

A portrait of an older man with thinning brown hair, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white dress shirt and a dark bow tie. The background is a dark, mottled blue-grey. The name 'Harry' is written in a large, white, serif font, enclosed in a thin black rectangular box, positioned over the lower part of his chest.

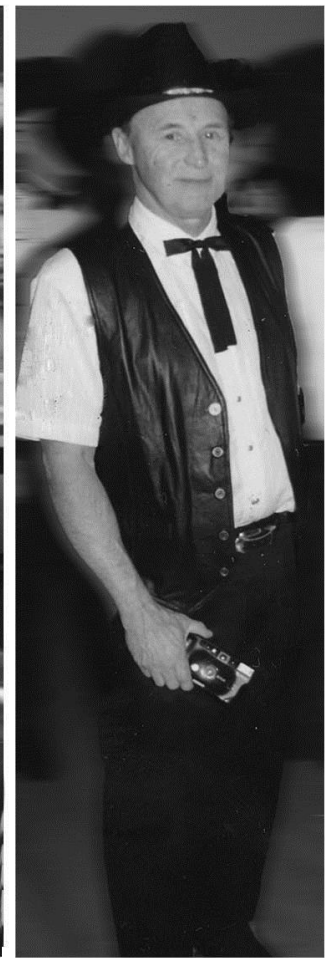
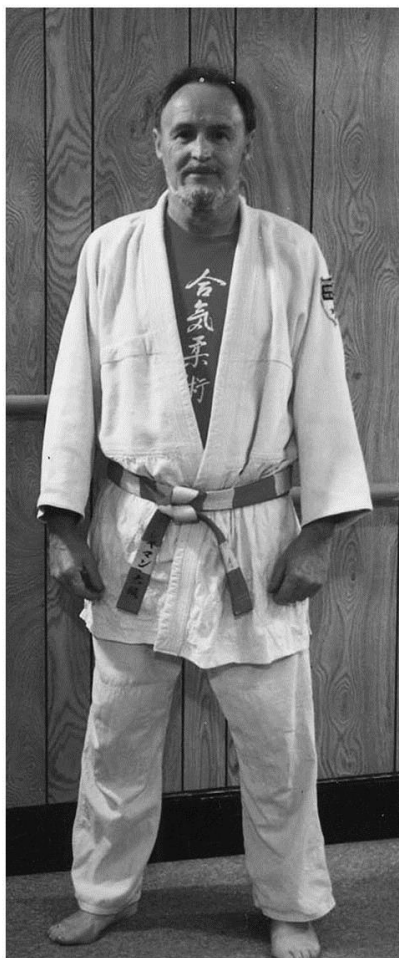
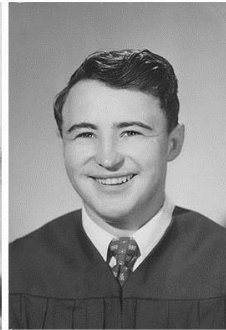
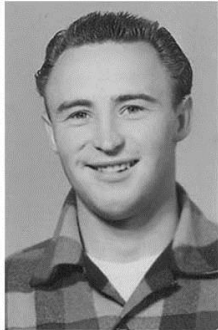
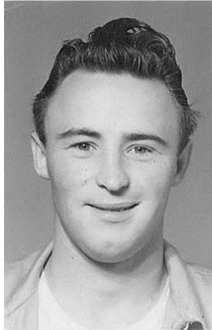
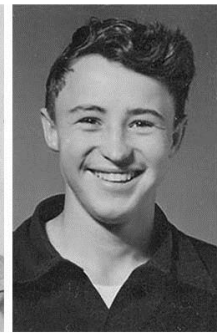
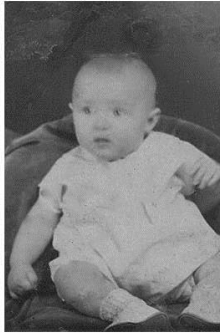
Harry

The true account of Harry Taylor Sherman Jr., a regular kid
from the Napa Valley who became a genuine eccentric beloved
by his friends and respected by his peers

Robert W. Schmieder
and Harry's Friends

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“Harry’s Way: The true account of Harry Taylor Sherman Jr., a regular kid from the Napa Valley who became a genuine eccentric beloved by his friends and respected by his peers”

Robert W. Schmieder, A.B., B.S., M.A., Ph.D, Fellow Emeritus Explorers Club

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3YØPI Peter One (1994)
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Dedication



For Harry

We loved your special way of being...
We regret not knowing your many other dimensions...
We were enriched by the unexpected way you taught us to be brave...
We thank you for your friendship over so many years...
We hope we enriched your life...
We miss you.

Acknowledgments

This book was significantly enhanced by the input of numerous people who knew Harry. I especially want to extend my appreciation to Bill Gould, Harry's brother-in-law (husband of Harry's sister Lavonne), who carried on an extensive correspondence with me as I pulled Harry's story together. His comments were more than factual: they provided insight into Harry's personality and lifestyle.

As you will see, I have used excerpts extensively in the text. Various people from Harry's activity groups were generous in their contributions: his executor John Swanson; dance partners and friends Anni Wunderlich, Jamie Hogan, Jeanette Feinberg, Rene Roehm, and Adam and Sue Gee; martial arts associates Art and Sally Sharpless, Art Buckley, and Jackie Buckley; diving expedition team members Bill Kruse, Tom Santilena, Don and Elaine Dvorak, Sue Estey, and Paul Hara; County Emergency Response Team member Karen Keefer; and ex-wife Rosalind Melcher and her sister Dorothy and her family. The entire manuscript was read by Bill Gould, John Swanson, Elaine Dvorak, and my wife Kay Schmieder. Kay was my constant sounding board, proofreader, and valuable critic.

All of these people, and also Fred and Sandy Mangold, Mike and Andrea Sullivan, and Tod and Vickie Schlesinger, contributed significantly to the Celebration of Life held on 27 Apr 2014. The arrangements for the Celebration of Life were made by John Swanson.

We could also acknowledge the most significant people in Harry's life, who help make him the person he was. Here is a brief Who's Who for Harry Sherman, excluding the above persons.

Dr. Harry H. Sherman	Dentist, Osteopath, paternal grandfather
May Alida Farr	Maternal grandmother
Lewis Henry Dyslin	Maternal grandfather
Marvel May (Dyslin) Sherman	Mother
Harry Taylor Sherman Sr.	Father
Mabel Burns Farr	(Adopted) great-Aunt
Paul Toumaine Sherman	Brother
Elizabeth Lavonne (Sherman) Gould	Sister
William Gould	Brother-in-Law

In fact, we could also acknowledge the groups of people who provided opportunity for Harry to follow his interests. Since there are too many names to list, I'll just list the schools he attended and the activities he pursued:

Schools	Napa High School, Napa Jr. College, Napa College, Napa Valley College, San Francisco State University
Activities	Boy Scouts Napa Troop 4m Sea Scouts Ship 90, drums. chorus, photography, filmmaking, country-western dancing, writing, flying, amateur radio, volunteering,

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Preface

Harry Taylor Sherman Jr. was my friend for some 25 years, during which time it never occurred to me to ask him about anything other than what we were doing at the moment. I guess I just naturally assumed that he did nothing else. Likewise, he never asked me about what else I might be doing; we only talked about the expeditions, just the expeditions.

Then, on 24 March 2014, the talking came to an abrupt end. The shock I experienced at that moment was not so much that Harry had passed away without what I might consider appropriate ceremony. No, the shock was that I had in fact *not* known, or even *asked*, much about him. Over all those years! Yes, I knew a few things, but really not much. Harry was mostly a mystery to me, and I suspect to almost everyone else.

Within a few days of his passing, I announced to our common friends that I would write his biography, and now, three years later, I fulfill that promise. Here it is, for better or worse. If you're anything like me, the moment you open these pages, you'll have your own personal shock about Harry. You might as well get it over with: just flip through the pages and notice the shallowness of your breathing. I'd wager you had no idea...

Harry grew up as a regular kid in Napa, California, and in many ways, he became an ordinary adult, the kind usually referred to on the network news. But he had another category, one that I appreciated, and you will appreciate when you read these pages: Harry was an *eccentric*. Some people think that's a pejorative, but it's not—it's a compliment. It means you have many interests and do many things. This book is an illustrated sketch of the eccentric life of HTS Jr., based on my personal experience and input from various friends and relatives. With it, I hope to give Harry the compliment that I failed to give him while he lived, namely recognition and respect for his eccentricity. My goal is to do more than record the events of Harry's life; it's to keep him alive for those who knew him, and bring him to life for those who didn't.

For all its limitations and faults, this book does tell the story of one man that otherwise would not have been told. Why have I written so much, in such detail? Partially it was because I loved Harry so much and miss him, and wanted to do a favor for his family and friends. But it's more than that: I can't write a book for everyone I know, so Harry is a stand-in for others, and that includes me. As every literary work is an expression of the author, so this work is partially my own statement that every person is much, much more than appears to his family and friends. We are each an island universe of complexity, most of which is lost when we die. This book is a tiny tick to remind us that, during our lives, it would be right and good to recognize and respect this complexity and the richness that is in each of us.

The reconstruction of a person's life is a risky process for the author, and I suspect you will have opinions on some of what I have included and/or omitted. To honor Harry, I have tried to make this book true, appropriate, and, I hope, interesting. Therefore, I want to share a bit about the material, the process of assembling the book, and the details of this, my last adventure with Harry.

The source material

I had five sources of information for this book: (1) A small set of scrapbooks, photo albums, certificates, and other documents; (2) An oral history transcript done for the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary; (3) My relationship with Harry over the years; (4) Oral and written comments from others who had known him, especially his brother-in-law Bill Gould; (5) Resources on the internet, particularly Wikipedia.

Harry's photo albums lie somewhere between chaotic and deplorable. Most of the pictures had been printed from negatives without dusting them off, so they had "noise" in the images. Almost every picture was scratched, and many had been stuck on the page with scotch tape. Often the tape was removed, leaving an open wound. Practically none of the photos had a name, date, comment, or other identification. He had saved many certificates, programs, and awards, but all of them had binder punch holes or other defects.

In order to obtain useable images, I used Photoshop and ACDSee Pro 9, two very powerful programs for processing images. One of the most valuable tools was the Photoshop "fill" tool, which has a "context-sensitive" option. Selecting a limited area of the image, I could replace the damaged portion with content that was essentially the same as the original (undamaged). This and several other repair tools enabled me to

generate photos that I believe are reasonably close to the original pictures. Almost 300 images had to be processed and most of them restored, so the effort was considerable.

Often there was major ambiguity in the images. Some were printed backward from the negative, others were so damaged the subject was unclear, and others simply didn't have any association. I made use of several devices to resolve these ambiguities: Harry's left ear was pointed, his hair was parted on the right of his head, his eyebrows had characteristic shape, and men's shirts button on the right side/women's are on the left. Another device I used was to make a master list of the chronology, included now as an Appendix.

The book was "constructed" with an outside→inside process that started with the largest organizational units of Harry's life, and worked inward to add greater and greater detail. As the material was filled in, I made significant rearrangements in its organization, and major changes occurred even near completion.

Early on, I had to make a decision: I wanted the book to be more than a flat record of Harry's life—I wanted it to be *interesting*. I decided I would attempt that by including, where sensible, information and stories from Harry's world but outside his direct experience. The most obvious example is his heritage: I think it is sensible to trace his origins—his ancestors, his place in the flow of families, and who might have influenced him—and so I tracked deeply into his past. Other examples are his interest in martial arts, diving, and dance. When I found myself marginal on understanding these activities, I figured you might also benefit from a basic description of the activity. In this enterprise, Wikipedia was my constant companion, and I freely admit that you could have looked all that up instead of me including it here; I simply saved you the trouble.

The content

The book is almost, but not quite, exhaustive. It contains almost everything I could assemble about Harry. I was actually surprised that he kept most of the essential records of his life. My guess is that toward the end, he might have wondered "Why?"

Because I knew Harry through our diving expeditions and because I have many more good images of this activity than the others, I have included more material about the expeditions than his other activities. My rationale is that Harry was involved in the expeditions the longest, and I was told that he considered it his most significant contribution. Apologies for the more limited coverage of other activities.

In several places, I have yielded to the temptation to write more creatively. The most obvious are the *Enter Center* and *Exit Center* essays. These form bookends of Harry's life; they are explained in the Notes (Appendix 1). Other slightly creative parts include the story of "Aunt Mabel and the Errant Earrings" and the "Who was Harry?" comments (in the last chapter). In spite of the reasonable record, there are quite a few missing items: (1) Additional ancestral information; (2) Chronology during his years in San Francisco; (3) Details about other people in his life; (4) Copies of his videos and some writings; and (5) Materials Harry destroyed or discarded. There are some items that I deliberately chose to omit, including some details about his brother, his marriage, and about other women.

A warning: While the ancestry of HTS Jr. appears unambiguous, it's not necessarily without error. Genealogical information is often single-source. My information was obtained from online sources that are not always confirmed with multiple sources. In some places, I found contradictory information, and in others, I may have added my own errors. Therefore, be circumspect in your acceptance of this information.

Credits

I have tried to give credit and appreciation to the people who made contributions and suggestions. However, I have not attempted a complete and accurate crediting of specific photographs, anecdotes, or quotations. Most of the illustrations came from Harry's albums and files, the internet, and my own construction. Text taken from emails, personal notes from conversations, and online sources (especially Wikipedia) generally have been credited in the text where used, although some of this kind of material has been incorporated in the general narrative.

Literary style

Harry's father was also named Harry Taylor Sherman. I have tried to keep him separate from "our" Harry by calling the father HTS Sr. and the son HTS Jr. If you find a reference to "Harry," usually it means HTS Jr.

I have not adhered rigidly to any particular "person." Rather, I move among first, second, and third person as it seems appropriate. Part of it is that I knew Harry personally for many years. Part of it is that I am speaking directly to you. In block quotations of material from outside sources, I have sometimes taken liberty to correct grammar, eliminate redundancy, and remove irrelevant comments.

For simplicity and consistency, I adopted American Style in punctuation and usage. Here is an example: "This is a quotation." Note that the period is inside the quotation marks. You might prefer the period outside the quotation marks, which is the British style (sorry). Another example that might irritate you is the comma before the introductory prepositional phrase: "Before writing this book, I had to collect the materials." The rule is that if the phrase is 4 words or less, the comma is optional, otherwise it's (usually) mandatory. Granted, you may have a different preference (!).

One habit that you probably *do* care about is the comma before the conjunction, as in "A, B, and C." If you're British, you'll prefer "A, B and C" but to me this doesn't make sense, so I always adhere to the American convention and include the comma-before-the-and. There are other more difficult choices, such as whether to insert spaces before and after ellipses: Should it be "text...text" or "text_..._text?" I made efforts to resolve these matters, but I'm actually hoping you don't care. Dates are (almost) always written as 1 Jan 2001.

I have tried to be consistent in the typesetting: Text in the style of this sentence is my writing. Material from external sources that I quote directly is set off as a block quote:

For the Sherman family, something did happen: Marvel informed Harry that they would need some additional items by September. You know: diapers, clothing, booties...

Material that is supplementary, especially in the Notes, is set in a block quote of smaller font:

The citizens of Napa County made a clear commitment to higher education in 1941 when they passed a bond issue to establish Napa Junior College. One year later, in 1942, Napa Junior College was founded.

Sources are generally written in the following format. Underline indicated a hyperlink.

<http://articles.latimes.com/2013/may/07/science/la-sci-european-dna-20130508>

Links within this book are formatted the same. They come in pairs:

[\[See Notes: Relatives p. 73\]](#)

[\[Return to: Relatives p. 23\]](#)

Online

This book, plus corrections and addenda, and the complete ancestral chart, can be found at the website www.cordell.org/HTS. The electronic version has the advantage of being scrollable and enabling the hyperlinks. I personally like a book printed on paper, but each to his own.

Corrections and addenda

If you find errors or have information you would like to contribute, please send it to the author:

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Enter Center

1931. The Star-Spangled Banner becomes the United States' National Anthem. Bela Lugosi becomes Dracula. Nevada legalizes gambling. Porsche is founded. The Empire State Building is completed. Dick Tracy is created. Deuterium is discovered. Khalil Gibran dies. Thomas Edison submits his last patent application and dies. James Dean is born. So are Mikhail Gorbachev, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle, and Dan Rather. The stock market is still plummeting big time. Other than that, not much happens.

Napa, California. Early December. Christmas is fast approaching. The bucolic town is putting up street decorations, changing storefront windows, restocking shelves. The Salvation Army bell rings incessantly in front of the hardware store. In spite of the appalling depression, the country celebrates Christmas as usual.

The Napa State Hospital still has its own dairy and poultry ranches, vegetable gardens, orchards and other farming operations. Each day, one of its groundkeepers, Harry Taylor Sherman, walks a half-block to work, and his wife, Marvel May Sherman, reports to her hospital job as a typist. Their new baby girl, now only 1 year old, is little challenge, especially since relatives living across the street helped mind her. Harry is 38, Marvel 28. Not much more can be said about their daily life, except that it probably was typical of Napers.

1932. The New Year begins to unfold. Brave New World is published. Lindbergh's son is kidnapped and killed. George Eastman commits suicide. Jack Benny starts a radio show. Antimatter and the neutron are discovered. Babe Ruth makes his famous "called" home run in the World Series. Zippo lighters are invented. John Philip Sousa dies. Composer John Williams is born, as well as Ted Kennedy, Johnny Cash, Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Omar Sharif, Peter O'Toole, and J. Paul Getty, Jr. Other than that, not a lot to report.

Well, the Sherman family had something to report: toward the middle of January Marvel informed Harry that they would need some additional items. You know, formula, booties, diapers ...

The beginning of life is a very delicate time, but generally not one you would particularly notice. True, embryonic growth of a new child is nothing short of spectacular: every day the number of cells doubles. By the end of January, the embryo in Marvel's womb was all of 1 cm long (about the size of a mosquito) and weighed all of 1 gram (about the same as a pinch of salt). Not very impressive, unless you realize that it contained something in the vicinity of a billion cells, or if you prefer, a hundred-billion-trillion atoms.

The atoms, of course, aren't just squeezed in randomly. Atoms are assembled into molecules, molecules into cells, cells into tissues, tissues into organs. The Sherman fetus was also building nascent neurons, but as yet they were far from being anything that could be called a bundle with a purpose. Too small and too hidden to be noticed, all these things pretty much did what they were supposed to do: make more of the same.

One group of cells localized at one end of the embryo was destined to become the neural HQ, a proto-brain. But it didn't yet do much of what you expect of a brain. Brains have to have input to form patterns: recognition, cognition, memory, and so on. But as yet, there was no *input* to this brain. It was simply a clot of cells, a hunk of gunk whose only function was to grow.

Then, as April arrived, something phenomenal happened: the embryonic brain connected to the network in the rest of the body. A single pulse arrived from some distant place:

Baink!

This pulse marked the beginning of a completely new and irreversible process. From this point on, pulses began arriving in bursts:

Baink! Baink! Baink! Baink! Baink! Baink! Baink!

Soon the infant brain began to do something about all this activity: stimulated by the inflow of millions of pulses, it had only one choice: *change*. Within a matter of a few days, its neurons began to talk with each other. They fired off pulses to other neurons and sent pulses out to points unknown, and received yet more incoming pulses in response. With billions of pulses flying about, it began to resemble a river:

Whirr! Whoosh! Swish!

It was a river of electricity, and it was beginning to dominate the fetus. While the rest of the body was crucial to the development of the brain, it was the neural system that was coming to define what this little entity eventually would become. There was not yet anything recognizable as a *thought*, but already the arrangement of neurons in the brain, and the signals that sloshed around in it, were becoming unique. The trend was inexorable: left uninterrupted, this process inevitably would produce a unique *thing*, a one-of-a-kind, and of course, in this case, like all others, it did just that.

There was one aspect that already presaged this particular one-of-a-kind: it had a Y-chromosome in every one of its billions of cells. Inevitably, it would be *male*; it would become a man. No choice on that one.

Soon, the fetus was a little boy, and he probably looked like someone you knew. He had all the right parts: hands, ears, eyes, mouth ... and ... he moved! Of course, most of the time he *didn't* move—he appeared to do nothing at all. In fact, he was asleep. The concoction of chemicals in and around him effectively kept him deeply sedated. Mostly he slept. Most of what was happening was invisible.



But happening it was. As his brain grew, it became more and more special. There was not another just like it in the world. Patterns began to emerge:

...*→...←* ...←■ ...□→ ...⊙→...←⊙ ...□→...★→ ...←★...□→...

Granted, these patterns probably would make no sense to us, but clearly, they were beginning to be *something*. Just the fact that some of the patterns repeated could be taken as evidence that there was *something* to it. Not only were there patterns; there were also patterns of patterns. The boy slept almost all of the time, but now and then something triggered him to stir, and out came a flood of signals, longer and more complex than the last time. Some of the signals correlated with actions in the rest of his body. Plausibly they could actually mean something:

...movearm...movingarm... ...OK...moveeye...movingeye...scratch...scratching...OK...

The boy's brain was accumulating a vocabulary at a furious rate, and with it the ability to use it to send and receive messages. With every change, he became more and more distinct from every other boy in the world. Sure, in some ways, he was like every other boy, but his particular combination of parts determined that his particular signals to and from his brain were different from every other person that ever existed. April sped into May, then June and July, and then August, and September. The boy began to act like he wanted to get out. He kicked and stretched and fluttered and hiccupped. "Ow!" He was beginning to express his impatience. Mom and Dad had been through this before, so they knew what they were doing. Marvel thought the baby was becoming rather independent, and in a way, he was:

I'm done here. I have nothing to do. I'm leaving!

Labor commenced on schedule. The violence impressed the boy.

You only do this if you're really serious!

It seemed like an eternity, but eventually there was a sudden jolt, and he was out!

Wow, that's amazing!

Mom and Dad looked down at him: "*Who is he?*" they asked.

It was immediately obvious: "*Harry Taylor Sherman*" they said together.

"*Junior!*" they added.

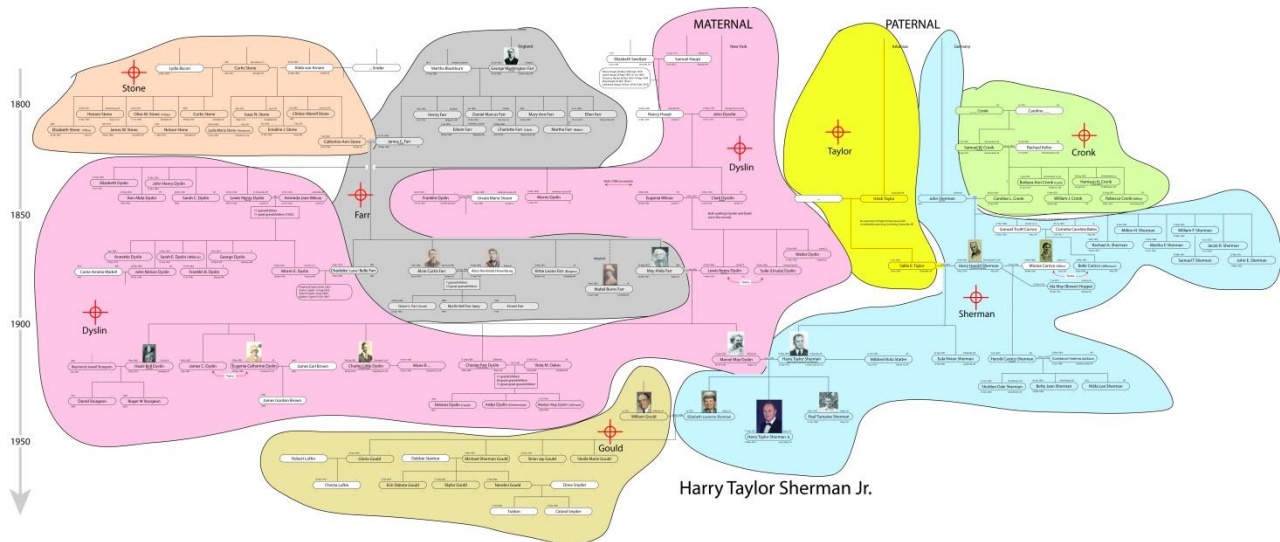
[See Notes: Enter Center p. 167]

01 HERITAGE 1800-1932

Everyone is related to everyone else

Couldn't resist...When I started putting this book together, the first thing I wanted to know about Harry was where he came from. That is, who were his immediate, and more distant, ancestors? To whom was he related? Who or what made him who he was? I visualized it as three tasks...

The first task was to find his immediate family, going back a few generations, and that was relatively easy. It only took a month or so. The process is fun and satisfying—it's discovery, somewhat like bringing dead people back to life. While this part was relatively easy, it was much more difficult to extend that family back beyond about four generations. Here is the full ancestral chart as I put it together, in all its glory. It's too small for you to read here, so I'll be extracting portions of it, and sometimes rearranging it to make it clearer.



Harry is embedded in the lower-middle of this diagram, in the largest (but still tiny) picture. Generally, I have painted paternal relatives blue and maternal relatives pink. There are three family names that lead to Harry: Dyslin, Taylor, and Sherman, but there are a bunch of other names that end when a wife adopts the husband's family name. This was true of "Dyslin," his mother's maiden name.

The obvious, but somewhat sad, aspect of a diagram like this is that every single person has a story that is probably as interesting as is Harry's. We could zoom in on almost any one of the participants in this chart and find a wonderfully diverse, perhaps even exceptional, story and make another book out of it. But to maintain discipline and complete this journey I will resist my urges to follow every scent and hint, like a foraging ant.

The second task resulted in a surprise: Harry was related to *everyone*. But then, so are you (I'll explain that in a bit). Here's the deal: You have two parents. Move back a generation and you double the number of ancestors (four grandparents). Another generation doubles that, and another doubles that again. Go back 20 generations, say to about 1500 AD, you could have more than a *million* ancestors, rivaling the entire population of the Earth. Some calculations show that any two people alive today had a common ancestor no more than 16 generations back, around the time the first Pilgrims were sailing for the New World. In other words, everyone (today) is "related" to everyone else (16th cousin or less). Another way to say this is that you and I, and Harry, are *cousins* (albeit up to 16th-removed). Naturally, this brings the present task within the *family*, and the whole enterprise becomes personal; Harry was a member of the family!

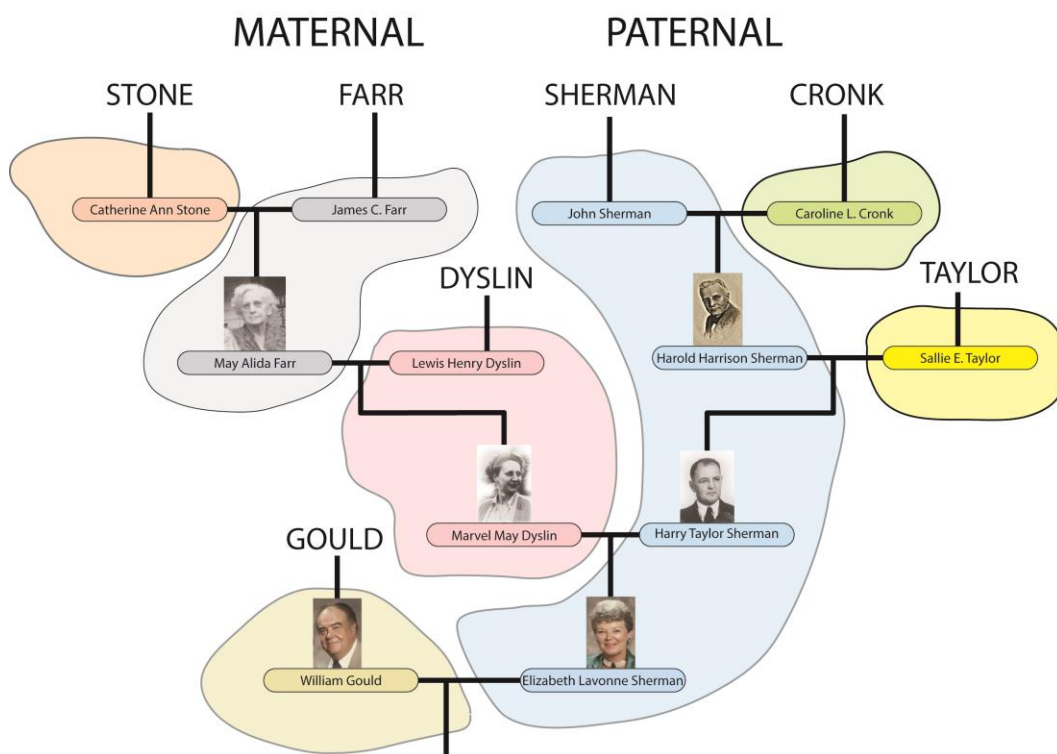
The third task was arguably the most interesting: What made Harry so? For this, you'll have to read the last chapter of this book ("Who was Harry Sherman?"). If you wish, you could skip to that now and save a lot of time wading through all the other stuff. But then, you'll miss a lot of really interesting things about Harry.

[See Notes: Everyone is related p. 167]

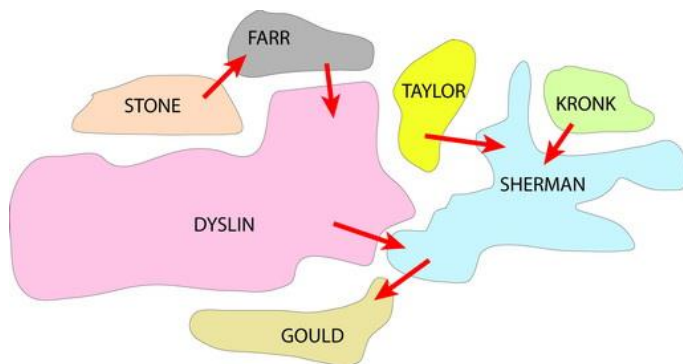
The Flow of Families

While organizing and understanding the families that led to Harry Sherman Jr., an unexpected pattern emerged: Family names seem to flow through narrow links between one family name and the next. The pattern is always the same: a woman marries a man with a different name and they have children, which results in the growth of a relatively large group of family members having the father's name (in patronymic societies; in matronymic societies, it would be reversed: the mother's name would grow into a group).

The specific individuals who form these critical links leading to HTS Jr. are shown in the following diagram. HTS Jr. himself is not shown in this diagram because he did not produce offspring; hence, he did not influence the flow of family names, whereas his sister Lavonne did so. In the following sections, we will put Harry in his proper place in the genealogical chart.



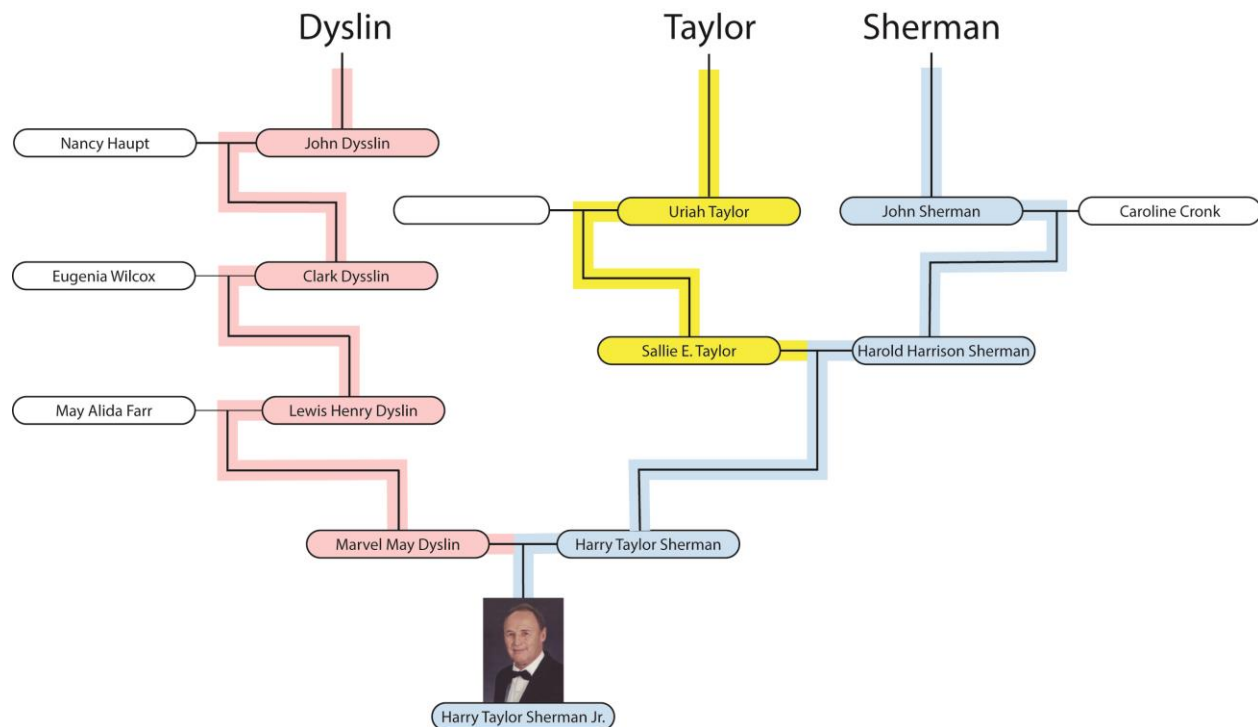
Generally, and almost exclusively, there is only one link between the groups, a critical pathway for the “flow” of family names. In the case of Harry Sherman Jr., the family names are Stone (12 persons), Farr (17), Dyslin (28), Cronk (7), Taylor (2), Sherman (18), and Gould (8). The following diagram was generated from the full genealogic chart (57 maternal, 36 paternal, 93 total) by collecting the persons of same family name. I discovered that almost exclusively the regions are connected by a single link (a marriage). By convention, in this diagram I have drawn an arrow from the wife to the husband, illustrating how the name flows “out of” the wife’s family name and “into” the husband’s family name.



[See Notes: Flow of Families p. 168]

How Harry got his name

Here is the segment of the chart that displays the pedigree of Harry's name. He was the product of three ancestral lines: Dysslin (later changed to Dyslin), Taylor, and Sherman. John Dysslin (b.1799) likely was the earliest born on this chart, probably predating John Sherman. Of these, I will have something more to say about both of Harry's grandfathers, and of course his parents, but very little else about the others. The reason is, of course, that I couldn't find much about the others.



Harry's paternal grandfather, Harold H. Sherman, and his wife Sallie E. Taylor, gave their son the name Harry Taylor Sherman. It is in fact rather common in certain societies (Scandinavia, for instance) to use the mother's maiden name as a middle name of a son, and we know that matrilineal societies date back to prehistory. In the U.S., this habit is more common in the South, not so far from the Midwest states of Arkansas and Virginia where the Taylors and Shermans lived.

In contrast, the Dysslins were from New York and Illinois. If they had also been from the South, we might be seeing names like Clark Haupt Dysslin and Lewis Wilcox Dyslin, which we don't. Interestingly, Harry's mother, Marvel May Dyslin, was given her middle name (May) from her mother. This is not uncommon in the U.S.; for people like me trying to trace ancestry, it's a nifty habit, providing confirmation of relationship.

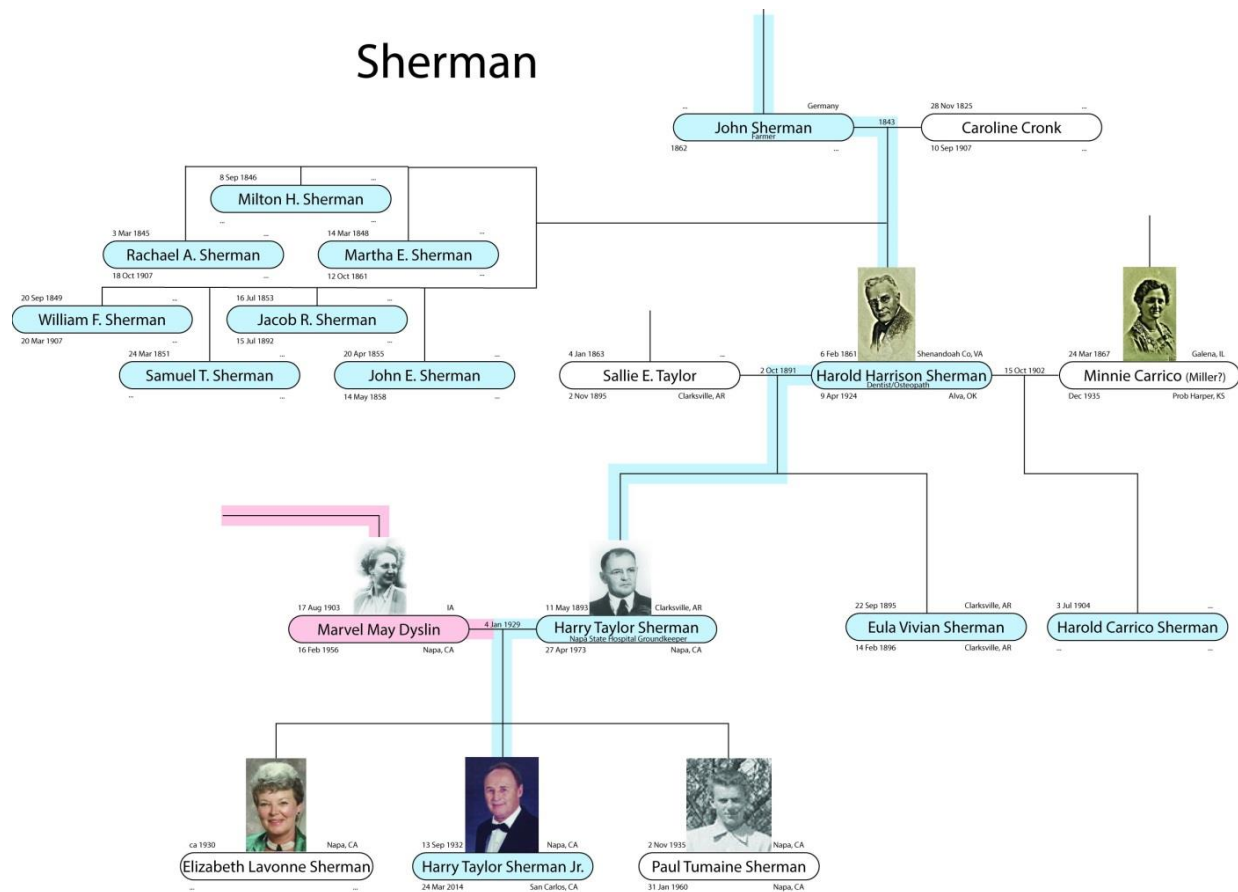
Harry's father was 10 years older than his mother. Both were born around the turn of the 20th Century, Harry before and Marvel after. They were married on 4 January 1929, eight months before the Great Depression began. The Wall Street crash occurred in October of that year, marking the beginning of a decade of high unemployment, poverty, low profits, deflation, plunging farm incomes, and lost opportunities for economic growth and personal advancement. The Shermans moved west to California.

Harry and Marvel gave their son his father's name. There might be many reasons why you would name your son after yourself: honored family tradition, social habit, quest for immortality, lack of imagination (among others). There are even more reasons to NOT give your name to your son. It's impossible to know now what moved Harry Sherman (Sr.) and his wife Marvel to apply Dad's name to the new baby boy, but moved they were. And so our Harry was saddled with "Jr.," one of those life-determining events over which we have no control, but which have over-arching influence over our lives.

[See Notes [Harry got his name](#) p. 166].

The Sherman Family

There were many more Shermans than shown in the previous chart. John Sherman was particularly productive, producing at least 8 children (6 boys and 2 girls), from 1845 to 1861, an average of one every two years. John came from Germany. We don't know when he was born, but he died in 1862. Here I resisted my urge to track more deeply into their lives, and just hope any vested interests won't feel too violated.



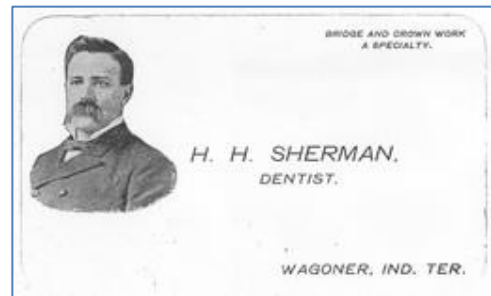
John Sherman's wife Caroline Cronk was born to a Virginia farmer, who had been a Hessian mercenary who fought for the British in the Revolutionary War. Apparently, she married John in 1843, and began producing children.

[See Notes Sherman Family p. 169]

The last of John's 8 children was Harold H. Sherman (b.1861), known to his peers and posterity as Harry H. Sherman and H. H. Sherman. He was perhaps the most prominent person on this chart, and I will have much more to say about him. I could find very little about the two wives of H. H. Sherman, Sallie Taylor and Minnie Carrico, or about his surviving child Harold Carrico Sherman. There is some evidence that Caroline Cronk married R. Sands Hart in the town of Tottenville, Staten Island (NY), on 19 Sep 1855, but the identification is not absolutely certain.

Dr. Harry H. Sherman, DDS, O. D.

Harry's paternal grandfather, Dr. Harry H. Sherman, was born in Virginia on 6 Feb 1861, a few short months before the onset of the Civil War. With the guidance of his uncle, Harrison Cronk, he became a dentist, and developed a thriving practice. His business card read: "BRIDGE AND CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY."



There is some ambiguity in H. H. Sherman's name. What did the middle "H" stand for? I reasoned as follows: His maternal uncle was Harrison Cronk, the brother of his mother Caroline (Cronk) Sherman. Dr. Harry H. Sherman must have been rather close to his uncle, since he learned dentistry from him. Therefore, it's not unreasonable that Dr. Harry H. Sherman's given name was Harold Harrison Sherman, and he was known to everyone as "Harry."

In 1891, he married Sallie E. Taylor, daughter of the prominent judge Uriah Taylor. Soon they had two children, a son Harry Taylor Sherman [Sr.] (who lived to age 80) and a daughter Eula Vivian Sherman. Sallie died in 1895, two months after Eula was born, and Eula herself succumbed 3 months after that. The Clarksville Council appointed a committee to write a motion on Sallie's passing:

Tribute of Respect

Whereas on the 2nd day of November 1895 it pleased The Devine Ruler to call Our Beloved Companion Sallie E. Sherman: We as a committee appointed at a regular meeting of the Clarksville Council NO. 1287 – A L of H. Present the following resolutions.

Resolved that by her kindness and many virtues she has endeared herself to this Council of which she was a constant member.

Resolved that we extend to the Grief Stricken Family our heartfelt Sympathy. And commend them to him who doeth all things well.

That in her death we have lost our Esteemed Friend and Companion; and her Aged Parents a dutiful daughter and her husband a devoted wife.

That these resolutions be inscribed in Our Minute Book also a page set apart to her memory; And Our Charter be draped in mourning for 30 days. That a Copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the Deceased and a copy to the Herald Journal for Publication. Signed: Rebecca Harris/C. E. Robertson; Sallie A Black

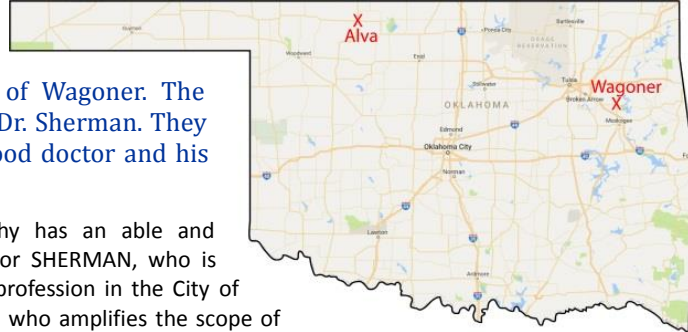
The business card gave Dr. Sherman's location as "WAGONER, IND. TER.," which referred to Wagoner County, Oklahoma. Wagoner was the first city incorporated in Indian Territory (on 4 Jan 1896). Why did H. H. Sherman take up residence in Wagoner? This was 2 months after his wife Sallie Taylor died, and 1 month before his daughter Eula Vivian Sherman died. Clearly, he was working in Indian Territory when he had the card printed, but he was from Clarksville, Arkansas, where both of his children were born. Could it be that because of the tragic loss of his wife and daughter, he left Clarkesville and went into the "Indian Territory" to practice dentistry?

In 1898 Dr. H. H. Sherman, dentist, moved to Chicago to get a re-education in one of a variety of pseudo-medical disciplines that were springing up. He graduated from the National School of Osteopathy in 1900.

What, you might ask, is "Osteopathy"? Osteopathy is a type of alternative medicine and pseudo-medicine that emphasizes massage and other physical manipulation of muscle tissue and bones. The practice of osteopathy began in the United States in 1874. The term "osteopathy" was coined by physician and surgeon Andrew Taylor Still. Unfortunately, it never moved into the realm of legitimate medical science, but is listed together with such practices as acupuncture, animism, anthroposophic medicine (look that one up!), anti-fluoridation, chiropractic, homeopathy, humorism (look that one up too!), mesmerism (animal magnetism), mind-body intervention, naturopathy, orgone, parapsychology, phrenology, radionics, and vitalism. There's a cornucopia of weird and freakish theories and practices in this list. Take animism, which perceives all

things—animals, plants, rocks, rivers, weather systems, human handiwork and perhaps even words—as animated and alive. Or orgone, which posits “a massless, omnipresent substance, similar to a luminiferous aether, but more closely associated with living energy than with inert matter. It could allegedly coalesce to create organization on all scales, from the smallest microscopic units—called ‘bions’—to macroscopic structures like organisms, clouds, or even galaxies [Wikipedia].

After graduation from Chicago, he returned to Oklahoma, but this time to Alva, near the middle of the northern border with Kansas, about a hundred miles west of Wagoner. The citizens of Alva were clearly impressed with Dr. Sherman. They published the following description of the good doctor and his family:



The beneficent system of osteopathy has an able and effective exponent in the person of Doctor SHERMAN, who is engaged in the successful practice of his profession in the City of Alva, judicial center of Woods County, and who amplifies the scope of his service by availing himself of the most approved devices and methods pertaining to the therapeutic values of electricity. Fortified by thorough preliminary study and scientific training and imbued with ambition and high professional ideals, he has made of success not an accident but a logical result; so that he is numbered among the prominent and representative figures in osteopathic practice in the state of his adoption.

Doctor Sherman was not yet one year old at the time of his father's death, and he was reared to adult age under the sturdy discipline of the farm, and his early educational advantages were those afforded in the public schools of his native state. When but twelve years he began the study of dentistry under the preceptorship of his maternal uncle, Dr. Harrison Cronk, and after acquiring due practical knowledge and skill, he followed the dental profession in an itinerant way for six years, principally in Virginia. For twelve years he continued in active practice as a dentist, and his service along this line was given first in Virginia, later in Indiana and finally in Oklahoma.

Doctor Sherman ... has been engaged in the practice of his profession at Alva, Oklahoma, where he has gained a substantial and appreciative clientage of representative order.

Doctor Sherman is essentially progressive and loyal as a citizen and has been an active and influential worker in behalf of the cause of the Democratic Party. In 1906, he was elected a member of the city council of Alva, and that his two years' service in this office met with unequivocal popular approval is clearly indicated by the fact that he was not permitted to retire from municipal service, but was, in 1908, elected mayor of the city. As chief executive he gave a most careful, progressive and effective administration of the municipal government and instituted the first practical measures of such important public improvements as street paving and the providing of adequate water, sewerage and lighting systems, his regime as mayor having covered a term of two years. He has served as chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Woods County and is at the present time an influential member of the Democratic State Central Committee of Oklahoma. In the time-honored Masonic fraternity, he has received the thirty-second degree of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, and he is affiliated also with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias.

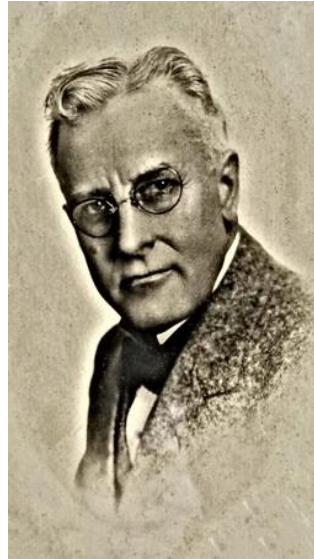
[“Transcribed by Charmaine Keith, December 7, 1998.” There are some errors in this document.]

In 1902, after considerable changes in his life, widower Dr. H. H. Sherman married Minnie Carrico, and two years later they had a son, Harold Carrico Sherman, whom they named following the same formula of using the mother's maiden name as the son's middle name. The handsome portraits on the next page are Minnie and Harold Sherman. The sister of our Harry Sherman [Jr.], Elizabeth Lavonne Gould, lives in North Carolina, and has long possessed the portraits, which were probably taken around 1910.

[See Notes: Dr. H H Sherman p. 169]



Minnie Carrico Sherman



Harold Harrison Sherman

It became a bit of forensic imperative to determine whether the person on the business card of Dr. H. H. Sherman was the same as the person in the portrait held by Lavonne Gould. With the help of Photoshop, I generated versions of the portraits that could be compared point-by-point. I even added a pair of glasses on the earlier portrait. The two portraits are shown here (left and middle). The dates are approximate.

(L to R) Dr. H. H. Sherman, Osteopath (1910); Dr. H. H. Sherman, Dentist (1890); Harry Taylor Sherman Jr. (2005)



The similarity of the portraits of Dr. H. H. Sherman as Osteopath and as Dentist is striking. Compare the eyes especially, and the left ears. The hairline, left cheek, right ear tip, and especially the nose agree almost exactly. The general shapes of the faces are very similar. In the middle portrait, the moustache obscures the mouth, but there, too, is general agreement. My conclusion was that we have perhaps 8 features that agree within a less than ten percent ($1/10$). The probability of misidentification is therefore much less than $(1/10)^8$, i.e., less than one in ten million. We can rest assured—the two portraits are the same man,

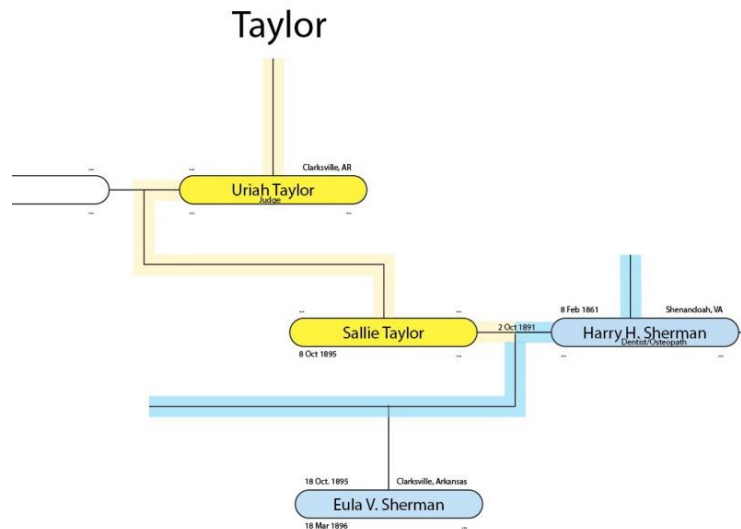
Now compare our own Harry Sherman Jr. (right-hand portrait) with the portraits of Dr. H. H. Sherman. The eyes, hairline, left cheek, chin, nose and nasolabial folds (the large folds that run from the nostril downward and outward toward the edge of the mouth) are startlingly similar. It should not be difficult to convince yourself that the man on the right is descended from the man at left and center. Indeed, I am absolutely sure that our Harry is the grandson of Dr. H. H. Sherman, as the genealogical record indicates.

Surprisingly, Dr. H. H. Sherman married for a third time, on Christmas Day, 1919, to Ida May (Bower) Hopper. I could not discover what happened to Minnie Carrico (Miller)(Sherman).

The Taylor Family

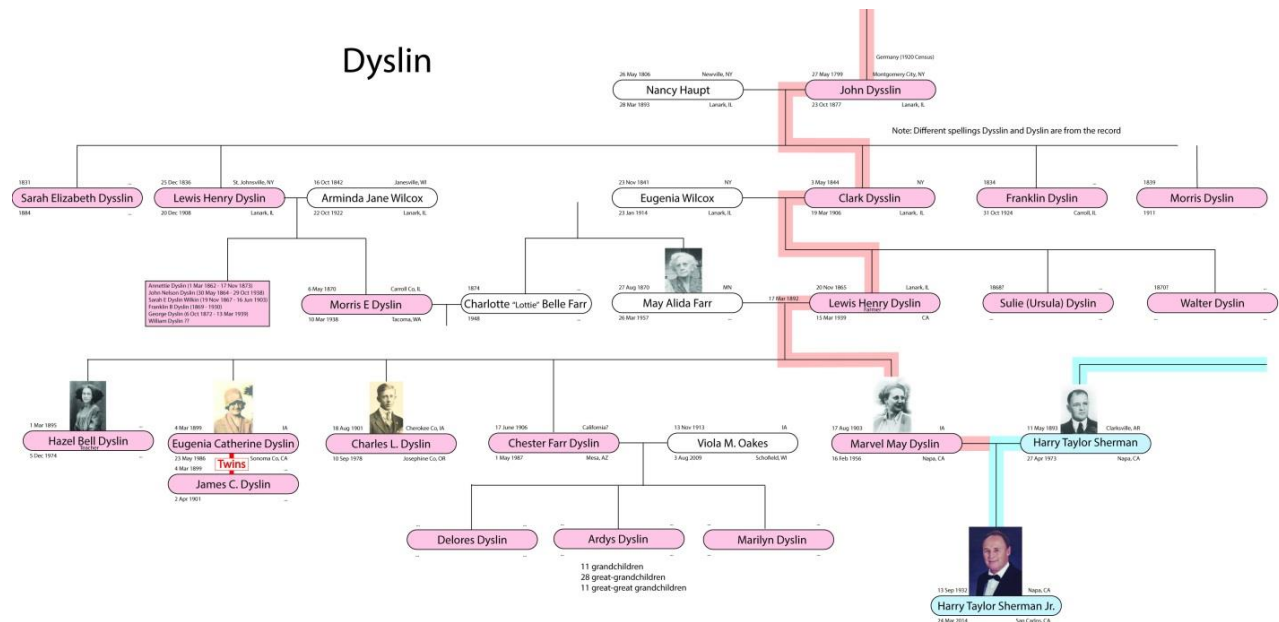
This was a tough one. I could find only one reference to the Taylor family related to the Sherman Family, and all it said was that Sallie E. Taylor was the daughter of Uriah Taylor, a well-known judge in Clarksville, AR.

Some of the efforts to trace this family are referenced here: [\[See Taylor Family p. 170\]](#)



The Dyslin (Dysslins) Family

In contrast to the Taylors, the Dyslin Family has been diligent in recording their origins (births) and insertions (deaths). I found so many Dyslins (and Dysslins) that I sometimes had to put a group of them in a box, rather than give each one its own stadium. [\[See Notes: Dyslin Family p. 170\]](#).



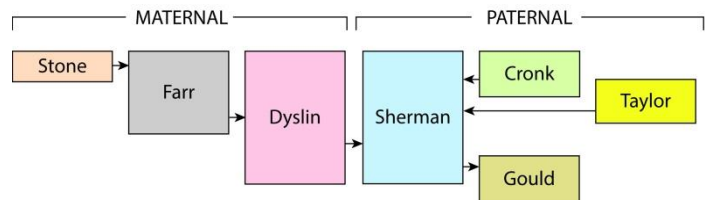
Harry's brother-in-law Bill Gould, provided the first introduction to the Dyslins:

The Dyslins originated in Holland. Grandmother Dyslin traveled by wagon train from New York to Iowa. I asked her if the Indians bothered the wagon train. She said the Indians were no problem, the only discomfort was when it rained, and the people packed inside were drenched from their bodies pressed against the canvas coverings, causing leaking.

Here are some of the things I learned about some of the Dyslins:

First, there are two spellings in the records: Dysslin and Dyslin. Apparently, both are correct. It looks like the family simply dropped an "s" to become Dyslin. However, nothing definitive was found on this point.

Second, the Dyslins are all on the maternal side of the ancestral chart. They mixed with the Stone and Farr Families, while on the paternal side the Shermans mixed with the Taylor and Cronk Families. By blocking out the family names on the full ancestral chart, we can generate a diagram that shows which families mixed. Clearly, the Dyslins interacted with the Farr and Sherman families, but not with the Stone, Taylor, or Cronk families.



An interesting fact is that there were two women named Wilcox who married two Dyslin men: Arminda Jane Wilcox (1842-1922) married Lewis Henry Dyslin (1836-1908) and Eugenia Wilcox (1844-1906) married Clark Dysslin (1841-1914). Arminda bore 7 children. Eugenia bore 3 children, one of whom was named Lewis Henry Dyslin, presumably after Arminda's husband. I could not determine whether the Wilcox girls were related, or whether their common last name was a coincidence. If they were two sisters marrying two brothers, it raises a bunch of fascinating questions, such as "What is the relationship between the children of the two couples?"

[See Notes: Cousins p. 171].

Obituaries in those days pulled out all the stops, giving us vivid details of their last days:

LEWIS HENRY DYSLIN was born at St. Johnsville, Herkimer County, N. Y., December 25, 1836, and died at his residence in Freedom township, Carroll county, Illinois, Dec. 19, 1908, aged 71 years, 11 months and 24 days. Mr. Dyslin moved from New York to Carroll County in 1864, and continued to live on the farm that he first settled upon when coming to the state, up to his death. Lewis H. Dyslin was a friend of everybody. No one ever made a request of him in any way that he did not endeavor to fulfill and many times at his own inconvenience. Always a kind word to everyone, a loving father, and a devoted husband. He was one of a family of six children, four who still survive him. ... He was taken sick ... but improved at times so much that his many friends thought that he would entirely recover, but ... he had a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered and continued to linger along. For 25 days prior to his death, not a morsel of food did he take; not a drop of water passed his lips for 8 days before his death. What he suffered no one can express, not a murmur of a complaint was overheard from him. ... He wrestled nobly with the weariness and trials of our being smiling on, while poison mingled with his springs of life, and wearing a calm brow, while on his heart anguish was visited ... until at last the agony of thought grew insupportable and madness came darkly upon him and the sufferer died.

ARMINDA JANE (WILCOX) DYSLIN was born at Janesville, Wisconsin October 16, 1842 and died at Fairmont, MN October 22, 1922 at the age of 80 years and 6 days. When she was still a little girl, the family moved to Little Falls, New York. There she grew to womanhood and was married to Lewis H. Dyslin. In 1864, they moved to Illinois, locating in what is known as Dyslin Valley. Here her entire life was spent and here were born the seven children who came to bless their home. At her death, she has 17 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren who will cherish the memory of a kind and loving grandmother. Mrs. Dyslin had a bad fall on April 30 while carrying May baskets to her little great-grandchildren. She never recovered from this fall sufficiently to go without crutches, and about two weeks ago, she had another fall which necessitated her going to bed. She grew weaker from this time and peacefully slept away on the morning of October 22. Her life was a living epistle to all who knew her of her faith in the Savior. To know her was to love her.

Ursula Dyslin was the apparent namesake of a niece, Sulie (Ursula) Dyslin (1844-1906). Even a cursory inspection of the ancestral chart shows how often names were passed down to later generations. Her obituary contains details of her demise.

URSULA M. (SISSON) DYSLIN was born September 13, 1838, at Little Falls, Herkimer County, New York. She was married January 10, 1856, to Frank Dyslin, and spent forty-four years of married life with him. She died, Wednesday, January 3, 1900, her age being 61 years, 3 months and 10 days. Mrs. Dyslin had been a sufferer from that dread foe of life, cancer, for about two years. On December 19, 1898, she underwent an operation in a Chicago hospital which prolonged her life and eased her suffering for the period of one year and three weeks. She was a lovely Christian character and always took the greatest interest in the Sunday School of the Methodist Church, which she claimed as her spiritual home.

Probably the most prominent Dyslin in the large family of Dyslins was Lewis H. Dyslin, Harry's maternal grandfather. Here is a description of him ca. 1914:

LEWIS HENRY DYSLIN, a progressive and prosperous farmer of Cherokee County, owning one hundred acres of land on section 11, Pitcher Township, was born near Lanark, Carroll County, Illinois, on November 20, 1865. He is a son of Clark and Eugenia (Wilcox) Dyslin, natives of New York State, who moved to Illinois in 1864 and settled in Carroll County, near Lanark. There the father engaged in agricultural pursuits for many years, retiring from active life in 1903. Thereafter he made his home in Lanark until the death of his wife in 1906.

L. H. Dyslin remained at home until he was twenty-one years of age and then moved to Iowa, settling in Cherokee county, where he worked as a farm laborer for four years. At the end of that time, he rented land and in 1895 purchased one hundred acres lying on section 11, Pitcher Township. This is a highly improved farm, well equipped in every particular, and reflects everywhere the care and supervision which the owner bestows upon it.

On March 17, 1892, Mr. Dyslin married Miss May Farr, a native of Minnesota and a daughter of James Farr, who came to Iowa in 1881, passing away in this state. In his family were four children. Mr. and Mrs. Dyslin became the parents of six children.

The Dyslins are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Dyslin gives his political allegiance to the Republican Party and has served as a member of the school board, although he is not active as an office seeker. He has filled all of the chairs in the local lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and is well known in the affairs of that organization. A man of industry, enterprise and sagacity, he has carefully managed his business interests, so that he is today one of the leading agriculturists of Cherokee county.

To this was added in his obituary of 15 March 1939:

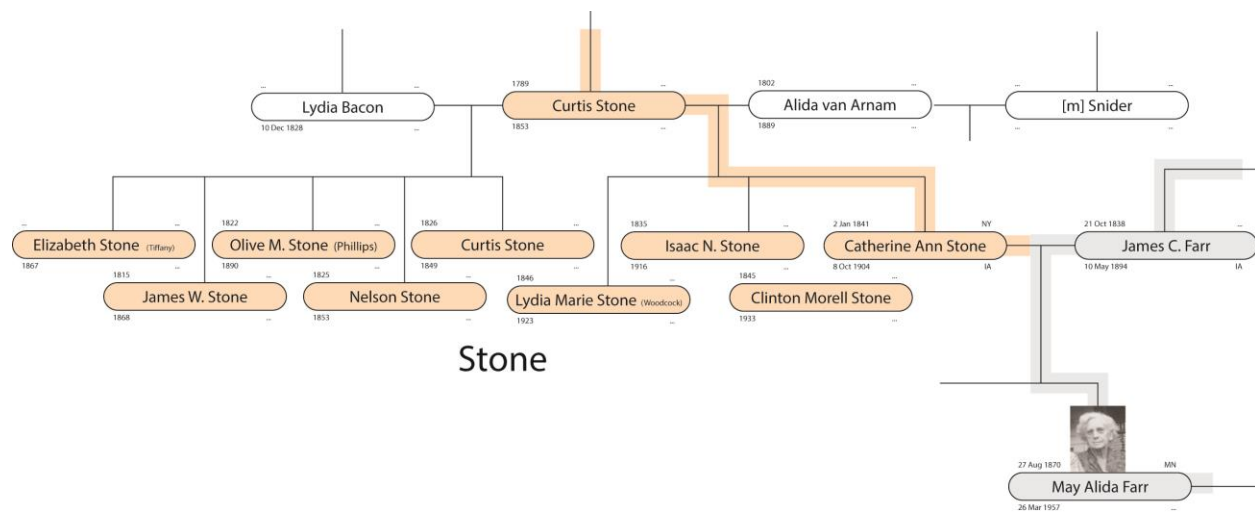
He was a true Christian, a loving husband and father, and a kind neighbor and friend. To know him was to honor and respect him. He leaves to mourn his departure his grief-stricken wife, five children, and twelve grandchildren, and a host of friends.

As testament to the prominence of the Dyslin Family, about 80 miles west of Chicago there is a topographic feature called Dyslin Valley, now apparently lying in the middle of the Lake Carroll, which is a reservoir created by a dam on the west side. There are lots of folk songs about various villages that were drowned when the government created a lake, and Dyslin Valley appears to be one such.

There were a lot of Dyslins in Cherokee County, Iowa, and there are a lot of them buried there. In Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Aurelia, there are no less than 18 Dyslins, including Harry's grandfather Lewis Henry Dyslin (1865-1939) and grandmother May Alida (Farr) Dyslin(1870-1957), and lots of possibly unrelated Dyslins.

[\[http://iagenweb.org/cherokee/records/cemetery/cemeteries/pleasanthill_d-g.html\]](http://iagenweb.org/cherokee/records/cemetery/cemeteries/pleasanthill_d-g.html).

The Stone Family



We have only fragmentary records of the Stone family, to a great extent only the records carved on gravestones. The earliest record I could find in the Stone family was Curtis Stone (1789-1853). His life spanned the period from the inauguration of George Washington as the 1st U.S. President to the inauguration of Franklin Pierce as the 14th. The same year Curtis was born, 1789, Fletcher Christian led the mutiny on the Bounty, the French Revolution began, and Thanksgiving Day was established as a U.S. national holiday.

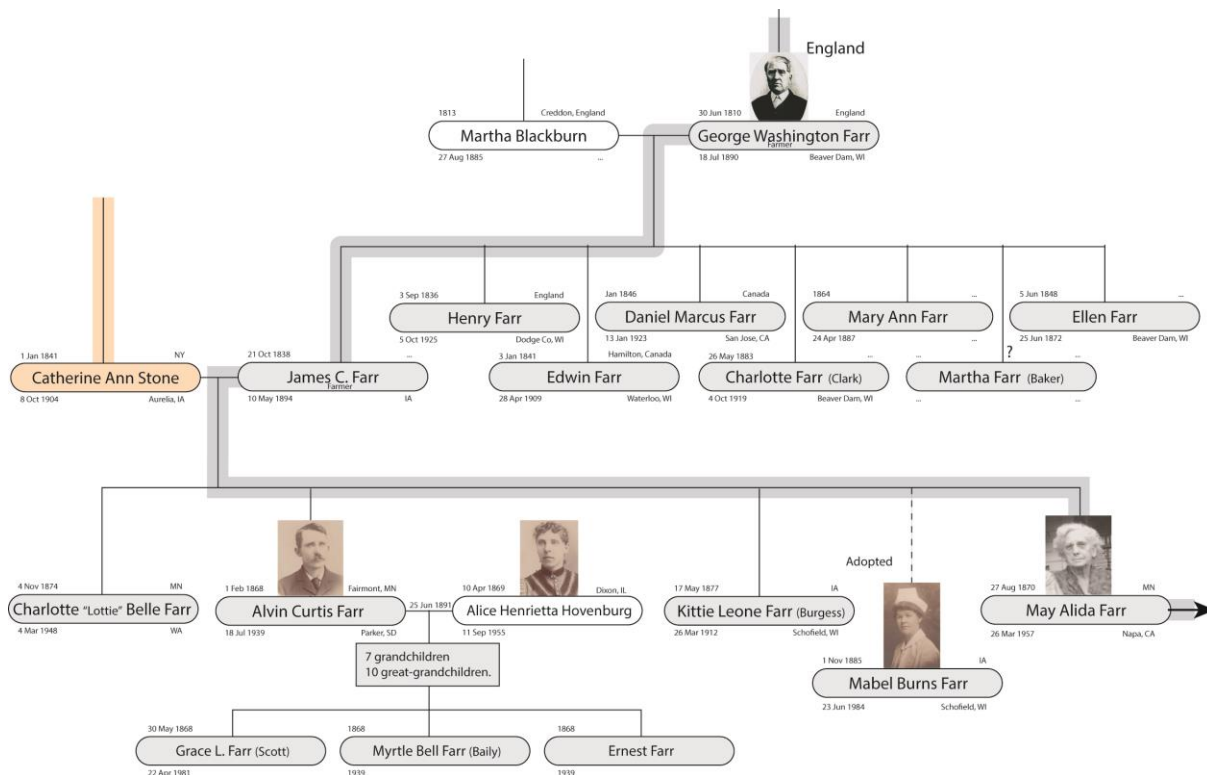
An event that was ultimately to be important in the life of HTS Jr. happened the same year Curtis Stone died: On 20 Oct 1853, George Davidson, returning from a survey expedition to Alaska, accidentally discovered a rocky bank in the Pacific Ocean 20 miles off the northern California coast. After a lot of maneuvering by Davidson to have it named after himself, it was ultimately named Cordell Bank to honor the exceptional hydrographer Edward Cordell. More than 120 years later, HTS Jr. would log 23 scuba dives on Cordell Bank, more than any other person before or since. The Cordell exploration was so important in Harry's life I will later devote considerable space to describing it.

ALIDA (VAN ARNAM) STONE (SNIDER) was born in 1802 and died in 1889. She was the wife of Curtis Stone, and bore him 4 children to add to the 5 children he already had by his first wife Lydia Bacon (who died 1828). They named a daughter Lydia in honor of Curtis' deceased wife. In turn another daughter (Catherine Ann Stone Farr) gave the name Alida to her daughter, who eventually became the grandmother of HTS Jr. Alida survived Curtis by 46 years, during which time she married a man named Snider.

CATHERINE ANN (STONE) FARR (the great-grandmother of HTS Jr.) was born in Lewis County, NY (date unknown), and died on 8 Oct 1904 in Auralia, Cherokee County, IA, at the age of 63 years, 9 months. She is one of the links in the flow of family names from Stone→Farr→Dyslin→Sherman. She is buried in Diamond Cemetery, Cherokee County, IA.

[FindAGrave Memorial# 66141161Taylor Family]

The Farr Family



The Farr families were rather busy producing children. George Washington Farr and his wife Martha Blackburn produced 8 children, and a gaggle of descendants through which flowed the maternal path to our guy Harry Sherman Jr. Thus, George Washington Farr was the great-great-grandfather of HTS Jr, or if you prefer, his PPMM (paternal-paternal-maternal-maternal) grandparent. [See Notes: Farr Family p. 171]

Of course, there are a lot of members of this ancestral group who are missing from the records. These could be listed as MMMM, MMMP, MMPM, etc. If we include N generations, the total number of potential ancestors is 2^N . These number go up furiously: 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, Go back 10 generations (to around 1800) and we have 1024 ancestors; back 20 generations (around 1600) and it's more than a million. Of course, if we really wanted to fill out the chart, we would have to take into account special and weird cases, such as a father having a child with his daughter (did that ever happen?). In a case like that, the generations would be ambiguous. But back to the Farr family ... we know a bit about three family members.

JAMES C. FARR (HTS Jr. great-grandfather) was born at Alderman Plains, Canada on 21 Oct 1838 and died 10 May 1894, aged 55 years, 6 months, 19 days.

His parents were born near London and married there. They came to this continent and settled in Canada in 1834, and in 1840 came to the United States and settled in Dodge County, Wisconsin. There they took out Government land, and resided for many years on the place originally settled near Beaver Dam.

In 1860, when he was twenty-two years old, he enlisted in the Illinois Volunteer Infantry and later in the Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, mustered in at Milwaukee in the fall of 1862. His service continued until the close of the war when he was discharged at Mobile, Alabama, 4 Sep 1865. He took part in the battles of Magnolia Church, Raymond, Champion Hill, Vicksburg, and Jackson. He held the position of Sergeant under First Lieutenant Clark S. Gilbert. Altogether, he was in the service for three years, but the most of that time he was kept at Carroll, Illinois. The Government has rewarded his services during the late Civil War by paying him a pension of \$8 per month.

Farr married Catherine Ann Stone, and they settled in Martin County, Minnesota, where they remained until 1880, when they removed to Iowa and settled in Diamond Township, Cherokee County, where they came to own a farm of 160 acres of finely located, well improved land. Mr. Farr is a member of the Masonic fraternity. In politics, he supports the issues of the Republican Party.

MAY ALIDA FARR DYSLIN was born on 27 Aug 1870 in Minnesota, and died 26 Mar 1957 in Napa, CA. In 1892, she married Louis Henry Dyslin and bore him 6 children. After her husband died in 1939, May lived with her daughter Marvel May Dyslin and her husband Harry Taylor Sherman [Sr.]. Their second child was HTS Jr., the hero of this story.

MABEL BURNS FARR was born on 1 Nov 1885 in Iowa and died on 23 Jun 1984 in Schofield, WI. She was the daughter of John & [??] (Jensen) Burns. When she was but 2 years old, her mother died, and she was raised by neighbors James C. Farr and his wife Catharine (Stone) Farr on a farm south of Aurelia, Iowa.

Mabel was an Army nurse in World War I and traveled to Europe on a submarine. After the war, she lived in Minneapolis for a few years and then settled in Glendale, California.

She was known in the family as "Aunt Mabel."

Bill Gould and his wife Lavonne (sister of HTS Jr.) knew Aunt Mabel personally as a member of the extended family. Bill provided these recollections:

I remembered Farr as a never-married, retired nurse who the family referred to as "Aunt Mabel." It was my recollection that she was declared to have been an adopted child. Lavonne only remembers her as a friend of her mother [May Alida Dyslin]. However, I remember one of the visits from her home in Pasadena, I

believe, that illustrates her problem and more to the point that of HTS Sr. Mabel was a very prudish, religiously influenced, and somewhat intolerant critic of HTS Sr.'s drinking habits. On one visit I observed Aunt Mabel peeking under the towel in the kitchen drawer, seeing a bottle of whiskey, and standing there shaking her head and mumbling over and over: "Poor children, poor children." Since none of the "poor children" lived at home or were under the age of consent at the time, it perfectly illustrated Mabel's problem with accepting life outside of her relatively cloistered existence. I had to restrain myself from laughing out loud.

Aunt Mabel is central to the Harry Taylor Sherman Jr. story because it is possible that she was the one who brought together Harry's parents Marvel May Dyslin and Harry Taylor Sherman [Sr.]. In some sense, she was the "creator" of HTS Jr. How this came about is a delightful story, which was related to me in its entirety by Harry's brother-in-law, Bill Gould. I will present this story in the next chapter, , paraphrased from Bill's own words.

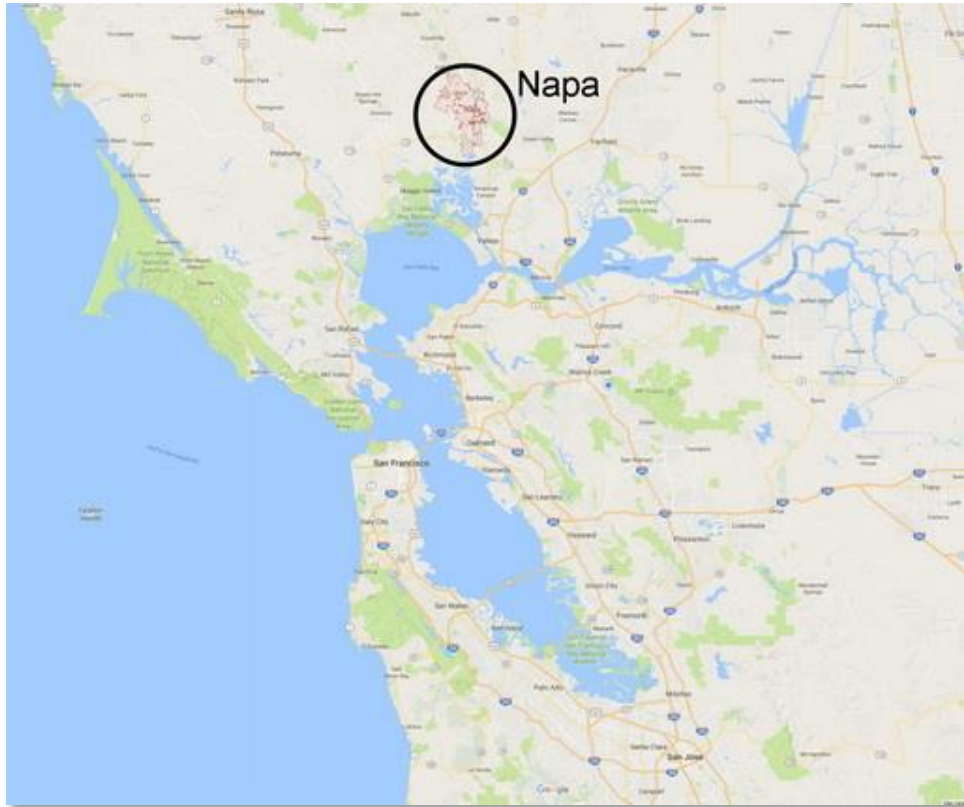
[See section on grave of Mabel Burns Farr]



May Alida Farr Dyslin with her daughter Marvel May Dyslin Sherman (HTS Jr.'s mother). About 1950.



Mabel Burns Farr ("Aunt Mabel")



[Photo Credit: <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=8378030>]

02 CHILDHOOD 1932-1945

Napa and the Napa Valley



Harry was a child of Napa, the city and the county. He was there during the first twenty-plus years of his life, so we can be sure that the environs made its imprint. Therefore, it's worthwhile getting at least a minimal picture of the place. I have visited Napa many times and so I have a sense for its culture, and I can tell you that it's a place you would want to grow up. But maybe we should include some of its history and civic framework, just to put Harry in his proper place. Much of what I present in the rest of this section I learned from Wikipedia (as usual!).

The Napa Valley is ringed by mountains on three sides and San Francisco Bay on the South. It slopes toward the north from sea level to not quite 400 ft. elevation. The soil in the southern end of the valley consists mainly of sediments deposited by earlier advances and retreats of San Pablo Bay, while the soil at the northern end of the valley contains a large volume of volcanic lava and ash. The geographical structure and location of the valley makes it attractive on numerous accounts, including beauty, climate, and fecundity. The valley has a total area of about 700 sq. mi, of which 40 sq. mi, is water.

In prehistoric times, the valley was inhabited by Native Americans. Most villages are thought to have been constructed near the floodplains of watercourses that drained the valley. Their food consisted of wild roots, acorns, small animals, earthworms, grasshoppers, and bread made from crushed California buckeye kernels. In winter, they would construct huts made of tree branches. In summer, they camped near rivers and streams. In winter months, they were half clad in wild animal skins and at other times they wore no clothing. The maximum prehistoric population was probably 5000 persons.

The name "Napa" probably was derived from the name given to a southern Nappan village whose native people shared the area with elk, deer, grizzlies, and cougars for many centuries. As Europeans moved into the area, Spanish priests converted some natives to Catholicism; the rest were attacked and dispersed by Spanish soldiers. American farmers began arriving in the 1830s. Russians from Sonoma County's Fort Ross grazed cattle and sheep in the Napa Valley in the early 19th century. During the era between 1836 and 1846, California was a province of independent Mexico. George C. Yount built the first log house in California, a sawmill, and a grain mill, but he is most famous for being the first person to plant a vineyard in the county.

The county's population began to grow in the mid-century as pioneers, prospectors, and entrepreneurs moved in and set up residence. During this period, settlers primarily raised cattle and farmed grain and fruit crops. The Town of Napa was founded in 1847. Napa's first building was a saloon. Other small temporary buildings began to appear in the fall of 1848, many made of canvas or Napa Valley lumber. The first steamboat navigated the Napa River from San Francisco in 1850, and a series of steamboats connected Napa with San Francisco between 1850 and 1870. The Napa Valley Railroad appeared in the 1860s. By 1854 the town had forty buildings, mostly primitive and made of wood. The streets were still dirt. The *Napa Register* appeared in 1856 and still serves the community. As California prepared for statehood, Napa was one of its first counties. By 1870, the Native American population consisted of only a few laborers and servants working for the white settlers.

[Photo Credit: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Napa_Valley_AVA]

Harry's Napa

Two phrases capture a lot of what Napa is about: the grapevines and wine, and the Napa State Hospital. Born into the Napa of 1932, Harry was impacted, if not dominantly formed, by these forces and possibly others. A little more history...

In the middle of the 19th century, a severe blight destroyed many of the vineyards in France and laid waste to her wine industry. It was caused by an aphid or root louse called *Phylloxera* that originated in North America. It attacks the roots of vines, which causes dry leaves, a reduced yield of fruit, and ultimately the death of the plant. Not only did it destroy a large fraction of the U.S. grape crops, it was carried across the Atlantic where it destroyed almost the entire wine industry of France and other parts of Europe. Eventually, it was found that the European vines could be grafted to the American rootstock that were not susceptible to the *Phylloxera*, and the industry began to recover.

Recovery of the California vineyards was slow and painful, but successful. By the end of the 1900s, Vineyards had been planted on well over 90% of the agricultural land in the county, and farmers had planted over 500,000 fruit and nut trees, especially prunes and pears. Then, in the 1890s, *Phylloxera* hit the Napa Valley again, killing over 80 percent of the grapevines. If that weren't enough, prohibition went into effect in 1920, and over the next 13 years, most of the wineries that managed to survive *Phylloxera* closed down. Thousands of vineyard workers found themselves unemployed and found jobs elsewhere.

One "elsewhere" was the Napa State Hospital (NSH). As recounted in her 2014 book *Napa State Hospital*, Patricia Prestinary explains:

Napa, because of its natural beauty and optimal conditions for "moral treatment," was chosen as the second site for a state hospital to ease overcrowding in the Stockton Asylum. When the fully self-sustaining Napa Asylum opened in 1875, it quickly filled to capacity and became home to many people suffering from mental illness, alcoholism, grief, and depression. In 1924, Napa Asylum was renamed Napa State Hospital [NSH] to reflect changes in the medical model and treatments for psychiatric patients. ...

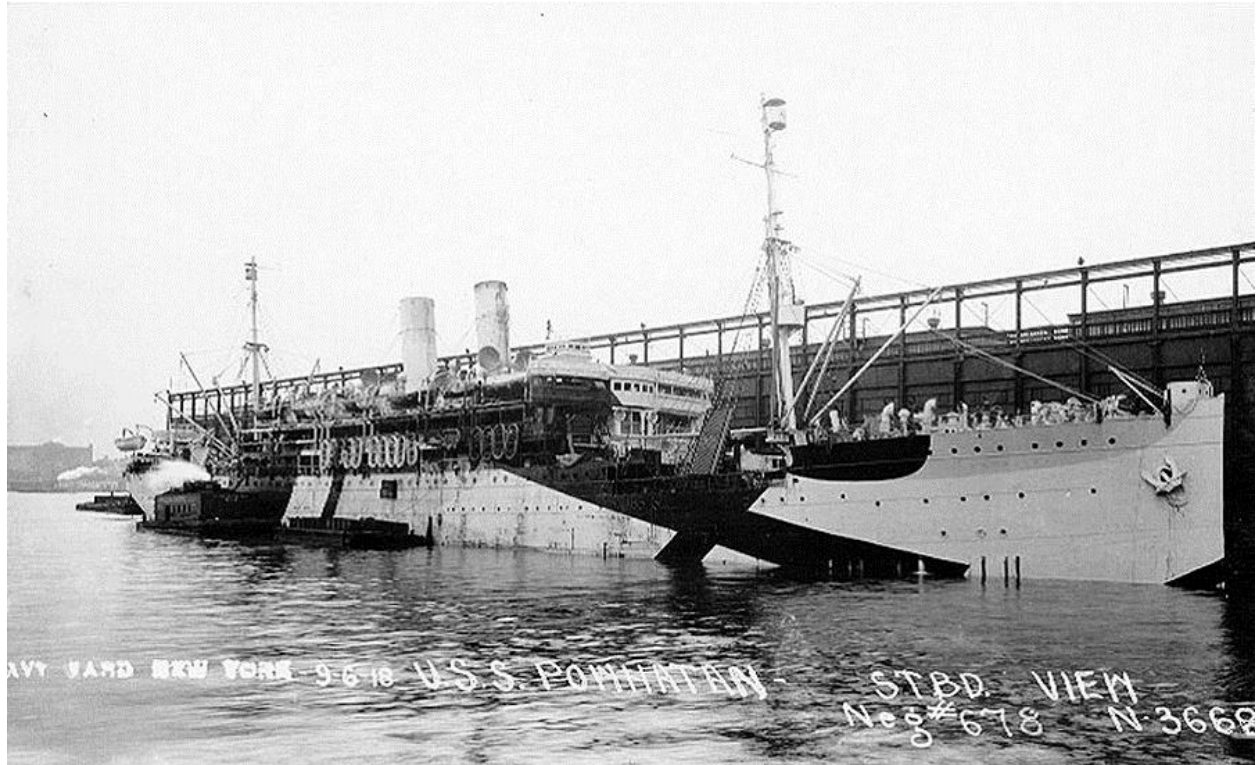
The Hospital now has about 2500 employees, one of the major employers in Napa County. It accepts patients who are judged "Not guilty by reason of insanity, incompetent to stand trial, or mentally disordered." Known locally as Imola, this beautiful site became an integral part of the community. It was once self-sufficient, with its own dairy and poultry ranches, vegetable gardens, orchards and other farming operations. From the earliest days of the NSH, it was necessary to have a staff to maintain the grounds, i.e., "groundskeepers." Originally a simple concept, it grew to include tasks such as the following: "[The groundskeeper] plants, cultivates, waters, and sprays ornamental plants, shrubs, hedges, trees, and flowers, and propagates cuttings; ... rakes leaves, hoes weeds, and performs general grounds maintenance work; prepares and treats soils for planting; and spades and fertilizes flower beds and sets out plants; ... keeps greenhouses and other buildings in repair and free from diseases and pests; ... maintains hoses, tools, supplies, and equipment in proper condition and repair; trims trees, hedges, and shrubs and erects tree supports;" This is the job Harry's father got. It was only a half-block from his home in Napa.



Harry Taylor Sherman [Sr.]

Harry Sherman [HTS Sr.] came from Arkansas, where he attended school thru 6th grade, getting a rudimentary education in reading, writing, speaking and listening, and the English language. He was baptized 4 Dec 1913, five days short of his 20th birthday.

Four years later the “Great War” was on everyone’s mind. Congress declared war on 6 Apr 1917, and men everywhere signed up, some for the Navy. On 18 Jun 1917, HTS Sr. joined the U.S. Navy, and was assigned to the USS *Powhatan*. It was built in 1899 at the shipyard at Mare Island Naval Shipyard (MINSY). Mare Island was the first United States Navy base established on the Pacific Ocean. It is located 25 miles northeast of San Francisco, in Vallejo, California. MINSY made a name for itself as the premier US West Coast submarine port as well as serving as the controlling force in San Francisco Bay Area shipbuilding efforts during World War II.



USS *Powhatan* (ID-3013) docked at New York City. 6 Sep 1918 [Wikipedia]

Six ships of the United States Navy have borne the name USS *Powhatan* or USNS *Powhatan*, a name that honors Powhatan (1550–1618), an Indian chief in Tidewater Virginia. Powhatan was the father of Pocahontas. The *Powhatan* that Harry shipped out on was the fourth ship of the name, the USS *Powhatan* (ID-3013).

In fact, the USS *Powhatan* (ID-3013) was previously named SS *Hamburg*. It was, a Barbarossa-class ocean liner, originally intended to be named “Bavaria,” built in 1899 by Aktiengesellschaft Vulkan of Stettin, Germany, for the Hamburg America Line. On completion, SS *Hamburg* served the Hamburg-Far East (until 1904 when Hapag and NDL no longer combined on the mail route), Hamburg-New York and Genoa-New York runs for the Hamburg America Line. The ship was also twice used by Kaiser Wilhelm II as his state yacht for foreign visits, during which time the ship was painted white overall.

The ship was chartered by the American Red Cross to take medical personnel and supplies to Europe and renamed *Red Cross*. She left New York in mid-September, 1914, and called at Falmouth (England), Pauillac (France), and Rotterdam (Netherlands), before re-crossing the Atlantic in October with American refugees on board. She remained at New York for the next two and a half years.

Due to British Royal Navy control of the seas, the *Hamburg* was caught in New York at the outbreak of World War I. In April, 1917, she was seized and converted to a troop transport and was renamed USS *Powhatan*. During World War I, she made 12 consecutive Atlantic crossings. From 12 November 1917 to 9 December 1918, she carried a total of 15,274 troops to France. On 4 April 1918 the *Powhatan* was twice attacked by a submarine in the Bay of Biscay but survived unscathed due to prompt location and depth charging by escorting destroyers. After the War, she returned 11,803 servicemen to the United States.

Harry Sr. probably saw little warfare. He was a trumpet player, and apparently quite good.

The *Powhatan* was decommissioned on 2 Sep 1919 and was turned over to the Army Transport Service at New York, and finally to the United States Shipping Board. In August, 1920, the ship was renamed *New Rochelle* and under charter to the Baltic Steamship Corp of America sailed from New York to Danzig. On 11 Feb 1921 she sailed under charter to the United States Mail Steamship Company on the same run, and in May she was again renamed: *Hudson*. On charter to the United States Lines in August 1921, she sailed from New York to Bremen, before again being renamed in 1922, this time to *President Fillmore*. After round the world service with the Dollar Line of San Francisco, she was sold for scrap in 1928.

On 12 Sep 1919, ten days after the *Powhatan* was decommissioned, Harry was discharged from the Navy. Although we have no record of when he did what, it seems likely that he went to Napa to work in the grape/wine industry. But there he was met with the prohibition whammy, and jobs in the vineyards were scarce. Instead, around 1923 he found a job as an attendant at the Napa State Hospital. He worked for the NSH for the rest of his life.

Marvel May Dyslin

Harry Sr. was 10 years old when on 17 Aug 1903 a baby girl was born to Lewis Henry Dyslin and May Alida Farr, one of 6 children. They named her Marvel May (Dyslin). The family lived in Aurelia, in the northwest corner of Iowa, so that was Marvel's birthplace.

Aurelia was founded in 1873 as a stop along the Illinois Central Railroad branch connecting Sioux City, Iowa to Chicago, Illinois. This was the only railroad connecting the two Midwestern hubs and so gave birth to many Railroad towns. Aurelia was named for the youngest daughter of the owner of the railroad, John Insley Blair. The location of Aurelia was only set after a last minute change in the railroad design that saw it redirected to go through LeMars and Cherokee. Almost 70% of Aurelia's population are people over 50.

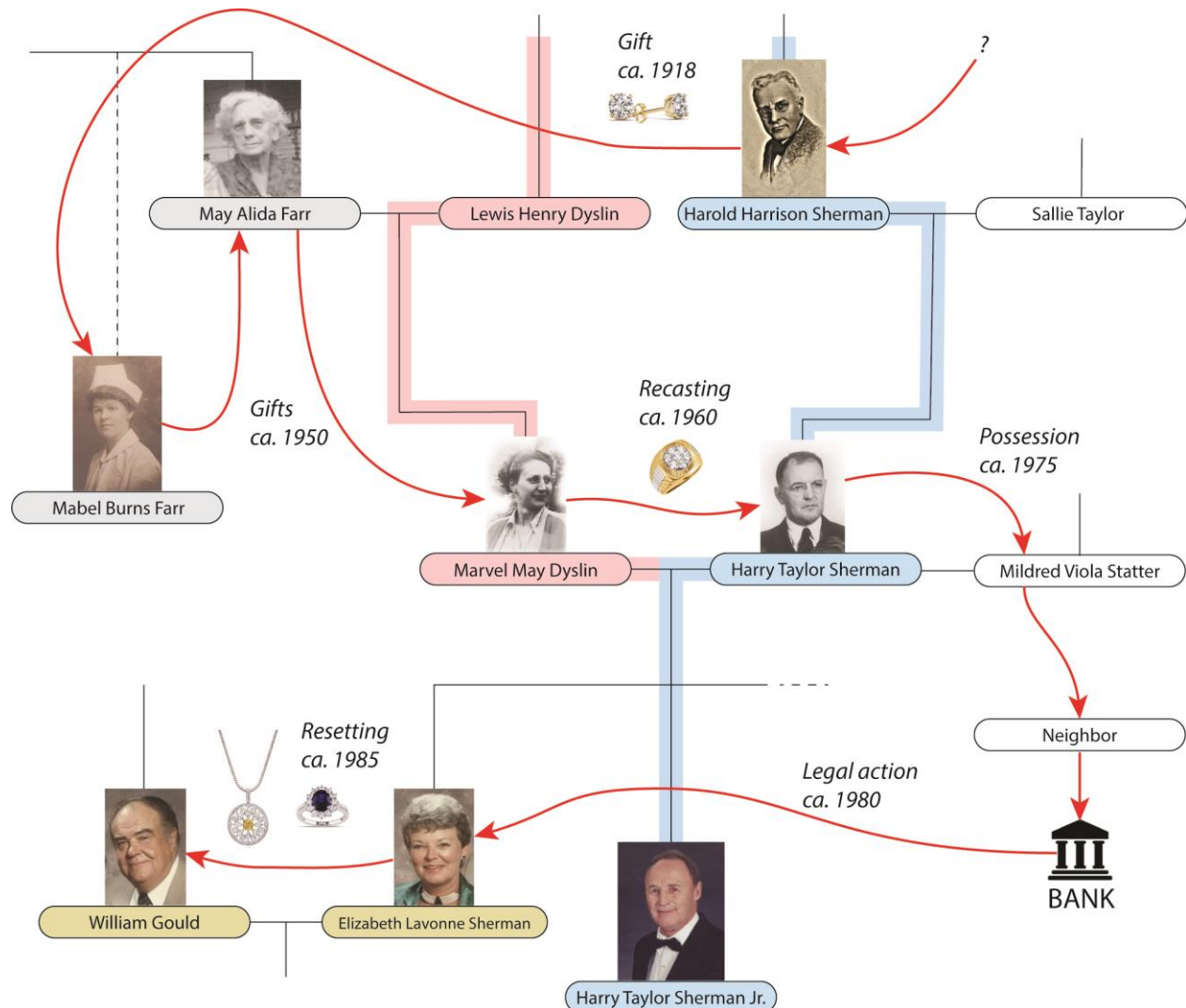
How Marvel got her first name is a mystery. It's tempting to believe that there's a story there. In French it means "miracle." In Latin it's "wondrous admiration." Maybe there was a miracle about her birth, or maybe she was a stupendously beautiful girl.

As she grew, Marvel attended Aurelia High School, completing the 10th grade. That school still exists, although now it's referred to as the Alta-Aurelia Community School. Alta is another small town, about 5 miles from Aurelia, which is about 3 miles from the town of Cherokee. To the inhabitants at the time, it probably seemed that Aurelia/Alta/Cherokee was the entire world. It is family belief that Marvel had attended a business college in Iowa.



How Harry Met Marvel [“The Errant Earrings”]

The following story was related to me by Bill Gould, Harry’s brother-in-law. Bill was honest: it relies on memories that are now imperfect, so it can’t be taken as true in all details. But he does feel that it actually happened more-or-less as he recalls, so I relate it here. From Bill’s story, I generated the following graphic to help you follow the events.



The story begins with a romance between Mabel Burns Farr and Dr. Harrold Harrison Sherman, then a widower of some 20 years from Oklahoma. It was sometime around 1918. Aunt Mabel was an Army Nurse, on duty in San Diego when Harry paid a visit to California. Harry might have been on vacation, but more likely was at some sort of medically-related meeting, association, convention, or seminar. Whatever the event, it brought Harold and Mabel together professionally and then socially. One thing led to another and their relationship blossomed, maybe even to a romance. Then American involvement in WW I began and she was sent off to Europe, perhaps in a submarine. Harry and Mabel corresponded, and eventually he sent her a pair of ¼-carat diamond earrings, apparently to seal their commitment to each other. While the earrings was a handsome gift, it appeared to be more expensive than it probably was to him because, in addition to practicing Osteopathy, Dr. Sherman sold jewelry on the side.



Mabel and Harry never did manage to get back together, but she kept the earrings. Now, Dr. Sherman had a son (Harry Taylor Sherman) in northern California, and Mabel had a sister (May Alida Dyslin) who had a daughter (Marvel May Dyslin), also in northern California. It seems believable that Dr. Sherman and Aunt Mabel introduced Harry and Marvel. In spite of the fact that Harry was 10 years older than Marvel, in 1929 they got married. Over the years, Aunt Mabel kept an eye on the relationship she helped create.

In 1948, Lavonne married William (Bill) Gould. One day, when they were visiting the Sherman home, a small package was delivered to Lavonne's mother Marvel. It contained the two ¼-carat diamond earrings enclosed in a folded note from Aunt Mabel. The note said that the package was to be delivered after her death, but at the time she was still very much alive (she died some 30 years later!). Apparently, when ill health threatened her longevity she prematurely whipped off the earrings together with the note. At this point, the earrings now belonged to Marvel and Harry Sr.

Then in 1956, Marvel died of breast cancer, whereupon Harry Sr. had all of her diamonds, including the earrings, fashioned into an ornamental ring, which he wore. Apparently it was rather large and out of place on a male finger. Harry told his son-in-law Bill Gould that he wanted him (Bill) to have the ring after he (HTS Sr.) died, but Bill told him that the ring was gaudy and he should plan to take it to his grave.

Unfortunately, it was well-known that HTS Sr. had a problem with alcohol. To complicate things, down the block from his house lived an alcoholic widow, one Mildred Statter. Years after Marvel had died, Harry married Mildred, and they tucked away the diamonds. Then on 27 April 1973, he died, probably from too much of a good thing. Perhaps not surprisingly, Mildred refused to hand over the diamonds to Bill and Lavonne. On Tuesday, 5 Jun 1973, without warning, she staggered to the next door neighbor and gave them the ring "to give to Lavonne." Probably she sensed her end because two days later, some 42 days after Harry passed away, Mildred, too, died.



The neighbors didn't turn the ring over to Bill and Lavonne as requested. Instead, it ended up being held at a local bank, and Bill had to make use of an attorney to recover it.



Bill finally had the numerous diamonds removed from Harry's gold ring and personally melted it down, from which he fashioned an attractive amulet necklace adorned with a few of the smaller diamonds. He then had a large cocktail ring made with all of the remaining diamonds and a number of sapphires that Lavonne liked. Unfortunately, she seldom wears it, because "we that no longer go anywhere fancy enough to dress to show it off."

After the widow Mildred died, a relative of hers showed up from Arkansas and looted the place of just about everything, including Marvel's clothes that had never been removed from where they hung in the closet. Harry had been a popular trumpet player in jazz bands in his younger days, and the looters took his trumpet, music, and even a megaphone he sang through in his band days, as well as a number of valuable ivory figurines. How much of this is actually true, we don't know, but it's a good story!

[See Notes: How Harry Met Marvel p. 171]

Forming a family

Back to 4 Jan 1929. Harry and Marvel were married, and she became Marvel May Sherman. Later that year, two life-changing events happened:

The first life-changing event is well-known: the stock market crash. For the Shermans, who came from a long line of farmers, it was very relevant. The overproduction of agricultural products was one of the key factors that led to the crash, and the effects lasted for more than a decade. An oversupply of wheat caused a drop in prices so severe that the net incomes of the farming population from wheat were threatened with extinction. In June, 1929, the position had been saved by a severe drought in the Dakotas and the Canadian West, plus unfavorable seed times in Argentina and eastern Australia, and stocks rose again. In August, 1929, the wheat price fell again when France and Italy were bragging of a magnificent harvest, sending a shiver through Wall Street. With other important economic barometers slowing, including car sales, house sales, and steel production, the investors started a selloff, and panic selling in huge volume started the last week of

October, culminating on Black Tuesday, 29 Oct 1929, known as "Black Tuesday." Almost certainly, the greatest financial disaster of the world significantly impacted the Shermans in Napa, California.

The second life-changing event for the Shermans also occurred in October, 1929: the couple, Harry 36 and Marvel 26, became pregnant, and the next year, their daughter Elizabeth Lavonne Sherman was born. From birth, she would be called Lavonne, and she is to this day.

By the fall of 1931, Lavonne was a toddler. If she was typical, she was beginning to say a few words and to understand simple commands like "pick up the toy." Toddlers normally are found running, throwing a ball, scribbling with a crayon, and asserting themselves. What she didn't know at the moment was that next year she would have a baby brother.

Napa in 1930

In the book *NAPA: The Transformation of an American Town*, by Lauren Coodley, provides a picture of the town and Napa Country. Here are a few excerpts from ca. 1930, around the time Harry and Marvel were starting their family.

From 1915 to 1930, Napa was the site of multiple inventions: the loudspeaker, the boysenberry, and the Italian dish "malfatti." ... Napa County became a center of dried fruit. Napa experienced the Depression and World War II as a time of endings and beginnings. During the 1930s, the cleanup of the Napa River demolished the remnants of Chinatown (in Napa), and the opening of the San Francisco and Carquinez Bay bridges led to the end of Napa's electric railroad. Yet the development of cooperative fruit dryers enabled thousands of Napers to work year-round in that industry, while the opening of movie palaces allowed citizens to dream of other worlds. In 1829, Southern Pacific ended its passenger line in Napa and cut river service from South Vallejo to Napa Junction. The Mare Island Naval Shipyard in Vallejo remained a steady source of employment during the depression. Huge cattle ranches sprawled over Napa County's borders into Solano County. The Napa Paper Box Company produced 20,000 jigsaw puzzles per week.

As the 1930s got underway, most of Napa Valley began to look like the picture at right. The driver for the boom in wine production was the optimum combination of soils, geology, geography, and climate, and it still is.

The president was Herbert Hoover, who took office on 4 Mar 1929, less than 3 weeks after the St. Valentine's Day massacre and seven months before the disastrous market crash. Hoover's election was partially due to his strong support of prohibition. Because he liked to drink, Harry Sherman Sr. probably was not a Hoover supporter. By 1930, the sources of illegal alcohol were so great that it looked like prohibition enforcement had almost completely broken down. Drinking had become respectable among the middle class, and it was socially acceptable for women to drink in public places; both were frowned on before prohibition.

As the 1930s opened, life in Napa was driven by the optimism of booming wine business and the disintegration of prohibition. In spite of this, the Sherman family attached itself to the state hospital, not to the viticulture (grapes), viniculture (wine grapes), or oenology (winemaking) industries.

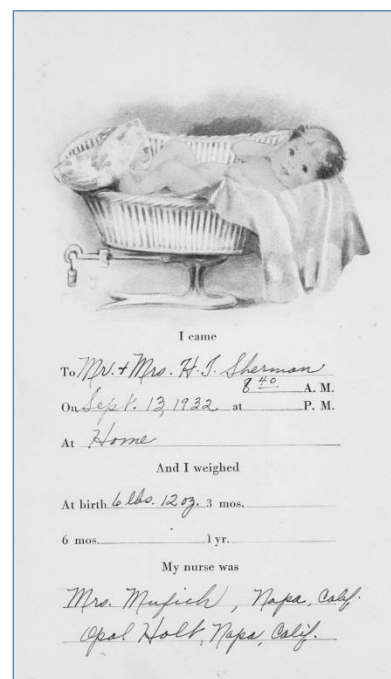


Harry Taylor Sherman Jr.

In early December, Harry and Marvel became pregnant again. This time it would turn out to be a baby boy, the hero of this book. On 13 Sep 1932, at 8:40 in the morning, at the Sherman home on Shurtliff Avenue, Dr. George I. Dawson delivered the boy. He was 6 lbs 12 oz. The event was attended by two nurses: Mrs. Mufrich and Opal Holt, both of Napa. When they saw what they had created, the parents gave him the father's name: Harry Taylor Sherman Jr. Yes, the "Jr." was part of his given name—written right there on his birth certificate.

Also on the certificate the attending physician, the physician answered Question 28: "Was a prophylactic for ophthalmia neonatorum used?" "Yes." "If so, what?" "sil nit / ½%." Ophthalmia neonatorum is now known as "neonatal conjunctivitis." It is a type of infection that could be contracted by newborns during delivery. If left untreated it can cause blindness and a host of other disorders, most with long names such as lymphogranuloma venereum which can lead to arthritis, pneumonitis, hepatitis, perihepatitis and genital elephantiasis. You don't want any of these things to happen, and most hospitals in the United States are required by state law to apply eye drops or ointment soon after birth, regardless of whether the mother has any symptoms of infection. Typically, an antibiotic ointment such as erythromycin, tetracycline, or silver nitrate is applied to the newborn's eyes within 1 hour of birth. According to Harry's birth certificate, Dr. Dawson used ½% silver nitrate. Probably there was no problem; they did it as a preventative.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH VITAL STATISTICS		LOCAL REGISTERED NO. <u>2-163</u> <u>18</u>	
1. PLACE OF BIRTH, Dist. No. <u>2852</u> County of <u>Napa</u> City or Rural Registration District <u>Imola</u>		STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH	
2. FULL NAME OF CHILD <u>Harry Taylor Sherman Jr.</u>			
3. Sex <u>Male</u>	4. Twin, triplet, or other 5. Number, in order of birth	6. Premature	7. Date of birth (month, day, year) <u>Sept. 13 1932</u>
8. Full name <u>Harry Taylor Sherman</u>		17. Full maiden name <u>Marvel Dyslin</u>	
9. Residence (usual place of abode; if nonresident, give place and State) <u>Calif.</u>		18. Residence (usual place of abode; if nonresident, give place and State) <u>Calif.</u>	
19. Color or race <u>White</u>	20. Age at last birthday <u>39</u> years	21. Color or race <u>White</u>	22. Age at last birthday <u>29</u> years
12. Birthplace <u>Arkansas</u> State or country		21. Birthplace <u>Iowa</u> State or country	
13. Trade, profession, or particular kind of work done, as spinner, sawyer, bookkeeper, etc. <u>Hospital Attd.</u>		22. Trade, profession, or particular kind of work done, as housekeeper, typist, nurse, clerk, etc. <u>Housewife</u>	
14. Industry or business in which work was done, as silk mill, sawmill, hotel, etc. <u>State Hospital</u>		23. Industry or business in which work was done, as own home, lawyer's office, silk mill, etc.	
24. Date (month and year) last engaged in this work <u>Sept. 19 32</u>		25. Total time (years) spent in this work <u>9 yrs</u>	
26. If stillborn, period of gestation <u>months</u> <u>or weeks</u>		27. Cause of stillbirth	
28. Was a prophylactic for Ophthalmia Neonatorum used? <u>yes</u> <u>sil nit. 1/2 %</u>		29. Specify congenital cripping deformities	
30. Number of children of this mother (At time of this birth and including this child) <u>2</u> (a) Born alive and now living <u>2</u> (b) Born alive but now dead <u>0</u> (c) Stillborn <u>0</u>			
31. CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE*			
I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was born alive <u>at 8.40 A.M.</u> on the date above stated.			
[Signed] <u>George I. Dawson M.D.</u> Physician			
Given name added from a supplemental report _____ Date of _____			
32. Filed <u>9/23/32</u> C.C. Hackett			



Other than Harry's birth, not much else happened in the world on 13 Sep 1932. Well, the New York Yankees clinched their 7th American League pennant. Julius Rontgen died. "Who was he?" you ask. He was a German-Dutch composer of classical music. "What did he compose?" Well, he wrote 25 symphonies, more than 13 concertos, numerous chamber, piano, and vocal works, and he completed Grieg's unfinished String Quartet No. 2. It was a Tuesday in Napa, California.

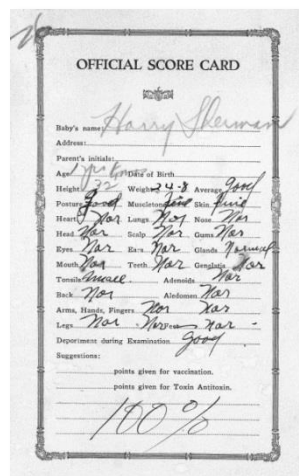
Now, I'm not a fan of astrology, but you might be, so I'll include a few things here that I find under the horoscope for Sep. 13. [<https://www.famousbirthdays.com/horoscope/september13.html>].

VIRGO. As a Virgo born on September 13th, your friends know you for being reserved, sensitive, and artistic. While others seem to come alive in the spotlight, you find little enjoyment with all the eyes on you. Instead, you much rather find yourself in the background where you are comfortable. At times, you may feel timid or shy, but this is easily countered when you are surrounded by close friends and loved ones. With friends and family, you find it easy to share your true self, which includes a great appreciation for life's many beauties.

You can judge for yourself the accuracy of this for Harry, but I can tell you, having known him well for many years, it's not a bad approximation. Unfortunately, there are (at least) two problems: First, you can check with almost any other horoscope and find a completely different reading, and secondly, most of the other parts of the horoscope, including **ELEMENT, PLANETARY INFLUENCE, CAREER, RELATIONSHIPS, LUCKY NUMBERS,** and **FAVORITE COLORS** miss by miles. For instance, The Sun's **SABIAN SYMBOL** for Sep. 13 is a girls' basketball team (Whaat?). It also means "A Powerful Statesman Overcomes a State of Political Hysteria." Hmmm...

Harry Age 1

On 3 Oct. 1933, slightly more than a year after his birth, Harry was brought before the Women of the Moose Chapter No. 208, for the Prize Baby Show. According to Rose Melcher, Harry's ex-wife from 1956, Harry won the "Most Beautiful Baby" contest at the Napa County Fair in 1933. He was awarded a certificate for being "100% Perfect in the one- to two-year class health division." The official score cards showed him to be 32" long, 24 lbs 8 oz, and "normal" in 22 parts of the body from adenoids (part of the tonsils) and abdomen, to skin and teeth. He was of "good" deportment during the examination. The photos below show Harry, about age 1. No doubt—100% perfect! In the right photo, he's sitting with his sister Lavonne.



Harry Age 2

Here are some pictures of Harry and his sister Lavonne during 1934 and 1935. We don't have exact dates, and we don't have identifications on some of the people in these photographs, but here are the kids. Perhaps you can help decide which kids are which.



Harry Age 3-4

On 2 Nov. 1935, Harry got a baby brother (first picture below). By that time, Harry was just over 3 years old, well on his way to becoming a “big boy.” Here are a few pictures of the guys in 1935-36. Unfortunately, I cannot identify the kids with absolute confidence, but I believe these pictures are mostly of Harry. The last picture (lower right) includes his sister Lavonne.



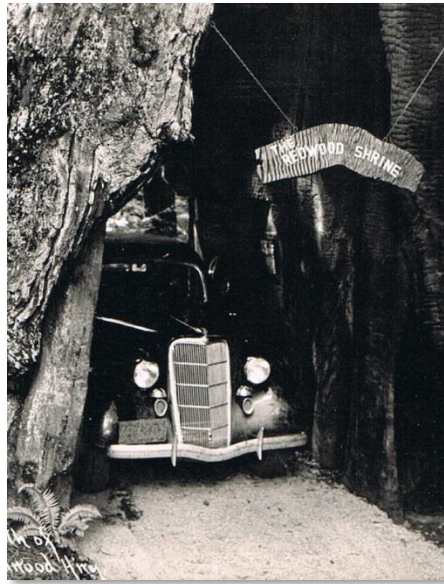
[Pictures are on the next page] →

Harry Ages 5-6

[Top row] Around 1935 the family visited the “Redwood Shrine” at Myers Flat, 20 miles north of Garberville on the Redwood Highway. The tree is about 2500 years old, 100 ft. high, and 17 ft. in diameter. It’s still a popular attraction on the North Coast Highway. Their new Ford coupe fits nicely in the passage.

[Middle row] For a while, Harry had the habit of folding his arms when he was with his playmates. In the left-middle picture of a birthday party, he shows off missing front teeth, upper and lower.

[Bottom row] Harry’s impish grin is a precursor to his adult looks. In these two pictures, he is wearing a plaid shirt, also a precursor to his adult preferences.



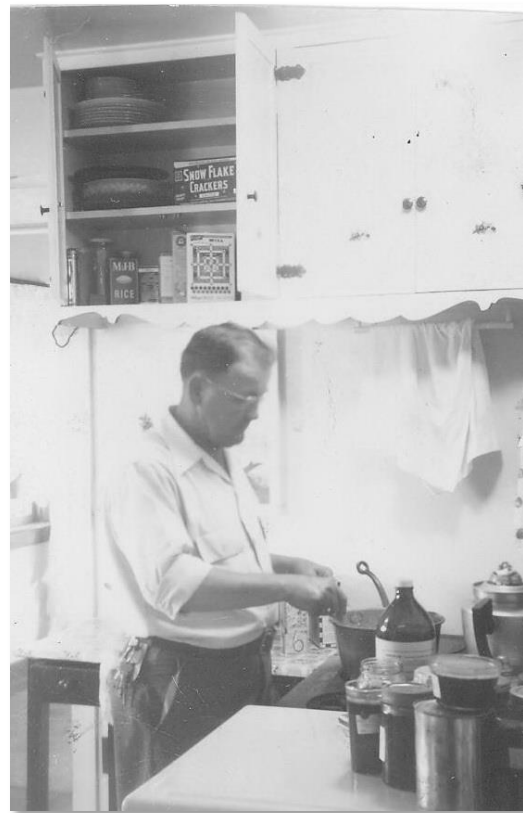
The Family circa 1937-38



This handsome portrait of the Sherman Family around 1937 captured the characteristic expressions of all five. Mother Marvel appears serene and competent. Father Harry Sr. looks a bit stern and serious. Harry Jr. in front of his dad puts on his standard camera mug. Note that he is wearing a plaid tie. Note also that Harry's left ear appears pointed in this photo. In fact, it *was* pointed, which served to help me identify him in numerous photos that were otherwise ambiguous. To Harry's right is his sister Lavonne, 2 years older, appearing composed and confident. Finally, Harry's brother Paul at front left is shy, nervous, and unsure. As I will explain later, these characteristics apparently persisted into Paul's adulthood, but the consequences for him proved fatal.

Harry's mother Marvel took beautiful pictures, particularly when she was not yet 40. By all accounts, she was a steady, warm, and loving mother. She was not a snappy dresser—the styles of the 1930s was considerably more chic than we see her in these pictures. Possibly Marvel and her mother shopped together, since their dresses were similar. The fine flower patterning was not high style, but was common for “ordinary” American women. Overall, by any standards, Marvel was a attractive and wholesome.





Harry Jr.'s brother-in-law, Bill Gould, had some memories of Harry Sr. [slightly edited]:

He was well known around Napa and all of the bars. He was a heavy duty gentle (no mean streaks) bourbon drinker, and often was quite the character. Marvel, "a marvelous woman," put up with him. One time he was visiting us when he came home from a local restaurant. He was upset because they wouldn't serve him a drink because he was already drunk.

Now and then, the straight-laced Aunt Mabel, who was a nurse, would visit Harry and Marvel. Once she found his ½-pints of Bourbon stashed in the kitchen. She asked why he only bought ½-pints instead of quarts. "Well," he said. "I don't drink that much so I only buy ½-pints." However, he would walk to the liquor store several times a day to buy more!

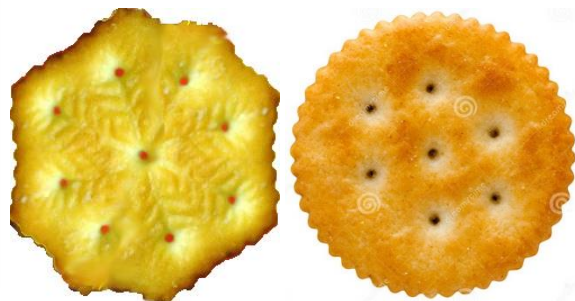
Harry Sr. was an unconvincing racist who disliked minorities and Catholics. He was employed at Napa State Hospital as a groundskeeper, where he worked with many black folks. One time a couple got married and who showed up in their wedding photo, none other than Harry Sr. He was asked why he went to a black couple's wedding when he didn't like blacks, to which he responded: "Oh, they were nice people."

In 1948, Lavonne came home to show off her engagement ring [from Bill]. Harry didn't even congratulate her because I was a Catholic. Ironically, even after the wedding, Lavonne never turned Catholic.

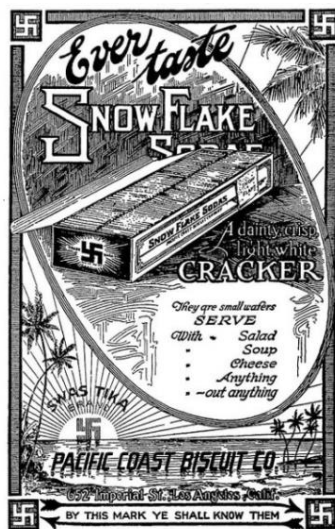
Harry Sr. was a Mason, eventually holding high offices in the organization.

Snowflake crackers

Harry Sr. was handy with his hands, and worked around the house. In the upper right photo above, he is making jam, apparently in the kitchen. In the cupboard above him, we can see MJB Rice and Snowflake Crackers. The former was the product of the MJB Rice Company, founded in 1881 in San Francisco, now evolved into Farmhouse Foods. But it's the Snowflake Crackers in the cupboard that catches our attention. Below left is an enlargement of the , and what the crackers looked like then (left and middle), and the well-known Ritz crackers we know today (right).



The crackers were made and sold by the Pacific Coast Biscuit Company, formerly called Portland Biscuit Company, which was formed in 1899 to compete against the National Biscuit Company (NBC). Pacific Coast sold biscuits and crackers under such brands as Abetta Biscuit, Abetta Oatmeal Crackers, Parfait Sugar Wafers, Fiesta Sugar Wafers, Elite Tea Biscuit, Toke Point Oysterettes, Fig Sultana, Marshmallo Dainties, Hoo Hoo Gingersnaps, Maritani Fruit Biscuit, Cocconut Dainties, and Animal Box Crackers. Crackers were big business! NBC was the largest baking company conglomerate at the time. Later it was renamed Nabisco.



It was not the Snowflake Crackers that caught my interest, but the ads for the crackers. Here are two ads that were common at the time. Probably you spotted it right away: the swastikas. What are they doing there?

Pacific Coast was the only baking company in the United States to actually trademark a swastika. The swastika symbolized perfection and wholesomeness at the company and it became a logo. The packaging was designed to mimic that of Nabisco, and Pacific Coast's swastika was similar in color and placement to Nabisco's inner-seal trademark. In 1930, Nabisco purchased Pacific Coast Biscuit Company and continued to operate its brands. The swastika was replaced by Nabisco's inner-seal logo.

It may surprise you to learn that in the early 20th century the swastika was used worldwide and was regarded as a symbol of good luck. It was considered to be a sacred and auspicious symbol in Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism, dating back at least 11,000 years, but because of the adoption of the swastika by Nazi Germany, it became the hated symbol it is today. In the Notes, I list a small fraction of the places where swastikas were used and can still be found today.

[See Notes: Snowflake Crackers p. 172]

Harry Ages 7-9

Again, without exact dates, we show a group of pictures of Harry when he was perhaps 7 to 9 years old. I think you'll agree that he looked, and probably acted, just like a regular kid, from Napa. And he was. Only later did he develop his endearing character as a true eccentric, which we came to know and love.



The Family circa 1940



The Harry Sherman family gathers for another family portrait, almost the same arrangement as that taken two years earlier (see above). This one, however, is much less formal. This time Harry Jr. is at left and brother Paul is at right. It's interesting to try to ascribe personalities to the individuals.

The family moved several times within the City of Napa. When Harry Jr. was born (1932) they lived on Shurtliff Ave. In 1937, their address was 921 Seymour. In 1939, it was 406 Randolph. After 1942, it was 2158 Wilkins Ave, within a half-block of the Napa State Hospital, where both Harry Sr. and Marvel worked (he was a groundskeeper and she was a typist). These locations are shown in the following map of Napa.



Census 1940

The national census was taken in 1940. Here is a photocopy of part of the page that contains the Harry Sherman [Sr.] and the Chester Dyslin families in Napa. I note that the age of Harry Sr. was incorrectly listed as 43 years old; he was 47.

3000	SHERMAN HARRY T	Head	47	77	43	77	110	6	0	Arkansas
	MARVEL	Wife	36	77	36	77	110	42	0	Iowa
	LAVONNE	Daughter	9	77	9	5	5	3	5	California
	HARRY JR.	SON	7	77	7	5	5	2	2	California
	PAUL	SON	4	77	4	5	110	0	0	California
	RICHARD	Lodger	52	77	52	11	110	8	8	California
1000	DYSLIN CHESTER	Head	33	77	33	77	110	14	30	Iowa
	OAKES	Wife	26	77	26	77	110	8	8	Iowa
	DELORES	Daughter	5	77	5	5	110	0	0	Iowa
	ARDYS	Daughter	1	77	1	5	110	0	0	Iowa

2158 Wilkins Ave, Napa, CA		Age	Birth	Occupation
Harry T Sherman	Head	43*	Arkansas	Attendant State Hospital
Marvel	Wife	36	Iowa	
Lavonne	Daughter	9	California	
Harry Jr.	Son	7	California	
Paul	Son	4	California	
Richard Toomey	Lodger	52	California	
Wilkins Ave, Napa CA				
Chester Dyslin	Head	33	Iowa	Cellarman at Winery
Oakes	Wife	26	Iowa	
Delores	Daughter	5	Iowa	
Ardys	Daughter	1	Iowa	
Wilkins Ave, Napa CA				
Charles Dyslin	Head	38	Iowa	Attendant State Hospital
Marie		34		

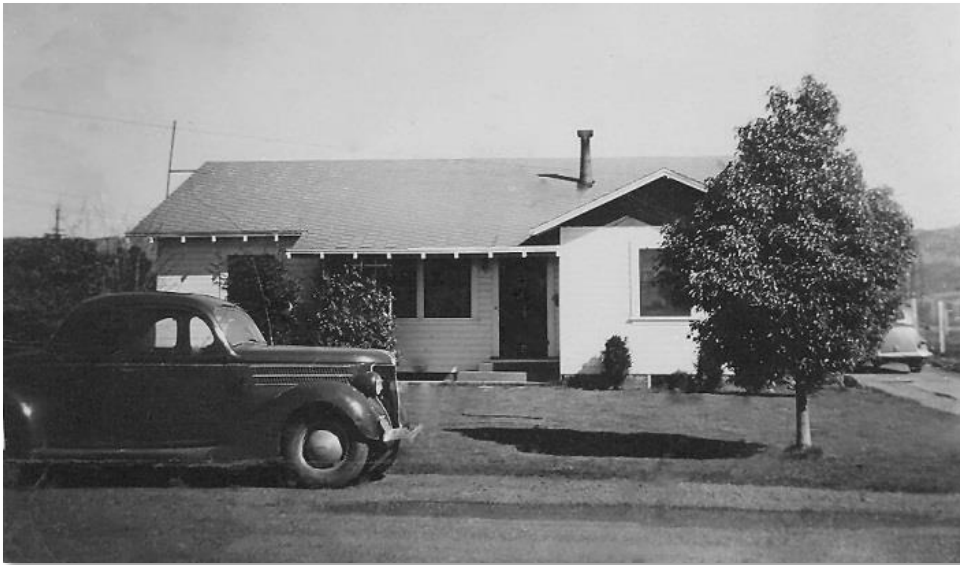
Charles and Chester Dyslin were siblings of Harry Sr.'s wife Marvel, all children of May Alida (Farr) Dyslin and her husband Louis Henry Dyslin. The Dyslins lived on the same street as the Shermans, not far away. Thus, Harry Jr. would have known them all. They would have been "Uncle Charles," "Uncle Chester," and "Grandma Dyslin." Lavonne, too, would have known them, and therefore so would have Lavonne's husband Bill Gould. Apparently, the Shermans had a "lodger," Richard Toomey, age 52. He was known as "Dick," apparently severely handicapped. Bill Gould explained who he was [slightly edited]:

Harry Sr. bathed and dressed him in a suit and tie every day. [Mostly] Dick sat in a chair in his room. In good weather, he sat under a tree in the yard for part of the day. He never spoke or moved other than to twiddle his thumbs. They fed him three full meals a day by hand. I finally learned he was a patient at the hospital from a wealthy San Francisco family that paid the Shermans to take care of him. They did take excellent care. Dick occasionally had a relative visit and sit with him. Not knowing when a relative might show up probably contributed to the careful attention to his care. I have no idea what the family paid the Shermans, but it must have been considerable.

[See Notes: Census p. 173]

The Family House and Car

Around 1940, Harry Sr. built the new family house at 2138 Wilkins Ave in Napa. The house appears clearly in numerous pictures from Harry Jr.'s albums. It has numerous features, such as the outside planking, rafters, vent, windows, and front door step that enable us to establish a lower date on the pictures. After Harry Sr. died in 1973, the house was sold by Bill and Lavonne.



1940



2016

In 2016 not only was the house still standing, but it also had been improved and was in excellent condition. The trees had grown to huge proportions, and solar panels had been added. The two small shrubs under the front window had been replaced, but with similar shrubs. The characteristic wood plank siding is still doing its job. Gutters had been added that cover the tail cuts (ends) of the rafters.

The Family Car in 1940

In front of the 1940 picture of the house (previous page) stands an automobile. A rather extensive search identified it unambiguously as a 1936 Ford 2-door coupe, sometimes designated as 5W (=5 windows). Here is a modern restoration of this car.



[<https://www.americancollector.com/profile/1936-ford-model-48-roadster>]

The features that allow unique identification of the car include the wrapped grill and the 3-line chrome trim just below the hood. Ford models of other years had straight or pointed grills, and the trim was 2 or 4 lines. The 5-window design was also characteristic (Frankly, I count 6 windows, but who cares now?).

The internet provides extensive discussion of these cars, each with its own obsessed fan group. Here are some of the comments I found about the 1936 Ford coupe:

Ford Motor Company cleaned up and mildly modernized its 1935 designs for the 1936 model year. The bodies stayed basically the same, but the front end for the '36 was redesigned, the hood louvers were reshaped to be more efficient, and the rear fenders were slightly altered. The Type 710 DeLuxe roadster, the least-expensive car in the Ford lineup, was \$560 new.

The '36 Ford is that rare example of a second-year model that's arguably better-looking than the company's first try. ... Holden Koto updated the car for 1936. Interestingly, Eugene T. "Bob" Gregorie, who ran Ford's design department under Edsel Ford, did not have a hand in the '36. He was busy with Mr. Ford's rakish "Continental Speedster" at the time.

You can see Edsel's influence in the '35 and '36 Fords. They have a Bentley look and Edsel liked the design of the Bentley." There's not much overt visual difference between '35 and '36 Fords, but the '36's handsome wrap-around grille, with vertical bars, is attractive, and the old-style external horns were now hidden behind discreet little covers, updating the newer car considerably.

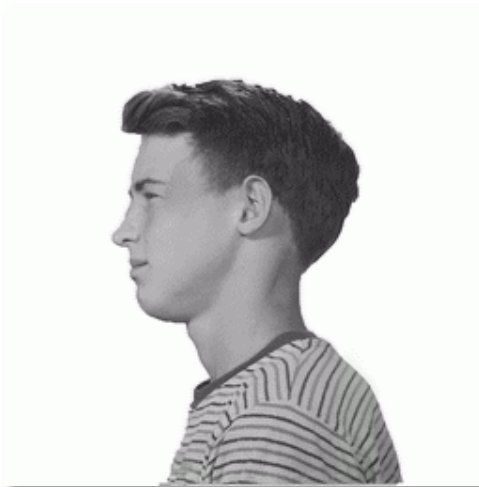
[[Wikipedia and other online sites](#)]

Growing up (1943-1949)

Here is Harry Jr., growing into a young man in the 1940s. In the upper row, the large woman was “Alice,” a close friend of Marvel. In the next picture, Harry is with his mother. The others on this page are school pictures; Harry was growing up, and there’s the plaid shirt!



1943



1946

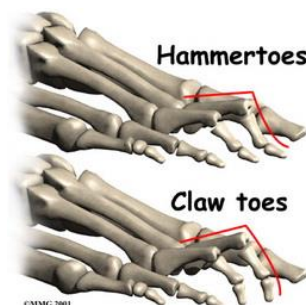


1948

03 YOUTH 1945-1947

Hammers, Claws, Toes and Hips

Around 1947 Harry was having trouble with his feet—they hurt and he was walking awkwardly. Eventually it was diagnosed: Hammertoe. Hammertoe is a deformity of the middle toe that occurs due to an imbalance in the muscles, tendons, or ligaments that normally hold the toe straight. A hammertoe has an abnormal bend in the middle joint of a toe. The type of shoes worn, foot structure, trauma, and certain disease processes can contribute to the development of this deformity. It was painful and it could have long-term consequences: It needed correction.



If that weren't enough, Harry was also diagnosed with Claw toes (also called Claw foot). Claw toes is a deformity of the smaller toes in which the toe joint nearest the ankle is bent upward and the other toe joints are bent downward, making the toe resemble a claw. Claw toes may be caused by a nerve problem in the legs or a spinal cord problem, although the cause is unknown in many cases. The condition can lead to calluses on the top of the toe over the first joint and may create problems wearing shoes. Most of the time, claw toes is not harmful in itself, but the condition may be the first sign of a more serious disease of the nervous system. For Harry, it contributed to his pain and it, too, needed to be corrected.



Over the years, Harry had six operations on each foot to correct these conditions. Probably they were helpful, but we don't really know. In an oral history interview, he remarked, "Never got to my occupation of what I wanted to do mainly because of my feet."

Then, when he was 15, his hip separated from the socket and he had it surgically repaired: complete replacement of the rotating socket bone. As a result, his right leg ended up three-quarters of an inch shorter than the left. Needless to say, that put him on crutches and in a wheelchair for many months. Here he is at age 15. "So I lost out on the physical thing," he remarked in the oral history. In fact, of course, he did a lot of physical things during his life.



Boy Scouts (1945-1949)

After the War, Harry participated in the Boy Scouts, Napa Troop 4. The troop, which has been going strong for about 90 years, is the oldest Boy Scout troop in the area. This troop is part of a larger organization known as the Mount Diablo Silverado Council (MDSC), which traces its history back to the Berkeley Council. The Berkeley Council was the first council in Northern California to receive a charter from the Boy Scouts of America (in 1916). The MDSC organizes several counties: Contra Costa, Lake, Napa, Solano, and northern Alameda County (Berkeley). It is one of some 60 Councils organized into 4 regions. One of these, the Western Region, covers Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, and parts of Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Texas, as well as the countries of Japan, the Philippines, South Korea, Taiwan, and Thailand. Unless you are into scouting, you probably didn't know all this.

The MDSC operates several camps that provide opportunities for the scouts to retreat and carry out traditional rituals. One of these is Camp Wolfboro, founded by the former Berkeley Council in 1928. It is located on the north fork of the Stanislaus River near Bear Valley, in the area known as Hell's Kitchen. The camp hosts up to 500 Scouts per week, with a total summer attendance of more than 1,600 Scouts. In 1947 Harry attended one of the camps, where he was photographed sitting with his buddies around the campfire.

[See Notes Boy Scouts p. 172]



[Next page] →

Among the rituals for the Boy Scouts was the annual group portrait. Harry can be found in these photos for four years: 1945, 1946, 1947, and 1948.



1945



1946



1947

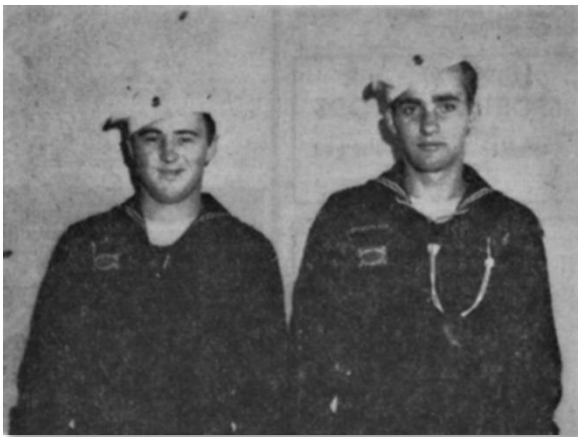


1948

Sea Scouts (1951)

Out of high school, Harry won an appointment to the Coast Guard Academy. His family was excited about his chance to get a free college education with the prospect of becoming an officer in the Coast Guard. Unfortunately, it was found during his entrance physical examination that one leg was slightly shorter than the other [due to the hip surgery], which disqualified him and kept him out of the Academy. [Bill Gould]

Instead, Harry became active in the Sea Scouts. Here he is looking snappy in a ceremony. In 1951, he received the Quartermaster Award, the highest Sea Scout award given. It was good enough to make the newspaper. Harry was associated with Sea Scout Ship 90 (below, left). Harry posed with two shipmates, looking proud and happy.



04 SCHOOL 1947-1958

Napa High School (1948-1949)

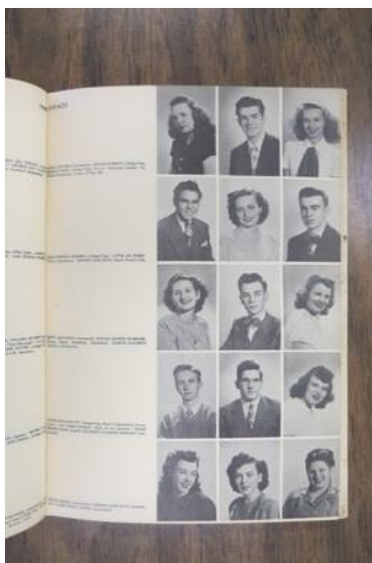
In August 1947, Harry entered Napa High School as a 10th grader. The next spring he was in the front row of the class picture. He was still on crutches due to the operation to repair his dislocated hip. At the same time Bill Gould enrolled in Napa Junior College, where he met Lavonne Sherman and her brother Harry Jr. Bill and Lavonne started dating and Bill spent considerable time in the Sherman home where he got to know Harry.



On a whim, I tried to track on Harry's classmates, hoping that I could get some anecdotes from school almost 70 years earlier. I picked one young man (back row, fourth from left), more or less at random, and searched for him on the internet. To my surprise and delight, I found him living in Vallejo, and made a phone call to see whether I could talk with him. A woman answered the phone, and I explained what I was doing, thinking I had just accomplished a miraculous coup. I asked whether I could speak with him, but was more than a little disappointed when she said, simply, "No" without any explanation. Paradise Lost...

Interestingly, only two of the students shown in this photograph appear in the class picture taken in 1949 (p. 43): Harry Sherman and the classmate described in the previous paragraph. And these are the only two people also appearing in the graduation class picture for 1950 (pp. 46-47). However, about 80% of the students in this picture are on the 1950 graduation program list (p. 48).

In 1948, Lavonne was a senior at Napa High School. The yearbook, called the "NAPANEE," appropriately printed her picture, together with the others about to graduate.



The next year, 1949, Harry was in almost the same place for the class photo. Below he appears in the back row, far right, wearing a dark shirt and a lot of hair on his head. His classmate from p. 42 is back row, third from left. Ironically, his twin brother appears here front row far right.

[See Notes: Napa High School p. 174]



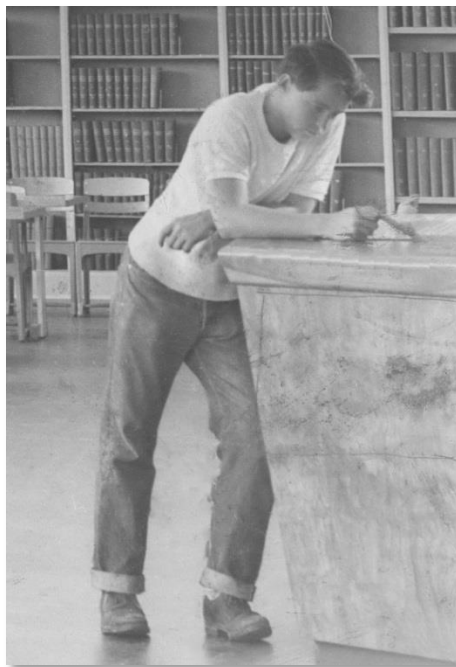
Harry had a place on the track team, but it wasn't as an athlete. Probably his hip and foot problems prevented that. But here he appears in the third (upper) row, far right, smiling as broadly as the other team members. Harry's role was as the scorekeeper and property manager.



Napa Junior College (1950-1954)

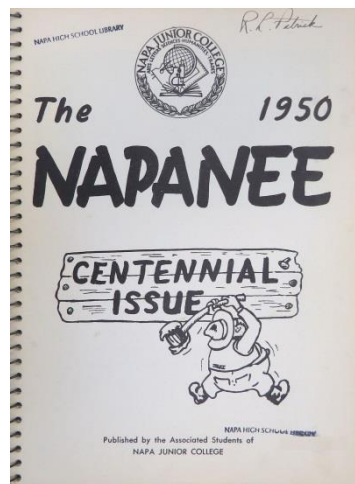
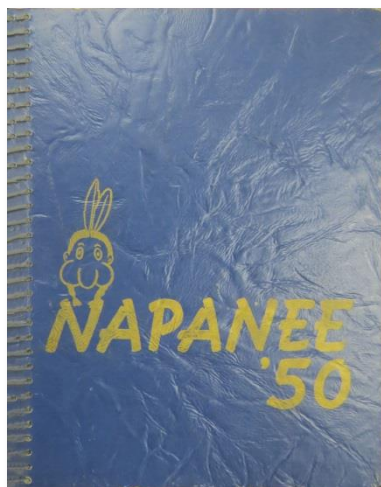
By the time he got to the 12th Grade, the high school was known as the Napa Junior College. Harry did pay attention to his studies, although he also worked part-time at the Napa State Hospital. Here he is in the library.

[See Notes: Napa Junior College p. 174]



The academic year 1950 was similar 1949. The Indian Track Team participated in the Davis Invitational, an event that continues to this date. Again, Harry was the team manager, seen front row far right in the photo below. He did have a penchant for being at the extreme right in group photos!

The yearbook, NEPANEE proudly came out with their centennial issue, and Harry appeared on his class page with 24 classmates. Handsome young man!



This is the class picture for the 12th Grade Graduating Class of 1950 of Napa Junior College. Taking this picture must have been a *tour de force*. Assembling upwards of 160 graduates (out of a total of about 200) into a single, fairly uniform pattern must have been a challenge. "If you can't see the camera, it can't see you..." It must have been a cooperative bunch, because almost everyone has a nice smile. Harry appears in the 4th row, second from far right (enlargement at right).

This picture includes about 80% of the graduates listed in the commencement program. The two class pictures on pp. 42 and 43 are each only about 15% of the graduating class shown in this picture. The inescapable conclusion is that for the regular class pictures, only about 1 in 6 students showed up, but for graduation, 4 in 5 were there.




Harry appears below, second from right in the 5th row. He marked it with "ME" and signed his name. Some of the other people in this picture can be identified in the pictures on pp. 42 and 43. About 25 classmates signed Harry's yearbook.



Commencement finally came, on 16 Jun 1950. The program listed about 200 diploma graduates. About 80% of the students shown in the class pictures on pp. 42 and 43 are on this list.

Fifty - Third
Annual
COMMENCEMENT



7:30 P. M. Coleman Field
JUNE 16, 1950

PROGRAM

PROCESSIONAL CLASS OF 1950
J. C. Rand—Clayton Long, Director

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

INVOCATION REV. L. O. BROWN

"EDUCATION AND WORLD PEACE" BARBARA ABBOTT

"NAFA DOES A GOOD JOB" LOUIS KAHN

CLASS GIFT PRESENTATION JOE RODGERS

PRESENTATION OF CANDIDATES DR. H. M. McPHERSON
District Superintendent, Napa Junior College District

AWARDING OF ASSOCIATE IN ARTS DEGREES MR. STANLEY JONES
President of the Board of Trustees

AWARDING OF HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMAS DR. FRANK MORECRAFT
Clerk of the Board of Trustees

BENEDICTION REV. V. E. BUTTERWORTH

PROCESSIONAL THE GRADUATES
Please remain standing during the ProceSSION.
A reception will follow immediately in the gymnasium.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
MR. STANLEY JONES MR. HUBERT FRISCHAUF
DR. FRANK MORECRAFT MR. RALPH TROWER
MR. HUGO ZELLER

GRADUATES
Associate In Arts Degree

ABBOTT, Barbara Jean
ABBOTT, Paul Jerome
BAKER, Edward H. Jr.
BRESHEARS, Walter Paul
BURRELL, William R.
CHAPMAN, JoAnne Adelle
CHAVEZ, Antonio Jr.
CIAPPONI, Arthur Domenico
CIAPPONI, Richard Joseph
CLIFT, Beverly E.
DANE, Carol Jean
DAVIS, William Lewis
DEESSE, Richard Jack
DEMING, Edward LeRoy
DENT, Larry Gene
FROST, Richard James
GANDOUR, Hilda J. M.
GODFREY, Barbara Jean
GOSLING, George Chapman
GRACY, Phyllis
GRAF, Jerry Frederick
GRAVELLE, Arthur Ralph
HERRING, John Thomas
HICKS, Robert Clayton
HIGGINS, Preston E.
HORAN, Robert Edmund
INMAN, Mary Louise
JEWEL, Philip Davis
JOHNSON, Jeanne Irene
KAHN, William C.
KEELER, Philip Morgan
KERHASSI, Ali Asghar
KISER, Raymond T.
LALONDE, Elizabeth Louise
LAUGHLIN, Robert S.
LEE, Jane Nuey
LINDER, Evelyn Marie
McKENNA, James John
McKENZIE, Martha Jane
McMAHON, Barbara
MANN, Dale W.
MATTON, Patricia Ann
MERUFIELD, Richard H.
MILLER, Joyce
MILLER, Paul Joseph
MIRABILE, Claire Angela
MURRILL, Doris Jean
NICKERSON, Hugh Michael
NUNES, Alfred H.
PEARSON, Cyrus Nathan
REIDENBACH, Esther Irene
RIORDAN, Robert C.
RODE, Shirley Evelyn
ROGERS, James T.
SCHOLTE, Isabella Mary
SCHOLTE, Jan Henrik
SCHREINER, Ronald George
SLAYTER, Ellis Chase
SPINK, Marion Laurelle
SWEARINGEN, Alyce Yvonne
WALKER, Mary Ann Theresa
WALKER, Nancie Hudson
WASSUM, Robert Eugene
WEAVER, Mabel J.
WOOD, James Dalton
WASHINGTON, Robert L.
FARMER, Dolores Jewel
FISHER, Dwight Alva
FLETCHER, Ronald Hugh
FLOREY, Alan Benjamin
FLOREY, Robert Noble
FRANCO, Evelyn Elizabeth
FRANQUELIN, Armand Joseph
GIBSON, Glenna May
GLANCY, William Don
GORDON, Samuel
GRAVELLE, Jack Milton
GRAVES, Richard Melvin
GREEN, Jerry Wayne
GRIGSBY, Constance Mae
GRIMES, Cecil Adolph
GRIMES, Virginia Belle
GROTHE, Barbara Jean
GRUNHAGEN, Martha Ann
GUID, Ruth Inez
GUSTAFSON, Janet Mae
GUSTIN, Arthur George
HAMAMOTO, William
HANCOCK, Betty Joyce
HANSEN, Dele Rose
HARRIS, Robert S. IV
HARTMAN, Gary
HAWORTH, Lyle Kenneth
HEDGES, Leonard William
HENSEN, Donald Weidon
HIEBERT, Opal Janet
HOEL, Russell
HOLDER, Peggy Ruth
HOPF, Harlan Joe
HOTSENPIELER, Dorothy Mae
HUTLEY, Ben Bridges
HUSSEY, Jack Bertrand
INGRAHAM, Richard William
JACOBS, Gail Ruth
JAMES, Ruby Irene
JENKINS, William D.
JENSEN, Kay
JOHNSON, Donna Mae
JONES, Billie Lee
JONES, Charles W.
KAHN, Louis Elton
KAUTZ, Florence Vena
KEATON, Frank
KERNAN, Betty Ann
LA LONDE, Doris
LAURITSEN, Darrell Elvin
LEWIS, Frank
LOPEZ, Robert
LOW, Lily
LUKENS, Dorsey Lee
LYONS, Vincent Joseph
McCALL, Shirley Vann
McCANN, Lee Oliver
McCart, Raymond D.
McCORD, Beverly Ann
Me DANIEL, Henry Owen
McINTIRE, Harvey LeRoy
McKENZIE, Claude Dingwell Jr.
McMASTER, Mary Ellen
MONESSE, Charles Marie
McNEW, Marie Virginia
McWILLIAMS, William B.
MAIER, Albert Earle
MARCEAU, Constance Mary
MARCEAU, George Edward
MARENCO, Alvin Richard
MARKT, Lorraine Lillian
MARSHALL, Mary Andrea
MARTIN, Harry Robert
MARTINELLI, Clyde Eugene
MESSINGER, Charlotte Anne
METTER, Robert Laurence
MILITELLO, Ann Marie
MILLER, Sherman Richard
MILNE, Lamont James
MITCHELL, Patricia Louella
MOCK, Harry Theodore Jr.
MOODY, Carol Lynn
MORTON, Edward H. C.
MOSER, Anna Joe
MOURGIAN, Andrew
MOWREY, Donald Warren
MOYER, Raymond Von
MULLER, Walter LeRoy
NELSON, Mary Ann
NEUBIT, Melba Jean
NEWHELY, Patricia Madden
NEWMAN, Monte
NIGHTWINE, George Theodore
ODELLA, Elizabeth Mary
OGAN, Mary Ann
PADDOCK, Robert
PARIHAM, Joan Adele
PATTIN, Bonnie Fay
PENROD, Norman
PERATA, Frank Anthony
PEREY, George Eugene
PERRY, David Bruce
PETERSEN, Stanley Charles
PETERSON, Bruce Charles
PETTLE, Donald Martin
PINKNEY, Loren Gene
P. JACK, Bernadine Janice
POLIDORI, Norma Mimma
POLSON, Jim David
POTTER, John Leslie
POTTER, Larry David
PRICE, Bonnie Belle
PRICE, Joyce Marie
PRIDMORE, Dixie LaVerne
PRIDMORE, Norma Jeanne
PROSSER, Patricia Ann
QUELLAR, Alice
QUILLING, John A.
RACHEL, Dorothy Louise
RAUSFORD, Elma Louise
REICHENBERG, Helen June
REIDENBACH, Bernice Marilyn
RINGER, Maudine Allie
RODGERS, Joseph Francis
RODGERS, Norene Delores
ROSS, David Harold Jr.
ROSS, Grace F.
ROSE, Lloyd Ray
ROSEBROOK, Barbara Jo
ROTHMAN, Leonard
RUFFIN, Barbara Louise
RUSCONI, Victoria Louise
SAHUT, Antoinette Josephine
SCHLEIMAN, Patricia Ann
SCHOLTE, Isabella Mary
SHELTON, Mary Frances
SHERMAN, Harry Taylor Jr.
SHOWALTER, Shirley A.
SIMS, Charles Edward
SLAYTER, Margaret Lee
SLEEPER, Donald Clifford
SMERNES, Harry Dan
SMITH, Tait Leon
SMITH, Woodrow
SPINK, Barbara Jean
STANLEY, Dolores Jean
STEWART, Earla Marie
STEWART, Myrle Larse
STOCKAM, Fred
STOISNER, Edward Henry
STOVER, Betty Ann
SUNDERLAND, Jack Michael
THIBAUT, Fay LaVerne
THATHEN, Albert Frederick
TREMATH, Dorothy Marie
TRUMBLE, Alvin Arnold
TRUMBLE, Norman Earl
UHLES, Barbara Jo
VALLEGA, Arnold
VANDERSCHOOT, Gail Irene
VANGORDER, Kenneth Wayne
WALTER, Patricia Helen
WATSON, Elizabeth Alice
WATSON, John Albert
WATSON, Paul T.
WEAVER, Bette Mae
WEBB, Bruce Darrell
WELLS, Wilford Joseph
WENTFORTH, William Amos
WHEELER, Gay Melba
WILSON, Beverly Jean
WIMBLELEY, Joe Albert
WOLF, Ernest John
WONG, Ming
WONG, Wai Chan
WOODWORTH, La Verne Evelyn
WYLLIE, George James
WYLLIE, John Gary
YAKUM, Joan Verleen
ZENK, Robert Alan

04 SCHOOL • Page 48

Napa Junior College
Napa, California

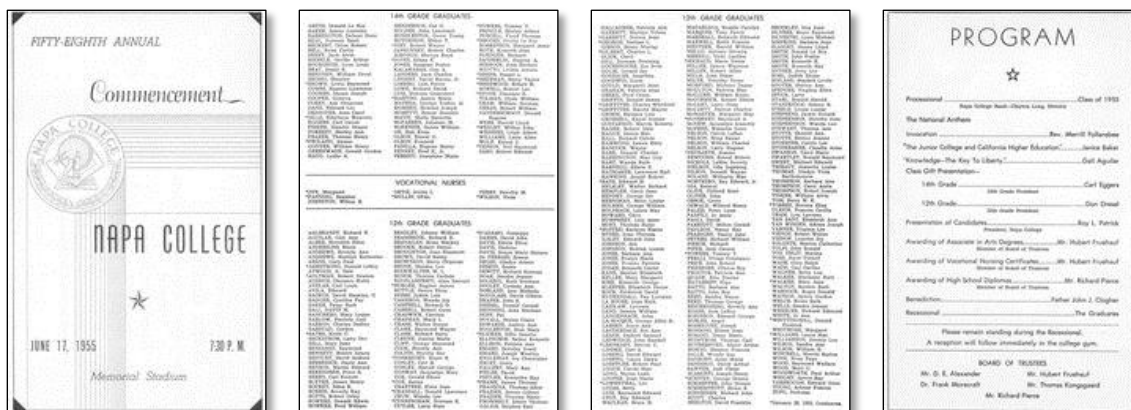
In appreciation of fifty intervening years
Awarded to
Harry T. Sherman

This Special Diploma on this semi-centennial
anniversary of his successful completion of the
prescribed courses of study and all Rights and
Privileges heretofore are affirmed

Given this 12th Day of August, 2000


Principal

In 1954 Napa Junior College added a two-year program equivalent to a community college, and changed its name to “Napa College.” While the senior year of high school is referred to as the 12th grade, two more years gets to the 14th grade, equivalent to a sophomore in college. Working part-time at the Napa State Hospital, where his mother, father, and uncle worked, by the end of 1954, Harry had completed the requirements for graduation from 14th grade and qualified for graduation on 28 Jan 1955. The ceremony occurred on 17 Jun 1955. Harry was one of fifty-three 14th grade graduates. Interestingly, the list did not include his classmate mentioned on p. 42.



04 SCHOOL • Page 49

Harry walked to the front to receive his diploma. Later he posed in his cap-n-gown in front of his house on Wilkins Ave. He does look rather serious.



San Francisco State University

Next Harry moved to San Francisco to attend San Francisco State University. He graduated in 1958, with a combined major in sociology and business. He was beginning to look like a serious businessman.



Harry also spent one year enrolled in Hastings Law School in San Francisco, one of the colleges of the University of California. In order to support himself he worked part-time at Bank of America. Unfortunately, we have scant record of what he did during this time, except that he met his future wife at the bank.

05 YOUNG ADULT 1953-1963

Bud

Not many people know that for a few years around 1953, Harry was known as “Bud.” The name didn’t stick, however, and he was universally known as Harry.

Music

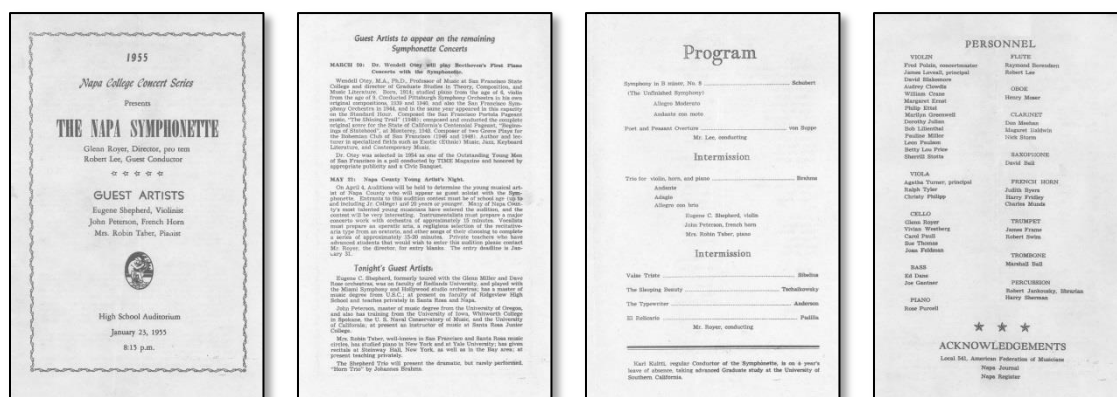
Another fact about Harry that almost no one knew was that he was a musician, an activity that began while Harry was still in Napa. On 23-24 Nov 1953, while he was still enrolled in Napa College, he played drums for the Napa College Choral Association concert “Let’s Take a Holiday.” The little ensemble included Walt Cameron on accordion, Bob Jankousky on vibes, Dex Jones on Bass, and “Bud Sherman” on drums. The event was held at the Napa High School Auditorium.



[See Notes: Music p. 175]



On 23 Jan 1955, five days before his official qualification for graduation at Napa College, he played percussion section for a concert by the Napa Symphonette, held in the high school auditorium. His partner, Librarian Robert Jankousky (who is seen in the ensemble picture p. 51), also played percussion.



When he moved to San Francisco in 1955, “Bud” Sherman brought along his interest in music. More about his musical efforts was provided by brother-in-law Bill Gould:

During the time of the Hippie invasion and the Beat Generation in San Francisco, Harry rented a bare apartment for a time in the Haight-Ashbury district. All he had in the apartment were a mattress on the floor and a couple of straight-backed wooden chairs. I don’t even recall a table. At that time, he had a bicycle that he had to take in and out of the apartment for safe keeping. Nothing else except an elaborate set of drums. Harry purchased a used Volkswagen van to haul his drums to gigs. It was the same van that he lived in on the street while he attended [Hastings] law school.

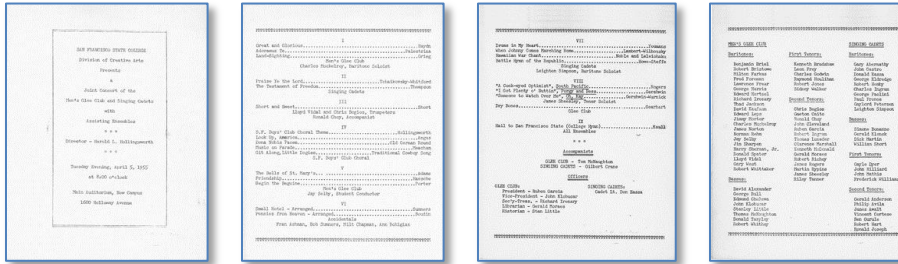
Later, Harry dropped his drums and picked up voice. Among other events, he participated in the following concerts by the S.F. State Choir:

Date	Director	Event
5 Jan 1955	Harold L. Hollingsworth	Joint concert of Men’s Glee Club and Singing Cadets. Harry sang baritone. Johnny Mathis sang tenor.
13 Dec 1955	Roy Freeburg, Harold L. Hollingsworth, John Carl Tegnell	The Women’s Choir, Men’s Glee Club, and the A Capella Choir. Harry sang bass in the General Chorus.
23 May 1956	John Carl Tegnell	Mozart Requiem Mass (K 626). [Note 13] Harry sang in the General Chorus.
22 Apr 1958	Alice Snyder, Harold L. Hollingsworth, Roy Freeburg	Harry sang baritone in the Men’s Glee Club
21 Apr 1959.	Roy Freeburg, Harold L. Hollingsworth	Harry sang bass in the Men’s Glee Club

The conductors were not legendary, but they were all academics. For instance, in 1948 John Carl Tegnell published a book entitled *Elizabethan Musical Prosody: a Study of the Style of the English Madrigal and Ayre*. Even if you could find a copy, I suspect it would not hold your interest for long. Roy Freeburg published a book in 1967 entitled *MUSIC in Our Time*, putting MUSIC in all caps. That book is still readily available. There are more people named Alice Snyder than you would care to know.

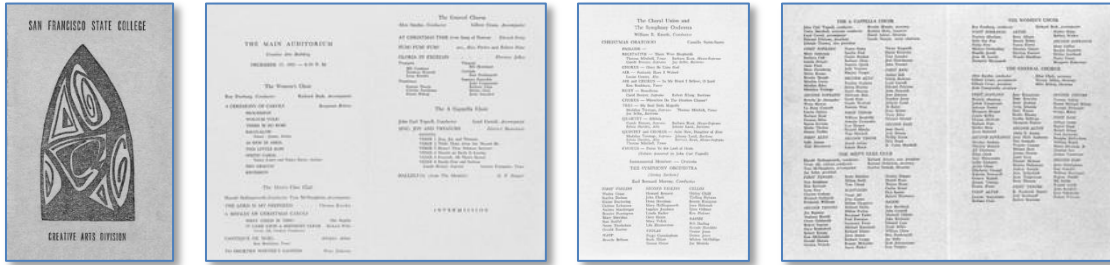
[See Notes: Music p. 175]

SF State Choir 5 Apr 1955



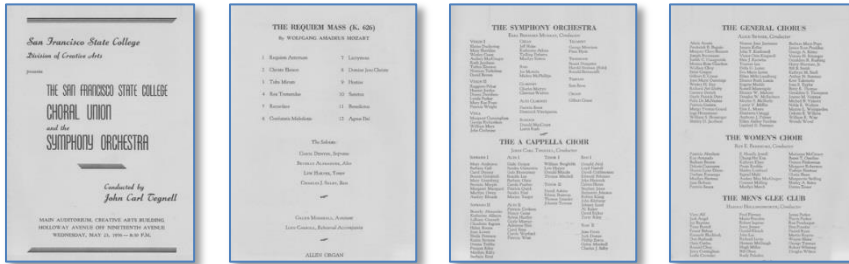
[Baritone]

SF State Choir 13 Dec 1955



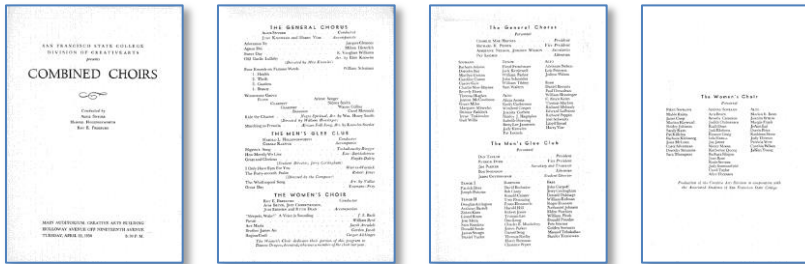
[Bass in General Chorus]

SF State Choir 23 May 1956



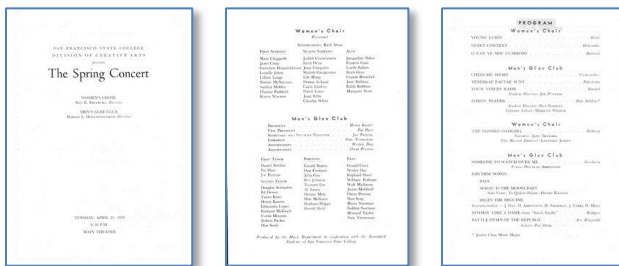
[Member General Chorus]

SF State Choir 22 Apr 1958



[Baritone in Glee Club]

SF State Choir 21 Apr 1959



[Bass in Glee Club]



Somewhere along the way, Harry showed up in a quartet. I'm not sure, but I think the tall man in these pictures is Dex Jones, the tall man playing the bass in the picture from the Napa College Choral Association (p. 51). Yes?

Bill Gould had a few additional remarks about the company Harry kept:

During that period, he played drums in a group. I would hear them practicing. For all I know the musicians he played with later may have become famous. Once when I was working in San Francisco out of Kansas City I dropped in on him and while I was in his apartment a half dozen guys started dropping in with various musical instruments for a rehearsal. I listened for about a half hour and had to leave. I have no idea who the guys were or if they were anyone at all. I have since wondered if any of them were associated with any of the groups that became famous during that period and in that location.



JOHNNY MATHIS. At that time, he became friends with a classmate Johnny Mathis, who had enrolled in S F State in 1954. Both Harry and Johnny were serious about music, but Mathis was also a star athlete who was asked to try out for the Olympics. According to Harry, their instructor despaired of Mathis making it as a singer and advised him to quit wasting his time. Mathis' father convinced him to embark on a professional singing career. Of course, everyone now knows that Mathis became a famous singer.

It would be interesting to know whether Johnny Mathis was influential in Harry moving from percussion to voice.

[See Notes Music Johnny Mathis p. 175]



Marriage (1956)

We all knew Harry had been married, but according to him, "It's didn't work out." Harry was still called "Bud" when he met a stunningly beautiful young woman named Rosalind Louise Garcia who worked at Bank of America. Everyone called her "Rose" or "Rosie." We don't know when or whether Harry proposed, or which day this photograph was taken, but less than a month after his mother Marvel died the wedding took place, in April, 1956. April works for weddings. Harry and Rosie's date might have been April 18, the very day Grace Kelly married Prince Rainier of Monaco. Or it could have been April 21, the day Margaret Truman married Clifton Daniel. Or April 5, on the 342nd anniversary of the day Pocahontas married John Rolfe.



Rose had some family, and they gathered for the wedding. There was her sister Dorothy and her mother, and an assortment of other people who are not identified in the photos. In the first photo (next page), Rose is flanked by her mother and Harry. They might have been caught at an awkward moment, but I think I see less than full-out nuptial joy in this picture. Rose, is, unarguably, beautiful, but her mother looks wary and Harry looks the other way.



In the next two photos (previous page), Harry is clowning with a schoolmate from SF State named Bill (not his brother-in-law Bill Gould) and with Bill, Rose, and Dorothy. In the next two photos Harry is clowning with Rose and with Rose and Dorothy on the sofa.

In spite of the optimism captured in these lovely wedding pictures, the marriage only lasted a year. That Rose was a Philippino Catholic didn't matter at all to Harry, although it probably mattered to his father, who didn't like Catholics. Harry did not convert to Catholicism after their marriage. However, the marriage disintegrated spontaneously, due to very common causes. It wasn't pretty, and Harry was particularly upset. His brother-in-law Bill helped him through the bad times. By August, 1958, the divorce was final. Harry went on a therapeutic hike through Yosemite (see next section).

Believe it or not, after Harry died, I was able to locate Rose, long since remarried and living in Southern California. She shared only a few anecdotes about Harry.

He called himself Bud. One day we were driving in Napa County and spotted a fire by the road up ahead. Bud jumped out of the car and stomped it out before it could spread, thus saving acres and acres of fields. Another time we were at Ocean Beach in San Francisco. It was about dusk. A couple with their two little twin boys were walking along the water. A larger-than-expected wave came and took one of the boys away, and Bud ran down to see if he could find him. I had lost sight of him from the breakwater, but luckily, another wave brought the little guy back. Bud liked to hike. He hiked from Lee Vining to Yosemite Valley I recall although I wasn't with him. We did hike Yosemite a lot; explored the falls and the top of Half Dome. He was a lousy dancer and loved to make all kinds of crazy moves which were impossible to follow.

Rose led me to her sister Dorothy, who likewise offered a few thoughts:

Harry became my brother-in-law when he married Rose. He was a good man. My husband and I remained good friends with Harry long after he and my sister divorced. In fact, when our youngest son, Richard, was baptized, we asked Harry if he would like to be his godfather. He said yes and thus gained permanent status as a family member and a welcome family visitor.

I used to see or hear from him often, especially in the 80's. He would stop by our apartment in San Francisco whenever he was up that way, or had to pass through that way on the way to somewhere else. He was a postal carrier and looked forward to a time when he would have saved enough money for a decent retirement. At the time, his primary interests were photography, Jujitsu, and scuba diving. He had a little VW bus and a little dog for a companion.

My children grew up and left the nest to start lives of their own, and I remarried in 1988. I regret that I seldom saw Harry after that. On one of our "girls' night out" evenings at a restaurant in Burlingame, I was very happily surprised to see Harry on the dance floor again, this time line-dancing. He was very happy to see my girlfriends and me. He invited us to join the line, but we declined because we had never done line-dancing and we didn't want to embarrass ourselves. Such a pity! We probably would have had a blast! We did, however, go back a time or two, and yes, Harry was still line-dancing.

Rose explained the cause of the failure of their marriage:

Two chiefs cannot run a tribe.

Dorothy and her family attended the Celebration of Life on 27 April 2014. To our surprise and pleasure, they were joined by Rose for Harry's last voyage on 21 June 2014, when we committed his ashes to the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

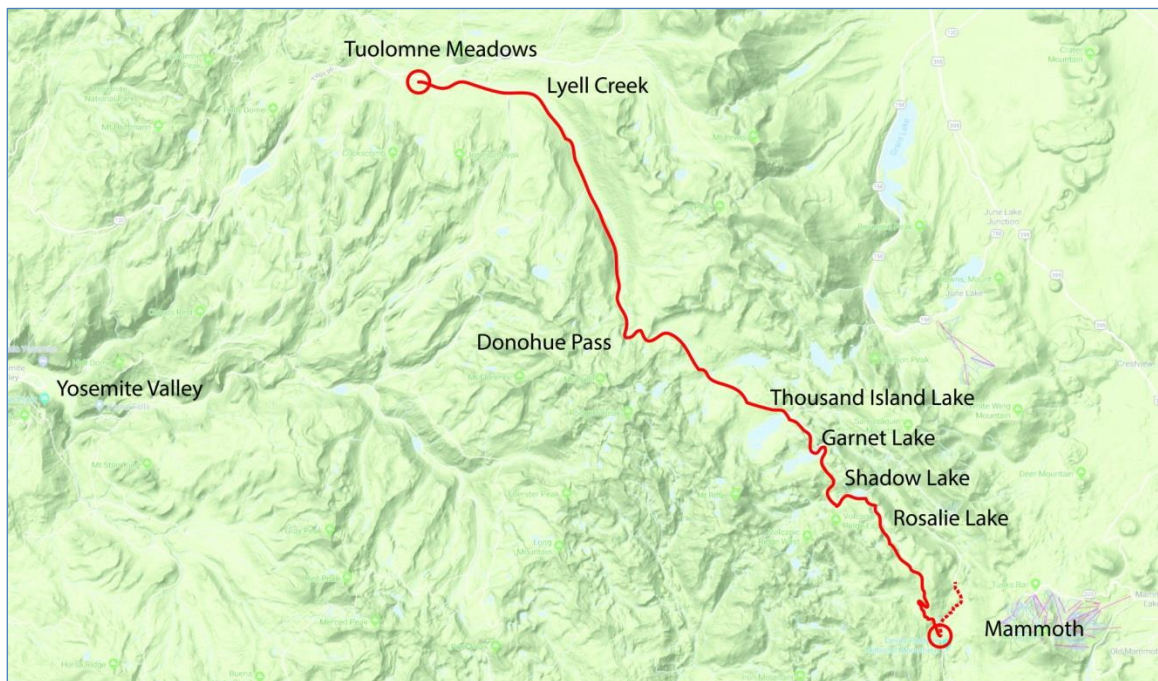
And so we sent Harry into the deep, carrying with him our love, and taking away with us a sense of the transience of everything in life. After all those years, everyone was philosophical. In a sense, like the USS *Arizona* in Hawaii, Harry is "still on active duty, still a member of our group and his wider family of friends and relatives.

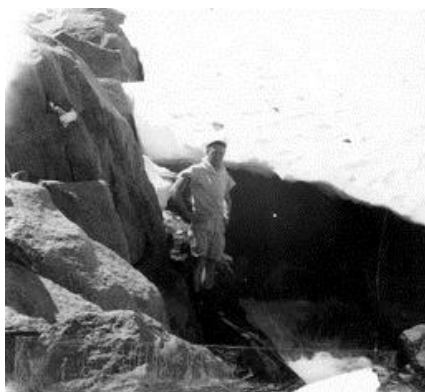
The Muir Trail hike (Aug 1958)

In August, 1958, about a year after he and Rose broke up and as their divorce was nearing completion, Harry and three companions, Fletcher, Don, and Marco, undertook a personal quest: they hiked a portion of the John Muir Trail (about 20 mi.), carrying very heavy packs (up to 50 lbs.). Before they left, they went to Glacier Point to get a look at the challenge. Here is Harry looking at Half Dome. Harry's plaid shirt enabled me to confirm that it was Harry in most of the photos.



It's not completely clear where the guys started, although probably it was at Tuolumne Meadows. Harry saved a nice collection of photos from their hike over the next two weeks, some even with dates and places. From these I was able to reconstruct the path they took. It's a classic; literally many thousands of others have walked this route, going one way or the other. The path is shown below. It is clear where they came out: Minarets Falls to Pumice Flat to Mammoth, where they probably had some cold lemonade.





[Key to these photos on the next page]

Here's the key to the photos on the previous page, which are numbered in normal (reading) order: (1,2,3)/(4,5,6)/(7,8,9)/(10,11,12). The Descriptions are the notes written on the photos by Harry.

Picture	Date	Description
1	18-Aug-1958	Ready to go!
2	21-Aug-1958	Hiking
3	21-Aug-1958	Lyell Creek camp
4	22-Aug-1958	Mt. Lyell base camp
5	22-Aug-1958	Donohue Pass, John Muir Point, 11,125 ft. 12.4 mi from Tuolumne Meadows
6	23-Aug-1958	Lifting a foxtail pine
7	23-Aug-1958	An ice bridge
8	23-Aug-1958	Rush Creek
9	25-Aug-1958	Thousand Island Lake 3 mi. past Rush Creek
10	25-Aug-1958	Trail along Shadow Creek. Ediza Lake is 8 mi. away
11	25-Aug-1958	Coming out. Inyo Nat. Forest. 2.5 mi. past Garnet Lake, 11 mi. past Donohue Pass
12	26-Aug-1958	Harry at the time of the hike

Harry's photos may make it appear that the trail was bleak and unremarkable. However, anyone who has hiked this area knows that it's spectacular. Here are the four main lakes along the route, which they saw as they walked past.



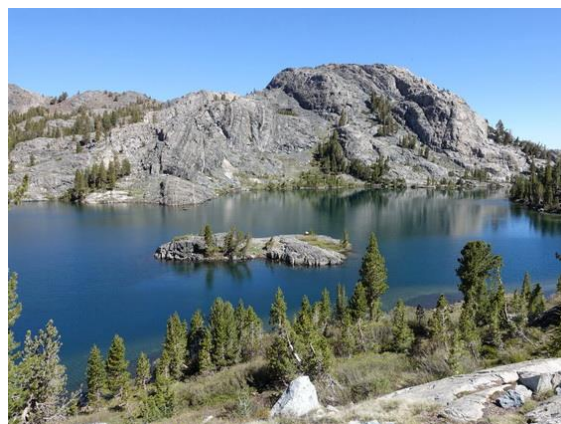
Thousand Island Lake



Garnet Lake



Shadow Lake



Rosalie Lake

06 FAMILY FINALES 1956-1984

May Alida Farr Sherman [Harry's grandmother]



(L to R)

Harry Sherman Sr.,
Marvel May Sherman,
May Alida (Farr) Dyslin

This picture, like many others in Harry's albums, was taken in front of the family home on Wilkins Ave in Napa.

Harry's grandmother May Alida Dyslin was a constant part of the family. Here are some images taken with two of her great-grandchildren. The pictures are remarkable because they show four generations of women, a rather trendy habit these days. The left picture below, taken in 1950, shows May with Marvel, Lavonne, and Lavonne's daughter Gloria. The right picture, taken in 1954, shows the same three mothers, but this time with Lavonne's new son Michael. These kids are now in their late sixties.

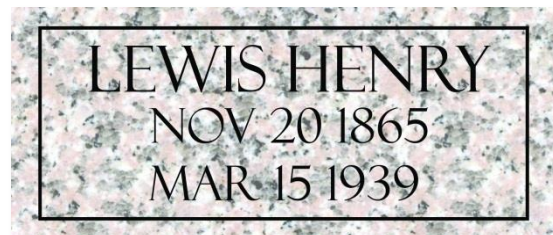
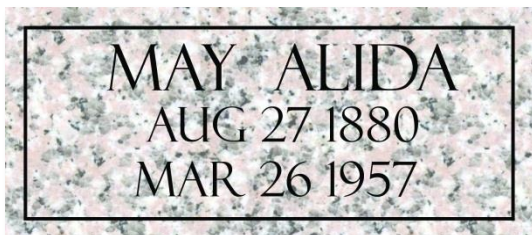


Harry's brother-in-law Bill had some comments about May and her children [paraphrased slightly]:

Grandmother Dyslin had at one time been financially well off, with property in Iowa and elsewhere, but other than Lavonne's mother Marvel, her children [Hazel, Eugenia, James, Charles, and Chester Dyslin], were in my opinion pretty greedy and of poor character. Grandmother made a habit of visiting some of her property by train until she became too old and frail to do so. I recall that when she wanted to visit a property somewhere in the Northwest she bought a new Oldsmobile for her son Charlie to drive her to the property and back. He lived near Napa, in Sonoma County. After they returned, she received a bill for repairs to the Oldsmobile from Charlie. This has always stuck with me as the height of ingratitude, at best.

Grandmother Dyslin spent the last years of her life living in the room that had been Lavonne's before our marriage. Only 13 months after her daughter Marvel died, May passed away, on 26 Mar 1957. None of her children other than Marvel attended their mother's funeral, but when we returned, we found they had looted her bedroom, obviously looking for anything of value. The large Sherman Family Bible was grabbed from the front room, and it has not been seen since.

Grandmother May Dyslin was buried in Pleasant Hill Cemetery, Aurelia, Cherokee County, Iowa, USA, beside her husband, Lewis Henry Dyslin, 18 years after his death.



Marvel May Dyslin Sherman [Harry's mother]



Marvel May (Dyslin) Sherman, Harry's mother

Bill Gould provided a vivid description of his Mother-in-Law:

To me she always resembled a classic picture of a Jewish Biblical figure. She sure could have played the part in a Biblical stage portrayal. Let me briefly give you an idea of the incredible woman who was responsible for instilling in Harry and Lavonne such outstanding character traits.

She was an incredibly decent and lovable woman who gave 100% of herself, attending to the needs of her family and that of all others with whom she had cause to interact with in her life. Selfless only begins to describe one of her outstanding characteristics, readily apparent to all who knew her. Harry and Lavonne inherited the best of what she had to offer. Lavonne's mother was one of the finest, most generous women I ever met. Thank goodness, Lavonne and Harry truly, perhaps miraculously, inherited their mother's best character traits and none of their father's blatant bigotry.

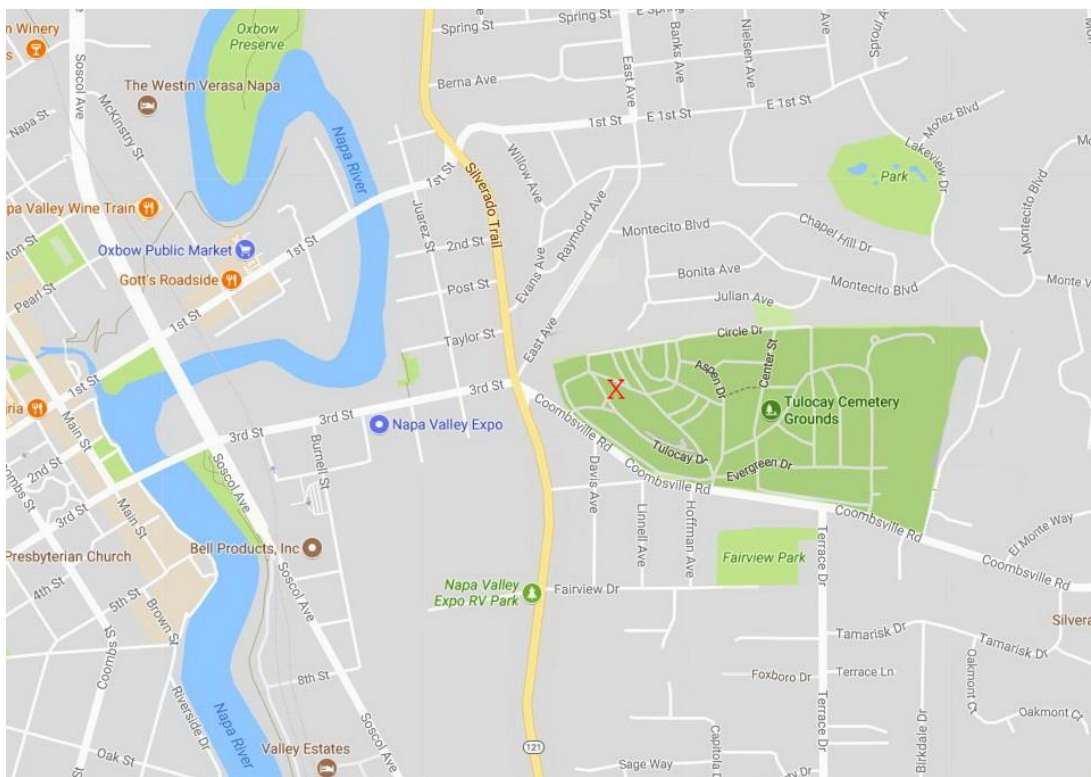
She died of breast cancer after enduring the worst operations imaginable to remove the breast and damn near all of her flesh, down to the bone from the middle of her front side clean around to her backbone. It had to be the most primitive operation of its kind that ever existed. Her attitude and bravery throughout the obvious torture are beyond my ability to describe. I think she tried hard to avoid showing her obvious pain so as not to cause discomfort to others who were visiting her in the hospital. I was alone with her the night she died. It was after visiting hours and I hung around to sit with her after everyone else had left. I just held her hand, reluctant to leave, because she seemed to want me to stay. After a bit of small talk she got a serious look on her face, then with what I can only describe as a loving smile on her face she said the last words she ever spoke: "Bill, take care of Lavonne." She went directly into a coma and died four hours later.

To further define her unselfish and thoughtful nature we learned after her death that she had spent her last days paying off all family debts and making the necessary arrangements for her expected demise without mentioning it to anyone. We found out all of this when we started to take care of what she had already done to save us the trouble. It makes me feel badly that she had to suffer.

Marvel's death resulted from a generalized metastasis of breast cancer on 16 Feb 1956, at the age of 52. When she died, Harry Sr. purchased two graves in the Tulocay Cemetery in Napa, one for her and one for him. Only part of this plan was destined to come to pass [cf., the next section on Paul Toumaine Sherman]. The left picture below shows the location ("X") of Marvel's grave.



The cemetery is located on the east side of the Napa River, just east of the Silverado Trail. Besides Marvel, the cemetery is the final resting place of Cayetano Juarez, who was granted the Rancho Tulucay (note spelling) and who donated 48 acres for the cemetery, and Nathan Coombs, founder of the City of Napa. The location of the cemetery is shown in this map. Marvel's grave is marked with an "X".



Paul Toumaine Sherman [Harry's brother]

Harry's little brother was destined to bring regret to many people, especially his family. He was born on 21 Nov 1935, a Thursday. He was one of more than a quarter million people born on that day. For those who enjoy event coincidence, a few weeks before his birth the Italian army invaded and occupied Abyssinia (Ethiopia), starting the Second Italo-Ethiopian War, and the Nazis deprived Jews of their citizenship. The "important" news was that the board game Monopoly was launched.

One horoscope for Nov. 21 offers up this:

You are a unique mix of playfulness and passion. You can light up a room with your sunny personality. In relationships, you show the same dedication, sacrificing your time and needs to support others. Your friends and family greatly appreciate your caring and compassionate nature, which explains why you are a coveted friend and companion. You are playful, passionate, dynamic, and inspired.

[<https://www.famousbirthdays.com/horoscope/november21.html>]

Boy, probably nothing could be more wrong. Early on, Paul was rebellious, selfish, and showed no sense of conforming to social norms. His personality almost leaps out of the few images we have. Here is a photo taken around 1950, when he was about 15. Paul is the second from right. To his left is Harry and to his right is Grandmother May Dyslin. The other two persons are unknown. In the picture, Harry looks calm and happy, in contrast to Paul who looks nervous. Of course, we don't have many pictures of Paul—I'm just looking for correspondence between the images we do have and everything else we know about him. Had he lived he would be 82 today.



Here are two more pictures of Paul. His father, Harry Sherman Sr. is far left in the left picture. The other young man in this picture is unidentified. The gentleman in coat and white shirt was Spike Shannon, a close friend of the Shermans, and one of the most important officials at the Napa State Hospital.



And here's another picture (below), this one standing next to his brother, Harry Jr. (on Paul's right). In all the years I knew Harry, he never mentioned Paul. Indeed, we had no idea he even had had a brother.



Paul had a short stint in the Army, which was less than successful. After only 10 months, he was given a dishonorable discharge for being AWOL. Pictures of him from that time show a rather scary character.



Starting in his late teens, Paul was truly creative in the ways he could do wrong. When he was 21, he and two friends carried out an armed robbery of Gordon's Restaurant in San Francisco. All three men had guns. Paul himself took the wallets from the owner Gordon Jones and all the patrons in the restaurant. The safe was opened and \$1500 cash was taken. However, they didn't get far, and were arrested and charged with robbery. There were other charges, such as the following, which is impressively worded:

COUNT I: **PAUL T. SHERMAN** is accused by the District Attorney of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, by this information, of the crime of felony, to wit: ROBBERY, Violation of Section 211 of the Penal Code of the State of California) committed as follows: The said PAUL T. SHERMAN on or about the 27th day of SEPTEMBER 1956, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, did willfully, unlawfully, feloniously and forcibly take from the person and immediate presence of JOHN R. TEMPLETON the following described personal property, to-wit, lawful money of the United States, in the possession of John R. TEMPLETON, which said taking was then and there without the consent and against the will of the said JOHN R. TEMPLETON, and was then and there accomplished as aforesaid, by the defendant by means of force used by said defendant upon and against the said JOHN R. TEMPLETON and by said defendant then and there putting the said JOHN R. TEMPLETON in fear. That at the time of the commission of said offense, said defendant was armed with a deadly weapon, to-wit: a REVOLVER. The defendant was not adjudged a habitual criminal.

Paul was convicted of the robbery in San Francisco on 30 Nov 1956 and sent to the prison at San Quentin. A week after he was released, on 7 Dec 1959, he and a friend robbed the Valley Inn in Napa and were arrested in Vallejo an hour later. Three days later they were arraigned in Justice Court. Apparently, Paul liked freedom, because he vowed he would not be taken back to prison alive.

On Thursday, 28 Jan 1960, he was convicted by a Superior Court jury. Saturday night he and two companions used smuggled hacksaw blades to cut through the cell bars. The next night the three pried up a piece of the ceiling and wriggled up on the roof. Alerted by a noise, a Deputy emerged on the roof and encountered the three. The two companions returned inside the jail, but Paul spun around brandishing a toy gun that the deputy took as a real weapon, whereupon he fired his shotgun. Paul was fatally wounded.

Paul's sorry story is described in a series of articles in the Napa Register around New Year's 1959-60, and I'll let them speak for themselves [emphasis is the author's]. Be sure to read the last story—it's a doozy.

Napa Register Monday, December 7, 1959

Armed Bandits Get \$700; 2 Arrested

BY PHYLLIS THOMPSON
Register Staff Writer
(other pictures Page 8)

Two young Napans, one of them masked and armed with a 22 caliber rifle, robbed the Napa Valley Inn and a bar patron of \$700 last night and two suspects were apprehended just an hour later on the outskirts of Vallejo.

Held in the Solano County Jail in Vallejo pending further questioning by Napa police are:

Paul Truman [=Tumaine] Sherman, 24, of 2158 Wilkins Ave., released just a week ago from San Quentin Prison where he served time for an armed robbery conviction in San Francisco, and ...

Store Employee

Clifford Dale Madariaga, 21, of 2128 West Park Ave., employee of a Napa paint store.

According to police Officer Jack Crowley, the two suspects entered the restaurant at Jefferson and Trancas streets at 10:15 PM last night and proceeded on in to the adjoining bar. While Madariaga stood at the entranceway, Sherman, wearing a silk stocking mask and blue-rimmed glasses, walked up to the bar.

He first accosted the only bar patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Thomas Sancts, 2718 Iowa St. Pointing his gun at Sancts, he ordered:

Orders Given

"Throw your wallet on the bar and then lay on the floor and don't move. I killed a guy in Milwaukie last week."

Sancts deposited his money clip containing about \$300 and some credit cards on the bar and lay down on the floor. Mrs. Sancts was told she could stay on the bar stool.

The gunman then turned to William Giovannini, co-owner of the Napa Valley Inn with Felix Serba Jr. and cocking the trigger of the rifle, he ordered him to empty the cash register on the bar and hand over his wallet.

Giovannini gave the gunman about \$400 from the cash register and his wallet, containing a \$500 Christmas club check and a \$50 check. Then, acting on the robber's orders, Giovannini walked around to the front of the bar and lay down.

Calls Police

As the gunmen fled, Zerba, who had been alerted by Giovannini to what was happening, saw them speed off east on Trancas. He got a description of the car and called Napa police.

At 11:18 p.m., the two suspects were picked up by California Highway Patrolman Frank Boas at 48th and Broadway north of Vallejo. Boas was covered by CHP Office Russell Evensen, and the two gave up without a struggle.

The rifle, loaded and cocked, was on the back seat of the car. Officer Crowley, going to the Solano Sheriff's Office in Vallejo, recovered \$389.79 from the pockets of the two men. Included was a silver dollar which had been taped in the cash register at the bar. The tape was still on the coin.

Items Missing

The wallet, money clip, and checks were not found, and officers theorized the men may have thrown them in the Napa River at Trancas as they fled the robbery scene. They also could have had time to hide a part of the money between the time of the robbery and the time they were picked up at Vallejo.

Ironically, when the two entered the restaurant they left the door open, and an unsuspecting patron called to them to close it. They did.

Giovannini, and Mr. and Mrs. Sancts were taken to the Solano Sheriff's Office last night by Crowley but they were unable to make positive identification. One of the suspects was masked, they noted, while the other stood at a distance in a dim light.

Napa Register Monday, Date unknown

Suspect Says He Had Role In Robbery

One of the two suspects held in the armed robbery at the Napa Valley Inn Sunday night late yesterday admitted his part in the crime.

Under questioning by police, Clifford Dale Madariaga, 21, of 2128 West Park Ave., employee of a Napa paint store, said he needed money for his car and also wanted to buy a new car.

The second suspect, Paul Truman [Tumaine] Sherman, 24, of 2158 Wilkins Ave., told officers he wanted to talk to his parole officer and to his attorney before making a statement. Assistant Police Chief Jack Blair said Sherman, who was released from San Quentin Prison just a week ago after serving time on an armed robbery charge, will be questioned sometime today.

In his statement, Madariaga said he and Sherman were enroute back to Napa from St. Helena when they decided to hold up the Napa Valley Inn.

The crime occurred at 10:15 p.m. and the two were apprehended an hour later on the outskirts of Vallejo by the California Highway Patrol. Officers recovered \$389.79 of the loot from the pockets of the two men.

Both Sherman and Madariaga are held in the Napa County Jail, and complaints charging them with armed robbery were scheduled to be signed today.

Napa Register Dec. 10, 1959

Two Napans Arraigned

Two Napans, Paul T. Sherman, 24, and Clifford D. Madariaga, 21, were arraigned in Napa Justice Court yesterday on armed robbery charges stemming from the holdup of the Napa Valley Inn Sunday night.

Judge William I. Locarnini set 2 p.m. tomorrow for preliminary hearing. Francis Friisch represents Madariaga, and Joseph Peatman is appearing for Sherman on court appointment.

Sherman still has not made a full statement to police concerning the holdup pending a consultation with his attorney. Madariaga signed a full confession Monday.

Napa Register Monday, February 1, 1960

Quick Action Stops Trio; Pair Charged

BY CHARLES JOHNSON
Register Staff Writer

Escape charges were to be filed today against two Napa jail prisoners who survived an abortive jail break last night.

The third man in the escape plot, Paul T. Sherman, was killed in the attempt.

William O. Hallmark, 28, convicted child molester, and James E. Cooper, 20, a sailor who held up two stores while on leave, were betrayed by the scratches they received as they scrambled back in the jail after Sherman was shot.

Push Investigation

Investigation of the plot was spreading today as other prisoners in the jail were being questioned.

Sheriff's deputies were also looking for the source of four hacksaw blades the men used to cut their way out of jail and the toy gun Sherman dropped as he fell.

Sherman was killed by a single shotgun blast fired by Deputy Joseph Meyer.

Meyer and Deputies Tom John and Donald Townsend had been called to the jail after an anonymous phone tip at about 9:15 p.m. that there was "a lot of noise going on" in the jail attic.

The deputies ran up to the office of Dist. Atty. David York in the Hall of Records to get a view of the roof.

Seeing nothing, they obtained keys to the office of Court Reporters Charles and Cecil Sims in the courthouse.

As Meyer walked into the office, he could see Sherman's small, slight figure on the wide cornice of the jail, about eight feet outside the office window.

Meyer called out: "Halt, Sherman." Sherman spun around. Meyer could see the gun in his hand, and fired low. **Sherman went down, crying, "I'm hit."** He died of massive internal hemorrhages almost immediately.

Evidently, Sherman, partly hidden in the shadow of a vent, had gone into such a deep crouch that Meyer's intentionally low shot caught him in the lower belly.

Sherman had made good his boast when he was arrested after holding up the Napa Valley Inn last Dec. 6 that he would not be taken to prison alive.

For Sherman it was the end of a long and grim crime career.

Only 25, **he had spent the last eight years in and out of jail.** He had only been out of San Quentin six days when he held up the Napa restaurant.

Born in Napa, he was the youngest of three children. **His older brother, Harry T. Sherman, now a student at the Hastings College of Law in San Francisco, once wrote a paper on Paul's early delinquency.** His older sister Elizabeth is married and lives in Hayward.

He was released from county jail to attend his mother's funeral in 1956.

When informed last night of his son's death, Harry Sherman [Sr.] said, "We knew he was on his way to something like this." The father went into collapse later in the day.

Long Record

Sherman's adult criminal record begins in 1951 when he was given a suspended Youth Authority sentence for three burglaries.

But even before that **he had been arrested for, among other things, grave robbing.** He had taken the decomposed body of an infant out of a crypt in Tulocay Cemetery, and a skull, and hidden them in his garage.

Six months after the burglary conviction he was picked up for another burglary and was sent to Preston School for Boys for

nearly a year. Two months after his release he was arrested for assault and battery and placed on probation.

Sherman went into the Army in March of 1953 and was given an undesirable discharge 10 months later for being AWOL.

Out of the service, he was jailed twice for fighting and then in March, 1955 he was sent to the Youth Authority a second time for a sex offense involving male patients at the Napa State Hospital.

He was released February of 1956 and in November of that year began to serve his first sentence at San Quentin.

He had been convicted in San Francisco for his part in a long series of gang hold ups of cafes and bars in that city.

Within a week after his release, he was back in jail for the Napa Valley Inn robbery.

Within a week after that, he was plotting his escape and had already obtained the hacksaw blades and a realistic toy gun.

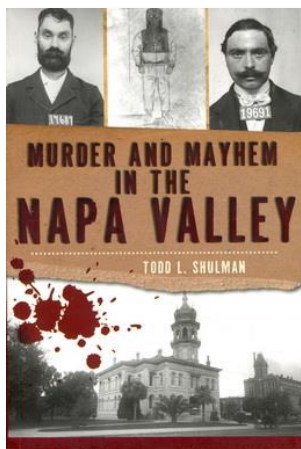
Last Thursday he was convicted by a Superior Court jury. On Saturday night, while most of the other prisoners were on the lower level of the jail block watching television, Sherman, Cooper, Hallmark, and possibly some others began taking turns sawing through two on-half-inch bars in the upstairs ceiling.

The old jail makes it impossible to keep the men in separate cells or under surveillance, Undersheriff Wesley Gardner remarked.

After two hours of sawing, the bars had been removed.

Then last night a piece of bed spring framing was used to pry apart the boards of the ceiling in the cell block and the boards and shingles of the roof.

It was the sound of this operation which evidently triggered the warning telephone call.



This sad story is recounted in the book *Murder and Mayhem in the Napa Valley*, by Todd L. Shulman. As usual, Bill Gould had some pithy remarks about Paul. Generally, Bill and his wife Lavonne felt it would be wrong to include a detailed description of Paul in this book. With great respect to them, my purpose here is to chronicle Harry's life and all that happened in and around it, and Paul was indeed one of those things. Bill did provide considerable interesting detail and opinion about Paul, but some of it was given in confidence, and therefore I cannot include those particular remarks here. Sorry.

I can tell you that I also tracked on Paul's partner in the 1959 Napa Valley Inn robbery, Clifford Madariaga, and did, in fact, locate him. He is now (early 2018) age 79. I did not, however attempt to contact him.

Paul was killed in 1960, 4 years after his mother died, but his father Harry Sr. was still alive at the time. It was decided to put Paul's body in his father's grave in Napa's Tulocay Cemetery. That left HTS Sr. without a grave; in the next section I'm tell you what he did about that.



Harry Taylor Sherman Sr. [Harry's father]

By most accounts, HTS Sr. was hardworking and conscientious. Here he is in 1945 in the back of the family house on Wilkins Avenue in Napa.

HTS Sr. was also a heavy drinker, an alcoholic some say. Nephew-in-Law Bill Gould, who knew him personally, provides some insights into Harry's personality:

Harry Sr. was a pretty classic alcoholic. He lived in an absolute world of denial concerning his condition. As evidence of this denial, he had a habit of buying bourbon in half pint bottles and storing them under a tea towel in a kitchen drawer. I had observed that he made frequent visits to the kitchen and several trips a day to the nearby liquor store. In this fashion, buying one bottle at a time, he probably put away a quart a day. One day in all sincerity, I suggested he simply buy a quart to begin with since it was cheaper that way. His indignant reply was that he didn't drink that much.

Here is how he managed to work and make frequent kitchen and liquor store visits on a daily basis. The family home was less than 50 yards from the State Hospital where he managed the ground crews, pretty much on his own terms. He could come and go as he pleased which allowed him to easily manage and accommodate his drinking habits. I might add that he was not noticeably unusual in his behavior except on the rare occasions when he wasn't drinking. Generally speaking, he was well mannered and pleasant to be with when drinking.

One last thing: he was damn near an absolutely absurd characterization of a Southern racist. Ridiculous in the extreme.

As time passed, Harry Sr. developed a relationship with a woman down the street named Mildred Viola Statter, and eventually they married. Having given up his burial plot in Napa next to Marvel for his son Paul, Harry Sr. acquired a double plot in the Skyview Memorial Lawn, Vallejo, California. On 27 Apr 1973, at the age of 80, he died. He was a Mason and a veteran, so he was buried with military honors. His grave marker reads "ARKANSAS MUSI US NAVY WORLD WAR I. "MUSI" means musician—he had played the trumpet during his time in the Navy. The headstone includes a Christian cross, but no Mason's insignia.



Mildred Viola (Statter) Sherman [Harry's stepmother]

Mildred Statter is invariably described as a loser and an alcoholic. Apparently, she stole everything that was left by Harry Sr., although in fairness we don't know what agreement they had or what the legal arrangement was. Regardless, less than six weeks after Harry Sr. died, she, too, expired, and was put in the grave adjoining Harry Sr. The Vallejo cemetery rolls over a wide gently curved hillside in Vallejo, with nothing sticking up to interrupt the grassy slope. Mildred was born 21 Sep 1907 and died 7 Jun 1973.



Mildred's headstone is bronze, while Harry's is engraved stone. Interestingly, Mildred's headstone includes an Eastern Star. According to published policy [multiple sources]:

"The Order of the Eastern Star is made up of women and men affiliated with the Family of Freemasonry. We are committed to creating an accepting, friendly environment in which we can live our lives dedicated to the enduring principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth."

"The members of the Order of the Eastern Star are dedicated women and men who sincerely reflect the spirit of fraternal love and the desire to work together for good."

"The purposes of the organization are Charitable, Educational, Fraternal and Scientific. The Order supposedly promotes moral values and personal goodness, building "an Order which is truly dedicated to charity, truth and loving kindness."

Heavy stuff. Probably Mildred didn't read all that, and just joined because Harry was a Mason.

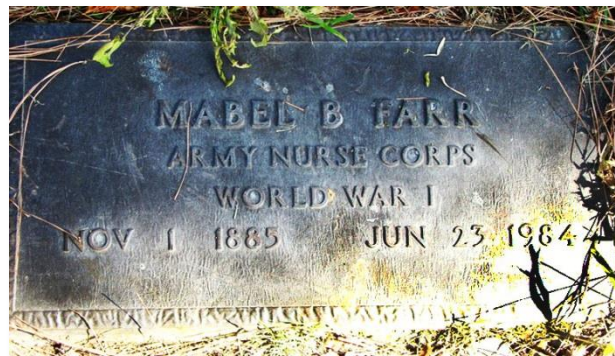
Here is a view of the cemetery from the graves of Harry [Sr.] and Mildred.



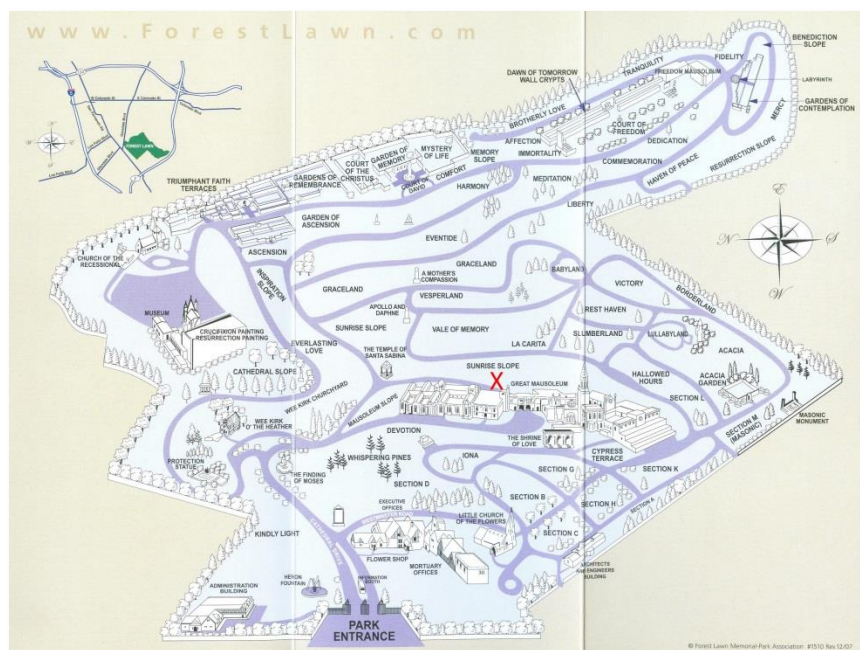
Mabel Burns Farr [“Aunt Mabel”]

Elsewhere in this narrative, I have described the interesting character of Aunt Mabel. Other than her career as an Army nurse, she (probably) was the one responsible for bringing together Marvel Dyslin and Harry Sherman (Sr.), hence setting up the life of their son Harry Sherman Jr. and the motivation for this story.

Mabel Farr died on 23 Jun 1984. Her death came some 30 years after she had forwarded Dr. H. H. Sherman’s diamond earrings to Marvel, some 20 years after Marvel (and Marvel’s mother) died, some 10 years after HTS Sr. and his second wife Mildred died.



Mabel lived most of her later life in Glendale, California. She is buried in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, on Mausoleum Slope, Lot 201, Space 4 (red “X” in the map). She’s in good company; among the quarter-million graves here you’ll find Aimee Semple McPherson, Alan Ladd, Carole Lombard, Casey Stengel, Chico Marx, Clara Bow, Clark Gable, Clayton Moore, Dorothy Dandridge, Errol Flynn, Ethel Waters, George Burns & Gracie Allen, Humphry Bogart, Jean Harlow, Jeanette MacDonald, Jimmy Stewart, Lon Chaney, Mary Pickford, Michael Jackson, Nat King Cole, Red Skelton, Robert Young, Sammy Davis Jr., Spencer Tracy, and Walt Disney. [Source: Wikipedia] [\[See bio on Aunt Mabel p. 15\]](#)



07 EMPLOYMENT 1961-2005

We always knew Harry worked for the U. S. Post Office, mostly in the section that processes international mail. But what we didn't know was how many different occupations he had followed, or tried to follow. Harry himself provided the most detail in the oral history project that was carried out in 2009 by the staff at the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary (more about that later). The interviewer asked Harry (and the other members of my organization Cordell Expeditions) leading questions, and then sat back while we expounded. Here is what Harry had to say about his career(s), or lack thereof. This transcription is slightly edited to compensate for the irregularities inevitable in live speech. Some of this material is covered in other parts of this book, but this is Harry talking...

I never got to my occupation of what I wanted to do mainly because my feet ended up with claw-foot deformity with hammertoes. I've had six operations on each foot over the years. Also, when I was 15, my hip separated from the socket, so I had a lot of problems with that. My right leg ended up three-quarters of an inch shorter than the left. So I lost out on the physical thing.

I always wanted to be a cop. I even tried a couple of times for the State, but I couldn't go into the service. I've been 4F since I was 17. So instead, I went to college and worked part-time with the Bank of America.

After that I worked as a special police officer in San Francisco for a private company, and also worked in some bars. Once I arrested a car firebug. The guy kept setting fires in cars. I staked it out and caught him doing it. Never got any credit for it, though. The fire department took that over because he'd been causing car fires in San Francisco where he worked. This solved about 30 car fires.

Later on, I started to go to law school at Hastings, but I only went one year—I didn't like it at all. During that time, I met a guy and ended up as special deputy sheriff in San Mateo, working some drive-ins. I also worked at the Eichler Highlands in Belmont. There I caught an arsonist trying to burn a house down, so that's when I actually experienced arresting somebody. After that, I moved down to San Jose for a year.

The letter at right was written by Avery Anderson of the Union Automotive Service to Police Chief Cahill, San Francisco Police Department, on 12 Jan 1961. It says

It is a pleasure to inform you that I am retaining the services of Harry T. Sherman, ... who in this past year apprehended the perpetrator of the malicious burnings which had plagued us for some time ...

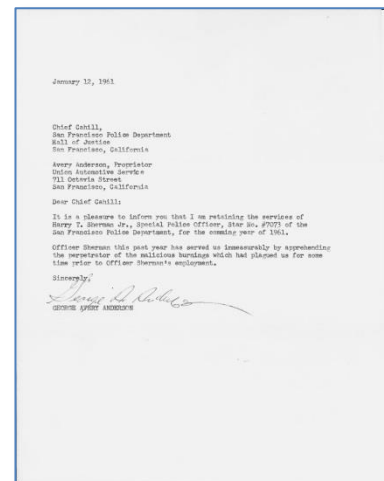
Harry continues his oral history ...

In San Jose I worked setting out barricades for construction. In fact, that was the time when 101 was changing from a two-lane to a three-lane road, so we were covering the entire freeway. During that time, there was a lot of building in San Jose making a great need for putting up barricades for construction, manhole covers, and other things.

When I came back from San Jose, I ended up on unemployment for two months. I couldn't stand that, so I went to work for a process serving company. I was serving summons and subpoenas all over San Francisco, and during that entire time, no matter how bad the territory I was in, I never had a damn bit a problem. I'd go in the worst neighborhoods in San Francisco, and had not a single problem.

About that time, 1963, I started getting interested in karate and Jiu-Jitsu. So now, I've now had about 45 years of training in the martial arts.

Finally, I ended up working for the post office [about 1971]. I just retired four years ago after 34 years with them, so my total working time is a little over 51 years. I got tired!



I also ended up with some problems with my heart. It wasn't a heart attack or anything; it just slowed down, making it hard to work. I had one episode when I went into the hospital and they thought they had it OK. I went back to work after a week, but a week later, I had another episode. They ended up putting a pacemaker in me a couple of years ago. I haven't had a bit of problem with it. I've gone in for checks three times, and so far nothing has ever happened. But I just decided— at that time I was 72—it's time to quit working. So I left it, retired from the post office. But I kept my insurance with my Blue Cross that I had all those years, which is nice because I've had both knees replaced two years ago. I had the both of them replaced because my kneecaps completely wore out.

Retirement is not really that great. My Social Security isn't good because even though all those years I worked—and they took Social Security out—if you worked for the Federal Government, they cut it in half on your Social Security, so mine was cut in half and I get a little tiny check. Otherwise, I'm getting by.

Bill Gould shared his feelings that Harry had been dealt very unfair treatment. Again, some of this material is included in other sections of this book. This is Bill speaking:

Out of high school, Harry won an appointment to the Coast Guard Academy, which became the first of his unfair treatment situations. We were all excited about his chance to get a free college education with the prospect of becoming an officer in the Coast Guard. However, it was found during his entrance physical examination that one leg was slightly shorter than the other, which disqualified him and kept him out of the Academy. Then he had to undergo the complete replacement of the rotating socket bone in his hip, which gave him some problems for the rest of his life.

Harry then put himself through college with no financial help from anyone. He had picked up knowledge of martial arts somewhere along the line and taught martial arts at a school in San Francisco for some income and lived in a Volkswagen van on the street. Working at the martial arts academy gave him a place to bathe and use other toilet facilities. After college, he attended law school in San Francisco and continued the same living and working arrangements. He was earning some extra income by doing photography work. Unfortunately, several thousands of dollars' worth of camera equipment was stolen from his uninsured van, which effectively put him out of business.

Following law school, his next and the most unfair treatment of his life took place. He took the test to become a special agent in the intelligence division of the IRS and was hired to work in San Francisco. During his first week on the job, he was called into the office and discharged for failure to declare in his employment application that he had an arrest record. [What?!] It developed that a few years earlier he had attended a football game at Kezar Stadium where a riot broke out at the end of the game. As he managed to get out of the stadium, someone threw a beer bottle down from the upper level of the stadium, hitting him on the head. He managed to stagger half-conscious across the street and up onto a house porch, where he tried to hide behind a large cement planter urn to get away from the rioters. According to Harry, a policeman saw him and shouted something at him about him trying to throw the cement planter at him, then hit him with the baton and threw him into a paddy wagon full of rioters. As far as he knew, he was let go after they arrived at the police station and nothing else happened. He had no idea there was even a record of the arrest and had not thought of it when filling out the IRS application. In the end, that unfortunate event cost him what might have been a very good lifetime career.

As unfair as that was, I have thought it was probably just as well that Harry did not remain with the IRS investigative group. Over the years, I worked with some agents who could not comfortably confront criminals and were failures. I really can't picture Harry telling someone he is a liar and then showing him the evidence that proves the point. On the other hand, he might have succeeded in giving the IRS a better name among innocent people he dealt with who would not have been treated as criminals, which in my experience is not always the case.

The Rincon Center Murals

While working at the Post Office, Harry was gaining a reputation as a photographer, so it was reasonable that the management gave him an assignment: “Go to the Rincon Post Office [San Francisco] and photograph the murals.” This might seem like a perfectly ordinary task, but it turns out there is an enormous story behind the murals, bleeding into politics. [\[See Notes Rincon p. 176\]](#). What led to this is that during the depression, a cabinet member returning from Mexico suggested that the administration put artists to work and create murals throughout the country in post offices, schools, and various public spaces to glorify the American workers. The rationalization went something like this:

The U.S. Post Office headquarters murals embody many admirable qualities of American art and culture in the 1930s: a range of visual styles, inventive approaches to subject matter, commitment to bringing creativity and artistic beauty to public spaces, and devotion to the development of American art as a part of national identity. At the same time, engrained cultural attitudes of the 1930s are inevitably present, including stereotypes about women, Native Americans, African Americans, and rural Americans ... [\[Wikipedia\]](#)

In 1940 in San Francisco, Russian-born artist Anton Refregier won the commission for the “History of San Francisco,” to be located in the lobby of the Rincon Center in San Francisco. The mural consisted of 27 panels and covered 400 square feet of wall space. It included the 1877 anti-Chinese Sand Lot riots, the 1934 San Francisco Waterfront Strike, the trial of trade unionist Tom Mooney that was based on fabricated evidence, the California Gold Rush, the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire, the city's Second World War contributions, the 1945 signing of the United Nations Charter, and other subjects.



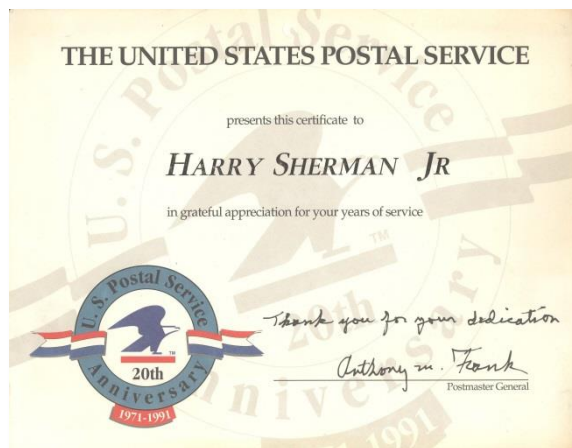
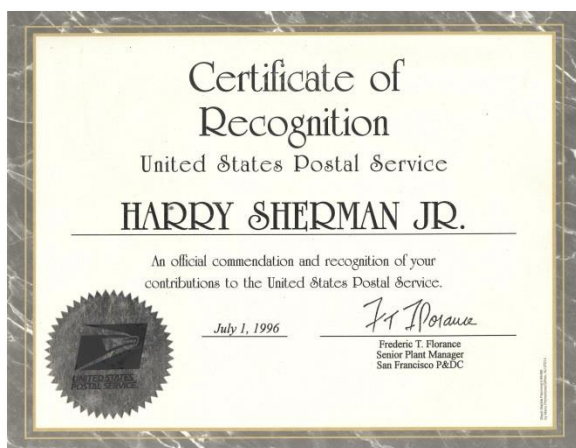
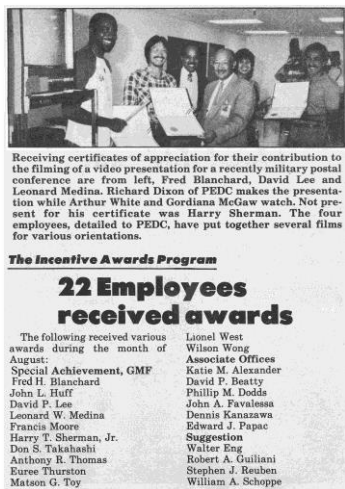
The murals were controversial from the beginning. Nudity and revolutionary sentiments was part of it. The “History of San Francisco” created a heated debate because of the controversial events it depicted from California’s past. People believed that it “placed disproportionate emphasis on violence, racial hatred, and class struggle.” U. S. Congressman Richard Nixon was involved in Congressional hearings to have the work removed, claiming it had a communistic tone. A motion to destroy the works even made it to court in 1953, with the backing of the California State Senate. Luckily, the furor over the works died down and the murals were given a stay of execution.

The post office gave up ownership of the Rincon Center space in the 1980s and it was developed into a commercial and residential space. The murals were restored as a part of this development. However as the space expanded, the murals were once again put on the chopping block, only to be saved by the lobbying of art preservationists.

Harry did go to the Rincon Center and photograph the murals (shown above). The left image shows one of his print sheets. Judging by the whole collection of pictures, I think he didn’t take many pains to get high-quality photographs; he probably just pointed his camera at them and shot.

Certificates

Over the years, Harry received certificates from the U.S. Post Office for a variety of reasons. Among others, there were certificates in 1983, 1994, 1996, 1997, and 1998. They cited Harry for "Notable Performance," "Contributions," "Five Accident Free Years," and "Years of Service."



08 MARTIAL ARTS 1963-2010

Harry got interested in Jujitsu in 1963. He lived in his van outside of the Karate studio, located at Pearl and Market, with the address 1819 Market, for a number of years. There was a shower and bathroom in the studio which he used to freshen up. It worked for him because he worked at night so there was parking during the day for his van. [Source: Sally Sharpless]

Below is a photo of the studio at that time. This location is now a Japanese restaurant called Roku. There you can get Seaweed Salad, Takowasabi (raw octopus), Shio-Kara (fermented squid), Nasu Nibitsshi (eggplant), and Uni (sea urchin gonads). If these don't tempt you, go to The Sushi Zone next door, where the cleaners used to be. They can provide you with Unagi (eel), Miruhai (geoduck clam), Ankimo (monkfish liver), Kohada (shad gizzard), and Spinach. If you dine in either place, please let me know if you're OK.



Some of the friends Harry made there became effectively lifelong friends. Above are (L to R): Harry, Duke Moore, Bruce Murphey, and unknown. The studio is now known as Infinite Martial Arts. You'll find them at 2830 Baker St. in San Francisco.

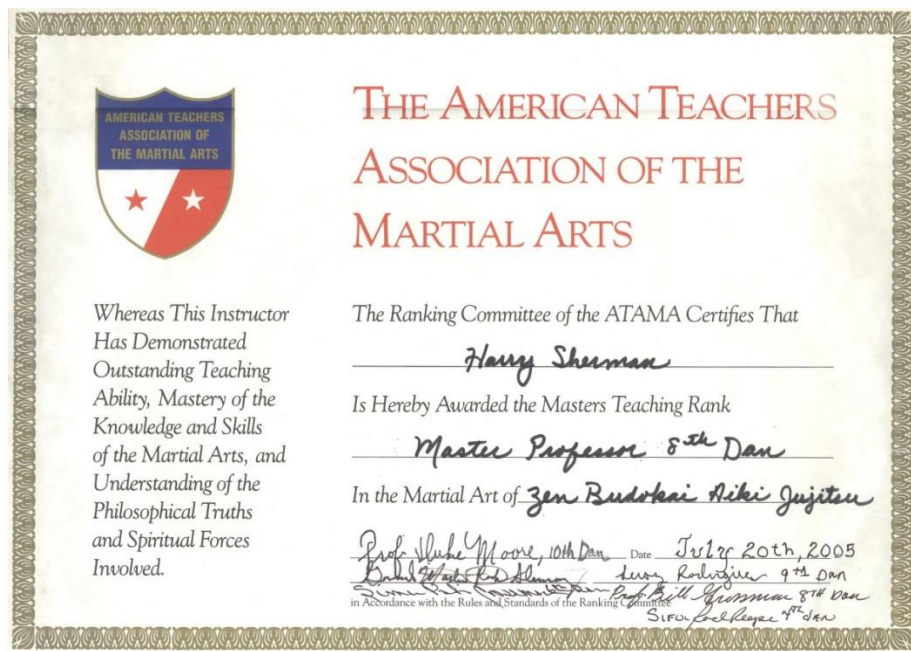
Martial arts are codified systems and traditions of combat practices, which are practiced for a number of reasons: self-defense, military, and law enforcement, mental and spiritual development, entertainment, and the preservation of a nation's intangible cultural heritage. Interestingly, “martial” comes from Latin referring to Mars, the Roman God of War.

You probably know a lot more about martial arts than I do. Yes, I had heard of Jujitsu and Karate, but I had no idea how many options you have for getting involved in “combat practices.” Most of the major countries have a variety of martial arts, with their own peculiar names: Nguni stick fighting, Bajan stick licking, Okichitaw, Jailhouse rock (yes, that’s right!), Oom Yung Doe, Kalaripayattu, Krabi-krabong, Naginatajutsu, Pygmachia, Koshti Pahlevani, and lots more. In Hawaii, you can get involved in Kapu Kuialua. Samoa offers you Limalama. And for English speakers, Australia can instruct you in “Unified Weapons Master.”

Jujitsu

Jujitsu focuses on self-defense from the ground. It teaches a smaller, weaker opponent to defeat a bigger, stronger opponent by use of technique: leverage, joint manipulation, reversals, sweeps, weight distribution, body movement, and submissions. It is a method of defending oneself without the use of weapons. There is an International Ju-Jitsu Federation and lots of other federations. [<http://www.ijif.info>]

For Harry, though, Jujitsu (also spelled Jiu Jitsu, Ju-jitsu, and many other ways) and Karate were available in San Francisco, so that’s what he did. Harry was involved in these activities for 40 years or more. One progresses up a series of ten steps, designated, shodan, nidan, sandan, yodan godan, rokudan, nanadan, hachidan, kyuudan, and jodan. Roughly, each level allows wearing a belt with a characteristic color, which in order are: white, yellow, gold, orange, green, blue, purple, brown, red, and black. In about 30 years of effort, Harry reached the 8th Degree. He received this very handsome certificate for his accomplishment from the American Teachers Association of the Martial Arts (A.T.A.M.A.).



I was able to obtain copies of quite a few photographs of Harry engaged in martial arts. Unfortunately, I am not sufficiently expert to interpret, or even describe, the activities these show, so I will simply present a selection and hope that you will understand them.

Karate

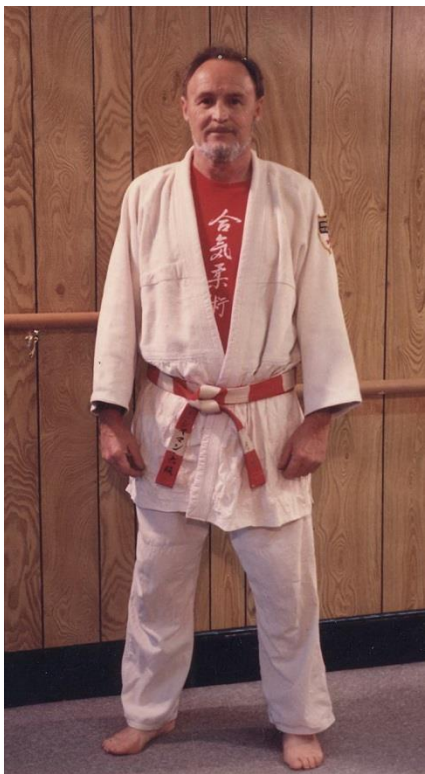
Karate focusses on self-defense from a standing position. It uses brute strength. Karate is now predominantly a striking art using punching, kicking, knee strikes, elbow strike, and open-hand techniques such as knife-hands, spear-hands, and palm-heel strikes. Historically, and in some modern styles, grappling, throws, joint locks, restraints, and vital-point strikes are also taught. There is of course a World Karate Federation and about a hundred other Karate federations. Karate was accepted as a sport for the 2020 Summer Olympics in Japan, together with baseball/softball, skateboard, sport climbing, and surfing.

These pictures show Harry sparring with two friends in 1966.



These pictures are from Art Buckley, who provided the comment:

He was known as a "Professor." After the 7th Degree, he was authorized to wear a red/white belt, which we see here.



The following pictures (provided by Art and Sally Sharpless) are of the students and instructors at the A.T.A.M.A. camp in July 2005. The five instructors in the second row are (L. to R.) Jose Gusman, Harry Sherman, Sally Sharpless, Ray Sharpless, and Harry Glackin. These same five people are also shown in the second picture below.







Here are some anecdotes from people who knew Harry in the context of the martial arts activities.

Sally Sharpless. The first time I saw Harry was at an A.T.A.M.A. seminar. He shuffled across the gym floor to my husband Ray and said, “You want me to show you something?” The next thing Ray knew he was on the floor. Harry walked away, chuckling. Harry came to some of our martial arts camps and taught classes. He loved it and our students loved him. He loved martial arts and was grateful to Duke Moore for his training. The A.T.A.M.A. was a big interest. He was treasurer of the organization for years.

Bill Gould Our oldest daughter Gloria still can recall how she unexpectedly destroyed Harry’s claim of a martial arts stance that could not be overcome by an opponent. It happened while he was visiting us around Christmas in Kansas City many years ago. We were all facing him as he demonstrated various martial arts positions with his back to a blazing fire in the fireplace. As he went into a pose with a leg extended and arms thrust out, Gloria rose up from the couch, placed a hand under his heel, and raised her arm, throwing him backwards into the fire. He shamefacedly extricated himself before suffering anything more than a few burned spots on his clothing.

Gloria Loftin daughter of Bill Gould. I had been thinking that the boys should learn the martial arts to defend themselves from the inevitability of being picked on by bullies in school. Harry had brought his workout togs that looked like white pajamas and had arranged to visit a local Grand Masters school to work out during his visit. We decided that it would be a good time to introduce the boys to the practice and sign them up for lessons at the school. As I recall the owner was named Harris, Harrison or something like that. When we arrived, the owner and Harry entered into a lengthy discussion that ended up with him suggesting that they have a match. This was to be where they simulate the strikes to the body, stopping in a controlled fashion, short of actually making physical contact. I don’t know what happened, but it soon became obvious that the friendly simulation had turned into a fight damn near to the crippling finish. At one point Harry in apparent desperation retaliated by kicking his opponent so hard that he split his big toe open with blood spurting all over both of them and the mat. It looked like a slaughterhouse when they finally stopped. I can’t recall exactly how it was when we left the school or what transpired between Harry and his opponent. The whole thing discouraged the boys from taking lessons. Harry was unable to explain what had happened, other than the guy being nuts. I later read in the paper that the guy who Harry fought lost his license to operate a school and was prosecuted for assault on someone in a street fight. I think he did jail time. He was one dangerous dude.



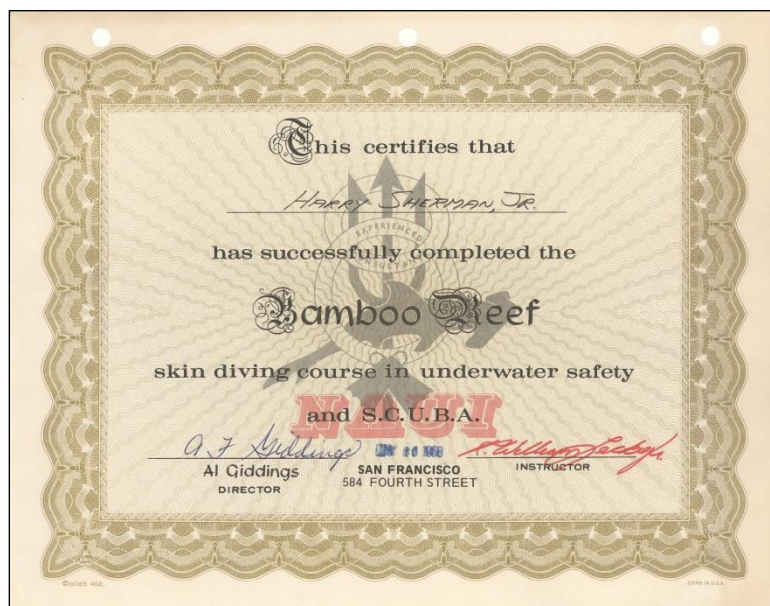
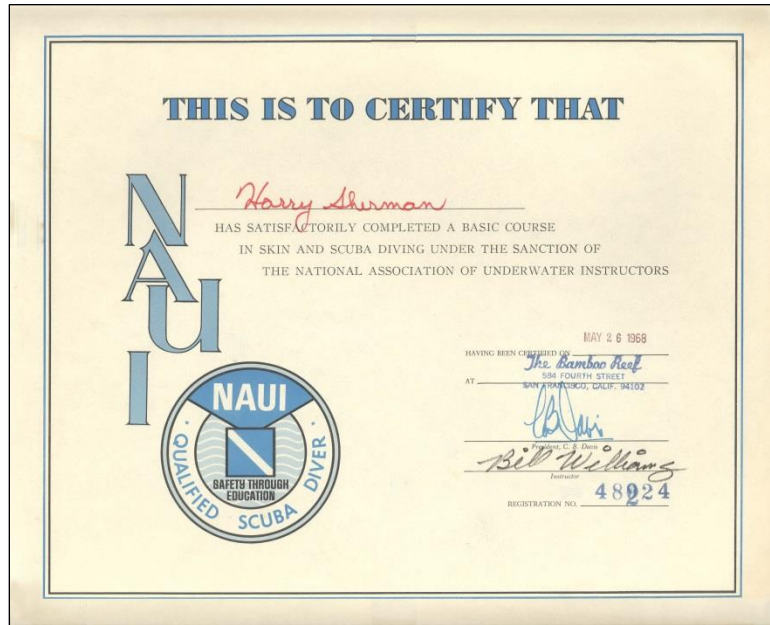
Like numerous other aspects of Harry’s life, I was amazed when I learned the extent of Harry’s involvement and accomplishment in the martial arts. His personality was of a gentle, nonaggressive soul, rather retiring, and certainly non-threatening. I can only imagine how we might have felt if there had been a physical confrontation in front of us and Harry acquitted himself to his actual capability.

But as I learned more about the subject, I found that truly accomplished martial artists habitually don’t brag, or even describe, their prowess. Research [Sabina, et al., 2014] shows that “although the subjects of our study perform an aggressive combat sport, they are friendly, self-disciplined, extroverted, active, and emotionally stable.” No doubt, that was Harry.

09 DIVING 1968-2010

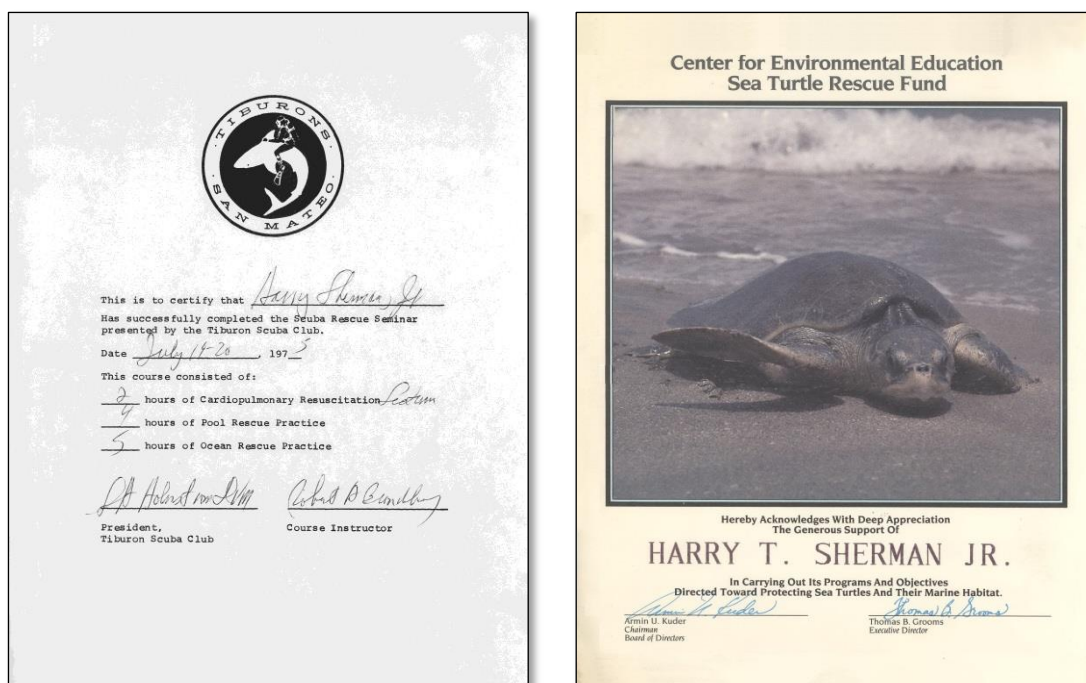
Recreational diving

Harry started diving in 1968, some eight years before I did. Here is his C-Card from the Bamboo Reef under the auspices of NAUI (The National Association of Underwater Instructors), dated 26 May 1968, and his certificate for completing the course in underwater safety, also from the Bamboo Reef, the same date.



In common with the author and thousands of other scuba divers, Harry started out doing recreational diving. He joined a club, the Hammerheads, and did some 50 dives with them. This was extended by a couple of dives in Lake Tahoe, boat dive trips from San Diego, Los Angeles, and to the Channel Islands. He went to the Bahamas and dived from the schooner Phantom, and to Baja and the Cayman Islands.

In July 1975, he completed the Scuba Rescue Seminar through the Tiburon Scuba Club. About the same time he was cited for "Carrying out Programs and Objectives Directed Toward Protecting Sea Turtles and their Marine Habitat." To be honest, I don't know what that meant.



In 2009, Harry recorded an oral history, much of it relating to his diving experiences. Instead of telling his story for him, I will let him tell much of it in his own words. Cordell refers to Cordell Expeditions, the nonprofit organization that was the vehicle for the exploration of Cordell Bank and its creation as a national Marine Sanctuary. The interviewer was Dewey Livingston. I have edited the transcripts to eliminate the inevitable irregularities in an oral transcript. This is Harry speaking:

Livingston: When did you get interested in diving? And where did you dive before Cordell?

Sherman: After I got back from San Jose, after the year down in all the barricades, I was working as a process server, and I started getting interested in karate and Jiu-Jitsu. That started in '63. In '68 I got interested in diving. I had actually been on the ocean only once on a Sea Scout trip to Catalina Island.

Livingston: Where did you dive? What type of diving did you like to do?

Sherman: San Francisco Hammerheads was a diving club. It originally started out at Al Giddings School [Bamboo Reef], so Giddings was our mentor. He's the guy who does all the underwater movies? He came by our club one night and showed his movies he made on the Andrea Doria. The Hammerheads did a lot of free diving and abalone fishing up and down the entire North Coast. We covered it from one end to the other.

Livingston: Was there something specifically you were interested in diving like exploring?

Sherman: Well, at the time I got a little interested in photography. We did two dives in Lake Tahoe, and I've got movies from both of them. One of them was underwater at Lake Tahoe and the second was a funny movie we made from the beach, which cracked everybody up when it came out. The biggest part was unloading to go down the beach. We had this phony tank made out of paper mâché. When they're unloading the back of the truck, here comes this tank flying out, banging to the ground. During that time I made at least four or five boat trips out of San Diego and the Los Angeles area. We dived at the Channel Islands mostly.



In October '72, I took the NAUI course at the pool in Palo Alto. It was about a three or four-week course and I got through all the physical things. Every single test they threw at me, I did, even though it practically killed me. I made it even in the long swim, because I'm the worst swimmer in the world. In fact, I'm the only guy in the world who can lie in a pool, put a paddleboard on, kick like crazy, and go backwards. But I screwed up on the written test, so I flunked.

In 1975, I made a dive in the Bahamas on a three-masted schooner called the *Phantom*. It's a ship they'd hire out for diving. Got a movie out of that one. Also in 1976, I dove Baja, ten days on a boat trip down Baja.

In 1976, I went to the Cayman Islands again. This was another boat trip, ten days or so. In 1977, I went through Washington [State] and British Columbia. Practically dove the entire Washington Coast and all the way up to as far as the road goes in British Columbia and did some diving all over there. That was interesting diving. I also went to the Channel Islands.

On Kona, I swam into a cave where reef sharks were swimming around. Another interesting place was a lava tube. We were crawling through the rocks and all over in little tiny, tight spaces. And we come to this one place that just blew your mind. It was a shelf, only about this high and about 20-30 feet long. And inside were the largest puffer fish you've ever seen in your life. There were about 20 of them in there in that one little spot. That's the only spot where these things hang out. I had a great time.

We had a couple of dives with the Hammerheads in which we did a survey. We put down a plate in Point Lobos with some different metal on each corner. Then for a couple of months we watched how organisms would grow on the plates. We had free access into Point Lobos, so we were diving for free without any hassle.

Harry's brother-in-law Bill contributed these comments:

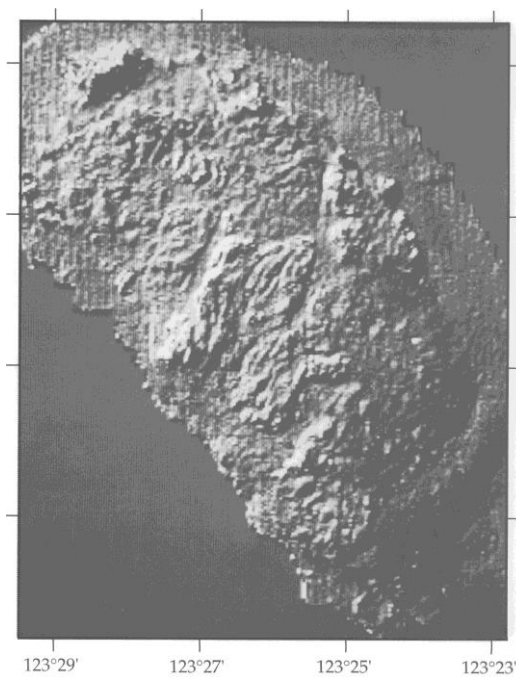
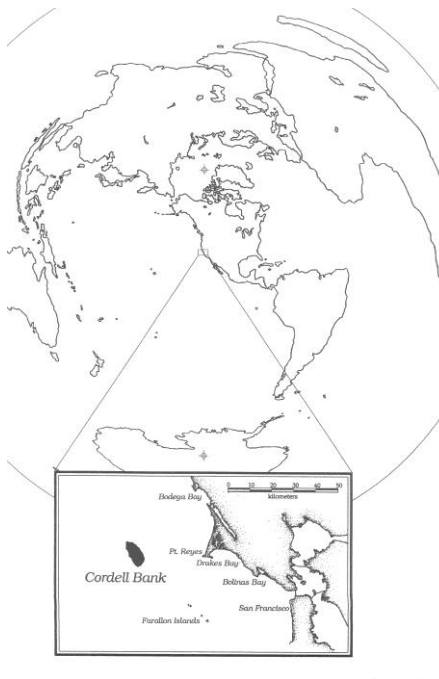
I once asked Harry if he had ever been threatened by sharks. He said he had only seen a shark on two occasions and one of those was not apparent at the time it happened. The first happened when he was diving alone from some sort of raft near the Farallon Islands. He was scuba diving and taking pictures. The camera was tethered to the raft. At one point, he left the raft and camera to swim away. The camera fell off the raft and got turned on. When he viewed the film, it disclosed a shark idly swimming at some distance above and behind him. He was unaware of the shark until viewed on the film. The shark seemed to be about 8' to 10' in length and was possibly a Great White.

The second shark incident occurred in Baja California. He said he was diving alone in a bay adjoining the Sea of Cortez. He was at a point where a channel from the Sea flowed into Burro Bay, exploring an outcropping of large rocks. He said all of a sudden the water darkened above him. It was a school of Hammerhead Sharks swimming by near the surface. He said he stayed behind the rocks until the sharks passed.

Cordell Bank

If you travel north from San Francisco, you get into Marin County, and on the coast you encounter two major gashes in the land. The Pacific Ocean floods these gashes, forming Bolinas Bay and Tomales Bay. These re-entrant bays are created by the San Andreas Fault, which slices through the San Francisco Bay Area. To the west of the fault, the land, most of it submerged, slides northwest at the rate of about 2 cm per year, some 2 m per century. Over the millennia, this block has slid hundreds of miles from its original position at the southern end of the Sierra Nevada.

Among the parts sliding along on this block is an underwater mountain 20 miles west of the nearest continental land, Pt. Reyes. Originally, it was much higher, an island in fact, but over a million years or so the surf planed it down, reducing its height and sculpting it with a series of terraces. Today, it is under more than 100 ft. of water—it is an “Underwater Island.” It is called Cordell Bank, named for the hydrographer who first mapped its outlines in 1869.



Cordell Expeditions 1979+



My personal discovery of Cordell Bank was made in the summer of 1977. I quickly found that almost nothing was known about the

Bank: its origin, environment, biological community, etc. So as a scuba diver I decided to form a group, call it an expedition, and go out to Cordell Bank to see what was there.



It took more than a year to make the first dive, which we did on 20 Oct 1978. The picture at right was taken shortly after that first dive. I was the first person to see the Bank, and it quickly became a full-blown obsession. Over the next 10 years, my group and I explored and documented all aspects of the Bank, which eventually led to its designation as the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary.

Harry was part of the core group that explored Cordell Bank, so not only his oral history but also those of other team members are part of the record. The next excerpt recounts how he came into the group.

We worked for more than a year. After our very first dive on the Bank, we held a meeting at the California Academy of Sciences, at which we presented our recent expedition. Meeting in an adjacent room was the S.F. Microscopical Society, which opted to adjourn and join our meeting. They offered to look at any diatoms we might collect, and I handed them a jar of stuff, gunk, grunge, as we called it. Eventually they did look at the diatoms and that was most interesting.

But the really important thing that happened that evening was that there were several friends present who had participated in diving projects before, in particular an underwater cave diving project. Now, cave diving is serious stuff, but here were three people, Bill Kruse, Tom Santilena, and Paul Hara, who had carried out a project up in the Sierra and had dived on an underground river. They had collected cave-adapted animals, several of which had been subsequently identified as new species and described in the literature and named for one or more of these people.

The trio came to me after the meeting and explained who they were and what they had done.

"We'd like to join you. We'd like to participate in this if you would like us to."

I instantly recognized these as the kind of people I had dreamed about finding. Extremely competent divers. Project people. It was easy: I said,

"As of this moment you're part of this project!"

At that same meeting was another man, Harry Sherman, and when he also indicated a desire to participate, I also instantly made him part of the group. Together with Don Dvorak, whom I had earlier met at a Sierra Club meeting, we became the core team that essentially led and carried out the rest of the project over the next six or seven years. Probably as much as any single event, that evening determined the course of much of my future life.

Diving

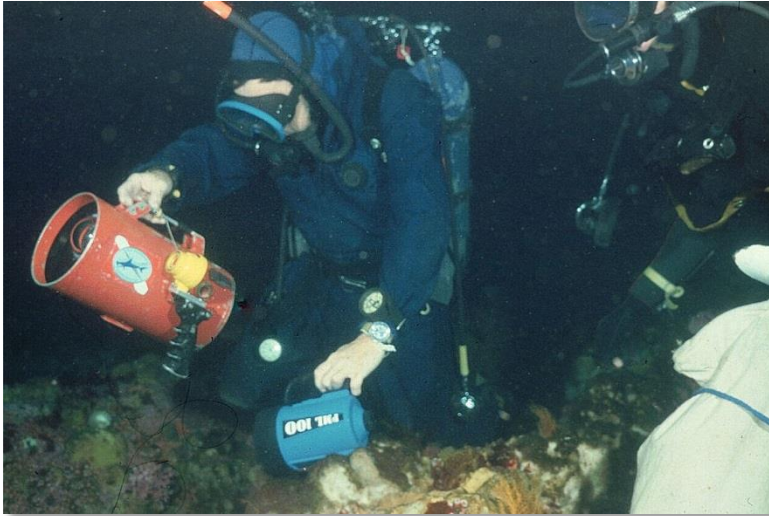
For years, we chartered commercial or private boats to get to Cordell Bank from Bodega Bay or the Bay Area. Like the rest of the core group, Harry was a central part of the activities, and were responsible for most of the images we collected. Bill, Tom, Paul, and Harry became my lifelong very close friends.

About half the attempts we made to dive on Cordell Bank actually resulted in a dive. Harry always arrived at the take-off point first, usually waiting in the parking lot with his little dog (whichever one it was!). Years later, when the project was all over, Harry had made more dives than anyone else on Cordell Bank, 23, a record that stands today. In retrospect, I believe that was partially due to him giving the project priority. You know, it's about the movie: *Being There*. Harry was *always there*, wherever it was.

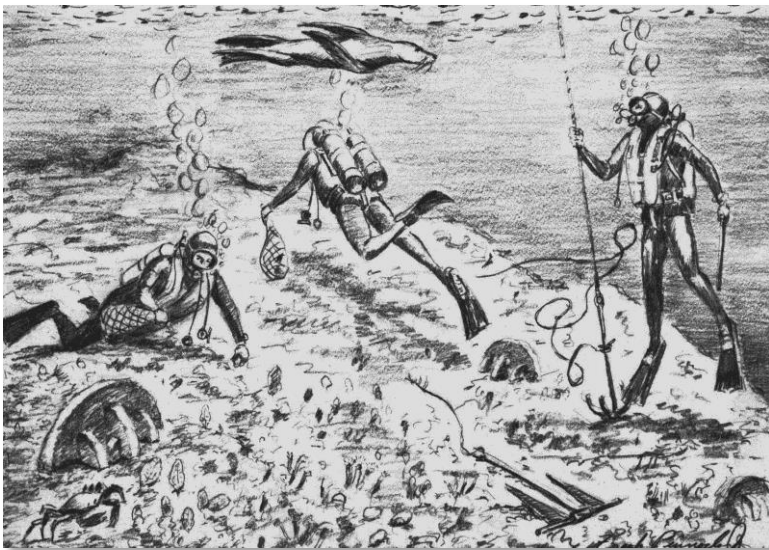




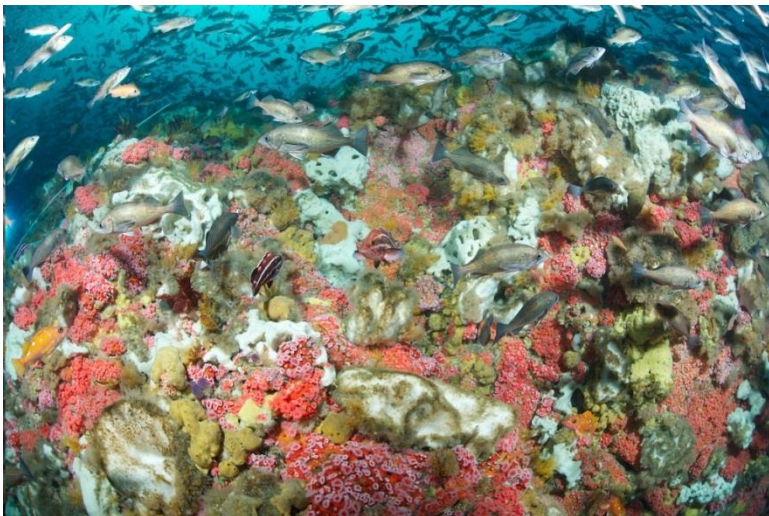
Put in full-size PICs



Harry on the bottom at Cordell Bank. Each of the divers had a unique appearance, so we could easily tell who was who in the photographs. Here he is carrying his 16-mm movie camera in a housing, plus his underwater light. As required of all divers, he wears twin tanks on his back, and an octopus (spare) regulator.



A pencil sketch of the very first dive, executed by Frank Pinnock, an artist for the Oakland Tribune in late 1977. This sketch turned out to be astonishingly accurate, as proven by thousands of photos over the years.



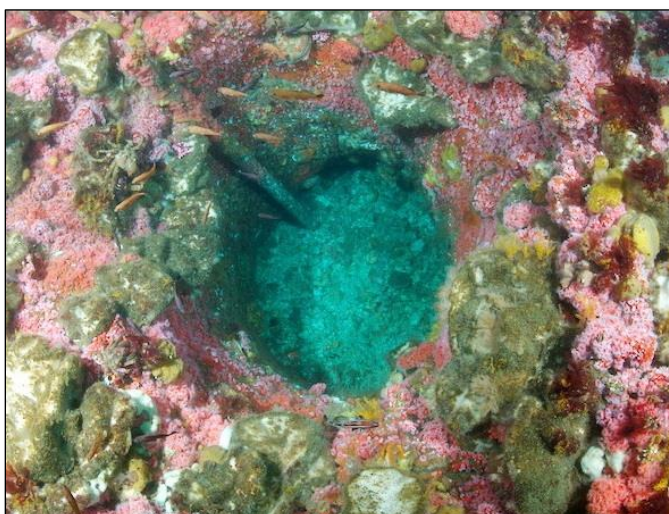
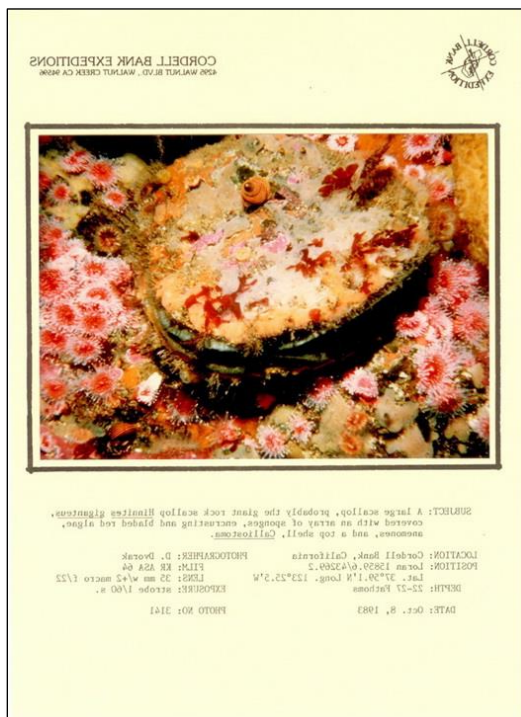
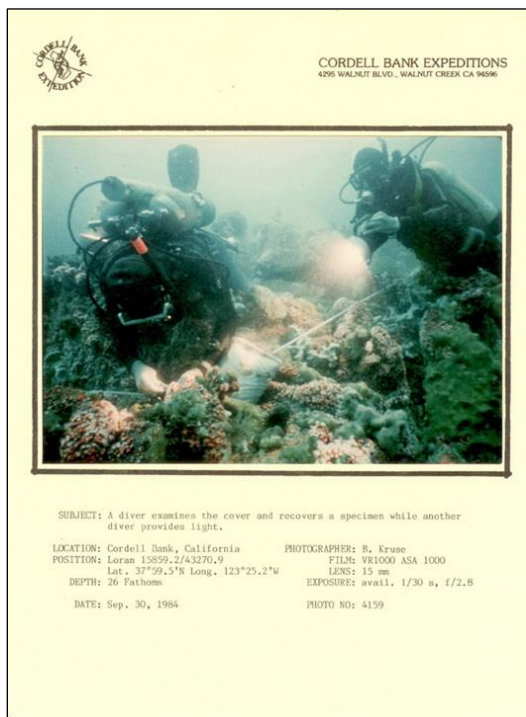
A typical view of the bottom at Cordell Bank, showing that the cover is more than 100%. It is mostly animals (sponges, hydrocoral, tunicates, etc.), and is constantly patrolled by thousands of rockfish. This particular photo was taken by a diver with the Bay Area Underwater Explorers (BAUE) around 2013, long after our group had completed its explorations.

[See Notes: BAUE p. 177]

Photographs

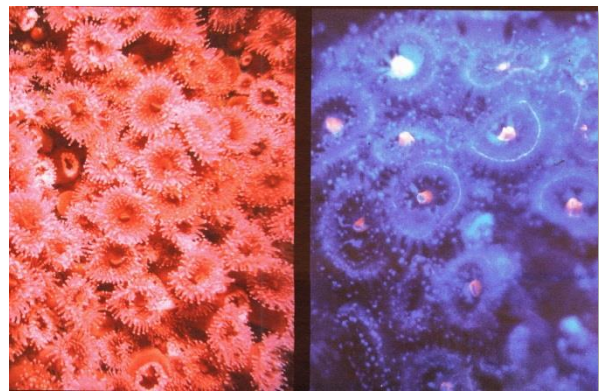
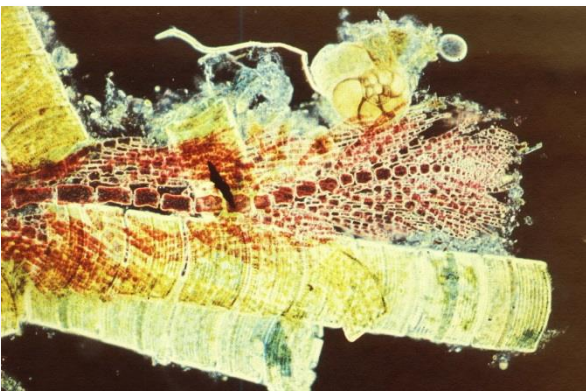
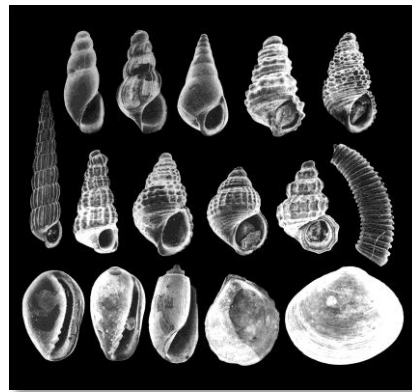
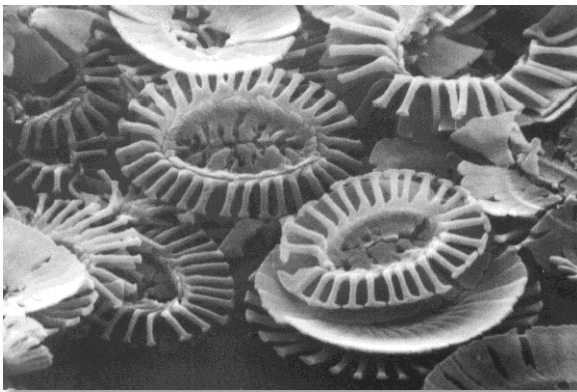
We started taking photographs and movies in 1979. I say movies because at that time the only option was Harry's 16-mm movie camera, which frequently was flooded when he returned to the surface.

We used film exclusively; digital cameras didn't arrive until 20 years later. Almost all of our photos were made using Ektachrome or Kodachrome. From the slides, we had prints made, and I created a standard page on which to attach these pictures. Here are two typical pictures from that period. Below them (left), our picture taken in 1982 showing a mysterious hole that we discovered. The adjacent picture (right) was taken in 2013 by the BAUE group. It shows our pipe-hammer-penetrator-probe that we used in 1982 and left there.



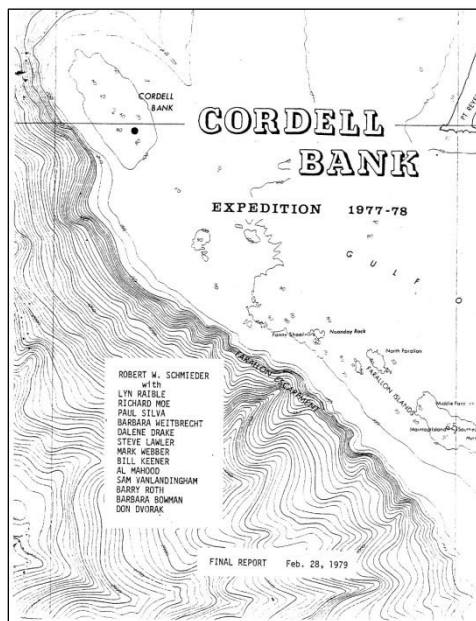
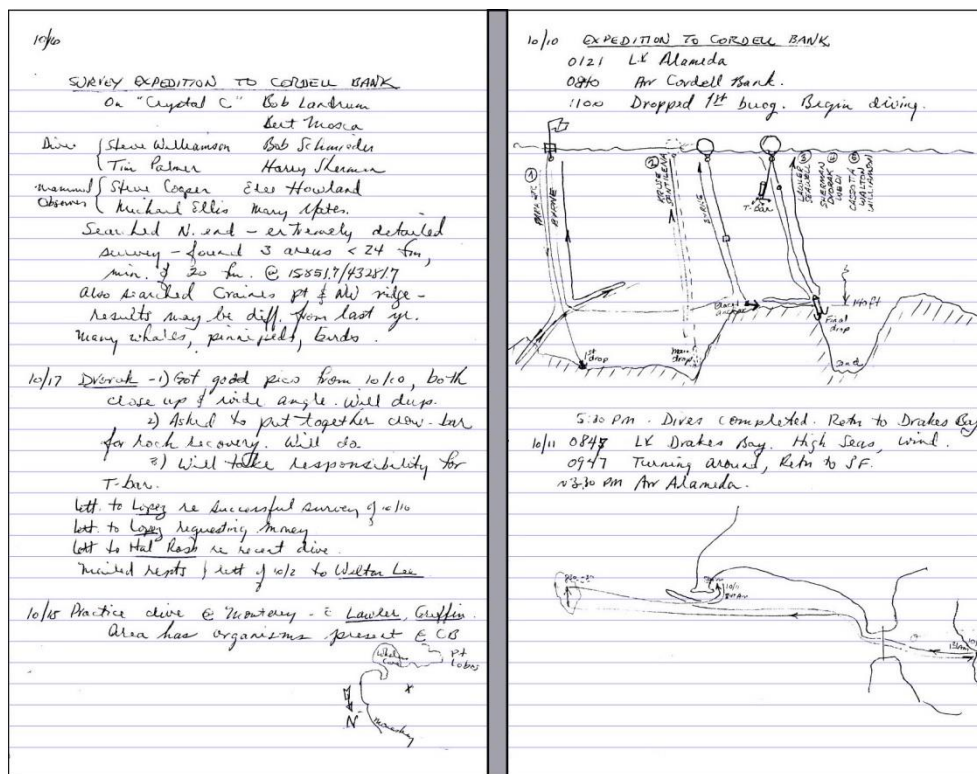
Specimens

We weren't there to look—we were there to collect things: photographs, descriptions, and specimens. The specimens were paramount—they presented the possibility of discovering something. We tried developing sophisticated means for collecting specimens, but in the end, most of the specimens were collected using a garden trowel and goody bag, because that's what worked. After each expedition we would assemble in my backyard and sort the collection into various taxonomic groups. The first photo below shows Harry working with a set of small specimens. The next three images show algal scales, small gastropods, and diatoms. The last pair of images (red-blue) show the anemone *Corynactis*, in daylight flash and in ultraviolet light. We discovered that the animal is ultraviolet-fluorescent; no one knows exactly why.



Original documents

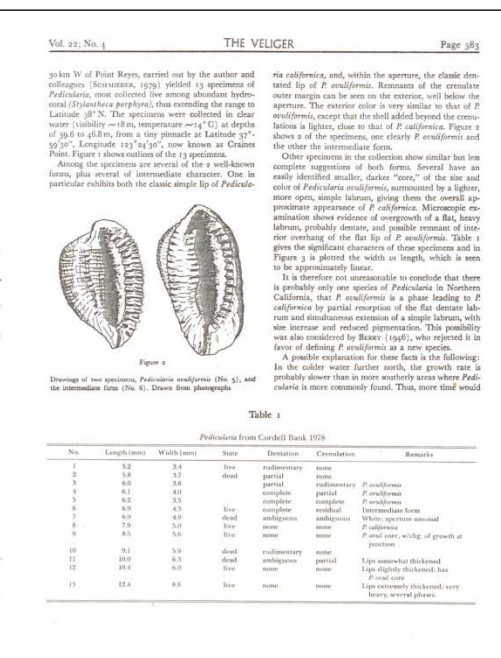
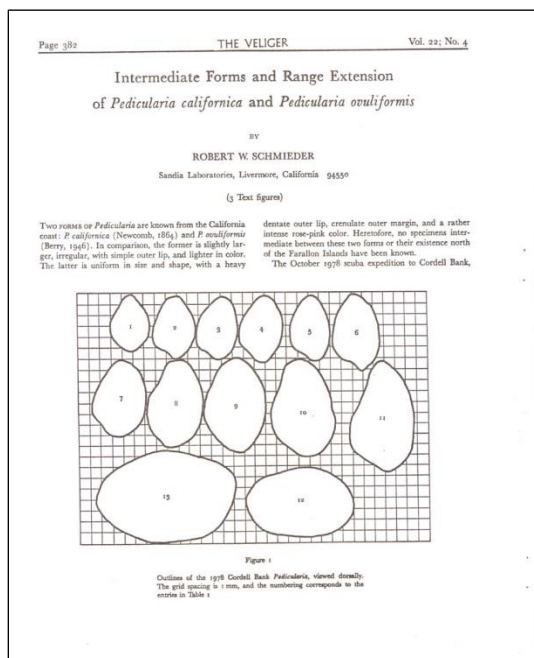
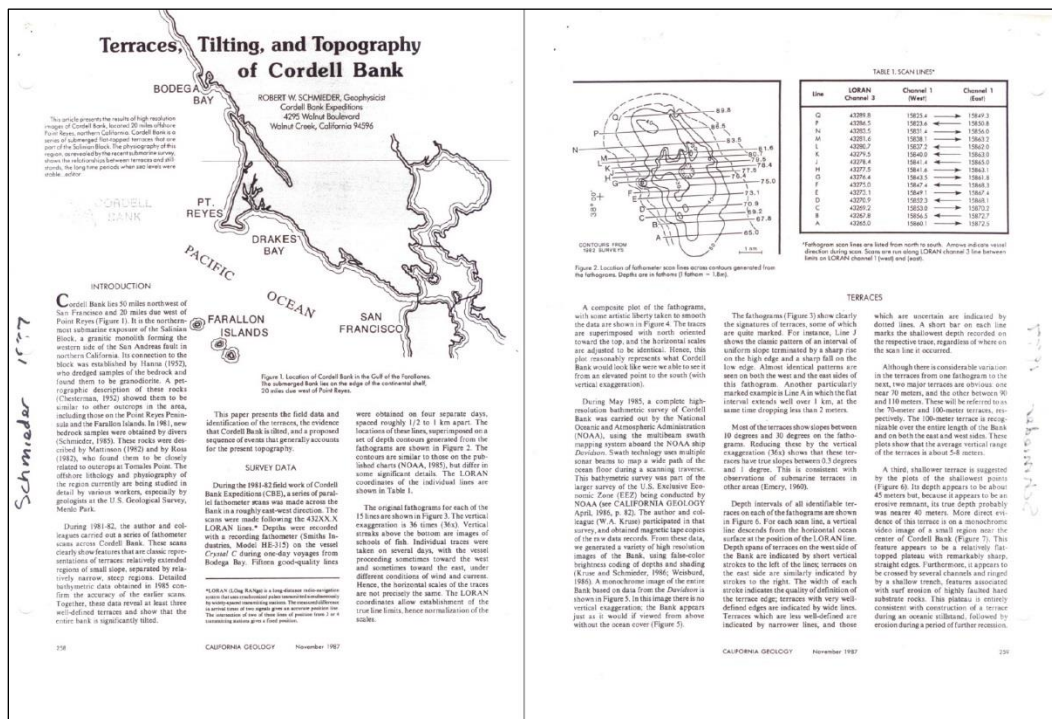
From before the beginning, we kept detailed records. I personally kept a day-log, in which I entered every phone call, every meeting, every library visit, and the basic information about every expedition. From our notes came a series of reports, two each year for 5 years. In addition there is the species list (about 450 species), and a variety of other special reports.



ANIMALS	Page 27	*** DRAFT ***	Last update: 31 Mar 1985
Phylum MOLLUSCA (Mollusca)			
Class GASTROPODA			
Subclass PROSOBRANCHIA			
Order ANCHYGASTROPODA			
Family 1. HALIOTIDAE			
*Haliotis (Gastropoda) Jones, 1845 [Japanese Abalone]			
Family 2. SCISSURELLIDAE			
*Scissurella (Cyra) Berry, 1947			
*Range extension N. [M/L/R/S 6/28/83]			
*Sinuotoma (Sinuotoma) (Carpenter, 1965)			
*Range extension N. from Farallones [M/L, p. 12]			
Family 3. FISSURELLIDAE			
*Puncturella (Cucullata) (Gould, 1846)			
*P. (Punctostata) Berry, 1947			
*Northern range limit [M/L/R/S 6/28/83]			
*Scalidoma (Chelia) (Gabb, 1865)			
*Eodora (Carmilla) (McLean, 1966)			
*Depth extension from 25 m [M/L, p. 239]			
*C. (Caspera) (Rathke, 1833) [Rough keyhole limpet]			
*Gastropoda (Chitaculata) (Hall, 1871) [Two-spotted keyhole limpet]			
*Depth extension from 30 m [M/L, p. 239]			
Family 4. ACHAEIDAE			
*Achaea (Fusculata) (Carpenter, 1864) [Corded white limpet]			
*Depth extension from 80 ft. [M/L, p. 15]			
*A. (Gesta) (Rathke, 1833) [White-capped limpet]			
*Depth extension from 100 ft. [M/L, p. 34]			
*Callinella (Coeloceras) (Hall, 1871)			
Family 5. LEPETIDAE			
*Lothia (Clingberg) (McLean, 1985 [M/L/R/S 5/1/84])			
*Shallow depth record (21 m) [M/L, 1985. Veliger 27(3):]			
Superfamily TROCHACEA			
Undescribed TROCHACEA			
**Two new species, same genus [M/L/R/S 3/7/85]			

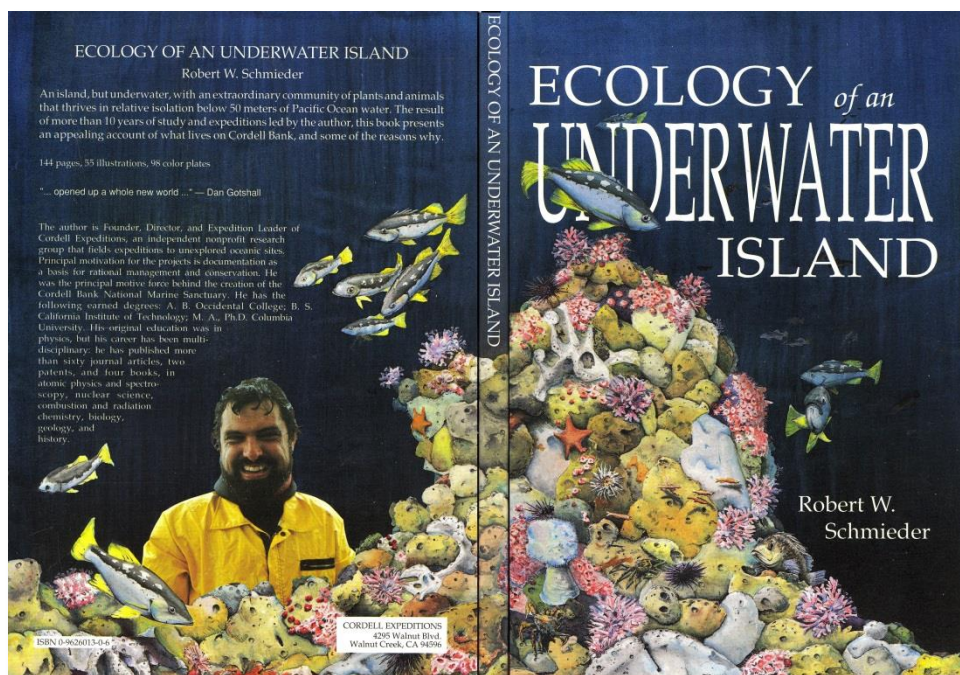
Publications

As the data accumulated, we found it inevitable to put together articles for journals. Among the articles I published were one about the geology of Cordell Bank and two papers about the little pink snail *Pedicularia californica*. Bill Kruse and I authored a paper about computer imaging of the bathymetric data obtained from a high-resolution multi-beam survey by NOAA. It was mostly Bill's work, and at the time, it was state-of-the-art.

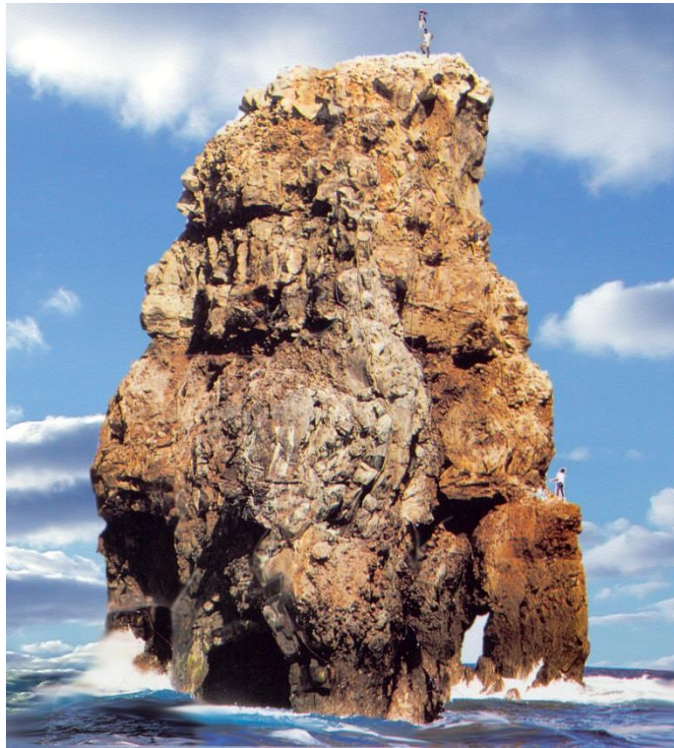


Book

In 1981, I nominated Cordell Bank to be designated a national marine sanctuary, and (finally!) in 1989 the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary was designated by an Act of Congress. By that time, we had concluded our diving, and I was assembling material for a monograph (a case study) about the site. This was started under contract with NOAA, but for reasons that are still unclear, they refused to honor the contract. Nevertheless, with help from numerous contributors, we completed the book. My younger son Randy did a lot of the artwork, including the cover, which is an extraordinarily accurate representation of the community on Cordell Bank (not including the image of me breathing underwater!).



Rocas Alijos 1990, 1993



Rocas Alijos is the top of an extinct volcano about 200 miles west of Baja. Like Cordell Bank, the top of the mountain has been planed off by surf, although in this case there are several extremely sharp pinnacles that stick up above the surface, and more that are submerged. In 1990, and again in 1993, we took a large group of divers and environmental scientists to Rocas Alijos, and carried out the first comprehensive exploration and documentation of the site. The large amount of new information was enough that Kluwer Scientific Publishers published it as a monograph that is still on their inventory.

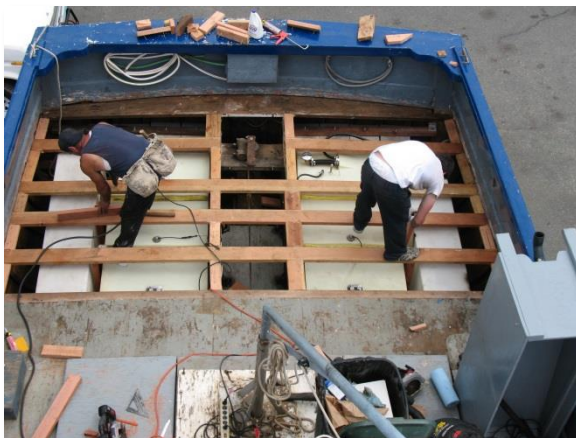
In the photo below, Harry is at the extreme left.



The Cordell Explorer

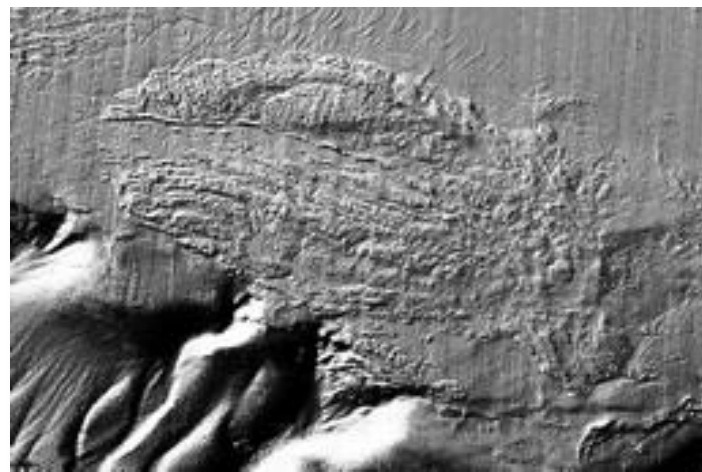
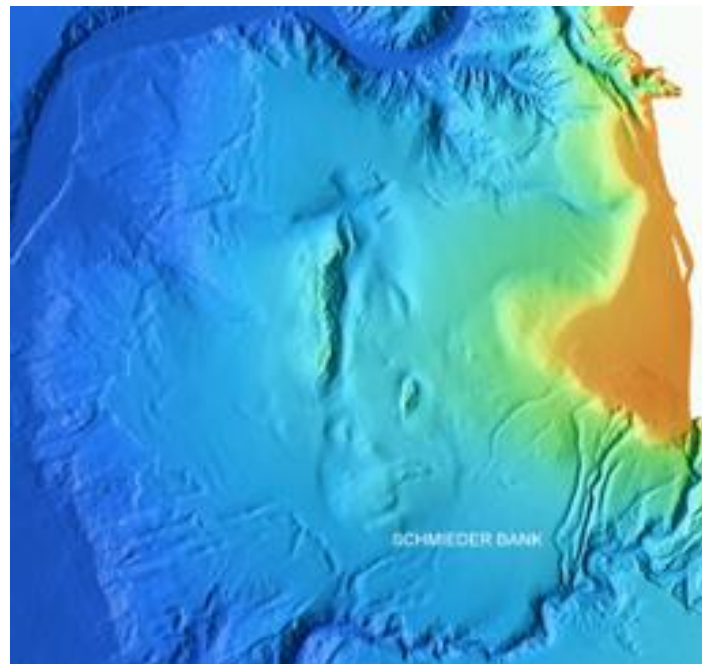
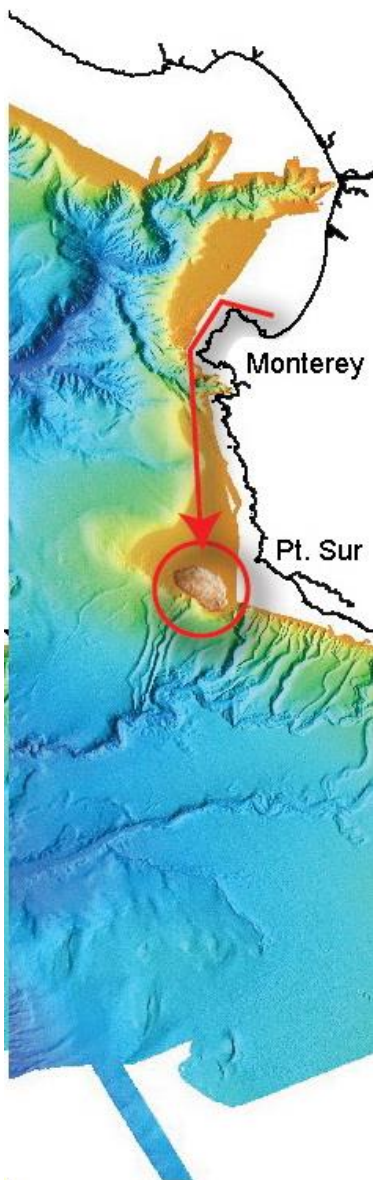
After almost 10 years of using other boats for our expeditions, I made the decision to acquire my own, and so in mid-1986, I purchased the Nan B II from one of our Cordell Bank skippers (Wilson Landrum) for \$6000. She required an enormous amount of work to restore, and the team swarmed over her. The work included carpentry, electrical, electronics, engine service, and painting. It took most of a year, but when we were finished, she was spiffy, indeed.

Routinely, Harry's part was to make the propeller spiffy. When he was finished, the big bronze propeller gleamed, and we were kinda sorry to put the boat back in the water, hiding his beautiful work. The boat was decommissioned in 2014, after 28 years of service.

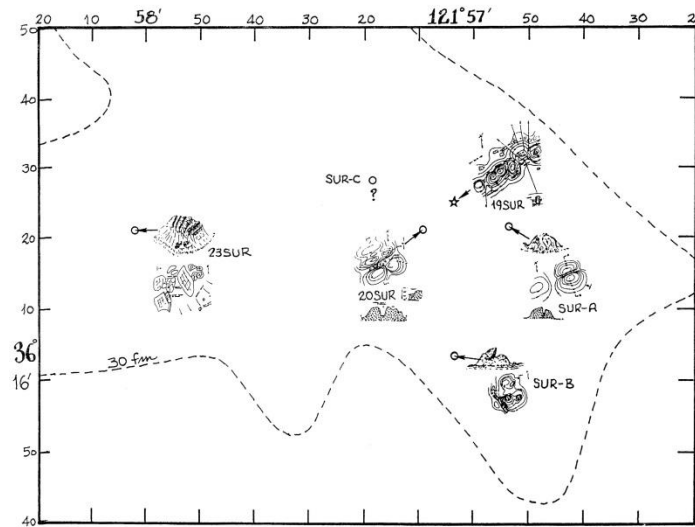


Pt. Sur

Once the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary was a *fait accompli*, we turned to other destinations. In 1987-89, we took the Cordell Explorer to Monterey and from there to Pt. Sur. The motivation was the existence of a 20-fathom bank offshore that had all the potential to be similar to Cordell Bank. In much the same procedure we used for Cordell Bank, we positioned the boat within a few hours of the bank, and spent 3-day weekends surveying and diving (if we could). The surveying was done by running fathometer tracks back and forth, and assembling the traces into a 3D representation of the topography. More importantly, these surveys revealed the locations shallow enough for us to reach with scuba, and one by one we dived on all of them. They turned out to be unreasonably spectacular, in some ways more so than Cordell Bank. For instance, the hydrocoral colonies were significantly larger at Pt. Sur, probably because of lower bottom fishing pressure. Eventually the bank was incorporated within the Monterey Bay National Marine Sanctuary, with appropriate protections. Upon the recommendation of three scientists associated with NOAA, it was named Schmieder Bank. It has since become a high-priority destination for divers from Monterey and elsewhere.



Here are the shallow points we discovered and explored. Harry was present on these expeditions, and, as usual, carried his movie camera with him. At bottom are two of the many photos of the happy teams following successful expeditions. You can easily find Harry in these photos.



Donations

Many years after we completed diving at Cordell Bank we engaged the task of archiving the materials that we had accumulated concerning Cordell Bank. We spent considerable time collecting, sorting, and labeling the pictures, videos, specimens, and logs. In two pictures below, Harry is sorting films and audio tapes. There were thousands of slides, mostly sorted by Sue Estey and Elaine Dvorak. I put the specimens and logs together, and the whole lot was delivered to the California Academy of Sciences.



20th Anniversary of the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary

Twenty years went by rather quickly, and we found ourselves the guests of honor at the 20th Anniversary of the CBNMS. On 24 Oct 2009, we proudly posed with our flag. Harry was standing, third from left. The meeting was attended by the public, and we had a panel discussion at which we answered questions about our experiences. Needless to say, none of us had aged a bit since the days of diving, 30 years earlier.

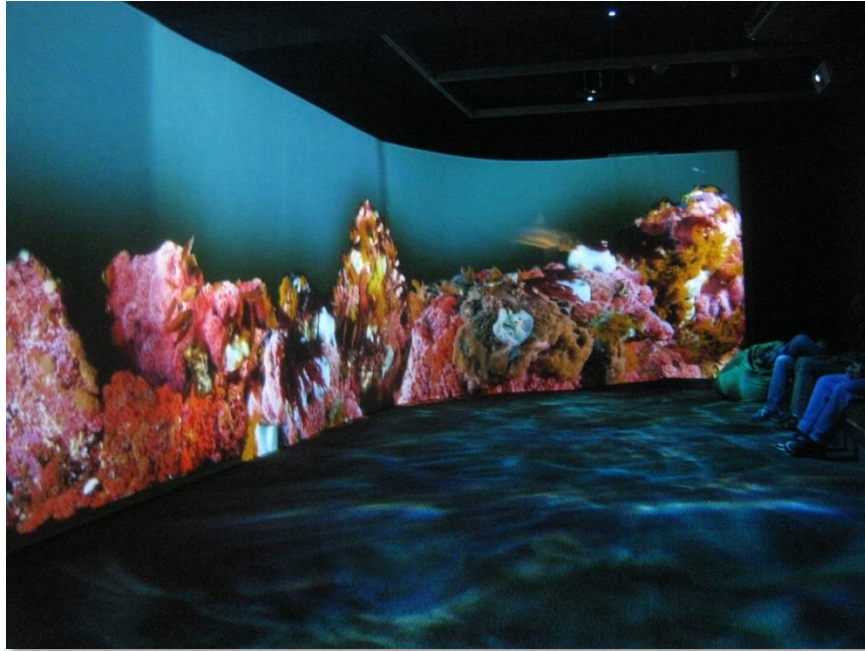


*(Front row, L to R) Tom Santilena, Don Dvorak, John Walton, Lew Stark, Paul Hara.
(Standing L to R) Bill Kruse, Elaine Dvorak, Harry Sherman, Sue Estey, Bob Schmieder, Dave Cassotta, Steve Williamson, Jerry Seawell*

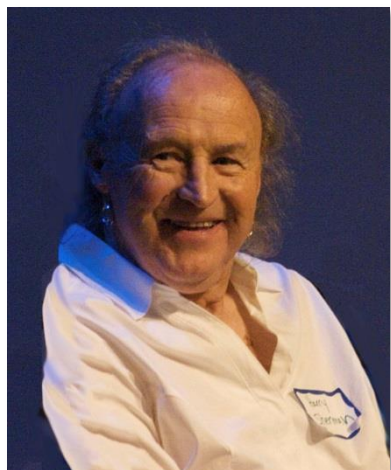


Museum

In 2012, the Oakland Museum opened an extensive new exhibit covering the entire lower floor. The exhibit was devoted to displaying the variety of habitats of California, including (among many) redwood forests, desert, the Sierra, and ... the ocean. The last habitat is represented by Cordell Bank. It was the first, and is the largest, of the exhibits. Here's you'll see a video wall with ever-changing scenes of underwater Cordell Bank. You'll also see a diorama that is breathtaking in its realism. In photographs, it is nearly impossible to say whether a photo is of the diorama or of the Bank itself. Even if you are unmoved by sponges and anemones, it's worth a journey just to marvel at this astonishing sculpture of Nature.



Oral History



In 2009, the Cordell Expeditions team recorded oral histories describing their involvement with the exploration of Cordell Bank. These interviews were carried out by Dewey Livingston on behalf of the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary (CBNMS), and completely transcribed into electronic files. The transcriptions capture the words exactly as spoken, hence they include the usual irregularities in spoken language. As such, I had to make a decision whether to present these transcriptions exactly as spoken, or edit them to represent what the speaker (probably) was expressing. In Harry's case, his manner of speaking was idiosyncratic, and the direct transcripts would be somewhat hard to read, and perhaps even confusing. So here is what I decided: I'll copy the initial page exactly as transcribed. From this, you can get an idea of how Harry spoke; in some sense, you can almost "hear" him talking. Then for the rest of the transcription, I'll "repair" the text, so you can more easily read it, without the interference of his beloved mannerisms. In both cases, this is Harry talking...

Livingston: When did you first hear about Cordell Bank?

Sherman: 1978. Bob had his first dive in 1978. He started in '77, and they made that one dive in '78 where they found one pinnacle by accident and everything, and then they got pictures and collected of samples. In November of that year, he came by the UPS meeting, Underwater Photographic Society in San Francisco, and he gave a lecture on that. And it intrigued the hell out of me. I was the only one out of that meeting who ever came to one of his meetings or anything else, the only one, and up there – and that was it. That was when I got interested. It was November that year.

Livingston: Had you heard of Cordell Bank before that?

Sherman: Nobody had ever heard of Cordell Bank before. In fact, is what you do up there when Bob described it, it's 20 miles out to sea, and you go down 150 feet. And this is – people in UPS looked at anybody – throughout the entire time we dove there – looked at us as complete idiots. They did not take us for granted – believe us or anything. And when we told 'em stories of going down and diving 150 feet and you saw red and yellow, nobody in the world believed it till they finally proved it, that this actually happens down there. But nobody believed us. I got notes up there of this.

The first meeting we ever had I went to was in March of '79 up there. And we did a March and an April up there meeting. The first diving practice we did was in June of that '79. And what we did was the time up there is getting a whole bunch of together to go down to Monterey, find a deep spot. We finally got to about 80, something like that. And we had this time-lapse camera. Lee Tepley had a time-lapse camera. It set on an A frame this tall, bars on each side, frame. And this camera, which is about this size, just hung from it. And it takes pictures every second, or something like that.

So from this point to the end of this transcription, I have made moderate edits to make your reading easier. I have done my best to preserve the meaning of Harry's words, and even some of his unique vocabulary and grammar! Again, this is Harry talking ...

And we were going to use it on Cordell bank, and we took it out there, and we had a hell of a time trying to get this thing organized and everything. Before we even went on this dive, Bill Kruse, who was another member down here, lives right down here in Palo Alto, he took it home to his house and was trying to figure out to make it work. Something was not quite right.

So I went down there one day and he's working on the thing up there, and I go down up there. And we're playing around with this thing. And no matter what he does, it doesn't work. And I made a mention. It says, "Why don't you turn this thing around, the way it doesn't go?" It worked perfectly. So when we took it down to Monterey – this was on a dive up there – we set the thing out there, takes pictures. Then we went out to dinner.

Finally around 9 or 10 at night, we go back to pick it up. This is the night dive up there. This dive finally ended about 12:00 or 1:00 in the morning. We did get pictures up there, actually up there, the pictures up there. And it was a starfish crawled inside an anemone. Those little tube anemones, he crawled inside of there. We got this picture of him doing it out there, and that's about the thing that ever came of it. We finally decided, "This is too much trouble to do anything with." We made a few other practice dives up there at – let me see, in August, early, one in September when we practiced putting out a transect line.

Livingston: And those were all not out at Cordell Bank?

Sherman: No.

Livingston: Your practice sites were Monterey?

Sherman: All these practice dives – this is the first time have we ever got together and tried to do actually just something underwater and a few things like that.

Livingston: Could you tell the story then of that dive?

Sherman: Tom and Bill were always the first. They'd go down, set the transect line. That was their job, their main thing. Bill did a lot of photography, so that's why you see a lot of pictures of Tom in it because Bill took all those pictures.

When I got in, I'd try some of my video or film that I had at the time until my camera was complete. I ruined about three cameras during this time. So I was really not a major member of this whole thing.

Sue Estey and Don Dvorak are great picture takers, and a few other people. I was there all the time but after that dive on 10/10/79, Bob made a decision. And so we started going out [to Cordell Bank] on boats.

Before we could dive, we had to find the shallow points. We were doing about five or six trips. We did nothing but drive back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. And we wrote down the Loran readings constantly, the depth readings constantly, back and forth, back and forth. We did this on several trips. And it gets boring out there doing this thing like that. But that's how we found the pinnacles before we'd go out and dive on 'em.

Boat at Pt Reyes

Now during this time, there're two little stories I'll tell ya. First one was on December 30th. This was about '80, something like that. We had a fishing boat some guy from San Francisco brought up there, to Point Reyes. We were gonna do some diving.

When it got up to Point Reyes, he was having trouble with his boat, or the engine. And he came up to the dock and we were standing there, waiting up there for him. And we were getting frustrated with him trying to dock because the tide was high at the moment. And this is where the big joke came. He said, "Would you throw down a tire?" And Tom Santilena leaned over the top and said, "Radio Radial or bias ply?" This cracked everybody up but didn't make the boat happy or anything like that.

But anyway, we decided to load the boat that night so we'd be ready to go in the morning. We came by in the morning and the engine was not running, not at all. And so John Santilena was trying find out what's going in the engine. The only way he could keep it going was by using a spray on the carburetor to keep the engine going because there was a little air in the gas line.

And here's my little dog. This is Soosie. And I went down there next to John, and sat down there. My dog was on my lap snapping at flies that were flying around there. We're sitting there with this air in his gas line, and we can't keep the goddamn engine running. All a sudden I look over to my side and see this little air filter. I reached over and turned it. It was loose. When I tightened it, the engine started running perfectly. Air disappeared from the gas line, but we couldn't go anywhere because it was too late for diving or anything. The guy with the boat wanted to go home, but we found out there he was having trouble with the intakes, too. So I made the only dive at Point Reyes dock to clear the seaweed out of the air intake, which I wasn't very happy doing the dive, but I had to go down

there anyway 'cause nobody else would.

Dog

Another thing happened, too, concerned my small dog – the piers up there on one morning. I'd drive up there at night. I had a pick-up truck with a shell on it and I'd sleep overnight in the thing to get an early start in the morning. And I'm getting up about six o'clock in the morning. I wake up. I take my dog out for a walk. Another guy was there, too, and so we're walking. Walked out on the pier where the boats are docked, and my dog walked straight off the pier. It walked off the pier into the water, fell about six feet. And all I see is this little tiny dog paddling with his eyes wide open. And I try to call him, but with the echo he couldn't tell which direction I'm coming from.

So I had to strip off my clothes and jump in the water and go after him. And that's where I discovered how cold the water is. Because you know, they say you hit cold water and it sucks everything out? That's exactly what it did. I only had to swim a short distance to my dog and pull him back in but it was one of the most tiring swims I ever had in my life. And it was so cold. It was also foggy, dark, and cold.

I go back to my pick-up truck. I'm standing there in my shorts and I'm warm. That's how cold the water was. I was warm.

Livingston: Now was that at Point Reyes at the fish docks?

Sherman: Yeah, Point Reyes fish dock. Most of the time we went to Point Reyes.

Livingston: That was your stop-off point or it's your staging point?

Sherman: It's the stop off point, where you spend overnight. When we go back there, we come back all the way to Point Reyes and do the anchorage, because you just can't anchor outside or just float around all night.

Livingston: Can you tell about your first dive down to Cordell – are you ready to tell that?

Sherman: Yep, yep.

Livingston: I'm taking it that this was 10/10/79. You didn't dive, right?

Sherman: Right.

Livingston: And that's the one where they found that their anchor wasn't in the right place?

Sherman: That's where we needed to find a pinnacle, and that's why we did all the boat driving back and forth.

Livingston: Okay. So your first dive?

Sherman: 9/14/80.

Livingston: Could you describe that in as much detail as you're willing to go?

Sherman: It's going to be a very short dive (ha ha!). Here's what happened. I dove with Don Dvorak and Sue Estey. I was the first one down. Don was behind me and Sue was the last one down. Well, this was their first time on Cordell Bank. She didn't feel good, so she went back up. So Don and I are sitting on the bottom looking around at Cordell Bank. I'm gonna get my camera ready and start shooting.

We're looking all over the place. Where's Sue? We have no idea where she is. So what do we have to do? Go back

up. So my first dive I had a view of all the fish coming down. When you dive Cordell Bank, you first think you're there, but you aren't. What looks like the bottom is actually a school of fish,. It's a large school of 'em. You have to swim through them.

Then you finally get to the pinnacle. So it takes a while to get down. But Don and I both had this short dive, and we came back up. So that was it. Even though it was beautiful and I loved it, we made the only honest decision to go back up, because we didn't know where Sue was.

Livingston: So what were your impressions of that first look of Cordell Bank?

Sherman: Beautiful, gorgeous. I've told this to several people before they go on their first dive to Cordell Bank. You're gonna go down there, and you're gonna come back up and you gonna tell me that Carmel, Monastery [Beach] is a desert. And that's exactly what they say. You come back up, Monterey just does not even compare to what you see. There's so much life down there [on Cordell Bank].

That cover of the book that they did on was exactly what it looked like. There were few places where there was just rocky places. And there's one dive which you'll especially see, especially in this other film, of how the rocky part of it is.

The [second dive was 10/10/80](#), believe it or not. And this was off [Wilson] Landrum's boat, too. We went down there, got to 160 feet [depth]. I got my movie camera out. I'm sitting down there and I'm happily filming along for something. And after a couple of minutes, Bob comes over, taps me on the shoulder, and goes like this 'cause he didn't like the way the anchor was sitting, so he tried to move it. And he spent a couple of minutes there trying to move this bloody anchor, and ran out of air. *(Laughs)*

He was running very low on air, so I had to go back up again, right? So both of my first two dives on Cordell Bank were short dives. Still, it was beautiful. I was enjoying the scenery but they were both short dives.

Livingston: So that second dive, who was involved with that second dive?

Sherman: Bob Schmieder was there but I don't remember who the other guy was at the time. In fact, I don't even think I wrote it down in this dive log up there.

Livingston: So on that dive that you were pulled up by Bob, did you do any data collection?

Sherman: No, I was all *filming*. At the time, my movie camera was working fine. It was only on a later dive that it broke the lens and ruined the camera. So it took me a while to get another one, which I flooded, ruining another camera. But I did get a lot of photography most of the time.

Livingston: So was your role mostly taking movie footage?

Sherman: Yeah, movie footage and video later on. I don't know if you've ever seen his collection of reports that he made every single year after that thing. He says, "If you don't write it down, it ain't there." So that's the one the thing he meant. When you came up from a dive, you wrote everything down that you could possibly remember.

And I've got more of that in those books than I do in my logbook.

But in 1981, I made five dives, and during this time, a couple of times we were wiped out. Sometimes we'd make a long trip out there but you can't dive either day, and you come back. There were several of 'em like that. One time we went out there, started to go out there and [the boat] Pisces had trouble. We had to turn back; couldn't go out at all.

Pisces

One time we went out and Breck [the owner of the Pisces], ran out of gas. *(Laughs)* About halfway to the Farallons, he ran outta gas. And we hadn't even started yet, so that was one long day, an experience and a half, because is what happens up there. The Coast Guard took a while to find us. We kept giving them Loran readings, but they didn't know what the hell they meant, so they couldn't find us. Finally, a cutter came by and started towing us back. Halfway back the line broke, they had to do it again. We came into Fisherman's Wharf [San Francisco] and docked there. And the skipper of the Coast Guard boat didn't know how to dock it.

During this time, Bob had these long bamboo poles with a flag hanging on 'em. Those were the marker buoys used at Cordell Bank. I kept one of the flags. Half the poles got crunched next to the pier because the Coast Guard skipper didn't know which way he was going. We spent the night at wharf there. I was the only guy who knew San Francisco, because I'd lived there for a while, so the next morning I went out twice to search for diesel fuel. One was out by Hunters Point area. I got a couple of cans of gas of diesel fuel because it was the only station around that sold diesel fuel at the time. And I had to make two separate trips to get the fuel back to the boat so we could get back to Berkeley.

Surveys

So a lot of these trips like that were like that. Two examples: One, when we were doing the survey of the lines, the water was flat. I mean, absolutely flat. In fact, it was so flat that every time we went across the pinnacle, there was a slight movement in the boat because of the current, or a difference in the water temperature, or something. Not a big difference, but it could be felt, especially the guy who's up there steering a boat up there. All of a sudden, his wheel goes like this.

But during that time while that water was so flat, I looked over the side, and here's this seagull swimming along and left a wake 30 feet behind him. That's how flat it was. I don't know if you've seen a Plexiglas thing Bob made of the scroll that was made that day. You could see the pinnacles. They're just close together up there. He made a three-dimensional thing out of it, but it came out beautifully.

Another time it was a little bumpy, and we're not sure if everybody was gonna dive or not. But Bill Kruse, Lee Tepley, and another guy were going down. And Lee Tepley sat on the boat and was going backwards and banged his head on the way down, so he had a slight headache or something.

They got down to the bottom and the current was so bad, they just couldn't do anything, so they canceled the dive. Bob Hollis was on that trip up there, and some other guy – I can't remember who [John McCosker, Steinhart Aquarium]. He was famous, but when we came back, he decided he didn't like this. This is too rough; can't do this. Bob Hollis stayed overnight, parked at Point Reyes.

We went back out the next day and it was practically flat. There was practically nothing out there. Everybody got down [dived]. Everybody got down and Bob Hollis loved it. He thoroughly enjoyed it. The change in the weather was just absolutely amazing.

Livingston: Did you notice other changes from one dive to another down on the bank?

Sherman: No. There was only one time, which I'll tell you about in a little bit. But I want to tell about the other experience up there. We were on Breck's boat [the *Pisces*] and we were going out, and almost got run down by a tanker just before we got to the Golden Gate Bridge. He passed within five feet of us. I don't know whether he had any radar or not, but he just ran by us.

During rough times of the weather, you'd follow the fishing boats and they'd go along the coast. Instead of going straight out past the Gate, they'd stay along the coast all the way to Point Reyes before they went out. Well, one day we got to Point Reyes and we were going out, but it was rough.

I'm sitting up in the wheelhouse watching the waves, and we're bouncing around a little bit. And all of a sudden one wave came this way, one of 'em came this way, and one of 'em came this way, and hit us. I just looked at those things and I turned around and yelled at the back, "Hang on!"

[The skipper] Breck always got seasick. So he's in his cabin. He was throwing up every single time we ever went out in a boat. So everybody else steered the boat, practically, except when we were on the bank. Then he was all right. He had a can up on the pilot bridge, heaving into it all the time.

But we hit that bloody thing [wave], and it sounded like somebody opened a closet and everything fell out. It was just a mess. And Breck comes roaring out and said, "Where the hell are we?" He immediately turned the boat back to Point Reyes. I think we made a dive the next day, but it was a little rough at that time.

Livingston: So am I right then that you would go up and settle yourselves in at Point Reyes, so to speak, and then go out for a number of trips from that one trip?

Sherman: Yeah, or we'd go straight out. If the weather was nice, we'd go straight out. A couple of times it wasn't. You'd be bouncing all over. There were a couple of times you'd get wiped out completely. That happened also on the other dive down in Schmieder Bank. They used to get wiped out and we couldn't do anything.

Livingston: How long would you be prepared to stay up at Point Reyes for attempting to dive? Three days, five days?

Sherman: No, it was only a two-day dive [sometimes 3-days]. It was always the weekend or something like that. It

was never four days, 'cause most everybody worked. I was still working. Everybody had to get back to work.

At the time, I had Saturdays and Sundays off while I was working for the post office. I was inside so I had Saturdays and Sundays off, so I could do it no problem. A lot of people couldn't. Most the time, I dove with either Don or Sue.

There were a couple of memorable dives. One of them was finding the holes. One time somebody had taken down a big pipe [a 3" pipe hammer] and was going use it to see if you can collect any sediment [in the bottom of the hole]. I was set down at the bottom of one of these holes banging on it and it just sounded like you're clanging – hitting it with a hammer. Bang, bang, which I found out later up there, the Farallon Islands, the entire Cordell Bank is nothing but solid granite. The entire region is entirely solid granite. There were no loose rocks. So that's why we worked for two days banging on rocks to collect samples for the Geological Survey.

It was fantastic diving. I'll always remember one memorable dive. It was a sort of a rock face, and there was a deep channel into another rock. And on top of this rock's face was a coral, about 2.5 feet across sitting right on the peak. And down in this sand valley there must have been 20 lingcods just sitting there.

I'm trying to think of the whales, the humpback whales. In fact, one time we were doing this survey and two [whales] swam underneath the boat. They came up real close to us. The guy was a different skipper than Bob Landrum, but he said he could *attract* 'em with his little flute. He gets up there and he starts playing it and both these humpbacks came up to the boat and swim under it.

After he quit playing, the whales went away. I've seen the humpback whales and a blue whale. Blue whales, monstrous things. First time I saw one of those, I couldn't believe it. Saw the humpbacks do the jumps out of the water. You could see practically every sea lion there is, and several different types of porpoises. One time I saw a pod of six killer whales swimming by.

And on the way back one time, about halfway back, I was doing something in the cabin and I looked out over the side and here's a big sea turtle swimming alongside. So I've seen all sorts of animals.

Livingston: So what did you tell people when you got home that most people probably can't relate to? How did you describe these?

Sherman: Well, I described it to friends, but not one single one would ever volunteer to go with me out on a dive. They would not do it. You go out there and you get 20 minutes bottom-time. The people dive on computers, and you think, all you need is a watch. You got your pressure gauge and a dive timer. I'd go down there, and when that thing got either between 20 and 25, I would look to make sure I still had enough air for everything, and then go back up. You decompress, take your time, always being conscious of where the hell you are.

Livingston: So what did you tell people about what you saw when you're diving?

Sherman: Well, the first thing was you saw color in the

water. Nobody believed you. Probably there's a lot of people who still don't believe you because they have never read the record of the *Corynactis* transfers color. Different species change color, so nobody believed that.

Everybody kept thinking you're crazy, you're crazy. Nobody dived past 100 feet. In fact, I don't think any of the UPS members have ever gone deep up there. They mostly dive in Monterey, deep dives are very seldom. But their main things are trips, to Indonesia, Australia, you name it, somewhere. That's where they go on trips. So they didn't have any use for us at all. They all said, "You're crazy."

Livingston: So yeah, so what was in it for you? Why did you want to keep diving there?

Sherman: It was so beautiful. You can't beat it. There's no way you can beat that dive. Farallons comes pretty close. There's a lot of things in the Farallons that come pretty close to it. One part of the Farallons, between the last rock and Noonday Rock, is sort of a flat area. It's about 120 feet across. We tried to collect rock samples. You had to dig through that much growth [*indicates about 6-8 inches with hands*] in order to get it to a rock. And it's green, and it looked like green rolling hills, just like this underwater. Visibility is 100 feet. I look over, and here's the medusa, the big ones with tentacles ten feet long swinging over my head. So you can't beat that.

Livingston: How many dives did you do at Cordell Bank?

Sherman: 23 total.

Livingston: 23? Why did it stop at 23?

Shallow point

Sherman: That's because we ended it. We quit. '80's – what is it – '83 – no '82. '82 was last – was 11/14 was the last dive on there – and that was the – oh, the one I gotta tell ya this other thing up there. You'll see it in the movie up there but the dive was to made on one pinnacle, and there was another pinnacle nearby. And they were gonna drop the anchor here and tie a transect line to swim over to this one.

Well, during the movie you're gonna see Tom Santilena carrying the transect line across the side. Bill Kruse looks like he's about 50 feet away from 'em, swimming. Shot the picture of him in 100-foot visibility. The next dive I followed Bob, came down to the pinnacle, grabbed a hold of the transect line, and walked into complete darkness.

A plankton bloom came down and went right through the middle of that one little area. So the entire time I'm crawling across this line, I can't see a bloody thing. I can't even see Bob in front of me. So we finally get to the other side, and we find this other pinnacle which had this monstrous hole in it.

Coming back was fine, but that one particular moment coming across there was a plankton bloom that came in and you couldn't see nothing. You're just trusting your strength. That's what Cordell Bank's like. When you go down 160 feet or something like that, you're wondering, "Where the hell is it? It's gotta be here somewhere." That's what it's like on your first dives.

Livingston: Was every dive different?

Sherman: Yeah. Every dive. There was always something slightly different, like the rock formations and the holes.

I've seen practically every single one of 'em, so that's one thing. You're wondering what the holes were?

Livingston: Were you among the first people to find the holes?

Sherman: No, I wasn't the first one that found them. I think Don, Tom, and Bill found the first one. Then we found the other ones nearby, a few other places. But we couldn't figure out what they were. We finally figured it out: it was the Navy. Somebody had been there before us, diving and blowing holes– because there's no way these are natural features. Cordell Bank is solid granite. There's no way you could get anything out of it chipping it. It had to be blown. It had to be shaped charges and blown out. And probably they put sensors in it. At one time we were trailed by a destroyer, on one of our earlier dives. It stayed behind us all the way coming back to San Francisco. I don't know if they wanted to do anything or not.

The Coast Guard came over in an airplane one time and took pictures of us. I guess they take pictures of boats, but they came by and flew around us a couple of times. And once we had a submarine behind us.

And during that time, we Lee McEachern, the specialty reporter from KGO, came out. At the time, Van Amberg was the news man. Lee McEachern came out with us several times and made several dives. He produced tow programs that were aired on Ch. 7 KGO TV. Actually, they were thinking of canceling the dives because the Navy was insisting we were in the wrong place and we shouldn't be there.

Livingston: Well, so it sounds like you did run into other people out there now and then.

Sherman: No, never. Never saw another person the entire time.

A lot of fishermen have found the pinnacles, so they're fishing the Bank. Bob let us go fishing only one time. We fished for 10 or 15 minutes, with a pole, three hooks hanging on it, no bait. Drop 'em down and before that thing hit the bottom, you'd had three hits. Just like that, boom, boom, boom. You take more time pulling the damn thing up than you did putting it down there. In that short time, 10 or 12 minutes, we filled up a garbage can. It was only three of us fishing. As soon as we dropped the line in, before it even hit the bottom, fish would be hitting on it.

On this last dive that I made, the schools of fish were not that thick. There weren't that many fish, not like before.

Livingston: Did you have any scientific interest in this, or knowledge about it?

Sherman: Not really. I'm just an enjoyable diver. I was thinking of pro diving one time in my life. But there's no way; it's too much or trouble. I don't look at diving as work.

But about the scientific work, I've gone through all the samples. Several times, we went over to Bob's house to sort samples, but that's about the extent of my scientific thing.

Livingston: Did it appear to you that preparation and all of that for these dives was done well?

Sherman: Yes. Before every season, we had to do a

practice dive. Everybody who was going on that dive had to do a practice dive to 150 feet with double tanks in order to see how you would do at Cordell Bank. Some of the people decided it was not for them. Some people react to it well. Some of 'em just totally panicked out, or they just can't do it. But we had to do it every single time. I even dove down to the Monterey trench, went down to 150 feet in the Monterey trench sloping down. Went down there just for a practice dive one time. I went down with Bill Kruse, and I think Tom Santilena. Every single year, you had to go out and do that practice dive. [That was the main means for ensuring safety on the expeditions].

Livingston: And so you felt that the safety precautions were adequate?

Sherman: Safety precautions were better than average. When we went to Cordell Bank, Bob would have to find the pinnacle [using the fathometer on the boat]. Then he'd have to determine the surface current. Then he'd have to find everything else and make sure that when you drifted over that thing, the anchor would go down and hang over the top of the pinnacle. It had to be that way; otherwise, it didn't go.

Procedures

It takes a while to do the dive. You're sitting out there waiting to drop the anchor for a long time. Then you have to set the buoy, the raft, hang the T-bar off the raft. Get everything ready. The T-bar is a pole that hangs down ten feet with a crossbeam on it and there's a tank hanging on it. So if you run out of air, you have a tank at 10 ft. when you come up for decompression.

You have to hang on this line for about 10, 15, 20 minutes sometimes, depending on your depth and time below. That was the rule. And there had to have a safety diver on station. Besides somebody in the raft, there had to be a safety diver in the water when you came up. He would go down and take your equipment from you, like your cameras and dive bag, and put it in the boat, so you wouldn't have to hang on to it or stuff. You simply gave it to him and took it.

When you went down, you went in teams of two or three. It'd have to be ready, get everything set, check your tanks, your air, check everything, sit on the edge of the boat. Then you got dropped off right next to the buoy up there. Then you'd check your gear before you go down. This is time-consuming as hell. This takes a lot of time, so that's why we'd only get one dive per day. You don't want to get back to Point Reyes after it's dark. You don't want to run any trouble.

Then when you're ready to go down, you go down. Then you do your dive. When you come back up, you do your decompression first. Then you get in the boat, and you come back and you tell exactly what happened. Then, the second team gets to go in. But only after the first team is back on board does the next leave. This is simply safety.

There was only one time when more than one dive team was in the water at one time. The water was calm, peaceful, over a 100-foot visibility. I remember it because when I got to the bottom, there was another team sitting down there waiting for us. One was going up and another

one was starting to come down. That was the only time there was more than one team in the water at any other time, and it was just because the conditions were absolutely perfect and it happened that way.

We never had an accident. One guy did have a migraine headache, but that was something he already had before and it was no problem. It's just that he wasn't in very good shape at the time, although he was an emergency firefighter from Redding. But that's the only incident. Not one single injury, except for Bob.

Bob's injury

Usually I would come to Berkeley and stay overnight on the boat so we'd get an early start. One evening I came down there and Bob also arrived. Breck [the boat skipper] hadn't been there yet, so the gate was locked. Bob decided to climb over the fence and unlock the door, but as he was going over, he slit his hand open [on the razor mesh on the top of the fence]. I drove him to the emergency ward to get his hand sewn up. On the expedition we had to fight to keep him on the boat—he wanted to go diving anyway, but we argued like hell to keep him from doing that.

Livingston: But what were the major dangers out there? Was there something that even you were a little wary about? What were major dangers?

Sherman: One time some guy said they saw a shark. Said it was mako that was swimming around before. But I never saw anything. I'm dying to see a great white shark, but I've never seen one in my life, and I've been on the Farallon Islands twice. Generally getting on the Farallon Islands is something people do not get to do. But we were invited twice because the sanctuary people came out with us on several trips to document the animal life. That just doesn't happen.

Livingston: On Cordell, what was your deepest dive?

Sherman: Probably 160-170, something like that. I could have gone deeper one time. I was watching two of 'em and pulled a transect line. They were about ten feet below me, but other than that, I was just watching them. In fact, I filmed them a little bit. Mostly at Cordell, it was 160-170. That's about all. My depth gauge was perfect.

Sights

Livingston: Did you find much difference just in the 10 or 20 feet, differences in depth on the bank?

Sherman: The cover thins out as you get deeper. One time, we had a small remote camera hooked to a tether. Bob did some filming and saw one sponge that was different than anything else. It was a tubular sponge about this big around about this high [*indicates about 8-10 inches high by 3-4 inches wide with hands*], purple. The only time I saw this was on the last dive, on that white pinnacle, when I saw that same sponge. Surprised me because mostly this other one was at about 200 feet.

Sanctuary

Now, while you were doing these dives, and perhaps especially, as they went on and on up into the '80s, did you ever think yourself about, "This place should be protected," or, "This place should be some sort of conservation effort"?

Sherman: Oh, we knew that from the beginning that it

had to be protected somehow. I didn't do the work on that. Some other people did the work on the conservation and everything.

I wish they protected the fishing [on the Bank]. They protected it from the diving; you can't dive on it. You know why? You can't put an anchor on it. You can't drop an anchor.

Livingston: Was that the general consensus amongst the people diving? Was it this place really needs to be protected?

Sherman: Yeah. There were sanctuaries going up in Monterey Bay and there should be a separate sanctuary at Cordell Bank. It's a shame, though, that more people can't see it, what's it's actually like to go down and do a dive on it because you just can't beat it. I've never seen any other place in the world that even come close and I've seen lot of the underwater stuff from islands. I dove Hawaii, and I've seen other stuff from other countries. It just doesn't compare because Cordell Bank is so thick. Everywhere else it's thin; Cordell Bank is thick. You got things growing on top of things. It's so healthy out there. Everything is sitting on top of everything else. You just don't see that anywhere else in the world. It's unique.

Livingston: So how did this experience, up till '83, influence you after it was completed, when it was all over? How do you feel that's influence to you?

Sherman: I wanna go back! I still wanna go back. If somebody said we'll go Cordell Bank, I'd dig out my diving gear and my double tanks, and I say, "Let's go." Any day of the year. Of course, I haven't dived for a couple of years now. I kept my insurance good because I had both knees replaced, so my knees don't bend the way they used to. And so it'd be a little tough.

Another place I'd go back to is the Farallon Islands.

I've got a map here of the Farallons. There's the big island. Then there's the middle rock. Then there's a little bit here, then Isle of Saint James, which is a group of rocks. Then you go further north and there's another pinnacle that's underwater, something like Isle of Saint James. Nice diving and nice photography up there.

[At the Isle of St. James] there's a cave that starts underwater, and it's about 15 feet wide. It goes through the entire rock. Goes in, and there's a slight curve, and comes out the other side. When I dove inside this thing, I tried to film it. My film turned out overly light, too bright, because everything in it is white. You got an anemone. You got a starfish. You've got all these others. They're white. There's no sunlight in there, so it's totally white. And if the waves are breaking on the other side, it sounds like an explosion going off at the end. Boom, once in a while. Boom.

But I'd love to get back in that cave again, just another peek or something to photograph it correctly.

There's one rock out there – I think middle rock [it's the North Farallon]. It's curved. One side of it is curved. It's curved, open on the western side. You could take a boat up to within five feet of that rock, and it's still got 100 feet beneath you.

There's two or three little tiny ridges about this wide

[indicates about 1 foot wide with hands] on the way down. The bottom is just [loose] rocks on the bottom. But the thing, you can come up right next to the rock with a boat, and you won't even see the bottom. I dove on that thing with Bob. Fantastic rock to dive on, and it's just plain rock.

Livingston: Now when you were diving Cordell Bank during those times, did you have any feeling that this was going to lead to something, that there was some importance to what you were doing?

Sherman: I think we were exploring something that has never been seen before (other than the Navy). It's never been seen before and we were documenting the hell out of it. We had more documentation on that bloody island, I think, than any other island around anywhere from all the trips we made back and forth, and all the pictures and diagrams and notes and collections of every conceivable variety, things that never – people haven't seen for years. And we think it's unique in the world.

Livingston: Can you repeat something you said earlier before we started recording that people don't belong there?

Sherman: I don't belong there. As a human being, you do not belong 160 feet underwater with just a little breathing tank on your back. It's the unknown. You could be in serious trouble at any moment. In fact, one time I was down there and my regulator free-flowed. I was totally out. I couldn't put it in my mouth. It was blowing so hard, the pressure was pushing it out.

So I had to go over to Bob who was close by, tap him on the shoulder, show him that, and I had to use his octopus till we went up. People always say use the buddy system. On Cordell Bank, that's a total fallacy. There's no way a photographer can sit there and try to take a picture while somebody is banging on 'em or bumping into 'em or bothering the hell out of 'em. You do not want anybody near you.

If you're trying to shoot a movie underwater, trying to hold a camera still is one of the worst things in the world. You don't want anybody bumping you. Except for that one time when I got lost. I knew where they were all the time. "He's over there taking a picture." I'm not going to go near 'em. I'm not going to kick up any sediment, or something like that, disturb the water.

Film

Livingston: So what happened with your films? Were they yours or did you hand those over to Bob?

Sherman: No, I've got all of mine. But I did turn some of 'em to Lee Lee McEachern at KGO. I turned some footage over to them. They used some of it, although not much. They had some other things. They mostly used the slides. Slides were really the best things, except for one dive.

One guy borrowed a Sony camera, a full-size Beta with an underwater housing. And he talked 'em into taking him out on a dive to Cordell Bank, and he shot some video down there. When this video was shot, we put it together to show to the UPS for one of their shows but they rejected it, saying "No, it's no good."

It was a combination film and slide show, perfectly timed. Everything worked out great. They didn't like it.

They didn't like it. We didn't make anybody happy. Well, a little while later they took that video and interspersed it where the film was, and it came out beautiful. We loved the movie. In fact, everybody was enjoying it, I think. The members up there that saw the thing and thought it was great. I think it was nice.

And then UPS came up another time. I took the video and entered it under Bob's name. It won second prize. Bob and I were sitting in the audience, and they announced the winners of the prize. Bob was looking at the program and saw his name written in for second prizewinner. He didn't even know it. I entered it under his name, and it won second prize for the UPS after they turned us down two years before. So that was – it cracked me up. It cracked him up, too.

Livingston: So let me see if I got this right, that you took the films for your own purposes, that you weren't really doing it for Cordell Expeditions as much, or were you?

Sherman: Well, I tried to put movies together for Cordell. In fact, I made one on the Rocas Alijos one, too. They used some of that film in the movie that somebody else put together on Rocas Alijos. There was a professional photographer along on that trip and shot a lot of film that Bob's still got, but it was never put together.

I've only seen one little part of it. It even had me in it swimming around there with one short part. Just like the film that they showed at the Film Festival? The guy who

was jumping off the boat was me doing a header, flopping off the boat. But that's the only one part of that little movie. I might get a copy of it just to keep it around.

The camera I had when I went to Easter Island screwed up terribly. Shutter went outta sync.

Participation

Livingston: Well, now that Cordell Bank's a national marine sanctuary and you were part of that whole process. So how does that feel to know that you're part of this process that resulted?

Sherman: Great. When I found out I made the most dives on Cordell Bank, that really surprised the hell outta me. But I know a couple of times people didn't go on dives or something like that because of some reason or other. Bill Kruse must have at least 20 something dives on that thing, and I know Don must have close to that many. Sue had a lot of dives. After she got through that first experience, she was one of the experienced divers. She's been all over the place. She was on the Bank out there and then the Rocas Alijos, and also on Easter Island up there. So she's been around a long time. Very good diver.

Livingston: Well, is there anything else specific to Cordell Bank that you don't think you've told us that you think would be of interest?

Sherman: I'm trying to think. Other than the other trips, not really at the moment that I can think of.

The Oral History was published by the CBNMS under the title "Pioneer Divers of Cordell Bank" and a copy was sent to all the core team members, who were justifiably proud of what they had done, with one exception: Harry was not happy with his interview. He began to feel that his contributions to the project were somehow not up to the level of the other participants. At one point he wrote a letter to the CBNMS requesting to be removed from the Oral History. The response letter from Jennifer Stark (shown at left) reassured him of his central role in the project, and we tried to provide him with that reassurance, not always successfully.



If I have any regrets now, it's that I didn't make more effort to reassure Harry about his role in the group. From my perspective, as Expedition Leader, Harry was one of the beginning core group that included Bill Kruse, Don Dvorak, Tom Santilena, Harry Sherman and me (and soon some others). Harry was always there, always first, and always a very conscientious hard worker. He was a team player, which is prized by the leader over almost everything else. Harry always did what was asked, when, where, how, and with safety. He made no demands for himself. His manners were impeccable, and he contributed a goodly amount of his wry humor. Without doubt, every team member liked Harry and was happy to work with him. I don't recall a single instance of harsh words to or from Harry. He was a delight, and I am proud and grateful to have had him on the team.

So, Harry, wherever you are, no need to feel apologetic for not doing more—you contributed your fraction of the project and contributed your share of the adventure, and to emphasize that, I have included above your complete CBNMS Oral History, whether you like it or not! Thank you for being a valuable and treasured part of my life, our group, and the history of the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary.

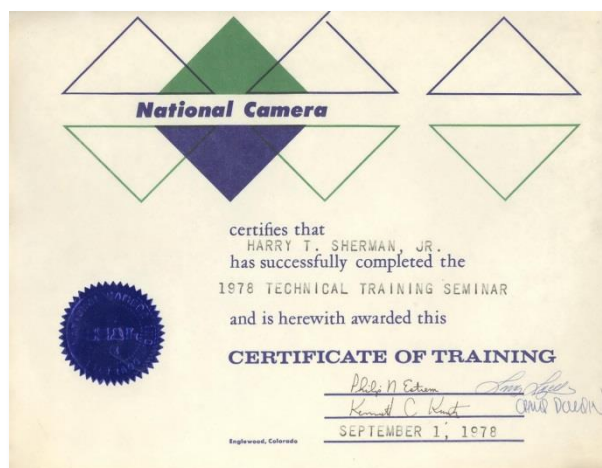
10 FILM/VIDEO 1969-1985

Photography

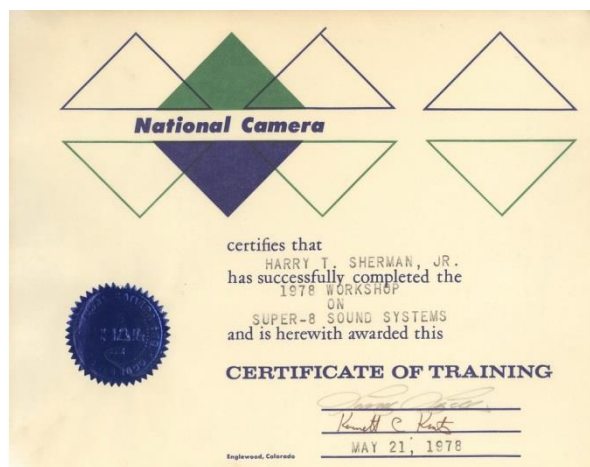
In the late 1960s, Harry picked up a camera and discovered the pleasure in shooting film (and later video). It also brought him a lot of attention and strokes, so why not? Over the next decade, he enrolled in various courses, mostly with National Camera, receiving certificates for them. Here are some that he saved.



1969 Bolex Film Contest Finalist in category "Cities"



1978 National Camera Completion of Technical Training Seminar

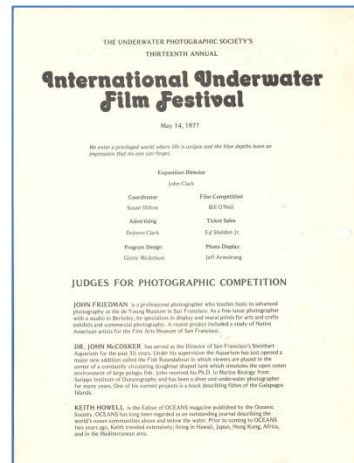


1978 National Camera Workshop on Super-8 Sound Systems



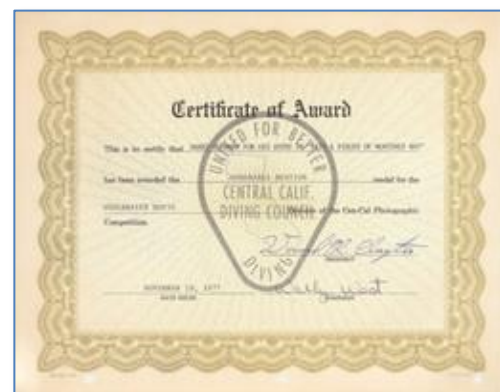
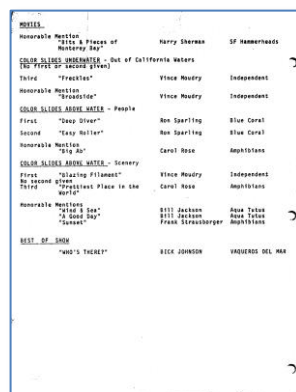
National Camera Graduation Extension School of Photo Equipment Technology

Eventually he started entering his work in underwater film festivals, and began to receive awards for them. Here are some of the programs and certificates he saved. Not first place, but worth saving.



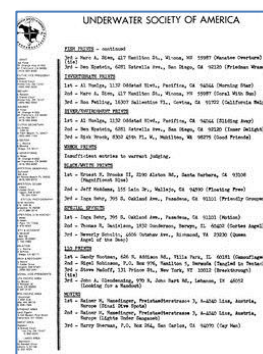
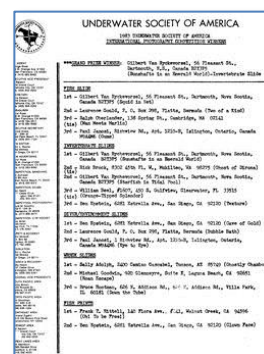
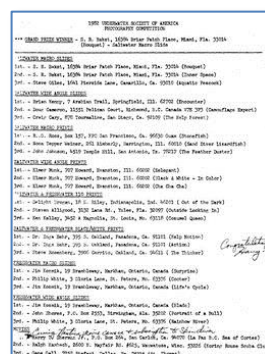
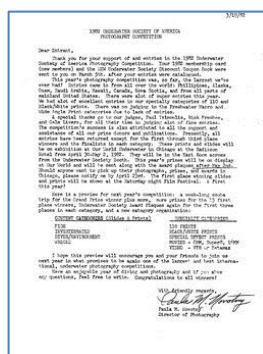
Underwater Photographic Society Photo Competition 14 May 1977

Court of Honor: “Cayman” [video]



Cencal Photo Competition 19 Nov 1977

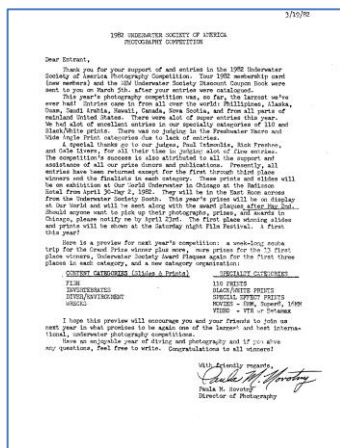
Honorable Mention "Bits and Pieces of Monterey Bay" [video]



Underwater Photographic Society International Photography 1983

3rd Place: "Cayman"

In 1982, he received First Place with his film “La Paz B. C. Sea of Cortez.” While the certificate was nice, what was nicer was that it was accompanied by a real prize: a Eumig Nautica Super 8 Underwater Camera and a subscription to Skin Diver Magazine! You can still buy this camera (about \$200), but a 50-ft. roll of expired film will cost you about \$75.



Underwater Photographic Society International Photography 1982

1st Place: “La Paz B. C. Sea of Cortez”

The camera was a wonderful prize, and it provided incentive for Harry to do more shooting. Jackie Buckley provided a photo of him holding it, and some comments:

I met Harry around 1970 through my former husband, Art Buckley, who studied Karate and Jujitsu at the studio with Harry. I have attached two photos. One is of Harry at our house on Clipper St. in San Francisco in March 1977. He took motion pictures of our daughter's baptism.

10-10-79

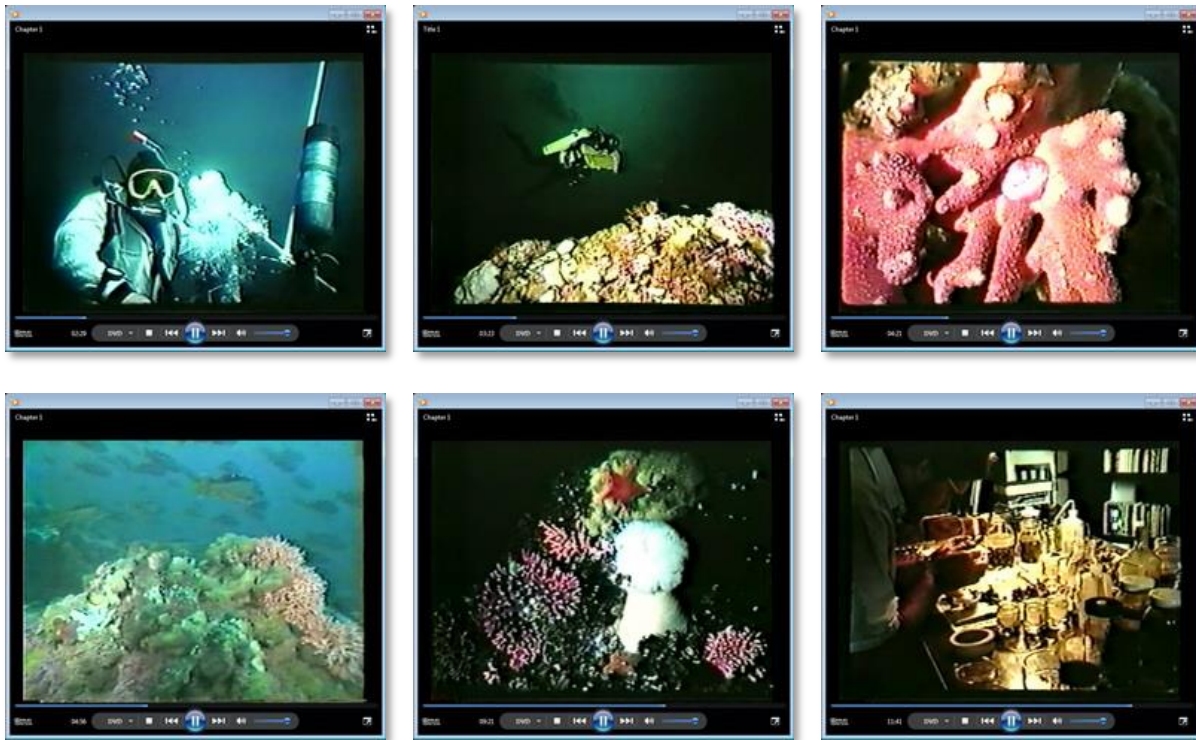
One of Harry's films was about a particular dive, done on 10 Oct 1979. In fact, that entire year we did only one dive (the conditions were too dangerous so I cancelled the day and then the rest of the season). But even though Harry did not dive, he made a film about the day. Much later, in his Oral History, he recounted what he did with the film. This is Harry speaking:

And then UPS came up one time. I took the video and entered it under Bob's name. It won second prize. Bob and I were sitting in the audience, and they announced the winners of the prize. Bob looked at the program and saw his name written in for second prize winner. He didn't even know that I entered it under his name, and it won second prize for the UPS! This was after they turned us down two years before [for a film they had authorized us to make]. So that cracked me up. It cracked him up, too.



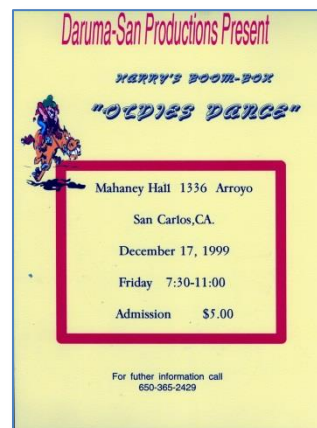
The Last Dive

Another film Harry produced from the Cordell Bank Expeditions was "The Last Dive." The title was meant to be ironic, because I had a habit of announcing at the end of each season "OK, that's the last dive." But when the next year came, I would always ask the team whether they wanted to go again, and the team always said yes. Harry used a lot of the slides from the expeditions in this film, and here are a few.



Moving up

As Harry got more experienced with filmmaking, he got a new camera and began to make films of many of his activities. For instance, he organized "Harry's Boom Box Oldies Dance, held in Mahaney Hall, San Carlos, on 17 Dec 1999. It was a "Daruma-San Productions Present" event.



Daruma-san Productions

Somewhere in the 1990s, Harry got more organized about his filmmaking. He vadopted a name for his enterprise: Daruma San Productions. He made up a logo, put it on a patches, tee-shirts, and his license plate.

[See Notes: Daruma san p. 177]



What does Daruma san mean? Here is a brief summary:

Daruma san (the bath game) is a ritual originating in Japan. It involves summoning a ghost, which will most likely follow you all day long to try and catch you. In order to summon said ghost, go to your bathroom before bedtime, strip yourself naked, fill the tub with water, and turn off the lights. Climb inside the tub and position yourself in front of the faucet. Close your eyes and begin washing your hair while chanting the words “Daruma san fell down” over and over.

Harry’s logo includes an image of a “Daruma doll.”

The Daruma doll is a round, hollow doll modeled after Bodhidharma, the founder of the Zen sect of Buddhism. These dolls, though typically red and depicting a bearded man (Dharma), vary greatly in color and design depending on region and artist. Though considered a toy by some, it is rich in symbolism and is regarded more as a talisman of good luck. The dolls are seen as a symbol of perseverance and good luck, making them a popular gift of encouragement. Initially, the figure's eyes are both blank white. A user will then select a goal or wish and paint in one of the figure's two eyes. Once the desired goal is achieved, the second eye is filled in.



[Wikipedia]

[See Notes: Daruma doll p. 178]

I’m only guessing, but I think Harry picked this association for its Japanese origin and positive associations. It was completely consistent with his interest in the martial arts and Japanese culture. It’s a wonder to me that, at the time, we didn’t get the significance of Daruma san—we simply accepted it as part of Harry’s eccentricity.

Scapa Flow

Scapa Flow is a body of water in the Orkney Islands, off the northern tip of Scotland. The Flow is sheltered by various islands, making it strategically protected. It has been used by ships since prehistory, and it played an important role in travel, trade, and conflict throughout the centuries, especially during both World Wars.

In 1984, Harry went to Scapa Flow and made one dive. He made a 23-minute documentary film about it during WW II. In his 2009 Oral History recording, Harry described the film. This is Harry speaking:

Sherman: Did one dive, in 1984, in the Orkney Islands, just above Scotland. And up there, we dove on the German World War I fleet that was sunk there.

Livingston: Must have been cold, and really interesting.

Sherman: Nope.

Livingston: No?

Sherman: It's exactly like Monterey. There was no difference in that diving from Monterey.

After World War I, the German fleet was transferred to Scapa Flow. One of the greatest movies showed this line of German ships, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, in one single line traveling across the English Channel to Scapa Flow. Too bad—there's no footage of it.



I tried to get some footage of that event, because I made a movie on the whole place. And what they did up there on one single day, the Germans didn't know what they were gonna do with the fleet and the people up there were just skeleton crews. They were roller-skating around on the decks. The place was falling apart, so they decided to scuttle the entire fleet. So they sunk it the whole thing.

Battleships ended up upside down up there because of the heavy weight. And during the time the British thought they were trying to escape or something, so they actually killed seven of the people because they thought they were trying to escape. They weren't; they were just scuttling the fleet.

In fact, there was a woman up there I met who was with schoolchildren that day, and they took a boat trip that day, the day they decided to scuttle the fleet. So they were sitting in this boat watching all these boats sink all over the place.

The shipyard recovered many of the sunken ships. I shot some footage of that operation. They sank caissons into the ships, and people crawled into the caissons, divers working outside, inside, cleaning out all the boat, closing up all the holes. Then they raised the ship upside down, and then towed them down to the shipyard in Northern Scotland where they tore them apart. There are still five of them still sitting there. I dove on them—they're really large ships.

Harry's comment about the diving being similar to Monterey may not be as unwarranted as it sounds. There are organizations that actually specialize in diving Scapa Flow, and one site [scapafloowrecks.com] shows many underwater photos, including *Metridium senile*, *Archidoris*, and ling cod. There is a thriving dive industry associated with the Flow. And because the water temperature is around 50°F during the summer, northern California divers probably would find it familiar and comfortable.

[<http://www.scapascuba.co.uk/>, <http://www.scapafloowrecks.com/>]

[<http://www.scapafloowrecks.com/wildlife/index.php>]

Moving the U. S. Post Office

Around 1985, after Harry had been with the USPO for 14 years, he was given the opportunity to combine his job with one of his hobbies (filmmaking). He was a foreign section clerk at the Air Mail Facility (AMF), mostly working as a pouch rack clerk. The Mail Services Center (MSC) was preparing to move to the General Mail Facility (GMF), and, together with his colleagues Fred Blanchard, Leonard Medina, and David Lee, Harry was given the opportunity to produce a documentary about the move. The first part of their film was an orientation to the new building, shown to employees as part of their tour to the new facility. After that, they produced an instructional video presenting the contractors' work and instructions for postal maintenance people after the contractors left. Characteristically, Harry wore one of his plaid shirts.



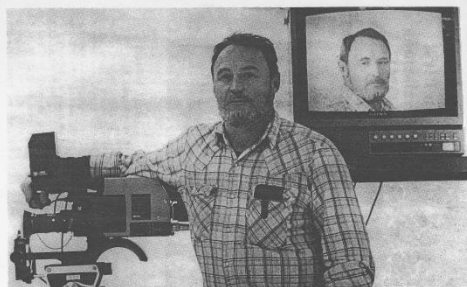
Harry Sherman, Jr.: An Authority on Northern California Waters

Harry Sherman, Jr., foreign section clerk at AMF, can tell you a lot about the Northern California Waters. For instance, he will tell you that an individual 12 second wave will take one day to cross 1,000 miles of open ocean, but a wave group (or wave train) would take twice that long because of reduced velocity; or that a killer wave was responsible for sinking the Navy tanker "Ramapo" in 1933.

Sound like a lot of water over your head?

Not to Harry. A member of the San Francisco Hammerheads and the Underwater Photographic Society, Harry has recently published an instructional pamphlet "A Primer for Northern California Waters" for scuba and free divers in Northern California waters. It introduces the waves and beaches that are particular to this area. It provides information as well for nature lovers, beachcombers, swimmers and tide-poolers of the coastline without becoming too technical. The book also has a short bibliography.

For the last fifteen years, Harry has been scuba diving professionally and film making underwater independently. Some of his film footage have been bought by underwater documentary firms. Presently, Harry is involved in an underwater documentary for the Cordell Bank



Along with three other employees, Harry Sherman is co-producer of the GMF documentary. Stories of the other three will appear in a future issue. —Photography by Leonard Medina

Expedition headed by Robert Schneider, a physicist of the Scandia Lab in Livermore. The documentary will be shown on Channel 7, KGO TV, when completed.

Harry's experience in film making has given him the opportunity to film the MSC move to the General Mail Facility. Along with Fred Blanchard, Leonard Medina, and David Lee—a separate story will appear in the

Postmark in a future issue for these men—Harry is co-producer for the GMF documentary. The first part, which is the orientation about the new building, is now being shown to employees as part of their tour to the new facility. Their job (Harry's, et al) is not yet finished. At the moment they are making video film for instructional use—recording the contractors' work and instructions for the postal

maintenance people to follow and to take over after the contractors leave. A 14-year postal veteran, most of it as a pouch rack clerk, Harry has three active and strenuous hobbies: karate, jujitsu, and scuba diving. He used to be instructor for all three hobbies but now he does them for his own fulfillment. "After a while, you get tired of being committed," says Harry.

S.F. Postmark, January 1985, Page

The Art of Throwing

Harry included his Jujitsu activities in his filmmaking. He produced a 41-minute film called "The Art of Throwing." It was shot at Rick Alemany's Karate USA studio in San Francisco, and shows the Stanford Self-Defense Club in a sequence of throwing exercises.

Throwing is the set of techniques whereby the opponent is thrown to the ground. These techniques were chosen primarily from Japanese and Chinese martial arts such as judo. Karate's throwing techniques emphasize rapidity of execution and effectiveness when starting relatively far away, whereas judo opponents, for example, are usually less than a meter away from each other.

As with almost all of the martial arts, this particular aspect is complicated and has a long history. And it has a formidable vocabulary. For instance, here are just three examples of throws:

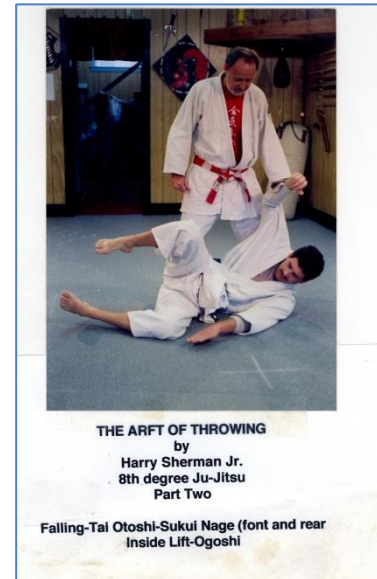
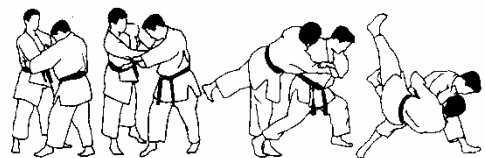
Deashi barai. Made in a circular path, against the opponent's foot (or leg below the knee), while the hips turn away. The sweep can topple, put off-balance, or make the opponent overly cautious.

Ko soto gari. Done at close range. The practitioner strikes the opponent's leg or foot from the outside, with linear foot motion and with teisoku (slow motion), jun kaiten (hip rotation with the strike), combining the judo techniques of ko soto gari and ko soto kaki. This method is not to be confused with De ashi barai technique.

Kani basami. Done by passing the lower leg behind the opponent's legs and driving the other into the front at waist height, while dropping, optionally clinging to the opponent with one hand at shoulder height. Also known as "scissors stroke," it is a very dangerous and is now banned.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Karate_throws]

TAI-OTOSHI



Here is a diagram of one of the throws, Tai otoshi, and two frames from Harry's video. Harry himself demonstrated these throws in the film.



The cover says this video is "THE ARFT [=ART] OF THROWING, Part Two." I have no knowledge of what Part One was. The cover subtitle is "Falling-Tai Otoshi-Sukui Nage (font [=front] and rear Inside Lift-Ogoshi)." I wonder whether Harry noticed that the title and subtitle contain misspellings. No matter, of course!

11 ART

Relief

We were surprised when Harry came forth with a variety of artworks representing environmental places and features. He produced a number of “raised reliefs” of underwater scenes, especially Cordell Bank. Two of his works (shown below) are special to the Cordell Bank expeditions.

First is a relief of Cordell Bank, about 30 inches long, with a vertical exaggeration of about 2X; executed with natural mahogany plywood. This object is in the possession of the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary, Pt. Reyes Station, California.



Harry made these reliefs by tracing the depth contour lines onto sheets of plywood, cutting out the shapes with a coping saw, and then gluing them in a stack that then formed a model of the feature. Some of his reliefs, including this one, required more than 150 pieces. He had to construct each piece, dress it, paint it (if desired), and mount it. The whole project probably took more than 50 hours or more to execute.



The second work, shown below, is a reproduction of the cover of my book *Ecology of an Underwater Island* (shown earlier). It's about 24x36 inches. For this work, Harry did not have to adhere precisely to the contours, so he simply traced the rough outlines of the various organisms. However, he had to account for some objects lying in front of others, i.e., the 3D structure was not as simple as for the contour plot. While the laminae were simpler, he had to paint them to match the cover of the book; probably the time for this work was about the same as the relief map above, i.e., ca. > 50 hrs. The final result is an arresting illustration that could well sit in a museum or gallery (but this object currently is in my personal possession).



I couldn't find categorical name for this kind of art. It's a 2D illustration that is rendered using laminae. Its 3D structure is therefore not important (except as an accent). Another characteristic is that the objects in the illustration were constructed individually, different from a normal illustration, in which the objects are all on the same plane and they have only apparent 3D meaning. Here, the laminae provide an accent that might be about the equivalent to the (artificial) shadow I put on each photograph in this book.



Sculpture

If it weren't enough surprise to learn about Harry's reliefs, imagine the shock in discovering his self-portrait with dog, executed in paper mâché. I was unaware of this object until after Harry died. Apparently, it was kept at his trailer residence, but discarded immediately before, or after, his death. No one knows exactly what happened to it. Fortunately, Harry retained a few pictures of the piece, which, like his other work, exhibits considerable effort.

Harry had a little dog named "Tzutsi," which he deeply loved, and he decided to create a self-portrait with Tzutsi. Here is the result. The statue is life-size, made with paper mâché, which is "paper pieces or pulp, sometimes reinforced with textiles, bound with an adhesive, such as glue, starch, or wallpaper paste." A popular variation is paper mâché *clay*, which is "home-made air-dried cellulose-reinforced polymer clay." You can buy this material. We don't know what Harry used, but of course, it doesn't matter. [See Notes: Art p. 178].

To my eyes, Harry's face on the sculpture seems to resemble the apple-shaped figure below upper right. That object is a small jar for sake, the Japanese rice wine. However, Harry never drank anything alcoholic, so the similarity must have been coincidental, or at least otherwise inconsequential.



In Harry's papers was found the sketch at right, done by an unknown artist. The caption at the bottom is a musical staff with the tune

"ONCE IN LOVE WITH TSUTSI..."

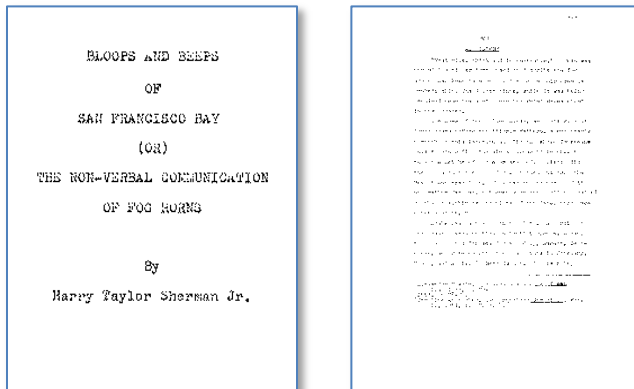
If you look closely, you can see the little dog is in love with Harry, and vice versa. Whether it was Tzutsi or Tsutsi, probably it doesn't matter.



12 WRITING

Bloops and Beeps

Being a writer myself, I strongly identified with Harry's apparently irresistible urge to write. His first book(let), all of 20 pages, was about the foghorns around the San Francisco Bay Area.



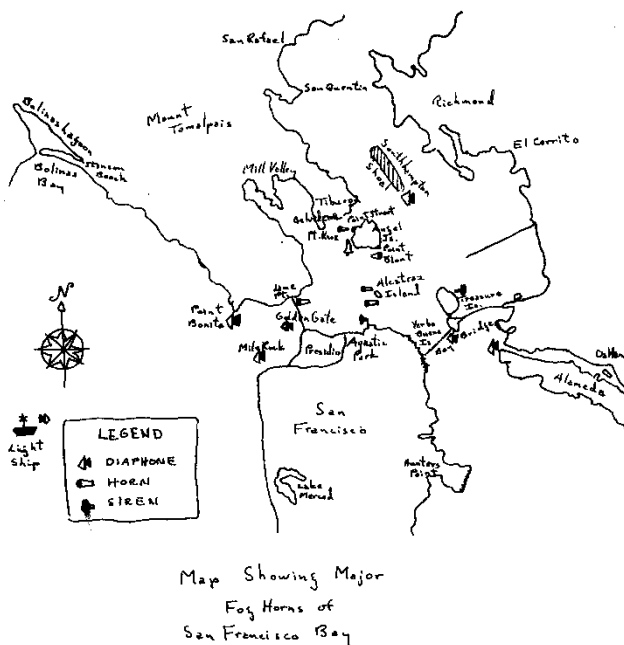
From Bloops and Beeps:

Fog is San Francisco's greatest asset. For while fog is an active and permanent menace to navigation, a source of uncertainty and delay and worry to travelers, and carries a chill that foes to the very marrow of thinly-clad summer tourists, nevertheless it keeps the city warm in winter, preventing frosts and moderating the fall in temperature, and cool in summer, and thus makes it favorable for health.

...
[Regarding foghorns...] There are the angry bullying blasts of the Golden Gate Bridge signal, the things-are-tough-all-over note of the Mile Rock horn, and on still nights the mournful, distant "Beee-Ohh!" of the San Francisco Lightship or the East Brother Island signal of Richmond.

Punctuating the conversation of the big fellows are the nervous erps, shrieks, belches, and chimes of scores of channel buoys and pier-end signals, all getting in their two-bits worth, and here are also the whistles of ships adding to the general confusion.

The net effect of this dissonant chorus of woodwinds and bells is to keep visitors and light-sleeping residents awake and angry, and to soothe and captivate more tolerant San Franciscans. However unruly and undisciplined the horns may sound to landlubbers they perform as precisely as though conducted by Enrique Jorda of the San Francisco Symphony. Each has a different tone code identifying it to mariners feeling their way through the Bay in thick weather.

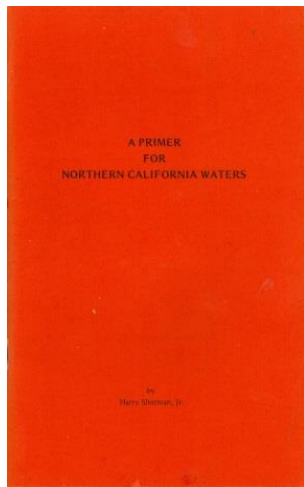


The booklet is surprisingly formal, considering Harry's personality, and the sentence construction and vocabulary seem beyond what we know from Harry personally. The text is formal, with footnotes in academic style. Perhaps it was an essay prepared for a class. It does seem likely that Harry relied heavily on another source, perhaps an article in a history journal. Harry drew the diagrams by hand. The book is typed on a typewriter with monospaced font, i.e., an old machine.

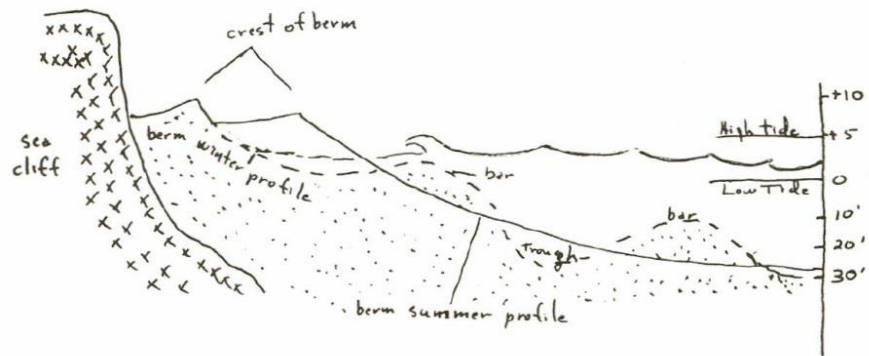
He ends the book with the Latin words "*Terminat hora diem, Terminat auctor opus*" which means "The hour finishes the day; the author finishes his work." This phrase concludes Christopher Marlowe's play *Doctor Faustus*. If this was all Harry's work, we should revise upward our estimate of Harry's erudition!

A Primer for Northern California Waters

After more than a decade of diving, Harry produced a book(let) seemingly targeted at divers.



BEACHES



The manuscript was typeset and 500 copies printed by Brentwood Press, San Francisco, at a total cost of \$855. It was described by a bookseller as follows:

Published by DARUMA-SAN productions San Carlos, CA 1980
Staplebound paperback, 46pp, Very Good-Fine
Line drawings, geological background for Earth's surface explained
CA residents must include CA State sales tax or submit a resale license
Bookseller Inventory # 7966

Generally, the writing is straightforward, much like one would see on Wikipedia today. The grammar and vocabulary are quite consistent with Harry as we knew him, so he probably actually wrote it. Here are a few (noncontiguous) lines from the book.

Waves are undulating forms that move along the surface of the sea. Unlike a current which actually transports water, a wave merely moves through water. It is nothing more than a pulse of energy whose conductor is the ocean. ...

The canyons form an avenue from the depths for the upwelling of colder water and nutrients, but the drop-offs can prove dangerous to an unwary diver. Several divers have died in the Carmel Canyon and there is no way to bring back a body from those depths. ...

When swimming underwater and surge is present, don't fight it. Keep the same steady swimming kick. Although it may seem you are standing still or even moving backwards half of the time, the other half you will be moving along at an increased rate of speed. Trying to fight the surge when it's holding you back will only wear you out. ...

Divers can use rips to their advantage as long as they are used wisely and with observation. They make it easier going out to the dive site as you can swim relaxed and move out fairly rapidly as long as you stay in mid channel until you are past the breakers. Pay attention to the direction you are going and the flow of the rip.

I have no idea what might have happened to the 500 copies. Certainly, Harry didn't sell them; he did give some of them away, as I do with my books.

Nez Perce Indians

First, a little background about the Nez Perce...

This was the largest tribe Lewis and Clark met between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. They ranged across today's central Idaho, southeastern Washington State, and northeastern Oregon, from the western base of the Rockies to the falls of the Columbia River. They fished the Clearwater and Snake Rivers and harvested camas roots. In the 1830s, the population was estimated to be 6,000. The name is French for "pierced nose," which referred to the nose pendants worn by some.

When Clark and other members of the expedition emerged exhausted and starved from their journey through the Bitterroot Mountains, the Nez Perce greeted them with dried buffalo, camas root bread, and fish. Clark approached three Nez Perce boys carefully, and, offering the boys gifts of ribbon, he eased their fears and was soon led to the settlement of tepees. After Lewis joined them a few days later, the expedition discussed the trade alliances and peace proposals. The Nez Perce were clear on what they wanted—guns—so they could compete with the Blackfeet and Apsinawa for buffalo and defend their villages. The Corps left their horses with the Nez Perce while they continued westward by canoe. When the Corps returned in May 1806 they claimed their horses and spent a couple of months with the Nez Perce, waiting for the snow to clear the mountain passes.

The U.S. government took control of large portions of their territory during the mid-1800s. In 1863 the Nez Perce were mostly confined to a portion of northwest Idaho. In 1877, a band of Nez Perce still living in Oregon and led by Chief Joseph refused to leave their lands but the revolt was put down. Many of those Oregon survivors were moved to the Colville reservation in Washington, where descendants still live. Today many Nez Perce also live on a reservation in Idaho. As of 1990, the total population is about 4,000.

[http://www.nationalgeographic.com/lewisandclark/record_tribes_013_12_17.html]

For reasons we don't know, Harry became fascinated by Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians. Harry's brother-in-law Bill Gould recalls the following:

Harry started writing what he hoped he could sell as a television documentary about Chief Joseph. He was so devoted to the task that he learned to pilot an airplane so that during any spare time he could manage from school, work, or whatever he was doing during the ten years he worked on the project, he could rent a plane to visit the battle sites and villages involved in the Chief Joseph history to film and do research. When he was almost finished, he sent me the script. I had been writing plays and other things for years and he thought I might have something worthwhile for him to consider. Believe me when I tell you what happened next, although I hardly believe it myself.

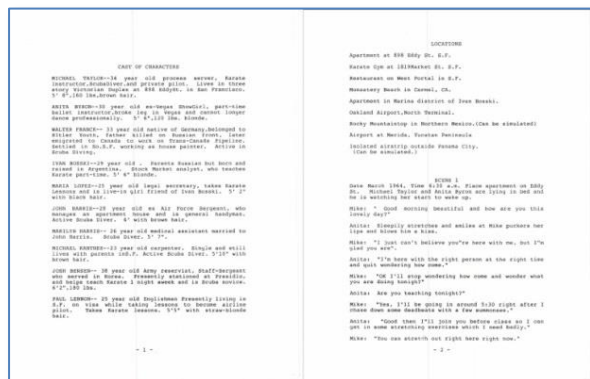
In the middle of my review of his script, which was not bad, another documentary of Chief Joseph, not very different from Harry's version, was shown on television. I called Harry and told him it was now a hopeless matter to even attempt to sell his work. He told me he had seen the documentary in question and found it was not as factual as his work. I told him it did not matter once someone had beaten him to the punch. As usual, he accepted the situation without any further comment, even though he felt he was seeing his life work go down the drain.

This is one of several incidents that seem to indicate Harry was born under some kind of a shadow of disappointment. Another was the problems with his foot and hip bones, which kept him out of the Coast Guard Academy and other activities that required strenuous physical exertion. Of course, he did do a lot of diving!



Treasure

This is arguably Harry's most interesting writing. Interesting not because of the story itself, but because it gives us insights into Harry's mind. Clearly, he was writing from his personal experience, not uncommon among writers.



The work is a play in one act. It probably was written in 1966, when Harry was 34 years old. The manuscript is 25 pages long, and includes the CAST OF CHARACTERS and the LOCATIONS. Every member of the CAST is involved in Karate and/or scuba diving. Everyone is 23-34 years old. The LOCATIONS include, among others, an apartment at 898 Eddy St., the Karate Gym at 1819 Market St., a restaurant on West Portal, and a "Rocky mountaintop in northern Mexico (can be simulated)." The writing is rather simple and a bit flat, and he makes some very common grammatical errors, but the play is itself now a "treasure" because Harry did it.

The story is about a group of friends who hatch a plan to recover a treasure (gold bars, coins, etc.) from a mountain cave. They go to the location, blast open the cave, and start to carry off the treasure, which is to be hung on poles and snared by a low-flying airplane. The plan is interrupted when the treasure is absconded by one of the group, and—yipes!—local Indians start to come after the remaining friends. With guns blazing, the friends escape, get another plane, and fly to Panama City, where they accost the thief on the runway, grab the treasure, and fly away.

The central figure in the story is "Michael Taylor, 34 year old process server, Karate Instructor, scuba diver, and private pilot. Lives in San Francisco. 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair. He is the Project Leader." Obviously, Michael Taylor is Harry Taylor Sherman: Harry did all five of the listed activities, and he is the same height, weight, and color hair as Michael. The addresses are those of Harry's haunts. "Taylor" is Harry's middle name. The only point on which they don't match is that in real-life, Harry was not the "Project Leader." But that's OK ...

Here are a few (noncontiguous) excerpts:

Shouts of Yahoo! and glee are heard as they slap Walter on the back and help him get ready for his job. Twenty minutes later, he comes out and sets up the plunger. The others move out of the way. He then pushes the plunger and an explosion is heard that loosens some rock in the area and a dust cloud emerges from the entrance to the cave. After a few moments waiting for the dust to settle, they rush into the cave and start clearing the few remaining rocks that bar their way. Once their eyes adjust to the dark interior of the cave, they see the treasure. After several minutes of looking through bags of coins, Mike starts giving instructions.

Mike: "All right, let's get organized. Walter you go up and relieve Josh so he can have a look. Mike K. you know how to do it so go find the best location to anchor the poles, also take the radio and send the signal to Paul to come as quick as possible. Ivan, you and I will make a survey to make the best load capacity for each pickup. Let's get moving—I want to be out of here as soon as possible. We can stare at it longer on the plane."

Anita: "You just can't leave us here like this. You still care for me."

Mike: "That's where you're wrong again. As far as I'm concerned you can go to hell!!! And besides, I have a dinner date with Maria back home and I'm running late. Let's get out of here."

Scene ends with Mike in plane flying over the field and watching two people walk into the jungle.

Clearly, Harry (sorry, I mean *Michael*) was in charge. It would have been fun to see this story produced as a TV episode, or maybe a 100-episode series! Or a blockbuster film from 21st Century Fox...

13 DANCING

I must say, when we first found out that Harry was involved in line dancing, we had no idea what that was, or why Harry, our expedition guy, would have gotten involved in something like that. Of course, that was one of numerous points of our ignorance about Harry and about his eccentricity in general. As a full-fledged eccentric, he was following his interests as they evolved, and with little or no bias about what was a “correct” interest. As I pulled together the story of his involvement with this activity, I gained not only a basic understanding of it, but also another layer of respect for Harry. Without moving into that sphere myself, I can say that I came to envy his freedom of social motion, unconstrained by more conservative opinions that might have swirled around him. It wasn’t for me, but it was, by his choice, most certainly for him. So let me summarize what I know about this, and what Harry was doing there.

The reason it’s called “Country-Western” is that “Country” dance originated in England, so to distinguish it “Western” was added. Not unlike many other activities such as athletics, automobile races, scholastic competitions, and so on, there is a worldwide industry supported by many thousands of people who like to dance to country-western music. Much of the activity is organized by the United Country Western Dance Council, which is an international organization that produces festivals and competitions in 20 countries. CW dancing encompasses many forms that are stylistically associated with American country and/or western traditions. Dances include Two Step, Waltz, Traveling Cha-Cha, Polka Ten Step, Schottische, East Coast Swing, West Coast Swing, Nightclub Two Step, Square Dance, and Line Dance.



It was line dancing that Harry told us about, to our astonishment. In a line-dance, participants line up in rows and execute the same choreographed movements in a synchronized manner. Each dance consists of a sequence of steps that are repeated throughout the music. Unlike circle dancing, line dancers are not in physical contact with each other. Everyone dances alone, side by side, facing the same direction in lines or rows. And everyone does exactly the same thing.

[\[Wikipedia\]](#)

Country Quicksteppers

The Country Quicksteppers (CQS) dance club was formed in 1987 as a way to promote country western dancing as an educational, social, and recreational activity. From approximately 30 original members, the club grew to over 200 in its first year. From their website:



CQS includes line dancers, two-step dancers, cloggers, and swing dancers. Some of our members enjoy promoting country western dancing at civic functions and county fairs. CQS holds regular dances on the 1st, 3rd, and 5th (when applicable) Saturdays of every month. All dancers are invited to join our country-western "family." Kick up your heels in an alcohol- and smoke-free environment where our motto is FUN!

Harry started line dancing in the early 1990s, taking lessons from Mike and Norene Gural. He was a member of CQS for approximately 20 years, and in fact, served on the board several times.

CQS publishes a monthly newsletter called the Straight Shooter. When Harry died, it included a very informative obituary written by Anni Wonderlich.





CW dancing is much more than just standing in lines and moving to the music. There is a large inventory of defined dance routines that must be learned in order to be proficient. Judging from videos I have seen, Harry was *very* proficient in his line dancing. Here's a typical line dance, the California Stomp. The header gives the basic structure of the dance:

POSITION: THIS IS A TWO WALL LINE DANCE

RHYTHM: ONE STEP FOR EACH BEAT EXCEPT FOR SHUFFLES, CHAS, AND SYNCOPATION STEPS

MUSIC SUGGESTIONS: CALIFORNIA STOMP/LARRY KEYES

CHOREOGRAPHED BY: RON HOLIDAY, GRAPEVINE EXPRESS, CLIVIS, CAL.

SPEED: 125 BPM, 79 STEPS, 64 BEATS

[Source: Mike and Nurene Gural]

CALIFORNIA STOMP

POSITION: THIS IS A TWO WALL LINE DANCE
RHYTHM: ONE STEP FOR EACH BEAT EXCEPT FOR SHUFFLES, CHAS AND SYNCOPATION STEPS
MUSIC SUGGESTIONS: CALIFORNIA STOMP/LARRY KEYES
CHOREOGRAPHED BY: RON HOLIDAY, GRAPEVINE EXPRESS, CLIVIS, CAL.
SPEED: 125 BPM, 79 STEPS, 64 BEATS

STOMP, STEP, STOMP, STEP, SHUFFLE FORWARD, STOMP, STEP
R-1--STOMP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-2--STEP BACK ON LEFT FOOT & CLAP HANDS
R-3--STOMP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-4--STEP BACK ON LEFT FOOT & CLAP HANDS
R-5--STEP WITH RIGHT SLIGHTLY FORWARD
L-6--STEP WITH LEFT SLIGHTLY FORWARD
R-7--STOMP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-8--STEP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-8--STEP BACK ON LEFT FOOT & CLAP HANDS

CHA, CHA, CHA, BACK RIGHT, FORWARD LEFT
CHA, CHA, CHA, BACK LEFT, FORWARD RIGHT
L-1--STEP LEFT FOOT TO THE LEFT SIDE
R-2--STEP RIGHT FOOT NEXT TO LEFT FOOT
L-2--STEP LEFT FOOT TO LEFT SIDE
R-3--BACK BACK ON RIGHT FOOT
L-4--STEP FORWARD WITH LEFT FOOT
R-5--STEP RIGHT FOOT TO THE RIGHT SIDE
L-6--STEP LEFT FOOT NEXT TO RIGHT FOOT
R-6--STEP RIGHT FOOT TO RIGHT SIDE
L-7--BACK BACK ON LEFT FOOT
R-8--STEP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT

SHUFFLE LEFT, STEP RIGHT, 1/2 PIVOT, SHUFFLE RIGHT, SHUFFLE LEFT
L-1--STEP LEFT FOOT FORWARD
R-2--STEP RIGHT FOOT FORWARD EVEN WITH LEFT FOOT
L-2--STEP LEFT FOOT FORWARD
R-3--STEP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-4--PIVOT 1/2 TURN LEFT (180° C.C.W.)--WEIGHT ENDING ON LEFT
R-5--STEP RIGHT FOOT FORWARD
L-6--STEP LEFT FOOT FORWARD EVEN WITH RIGHT FOOT
R-6--STEP RIGHT FOOT FORWARD
L-7--STEP LEFT FOOT FORWARD
R-8--STEP RIGHT FOOT FORWARD EVEN WITH LEFT FOOT
L-8--STEP LEFT FOOT FORWARD
(YOU ARE NOW FACING REVERSE START OF DANCE)

STOMP, STEP, STOMP, STEP, SHUFFLE FORWARD, STOMP, STEP
R-1--STOMP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-2--STEP BACK ON LEFT FOOT & CLAP HANDS
R-3--STOMP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-4--STEP BACK ON LEFT FOOT & CLAP HANDS
R-5--STEP WITH RIGHT SLIGHTLY FORWARD
L-6--STEP WITH LEFT SLIGHTLY FORWARD

CALIFORNIA STOMP-PAGE 2

R-6--STEP WITH RIGHT SLIGHTLY FORWARD
R-7--STOMP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-8--STEP BACK ON LEFT FOOT & CLAP HANDS

IN LEFT, TURN, TURN, STOMP & CLAP, TURN RIGHT, TURN, TURN, STOMP & CLAP
L-1--STEP LEFT STARTING A FULL LEFT TURN(360° C.C.W.)
R-2--CONTINUE TURN STEPPING ON RIGHT FOOT
L-3--FINISH FULL LEFT TURN FACING REVERSE START OF DANCE
R-4--STOMP (UP) WITH RIGHT-CLAP HANDS
R-5--STEP RIGHT STARTING A FULL RIGHT TURN(360° C.W.)
L-6--CONTINUE TURN STEPPING ON LEFT FOOT
R-7--FINISH FULL RIGHT TURN FACING REVERSE START OF DANCE
L-8--STOMP (UP) WITH LEFT-CLAP HANDS

OUT-OUT, IN-CROSS, OUT-OUT, CLAP
L-4--STEP LEFT FOOT OUT TO LEFT
R-1--STEP RIGHT FOOT OUT TO RIGHT
L-4--STEP LEFT FOOT IN TO CENTER
R-2--STEP RIGHT FOOT IN & CROSS SLIGHTLY BEHIND LEFT
L-4--STEP LEFT FOOT OUT TO LEFT
R-3--STEP RIGHT FOOT OUT TO RIGHT
---CLAP HANDS

IN-CROSS, OUT-OUT, IN-TOUCH, CLAP
L-4--STEP LEFT FOOT IN TO CENTER
R-5--STEP RIGHT FOOT IN & CROSS SLIGHTLY OVER LEFT FOOT
L-4--STEP LEFT FOOT OUT TO LEFT
R-6--STEP RIGHT FOOT OUT TO RIGHT
L-4--STEP LEFT FOOT IN TO CENTER
R-7--TOUCH RIGHT FOOT IN PLACE (SLIGHTLY BEHIND LEFT)
---CLAP HANDS

RIGHT, SLIDE, RIGHT, 1/2 TURN, LEFT, SLIDE, LEFT, 1/2 TURN
R-1--TURN 1/2 TURN TO THE RIGHT & STEP WITH RIGHT
L-2--SLIDE LEFT FOOT NEXT TO RIGHT FOOT
R-3--STEP FORWARD WITH RIGHT
L-4--PIVOT 1/2 TURN LEFT ON BALL OF RIGHT FOOT-TOUCH LEFT
L-5--STEP FORWARD WITH LEFT FOOT
R-6--SLIDE RIGHT FOOT NEXT TO LEFT FOOT
L-7--STEP FORWARD WITH LEFT FOOT
R-8--TOUCH RIGHT FOOT-TURN 1/2 TURN LEFT ON BALL OF LEFT FOOT

KICK, BALL-CHANGE, STEP RIGHT, 1/2 PIVOT (TWICE)
R-1--KICK FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
R-4--STEP DOWN ON BALL OF RIGHT FOOT
L-2--STEP IN PLACE WITH LEFT FOOT
R-3--STEP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-4--PIVOT 1/2 TURN LEFT ON BALL OF LEFT-WEIGHT ENDS LEFT
R-5--KICK FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
R-8--STEP DOWN ON BALL OF RIGHT FOOT
L-6--STEP IN PLACE WITH LEFT FOOT
R-7--STEP FORWARD WITH RIGHT FOOT
L-8--PIVOT 1/2 TURN LEFT ON BALL OF LEFT-WEIGHT ENDS LEFT
---START DANCE AGAIN

M & N WESTERN DANCING
MIKE AND NURENE GURAL

Here are samples of Harry's handwritten notes, and their transcriptions. He did take it seriously!

Ten nails
heel swivels 2
L heel toe heel toe
3 hops
shuffle L R L Rock R L
stomp R 1/4 stomp R
stomp R
stomp L
stomp R back R stomp

Ten[?] Nails
Heel swivels 2
L heel toe heel toe
3 hops
Shuffle L R L Rock R L
Stomp R 1/4 Stomp R
Stomp R
Stomp L
Stomp R back R Stomp

Tumbleweed
Kick R - back R L R Touch L
shuffle L shuffle R L 1/2 pivot
shuffle L stop R 1/4 pivot stop R 1/4 pivot
Cross R back L - R R R
shuffle L stop R heel pivot

Tumbleweed
Kick R - back R L R Touch L
Shuffle L shuffle R L 1/2 pivot
Shuffle L Step R 1/4 pivot R 1/4 pivot
Cross R back L - R ???
Shuffle L stomp R heel pivot

If you're motivated to get into line dancing, I suggest you ask yourself whether you're comfortable and interested in learning all this. To me it's a bit daunting!

Regarding Harry's involvement in the CQS group, Anni Wunderlich made the following comments:

My husband and I first started taking Country Western line dance classes from Mike and Norene Gural, and Harry was also in their classes. Besides teaching classes, they also ran a dance every Friday night at the Holiday Inn in Foster City, where 250-300 energetic line dancers would gather. We noticed that Harry would always arrive with a woman by the name of Jeanette Feinberg. We thought they were married, because they argued like a married couple, but Jeanette was married to Bernie Feinberg who, according to Jeanette, took a bath on Friday nights and therefore couldn't come to the dance events. Harry would meet Jeanette at the Holiday Inn and come to the dance together.

Jeanette Feinberg contributed the following:

Harry attended and participated in many events. He was instrumental in helping establish dancing at convalescent homes and helping me with playing the music. He certainly had his own style of dancing and really enjoyed himself. On one of the cruises, he performed "The Deck of Cards Bible," about a soldier who could relate to the Lord and the bible by using a deck of cards. It was a very moving monologue.

On Friday evenings, he and I would dance all the couple dances, so people thought we were married. He and I went off to do a gig for Jamie at Silverado. It was a day to remember as it took hours to get there. It was held on a Friday evening so the Bay Bridge was so backed up that we got there late but we did perform. He showed great patience getting there while I was having a minor fit.

Cactus Flowers

In 1995, the Country Quicksteppers spun off a special group. Anni Wunderlich describes it:

Mike & Norene Gural organized a cruise through the Panama Canal. Approximately 160 line dancers were part of the cruise, the majority of whom attended their classes and were members of Country Quicksteppers. After the cruise, a group of women decided it would be fun to form a line dance team. After a few hiccups, Cactus Flowers was born, a competitive team made up of 8 women. They needed a "Music Man," so Harry was asked and he accepted. The team consisted of LaVerne Young (choreographer /leader), Anni Wunderlich (costume designer), LaVonne, Nina, Sandy, Pat, Julie, Jeanie, and Ana Burton for their first competition. Later on, when Pat Sheldon left, Darlene Bevin joined the team.

Cactus Flowers won their first competition in Fresno. Unfortunately, they were the only team that had entered the competition, but they still came home with an enormous trophy. Cactus Flowers came second two years running in Pismo Beach, and Harry was there taking a video of their performance. In fact, Harry was always there; he was like one of the girls, and confided a lot of his past with them. Harry was not only proud of the team, he was proud to be a member of the team.

In 1997 Cactus Flowers were part of "Team Madness" in Reno, where they won hands down with a performance created by Harry. Harry came up with a story about the Wandering Penguins (yes, they were dressed as penguins!). He put country music to it, did the narration, and the audience loved it. Cactus Flowers competition routines were 8 to 12 minutes in length, which required the splicing of 4 to 6 songs together, and then making the CD. Harry did all of this, as well as video-taping competitions, performances and practices. He was an integral part of the team, and he enjoyed every minute of it.

Harry traveled to all the competitions with the girls: various parts of the Bay Area, Fresno, Sacramento, Silver State Country Dance Festival, Reno, Pismo Beach Western Days, Golden Gate Classic, etc. Harry attended all the meetings, practices (of which there were many), performances, and demonstrations. Harry was very proud of his girls, especially when they came home with a trophy.

The group disbanded in 1999.

[Country Quicksteppers: The Straight Shooter MAY-JUNE 2014 Page 4, written by Anni Wunderlich]



Belly dancing

As unlikely as we might have thought, Harry moved on from line dancing to belly dancing. I'm sure this was just another expression of his habit of trying something new. Wikipedia gives the following rather stilted definition of belly dancing:

Belly Dancing is primarily a torso-driven dance, with an emphasis on articulations of the hips. It focuses on isolations of the torso muscles, rather than on movements of the limbs through space. Many of the moves involve isolations, which improves flexibility of the torso. Belly dance moves are beneficial to the spine, as the full-body undulation moves lengthens (decompresses) and strengthens the entire column of spinal and abdominal muscles in a gentle way.

I seriously doubt that Harry did this for his health. Probably he did it so he could hobnob with women, and give way to his delight in costuming.



Sally Sharpless sent this note:

Harry talked about his belly dancing quite a bit to me and to my daughter. One day we went to a Greek restaurant to see Zaina, an accomplished belly dancer. Zaina has danced at this restaurant for years and has a set program. She got Harry to come to the stage and put one of those hats on him and had him balance a cane on his head. Then she did some belly pops and Harry did it right back to her. That afternoon Harry had put on a seminar for some of our students and other school students, and I gave him all the money we took in. He didn't want it, but I insisted. So when people started putting money on the dancer, he took all of the proceeds to give to her. He told me he had never made any money teaching martial arts and he wasn't going to start now!

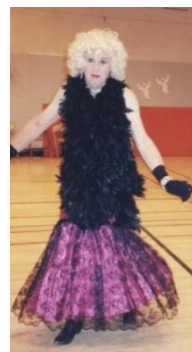
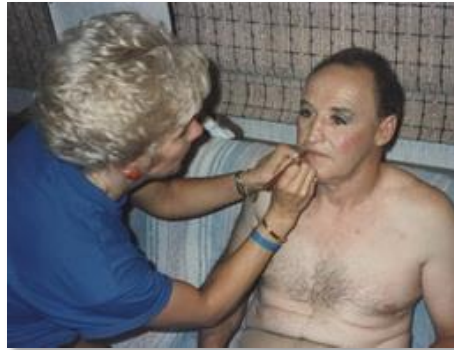
Male belly dancers usually do a different kind of dance. Dress is usually a vest and full/balloon pants. A lot of times, they do drumming. Belly dance drumming is a whole other art. The rhythms have names. It's interesting.

Adam Gee contributed this:

We watched him at a belly dancing performance at a restaurant in San Jose. He had all the correct dance dress and he was enthusiastic and enjoyed participating in the performance. Our granddaughter dubbed him the best dancer. He was mobbed by all the diners coming up and praising his dancing. Harry was just all smiles. Later when we got to talk to him and tell him his performance was delightful, he admitted to being overwhelmed with the attention he received but he thought that was wonderful.

Costumes

Harry took delight in outlandish garb, which I will call "costumes." Here are some photos of him. Trust me, it's Harry!



In time, he began to dress in women's clothing for dance events (apparently not for streetwear), and those of us who have seen these pictures agree—he's not bad looking as a woman! What do you think?



Annie Wunderlich offered the following:

I can't remember when he started dressing in women's clothes, I don't know whether it was before or after belly dancing classes, but I must say he was quite attractive as a woman.

Around 1999, Harry started wearing earrings. We noticed, but of course, we never said anything. I think we all felt that this was consistent with being a genuine eccentric, weird as it was. At first, the earrings were small, but when he took up belly dancing and started wearing large earrings, everyone was shocked. Harry didn't care ... he loved dressing in women's clothes, and came to a couple of Halloween dances dressed as a woman ... wig, heels etc. He had gorgeous legs!

Harry wasn't effeminate in any way. He enjoyed women's company, but because of the odd way he dressed and his idiosyncrasies, women turned away from him, so when he was asked if he'd help with the music for the team, he jumped at it. He liked the attention and companionship ... but we had to keep him in line. [Sometimes] he forgot that he was with women and picked his nose and farted, and came to meetings with dog hair all over him. All the women on the team were very kind to him and included him in everything.

We had a surprise birthday party for his 65th birthday at my house. We were all sitting around the pool when he arrived and shouted out "Surprise! Happy Birthday Harry," but he didn't understand what it was all about. He didn't realize that the party was for him, and he almost broke down in tears he was so emotional about it.

I lost close contact with him when he stopped coming to Country Quicksteppers dances. He dropped his membership with the Club because he didn't like the modern dances. He was strictly [classical] Country Western.

From our perspective, perhaps the most significant thing that can be said about Harry's decade or so involvement with line dancing was that it was consistent with who he was, and utterly inconsistent with our image of him. I think often of the phrase "Johnny We Hardly Knew Ye," the book by Kenneth O'Donnell and David Powers about John F. Kennedy. "Harry We Hardly Knew Ye" would be an appropriate rendering of Harry in my world. Regrets? Sure. I wish I had talked with him more and shown a bit more interest in his life.

14 MISCELLANEA

Harry's papers and scrapbooks show various activities that were not really a hobby or career level, but do add to the image of who Harry was. In this chapter, I will include a selection of these, with minimal comments.

Yugo

One day Harry showed up to the boat in Berkeley. "What's that?" I asked, standing by his car. "That's a Yugo," he replied, with a wide grin. Of course, I had never heard of a Yugo, and for that matter neither had almost anyone else. Here it is, in all its glory.



While the car was considered ridiculous in the U.S., apparently it was appropriate and moderately successful elsewhere:

The Yugo was a front-engine, front-wheel drive, three-door hatchback super mini (others: Peugeot 206, SEAT Ibiza, CITROEN AMI, Mazda Demi) manufactured by Zastava Automobiles, at the time a corporation in Yugoslavia (which no longer exists). It was originally designed in Italy in 1977 as variant of the Fiat 127, and was marketed from 1977 to 2008. Total production was 794,428 cars, of which 141,651 sold were sold in the U.S. Market share dropped: in 1992, all of 1412 cars were sold. Other places where the Yugo was sold include Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia, the Republic of Macedonia, Greece, Lebanon, Libya, Syria, Tunisia, and Egypt. [Wikipedia]

[See Notes: Yugo p. 179]

Harry's bother-in-law Bill Gould contributed this about Harry's Yugo:

His interest in rather odd things was no more evident than in his purchase of a Yugo automobile. He may have had the only one in the Bay Area; I never saw another. It was priced lower than any car at the time, but constant repairs and difficulty finding parts made it terribly expensive. At some point, it disappeared and I was tempted to think that Harry paid to have it towed to the scrap yard. I mentioned this to Mr. Swanson, who told me he was trying to sell Harry's trailer, and that I was of the opinion that he would have to pay someone to haul the trailer to the junk yard. It looked like the survivor of a major traffic accident. Besides, it was so cluttered inside with electronic equipment and other such that it was impossible to find any space for sitting.

License plate

Harry's license plate, which in California can be transferred from one vehicle to another, represented his film/video company, Daruma san [see p. 116]. The sticker shows that he kept it up-to-date: it was valid until November 2014, 8 months after he died.



Drivers license

Of course Harry had a driver's license, number B1417321, and like many of us, he kept his old licenses, starting in the early 1970s.



Harry's licenses show that he was remarkably stable over some 40 years. He never smiled for the camera. In his 2013 picture, (issued 11 Sep 2008) he is wearing rather long dangling earrings.

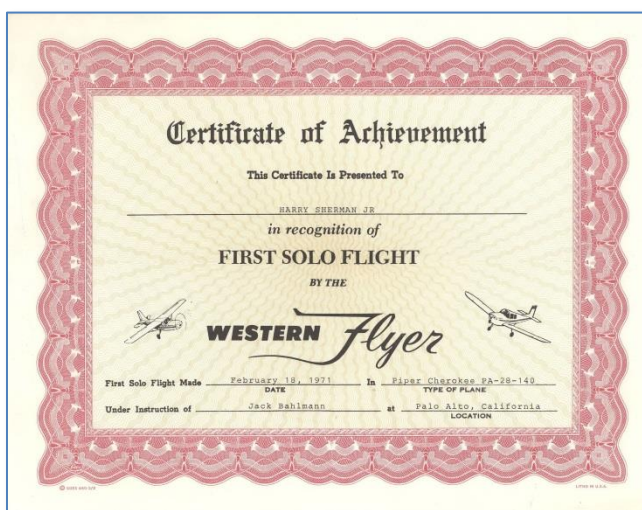
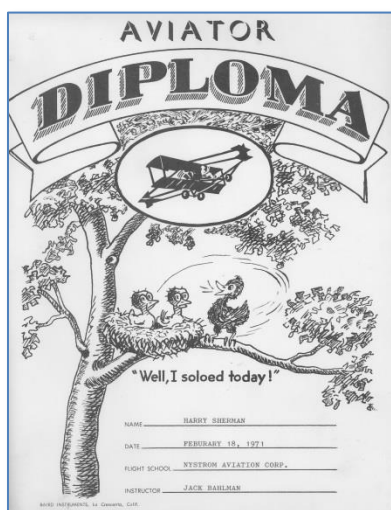
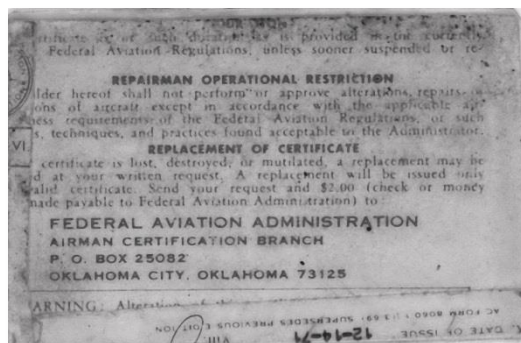
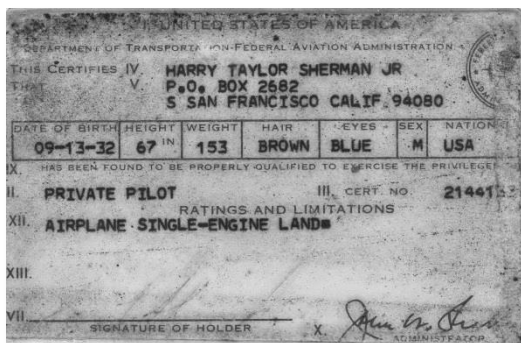
Exp. date	Address	Height	Weight	Eyes	Hair	Comment
1974	PO Box 2682, So. San Francisco Other addr: 1819 Market St., SF	5'-7"	160	Blu	Brn	
1978	PO Box 2682, So. San Francisco	5'-7"	160	Blu	Brn	
2003	PO Box 264, San Carlos	5'-7"	165	Blu	Brn	Corr lens
2013	PO Box 264, San Carlos	5'-7"	165	Blu	Brn	Corr lens

Signature

Here is Harry's signature:

Flying

Another total surprise for us after we lost Harry was that he had been a flyboy. I am familiar with this; my brother was one, too. Here are some of the documents that attend being able to get in an airplane and fly: his pilots' license and a diploma and certificate for his first solo, which he made on 18 Feb 1971 in a Piper Cherokee PA-28-140.



Harry's Karate buddy Art Buckley went with him on a flight to Half Moon Bay, although Harry was so new to flight that when they were getting close to SFO he didn't know how to notify the tower, so they turned around and went back. Below, Harry and John Swanson are onboard a United Airlines 777 flight from Chicago to San Francisco as guests of a UAL employee who used his UAL Buddy Passes. [Photo: Fred Mangold]. Fred, John, and Harry attended the great Oshkosh, WI, airshow in 1998, with the Experimental Aircraft Association.



Amateur radio

Harry also had obtained an amateur radio (ham) license: KI6LDY, issued in 2007. Although we had done many expeditions involving amateur radio, I knew nothing of his license or activities in radio.

Amateur License - KI6LDY - SHERMAN JR, HARRY T			
New Search Printable Page Reference Copy			
MAIN		ADMIN	
Call Sign	KI6LDY	Radio Service	HA - Amateur
Status	Active	Auth Type	Regular
Dates			
Grant	07/27/2007	Expiration	07/27/2017
Effective	07/27/2007	Cancellation	
Licensee Information			
FRN	0016757825	Type	Individual
Licensee Name			
SHERMAN JR, HARRY T P.O. Box 264 SAN CARLOS, CA 94070			
Amateur Data			
Operator Class	Technician	Prev. Op. Class	
Group	D	Prev. Call Sign	
Eligibility Code			
Trustee/Custodian (for Non-Individuals Only)			
Name		Call Sign	
Basic Qualifications			
Has the applicant or any party to this application, or any party directly or indirectly controlling the applicant, ever been convicted of a felony by any state or federal court?			

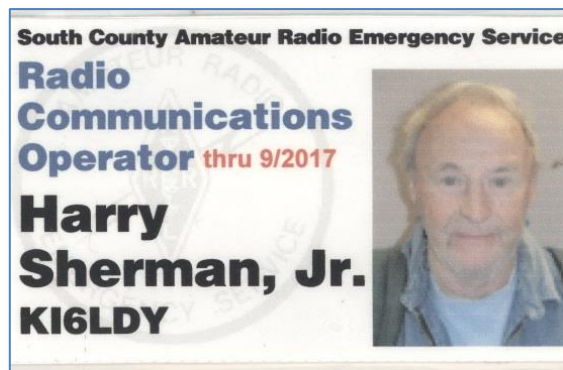
Emergency services

Harry was involved in a variety of organizations that provide emergency communications services. The card at right shows that he used his license working with the South [San Mateo] County Radio Emergency Service (SCARES). Here are some parts of their mission:

The principal mission ... is to provide emergency communication for the communities of Belmont, Foster City, Menlo Park/Atherton, Redwood City, San Carlos, and San Mateo when called upon. SCARES will provide communications services for special events such as parades, foot or bicycle races, etc., whenever appropriate for the purpose of training and enhancement of communications skills of its members.

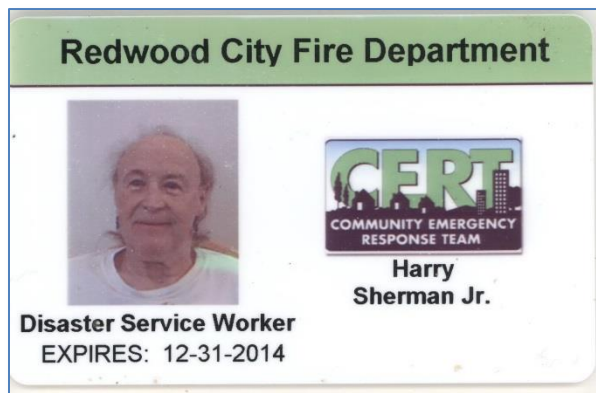
SCARES is part of ARES, the Amateur Radio Emergency Services. ARES consists of licensed amateurs who have voluntarily registered their qualifications and equipment with their local ARES leadership for communications duty in the public service when disaster strikes.

It's easy to visualize Harry as a participant in this activity; he was always a good team member. My guess is that the leaders of the SCARES group were as happy to have Harry involved as I was for Cordell Expeditions. You might note that his ID card authorizes his participation through September 2017.



Volunteering

Harry volunteered with the Redwood City Fire Department, as evidenced by his ID card. Note that his emergency contact is Lavonne Gould, his sister. Note also that the card was current when he died.



His association with the local police department provided him with a variety of handsome badges, including "POLICE," "SPECIAL POLICE," "SPECIAL DEPUTY SHERIFF SAN MATEO COUNTY," AND "GRAND JURY CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO."

In addition, Harry was also a member of the Community Emergency Response Team (CERT), part of the Federal Emergency Response Agency (FEMA). This program educates volunteers about disaster preparedness for the hazards that may impact their area and trains them in basic disaster response skills, such as fire safety, light search and rescue, team organization, and disaster medical operations. CERT offers a consistent, nationwide approach to volunteer training and organization that professional responders can rely on during disaster situations, which allows them to focus on tasks that are more complex.



The CERT program was designed as a grassroots initiative and is specifically structured so that the local and state program managers have the flexibility to form their programs in the way that best suits their communities. CERT volunteers are trained to respond safely, responsibly, and effectively to emergency situations, but they can also support their communities during non-emergency events as well. There are over 2,700 local CERT programs nationwide, with more than 600,000 individuals trained since CERT became a national program.

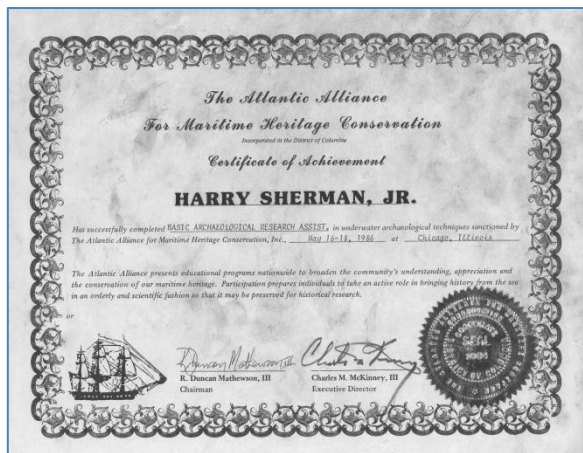
[<https://www.ready.gov/community-emergency-response-team>]

Karen Keefer knew Harry through the CERT program, and offered these comments:

He was an extraordinary man whom I knew through the CERT program. He liked to participate in the city-wide exercises, although, because of his age, I think those in charge always tasked him with lesser roles. However, he kept attending the exercises, whereas many CERT-trained individuals did not. On one of his birthdays, my partner Stu and I took him out for dinner at the Old Spaghetti Factory in Redwood City. We had a great conversation about his extraordinary life. He wrote plays and a book about his historic deep-sea diving. He was an amateur short-wave radio operator. He went dancing about once a week--mostly line dancing, but he also did belly dancing! He was so very interesting that we invited him to come for dinner--mainly to meet Stu's Mom, Helen. Although she was 10 years older than Harry was, she looked much younger. We thought the two of them would hit it off, since Helen's husband had passed on in 2006. Unfortunately, Harry was the center of attention so Helen didn't have time to talk. She left the table right after dinner, but Stu and I stayed to hear more about Harry's extraordinary life.

Other stuff

Among Harry's possessions were various certificates, some without date. Here are three of them.



The Atlantic Alliance for Maritime Heritage Conservation

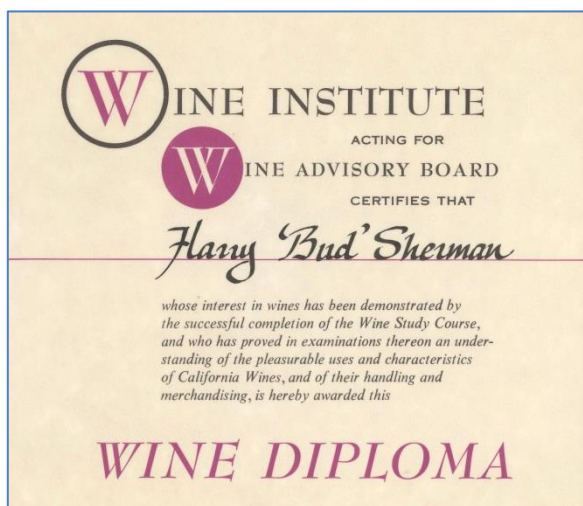
"Harry T. Sherman, Jr., has successfully completed the Basic Archaeological Research Assistant in underwater archaeological techniques May 16-18, 1986 at Chicago, Illinois. ... Participation prepares individuals to take an active role in bringing history from the sea to an orderly and scientific fashion so that it may be preserved for historical research."



Presidential Sports Award

"Presented to Harry T. Sherman, Jr., who has, through regular participation in sport, made a commitment to the active life. My congratulations to you on your dedication and determination."

Ronald Reagan, President of the United States"



The Wine Institute ...

"... certifies that Harry 'Bud' Sherman whose interest in wines has been demonstrated by the successful completion of the Wine Study Course, and who had proved in examinations thereon an understanding of the pleasurable uses and characteristics of California Wines, and of their handling and merchandising, is hereby awarded this WINE DIPLOMA."

Family

Harry's had a minimal family, at best. By the late 1980s his brother, mother, father, and stepmother had passed away, but his sister Lavonne and her family were flourishing. She and her husband Bill Gould had produced a family of four children, and they in turn were busy producing grandchildren. Unfortunately for Harry, the Gould Family lived (and still do) in Oriental, South Carolina, some 2,971 miles from San Mateo (via Interstate 40). Oriental is a boating community—everyone has a dock in their backyard.

The distance between Harry and his sister, and the fact that everyone was busy, didn't allow for many family reunions, but there was one that was notable, principally because we have such a fine photographic record of it. In 1987, Bill and Lavonne's son Brian married Gail Rush, and the wedding was lovely. Here is the group portrait: you can see Lavonne sitting second from left (pink dress), Bill standing second from right (bow tie), and Harry standing third from left (wearing a tie!). The photo below right seems to show a happy and handsome Harry.



The first two photos below were also taken at the wedding. The middle photo shows Harry and his sister Lavonne. The right picture shows Lavonne and Bill a decade later (in 1998) at Lavonne's 50th high school anniversary reunion.



I never thought of Harry as a particularly handsome man, but these pictures, and the photos from his Yosemite hike in 1956, show a very attractive guy. Maybe it's the coat and tie? It makes me think that the fact that he never remarried was an expression of his eccentricity—he was always moving on to the next thing. A wife probably sounded to him like an interference; he was more interested in *doing* than *being*.

15 LIFESTYLE

Retirement

In his Cordell Bank Oral History, Harry provided a basic chronology of his retirement from the Post Office. This is Harry speaking:

I just decided it's time to quit working. So I left it, retired from the post office. But I kept my insurance. Retirement is not really great. And my Social Security isn't good because even those all those years I worked – and they took Social Security out – if you worked for the Federal Government, they cut it in half on your Social Security, so mine was cut in half. So I get a little tiny check for that. Otherwise, I'm getting by. But I kept my Blue Cross that I had all those years, which is nice because I had both knees replaced two years ago. I had the both of them done because my kneecaps completely wore out.

Home

As he had done for decades, Harry lived in, and out of, a trailer. He had bought the trailer new from the Northwest Kamer Korral, 155 El Camino Real, Redwood City, CA. It was a 1975 Terry 27.5 ft. The cash price was \$6248.70. Except that there was an "added fee," whatever that was, of \$28.00, and there was a finance charge of 15.40%, amounting to \$892.36, making the total deferred price \$7169.06. In fact, they allowed him \$2776.70 on his 1973 Invader 19 ft., so that was something. Try as I could, I couldn't make head or tails out of these numbers.

Here it is, such as it was. This was Harry's home, and he probably loved it.



Here is Harry inside the trailer. Not surprisingly, it was cluttered to the point of immobility, but Harry could look at a nice collection of photo albums, award ribbons, drawings, knickknacks, buttons, and, of course, stuff for the dog. Among the artefacts on the wall is a button that reads "The Panama Cruise SS Oceanbreeze." Also there are three plaques (behind his head) with brass medals and plates, many of which are missing. Unfortunately we can't see what the plates read; the dates are 1973-78.



Brother-in-law Bill Gould provided some observations on Harry's lifestyle:

As with almost all such things, he was totally oblivious to his god-awful living conditions. OBLIVIOUS! He truly lived in his mind with only slight apparent recognition of anything that attempted to intrude on the mental world in which he lived.

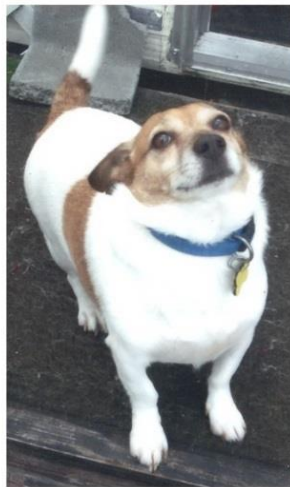
I would hope you never had the unnerving experience of visiting him in his small, messy beyond belief, trailer abode. It was so crowded with recording and pictorial equipment interspersed among a broad array of partially constructed models of anything you might imagine that had captured his varied interests. Over the years, it became impossible for me to find a place to visit him inside his trailer. I would stand in the last step into his doorway and converse from that position until he joined me outside, where he often had something including, at one time, an acrobatic airplane he was constructing in the driveway. He even became interested in angels (that's right the heavenly kind) and had a large cloth replica of one hung over his bed. I can't believe that either.

When I visited him over the years, I usually persuaded him to accompany me to a local restaurant where we could actually visit and I could make certain he had a decent meal. I think he normally ate directly out of cans, while making certain his dog had a well-balanced diet.

Dogs

To be honest, I couldn't keep track of Harry's dogs. I do know that he was (probably) never without one. I also know that they were all about the same size, which is to say, about 20 inches long. I can't even tell you the breeds, although I think they were Chihuahua, Pekingese or Pomeranian, Jack Russell Terrier (maybe), Pembroke Welsh Corgi, and Heinz (which is any of 57 varieties, in any mixture). Sally Sharpless thought they might all be shelter dogs. They had names like Scooch, Tzutsi, and Skoshie.

Here are pictures of some of the dogs. You'll probably recognize the one in the upper right—it's part of the self-portrait paper mâché sculpture (p. 122). Want to guess which actual dog it might represent?



Whatever his dogs were, Harry loved them and took them with him wherever he went. Elsewhere in this book, Harry describes the time one of them walked off the end of the Bodega Bay pier and had to be rescued by Harry jumping in the cold ocean. Also as mentioned elsewhere, Jamie Hogan picked up Skoshie the day before Harry died.

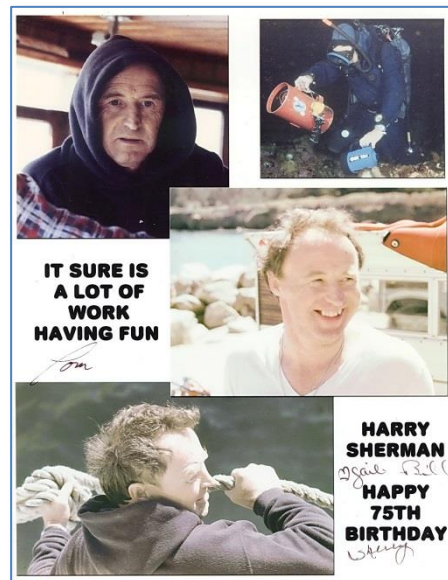
16 TRANSITION

75th birthday

In 2007, we celebrated Harry's 75th birthday. Bill Kruse made up a small poster with several pictures of Harry from the Cordell Bank Expeditions.

When the doctors detected an irregularity in his heartbeat, they installed a pacemaker. Then in 2007, he had both knees replaced. We know something about this: A doctor will usually recommend knee replacement surgery if the pain in your knee is interfering with your daily activities and negatively affecting your quality of life. In most cases, this type of surgery is performed in people over age 60, as older people tend to wear out their artificial knees more quickly. When severe arthritis affects both knees, a doctor may suggest double knee replacement surgery. However, more risk is involved with this type of surgery, so it is typically only recommended to those who are physically fit, in overall good health, and motivated to undergo physical therapy and rehabilitation after surgery. [Wikipedia]

I wonder whether Harry could satisfy these requirements, but the surgery certainly was good for him.



Encounters

In the period 2005-2013, we saw Harry a couple of times a year. In 2009, he came out with us on the Cordell Explorer, and he attended the 20-year anniversary of the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary at Pt. Reyes Station. In 2010, he came to a meeting of the Explorers Club with us. Other members of Cordell Expeditions, notably Don and Elaine Dvorak, saw him more often (they lived much nearer than I did). Harry came to our Cordell Bank reunions in 2011, and 2012.

In 2013, he joined us for the annual Cordell Bank Expeditions reunion, and we had the usual fine time. But in retrospect, we realized that Harry looked different: he had lost most of his hair, he was missing a tooth, and he stooped. Several of us agreed that he "looked" like an old man, something we had not seen before. The pictures on the next page show Harry at that reunion, and I know you can see the change.

Then in early 2014, we had a special party for the Cordell people, and Harry said he would not come. This was a shocker, and I telephoned him.

"Harry, you're coming."

"No, I'm not. I just don't belong."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Of course you belong. You're a core member of the team."

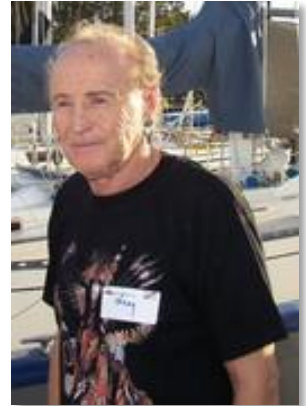
"No, I was never a scientist like the rest. I didn't do anything but go out on the boat and go in the water."

"Harry!"

I struggled for words that would mean something to him. We knew that he was depressed, but then, why shouldn't he be? He had lots of pain and he was unable to do the basic activities with the dog and his trailer. He knew his time was running out. But feeling that he was not part of the Cordell team was just plain crazy.

I was desperate, but beginning to feel I would fail, and fail I did--he didn't come to the reunion, and we felt his absence. In the end, I respected his feelings. Perhaps this respect was meaningful to him—I hope so. Of course, what I didn't know was that Harry had already decided that his life was nearing its end.

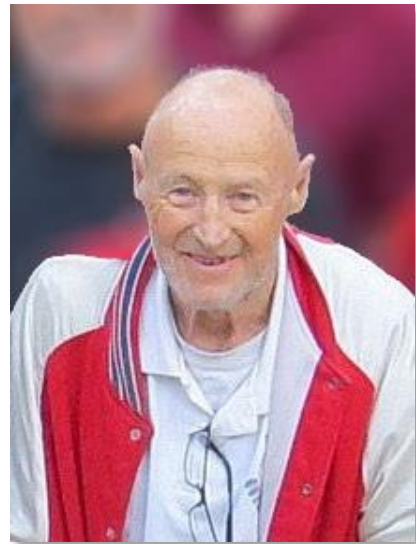
Cordell Explorer 2009 / Angel Island / On the dock



Harry at home / Explorers Club 2010 / Cordell Expeditions reunion Oct 2013



Cordell Expeditions reunion Oct 2013 / Harry at 81



Last years

In the end, Time wins. Time always outdistances you, no matter how fast you run or how much you cram into your day. You do have one advantage: you can decide when you want to stop, thereby robbing Time of its victory and bragging rights. This option has been taken by many whose dignity was asserted by demonstrating that although Time win in the end, we can stop whenever we want.

As Harry's life neared completion, he contemplated this option. Ironically, he may have been thinking about it for years: in his papers is a receipt from Imbert & Smithers, Inc., for a Browning 910, serial #514943. He bought it in 2009, and kept it handy for five years, presumably for when the time would be right.

Imbert & Smithers, Inc.
1144 EL CAMINO REAL
SAN CARLOS, CALIF. 94070
PHONE: 650-593-4207
FAX: 650-593-0346
57094

SPORTING GOODS GUNSMITHING

CA reg 910/13 pick up skoshie after 11:30 am

NO. 650 565 2479 DATE 3/5/09 20

CUSTOMER Harry Taylor Sherman Jr.
730 Barton Ave
Redwood City, CA 94063

QTY	DESCRIPTION	UNIT	PRICE
1	Browning model 910	GAU	295.00
	SERIAL # 514943	TAX	32.51
		DECO	25.00
		HSX	25.00
			477.51
			100.00
			277.51

PAID IN FULL PERMIT BAY DUE 3/7/09

025,554

ALL SALES ARE FINAL
FIREARMS WILL BE SOLD AFTER 90 DAYS

Last weeks

Harry was in a lot of pain, so he didn't undertake much travel. One thing he did do was go to a dance. He "danced" with his favorite friend Jamie Hogan and he brought along his dog Skoshie, with a purpose: he got Jamie to agree to take care of the dog. Here they are dancing together. Harry had become quite concerned that his deteriorating physical condition threatened to prevent him from even walking the dog.



Last days

In mid-March, Harry contacted his brother-in-law Bill Gould and told him that "... because of his failing health he did not expect to live much longer and was getting his affairs in order." He mentioned a few things he wished to send if Bill and Lavonne wanted to have them. Two days before he died, he called Bill to express his relief in finding a friend (Jamie Hogan) who had taken his dog to keep in a good ranch-like location.

Unable to get out, unable to even carry on the basic physical tasks attendant to everyday functioning, it's no wonder he would feel "the time is right." Indeed, any reasonable person probably would conclude that for Harry the time was right.

The next section attempts to capture the process from Harry's perspective. It originates from my personal understanding of who Harry was, and is offered with hopes that it is appropriate. I freely confess that this is creative writing, so take it for what it's worth.

Exit Center

The realization came slowly. Little things at first ignorable, then intrusive. He began to focus. He really should do something...

Getting older, getting weaker...so many things to deal with. This really can't last.

There was no external clue of the transition, like the buildup of stress deep in the Earth. But everyone knows that the end of the stress is an earthquake. For Harry, that process was far from clear at the moment.

Looking around his trailer, he was impressed with how much stuff he had in such a small space. Books, scuba gear, pictures, cameras, boxes of videotapes...

Too much stuff!

He muttered out loud, started moving the stuff around, looking at it and sort-of-sorting it, but with little direction and not much intention.

After a while, the things started to lose their meaning. What did all that stuff mean now? He looked at some videos but they seemed unfamiliar, empty. He read something he had written, long ago, but it seemed like someone else's words.

The weeks passed. He began to view the people he knew so well like so many more objects.

What good are they now?

The colors of the relationships turned garish and unreal, and then they began to fade. They were turning to gray, sometimes fleeting, sometimes blurry, sometimes unrecognizable...

Increasingly he thought about his life. His father was a good but rather ordinary man. His mother died far too soon, only 52. His brother wasted his life and was shot to death in a jailbreak attempt—stupid!

He thought about his bad luck at being short and having deformed feet. Looking at his whole life, he didn't seem to match up to what he had wanted, and expected, as a kid. Yes, he had done it his way, but now...what good was it? His feelings were ambivalent: pride, disappointment, excitement, frustration, all mixed together like many colors of paint in the same can.

The more he thought about it, the more he thought he could do without all those *things*. He began to converse with himself, and it was serious.

What the hell? It doesn't matter. It's not important to anyone. Maybe Shoshie.

Then as it so often happens, without warning, the inspiration was instantaneous: *He was going to divest himself of all those things*. Other than his birth, the epiphany was the most important transition of his life.

What the hell do I need all this stuff for?

He began to mentally sort the *things*. What would he save, if anything? Over and over he re-sorted the items. Each time the "discard" stack got larger, and the "save" stack got smaller. The winnowing continued for days into weeks, but eventually the timescale began to compress. It felt right to be reducing the *things*, but increasingly he felt he had to *get on with it*.

He came to his family photo album, such as it was, and paged through it. There were the collections of dance and dive pictures and videos, his driver's and pilot's license, and *all-those-certificates*. All those things were no longer important, and he put them down.

The Ides of March 2014. His idea was assuming real clarity now. He was physically so uncomfortable, so weak, that he began to be impatient with his nearly intolerable situation. But now he had a *plan*. He made a list of his friends, the ones who might want to know if things changed...

A week later, he walked over to the guys at the trailer park and told them to take what they wanted from the storage container. Somewhat bewildered, they took possession of scuba tanks, wetsuits, underwater lights and cameras, boxes of tools and parts, all manner of little pieces and gadgets. A lot of it was pretty-much-junk, and Harry had no sadness at seeing it go.

The next day, March 24, he called John Swanson and asked him to help him get rid of more stuff. Harry handed him a few items—the scrapbooks, some personal documents, the list of friends, his Last Will and Testament. Harry said he was going away, and John didn't ask any questions. Intentionally not confronting Harry out of respect for his friend, John did whatever Harry asked. Together they called the "Junk for Life" guys. They came, took a load, and later returned, taking practically all of the stuff in the trailer. Harry kept only a few special items, insisting over some objections that they take everything else. Then he and John went for breakfast at Denny's. Harry paid the bill.

John called Harry's close friend Jamie Hogan, and she came by later that morning. Harry told her to take his beloved dog Skoshie, and like John, Jamie didn't ask any needless questions. She spent most of the day there, but by late afternoon, she had to return home, taking Skoshie with her. Later Art Buckley, his karate buddy, and Pete Lillequist from South Bay Radio dropped by to chat.

About that time, Harry called Karen Keefer of the County Emergency Response Team (CERT) to ask if she would take possession of his CERT gear, as he "was moving on." Karen came over, but to her surprise, there were two men taking things out of Harry's trailer and putting them on a truck. In fact, they were taking everything! Harry asked her if she wanted anything; Karen asked him where was Skoshie, to which he replied that he had given the dog to his lady friend up north. That got her attention; she instantly knew something was not right. Karen asked him where he was moving, but he said he didn't know yet. Obviously, he was trying to avoid the question, so she asked him directly if he was planning something drastic. He looked her in the eyes and said, "I'm tired of life. I have medical issues that often come with older age and I don't want to have to deal with them anymore." Karen understood that. She offered several ways to help him—anything that potentially could talk him out of it, but Harry said had made up his mind to take his life the next morning. She figured that if she called anyone, even if he had time to think it over he probably wouldn't wait until the next morning. As a remembrance, Harry offered her a boat horn. He loved going out on boats, she mused. Karen stayed with Harry for much of the day, but as she left, trying desperately to think of the right thing to do, nothing emerged. She was now one of perhaps six people who knew the future but could only wait anxiously for the next day, or the night.

John Swanson arrived around 4 PM and stayed a couple of hours. Enigmatically, as he left, Harry saluted him, probably his way of expressing his respect and appreciation to John.

As the evening closed in, Harry looked at the empty trailer with more than a little satisfaction; it was now practically empty. He felt some wry satisfaction at the emptiness, and it reinforced the feeling that he had control over his life. With few distractions, he now had the space to think about his life. He was doing it *his way*. More than once he spoke out loud, to no one in particular:

I'm done here.

There were some good things. He had done more dives on Cordell Bank than anyone else (23). That counted for something, right? He was pretty darn good at dancing, and lots of people were happy doing it with him. And he had experienced love a few times, even if it were only for brief intervals. His dogs were the one thing he could count on; they always were happy to be with him.

Shortly before six-o'clock, he called John, and said he was bored. Bored!

I have nothing to do. I'm leaving.

It was at once both cryptic and obvious. Then Harry called the San Mateo County Sheriff and told them there would be an "incident" at 730 Barron this evening.

Now he was truly done—his "things" were gone, and that included the people who had been important in his life at various times. The next-to-last task was completed. All kinds of thoughts began to swirl in his head, all jumbled together. Sorting all that mail. Diving with the Cordell group. Dancing with all those lovely women.

Private, personal time with his little dogs. Good times long ago. So much time alone.

He sat on his bed, looking at the inside of the trailer. Now it no longer felt like home. Nothing was left, nothing. He was in a lot of pain, but now even that seemed so pointless. For 30 minutes or so, he thought about his life and his circumstances. His life was so much simpler now. He only had a few very personal items left, and they now seemed like his only friends. No judgments, no platitudes, no fakes, no excuses. These few small items now were his only true friends: His address book. A picture of Skoshie. His bottle of pain pills. And his very last, *very special friend*, the Browning.

Suddenly focusing, he thought the only thing that counts in life is honesty with yourself. He had done his life his way, and now it was going to end his way, the way he wanted, the *Harry Sherman way*.

As if to enhance the emptiness, he turned off the light and lay stretched out in the darkness with his last few friends held close. For a long time—how long?—he just experienced those friends, holding them close to his chest, a kind of intimacy he had seldom experienced. It was comforting, and empowering. For a moment he was slightly surprised that, yes, he was still alive, and he felt a bit apologetic for thinking about the end, or *after the end*. He moved his fingers, just to see whether they still worked.

Slowly, very slowly, he imagined himself in the midst of his last transition. He felt an increasingly intense sense of satisfaction and a bit of a smile curved his lips. The time seemed simultaneously interminable and rushing uncontrollably.

Then without warning, he felt a sense of impatience. Ah! He pulled his *very special friend* a bit closer, noting that it felt cold and hard. A surprising rush—his life finally seemed to mean something. *All that work. All that frustration. All that uncertainty. All that old stuff.* All that now seemed OK, mysteriously meaningful, a welcome dream in the dark.

He curled his hand around his *very special friend*, explaining silently to himself:

You only do this if you're really serious.

Slowly, very slowly, he closed the curl of his index finger a bit at a time, wondering how it was going to feel... It was the most intense minute he had ever experienced...

His entire life collapsed to that one last moment, that one instant that now made the most sense, the point that would eclipse everything else, a lifetime compressed into a point. It was a prescient thought, and it seemed so right.

As his *very special friend* delivered on its promise, the darkness flared into brilliant light, and Harry felt a profound sense of relief and happiness. Then, as the light dimmed and faded to dark, he felt himself floating into a vast and soft void, and he welcomed the moment. Like his many videos, he knew it was appropriate, the canonical fade-to-black.

Wow, that's amazing!

No point in staying for the credits; the life of Harry Taylor *Sherman* Jr. was now complete. His life really had been exceptionally fine, a life worth living, a life worth remembering.

No doubt about it. His life was, at last, *wonderful*.

[See Notes Exit Center p. 167]

Adieu

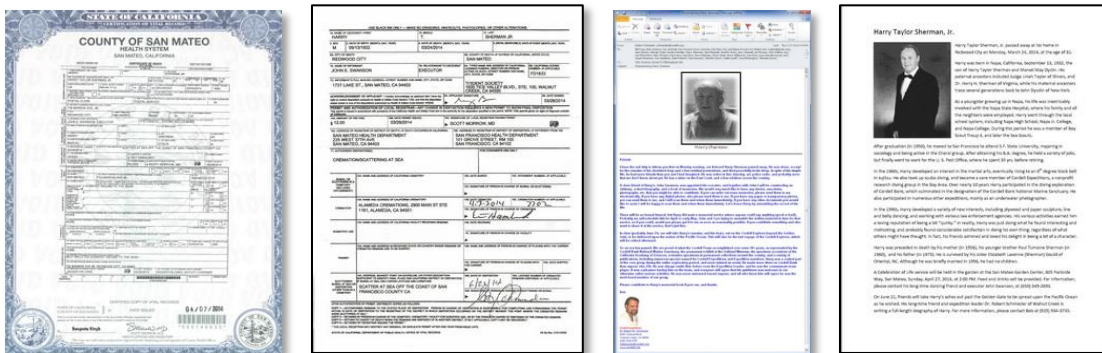
Events

Harry's last moments on Earth were taken in the mid-evening of 24 Mar 2014. He had thoroughly prepared for the event, including notifying the sheriff that they should come to the trailer park that night. The sheriff did his duty: around 10 PM deputies arrived and began to process the scene. They called a few people to see whether Harry's death might have involved someone else, or did Harry do it himself.

John Swanson took over the care of Harry's affairs:

The manager of the trailer park called me to pick up a couple envelopes from Progressive Insurance. It was a small check from Progressive Insurance addressed to The Estate of Harry Sherman. Paperwork indicated that Harry terminated certain insurance on 3/21. There was no turning back. He planned it to the nth degree.

I had the sad duty of informing my community of divers and expedition people, and I wrote several obituaries for various newspapers (including the SF Chronicle and the Napa Register).



Harry's sister Lavonne and brother-in-law Bill Gould in North Carolina reacted to the news:

In spite of our notice that Harry did not expect to live much longer, we thought that he was overly concerned with his condition and would be with us for at least a few more years. Thus, it was something of a blow to get a call from the local coroner two days later at two in the morning telling us he was dead. We are both in our 80s and not in the best of health ourselves, which did not help our situation in terms of what do we do next or how do we do it, compounded by the stark feeling of such immediate loss. Since we no longer have friends or relatives in California, it was a desperate time for us. Later in the morning, we got a call from John Swanson. He was in the process of doing just about everything that we would be doing if we were on the scene. I cannot adequately express our gratitude for his assistance in this matter.

Later he added a note to me:

Mr. Swanson had called to advise us of your interest in writing a biography of Harry. He was of the opinion that it might be helpful for me to pass on to you any information and anecdotes that could be useful, and I am pleased to contribute. Lavonne, of course, is more than pleased that her brother is so well regarded by those who knew and joined him in some of his incredible array of interests, activities, hobbies, and outright adventures.

As the days unwound, John continued to take care of the formalities: the death certificate, the permit to bury at sea, Harry's insurance, accounts, and property.

I have received more paperwork from his pension fund and have more paperwork to finish. I am finding out that there is almost something daily to work on.

Celebration of life

On 27 Apr 2014, Harry's friends and family came together to Celebrate the Life of Harry Taylor Sherman. The venue was the San Mateo Garden Center, on the Peninsula, about 20 miles south of San Francisco. It is a beautiful location amongst Redwood trees, lush plants, a Koi pond, and a gazebo. The venue set up additional chairs and food/drink tables. We needed them—about 60 friends and family attended.

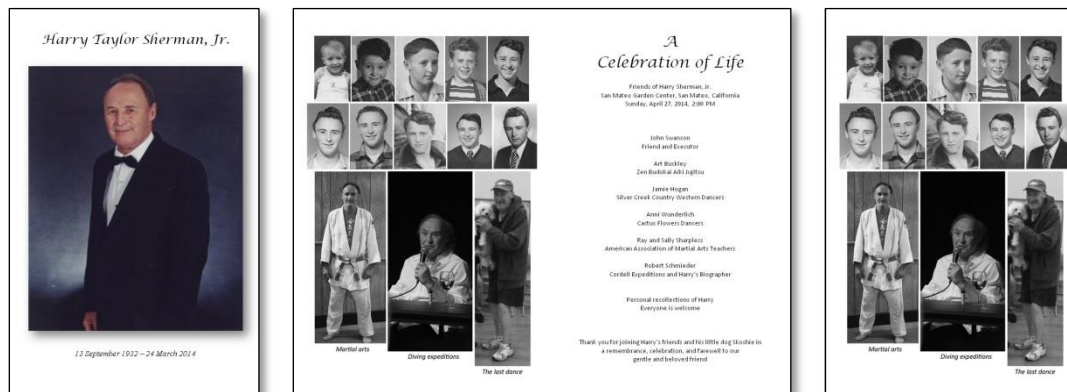


The weather was mild and calm. Lots of people took pictures. Harry's executor, John Swanson, who made the arrangements, officiated.

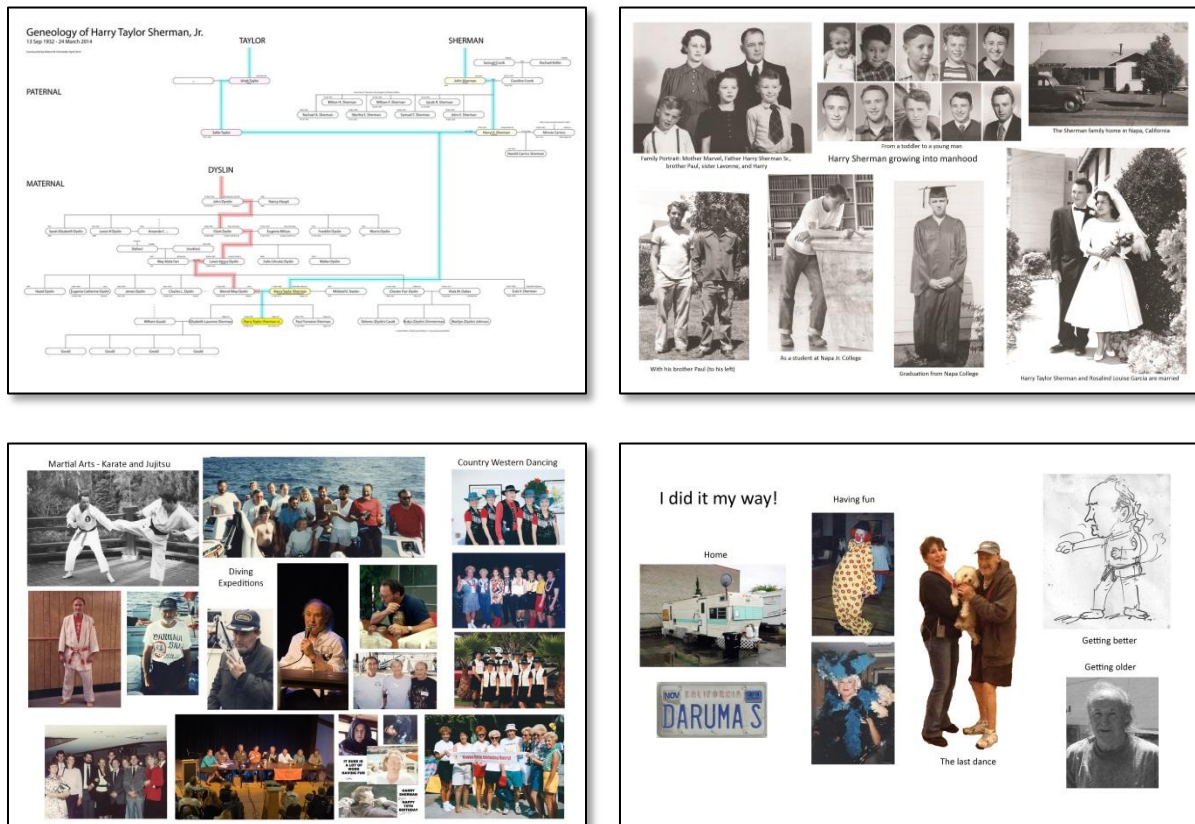


Just one thing seemed wrong: Harry wasn't there.

For the occasion, I put together the printed program ...



... and four large posters with many of the pictures used in this book.



There were brief comments by Art Buckley and Ray and Sally Sharpless (martial arts), Jamie Hogan and Anni Wunderlich (CW dancing), the author (diving expeditions), and several other people contributed their recollections and respect. It was agreed that this would have really impressed Harry, who would have smiled broadly the whole time.



The last voyage

On 21 Jun 2014, a group of family and friends assembled on the Cordell Explorer in Berkeley. We brought Harry's ashes, and two dozen red roses. The core Cordell Expeditions group was there, including Harry in his box. His ex-wife Rose, her sister Dorothy and some of her family were there.

We headed out across San Francisco Bay, past Alcatraz, under the Golden Gate Bridge, along the coastline to a place called Kirby Cove. There we drifted while anyone who wanted spoke whatever words seemed appropriate. After about 30 minutes, we committed Harry's ashes to the ocean, and marked the place with the red roses. It was a calm, clear day, and we were not sad, only wistful. After an hour or so, we gunned the engine, sailed past the San Francisco waterfront and back to Berkeley. We sat on the stern deck for a couple hours, sharing, caring, and sometimes laughing. Again, it was strange to not have Harry with us.



[Photos: Paul Hara]



To Harry
from all who knew him...



*Ave atque in perpetuum frater ave atque vale**
[And forever, brother, hail, and farewell]

Postface



Who was Harry Sherman Jr.?

Everybody is somebody. Harry was a school boy, a college student, a Boy Scout and Sea Scout, a postal worker, a martial arts instructor, a filmmaker, an underwater explorer, a country-western dancer, an illustrative and sculptural artist, a writer of handbooks and plays, a volunteer in public services, and a lifelong lover of little dogs. His needs were few, and he neither complained about having too little nor bragged about having too much. Harry never drank any alcohol, so far as we knew, quite a contrast to his father.

Harry had a limited set of friends, most of whom knew only one side of him. Much of his time was spent alone, doing his thing. He was the consummate follower and team member. On my projects, (diving) he did absolutely everything he was asked. He arrived at every function such as expeditions and meetings first. He was so conscientious about this that he was BORN first.

I can't escape the feeling that Harry suffered some from being slightly shorter than average and having congenital deformities of his toes and hip. He expressed slight regret that he couldn't follow a more athletic life, but he wasn't bitter about it—he found ways to live.

Harry was quiet. He smiled a lot. He was surely more dimensional than anyone knew. He was a serious guy with a lot of self-assurance. He was a lot more than we thought.

Was Harry an “eccentric?”

In the title of this book, I called Harry a “genuine eccentric.” Here’s a definition, from Wikipedia:

Eccentricity is unusual or odd behavior on the part of an individual. This behavior would typically be perceived as unusual or unnecessary, without being demonstrably maladaptive. Eccentricity is contrasted with “normal” behavior, the nearly universal means by which individuals in society solve given problems and pursue certain priorities in everyday life.

So was Harry a “genuine eccentric?” I’ll throw it to you to decide this. Here’s a list of characteristics of eccentrics taken from various sources, primarily Wikipedia:

- | | |
|---|---|
| +Creative | -Midlife changes in career or lifestyle |
| +Develops unique hobbies and interests | +Mischievous sense of humor and wit |
| +Dislikes small talk | +Noncompetitive (can't be bothered) |
| +Distinct feeling of differentness | +Not compulsive |
| -Eager to learn | +Not much for chitchat |
| +Eccentricity in family, usually in a grandparent | +Not much in need of reassurance |
| +Enduring nonconformity | -Opinionated and outspoken |
| -Feelings of invisibility | -Physically healthier and significantly happier |
| -Feels others can only take them in small doses | -Poor speller |
| -Feels that others have stolen their ideas | +Powerful curiosity and related exploratory behavior |
| +Happily obsessed with a multiple preoccupations | +Prefers to talk about thoughts rather than feelings. |
| -Idealist | -Social awkwardness |
| +Intelligent | +Strongly motivated |
| +Is many different kinds of people | +Tries new things |
| +Likely to be single, separated, or divorced | -Unusual eating habits and living arrangements |
| +Loves who they are | -Usually an eldest or an only child |

I marked each characteristic on this list that seemed clearly to be descriptive of Harry with a “+” and the others with a “-.” My tally is 20+/12-. Therefore, I think it pretty clear: Harry *was* an eccentric.

Was he *born* an eccentric, or was he a “regular” kid from the Napa Valley who *became* an eccentric? I tried to check those items on the above list that might have been appropriate to his young years, but only came up with 2 or 3. I think he was almost indistinguishable from the majority of kids who appear in the Napa yearbooks. I’d say he *became* an eccentric, well after becoming an adult, probably after his marriage and divorce. I think he found ordinary life boring, and decided to follow his instincts and whims.

Bill Gould added: “In the family we lovingly used the term ‘crazy Harry’ to preface our wonder and sometimes consternation over his latest activity, enterprise, etc.” So another term that I tested for the subtitle of this book was “quirky.” This word can be used to describe anything that doesn’t quite fit in. Often it used to describe those unconventional things that are characterized by peculiar behavior. Some related words, taken from numerous sources on the internet, are:

... aberrant, abnormal, addlepated, atrocious, atypical, baffling, bewildering, bizarre, capricious, confounding, conspicuous, cranky, crazy, crotchety, curious, eccentric, erratic, extraordinary, fanciful, fantastic, flaky, freakish, freakish, freaky, funky, idiosyncratic, kilter, kinky, kooky, mystifying, nonconformist, nonmainstream, notable, noticeable, odd, offbeat, outlandish, outrageous, peculiar, perplexing, prominent, puzzling, quaint, queer, rare, screwy, shocking, singular, strange, striking, unconventional, unique, unnatural, unorthodox, unpredictable, unusual, unwonted, wacky way, weird, whimsical, wild ...

Whew! I didn’t try to count or classify these, but my feeling was that this list does *not* describe Harry. And this is in fact expressed in the obituary published in the May 2014 issue of the Quicksteppers Newsletter “Straight Shooter: “His various activities earned a loving reputation of being a bit “quirky.” In reality, Harry was just doing what he found interesting, and probably found considerable satisfaction in doing his own thing, regardless of what others might have thought. In fact, his friends admired and loved his delight in being a bit of a character.” [Author:Anni Wunderlich]

How did Harry's family see him?

Within a few days of Harry's passing, I promised his family and friends to write this biography, and asked them to contribute whatever memories, anecdote, and impressions they could. Here I reproduce some of these contributions. To keep it brief and readable, I have gently edited it, I hope without altering the intent.

As I assembled the material for this book, Harry's brother-in-law Bill Gould and I carried on an almost uninterrupted flow of emails back and forth. For me it was valuable to both receive new information and to be able to receive reaction to some of my interpretations and opinions. Here are parts of Bill's voluminous correspondence; many other parts are entrained in the story written above. This is Bill speaking:

Harry's life. In August 1947, I enrolled in Napa Junior College, Napa, where I met Lavonne *Sherman*. At that time, I also met her brother Harry, who was a freshman in Napa High School. Shortly after we met, we started going together and I spent considerable time in her home where I got to know Harry. In December of 1948, Lavonne and I married. From that time to the present, I have been involved to some degree in all of the events of Harry's life. It has been a remarkably interesting and eventful life where he has involved himself to an astounding degree in so many activities that to recount them all threatens to challenge one's veracity. However, I am convinced that those who have known him for more than a short time must be aware of, if not the number of such activities, at least the believability of anything attributed to the range of his interests and participation in so many adventurous pursuits. I know that participation in such a vast range of interests and activities suggests the possibility of a person of frivolous mind. I find it hard to believe myself, but he seemed able to invest the time and attention to all of his interests and activities in equal proportion to what was needed to accomplish them all without any serious detriment to any of them. Certainly, what he did was far from frivolous. I knew of a half dozen or more things taking place somewhat simultaneously that did not seem to challenge his proper attention to any of them.

Politics. The most startling thing about Harry is almost too incredible for me to accept. I am an extremely political person who has been intimately involved in politics at the national state and local levels since I cast my first vote (for Harry Truman) while attending Napa College. I worked in campaigns, managed campaigns, and spent a great deal of my time reading and writing about various campaigns. You now know why I am astounded to realize that I haven't the least idea what Harry's political beliefs might have been. I have no idea if he even bothered to vote. I'm actually staggered by this discovery. Lavonne has no idea about his political beliefs, but likes to think that he did vote. I like to think that because Harry exemplified outstanding strength of character, honesty and decency in everything he did that he had to be a liberal democrat (seriously!).

Unfair blows. Speaking of admirable characteristics, it is true that Harry was almost too good a person to emotionally survive the vicissitudes of life that are sometimes unfairly visited upon such decent individuals. And, in fact, life dealt him some dreadfully unfair blows that would have deeply embittered most people. Harry weathered them all with no obvious sense of life being unfair or openly complaining or feeling sorry for himself. I will mention three of these.

Toe deformities. Harry's toes were deformed, and he had six operations on both feet. He was in a wheelchair and on crutches for about a year, preventing him from participating in sports in school.

Lost appointment to the Coast Guard Academy. We were all excited about his chance to get a free college education by becoming an officer in the Coast Guard. However, it was found during his entrance physical examination that one leg was slightly shorter than the other, which disqualified him from the Academy. He had had to undergo the complete replacement of the rotating socket bone in his hip, which gave him some problems for the rest of his life.

Nez Pence Indian Documentary. He wrote an essentially complete screenplay for a documentary on the Nez Perce Indians. Just as it was ready, another documentary was released, scooping Harry.

Personal characteristics. Things were so chaotic on the San Francisco scene that it all blends together. I do remember some of Harry's relatively bizarre adventures, some of which I got into. I even found myself reading poetry I wrote at Beat clubs. I know...who am I to describe Harry as a bit of

an odd-ball? I can conceive of no reasonable person who could find Harry to be anything other than a decent, respectful human being. I do not believe I ever heard him defame anyone, even when it was obviously deserved. His sister [Lavonne] is the same way. Their mother was the same. I told them their mother ill-prepared them to prosper in this world. In the world I grew up in, people took advantage of such kind souls...and still do.

I have thought it was probably just as well that Harry did not remain with the IRS investigative group. I really can't picture Harry telling someone he is a liar and then showing him the evidence that proves the point. On the other hand, he might have succeeded in giving the IRS a better name among innocent people he dealt with who would not have been treated as criminals, which in my experience is not always the case.

I never saw such a dedicated relatively selfless person of good works and personal integrity give so much of himself in enterprises dedicated to worthy institutions and others and receive relatively little recognition in return. I do think his proudest association was with you and the Cordell Bank Group. Harry was rightfully proud of his involvement in all aspects of the sanctuary and kept us informed with written material, still photos and underwater film over the years. I think it would be safe to describe him as intensely curious about everything that lies over the hill. I have never known anyone with such self-propelled interest in damn near everything one experiences in a journey through life.

[The following comments are from Bill Gould's daughter, Gloria Loftin, about her "Uncle Harry:"](#)

When I was a small girl, we lived in South San Francisco, California. My parents' friends came over and they had a son. We were in my bedroom and he gave me what he said was candy. In reality, it was baby aspirin, and I swallowed a lot of pills. Somehow, the bottle got knocked under the bed and I am very lucky that my mom found it when she put me to bed. My dad rushed me to the hospital and they pumped my stomach. When I got home, my Uncle Harry gave me some jumping beans and it made my face light up. He was a very caring and compassionate man.

When we lived in Kansas, Uncle Harry came for a visit. He was very proud that he had gotten his black belt in Karate. He said that it was all about balance. He put me in front of him and he was going to show us a couple of the moves. When he reached for me, I threw him into the fireplace! He was mortified. My mom and dad laughed so hard they almost fell off the couch. When he finally got over the shock, he laughed.

The last time I saw my uncle was at my parents' house a couple of years ago. I was shocked by his looks, but he still had a face that had years of smile lines etched into it. He did a lot of wondrous things in his life: scuba diver, underwater photographer, martial arts and one of his favorites, line dancing.

How did Harry's friends see him?

[By now, you are familiar with most of Harry's friends. Many of them also contributed comments, and I present a few of them here.](#)

John Swanson [estate executor]. Early in 2014, Harry called me and asked if I could talk to him about his plans to prepare for the end of his life. Since I had gotten to know Harry pretty well while taking him to and from doctor/hospital visits, I knew that his health was failing, so this plan did not shock me. It was typical Harry planning. In the visit with him, he asked me to be his executor and local next of kin. I asked him "Why me?" and he responded, "Because I know that I can trust you to handle everything properly." During the next month, I was involved in assisting him with all aspects of his estate and legal affairs. One hilarious event was a trip to Wells Fargo Bank to add my name to his checking account. Let me remind you that this was chilly March 2014 and Harry was wearing a T-shirt and cutoff Levi's. Additionally, because his feet were hurting so much that he wore a pair of women's heelless open toe sandals. I think the folks at Wells Fargo were a bit shocked at his attire. Harry knew his destiny and he could [not] have cared less how he looked.

Prior to his passing and during the preceding Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, we would go to Harry's Hofbrau (not Harry Sherman's Hofbrau!) and pick up the usual turkey dinner (his favorite) and deliver it to his humble abode. Well, the last time we delivered the meal, during Christmas 2013, it was home-cooked with all the trimmings. Later, I asked him if he enjoyed the meal and honest Harry told me that he couldn't eat it because it didn't have the same taste as Harry's Hofbrau. Harry was a kind man true to his word and always gave his opinion!

As we got closer to cleaning up all the legal matters and disposing of personal effects, we openly discussed moving him to some sort of assisted living. Harry would have nothing to do with such an idea. He always said, "I can hardly breathe and cannot walk his dog. I cannot go on living!"

Tom Santilena [Cordell Expeditions]. We were at the Farallon Islands once when Bill Kruse and I were going to make a dive. Harry was driving my boat. He almost did the impossible: he miss-timed a swell and ran the rubber boat's nose high on the side of the island wall, scrapping the nose so badly that he almost sunk it. With the nose of the boat now deflated, it almost drove the whole boat under the water as he tried to drive the boat back to the Cordell Explorer. I had to stand in the front of the boat pulling the bow line, to keep the nose out of the water. I looked like Ben Hur holding onto the reins of the horse pulling the chariot. I never forgot the day Harry almost sunk an inflatable boat!

Bill Kruse and I were always in the Zodiac to help people in and out of the water. Harry always wore these crazy overalls (red, I think), on the dive. Those and the double tanks, made him look much larger (and heavier) than he really was. So when Bill and I went to haul him out of the water and onto the Zodiac, we pulled so hard we almost pulled his light body off the other side of the boat.

Harry had a very distinctive laugh. I am able to imitate it very well. Every time I do it for my children, they laugh like crazy. It is because of that, they both have vivid recollections of Harry.

Jack Marshall [Cordell Expeditions]. I always considered him a trooper. I was always surprised at his resolve, and I admired him for it. I kind of figured he was into martial arts; he had that way about him.

Eric Maiken [Cordell Expeditions]. When I dived at Cordell in 1992, I remember telling Harry that it was the best spot that I'd seen on the whole west coast of North America. He told me that yes, it was still nice, but he missed all the rockfish that he recalled from his dives 10+ years prior. He said that when he first dived at the bank, he looked down from the surface, and was surprised to see the bottom—apparently less than 100 ft. below. Upon descending a bit, he saw that the “bottom” was actually a school of Yellowtail Rockfish packed nose-to-tail thick. As he continued down, laughing into his regulator from the illusion, the school parted to reveal the actual bottom farther below. He seemed a bit sad that now, years later, the huge numbers of fish are missing, and we can nearly see the bottom down through the clear water.

Art Buckley [martial arts]. A few impromptu recollections: (1) When Harry wanted to do/be/get/give **X**, he did **Y**. We think that **X** came first and **Y** was found to fit. (2) Harry was concerned about an unsafe dive mask, so he wrote a letter to Buckingham Palace, and was thrilled to receive an answer from Princess Margaret. (3) Harry took up wood carving. At one point, he had an exhibit at the Redwood City Library. (4) Once, on Halloween, he went to the place where kids were trick or treating to ensure that they were safe.

Jamie Hogan [Country QuickSteppers]. I knew Harry for the past 25 years as a fellow dancer. I've always taught and DJ'd my own dances in the Bay Area, plus the Country QuickStepper Dances as well and Harry was always there. I remember him then as the funny man who always wore “unusual” clothing, and then the earrings started showing up. And I remember thinking—who cares!—He's doing what he wants to do, and good for him!

Harry was a regular to these dances for several years. He brought in the COWBOY magazines and loaned them to me to read and return—until he gave me the Tom Sellick edition. I asked if I could be the guardian for it for a little longer, like, forever :), and of course, he said yes, so I still have it. But he also has been giving me Christmas, Birthday, and Valentine's Day cards. Pretty special. He gave me most of his CD collection last Sunday. It's clear to me that Harry was a sentimental man who loved the

music of the 40's; mostly love songs, but also some really funny ones. He had such a sense of humor!

Harry dressed up as a woman. I don't think Harry was gay. He actually told John last week that I was the love of his life (and I'm a girl :), and he told me last week he had a crush on me for 20 years. After seeing some of the other pictures when he was younger, and seeing him teaching Jujitsu, I think it was just Harry being Harry—all man, but quirky. He wore earrings to the dances for years; just stopped last year in fact when he gave me a pair.

I played “Hello Dolly” at the Celebration of Life. It was Harry’s favorite dance tune. About 5 women got up and danced.

Anni Wunderlich [Country Quicksteppers]. Oh, yes, Harry was a man of many parts. He also gave lectures on karate and diving. Harry was Cactus Flowers’ music man, and even traveled with us when we competed. Normally his only companion was his dog. He was a dog lover for sure.

I had a lot of in depth conversations with Harry, because once he became comfortable with me, he would chat on endlessly, confiding all sorts of things right down to the fact that he didn't wear underwear. I laughed and said, “Harry, that's far too much information.”

When Harry took up belly dancing and started wearing large earrings, everyone was shocked, but Harry didn't care. He loved dressing in women's clothes, and came to a couple of Halloween dances dressed as a woman—wig, high heels (he had gorgeous legs), etc.

Harry was a rather eccentric, shy man, who seemed to have difficulty conversing with strangers, but once he got to know you that problem was overcome. He was an enigma, a gentle soul whose favorite candy was Divinity.

Jeanette Feinberg [Country Quicksteppers]. My mom and dad took care of Harry a couple of times when he had surgery. He was a very good patient.

He seemed to be pretty even tempered and his interests were many. I don't remember him speaking ill of anyone. Also, he sure loved his dog “Susie.” It broke his heart when she died.

He did have some bad manners (farting, picking his nose, etc.). When asked what he ate, he would always say “Hamburger Helper.” I think he was involved in a Groucho Marx skit. All I can say he was unique - his own man.

Adam and Sue Gee [Country Quicksteppers]. Harry came over to the house for lunch and told us about playing with groups in the Haight Ashbury, and he talked about the hippy life. He talked about all the research dives. He said he stopped diving because he couldn't wait for everyone to check out their “modern diving gadgets.”

We went to one of his belly dancing performances and he was a star, being the only male. He did a great dance! At the dances he always gave Kayla bits of advice, like travel across Europe and stay at B&B for \$20 and eat lots of food. Guess it was a long ago trip, but it was Harry's word of wisdom.

Dorothy [ex-wife Roselind’s sister]. I'm Rose's younger sister. Harry became my brother-in-law when he married Rose. He was a good man. My husband and I remained good friends with Harry long after he and my sister divorced. Our youngest son, Richard, was born on Harry's 31st birthday [13 Sep 1963]. When Richard was baptized, we asked Harry if he would be his godfather. He said yes and thus gained permanent status as family member and welcome family visitor.

I remember one Thanksgiving Day, when the kids were really young. My husband and I were a young married couple with two small children, still learning how to juggle our finances. We lived in Redwood City and didn't have a lot of money at the time. Harry and Rose came over to have Thanksgiving dinner with us and brought the turkey and all the trimmings. Rose prepared and cooked it and Harry did the honors of carving it. This was one of those “special” occasions when Uncle Harry wore slacks, and a white shirt and tie.

Harry was so funny, and he loved to make my kids laugh. He was missing an upper tooth and had a

spacer tooth to keep the space open. He used to love to push the spacer out with his tongue to make the kids laugh.

I used to see or hear from him often, especially in the 1980's. He would stop by our apartment in San Francisco whenever he was up that way, or had to pass through that way on his way to somewhere else. He was a postal carrier and looked forward to a time when he would have saved enough money for a decent retirement. At the time, his primary interests were photography, Jujitsu and scuba diving. He had a little VW bus, and a little dog for a companion. My youngest daughter, Tammy, particularly remembers one of Harry's visits. She had a precious little jar that was purchased as a souvenir from the Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park. Anyway, Harry's little dog found his way into my daughter's bedroom and found the precious little jar, and bit a chunk off the top of the lid. My daughter was none too happy at the time, and that was the first thing she thought of when I let her know Uncle Harry had passed away. Funny the things kids remember.

Harry belonged to a diving group called the "Hammerheads." He would talk for hours on end about different expeditions and diving experiences he had. I would go with him to Hammerhead meetings from time to time. I remember Harry asking me if I would be interested in going along on an expedition to the Farallon Islands. I didn't go, but sometimes wished I had. I did go to a Hammerhead party with Harry once. I met a few friends, listened to a little "small talk", drank some punch, and did a little dancing. When the music was playing, Harry loved to be on the dancefloor. What I remember most was he always started out slow and ended up "swing dancing."

One Christmas Harry came over. Rena was 3 or 4 years old at the time, which would have made Larry 1 or 2. After dinner, the kids played on the living room floor while my husband and I cleared the table and took care of the dishes. Harry, pretending to be slightly inebriated, went into the living room and seemed to pass out on the floor holding an empty bottle of wine in his hand. He lay very still. At first, the kids just stared at him waiting for him to move and play with them, but he didn't move at all. Harry stayed very still and only occasionally opened his eyes ever so slightly to spy on them. It was inevitable that eventually Harry would get caught and the three of them would laugh and laugh.

My children grew up and left the nest to start lives of their own, and I remarried in 1988. I regret that I seldom saw Harry after that. On one of our "girl's night out" evenings at a restaurant in Burlingame, I was very happily surprised to see Harry on the dancefloor again, this time line-dancing. He was very happy to see my girlfriends and me, and invited us to join the line. We declined (mostly because we had never done line-dancing and didn't want to embarrass ourselves). Such a pity! We probably would have had a blast! We did, however, go back a time or two, and yes, Harry was line-dancing.

Robert Schmieder [Author]. I tend to generalize Harry into many people. In him I came to see traits that I have seen in many other people, and in myself also. Although this book was meant to be a gift to his memory, it also turned out to be a piece of my own education. I have come out of this experience less quick to judge people by any external characteristics, including their behavior. So long as the person is not manifestly evil or harmful, more than before I see that person as a collection of pieces without a value judgment. More than that, Harry's courage through a lifetime of perceived and unfair challenges has given me a measure of inspiration, and for that, I owe him.

One of my purposes in writing this book was to keep Harry alive. For me, this has been accomplished, and I hope the same for you. For me it is personal, and I hope the same for you. For anyone who knew, or knew of, Harry, I hope you will come away with the same feeling I have: it was a privilege to have known Harry, and it's a pleasure to remember him.



So long Harry! It was a pleasure...

Appendix 1 - NOTES

Enter Center, Exit Center

As you see, I chose to confine Harry's story between the bookends of his life, his birth and his death. The short essays, *Enter Center* and *Exit Center*, were constructed in an attempt to visualize these experiences. Knowing Harry as I did, *Exit* was by far the easier, so the latter was written first. For *Enter* I had to learn more about the process of an embryo becoming a person, and how that person becomes an individual. We all agree that Harry was an eccentric, but that is a broad category inhabited by millions, and we probably know a lot less about how an individual *becomes* than how he *concludes*. Realizing this, I spent quite a lot of time with academic publications learning about the neurophysiology of fetal development.

As I am fond of saying, "Everything is simple, once you understand it," and this proved to be the case here. Wikipedia contains a large number of articles on this subject, and they are relatively consistent in this picture. The key idea is simple: As the fetus grows, its brain and peripheral nervous system grow, at first without much connection. The brain does very little processing because it has practically no input from the rest of the body. Then beginning around week 24 (the third trimester), the two parts join, and the cerebral cortex rather suddenly starts getting a flood of electrical signals from the outside. With the neural structures already well-established, it starts sloshing that input around, and—poof!—consciousness! Or at least the *definition* of it, hence the legal transition to being "viable" is defined.

But this simple picture leaves a lot of questions. Does the fetus sit in there and *think*? Does it have dreams? Can it feel pain? Does it know it's kicking its mother? Does it know about the world outside the womb? Is it aware of being born? In my reading of the literature, there is broad consensus on these questions; I'll epitomize them again briefly, so you can judge for yourself whether I was fair to Harry-in-the-womb.

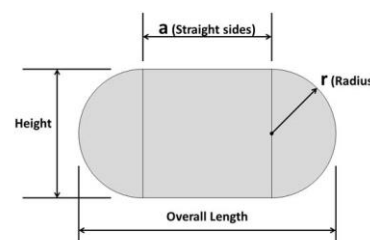
During the first and second trimesters, the fetus is actively sedated by the low oxygen pressure, the warm and cushioned uterine environment, and a range of neuroinhibitory and sleep-inducing substances produced by the placenta and the fetus itself. That is, it's *asleep*. And that sleep is *dreamless*, because its brain has received no signals from which to construct dreams. Around the beginning of the second trimester, it's on a par with earthworms or marine snails, which we also believe can react to peripheral stimuli but *don't dream*. Around 18 weeks it is roughly on par with a reptile, which can *react*, but, again, without a cortex it also doesn't dream or think. Finally, birth abruptly disconnects the baby from the supply of narcotic chemicals and jumps its oxygen; the baby "wakes up," with all sensors and receptors, and the cortex, blazing. That most joyful sound—the crying newborn—is a heralding of arrival, a triumphant announcement that this is a human being, ready for the world. That lasts about two hours, and, exhausted, the infant falls asleep again.

[["My-Fetus-is-Smarter-than-an-Earthworm," Linda Geddes Bumpology 18 May 2010](#)]

[[Return to: Enter Center p. 1](#)] [[Return to: Exit Center p. 149](#)]

Container shape in the genealogy charts

The common name for the shape I have used in the charts is "stadium," which is a rectangle with semicircles on opposite ends. Alternative names are "discorectangle" and "obround." Here is the drawing of this shape.



Everyone is related to everyone else

How many ancestors do you have? How far back would we have to track to find ancestors in common between you and me? I once read that everyone is related to William Shakespeare. Sounded right to me.

The actual calculation of the number of ancestors is open to debate, and subject to many assumptions. For instance, it is clearly unfair to assume random pairings in procreations, but how does one parameterize the reduction from randomness due to provincialism? How should we account for villages restricting their progeny to the local area, rather than sampling the entire world

population? What might be the effect of widespread mortality, such as the Black Death around 1350 AD? How will widespread migration, such as the movement from Africa into the Middle East and the opening of the New World, change the combinatorial calculations? These issues are in lively debate:

[\[http://articles.latimes.com/2013/may/07/science/la-sci-european-dna-20130508\]](http://articles.latimes.com/2013/may/07/science/la-sci-european-dna-20130508)

[\[http://ideas.4brad.com/everybody-your-16th-cousin/\]](http://ideas.4brad.com/everybody-your-16th-cousin/)

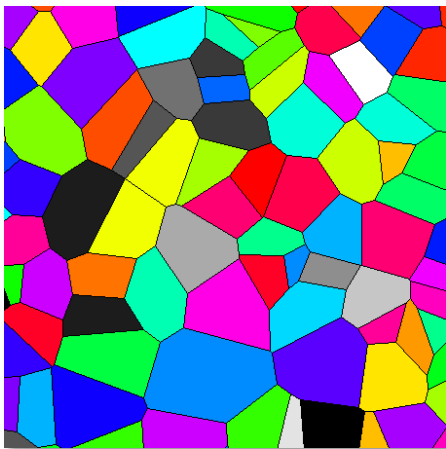
[\[Return to: Everyone is related... p. 3\]](#)

The Flow of Families

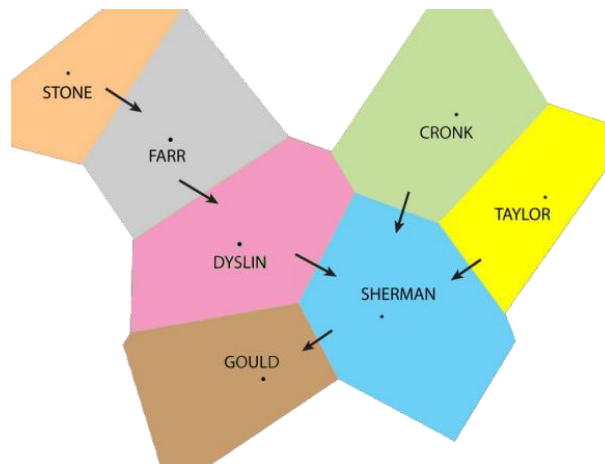
In Chapter 01 I showed how several family names flowed into Harry Sherman Jr. In mathematics, there is a well-known construction that mimics these diagrams. It is called a **Voronoi diagram**, **Voronoi tessellation**, **Voronoi decomposition**, **Voronoi partition**, or **Dirichlet tessellation**. It is a partitioning of a plane into adjoining regions that cover the plane, done in two steps:

- (1) Define a set of points (called “seeds”) on the plane;
- (2) Define each region as the set of points closer to each seed than to any other seed.

A typical Voronoi diagram using randomly defined points is shown below. Imagine each colored region is a family name, so we might term it a “Familoï diagram.” The linguistic correspondence between the Voronoi and Familoï diagrams is that each family might have a “center” (=“seed”) and family members (“points”) are minimal distances from that center. Now connect each region to other regions with an arrow, generating a “flow” structure with a bias toward one direction (increasing time). This is the Familoï diagram.



Voronoi diagram



Familoï diagram

As an experiment, I constructed a Familoï diagram based on the seven Sherman family-related names, using an online application. It's shown above right.

[\[http://alexbeutel.com/webgl/voronoi.html\]](http://alexbeutel.com/webgl/voronoi.html)

[\[Return to: Flow of Families p. 4\]](#)

How Harry got his name

There is a lot of discussion about naming your son after yourself. For example:

[\[http://madamenoire.com/603267/naming-your-son-after-his-dad-14-pros-and-cons/\]](http://madamenoire.com/603267/naming-your-son-after-his-dad-14-pros-and-cons/)

Interestingly, the second link above states that a 1940's study showed that III's, IV's and V's don't have as many mental health issues and fewer behavioral problems as the general population. However, a 1971 study showed “Juniors” are more likely to be in psychiatric treatment than the general population. Figure that.

A note on grammar: A father doesn't go by *Sr*. Instead, he gets to just use his name, and then the son is supposed to be the one who gets a special call-out as *Jr*. Once the father dies, again traditionally, the son drops the *Jr*. label and simply uses his name.

[\[Return to: How Harry got his name p. 5\]](#)

The Sherman Family [Hessians]

Hessians were 18th-century German auxiliaries contracted for military service by the British government. The British hired Hessian troops for combat duty in several eighteenth century conflicts, but they are most widely associated with combat operations in the American Revolutionary War (1775–1783). Hessians made up a quarter of the troops the British sent to America. They entered the British service as entire units, fighting under their own German flags, commanded by their usual officers, and wearing their existing uniforms. Many of the men were “press-ganged” into Hessian service. Deserters were summarily executed or beaten by an entire company. Hessian prisoners of war were put to work on local farms.

Much of the information about the Shermans Family here comes from: *A Standard History of Oklahoma*, by Joseph B. Thoburn, assisted by a board of advisory editors, Chicago, *The American Historical Society*, 1916.

There is a review of this volume at:

[\[https://books.google.com/books?id=gfQ_AAAAYAAJ&dq=harold+carrico+sherman&sitesec=reviews\]](https://books.google.com/books?id=gfQ_AAAAYAAJ&dq=harold+carrico+sherman&sitesec=reviews)

A photocopy of the book is available online here:

[\[https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=hvd.32044100154343;view=1up;seq=1\]](https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=hvd.32044100154343;view=1up;seq=1)

There are many Sherman graves in Clarksville, AR:

[\[http://arkansasgravestones.org\]](http://arkansasgravestones.org)

[\[Return to: Sherman Family p. 6\]](#)

Dr. H. H. Sherman

I copy here some information about Wagoner, OK, taken from Wikipedia:

The town of Wagoner began as a small community at the intersection of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas (MKT) Railway and the Kansas and Arkansas Valley Railway (a branch of the Missouri Pacific Railway), when William McAnally, a foreman for the MKT built a small hotel at this isolated location in June 1887. By the next summer, others had built two more hotels and two general stores. The town was named for railroad dispatcher Henry "Big Foot" Wagoner, who had reported the need for a railroad switch nearby to accommodate the shipment of logs and hay. The switch had been previously named "Wagoner's Switch." The switch soon relocated to the town and caused the development of a major cattle shipping business.

By 1894, the community had 642 names in a local census. A local newspaper began promoting the town in 1895, encouraging more people to move there. By 1896, there were approximately 1,500 residents. In the fall of 1895, the community formed a commission that circulated a petition requesting incorporation under the statutes of Arkansas. Incorporation was granted by the U. S. District Court on January 4, 1896, making Wagoner the first city incorporated in Indian Territory.

A privately funded courthouse was built in 1897, which housed a newly created U. S. Western District Court. The Dawes Commission turned Indian Territory land from tribal to individual ownership by members of each tribe. The individuals were allowed to sell their land to non-Indians, causing a real estate boom in farmland around the area. By statehood, the city had 2,950 residents and was named as the county seat of Wagoner County.

The boom continued through 1910, when the population reached 4,018. The railway had located a division headquarters in the city, which then had three railroad trunk lines and twenty passenger trains a day. Industries included three grain elevators, a cotton gin, cotton oil mill, iron foundry, hardwood company, cement plant, and roller mill. However, the boom ended in 1913, when the MKT moved its division headquarters to Muskogee. The oil boom farther west and later, the Great Depression, caused a further decline in the city's economy and population.

In the 20th Century Wagoner didn't grow much: at the 2010 census, the population was 8,323, some 654 more than a decade earlier.

[\[Return to: Dr. H H Sherman p. 7\]](#)

H. H. Sherman was a medical doctor: first a dentist and then, with special training, an osteopath. Here is some information about Osteopathy, taken from Wikipedia:

The practice of osteopathy began in the United States in 1874. The term "osteopathy" was coined by physician and surgeon Andrew Taylor Still, MD, DO. Still named his new school of medicine "osteopathy," reasoning that "the bone, osteon, was the starting point from which [he] was to ascertain the cause of pathological conditions." Dr. Still founded the American School of Osteopathy (now A.T. Still University of the Health Sciences) in Kirksville, Missouri, for the teaching of osteopathy on May 10, 1892. While the state of Missouri granted the right to award the MD degree, he remained dissatisfied with the limitations of conventional medicine and instead chose to retain the distinction of the DO degree. In 1898, the American Institute of Osteopathy started the Journal of Osteopathy and by that time, four states recognized the profession. As originally conceived by Andrew Still, the letters "DO" stood for "Diplomate in Osteopathy" and the title conferred by the degree was "Doctor of Osteopathy." Subsequently, the degree also came to be entitled "Doctor of Osteopathic Medicine".

While the national health services of some countries consider there is "good" evidence for osteopathy as a treatment for low back pain and "limited evidence to suggest it may be effective for some types of neck, shoulder or lower limb pain and recovery after hip or knee operations", there is no, or insufficient, evidence that osteopathy is effective as a treatment for health conditions "unrelated" to the bones and muscles, "such as headaches, migraines, painful periods, digestive disorders, depression and excessive crying in babies (colic)"; an explicit reference to the claims of osteopathic manipulative medicine. Others have concluded that osteopathic style manipulation "failed to produce compelling evidence" for efficacy in treating musculoskeletal pain.

The records don't give an unambiguous middle name for H. H. Sherman, so I went to some trouble to try to figure it out. In the process, I found the following candidates:

Name	Variant	Diminutives
HENRY	Harry	Hal, Hank, Harry
HARRY	Hank	Hal, Hank
HARRISON		
HAROLD		Hal, Harry

Historically, the number of variants is large. Here are variations that emerged elsewhere in the world:

Anraí, Anri, Aroldo, Arrigo, Chariovalda, Eanraig, Einrí, Endika, Enric, Enrico, Enrique, Enzo, Harald, Haraldr, Haraldur, Hariwald, Haroldo, Harri, Heike, Heikki, Heiko, Heimirich, Hein, Heiner, Heinrich, Heinz, Hendrik, Henk, Hennie, Henning, Henny, Henri, Henrich, Henricus, Henrik, Henrikas, Henrikki, Henrique, Henryk, Hereweald, Herkus, Herry, Hinnerk, Hinrich, Hinrik, Hynek, Jindřich, Kike, Quique

The Taylor Family

I searched without success for references to ancestors of Sallie Taylor and her husband Uriah Taylor, including all Taylor names in Oakland Memorial Cemetery Clarksville, AR, which is now closed.

[<https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gsr&GSiman=1&GScid=55474&GSfn=&GSln=Taylor>]

[<https://www.yellowpages.com/clarksville-ar/mip/oakland-cemetery-843932?lid=843932>]

[Return to: Taylor Family p. 10]

The Dyslin (Dysslin) Family

LEWIS HENRY DYSLIN

[Contributed by Karen Fyock - Scrapbook Clipping]

[History of Cherokee County Iowa Volume LI, Illustrated, Chicago *The S. J. Clarke Publishing Company* 1914 by Thomas McCulla.]

ARMINDA JANE (WILCOX) DYSLIN

[From website of Robert Gene Custer / Rootsweb]

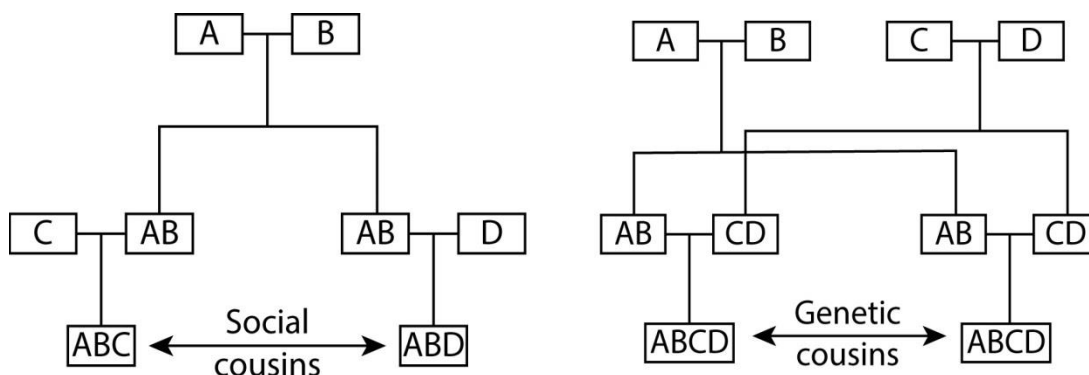
URSULA M. (SISSON) DYSLIN

[Cherokee Biographies maintained by Cindy Booth Maher, WebBBS 4.33 Genealogy Modification Package by WebJournymen]

[Return to: Dyslin Family p. 10]

Cousins: genetic vs social. The Wilcox women

The common meaning of “cousins” is that they are the offspring of siblings. Parents A-B produce two siblings with genetic characteristics AB (left diagram below). Assuming that the AB siblings mate with two independent persons C and D, their offspring (grandchildren of A-B) will have characteristics ABC and ABD. We call the relationship between the grandchildren “social cousins.”



But interestingly a different outcome results if the individuals C-D are in the same generation as A-B (right-hand diagram). The parents C-D produce offspring of type CD. Now suppose each type AB person mates with a type CD person. i.e., AB-CD and AB-CD. Obviously all the offspring from these pairings have genetic character ABCD, a situation we refer to as “genetic cousins.” In Harry Sherman’s ancestral chart, two women named Wilcox married two siblings named Dyslin. If the Wilcox women were in fact sisters (i.e., both AB), then by marrying the Dyslin brothers (both CD) the unions would produce only type ABCD individuals who would be genetic cousins.

Another interesting fact is that if social cousins (ABC-ABD) have offspring, they would all be type ABCD, i.e., the same as the genetic cousins. Thus, we see that sibling-sibling double marriage shortens the path to full mixing ABCD by one generation. [\[Return to: Cousins p. 11\]](#)

One more observation is interesting: two daughters of Jame C. Farr married men named Dyslin: Charlotte Farr married Morris Dyslin and May Alida Farr married Louis Henry Dyslin. The number of marriage and name linkages among the various families appears to be surprisingly high, but the lesson probably is that such linkages were a common part of all close family relationships.

The Farr Family

As with many family names, tracking the Farr Family through their graves was fairly effective. The FindAGrave site is particularly valuable:

[\[https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=65507083\]](https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=65507083)

[\[https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=pv&GRid=62510298&Pipi=159054718\]](https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=pv&GRid=62510298&Pipi=159054718)

[\[Return to: Farr Family p. 14\]](#)

How Harry met Marvel

The story of the diamond earrings was related by Bill Gould. However, he makes it clear that the story comes from imperfect memory, and hence might not be 100% accurate. I did my best to understand the story from the limited facts, and I became quite satisfied that the story makes sense. However, in fairness to Bill and to Mabel, I freely confess that the idea that Marvel actually introduced Marvel and HTS Sr. is an inference that I made in the context of the whole story. Furthermore, I have cheated Bill in one way: in the absence of actual images of the jewelry, I simply found representative images online and used them. *Mia Culpa*.

[\[Return to: How Harry Met Marvel p. 23\]](#)

Snowflake Crackers

Snowflake crackers was one of many products that used the swastika as a product symbol, such as these:



Swastikas also have been incorporated into hundreds of artistic and illustrative designs, of which here is a very brief list, taken from hundreds listed on Wikipedia.

- Arizona state highway marker from the late 1920s
- The U.S. Army 12th Infantry Regiment coat of arms
- Swastikas surround the exterior window at Federal Reserve Board Building in Washington D.C.
- The six-story Federal Building in downtown Albuquerque, New Mexico
- The Washington County Courthouse in Marietta, Ohio
- Swastika Park is the name of a housing subdivision in Miami, Florida
- An upscale subdivision in Denver is named "Swastika Acres"
- Swastika, New York, located near the Adirondack Park Preserve
- The "Swastika Trail" is a historic auto trail in Iowa.
- The K-R-I-T Motor Car Company, built cars with a radiator badge that featured a swastika
- The Washington Charcrete Company manufactured "laundry trays" imprinted with a swastika.
- The Duplex Adding Machine Company issued stock certificates with the company's logo, a swastika
- Flour was sold under the brand name Swastika by the Federal Milling Co.
- The mining town of Lakeview Idaho featured a "Swastika Hotel"
- A "Swastika Theater" operated in Sausalito, California in the early 20th century.
- The swastika is seen on binders of pre-Nazi era publications of works by Rudyard Kipling.
- Swastika quilt patterns were popular in America prior to World War II
- Metal typeface Swastika borders were used by U.S. printers in the early 20th century
- The 1939 Tennessee State University yearbook lists a "Swastika Club"
- The "Swastika Club of Freedom Township" produced a "Swastika Club Cookbook" in 1934.
- More than 1400 designs of coins, tokens, watch fobs, and other souvenirs.
- The Garfield Monument in Ohio for a U.S. President James A. Garfield, contains swastika tile patterns
- A swastika design is visible on the exterior of the Detroit, Michigan downtown public library
- More than 900 cast iron lampposts decorated with swastikas in downtown Glendale, California
- "Swastika Series", a name given to a soil type in New Mexico by the U.S. National Coop. Soil Survey

[Return to: Snowflake Crackers p. 33]

Here is the particular sheet of the 1940 census that contains the Sherman and Dyslin families.

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Boy Scouts (1945-1949)

The Mount Diablo Silverado Council of the Boy Scouts has been in operation for decades, and its rituals are deep and complex. Among the rituals is the final campfire on Friday evening:

Shortly after the final dinner, Scouts assemble at Bravo How campfire circle at the foot of Pioneer Rock. The ceremony begins with the Pioneer historian giving a short history of the camp and the organization. After that, the Pioneers, assembled on the rock, lead the Scouts seated on the logs below in singing the traditional song, "Patsy Ory Ory Ay." When this is completed, the Pioneers slip away and form a ladder on either side of the trail leading to the main campfire circle. In a matter of minutes, the Scouts, Scouters, and parents who have come to watch the event form a column behind a number of Pioneer torchbearers who lead the way to the main campfire circle. The Pioneers lining the parade route hold their fingers in the Scout Sign and stand at rigid attention to signal the somber nature of the event and to call for observance of its importance through absolute silence. The Scouts are seated and the Pioneers disperse and retreat to the second Pioneer Rock, situated so that it overlooks the main campfire circle. The Pioneer Sergeant-at-Arms, breaking the silence, decrees in a booming voice: "Let The Fires Of Friendship Burn!" The campfires are then lit and, for the next hour, Scout troops perform songs and skits for the assembled crowd. After the skits have finished, the Calling-Out Ceremony begins. The Pioneers form a human "ladder" that runs from the stage to the top of Pioneer Rock. Each Scout is called out and is helped up the ladder to the top of Pioneer Rock. Along the way, they are congratulated by current members. After the ceremony ends, they embark on an initiation process that takes until the early hours of the morning.

[Wikipedia https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Diablo_Silverado_Council]

[Return to: Boy Scouts p. 39]

Napa High School, Napa Junior College, Napa College, and Napa Valley College

NAPA HIGH SCHOOL. In 1897 the Napa High School was established. In 1930 the yearbook, called the Napanee, was about 48 pages long. Interestingly (and coincidentally), there is a town in Ontario, Canada, called Greater Napanee. A slightly spooky fact is that its main street today looks very much like downtown Napa.

[Return to: Napa High School, p. 42]

NAPA JUNIOR COLLEGE. In 1941 the citizens of Napa County made a clear commitment to higher education when they passed a bond issue to establish Napa Junior College. One year later, in 1942, Napa Junior College was founded as part of Napa Union High School district. The first year of World War II marked the college's first class – of just 16 students, only one of whom was male. Once the war was over, GIs flooded into the new college seeking educational opportunity. During 1948-49, a modern new college was built next to the high school.

[Return to: Napa Junior College, p. 44]

NAPA COLLEGE. In 1962 the community reaffirmed its commitment to the local college by passing a bond issue to buy land and build a new college campus on land previously occupied by the Napa State Hospital. After 23 years, the college had its own campus, its own school district, and an enrollment of 1,771 students. It renamed itself Napa College and continued to grow its student body on the site it continues to occupy to this day.

[Return to: Napa College, p. 49]

NAPA VALLEY COLLEGE. In 1982 Napa College changed its name to Napa Valley College. The official opening of a permanent Upper Valley Campus in St. Helena in the fall of 1994 brought educational opportunities closer to home for upper valley residents and added new dimensions to the college curriculum. In 2015 and 2016, the College was selected as the top two-year college in California by BestColleges.com. By 2016, the 75th Anniversary, the enrollment was greater than 19,000.

[<http://www.napavalley.edu/AboutNVC/Pages/NVCHistory.aspx>]

[http://www.napavalley.edu/institutionaladvancement/Documents/75th_Anniversary_docs/75th-Anniversary-timeline.pdf]

Music in San Francisco (Mozart)

The compositions of W. A. Mozart were put into chronological order in 1862 by Ludwig von Köchel. The chronological number is therefore called the Köchel Number, or K-number. Hence, K62 is the Mozart's 626th composition. In fact, the original Köchel catalog contained exactly 626 compositions, making K626 his last. It was not fully completed at Mozart's death in 1791, which stimulated considerable effort to complete it, some honest and some not, but numbering the dozens. There have been scores (pun intended!) of recordings, and probably many thousands of hours and millions of words devoted to this, the last, work of Mozart. His last effort on the composition was 2 weeks before his death at the age of 35.

[\[Wikipedia Köchel catalogue, Mozart\]](#)

[\[Return to: Music p. 51\]](#)

Johnny Mathis

Mathis was a star athlete at George Washington High School in San Francisco. He was a high jumper and hurdler, and he played on the basketball team. In 1954, he enrolled at San Francisco State College on an athletic scholarship, intending to become an English teacher and a physical education teacher. At San Francisco State, Mathis had become noteworthy as a high jumper, and in 1956, he was asked to try out for the U.S. Olympic Team that would travel to Melbourne, Australia, that November. Mathis had to decide whether to go to the Olympic trials or to keep his appointment in New York City to make his first recordings. On his father's advice, Mathis opted to embark on a professional singing career.

[\[Wikipedia Johnny Mathis\]](#)

[\[Return to: Music Johnny Mathis p. 54\]](#)

Rancho Tulocay [Tulucay]

[The central cemetery in Napa is the Tulocay. Here is some information about the location.](#)

The Tulocay (also spelled Tulucay) name originates with the names Tulkays and Ulucas that were applied to the inhabitants of a Patwin village in the area. Rancho Tulucay was a 8,866-acre Mexican land grant in present day Napa County, California given in 1841 by Governor pro tem Manuel Jimeno to Don Cayetano Juarez. The grant was on the east side of the Napa River.

Cayetano Juarez (1809 - 1883) was a soldier at Presidio of San Francisco until 1836. Juarez married Maria de Jesus Higuerra (1815 - 1890), daughter of Francisco Higuerra, in 1835. In 1836 Juarez was made mayordomo at Sonoma. Under the leadership of General Mariano Vallejo, Juarez was assigned an active role in managing the land and associated native population in the Napa/Sonoma County region. For his decade of service to the Mexican government, Juarez was granted the two square league Rancho Tulocay. In 1840 (before the grant deed was finalized) Cayetano Juarez moved his family from Sonoma to Napa Valley and built his first adobe house. In 1844 he was elected alcalde of Sonoma. In 1845 he built his second and larger adobe, which is also still standing. In 1845 he was granted Rancho Yokaya in Mendocino County.

With the cession of California to the United States following the Mexican-American War, the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo provided that the land grants would be honored. A claim for Rancho Tulocay was filed with the Public Land Commission in 1852, and the grant was patented to Don Cayetano Juarez, where he resided until his death in 1883. In 1853, he donated an area for use as a cemetery, and he is buried there.

[\[Wikipedia\]](#)

The Rincon Murals

You might have seen these murals, but you probably didn't know their colorful history. They were part of a massive program to decorate public buildings during the 1930's, but not everyone liked them. Originally painted in the U. S Post Office, the murals were eventually incorporated in the massive development called Rincon Center, where they can be seen today. Political correctness was alive and well more than 80 years ago! Here are extracts from an article by Rob Spoor.

Art (and History) on Trial: Historic Murals of Rincon Center, by Rob Spoor

On the first day of May 1953, the House Committee on Public Works launched debate on a motion to destroy of one of the largest and most expensive works of art ever commissioned by the federal government. According to Rep. Hubert Scudder (R-Sebastopol), murals by the artist Anton Refregier in the lobby of Rincon Annex, the main downtown post office in San Francisco, slandered California pioneers and pushed Communist propaganda upon unwitting postal customers. Nearly 30 years later, plans were announced to raze the outdated post office and replace it with a huge mixed-use development called Rincon Center, stretching from Mission Street to Howard Street. Faced with the loss of the Refregier murals, local citizens howled. Their outcry led the developer to save the murals and incorporate them into the new project.

How could the same murals provoke such different reactions? The initial frenzy had to do with both Cold War politics and an exaggerated reverence for the Yankee pioneers who settled California. To venerate the latter, many artworks were commissioned or considered over the years, including Pioneer Monument (built 1894, Civic Center), Pioneer Park (top of Telegraph Hill, given to the city in 1876), a Daniel Burnham monument atop Telegraph Hill (proposed in 1905), a Tower of the Pioneers at Land's End (proposed in 1915), and two Native Sons monuments (downtown and Golden Gate Park). The excesses of the era from the Gold Rush through the Gilded Age were largely overlooked in favor of the heroism, generosity, and endurance of the early settlers. As that era faded further into the past, along with its most ardent boosters, a more realistic and, perhaps, cynical view developed. Anton Refregier was among many artists who adopted the more realistic view of California's distinctive history.

To those in an America still traumatized by decades of depression, labor unrest, the Second World War, and the spread of Communism, the post office murals represented nothing less than an attack on the American Dream. It certainly didn't help matters when George Biddle (a painter and Harvard classmate of FDR who proposed the WPA Federal Art Project in 1933 to provide relief for American artists) once remarked, "The most serious threat to the success of the Project is the high emotional level and the low mental caliber of our Congressmen."

Throughout 1947-1948, Refregier alternately pushed ahead with new murals while altering the controversial ones. During this time, he reported that gangs of hoodlums began to mill about his scaffolding, and he no longer worked after sunset in fear of his safety. Even as the small controversies were addressed, critics began to see a larger and more insidious plot on the part of Refregier. The plot? Excessive use of RED PAINT! Cited as the prime example was the "Four Freedoms" panel: a boy is reading a RED BOOK! The father is wearing a RED TIE! The four freedoms are displayed in RED PAINT! Propaganda! Subversion! Infiltration! Critics saw a general left-wing slant, the promotion of class warfare, and "communistic propaganda," which led to the 1953 debate on Capitol Hill.

Rep. Richard Nixon (R-CA), Rep. Donald L. Jackson (R-CA), the American Legion of California, the Hearst newspapers, and an assortment of individuals and organizations presented testimony in person or in writing. The attack on the murals ran from morning until early afternoon. Five weeks after the hearing, the California Senate urged Congress to destroy the murals.

It never happened: the motion died with no further action. The murals were safe. Thanks to the efforts of concerned San Franciscans beginning in 1979, the Historic Murals of Rincon Center, along with the entire "Art Deco Moderne" post office lobby, were cleaned and restored as the entryway to the new retail, commercial, and residential complex.

In U.S. post offices alone, approximately 1,400 murals were painted, but nearly 200 are missing—vanished without a trace—possibly during renovations that took place before the importance and significance of the art was appreciated. Efforts are underway to either find the murals or learn their fate.

http://www.sfcityguides.org/public_guidelines.html?article=197&submitted=TRUE&srch_text=&submitted2=TRUE&topic=

[\[Return to: Rincon p. 75\]](#)

Bay Area Underwater Explorers (BAUE)

For more than 2 decades, we were the only persons who had dived on Cordell Bank. Then around 2005 activity picked up: a new organization appeared, called the Bay Area Underwater Explorers (BAUE), who are extremely technically competent and highly motivated. Their digital cameras captured images of quality that far exceeded ours (which were done mostly on slide film). Here is some basic information about that group, taken from their website.

The BAUE is a non-profit organization dedicated to the exploration and conservation of our planet's underwater regions. Most of our activities take place in Northern California. To achieve our goals, we apply the philosophy, standards, and procedures of diving originated by George Irvine and Jarrod Jablonski, and taught through Global Underwater Explorers (GUE).

Global Underwater Explorers emerged out of a shared desire to safely explore and protect the underwater world and to improve the quality of education and research in all things aquatic. In line with the original vision of its founding members, GUE is committed to:

- ✓ Developing safe, skilled, and knowledgeable divers
- ✓ Undertaking and promoting underwater research
- ✓ Pursuing global underwater exploration
- ✓ Safeguarding the integrity of the underwater world
- ✓ Provide the public with a comprehensive resource on all things aquatic.

Working to redefine the ties binding the average underwater enthusiast to underwater explorers, conservationists, and scientific researchers, GUE is committed to the overall goal of promoting the interests of the underwater world and of those who seek to engage it.

[\[https://www.baue.org/\]](https://www.baue.org/)

[\[https://www.gue.com/\]](https://www.gue.com/)

[\[Return to: BAUE p. 91\]](#)

Daruma san

Harry's selection of the name Daruma san for his film production company was a natural adjunct to his interest in martial arts, which itself entrained Japanese culture. Here is some background on the meaning of Daruma san. I doubt that Harry took much of this seriously, because he wasn't into silly fantasies—he was a practical realist who did things because they were interesting and because they might result in something.

Daruma san or the Bath Game is a ritual originating from Japan. It involves summoning a ghost which will most likely follow you all day long to try and catch you. In order to summon said ghost, go to your bathroom before bedtime, strip yourself naked, fill the tub with water, and turn off the lights. Climb inside the tub and position yourself in front of the faucet. Close your eyes and begin washing your hair while chanting the words "Daruma-san fell down" over and over.

You will see a mental image of a Japanese woman standing in front of a bathtub before she falls on a rusty tap which impales her through the eye. Continue the chant until you finish washing your hair. Once you feel a presence near you, ask out loud "Why did you fall in the bathtub?" Don't wait for an answer. With your eyes kept shut, carefully stand up, get a towel, exit the bathroom, and close the door behind you. Leave the bath water overnight and get some sleep; the real game will begin the next day.

You'll be feeling a presence constantly following you. Do not allow her to catch you by putting some distance between you and her. In order to capture her, gaze over your right shoulder and shout "Kitta!" while doing a karate chopping motion with your hand. If you don't do this properly, or if you fail to catch her before midnight, expect her to follow you into your dreams.

[\[Return to: Daruma san p. 116\]](#)

The Daruma doll

When Harry made up his logo, he had a lot to choose from. While these dolls may all look alike to a quick glance, there is seemingly an unlimited range of variation in these dolls.



The Daruma doll, also known as a Dharma doll, is a hollow, round, Japanese traditional doll modeled after Bodhidharma, the founder of the Zen sect of Buddhism. These dolls, though typically red and depicting a bearded man (Dharma), vary greatly in color and design depending on region and artist. Though considered a toy by some, Daruma has a design that is rich in symbolism and is regarded more as a talisman of good luck to the Japanese. Daruma dolls are seen as a symbol of perseverance and good luck, making them a popular gift of encouragement.

When purchased, the figure's eyes are both blank white. A user will then select a goal or wish and paint in one of the figure's two eyes. Once the desired goal is achieved, the second eye is filled in.

Darumas are still usually made of papier-mâché, have a round shape, are hollow and weighted at the bottom so that they will always Return to: an upright position when tilted over. In Japanese, a roly-poly toy is called okiagari, meaning to get up (oki) and arise (agari). This characteristic has come to symbolize the ability to have success, overcome adversity, and recover from misfortune. Often it is translated to mean "seven times down, eight times up".

Daruma's facial hair is a symbolic representation of the animals well known in Asian culture to embody longevity: the crane and the tortoise. The eyebrows are in the shape of a crane, while the cheek hair resembles the shell of the tortoise. A Japanese-based website states that originally, there was a snake or dragon depicted across the moustache and cheeks, but was changed to tortoise to emphasize the desire for longevity. In this way, Daruma was designed to match the Japanese proverb "The crane lives 1000 years, the tortoise 10,000 years".

[\[Return to: Daruma doll p. 116\]](#)

Art

Paper mâché clay: This is a relatively recent development for a material that can be conformed to an arbitrary shape and dried to form lightweight, but strong, sculptures. Jonni Good is one of the leading exponents of this material. Her recipe is the following:

- Cheap Toilet Paper
- 1 cup Drywall Joint compound
- 3/4 cup Elmer's Glue
- 1/2 cup White Flour
- 2 tablespoons Mineral Oil or Linseed Oil.

The clay can be modeled into fairly fine details. Using the clay for modeling feels much more intuitive than creating sculptures with paper strips and paste, and once the clay is dry it is a pleasure to paint.

[\[https://www.ultimatepapermache.com/paper-mache-clay\]](https://www.ultimatepapermache.com/paper-mache-clay)

[\[Return to: Art p. 120\]](#)

Yugo

While the Yugo was considered ridiculous in the U.S., apparently it was appropriate and moderately successful elsewhere. Here is some sense of the comedy surrounding this car [Wikipedia]:

In 1986, Noce Cadillac in Pennsylvania made the following offer: "Buy a Cadillac and receive a Yugo free. Alternatively, take the equivalent value in a discount." Out of 22 buyers, not a single person took home a Yugo.

In a 2011 book (*The Yugo: The Rise and Fall of the Worst Car in History*), author Jason Vuic described the Yugo as "the ultimate automotive failure. Poorly engineered, ugly, and cheap, it survived much longer as a punch line for comedians than it did as a vehicle on the roads."

In a 1995 article in the Washington Post, author David Von Drehle give an extended understanding of the Yugo. Here it are a few excerpts:

Somewhere in the Archive of Lousy Ideas, along with Stalinism and McRibbs, is the Yugo. It was a car -- in a manner of speaking -- that appeared to be based on a crayon drawing from someone's refrigerator door. Crude, flimsy and uncomfortable, the Yugo was pitched as a sensible, affordable approach to transportation, and was introduced to the American market just as the Gilded '80s reached their peak. The Edsel was a smash-hit compared with the Yugo. By the early '90s Yugo was bust.

Kevin O'Callaghan decided to buy a bunch of them. "Yugos Wanted: Dead or Alive," said his classified ad, and he was inundated with calls.

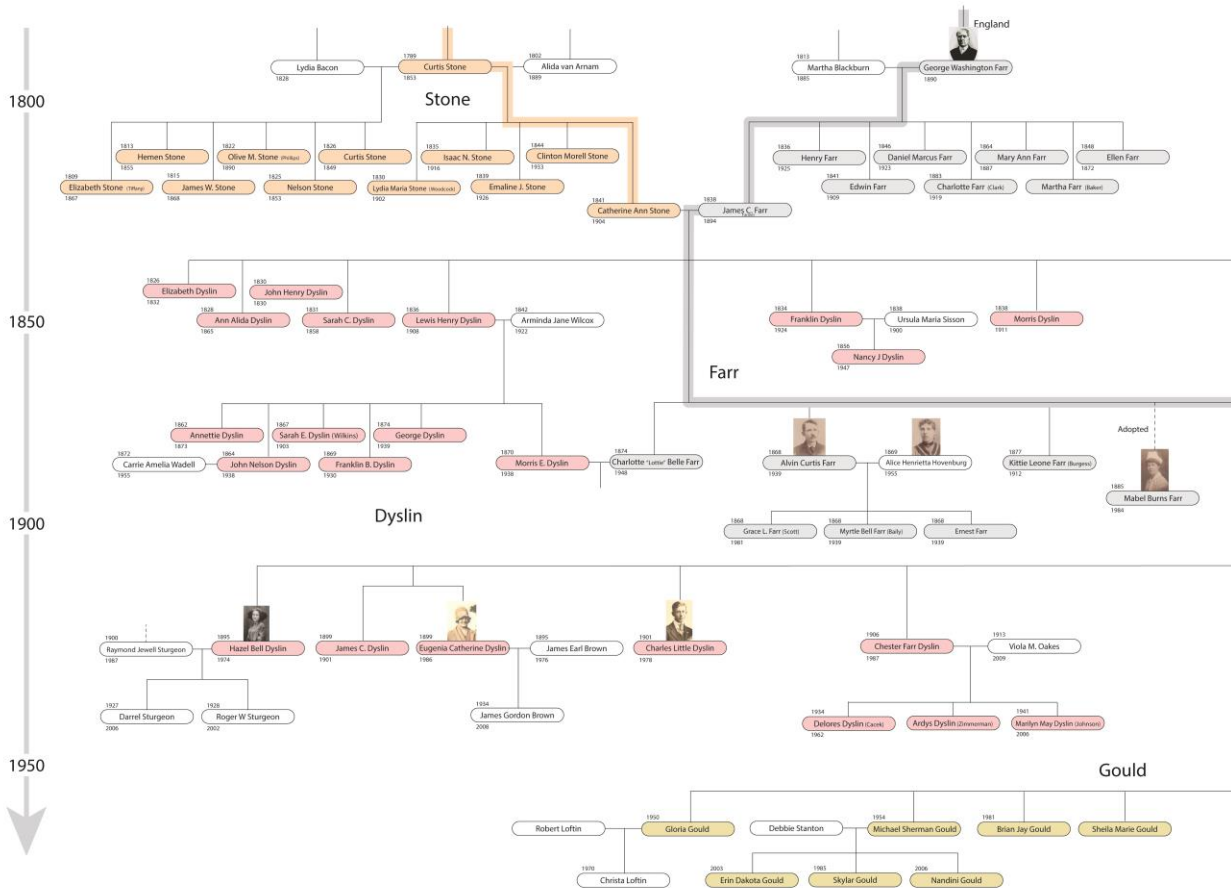
O'Callaghan is a professor of three-dimensional design at New York's School of Visual Arts. He invited his current and former students to propose new uses for old Yugos. Twenty-eight of his protégés delivered, covering their costs entirely themselves. Former Yugos from the former Yugoslavia fill the concourses and corridors of a train station in a variety of hilarious guises: slot machine, fireplace, porta-potty, shower stall, piano, mailbox, confessional, cigarette lighter, arcade game and so on.



[["Squeezing Lemons to Make Art," David Von Drehle, Washington Post 16 Jul 1995](#)]

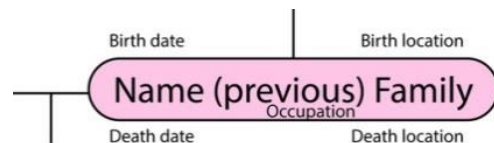
[[Return to: Yugo p. 136](#)]

Appendix 2 - GENEALOGY



Here is the genealogical chart shown in Chapter 01, printed at larger scale. By far the vast majority of this chart was elaborated from online sources, principally by searching for graves and through Ancestry.com. There are 118 persons on this chart, although I confess that there is considerable arbitrariness in such a chart, so the total number is not very meaningful.

Entries in this chart have the following key information. I have colored the various family members and their principal connections to distinguish the main families, which are Stone, Farr, Dyslin, Cronk, Sherman, and Gould.

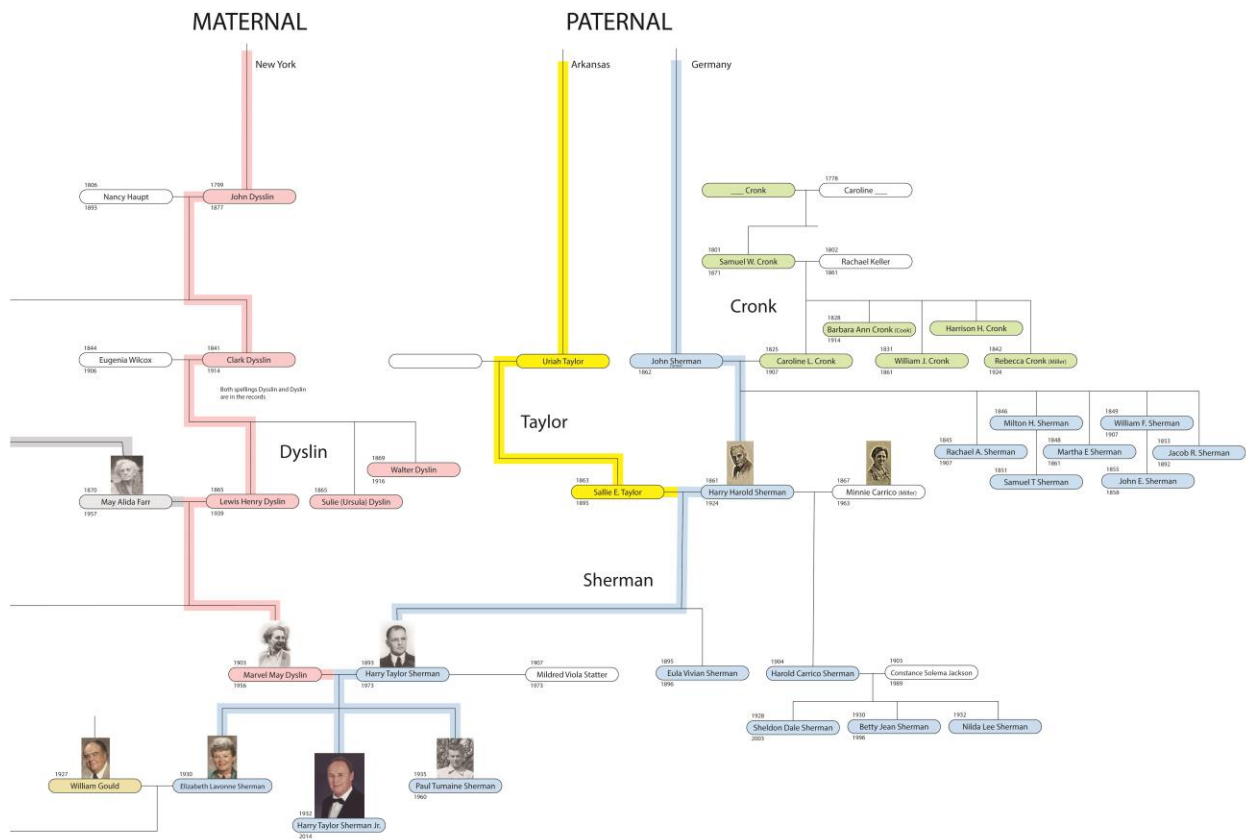


I was motivated by more than chart geometry; I hoped that I would discover some interesting people in Harry's past. Alas, almost everyone seems to have been a responsible, wholesome, family person. Although of course originally they all came from Europeans, they were thoroughly Americans. Most of them worked with their hands rather than their head. Perhaps the only intellectual was Dr. H. H. Sherman, who was a dentist and later retrained to be an osteopath.

In the process of constructing this chart, I learned a number of lessons:

1. There are many errors and inconsistencies in the online records. Therefore, I advise you to be very careful in using any particular details in these charts—many are single source, and even those with multiple sources often have inconsistencies that I could not resolve.

Note: This chart is simplified. The full version is available online at www.cordell.org/HTS



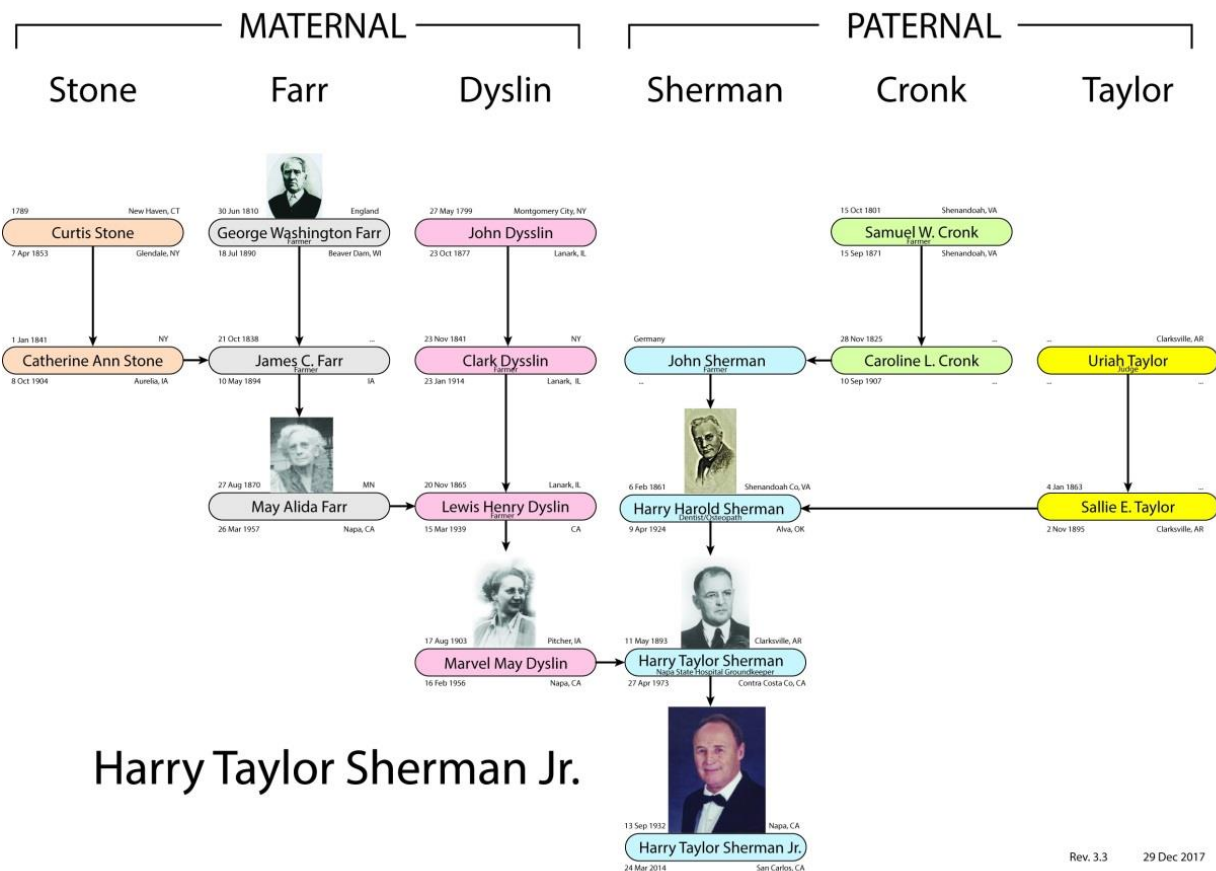
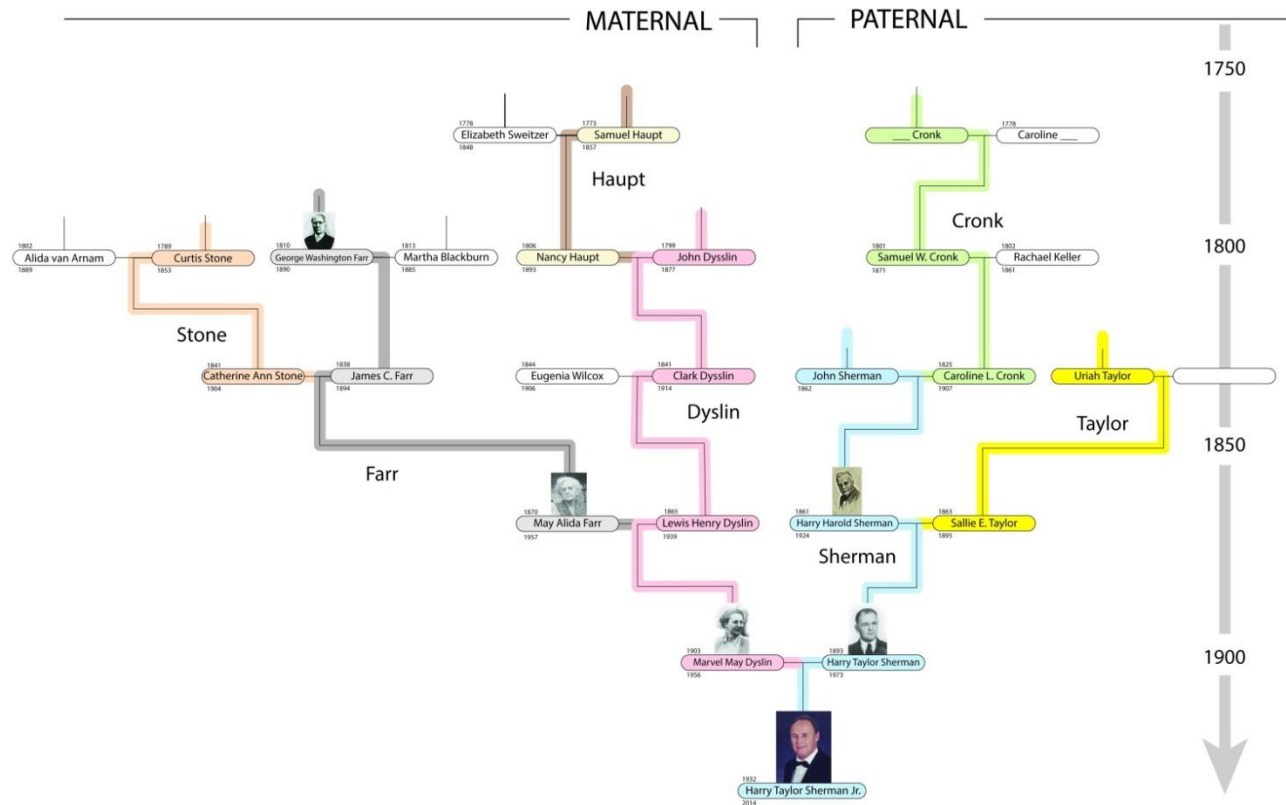
Harry Taylor Sherman Jr.

2. It is absolutely necessary to consult multiple sources to get reliable data.
3. I abandoned the task of keeping a record of every source. The reason is that I don't think this book merits such rigor—I doubt that you will be looking up such sources.
4. For any particular name, e.g., Eugenia J. Wilcox, generally there are numerous people in the records with the same name. I was surprised at how often I would find two (or more) persons with the same name, birth year, and location. Very confusing!
5. The weakest parts of this chart are: (1) Hazel Bell Dyslin (1895-1974); (2) the accuracy of the two spellings Dysslin and Dyslin; (3) the almost complete absence of information about the Taylor Family.

The following two charts are reductions that include only those people on direct ancestral lines to HTS Jr.

The first chart reaches back five generations, expanding backwards from HTS Jr. according to the normal power-of-2 rule (2, 4, 8, ...) until we run out of names of the ancestors. If we had records back 20 generations the list would include more than a million ancestors. In this chart I included the Haupt family name, because that line includes numerous persons, but they are only weakly related to HTS Jr. (cf., unabridged chart online).

The second chart is arranged to show the flow of family names as they are passed from a woman's family to a new husband's family. The discussions on pp. 3, 4, and 168 are useful here.



Appendix 3 - CHRONOLOGY

DAY	MO.	YEAR	EVENT	PERSON	LOCATION
11	May	1893	Father born	Harry Taylor Sherman Sr.	Arkansas
17	Aug	1903	Mother born	Marvel May Dyslin	Iowa
4	Jan	1929	Marriage	Father and mother	Napa
		1930	Sister born	Elizabeth Lavonne Sherman	Napa
9	Dec	1931	HTS conceived	Father HTS Sr. 38y6m29d	Mother Marvel May Sherman 28y3m23d
13	Sep	1932	HTS born	Harry Taylor Sherman Jr.	Napa
		1933	Baby checkup		
		1933	"Most Beautiful Baby" Napa County Fair		
2	Nov	1935	Brother born	Paul Tumaine Sherman	Napa
		1935	Family pictures in album		
		1936	Family pictures in album		
		1937	Address		921 Seymour Napa
		1938	Address		406 Randolph Napa
		1939	Address		406 Randolph Napa
		1940	1940 census	HTS Sr. family (5)	85 Wilkins Ave Napa
		1940	1941 census	Chester Dyslin family: Oakes (wife), Delores (daughter), Ardys (daughter)	86 Wilkins Ave Napa
		1942	New address		2158 Wilkins Ave Napa
		1945	Member of scout troop 4	HTS	Napa
		1946	Member of scout troop 4	HTS	Napa
		1947	Member of scout troop 4	HTS	Napa
		1947	Campout (scouts?)	HTS	Napa
	Aug	1947	Freshman Napa HS	HTS	Napa
	Aug	1947	Bill Gould enrolled in Napa Jr College, met Lavonne Sherman		Napa
		1948	Member of scout troop 4	HTS on crutches	Napa
		1948	10th Grade class PIC	HTS on crutches	Napa
	Dec	1948	Marriage	Lavonne and William Gould	
11	Jun	1949	Baccalaureate	HTS	Napa Junior College
16	Jun	1950	Graduation Napa Jr College	HTS	Napa
5	Aug	1951	Sea Scouts newspaper article	HTS	Napa
			Napa State Hospital	HTS worked for NSH 4 yrs	Napa
23	Nov	1953	Drummer in band	HTS	
			Napa Jr. College	Ca 1955 grad, moved to SF	Napa
5	Apr	1955	SF State College Glee Club	HTS Baritone	SF
13	Dec	1955	SF State College Glee Club	HTS 1st Bass	SF
23	Jan	1955	Napa Symphonette	HTS Percussion	Napa
17	Jun	1955	Graduation Napa Valley College	HTS Memorial Stadium	Napa
		1956	BofA	Worked part-time while at SFS	SF
16	Feb	1956	Mother died	Marvel May Sherman	Buried in Napa
	Apr	1956	Marriage	HTS and Rosalind Louise Garcia	"Rose"
23	May	1956	SF State College Choir	HTS General chorus	SF
22	Apr	1958	SF State College Choir	HTS Baritone	SF
		1958	Graduation(?)	HTS	Napa College
19-26	Aug	1958	Hike on John Muir Trail	HTS, Don	Yosemite
	Sep	1958	Divorce	HTS and Rosalind	

21	Apr	1959	SFState College Choir	HTS	
6	Dec	1959	Robbery; Arrested 1 hr later Vallejo	Paul Tumaine Sherman	Napa Valley Inn
10	Dec	1959	Arraignment	Paul Tumaine Sherman	
31	Jan	1960	Brother Paul shot in jail escape attempt; buried in Napa	Paul Tumaine Sherman	Napa County Jail
12	Jan	1961	Letter hiring HTS Special Police Officer	HTS Star #7073 SF Police Dept.	
		1962	Resident Napa	HTS Sr	Napa City Directory
		1963	Resident Napa	HTS Sr	Napa City Directory
		1965	Father remarriage	Mildred Viola Statter	
		1965	Resident Napa	HTS Sr. and Mildred	Napa City Directory
		1966	Resident Napa	HTS Sr. and Mildred	Napa City Directory
		1967	Resident Napa	HTS Sr. and Mildred	Napa City Directory
		1967	Meeting in SF 4th St.	HTS Jr and Rose	Brief meeting
		1968	Resident Napa	HTS Sr. and Mildred	Napa City Directory
26	May	1968	C-card, NAUI	HTS	Bamboo Reef
		1969	Resident Napa	HTS Sr. and Mildred	Napa City Directory
27	June	1969	Underwater Safety cert.	HTS	Bamboo Reef
		1969	Bolex Film Contest	HTS	Certificate
		1970	Resident Napa	HTS Sr. and Mildred	Napa City Directory
18	Feb	1971	Aviator Diploma	HTS	First solo flight
		1972	Trip to Washington DC		With Jackie and Art Buckley
27	Apr	1973	Father died	HTS Sr.	Buried in Vallejo
		1973	Step-mother died	Mildred Viola (Statter) Sherman	
		1974	CDL #1417321 exp. 9/13/74	5'7" 160 lbs	Addr. 1819 Market St, SF
19-20	Jul	1975	Scuba Rescue Seminar	HTS	Tiburon San Mateo
		1975	Diving Bahamas	HTS	Schooner Phantom
		1976	Diving Baja		Boat 10 days
		1976	Diving Cayman Islands		
14	May	1977	Underwater Film Festival	HTS	
19	Nov	1977	Cencal UW photo contest	HTS Certificate (Honorable Mention)	"Bits and Pieces of Monterey Bay"
21	May	1978	Cert. of Training, National Camera	HTS Workshop on Super-8 sound Systems	
1	Sep	1978	Cert. of Training, National Camera	HTS Technical Training Seminar	
		1978	CDL #1417321 exp. 9/13/78	5'7" 160 lbs	PO Box 2682 S. SF 94080
20	Jul	1979	Diploma, Photo Equipment Technology	HTS	Extension School
14	Sep	1980	First CB dive		
10	Oct	1980	Second CB dive		
5	Nov	1980	Publication of book "A Primer for Northern California Waters"	HTS	
		1982	Award, UPS 1st place	Movie "La Paz B.C. Sea of Cortez"	Rcvd Euming Nautica movie camera
	Jan	1983	Newspaper article re "Primer"	SF Postmark (newspaper)	
		1983	Diving Kona	HTS	
		1983	Award, UPS 3rd place	Movie "Cay Man"	
5	July	1983	Award Recommendation /Authorization USPS	HTS "Special Achievement Award" for videotapes	
12	Aug	1983	USPS Special Achievement Award	HTS "Notable performance"	
30	Jun	1985	Letter RWS to HTS re Film festival 2 nd place	HTS	
16-18	May	1986	Archaeological asst. class	HTS	Chicago
		1987	Wedding of Brian Gould	HTS and Bill Gould's family	
29	Aug	1994	USPS Recom. for Special Achievement Award	HTS Job: Transfer Clerk	Award: \$200 (less deductions)
1	Oct	1994	Line Dancing	HTS	
30	Sep	1995	USPS Special Achievement Award	HTS	
1	July	1996	USPS Certificate of Recognition	HTS	

22	Sep	1997	USPS Special Achievement Award	HTS	
17	Nov	1997	USPS Certificate of Award	HTS 5 accident-free Years	
6	Jun	1998	USPS Service Award Pin	HTS	
		1998	Attendee Oshkosh	HTS with John Swanson, Fred Mangold	
17	Dec	1999	Oldies Dance "Harry's Boom-box"	"Daruma-San Production Present"	San Carlos
12	Aug	2000	Certificate	HTS Napa Junior College "50 Intervening Years"	
		2003	CDL #1417321 exp. 9/13/83	5'7" 165 lbs. Rstr. corr. Lens	PO Box 264 San Carlos, CA 94070
		2004	Pacemaker	HTS	
20	Jul	2005	A.T.A.M.A. martial arts camp	HTS Certificate, "Master Professor 8th Dan"	American Teachers Assoc. of the Martial Arts
27	Jul	2007	Ham License KI6LDY	HTS	Technician class Expire 27 Jul 2017
		2007	South County Amateur Radio Emergency Service	HTS	730 Barron Ave #35 Redwood City, CA 94063
		2007	Both knees replaced	HTS	
		2007	75th Birthday	HTS	Party by Kruse
23	Jul	2009	Oral History	Dewey Livingston	
4	Oct	2009	Reunion CBNMS		Pt Reyes Station
		2013	CDL #1417321 exp. 9/13/13	5'7" 165 lbs. Rstr. corr. Lens	PO Box 264 San Carlos, CA 94070
14	Mar	2014	Ballroom dancing		
24	Mar	2014	Death	HTS	
27	Apr	2014	Celebration of Life	Friends, relatives	San Mateo
21	Jun	2014	Last Voyage	Friends, relatives	Cordell Explorer

Appendix 4 - OBITUARIES

SF Chronicle

Harry Taylor Sherman, Jr. passed away at his home in Redwood City on Monday, March 24, 2014, at the age of 81.

Harry was born in Napa, California, September 13, 1932, the son of Harry Taylor Sherman and Marvel May Dyslin. His paternal ancestors included Judge Uriah Taylor of Illinois, and Dr. Harry H. Sherman of Virginia, while his maternal ancestors trace several generations back to John Dyslin of New York.

After finishing college in Napa in 1950, he moved to San Francisco to attend S.F. State University, where he was active in the Choral group and obtained his B.A. degree. He worked for the U. S. Post Office in San Bruno for 35 yrs.

Harry was an 8th degree black belt in Jujitsu and a scuba diver. He was an original member of Cordell Expeditions, a nonprofit group that did the research leading to the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary. He has numerous hobbies, including sculpture, art, line dancing, and law

Napa Valley Register

Harry Taylor Sherman, Jr. passed away at his home in Redwood City on Monday, March 24, 2014. He was 81.

Harry was born in Napa, California, September 13, 1932, the son of Harry Taylor Sherman and Marvel May Dyslin. His paternal ancestors included Judge Uriah Taylor of Illinois, and Dr. Harry H. Sherman of Virginia, while his maternal ancestors trace several generations back to John Dyslin of New York.

As a youngster growing up in Napa, his life was inextricably involved with the Napa State Hospital, where his family and all the neighbors were employed. Harry went through the local school system, including Napa High School, Napa Jr. College, and Napa College. During this period he was a member of Boy Scout Troup 4, and later the Sea Scouts.

After graduation (in 1950), he moved to San Francisco to attend S.F. State University, majoring in sociology and being active in the Choral group. After obtaining his B.A. degree, he held a variety of jobs, but finally went to work for the U. S. Post Office, where he spent 35 yrs. before retiring.

In the 1960s, Harry developed an interest in the martial arts, eventually rising to an 8th degree black belt in Jujitsu. He also took up scuba diving, and became a core member of Cordell Expeditions, a nonprofit research diving group in the Bay Area. Over nearly 10 years, Harry participated in the diving exploration of Cordell Bank, which culminated in the designation of the Cordell Bank National Marine

sanctuary. He was fondly known for his independent spirit and sometimes seemingly quirky behavior.

Harry was preceded in death by his mother (in 1956), his younger brother Paul Tumaine Sherman (in 1960), and his father (in 1973). He is survived by his sister Elizabeth Lavonne (Sherman) Gould of Oriental, NC. Although he was briefly married in 1956, he had no children.

A Celebration of Life service will be held in the garden at the San Mateo Garden Center, 605 Parkside Way, San Mateo, Sunday, April 27, 2014, at 2:00 PM. Food and drinks will be provided. For information, please contact his long-time dancing friend and executor John Swanson, at (650) 349-2693.

On June 21, friends will take Harry's ashes out past the Golden Gate to be spread upon the Pacific Ocean as he wished. His long-time friend and expedition leader Dr. Robert Schmieder of Walnut Creek is writing a full-length biography of Harry. For more information, please contact Bob at (925) 934-3735.

sanctuary. He also participated in numerous other expeditions, mainly as an underwater photographer.

In the 1990s, Harry developed a variety of new interests, including plywood and paper sculpture, line and belly dancing, and working with various law enforcement agencies. His various activities earned him a loving reputation of being a bit "quirky." In reality, Harry was just doing what he found interesting and motivating, and probably found considerable satisfaction in doing his own thing, regardless of what others might have thought. In fact, his friends admired and loved his delight in being a bit of a character.

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QuickSteppers Straight Shooter

The Straight Shooter MAY-JUNE 2014 Page 4

Newsletter of the Quicksteppers

IN MEMORIUM: Harry Taylor Sherman, Jr. Harry Taylor Sherman, Jr. passed away at his home in Redwood City on Monday March 24, 2014, at the age of 81.

Harry was born in Napa, and as a youngster his life was inextricably involved with the Napa State Hospital, where his family and all the neighbors were employed. Harry went through the local school system, including Napa High School, Napa Jr. College, and Napa College; during this period he was a member of Boy Scout Troop 4 and later the Sea Scouts. After graduation (in 1950), he moved to San Francisco to attend S.F. State University, majoring in sociology and being active in the Choral group. After obtaining his B. A. degree, he held a variety of jobs, but finally went to work for the U. S. Postal Service, where he spent 35 years before retiring.

In the 1960s Harry developed an interest in the martial arts, eventually rising to an 8th degree black belt in Jujitsu. He also took up scuba diving, and became a core member of Cordell Expeditions, a non-profit research diving group in the Bay Area. Over nearly 10 years Harry participated in the diving exploration of the Cordell Bank, which culminated in the designation of the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary. He also participated in numerous other expeditions, mainly as an under-water photographer. Harry even had his Pilot's License.

In the 1990s, Harry took up a variety of new interests, including plywood and paper sculpture, line and belly dancing, and working with various law enforcement agencies. His various activities earned a loving reputation of being a bit "quirky." In reality, Harry was just doing what he found interesting, and probably found considerable satisfaction in doing his own thing, regardless of what others might have thought. In fact, his friends admired and loved his delight in being a bit of a character.

Line Dancing:

Harry started line dancing in the very early 90s, taking lessons from Mike and Norene Gural, and was a member of Country Quicksteppers for approximately 20 years. In fact, Harry served on the board of CQS several times. In

1995, Mike & Norene Gural organized a cruise through the Panama canal: approximately 160 line dancers were part of the cruise, the majority of whom attended their classes and were members of Country Quicksteppers. After the cruise, a group of women decided it would be fun to form a line dance team.. After a few hiccups, Cactus Flowers was born, a competitive team made up of 8 women. They needed a "Music Man." so Harry was asked and he accepted. The team consisted of LaVerne Young (choreographer /leader), Anni Wunderlich (costume designer), LaVonne, Nina, Sandy, Pat, Julie, Jeanie, and Ana Burton for their first competition. Later on, when Pat Sheldon left, Darlene Bevin joined the team. Harry traveled to all the competitions with the girls...Fresno, Sacramento, Silver State Country Dance Festival, Reno, Pismo Beach Western Days, Golden Gate Classic, etc. Harry attended all the meetings, practices (of which there were many), performances, and demonstrations. Harry was very proud of his girls, especially when they came home with a trophy. In 1997 Cactus Flowers were part of "Team Madness" in Reno, where they won hands down with a performance created by Harry. Harry came up with a story about the Wandering Penguins (yes, they were dressed as penguins), he put country music to it, did the narration, and the audience loved it. Cactus Flowers competition routines were 8 to 12 minutes in length, which required the splicing of 4 to 6 songs together, and then making the CD. Harry did all of this, as well as video-taping competitions, performances and practices...he was an integral part of the team, and he enjoyed every minute of it.

Harry was an enigma, an honest, gentle soul, whose favorite candy was Divinity.

Should you wish more information, speak to John Swanson, longtime friend and executor. On June 21, friends will take Harry's ashes out past the Golden Gate to be spread upon the Pacific Ocean as he wished. His longtime friend and expedition leader Dr. Robert Schmieder of Walnut Creek is writing a full-length biography of Harry. For more information, please contact Bob at (925) 934-3735.

Harry gets the last word

And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain

I've lived a life that's full
I've traveled each and every highway
But more, much more than this
I did it my way

Regrets, I've had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption

To think I did all that
And may I say - not in a shy way
Oh no, oh no, not me
I did it my way

["My Way," Lyrics Paul Anka, abridged]



Harry at home



I did it my way, dammit!



Harry Taylor Sherman, Jr.



13 September 1932 – 24 March 2014

Harry

The true account of Harry Taylor Sherman Jr.,
a regular kid from the Napa Valley who became a genuine eccentric
beloved by his friends and respected by his peers

Robert W. Schmieder
and Harry's Friends



The author was Harry's good friend for 25 years. He is a physicist by profession and an explorer by choice. He is the inventor of laser spark spectroscopy, radioisotope tracers in combustion, and NanoLogic. He is the Founder, Director, and Expedition Leader of Cordell Expeditions, a nonprofit oceanic research group responsible for the Cordell Bank National Marine Sanctuary. He has authored ten books and is honored by four named species and a seamount in the Eastern Pacific. Born and raised in Phoenix, AZ, he has lived in Walnut Creek, CA, since 1968.