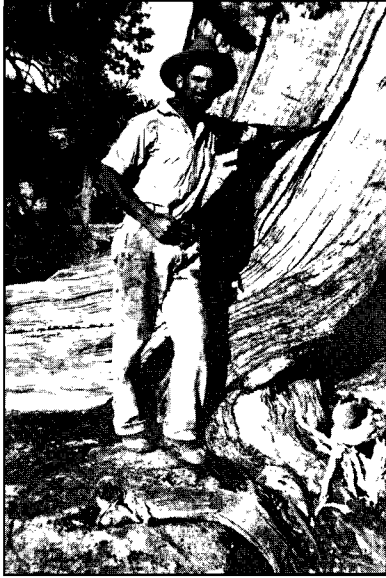


The San Joaquin Historian



Memoirs of Hart T. Wilson...

*A 20th Century individual who
grew up in a 'work society' that
included stints as a woodcutter,
cowboy, and World War II pilot.*



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The Society operates the San Joaquin County Historical Museum at Micke Grove Regional Park in partnership with San Joaquin County. The Society maintains an office at the Museum.

Manuscripts relating to the history of San Joaquin County or the Delta will always be considered. The editor reserves the right to edit and shorten material based on local interest and space considerations. Inquiry should be made through the Museum office.

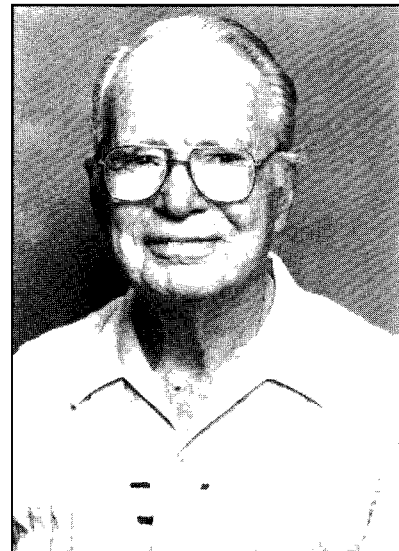
SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY HISTORICAL
SOCIETY AND MUSEUM
MICHAEL W. BENNETT
DIRECTOR

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This issue . . .

Your editor took a “light editorial touch” with Hart Wilson’s memoirs to retain his delightful storytelling style. Truly a man of the twentieth century, Hart’s personal account illustrates how our “work society” has changed as we track Hart through his years on small family farms, to the Depression years of looking for *any* job, to train-

ing as a World War II pilot, to being a professional California Highway Patrol officer. Through it all is Hart’s love of machinery from farm equipment, cars, airplanes, and motorcycles. Hart was and is an incredibly hard-working man who has stayed



Hart T. Wilson, the author

active as a volunteer in his retirement years. Many of you know him through his work on the San Joaquin County Historical Society Museum’s agricultural equipment and as a past officer in the Society. He is also active as a member of the Stockton Corral of Westerners. — *Daryl Morrison*

*Photographs from the
author’s family albums.*

Hart T. Wilson: A Memoir

It is my belief that most men desire to leave some footprints on the sands of time, even if it is nothing more than a grave marker. So I shall with pen and ink attempt to outline the snaky trail of my life . . .

A California Boyhood

I was born, the son of Alden and Grace Wilson, on January 16, 1910 in a cabin at Bayside Lumber Company owned by my uncle in Bayside, Humboldt County, California. I have no memories of Bayside because we soon moved to the area around the head of Tomales Bay, near Point Reyes Station, Marin County where my father and his two brothers, Robert and Rollin Wilson, purchased two hundred acres of land. Some of the property was underwater, some was tide land, while some was fertile farm land. My two uncles were absentee land owners, while my family lived on the place and operated a dairy. The parcel of land under water was leased to oyster farmers. My father built a large barn on the property, still standing at this date. Besides the dairy, we had a large garden on bottom land along Paper Mill Creek, which ran through a corner of the property. My earliest memories are of playing in the garden and of harvesting vegetables of fabulous size.

Beach combing down on the marsh brought me hours of delight. We found many objects washed into the head of the bay, such as Chinese "tear jugs" and Japanese glass floats. Once there was a large quantity of small one-gallon, wooden kegs filled with fish that had spoiled and row-boats, presumably from a shipwreck.



The children at the Point Reyes Station Ranch. Sister Blanche with deer, Hart heading into the door, Ruth and Ward.



Wilson Family photograph, ca. 1909. Top row: Blanche, Ray, Mary; Middle row: Ward, Mother (Grace), Fern, Father (Alden) and center: Ruth. Hart, the youngest in the family makes his appearance the following year

There was little continuity to my memory in those early years, but I recall many incidents and sights. We would go to the ocean in the family surrey through the heavily wooded area of Bear Valley. There we would have family picnics and watch the huge waves roll in. We would also go to church in Olema in the same conveyance. I would go with my father to pick apples at a neighbor's orchard or go to the woods to gather wood for the stove.

I presume that the partnership of the brothers was not satisfactory, as my father sold out and moved to San Jose. There he started a small dairy and a milk delivery route. I remember picnics at Alum Rock Park [Santa Clara County]. I also remember the morning that father and my older brother Ward and sister Fern took off for San Francisco to see the World's Fair of 1915. I was too small to go!

The San Jose move was not a success, so in late 1915, we moved to a forty-acre farm east of Madera along the Fresno River. The day we moved provided a vivid memory. My mother, sister and I got off the train in Madera in the evening where my father met us. He took care of some business, while we waited in the town park. There I was greeted by a caged parrot, who looked at me and said, "Hello bad boy." My feelings were definitely hurt!

Well, we finally got started for our new home in the family buckboard. I sat in the back. The road ran along the Sugar Pine Lumber Company flume which paralleled the Fresno River running east out of Madera. The trip seemed interminable as it was three and a half miles out of town. I was hungry and tired and it was dark before we got to our new home. The Madera farm was a bigger dairy, but there was no milk route. The well on the property did not produce enough water to irrigate the land, so there was no green feed for the cattle and most of the hay had to be purchased. But, across the road from our place ran the flume that floated the rough cut lumber from the sugar pine mills in the mountains down to the finishing mill in Madera. The flume leaked considerable water causing quite a bit of green grass to grow under and near the flume, so it was my job to take the cows out and watch over them as they fed on the green grass along the flume. In those days there were few fences and it was mostly open country.

I have vivid memories of the long mule teams coming down from the mountains to haul supplies to the sugar pine mills. The leaders of each team had an arch of bells affixed to the hames. The bells could be heard for miles, particularly on a clear, frosty morning. From time to time, huge bands of sheep coming down from the hills were driven through. It seemed that it took forever for them to go by.

Beyond our place and into the rolling hills were vast acreages of grain fields. Our neighbors to the east were the Cook Brothers, big grain farm-

ers, who farmed with mules. The winter was plowing time and a four-span of mules (eight mules to a team) would each pull a five-bottom, Stockton gang plow. In the summer those same thirty-two mules formed into one team to pull the combine harvester. I was awed by the sight of the drivers or mule skinnners perched on their seats at the head of the Jacob's Ladder, as it swayed back and forth at a 45-degree angle over the backs of the wheelers. The lines went to the leaders only. The skinnners could pick a fly off the ear of the leaders with a long, black snake whip and could pop it to crack like a rifle. I picked up a rich and impressive vocabulary at a young and tender age from those old mule skinnners, as it took a certain language to get the best out of the mules.

In the summertime, it was always a joy to go to the Fresno River to go swimming although there was only about a foot of water. I started school in 1916 riding in our horse-driven buggy the three and a half miles to school with my two older sisters who were in high school. Since I got out of school earlier, I had to face the long walk home. Every fall of the year there was a band of gypsies who camped for several months on the Fresno River where it came to the road, and it was with fear and trembling that I passed that camp, because I had heard of gypsies stealing children. (Although they never did bother me.) Their primary business was horse trading.

In the early winter of 1916, I came down with pneumonia and before I was fully recovered, I went outside and got wet and chilled and had a bad relapse and came "near dying." I remember the doctor telling my mother that a spoonful of whiskey would be good for me. Now, my parents were staunch old Methodists and very much against drinking anything with alcohol in it, but *if it would save my life . . . why it was the thing to do*. I remember how warm the whiskey felt going down and how good it felt. After some degree of recovery I was up and about, I went looking for the bottle of whiskey. Mother asked me what I was looking for and I said, "I am looking for my whiskey." She just knew that one spoonful of

whiskey was all it took to make an alcoholic out of me!

Well, that school year went down the drain, so I started again in September 1917. That fall my sister Ruth, who was two years older, and I both came down with the measles, so we were put to bed in the same room. I remember we entertained ourselves with guessing games. I don't remember how long we were out of school, but I don't think I lost another year.

Unfortunately, Madera was not a good choice for my father. It was not dairy country. The soil was too sandy for alfalfa, so Dad bought a fifty-acre farm in Dos Palos, Merced County. The move was made in January 1918. Father loaded some tools and a brood sow with a litter of pigs into the hay wagon. I followed with a team pulling a light freight wagon, and mother and sister Ruth drove a team pulling the family surrey.

Night overtook us long before we reached our destination. After we crossed the San Joaquin River, father saw lights that he took to be a village and went off to investigate. It was the Santa Rita Ranch, a Miller & Lux ranch. As was their custom, they agreed to put us up for the night. The next morning before day light we were served a breakfast of eggs, potatoes, and hot cakes. I also remember the Chinese cook making quite a fuss over me.

After an early start in the morning we arrived about midmorning at our farm on Reynolds Avenue. The first thing that impressed me on coming into the Dos Palos farming community was the color of the newly turned soil. It was just as black as coal. The planted fields were green and lush. Fields of alfalfa were bordered by tall, skinny

Lombardy poplar trees. It was exciting to check out our new house and buildings and get settled on our new farm. My brother Ward had come ahead with the dairy cows, so we were all set up for business.

We were one and one half miles from school. There were no school buses in those days. Although the school was centrally located, the roads were not paved or even graveled, so in the winter-time they were a quagmire of mud. Walking to



Dos Palos School, second grade. Hart is in the back with a cap.

school was not always pleasant. I well remember going to school the first day. We approached the school with much fear and trembling. I don't know why we were so afraid to meet new kids. In front of the school house was a well and hand pump with a dipper hanging on it-- our drinking water. The school house was a two-storied structure. It was a four-room school house with two grades to a room. Out back were two four-hole privies, one for the boys and one for the girls. I remember the first day I went to the wrong one and was mortified when my sister came to chase me out. The students were predominantly Italian or Portuguese and many did not speak English, but they learned quickly and seemed to come right along with the rest of us.

The Dos Palos Colony was two miles east and west by four miles. The town was on the southeast corner of the colony. North and south it was divided into sixteen blocks, a half mile by one

mile. These were in turn divided into forty acre and twenty acre parcels. The colony was laid out by Bernard Marks on Miller & Lux land. It was known as a "Miller & Lux Colony," as they had put in the canals and irrigation system, owned the bank, and the local market. At that time Dos Palos Colony was surrounded by Miller & Lux land which was pretty much in its unreclaimed state. It often flooded from the overflow from the San Joaquin River during the spring snow melt. It left many sloughs and ponds of water that made for wonderful duck and geese hunting in the fall.

South Dos Palos was established in 1892 on the Southern Pacific railroad line. The town was laid out in the old Spanish style around a central plaza. In the center of the plaza was a fountain fed by an artesian well. On either side of this was a cannon with the traditional pyramid of cannon balls in front of each. The cannons were from Fort Pitt of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and acquired by Mr. Christian who operated the first hotel in South Dos Palos. During the 1930s two thieves were caught loading the cannons on a truck, but failed to get away with them. Florence Misch MacIntire, a granddaughter of Mr. Christian, had the cannons put in storage. In recent years they were donated to the Veterans of Foreign Wars and are on display again.

Farming in Dos Palos was pretty much diversified, but dairying was the prime industry. Everybody had a few cows. The milking was all done by hand with everyone owning a cream separator-- also, turned by hand. Only cream was picked up for butter making. Whole milk was not sold, because there was no refrigeration. Electricity didn't come into the area until the late 1920s.

The main irrigation canal cut through one corner of our farm, and it made for a great swimming hole. It was there I learned to swim and spent many happy hours in the water with several of the neighborhood kids. It was not all play, for by the age of eight, I had learned to milk, feed the pigs, calves, and chickens, and I had my assigned string

of cows. At haying time I helped haul in the hay from the field, filled the barn, and stacked the hay. It was my job to clean the stable after each milking.

By 1921 father's health was failing and he could no longer keep up with the work. He had an auction sale to sell the livestock and farm machinery, and then sold the farm. In November of 1921, father received a slight injury and blood poisoning set in. He died on Thanksgiving Day.

Mother, sister Ruth, and I went to live for several months with my older sister Mary and her husband. They lived ten miles east of Madera. I lost about three months of school that year--another year of schooling interrupted.

During the spring of 1922, I went to San Jose to live with my brother Ray who was attending the College of the Pacific (then in San Jose). The first person I met was Tully Knoles, Jr., the son of College President Tully Knoles. Tully Jr. knew

the ways of the city, while I was a green country boy off the farm. We became very close friends, and that friendship continues to this day. Where the Knoles family went, I went-- picnics to Santa Cruz, football games out of town, and other activities. In the



fall of 1923 the house we were living in caught

fire and we had to find other living quarters. Tully and I got along so well that Mrs. Knoles thought I was a good influence on him. She insisted that I come and be a part of the Knoles family. Living in town was a whole new experience for me. I had few respon-

sibilities. There were kids my own age to play with and activities such as Boy Scouts, overnight hikes to the hills, or camping at Capitola.

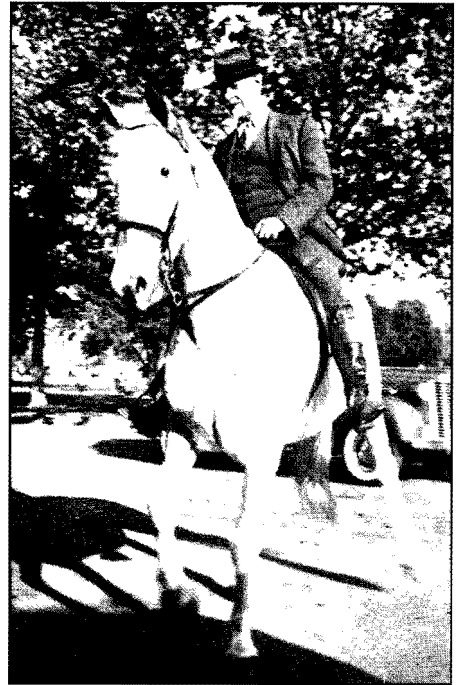
In the summer of 1924, the College moved to Stockton and the Knoles family and I moved along with it. Brother Ray got a job teaching at the El Dorado School that year, so I joined him in Stockton at 22 West Ash Street, now Alder Street. Although we only lived a block and a half from the El Dorado School, I had to go to Weber School, because there was a rule that I could not attend where a family member was teaching. At Weber School I made friends with two brothers, John and Clint Mentzer of Coulterville (Mariposa County) who were in Stockton to attend school. Well, we were kindred souls--country boys in the city. We got along splendidly.

When summer came, the Mentzer brothers insisted that I come up to Coulterville and spend part of the summer with them. It was a great experience for a fifteen-year-old boy. Mr. Mentzer was the overseer for the gold mines belonging to the Merced Mining Company, which had been shut down in litigation. We had the mines to explore, horses to ride, and the whole countryside as our playground. This was the first real feeling of freedom that I had ever experienced.

It was about a week after the Fourth of July I heard that there was a job open for a whistle punk [person in the woods who blew whistle signals directing the man at the steam donkey] at the Yosemite Lumber Company. So I went to Yosemite Valley, caught a bus to El Portal, then the train down to the incline where the tram met the Yosemite Valley Railroad. The tram was a railroad up the incline and into the woods of the Yosemite Lumber Company, where the car loads of logs were let down one at a time by a one and one half inch cable. The incline was two miles from top to bottom with a drop in elevation of more than 3,000 feet. The logs were then hauled on down to the big mill at Merced Falls.

I never did get back into the woods. The fore-

man at the bottom of the incline said they needed a man to grease the rollers on the incline. The man whose job I was to take had been killed a couple of days previously. I took the job. I walked from top to bottom two times a day greasing the rollers that the cable ran



Dr. Tully Knoles, President of the College of the Pacific, on horseback--a common appearance.

over. Yes, I had a couple of close calls, too.

Fall was coming on, so it was time to come back to Stockton to go to school. Well, Ray had accepted a job teaching for the 1925 school year at Linden High School, and had rented the home of an absentee farmer on a 160-acre grain farm. It was located near Linden on Comstock and Tully roads. I had the job of feeding and taking care of the horses on the farm, but also the use of them.

I was in the eighth grade at the old Moore School on Tully Road near Eight Mile Road. It was quite an experience with all eight grades in one room and one teacher. I also worked on Saturdays and holidays for a prominent orchardist, Raymond W. Miller, and learned much about walnut propagation.

During spring vacation of 1926, Tully Knoles Jr. and I hitched a horse to one of the buggies and drove to Jenny Lind where we spent several days, camping, swimming, and otherwise having fun. The buggy wheels got very shaky before we got back to Linden. The horse's feet also got very

sore as it was not shod. All of this was cause for some concern. Well, we survived . . . and the horse survived.

The school year ended and because teachers' pay was very low at that time, Ray joined an old college chum who was "making his millions" in the landscaping business in Riverside. So away we went to Riverside. Riverside was the heart of the orange grove country. The groves were in their prime and there were many beautiful Spanish-style homes. The area was populated with mostly wealthy and retired people. I enjoyed that year, but the landscaping business was not as rosy as the picture that had been painted.

Ray had accepted a job as principal of the Ukiah Grammar School. He also had plans to marry a college sweetheart. I could see that I wasn't going to fit into the picture very well, so I wrote to Mr. Miller in Linden and asked to work for him again in the walnut orchard. I asked if I might live in his vacant cabin and go to Linden High School while working for him. The answer was yes. So I "batched it" and went to school in Linden for my sophomore and junior high school years. I liked the community of Linden, but batching got a bit tiresome. About once a month the Farm Bureau or the community church would have a potluck dinner in Mission Hall. I made the best of those occasions. Those dinners probably kept me from starvation. In the summer of 1929 I worked for the Utica Mining Company (for \$5 a day, for only eight-hour days) building a dam on the Highland Creek at Spicers Meadow (Alpine County).

In September I came down to go to school at Stockton High. I also got a job at the Stockton State Hospital, or Insane Asylum, as it was known at that time. The hours were from 10:30 p.m. to 6:30 a.m. at \$60 per month, with room and board. I had plenty of time to do my studying on the job during my senior high school year.

I had a little money saved and started school at the University of California at Davis (the State

Agriculture School). I hoped to get work to keep me going, as others had done before me. After I got started, it soon became evident that one had to be there a couple of years to work into a job, so after one semester, my money ran out, and I had to quit.

A Man of Many Trades

In 1932 we were well into the Depression and there were no jobs to be had. Married men with families had *first priority* for any publicly funded jobs. Married men *without* children had *second priority*, and young single men *didn't have a chance*.

Two longtime friends of mine and I got together and decided to go to the hills above Milton and cut wood. This was during the days when many people still heated their home and cooked on wood-burning stoves. We settled into a vacant cabin in Salt Spring Valley and made stove wood the hard way-- ax, cross cut saw, mall, and wedges. We planned to sell the wood at \$7.50 a cord. We did sell two cords of wood, but most people who needed wood cut their own. As far as I know, the rest of our wood is still up there on the mountainside. Well, the money gave out, most of the groceries ran out, except that we had acquired a 100 lb. sack of baby lima beans, so we had lima beans for breakfast, lunch, *and* dinner. I have never liked lima beans since!

At this time the Hetch Hetchy Pipe Line was crossing the valley, so I applied for and got a job for about six weeks digging bell holes around the trenches, where each joint of pipe was to be. Then the riveters could get around the pipe when it was in place. Then came the order that *only* residents of San Francisco could have jobs. From then on, through the summer of 1932, I was searching for work from one end of the state to the other. Whenever I heard rumors of work, I went. It was always, "Come back in a couple of weeks." My transportation was an old 1922 Harley Davidson motorcycle and it finally gave out. In the meantime, I had slept under bridges, in haystacks, and

farmers' barns, and stolen a lot of fruit to subsist. I was really "on the bum." There were no jobs to be had. I looked so shabby that I did not want any of my old friends to see me. but Mrs. Knoles saw me on the street one day and insisted that I come live with them again. I did yard work, some painting, drove Dr. Knoles to some of his speaking engagements, and otherwise tried to earn my keep.

In October of 1932 Louis Frankenheimer of Frankenheimer cattle ranch in the Eugene-Knights Ferry area, said he could use me for a couple of weeks. The ranch was 16,000 acres in size and was the remainder of the original Rancho Del Rio Estanislus Mexican land grant. My first job was to spread manure from the huge manure pile accumulated from the horse barn. Eventually, I gained the status of a full-fledged cowboy.

I could handle horses and knew farm work, so I stayed through the winter, feeding more than 2,000 head of cattle. When spring came on, why there were cattle to be worked, marked, and branded, calves needed to be separated from their mothers and fat steers from the lean to be shipped to market-- all of the work that goes into the cattle business. The upshot was that it took me *five years* to get that couple of weeks' work done.

Frankenheimer sold out in 1937 to a Utah construction company. Times were getting better. I got a job surveying for the US Government on the Agricultural Conservation Project, a seasonal job for six months each fall. I spent the summer of 1937 working on a combine harvester, and the following winter plowing and putting in a crop of barley for George Sanguinetti in the Milton area.

During the 1930s there was renewed interest

in gold mining, and there were numerous gold dredgers working through the low hills of the Mother Lode. In September 1938 I went to work on a gold dredger in the Milton area. I got a job working for South Gulch Placers. When that job fizzled out, I got a job with Milton Gold Dredging Company. Then I worked for Salmon River placers in Siskiyou County. That too played out and I got on with Harms Brothers and Larson, a really big dredger on the Klamath River. That was good work and it lasted for a long run until 1942. Ninety per cent of the population in that area was Indian and it was a most interesting experience living among them. I boarded with an old Indian couple who ran the Klamath River Tavern.



Frankenheimer Ranch crew enjoy a respite with watermelon.

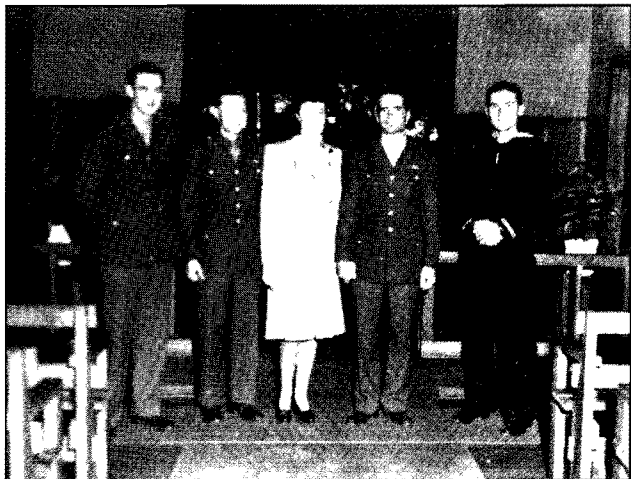
In May 1942 the United States was drawn into World War II and the government shut down gold dredging. Gold was a nonessential metal and all effort

was to go to the War. In May I came to Stockton and went to work as a welder for the Hickinbotham Shipyard. In September a screening examination was given at Stockton College for aspiring airplane pilots for the war effort. I had a chance to get into the Air Corp as a service pilot. Well, I came in high on the examination, and one week later I was in Carson City taking flight instruction. Training for pilots was quite rigorous. The ground courses were given by Stockton College, and the flight instruction by Pathfinder Flying Service. The first phase was just learning to fly, the second phase was aerobatics--that was putting the plane through all sorts of maneuvers.

In September I was called to go to Kearns, Utah for basic training and from there to Coffeerville, Kansas for the third phase of pilot training which included navigation. Then I was sent to Pueblo Colorado Junior College for instru-

ment flying. By the end of January the government closed the whole program down and we were given several choices. I chose B-17 airplane mechanics, so off I went to the school in Airplane Mechanic School in Amarillo, Texas. This was followed by gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nevada where we learned to shoot air to air, and air to ground, from a B-17.

From there I went to Ardmore, Oklahoma where I met my crew and we went through "phase training." I trained as a flight engineer. We learned to work together as a crew, and to increase our proficiency as gunners, and learn our assigned duties. At this point my long time girlfriend and fiancé, Mary Liscomb, came to Ardmore and we were married in the base chapel on Christmas eve.



Hart and Mary's wedding picture, with fellow airmen in attendance.

[Mary's uncle was Dr. John Burcham, Vice President of the College of the Pacific. Mary and Hart had met as youths playing on the COP campus]. Bob Miller, our lower ball gunner was the bridesmaid, and Jake Hill, our central fire unit man was my best man.

By the first of April of 1945 we were fully trained and ready to go to England to war. We went to staging at Topeka, Kansas. Well, we drew our B-17, drew our equipment, heard many lectures, and otherwise processed for overseas, and our time was set to go. Crews were taking off in small groups for England. Six hours before we were due to take off, the order came canceling all

combat crews to Europe. It was expected that Germany would surrender.

Well, they broke our crews up and I was sent to Pyote, Texas to a B-29 base. There I went through a course in B-29 engineering, then I was assigned to a crew and we went through phase training on B-29s. With that course finished we went to Kearney, Nebraska-- staging for the Pacific. The day we landed at Kearney, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Japan and a few days later, the second one was dropped. We went ahead and processed for the Pacific but never went. We were sent back to Pyote to form a new bomb group for occupation of Japan. After stagnating in Pyote about thirty days, the order came that all men over 35 years of age, and over two years of service, were to be released. I headed for McClellan Field where I was separated from service on October 7, 1945.

Here I was, a married man, and back on the labor market again. I went back to the place of my former employer, Hickinbotham, but they had sold out to Guntert and Zimmerman. The war contracts were over, but they were building tuna boats and construction machinery. I worked on tuna boats and ditching machines, welding until May of 1946, when the unions held a jurisdictional dispute and strike. So, I went to my old cattleman friend in Sonora, Veronus Ellingwood. He needed a man to take care of his cattle in the Milton area. Mary and I moved to Milton.

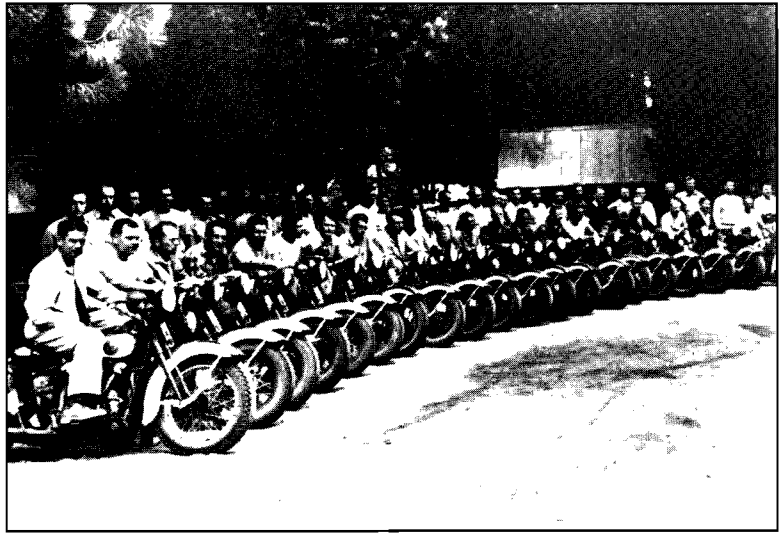
Mary was pregnant at this time, and as time drew near she moved in with her mother in Stockton. On the morning of January 6, 1947 I was called into Stockton and took her to Dameron Hospital, where our first child, Elizabeth Anne, was born. Our second child, Emily Grace, was born in 1949.

I had previously taken the examination for State Traffic Officer and passed with high marks. In early June I was called to report to Lawson's Lodge at Lake Tahoe for training. The state did not have an academy at that time. After seven

weeks of indoctrination including studying laws of arrest and rules of evidence, motorcycle riding, and pistol shooting, the course was complete. I was assigned to San Joaquin County where I put in twenty-three years with the California Highway Patrol.

In May of 1959, a longtime friend and well-driller sold me his well-drilling business. I usually worked from 2:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m. on patrol, so that I could work at well drilling in the mornings and my days off. I put in twenty-three years as a Traffic Officer. Those years went by with many changes within the organization, as well as many physical changes such as new highways, increased traffic, increased population, faster cars, and changed public attitude. There was the rebellion of the 1960s--the "I don't have to conform" attitude and rebellion against law and order. Of necessity, there was greater regimentation within the CHP.

I retired in December of 1969 as I approached sixty, the CHP mandatory age of retirement. I then devoted myself full time to well-drilling un-



Lining up of motorcycles. Hart is tenth from the left.

til I reached the age of 75 in 1985. I decided that it was time to really retire and I sold the business and equipment. I am enjoying retirement and now have time to pursue several hobbies, such as hunting, fishing, and traveling. But finding time on my hands, I also devote much time to doing volunteer work at the San Joaquin Historical Society Museum at Micke Grove. I find it very rewarding to restore and maintain some of the farm machinery.

Highlights in the Life of Hart Wilson

1917 First automobile ride in Madera.

1918 Saw first airplane.

1922 Listened to first radio program-- a Cal-Stanford game.

1928 Bought his first automobile for \$50-- a Model T Ford.

1942 Took his first solo flight.

1947 Became a CHP State Traffic Officer assigned to San Joaquin County.

1969 Retired from CHP on December 2nd.

Corrections from San Joaquin Historian, Winter 1997

Historical Society Presidents:

Emmett Perry 63-65

Ground-breaking work for Museum was started

Howard Lewis 85-88

Helen Weber Kennedy Gallery opened

Tom Shephard 88-90

John Hammer Tractor Building opened

Howard Lewis 90

C.M. Weber Homesite exhibit work started

Robert Shellenberger 91-92

Calaveras School Restoration, Weber Homesite and G.D.K. Library open

Oct. 17, 1998
Century Business Dinner
Honoring
“The Tracy Press”
at the
Portuguese Hall, Tracy

Looking Ahead
Festival of Trees — Dec. 5-6, 1998

Address correction requested

San Joaquin County

Historical Society and Museum

P.O. Box 30

Lodi, CA 95241-0030

Non-Profit
Organization
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Lodi, CA 95241