

"MY LIFE"

EMMA DOUD GOULD



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Life began for me at Waterloo, Iowa, in Blackhawk County on the Fourth of July 1857. Emma Jane they named me, and my eyes were blue. I was father's second child and as mother had been married before, I was her fourth. Mother had been married to father's cousin so she was Susan Skinner Doud when she married Nelson Doud, my father.

"To Change the name
and not the letter,
Is to change for worse
and not for better"

In mother's life this was not so as they were very happy. My father was always good to us. Of course he was always poor. He was very kind, industrious, easy-going and had a strong constitution. He lived to be eighty-two years old. He was better known as "Doc" because he was always willing to hitch up and fetch the doctor.

My mother was jolly, full of life, and danced well. Many are the times I danced on the floor with my mother. She was the aggressive one; quick and decisive. It was she who "wore the breeches" as the saying goes.

Waterloo was a small town. Trading to farmers was its only excuse for existing. Father owned an acreage here. He worked at anything he could find to do. He was working in a butcher shop when he caught the fever to go West. I was eight years old now. It was the spring of 1856. Mother had five daughters to sew for: Ida, Eva Marella, Etta Marea, the baby, Nellie Mae and myself.

Father sold our little place and bought a team of mules and a covered wagon. Mother sold all of her furniture except an old hair trunk she had brought from Michigan. Into this she packed bacon, beans, potatoes, coffee and flour. Pitching now our bedding into the wagon, we all crawled in and were ready to start. Five bright sunbonnets were often seen poking out of the back. Our dresses were made of brown

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overall material with bloomers to match. Our dolls we left behind. Father would not let us bring them. "Everything makes that much more weight", so he had said.

The Indians, although seemingly peaceable, at that time were not to be trusted. Companies were formed of not less than sixty wagons. We were never molested. The only Indians we did meet were Indian chiefs in company of white men on their way to Washington for conference.

Our wagons had big letters written on them --"PIKES PEAK OR BUST". We had not gone very far before we met wagons coming back with the letters, "BUSTED", written on their sides. All went fine until one day we ran into rain and mud. The wagons stuck fast in the mud. It seemed beyond the horses strength to pull them out. It was father's mules that saved the day.

The ~~first~~^{First} town we reached was Council Bluffs, Nebraska. Most of the houses were made of adobe. Then I remember the day we reached Omaha. The Missouri River was so wide and deep, the wagons and teams had to be taken across on the ferry. The men stood at the horses' heads to quiet them. It took a good long day for our company to cross as the ferry took only three teams hitched to their wagons at a time. Here we were held up. No less than sixty wagons were warned to start. The Indians were more to be feared as we traveled westward.

We traveled by day and camped by night. We did not make a very early start in the morning as the horses could not travel more than twenty miles a day. We generally stopped an hour or two before sundown to get supper over and get settled for the night. A Mr. Pen Ward was our wagon boss. He had crossed the plains many times before and so knew how to guide us. He drove a horse and buggy at the head of the train. When looking for camp, he would sight a woody, grassy spot near a stream and here he would halt his horse and all the teams would draw their wagons toward him, making a large circle for protection about the camp-fires by keeping the wagons near enough together. The horses were turned loose to graze. A night herder watched them all night.

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In the light of the campfire the men sat and smoked and talked. They were always looking for gold. The women sewed and fixed things. Sleep came to the children early, but the young folks were never ready for bedtime to come. They stayed up to dance and sing. There was much merriment and singing. There were one or two who played the violin.

Saturdays we camped all day to bake bread for the week and to do the family washing. Each wagon or family did its own cooking. My folks had a sheet iron they put up. Some families had tents, others slept in their wagons. Early in the morning the wagon boss would awaken us. He would call out "Roll Out, Tumble Out, any way to Get Out."

We reached Denver about the twentieth of June. We were six weeks coming. I recall there were more tents than houses here. There was no law, all disputes being settled by hanging or six-shooters. My father never carried a six-shooter, and he never got into trouble with anyone. We did not stay in Denver long but treked right along until we came to Golden. There were only ten wagons now, the other wagons having scattered in other directions. At Golden, we stayed a week. Father, I remember, had exactly twenty cents to his name. From here we started into the hills. Five miles beyond Blackhawk, father hired out to cut logs at Peck's Gulch. The men were all glad to see mother. They bargained to furnish her family board in exchange for her cooking. For two months we lived at the sawmill in a large house.

It was now September and time to think of wintering. Soon we were again lumbering along in our covered wagon headed for the plains and farms. On the way down father chanced ^{to} ~~to~~ meet a man named Doude; our name Doud. Father was skilled at the cradle and ^scythe. A contract was soon reached and to Mr. Doude's farm we journeyed, which was located at Ft. Lupton.

The first year father hired out to Mr. Doude, but the following two years he rented the place. At the end of the third year, father had acquired eighteen head of cattle. These he traded for four span of mules. One day a man named George

Long stopped at our place to buy a load of hay, seeing the mules he offered to trade father his roadhouse for them. This was the spring of 1870. The next morning mother and father drove over to see the place. They traded.

While at Fort Lupton, I remember, a neighbor woman one day called on mother. She needed someone to take care of her baby while she helped her husband milk the cows. I was elected. But the first night I was so homesick I cried myself to sleep after crawling into the cradle with the baby.

Our new home was where Parker, Colorado is today. The house had ten rooms and a dining room all spread on the ground floor. It was white frame. With the help of her five daughters, mother served meals to traders, gold-seekers, freighters, Indians, and Preachers. Most of our trade were folks going back and forth to Denver from Bijou Basin, Kiowa, Running Creek and Cherry Creek. Beside the hotel, father had a blacksmith shop and a stable to care for the horses of the stage line.

There were two stagecoach lines that passed our place a quarter of a mile away. The Smokey Hill Line and the Santa Fe Line. The Santa Fe Line ran toward Pueblo. The Smokey Hill Line ran from Denver into Nebraska and Kansas. The two lines crossed here. The Smokey Hill Line changed once a day. We had a hired man to feed and groom our horses. Our place was called "The Twenty Mile House".

One night a Mr. Teaterman stopped at our house on his way to Denver. On the floor of his wagon lay the bodies of his wife and little son. Several days previous he had passed by on his way to Denver to get groceries. He had left his wife and little son in the care of his sister and the hired man, but while he was away a band of Indians attacked them. Spying the Indians coming over the hill, Mrs. Teaterman and the rest had started for the nearest station which was Kiowa. It was generally supposed some white people were among the band because Mrs. Teaterman had five-hundred dollars hidden on her person. She was headed away from the others and driven into the woods, her little son clinging tightly to her hand. Here they were treacher-

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ously scalped and stripped of the money.

Troops were organized in Denver and the country searched but no trace was ever found of the murderers. They must have left the country because that was the last raid of which I remember.

About two miles from our place stood the schoolhouse "a ragged beggar sunning". It was very small, measuring about ten by twelve feet. There was just one window. The benches were home-made and had no backs. We had to sit up straight. I guess that is why my back is so straight today.

We wrote on our slates. There were no desks except the teachers. He let us use his desk when we wrote in our copy books. We studied from the old McGuffey Readers, Elementary spelling book and an arithmetic. I went one term. A Mr. Ashbaugh was the teacher. He was less than twenty years old. Some of the pupils were as old as he. I remember that I was the youngest. Some of the pupils were as old as their teacher.

There was a room in our house I haven't told you about. It was the ballroom. Father opened it just four times a year, on the Fourth, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and on New Year's Day.

People came from far and near. The admittance including the dinner was five dollars. Father usually hired a Mr. Klien from Denver to furnish the music and call the square dances. He generally started the evening with Fireman's Dance; then followed the Heel and Toe, Polka, Virginia Reel, Money Musk, Ma Suvie Ann, Mazurka, Quadrilles, Dutch Gallop, Four Step, and Schottish.

All of us girls danced and danced well. Mr. Klien was very strict. Everyone kept in step or he called them back. Few can waltz today as they did in those days. You floated along so smoothly you could keep a cup on your head.

Father ran this Twenty Mile House for four years and sold it. We had no new plans except father ~~got~~ got it into his head he wanted to go to Michigan. Mother was for staying in Colorado for it was here she regained her health. She had bronchitis bad while in Iowa; therefore, when father talked about going east, she went to town and bought a house three miles east of the old place. This was called "The Seventeen Mile House".

It wasn't very long, however, before their old trade came down to their new place. It was here that wedding bells rang for me.

A freighter one day stopped at our house for a meal. He was about five feet, ten inches tall, well built and strong. He had soldiered three years in the Civil War and had not been in the hospital once. His complexion was very fair, though his eyes and hair were very dark. He was dressed in the regular costume of a bullwacker in buckskin pants with fringe down the seams, dark blue shirt, black boots, large sombrero, and a bull whip. He drove a train of ten oxen to Denver and Colorado Springs from parts as far as Iowa. Over these oxen his long whip would snap, sounding like a pistol shot. LeGrande Gould was his name. He and his brother stopped often. Generally, the whole caravan of freighters would camp for a night near our place. The oxen were turned loose to graze, and the men set up tents to cook their meals, but the Gould boys always took their meals at our place.

LeGrande freighted for several years, then sold his wagons and oxen to ^{buy} buy cattle.

Freighters lost much of their trade when the railroads entered the country. It was then LeGrande turned to cattle raising. By right of his Civil War service, he secured the land just across Cherry Creek from our place to homestead. Here he turned his cattle loose to graze on the open range. The country was thinly populated, so the land was not fenced.

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He built a house on his land but boarded with my folks a year. It was then we became better acquainted, became engaged and were married.

Our wedding day was set for April 23, 1874 and although a terrible blizzard raged, we were married at ten o'clock that morning by Judge Sanford. Of the many guests bidden Judge Sanford and Mrs. Sanford were the only ones who breasted the storm. They came six miles. Although there were only ten, we had a merry time. At twelve o'clock a chicken dinner fit for a king was served.

My wedding dress, I remember, took mother days to make. The sleeves were long and the waist tight fitting. The skirt was very full with an overskirt trimmed in braid. Both the waist and skirt were lined with a stiff inner lining in the lower part of the skirt. The material was green silk.

"Married in green,

You shall live like a queen."

My mother also said, "A stormy day, a sorry bride". I'm afraid I was neither. We were very happy--at least my children say they never heard us quarrel. I was but a mere child of sixteen. LeGrande was thirty-five.

We went to live on my husband's homestead across the creek. A three-room house he had built for me. He had also built the bedstead, chairs, table, and cupboard. Everything but the stove and dishes. Everyday I went home and my mother and sisters crossed the footbridge to visit me. One day I decided to see how long I could stay away from home. On the fourth day mother was quite worried and came to see what was the matter. My home gradually became "home" to me, and I soon discovered I was happier in my own surroundings. Nora Lee, my first baby, was born here.

We lived on our Cherry Creek homestead three years, then moved all our things including three-hundred head of cattle, to the Middle Bijou near Deer Trail. Here we had a big log house of five rooms. We thought we were rich. I ^{made} ~~made~~ rag rugs for the floors. We bought chairs, tables, bedsteads, and bureaus now. Our curtains I made of white mousseline.

Quilted quilts covered my beds. Some of the designs were the nine-patch, ways of the world, basket, and old man's troubles. I always liked blue. Blue and green were my favorite colors.

In the fifteen remaining years of my married life that followed, I was to travel much. On December 3, 1880 I was again in a covered wagon crossing the plains. We were headed for South Dakota with ten thousand dollars worth of cattle. We were six now, Susie, Della, and Curtis Edmond had been born to us at Deer Trail.

We lived in South Dakota sixteen years. Most of that time was spent on a cattle ranch at Box Elder. My husband raised cattle all the time. We stayed until we went broke. This was during the panic of '93. We began looking westward. In September of 1896, we were on our way back to Colorado. LeGrande drove four horses hitched to the covered wagon and I rode in a buggy driving two horses. Curt rode horseback, driving our cattle.

We tented out nights. Not a child was sick the whole trip across. Our family numbered nine. Baby Lee was four years old. Harriet Oressa, Ida Irene, Effie Elmira, Emma Florence, and LeGrande Junior (Baby Lee) were all born in South Dakota. These nine I raised. The baby was thirty-five years old before one was taken in death.

Arriving in Colorado we rented a farm near Boulder. The place was right close to Valmont. Here two years later I was to find myself alone at the age of forty-four with nine children. x LeGrande took sick and on March 6, 1899 died. Often I am asked how I ever lived through it all. I wonder myself, but I think I was always reminded of my mother's saying "Never sit down with a tear or a frown, but paddle your own canoe." So with forty head of cattle and four horses, we managed. We rented the place another year and in the fall had a sale.

With the help of a hired man and my oldest son, we raised a crop. The following spring when my lease was up, I had enough saved from the crop and the sale of cattle to start buying a place. Here I kept boarders for three years. There was a stone quarry at Valmont. These men cut blocks from the rocks at the buttes. Some of these are the cobble ~~stones~~^{neal} you find on Wazee Street today in Denver. I had twenty boarders all the time. I did not make much from each boarder, but they were steady. My place was clear in eighteen months beside buying a buggy and harness for Curt.

When we had our sale, I kept fifteen cows, every week we made butter. I got a lot of customers and peddled the butter myself. Mostly, they were in Boulder. Some of the time I got only ten cents. During an Exhibition Fair at the Chautauqua for Boulder County, a first and second prize was given for the best pound of butter.

Bill Simpson, my son-in-law urged me to enter a pound. I did. I remember there were sixty-two pounds ahead of mine. I had forgotten all about the butter and was enjoying the program when a woman Clara Wilson, tapped me on the shoulder and told me I had won the first prize. Eight dollars was the prize!

My girls were all married here. They were all married at home. We lived here ~~the~~^{ten} years altogether. In 1910 when Curtis was thirty and Lee eighteen, I moved with them on a homestead fifteen miles from Deer Trail. I lived here twenty years. We raised cattle and farmed the land. It seems I was never happier than when I was in the field tramping, hoeing, or weeding the corn. Most of the time I think I spent killing rattlesnakes. I spent most of the time out of doors. I loved it, because I was lonesome too. When you are alone, you clean up your house and it stays clean. My boys married here. They had homesteaded land here also.

I left Deer Trail in 1930 and have been a city lady since. In California I visited six months and then spent most of the remaining time with my sister until she died in 1932. I am the only one remaining of my father's family.

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Four daughters and a son of mine are living in and about Boulder. With them and their children I make my home. At the age of seventy-six, I have forty-two grandchildren and twenty-six great grandchildren.

