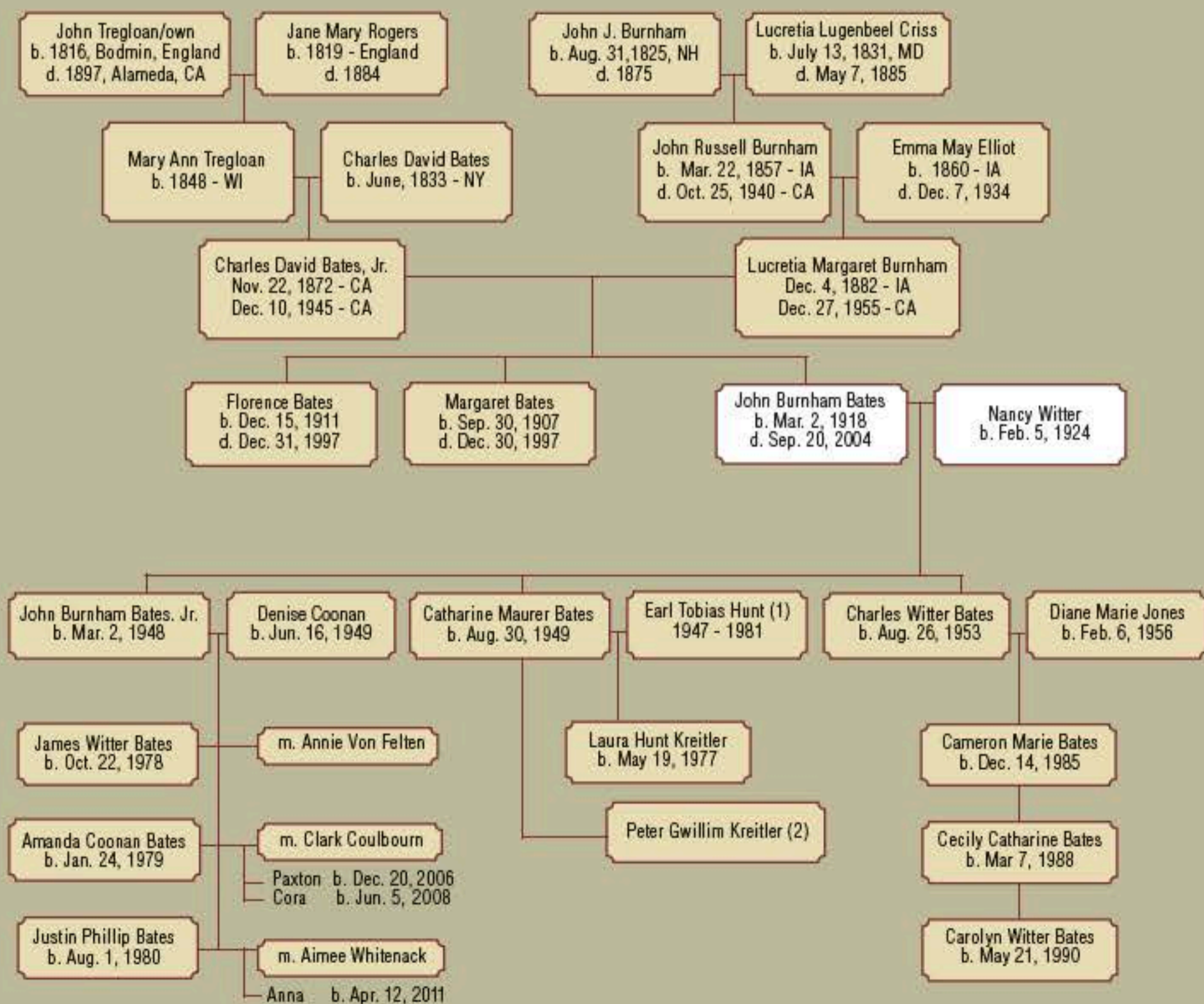




BATES FAMILY TREE



APPENDIX A



JOHN BURNHAM BATES

Childhood & Family History

Text from Jack Bates's oral history used by kind permission of
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Oral history transcript / John Burnham Bates

BANC MSS 98/117



Baby Jack, held by his grandfather John Russell Burnham, is admired by his grandmothers Emma Burnham (right) and Mary Ann Bates (left). His parents, Lucretia and Charles, sit on the top and bottom steps with his sisters Florence (age seven) and Margaret (age 10).

BEGINNINGS

The following passages are from Jack Bates's oral history, conducted in 1987.

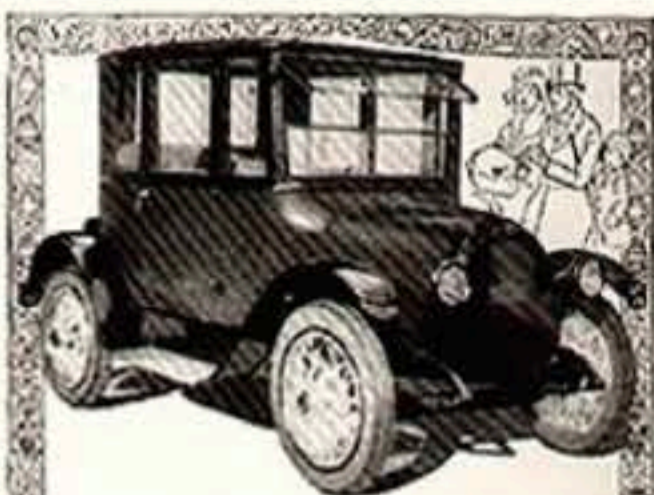
I was born on March 2, 1918, at the old Fabiola Hospital in Oakland. I came along late in the family. I have two sisters; one of them is seven years older than I am, and the other one is ten years older than I am. I think my family had given up on having or wanting any more children; then I was the unexpected result of a weekend outing in Glen Ellen.

My father's parents arrived in San Francisco at about the time of the Gold Rush. My father's father was a general contractor in Oakland. He died at a rather early age. My father had to go in and take over the business and was unable to take the time to go to the University of California, where he very much wanted to go to college. But he had four sisters, and he had to get to work to support his

Charlie Bates bought Lucretia a secondhand electric car when she was four months pregnant. Here, the family returns from Fabiola Hospital with newborn son "Johnnie."



Lucretia noted in Johnnie's baby book, "When we came home from the hospital, Pops had a gramophone record playing the song 'When Johnnie comes marching home' as we opened the door. The war was over and all the armed forces were coming home, and that was the song everyone was singing and playing."



**AN EVEN FINER
DETROIT ELECTRIC**

This year's model is a worthy successor to the long line of cars which have maintained Detroit Electric dominance. A perfect harmony of line—graceful, distinctive, yet dignified; an exceptional riding comfort; an artistic selection in upholstery and interior fittings which combines beauty, luxury, and comfort.

Already those who have seen this new model are acclaiming it the finest car of any type yet produced for city and suburban use. You, too, will be delighted with it.



This new Detroit Electric is on exhibition in the showrooms of leading distributors the country over. See it and enjoy a thorough test of its riding qualities.

The Electric Was the Pioneer Enclosed Car—and it is Still the Best

**DETROIT ELECTRIC CAR
COMPANY**
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Production of the electric automobile, powered by a rechargeable lead acid battery, began in 1907. The cars were advertised as reliably getting 80 miles between battery charges. Top speed was only about 20 miles per hour, but this was considered adequate for driving within town limits at the time.

Electric cars were mainly sold to women drivers and physicians, who desired the dependable and immediate start without the hand cranking of the engine that was required with early internal combustion engine autos.

— Courtesy of Wikipedia



Jack's sisters, Flo (left) and Margaret, in front of the electric car. Note the glass lamp on the side of the car.

From the baby book Lucretia kept for Jack.

BABY'S FIRST
OUTING



On Wednesday, March 20, John Burnham was 18 days old when he had his first outing. Mother drove her electric and took Miss Madson [the nurse] and John, Florence, and Margaret. We went and called on both grandmothers and then went downtown.

During the summer during July and August, we took Johnnie to Los Gatos on Sundays to be with Grandma and Grandpa Burnham and Margaret and Florence. On November 7 he went on his first picnic, having lunch in Niles Canyon.

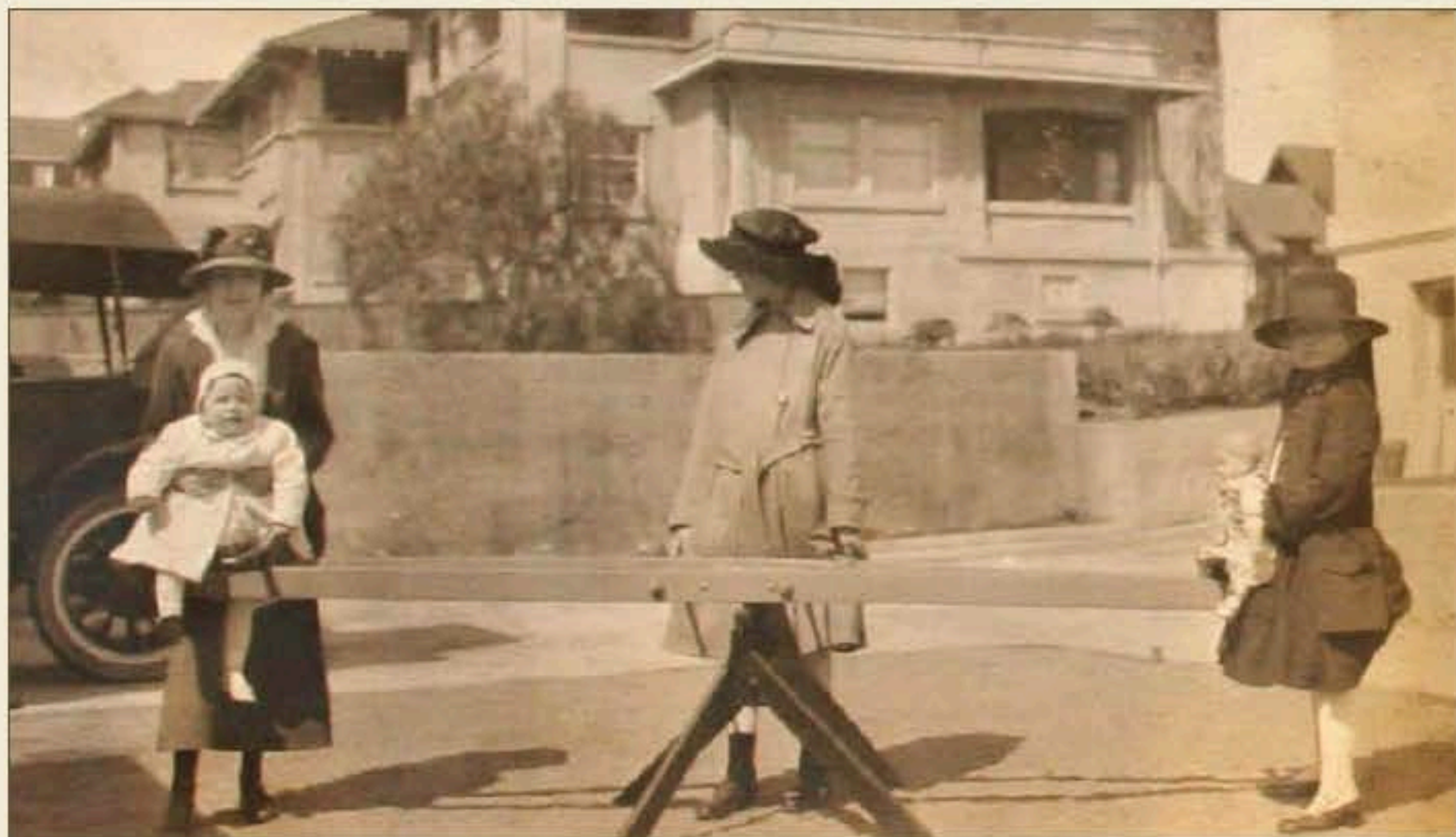
The Spanish influenza was an epidemic at the time. I nursed Johnnie for nine months until I got the influenza. We got Miss Madson in to put him on bottles, and he didn't get the "flu," as it is called.



Jack with his mother and sister.



Jack with a nanny.



HAPPY TIMES IN THE BATES FAMILY IN THE 1920s.

*Above, Lucretia holds Jack, Margaret is in the middle and Flo is at right.
Below, Jack loved anything he could push, pull, or pedal.*



mother, his four sisters, and himself.

I don't know how he did it, but he did it very well, and he was quite successful.

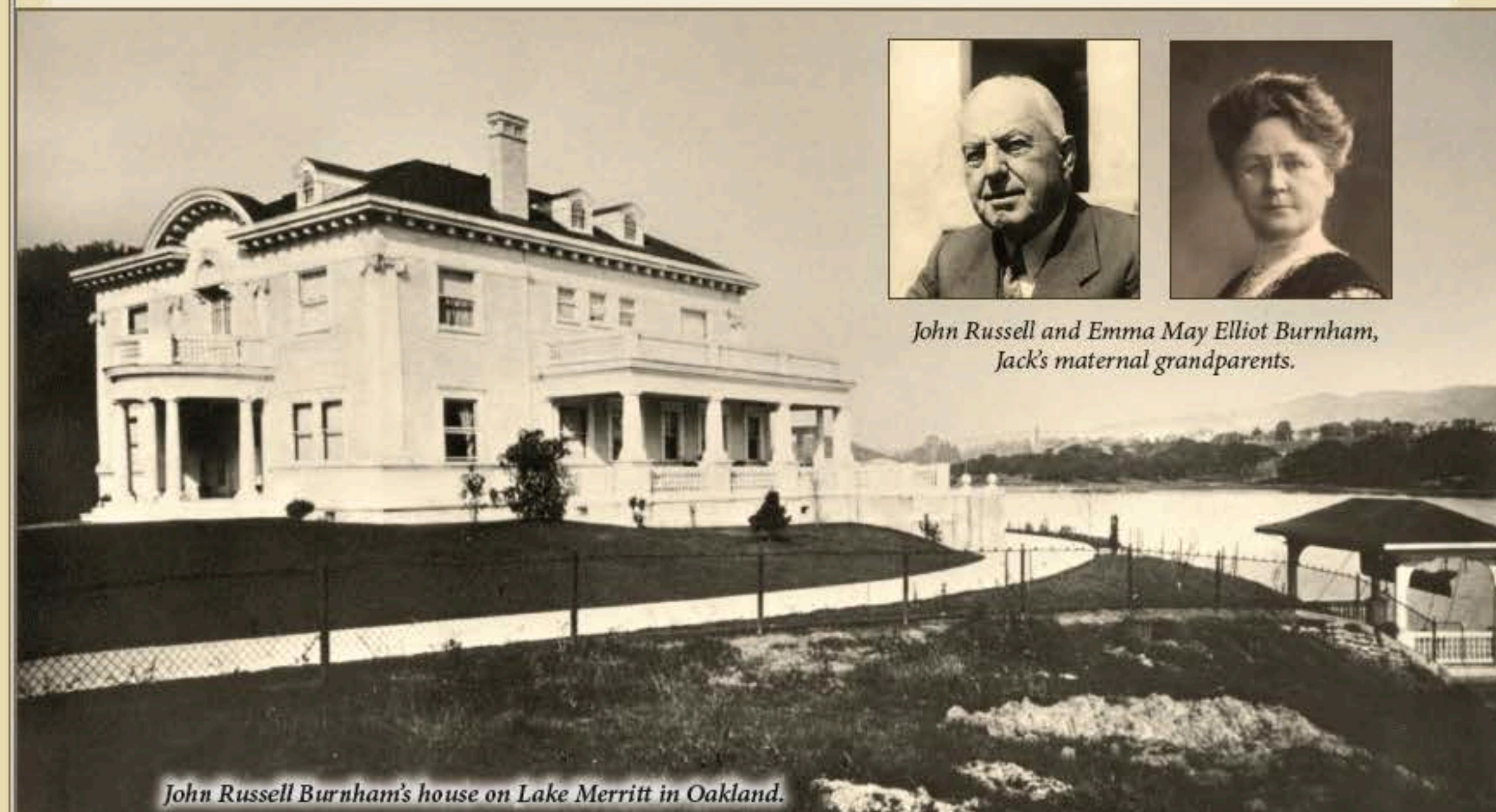
My mother's parents had their backgrounds in Burlington, Iowa. My grandfather, John Russell Burnham, was a very interesting character. When he was a teenager, he left his family home in Iowa and went into the lumber business down in the southern states. He accumulated some money and he came back and bought his father out under an assumed name and retired him; his father was also in the lumber business. He stepped in and ran the business.

Then he sold out and came west, and he got into the linseed oil business in Oregon. He sold that business when he was in his late thirties, and then he invested quite well. He lived in Oakland, alongside Lake Merritt, in a great big white colonial house, and he had all sorts of boats, rowboats and whatnot. As a young boy, I always looked forward to going to Grandpa Burnham's house.

The land where his house stood lay vacant for many years, but just this



Lake Merritt, from an old postcard.



John Russell and Emma May Elliot Burnham, Jack's maternal grandparents.

John Russell Burnham's house on Lake Merritt in Oakland.

CITY TREASURER ENGAGED.

The surprise of the season is Charlie Bates's engagement to Miss Lucretia Burnham, the bonniest maid in Oakland and only daughter of the J. R. Burnhams.

Bon vivant, society favorite, businessman, and politician, it was thought Mr. Bates had little time for Cupid, although recently a subtle change has occasioned remark and surmise. He is city treasurer, and since his father's demise a short time ago, has been at the head of the Piedmont Paving Company. His family has long been prominent here socially, Miss Ada Bates, his only unmarried sister, being a favorite with all who know her.

The Burnhams' home on Lake Merritt is one of the most beautiful places in Oakland, the simple lines of the exterior denoting the good taste that prevails within. In spite of being the only child, with unlimited wealth and every wish gratified, Ms. Burnham is absolutely unspoiled, her frank, sweet smile being bestowed impartially on rich and poor alike, while her gracious hospitality has endeared her to every girl in her set.

She has officiated at many of the smartest weddings in the role of bridesmaid, and now that she is herself to be a bride, there was great rejoicing, for it means innumerable affairs in her honor and a delightful rejuvenation of social life.

Charlie was the right sort.

Regarding the Burnham-Bates engagement, rather a good little story is making the rounds. It seems that in Ms. Burnham's train was a certain youth whose progress was eagerly watched by an adoring aunt, and when Charlie Bates told his good fortune to the world, great was the lady's chagrin. But she resolved to put as good a face on her disappointment as possible, and discoursing on the subject with a group of friends, she observed:

"I don't believe in grieving over any such matters. As I said to my boy, there's a great deal of truth in that old and homely saying, 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.'"

Quick as a flash one wicked spirit in the crowd responded:

"Yes, that's right: but it takes certain kinds of 'baits' to land them."

— From an Oakland newspaper, early 1900s

Engagement of Miss Burnham
and Charles D. Bates.

MISS LUCRETIA BURNHAM.



One of the most important engagements of the season was announced today, when Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burnham announced the engagement of their daughter, Lucretia, to Mr. Charles D. Bates. Both families have a wide circle of friends, and the engagement is one of great social interest. For many years the Bates family have made their home here, and they have been prominent socially, and the men of the family have represented large business interests.

Charles Bates is a young man who has already scored a large business success, taking the leadership in the paving company so long occupied by his father, the late C. D. Bates, senior. It is an evidence of his popularity that he has been elected City Treasurer, an office never before held by so young a man. A successful fu-

ture in many ways is already assured for him, and his friends know how well it is deserved in many ways.

CHARLES D. BATES.

Miss Lucretia Burnham is the only daughter of the household, and though much has been done for her in many ways, it has left her unspoiled and unaffected. There is probably no more popular girl in social circles on either side of the bay than Miss Lucretia Burnham. The Burnhams have one of the largest homes in the Lakeside District, and the handsome colonial home is always the scene of much entertaining, their daughter's young friends being made specially welcome by both Mr. and Mrs. Burnham.

FINISH IN STYLE

year [1986] I see that an apartment house is being built.

He was just a marvelous man. He was only 5'2" and he had a crooked arm. I asked him what was the matter with his arm. He said he'd broken it when he was very actively engaged in the lumber business, and he just didn't have time to get it fixed. He went through life with this crooked arm, but it didn't seem to handicap him very much. He was a great sportsman. He loved fishing.

One of the most amusing tales of his history had to do with his marriage. He proposed to my Grandmother Burnham on the morning of her wedding day to another man. He was an amazing man.

My father, Charles David Bates, Jr., was a contractor. He was in the paving business in Oakland, but he was also heavily involved in major road construction and earth moving. In those days, in the late teens and twenties, earth was moved by big mule teams pulling earth-moving blades and scrapers; they didn't have any tractors or big self-propelled earth-moving equipment in those days. He had his own business called Bates and Borland; he had a partner named Borland.

Dad took on the job of digging out the hill and making the bowl for Memorial Stadium at the University of California. I don't think he ever got paid for the job, but he did get lifetime seats to all the sporting events that took place there. He and Robert Sproul, Sr., turned out to be very close friends.

That was before Caterpillars. They just used water hydraulic methods; they'd



The Bates home at 100 Indian Road in Piedmont.



Charlie Bates ("Pops") proudly displays his catch.

use water to wash the soil down. They used mules to haul the dirt and whatnot out. They'd have to build all sorts of drainage pipes to take the effluent away.

Although my father never had time to go to the University of California, he always supported the University of California. Dad was a good athlete, good sportsman. He was an amateur boxer, and he sparred with "Gentleman Jim" Jeffries. He was an amateur bicycle rider and an amateur jockey. They used to have gentlemen horse racing in those days. He was one of the top-ranked tennis players in the state of California. So he was a very busy young man.



The Leona Quarry, off I-580 at the Edwards exit, was owned by Charles and is now being developed as condominiums.

Charles, center, and friends.



These wonderful photos from Charles Bates Jr.'s youthful photo album are a glimpse into life for the Bates family and friends, as the nineteenth century turned to the twentieth. None of these photos or their subjects are identified, but we include them so that the reader has a view into the pastimes, antics, friends and relatives that surrounded Charles as a young man, in the early 1900s.