INTERVIEW WITH

ELIZABETH TELLEFSEN O'DONNELL

Daughter of
Cal Band supporter and
Honorary Bandsman, Chris Tellefsen
Betsy Tellefsen

Daughter of Chris Tellefsen
In the main reading room of the Doe Library

Photo by Dan Cheatham, October 2005
INTERVIEW WITH BETSY TELLEFSEN O’DONNELL
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Interviewee: Elizabeth (Betsy) Tellefsen O’Donnell
Daughter of Chris Tellefsen

Interviewer: N.H.(Dan) Cheatham, Drum Major Cal Band, 1957

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[Editorial remarks are attributed thus:
Norden H.(Dan) Cheatham -- NHC]

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CHEATHAM: The date is January 28, 1996. My name is Dan Cheatham. The place is Rossmoor, California. I knew Chris during my years as water boy for the Cal Band as well as when I was Drum Major in 1957.

BETSY: My name is Elizabeth O'Donnell. I also go by Betsy and I am the daughter of Chris Tellefsen.

CHEATHAM: Chris Tellefsen has a long and illustrious history with the Cal Band. He was made an Honorary Life Member of the Band in the early 1960's. His name comes up frequently in this series of oral histories. Chris is also the namesake for Tellefsen Hall, the Cal Band residence. He was also a member of the Baton Society, a Cal Band honorary service society which is no longer in existence.
Unfortunately Chris died before we started the series of oral histories so the best thing we can do is to talk to his daughter Betsy.

Tell us about his early days before he even got started with the Cal Band.

**Chris' Early Life**

**BETSY:** My father was born April 1st, 1882 in San Francisco. He was the first member of his family to be born in this country. His parents had come over from Norway. There were other children who had been born in Norway and only one of those children survived, his older brother Toby. My father was the first one born here and he had two younger siblings, a sister a brother, and all four who survived childhood lived in to their 90's.

My grandfather...I never met him obviously...but he was a boat captain for the Southern Pacific Railroad.¹

I guess they were poor and I know that my father said he got his first job when he was five years old which is hard to imagine. He ran around and collected wood, or something, for people. I know he also had a paper route very early on.²

He only finished school through the eighth grade but he told me that he was the only pupil in the school who ever got 100% on all the eighth grade tests. [I am guessing that this was at graduation time. NHC]

So, the head master did his best to get his parents to see to it that he would go on to college and get a higher education, but they couldn’t afford it. All of his life my father regretted that he hadn’t had more education and especially that he hadn’t gone to Cal because of course it was his most beloved place in the world.

When I was a kid it was never, "If you go to college." It was always, "When you go to Cal." So, I did!

¹In those days, before the Bay Bridge, the transcontinental railroad terminated in west Oakland. The Railroad used ferry boats to transport the passengers and freight across the bay to San Francisco. However, it is possible that were other kinds of "boat captains".

²In those days families would subscribe to a daily newspaper and boys were hired to deliver them to the doorsteps of the subscribers.
I do know a few little stories from his youth. For instance, people that we think of as place names like Kearney Street, in San Francisco, are people that he actually saw and I remember he said Kearney ran for mayor I believe...but anyway, he was standing on a soapbox pitching his line, whatever he was running for. My father's family lived south of Market. The speech pattern south of Market is very distinct, due to the immigration patterns...sort of...Bostonian. I had an aunt who always referred to her good friend Edner (Edna with an R).

Anyway, he grew up south of Market and as a boyhood prank he and his little friends used to somehow get coat hangers, or things that they would hang tin cans on, then they'd go the cable car run and catch the cable with this coat hanger setup with the tin cans tied to it. The cable would hook onto the coat hanger and it would go clackety-clack-clack up the street...the way he described it. I have a little hard time picturing that but I guess in those days it was possible.

I didn't know until I was myself a Junior in college that even before he left for the Yukon in 1898...that made him sixteen and the youngest of all the sourdoughs to go to the Yukon...he had actually sailed away and had gone to the far east. I have a couple of pictures of him in Japan and the Philippines and I suppose he was just a lowly sailor. I don't know exactly why he went. He didn't talk about it much. As I said, I didn't know about it at all until I was in college. It just sort of came out one day.

One day I actually walked into the Band Room (Room 5 Eshleman Hall, now called Moses Hall) and caused my father a lot of discomfort because it was an all-male hangout. Women weren't allowed in the Band Room in those days. Anyway, somehow I walked in on him telling some story about when he was in the Philippines and I said, "What do you mean you were in the Philippines?"

CHEATHAM: I'm finding this information very fascinating because

3 It was also known as "South of the Slot"...referring to the cable "slot" then in the pavement of Market Street, taking the Cable Cars to the Ferry Building.

4 Another example is "ideer" instead of "idea".

5 Betsy later said she wondered if he had been "shanghaied". October 2005]
Chris Tellefsen probably in the late 1940's

He is standing on what is now the footprint of Barrows Hall. It was then called Hearst Field. In the early 1900's, this was the track field, before Edwards track stadium was built. In the late 1940's the Band would use this for Saturday rehearsals. This field used to extend from Bancroft Way all the way to Barrows Lane. It now (2008) has Barrows Hall at the extreme north end, and what remains of the field is presently covered with temporary buildings in use while other campus buildings are being retrofitted for earthquake safety.

Photo probably by Ed Kirwan.
AT GRADUATION TIME, Chris Tellefsen comes out from the ASUC receiving room in Stephens basement to issue caps and gowns to seniors. After a varied life which included nearly joining the Princess Pat Regiment in Canada, and operating his own novelty store on the Yukon for twenty years, Chris has been back on the campus where he used to play kid baseball, and where he now is “one of the most loyal Californians there are” and where he has been the efficient storekeeper for the ASUC for over twenty years.
Probably taken at a beginning-of-the-semester "Smoker". (Beer Bust) 1946?
L to R: Prof. Charles Cushing, Senior Manager Dave Wenrich, Drum Major Bruce Browning, Crew Coach Ky Ebright wearing his Olympic garb, Student Director Dick Oehler?, Chris Tellefsen.
At the end of the summer the Baton Society hosted a welcome-back-to-school social gathering.
even though I knew and loved Chris...as you know I started out as a water boy for the Band in 1947...so I kind of grew up with Chris and the Band and I knew him but he was sort of mysterious in the sense that we didn't know very much about him. So, I'm very glad and very grateful that I'm talking to you and getting this kind of information into our archives.

Just a short note here for those reading this interview, most of you know that until the 1970's the Band was strictly all male. The Band Room served as a "clubhouse"...I want to say a "men's club" but I wonder if there are those who would probably say, a "boy's club", given the age group. This is not as onerous as it might sound. The all-male participation was a natural flow from the Band's origins as an off-shoot from the Cadet Corps band of the 1890's.

Betsy is absolutely right about the idea of a woman, and strangers, walking into the Band Room being verboten, and here I'm referring of course to Room 5, Old Eshleman Hall, now called Moses Hall. There was only one entrance to Room 5, The short stairway facing the bridge that crosses Strawberry Creek. Today that would be a safety violation for not having an emergency exit.

All visitors had to go through that one entrance door, at the small porch at the top of the stairs, and it was definitely for Bandsmen, and Bandsmen only. Anyone else that came in the door was sort of..."Hello. Who are you and what can we do to help you?" So I can visualize Chris's reaction when he saw his daughter come through that door.

**BETSY:** As I remember, the reason I went was because I was sick and my father was always very good about taking care of my needs that way and giving me a ride home when I needed it. That day I was ill and I wanted him to take me home. I guess I was feeling rotten enough to venture into forbidden territory.

He was sitting there drumming and I said, I didn't know you could play the drums. I guess that's when he said he learned when he was in the Philippines, or something. I don't suppose he could do very much with the drums but it was enough to surprise me.6

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*I remember once seeing him tapping on the Ping-Pong table with a pair of drum sticks. As I remember it, it was a standard drum cadence, nothing fancy. My guess is that he just picked up the sticks because they were laying there and just started tapping.* NHC
In the same conversation...I can't remember how it came about...but he also said something about boxing. That's either where he learned to box or it was on that trip when he went to the far east that he had gotten interested in boxing and that was also a revelation. I had never known him to have any interest in boxing.

You also have to remember that my father was so much older...old enough to be my grandfather. So, he didn't confide a lot in me. I mean...maybe he was very private even with the Bandsmen but he...it wasn't that he was silent by any means but things from his past didn't come out very often.

I remember one time he told me...much later in life...what wonderful mother he had had. She was a wonderful woman he said. That was about the first time I can recall even hearing about her so I think she died when he was up in the Yukon.

**Chris' Storytelling**

**CHEATHAM:** By the time I became a marching member of the Band in 1954, and thus in the Band Room on a frequent basis during weekdays... Although Chris was still working for the ASUC he was not hanging around the Band Room as frequently as in his earlier years. But, I do remember having fond feelings for him and being aware that he had a very special bond with the Band. That bond developed before my time so I wasn't part of it at its height.

I was told that Chris was a story teller and he had a million of them and he cycled them through in such a way that by the time you graduated you heard them all and the new incoming freshman would hear them from scratch.

I am sure that in the early days his stories and jokes dwelled a lot on the Yukon but by the time I came along the Yukon was way in his past. The only memories I have are ones of more general conversation rather than story telling. Sorry, don't remember any particular story.

**BETSY:** I also wanted to add that my father was very particular about his stories. He had certain ones that were OK for mixed company and certain ones that weren't. He didn't cross the line and he was very aware when there were women in the room. He didn't tell certain stories, although I have to admit that over the course of time I think I heard them all too.
Photos from Chris Tellefsen's scrapbook with no captions. In both photos, Chris is the one on the right.
Adventures in the Klondike

**CHEATHAM:** What can you tell us about his time during Klondike gold rush?

**BETSY:** As I mentioned, he was the youngest Sourdough to go off into the gold rush of 1898, to the Klondike. I have no idea how he got the money to outfit himself. Maybe he got that on the cruise he took to the far east. I don't really know. But I know that they required the adventurers to take a year's worth of equipment and food so that they wouldn't become a burden.⁷

At any rate he left in 1898 and he went up to seek his fortune. He went over the Chilkoot Pass. He went into Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada, and then I suppose up river from Whitehorse to Dawson City, Yukon. He spent most of the time in Dawson. He had a claim outside of Dawson on Bonanza Creek I believe. Over the course of time he had several claims but he never really struck it rich. He had some claims by himself, I think, and some with partners. When they didn't really pan out he stayed up there [rather than return home]. At one time he had a newspaper route and he had a store. I did bring some pictures to show you...it was sort of...it's been a long time since I looked at these pictures. I think it was sort of a general store but it had a lot of stationary items and things like that.

He also had a dog team on more than one occasion and would deliver things like newspapers and mail way far afield, all the way from Dawson over to Fairbanks, Alaska and other places. I know he went by dog team. So basically he just became a citizen of the town rather than a prospector. But he did know people that struck it rich, and who blew it all within a few years.

He never actually met Robert Service, I don't believe, (you didn't really heard about him until Chris came back) but one of Robert Service's poems was apparently very much like it really was and he related to that.⁸

⁷ This was a requirement of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILCOOT WHERE THE CANADIAN CUSTOM OFFICERS COLLECTED DUTY IN 1898.
Dawson City
July 4th 1899
From Chris' scrapbook
"Chris (delivers) mail and newspapers, Discovery Bonanza". (Reference to place gold was discovered on Bonanza Creek?)

Note the electric power pole and the house in the background indicating the 1903 date of photo.
I actually went up to White Horse and Dawson in 1988 and saw some of the old buildings that are still there. Klondike Kate's is still there too. He knew her.

He made trips back and forth [to San Francisco?] but he stayed until 1924, So he actually stayed 26 years up there.

I'm not exactly sure why he finally decided to come back and stay but he did come back and he got a job with the ASUC, at Cal, as store manager, store keeper, or whatever.9 I don't know if he was living in Berkeley on his own or whether he was actually living with his sister. But at any rate, he had a sister who lived in Berkeley. Her name was Julia.

Meanwhile, my mother who grew up in Stockton, had been engaged for five years to a man who kept having financial reverses. She was a school teacher and I think she just finally got tired of all the financial reverses. So she put her engagement ring on her wrong hand, took the train down to Berkeley to visit her sister to get away from it all. My mother's sister lived right next door to my father's sister and so they met and six weeks later they got married. So much for the guy in Stockton. Mom and Dad were married for 49 years when he died. So it shows you that quick engagements can work out.

Life in Berkeley and on campus

CHEATHAM: Tell us a little more about those early days of the family life in Berkeley.

BETSY: My mother and father were married in 1926 and so he had been working at Cal for two years. He met a lot of interesting people.

My mother had been a teacher when they married and she had to give up her contract in Stockton. It is hard to believe in this day and age but at that time school districts were not hiring married women and other "immoral" people to teach in their schools so she became a housewife for the first 15 or so years of their marriage.

She did work a little during War II at the Oakland Army Base but most of the time she stayed home until I was getting ready to go

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9 Stephens Student Union had just been completed so that would have made the Chris the first manager of the ASUC Store.
to college. It may have been when I was in high school that she started, but they knew college was coming up so that's when she went to work for the ASUC store also.

Chris and Bess 25th Anniversary. September 25, 1951
Chris and Bess in the early 1930's. They were married in 1926.
But getting back to the earlier days, I think this occurred later in the 40's too, but he met these nice young boys that were out from Chicago who were selling their candy. Their father had started a candy business and they were hawking their wares. So my father took several cases of it. It turned out their names were the MARS boys. It was the Mars brothers selling Snickers and Milky Ways, they didn't have M&M's then. I don't know when M&M's came out, in the 50's maybe. But anyway, he thought they were very nice young boys.

He knew U.C. President Bob Sproul quite well and, I'm going to have to think of some other names. There was a Dean somebody he thought very highly of.

CHEATHAM: Dean of Students Hurford E. Stone?

BETSY: Dean Stone! That's right and then of course, Garff Wilson. And there were a lot of people too. There was a professor, Dr. Deutsch. And of course, we can't forget Coach Pappy Waldorf.

There were several names that he talked about a lot but he seemed to be particularly fond of Bob Sproul. [Everyone was. He was a wonderful man. NHC]

My father even told me the story about Bob Sproul, you know, talking to Sacramento without the telephone, even before I heard it from other sources.

\[\text{\footnotesize\begin{enumerate}
\item He carried the title of Provost of the University during the years when Robert Gordon Sproul was president of the University. NHC
\item I suspect they included coaches Ky Ebright and Brutus Hamilton. NHC
\item The story goes that one day, while Sproul was Treasurer of the University under President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Wheeler came out of his office and complained to his secretary that Sproul was talking too loud. The secretary said that Sproul was taking to Sacramento. Wheeler's response was, "Well, tell him to use the telephone." In fact, Sproul had a loud voice that carried great distances. I remember it and I would say that this was one of Sproul's trademarks. I also have to note here that in those days telephone technology was such that you did have to speak loudly when making a long distance call. His singing voice also carried. When I was a student we opened a formal gathering by singing Hail to California and ended them by singing All Hail Blue & Gold. Sproul would be on the stage of course and his voice could be heard throughout the area. It is also said that Sproul knew "all twenty-nine" verses of The Cardinals be Damned, a song is not very complimentary to our Stanford rivals. NHC
\end{enumerate}}\]
So he really found his niche in every respect except financially. He loved every part of his job. He loved meeting people and he loved being involved. He did a lot of other things too besides just the Band. He used to work the student dances and you know, he was sort of like...he was too old to be a bouncer but he was sort of the authority figure...you know just kind of supervising at various dances both when they were on campus...they used to have smaller ones upstairs at Stephens Union\(^{13}\) and they had big ones in hotels and other places and he many times would go. Sometimes it was very fancy, he would even wear a tux, but anyway, he just liked being a part of Campus life.

Part of that I think was that the students were his "family". In the case of the Cal Band, the Bandsmen were all of the sons he never had. I think he liked being around young people. I think he felt it kept him young. I think that of all of them, Abe Hankin was the most "special". [See separate interview with Abe. NHC]

CHEATHAM: Yes, Chris seemed like a very happy man and all of us felt happy when we were around him.

**Cal Band**

How did your father get involved with the Cal Band.

BETSY: Now, the way I understand the story is that when he started with the ASUC in 1924 the Band was an offshoot of the ROTC band.\(^{14}\) They, the Cal Band, didn't have uniforms and they

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\(^{13}\) The Henry Morse Stephens Memorial Union was renamed Stephens Hall after the Martin Luther King Jr. Student Union was completed at Sproul Plaza. The ASUC store was on the ground floor of Stephens Union. You could enter directly from Eshleman Court, now named the Class of 1925 courtyard. From the courtyard you could walk straight through the store and exit to the bridge crossing Strawberry Creek, on the way to Faculty Glade. That exit no longer exists and is now a solid wall with a window. The floor above the store was the Men's Clubroom and above that was the Women's Clubroom. On appropriate occasions sit-down dinners or social gatherings would be held in these clubrooms.

\(^{14}\) The California Cadet Corps became the campus Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) unit in 1917 to better suit the situation created by WW I.
weren't yet formerly organized [under the auspices of the ASUC].

I don't know why my father took it upon himself to see that they did get uniforms and did get organized. As the ASUC storekeeper and because he was in charge of the caps and gowns, he must have had connections in the area of uniforms.

A little anecdote here...when he retired they didn't have any trouble finding a store keeper. He had mentioned several times, before it was time to retire, that they should get someone in to take care of the caps and gowns but he was ignored. So he retired. He had a little kid to raise, I was only ten or eleven years old when he retired the first time. So they suddenly realized the cap and gown rentals made more money for the ASUC than everything else, except football.

The ASUC rented them out to every college west of the Rockies and to small colleges like Hastings. There seemed to be a demand for them at other times of the year besides just June, and maybe February. So, all of a sudden there was no one who knew the business except for my father. So, they called him back at age 65 to take care of that. He stayed for ten more years. By then his little daughter was finished with college and he could quit.

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15 This was right at the point when the ASUC was expanding and "coming into its own". It built the Henry Morse Stephens Memorial Student Union (now called Stephens Hall) and Eshleman Hall (now called Moses Hall) to house the Daily Californian and other student publications owned by the ASUC. Room 5 in Eshleman Hall was allocated to what was then called the ASUC Band. The ASUC administered the Athletic Department and the ASUC played a large role in building the California Memorial Stadium. The loosely structured group of musicians associated with the ROTC band were formalized as the ASUC Band. Prior to that time the ROTC band members who, on an informal basis, functioned as the Cal Band had no place to serve for instrument and uniform storage, or to "hangout". Association with the ASUC also made it easier for students who were not ROTC cadets to participate with the Band. This was a special era in the history of the ASUC and is worthy of further study.

16 My guess is that the expanding ASUC was highly spirited and functioning with a keen sense of teamwork. Given his personality and his role with the ASUC store, it is only natural that Chris would have become involved. There was also a wave of elevated school spirit associated with Coach Andy Smith and the Wonder Teams. This along with the completion of Memorial Stadium helped define a "mission" of the ASUC Band as formal part of campus life.

17 Under coaches Andy Smith and later, Pappy Waldorf, the stadium was packed for every game...but then, we had winning teams and professional sports and television had not fully emerged yet. Cal, and Stanford, football games were very popular Saturday activities for Bay Area residents. NHC
So maybe he got wind of how to get a hold of uniforms for the Band because of his knowledge with the cap and gown people. I don't know, but that was the story I had always heard.\(^{18}\)

About 1945, no I must have been 12...it was a couple years later, we were in Los Angeles and I think this is actually mentioned somewhere in the Cal Band history book but it's wrong. I was supposed to be part of a stunt but I was so terrified I didn't really do it. I was supposed to walk across the field beating one of these big drums and I walked the entire length with my head down and barely beating and I didn't have fun with it at all. I've regretted it many times. I think that my father and whoever planned it thought I would just enjoy it but I was too inhibited. I worried about it the whole trip and didn't have a good time.

**People**

**CHEATHAM:** What are your recollections of the following Bandsmen. Let's start with Abe Hankin, Cal Band Senior Manager 1939.

**BETSY:** I have known about Abe as far back as I can remember. He was taken prisoner by the Japanese in the Philippines and forced on the Bataan Death March. My father would take my mother and me over to visit Mrs. Hankin a couple of times a month because they knew how frantic she was. I still to this day have a little blanket she made for me when I was very young. I don't remember her terribly well. She didn't live that far away. She lived at 2333 Fulton Street and I remember that she was always glad to see us and she was always very nice to me.

Of course from a child’s point of view the duration from his capture till then end of the war didn’t seem like a very long to me. Actually, he was in prison for almost four years. I also remember going over there when they got word he was alive and would be coming home. We went over and saw her then.\(^{19}\)

I don't remember the details. I know they put the liberated prisoners on a slow boat to bring them home to try to repair their health and put weight on them and all those things. I

\(^{18}\) During busy periods at graduation time, Chris would hire Bandsmen as temporary employees.

\(^{19}\) See separate extensive interview with Abe Hankin. [December 2007: Hankin's interview is still not in completed form. When it is it will be deposited, along with a lot of scrapbook material in the Bancroft Library.]
don't particularly remember his homecoming. My memories of him from that time on are vague.20

Meanwhile, he had stayed in the Air Force and he was stationed in Tripoli, Germany, and places around the world and in Washington. Periodically he would fly into town and call my father. He would dash in and he would take us out for dinner or something, and we'd have these quick flying visits, so to speak. Then probably around 1958, or sometime, I got a letter to tell me that his mother had died. He knew that my father wasn't in wonderful health and he thought it would be better to tell me and have me tell my father. That was when Abe became my friend.

When he retired from the Air Force, he came back to Berkeley in 1962...I think he retired in 1962 and got in touch with me. Meanwhile my parents had retired to Santa Cruz. I have to say that Abe was, of all the Band boys, my father's number one son. My father had a special relationship with him and I think that Hank may have felt that way too.[He speaks fondly of Chris in his oral history. NHC]

You mentioned some of the Bandsmen looked at him like a father. Hank was pretty much without a father so I think that he looked up to my father that way too.21

Anyway, once my parents were gone he became our friend and we saw him occasionally. When President Kennedy was assassinated we lived in a really tiny apartment and all we could do was sit around and look at the television all day. They had dirge music on or when they didn't have an actual rehash of the actual shooting or when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald, they just had this terrible music on. It was awful and Hank was all alone and everybody was miserable and so he came over and we sort of spent that whole weekend together. That certainly cemented the friendship sitting around just bemoaning the situation. After that he was our friend and still is.

I have to say two other things. He is not only a brother I guess to me but he's like a grandfather to my children. He was

20 See Hankin's oral history. His return to Berkeley is a very interesting story.

21 I don't know the story but Hankin made no mention of his father during his oral history. It was definitely a single parent home. Correspondence in his archive file shows that his mother was, naturally, very distraught, over his capture as could be imagined for a single-mother family.
actually at the hospital when my daughter was born, helping to pace and has been in on their lives from the very beginning. So he is definitely a family member as far as they are concerned.

**CHEATHAM:** Abe, also known as "Hank", was Senior Manager of the band in 1939 and was captured by the Japanese and endured the Bataan Death March and imprisonment in the Japanese homeland. I have a three part oral history with Abe that someone might want to look up as part of this series of oral histories.

What are your recollections of Bill Ellsworth?

**BETSY:** I do remember Bill but not very well. I don't remember anything particular about him except that he always struck me as being very funny and he was also sort of the brunt of everybody's jokes. [True. NHC] Whenever they wanted to tell some sort of a story on somebody they would always pick Bill and he was always good-natured about it. I know my father thought a lot of him and he is one of those who really stands out, he and Hank and Bob Desky I think are the three names that I would hear the most often. They always just called him Ellsworth. It was always Ellsworth this and Ellsworth that and my father thought he was kind of a kick too.

**CHEATHAM:** Yes, Bill's name shows up several places in these interviews. Just a quick reminder, Bill for many years was the announcer for the Cal Band.

Bill was so well loved that we even allowed him to march after he graduated. In time it became obvious that this was not appropriate. He then became the Band announcer. I was the first drum major that Bill announced, in my drum major year in the season 1957.22

You mentioned Bob Desky.

**BETSY:** Well, Desky along with Hank is somebody I've actually seen recently and he has always been very nice and gracious to me. I really don't remember anything particular about his student days or even later except that my father referred to him a lot. Desky this and Desky that. I know that he was an attorney so maybe my father thought what he had to say was worth listening to, I don't know.

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22 For more on Bill Ellsworth, see the interview with ASUC Executive Director Forrest Tregae.
Let's talk a little about the affection the Band had for your father. It's a little hard to document it at this late stage but his long-standing relationship, going all the way back to about 1923, which incidentally is about the time the Band had its first constitution and moved into Room 5 Eshleman Hall. From that beginning, he was still associated with the ASUC until 1957.

There are some things in the scrapbook that I would like to talk about. One of them is a framed document that's inscribed: "To Chris, our thanks for years of friendship. Cal Alumni Band, September 24, 1955." My recollection is that this is probably the first time the Alumni Band held a sit-down reunion. If it's not the first time it's very close and this can be checked out with other historical sources.²³

Chris is in the lower right hand corner of this photograph wearing a cardboard hat-like arrangement which the Alumni Band wore on the field by way of a “uniform” during that day's performance. That evening they had a proper reunion banquet and they all signed this piece of paper. This is obviously something that they wanted to present in memory of the long-standing friendship. There is one signature here a Parker Borgfeldt, Class of 1929, and there's an L.E. Bossen 1930, and there's someone from the Classes of 1935 and 1932, 1931 and as well as more recent people like Bob Briggs Class of 1951, Bob McNary Class of 1943, and also Dave Wenrich Class of 1949, and so forth.

There is also a picture of a birthday cake inscribed "Happy Birthday Chris" from the men of Tellefsen Hall. It was for his 80th birthday. His gives us an opening to talk about Tellefsen-Hall.

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²³ See the oral histories with Herb Towler and Dave Wenrich.
Chris Tellefsen standing outside his Store.
50 degrees below zero. Dawson City, 1920.
Davis Auto Stage at Dawson, Yukon Territory.
September 11, 1914

Chris Tellefsen can be seen peeking from behind, right below the bay window between the tall guy with the hat and the guy with the white hair.
BETSY: The Bandsmen...in those days it was all Bandsmen...were always very good to my father and mother. On more than one occasion, in Berkeley, the Straw Hat Band came to serenade them. One time they even got in a bus and came all the way down to Santa Cruz to serenade them.

They serenaded my parents on their 40th anniversary and they frequently had dinners for my father's birthday. I can remember two of them at the Men's Faculty Club and a few others at Tellefsen Hall. They always looked for ways to remind him that he was still important and of course it was such a big thing in his eyes. The fact that the boys didn't forget him and were so kind to him.

It was very important for me to see this. My father retired again at the age of 75 in 1957. Shortly thereafter he announced that the Band...some delegation from the Band had informed him...that they had decided to commission a residence hall in his name. He was very pleased and I remember thinking...that it was a nice idea but I guess its not anything I could really relate to, maybe I thought it would never really happen, I'm not sure.
CHEATHAM: How old were you then?

BETSY: I was 21 because I had just graduated. I actually did my student teaching so I was really in the Class of 58. I thought it was nice. It was another Band-related thing that was important to him but it was very abstract to me. Then all of a sudden in 1960, it didn't seem all that long, we were invited to the dedication to Tellefsen Hall. They incorporated the Tellefsen Hall Foundation and they had found property on Prospect Ave. and it was going to be dedicated. I remember I had just returned from Europe the day before, or two days before, and I was still sort of fuzzy.

They had Ralph Edwards 24 come up from Hollywood and he did a typical "This is Your Life," performance for my father. It was exactly like the Ralph Edward's TV show "This is Your Life". It was very nice. At any rate, I think in the early 1970's they decided to move from Prospect Avenue over to the corner of LeRoy and Le Conte avenues, where the current Tellefsen Hall 25 is, and we were invited to that dedication too.

I had a little girl at that point and she went too. I can't remember if my mother came up from Santa Cruz. I know my father was unable to come. He died in 1975 so he...I can't remember if he actually saw the new place but the photograph I told you about which has since been stolen was definitely over the fireplace at the dedication.

We were very impressed with that dedication too. I have been back there only once which was to the banquet I went to three years ago and it looks like its a thriving place still and I'm glad to know that there is a Tellefsen Hall.

CHEATHAM: Tell us more about the photograph that was stolen.

24 Ralph Edwards, star of the TV show This is your life, was a member of the Cal Class of 1935 and was a yell leader during his senior year. Surely he knew Chris during his student years. Ralph was instrumental raising funds to get the Band to the Brussels World Fair in 1958. See Ralph's separate oral history and those by Hugh Barnett, Larry Anderson, and others. Ralph was made an Honorary Bandsman in 1958 on the field of the Los Angeles Coliseum by Senior Manager Hugh Barnett in 1958.

25 By coincidence, this was Bill Ellsworth's old fraternity house. The Lambda Chi Alpha house.
Ralph Edwards television producer and host of the TV Program *This is Your Life* did a short presentation of a *Chris Tellefsen, This is Your Life*, patterned after the TV program. Edwards was a yell leader and a member of the Class of 1935. Without Ralph, the Band would not have made it to Brussels World Fair in the summer of 1958. He is an honory member of the Cal Band. His separate oral history is in the UC Archives and on the web page of the Cal Band Alumni Association.
BETSY: Shortly after the first Tellefsen Hall on Prospect Avenue opened the Board of Directors, or somebody, had a photograph taken of my father and it was colored, big, and very nice and framed and they put it over the fireplace and I have a picture of it. A picture of the picture.

When I went to the banquet three years ago at the current Tellefsen Hall I noticed this funny, old picture of my father over the mantle and as I remember it was one I had not seen before but it was sort of a funny picture and I asked, "What happened to the big one?" And I was told that it was stolen by Stanford a few years previously. This shocked me because I couldn't imagine who would want it, but anyway its gone.

CHEATHAM: How sad.

You referred to Ralph Edwards coming to the initial dedication. I would like to call attention to the readers that we have an oral history interview that I did with Ralph in his home in Hollywood and it might be an interesting thing to look up. During that interview I got away with actually using the line "Ralph Edwards! This, is your life." We did a short skit within that interview in which I looked back over his undergraduate days with him. I was advised by some of his staff members that Ralph really guarded that line, which he was so famous for, very jealous and I was advised not to use it, but I got away with it.26

Before we leave the subject of Tellefsen Hall, did you know that this year, for the second year in a row, it has been co-educational.

BETSY: They have women living there?

Well, by now it doesn't ruffle my feathers at all. I'm used to that. My son goes to UC Santa Cruz and he doesn't live in a dorm anymore. He lives in a co-op that's coed and of course his dorm was coed. I was a little concerned when he was a freshman. I thought they should at least have separate floors. I just thought it would be awkward but they don't think anything of it,

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26 He opened the TV show with the now famous line, varying it to suit the name of the guest of honor. "Joe Jones! This is your life."
Chris Tellefsen speaking at the dedication of Tellefsen Hall at 2421 Prospect Avenue. September 1960.
On the left is his wife Elizabeth (Bess) and his daughter Betsy.
so no big deal. 27

It was actually more of a shock when the Band was integrated. Growing up in such chauvinist times the all-male Band just seemed right to me. I couldn't imagine what it would be like with women in the Band, but having overcome that, it doesn't blow me away at all that they have a coed dorm too.

CHEATHAM: Just for the record I should say that the integration of the Cal Band has been absolutely successful and this is covered in other oral histories. The one with Forrest Tregae tells the story of how it happened. [May 2009: Not yet in final form. NHC]

I should also say that the all-male band should be looked at in the context that it was an outgrowth of the UC Cadet Band and that the Cadet Corps was all male.

More Scrapbook (Alaska)

Among the things you brought to show me are a family scrapbook that has a lot of photographs and details of his life in Alaska. There are classic photographs of dog teams, people in parkas, deep snow, paddle boats on the river, references to some extremely cold temperatures going into the 50's below zero, street scenes of the towns like Dawson and White Horse and even some photographs and references to buildings he lived in and the fact that he was a store keeper for awhile.

Some of them show that apparently he had more than one business establishment. There are some ads from the local newspaper in Dawson for the Pioneer Bookstore formerly Landahl's Emporium on King Street. (Betsy says this was the main store and he had it for many years. Early on he prospected and other things, but he had the store for a long time.)

The Pioneer Bookstore is now listed as C. Tellefsen proprietor and some of the ads show that he was selling Kodak cases, films, tripods, film tanks, Kodak goods of all kinds. He also was selling notebooks, cookbooks, memo books, receipt books, shorthand books, drawing books, scientific books, also delicious fresh chocolates, fresh gum, fresh peppermints, fresh salted peanuts, fresh ice cream today and Sunday. And for 25 cents you can buy

27 I am not certain but I think UC Santa Cruz was one of, if not the first college in the nation to have co-ed living on the same floor.
Ads for Chris' book store called The Pioneer Book Store,
some souvenir views of Alaska and the Yukon. I detect a subtle sense of humor in all of this. Surely the town was so small there wouldn't be much of market for some of the thinks he mentions.

Here's one ad that says Pontius Pilate was some judge, therefore be your own judge of our fresh candies and gums, violin strings, violin rosin, violin bridges, violin-bow hair, guitar and mandolin strings etc. at the Pioneer Bookstore "house of fair treatment".


Here it says "I am a liar, it didn't happen." And it lists Ouija boards, joke books, false faces, gum drops, Christmas bells, telephone rings and shaving mugs and, “This is the House of the False Prophet.”

So, we've come a long way with the story of Chris Tellefsen. I appreciate you having taken the time.

**BETSY:** I thank you Dan for the opportunity to say anything about my father. I regret that I don't have more anecdotes.

First of all, its been a long time and I've always regretted that we didn't get my father to put his own thoughts to tape. But also he...I guess I didn't realize it at the time but he didn't really talk that much about himself so a lot of things I sort of found out inadvertently. Many things came as a surprise but I'll be very anxious to see what you finally come up with.

As for myself the Band has always been an important part of my life but being totally nonmusical I never entertained any thought about being in the Band. But because I did go to Cal, I always took sort of a familial pride when the Band would come marching by.
I don't remember any of those early Rose Bowl days when the Band was out-marched by the bands from the Big-10. I always thought our band was great even in those days but certainly it does get your juices going when you see the Band doing its thing. So even though its a secondhand relationship, I certainly have enjoyed the fact that it meant so much to my father. He got so much pleasure and joy out of knowing so many young people over the years and I just think it kept him young too.

He died at age 93 and by the time he finally died people said he stayed alive just because he didn't want to leave my mother alone. He had been in poor health for a number of years and everything was an effort for him, but he still talked about the Band. His stories were still centered around the Band. Its been a wonderful relationship and Tellefsen Hall is quite a legacy for my kids too.

Thank you.

CHEATHAM: Thank you Betsy.

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28 This is a reference to Coach Pappy Waldorf's three consecutive Rose Bowl games in 1949, 50, and 51. In each case the shows by the Big-10 bands were far more sophisticated than our own. See other oral histories for how this led to the Cal Band adopting its current marching style.

29 This is a reference to Coach Pappy Waldorf's three consecutive Rose Bowl games in 1949, 50, and 51. In each case the shows by the Big-10 bands were far more sophisticated than our own. See other oral histories for how this led to the Cal Band adopting its current marching style.
Appendix One
Golden Days
Remembering the Klondike Trail
The dark line of Klondike veiling toward the summit of Chilkoot Pass in the winter of 1898 is one of the famous and endearing images of the great human adventure that transformed the north country forever. This photo, and those on following pages, was shot by Eric Hegg, an adventurer himself, who chronicled the gold rush.

To those who have trod its trails and listened to the whisper of its silent voices, the Klondike gold rush, which marked the turn of the last century, needs no curtain call to fame. Like others of its kind, promulgated on hope and charged with a heartstirred frontier desperation, it was a period of timeless vitality, of horizons stretched and expanded.

The same restlessness stirred Robert Service as he roamed the ramshackle streets of Dawson, “a solitary dreamer” gathering inspiration for his poetic musings from the rapidly declining capital of the Klondike. “Ghosts were all about me, whispering and pleading in the mystic twilight.”

Today, they stare at you from the vacant windows of abandoned settlements: Hootelinqua, Fort

By Don McCune/Historic photos by Eric A. Hegg
Selkirk, Forty Mile. Old telegraph stations, deserted Indian villages, and Mounted Police posts stand as roving bookmarks to the past. The same specters haunt the skeletal remains of miners’ cabins scattered along the creeks and tributaries that feed the broad channel of the Yukon River. This same, strong artery that once carried miners to the goldfields now flows strangely silent through the land. Yet the land remains the same. The well-publicized topography, which gave rise to the works of Robert Service and the likes of Sam McGee, still reflects the ice-locked legacy of the north country. And Dawson, surrounded by weed-grown tailing piles and defunct dredges, is still the undisputed Queen of the Klondike.

Once the magic of Dawson echoed over the whistling storm blasts of the Chilkoot and White Pass summits, as an army of fortune seekers struggled north.

They had heard it again in the roar of Whitehorse Rapids and Miles Canyon. And by the summer of ’98, Dawson had become a sawboard Shangri-la, squatting on the mudflats of the Klondike and smelling of gold.

Dawson was the promised land at the end of the trail. For those who could afford it, Dawson was accessible by steamer up the Yukon River, but fares were exorbitant. What’s more, the river spent much of the year under several feet of ice. By the summer of ’98, it had become a Shangri-la on the Klondike mudflats, smelling of gold.

"After 5 miles of road, all hell begins," reported a British officer. Some 8 miles from Dyea, the trail dropped down to skirt a river. Here, the Klondiker caught his first glimpse of the snowfields, where the Chilkoot began taking on certain qualities not apparent in the first flush of enthusiasm.
EARLY IN 1898, SOME 10,000 STAMPEDEERS WERE AT LAKE BENNETT. HERE, ONE COULD SOOTHE HIS ACHING MUSCLES WITH A HOT BATH AND DINE IN COMFORT. BOATS COST $500-PLUS, MOST BUILT THEIR OWN TO FLOAT THE 550 MILES TO THE GOLDFIELDS.

TREACHEROUS RAPIDS LAY BETWEEN LAKES LINDBERG AND BENNETT, AND BEYOND. A 5-MILE PORTAGE WAS BUILT AROUND WHITESTONE RAPIDS, WHICH CLAIMED MORE THAN 150 BOATS IN THE FEW WEEKS FOLLOWING THE RIVER'S BREAKUP.
Klondikers often traveled as partners and used animals to carry some of the load. While one partner went back for another load, the other could make camp and prepare a meal, usually coffee, beans and biscuits.

They called it Dawson, but it could just as well have been Creed or Virginia City, or any of its notorious predecessors, all of which had been designed to handle the gold while assuaging frustrations of the average miner. Located on the Canadian side of the border, Dawson was subject to the ministrations of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. But beyond that, those early mining towns were all sisters under the skin, ready to embrace the greenhorn and relieve him of his money at any hour of the day or night. Prompted by months of abstinence and by generous effusions of local liquor, it was an oasis; a bawdy slattern in carnival dress whose voice was the screech of fiddles, the rattle of poker chips, and the foot-stomping hilarity and blandishments of Lousetown across the river.

A man could buy a bottle and a bath. He could get his dandruff removed, his eyebrows lifted or his teeth knocked out. He could also get them filled with souvenir nuggets which, as far as most miners were concerned, were as close to the gold as they would get anyway. Not that there wasn’t plenty of gold around!

By October 1897, the first snow of winter began to cover the trail, lessening the burden of transporting supplies. In winter, Klondikers could sled 400 pounds in one load. Some sleds were pulled by dogs, horses, oxen and in one case, goats. The majority were pulled by hand.
Heading the White Pass route was Skagway, billed as "Gateway to the Gold Fields." But as far as Skagway was concerned, the cold was in the pockets and "pikes" of the migrating miners. More than 2,000 lots sold almost immediately as Skagway sprang to life.

Looking up Eldorado Creek, the stampede could feast his eyes on the richest valley in the Klondike. Four solid miles of muck, tailing piles, sluice boxes, and shafts—and not a single blank claim on its entire length.

Eldorado and Hunker creeks both rose above the Ridge, a chain of hills overlooked by a promontory called the Dome. Then there was Bonanza, or Rabbit Creek, the sorry-looking moose pasture where George Carmack and his Indian brothers-in-law, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, had inadvertently stumbled upon the Klondike's first rich strike in August 1896. It was the place where Robert Henderson, Canadian prospector, had told Carmack it might be. The south side of the Ridge gave rise to Dominion, Sulphur and Quartz creeks, and all were contained within a swampy, pasture-rolling land of low crests. The creeks scrolled through in patterns of their own, sometimes weaving around the paysstreak, occasionally crossing it, but more often than not missing it altogether. Rarely was the paysstreak near the surface, and the only way to find it was to dig for it.

Poor man's mining, they called it. And so it was. Alternately firing at night to thaw the frozen ground and digging during the day, it took a month to reach bedrock and weeks more to drift for the paysstreak.

"Luck," they said. "Cards,
Many miners employed Chilkoot Indians to help them to the summit with the 2 tons of supplies required per person. A basic food list might include 300 lbs. bacon; 100 lbs. each of sugar, beans, dried fruit and potatoes; 50 lbs. cornmeal, rolled oats and rice; 48 2-lb. cans corned beef; 30 lbs. lake 26 yeast cakes; 75 lbs. coffee, 5 lbs. cocoa; 8 large cans condensed milk; 25 lbs. salt and pepper; plus 200 lbs. cornmeal and fat bacon for the dogs.

Let us probe the silent places,
let us see what luck bewails.
Let us journey to a lonely land
I know,
there’s a whisper in the night wind,
there’s a star a-shine to guide us,
and the wild bill calling,...
calling,... let’s go.

From port Robert Service,
who perhaps knew the Klondikers better than they knew themselves.

pinballs or bedrock, it was all the same.” Luck! “A man could dig all year with nothing to show for it, while 10 feet away on another claim, they could be picking out nuggets bigger than the other fella’s callouses.”

During the long, hard winters when the men on the creeks died of scurvy, Dawson kept jiggling to a ragtime tune and drinking Tex Richard’s watered-down rye. When seven men froze to death on a stampede to Swede’s Creek, “Swiftwater” Bill Gates, the town’s leading lothario, bought Gusie Lamore a new hat to cheer her up. A fetching creation of satin and feathered plumes, it set him back $275. Even at 60 below zero, gold had a marvelous, warm color.

By fall, the Bering Sea and Yukon River were frozen, and miners had to wait until the summer of 1897 to take their gold out of the region.
As the steamboat Portland approached Puget Sound, telegraph reports came streaming in from the outlying ports that a boat with a “ton of gold” was about to arrive at the docks on Elliott Bay in Seattle. The date was July 17, 1897.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer scooped the story with Erasmus Brainard’s report of the steamboat’s cargo. The headlines read, “Gold! Gold! Gold! 60 Rich Men on the Steamer Portland! Stacks of Yellow Metal!” When the boat docked, it was met by nearly every inhabitant of Seattle. Sixty-eight miners disembarked the Portland, and with them their crates of gold.

The hysteria in Seattle began immediately. The mayor and police chief resigned. Ministers left their churches and a newspaper lashed all its reporters. The whole town was Klondike-crazy, and it spread quickly across the United States. By the end of the day, the Portland was booked to capacity for a return trip to Dawson. Other district boats were pressed into service.

Back in the Midwest, The Chicago Tribune’s big story opened with the words, “Gold in Seattle today is measured by the hundred pounds. The Portland is here from the Klondike and has brought a treasure weighing more than a ton!” Actually, the cargo manifest listed closer to 2 tons, but who was to quibble? A ton was enough to trigger the flood, and in the months that followed, it became a torrent fed by many streams. Frantic people rushed northward jammed together in the holds of creaking ships. The little steamship Amur had room for 60 passengers, yet she managed to squeeze in 500. Leaky tubs were manned by crews who had never heard of tide rips or the churning waters that tore at the Alaska coastline. Many people lost their lives. The year 1897 held the record, averaging three shipwrecks a month. Yet nothing could stop this human torrent.

By the fall of 1897, 10,000 people had passed through Seattle. An estimated 100,000 headed to the Yukon within the next year. Enterprise businesses in Seattle quickly responded to supply the would-be miner with provisions. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police had set stringent requirements for people entering the Yukon. Survival was tough in this frozen region, and the
RCMP would not allow anyone to enter without a year's worth of provisions. Many a Klondiker owed his life to the diligence of the RCMP.

The traditional access to the interior of the Yukon and the Klondike was the all-water route by way of the Pacific Ocean, the Bering Sea and the Yukon River. However, the ice-clogged Bering was navigable only a few months out of the year. Passage was scarce and expensive. The alternate route was more direct, albeit more difficult. The two most widely used trails to the Klondike began at the northern end of Alaska's inside passage. Both could be reached from established points of embarkation on the West Coast—Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend, Victoria, B.C., and to a lesser degree, Portland and San Francisco. Both trails converged at Lake Bennett, which formed the headwaters of the navigable Yukon on the Canadian side of the border. From this point, the stampeder could complete their journey downstream to Dawson and the goldfields.

Like everything else, it looked good on paper. The problem, of course, was making it work. The White Pass, at 2,900 feet, was lower than Chilkoot and, in theory, purported to be an all-weather route open to pack animals and even wagons. Unfortunately, at the beginning of the stampede, this proved to be untrue; and by the fall of 97, 3,000 dead horses lined the trail. The Chilkoot, at least, was a trail; an old Indian trail that started at Dyea, a small settlement consisting of some 250 Chilkat Indians and a trading post owned by Healy and Wilson. It was also the nearest route from tidewater to the head of navigation. Complicating this passage, however, was a 3,600-foot summit, windswept and bathed in almost continual fog.

For the vast majority of stampeder who elected to follow this overland link, the Chilkoot and White Pass trails became a cruel test of resolve in which 100,000 people participated and, as near as can be determined, 40,000 completed—22,000 via the Chilkoot Pass alone! By the time most of these reached the goldfields, there were no claims left to be staked. Most money made during the Klondike stampede was made by the suppliers. "Mine the Miners" was their motto. Most miners spent all they [continued on page 80]
KLONDIKE (continued from page 77)

had on supplies and transportation.
Today, since the White Pass also
serves as the route for the White Pass
and Yukon Railway, it is the one most
often seen. Many of the early Klondike
explorers timed their trips to coincide with
the completion of the railroad, which, by
1899, had reached as far as Lake Bennet.
The Chilkoot, as a result, is left to the
more durable breed of hiker who, for his efforts, can view close-up the
ruins and artifacts still scattered along
its entire length.

A century after the rush, the Chilkoot
Pass remains a dramatic symbol of the
Klondike gold rush, still strewed with
the discarded litter of the human idyllic
wave that once briefly engulfed it. It is
here, more than anywhere else on the
trail, that one encounters the essence of
the dispossessed: the flutter of an old
magazine in the wind, a strand of rusted
cable, the remains of a sled—
crushed now by the weight of
uncounted snows—a woman's high-
laced shoe wedged between rocks at
the base of the pass. Moving through
this forlorn mosaic, there is a tendency
to listen for silent voices. Half-formed
images play like shadows across the
mind. Imagination? Yes. But beyond
that, a brooding presence, as if the play
had ended but the curtain had yet to
come down.

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University, WSU Press, 800-354-7360.

100 Years
After the Gold Rush

Celebrations of the centennial of
the Alaska Gold Rush are under
way throughout the state.

For information about events in
Skagway, contact the Convention and
Visitors Bureau at 907-983-2854.

For a calendar of Gold Rush events
taking place around the state, contact
the Alaska Division of Tourism at
907-465-2010.

ALASKA AIRLINES serves Skagway,
Alaska, daily. For flight information or
reservations, call 800-426-0333.
Appendix Two

Abe Hankin Memorial

To

Chris Tellefsen
When I accepted this assignment I was given two instructions:

Bill Brucia said to talk for about ten minutes.

Bill Del Porto said you don’t have to be humorous.

I will try to comply with both of these instructions.

It is on an occasion like this that I wish I had completed my course in Speech 1A here at the University (I threw in the sponge just in time to avoid being penalized), so that I could do justice to telling you something about an old and close friend, whom we lost on last August 5th.

I knew Chris Tellefsen since I was a 16 1/2-year-old freshman at the University of California. This was in 1936, and by that time he had been kicking around this old world for 54 years. And they were very interesting and adventuresome and rewarding years.

The next 39 years were equally interesting and rewarding in different ways. And tonight I will only be able to outline the life of the man after whom this institution—Tellefsen Hall—is named. I shall attempt to be as objective as possible, but remember I was a good friend and probably a little biased. When I have finished, I have a recommendation for the membership which I hope will be accepted.

I presume that American History is still taught these days, and that at least passing reference is made to the Yukon Territory. In 1897-1898, gold was discovered in the Klondike. At the age of 16, Chris was one of the youngest—if not the youngest—in the Territory, and for a period of about 24 years, he was back and forth between there, other parts of Canada, Alaska, and the States.

In the Klondike he did some mining, I am told, but mainly devoted his time to running a store and delivering mail throughout the area. This, of course, put him in touch with a large number

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30 Abraham "Hank" Hankin was Senior Manager of the Band in 1939 before going off, with the US Army Air Corps, to the Philippines just before the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7th, 1941. He survived the Bataan Death March and internment in three prisoner-of-war camps in the Japanese homeland. See his separate oral history. "Abe" is mentioned in the body of this interview with Chris' daughter Betsy. He was Cal Band Senior Manager at the 1938 Rose Bowl game. That was, as of this writing, the last time the Golden Bears have won a Rose Bowl game, Cal 13, Alabama 0.
of people in the Territory and it was fascinating, years later, to hear his observation of people whose names popped up in the news from the old days.

In 1923\textsuperscript{31} he became an employee of the Associated Students with duties as storekeeper, and later, manager of the cap and gown department. It was at about this time that his first association with the California Marching Band began.

Just to carry through on the chronology, Chris continued with the ASUC until 1947, when he retired. He was 65. About a year later, he was asked to return to run the cap and gown department—which incidentally is a more extensive and complex operation than meets the eye—where he stayed for another ten years until 1958, which, incidentally, was the year his daughter graduated.

The relationship between Chris and the Band just grew over the years. At first it was because he was always willing to lend a friendly hand in solving a problem. Later, he was able to call on the experience of former student officers and pass them on—but only when asked—to incumbents. Still later, his presence and assistance were so valued that he often traveled with the Band, even though his formal relationship was that of a friend.

Chris was often asked to gather a crew and officiate at the entrances to University functions such as class dances at leading hotels, the Big C Sirkus\textsuperscript{32}, homecoming affairs, and the like. He and his student crew would provide ticket-taking and sales, arrange security, and provide bouncer service, as might be needed\textsuperscript{33}. While he and his crew were paid for these services, he was able to provide [share] experiences, to [new] student leaders of these activities, that he had gathered over the years, adding to the success of these ventures both directly and through guidance by avoiding previous pitfalls. This put him in touch with stu-

\textsuperscript{31} This coincides with the opening the first formal student union building on campus. Stephens Memorial Union was built in memory of Henry Morse Stephens, a very popular campus personality and professor of history from 1902 to 1919. This building opened just as the Associated Students was arriving at its full glory with a strong presence on campus. The student store was a significant part of that presence and Chris was surely one of the first employees. He may even have been the first, given his storekeeping experience in the Klondike. This also coincided with the opening of Memorial Stadium and formalizing the informal, ROTC-associated, campus band into what was then call the ASUC Band. The stadium came to be built at the instigation of the Associated Students. All these things coming together at the same time spawned the close relationship between the Band and Chris Tellefsen. in 1932 he was made the first Honorary Life Member of the Cal Band. As of 2008, there are now 14 members.

\textsuperscript{32} This is the correct spelling. It consisted of a student-organized vaudeville show originally sponsored by the Big C Society. See pages 114 & 115 in the Centennial Record of the University of California.

\textsuperscript{33} At least in the beginning. In later years he always hired Cal Bandsmen because of what developed as a really close relationship.
dent leaders of dozens of classes and he was known by many hundreds over the years. I might add at this point that he was made an honorary member of the class of 1942 and the class of 1946.

Chris was always very proud of his Masonic associations. As a matter of fact, he built a small house in the Masonic Park near Santa Cruz, primarily with his own labor, during his spare time. It served as a weekend retreat for many years, and when he retired for the second time, it became a retirement home for Bes-sie and Chris. She still lives there.

But he was most honored to be a member together with distinguished staff and faculty members of the University of the Henry Morse Stephens Lodge: a name which is synonymous with UC history.

From the time I graduated (Class of 1940 ½) until my retirement and return to the Bay Area in about 1963, we didn’t see each other often, but were often in contact. I mention this because I don’t have the information on how the decision was reached to name the new Band residence Tellefsen Hall, an action which has my heartiest approval. Perhaps Bob Desky can tell you that story one of these days. But just as the Kaiser Corporation named its new building in Oakland after its employees of longest standing, so I think it was appropriate that the Band name its residence hall after its friend of longest standing. And what makes it even better is that I think we had the idea first.

When I heard that Chris had died, I started a letter to his grandson, who is about 1 ½ years old. He will, of course, not remember his grandfather. I thought I would try to compose a letter to be given to him when he grows up. I thought a couple of paragraphs might be appropriate tonight as well.

In closing, and before I try to answer any questions you might have, it seems to me that the current and future membership of Tellefsen Hall is faced with a problem similar to that of Chris’s 1 ½ year old grandson, who incidentally bears his name. Someone is going to have to gather and preserve some of the Chris Tellefsen story so that years later members may know after whom this organization is named. Since I believe that each group of residents at the Hall should leave a tangible improve-ment, I can think of no greater contribution than to gather and preserve a history of this man for succeeding members of the Hall and the Band. I have some specific suggestions to make if the membership looks on this proposal favorably.
Appendix Three

Tellefsen Hall Brochure

Prospect Ave
Bandsmen had for years dreamed of living in a group oriented around the fellowship and physical operation of the Cal Band. This group would be made up of Bandsmen, would uphold the high ideals of the University, and would encourage individual growth in academic discipline and social experience for its members. Out of this dream came Tellefson Hall, established in 1960 with these ends in mind—a place ideally suited to bandsmen. Its namesake is Chris Tellefson, the founder of the Cal Band, a man who is known and respected by over a thousand past and present bandsmen, and as a symbol of the warmth and friendship of the Cal Band as we know it today.

TELEFSSEN HALL AND THE CAL BAND

The purpose of Tellefson Hall is to make it easier and more enjoyable to be in the Cal Band. It is realized by the warmth and friendship which extends through Tellefson Hall as a result of common goals and interests. All its members are bandsmen interested in getting the finest educational experience possible and living with others with the same feeling.

Tellefson Hall makes Band participation easier by fully coordinating all of its operational services around the schedule of the Band. Thus Bandsmen who live in Tellefson Hall need never be late for a meal after a Band rehearsal or performance, nor need they pay for meals provided free by the Band itself. When the Band takes a trip, enjoys a training table, or participates in its annual Banquet, Tellefson Hall does not serve meals, and passes the savings on to its members.

A rounded social experience for its members is provided by the Hall. The fellowship generated by mutual experiences in the Marching and Straw Hat Bands is deepened and enriched by living together in a group of limited size. In other words, Tellefson Hall is not just another place to live, but a unique residence whose operation is tailored to the exact needs of its Bandsmen-residents.
WHAT SPECIFIC SERVICES DOES THE HALL PROVIDE?

One of the benefits of an organized living group is the convenience of a professionally run house. Much more time is available to the student when the burden of small household chores and errands is removed. By providing the cooking and the major cleaning the Hall leaves a maximum of time free for study, recreation, and band activities.

Tellefsen Hall serves three meals per day, six days of the week, coordinated to Band activities. Meals are prepared by an experienced professional cook in a commercially equipped kitchen. The quality of the food is considered, by people who have lived elsewhere before, to be the best in both taste and nutrition available anywhere on campus. A crew of four hashers serves the meals and does all cleaning up afterwards.

The heavy cleaning and cleaning of bathrooms and public rooms is done by a maid, although members are expected to keep their own rooms neat, which the maid cleans weekly. Tellefsen Hall provides all linen needed; changing sheets, pillowcases, towels, and washcloths weekly. (Blankets are not furnished.) Other facilities include a coin-operated washer and dryer in the basement, a Coke machine upstairs, and coffee and tea always available downstairs. Living at the Hall provides basically "all the comforts of home" for its members.

HOW MUCH DOES TELLEFSEN HALL COST?

Tellefsen Hall is financially independent from the University, of the A.S.U.C., or of the Cal Band. As a non-profit organization, all charges made are used to improve and operate the Hall and to serve its members.

The charge for room and board is $440.00 per semester, or $880.00 per year, covering room and board from the beginning to the end of the academic year, exclusive of holidays. It also covers the maid services, the linen, and so forth, and in addition items for use of the Hall at large such as newspaper and magazine subscriptions.

There are two additional charges made to members. One is the social dues, which are a maximum of $3.00 per month. It covers the cost of social functions and is supplemented by similar dues from Associate members. The other charge is for telephone privileges. There are four telephones in the building. A charge of $1.40 per month is made, giving all members free unlimited local dialing, and the opportunity of making long distance and message unit calls on a sign-up basis.

The room and board is divided into nine equal monthly payments from September to June, the social dues and telephone charge being for the same months. In establishment of these rates an important fact for consideration was that many students are of limited financial means, often having to get money from parents and other sources. The rates at Tellefsen Hall compare favorably to many other places on campus. They are the same as at the new dormitories built by the University.
MEMBERSHIP IN TELLEFSEN HALL

Tellefson Hall is exclusively for members of the University of California Band. Students from all parts of the state and country and from all walks of student life live at the Hall. It is open to old and new bandmen alike. Since there is no pledging or rushing, all members are equal from the time they enter.

Applications are made to the Rules and Admissions Committee, Tellefson Hall Board of Directors. Members are chosen without unjust discrimination in as fair a manner as is possible.

From this point on it is largely up to you to consider, after full consideration of all the facts, living at Tellefson Hall. Not only will you personally secure the advantages of living in a group steeped in the traditions of Cal Band fellowship, and a group oriented around the physical operations of the Band, but you will become part of a unique organization highly respected by students, faculty, and the entire campus community at the University of California.

Appendix Four

Tellefsen Hall Brochure
1992

1755 LeRoy Ave.
The Cal Band & Tellefsen Hall

Tellefsen Hall brochure 1992
One of the greatest benefits of being a male member of the University of California Marching Band is the unique opportunity to live at Tellefsen Hall. Unlike the dormitories, Tellefsen Hall is an all male living complex located two blocks north of the campus. Close to campus, a copying facility, numerous great restaurants and just on the other side of campus from Telegraph Avenue, T.H. is location provides incredible benefits to its men.

T.H. also provides healthy social activities, a house library, regular healthy meals, large and spacious rooms, parking, cable television in every room, secured bike storage facilities, quiet study locations and a close bond amongst housemates. These are advantages that dorms can't offer. The dorms don't offer housing over vacations. Tellefsen Hall is open year round to its members. Summer rental (without food) is $109 a month.

Tellefsen Hall has incredible meals. Our cooks prepare dinners that house members love. The house tries to keep a well-balanced diet that is both carry and healthy. Meals at T.H. are served around the band schedule avoiding the rush that band members living in the dorms face after rehearsals. If a house member can't make it to a meal on time, he can sign up for a later dinner plate that will be put aside for him to eat when he has time. If a student misses his eating hours at the dorms for any reason, that student misses the meal and must buy his own food. Lunch at Tellefsen Hall is available throughout most of the day and breakers can be eaten at anytime. The house also provides many benefits that students find enjoyable during study breaks. Our spacious basement level house has a full-scope television with cable (HD & Showtime) and a good table. Our living room has a piano. The library houses a large number of books both for reading pleasure and for use as study aids. House members are always around to help each other with difficult homework.

Tellefsen Hall is more than just a living situation. Throughout the year T.H. builds various social events. The house participates in intramural team sports and has its own sport tournaments in the spring. In both fall and spring the house holds exchanges with other units and has special dances for house members and their dates. There are always social activities open for house men to experience.

Tellefsen Hall was designed to be a generous reward for all the hard work the men of the Cal Band do during the football season. Take advantage of this incredible opportunity and enjoy your years at Cal.
One of the greatest benefits of being a male member of the University of California Marching Band is the unique opportunity to live at Tellefsen Hall. T.H., as many of its residents call it, is an all male living complex located two blocks north of the campus. Close to campus, a copying facility, numerous great restaurants and just on the other side of campus from Telegraph Avenue, T.H.'s location provides incredible benefits to its members.

T.H. also provides healthy social activities: a house library, regular healthy meals, large and spacious rooms, parking, cable television in every room, second bike storage facilities, quiet study locations and a close bond amongst housemates. These are advantages that dorms can't offer. The dorms don't offer housing over vacations. Tellefsen Hall is open year round to its members.

Summer rental (without food) is $100 a month.

Tellefsen Hall has incredible meals. Our cooks prepare dinners that house members love. The house tries to keep a well-balanced diet that is both tasty and healthy. Meals at T.H. are served around the band schedule avoiding the rush that band members living in the dorms face after rehearsal. If a house member can't make it for a meal on time, he can sign up for a late dinner plate that will be put aside for him to eat when he has time. If a student misses his eating hours at the dorms for any reason, that student misses the meal and must buy his own food. Lunch at Tellefsen Hall is available throughout most of the day and breakfast can be eaten at any time.

The house also provides many benefits that students find enjoyable during study breaks. Our spacious basement level holds a full-screen television with cable (ESPN & Showtime) and a pool table. In our living room we have a piano. The library houses a large number of books both for reading pleasure and for use as study aids. House members are always around to help each other with difficult homework.

Tellefsen Hall is more than just an inviting situation. Throughout the year T.H. holds various social events. The house participates in intramural team sports and has its own sport tournaments in the spring. It both fall and spring the house holds exchanges with sororities and has special dances for house members and their dates. There are always social activities open for house men to experience.

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_Tellefsen Hall_
1755 LeRoy Ave.
Berkeley Ca., 94709
(510) 540-2321

An average room in the house:

Relative Living Costs* of U.C. Berkeley students for 1992-3 school year:

Unit 1 & 2 Dormitory Doubles:
$5555

Foothill Dorm Doubles:
$7065

Tellefsen Hall Per Person Cost:
$5050

* Costs above are for the 1992-3 academic year. Updated costs will be made available upon request by calling (510) 540-9421 and asking for the manager.

Tellefsen Hall brochure 1992
Some Things House Residents Have to Say About Tellefsen Hall:

"This is more a home to me than my parents' house. I'll truly miss it when I have to leave."
Don Shennun - Fourth Year House Member

"At the Dorms I was told what to do and how to do it. Here at T.H. I have a say in what happens. I like that freedom."
Jim Holl - First Year House Member / Second Year Band Member

"Tellefsen Hall is the ideal living situation for me. It has quiet places to study yet is only a few minutes walk across campus from all the southside excitement."
John Sugden - Second Year House Member
House Manager 1993-4

Important Note:

If you have already filled out a contract to live at the dorms and decide that you want to live at Tellefsen Hall, call (510) 540 - 9421 A.S.A.P. and we will help you negate your contract with the dorms. T.H. is an incredible living option and should not be overlooked simply because a freshman is pressured by the University to live at the dorms.