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ARTHUR L. JORDAN

An Interview with Arthur L. Jordan
Conducted by Mrs. Walter (Sally) Bush

Atherton, California

1970

INTERVIEW HISTORY

Circumstances of the interview

Mr. ARTHUR Jordan had been a colleague of Walter N. Bush, my father-in-law. Mr. Bush died in 1911, and I knew very little about him. When I talked to Mr. Jordan about the possibility of having a reminiscence of several years interested.

Place and Date of Interview

I taped this interview at Mr. Jordan's home in Alameda on Nov. 6, 1970. It went very easily and smoothly.

Transcription

The transcription was done by Mrs. Joanne Marshall and the final typing by Miss Marshall.

Notes

The following interview has been received at the Regional Oral History Office of the University of California at Berkeley from Mrs. Walter N. Bush (Sally Bush), 64 Placitas Avenue, Atherton, California, for donation in The Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley.

Walter N. Bush
64 Placitas Avenue
Atherton, California

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The transcribing was done by Mrs. Jeanette McDowell and the final typing by Miss Wardwell.

Editing

Mr. Jordan reviewed the transcribed copy and made a few small corrections before it was retyped.

Mrs. Walter N. Bush
(Sally Bush)
64 Placitas Avenue
Atherton, California

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Mrs. Walter N. Bush
(deceased)
54 Francis Avenue
Alameda, California

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November 6, 1970

SALLY: This is November 6, 1970, and I am at 1118 Union Street, Alameda. We are recording at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jordan.

This is a little excerpt that I found in one of Mr. Jordan's books from Polytechnic High School in San Francisco, and I thought I would put it in:

In August of 1856 the first school established in San Francisco was called the Union Grammar School and it was on Powell Street between Clay and Sacramento. In June of 1864 the girls of the above school were sent to the building at Bush and Stockton Streets. It was named the Girls High School and thus became the first high school in San Francisco, the old school being called the Boys High School.

In May of 1884 the commercial department was segregated from Boys High, called the San Francisco Public Commercial School, and in July of that year occupied the Powell Street building. The Boys High had moved in November of 1875 to the new building on Sutter between Gough and Octavia.

1889. The above school was given the status of a high school and called the Commercial High School, Mr. Walter N. Bush being appointed principal. It thus became a second high school in San Francisco.

1892. The classes and teachers of this school marched down to the location at Bush and Stockton Streets, a new brick building having been built next to the old wooden structure.

1894. The Board of Education changed the name to Polytechnic High School, the manual training department being in charge of Mr. Frank Gardner.

1900. Commercial classes moved to frame building behind the Lincoln Grammar School on 5th Street near Market, Colonel Charles H. Murphy as principal, later to present location on Van Ness Avenue.

April 1906. The great fire destroyed Polytechnic along with the central portion of the city.

SALLY: What happened to the building after the earthquake? Did they rebuild?

MR. JORDAN: No, there wasn't any building. There were two buildings side by side, the old building made of wood, the new one made of brick. The brick building with its walls still stood. The old building had a little pile of ashes, nothing else. There wasn't any school at all--just a few little pieces of gas pipes and so on. Just a little flat space and here's this big empty brick place staring at you with empty windows and so forth. It was extraordinary. Quite a time passed and then they rebuilt it on the corner.

SALLY: You mean around the shell of the brick structure?

MR. JORDAN: My memory has gone back on me a little bit.

SALLY: While he is thinking of this I will finish the note here:

Note on Mr. Bush: He was a graduate of Harvard University and had become interested in manual training, particularly in the instruction given in the Mechanic Arts High School of Boston, and the courses started at Polytechnic were due almost entirely to his efforts. He can thus be rightly called the father of technical education in San Francisco. He began agitating for a new site as far back as 1901, and the ground the school now stands on, then a sand lot, had been purchased shortly before the great fire. Now, also, due to his efforts, the University of California allowed the school to use a few unoccupied rooms in the Pharmacy Building on Parnassus Avenue. In 1911 Mr. Bush died and a bronze plaque honoring his memory, which now hangs in the main entrance of the school, was presented with appropriate exercises by the W. N. Bush Boys on December 2, 1918. The occasion was notable in having present the following old graduates: Colonel Henry G. Mathewson, Hon. T. I. Fitzpatrick, Richard Herman, Governor of Nevada, Frank Corcoran, president of the Bush Boys, Mrs. Walter N. Bush, Charles J. Kelly, year '10, C. Harold Caulfield, Board of Education, Robert Nordstrom, '38, president of the student body, Violet Nikoloff, '38, vice-president of the student body, Giovanni Portanova, sculptor, M. Veckie, and others.

SALLY: Mr. Jordan is going to read off some notes that he has composed about Mr. Bush.

MR. JORDAN: My association with Walter N. Bush.

I was appointed head of the science department of the Polytechnic High School in 1899, at age 22, after four years of teaching physics in the Lincoln Evening School. I found Mr. Bush to be most helpful in starting in that responsible position. I was replacing my father, who had been appointed

deputy superintendent of city schools of San Francisco. I had been providing the lecture table experiments and the laboratory apparatus adjustments for about two years, Saturdays and Sundays, so was able to show striking experiments for the students and for the private commendation from Mr. Bush.

He was one of the most kind, generous and gentlemanly men I had ever met. He was a Harvard graduate and was part author of a mathematics text book. His praise of my experimental skill was not the only pleasure I had from him. He also invited me to share handball games at the court of the club he belonged to. His kindness was not alone for me. He devised and was the leader on numerous hikes in the country, yacht rides, picnics at places like Muir Woods in Marin County, the hills above Oakland, train rides on the old Ocean Shore Railroad, now given up, down the coast to Point San Pedro, and so on.

Besides the supervision of several teachers in my department, he encouraged the addition to the science course of chemistry, physical geography and physiology, also a number of industrial courses. These were added to during several years as follows: household chemistry for girls; electricity, three years, starting with batteries, simple motors and generators, storage batteries, simple kinds of alternating current machinery, and so forth; industrial chemistry following the regular third year chemistry; strength of materials, common building material; mechanics, the principles of simple machines and more complicated; hydraulics, including simple weirs for water measurement; ground school aeronautics, for which students built a good-sized wind tunnel for testing wing shape, propellers, and so forth. The laboratory manual for this course, which I wrote, was finally printed by the Ronald Press of New York. These, with Mr. Bush's fine encouragement, were added year by year, making our school almost unique in San Francisco. Only one or two other schools gave such courses. One of the most pleasant results was that one

of our largest electrical companies, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, or the Bell Telephone Company, gave me a standing order to send any or all of our graduates to them for immediate employment after graduation without any examination. The science department at one time had almost 11 teachers, as some were part-time in other departments. The sad part of this story is the death of Mr. Bush. There followed a list of part-time principals, some who had been deputy superintendents, and the school dropped greatly in attendance. The addition of new high schools, Galileo, Washington, Balboa, and so forth, cut this down. Also, a large portion of the students were negroes. Also, many of the students were interested only in commercial courses. One teacher said, "their sun rose and set in bookkeeping."

I continued teaching until I reached retiring age, which was then age 70. When my friends asked, "What are you going to do to keep busy?", my reply was always that I have never been able to anywhere catch up with my hobbies--reading the great literature, including the world of science; the building of furniture for very small children, and so forth; the exploring of this great country of ours; mountaineering, including knapsack tours, train trips, auto trips across the U.S.A., ocean trips to Ketchikan, one big one to Tahiti, airplane trips to Mexico, Hawaii and so forth. These extended from my first camping trip - three high school boys, two horses hitched to a spring wagon--to retiring. Since then, the journeys have been shorter.

SALLY: Let's go back to the beginning and do some about where you were born and where you went to school.

MR. JORDAN: That's what I started to do and I hesitated a little because I hadn't gotten my ideas in shape. You see, you would have to tell me what part you want of that long story. That story started when I was 18 years old. I began teaching at 18 and taught for four years in the evening school.

SALLY: Where was it, in what school?

MR. JORDAN: Lincoln Evening School, the largest school west of Chicago.

SALLY: Lincoln Evening School?

MR. JORDAN: Yes. It was on Fifth Street, across from the mint.

SALLY: Does the title imply what it was, that it was only in evening, an adult school?

MR. JORDAN: Yes. I taught there for four years, evenings, at the same time attending college at the University of California.

SALLY: You commuted by ferry over to Berkeley every day?

MR. JORDAN: Yes. I rode my bicycle down the hill from where we lived in North Beach to the ferry, got on the ferry that ran to the Broadway pier in Oakland, and then got on my bicycle and rode through Oakland to Berkeley to the University, where I attended college during the forenoon and was employed as laboratory assistant in the physics laboratory during the afternoon. At that time I rode the bicycle down the hill, jumped on the Berkeley local, repeated the trip across the ferry, went to work at the evening school, then went home and attempted to study along around midnight. It was not a very extensive course and I didn't learn very much. The appointment to the Polytechnic was in 1899.

SALLY: Did Mr. Bush appoint you head of the science department?

MR. JORDAN: No, the Board of Education did that. My father resigned the position and the position needed a new man, so they said, "Well, here's a young fellow who can do that", so I was put in at 22 in that big high school.

SALLY: Did they give you any money to start off with?

MR. JORDAN: Oh, the regular salary.

SALLY: No, I mean a sum to start to buy equipment with.

MR. JORDAN: The equipment was all there and I just simply stepped in to the course that was already there and as head of the department. There were several teachers, of course. So from there on the Polytechnic grew and gradually was divided because the commercial department grew immensely, and it got so immense they decided to form a separate school. The principal, Mr. Murphy, was glad of that, and so we were glad to see the commercial department move out and that left us to be a polytechnic school. From that moment we began the courses that I have outlined.

SALLY: And you were there until 1946?

MR. JORDAN: I stayed with that until I was 70 years old.

SALLY: You were never in the Oakland schools then?

MR. JORDAN: No, I stayed right there in the Polytechnic for 40 years.

SALLY: You were born in 1876 in Healdsburg?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, in Sonoma County.

SALLY: Did you live there until you were 18 years old?

MR. JORDAN: 10 years old.

SALLY: Then what happened?

MR. JORDAN: Then my father became interested in business colleges. He had one in Petaluma and we moved there; he had another one in San Diego, which was then booming, and we moved down there; and then he got back into school teaching and got into a little one-room school in the hills back of San Diego. From there he got in correspondence with the superintendent of the Oakland schools and got an appointment in Alameda County in a little one-room school out beyond what is now Sunol. It was called Vallecitos, and there I had the pleasure of attending a one-room school where all the classes were in the one room and the teacher allowed quite a number of us to go outside to do our studying. I later went over and tried to find that spot, but the country had changed so much that I could no longer find it.

SALLY: What did your father call his business schools; do you remember any name for them?

MR. JORDAN: He named one the Metropolitan Business College.

SALLY: A couple of more things--one is, tell me about your involvement in aeronautics.

MR. JORDAN: It was in this way: Mr. Bush came back from a meeting of principals and said they were talking about introducing elementary aeronautics to the high schools and they decided to think it over for one year and one year later they would pool their researches and start something. He said, "I wonder if you would be smart enough to start something for me so that when I get to the meeting of those principals I can get up and say I have done it already"? I didn't know the front

end of an airplane from the back end at the time, but I answered up as I always did when he ordered a new course. I always said, "Aye, aye, sir." So I went home and put myself through college at night time by studying and then knew something about aeronautics.

SALLY: Where did you go, just to books or did you go to an aeronautical school?

MR. JORDAN: I went to school myself at night with books and then I had my boys construct the apparatus. We built a large wind tunnel and I wrote the experiments the boys were to do in that wind tunnel. This was the manual which I told you was published later, and so we had a course in ground school aeronautics in the Polytechnic because I had taught myself to be a professor of aeronautics by studying at night, and that is the same thing for these other courses that I mentioned--courses in hydraulics and strength of materials. All those things don't come by accident. You have to go home and study--put yourself through college at night by studying. So that was the story and it made quite a romantic scheme and a long list of specializing.

SALLY: I'll bet he was happy when he went back the following year to the principals' meeting as he had something really constructive to talk about. Do you have a copy of that published booklet any more?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, but you can't have it, though. It's the only one I have - it's only a little pamphlet.

SALLY: You should have it duplicated. It's easy to do.

MR. JORDAN: It wouldn't be interesting to anybody except a teacher of aeronautics.

SALLY: The other thing I wanted to know a little more about was Mr. Bush himself. You spoke of doing so many things with him. Was he in the habit of taking the teachers out on hikes, or was it you particularly?

MR. JORDAN: No, he took a large crowd of students, with lady teachers along, girls as well as boys, to picnic places of various kinds which he knew about, and among other things this train trip which I spoke of down the coast--things of

that kind. Another thing was rides on the bay on a good-sized yacht, where we teachers, a few of us, went along as companions, and then occasionally he took me with him privately over to his gymnasium, and he and I had handball games. I learned to play handball and in addition to that, of course, he was a cultured, highly educated man and knew a great deal. More than that, he was able to help a young teacher get started. You see I got started and I have been at it ever since, you might say.

SALLY: Did he teach, himself, at this time?

MR. JORDAN: Did he?

SALLY: Yes, or was he purely an administrator?

MR. JORDAN: Administrator. He did no teaching. The high school took all of his skill.

SALLY: I knew he had done teaching but I didn't know whether he did then. Was he a fairly quiet man?

MR. JORDAN: Oh, yes, but when he got up and spoke he said something. He was extremely good at speaking.

SALLY: Oh, he was? That I had never heard before. What groups did Mr. Bush belong to? Do you know that?

MR. JORDAN: No, I don't know that. The Sierra Club--people could tell you that immediately.

SALLY: You spoke of playing handball with him. Where did you play?

MR. JORDAN: We played on the Olympic Club court and also we had a court at Polytechnic and I think there was one other in some gymnasium somewhere.

SALLY: What made him such an outstanding person to you?

MR. JORDAN: Well, of course, the hand of fellowship for a young teacher 22 years old coming into a big, bustling high school as head of a department, with six or seven teachers under me. Anything I wanted to know I would find out from him.

SALLY: The Olympic Club is all that you know about, then, that he belonged to? What else did he do for hobbies? Do you know anything?

MR. JORDAN: No, I don't know any. He was an outdoor man a good deal.

SALLY: Did he sing in a choir or anything like that?

MR. JORDAN: No, he was not a singer.

SALLY: We have been told one of the problems he had was poison oak, that he was very susceptible.

MR. JORDAN: I know that very well because you see I helped him along whenever he had it badly. I took a few of his duties.

SALLY: You mean it was this bad that he couldn't work sometimes?

MR. JORDAN: Sometimes he had to quit, yes. He would go on a vacation trip somewhere and come back with a terrible case of poison oak. It took two or three weeks before he was free from it.

SALLY: Did you know his wife?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, she was a student at Polytechnic.

SALLY: That's his second wife. Did you know the first wife?

MR. JORDAN: No, I didn't know his first wife.

SALLY: She was a student of his?

MR. JORDAN: A student at Polytechnic, yes. She was a rather mature girl, not flighty, a very nice, dignified young woman, so I wasn't so surprised as I would have been if he had picked one of the young charmers. She was older and very pleasant.

SALLY: I would like to close this side of the tape by your telling a little bit about the Sierra Club. When did you first join it?

MR. JORDAN: I haven't that date in mind.

SALLY: Do you remember whether the enrollment of the club was very large at the time? Was it a small group of people?

MR. JORDAN: A big, finely-run group, yes. Mr. Colby, the secretary, was not only running the group and the political portion of it and the management, and so forth, but he also lead the high trips which they made once a year in summertime, and he was the deciding spirit and a wonderful man in his way. He was a lawyer by profession, but he spent a great part of his life in building up the Sierra Club, and I had the great pleasure of camping alone with him.

SALLY: And John Muir, too, didn't you?

MR. JORDAN: No.

SALLY: I thought you met John Muir.

MR. JORDAN: Yes, but not alone. When I woke up one morning, in a circle there were a lot of men with their feet toward the fire and one of them was John Muir, so he and I got dressed together and then we went out. Every time there was any pause in the line of travel you would see a group of people and they were always standing around John Muir, who was giving them a lecture. It always started by someone saying, "What kind of a flower is this, Mr. Muir?" and then he proceeded to give them a geneology lecture on that flower. If you asked him anything else in the mountains, he would tell you about it, and my only experience was a very pleasant one. I had been with the Club for several days and kept quiet, but I watched Muir and noticed that people asked him questions, so one time when no one was bothering him I asked him, "Mr. Muir, would you be kind enough to point out to me where the marks are that were left by the glaciers here in the Yosemite Valley?" He said, "Don't you know?" I said, "No." He said, "Come here", and grabbed me by the arm with a claw like a crocodile and walked me out from under the trees to an open spot and then he pointed his finger--a big, long, bony arm--you know he was a big man--and he said, "Do you see that line there? Well, that's where the oldest glacier went. You can see the mark on the cliff. Now, you see the other one up there? Well, that's where the second glacier was. Now, you see that big rounded top up in all those mountains? Well, that's where the third glacier went over." Well, I never needed to be told the second time about how the glaciers marked the mountains. That was pretty good to have a private lesson from John Muir. But that was just one of the very marvelous trips. I think I went with the Sierra Club on four of those high trips, as they called them, which means that we were from one to two weeks up there with an enormous cavalcade of 200 people, with 20 or 30 packers, with a big drove of pack mules and all the paraphernalia that had to go with that. They would form a camp in one spot and explore the regions nearby and then may have a pilgrimage taking one

whole day to go to a new camp spot where they would strike a new camp and from there go and explore other things.

The exploring consisted often of climbing some mountains nearby, and of course the people with weak hearts and sore feet stayed home--they watched the other people disappear up the high mountains.

Among the other trips was a trip down the Tuolumne Gorge. The Tuolumne River runs along through a beautiful valley where we camped, but after it goes into the mountains it goes into a hole and nobody has been in that and come out alive, but John Muir did it one summer when the water was very low, and by hopping from one cobblestone to another he got through, so I believe he was the only fellow who ever got through the Tuolumne Gorge. The rest of us formed a party of maybe about 15 hardy souls--they had to swear that they were good tough people before they would let them come, and one of the leaders, like Mr. Colby, would lead that party down through the Gorge. but when we got to that chasm we climbed the mountain and went along the side before we came back to the river again. It took us about four days or so to go, and during that four days the roar of that water was in your ears so that you could hardly talk in many cases, and I still carry that recollection of that terrific roar. In the canyon itself I saw the most beautiful waterfalls. In one case the water strikes a rock and makes a curve and then another and another, a sort of waterfall embroidery, you might say. It was very wonderful.

Another item that might interest you was the rattlesnakes. Occasionally we'd come to a den where there were a lot of snakes, and in coming around a point of rock in the trail at one time I saw one of our well-known men with a little stick and he was engaged in killing a rattlesnake with that little stick. The snake didn't like it very well and his head would come up and this fellow would whack, whack. He was down on his knees and he resembled a man driving tacks with a tack hammer. It was a spectacle seeing this distinguished gentleman fighting a good-sized rattlesnake by

swatting him in the head. You couldn't tell whether he was hitting him anywhere else, and the rattlesnake would move his head and hiss at him.

SALLY: Why do you say they had adventures when they associated with Mr. Muir.

MR. JORDAN: In the first place, you didn't travel far with him because he went out with a little canvas bag containing a little sack of salt and some crackers, I think, and a big bag of tea, and he went for days on a diet of crackers and tea.

SALLY: No nuts or raisins?

MR. JORDAN: No, he had nothing else.

SALLY: Just tea and crackers?

MR. JORDAN: Yes. You can imagine inviting someone to come along with him. There were very few people who wanted to travel with John Muir. When it became dark at night he would get into a crevice between two rocks and lie there.

SALLY: No blanket?

MR. JORDAN: No blankets. He was a freak. He knew enough not to get in the wind. If there was wind he would get a little shelter. I just finished reading his little story "My First Summer in the Sierras", and he has another called "My Walk to the Gulf." He started off in Montana some place and walked to the Gulf of Mexico. Another was the story of Stickeen, the wonderful little story of a dog. That was very well known and quoted a great deal by animal lovers because it's the story of an Eskimo dog.

SALLY: You speak of his being a big man. Was he tall?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, a good-sized man, spare.

SALLY: With that kind of a diet, I'd be spare, too.

MR. JORDAN: He didn't eat much. He apparently subsisted on a little tea and crackers.

My big adventures in the mountains were what they called knapsacking trips. With a knapsack and a government map showing the contour lines - you know those maps - you can go anywhere. You don't need to follow the trails at all. With a compass you can put the map down and locate yourself,

and by following the water courses there is no need of getting lost, and so we went on some trips where we disregarded the trails entirely. I ran into one man who was an expert in that line. He picked me up because he and I were teachers together. He was a teacher in Riverside, and he wanted a teacher to take his course in evening school, instruction in what they called "university extension". So he got acquainted with me and then he said, "By the way, do you ever want to go on any trips in the mountains?" I said I would like to, and he said, "I'm going to go next summer", so I went over to his house and he was busy drying out foods--you know, dessicating them so that they don't weigh anything. Beans, for example, are a very good food. If you cook them first and then dry them, you can get a fire and something to eat very quickly in the mountains, and that's just a sample. He had made a study of all those things, and especially going light weight. A big knapsack can carry an awful lot of stuff, and then you get your bed roll and bend it over the top of the knapsack on the back, and you're ready to go. You take with you just a jackknife in your pocket, and one knife and one fork and one spoon - that's about the whole equipment - and an empty tin can tied on with a string at the end of the knapsack makes a good kettle to boil things in.

SALLY: No matches?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, you have got to have matches. We haven't descended to flint and steel yet.

SALLY: What was this man's name?

MR. JORDAN: His name was Howard Bliss. He was a teacher in the Riverside Advanced College down there.

SALLY: Didn't he write a book on sociology? That name is familiar. So you went with him more than once?

MR. JORDAN: Yes. He picked me up as being a good companion and we got along fine together. I even taught him to drink coffee. He said he never touched coffee, but when he got up into the real cold and when I had a nice big cup of hot coffee in the morning, after a while he came over and said,

"Well, that's an exception of our rule." Pretty soon I had him drinking coffee with me, too. To make a long story short, he and I went on knapsack trips where there were no trails at all.. You would just go over one mountain range, come down to the bottom and take the next mountain range and go over that and stop. In the meanwhile we would put our knapsacks under some big rocks so that coyotes wouldn't get them, and go climb the mountain. If you could climb it and get back to camp at night, then you were doing pretty well. Some of those mountains are pretty high and at that altitude it's quite tough. He was a strong man and took pretty big steps, and he was like Mr. Colby. When he would come to a little hill he would take the same length of stride up the hill as he did on the level. Well, us poor ducks with ordinary legs had a battle to keep up. I had the pleasure of several trips to absolutely unexplored country. Not horse trails. Anybody can follow a horse trail and they get kind of tiresome, but we went into a number of very fine places together for several years--two or three different years, and I have scrap books full of those pictures, which are very pleasant to read over.

SALLY: You mean you brought a camera along?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, we both did.

SALLY: What years were these--do you have any idea what years these covered? Early 1900's?

MR. JORDAN: The years were between 1910 and 1930 probably; somewhere along in there. I had those trips with him which stand out in memory as being unique because knapsacking is a distinct kind of mountain climbing, and included SOME mountains, I'll tell you. Then later I had the pleasure of going out with Mr. Colby. People didn't travel much with Colby because he took such big steps that you had a hard time keeping up with him. His wife was along one year. Once she came to me and said, "Arthur, Will is going with this fishing party down at the branch of the Kern River near Mt. Whitney and he expects to go and explore those lakes where he planted golden trout a couple of years ago. I wish you would go with

him and stick to him if you can because he is going to lose the fishermen and he'll be all alone in the mountains. No man should go into those mountains alone." I said I might have trouble keeping up with him but I'd try, so I asked him about it and he said "Come along." He would slow down a little for me when it was necessary, but we went up into those mountains and when we got on the shoulder of Mt. Whitney we were pretty high. About that time I was wondering how far we were going, and so I said to him, "I wonder if you are going over those mountains in the distance." He said, "Sure, that's where we're going. How did you know?" I didn't ask him any more, but it took us about two days to get over those mountains. When we got over and down to the stream, he said, "I'm looking for golden trout. We planted them here three years ago and there would be three sizes of trout in this stream." When we got to that point I was about dead because I hadn't slept very well on the rocks the previous night and I said I was going to get under a rock--rain was beginning to come down and I was going to get under the rock and sleep a little. So I crawled under the rock, and then I said to myself, "You darn fool, he is looking for golden trout and you better get up and help him because he might not catch one." So I pulled myself together and got my rod out and went down. I finally caught one of the darn golden trout that he was looking for, and when he saw me with that trout I was paid back for all my trouble of climbing after him, at his joy in getting hold of that fish. He hauled out a bottle that was half full of water and he put the trout in and put in from another bottle some alcohol, so we had preserved trout. He put it in his knapsack and took it to Dr. Jordan at Stanford University because the Dr. had been told that there was a new kind of trout, a black trout, among the golden trout, and Howard Bliss said, "I have my doubts about that", so he took this thing and showed it to Dr. Jordan, and when I met him later and asked about it, he said the Dr. took a look and said, "No, it was a local variation", and that was the result of a fine

camping trip.

Coming back to the knapsack trips, I had the pleasure of following Mr. Colby, who did exploring all by himself. When the rest of the crowd would go over a little hill, he would go over some mountain nearby to get there, and so I followed him around a couple of times and that way got a little mountaineering that I wouldn't have gotten otherwise.

MRS. JORDAN: You didn't tell about getting to the top of Mt. Whitney.

MR. JORDAN: That was only a hard climb, that's all. It's over 14,000 feet and you have to rest a little while after you go along. I lead my party along, about seven of us went together, and I held my watch on them. I let them go for a certain number of minutes and then made them sit down, and gradually got them up to the top of the mountain. But coming back to Colby--he went on several trips of that kind. On this big one I spoke of, we came back to camp and he was walking on his bare foot. He had walked the sole off of his shoe. Mine was kind of bad but not that bad. He had a new set of boots in camp so he tried them on. I asked him what was the matter and he said, "No good." A little later I asked him, "How about that no-good shoe." He said his feet had swelled. He had just been walking so all he did was wait and cooled off his feet and the shoe fit fine. So you see the story of walking the bottom off of your shoe fits in pretty well for an amateur like myself following a professional like him.

SALLY: Did you rope up the mountains? Did you do any roping?

MR. JORDAN: Very seldom. When he and I were alone, yes. One very amusing one was where we went up a stream bed and the canyon walls got closer and closer together and pretty soon we got to a place where it was about as high as that rail up there in quite solid stone all the way up. We didn't have a ladder but we found a place where it was a little bit lower and so I got him to stand up on a big rock as high as he could and I shinnied up his back and put my feet on his shoulders and managed to get hold of a branch, or something,

and pulled myself up slowly. He passed a little rope to me and we hauled up the two knapsacks and then I got a big hold and helped pull him up, and so we got up to the top. I was at that same point two years later and I looked at that point and said, "Gee whiz, that was pretty good." He said, "Oh, you don't need to go that way now, the trail is over here." Someone had put in a trail and we walked up.

SALLY: All the challenge was gone? You spoke of Dr. Jordan of Stanford. Were you related?

MR. JORDAN: Very distantly, yes. My father and he talked that over and they found that back in England somewhere there was a connection, but I don't go around boasting about it because it was a very distant connection.

He came to our high school and gave us a lecture on the climbing of the Matterhorn, and I remember that particularly because it was quite a climb, and later I saw it was considered quite a mountaineering feat. Ordinary people didn't do it at all.

I got acquainted with his daughter. He had a daughter named Edith who was a very fine mountaineer. She was on some of our trips and she tramped along with the men. I think when they came to the difficult part of the climb, the ladies wore bloomers, which was quite remarkable in those days, but no one paid any attention to it at all because you don't skinny up those cliffs in very many skirts.

SALLY: Were there very many women along?

MR. JORDAN: Yes, about one-third.

SALLY: That many?

MR. JORDAN: Oh, yes. They were the real mountaineers, I tell you. Just as much stamina as the men. Not quite so strong physically, but in general they were very good. Of course some of them would stay in camp. They didn't have to go on the side trips if they didn't want to, and some of them didn't. Two or three of them hired horses from the packers and rode horseback from one camp to another. We kind of turned up our noses at that.

This is the story of the mountain lion that came close to us. We looked in the soft earth around our camp one morning and found that he had come up close to us, perhaps almost sniffed at us, during the night and went away and left those enormous pad imprints.

SALLY: Did you ever see bears?

MR. JORDAN: Yes. The bear story is a different one entirely. One fellow and I had our lunches one time in a place called Cherry River, which is just north of the Hetch Hetchy Valley. At the time they were trying to get the Hetch Hetchy Dam in. This man was a water measurer and I helped him. We stopped for lunch and we had seen a big brown-colored bear loping off into the distance a few minutes before, but when we got down to our lunch we heard the twigs crackling and here was this great big bear coming toward us, at a distance of maybe 50 yards, and he came along crackle, crackle, crackle, then he would stop and lift his nose and smell - you see, they don't have good eyesight, but he smelled our lunch, (beef sandwiches,) and he kept coming and coming. We looked around and there were only small trees which would have been very difficult to climb, and so we said to each other, "What are we going to do?" I said, "I don't know. Let's yell at him." He said, "You yell." So I yelled and the bear stopped, looked up, sniffed, then kept on coming, so I said, "You yell", so he yelled, and that didn't do any good, so I said "Let's both yell together", so we proceeded to put on the best wild Indian yell we could possibly think of, and the bear said, "Well, I don't think that's so good", so he turned slowly and started away, and the sound of his feet on the crackling dry limbs made a noise that scared him so he began to increase his speed. All we could see in the distance was that rusty brown-yellow back bump, bump, bump off in the distance, and that's the end of the bear story, and that was as close as I care to come to a big bear.

