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INTRODUCTION

The span of Hank Abraham's oral history—from 1890 until 2016—is truly remarkable and requires an explanation. True, Hank Abraham is remarkably long-lived. Yet, we must admit that it is not Hank, but his grandparents and great-uncles and aunts who bring this history back into the 1890s. However, it is through Hank's prodigious memory of his own and his ancestors' early days, that the life of a still-bucolic Berkeley is recreated in the pages which follow.

The interviews with Hank Abraham were conducted in November-December of 2015 by Jeanine Castello-Lin and Tonya Staros, oral historians of the Berkeley Historical Society. Because Hank currently lives in Fresno, the interviews were done over the phone with Jeanine and Tonya in Berkeley, and Hank in Fresno.

CHAPTER 1. Family Roots; Emigration to Berkeley

Great-Grandfather Edwin Abraham

Jeanine: Hank, can we start with your paternal great-grandfather? His name was Edwin Abraham and he went from England to Tasmania, I believe.

Hank: Yes, exactly—he was Edwin Abraham like the oldest English king. Yes, my great-grandfather Edwin was born in England—we think London, but we aren't absolutely sure. To give you a snapshot of the line, previously each generation included sons in government service and at least one son in the Church.

That was Church of England. The Abrahams were Church of England until Great-Grandfather Edwin converted to Catholicism. I have here a baptismal record of 1850, in which he converted to Catholicism so that he could marry a Catholic widow whom he met in Tasmania, Australia, by the name of Mary Harper. She was Catholic. Before that, Edwin's family had been Church of England for five hundred years.

So, Great-Grandfather Edwin had gone from England to Tasmania on business—I think timber. There he met Mary Harper. The first child to this marriage, Robert, was born in Adelaide, in southern Australia. By the way, Robert stayed in Adelaide, did not marry, and lived to the age of 99. The rest of the family, meanwhile, had moved back to London, where a number of children—my great aunts and uncles—were born, including Aunts Elizabeth, Minna and Maud.

Grandfather Henry Philip Abraham

My own grandfather, Henry Philip Abraham, was born on January 1, 1865 at Haverstock Hill, London, England. He was the third or fourth boy. And his next brother, who came to Berkeley and was very close to us, was Gerald North Abraham—North was the name of the prime minister at that time. Henry and Gerald were buddies, because they were just a year apart, and they were sent to Nancy, France, to Catholic school where they were given their early training. They were there when the father of the family, Edwin, died in London. And with all the children at that time—it amounted to quite a few, some had died, but there had been twelve births by that time—and no father to support them, that bankrupted the family. My grandfather and his brother were called back to England. Then, after a period of time, the family was sent to Australia, as a lot of people were who were in the same circumstances—that is, people who were indigent. They were transported, by the British government, to the State of Victoria, at the far southeastern tip of Australia, nearest to Tasmania Island. It is the state where the city of Melbourne is.

So, there they were, back in that general area near Melbourne, and my grandfather, Henry Philip Abraham, had become by that time learned in languages and in writing, even though he was still a young man, maybe fourteen or fifteen. Many of the British who were sent to Australia could not write, and my grandfather wrote letters for these people. Everybody who came to Australia had to find work and sometimes they had a little bit of money with them, or they had none, and that determined how they were settled by the government.

My grandfather apparently settled near Melbourne, but he and some of the family eventually moved on over to Adelaide or nearby. Melbourne and Adelaide are not really close, but you might say they are the next town, because there are a lot of gaps in Australia. And so my grandfather, Henry Philip Abraham, was using his skills in writing to obtain money to live on, by writing letters for other people who couldn't, drawing portraits of people and likenesses of interesting buildings. He was very good at copying. He did that 'till the end of his life.

Grandmother Florence Higgs Abraham

Jeanine: Could you tell us about your paternal grandmother, Florence Higgs Abraham, and her family?

Hank: My grandmother's family was also sent to Australia, and they also went to the Melbourne area. Their name was Higgs. The Higgs family were from Cornwall. A lot of people from there were sailors. The father of the Higgs family was a hatter. Another family came at the same time, the Thomas Rogers family, one of whom married with the Higgs family.

Senior Thomas Rogers was a boot maker who, when he got to Melbourne, found that there were a lot of convicts who had been released from the prisons in Tasmania or elsewhere, and they had *all* learned how to make shoes. There was a lot of competition. This is what eventually led to an exodus from Australia of Alfred Rogers Jr. and some of the Higgs family.

But before that, my grandmother, Florence Higgs, together with her sister, Maud, were working in Adelaide operating a candy store, known as a “lolly” shop. There they met Henry Abraham, my grandfather. Henry Abraham's mother and the Abrahams—whoever was left of the family at the time that the father, Edwin Abraham, died in London—were now in Adelaide. The rest of the Higgs family were still over at Melbourne some 500 miles away.

The Rogers and Higgs Families

Now the Rogers and the Higgs are very important in this story because they were the first ones in my family to go to Berkeley. It really begins with Marion Higgs, the oldest of the Higgs children. She was the fitter for Thomas Rogers, the booter. The booter's son, Alfred Rogers, wanted to marry Marion Higgs, but since his father, Thomas Rogers, was only a

shoemaker, the Higgs family didn't think he had enough income and didn't want Alfred Rogers to marry their daughter Marion.

So Alfred Rogers found out a way to get enough money to marry Marion Higgs: by shoveling coal on steamers carrying cargo to San Francisco. He did that, making a few voyages back and forth. We are talking about 40-or-50-day voyages back and forth. Eventually he had enough money and a job on a ferry-boat on the San Francisco Bay, and, to make a long story short, they were married. Alfred Rogers married Marion Higgs in Melbourne in about 1889. There they had a son, in about 1890. About two years later, they moved to Berkeley.

Now Marion Higgs was the oldest sister of my grandmother, Florence Higgs. Florence was the one whom my grandfather, Henry Philipp Abraham, had met in Adelaide when she was selling candies and he was writing letters. They married in Adelaide, and my father was born there some time later, on June 16, 1894. They were there in Adelaide for about four more years before they came to Berkeley, in 1898.

Jeanine: So Thomas' son, Alfred Rogers, who married your great-aunt, Marion Higgs, was the first of your extended family to come to the Bay Area. Can you tell us how this Alfred Rogers chose Berkeley as opposed to San Francisco?

Hank: He found out from acquaintances that some homes were reasonably-priced in Berkeley, near the San Francisco and Oakland ferries. Alfred had come to the Bay Area because he had heard there was work on the Southern Pacific ferries which plied the Bay between San Francisco and Oakland. After Alfred and Marion married in Australia, they came back to the Bay, Alfred working on the steamboat ferries. Eventually Alfred—Alfred Sr. he became—learned to be a steamboat pilot, becoming a first-mate, first officer and finally captain of a number of Southern Pacific passenger ferries. He was eventually the top man on the largest of all sidewheelers, the “Thoroughfare.” He became a master pilot in 1927 and retired in 1929. By the way, his eldest son, Alfred Jr., became a chief engineer on the ferries, and his second son, Arthur, became the youngest captain on the Bay, finally

on the Golden Poppy of the Berkeley–SF (Hyde St.) auto ferries. These two were my father’s cousins, Alfred and Arthur Rogers.

Anyway, after they had gotten married and when they first arrived in Berkeley, Marion and Arthur Rogers and their eldest son, Alfred Jr., settled at 1610 Delaware Street, just east of California Street (and just a stone's throw from where my family still owns rental property in Berkeley, at 1600-1632 Hearst Avenue). So Alfred Rogers and Marion Higgs Rogers were the first of the three families to settle in Berkeley.

The Higgs Family

It was because of Alfred and Marion Rogers that Marion Higgs's sisters, Elizabeth Jane Beck Higgs, and Florence Higgs Abraham with her husband, Henry Abraham, and their four-year-old son, Fred, also moved to live with them. There were opportunities here. So the Higgs and Rogers brought members of their families. This was in the 1890s or thereabouts. So Marion Higgs's sister, Elizabeth, was a midwife in Berkeley, and she lived and operated out of her home, which was on Berkeley Way just west of Shattuck Avenue, one block north of University Avenue. There is a firehouse there which, in the 1890s, had horse-drawn wagons.

Great-Uncle Arthur Higgs

One of those who came along with the Higgs family in 1893 or ‘94 was Marion's younger brother, Great-Uncle Arthur, “Artie” Higgs (born 1881), who, living across from the fire station, took a great interest in firefighting and, since he knew how to handle horses, eventually became the “mascot” of the firefighters. He worked as a volunteer fireman in the 1890s, until the volunteer fire department was dissolved, and then he was hired on as a regular City fireman. In 1901, he had worked up to Lieutenant at the Vine and Shattuck Station. He also became the first Fire Prevention Officer and was made Captain after the

Berkeley fire of 1923. He was Fire Captain until his retirement, circa 1950. Before he was hired as a regular fireman, Uncle Artie delivered bread for the Golden Sheath Bakery, the big building which is now the Berkeley Repertory Theater on Addison Way, just below Shattuck.

When my father, Frederick Abraham, arrived in Berkeley at age four in 1898, this Uncle Arthur Higgs was already here and was about seventeen years old. About that time, the Spanish-American War began and Arthur joined up. I think he had to lie about his age. He was born in 1881 in Australia. So he was about seventeen when he was headed to the Philippines to fight the Spanish. Arthur got as far as the Presidio in San Francisco, and the war was over [laughs]. He didn't get into any battles. He returned to his work in Berkeley at the bakery, driving a wagon around town, delivering bread from the Golden Sheath Bakery owned by the Howard family. Incidentally, Uncle Artie and his then-wife, Katherine Lutz, Auntie Katie, lived in a house just west of the bakery on Addison. Later, they moved to the family's house at 2431 Roosevelt, and they lived there in the little house while they were building the big house in front. That was after Uncle Gerald and Auntie Maud had moved from 2431 Roosevelt to Concord, in 1925 or '26.

Jeanine: Did Arthur deliver bread to people's houses or to other stores?

Hank: I believe Uncle Arthur drove the horse-drawn wagon with the fresh bread from the bakery on Addison to east Berkeley. The stable for the horses was at Etna and Dwight Way, which is south of the campus, between Piedmont and College. That was also a distribution point, where people or stores in that area could come and get fresh bread. Have to tell you quickly that, when my wife and I had our party after our marriage on Treasure Island, we had the reception at a house on Etna Street [2515 Etna], part of which had been the stables for the bakery back when Uncle Arthur had been delivering bread. At the time of our reception, it was a Maybeck-designed home of the photographer and violinist Cedric Wright, whose daughter, Joanne Wright, was a good friend of my wife's, and a bridesmaid. Cedric used the barn as a studio where he taught violin and organized intimate concerts.

My wife, Lillian Schafer, and I had a very nice reception there before our honeymoon trip to Yosemite.

Frederick Abraham's Cousins, the Rogers

So, my dad, Frederick Arthur Henry Abraham, came as a four-year old to Berkeley, living along Berkeley Way at first, not far away from his uncle and aunt, Alfred and Marion Rogers, and their growing family at 1610 Delaware, just east of California. The Rogers family was living in a little cottage facing north. It was a little cottage at the rear and the rest of the lot was for growing food and flowers. Anyway, Alfred and Marion's second son, Arthur Frederick Henry Rogers, was born in this cottage on Delaware in 1894 (the first son, Alfred, Jr., had already been born in 1891 in Melbourne). Later the family moved to Vallejo, where a daughter was born in 1904. Vallejo was where the ferry, of which Alfred Rogers Sr. was the first-mate, had its terminus. Eventually, when Alfred Sr. was promoted to captain on the largest passenger sidewheeler on the Bay, the Thoroughfare, the family moved to Alameda, another ferry boat terminus for San Francisco.

Grandmother and Grandfather Abraham's House at 2431 Roosevelt

By the way, my grandmother, Florence Higgs Abraham, and my grandfather, Henry Philip Abraham, also lived in a cottage at the back of a lot. This is the way it happened: soon after they arrived in Berkeley, with my father just a boy of four, the family moved from Berkeley Way to a little cottage at 2431 Roosevelt Street, just north of Dwight Way, on the east side of the street. The cottage is still there, but there is a house built in front of it (2433 Roosevelt). It doesn't look the same at all—there is a “tot lot” across the street. Anyway, my father grew up there, with a big rose garden and vegetable garden in front of the cottage.

My grandfather's younger brother, Gerald, and his wife, Maud Higgs, also lived on this lot. What happened was this: after WWI, my grandfather's younger brother Gerald came to

Berkeley. He was unmarried and looking to start a new life. At that time, my mother's younger sister, Maud, was living in Berkeley at the Roosevelt cottage and was also unmarried. So, the two of them, Gerald and Maud, married and moved into the house where my father had grown up. They lived in that small house for five or six years while Gerald was the custodian and gardener at Northbrae Community Church, working for Reverend Lawrence Cross. Cross was an important figure in Berkeley, and the whole area, really. He had come from Alabama, and, in addition to being a minister, he had a radio show, "The Cross Cuts of the Air," which was heard on the radio all the way to Sacramento—very famous. Everybody had a radio back then, crystal radios. As a small boy, I used to go over to Uncle Gerald's and Aunt Maud's house to listen to their little radio, with headphones. I must have been very small, because in 1926, Uncle Gerald and Aunt Maud moved out to Concord and lived on a ranch while Gerald was the custodian for Concord High School.

Fred Abraham's Family Moves to McGee Street

So back to my father—as a young boy, my father was living in this cottage down at 2431 Roosevelt Avenue. Then they moved to McGee Street—between Berkeley Way and Hearst; there is a big PG&E substation across the street. They lived in one of two little cottages that had been shipped over on barges after the Panama Pacific Exposition abandoned the Presidio. The cottages had been some of the buildings the Exposition had been showing off. And that little cottage is where my grandfather, Harry Abraham, and his wife, Florence Higgs, lived with my dad.

One thing I didn't explain yet: why my grandparents and father moved from their little house on Roosevelt a few blocks over to the cottage at 1911 McGee. You see, my grandfather, who was devout beyond imagination, was an acolyte at St. Joseph the Worker Catholic Church over on Addison, just south of University. He would walk every day to the early service, 6 am or 8 am, whenever it was. From the cottage on Roosevelt and

Dwight, it was six fairly long blocks to the Church. When he moved over to McGee, he was just two short blocks to the Church, more or less.

Anyway, my dad, living on McGee, went to Whittier Elementary School and got his certificate. Then he went to Berkeley High for the 9th and 10th year. And after that, he quit high school and the Church—he thought his parents gave too much money to the Church—in order to earn some money for the family, which was short on funds, even though his father did have work.

Hank's Grandfather, Henry Abraham's, Career

My grandfather, Henry Philip Abraham, was working as a secretary for wealthy and elderly people in San Francisco; he had gotten a good education in France and England as a boy before his father had passed away. Later, in 1898, when he left Australia and came to San Francisco, he found work as a secretary, writing letters and so on for business people at the Olympic Club, for example. In fact, for a while the family moved to a house on Post Street across from the St. Francis Hotel, leaving Florence's sister, Maud, in charge of the cottage on Roosevelt. Then in 1906 the San Francisco earthquake struck, the family lost everything in San Francisco and had to move back to Berkeley. Henry Abraham continued working in San Francisco though, at the Olympic Club and other places, for many, many years, even living there. Sometimes he worked for other wealthy people even farther afield, even in Santa Rosa or Monterey. My grandfather worked for a gentleman in the Bishop family whose main property was in Monterey.

But there was the problem that my grandfather, being a very devout man, would give some of the family's money away to the poor people he encountered on his way home from work. So he would give the money away even before he reached the ferry to come home. I haven't dwelt on this up till now, but the family at that time was Catholic, since my great grandfather in Tasmania converted from the Church of England to Catholicism. So, my grandfather, Henry Philips Abraham, was raised Catholic and he was very, very religious.

He was even studying at some point to be a priest. As we know, he married, and so when my grandfather took his pay and was coming home by ferryboat to Berkeley, he was giving money to the down-and-out on the streets of San Francisco, so there wasn't always enough money by the time he got home, and they were short on resources. My grandmother, Florence Higgs Abraham, was taking in hem-stitching, and she became quite good at it and worked at it for a long time. And then, in 1925, she died, probably from that sedentary type of work.

Fred Abraham Quits High School and Goes to Work

It was because of the shortage of money in the house that my dad, Fred Abraham, quit high school. Freddy Abraham, as he was known, when he had finished 10th grade at Berkeley High, quit school and took up a mail order education at Heald College, where he learned business. And he found work wherever he could in business as a young boy. Probably at that time he was in his teens. He found work in San Francisco for a company that repaired and sold the Harley Davidson and Indian brand bicycles and motorcycles. It was called the Appeals Company and was in San Francisco.

Fred worked for them quite a long time and became their bookkeeper. He had all the new bicycles and motorcycles to ride when he wanted to and that was one of the things that he did. He then joined the San Francisco Motorcycle Club. When he had a chance, he would try out some of the new motorcycles and would roar through downtown San Francisco. Then Officer Mulligan would go after him, because he was going too fast for his likes. But Officer Mulligan couldn't catch him. My father would end up going back to the shop, and the cops would come over and look for him in the back room of the cycle shop. But he was hiding under the used and discarded bicycle parts. What do you think about that?

Jeanine. You come from lively stock!

Hank: Oh yeah!

Fred Abraham, WWI Veteran

During the time that my father was with the cycle business, World War I started, and he was drafted. I believe he must have been the age of 23 or 24. He had already met my mother. He did go to the war, to France. There he was wounded with mustard gas, which is a horrible thing. Not in his lung fortunately, but on his leg. And so, his fiancée, my mother, was waiting for him to come back. They had been engaged before the war, and after the war, they did get married, and I was born after that, of course.

It was quite well known that my dad was a veteran, and he spent a lot of time in reunions and things. He was in the big battles in the northern part of France, very close to where his father, Henry Philip, was growing up as a boy in the French school at Nancy. And here he was going up the hill and chasing the Germans, and they dropped down mustard gas, which flows downhill as a gas, and then it settles and becomes liquid. The droplets were all over the grass, and when the men stopped and rested, unfortunately a lot of them sat down where the grass was covered with gas droplets. The soldiers didn't have any leather leggings, and the wool cloth leggings were eaten through by tiny droplets of mustard gas. A very, very acidic, horrible thing. My father had a droplet of gas on one leg, down near his ankle where the leggings had burned through. He was nine months in and out of the hospital because of that. It got into his blood and his whole system and made a bubble three and a half inches in diameter and deep on his leg, which left a scar. It didn't bother him after it healed, but it took him nine months in and out of hospital to get his health back. So, where were we?

Jeanine: Can you tell us more about how your father had met your mother—perhaps starting with a little bit about your mother's family?

Hank's Mother, Christine Janet McKenzie, and Her Parents

Hank: My mother was Christine Janet McKenzie, and her parents were Colin McKenzie and Jessie Hall. Grandma Jessie had come from New Zealand to help with her sister's, Jeanie's, new baby, just born in Oakland. Her sister, Jeanie Hall Andrews, had left New Zealand with Will Andrews a few years earlier and they had settled in Oakland, where Will, a steam engine engineer on the New Zealand railroads, was now working on steam engines for the Southern Pacific in Oakland. Together, Will and Jeanie Andrews ran a boarding house in West Oakland near where the Southern Pacific railroad ended and the passengers boarded the ferry for San Francisco at the Oakland Mole. It was at this boarding house that my grandmother, Jessie Hall, met my grandfather, Colin McKenzie, who had recently jumped ship in San Francisco. They were married in 1896, and my mother, Christine Janet, was their first-born, on August 31, 1897.

Hank's Maternal Grandfather, Colin McKenzie

So to tell you about my maternal grandfather Colin Mackenzie: born in the Hebrides Islands of Scotland on December 8, 1866, he was a second son. Although they were so poor as you could possibly be, he would not inherit "the croft," the little plot of land that they had at 63 Luerbost Lochs on the Island of Lewis, south of Stornoway, Scotland. People there all had sheep and they also worked at sea. That's the way they lived. They grew oats and hay on the land. Sometimes there were goats as well. The property they owned started up in the rocky "crag" and then the "croft" came down to the road, where there was a place for a home and a larger area where they grew oats. And at the bottom of the property would be the loch, which is like an inlet from the sea—remnants of the old glacial activity—and that's where their boats would be. They would take care of the whole family on that long strip of land, from the crags to the loch, and they went through the winters and all.

They grew oats and sheep and goats, and the sheep of course gave shearings. And the wool was taken to a wool processing business area where it was carded and cleaned and so on, and it would be returned to each of the crofters. They lived almost elbow to elbow on such small plots, and it was men only who could do the *weaving* of the cloth of the wool. The women could knit with the leftover material, but they couldn't do any of the weaving because it was a unionized situation. Weaving was done mostly in wintry, cold weather in a very small “shanty”—no heat. It would “make or break a man o’ ye”!

So, that is where Colin Mackenzie was and, as a second son, he had to leave. I never found out exactly when he left, but it was between the age of ten and fourteen that he left and went out to sea. Eventually he got over to San Francisco. That was Colin Mackenzie, a sailor, and he became fond of fish for sustenance!

During all those years, he would come back occasionally, but only in the early days. Then he was on long voyages around the world, across the Atlantic and back, and down to South Africa and around Australia and back over to America. And some of my hand-me-downs are from these places that he went. The chest that I am sitting on right now he had made in Australia out of camphor wood. And it still has its pleasant odor inside of it too.

I always say he was the smartest man in the whole family because he “jumped ship” in San Francisco. And he found work. He found that the street cars did not have cables, but were hauled by mules. They had steps on the steep hills and they were going to put in cables to pull the cars. So they were ripping out the steps and putting in a cable. They had to dig a hole to run the cable underneath. And one end of the cable was at the car level and the other end of the cable was on the ground running on pulleys. Colin *Mackenzie* thought he would get work digging the holes for the new cable cars, and he was the smartest man in the world. He walked up to the boss, who was an Irishman, to get a job. Oh, my golly! A Scotsman coming to get a job from an Irishman? They are always in each other's hair.... So right there on the spot, he changed his name from *Mackenzie*—which is Scottish—to *McKenzie*, Irish.

So, eventually Colin McKenzie starting working for the Southern Pacific railroad, laying tracks and switches over in Oakland, living in the boarding house run by Jeanie Hall and Will Andrews. That brings us back to the story of Jessie Hall. So at the boarding house, Colin McKenzie met Jessie Hall, fell in love and they married, giving birth to my mother, Christine McKenzie, born in 1897 in Oakland.

Around 1906, the McKenzie family moved to Vallejo, where Colin McKenzie went to work as a foreman building the terminal for North Bay trains which would connect to the ferry boats going to Oakland and San Francisco. It was in Vallejo that my mother, Christine, graduated from high school, and met my father. This was how that happened: right about the time that my mother's family moved to Vallejo, my father's Uncle Alfred Rogers Sr., and his wife, Aunt Marion, also moved to Vallejo. Alfred was a first-mate on a steamboat working out of Vallejo. Their son, Arthur Rogers, went to school with my mother's younger sister, Celia McKenzie. The two of them became sweethearts. Which leads to how my father met my mother. By the way, Great Uncle Alfred Rogers and Great Aunt Marion had a third child, a daughter Stella May, who was born in Vallejo in 1904. She finished school in Berkeley, at the original "Garfield" Junior High, then located at Rose and Walnut Streets—the building is still there!

My father, Fred Abraham, used to visit with his first cousin, Arthur Rogers, and that way became acquainted with Celia's sister, Christine, to whom he became engaged before he went off to fight in WWI. Celia was younger than Christine, but she beat my mother to the altar. Celia and Arthur Rogers got married during the War, and my father and mother didn't get married until my father came back from the Front, wounded by mustard gas. You see, Arthur had stayed in the Bay Area during the war. As a steamboat pilot, Arthur had become an officer in the Navy, piloting the boats which transported trains across the Carquinez Strait to Benicia, from where the trains would go on to Sacramento, Ogden and then Chicago.

So Arthur Rogers and Celia McKenzie got married during WWI. In fact, they got married on the front steps of 1219 Carlotta Street in Berkeley, near the intersection of Monterey and Hopkins Streets. For, by 1915, the McKenzie family had moved back to Berkeley, and my grandfather, Colin McKenzie, was Inspector of the Yards down at the Oakland Mole, where the transcontinental railroad terminal and ferry boats to San Francisco were located.

Now, though, with three girl children and no male heirs, the McKenzie name is but a fond memory.

CHAPTER 2. Hank's Childhood and Youth in Berkeley

Hank Colin Abraham's Birth and Early Days

I was born in San Francisco in 1920. My name, as I was baptized, was Harry Colin Abraham. The name Colin, Scottish, from my maternal grandfather, and Harry from my paternal one. My paternal grandfather was named Henry, but he was nicknamed “Harry.” So I was named after my two grandfathers: Harry Colin Abraham. After being born in 1920 (and having moved to Berkeley because I made too much noise in the San Francisco apartment), I lived in Berkeley for most of my youth, until I graduated from college. So, I began by living with my mother and father in a newly-built bungalow-type house, 1920s style, at 1610 Cedar Street, just above California Street, on which the Southern Pacific electric “red train” ran. There was also the Key Route electric train on Sacramento Street. The Key Route stopped along Sacramento at University Avenue, Virginia, Cedar and Rose, then up Hopkins, past the Alameda, to the end of the line at Sutter Street, where the tunnel for the Southern Pacific line was, now a road through to Solano Avenue for cars.

It was 1921, I believe, when we started living there. I was the only son at that time. During the next few years, my mother and father decided to have two more boys. We were starting to regrow the Abraham tree.

So, that was my home, and there was a big store on the corner—there were many stores on corners in these early days, like Crowells Store on California and Delaware. There was also one at Virginia and McGee. On our corner was the Tansey Grocery Store, at the southeast corner of Cedar and California. The stores would have advertising—for Lipton or Green Tea—embossed on the window. Bananas hung from the ceiling. As did fly paper. And there were bins from which the grocer would shovel sugar and flour into your grocery bags.

And, actually, the Tansey family lived right next door to us. So we knew them, as well as a number of other people up the street. And one of my mother's sisters, Celia McKenzie Rogers, and her husband, Arthur Rogers Jr. (a ferry-boat captain like his father, Alfred Rogers, Sr.) had moved in at 1641 Cedar. My mother would leave me with them often—I would be out in the kitchen banging the pots and pans while Arthur would be trying to sleep because he worked the night shift. (Arthur and Celia did not have any children of their own.)

We got to know almost everybody—over the fence in back, and up the street in front of us. And I guess it was a living experience: a young guy like myself more or less free to wander up and down and get into mischief and one thing or another. I knew some of the local neighborhood boys, and we would be meandering around, looking for trouble almost anywhere, and in people's back yards. Some people were keeping chickens, which were allowed at that time. There were blackberry bushes everywhere and spiders. By the way, I used to eat spiders, thinking they were some kind of a berry—but I learned!

My brothers started coming along the line, and my next brother was Fred Junior—Junior was his middle name. We called him Bud, Buddy. And he was my buddy for the rest of his short life, having been killed in December of 1944 in Germany. He had Grandpa Colin's blue eyes and blond hair. So, we played around there and enjoyed the kids and then my second brother, Edwin, came along, but I wasn't as close to him. He was *much* younger, two-and-a-half years!

Hank's Primary School Years

Then I grew up to be almost five years old, so I went to kindergarten. Together with some of the neighbors my age, we went over to Jefferson School, which was located at Sacramento and Rose Streets, on the northwest corner. What is interesting about Jefferson School was that it was one of the old schools which looked like a barn. All the schools looked more or less the same: two stories, with steps in front, painted yellow. But there

was a new section which was designed much like a Maybeck—with meandering trellises along the way to the entrance and that sort of thing—making it more modern. By the way, the older building was torn down in the fifties because it was a fire hazard. Anyway, Miss O'Bannion was our principal, a single woman who drove to school every day in a horse buggy. She would put the horse in the field across the street in the old Gill Tract, which later on was built up, but it was at that time just fields. The teachers—I can remember them so well and they were all so nice: Mrs. Hussey, Kindergarten, Mrs. Black, 1st grade, Mrs. Thomas, 2nd grade, and Mrs. Stephenson, 3rd grade. By the time I was in the 3rd grade, I was learning things pretty well, getting along and not getting in trouble, much.

So, here I am, about third grade, and it was 1928. There were a lot of good times during the '20s— and then in '29 there was the stock market crash. But just before that, my folks had decided to move out of the central north Berkeley up into the real northwest, at Thousand Oaks. They found an empty lot up there which hadn't been occupied. They were always looking for some kind of a deal like that. They had a house built by a contractor by the name of Reininghaus. He always built the same type of house and the same type of stucco on the outside, which has little waves all over it, not quite Spanish but something in that direction. His kind of stucco was not so good, because the waves caught a lot of dust over time.

So, we lived at 1633 Neilson Street, between Thousand Oaks Boulevard and Portland Avenue, and we were there from 1929 up until 1939. During those years, I got really busy and I was doing well in school— Thousand Oaks Elementary School from the 4th grade, with excellent grades and then moving over to Garfield for junior high. That would have been 1932 until 1935, when I graduated (full honor roll) from Garfield. During the time I was at Garfield, I was also a belated recruit of the Boy Scouts. There were three BSA Troops which were subsidized by the Dads' Club at the Garfield Junior High: Troop 28, Troop 31 and Troop 24—Troop 24 being the earliest one. I enjoyed the Scouts very much. My Troop was Troop 28. The Troops were led by Garfield teachers: Troop 24's Scoutmaster was Fred Flanders, the mechanical drawing teacher, Troop 28's was Sam

Leland, who taught print shop, and Ed Stoelkle was Troop 31's Scoutmaster. He taught physical education. Fred Flanders was also the first Camp Director at Wolfboro.¹ Wolfboro Scout Camp was up in the Stanislaus National Forest near Lake Alpine.

Hank's Garfield and High School Years

We walked from Thousand Oaks Boulevard to Garfield every day. I continued to walk to school from Thousand Oaks, even to Berkeley High School, unless I had a paper route or something like that and had to take a bus. On the days when I had to get up at 3:30 am to do the *Shopping News* paper route, I would do my route—which was up in the hills of the Thousand Oaks area—and then come home, shower, eat and take a bus to school from Colusa Avenue and Thousand Oaks Boulevard. There really was quite a bit of walking involved, because we had to walk up the many steps to each house and fold and tuck the paper by the door knob to make sure it did not get wet. We tucked it so that it would fall inside when the door was opened by the lady of the house.

So, there we were at Garfield, and I enjoyed school again and did well in it. I was in some plays, never the lead, but enjoyed doing it and enjoyed history very much. I learned some Spanish at that time, eventually completing three years of Spanish. And I met other people, not just people in my neighborhood. Also, through the Boy Scouts, I spread my interests and developed leadership, if I may say, throughout the north side of Berkeley, in the Thousand Oaks-Cragmont area.

I could plan my paper route—now this was *The Oakland Tribune*—so I could take time off in the summer, and I went to camp at Wolfboro in July of 1936. Here I was, fifteen years old, hadn't been a Boy Scout as long as most kids were, but being older I was able to learn the ropes more quickly. I quickly became very, very interested in being at camp any time

¹ Camp Wolfboro, as it is now called, was founded by the Berkeley-Albany Council in 1928 in the high Sierra Nevada Mountains on the shores of the Stanislaus River. It was initially called Wolfboro, with the letter 'e' added later to honor a Richmond-based businessman and contractor, Charles Wolfe, who donated a lot of time and effort to the local Boy Scout causes.

I could, which was only in the summer. I followed that interest, and for the next six years, I was on the staff of Camp Wolfboro. I worked up from dishwasher to management of the mess hall to Hikemaster!

The New Car

Meanwhile, I graduated from high school, while my two brothers followed me through Thousand Oaks Elementary and Garfield Jr. High to Berkeley High School. During those years, we had an automobile. We had got the old Essex in 1925. It had cost \$1,000 for my grandfather to buy that. I went over to San Francisco with them to the place on Van Ness where it was purchased. And in 1925, \$1,000 was a moderate amount of money. An Essex was not a Cadillac or anything like that. It was really “boxy” and not very good; it turned out to be very noisy in second gear or lower. We called it the Old Coffee Grinder. We replaced it with a new 1932 Plymouth. That was a new make put out by Dodge. The first one was called “Floating Power,” where you could put the engine out of compression mode and save on fuel. And it wasn't a very good or safe idea; it was “recalled” in 1933. So we ended up with another model in '33. Later we preferred Pontiacs and Thunderbird Continentals.

Our family did not have an automobile until 1925 when we got the Essex. What happened was that my grandfather became a widower in that year. My grandmother died suddenly of diabetes and left my grandfather with the \$10,000 she had earned hemstitching. With this money, my grandfather decided to give my parents a car. He also built a room in the back of our house on Cedar Street, where he could stay when he came to Berkeley to visit. Because, when my grandmother died, my grandfather did what he had always wanted to do—take orders in the Catholic Church. I think he had even higher aspirations early on, in the era when they were in Australia. But then he met my grandmother, Florence Higgs, who had been operating a “lolly” shop with her sister Maud, and had fallen in love and gotten married.

So now he became a Brother and the name that he took was Felix, which in Latin means “happy.” So he was Brother Felix and he went to Portland, Oregon, to help locate and develop a new church and grounds, to be known as “The Sanctuary of our Sorrowful Mother.” He was a docent for many, many years, only returning to visit us in Berkeley at Christmastime. He was always the one who brought the Christmas tree and a lot of the joy around Christmastime, bringing chocolate bars and other nice things that kids liked.

Hank Abraham's Parents' Real Estate Ventures

We lived like that until 1939, when my folks decided a quite different approach. I was at UC Berkeley, where I had started in the fall of 1938. World War II had not started, but my folks decided to get into the rental business. My father was getting older and, with us boys almost grown up, my mother could help take care of the rentals. So they decided to sell the house up in north Berkeley, and they asked each of us three children to contribute the money in our little bank accounts that the Berkeley schools had set up at Bank of America. It had been the idea of the Superintendent of Schools, Virgil Dickson. He thought it would be a good idea to introduce children to saving money. So the children were encouraged to bring ten or twenty-five cents to school once a week, and sometimes the whole class would go into the bank together to deposit their money.

At this time, our parents asked us to gather our money from our school accounts, and we gave them all of our savings. This allowed our family to buy the Berkeley Hotel (the business, but not the Hotel itself). The Berkeley Hotel was located at Shattuck Avenue and Addison, on the northeast corner. The Hotel building, called “The Studio Building,” was the first four-story building in Berkeley—a real skyscraper in about '04!² In 1907, the

² “The Studio Building” at 2045 Shattuck Avenue was built in 1905 by father and son, Frederick and Clarence Deakin (later Dakin). It was originally intended to house the Deakins’ real estate investment company, though the

California Guild of Arts and Crafts used part of the building for its School. When we bought the business in 1939, the building was managed by a realty company, Coldwell Banker, as a rooming hotel.

So now my parents took over the management of the Berkeley Hotel. Some of the rooms were \$45 dollars a month, some \$15. None of them much more than that. The bathrooms were down the hall, and there were no kitchens. (Most people had hot plates.) Our family moved into the big apartment on the Shattuck Avenue side. The curved part on the corner of Addison Street with double bay windows became the kind of parlor where guests could meet and the Hotel had its office counter. My parents ran the Hotel from 1939 to 1945.

UC Berkeley

During those years, I met a lot of people, both through Scouting and through the University [UC Berkeley], and became well-known around town. Not really eminent, but important in my own area. So, I really enjoyed that era.

Jeanine: Maybe you could tell us about entering UC Berkeley: how you happened to go there, what you studied and where you lived.

Hank: My grades were good at junior high and high school for the most part. I had to get a B+ or higher average to get into Cal. My counselors told me what I had to take and I proceeded to do that. And I was accepted at Cal. I started at Cal in 1938, taking the bus to school for the first time on a regular basis. All the time I had been at Garfield³ and Berkeley

top story was designed for artist studios and an art gallery. The School of the California Guild of the Arts and Crafts (later the California College of Arts and Crafts) used the building in its inaugural year, 1907, before moving to a larger space the following year.

³ Garfield Junior High School in Berkeley was named after U.S. President James A. Garfield. It was renamed to Martin Luther King Jr. Middle School for the civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. a few years after his assassination in 1968.

High, I had walked to school. The trolley was 5 cents, you know. But it wasn't walking to school which strengthened my legs. It was that, during all those years, I had gone with my relatives and my father to the mountains. We would go by car, or with friends, or by any means. And in the Boy Scouts, particularly, I learned that I wanted to be out in the woods; I wanted to be climbing trees; I wanted to be climbing rocks. I wanted to do those useful things that we learned to do at Scout camp in the High Sierra, Camp Wolfboro near Bear Valley. It was where most of the Scout troops of Berkeley would go in the summertime.

Wolfboro was up in the Stanislaus National Forest area above Angels Camp, near the Ebbetts Pass Road, and I loved that camp to death. The Hikemaster on my first hike out into that area was Ed Schuessler, and he lived on Yosemite Street in northeast Berkeley, and his father, Louis Schuessler, was the Camping Chairman of the Boy Scouts Council of Berkeley, Albany—and Contra Costa County, which was added at that time, 1932. Ed was Hikemaster at Wolfboro from 1933 to 1938. He was a “walking machine.” He was kind of spindly; he always wore a ranger's hat; and he could walk about two yards with every step. Ed was already studying forestry at Cal. And when he graduated in 1939, he began working in the forestry field full time and could no longer spend time with the Scouts in the summer at Wolfboro. Then I more or less took over from him. For four years, I continued doing the things that he had started, training others to carry on when I too would have to move on and make a living.

It was during that time at UC Berkeley while I was working at Wolfboro during the summer, that I decided to become a forester and work for the Forest Service, or a lumber company. At that time, I hadn't decided yet. As it turned out, I didn't work for the Forest Service except for 30 days in 1942. But, I had decided to follow in Ed Schuessler's footsteps and go into forestry.

CHAPTER 3. Wolfboro

Jeanine: To pick up where we left in the last interview, you were telling us about your many exploits with the Sierra Club. I wanted to review some of the geography. Maybe you can start by telling us about the Boy Scout camp that was so important to you, the camp where you met Paul Grunland.

The Boy Scouts

Hank: Actually the Berkeley-Albany cities were the original Council of the Boy Scouts where I belonged. We are talking about the time of 1928-1932, at the time when it was still the Berkeley-Albany Council. They had developed a camp in the hills of El Cerrito. It was called Camp Herms, after William B. Herms, who was president of our local Boy Scout Council. From Berkeley it was seven miles up and seven miles down—quite convenient for anyone in Berkeley, particularly North Berkeley, to do a fourteen-mile overnight hike—a requirement for First class Scouts.

I was in the Scout Troop at Garfield Junior High School, now Martin Luther King Junior High, and it was supported by the Garfield Dads, a group similar to PTA. I got real interested in taking a hike, in staying up at night, with the owls and the coyotes and things like that. That was what I was really looking forward to, and seeing a lot of.

Paul Grunland did similar things with backpacking for the Sierra Club. I got to know him at the Boy Scouts Camp in Wolfboro. He was just a young kid, and I was older by four or five years. I was the Hikemaster. I made various suggestions to the Scout Troop of Berkeley to get groups and troops oriented for the summer. I did that during the year, and as part of that I went to his Troop 6 at Saint John's Presbyterian Church in 1938. I still go to some of their meetings occasionally, and recently, when I visited their reunion with Paul, I found my name, Harry, in the history book of Troop 6 (for the year of 1938. Fantastic!).

Jeanine: What book did you see at Saint John's that had your name in it?

Hank: Troop 6 of Berkeley has something like a yearbook/scrapbook, and they put the names and pictures into the book to keep track of what was done during the past years, starting from 1928. I was on the Wolfboro Pioneers Committee in 1938, before the war, and we met in lower Kensington to initiate the Wolfboro scrapbook and get all the miscellaneous pictures and memories down on paper. By golly, now how many years have we got? We have about ten or twelve ten-year periods all in book form right now. Right now as we speak, it is completed, it is not on paper anymore, it is all online: not my cup of tea.

I was on the first Boy Scout committee for that when we started in 1938. I was President of the Wolfboro Pioneer organization in 1940, and I have been with them ever since. I just attended one of their meetings this past December, Paul [Grunland] and I. I was taking Michael, my grandson, with us too. And we've been doing that for years. When I went with Paul to his Troop 6 session just a few weeks ago, I thought: here are all these books, about ten years at a time, and all the stars on the wall, like Paul and Paul's son— not mine of course, I wasn't in that troop. I remember talking to them in 1938 about taking their troop on a hike in 1939, and when I looked in the scrapbook, sure enough there was a picture of me; it didn't say anything except my name, but it was there. They had taken it the night I was talking to them and showing them some pictures about Camp Wolfboro. I was not in the Navy until 1942; I came there off-season and made that appeal to them to organize a burro trip with our Council donkeys and continued that program until 1942. By then I had volunteered for the Midshipmen's School in the U.S. Navy Reserve and because of the experience in the Sea Scout Ship Berkeley and fairly good grades in college, I was admitted and was actually waiting to be called to duty as soon as I finished college.

The Boy Scout Camp at Wolfboro

Most memorable was, though, to go up to the Boy Scout Camp, to Wolfboro. They named it back in 1928. Wolfboro, I think, is a name borrowed from a town in New York or New Hampshire. Most of the original leaders of the camp were school teachers from Garfield Junior High School. They got their vacation from teaching during the summer, so it was convenient for a lot of these men. Some of them were coaches, some of them were English teachers, or teachers of mechanical drawing or auto shop and stuff like that. They would have the whole summer season. They formed a good foundation for that summer Wolfboro Camp for the Berkeley-Albany Council of BSA.

Fred Flanders was the original Camp Director, and Dick Leonard was a camp Headmaster and continued same on staff at the Wolfboro Camp from 1928 until 1931. Of course, I didn't even go to camp until 1936, but I got to know him through the Sierra Club rock climbing. He and his wife were very close to me and were helping me on the art of rock climbing. They were my sponsors into Sierra Club (I am a lifetime member). Dick Leonard would become the President of the Sierra Club—he was actually Secretary for many years until 1952, and then President. Wonderful guy! He was an attorney and later became the head of the Izaak Walton League for fishermen and the president of the Save the Redwood League.

After him came Ed Schuessler, who was the son of the Camping Committee Chairman. Ed graduated from Cal (in forestry) and then went off to the mountains, like I did. Ed walked in North Sierra forests from 1930 to 1942. Then the Army. When he came back, he found out he couldn't any longer walk through thorny brush because he had gotten infected from a wound by shrapnel. So he decided to not go out and work in the woods any more. He went to Petaluma and what do you think for? For chickens. Petaluma was the egg capital of the world. He organized chicken ranching and feeding with automated mechanical assistance and was not back to our beloved mountains or Wolfboro ever again. Sad...

Back to Wolfboro, I first went there in 1936 when I was fourteen years old—almost a year-and-a-half older than the age you could get accepted in those days—one had to be twelve years old to be a Boy Scout. Now they’ve made it eleven years old. So, I did go for a two-week period in 1936. I quit my *Oakland Tribune* newspaper delivery job and turned it over to a friend of mine. While at camp, I went out on a hike overnight, and the leader who took us out for the night was Ed Schuessler. He was a walking machine, a wonderful guy!

Ed took care of all the things that happened on the trail. You would walk straight and try to avoid hitting branches—all that kind of things. It really hit home with me. I slept out on hard granite, looked up at the stars, talked about this and that all night. It was at Shoofly Meadow, just north of the Whittaker’s Dardanelles Ridge, about twelve miles southwest of Wolfboro. It was just wonderful! A place where the ridges were formed by lava and where the old glaciers had gouged out canyons.

At that altitude there were rattlesnakes. That was one of the things we’d learned as Scouts—about the amphibians, the rattlesnakes and various animals. We were very well coached, and when we saw a snake we killed it. Nowadays you are not supposed to do that. No! No!

Jeanine: Did you see many rattlesnakes?

Hank: Yes, many, over the years. One occasion was almost disastrous. We normally were told that the rattlesnake is a gentleman snake, because it rattles before it strikes. I wouldn’t count on that! Generally speaking, it is true. If you come near one, and they sense you, they will rattle and form S-shaped coils, and they strike out. Say, if they were thirty inches long, they can probably strike about twenty inches because they have to keep part of themselves on the ground for anchorage while striking. Going along that trail one day to Shoofly Meadows, Schuessler stopped everybody: “Stay where you are!” And he killed a rattlesnake. And we of course skinned it and saw that its head was properly buried.

Jeanine: Why did you skin it?

Hank: For a trophy! We put salt inside its skin and made it into a trophy for our Troop meeting place and put it on a little board to stretch out and dry. We had one 52 inches long and fairly wide—about 6 to 7 inches wide, spread out.

Hikemaster at Wolfboro, Rattlesnake Story, 1939

In 1939, I was leading a hike to the Dardanelles Cone, easterly of the Whittaker's Dardanelle Ridge; you can see the Dardanelles from Highways 4 and 108. I was taking a donkey with some food that was to be hung up in a tree for another group that was going to be climbing the Dardanelles Cone from a different approach. I took one man, Arthur Davidson, and the donkey by the name of "Sweet Pea" to pack the cache.

Arthur Davidson—he lived up in Kensington at the time—and I decided to go up to the mountains for a brief trip, but the trip turned out to be longer than we had expected. The trail did not follow the map. We ended up in a little boxed-in canyon where you have to climb up over the rocks in all directions. With a donkey, that was going to be difficult. We stopped to take drink of water out of a little pool that came up out of the ground. It looked nice, and I looked around—you know, you always look where you're going. I had gloves on, and I put my hand right down on the rock by the pool, and I leaned on it, and I took a drink, pulled back, swallowed that and leaned down for another drink. Then Arthur, who wanted to have a drink too, looked right at me and said, "What's that?"

When he said that, I knew exactly what he meant. I got up without touching anything. I was looking straight at my hand, and there was a 33-inch snake under my hand! I had put the palm of my hand on the rock; but I had my glove on, so there was no heat emanating from my hand; and my fingers were extending out into a little grassy piece at the edge of the spring. I didn't see it, and I didn't touch it, and we didn't make a lot of noise. When I was getting a stick nearby to hold him down, I snapped the stick—just a small dead branch of a tree lying there—about an inch in diameter. As soon as I snapped that stick, the snake went: "Wwhhitt, wwhhitt, wwhhitt," three strikes in my direction. My head wasn't there

anymore, otherwise my head would have been swollen in two or three hours. It would have been terrible! So that's as close that I ever came to being bit by a snake.

We skinned the snake, and then we found out why it did not see me or feel me or anything like that: it was molting. All snakes' skins molt, including the eye, the skin over the eye, and it is sort of pink before it falls away. So the snake does not see for a while during the molting, but they go by sound. By luck, I didn't make a sound. It was close; it was really pretty close. I've thought about it many times. How old was I at that time? I was eighteen. That was my first year being a Hikemaster. They made an exception. You were supposed to be twenty-one, but Ed Schuessler thought that I might be a good possibility anyway. So I did that for four years, until the War.

Actually, for me getting started as a Camp leader, I worked my way up with kitchen duties at first, including washing dishes, for the first summer, and running a mess hall the second year. It is quite a thing to be a Hikemaster. What we did at Wolfboro, was we supervised the camping out for the kids who came for two weeks. And there was time for one day, two-day, or three-day hikes for some of the boys, who weren't tied up with other subjects, like merit badges for Handicraft or Archery, etc. Climbing one of the peaks—Elephant Rock, for instance—and swimming in the lake and also climbing the Dardanelles Cone itself, which was plus minus 9,200 feet—one of the higher ones in our area—these were the things I organized. It takes three days to do that hike from Wolfboro, camping two nights at Gabbott Meadow. The donkeys haul the cooking equipment, and we would build small stone fireplaces out of natural rock. I was able to go to some of the Scout troops in Berkeley, all over Berkeley, and tell them about the glories of camping.

There were a lot of kids who were there for the whole six or eight weeks, and we could take them on a seven-day trip. So all those things had to be organized: the food and so forth and our equipment had to be put into boxes called kayaks. The kayak hangs over the pack saddle, and you just hang the box over the side of the donkey and cover the whole thing up. And you put a diamond hitch over it in order to hold it together. The little burros go,

“tik, tok, tik,” right along, with their heads up high, always looking for something to eat. So that's a lot of the allure; also us being away from the camp and all the strict authorities that were there. When on the trail, you are FREE; your own boss. Excelsior!

Jeanine: Were you the authority in the camp?

Hank: I got kind of famous that way. Everyone seemed to like what I was doing. Paul [Grunland] seemed to approve of it. That's how we met. Paul was fourteen when I met him. Troop Six. That troop is still there, still going. I made a presentation to that troop about hiking at Wolfboro. I did such a good job that I had a full group attend. The hiking, the swimming—all that was part of the experience.

CHAPTER 4. U.C. Berkeley and High Sierra Trips

Life at UC Berkeley: 1938-1942

Hank: I went in at Cal in 1938 and came out of it in 1942, when the war had already started. Forestry was what I studied, because I wanted to be in the mountains; I wanted to be where there were trees and rocks. Does that give you a clue as to why I went up there?

Jeanine: Yes. So, can you tell a little bit about your life at Cal—where you lived at Cal, the social life, etc.?

Hank: I was living at home, up in north Berkeley, from 1928 until 1939. So finally when I started going to Cal in 1938, I had to take the bus to school. You see, I still had my paper route, the same one I was doing in high school. Twice a week, I had to get up at 3:30 in the morning to deliver the papers. It was a steep route, up in the hills, and you had to walk up the steps of each house to clip the newspaper inside the door knob so the paper wouldn't get wet.

While at Cal, I had to attend ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Corps], which I did. And I decided to take the Coast Artillery option rather than Infantry, or Navy, for that matter. If I had been smarter, I would have been in the Navy, but I also would have been dead. That's because those people who were entering the ROTC in the Navy at that time usually died in the early action before our offensive started. Admiral Nimitz was, by the way, the commander at Cal ROTC during the years before WWII. He wasn't an admiral at that time, but he later became one.

The U.S. Enters WWII

Next thing that happened, of course, was that the war [World War II] had started, and we had to volunteer or be drafted. All three of us boys were, at that point, helping my mother

and father at the hotel in our spare time. My mother was always working there, with my father still working in San Francisco part-time in the business that he was in for twenty years. This was in electronics and electrical and radio parts, in the Offenbach Electric Company, up on Market street near Van Ness. A good occupation for him. He was a very artful man with money, how to manage it and so on. That is why he was working there as a manager and a bookkeeper, originally.

Brothers Enter the War

Then, by 1939, my father pretty well had retired. Of his three boys, the youngest one was graduating from Berkeley High School, and that was Ed, who was named after one of the first Kings of England, way way back. Ed was a football star, catching the ball, playing end against Alameda or San Leandro for the Berkeley High School football team. He got in the Marines right away, just after graduation. He worked only briefly for Farmers Insurance in what is now the Berkeley City Hall building. After Pearl Harbor he quit that job and entered the Marines in 1942, early, and left us. Later on during the war he was on Guam, and he was killed on the beach by a bomb thrown down from caves on the cliffs by the Japanese, who were occupying Guam and had to be removed before we could get closer to Japan.

My other brother, Fred, was also athletic, but he was very well-versed in languages, as well. He was studying French and then, when he joined the Army, he was assigned to learn German and Russian, because the authorities thought there was a need for that type a thing at the end of the war. He, Fred, or “Bud,” as I called him, was in the language program during the war for quite a while, until near the end when he was called to hazardous duty, augmenting our battlefront in eastern France, near Strasbourg. He was a corporal in charge of an eight-man machine-gun crew. They were all killed by German bombing.

Several of my friends who were at ROTC, and in Boy Scouts as well, were killed in the first incidents around Hawaii. It was not a good thing that they were ROTC at that particular moment. They had done four years in ROTC, and when the US entered the war, they were shipped out right away, because they were already trained and could begin duty as an “Ensign.” About four or five people in my forestry department were killed and quite a few in my high school class in the first few months. In any case, during my first two years at Cal I was in Coast Artillery ROTC, and I only had to be there for two years out of the four I spent at Cal.

Forestry Camp, Quincy, 1941

The forestry camp, just west of Quincy, that's where I got my first “in-the-woods” training. After that, I was more interested in the outings regarding forestry, visiting logging and lumber mills and other things regarding growing trees and producing products from them. So I met quite a few of my friends in that way over the years at UC Berkeley in Forestry, at Mulford Hall. Walter Mulford, who was in charge of the whole Department, and Emmanuel Fritz, Myron Krueger and Fred Baker (who followed Mulford as Chair)—those were all the great teachers that we had. Also Robert Cockerel. They were very personable people, all of them. We were all pretty close, teachers and students.

When I first went to UC Forestry Camp, it was just before the war was starting and a number of foresters who would have been there were called up to the Service. We didn't have a full forestry camp complement. The camp could handle up to 100 or 120 students, studying about growing timber, cutting timber, thinning it out, and so forth. Another trip that I did during the summer of 1941 was the John Muir Trail trip.

John Muir Trail Trip of 1941

I was an Eagle Scout at the time—I stayed with that for quite a while through college. I led a number of climbs and trips for those wanting that experience. After the Forestry Department camp, I organized a John Muir Trail hike in 1941. And we went the whole distance from Tuolumne Meadows, by the John Muir Trail, all the way to Mount Whitney and back to the Giant Forest at the Sequoia National Park. It was 21 days long—roughly 15 miles a day. Beautiful, beautiful high Sierra country! There were five of us: Bob Hoagland (later my best man), David Erb, David Ocumpaugh, Don Hawkinson and myself. We had food arranged already, mailed to us at Devil's Postpile and up by Lake Florence, near Muir Pass. We picked up food at those locations as we hiked down the John Muir Trail. John Muir Trail was scouted as early as the 1890s and up to the 1930s as the trail closest to the crest of the Sierras to honor John Muir. At Muir Pass, at the headwaters of the south fork of the San Joaquin River, is the Muir Hut in Sicilian mountain style—a circular top built out of stones, with each stone supporting the next; built about 1936. Then you had to bring wood if you were going to have a fire. So we brought wood up with us and some extra for the next guy, in case he doesn't have any. (Now it is not allowed to gather firewood at timberline for that purpose—you have to bring along your own small gas cooker).

Joining the Sierra Club, 1942

Jeanine: I'd like to hear more about the organization of Sierra Club in Berkeley and how important the Club was to Berkeley, in your estimation.

Hank: During my time in Berkeley in the Forestry Department, I also joined the Sierra Club. Walter Mulford, who was the head of the Forestry Department, was one of my sponsors. Now, that was not good for me in a way, since the Forestry Department had a very different view of things than the Sierra Club. Opposite, really. On the other hand, I

survived it. And the other sponsor was my friend Dick Leonard, who was a very famous guy in the Sierra Club.

I think everybody realizes that most of its founders, John Muir and his acquaintances, were largely professors from the University of California or Stanford. Certainly there were others too, some of whom were not associated with the University. Berkeley was really the heart of it, because people had time off in the summer and wanted to enjoy the mountains. They did that without the Sierra Club, but only very sparsely. The Club was organized in 1892, with maybe four or five hundred people, and in just ten years maybe a thousand or fifteen hundred people had joined. By the time I joined in 1942, there were 6,000 or maybe 7,000 people, something like that. Now, my guess would be, it is pushing a million.

Jeanine: When did the Sierra Club spread beyond the Bay Area?

Hank: John Muir was from Martinez, actually. He spent a lot of his time over in Berkeley in his older years, giving talks and lectures, and with people who became his friends: Professor Joseph Le Conte, who was older than John Muir, also a Sierra man before the Club started, and one who helped put the Club together. In 1892, when the Sierra Club was put together, there were only two or three individuals, or perhaps one who was helped by his wife, who were looking for the best route for the Forest and Park Services to make a trail to honor John Muir. That was the trail from Yosemite starting down where all trails start, right near Camp Curry. There is a point where they start the trails up to Vernal Falls and Nevada Falls, and then the trail leaves the Merced River and goes on higher easterly and eventually arrives at Tuolumne Meadows. That is the beginning point of the trail aiming to get closest to the Sierra Crest, and then principally along the Crest all the way down southerly to Mount Whitney. That is the basic John Muir Trail. Excepting a short drop over the Sierra Crest to the east between Donahue Pass and Thousand Island Lake where Rush Creek flows down east to Mono Lake, the “John Muir” is located on the West side of the Sierra Crest!

Forestry Camp Hike, Mount Shasta, 14,280' Elevation, 1942

I was up at the U.C. Forestry Department summer camp during Fourth of July, '42. Another forestry student and I hitchhiked over to Oroville, and we took the bus from Oroville to Mount Shasta, the city. We were dumped off the bus by a road that wound up the mountain. Well, it was “only” thirteen miles up the mountain to the place we were going to camp that night. So we started walking. Finally, one other person did come, and he had a little convertible, and he had hardly any room for us, but he squeezed us in, because he was going to climb the mountain himself the next day. If he hadn't, we would have still been walking the next day. Thirteen miles. We would have gotten up there to the beginning of the climb very tired.

Anyway, we climbed the mountain the next day, and we were the first ones up there that year. We found the place where John Muir had been overnight in 1870s—a warm spring, right at the top of the mountain. There was a lot of snow up on the summit. When we got near the top, though, a big banner cloud began to form—a long cloud—as the wind blew over the summit, soon covering the sun. What a banner cloud has is a lot of moisture which you don't see until you get up close to it, and it turns white, like fog, and you cannot even see through it. So all of a sudden we couldn't see where we were going. We didn't know which direction we were heading. We lost orientation! Every once in a while, it would open up, but the peak would seem to always be in a different place than we thought it should be. Finally, though we kept going uphill, we got to where you couldn't go up anymore. So that was the top, the top of the mountain. We signed the Sierra Club Register. But we never saw any view from the top on that trip. This was all on a weekend. That was the first time I went up Mt. Shasta. Next time was with Peggy Hoyt and Arnold Bjornsen in 1947.

Pacific Crest Trail Trip of 1942

Later in the summer of 1942, when I was already in the Navy, but not called to duty, I made one more trip, and we went from Wolfboro to Cedar Grove in the King's Canyon.

We decided that six of us would leave Wolfboro at the end of summer camp, which would be in the middle of August, and we would go “down” the trail at least as far as King's Canyon. We purchased some of the food out of the camp commissary and mailed some ahead. We went through alternate parts I had not been through before. It's part of the Pacific Crest Trail now. It comes down from the north from Canada and crosses the Sonora Pass Highway 108 and enters the north end of the Yosemite Park. Most of the streams in the north part of Yosemite flow into the Hetch Hetchy Dam, which also combines the waters of the Tuolumne River providing power and water to San Francisco.

We went over familiar trails out of Wolfboro, via Wheats Meadow, and trekked along Highway 108 to Kennedy Meadows, and that was the last time that we would have any highways. There we gathered our food to keep us going all the way to Tuolumne.

While we were getting drinks along Highway 108 near Dardanelle Resort, we ran into a group of people who were making a motion picture called *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—a 1942 movie which starred, eventually, Ingrid Bergman. Bergman wasn't in the scenes that they were filming when we went by, but they were filming the scene in which Gary Cooper (as the volunteer for the Republican side of the Spanish revolt against the Fascists), was tying dynamite to the bridge underside, where the Fascist tanks were approaching. So we watched them do that, and we were able to see Gary Cooper and other notable actors who were fighting for the Republic, the Communist side, including Akim Tamiroff. We enjoyed doing that and while we were talking to Gary Cooper, I looked over his shoulder and saw Jason Day. Jason Day had been in my Boy Scout troop in Berkeley! Quite a famous guy eventually; after he was quite well-off, married and with two children, he divorced his wife and married the character “Katie” from *Gunsmoke*! Anyway, Jason joined our group, making it six on the Muir Trail. So we said goodbye to Gary Cooper, Akim Tamiroff and

whoever else was in that movie—there were a number of famous people in that movie, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

We went into the north edge of Yosemite National Park, at Bond Pass, the northernmost entrance or exit from Yosemite Valley. All the creeks that went westward from the path were dumping into the Tuolumne River below Tuolumne Meadows and all draining into the Hetch Hetchy Reservoir.

We had a really good time. We headed for a very favorable destination and stopped and camped at Benson Lake. It is a nice lake—the shape of a bath tub. The down part goes into sort of a curve, the mountains coming down on both sides, and looking west. I never saw such a beautiful setting, with the sun shining down through the clouds, the red and yellow color coming through, and the westerly wind constantly washing little tiny waves up towards us on the beach at the upper end where we camped. There was a beach all the way across there along the east side. We ran into a fellow who was fishing, and he had more fish than he needed, and he shared them with us. That was a good thing, to have a little extra food for you when one is hiking lightweight. Benson Lake, on Piute Creek, was a really interesting stop on that trip.

We got to Tuolumne Meadows and a couple of our group's guys decided they didn't want to go any further. We went from Benson Lake, past Matterhorn Peak (Sawtooth Ridge), Glen Aulin Falls, and on to Tuolumne Meadows to the Sierra Club's Parsons Lodge. That's where three of our group decided not to go farther, that it was too hard for them. They were the youngest of the group. So it ended up that there were only three of us going on down the mountain. That was a disappointment in a way, but it didn't seem to bother me too much. Who were the ones who left? They were Brook Knolls, Bob Trumball, and Wayne Thornton. Trumball I lost track of. But I kept up with Thornton and Knolls for many, many years, doing return meetings of Wolfboro Pioneers and things like that. Wayne Thornton just passed away, and Brook Knolls had passed away earlier.

The three of us went on down, taking on 20 miles a day. We enjoyed that fast trip very much, and arriving at King's Canyon, Cedar Grove, Walter and Jason decided they had to go home. I had already decided I was going to hitchhike back up Highway 395 from near Bishop, and go north up to Quincy. That was where I was going to get a job with the firefighting crew for the remaining of the fire season. Which I did, but that is another story.

From Cedar Grove, I headed up the trail, and I hadn't gone more than two or three hundred yards when I ran into these three gentlemen with packs on a single donkey carrying all of their gear for camping up in the high part of Kings Canyon National Park at the Rae Lakes along the John Muir Trail. I was heading that way, although I could have gone over the pass more directly, but I was asked if I would go along and help them. They were: a soil professor from UC Berkeley, Bennett, a teacher from a prep school on College Ave., Tommy, and the known etcher and wood carver [John] Winkler.⁴ They were having trouble getting the donkey to move. Having had some experience with donkeys, I got the burro moving right away. At Wolfboro when I was Hikemaster, we had eight donkeys for packing for our two, three or sometimes seven-day hikes. That's where I learned about the donkeys. I learned the hard way!

Anyway, having met these three guys, we later had a reunion at Winkler's studio. Winkler was showing us his carved boxes. He had carved boxes out of the root of the *Pinus Albicaulis*. They could hold candies, or cigars, but the lids would stay square and fit. They were carved on the outside with different designs, I think. One memorable carving had a wide cup at the top and a long thin stem coming down, a champagne drinking glass all carved out of one piece. So we had a reunion, Winkler and those two other guys and myself. And Monty.

Monty was a pet which stayed with Winkler on the top floor of his house on Keith Avenue. John Aronovici⁵ told me about this later. But Monty would just crawl around the house.

⁴ John W. Winkler [1890-1979], the well-known Bay Area etcher and carver.

⁵ John Aronovici, longtime leader in the Berkeley Historical Society, was the stepson of John Winkler.

Apparently, he got outside once in a while, too. But the neighbors' cats disappeared and things like that. Monty was a, let me see—what do you call it? It was a Beaded Lizard, a Gila Monster!

Tonya: Oh!

Hank: It has a colorful beaded skin of white, black and red, moves slowly, but bites and holds on, drooling a poison into the bite wound.

Tonya: This lizard was not with them on this trip?

Hank: No! But that was the key thing. A little side story that just happened a few months ago. I met John Aronovici and Paul Grunland at John's home, and they were talking about some boxes which John [Aronovici] had given to the Oakland Museum, and discussing etchings, which John mentioned he still had. Etchings? Boxes? I thought! And I began to put things together, and I asked John: "Did you ever get to meet Monty?" John looked up at me with eyes wide open. So then he knew that I had met the little lizard. It put it all together for me, that John—whom I had met at the Berkeley Historical Society, but never really talked with very much—knew Winkler.

Tonya: How long did you walk with Winkler's party?

Hank: I hiked and tended the donkey for one-and-a-half days to reach their destination at Rae Lakes. After a second overnight, I left on the third day. We started at Cedar Grove and camped at Woods' Creek, where we met the John Muir Trail; and then we hiked on to the south, up to the Rae Lakes. It changes from a wooded area to very little timber, just high elevation trees and these peaks. Bare glaciated granite! Rae Lakes have a lot of glacial effect—you can see how glaciers left big ridges between branches of the glaciers at Rae Lakes—effect called "Fin Dome" because it looks like a fin. Sheer granite. Behind it, Glen Pass. From there you can go south-easterly, then over the Kearsarge Pass of the Sierra and down into Independence on Highway 395.

The second day after I got up to Rae Lakes, I said “I have to get going.” I had just enough time to get over to Highway 395 and hitchhike up to Quincy—an experience which was interesting too.

I spent a long time waiting for a ride north of Bishop. Nobody would stop, nobody! There wasn't anybody coming anyway. I heard someone coming in the morning, after eleven hours laying out there at the side of the road. I wasn't carrying a tent, just a tarp. It wasn't light, it was an oiled canvas; one had to have something like it on the trail in case there's a storm. Once we were almost flooded out, and we had to go back down four miles and start all over again. I had the tarp at Wolfboro. At Wolfboro, the only things that the donkeys carried were the cooking equipment and the food. Every Scout carried his own stuff. Some critical people complained about weakness of the young Scouts caused by carrying too much. In 1943, unfortunately, they had to close camp, because somebody had infantile paralysis at the camp. After that, there was a big scare about not hiking too much at Wolfboro. That was a big disappointment.

I had an eider duck down sleeping bag, very light, with a silky material around it. You tried to keep it from getting wet; of course, you rolled it up and put it under a tarp when you were hiking. When you leave your bed alone to go away for any time, you don't expose it. Cover a rolled-up sleeping bag! Keeps it dry!

So that was another wonderful trip. I was lined up to go to finish my forestry course for my degree at Berkeley. I still had a little more studying to do, and then I had a job in the Forest Service at Plumas County, way up in Quincy, California. And so I got to know people up there, and I worked not as the actual fire crew. But after that long hike, I spent about two months before I finished my schooling. And what happened was that I got to know a lot of people at a place where I could go to work after graduating and after the war [WWII].

CHAPTER 5. In the U.S. Navy

Navy: The Midshipmen School, April 1943–July 28, 1943

Then all of a sudden I was in the U.S. Navy, and on April 5, 1943 I had to go to Columbia University to study to become a midshipman, to become “an officer and a gentleman.” A “ninety-day wonder!” The Midshipmen School was a very interesting thing for me. You know, you get into the swing of things. I did well in the studies, but at first you were not even a human, you were a non-person for thirty days. And then you took ninety more days as a midshipman, during which you are considered to be a gentleman. At the end of the ninety days, if you satisfied the Navy, you became an officer, as well. Which I did. So, that’s what happens at Midshipmen School, you become an “Officer and a Gentleman.”

I excelled in the grades in the activities of the command. After thirty days I was given an appointment as company commander, three stripes, and at the end of another half of the course, I was made battalion commander of the four companies at Furnald Hall, Columbia University. It was interesting to meet people from all over the United States in my battalion. It was just a wonderful thing to have to do. So, while I was there, my social activity was reduced to a minimum. Maybe on a Sunday you'd get an invitation to a church or a family. But because my class number (33/1088) was high I was selected to teach the next three classes. When the end of that came, I would have my choice of duty.

I was sent to Norfolk, Virginia, where I was in what was called the Destroyer School, where I was about a month and a half. I was number one in that class of a couple of dozen and did very well. I asked if I could be a navigator. They put me into a navigation school nearby, in Portsmouth, Virginia. And I was first in the class as well, and therefore I got my wish, which was to be a navigator on a destroyer in the Pacific. That is what I got, and that's what I was doing at the time, when, as I told you, my second brother was killed.

Jeanine. Can you go back a minute and tell us about how you chose to be on a destroyer on the Pacific, even after one of your brothers had been killed?

Hank: All I can say is that you have a certain amount of bravado during a war. That's part of the indoctrination. And fatalism. You just figure you're going to be there until the war's over. And since I did well in navigation, I wanted to do that. They had put me teaching gunnery when I was at Midshipmen School. The whole forestry education lent itself to mechanical skills. I had the background in Coastal Artillery in Berkeley in ROTC, so that was all well and good. But I wanted to be on a destroyer because it's a flashy, good-looking boat; and I wanted to be in the Pacific—that was closer to home and everything. And I got it. The decision was mine and that's what I got.

Brothers, Ed and Fred, Killed in the War, July and December 1944

When my brother Fred served in the army, he was elevated to a corporal because of his education, but had to go to boot camp before he could go to Europe. This he did. And we were getting messages from him on an almost daily basis in the mail: from Oregon, then Missouri, and then New Jersey. The last letter came from Marseille, France. He had already been killed at the time we got his letter. He lost his life in the same year that Ed lost his life earlier at Guam.

Jeanine: How was Fred killed?

Hank: He was a corporal managing the machine gun crew, and the Germans got them in their sights and killed them all. They were at the southern end of the line, which was in Eastern France, towards Switzerland, in the Strasbourg area. He is buried there. And Ed—they only found parts of him. He is shown as killed in action below the rock cliffs of the Guam Island, for that particular battle, and his monument is in Hawaii.

Jeanine: What year were your brothers killed?

Hank: They both were killed in 1944. Ed was killed in July. We are not sure of the date. I learned about that when I was in my post-Midshipmen School training for the Navy. Staying there a year to teach allowed me to get my choice of duty. In August 1944, I finished the Destroyer and Navigation Schools training and flew out to Treasure Island to go to take my duty post on a destroyer. We put the crew together on Treasure Island.

I was home with my folks when I heard about my second brother being killed, having already lost their other son earlier, in July. Fred was killed in December of 1944. My folks were of course devastated. They had lost two boys already and it was very difficult for me to be going away from them. They immediately wrote to the Secretary of the Navy; it was the law that if all but one of the sons had been taken in battle, the last one remaining can be given an appointment away from battle. But I didn't know they had done that, and I continued my duty at the destroyer John Wiley DD 597 until it was approved and launched, and we had completed our "shakedown" cruise.

On the Destroyer, January 1945

My duty at Treasure Island ended in January 1945, and we moved the crew up to Bremerton in Washington State by train and ferry boat and boarded our ship, which had been under construction in a large battleship-size lock (also called a graving dock), like a canal dock. Four of the destroyers were all built in the same place and they were all floated to the surface when we were aboard. For "launching" the dock, the lock is flooded by opening a gate, like a lock is opened on a canal. No champagne banged on the bow—we banged it on the "capstan head"—a standing pulley on deck opposite any anchor hanging on the side of a vessel.

Yes, I was out in the Pacific. And we went up and down the coast of the Pacific— Alaska, down to San Diego, almost down to Mexico. Then we were in gunnery practice in the islands off of Santa Barbara and Long Beach. Then finally we came back into San Diego with the approval to go on into the Pacific. So we went back to Puget Sound, Bremerton,

and got everything together and that is when, heading out to sea, I was assigned to work in the navigation on that ship. That is what I had wanted to do all the time.

We were near Hawaii, weeks later, and I got word that my folks were successful in getting me sent “home.” I didn’t know that they were even doing it, but the orders were orders, and I was sent to teach navigation at Fort Schuyler, in the New York borough of the Bronx.

From then on I taught navigation. I trained midshipmen in that area, going up and down the Sound, and also later at Villanova College and also in Washington, D.C. as well, until the end of the war, which for me was over a year after the war ended in Europe. It was June 6, 1946. I had to stay on that duty because of the semesters: The Midshipmen School was at Villanova College, which is near Philadelphia. Their term would end at the end of May, so on June 6, I was on my way West again, and I had a job to go to.

Jeanine: When you were on the destroyer on your way to Hawaii, did you know where they were going and what they were planning to do?

Hank: I knew what I was supposed to do—go toward Japan. This was before the end of the war with Japan. I knew where we were going and of course my youngest brother had been killed in Guam, and that was one of the points of call on our way to Japan: Guam is south and east of Japan. That is where most of the action was for the rest of the war.

Jeanine: Do you remember where you were and what you were doing when you heard that you were going to be sent back home?

Hank: Yes, I was on board of the US John Wiley, Destroyer 597, U.S. Pacific Fleet. I was a “Plunker,” that means I was on board when it was launched, and I escorted the lady that smashed the champagne bottle on our capstan. She was Mrs. Wiley, wife of Admiral Wiley. Admiral Wiley was Captain of the Navy Dirigibles Akron, then Captain of the Macon, and then Captain of the Battleship West Virginia. We were out on the forward deck of our ship, the John Wiley. It was a beautiful-looking destroyer. Everybody knows a destroyer is long and sleek, but not very well defended with armor. Five guns pointing, two forward and

three aft, and torpedoes, depth chargers and the works. And it was fast—we went up to 43 knots ahead, at flank speed, when we were off doing our shakedown, and that was a pretty good record. We had to go astern as fast as we could, which we were able to do—1 minute and 11 seconds. It was one of those little ships that people like myself wanted to be on. It was not very well protected—it was about half-an-inch of steel plate rather than 8-10 inches of armament on most of the larger ships. The armament was mostly around the guns—5-inch armor on front of turret for 5-inch 38 caliber guns for “insurance” and ½ inch of steel plate elsewhere on ship. So a lot of them went down for other reasons—a lot of the destroyers were taken down going after submarines.

Jeanine: What happened to the destroyer that you were on, do you know?

Hank: I was able to find out. I kept in touch with some of the fellow officers who were aboard. And over the years the Tin Can Sailors organization provided me with a lot of information and also a copy of my plank—a plank shows you were on board when it was commissioned. It is like putting on the last plank of wood of an earlier wooden warship; one of the planks becomes yours.

What happened was that they were stationed out of Guam on the way to Okinawa, which was being captured by the U.S. at that time. It was before the atom bomb and everything. Then at the time the bomb was dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the ship was in that area, near the east of Japan’s central area. So it was used mainly to safeguard the troops that were taking over the Japanese, in other words making them prisoner and occupying parts of Tokyo, other parts of Japan and so on. Their duty became pretty much housekeeping of the war action, returning some soldiers and sailors being sent home or to hospitals in the U.S. or Hawaii.

Jeanine: So, what was the date when you left the destroyer and went back to New York?

Back to New York and Washington, D.C., March 1945

Hank: I was sent back to New York in late March of 1945. My station was at Fort Schuyler, New York, and I was the exec-officer on a small ship, a patrol cruiser, or yard patrol, YP 975, for protecting the area around the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We were patrolling that area of Long Island Sound up as far as Massachusetts, Block Island, and up by Martha's Vineyard. I trained people in piloting and aerial navigation. I was only there for four months, during which the war in Europe finished.

Then they sent me to Washington, D.C. to get a little training on new mechanical rangefinders that operated completely mechanically in a metal box 18"x18"x18". After that they sent me to Villanova. It was already summertime, and I was given the job of teaching navigation for the fall semester, until Christmas time. Even though I had earned the requisite 80 points already, I was assigned to another semester after that. So I had to complete another semester before being released from the Navy on June 6 of 1946. And I had some vacation time until August 9, which I spent in California. The whole war experience was from April 5, 1942 to August 9, 1946—four years, four months and four days!

Jeanine: Do you remember where you were and what you thought when Hiroshima and Nagasaki were bombed?

Hank: Let me see, I was in Villanova, Pennsylvania, and thinking it was great that the end of duty was near, and I could go home again to Berkeley and my parents—actually during those ten months I was able to enjoy seeing peace, visiting acquaintances in the East, in New York, Pennsylvania, and arranging what I could for employment after the Navy days, forestry being the real goal. But many of our Califoresters were released from duty in mid-1945 and were already obtaining experience in the forests of California: and got the jobs.

CHAPTER 6. Back to the Sierra

Returning to Berkeley after the War, June 1946

When I went back to Berkeley after the war, I found out that some of my very old friends from Garfield Junior High and Berkeley High School and Naval ROTC had been killed: Andrew Foreman (Oxford Elementary, BHS '38), whom I remember as a wonderful and intelligent young man. And some others from the Forestry Department who had died—Milt Kunha. It was devastating for everybody to have lost friends like that. If you had studied to be a naval officer in the ROTC, many of these young guys who graduated in '41 or '42 went directly on board and out to sea. Many were killed; some of them my friends.

Parents Going into Real Estate

My folks were still running the hotel. At that time, they were not quite sure about what was going to happen in the future. They had lost two boys. My mother and father had decided to take over that hotel. Previously, 1927-1943, we had planted ten acres of walnuts in the Concord area. Then they had traded the ranch for rental property in Piedmont. My dad said “my boys don't want to be farmers.” That is why they went into rentals. My mother and father had lots of friends. In fact, there was a whist club. Every month for fifty years! And that was really a source of information for them. That was how we finally obtained the 17-unit apartment building. And that was the first. It is just a few blocks away from 1610 Cedar Street, at 1600-1632 Hearst in Berkeley. By that time, my folks were living there, and when I came home from the ship and before I went East, I visited with my mother and father. I had to leave very shortly, though. I just had a quick chance to see some of the parents of my friends, some of whom had lost sons as well.

In terms of finding a job, while I was still in the Navy, there was a possible job at Quincy of Plumas National Forest. Also, I had obtained the job at the U.C. Forestry Summer Camp where the director wanted me to come and help teach the forestry students after the war, many of whom were returnees from the war. I took the job and the first thing I did was to go to the camp at Meadow Valley—which is still there, by the way—we go every year. I was an instructor, an assistant to the Director, Keith Arnold, PhD. There were two other undergraduate foresters in addition to me. I spent ten weeks, I believe, on that job, except for a two-week trip.

Two-Week Burro Trip, Summer 1946

Meanwhile, I had talked with the Sierra Club and had agreed to take a two-week burro trip out for them. I had said I would do that before I took the job with the U.C. Forestry Department Summer Camp. I had asked the Director of the Camp if I could have those two weeks off. He said, “Sure, we will have Professor Baker come up and replace you for those two weeks.” So I did the Sierra Club trip. I was bitten by the burro hiking thing. And I did it for the Sierra Club for the next four years in the summer: a two-week deal.

It was Sierra Club’s first post-war scheduled burro trip, starting from Tuolumne Meadows, going north to Benson Lake and other points in the northeast Yosemite National Park area. This time twenty Sierra Club members, eleven donkeys and one horse were crossing the crest of the Sierra Nevada (leaving Yosemite National Park). The snow came and we had to hurry. We also had to bury one of the animals that had tripped and fell down and drowned in a little creek—the pack weight keeping its nose under the water too long. We got everybody to a place where they could camp, make a big bonfire to dry clothes and tarps and cook dinner. That's the first time I realized that Peggy Hoyt was somebody whom I should be interested in.

Jeanine: Can I ask you about the people in the Sierra Club, was it a very small group?

Hank: During the early years, 1892-1920s, there were around six hundred people, and now it is in the thousands, if not a million, all over the United States. In those years it had just started expanding. Dick Leonard was an amazing man who had studied law and who was very, very astute at working out things for the Sierra Club. It started with some smart people after Muir times—Will Colby for instance, a mining engineer. I have to tell you right off, the Sierra Club didn't mix with forestry, because forestry meant cutting trees and using them, utilizing them and protecting what you leave to continue growing. In other words, forestry is about utilization and also reproduction. So that was kind of a point that I glided through and kind of “soft-pedaled” it, and I did both.

Jeanine: I am curious about the fact that you had to get two sponsors to join.

Hank: Well, I guess they thought two was enough. Number one was Professor Walter Mulford, the head of the Department of Forestry, who didn't know that the Sierra Club was the antithesis of the Department of Forestry, but he died shortly. And the other one was someone I met through Boy Scouts: Dick Leonard was the first Hikemaster at Wolfboro, and I was the third one of any lasting tenure. He knew me well, and that was a sponsor easy to get.

Graeagle Lumber Company, 1946

The same year, I got a job at the Graeagle Lumber Company up in Plumas County. It was a lumber company that was taking moderate and good grade timber and making boxes for the California lemon industry. At any rate, that was what I was doing, doing the things that I had learned how to do: looking at timber and evaluating it, looking at roads and at how to get from one place to another. I located and designed those roads, some for firefighting—the whole thing. I was doing that during the rest of 1946. In the winter, I worked as an engineer-surveyor up at the Graeagle Lumber sawmill because they were going to enlarge the wet pond at the sawmill so it would hold more volume of cut logs during the late fall, allowing the sawmill to make lumber in wintertime. Cut logs were spoiling out in the open,

where moisture and too much sunlight allow fungus to grow, lowering the value. (Blue-stain is a fungus common in a number of situations—*Ceretostimela spp.* in Latin—bread mold, cheese mold, wet-wood mold). The mill pond we built in the ensuing winter is still there. The little surveyor's shack, which I used while I was doing the drawings, is still there. They are selling ice cream, candy and post cards there now. How sad!

At the end of the winter (1946-47), we started to go back up to the mountains to the logging area, and it was in a moveable bunkhouse where I was staying—they had two large bunkhouses at the mill, and also one they moved around from place to place in the mountains. So I went up to the Plumas National Forest, to the “Frenchman” timber sale, and I started laying out roads and things like that to get the area ready for logging that summer (1947). During that time, I hiked the mountains around. I took a little hand level to lay out slope grades in the mountains around the timber sale. In those days, we used strips of old red underwear for rags to flag the roads (no plastic!), so later when you bring in a bulldozer, the “catskiner” (driver) could see where the logging roads should be built. That was all part of what I learned as a forester. That was all part of our curriculum at UC Berkeley Forestry School in the pre-WWII era. The curriculum has changed now, because there aren't many jobs in virgin forest land, needing virgin access railroads and truck routes. In general, forestry in California has had to mold its curriculum to include environmental science, or die!

That's how they kept me busy up there at Graeagle Lumber Co. year-round. While I was there, I took advantage of my G.I. Bill, and learned to fly. So in the long evenings, I would find some way to get to the Beckwourth airport. There, at Nervino's Air Service, an instructor was training people who wanted to learn to fly small planes. So I went there and did the flying with the instructor, the two hundred hours required to be licensed to do take-off and landing. And he finally allowed me to fly solo, and I had some very interesting experiences on that. Then I got my license. Meanwhile, on the weekend, I climbed Mt. Shasta once more, with a forester friend, Arnold Bjornsen (U.C. Berkeley Forestry Class

of '46), his wife and Peggy Hoyt. We enjoyed that day as there were actually no “banner” clouds and the view was endless in all directions.

I went back to Graeagle next summer, and I eventually worked as “bullbuck.” So here I was in charge of about ten loggers who had been doing this for almost all their lives. I had to measure the work they were doing—get up on the logs, get the diameter and lengths of the logs, and estimate volume and deduct any useless “cull” portions. The boss, “Hurry Up,” Bob Weston, a Canadian, decided that he wanted me to run the whole logging operation for a few weeks, so he could go up to Canada and visit his family. So I was made the Assistant Logging Superintendent inside of about one year. This was in late July 1947.

Leading a Summer Burro Trip, 1947

In the summer of 1947, I led a private trip over the Forester Pass in the Upper Kern River with two gentlemen who were San Francisco architects, designers of the new Boalt Hall (Law) building at the University of California. These two gentleman, Fred Stephensen and Owen Pearce, also joined me on one of my trips after that with the Sierra Club.

The route over Kearsarge Pass begins at Onion Valley, above the town of Independence on Highway 395. Here we met our livestock: one white horse and one black mule, plus pack saddles, ropes and oats. We went over the beautiful Kearsarge Pass. South of that, we had our first look at the upper south branch of Kings River, known as Bubbs Creek. And then along the John Muir Trail in the southern fork of Sequoia National Park and Kings Canyon. The first big peak nearby is the University of California Peak, then another called Center, and the next ones are Junction Peak and Stanford Peak. Those are all almost 14,000 feet. Then further south toward Mount Whitney. So, that was the area. After that we went on from Kearsarge Pass about five miles, to camp at beautiful Bullfrog Lake. This lake hangs on a platform near a precipice, you might say, on the north side of Bubbs Creek, and it is where the airplane crash scenes of the *Lost Horizon* movie were shot.

This movie was showing a plane landing as it was diverted by the monks up in the enclave, Shangri-La, where they were living forever and ever. They did that part of the movie right there where the plane came in and smashed into the snow and went quite a way along and all of a sudden nobody on board was killed except the Tibetan pilot. And then all these kidnapped passengers were unexpectedly met by the people who lived in the valley off Shangri-La. But if you remember the movie, Upper Bubbs Creek is where they shot the plane crash and the monks coming down that little trail at the same moment. That was impressive. There are a lot of photo opportunities there and these two gentlemen wanted me to take them into that special high and remote Sierra area. It was a trip with three persons, one horse and one donkey (a big donkey, not a burro.) We were in Upper Kern River Basin for a whole week. The two gentlemen were fishing and climbing around somewhat, but I climbed solo almost all of the peaks, in the circumference of the South American Lake, which included Stanford, Crag Ericsson, Jordan, Table, and finally the Milestone. The famous Mount Brewer was a bit too far away.

Jeanine: Was that common to climb alone? Wasn't that dangerous?

Hank: Yes! Yes, it is, and it could be a problem for some people, but in this case I was with two older guys, and they were not able to climb with me. However, Owen took a wonderful photo from near the base of the Milestone, +/- 13,000 feet with me, but he didn't go up the peak itself. We found a water snake up there climbing up that peak. It was not a rattler, which have been found only up to 9,000 feet elevation, at that latitude.

At the end of our week-long camping trek, on the south side of Forester Pass the return trail entered a half-tunnel, and our horse was going up and the donkey was behind. The horse started bucking because he was hearing echoes of his own footprints which sounded like they were coming from the inside of the rock. The rear legs of the horse were outside and below the trail. There I come along and there is a problem. This big white horse with the pack on, and his hind legs are down four feet below the trail and his front feet on the

trail. He was standing at an angle, but almost vertical. So, what to do? What do you think I did?

I took that horse by its lead rope and calmed him down, removed his pack and encouraged him to stay calm again. I managed to get that horse to come around and drop down all four on the lower side of the trail. It was a fairly steep slope of polished granite and hardly any soil at all; it was all hard granite. And I looked at a long crack with a few tufts of grass and little flowers growing in it and led that horse down that little crack to its end on the switch back trail below; then I turned him around. I had already taken the pack off of that horse before I made this maneuver of him, after his bucking off of the edge of the trail.

I got him down and walked him back, through the problem tunnel area fast. No big deal! Then we repacked the horse and I returned back to the Onion Valley pack station and reported the situation to the packer.

Jeanine: How did you learn how to handle horses so well?

Hank: Because I was a Hikemaster at Wolfboro for over four years and that was when I started handling burros, when I was about 15 years old, just a young Scout on a pack trip. And learned from Ed Schuessler who was Hikemaster at Camp Wolfboro, 1933-38.

Jeanine: What motivated you to climb those tall peaks all by yourself, although it was not necessarily advisable?

Hank: #1 Show off! #2 Nobody else available to go with me....I just thought I could do it. You always want to be first and up there. You want to leave your name on the Sierra Club Rock Climbing register. There was a register. I found the name Dave Brower and others there. You have certainly heard of Brower? He was the first one up on Jordan. That was not a difficult trip—Table Mountain had a flat top. These peaks were all fairly easy for me to do, two each day.

Jeanine: How many hours did each ascent and descent take?

About three to two hours per day. These guys that I took wanted to go up into the mountains. We camped near Lake South America, which got its name from appearing like South America on the map. These peaks are arranged around the South America Lake basin, and I just wanted to do them all. It did take about two or three hours each day, four hours at the most for the one that was further away. I went to the Milestone, where I saw the snake at 12,000 feet. The rattlesnakes don't go higher than Moraine Lake and that's around 9,500 elevation.

Echo Lake, Fall 1947--Fall 1948

Meantime, I had done a lot of skiing, and had gotten interested in going to the Sierra Club's Clair Tappaan Lodge. There I had met Lodge Manager Haven Jorgensen. Haven Jorgensen, who was a printer from Oakland, had some money and had taken over the ownership of Echo Lake Chalet. He got to know me and wanted me to help him manage. I had been at Haven's betrothal to Betty Hamner, from North Berkeley, at Clair Tappaan Lodge during the war, in 1944. So I decided to work for him. I told the Graeagle Logging Supervisor, after he got back from his trip to Canada, that I would be leaving. However, I told him, I will find someone who can do the work. And it happened that was my friend, Bob Douthitt, who was a Berkeley Eagle Scout, Troop #6, along with Paul Grunland, and he was also in my forestry study group at Cal in 1942. So he took over as Forester-Bullbuck at Graeagle. He came, I went!

Anyway, in the Fall of 1947, I moved down to Echo Lake, and I became the Manager of Echo Chalet. The business had boats going up and down the lake. Also, repairs and storage of boats and boat trailers, a new ski-rope tow to install. That's what I was doing for the fall and winter of '47-'48. We had a busy snow bunny and skier season. In April '48 all of our Chalet reservations were completed after Easter week. We still had 7-8 feet of snow depth. It was a good ski year.

So I took a week off and drove my wonderful 1941 Buick convertible and put the top down and drove wildly for many days in the Redwood region visiting a friend, a U.C. forester, Dave Erb, and on through Jedediah Smith country in Del Norte County, then into southern Oregon, where I had to put on chains. Then down on Highway 99 to Mount Shasta, stopping off at Peggy Hoyt's new home at the source of the Sacramento River on their "Spring Farm" Ranch, with a fabulous view of Mount Shasta itself. Dr. Hoyt had left Berkeley to live there. He had organized a health center for the little city of Mount Shasta and was raising pigs, geese and feed hay. Their home was an 1800s style two-story "mansion," very nice. Peg was still at Boalt Hall, UC. And doing quite well. She did finally become first female "top of class" at Boalt ever.

Moving on, I traveled over to Mount Lassen (had to put on chains!). Then visited forester friend Arne Bjornsen, near Lake Almanor, and then headed east to highway 395 at Reno. As my vacation ended, I was cruising along up Highway 50 out of Carson City to Tahoe, but heavy snows stopped me and I had to stop at the side of the highway and wait quite a few hours. Nearly dawn I heard noise of a large motor snowplow, so I turned on my tail lights—it just missed my vehicle by an inch—so I followed the plow to south shore of Tahoe and then to Echo Summit. I hiked the two miles into Echo Lake in deep snow—a week earlier our seven-foot deep snow had doubled to fifteen feet! The deepest on record for April!! Back to work—no more skiing, just get ready for summer visitors: hotel, cabins, boats, groceries, staff, P.O., people.

Burro Trip. Mount Humphrey, 1948

Hank: Summer of 1948, I agreed to take a burro trip for the Sierra Club. It was near Mt. Humphrey out of Bishop. It's one of the taller mountains in the Sierras, almost 14,000 feet. Long story short, I was a burro trip leader of about twenty people and ten donkeys. We left North Lake, crossed the crest at Piute Pass and camped at Golden Trout Lake, and I took about six or eight people up Mt. Humphrey to the top. On the way down, even after my

warning to our group to stand still as each person crossed the gully, a large slab of a rock was shifted and it slid down on me twenty feet below. I was pushed into thin air for about 100 feet, landing on a little patch of sand. If I had gone another foot-and-a-half, I'd have fallen twelve hundred feet straight down to my death. I still have a scar on my forehead.

I was assisted down to our camp at the Golden Trout Lake. The Inyo National Forest Service sent help, including some army soldiers who happened to be nearby guarding a group of German rocket people. So the army guys came up, four of them at a time, and carried me in a stretcher down this narrow trail. I was in such pain; I was cussing them all the way. The flesh was injured clear to my skull. Finally, they got me to where the Forest Service took me down to the Bishop hospital. And there I was; and my mother and father arrived two days later, after they had been notified by the Oakland Tribune reporters calling them for a photo of me. They thought I was dead. I wasn't!

I came back to Berkeley and my tooth had to be repaired, and so forth. And I got a bunch of my buddies together, and we all met up in Camp Wolfboro—our “special favorite place to be at.” They took me back to Echo Lake, and I worked the rest of the summer there. Then I told Jorgy [Haven Jorgensen] that I was going to leave. This was September of 1948. I was ready to quit Echo. I had a job waiting for me at Diamond Match Company's timber lands near Chico, California.

CHAPTER 7. A Year in Switzerland

Decision to Go Abroad to Switzerland

Before we talk about Switzerland, a few words probably should be said about how I met Peggy Hoyt and her family, who had a cabin at Echo Lake. You know the Sierra Club has a lodge called Clair Tappaan Lodge—a place where members pay very little money but do Lodge chores. During the war, in the winter of 1944, when I was in Navy uniform, I met a girl and her father, Owen Pearce, while doing our chores—taking out the garbage! The girl introduced me to another girl, Jane Smith. During the time I was in the Service there were some letters going back and forth between Jane and me—it was interesting. Jane belonged to Sigma Kappa Sorority at Cal.

While I was in the war, Jane sent me *The Pelican*, the student magazine at Cal. Finally, I was sent home, on June 6 of '46. The first thing I was going to do was be an instructor at the UC Forestry Camp near Quincy and lead the first post-war Sierra Club burro trip. Having no car, I had to hitchhike from Quincy to Tuolumne Meadows. And lo and behold, I run into another girl of interest on the trip—Peggy Hoyt. This one, it turned out, was unusually smart and helpful. After we got back from the burro trip hike, I had a few dates with her. Peggy Hoyt was an ice skater, dancer, daughter of a doctor in Berkeley and later in Mt. Shasta city. Anyway, this all ties in together: I went to Peggy's sorority to pick her up. I went in with my Navy officer's uniform; I was still in the Navy and I didn't have any civilian clothes. So I walked in there, and there was the other girlfriend, Jane Smith, sitting at the head of the table in Sigma Kappa. I think a lot of fireworks were sent off by this moment. And, of course, that was pretty much the end of that affair with Jane Smith.

I did, however, continue to stay in touch with Peggy Hoyt. Peggy's family lived in Berkeley in a large home at the crest of Panoramic Way, and they also had a cabin at Echo Lake. I had visited her there and gotten to know her two brothers. They were twins: Fletcher and William Hoyt. Fletcher Hoyt was the one with whom I later became close friends. I visited

the whole family at Peggy's birthday party at their house at the top of Panoramic Way. That was prior to the time that I had met my wife-to-be, Lillian Schafer, of course.

Fletcher Hoyt and Al Steck

Anyway, I got back from the Sierra Club burro trip of 1948, and I returned to Echo Lake, where I had already decided that I wasn't going to stay with "Jorgy." I had been offered a job at the Diamond Match Company, as a starting forester up in the Red Bluff-Chico area, west side of the Sierra, in Plumas/Butte Counties. I got the job all lined up, which was not easy to get and it would probably eventually have been a really good thing. However, I was apparently in a normal, but strange, part of my life when I was not quite settled down. So I was up at Echo Lake when along comes Fletcher Hoyt, the brother of Peggy Hoyt. Fletcher was accompanied by Al Steck. Both were active in the Sierra Club Rock Climbing Section.

Fletcher Hoyt and I got along very good. We had done some climbing at Cragmont Rock and Indian Rock in Berkeley. And not much else. So one day I see these two guys coming into Echo Chalet; they parked their car at the Lodge where I was manager. They had a good-sized pack and a lot of rope. And it was Al Steck and Fletcher Hoyt. Al I had not met. Today, they are my bosom friends. Fletcher has passed away, but Al Steck has not—he lives in Berkeley.

What were they doing? Well, they just came to practice some climbs at Echo Lake for a couple of days, and then they were going to Switzerland, on the G.I. Bill. They were veterans of the war, and they were going to go over there and study languages, climb mountains and ski. So being the kind of down-to-earth guy, not very flighty at all, I decided hmm...maybe I can do it too. Maybe I can study some post-graduate forestry. So I did! I got clearance from the G.I. Bill system to study at the federal college in Zurich, to learn silviculture and logging Swiss style, as well as attend the Berlitz Language School to help me learn Swiss-German.

I was over in Europe from September till June 1949, when we got back. A whole nine months over there, which is quite a story. A year in Switzerland—studying, traveling, skiing, climbing. And who could I have better chosen than Fletcher Hoyt and Al Steck!

Al Steck is a foremost notable person in Berkeley in rock climbing in general. Al is five years younger than me. He, at the age of ninety something, climbs on the rock walls (at the gymnasium now), and he hangs upside-down, climbing overhangs. Mostly he teaches other people how to do it, in his spare time. Later, after we returned to the U.S., as you may know, he developed what is now called Mountain Travel. He had managed the famous Ski Hut in Berkeley at University Avenue and California Street for a number of years for the owners. Steck then took on a partner to open a new business called Mountain Travel. It started in Montclair, but they decided to move it to Solano Avenue at Carmel street, Albany. So, he was one of the two original principal owners, and it did quite well.

Al Steck's father was a Vice-President of Shell. I met his father in New York when we were on our way to France—a ten-day trip across the Atlantic. He gave us the Shell Oil representative contact info in Switzerland, which eased our way in getting settled in Zurich. We traveled across the Atlantic on an old ship that had carried the troops overseas during the war. The bunks that they had on the ship were four levels high, so each soldier had three troopers above him if he was at the bottom level. They converted them, so that they were only two-high bunks. We were in comfort!

There were a lot of people on board who were going over to travel and learn some subject on the G.I. Bill, attending European colleges in cities like Geneva and Zurich, Switzerland. During the voyage, passengers “published” a little newspaper every day, showing where we were in our travel. It took us ten days out at sea, and we would be in Europe for nine months from October to June. That is when I went back to another burro trip.

Switzerland Trip: October 1948–June 1949

Meanwhile Peggy Hoyt graduated at the top of her class and, as I found out as we were leaving for Europe from the Bay Area (we drove in my car all the way to New York), had married the son of Alameda County's District Attorney. That is how I found out she was no longer available. After that I had very little contact with her. But I maintained close friendship with Fletcher. We also had Farnum Jory with us: he was the fourth one in our little group going to Europe together. Jory was the son of a well-known professor of architecture at U.C. Berkeley, who was head of the department at some point. Young Jory had studied physics at U.C. Berkeley; he was finishing a degree in physics at *Die Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule*, where Einstein had studied physics in Zurich. I went to that same place to study more forestry (i.e. auf *Deutsch at E.T.H. für Forst und Wissenschaft*).

Jeanine: How did you have such good German?

Hank: I didn't. That was the thing. They would be teaching the forestry in German, and so I started taking German. I didn't really start until we were on the boat, going across. I met another interesting person on the boat, whose father had been a senator in Luxembourg (Grand Duchess Charlotte was the Head of State.) And his father had been jailed by the Nazis. In other words, they put him in jail because he was a patriot of Luxembourg at the beginning of WWII. The father was imprisoned for four years. There were others as well. So this guy vowed to himself, and maybe others did as well, that he would never speak German again, although it is one of the three official languages that they have in Luxembourg: German, French and *Luxideutsch* (similar to *Schweizerdeutsch* in Switzerland).

Anyway, that is what happened to this interesting guy, and he finally decided that he would help us learn German. He grew up fluent. He had been studying in New England. I contacted him again when I was traveling from Switzerland to Scotland during Christmas

and New Year, 1948-49 and stopped over in Luxembourg. I had a very interesting time with him and his family, with whom I stayed while there.

In Switzerland, the first thing we did was to organize to climb the Matterhorn and the second thing, to organize language instruction in a school to learn German (and Russian). Our climbing equipment had been delayed by a communist strike in France which stopped the railroads. So our heavy baggage was caught in France and didn't come into Zurich, Switzerland for about three weeks. It was in late October, and it was pouring rain when Al Steck, Fletch Hoyt and myself went to the main railroad station in Zurich for our climbing gear. We took what we needed and left our large shipping box at the station house. We got on the train and spent the rest of the day travelling all across Switzerland to Zermatt. We got there at night and immediately started walking up the trail out of the little town of Zermatt and just slept on the little covered trail bench. All night there was rain and then fog. And one of us, Fletcher, was getting ill from it.

We awakened early in the morning, and we hiked up to the face of our climb, where we found a little warden's hut and an old abandoned hotel—two stories and 1800s style. We were confronted with a fresh layer of snow, about eight inches in depth. The next six days we spent climbing up and down the Matterhorn.

But we had to stop at a little hut, which was two-thirds of the distance to the top. You can stay there—Solvay, a salt-mining engineer, put up the money to build that hut many, many years ago—and the warden at the trail's end gives direction for people who would climb the mountain. One of his directions in writing was that there were “fourteen blankets up at the Solvay hut.” Well, long story short, actually there were only three blankets there. And there were three of us. But no question on food or water; we took what we needed, and we had our climbing clothes. Down at the bottom of our climb, the snow was melting, but at the top it was not. There were parts of the climb where we had to use crampons attached to our boots. We were roped up all the while we were moving up this mountain. For our

descent back to the hut for our second night with three blankets, we used mountain climbing ropes for rappelling.

Jeanine: Was Fletcher sick?

Hank: Not really after that first night in the fog mist. He had better things to do. He was a very intense guy and intent on doing things exactly right. He figured things out. He was the guy that was really our safety man, taking us up that mountain. He was that kind of guy, his father, and mother, and Peggy—they had all learned to stick to the business at hand. This was something I learned during our time in Switzerland. We did quite a lot of skiing. Visited many parts of Switzerland for skiing, mainly in the eastern part, around the fine ski center of Davos, of winter Olympics fame, near Austria and Italy. We didn't ski in the north part of Switzerland, which is all much lower elevation, nor in the upper Rhine River valley.

During Christmas time we were still living in the “villa,” which we had rented for the four of us. Our teachers were teaching us German and Russian. One was born in Berlin, and she could hardly keep herself from telling us how much she wanted to be a member of the Communist Party. Of course, Switzerland didn't have one. Another teacher was from Latvia (Frau Ulpe), and the third one was from Germany. Those three ladies joined us for our Thanksgiving dinner. We decided we would invite them over and show them how we have turkey and other things we prepare at home. We actually had a very nice Thanksgiving dinner. The only thing was that we couldn't find a turkey—we had to buy a Danish goose. And we made Spanish cream for dessert; we had roast potatoes and some greens, and salad. We did it ourselves, the four of us. And the “Spanish cream” was cooling out the back window—no refrigerator. We had a lot of fun doing these things for them.

Then over New Year's I went to Scotland to see where my grandfather, Colin MacKenzie, was born near Stornoway, Isle of Lewis in the North Hebrides Islands, and to meet the family. Then I visited London, Edinburgh and Loch Ness, the big city Glasgow and later some of my relatives in the British Channel Islands, very near France, on the Island of

Jersey. Also I visited another friend that I met through Scouting, in Paris—Pierre Grunberg, whose brother was a ski resort manager in the French Alps; they invited me to their home. I also went to see a well-off countess and some business people to whom I had been referred. Pierre was my interpreter in France. I kept in touch with him over the years too.

Anyway, while I was away, Fletcher and Steck did some local mountain climbing trips, and then we resumed doing more skiing together. One time in the early spring, Fletcher Hoyt and Al Steck were in one part of the ski area while I was in another, and an avalanche overtook them; it turned both of them upside down. They were taken down by the avalanche, and in the process Fletcher's right ski edge hit his left kneecap, i.e., the steel edge came over hard and hit his kneecap and broke it in ten pieces, each hanging on the tendons!

Jeanine: Terrible, awful!

Hank: Amen! Yes! When they returned to Zurich, I was at our little apartment—we had moved out of the villa, and we were now in an old, 12th century part of Zurich, really old town—*Niederdorf*. It was the town in which Lenin hid before he was able to go back to Russia in 1917. Anyway, Fletcher was brought in there, and he had been traveling halfway through Switzerland, so his leg was swollen up considerably. And he had a splint board tied to his leg. We got him to the hospital as soon as we could make the arrangements. I was there attending him during the operation. The blood went to the ceiling, ten feet, when they cut that knee open to operate on him. They cut little pieces of his knee bone out. The tendons had shrunk down to his ankle and up towards his lap—the tendons that joined together the knee cap. He was out of commission after that—all the skiing and rock climbing, he wouldn't be able to do any of that! He stayed on in Zurich with us. His father, who was a surgeon, found out exactly what had to be done. But when he got back home, it all had to be done over. Meantime Fletcher was hobbling around in a cast and managed to continue the classes.

Jeanine: Can I ask you—I am curious: why were you learning Russian?

Hank: Oh, I just wanted to learn it. My brother was killed during the war, but before he was sent over there to France to fight, he had been assigned by the U.S. Army to learn Russian and German. And he was doing that at U.C. Berkeley. He had been drafted. But he had moved from being a boot soldier and had worked his way up to corporal. He was good at languages, so they put him in school at Cal and later in Oregon, at Corvallis. I think after the conference that took place in Yalta between Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill, they didn't need the languages anymore, so all these "trained linguists" were transferred and sent over to fortify the Allied line, near Switzerland. We had lost a lot of soldiers fighting Germans in Italy and France, and they needed reinforcements at the southern end of the front with Germany.

Then my brother, Bud, was sent out to Europe. He was already a corporal, but he had been through "boot camp"! Hadn't done any dodging rubber bullets and crawling under the barbed wire, like the rest of them. I happened to be home in Berkeley at the time my mom and dad were receiving mail from Bud: a letter from Salt Lake, Utah, and Missouri and then New Jersey, and the fourth one from Marseille. The last letter arrived after he had been killed in Strasbourg, France.

Jeanine: In what battle was he killed?

Hank: It was the battle at the south end of the line, north of Switzerland, near Strasbourg, France. That is where he was killed, in a little town of Colmar. It's where he is buried, along with many other soldiers in individual graves, with white crosses in place.

So I was studying Russian just because I wanted to—*Ya gavariu po Russki*. [I speak Russian.] And I read some Tolstoy in Russian. I retained some of it. One of the teachers was a Latvian, and she was teaching me Russian. The other one, who was the Communist, she already knew Russian. And the third one, Frau Siegrist, taught us German. I kept in touch with her a long time, until she passed away.

Also, Steck and I went for some good skiing in east Switzerland, north of St. Moritz, to a place called Davos. There were “*drahtseilbahn*,” which in English means “cable car.” At Davos, while one car goes up and another one goes down for balancing, in the middle there is a double track where the up/down cars switch around each other. And at the top there is a large building where avalanches are studied. They even blast them away sometimes with cannon to reduce their danger. At the top of the cable car, there is a signpost on the ski slopes and it points in every direction possible for skiing down. Once you are down, the local railroad takes you back to the Davos passenger cable car to take another ride up. Al Steck and I stayed up at a small lodge, or *hutte*, where we could get meals and mattresses. And so we could get out first thing in the morning for a ski run in any direction and still have time for a long cross-country run, some up-hill on skis, but it was worth it for the most wonderful downhill runs.

Tonya: Maybe we can talk about coming back from Switzerland in June 1949?

Hank: When I got back from Europe and got off the ship on the East Coast, the gentleman whom I mentioned who had been a forestry student at U. C. Berkeley, and whom I had met up on top of Mont Blanc—Morton Woods—figured out some way for us to meet up in New York. Then we drove back from the East Coast together. I dropped him off at the same U.C. Forestry Camp where I had been a student in 1942 and in 1946, an instructor, up near Quincy. So we kind of put it all back together. Morton Woods attended a session at the Forestry Camp. I've been in touch with him ever since. His mother was a widow, his father had made a lot of money in Maine manufacturing organs, and Morton was kind of on his own. He didn't have to worry about getting a job. Eventually he went up to Alaska and started a “sourdough” camp. A lot of our forestry friends went up there and helped him build it and then run it. It's interesting—Mort's home was near Indian Rock in Berkeley, on Indian Rock Avenue, adjacent to Mortar Rock Park, near the north end of Oxford Street.

Burro Trip to Mt. Ritter and Devil's Postpile, 1949

When I got back from Switzerland, I was in Berkeley for at least a day with my parents, and then I headed for the mountains, as usual, my home for life, where I was supposed to lead a burro trip. That was another trip where you meet a lot of interesting people, and we had a great time going into Tuolumne Meadows south, over into the Rush Creek area, which is a part of the Mono Lake drainage. And then back over into the headwaters of the middle fork of the San Joaquin. This is where the mountain range that runs down looks like the crest of the Sierras, but it is not. It is actually a spur ridge between the middle fork and the north fork of the San Joaquin River, where Mt. Ritter, Mt. Banner, and the Minarets are located, and the Sierra Crest follows to the southeast all the way to Mammoth Mountain. We had good times in there climbing Mt. Ritter and Mt. Banner. It was just a real nice area to be in. The Devil's Postpile is right in the middle of it.

CHAPTER 8. Foresthill

Working at Lumber Company in Foresthill

This was 1949, and I was without a job. When I first came back from Switzerland, I went up to visit some friends, up in the northern part of the state. I visited people who had sawmills, and people who I had been with in my forestry class, and so on. It was a routine thing for me to drive up and down Highways 49 and 89, all the way from Fresno where I am now, up to Shasta. I went to look for a job up in Foresthill, out of Auburn. There I found a job which looked to have a lot of promise. It was a Seattle-based company which had bought a large volume of timber, and I got in on the “ground floor.” I was taking care of the measurement of logs, measuring boundaries and laying out roads. And I would stay there for six years—from July of 1949 until August of 1955, until after I was married.

Tonya: When you worked at the sawmill at Foresthill, where were you living?

Hank: I was living on a very winding road about 24 miles easterly from Auburn, east of highway 49, on a ridge called the Foresthill Divide. There were smaller lumber companies already operating there. During the war [WWII], a lot of wood was logged for the barracks, etc. being built across the Pacific, so that there was a shortage of lumber. And then after the war, there was a great need for veteran housing. So I got in with the American River Pine Company. They had purchased a big sale of Tahoe National Forest timber southeasterly from Foresthill. The U.S. had built access into that area; it was called Mosquito Ridge Road. There was 100 million board feet of timber being sold, and the new company, American River Pine, got the bid.

This was the beginning of the opening of that area, which previously had not been entered except from the east, by trails! And that had been by gold miners in the mid-1800s. My job was to begin laying out a road which could become a direct and more-properly built road

up on Mosquito Ridge. I measured logs and lumber and proceeded to begin clearing them for the new access road.

Tonya: Were there a lot of mosquitoes?

Hank: Not particularly, but yellow jackets? Yes! That would have been the gold miners who named it. The whole area is infested with miners' claims. And it included the northernmost natural grove of giant sequoias. There were only seven sizable trees. Two of them were seven or eight feet in diameter, others were under four feet in diameter. It is known as the Placer County Grove of Giant Sequoias.

Surveying at Foresthill

But let me tell you a little more about the details of Foresthill. I am now up to the middle of my career in forestry. I was a forest engineer—that's what I was called—because I was doing a lot of surveying work, as well as the forestry work. I was going to people who owned land and had timber on it, and talking them into selling their trees in a certain manner according to state rules and so on. And I was quite successful in this.

The American River Pine Lumber Company was able to make lumber from those trees, and after we used the timber from the forest, we could get more timber. That is, we harvested it sustainably. It was good timber and needed to be harvested in the proper manner. I also worked with the Forest Service quite a bit in the area where that big 100-million feet of timber on the Mosquito Ridge is located. I spent a lot of time on that—after the first couple of years, when I was mostly in road building. I located and organized and supervised the road building of 25 miles of road to users' specifications.

Tonya: So you are saying that these roads are still around?

Hank: Yes, an extension of the Mosquito Ridge Road 40 miles east of Auburn. We extended it, and now it has been actually asphalt-covered, with no repairs and no slumps.

Everything had been packed down properly, drained properly, ditched properly, etc. I was very proud to go back there with a friend of mine, Paul Grunland, and show him that particular road. It was quite a pleasure to see it survived so many years—well enough to be paved!

Tonya: Was this something you were taught in the Department of Forestry at UC Berkeley, or did you have to acquire these skills along the way?

Hank: Civil engineering is taught at California universities and others, and foresters are required to study elementary work in civil engineering. That doesn't mean they do electrical engineering or mechanical engineering. No. Surveying and simple land surveying—because you need to know where you are when you work in the mountains, whether you are building a road or logging or whatever. So a lot of my work in the early years was running property lines. You do it by hand on foot; sometimes you are going over rocks and in brushy land. And it is very difficult sometimes: mosquitoes, snakes, yellow jackets! And it's very important that you get the line right and not establish a line which may wander onto the government's, or another person's, property.

When you are first beginning to “run a line,” you have to look for section corners. The corners were established by the Federal Government in the late 1800s to the early 1900s. All the way up to 1920, they were still doing some of that surveying. The Notes on these surveys are available; the Notes say: “A corner stands so many feet from a certain tree, or from a rock.” We had to obtain these Notes and then try to follow them, relocating the stones that were put at the corners. I did a lot of that in the early years, in the '50s and '60s.

Tonya: What trees were you mostly logging?

Hank: Mostly pines. The sugar pine was the most valued tree. And the ponderosa pine or Jeffrey pine which is mostly a high elevation pine—a different species, but they are very closely-related when it comes to making lumber. And then the White Fir, which hadn't

been used very much for construction by lumber people in early days, but used mainly for butter boxes. You know, butter absorbs odor and flavor. In the case of butter in those days, we used big boxes about a foot-and-a-half cube of dry, non-pitch-smelling sawed wood. Butter was placed in that cube wrapped with wax paper, and that is how they shipped butter in those days. And in housing, most of the buildings were built with Douglas fir, from the Pacific Coast in Oregon, Washington, and California, but also with white fir from the Sierra, a species that dominates in the higher elevations. The white fir became very important in terms of quantity, but it has a lesser value. We had those two pine species, and incense cedar. These were the most numerous of the species. And in the middle of the area, you find a lot of sugar pine and ponderosa. Most of the Jeffrey, which has darker bark than the ponderosa, is located on some poor soils near the Sacramento Valley, as well as along the east side of the Sierra: in Mono and Inyo Counties and in Sierra Valley and around Lake Tahoe.

So, I spent six years in Foresthill and became very important to that company, the American River Pine Company. Then there was a change of ownership from the company that was adjacent to us. The new boss, from Georgia, tried to separate the African American workers from the white ones, and there was a kind of a revolution, or whatever you want to call it, between the people working for the company and the owners, and it ended up with the manager who had come up from the deep South being fired.

Tonya: What was the contending issue?

Hank: Actually, on placing African-American people on the jobs adjacent to and working with the white people from Arkansas and having both ride out to the forest in the same company bus. There were a lot of timber operators from Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, other parts of the United States who came to mills and brought their mules with them and brought their workers, and the workers' families, with them. Some timber operations were owned by white people and some were owned by black. So, there was a mixture on that score. The white Arkansas people didn't want to mix. There was that kind of a problem. So there was

a strike on the part of “the Arkies” and most of the workers to protest the company manager’s practices. The manager from Georgia was trying to insist that the African-American workers not work alongside the white workers. This manager wanted eventually to be the big boss, living on the hill-top with the whites and the blacks down at the bottom of the hill. They ended up having to fire this manager from Georgia, where much discrimination was common.

Tonya: Who exactly fired him?

Hank: The owners of American River Pine from Seattle! A number of the people working for the company had access to the owners, and finally the manager from Georgia was fired. And it was a great relief. He was replaced by a seasoned gentleman lumberman from the Northwest. And he was able to smooth everything over. I remained on the job right through the trouble and continued for a couple more seasons, till I left to go to Pickering at Sonora in July of 1955.

CHAPTER 9. Marriage

Managing the Ski Tow at Clair Tappaan Lodge

During that time while I was working at Foresthill near Auburn, I was also volunteering with the Sierra Club, and I became the Clair Tappaan Lodge Committee's volunteer ski tow manager. That was the Sierra Club lodge up at Norden, California, on old Highway 40, not too far above Foresthill. I was up there on weekends during the summertime, and in the winter, for a number of years. I was there at the time that Haven Jorgensen was manager of the Lodge. He left, and took over the ownership of Echo Lake Lodge, as I will explain a little later.

I had a lot of friends in forestry who would come up and help with projects, such as building a Norwegian A-frame house at the bottom of the ski tow, a place where people could sit to read and drink hot chocolate, etc. Anyway, part of my job was to move the rope tow onto Sierra Club property. It was during those years—during the summer and fall when we were working on the rope tow to get it ready for the winter season—that I met Lillian Schafer, who was about to graduate from U.C. Berkeley in public health. She had volunteered to help build a dam in the creek to redirect the water into a culvert, a project I was also working on. That was the summer of 1951. It took only five months for me to propose to Lillian on December 5, 1951 and another six months until we got married on July 3, 1952.

Marriage

So my wife and I were married on July 3, 1952. We were married by a Navy chaplain on Treasure Island in the Naval Chapel (flowers and white carpet), which the Navy provided for me. My wife said we didn't have the funds to put on a big wedding. But she had a close friend, Joanne Wright, Cedrick Wright's daughter, who was also studying public health. Cedric had a home on Etna Street in Berkeley, one block below Piedmont Avenue and

Dwight Way [formerly the barn used by dairy cows and the Golden Sheath Bakery delivery horses]. It was a house that had been designed by Maybeck. That's where we had our reception. We had quite a nice little gang, my mother's friends, quite a few Sierra Club friends, and Paul Grunland, who happened to live right next door on Etna Street, quite by chance. So we had our party and then set off for Yosemite on our honeymoon.

Both my mother and father were at the wedding and reception. They both lived into their 90s. My father was not very well. He blamed it partly on the “mustard gas” he got during WWI. He worked most of his life inside, as a manager and accountant for the Offenbach Electric and Radio Business on Market Street (at Van Ness). My mother worked very hard bringing up three boys, working on the side sometimes in clerical work, for which she had studied in high school, in Vallejo, and at Herald's College. She had worked for the Southern Pacific lumber company until marrying in 1919. My dad worked at the Appeal Co.—motorcycles, etc.— in San Francisco until WWI. After I was born, around 1921, he started working for Offenbach Electric. Then they operated that “hotel” in Berkeley, the Studio Building, from 1939 until 1945. They were hard workers and always very busy getting things done right.

Hank's Wife, Lillian Dolores Schafer

The summer I met Lillian in 1951, she was on break from UC Berkeley's Public Health Department. She was working towards a degree in public health which leads to lab technology. Lillian's family was from the northwest part of Germany; her parents had come from Germany after WWI. She herself had been born in San Francisco, like myself, and lived in San Francisco and Mill Valley in her youth. That was our introduction, as it had been for many of our friends—many of them we met skiing or hiking up in the mountains.

Lillian had lived in the Richmond District of San Francisco, and then in Mill Valley. Her father had passed away suddenly, and they moved from Mill Valley back to San Francisco, but retained and rented the Marin property. They actually made a trip to Germany in 1939,

because Mama Adele Schafer had only been in the country for about twelve years, and she was interested in rejoining the Schafer and Diekman families for support, which is another gem of a story. They traveled over the Atlantic on the S.S. Manhattan in 1939, and visited with all their family still living in Germany near Hamburg, in Oldenburg. But by late 1940, they realized what Hitler was doing, and that as U.S. citizens they should get out of Europe and get back to San Francisco. They had to get back without using the North Sea route, so they found their way through Vienna over the mountains into Italy and were able to come back on an American ship from Italy, which was not as yet under direct German control at that time.

So they were able to come back; they were Americans! My wife was native-born. (Her mother was naturalized in 1924.) They managed to purchase a four-unit apartment building in San Francisco. They saved their money, ate cabbage and potatoes, and eventually owned two apartment buildings, and we still have these in the family. And that was the life that they had, working hard. Lillian had a brother, Hugo, and he assisted with the rentals, ours as well as theirs. He has passed away since, in 2015, as has my wife, in 2006. She was nine years younger than I am. She was born in 1929, and I was born in 1920—both of us born in the fall. She passed away ten years ago. About my marriage—we had almost 54 years of marriage. We did a lot of great things together, mainly bringing up two marvelous boys, now fathers with two children each!

Early Married Life

After we married, we lived in Auburn, in a small cottage and later in a house that were rented to us. We were there for about three years, during which my first son was conceived. He was born in December of 1955, after I had moved from Auburn to Sonora, to the forester job with the Pickering Lumber Company.

Lillian found work at the Weimar T.B. Sanatorium and later was working in the hospital in Auburn. She worked there until 1955. The work was pretty much done for me up at

Foresthill in the mountains, in terms of road construction, and what remained was just finishing up the terms of the hundred million board feet sale of the Tahoe National Forest Service. Anyway, it was time to move on. The company, American River Pine Company, actually sold out to American Forest Products Corporation. They had their main operations at Stockton, called Stockton Box Lumber Company. This operation included making “box” lumber for the packing of vegetables and fruit from the central part of the State. That was before the technique of making cardboard boxes was really perfected and wooden boxes were used for the transport of produce. I did work for them for 25 years later on. But at that time—1955—I didn't get on with them then; they had made certain arrangements which I didn't like. They hadn't told me whether they were going to keep me on or not. So I had been “looking around.”

So I had another job by then, with Pickering Lumber Corporation at Sonora, the largest sugar pine company in the world. We moved to Sonora in the summer of 1955, after six years with the American River Pine Company. Lillian, my wife, was pregnant with my first son, Glenn Muir. We purchased a little house and we settled in there, and I worked for Pickering for six years.

Volunteering with the Sierra Club

Back to the Sierra Club—I maintained my job as the “manager” of ski tow reconstruction at Clair Tappaan Lodge even though it was hard to get up away from my work in Sonora. In the winter it was easy to get up there, but in the summer it was not, because of my work load at the lumber mill. It was a hundred-mile drive or so; it takes a lot of time. I spent a lot of time there over the years. I had to move the angle of the rope tow to put it back on Sierra Club land. Using my surveying skills, we did that. The tow was about a thousand feet long, a nice little “snow-bunny” hill. When Squaw Valley or Sugar Bowl were locked down because of the heavy winter snow damage to the chair lifts, the skilled skiers would

come to us at Clair Tappaan. The price for our members was \$1 a day, but during that storm delay period, we charged any skier \$1 and we had that ski-tow going!

Tonya: What was your preference, cross-country or downhill?

Hank: Cross country. Although I've done an awful lot of both, both in Europe and in California.

Tonya: Did Lillian share this passion with you for cross-country?

Hank: No, she didn't go with me on cross-country. We went together on long ski trips, but they were all with rope tows or T-bars or J-bars. She did not become a really good skier, nor was I a racing-type skier. But I enjoyed what I did anyway. We had a lot of cross-country trips of 30, 40, 100 miles in the Sierra. I had a 5-day trip with Stu Kimball of the Sierra Club, who was the chairman of our burro trip committee. He and I and one other person shared an Army pup tent from Echo Lake to Norden, five days. Right along the ridge of the Sierra on the west side of Lake Tahoe. A good part of that would later be part of the Pacific Crest Trail. This was in the winter of 1952, right before I got married. Stu Kimball was a very good friend, and our doctor for our two boys; he's now passed away. A member of the hierarchy of the Sierra Club, along with Dick Leonard (Secretary, later President of the Sierra Club) and Einnar Nilsson (Sierra Club Treasurer), most of whom had cabins at Echo Lake. Stu Kimball was quite a nice guy. I had worked for him on the Sierra Club burro trips after WWII, 1946-1951. He was the outings committee chairman at the time. I've been a Sierra Club member since 1943, a life member.

Skiing with Children

Tonya: When your son, Glenn, was born, did you take him on your Sierra Club outings as a little boy?

Hank: When he may have been five or six weeks old, we put him in a cardboard bread box, about two by three feet in size. We put him in there with soft clothing, and he had a little knitted ski cap that my wife knitted and put on him. We took him up to the bottom of our rope tow at Clair Tappaan, which I was supervising. So I skied, and my wife skied, and we had friends looking after Glenny. Later both of our boys eventually did some skiing, although by then we were living in Sonora, and we had closer ski opportunities at Long Barn and Pine crest. Later, when we lived in Porterville and Fresno, we could take the boys skiing at China Peak. When our boys were very little, they were put on a toboggan, a kind of sled, with a rope to pull it by. We dragged them uphill, and we dragged them downhill, not going too fast, with someone on the back end keeping it steady. I don't think he was more than six weeks old.

Tonya: Your second son, when was he born?

Hank: On October 3, 1958, almost three years later than Glenn. Robin is his name. He was named after one of the best skiers up there, Robin Welch. But Rob doesn't like the name Robin, so now it's Rob, Rob Abraham. His middle name is Bruce, from the Scotch background on my mother's side. He got into the skiing as well. They both were born in Berkeley, but we lived in Sonora, Porterville and Fresno. Both of our babies were born in Alta Bates. There were minor complications, but no damage, thanks to Lillian and Dr. Stu Kimball.

Tonya: Did you ski with Robin in a box as well?

Hank: We did. We took both. We had already moved to Sonora. It was quite a race for me getting back to Berkeley on time so Stu Kimball could deliver the babies at Alta Bates. 'Course Stu Kimball has passed away now, as have most of my friends as well, except for Paul [Grunland], Bob Hoagland and Al Steck. Incidentally, my first brother, Fred, was born on April 15, 1922 at Alta Bates, which was just one house then. A lady named Alta Bates located a delivery room for babies in her home.

CHAPTER 10. A Forester in Sonora

Moving to Sonora

When our first son was on the way, we bought a little home in Sonora, on Sonora Creek, and we were very happy with that. I went to work very hard, and my wife was left with all the moving, unfortunately, while I was getting settled in the new job as a “forester” with the Pickering Lumber Company. Lillian and I had good times there—our two sons both joined us there during the six years.

I set up a new forestry program with Pickering, the first time they had a “forester” on the ground. Before that, they'd been operating pretty close to “clear cutting.” Not quite that bad, but almost; they were taking trees out without an eye to the future. As a forester, I had a few ideas about how to just cut the trees that needed to be cut, and try to maintain the timber stand for the future—sustainable yield. I found out that a lot of logs would be cut and sent thirty or forty or more miles by railroad, and these would turn out to be rotten or whatever and wouldn't make much in the way of lumber. So that was what I was working on, and I did a pretty good job of it for about a year and a half. Then they hired another man to help me, a forestry graduate of Berkeley High and the University of California. We got along well.

I was able to procure a lot of timber advertised by landowners—something I did for the rest of my life. Pickering owned lots and lots of land up there in Tuolumne County in that area between Highway 4 and 108 and beyond. A railroad had been built into that forest, with little puffer bellies, 72 miles into the middle fork of the Stanislaus River and over towards the North Fork of the Stanislaus River. The last ten miles of that road went around the South Grove of the Calaveras Big Trees, which had been in private ownership since the 1860s, but currently was owned by Pickering.

“South Grove Calaveras Big Trees” was constantly being offered for somebody to come in

and buy it and make a park out of it. This had been done much earlier with the “North Grove Calaveras Big Trees,” right adjacent to Highway 4 above Murphys. The State of California wanted to extend that State Park to include the South Grove, but it was not easily accessible; it was actually south of and across the North Fork of the Stanislaus River. The company, Pickering, had quite a history of trying to sell it, but not getting the right price. Over 50 or 60 years, the price went from about \$200,000 to \$5,500,000.

Eventually, Rockefeller and the State of California did put up the money: five-and a half million dollars. That was when I arrived. So they had ten miles of railroad going into the South Grove Area. And the reason for extending it was to get somebody “off the dime” and make a deal. As soon as the deal was made, we started to tear up the track.

Chief Forester for Pickering Lumber Company

When I got there, that track was being torn up. The land out there to the Grove was still in the company's hands, and we were working on it to bring in the harvest of timber. So here we were out there cutting on our own Pickering company land just to south of the South Grove of the Calaveras Big Trees. Sequoias! And they really have some pretty big ones, some even bigger than the North Grove, which has been open to the public for decades. So that was my job, a new kind of a job in a way, because I was working for a private lumber company that had a lot of land of its own. And we wanted to buy other timber as well, so we looked at Forest Service timber, we looked at other private land—to estimate volumes and values of timber we could expect, and how much we could pay for them and still make profit.

Jeanine: Did you ever consider working for the Forest Service itself?

Hank: I did that originally, work for the Forest Service, for two months in 1942. That was after my hike to Cedar Grove from Wolfboro. Later on, after the War, in September of '46, I applied to the Forest Service for a job, but it was already late in the year for hiring,

and the Supervisor advised me to apply for a job as a forester at Graeagle Lumber Company. Actually, he was eager for the Graeagle to have a forester advising them in the business of cutting for the U.S. Forest Service. He probably also saw that I had plenty of ideas of my own and wouldn't have wanted someone telling me what to do. What I wanted was a job where someone wanted me to accomplish something, and I would figure out how to do it. So I worked at Graeagle for two seasons, doing road construction, bull-bucking, once in a winter surveying for a new lumber drying yard, installing sawmill machinery and cruising for more timber.

The Graeagle Lumber Company owned 10,000 acres, but they had pretty well logged all of that land; it was cut over, but re-growing quite well. At the same time, Graeagle purchased Forest Service timber that was available and I applied to develop it for a "tree farm." This was in the eastern part of the Plumas National Forest, a semi-arid part of the forest. That was kind of interesting, to see the "eastside" timber, after having experienced mostly "westside" timber—which is definitely a better place for trees to grow into larger and more valuable trees.

But back to 1955 and 1956, when I was working for Pickering. So at this time I was living in Sonora and staying in the logging camps overnight sometimes, possibly a week or two at a time, then back in the office after that. But always working on some kind of a deal to get more timber from somebody. This way of life began roughly September 1, 1955. Our first son Glenn Muir was born December 15 that same winter. At that time, I stayed a little closer to home. In the wintertime there was the main office about two miles out of Sonora, a place called Standard. I got to know the Pickering Company people making lumber out there.

We were also looking to improve the railroad operation and to reduce hauling any logs which were not worth bringing in. They were sending junk logs sixty or seventy miles in and then just cutting them up—a waste! I had worked for a lot of mills, but I was not a lumber man at this point, I was still a forester and a logger.

Tonya: Where was the Pickering Lumber Company mill itself?

History of Pickering

Hank: The Standard Lumber Company, Pickering's predecessor, had logs cut into rough lumber out in the woods, and then railroaded that rough lumber to Sonora to be milled into smaller size for sale as finished or rough lumber. And in 1919, when Pickering purchased the business—the mills, railroads and timber—a large mill was built in Standard, which is two miles to the east on Highway 108. Pickering started operating there in 1919 and operated there until 1931, when, because of the Great Depression, they failed, went broke, and shut down. All those railroads, all the way to Camp Gold and Camp Blue by Pinecrest, were shut down. And all the steam loading equipment was left out there in the woods, along with the “down” timber, railroad tracks, cables and “cut” firewood for steam boilers.

It wasn't until 1937 that Pickering was re-organized when they got a “recovery” loan from the U.S. government. And they were still cutting timber in a more haphazard way, as I said, with waste. So, not just Pickering himself, but the people in general in the Forest Service around him, were putting a lot of pressure on lumber companies to do a better job. And that's where I came in. I was to be the first forester on the ground for that company. My job was to designate (mark) trees for cutting, encourage good care in moving logs from the forest many miles to the sawmill.

Before that, if the company was buying Forest Service timber, there would be a Government forester on the ground telling them which ones they could cut. Now here I am, a private forester who wanted to do something similar: cut only what you can regrow—sustainable yield. There's a big controversy over how you can do that exactly, a lot of details that depend on the timber. I hired young foresters to help me. We did a good job. We marked trees. The trees were only marked if we thought the trees had enough good grade lumber to realize a profit. The idea was not to take too much off the land, so that there would be undamaged trees which would continue to grow. I was the Chief Forester

of Pickering, their first forester “on the ground.”

Timber and Dams, 1956-57

Along comes a big contractor for two water districts called the Oakdale and South San Joaquin Irrigation District. They had rights to build two dams on the middle fork of the Stanislaus River. They were going to build the Beardsley Dam and Reservoir and the Donnells Dam further up above near our Pickering land, and a third one down near Oakdale. So it was called the Tri-Dam Project. They would hold back the river water to allow for water irrigation in the Oakdale and south San Joaquin County areas to irrigate almonds, grapes, cherries and so forth. Pickering owned some of the land at Beardsley Dam, at least part of it, including our Pickering Railroad track. So we had a close relationship. First, we had to remove the timber from the Dam site, and rearrange the railroad so it could go across the dam which was to be built at Beardsley.

We were doing that at Beardsley Dam, and I got a logger to help. I took that logger up to the third dam, which is much higher, the “Donnells Dam” up by the Dardanelles. Looking down from Highway 108, it's like looking down into Yosemite Valley: glacial action and sheer walls, where they were going to build that dam. That's where I bid against other sawmills in the area—to clear that timber out. We purchased six million board feet, at a reasonable price. The actual removal of these trees was quite a clever feat and was a big feather in my cap.

It was a beautiful job! We lowered our logger's equipment including skidders (bulldozers) and log trucks down into it, using the crane the contractor was using to build the dam, and we felled the merchantable trees all around the reservoir site. We used a tractor to bring logs down to a road we built inside the reservoir site and dumped all the logs into the bypass tunnel. All the logs were then pushed into the bypass tunnel, and the logs floated and came out below the dam still being built. We picked up the logs out of the water, loaded them on highway logging trucks, and hauled all logs back up to Highway 108 and to the Standard

sawmill. Getting that done was quite a thing. It's been written up, with pictures, in magazines. The three dams were Donnell's Dam, Beardsley Dam and one further west [Tulloch Dam], in the grassland just above Knights Ferry.

Another project I developed during that period was finding out how we could make plywood out of our white fir trees. Pine trees are generally much more valuable for making windows, doors and moldings, while the white fir and Douglas fir are used mainly in the framing of homes and buildings. In the Sierra Nevada mountains, particularly on the west side, there is the sugar pine, and it is the cream of all timber, just as sweet as it sounds. Mr. Pickering wanted to be the King of Sugar Pine, he wanted to have as much as he could. But, like many timber operators, he went broke during the Depression. He had a grandiose idea, but the big Depression stopped a lot of lumber opportunities.

Anyway, we tried to do all this in a manner which would leave the timber stands productive, to leave a timber stand which could continue to grow faster, without the other trees around them. This is still going on today. Timber is still being grown in the same area where we cut out much of the old growth, leaving vibrant smaller trees more space for growth into mature trees for future crops of lumber.

Family Life in Sonora

Anyway, at the end of our first year, Lillian and I had our boy Glenn and, three years later, our boy Rob. They were three and five by the time I left Sonora. We had a nice family arrangement there; we were very happy. Lillian's mother and my mother and father and other friends would visit us quite a bit, and we would visit them in the Berkeley area. But I didn't have any direct ties at that time operating the property in Berkeley. My mother and father were taking care of that, including our property in Concord and Piedmont. Before WWII started, my folks abandoned the idea that we three boys would want to be farmers, so they traded the ten acres at Concord for a house in Piedmont.

Developing the Plywood Business, 1957-1958

At Pickering, I was studying how to use the larger, lower part of the white fir trees. I wanted to use them for plywood using a process which would entail very little waste—all peeling, no sawdust. I arranged to haul samples of our Pickering logs up to United Plywood's plant at Anderson. These were run through their plywood plant as a good sample of our timber. With my connections and supervision, we had some pretty good results. Pickering decided they would build a plywood plant at Standard. So, even before they decided to build this plant and make plywood, they decided that I was worth more than just a forester.

As it happened, Pickering was experiencing problems with lumber production at the Standard mill. A vice-president was about to be “eliminated,” and our production manager was offered a full management position at a large pine lumber company in California near Redding at Anderson: Ralph L. Smith Lumber company. Enough to make my head spin, I was offered a position to replace the above two people and continue to lead the forestry section of Pickering, now consisting of two additional foresters and one engineer. Of course, I accepted the offer, and immediately entered a new world, including responsibilities for operations, from “stump-to-car,” to labor relations with five unions, to surveillance of purchasing!

We did build the plywood plant in 1958. The logging railroad did continue using new diesel-electric engines along with the older large “puffer bellies”! We organized a lumber grading certification for certain employees that could be very important in obtaining maximum quality of grade lumber in logging woods, hauling, unloading, decking and in sawmill operations. We installed a bark-peeling machine and paid key sawyers, edger-men and trimmers to attend lumber grading sessions under our chief lumber grader. This was developing into a very interesting situation.

CHAPTER 11. Mt. Whitney Lumber Company

In 1961, I left my job at Pickering and moved away from Stanislaus National Forest in Sonora. In May and June, I was arranging to take charge as the Chief Forester of an American Forest Products subsidiary company called Mount Whitney Lumber Company. In the meantime, I had become very interested and active in the California Society of American Foresters, CSAF. I was a Chairman of that group in California, so I was pretty well-known around the lumber industry.

Leaving Pickering

In any case, at Pickering it had gotten very political, and I was not at all happy there. Then there was some negative fallout from some of the things that I was asked to do. You remember how I talked about how we made some studies of using our lower grade white fir trees into plywood? The plywood plant actually was opened back in 1958. And the white fir logs were being cut properly and the right length for plywood, which is different from lumber. And I was having great success at that.

However, the Board of Directors had other ideas and looking at the Annual Reports were unhappy with the revenue and there was actually a kind of a movement amongst various disgruntled people in the company. And I was the one to go! The “fall guy!” And so I looked around and talked to some people in American Forest Product Company, who manufactured lumber for fruit and vegetable boxes in the Stockton area. They also had mills throughout the Sierras, up into Oregon and a few back East. So, they asked me if I would go to the South Sierra and help with the sawmill situation at Johnsondale, as well as one on the Tule River Indian Reservation, just east of Porterville. They wanted me to develop the supply of timber so that they could have enough logs to keep two shifts busy every day and night at the Johnsondale sawmill. That would allow them to cut more timber

and be able to keep that year-long operation going in a very remote location; Johnsondale was more remote and cut off by winter weather. Otherwise there would continue to be difficulty in obtaining good sawmill workers who had family and needed work year-round!

Moving to Kernville

I took that on, and by June 1, 1961, I was already down there. My family was still at Sonora getting ready to pack and move to the place where we would be living, in Kernville, Kern County, which is located at the south end of the Sierras. So this was a big move for me. My foot hit the ground running, and I was getting things lined up so that we could get more timber purchased and supply two shifts.

Although it was a long ways off, the family went along with me; we decided we would try it. It was a long distance from the Bay Area, a long ways from my previous locations. Mt. Whitney Lumber Co. had two sawmills—one at Johnsondale and one on the west side of the Sierras near Porterville, at the Tule River Indian Reservation. The job was to keep both of these plants going. Johnsondale and Porterville serviced the lumber needs of Los Angeles and the San Joaquin Valley.

So it was a new thing for me. A lot of new things happened. Part of our timber operations were high up in the mountains—about 8,000 feet on the Kern Plateau, hoisted up there at the southern end of the Sierra, south-westerly of Mt. Whitney, between the north and south forks of the Kern River. A huge plateau, about 8,000 feet elevation, was the average location where the timber was. I was involved in expanding the road system to access that whole area, and also to look at private timber land which was in the area around the meadows. Those properties generally belonged to cattlemen.

That is where I was living, in Kernville. It was not even the mill town, but further south, a little more convenient for the family— a place with a school and so on. But the camp in Johnsondale was a remote place developed in 1936 by Walter Johnson and Co. Later he

developed all of the American Forest Product Company mills. It was a huge company, with offices both in Fresno and in San Francisco, with sizable lumber and box manufacturing operations in Stockton and Fresno.

At Johnsondale we had trucks taking lumber down to Los Angeles for building materials, as well as for boxes (for vegetable and fruit companies.) I spent quite a bit of time up in the mountains just walking all over the area, just like I had at Pickering when I first arrived. I also got to know the local people, which worked out very well. I had joined the Lions Club up in Sonora, and I continued my affiliation in Kernville. I needed to do that because of the politics. Unfortunately, we had our job to do in the timber business and, therefore, also had a lot of people who didn't want timber harvesting to happen, at all—basically the Sierra Club.

Lobbying for American Forest Products

So, here I am a full life-time member of the Sierra Club, and I was trying to keep that quiet and under control while working on the political part of our problems down there: road construction and big logging trucks on narrow roads where some old people had moved for retirement—not entirely a favorable area for this job. It involved me quite a bit politically, and I ended up for maybe ten or twelve years making many trips to Washington, D.C. and other places in California on behalf of the Company's interests regarding the laws on the wilderness—wilderness being quite the opposite of logging; they are very far apart. All my acquaintances in the Sierra Club, and in other organizations such as the Lions Club, were caught in the tug of war between producing lumber products in a productive and sustainable fashion, and the desire to preserve all of the wilderness.

At American Forest Products, we were trying to maintain support for the sawmills. We ultimately lost, but we held on for 18 years. And then, in 1979, we were forced to close down because of lack of timber for our lumber business. I was in Kernville from '61 to '67, where my two boys had started school, from kindergarten up to 4th grade. Then we moved

over to Porterville for junior to high school, where they graduated from high school. Then we moved up to Fresno, closer to the three remaining American Forest Products' sawmills.

During those years, my job was largely getting people to do the logging and haul our logs to the mills. I was going from one side of the mountains to the other all the time, because we had the two mills, as well as some private land that I had to tend to. A lot of them were mixed in and very close to the southernmost part of the Giant Sequoias groves, the most southeastern ones being right there near Johnsondale.

A lot of the people wanted us out, and they didn't care what that meant with regard to the company or anyone who had a job there. It just seemed to be a losing battle to keep it going for those eighteen years until 1979. By that time, I had moved up to Fresno, because we had closed the mill on the Indian reservation, having cut out all of the timber that the Bureau of Indian Affairs wanted to sell. It was in 1974 that we decided I would move up to Fresno, because I would now have not only the sawmill down there but three more up here, at North Fork near Bass Lake, one at Oakhurst nearby, just south of Yosemite in Madera County, and the third one at Dinkey Creek in Fresno County. I had to manage those three operations, plus the one at Johnsondale, for the next few years until Johnsondale was closed in 1979.

I became well-known in all of California and made many trips to Washington, D.C. to testify to try to maintain our position in natural logging. But by the time I retired, we gradually had had to phase out practically all of our operations. Long story short, it was interesting work, and it supported a lot of families, but by 1985, it was the end. We sold out to a local company and closed all of the sawmills, and sold the one at North Fork. And then I retired on March 31, 1985.

I put 200,000 miles a year on the car, driving all the time. I had to go to the mountains, driving into the sunrise in the morning, and by the time I was ready to come home in the evening, I was looking at the sun going down.

Jeanine: I was going to ask you more about your relationship with the Sierra Club. Did you continue to go on hikes and so forth when you were working for American Forest Products?

Hank: I was not with AFP until June 1961, and 1952, I believe, was the last burro trip that I took for the Sierra Club. I did continue activities with the Sierra Club, such as the winter ski Lodge Committee at Clair Tappaan. But, in fact, I was on the other side on a lot of things, because of the wilderness issue. They were setting aside wide tracts of Sierra timber lands as wilderness or special reserves, so that the Forest Service could not sell logs for lumber purposes. And the land would become practically sterile as far as logs or auto travel are concerned, with the “wilderness” label. It practically stopped everything. So, it was the end of logging in the southern Sierra by 1985, there being only one small sawmill (in Terra Bella, near Porterville). For me, as a forester, it was like being in a big battle and you are gradually losing. At this point in my forestry career, it was abundantly clear that our California forests would not provide much more quality timber for commercial endeavors, unless it was but a token performance on California private lands in the northern coastal and upper Sacramento Valley. However, Pickering still grows lots of trees and makes lumber on the lands I worked in the late 1950s.

CHAPTER 12. Children and Grandchildren

The Family Grows Up

My whole family then was ready to move on and do something else, but we stayed in Fresno. My boys went to college, the older son going to U.C. Davis and later finishing off in Fresno in business management; my younger one graduated from UCLA., and he has been in management in large firms for the rest of his career, still is. Both of them are very, very knowledgeable, very capable and very hard-working. One of them has even been the vice-president of a very large company back East. But he left to come back here where he now manages production at a company here in Fresno. And the other one is manager and chief production manager for a wine-bottle-making firm in Madera, which is near Fresno. I am just sitting on the sidelines. But they are still very active.

I have grandchildren, four grandchildren—three boys, one girl—all working. The granddaughter just finished college at UOP [University of the Pacific], south of Stockton, and her subject is International Affairs. She has studied in Italy and Spain. She graduated with honors on May 13, 2016 and will go on to study Veterinary Medicine. She was president of her co-ed fraternity.

In terms of overseas trips during those years, my wife and I did make one trip after we were married before we had the children. We went to France, Switzerland and Austria for skiing, stayed there a while, did some sightseeing and finally came out in Italy, Monaco and Spain, visiting cities there. Then in 1962, Lillian, my wife, took my two boys to Germany, where her mother and father had come from, and visited with the relatives over there.

But I should tell you more about my wife. My wife and I had 54 years together. But after we moved to Fresno, she had some problems with her heart and diabetes. One son inherited that, while the other one did not. And my older son actually had to have a four-way bypass on his heart. That is sad. He has two sons, they both graduated from Cal Poly.

My oldest grandson, Steven, is a mechanical engineer for a national insurance company with headquarters in Walnut Creek. His district is out of Fresno. The other grandson, Michael, also graduated from Cal Poly, and he is a medical engineer. He is working in Berkeley for a medical equipment firm, just starting his career. The third young man, my youngest son's oldest child, Tim, is working for Disney in Orlando.

I am living in Fresno now, with my two sons working nearby, and each have homes up at the Oakhurst area. And I see them often here, almost daily, but they are not living here anymore. I have a beautiful home here. My grandson Stephen was living here last year, before he married. Now I am taking care of and enjoying this house—the library, the swimming pool, the grounds—myself, as far as I am able at 95—96 on November 15, 2016.

Jeanine: I was wondering about whether you took your sons, when they were growing up, on the same kind of wilderness adventures that you had experienced?

Family Adventures

Hank: Oh yes. We did, and skiing too, to some extent. Although, there wasn't much skiing opportunity down here. We went skiing in the wintertime. The summertime, we went off the road into the wilderness. My boys both loved going back in there and they still do—at the drop of a hat, in the dry period anyway.

They will set aside a weekend to camp and go out there where the rattlesnakes are and there are hardly any people. They get out there with their jeeps or motorcycles. I go there sometimes with them. Unfortunately, we had many fires recently, so there were times when you couldn't get out there due to the closures. Most of the fires were lightning fires, but some of them were set off by people. So, there is a question, when forests are closed to logging, whether or not they are making it more prone to forest fires, because there is no thinning of the forests or other practices which would have opened the timber stand.

In 1960, as our boys were growing up, we went to Hawaii. Working year round, it made it harder to get away. But our whole family did a few cruises in the Caribbean. Lillian and I would take winter driving trips, each about 10,000 miles of driving, from the United States to Mexico and Canada. But my wife passed away from a stroke in 2006! It took her very quickly, unfortunately, in a day and a half. We were boarding a plane in San Francisco to go to our oldest grandson's high school graduation in Kansas City, but we didn't make it into the aircraft, but rushed to the nearest hospital in Burlingame.

Even in her absence, I've continued to take trips with my children and grandchildren. I joined my son Rob and his family in Europe about seven years ago. We retraced some of my trips to Switzerland, Italy and Great Britain. My wife had just passed away, two years before. In February of 2016, I joined my youngest grandson and his parents to Columbia, through the Panama Canal, to Costa Rica.

I've also continued to follow the California Alumni Foresters. Now Paul Grunland joins me. Although he is not a forester, he is very interested in what goes on in forestry. It has been a real pleasure to have him join me, have him come to my meetings, and for me to go with him to accomplish some of the things he has on his mind. The Bennett Juniper⁶ is just a touch of that. I have maintained a close relationship with the University of California Forestry Department, and their summer camp for their students who still take forestry. To keep that camp open has been one of the goals. I support it. Now Paul takes me there every summer. We see how it was in the old days, and we see how they are doing it now. It's very interesting to see young ladies chopping wood, getting into contests of sawing and chopping, climbing trees and things like that. It's really “something else.”

Jeanine: Is this the same camp, up at Quincy, that you used to go to?

⁶ The Bennett Juniper is the largest known Western Juniper. Located in the Stanislaus National Forest at an elevation of 8,500 feet, the tree stands over 86 feet tall and is between 3,000 and 6,000 years old. It is named after Clarence Bennett, who visited the tree in 1932 and thereafter studied the Western Juniper species.

Hank: Yes! The students study there for eight to ten weeks as a requirement for forestry degrees. Keeping that camp open has turned out to be worthwhile. There is less logging now, but it isn't that there isn't any logging in California anymore. But in the Sierras, where wilderness has been set aside, there are few areas where the mountains are able to produce a continuous amount of timber. What has happened up in the redwoods is an example of where there still is logging. Redwoods grow very fast; they produce a lot of volume. If they are not over-cut, it will work. But there are still some problems with that. But there is still a lot of logging going on in the Sierras north of Yosemite. So, yes, there's room for forestry students, but not as many.

Jeanine: Does the camp prepare students for other kinds of jobs besides logging?

Hank: For botany and environmental studies, including forest use. All kinds of students are going to that school to obtain various degrees. When they go to that camp, they all become "foresters."

Jeanine: The Society of American Foresters, does that comprise rangers, people who are working for the Forest Service, as well as people who are working for logging companies?

Hank: When I joined the Society in 1943, most members were working for the Forest Service. It has also included both Federal and State officials, almost from the beginning. During the 1920s, lots of fire-protection people, as well as lumber people, were part of the Society of American Foresters. As time went on, it became less Forest Service, and more private lumber company foresters. But still both. The Forest Service people, I have to say, whereas they used to run the Society, now they are on the other end of it. Now they don't even join it sometimes. You have different attitudes. It has to do with wilderness versus logging. But I was chairman many years ago, in 1957, and I still attend meetings and you can see now they are re-organizing, with private land and State foresters predominating.

Jeanine: I'd like to ask you how the Sierra have changed since you first started going there. How would you compare the experience of going into the Sierra now compared to when you were young?

Hank: The timber logging roads developed in the '20s, '30s and '40s, those roads provided a lot more access for other activities. Not for cattlemen so much—they were kind of being pushed to the side as were the loggers. And forestry people, in a very general way, have been pushed to the sideline. But the recreational and the fish and game use came to the forefront. Fish and game particularly in California. The Forest Service has had to take a back seat and gradually not sell logs but favor the fish and game. The hydrology—how the water runs off the mountain—all those things have caused a big change in the way we use the mountains. It has changed into a situation where you have the ability to get into the mountains with four wheel drives and so on, but, on the other hand, there is the closing of a lot of the four-wheel drive roads for animal protection and to protect against erosion in general.

When the fires were so bad a few years ago, people were kept out of the Sierra because of the threat of causing a fire. Or, the Sierra can be closed off because the wilderness people don't want the fires to be put out, if they're of natural causes. If they are caused by humans, well then it's a little different attitude.

Finally, to come full circle back to Berkeley, my family has retained our Berkeley property on Hearst, Spanish style courtyard, garden apartments—in one of which my grandson, Michael, lives, and where I stay when I come back and visit.