

BIOGRAPHY LOREN WHITTLE

I was born in Angels Camp on February 6, 1934 in my Aunt Ida's house on Main Street at the corner of Pine Street. The house is still there but there is no plaque to commemorate the occasion.

My father, Clenn Warren Whittle, was the youngest of Joseph and Lily Mae Whittle's six children. My mother, Angelina, was the second child of Joseph and Cirilla Antone of Jamestown and they were both immigrants from Italy. My father was born on the old Whittle Ranch near Albany Flat on December 9, 1911. My mother was born on Jackass Hill, in Tuolumne County on November 25, 1914. My folks were married on May 7, 1933, in Sonora. My Grandfather was a bootlegger during the depression and since my Grandfather did not drive, my mother would deliver the wine to a customer in Knights Ferry. The delivery vehicle was a sedan with the back seat removed to accommodate the wine barrels. My Grandmother, Cirilla Antone, ran a boarding house in Jamestown directly across the street from the Sierra Railroad depot. She also raised a large garden by herself.

When I was born my Father did not have a steady job but worked as a cowboy for several ranchers in the area – the Malispina Brothers, Herman Cordes, Chester Murphy, and since he only went thru the third grade his job options were limited. In the summer he would take my mother and I to the mountains with him as he tended to the ranchers cattle on their open range. There were very few roads in this area at the time so we rode in on horseback. I was too young to ride a horse, so I was placed in a packsaddle on a packhorse. Since there were no cabins, we camped out. My mother was afraid of bears so when my dad would be out riding the range tending the cows, mom and I stayed in camp protected by a 32-caliber pistol that my dad left for us. On one occasion, a bear came into camp so my mother got the pistol and took a shot at the bear who immediately left. My mother got the worst of it because she never hit the bear and she got painful powder burns on her left hand. The pistol was a revolver and she had her left hand on the cylinder which gets hot blow powder when fired. She was so scared she decided to leave camp walking with me and the dog. We were returned to the camp since there was really no place to go. As far as I know we had no further bear incidents there. During the winter months we lived in various places in Angels Camp such as the local auto court and at times with my grandparents at the old Whittle Ranch. My folks along with Don and Marie purchased the old Bacigalupi Ranch located about 1 ½ miles southwest of Angels Camp on Angels Creek. We moved on the ranch on November 26, 1938 into an old house was very satisfactory to live in. Don and Marie, with help tore down a very old home on the property and with that material built their home which they and their two sons, Ray and Donnie moved into on December 4, 1942.

The ranch had a significant amount flood irrigated pasture which required considerable amount of time moving the water in order to cover all the pasture in the seven days every other week which the ranch was entitled. The main ditch which diverted water from Angels Creek, about ½ mile below town and this water was shared with the downstream neighbor, Louie Peirano. The diversion was covered by a very old water right, a very valuable asset. This main ditch along with several smaller ditches had to be cleaned every year to remove weed growth and keep them open. The cleaning was usually done by day laborers from town. One of the most memorable individuals to do this work was an old Italian by the name of Mussolini, whose real name was Luigi Decicco, but everyone called him Mussolini. He was a very hard worker. He lived alone but did not drive so my Dad would have to go to town to pick him up. My dad would always make me go with him in the pickup and I was put in the middle seat and next to

Mussolini. The problem for me was he lived on a very limited diet of cheese, salami, onions, lots of garlic, wine, and French bread. The odor in the truck cab was overwhelming. It was bad enough when we picked him up in the morning but after he worked all day in the sun and sweat a lot, the odor was horrific. One of the quirks of this man was that he always wore rubber boots and due to the fact that he walked on the outside of his feet the boots would wear on that side, so rather than discard them he would put them on opposite feet.

Early The ranch did not have a lot of livestock until a relative on my Grandmother's side, Winter Mills, from Lemoore or Hanford either sold them or gave them some hogs to get started. They went down there in an old 1934 Ford truck and hauled them home. This venture was never very profitable as it was during the depression and hog prices were very cheap. One summer a large field of maize was planted in order to offset the grain feed cost from their feed supplier, A. L. Gilbert in Oakdale. The problem was that it all had to be harvested by hand and they could not afford to hire it done. The work force turned out to be both families, Don, Marie, Donnie, my Dad, my Mom, and me. Since it was summer time, it was hot, dirty work but we all survived. At one time there were 600 hogs on the ranch and they decided to sell them probably in 1941 or 1942 and they brought 3 cents a pound. Everyone was glad to see them go as our family were cattle people, not hog farmers.

After the hogs were gone something had to be done to pay for the ranch which they paid \$25,000 for the 2,000 acres. The next venture was they bought a few milking type cows at a time and raised extra calves on each cow. Many cows would raise up to four calves each. Although raising these extra calves was labor intensive since some of the cows were not always receptive to being mother to these extra calves. But this turned out to be quite profitable and as a result they were able to pay the ranch off ahead of schedule These extra calves were purchased from the various dairies in the San Joaquin valley and at a very cheap price of \$4 or \$5 each. When I was old enough to drive, my dad would send me to get a calf as a replacement for a cow that had a still born calf. He warned me not to spend too much. I was not able to negotiate a lower price as he would have been able to so I believe I paid 9 or 10 dollars and when I got home, he let me know I paid too much. This was lesson 101 in calf buying.

I started elementary school at the old Angels Grammar School on Finnegan Lane about 1 ½ miles from home. I started school in 1939 and had to walk both ways. When I got home after school after about the third grade, I had chores to do- feed the horses, cows, and chickens and whatever other animals were in the barns or corrals. I also had to gather the eggs and milk the cow. We always had a milk cow. The barns and corrals were about 300 yards down from the house and located right on Angels Creek. It was not a bad walk when the weather was mild, but in late fall, winter and early spring it could be very cold and frosty most mornings and it was my job to walk down and milk the cow and do whatever other chores were necessary before school. After breakfast, I had to walk the mile and a half to school. I did this routine all thru elementary school.

Every winter my Dad would bring a steer or heifer and sometimes a couple of hogs to fatten for slaughter. Feeding these animals was an additional chore for me to be done morning and night. It was worth it as the meat was so good.

We also had sheep and goats on the ranch. The sheep provided wool and lambs for sale and the goats were primarily used for brush control and sheared for their mohair (goat fleece). In the fall the local Austrians would come to the ranch and buy whether goats (male goats that were neutered). These goats were older and had a very strong odor, but the Austrians didn't care because they made

costadana (dried goat meat) that they ate with polenta. The sheep and goats were sheared in the spring by a local shearer, Max Henley. It was my job to bundle the fleeces of wool and mohair that were later placed on a very large sack and hauled to Stockton for sale to a wool buyer.

A large fat lamb was occasionally slaughtered for meat for Don and Marie and us. We did our own slaughtering and on occasion, I would slaughter the lamb. I also raised a lot of fryer chickens for the deep freeze. I would get a hen that was setting and give her a nest full of eggs which she would hatch and care for until they were large enough to prepare for the freezer. Every year I would raise 20 or 30 for this purpose.

We also raised quite a flock of turkeys, but they were what you call "free range" today. These were truly free range as they were not fed but foraged for themselves and they roosted far up in the trees. There were several old timers in town that did not want to buy store bought turkeys so they came to the ranch and ordered their turkeys. Of course, these turkeys had to be killed and picked which cousin Donnie and I were invited to participate in this ritual, but we never saw any of the sales money. These turkey orders occurred at thanksgiving and Christmas. We also had turkeys killed and cleaned for our own two families use. The turkeys roosted in some very large oak trees near the two little barns and in the spring the hens would nest in sheltered areas near the barns. On one occasion my Dad located a setting turkey and he decided to see how many eggs were in the nest. When he raised the hen there was a large rattlesnake coiled in the nest-not what he expected.

The ranch had quite a few pastures that were irrigated and during the summer, a person was hired to do the irrigating since we were on the mountain ranges at this time so not available to do the irrigating. On one large field, alfalfa was raised for hay. This field produced 4 or 5 cuttings during the summer of loose hay. The hay was mowed, raked, and made into shocks (small mounds of hay). Before 1944, this was done with a team of horses. The ranch purchased a Ford tractor in 1944 and this was used for cutting the hay. When the hay was cured in the shocks, it had to be hauled to the barn. This was the days before much of the hay was baled like it is today. The hauling was done with a flatbed truck and loaded by individuals with pitchforks. It was my job starting at 9 years old to drive the truck from shock to shock and stop at each one until the shock was loaded. Then move to the next shock repeating this until the truck was loaded. It was difficult for me to stop the truck as I could not quite reach the brake pedal so I had to pull myself up using the steering wheel to apply enough pressure to stop the truck. It didn't help that the old truck had only mechanical brakes. In spite of the fields being on hillsides, I must admit that I never lost control. In 1948, a new 11/2 ton Dodge truck was purchased and it had power brakes so it was much safer.

When we got to the barn, the hay was unloaded with a derrick fork that had long forks that were pushed into the loose hay and locked in place at an angle to hold the hay. It would take a good size amount of hay at a time, probably 2 or 3 shocks. The derrick hoisted the hay straight up until it contacted a rail that ran the length of the barn. The hoisting of the derrick was done with a large rope and a set of pulleys. When the derrick was connected to the track it was moved along until the person in the barn called for the load to be dumped at which time the person on the truck who was in charge of the operation would pull the trip rope and dump the hay. Individuals in the barn would spread the hay out to keep the hay level. Power for this operation was provided by a gentle old work horse. He was fastened to the end of the lifting rope at the back of the barn. When the person in charge of the operation called for a hoist, the horse was led away from the barn, pulling the rope and raising the load.

When the individuals in the barn called for the hay to be dumped, the horse was stopped and turned around and led back to the starting point. It was my job to lead the horse – an easy job but quite boring for person my age. After the hay was dumped, the derrick was returned to the truck by the man in control using the trip rope to manually pull it back. This process was repeated until the truck was empty.

All the time my cousin, Donnie, and I were growing up on the ranch, we were the labor force that helped my Dad and Uncle Don. We were expected to function like an adult no matter what the job was. We were always around adults be our fathers or friends so consequently we did not do the usual kid things, like playing sports except when we were in school. Week days after school we had chores to do and other things also. Weekends were always consumed totally with moving cows cutting wood, building fence, branding, and whatever else that had been saved up during the week. A lot of the time most weekends were spent in the San Joaquin Valley working cattle or whatever else had to be done. These were usually very long days and we would frequently get home after dark, but the chores had to be done using a flashlight. The adults that we were around included Reggie Osborn who was our cousin, Jack Airola, Dan O'Tool, Babe Airola, and many others. Since none of the ranchers could afford to hire help when they needed it, the ranchers helped one another. This might include branding, moving cattle, gathering cattle, and other jobs. No money changed hands as it was all done voluntarily, all one had to do was ask and the help was there. Donnie and I were volunteered and we were not even consulted.

The war years, 1941 to 1945, were very difficult for just about everyone and some of those that served in the military were subjected to some very inhospitable conditions especially those on the front lines. Cousin Ray Whittle was the only Whittle that served in WWII, but saw no action as he was in the Air Force. My Dad and Uncle Don were exempt due to being ranchers and raising food. Two of my Mother's brothers, Louie And Joe were both in the Army in the Pacific Theater and both were front line soldiers. Louie was in the Army engineers and Joe was in the infantry and carried a Browning automatic rifle (a BAR). Joe was wounded in the Philipines and lost part of a thumb and other injuries. They saw action in New Guinea, Philipines, Saipan, and other locations that I don't remember.

We on the ranch were fairly well off for essentials such as meat and vegetables as we raised these. Everyone had ration cards that contained the various stamps that were necessary to obtain numerous items such as meat, sugar, oils, canned stuff, milk, cheese, eggs, and many other items. Gasoline was a big item that was rationed and every car and truck had a decal on the windshield that related to how much fuel you could obtain in a week. An "A" card was good for 5 gallons per week and this was the most common for most people in town as nonessential. A "B" card was issued to commuters and I don't remember what these were entitled. The ranch vehicles had "T" cards and it entitled us to plenty for our needs. Tires were rationed and were not readily available. Shoes were rationed, candy was not available, and many items that I don't remember. New vehicles were not available as none were being made as the factories were making war materials.

Everybody sacrificed during these years and nearly everyone was patriotic so there were few complaints, if any.

Although the ranch was 2,000 acres it eventually, as the cattle numbers grew, could not accommodate these larger herds, so it was necessary to rent additional pasture. Most of the outside pasture was located in the San Joaquin Valley mostly in the Farmington and Oakdale area. This pasture was used from early fall to late spring. When it was time to bring the cattle to the home ranch before going to the

mountains with them, they were driven, not trucked, to keep the cost down. The herd would consist of cows and calves and number around 300 head more or less. At the end of the day the cattle would be placed in a corral or small pasture so graciously offered by the ranchers along the way. The route started in Farmington and came up Hwy 4 to Copperopolis, then by the old stagecoach road over Funk Hill (where Black Bart would rob the stages). From there we went over private property to home. The drive would take 2 1/2 or 3 days and would be done by my Dad and I and maybe one other person. The pasture my Dad rented in Farmington belonged to an elderly kind of eccentric individual by the name of Frank Faulong. He lived there with 3 daughters which he raised. His wife was in a mental institution. The daughters lived there until adulthood and then left. Frank preferred not to farm the property but to lease it for pasture. Frank and my Dad got along very well for many years and I believe all their dealings were done by/ handshake as I never saw any paperwork between them.

One of the things we did in the winter at the ranch was to cut oak wood. We did this before we had a chain saw and most of it was done using hand axes, but we did have an attachment that went on the tractor that we could saw the long branches that were ax cut into stove length pieces. Both Don's house and our house cooked with wood and heated with wood. There were times when we sold wood in town and I remember Donnie and I hauling wood in the ranch wagon up the streets in town to the customer's house. We had a very gentle team of horses, named Barney and Blue, that we used to pull the wagon. The good news was that Donnie drove most of the time. Both of us were usually assigned the job of hauling wood to our homes also. By the way it was my job to fill the wood box on the back porch so my mother would have wood as she needed it. Kindling had to be cut so my Dad could easily start the fire in the morning. I would cut the kindling and pack it and the wood to the house every night from the wood shed which was up the hill from the house. After all my chores were done in the evening, I could do my homework either before or after dinner. I went to bed early, usually around 8 pm as there was no such thing as television in those days plus I had to rise early in the morning in order to get my morning chores done.

Life on the ranch for us kids was a lot different than what the ones who lived in town experienced. Our lives were a lot more active by having responsibilities to fulfill. In spite of what we had to do, I would not trade places with any of the town raised kids. I never regretted growing up on the ranch and would not trade my experiences for anything else. Too bad all kids could not have experienced ranch life like we were lucky enough to have.

In 1945, my Dad, Uncle Don, and Grandpa Joe Whittle acquired a mountain range located southwest of Long Barn in Tuolumne County. The cow camp was located on Wrights Creek and the open range was mostly east along Dodge Ridge. The first year we went there, it was a very difficult drive as the cattle did not want to go that direction as most were used to going up Hwy 4 to Dorrington and not up Hwy 108. The Cattle had to be forced to go the whole way which exhausted all the cowboys. My Dad, Reggie Osborn, and I would go home each night as my brother was expected to be born at any time so my Dad could check on Mom. We would get home at 9 or 10 each night and get up at 2 am to get back with the cattle. On the third and last day we arrived at Wrights Creek Camp. Being only 9 years old and riding all day every day with very little sleep I was so exhausted I laid down on a bed in the cabin after we let the cattle go. They carried me to the pickup and we drove where they put me to bed. I slept all that night and all the next day. Never been that tired since. We were on The Wrights Creek range for two years, 1943 and 1944.

In 1945 another mountain range became available located southeast of Pinecrest and was known as the Crabtree Range. My Dad and Uncle Don were able to acquire the Forest Service permit for this range by purchasing quite a few cattle from the former permittee's estate of Del Adams. The Adam's Ranch was located several miles below Jamestown off the LaGrange Road. These cattle were driven home by way of The O'Byrnes Ferry Road. I did not participate in this drive as I was in elementary school at the time and it was done on a week day.

The permit for the Crabtree Range called for a normal July 1 opening date, so we would start the drive 4 days before that date. To back up a bit before covering this drive, I will tell you about the background events that took place before this drive.

The day school was out, a short day, my dad would be waiting for me at the school gate and we would go to Farmington and get the cattle gathered and ready for the drive home which was previously described. The next morning, we would get up at 3 or 4 am and go to Farmington to start this drive. Usually my Dad and I would handle the first two days drive and Donnie and someone else would help the last day from Copperopolis by way of the old stage coach road and home. For the next few days Dad and I would help Uncle Don, Donnie, and others gather their cattle in preparation for the drive up Hwy 4 to their range. Uncle don and Grandpa Joe rented a lot of pasture from Copperopolis and Angels Camp. Once the cattle were gathered, bells were placed on a number of cows. This entailed putting the cows in a chute and placing and securing the bells around their neck. Since the cows were not accustomed to man up close and touching them, they would try to avoid you. Reaching in with your arms in these close quarters could be rather hazardous so you had to be very careful. These bells were of a lot assistance in the fall when gathering. The sound of the bell could be heard for quite a distance and aided in determining their location.

The drive to the Beaver Creek / Rattlesnake range took 3 days and started at the old Whittle Ranch, in Albany Flat. My Dad and I would participate in this drive. The first day usually stopped in Douglas Flat. Day two would go right thru Murphys and Avery and stop on Moran Road for the night. The last day we would go on up Moran Road almost to Big Trees State park, then skirt the park on the south side on an old abandoned road and coming back to Hwy 4 at Dorrington. From Dorrington we would go down Board's Crossing Road to Board's Crossing located on the North Fork of the Stanislaus River. The other members of the drive would stay and place the cattle at various locations on the range. Dad and I would return home.

After the drive was completed up Hwy 4, our next job was to go up to the Crabtree Range and put up the drift fence (the fence that determined the perimeter of the range) on the west side of the range. There was about 20 miles of fence on this range that included drift fence and gathering pasture fence. The fence on the east end of the range was at a higher elevation and consequently could not be put at this time as much of it was covered by snow so it was put up after the cattle arrived.

As the snow melted this fence was put up before the cattle could get out and onto the neighbor's range. In the fall after the cattle were brought home, all this fence had to be taken down, otherwise the heavy snow would destroy it. When the lower elevation fence was up, we would go home and gather the cattle on the home ranch and get them ready for the drive to the Crabtree range. This preparation also entailed putting bells on quite a few cows. The day before we were to start the drive, we would move the cattle cross country to a small pasture on Hwy 49 near Carson Hill. This pasture was called the

Stevenot Place and was owned by Babe and Fred Airola. The cattle, 150 cows plus their calves were left here overnight.

The drive started early the next morning along Hwy 49 via the town of Melones, Jackass Hill and Tuttletown and we stopped for lunch at the Pedro Wye, the intersection of Hwy 49 and Parrots Ferry Road. After lunch we take Parrots Ferry Road to Sawmill flat Road past where Columbia College is now and stop for the night at the Podesta Ranch at the foot of Yankee Hill on Big Hill Road. This ended day one. We camped out there overnight but usually ate out in Sonora, usually at Bisoratti,s Boarding House (now the Gun House Motel) eating family style.

Day two started at daylight and we took the long climb up Big Hill Road as far as Hatler's lumber mill where we rested the cattle for a short while. From there we stayed on that same road, past some apple orchards and stopped at Ellsbrees, an apple ranch, where there was a small pasture and an old vacant cabin where we could spend the night. We used these facilities for a couple of years then in later years used a nearby corral. This area was called Middle Camp and was 2 or 3 miles north of Twain Harte Where we would have dinner. We camped there the first years in the cabin and later years camped outside. Provisions for camping were hauled in a pickup usually driven by my mother. These provisions included bedding, cooking equipment, personal items, food, etc.

Day 3 started at daylight and we went up the same road and entered Hwy 108 at Sugar Pine. Staying on Hwy 108 we went thru Mi-Wuk Village and on to Long Barn where we stopped for lunch. After lunch we went on up the highway, passed Slide Inn and stopped for the night at Cold Springs. At this location there was a small pasture provided by Ed Jennes and we camped out. Dinner was at the Cold Springs Inn. I should mention that in addition to the pickup, there was someone driving the cattle truck following the herd. The reason for this was that a few of the calves would develop very sore feet from walking on the pavement. You would see blood on the pavement and see the calf limping. These calves were roped and loaded in the truck by hand. This had to be done each day. It should be pointed out that in these early days of 1940's and 1950's there was very small amount of automobile traffic on all these roads, so it was easily possible to drive cattle on these roads. All that changed later on so that it was not practical to drive cattle on these roads. When we could no longer drive up the roads, trucks were used. This was easier on the cattle and also the cowboys.

Day 4-we would leave Cold Springs and continue up Hwy 108 to a point close to Pinecrest where we would turn off to the right and go up the old Bell Meadow Road (now the road to Dodge Ridge Ski area). About one half mile before the ski area, we went up the old Dodge Ridge Road to Aspen Meadows. This part of the drive was quite steep and very dusty and the cattle were getting tired and very hungry. After Aspen Meadows where, the cattle were rested for a while, we went up a continuation of the Dodge Ridge Road, past Carry Corral to the Crabtree Road which took us a point about half way down the road to the termination point of the drive in a small unnamed small meadow. Here the herd was held together until all the cows and calves were paired up. As the cows got their calves, they were turned loose. Most of the cows had been here before so as soon as they were turned loose, they would strike out for their favorite place on the range. After the cattle were turned loose, Uncle Don, Donnie, and anyone else not staying would return home to Angels Camp. On one occasion Uncle Don, Aunt Marie, and Donnie stayed after the drive, so the afternoon after the cattle had been released, Donnie and I decided we needed some trout for dinner. We rode 5 or 6 miles to a small creek (Coffin Hollow Creek) where we fished for an hour or so until we had enough fish for supper-about 50 as I recall which

exceeded the legal limit. We had a great feast that night. In later years, when the highway traffic got so heavy, and you could no longer drive cattle on the highway, the cattle were trucked from Farmington to a point near the Dodge Ridge Ski Area and unloaded in a corral that we built. From this corral the drive was the same as before. When we drove the cattle from Farmington to Crabtree it was About 100 miles.

One comical incident that happened when we were building the corral was that we were being helped by a fellow who had the neighboring range and also used the corral. This individual always wore bib overalls that buttoned on both sides, but he never fastened these buttons. This particular time that we were building the corral, there was a large population of yellowjackets which had their nests in the ground and if you disturbed them, they were quite aggressive. Well our neighbor, Joe Ghiroso, did disturb a nest and they proceeded to attack him and several entered the unbuttoned overalls and down his leg and other places. If you ever saw a man jump, dance, and go thru all kinds of gyrations, it was him. In spite of all the discomfort he was in we all got a great laugh from it.

To get back to the end of the cattle drive when they were turned loose, those of us that were staying, usually my Dad, my Mother, my little Brother, and I would proceed to the Crabtree cow camp located on Bell Creek. The camp consisted of a primitive log cabin, a log barn, and a small horse pasture. The cabin consisted of two rooms downstairs, a kitchen/dining area and a small bedroom, upstairs was one open room accessed outside by a set of stairs. I usually slept outside during the summer. When the cabin was built, the builders must have been very short people or midgets as the downstairs ceiling was only high enough for short people and us taller individuals were constantly bumping our heads on the log ceiling joists. If the builders had gone one log higher on the walls, it would have been much better. Cooking and heating were by way of a large wood stove. Lighting was by a Coleman lantern and kerosene lamps. There was no running water so it had to be packed in two 3 gallon buckets from Bell Creek to the cabin, about 100 yards.

Since the small dry horse pasture could not sustain the 5 or so horses we usually kept there throughout the summer and fall all feed, hay and grain, had to be hauled in. This entailed a lot of manual labor. The bailed hay would be in a field in Farmington and we would take the 1 1/2 ton truck with the cattle racks on to this location and load these 100 lb. bales by lifting them thru the small door opening. Usually this was done with two of us, my Dad and I or someone else and we would load until the truck was filled to the top of the rack. When the truck was loaded, we would take it home for overnight and leave the next day for Crabtree stopping about a mile from the camp as the road was not passable for the large truck on Crabtree Road. We had a small wire enclosure at this point where we unloaded the hay. This enclosure would hold the hay securely until it could be transported to camp. The road from this location to Crabtree Camp was limited to small four wheel drive or similar vehicles so consequently we used our Jeep and small trailer to move the hay to camp requiring several trips. Loading and unloading the hay was done by hand. In order to feed all the horses during summer and fall, it would require 2 or 3 truck loads of hay a year.

After the cattle were on the range, there was a lot of work to be done, the remaining drift fence had to be put up, the gathering pasture fence had to be put up, salt had to be packed out by pack horse to the various locations on the range. We rode the range almost every day, checking on the cattle and making sure the fences were up. The deer quite frequently broke the fences. Riding the range or working on

the ground was not always pleasant during the month of July as the snow mosquitos were in abundance and they were quite aggressive. They were pretty well gone by the first of August, much to our relief.

Almost every summer, we would take a fishing trip into the Wilderness Area to about the vicinity of the north boundary of Yosemite Park and the fishing was outstanding. Usually my Dad, uncle Don, Donnie, and I would go and usually 2 or 3 guests. We would usually spend 5 or 6 days on these very enjoyable trips. This counted as our summer vacation.

My Dad, Mother, Brother and I would spend the entire summer at Crabtree until school started. We would stay about 2 or 3 weeks at a time and then come down to home for about 3 days. It was difficult for my Mother as she had to buy provisions for the three weeks we were in camp. She also had to do a lot of laundry since there were no washing facilities in the mountains. There was no refrigeration so fresh meat and produce was not an option and reduced the menu options. Cooking was done on a wood stove and there was no hot water only that heated on the stove top. Mom could bathe in a wash tub with water heated on the stove, but if I wanted to bathe, I would have to go to a water hole in Bell Creek and bathe in snow melt water which was very cold. You did not linger long in the creek.

On one of our fishing trips to the Wilderness Area, were heading back to Horse Meadow Forest Service cabin where we were staying, when Uncle Don had to stop to cinch up his saddle before going down the steep trail. I had stopped with him and while he was cinching the saddle, he noticed an unusual rock formation and he proceeded to break off a piece and handed it to me and I placed it in my saddle bags. The sample was packed out in my saddle bags and eventually wound up in my Uncle Don's garage at the ranch. My cousin Ray was curious about the rock and decided to take it to an amateur assayer who tested it and found it to contain tungsten. It must have been in 1952 or 1953 when we found the rock. We went back to the same location the next year and staked 21 mining claims. We knew exactly where the rock came from. The mine experience is another story which will come a little later.

Once the summer came to an end I had to go home and go to school which always started right after Labor Day. My mother, brother, and I would go home and my dad would stay at Crabtree along with someone else. My dad would start gathering the cattle about mid-September and leave with the cattle before October 1. I would be taken out of school for 4 or 5 days to help with the drive home. It was cheaper to use me than hire someone!

Once the cattle were home, the bells were removed and the calves were weaned. In a couple of weeks the cows were driven back to Farmington for the winter.

The last thing to be done after all the cattle were off the range, the fences had to be taken down and the cabin closed for the winter. On one occasion I believe it was 1955 my Dad and I with a small horse in the back of the pickup went up to take down the last piece of fence on the west end of the range just to the east of Dodge Ridge Ski Area. It started to snow and a strong wind was blowing. As a result, we hurriedly took down the fence ending about halfway down the mountainside above the South Fork of the Stanislaus River and up stream of Pinecrest Lake. Since we were still missing one cow and someone reported an animal above the lake, my Dad asked me if I would go on down to the river and follow it down to Pinecrest where he would pick me up hoping I might find that animal. By this time, we were in blizzard conditions with very limited visibility. When I got to the river, I started walking downstream toward Pinecrest. After I had walked a short way, I entered a pine thicket and ran straight in to a

yearling heifer and I don't know which one of us was more startled. If I had not walked straight in to the animal, I would not have found it as any tracks would have been covered with snow and the animal was not moving and staying in the sheltered place. So I drove the heifer down towards Pinecrest, some of the time we were on cabin porches and in their yards until we got near the lodge at Pinecrest. My Dad had the horse unloaded and proceeded to rope the heifer which we loaded into the pickup along with the horse. It was a tight fit but we had no choice. The ironic part of this story is that the animal did not belong to us but to our good friend and neighbor Joe Ghioso. The unwritten rule was that you never left an animal belonging to someone else and not bring it out. When we got to Twain Harte there was so much snow on the road that cars could not make it up the slight grade just west of town. We were stopped there for some time before going on to Sonora where we unloaded the heifer and then went on home. It had been a long day but we got the job done.

One thing I should tell about was the bear destruction of our cabin during the summer and fall. Almost every year, usually when we were in Angels Camp for a few days during the summer, a bear would come and try to get into the cabin and sometimes they were successful. One summer there was a particularly destructive bear that we believed had been relocated from Yosemite Park. This bear would visit other cow camps besides ours. He would make the rounds to the Bell Meadow camp of the Ellenwood's, the Piute camp of Joe Ghioso, the Cooper's Meadow camp of Joe Sanguinetti, and of course our Crabtree camp. One incident that was particularly bad at our camp, the bear climbed the outside backstairs leading to the upstairs room and ripped the shingles off the wall and entered the loft. Since there was nothing to eat upstairs, he proceeded to rip a hole in the floor and go downstairs landing on the warming oven that sat on top of the wood stove, breaking same. He then raided all the cupboards eating whatever he could, mostly by biting holes in the canned goods. We always had a large bag of dry dog food in the cabin, so he took the bag into the bedroom and ate it while lying on my bed, leaving an unpleasant bear odor on my bed. He also left several nose prints on the mirror in the kitchen.

Another time Donnie and I were staying there alone and sleeping in the double bed in the bedroom. During the night, we heard a noise outside and I got up to see what was causing it. Shinning the light on the screen covered frame (called a safe) that we used to store meat and produce, the bear was standing on his hind legs next to the safe. The safe was suspended on a rope and was about 6 feet above the ground. The bear had already eaten our only fresh meat, so I asked Donnie to get up and shoot the bear since we had a single shot 22 rifle. Donnie said "do you think I am crazy, if I shoot him with that little 22, it will just make him mad and he might come in that window over our bed." The window had been removed for air circulation, so there was just a 2 foot square hole open to the outdoors. Needless to say, we left the bear unmolested and went to bed and we were both shaking the bed. At this time, we were both teen agers. There were many more bear visits to the cabin and some lost their lives during these visits, but none were as destructive as this one bear.

I did a lot of fishing in Bell Creek during the summer as it was so close to the cabin and hardly anyone fished it as most of the fishermen wanted to fish in the lakes as there were several in the area. I usually caught enough trout for supper and it was a treat to have fresh meat.

The first year we were at Crabtree, 1945, World War II was still going on and my mother had two brothers, Louie and Joe, fighting in the Pacific. Since they had few relatives to write them, my mother felt obligated to correspond with them on a near weekly basis. But when we were in camp, the nearest post office was in Pinecrest about 7 miles away. When the letters were written, she would send me on

horseback to Pinecrest to mail them. She would also give me money and meat stamps to get fresh meat and whatever else she needed. It would take me most of the day to make the trip. While I was doing my errands there, I would tie my horse at the back of the lodge and nobody bothered it.

Later on, probably in the mid-fifties my Dad made arrangements to stay at the lodge at Dodge Ridge Ski Area. It was beneficial to both us and the ski lift owner, as it was convenient for us and we provided as caretakers for the lodge which was vacant during the summer. We stayed there until my Dad quit going to the mountains and I had full time employment.

I should relate my school years which started in 1939 at the old Angels Grammar School located on Finnegan Lane. The school had 4 classrooms with 2 grades in each room. Ed Leonard was the principal and head disciplinarian. Rulers and yard sticks were the primary tools used for discipline and they were used liberally as necessary. If you were disciplined, you dare not tell your parents about it because parents always took the position that the teacher was always right. You had no recourse. (Now I believe the teachers were always right!) As I stated before, I had to walk the 1 1/2 mile each way to school. I had to milk the cow before and after school along with whatever other chores that needed to be done including feeding the horses and cows, feeding the chickens, gathering the eggs, filling the wood box and chopping kindling for starting the fires. I graduated from elementary school in 1947.

During the winter and spring of 1947, my Dad, Donnie, and I worked almost every Saturday and Sunday for Mike Hunt, a cattle rancher with a lot of cattle. He had several ranches leased in the Oakdale and Farmington area. He had only one full time cowboy in his employ which was not enough to handle all these cattle, so we were hired to fill this void at a rate of \$8.00 dollars a day until one day I asked him if he didn't think we were worth more than that. Nobody else would ask for more money, so I did, a smart ass kid of 13 years old. Our rate was upped to \$12.00 per day. He had several horses that he had bought on his cattle buying trips and we could pick out one of these horses to ride all day. They were for the most part fairly good horses. When we would leave the corrals, we would be on a gallop until we reached the cattle to be worked. When we were through with this bunch of cattle, we would gallop to the next bunch, etc. We would do this all day long not quitting until near dark. Sometimes we were split up and I was always assigned to work with the hired cowboy, 2 nd gear Bill. We named him this because when he was driving the ranch cattle truck, he never shifted to a higher gear above 2 nd. Sometimes I would stay with 2 nd gear and his wife, Manda, and they always treated me very nice. This was a very cold winter with lots of frost and fog, but that didn't matter as the work had to be done. Working for Mike was a very good experience.

I entered Bret Harte High School in the fall of 1947. The school at that time consisted of one main building of classrooms and a separate shop building. There were about 160 students in the school at that time. My high school class had 42 members I played football all 4 years, basketball for the first 2 years, and ran track for 3 years. At that time there was no gym and all home basketball games were played at the Frogtown main building on a temporary wood floor.

In the summer of 1947, the ranch bought a used 1943 military Jeep primarily for use in getting into Crabtree Camp and I used the Jeep as transportation to high school. It could be a cold ride in the winter but I was very happy to have transportation. Also I didn't have to buy gas for it as the ranch had a 350 gallon tank which I used.

One of the girls in my class was Joanne Crespi and we had our first date at the prom in May of 1950. We went together steady from that point until we married in 1955. We both graduated from high school in 1952. Our class graduated 21 boys and 21 girls. After High school Joanne enrolled in Humpreys business college in Sacramento. I enrolled in Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo but only stayed for a couple of months as college life was not for me.

After I returned home, I worked on the ranch for my Dad and bought a few cows. In the fall of 1955, I went to work for H. Earl Parker Construction Company as a laborer on the realignment of Highway 49 from Carson Hill to Jackass Hill. I worked for them until the Christmas floods of 1955 when the job was shut down. In early 1956 I went to work for Beerman & Jones, a predecessor of George Reed Company, again in construction this time on the Murphys Grade road from Altaville east for about 3 miles. Pay for construction labor at this time was \$2.321/2 hr. I did various work on job until put me drilling and blasting working under the direction of Mel Brunner. I had very little exposure to this work so working under Mel was a great learning experience. A short while later Mel left so I was responsible for drilling and blasting. The first rock to remove was a greenstone rock knob located just east of Rolleri Bypass Road. Well I drilled the holes and loaded them with what I thought was the right amount of dynamite and set of the blast which broke the rock but it also damaged a telephone cable located some distance away. I guess I loaded the holes with too much dynamite. I left this job in early summer 1956 to work at our tungsten mine which I did until the snows started in October.

At our tungsten mine near Horse Meadow, one the first orders of business was to construct a cabin at the site. Lumber for the cabin was purchased at Bridgeport and Joanne and I used the Dodge cattle truck to haul the lumber as far as Leavitt Lake. The lumber was hauled to the cabin site with a Jeep pickup making several trips. Donnie and I helped build the cabin under the supervision of an old carpenter from Melones. That summer Uncle Harry Whittle purchased and installed a rock crusher and a concentrating table which was our mill. The rock crusher reduced the ore to sand like size and this material was fed onto a concentrating table which separated the rock from the tungsten. The separation was accomplished as a result of the table shaking, the tungsten being heavier, it separated easily from the lighter rock and stayed at the top of the table. The tungsten was captured and the rock went to waste.

The mill had been set up on a site just below the cabin on Cherry Creek since water was needed for a constant supply to the concentrating table. Water flowed on the table at all times while the mill was running.

The hardest part of the mining operation was the actual mining which was done on the ore body on a very steep hillside in an open pit. This location is about a quarter mile from the mill. The hard rock had to be drilled and we used a Swedish made gasoline jackhammer (Pionjar brand) that was quite heavy for this purpose. We did not have an air supply facility, so this jackhammer was perfect for this location. The drilled holes were loaded with dynamite and the rock blasted. Since the crusher could only take small size (grapefruit size) rock, any large rock had to be broken up using a sledge hammer. This rock being very hard required considerable effort to break. Any obvious waste rock was disposed of and ore of the proper size was thrown into an 18" pipe used as a chute and the ore landed in the properly placed dump truck down the slope. The ore was then transported to the mill for processing. This was the operation that was performed all summer of 1956 with any of the mine partners that were available to work.

We closed the mine operation down for the 1956 season in mid October as it was starting to snow. The concentrated tungsten that was produced during the summer was hauled out and later refined by a custom processor in Bishop, Calif. The price of tungsten at this time was \$63 a unit (a unit was 20 lb) and it was sold in Bishop. At that time it was subsidized by the U.S. government as a critical material and stockpiled. I don't remember how much money was derived from the summers work but it was substantial.

Sometime after that summer, the mine was leased out to an aggressive young fellow by the name of John Loring. He and his group were very ambitious and worked the summer of 1957 putting together a plan to work the mine year round. Unfortunately, late in the fall of 1957, John Loring was killed in a plane accident in Horse Meadow that they were using as an airstrip at the time. The pilot of the aircraft was Lennart Strand from Columbia and he survived the crash. John Loring was the driving force for this operation and with his death the operation collapsed and was shut down and abandoned. My brother worked for Loring all that summer. No work has been done at the mine since then.

After Joanne finished business school, she got an office job at Calaveras Cement in San Andreas. It was a very good job and she worked there until Bruce was born in 1957 for a total of about 4 years. She had a very responsible job there and made a lot of friends. Her supervisors were very sorry to see her leave.

As I mentioned before, during my younger years, I was only around adults without being with other young people except at school. Donnie was the only young person (4 years older) that I was around and we spent a lot of time together since we were raised on the ranch in close proximity and most of it was working. These adults included my folks, Uncle Don and Aunt Marie, cousin Reggie Osborn, Jack Airola Babe Airola, Dan O'Tool, and numerous others.

From 1939 to 1947 the family only had the use of my Uncle Don's 1940 Dodge pickup. We also had the 1934 Ford 11/2 ton that was used for work and it came with the purchase of the ranch. Whenever we went someplace to work cattle or whatever, if there were more than two adults, Donnie and I had to ride in the back with the saddles and ever present dogs. It didn't matter what the weather was or if it was at night or before daylight, we were still assigned to ride in the back (not legal today). Sometimes it was not uncommon if we were going to move cattle, etc to have a horse in the back of the pickup, Uncle Don, my Dad, Donnie and I with one or two dogs in the front. You hoped the dogs did not get sick!

Weekends off did not exist when we were growing up. Work that required more than one person was saved for the weekends and holidays when Donnie and I were available. Summer time we were busy 7 days a week with few free days. I remember that all the time that when we went to mountain range, from the time school was out until the first of July we were up almost every morning by 4 am and on many occasions at 2 am. By the way, I still had to milk the cow and do chores before we left in the morning and after we got home at night. There was not much night life during this period as you got very tired.

Joanne and I were married on October 16, 1955 at the old Catholic Church in Angels Camp by Father Kenny. A reception was held in the hall next to the church. Since Joanne was a practicing Catholic, in order to be married in the church I had to take some instruction from the priest. There were a lot of very nice people that attended the wedding and reception. My cousin Betty, who had a wonderful voice sang at the ceremony. We went Nevada and Oregon on our honeymoon.

Our first home after we were married was a large house on Stork Road that we rented from Bonnie Baratono. During this period there was very little vacancy in town as no houses were being built, so you took what was available. We moved in a couple of years to a Copello apartment on Main street next to the Catholic Church. We next moved to a house on Bush Street behind the Bazinett Hotel after Bruce was born. In about 1959 we bought a house on Finnegan Lane from Berenice Hendron. It was the last house on the left right on Angels Creek. We sold this house in 1962 and built our present home and moved into it on March 19, 1963. We had previously bought two large lots to build on for \$1000.00 each. Our new custom built home cost \$16,200 and was built by Hobday Construction from Carmichael, Calif.

Our son Bruce was born on May 13, 1957 while we were living in the Copello apartment and our daughter Jeanne was born on July 30, 1961 when we were living on Finnegan Lane. For the period between when we sold our house on Finnegan Lane and we built our house, we rented a house next to Mark Twain Elementary School for 7 months.

In the fall of 1956, I applied for a job with P G & E and was hired on December 10, 1956, for a job that was supposed to last 3 months. The job was to automate the Angels Powerhouse which up to this point was manually operated. I was working for the General Construction Department of P G & E as a helper. It was an interesting job because we did a lot of work that I was never exposed to such as electrical wiring, conduit installation, blue print reading, etc. I worked on this job until May 1, 1957.

When I went to work for P G & E, I thought I died and gone to heaven for I only worked 8 hours a day and if I worked overtime, I was paid at time and a half, I only worked 5 days per week, I was given holidays off and paid for them, I got two weeks vacation with pay every year, I got a 10 minute coffee break morning and afternoon, I got an hour for lunch, I was paid every two weeks, and my family and I were covered with health insurance. No wonder I stayed with them for 31 years!

I got my next job with P G & E in the commercial office in downtown Angels Camp by mistaken identity. The local manager went to my father-in-law, Frank Crespi, and asked him if he thought Lauren would like this job since he had an application for employment on file. My father-in-law thought he was asking about me since I was already working there and my Father-in-law said "keep him working." So I got the job! The manager was an outstanding person by the name of John DeMattei who I liked and respected until he passed away after retiring.

My new job had a title of "Clerk D/Meter Reader" and had a pay rate of \$78 per week. I only read meters one day in the 3 years at this job. This was a very interesting job because I had to deal with the public for the first time in my life and I got to do just about everything that would be done in a large office and they would have specialist for just about category of work. This job was a very good learning for me as you received bill payments, tried to resolve high bill complaints, took turn on and turn off of power, took water and power outage calls which could be overwhelming during power outages from winter storms, balanced and banked the days collections, and posted meter book changes. At that time before computers, all the billing was done manually in Stockton, our Division Headquarters. Frequently I would be loaned out to Sonora office when they needed help which I liked because I got acquainted with their personnel who were very nice to me.

The Angels Camp office consisted of 3 persons – John DeMattei the manager and a wonderful gentleman, Marie Oneto clerk "C" a very nice and kind person but who sometimes had bouts of

hangover, and I the new kid on the block. Thirteen days after I went to work in the office, our son Bruce was born.

I must say the experiences that I received on this job helped me with learning about the company workings which helped me throughout my career, particularly in the areas of customer relations and diplomacy. Like all my jobs with the company, I was exposed to some outstanding people and many were friends throughout my career.

In the early 1960 a job opened up in the Hydro Department in Angels Camp as a "B" clerk which I was successful in obtaining. This was a two level jump in classification and resulted in a significant pay increase. "B" clerk was one of the best classifications in the clerical field. I don't know but I believe some "strings" were pulled to allow me to get this job as there were others who had more seniority than I. No one ever told me so. I worked there under the supervisor generation, Oliver Garcia. Oliver Started his career as a dishwasher at the Stanislaus Powerhouse clubhouse and through hard work he was able to advance to eventually being Hydro Superintendent. In those days, promotions were made from within the company.

A couple of things that I should mention about the company when I first went to work – the company had it's own private phone system and had it's own mail system.

The phone system was the largest private system in the U.S. and you could call anywhere in the P G & E system and all their subsidiary companies using this private system. You could even call certain facilities in Canada. The early system was by land lines followed later by microwave.

The company had it's own mail system and it was called the "Pony Express." They had several station wagons and each had fixed routes that covered the entire system. Each location had their own labeled mail bags and you sent and received mail every day. If you mailed something to San Francisco office today it would be there tomorrow morning as an example. This service was particularly beneficial with getting meter books there on time for billing after this was moved from Stockton to San Francisco and computerized. This mail system was a great reliable, convenient, and efficient system that must have been very cost effective.

Getting back to my new job as Oliver's clerk, I had numerous tasks such as processing time cards, ordering materials, paying bills, run errands, delivering material to the crews, and whatever else had to be done. I was first located in Oliver's very small office (about 8' x 10') in a corner of the Angels Powerhouse. It was just large enough to accommodate our two desks, and since Oliver was gone much of the time, I was in the office alone a good part of the time. Oliver's job at that time was Supervisor of Generation and was responsible for the power plants on the Stanislaus and Mokelumne watersheds and included the following powerhouses: Stanislaus, Spring Gap, Phoenix, Murphys, Angels, Tiger Creek, Salt Springs, West Point, and Electra. Personnel in this group consisted of two maintenance crews, one in Angels and one in Tiger Creek, all the powerhouse operators (located at Spring Gap, Tiger Creek, Electra, and Salt Springs), two powerhouse foremen and several roving operators. I was responsible for all the clerical needs for the personnel in this group.

Sometime in 1962, the water department clerk in Sonora passed away, and since they did not want to fill that job since the Hydro Department was soon to be consolidated in Angels, so they asked me to work half a day there. It was very enjoyable working in Sonora because I worked for two very nice

gentlemen, Al Ponce the general foreman, and Marshall Nickles the water department superintendent. I did most of the same things in Sonora that I did for Oliver, except that I had to do estimating work. This entailed estimating the amount of labor, materials, and all other items that it took to do the job and also a short story to justify the work and expenditure, and a detailed drawing of the work to be done. It also required me to become familiar with all the materials that were used in the water department. All of this exposure became very helpful later on in my career. I also got acquainted with most of the employees at the Sonora Service Center, both water and electric.

In 1963, the hydro department was consolidated in a new office in Angels Camp at the Angels Powerhouse property. This brought together supervisors and staff from Angels Camp, Jackson, Tiger Creek, and Sonora. The new Angels Switching Center brought the former operators at Stanislaus Powerhouse to Angels. At this time the new Stanislaus Powerhouse was being built and as a result, operators were no longer needed at this plant as it was completely automated.

In about 1965, an engineering estimator's job became available in the Hydro Department in Angels Camp and since I had done this work while working in the Sonora Water Department, I was awarded the job. This job was engineering work for the water collection systems, the power plants, and the water distribution systems in Tuolumne, Calaveras, and Amador Counties and I worked under the direction of the Hydro Engineer. I really liked this job as I was able to spend considerable time in the field and became acquainted with a lot of nice people both supervisors and workers. I got a lot of valuable experience which helped me later on in my career. After I had worked at this job for about 2 years at this position, the Hydro Engineer left for another job so for about a year before the job was filled, I had to do my job and the engineer's job also. This added budgeting for operating, maintenance, and construction for all Hydro departments, again a great experience. I also did light estimating for the Gas Dept in Lone, Jackson, and Sutter Creek and this was helpful later on in my career. During this time, I was working a lot of hours trying to do both jobs and as a result I came down with mononucleosis. On doctor's orders, I spent two weeks recovering at home. After spending 2 years in the engineering estimator position, I was eligible to take a test for elevation to Senior Engineering Estimator, with a nice pay raise. I was able to pass the test and was awarded the new position in the spring of 1967. I was never able to enjoy this position as at the same time I was promoted to Water General Foreman in Jackson. I did not ask for this job but I had two mentors in Oliver Garcia and Marshall Nickles who were very good to me. The Hydro Department in San Francisco was not too happy about this promotion as they thought I was being promoted too fast but it didn't matter as it was a local decision. This job had the responsibility for the overall supervision for the town water systems at Sutter Creek, Amador City, and Lone including three water treatment plants, a distribution ditch system from Lake Tabeaud to Lone and the large water collection system from Blue Lakes to Lake Tabeaud, and included the Tiger Creek Canal. At the time I was only 32 years old and probably one of the youngest General Foremen in PG&E. I was supervising employees in their sixties so you had to tread lightly until we became acquainted. This type situation will develop your diplomacy skills.

I had two crews – one in Martell that worked on the town water systems as well as the distribution water ditches. I also had ditch tenders and water treatment plant operators. The other crew was located at Tiger Creek and they handled the work on reservoirs, dams, flumes, and waterways. There were also ditch tenders at this location. I was fortunate as there was a very capable foreman who handled the day to day supervision for me here.

Also during this period, my father-in-law who was county supervisor at the time appointed me to the county planning commission representing the area in and around Angels Camp, a very interesting political job. There were some very nice old timers on the commission at that time – Jack Voitich, Gus Hawver, Ernie Noble, and Guy Morrill and others that I do not remember. After about 4 years I resigned. Several years later I took a planning commission job on the Angels Camp planning commission which I held for 4 or 5 years.

I should mention that in the early 1960's I was elected to the Mark Twain Elementary school board. This was a good learning experience dealing with teachers, school budgets, students, and a lot of other issues. We had a very good school administrator so that made the job much easier. I did not run for reelection after one 4 year term.

I forgot to mention that on July 30, 1961, our beloved daughter, Jeanne was born.

While the Amador General Foreman reported to the Hydro Superintendent, he was also serving the customers of the local district manager in Jackson. While the local district manager was mostly reasonable but there were occasional conflicts on some issues between the wishes of the him and the Hydro Superintendent. Being caught in the middle between these two strong willed individuals, I had to diplomatically work out a solution that made both parties happy, not an easy task, but great training for handling conflict. All this time I was able to live in Angels Camp as they did not make me move to be nearer to the work headquarters.

In mid year 1967, I was appointed to the position of Water General Foreman in Sonora, replacing retiring Al Ponce, the fellow that I worked for as a clerk. I welcomed this change as I was closer to my headquarters in Sonora and closer to home. Again, I didn't ask for this job but was appointed to it and I was very glad to get this job. As in Jackson, there were several older individuals under my supervision some who somewhat resented taking orders from a young supervisor. I would tell them "if it isn't me it will be someone else" and that was the end of these complaints. I guess it was because earlier in my career working as a lowly clerk for this department, they figured I didn't deserve this job. This was an unusual line of progression – clerk, estimator, to General Foreman. It didn't take long for any resentment to pass as they soon realized that I knew my job and treated them fairly.

This job also had a large area of responsibility geographically from Relief Reservoir and Pinecrest Lake to about 3 miles west of Jamestown. Personnel included two 5 man construction and maintenance crews, several ditch tenders and lake tenders, 4 treatment plant operators, a carpenter, a blacksmith, and a clerk. I was also responsible for the town systems in Angels Camp, Sonora, Tuolumne, and Jamestown with each having a separate treatment plant. There were about 3,000 water customers in the town systems and about 300 customers receiving untreated ditch water from the 100 miles of open ditch system. Later on I was able to justify a Water Foreman to assist primarily in the supervision of the crews and other duties as assigned.

The water collection system on the Middle and South Forks of the Stanislaus River, including Relief Reservoir, Pinecrest Lake and dam, Lyons Dam and reservoir, and the Main Tuolumne Canal were part of my responsibility. One of the recurring problems that happened almost every winter was the snow and freeze up of the higher elevation ditches which had to be opened up manually – a slow, cold, and labor intensive job. It was so cold some winters and the water temperature so low (near freezing) that the

open metal flumes would form ice in the bottom and raise the level of the water so high, and if not removed would over top the flume causing damage to the support structure.

While on this job, I initiated two quite large projects that were significant improvements to the Sonora and Jamestown water systems. The first one was to install a 3 million gallon water storage tank on Greenly Road along with connecting pipeline to Sonora Treatment Plant. This tank is the same elevation as the Sonora Plant. The Sonora town system was seriously deficient in storage and on hot days the storage was reduced to dangerous levels due to the high demand. This tank brought the system into regulatory compliance. As it turned out this new addition was in place to handle the town's expansion as it took place in this area.

The second large project was to install a large diameter pipeline from the 3 million gallon tank in Sonora to the water treatment plant in Jamestown and fairly paralleled the Jamestown Ditch along Campo Seco Road, a distance of about 4 miles. This project accomplished two things, it eliminated the need to operate the Jamestown Treatment Plant and it eliminated the Jamestown Ditch which was open and carried untreated water. This ditch was abandoned at the completion of the project which eliminated the need to operate and maintain this facility.

These two projects were completed in the early 1970's.

Shortly after I took the job in Sonora our family suffered a devastating incident as my only brother was killed in a military plane crash in Mississippi on October 18, 1967. This was a terrible blow to my folks and I. He was only 24 years old and a college graduate. He had his whole life in front of him and he was completely capable and prepared for a very bright future.

In the summer of 1970, my family and my mom and dad took a road trip to Alaska for a month during August. I bought a used pickup for the trip and my dad had a good pickup for the trip and we each had a camper shell for our luggage, lunch box, tools, etc. It worked out good having two vehicles as Jeanne and Bruce could change off riding with us or mom and dad. We drove to Prince Rupert, Canada where we caught the Alaska ferry and spent two days on the ferry getting to Haines Alaska. There were no state rooms available so we had to sleep on deck chairs in forward observation room and it wasn't too bad. I don't think mom and dad enjoyed it too much. We hit the road again at Haines and hit the Alcan highway near Whitehorse which we took to near Tok Junction. We took a cross country road to Cantwell where we had to fill up with gas before entering McKinley park. As we were filling up my dad struck up a limited conversation with the native attendant (Eskimo or Indian) and tried to find out how cold it got there in the winter. So he asked him how cold did it get, the native replied "umm cold," dad not satisfied asked him again and he replied "umm cold," still not satisfied he asked again and he replied "wind blow umm cold." At this point dad gave up and we all had a good laugh. From there we went to McKinley Park and drove near to the end of the road where we had a grand view of Mt. McKinley. We wanted to go to Fairbanks from there, so the only way to get there was to put our vehicles on the train. We rode the train to Fairbanks and we stopped along the way several times to let people on or off, mostly Indians. It was funny to watch these Indians get on the train as without fail the first thing they would do was buy a Coke. They must have been Coke starved. We got to Fairbanks in the afternoon and got rooms in a new motel and that evening we were eating in a nice restraint when a 6.5 earthquake hit. The rumble came first like a train, the highway in front of the hotel was going up and down in a wave, the dishes on the table were jumping up and down, the glass bottles in the bar were falling and breaking, and the ceiling tiles were falling. When it was over, we finished our dinner and

went back to the motel to find the new structure had a lot of cracks. We had several aftershocks but none severe. From Fairbanks we went to Dawson city, then to Whitehorse to pick up the Alcan to Dawson Creek. On the way home we went thru Calgary and Edmonton, Glacier Park and on home. It was a great trip and I know my folks enjoyed every minute of it.

In 1974, I was approached to take a job as Gas and Water Superintendent to be located in Angels Camp. There were some serious problems in the Water Department in Jackson that required some immediate attention so management wanted me to correct the problems. They wanted me to do that as well as oversee the Sonora operation. The only problem was that I was offered the job at the same job level and salary as I was currently receiving in Sonora. My reply was "why would I take a job with twice the responsibility for the same level and salary?" It was not long before the offer was raised one job level with corresponding pay raise, so I took the job. By the way, this was the only position of Gas and Water Superintendent in the entire PG&E system. I was also given the responsibility for the local Land Department which consisted a survey crew, right-of-way document writers, and title searchers. This group provided service for the Angels Camp, Sonora, and Jackson areas. The gas system covered the towns of Lone, Sutter Creek, Jackson, Martell and San Andreas. One of the most serious things that happened not long after I was in that position was a large gas explosion that occurred in San Andreas that leveled Treat's General Store and damaged some adjacent residences. Fortunately, no one was injured or killed probably owing to the fact that it occurred in the middle of the night. I had to make several trips to the San Francisco General Office in regards to this incident.

When I took this job, there was no staff to go with it so I had to justify a secretary and an engineering estimator since the engineering for all the water systems and the gas system was to be done from my office. This was done quite rapidly and Kathleen Quinones, a naïve local young lady and very nice, as secretary and Robert Beatie as estimator. Later on it became necessary to acquire an engineer since the workload increased. I was fortunate enough to get an engineer from General Construction on a temporary basis which later became permanent. This individual was John Perrault, a real fun loving character and he and I are great friends to this day. This guy John loved to tease the secretaries and was constantly harassing them. My secretary, a young single girl, always wore mini skirts and she had a box of Kleenex on her desk, so John would walk by, grab a tissue, make out like he was blowing his nose on it, and then through it on her bare legs which caused her to become quite upset. Another time he stretched some saran wrap across the toilet seat in the girls restroom intending to again catch my secretary, but the other secretary went into the restroom first. John had to act fast to stop her because if she had got her pants wet she would probably have reacted violently and rightly so. I had to quite often play peace maker.

I had borrowed John from General Construction Gas Department along with a vehicle. The very first day John was to report for work in Angels Camp (he commuted from his home in Oakdale) he had an accident which he blamed on a faulty steering problem. There was nothing wrong with the steering mechanism it was just the nut behind the wheel who ran off the road. John's work was outstanding, always on time and very accurate. Eventually, I was able to make John's job permanent.

The Gas and Water Superintendent's job was very enjoyable with lots of challenges but I liked going to work every day. It was not long before the Jackson water problem was taken care of. Not too long after I took this job we had a tragedy in the Jackson Water Department. The General Foreman, Steve Everly, was coming from a water emergency in Lone to get a water pump and on his way back to Lone about a

mile west of Martell, a drunk driver crossed over the center line and struck Everly head on, killing both drivers instantly. I was called in the middle of the night to go to the scene to identify Everly, not a pleasant task.

While I was in this job I worked for the local District Manager, Bob Fehlman who was located in Angels Camp. He was fine man to work for and we became great friends for life. I would even relieve him when he was gone which was a great experience. When he was there he would quite frequently ask me to write letters for him. One time he got me in an embarrassing situation with my fellow superintend (electric). The Electric Department had made several attempts to justify a position in the Jackson Electric Department but it was rejected each time, so Bob asked me if I would write the justification for this position which I reluctantly did. When my justification was submitted, the job was approved, which didn't set well with the Electric Superintendent but all was forgotten before long.

By the way when I was in this job, I would be frequently asked to relieve both managers in Jackson and Sonora which I enjoyed very much as I knew nearly all the employees in these locations since I had previously worked in both locations. What a great experience.

In the early 1980's the company decided to sell the water systems in all three areas, Sonora, Angels Camp, and Jackson. This would eliminate my job so I was offered a job by my good friend, Ray Batt Hydro superintendent, to be his Supervisor of Generation. This job entailed supervision over nine power houses, two maintenance crews, several roving operators, two switching centers, remote operators, and four foreman. Fortunately all these people knew their jobs and did them very well which made my job much easier. It was a challenge for me as I was not very well versed in electric but all four of my foreman were very knowledgeable in their jobs and did them well.

I did have one problem child that was giving my foreman at Tiger Creek fits. This individual was a power house operator at Salt Springs Power House and is a resident employee expected to live at the plant. Salt Springs P.H. is located about 15 miles east of Tiger Creek P.H., it is a remote location reached by P.G.& E's private road. This employee decided he was going to continue to live in Stockton and commute to Salt Springs, about 100 miles each way. Well, it didn't take long to realize that this arrangement wasn't going to work as he failed to show up for work on several occasions which caused the foreman to have to arrange to fill his shift with some other employee. This does not set well with the other employees and causes resentment if they have to constantly fill in for somebody that doesn't show up for work. The foreman asked me what he should do and I asked him to discuss this with the employee which he did but with little or no results. This situation went on for a while but he frequently failed to show up. One day after several justified complaints from the foreman, I decided I was going to do something about it and I called our Personnel Department and explained the situation and the efforts we had made to correct the situation but with unsatisfactory results. They asked me what I wanted to do about it and I said I wanted to fire him. I was pretty much told that this was not an option but they would check into it. I said I am coming to Stockton and I am not leaving until you can tell me it is ok to let him go. I said we are being unfair to our good employees which have to do his work. So I went to Stockton and sat in the Personnel Department telling them I was not leaving until I could fire him. Finally they gave their ok so I met the foreman and the employee in the Jackson Office where we gave him his final check to terminate his employment for "failure to be available for work". This individual was reportedly into drugs. The strange thing about this was that the employee was relieved to be let go, so both parties were happy.

After a couple of years, Ray Batt retired and was replaced by a nice fellow by the name of Jim Sawyer. His background was in the technical hands on and not in the administration part of it. We had a good working relationship as he could help me with the technical aspects of my job and I could do any of the administrative work that his job required. It was a role reversal but suited me just fine. I wrote all of his letters, attended meetings for him as his spokesman, handled personnel problems and any other matters that needed attention. He was sent to Fresno on a relief assignment and I was asked to relieve him which I did for a couple of months.

In late 1986 the District Manager for the Mother Lode District left the job and my good friend, Division Manager Bob Martin, selected me for that job which was to filled in early 1987. At the end of 1987, I took a couple of weeks vacation and when I returned I was informed that the Company was offering an "golden parachute" to any management employee over 50 years of age. The package included adding 5 years to your seniority which gave me 36 years of seniority, paid health insurance, paid life insurance, and a few other small benefits. You could retire on February 1, March 1, or April 1. I chose April 1 as it added a little to my retirement, so I retired at age 53 and have never been sorry.

As a matter of courtesy and respect I made a trip to Stockton to thank Division Manager Bob Martin for offering me the District Manager's job and he understood that I was retiring. I always like to leave a job on good terms. I must say that I was so fortunate to have worked for P G & E as I was always treated very good. I cannot say anything bad about them while I worked there. I worked for a lot of great supervisors and with a lot of very fine fellow employees. When I was hired on at General Construction my job was to last only 3 months but I made it 31 years.

As soon as I retired I went to work at the Foundry where my wife was co- owner/manager and my son Bruce did all the construction and maintenance and could handle any of the technical matters. I helped where ever I could and did a lot of the deliveries mostly to the valley and the Bay Area. On these deliveries, I would take Howard Castle with me for company. He was a very good guy that I had known all my life and he worked for me at P G & E. When we would go to the bay area and we would get in very congested traffic I would say " Howard I getting tired of driving, how would you like to drive?" and he would say "do you think I am nuts?"