories so they would appeal to a child was one of the grandmother's most cherished possessions, according to Mrs. Trumbly, and they have not been forgotten as the years roll by.

Mrs. Trumbly's grandfather, Hiram Scott, arrived in Santa Cruz on a sailing vessel, the Adm. Whiting, in 1846. He had sailed from Maine around the Horn, and on to San Francisco, thence to Santa Cruz.

Like thousands of others, Scott was caught up in the Gold Rush of 1849, his granddaughter told us, and went far up into Trinity County where He mined silver instead of gold. There he made a sizeable fortune for those days and in a cabin built for his wife, Mrs. Trumbly's grandmother, their two daughters were born. These early California native daughters became the aunts of Mrs. Trumbly.

In those early days many of the Piute Indians were taking offense at the intrusion of "foreigners" upon their territory but Scott, Mrs. Trumbly remembers being told, befriended the chief, and was allowed by him to bring his children down to Santa Cruz to be educated in the convent there. Princess Sara (or Sarah) carried on her education and later wrote a book about her people.

"This book was in grandmother's library for many years, then with McGuffey's Reader, 'Fairy Tales of the Goldlands," and several other priceless books, through borrowing by friends, were lost," much to the regret of the Carmel granddaughter.

Many times, Mrs. Trumbly's ancestors rode in the stagecoach driven by Charley Parkhurst, the woman stage driver featured in a recent article in the Diary. Charley, buried in Watsonville, was discovered to be a woman after her death.

Once the team ran away with the coach load of people. Over a perilous, dusty, curving road and into a rushing stream they went, coming into contact with boulders,

the horses broke away from the coach and went thundering away, leaving the occupants stranded in the middle of the stream. Mrs. Trumbly could not remember how the rescue took place or whether Charley was driving at the time, but she presumes Charley was for the incident was frequently told by her grandparents when the famous stage driver's name was mentioned.

Another historic event told to us by Mrs. Trumbly concerned a couple of earthquakes. While Mr. and Mrs. Scott were living on Silver Mountain, a very severe earthquake almost turned the house, first on one side, then on the other. When the 1906 earthquake hit Santa Cruz, her grandmother would not even get out of bed, so accustomed had she become to all types of catastrophes.

"I presume it was with the profits from the silver mines that Hiram Scott, together with two other men. built the first hotel of any size in Stockton. It cost around \$100,000, quite an expenditure for that time.

He ran the ferry at Stockton carrying hundreds of cattle a day across the river at \$1 a head. In 1852, Hiram Scott bought from Juan Jose Crisostomo Mayor, who had come from Tennessee to the Santa Cruz region in 1835, the San Augustine rancho in the Santa Cruz mountains. He raised grain and bred horses there.

Just beyond Santa Cruz on the highway to Los Gatos, Mrs. Trumbly continued, "my grandfather was honored when the beautiful little valley was named Scott's Valley, by which name it is now known. A family home built in Santa Cruz of lumber brought around the Horn, because of no processing mills at that time. Instead of nails the house was put together with wooden dowels. Quite spacious, 12 rooms, it stood at 19 Vine Street, until about 25 years ago, when the business section included that area." Mrs. Trumbly has a picture of the house with its lower and upper balconies, its picket fence and old plank sidewalk. "I don't think we had a key to the front door. I can't remember it ever having been locked, and one night in a storm an intoxicated individual, mistaking the house for his boarding house, we presumed, entered. walked up the front stairway from the hall, leaving great, muddy hand marks on the wall and banisters. My grandmother, as always, tall and straight and proud, ordered him out while my aunt and I hid behind her skirts. Those skirts were quite voluminous and many times we hid behind them for she seemed never to fear anything or anybody.

"Grandmother's birthday was Feb. 14. The daffodils and violets were always blooming their prettiest on that day. A great freezer of ice-cream was prepared early in the morning, dainty frosted cakes and in the afternoon, as long as I can remember, pioneer people as well as the newer arrivals poured in and out until six o'clock and often into the evening."