

**Oral History Interview of
Paul Bush**

**Interviewed by: David Marshall
May 12, 2014
Lubbock, Texas**

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*General Southwest Collection Interviews***

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Transcript Overview:

This interview features Paul Bush and his daughter Barbara Bush discussing growing up in Clovis, New Mexico and Lubbock, Texas.

Length of Interview: 01:48:43

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David Marshall (DM):

The date is May 12, 2014, and this is David Marshall interviewing Paul Vernon Bush at his home at Raider Ranch in Lubbock, Texas. And here with us is his daughter-in-law Barbara Bush. So we're going to ask a few questions, and let's start out with when and where you were born?

Paul Bush (PB):

I was born in Indianapolis in 1917.

DM:

Okay, and I've got March 29th, does that sound right?

PB:

March 29th.

DM:

Okay. Now, before you were born, I understand your father came down to Clovis.

PB:

That's right.

DM:

Can you tell me about that?

PB:

Well, he was told that if he didn't get out of that moist area, he'd have pneumonia and die.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

So he homesteaded a section of land nine miles west of Clovis.

DM:

Okay, that's a big plot of land.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Six hundred and forty acres.

PB:

Well it was all available; it was cheap, so.

DM:

Was it broken out yet?

PB:

No he had to break it out, so. And when you got two mules, and a walking plow, you got a lot of work ahead of you.

DM:

How much of it did he break out, do you know?

PB:

I don't have any idea. I don't think he broke out very much.

DM:

Okay. Now was it tuberculosis that he had?

PB:

No, they just told him he'd have—

DM:

Okay.

PB:

That he'd die early if he didn't get out of that moisture.

DM:

Right.

PB:

So.

DM:

Right, okay. Well alright, so he came down here—did he come by himself?

PB:

I'm sure he did.

DM:

Okay, but I know that he knew a lady up there.

PB:

I think he did; I don't have any record of it at all, but I think they had known each other before he moved out here.

DM:

And this is Ollie Green.

PB:

It's Ollie Green.

DM:

Ollie Green, that's your mother?

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay. Ollie Green.

PB:

And I've got her picture somewhere.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

It's over there I think, yeah.

DM:

Okay, well we'll pull that out.

PB:

You won't need it anyhow but.

DM:

Yeah we'll pull it out here in a little bit.

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PB:

I don't understand a lady that wanted to get married bad enough to move out of a nice house in Indianapolis and go to a place that all she had was a dugout, an outdoor toilet, and a windmill with a little water in it.

DM:

And no utilities.

PB:

And no utilities of any kind.

Barbara Bush (BB):

Now is that still marked over there, Bush Road or something like that?

PB:

I don't think so.

BB:

I thought someone had mentioned it was still marked.

PB:

As far as I know, it wasn't called anything, but it might have been.

DM:

Where was it from Clovis?

PB:

Nine miles west of Clovis.

DM:

Nine miles west, okay that is pretty dry country up there.

PB:

Yes sir.

DM:

Did they ever talk about any water problems during that time?

PB:

Oh I don't think they ever thought about water.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
If it didn't rain, well you didn't have anything.

DM:
I wonder how deep that well was. I know you wouldn't have known as a child probably, but I'd be curious to know how deep they had to go for a windmill.

PB:
I don't know, but I have an idea—it was a hundred feet or less.

DM:
Okay. Now something else I read—Barbara's been nice enough to pass me some information here, and I read in some of that that your father probably worked in the shipyards in World War I before you were born, I guess.

PB:
Well, he came back to Indianapolis, and they got married. And then he went to the shipyard by himself.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
I think she stayed in Indianapolis while they was working in the shipyard. I don't know. I doubt if he worked in the shipyard more than a year.

DM:
Oh yeah.

PB:
Maybe less than that; I don't know.

DM:
Do you know where that shipyard was?

PB:
It was on the East Coast, that's all I can tell you.

DM:

Okay, alright, well that's kind of interesting World War I shipyards—you don't really have much information on that then. Okay, well this was all before, or about the time you were born, so.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay. Well, can you tell me a little bit about that place at Clovis, what you can remember? And I know you were young.

PB:

Well, I think that I was probably a year and a half old when they moved out there; so I'm sure I didn't produce much knowledge.

DM:

How old were you when you left there?

PB:

I guess I was nine years old, I think.

DM:

Okay. So maybe you remember a little bit about that later time, before you were nine. I know that you had written down somewhere that you remember there were no trees.

PB:

It was a funny part of the land out there, there's no weeds—grass on everything, but no weeds of any kind. And when I went back out there after I got out of high school—of course, he had sold it long before that—but, when I went back out there, I thought— boy, he sure needed to find something to do. When you took on a project like that with two mules and a walking plow.

DM:

I've heard that's just incredibly difficult trying to breaking out that sod, and I can just imagine.

PB:

I can remember that he eventually got a riding plow, and I can't tell you how much he broke out. I know that he began to build a house out there, and why he was going to build a two-story one I don't know, but he started out to build a two-story house. And I think he run out of money, as well as running out of patience and so on. And he decided to go to Clovis and see if he could find a job, and he found a job with a plasterer, and he worked for the plasterer for, I don't know how

long, probably a year or less. And he learned that Tech was being built and he might get a job. So, I'll go back a little ways.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
He, like everybody else, had no refrigeration or anything like that; so if they killed a calf or a cow, they'd butcher it and enough people would get involved that they'd share all of the butchered animal between quite a number of families. The first one that I know that he did that—pardon—they gathered, I don't know how many families, but anyhow they got the calf up there and took a hammer and knocked him in the head. They started skinning him. They had, of course, what they called bleeding it, they had bled him, and I guess you didn't have him as dead as they thought he was. So they'd skinned his head, and his front two feet, and oh, back behind his front legs anyway, and he jumped off and run.

DM:
Need a bigger hammer, huh?

PB:
So they went out and caught him and hit him again—

DM:
Okay.

PB:
Went ahead and butchered him, and I remember that real well.

DM:
Oh, you know that's just exactly the kind of thing a child would remember. Now what about hogs, did y'all have any hogs that you slaughtered?

PB:
No.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
He didn't have any hogs.

DM:

Okay, but cattle?

PB:

I don't think so, I didn't ever see one of them. I don't remember that.

DM:

Okay, did he keep any livestock of his own?

PB:

I think he had a few calves, because I remember a few of them on our place. And how much of it was fenced, I don't have any idea.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I'm sure that they had to fence it, or they couldn't keep it.

DM:

Right. Well now what about the crops—what was he plowing for, what was he growing?

PB:

I don't have any idea, I don't think he ever planted it—I don't remember any crop whatsoever.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I know that he broke it out after he got a riding plow—there was lots of rabbits; so he got him a stick and put a wire on it, and when he was riding that plow, he could take that wire and hit the rabbit and that wire would wrap around him and they'd catch a rabbit once in a while to have something to eat.

DM:

Oh, okay well golly, that's interesting, okay. Do you remember having a little old garden crop?

PB:

I don't think so.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
I don't think they had any garden at all.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
I'm surprised they didn't. In fact I expect they did, but I don't remember.

DM:
Okay. Now you're probably too young to remember the dugout itself, aren't you? Do you remember the dugout at all?

PB:
Oh yeah.

DM:
Oh you do, okay.

PB:
I remember it from the outside; I don't remember what it looked like inside.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
Because they covered it up with dirt, and consequently that kind of dugout is pretty decent, even in the summertime, because it's cool.

DM:
Oh yeah.

PB:
And in the wintertime it's pretty well insulated, so.

DM:
Doesn't catch much wind, does it?

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PB:

It sure doesn't. How long they lived in that dugout I don't know, and when they eventually moved to a house pretty close, within a half a mile or something like that, north of where they lived, there was a road that went north, just coming joined, he was trying to set a place to live right on the corner of the section of land.

DM:

Oh right.

PB:

And they had a road that went down right by the side of that property.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

And this house, I do remember, was just a little ways from where his farm started.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

So they moved over there, thank goodness that was—they moved out of the dugout anyhow. And that property had a well on it—

DM:

Okay.

PB:

So we had water. Of course he had a well on that property that he was working anyway.

BB:

Were you the only child when they lived in the dugout? You were the only child when they lived in the dugout?

PB:

I don't know where the kids were born, but I'm reasonably been sure it was in that house, rather than in the dugout, because I was born in Indianapolis of course. Two years later, Talton was born, so—I have no idea whether they were living in the house, or living in the dugout. But I

remember when some of the kids was born, because the next door neighbor came for the birth. And I remember, they had to be watching the stove and get hot water, and I remember that.

BB: Did the neighbor deliver the baby?

PB:

Yeah a lady that was just a mile south of our place came over there and that was it.

DM:

There was something about your father making adobe bricks.

PB:

We did; of course my mother helped us.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

Like any other man, he had a horse, and he made a mixture, mixed adobes and straw and so on that they usually did. And I remember making adobes and piling them out to dry, but I don't ever remember putting any of them in the house.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I do remember that he had quite a bit of lumber in it. One day he went to Clovis, and he got a little load of lumber in a wagon, and he had done that more than once I'm sure, because he had a whole lot of it. I don't remember; there's lots of lumber already put in there, because he had a dog. And he had inherited a cat, and he didn't like cats so he tried to get the dog to kill it, and the cat would get away and went up in the rafters where it was built in the house. Then he knocked the cat out of that roof down where the dog could get to him, and I remember all that happening. That don't amount to anything, but they did it anyway.

DM:

So he framed this house sounds like. Framed it, and then he was siding it with adobe maybe?

PB:

Yeah.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
Adobe on the outside of it, just like they do with brick today.

DM:
Okay. Do you remember living in that house?

PB:
Well, it was a long time, from the time we left there, before I went back over there. When I got out of high school, I bought me a little '36 Ford pickup. There's a green pickup over there just like the one I had. I give six hundred and seventeen dollars for a brand new pickup, forty dollars down payment. And I of course heard about the farm. So the first time I got a chance to drive my pickup, I went over there. I can remember this, the windmill was still there, but they'd torn what house he'd started to build, they'd tore in down. So it wasn't there; they never finished it.

DM:
Oh, wonder if they took those adobe bricks and used them on something else then.

PB:
That or just let them lay there.

DM:
All that lumber.

BB:
What happened to that land when he left it?

PB:
I have no idea. I can tell you, when we left he'd come to Lubbock—he never drove a car, but he owned three. He owned two 1915 Studebakers, and one 1915, or '14, or somewhere along there, Grant Automobile. It was a big four-door sedan, a great big car. Seemed to me like it was great big—but he never drove them.

BB:
Who drove them?

PB:
Nobody. He had the two Studebakers, and one day a guy that was on the highway going to

California in this Grant—I don't know what happened to it, what was wrong with it, but anyhow he swapped it to my dad for one of the Studebakers. So my dad had a Grant Automobile, and the Studebaker. I only remember twice when he drove any of them. In the wintertime, it snowed, and he decided to go to town in one of the Studebakers, and the snow, to me, looked like it was about a foot deep. And he took that car and pushed into the snow, and just kept trying to get over to the highway, it was a mile north of us. Well he got it hot, and it went to steaming, and he opened the radiator cap, and the steam blew out of it, and he burned his hands. He wasn't very smart. But anyhow, he decided, "Well, I can't go to Clovis; so I'll just back up." So he backed that about a quarter of a mile, backed it back through the snow, and that was a trip. Then he had to get his hands well from that steam, blistered him.

DM:

So that was one of his few driving experiences.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Yeah, okay. Now you had a real interest in cars early on apparently. There was some story about you trying to build a little car when you were about three or four years old.

PB:

Well, that was what I was getting ready to tell about.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

He had a windmill, and I don't know what happened to it, but the windmill had a shaft through a flywheel. Best I can remember, the flywheel was about this big around. And the shaft went through that big cylinder, well, piece of steel anyway. I can't think, I can't talk.

DM:

No, that's fine.

PB:

So I was being real smart. Had a nice sunny day, and I was going to build me a little toy car out of mud. So since the shaft went through that big cylinder, like a top it was sitting sideways. So I made me some little wheels about that big around out of mud, or adobe—

DM:

About four inches in diameter or something like that?

PB:

And I sat down on this high side out of that flywheel. And when I sat on it, it flopped over like that and hit me in the face. For many years I had the scar—I can feel the scar yet.

DM:

Golly.

PB:

But it cut my face wide open. That ended the car manufacturing.

DM:

But you've seemed to have—there are other little things that indicate—

PB:

And my dad eventually cranked up one of the Studebakers and took me to town, and they sewed my lip up.

DM:

Oh, golly.

PB:

That's the only time I remember him driving until—well those two instances, that's the only two I ever remember him driving.

DM:

But there are little things that seem to indicate you had an interest in mechanics a little bit.

PB:

Well, I did.

DM:

Mechanical things.

PB:

I was always building something.

DM:

That's a good story.

PB:

Anyway, then after that had happened, I don't remember how much time, but anyhow he decided he couldn't make a living on the farm, so he went to work in Clovis—

DM:

Okay.

PB:

As a plasterer.

DM:

Right.

PB:

For a couple of years—well I don't know how long, maybe a year, I don't know. And then when Tech started building, he decided he'd go to Lubbock.

BB:

So that's what brought you to Lubbock?

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

That just makes a lot of sense too, a big university coming in, the town's really booming—I bet people came from lots of different directions to Lubbock. Did he ever work on Tech campus, or was he working around town?

PB:

No he was just working on houses and so forth.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

He never got a job on the campus that I know of.

DM:

Okay. Well I've got some more questions about that, but first I've got a few more about the place out at Clovis. I thought you had kind of an interesting story about the snakes out there, do you remember that?

PB:

Yeah, when we moved—and this other house, it was up on stilts. I don't know why they built it up on stilts, but to me it was about a foot and a half or two foot—

DM:

Okay.

PB:

Sitting up on legs. And I was out playing in the yard, and I started to go in the house and there was this snake on that front—had a door on the north side out of that house, and one on the west side. And so I started to go into the house, and here was a dad-gum snake up on that porch, with his head partly up on the screen door. And I hollered and run around to the back side, and there was a snake on the back porch back there too. I don't know whether it was a rattlesnake, or what it was, but anyhow my mother come out the back—and that was the kitchen door—my mother come out and the snake left, but she had a hoe sitting there, so she followed the snake and chopped him up, or killed him at least anyhow, the one that was on the back door. So that was my snake story.

DM:

You remember any other wildlife? Did you ever see any antelope or anything like that?

PB:

Never saw anything except this—and I don't even remember anything about any of the rest of it except—my dad, the two mules that he had—I thought they were mules, but when I reviewed, it was just a horse rather than the mules, he had two horses. And one of the horses got its front foot caught in the barbed wire fence, and he couldn't get his foot off it. My dad went out there and the horse was standing with his foot up on that barbed wire fence, and he couldn't get it off, the wire was under the hoof. So, anyhow, my dad went up to the horse and pulled the barbed wire fence down, and let the horse off.

BB:

Well how did you get to Lubbock, what was your mode of transportation when y'all moved from Clovis to Lubbock?

PB:

Well, my dad, after he got established a little bit, the guy he was working with, a plasterer, had that lot over on Dixie Drive, 1917 Dixie Drive. And my dad drove that Grant to Lubbock, to have someplace to live. So he lived in that Grant Automobile, they kind of made cars back then so you could make a bed out of the sedans especially. And so the back of the front seat, you could just lay it down, and he had a bed. And then after he decided that he's getting kind of established, he'd left his family all in Clovis. I don't know how they got by, but she was a country gal, so I guess he figured she could take care of herself, I guess. And he caught a ride back to Clovis and sold the farm, or give it away, I don't know which, he may have just give it away. But anyhow he sold it, and this Studebaker, he cranked it up. I remember when we got ready to leave---I don't remember much about the farm, or anything else at that moment, but he sold the property, and the people that bought it were moving in, and we were supposed to move out. And I was out running around the chicken house. I guess Talton and I was playing, or running, or something else, and they'd brought a turkey over there, as well as turkey gobbler, as well as some more chickens and so forth. And I was running around the building—I had run into one of the turkeys, and he spread his wings out and it scared me to death, and I run back the other direction. That turkey didn't get me, but I was scared of it anyway.

DM:

I remember you mentioning something in your writings about using cow chips out there for fuel?

PB:

Yeah, well you don't think about it, but cow chips were made just of grass and weeds. And so when they got dry, everybody used cow jobs. And I remember they sent Talton and I out to find some cow chips to burn in the cook stove. And I got a book over there about West Texas, and them burning cow chips, because that didn't make much smoke. And since they were just grass burning, which it really amounted to, why it didn't make much smoke or anything else, so it worked really good in the cook stove. But anyhow, we'd have to go out every once in a while, and gather up a few cow chips for the next day, or when they run out anyway.

DM:

Was there any wood at all out there for cooking?

PB:

No wood, there wasn't any trees anywhere.

DM:

How about coal, did you ever use coal as far as you can remember?

PB:

I remember my dad taking the wagon and going to town and got some coal, a sack of coal. And that's the only time I ever remember him having any coal.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

But he got a sack of coal.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I don't know why he got the coal, other than just to have it for heat, but anyway yes they used coal, and they got some of it.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

It was probably pretty cheap, I don't have any idea about what anything was. Everything was cheap then. We thought it was a high price, but sure enough it wasn't.

DM:

Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but I seem to remember you mentioning in your writings about your dad living in his car, because he could sleep in it, and living in it while he built a small house there in Lubbock.

PB:

That's the reason he drove the Grant to Lubbock.

DM:

Right.

PB:

Because he had a bed.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

So I don't know where he got any food to eat, I have no idea, but I do know that that's the reason he drove the Grant over there, because he'd have some place to live. And he gradually built a two-car garage, which is still sitting there.

DM:

Oh is it, okay.

PB:

They made a garage out of it after we moved, but he made them all up about this high out of red tile.

DM:

About four feet high.

PB:

I don't know why he didn't finish it, but anyhow he got him a tarp—

DM:

A tarp to cover it with?

PB:

You'd have to tell me—it wasn't a tarp, it was a tent.

DM:

A canvas—

PB:

He had a tent, and set it over the top of that thing. So that's what we moved into when we moved over there.

DM:

Okay. So he had some kind of frame to hold up the tent.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

And then he had—did you say tile?

PB:

Yeah, red—

DM:

Red tile.

PB:

Red tile up about—to me, it was about this high.

DM:

Okay, about four feet.

PB:

And rest of the house was above that.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I don't have any idea how long it took him to finish the rest of the house with tile, but I remember living in it for quite some time.

DM:

You remember being in it when the wind picked up? That would be kind of an experience, wouldn't it?

PB:

Well to answer that, yes. We had city water, and the city water, they made a meter, and they used red tile about this big around that had an end on it, so the next tile could fit inside.

DM:

I see.

PB:

Well, the wind was blowing like the dickens, and I couldn't hardly see to get to my house. I don't know where I was, but I was trying to get home, and I run into that dad-gum—the tile was sticking about this high out of the ground—I run into it, and for many years I had this scar still right there, for many years, I skinned it pretty bad. But anyhow--

DM:

And nothing worse than hitting your shin like that.

PB:

Oh yeah.

DM:

Oh.

BB:

Well you had to go to the doctor on your lip, did you have to go to the doctor on your--

PB:

I don't remember going to the doctor with it. I remember my mother taking coal oil [kerosene], and that's what they treated stuff like that with back then, country people did.

DM:

Yeah. If I'm figuring this right, y'all were living in that thing maybe about the time of the dry period that they now call the Dust Bowl, you know dust storms coming in.

PB:

Well that's what I said.

DM:

Big black dust storms, and--

PB:

That's what I was saying, dust that day was so bad that I couldn't hardly see where I was going, and that's the reason I hit that tile.

DM:

Golly, oh my.

BB:

Did the roof ever blow off?

PB:

Oh, he had finished the rest of the building by that time.

DM:

Okay. Do you remember what the roof was like after he built it?

PB:

It was just a flat roof.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I don't know whether it was hung over the top, or how, but anyhow I know we was living in it when I was going to school.

DM:

Did you say some of that's still remaining?

PB:

Yeah, they made a two-car garage out of that

DM:

Okay, now what would be the location today?

PB:

1917 Dixie Drive.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

House is still there. I got Patsy to drive me by there a few days ago.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

A few weeks ago, and anyways we went down to the end of the block, and come down the alley and I got a chance to see the tile that they made a garage out of.

DM:

I'll be. 1917 Dixie Drive. I'll be.

PB:

Well I got to tell you about—we lived in that garage, he, and mother, and myself, and I don't remember Talton doing any work on it, but I did. I think my dad hired somebody to help him lay brick and so forth. I thought it was the nicest little house I ever saw. I would like to go look at it again sometime. He made the dining room; I remember it. When you came up to the roof, it curved down to where he had a baseboard all the way around about eight or ten inches from the ceiling. So it was just curved like that.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

And that dining room, he made what they called pulled plaster—Carlsbad Cavern has—what are...

BB:

Stalactites.

DM:

Stalactites.

PB:

Stalactites. I think they were about that long. I don't know how he got them that long, but anyhow.

DM:

Golly.

PB:

He plastered it, and then he'd take his tile and put the butt up there and pull it like that, and it pulled little stalactites.

DM:

He was talented, wasn't he?

BB:

Creative.

DM:

Creative, yeah.

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PB:

And he painted the ceiling blue, really light blue. And took all the tips that hung down there and got some gold paint, and painted about that much of it gold on the ends of all those—well that material anyway.

DM:

That's interesting.

PB:

I don't remember any other rooms about that house at all. I remember the outside of it real well. I helped mix the mud and so on. And mother and dad put all the brick on it. Well the city inspector come by and looked at it, and he didn't like the way we had the fireplace, so we had to tear that whole fireplace down and put some square tile—as I remember they were about this big around, and we put two of them up there for a flume out through the top.

DM:

Yeah.

PB:

And, anyhow, we had to do it over.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

Because it wasn't like the city wanted us to make it.

DM:

Oh, right.

PB:

So we had to do it over.

DM:

Now, is that still there?

PB:

Yeah.

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DM:

House is still there?

PB:

Oh yeah.

DM:

Wonder if those stalactites are still there.

PB:

Well, I would have liked to have gone back and looked at it.

DM:

What's the address of that house?

PB:

1917 Dixie Drive.

DM:

Oh that's the same—oh okay, I see, okay.

BB:

Did you live in that house until y'all moved—I know you lived in a house over close to what is now 19th Street.

PB:

Well we built this house, and didn't move into it, and put it up for sale. One of the Lindsey's from Lindsey Theatre bought the house, and got a loan on it. My dad had already got a loan on it. He got the money and didn't even move into it.

BB:

Mr. Lindsey?

PB:

Yeah, and give it back to my dad. He couldn't pay for it.

DM:

Yeah.

PB:

So he lost that house.

DM:

Yeah.

PB:

While we was—I don't know how he did that much work, but anyhow, we built a house out of used lumber, they tore down the Hilton Hotel downtown, and my dad got all the windows, and doors, and lumber, and nails, and everything else, and we built the house on 1705, I think was the address, 21st Street. And he lost that Dixie Drive house, so we moved into the one on 21st Street, and to have something to make a living on 22nd Street across Avenue Q on 22nd, he built a big eight apartment house to rent. Well, I don't know what was happening, but anyhow, he decided we'd move into the second floor of that apartment house and maybe we could sell the house on 21st Street. Well, I can't remember their names, but they moved into that house. They had about four kids, and one of them has become a friend of mine. I didn't know if there was any connection at the time. They paid one month's rent, and wouldn't pay any more rent. And then you had to go through a court order to make anybody move out. And he end up losing that house, so anyhow, the rest of my life we lived in that two-story apartment house.

DM:

Did he have any more success with that eight apartment rental.

PB:

Well, yeah, You remember Charlie Hunter?

BB:

I remember the name, yeah.

PB:

When he and his wife got married, they moved into the apartment house, in our apartment house, in one of those apartments, Charlie Hunter and his wife. Up on the front apartment, my dad rented it to a bootlegger, and he cut a hole out in the floor.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

He kept his liquor in it, and I went into the house more than once, and he had a carp—

BB:

Covered up.

PB:

Had a lid that went back over the hole where he kept his liquor, and had it covered up with another piece of carpet about that big around, I remember all that.

BB:

Did people come there and buy it, or where did he--

PB:

Oh yeah, they'd come to the front. That's the reason he wanted that front apartment, so they could slip in the front door and go into this apartment house and get their liquor, and get out before anybody--

BB:

So he had a lot of company?

PB:

Before anybody knew about it. And of course my dad knew about it, but gosh, if somebody was paying their rent, so. I think he was getting fifteen dollars a month for it. And I think that's what Charlie Hunter paid for it when he lived there. He lived there, I don't know, about probably six months or so.

BB:

Now the name Charlie Hunter I have heard, but I forgot what—

PB:

Acuff co-op gin.

BB:

Okay.

DM:

Oh, okay, yeah. The house on 21st Street, do you think it's still there?

PB:

No.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

Both of them are torn down.

DM:

Oh. Because that's some old lumber from the Hilton.

PB:

Yeah. Well, my dad wasn't very smart, but instead of putting screen wire on all the walls to plaster it, they put shingles—what did we call them—

DM:

Roof shingles?

PB:

Well anyhow—laths—

DM:

Oh, yeah.

PB:

Wooden laths.

DM:

Wood lath, yeah.

PB:

They were about that wide, and about quarter of an inch thick.

DM:

Two inches long.

PB:

And he got all those out of the Hilton Hotel. And we had to pull all the nails out of it, and then of course they were crooked. So we straightened nails, Talton and I, and two deaf and dumb kids that lived next door to us, we all straightened nails, we straightened nails, we straightened nails. And nails didn't cost much, hardly anything, but my dad made us straighten all the nails out, and we re-used them.

BB:

Maybe he was trying to keep you out of trouble.

PB:

Well, maybe so.

DM:

Oh boy.

PB:

But anyway, when the war started, my dad had died. He died in 1941. Mae and I got married around 1940, and he died during that year.

DM:

Yeah.

BB:

When he, when—go ahead—

PB:

And then mother thought, well, she couldn't run that apartment house, so she sold it to—an investor, anyhow. She got fifteen thousand dollars out of it.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

And she got somebody to build her a house over between College Avenue and Avenue X, on 24th Street. Pretty nice little house, fifteen thousand dollars. And she lived there until she died. Well, she lived there until she went into a rest home, but—

DM:

Okay.

PB:

Anyway.

DM:

When y'all moved out from Clovis, I think you mentioned that you pretty much carried all of your possessions in that Studebaker.

PB:

That's right.

DM:

Do you remember what some of those possessions were?

PB:

No, don't have the slightest idea because our mattresses were all made out of corn shucks, so we just emptied the shucks out of it, and—but anyhow, we put all our possessions, every bit of it in the floorboard of the Studebaker. And us three kids were back there in the back seat, and that was all our belongings, everything we had was in that Studebaker.

BB:

So when you moved up here, were you in school at that time? Did you start school here?

PB:

I started at school in Black Tower, New Mexico. They eventually got a school bus, and so I was, oh at least a year past the time I ought to start school, maybe two years. But anyhow, I was nine years old I think when we moved to Lubbock, and I started to school at George M. Hunt School at least a year behind everybody else. I don't think my mother or dad took me to school. I don't know how I got there, but hell I learned how to get to school. But out on my first or second day I was in school, I just had to go to the bathroom. She said, "Go ahead." So I went out to the back out of the schoolroom, and I thought I knew where the bathroom was. I went down in the basement and I looked around, and I couldn't find it to save my neck. About that time I wet all over myself. So I went back into the classroom, and the teacher said, "Well what is wrong?" And I said, "I couldn't find the bathroom." And I couldn't, I never did. And she said, "Well I'll take you down there." So she took me to where the bathroom was so that was it, but I was still wet anyway.

DM:

I bet you remembered it after that though?

PB:

I remembered it after that.

BB:

How many sets of clothes did you have to wear to school?

PB:

Probably one, maybe two.

BB:

Now you said you went to George Hunt, George M. Hunt Elementary?

PB:

George M. Hunt School.

BB:

I thought it was George R. Bean that you went to.

PB:

Well, George R. Bean was a different place.

BB:

Okay.

PB:

George M. Hunt was just north of the Cadillac house now.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

It was between 17th and 18th Street, between L and M, and that's where the school was.

BB:

Do you remember any of the kids you went to school with there?

PB:

Yeah I've the pictures of all—is it in that bunch of stuff over there? Anyhow it don't matter, but—

DM:

Do you remember your teacher's names?

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Any of your teachers?

PB:

I did, yes, until now.

DM:

Okay. Okay let's see.

PB:

This is it right there [looking at pictures]. That's the third grade class, and this is me right there.

DM:

Okay, yeah.

PB:

I was so embarrassed, I hid behind everybody else. And Mrs.—well I'll be darned, I forgot now--

BB:

She taught everybody?

PB:

Third grade class--

DM:

Third grade class, January 1927.

PB:

That's what it says.

DM:

And this is George M. Hunt.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Red brick building.

PB:

Yeah.

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DM:

Good picture, good photo. You were kind of shy.

PB:

Yeah, this was a slide in case there's a fire.

DM:

Right.

PB:

All these two stories buildings had a slide that you could--

BB:

Fire escape.

PB:

Fire escape. All us kids, we could climb up and slide back down, so after school was out, we could climb up there.

BB:

Multipurpose, it was also the playground.

PB:

This is my mother in Indianapolis, and that's me.

DM:

Still in Indianapolis in that picture.

BB:

Did you once tell me that this was everybody in the school?

PB:

No, that was just the third grade class.

BB:

Oh.

DM:

It's about twenty-four kids.

PB:

That was a little Indian kid that—I didn't tell y'all about, but I need to do it.

DM:

Yes.

PB:

He was a full-blood Indian, and he lived across the alley from us on Dixie, when we was living in that shack. And as Indian kids seemed to always be—they were your friend one time, and the next hour he wasn't your friend.

DM:

Huh.

PB:

And one day we learned to smoke cigarettes, so on down the alley a little ways there was a family that had a cow, and they had—well the feed that they fed them was stalks—I've got to figure out a way to answer it when I can't think of the names. Anyhow, we went down there and somehow or other, he had some matches. It's a wonder we didn't catch that barn on fire, but we got us a little stalk of that maize. It was porous, so we tried to smoke it, and dad-gum, it burns your tongue something awful. So that was my only chance of trying to smoke a cigarette.

BB:

That was enough.

PB:

That was enough; I didn't want anymore. I never took a draw on another cigarette, except that wasn't a cigarette. But anyhow, one Saturday we were home from school, and he said, "Let's go to the show." And I said, "I haven't got any money to go to the show." "Well I've got two nickels." So we went to the show. It cost him a nickel, so we sat on the front row in the theatre. I'd never been in the theatre before.

BB:

What theatre was it?

PB:

Lindsey Theatre downtown. I was sitting on the front row, and here the screen was right up here in front of us. And somehow or another there was a train coming down the track toward us, and as it got bigger and bigger I thought, that thing is going to run over us! I remember how well I remember that train coming down that track. And of course that was a steam engine, and I went

home, I didn't tell my mother. I think they just let us raise ourselves; I don't know, I never told her where I was going or anything. But anyhow, I come home. I just had to tell my mother about it, and I said, "I dreamed that there was a train coming and it was just about to run over me." And she said, "You've been to the show, haven't you?"

DM:

Pretty good.

PB:

But anyhow, Jackie Henson was his name.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

One day—he had a big older brother that was about four or five years older than he was, and he would work with my daddy as a—

BB:

Plasterer.

PB:

Plasterer. One Saturday, he had a job on Avenue X & 19th Street, and so he took Jackie Henson and myself, and Jackie's brother. They took us boys, to keep us out of trouble I guess. Somehow or other, Jackie decided that he was going to get on me and beat me up. I never had had any fights with anybody, with my brother or anybody else, I never had a scuffle with anybody. And he jumped on me, and I got him down and I just was beating the tar out of him, I was on top of him—everybody was always scared, and I was always scared of that little Indian kid—as that picture shows, we both went to school together, but somehow or the other he had told somebody said he was going to beat me up. So I was scared of him, so I went down to 13th Street, went back to Avenue Q, and then all that far around, to get home to keep from running into him. Well this particular Saturday, they took us kids to keep us out of trouble, and sure enough he decided that he was going to—he had threatened me a time or two before, that he was going to beat me up—so he jumped on me, and sure enough I—

BB:

Fought back.

PB:

Fought back. And I just beat the tar out of him, and my dad and his brother separated us, but we

were friends the rest of our life. I never had any more trouble with him, and, like I said, he eventually, when we got out of high school, he went to work for Southwestern Public Service in Denver City. And they messed up a generator when they was putting it in, and I had already worked for Anderson Young Electric then, and so I knew how to wind the motors and all that stuff. And they had a little generator about this long—an exciter for that big generator, and the mechanics handling it messed it up, he damaged the winding in that armature. So they give me the job of re-winding it. You won't understand this, but you put the coils in it, you banded it, put a band around it to hold it, and sling it up.

DM:
Yeah.

PB:
Well I did the best job you ever saw; I mean it was nice. We started it up, and that band, as soon as it got excited it got hot and melted. "Hey, what did you do wrong?" And I said, "I don't—not a thing. I did it just exactly as it was." A couple of GE engineers were working on the generator there. After I re-banded it the third time, and they started it up and it melted, the engineer says, "Well that was a brass band, it wasn't a steel band." I said, "I thought it was steel." "No sir, it's a brass band, a non-conductor." So they said, "Well, we'll send you some brass banding wire. Go back home and redo it." So I rewound that three times, and eventually the last time I wound it, we put the brass band on it, everything worked. As far as I know, it's still in service.

BB:
Did Jackie Henson get you that job?

PB:
Well yeah, he and I worked on it. I don't know that he got me the job, but.

BB:
And that's the last time you had any connection with him?

PB:
It was quite a few years before I saw him again, and they promoted him and he was over at Clovis, and I got a little something off of him and Southwestern Public Service from him when he was over at Clovis. But I don't remember for sure other than that.

DM:
Okay.

PB:

Other than that, I just remember he and I got along pretty well from then on.

DM:

You just had to come to an understanding it sounds like.

PB:

Had to come to an understanding.

DM:

Can we talk about some of the other schools—did you go to Dupre, or Central Ward?

PB:

Well, they was having lots of trouble, they was getting more kids than they had the schools.

DM:

Lubbock was growing real fast I guess.

PB:

Real fast, and so I checked in at Dupre School. They decided that you was living on the other side of the school a block away, but we're going to have to transfer you to Central Ward School.

DM:

Oh I see.

PB:

So I went to Central Ward School awhile and they transferred me back to George M. Hunt. I think that's just one time is all we had to transfer. But anyhow, we had Central Ward School, and George M. Hunt School.

DM:

Okay. You remember the classrooms being crowded?

PB:

Well, every seat was full.

DM:

Yeah, okay. Did the names of any teachers come to mind at Central Ward, or—?

PB:

That teacher I couldn't remember, Mrs. Humphreys.

DM:

Humphreys.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay, alright.

BB:

At George M. Hunt?

PB:

At George M. Hunt.

DM:

Okay, yeah. Now, you went to junior high at Thompson, does that sound right?

PB:

Thompson Junior High School.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

Between S and T on 14th Street.

DM:

Okay. What can you remember about Thompson—any teachers, or any friends?

PB:

Yeah my music teacher was the prettiest little young gal you ever saw, was our teacher. I guess I fell in love with her. I was probably, I don't know how old, twelve or fourteen maybe.

DM:

Yeah.

PB:

I saw her picture in the newspaper and I cut it out and I made a drawing of it. From copying it I made a pencil drawing, and give it to her. I thought I did a real good job. Next thing I knew she said, "Well I'm sorry, I'm moving. I'm getting married."

DM:

Well that's pretty devastating.

PB:

Mrs. Vontonline.

BB:

Who?

PB:

Mrs. Vontonline.

DM:

Von Conline, huh, okay.

PB:

That was her name.

BB:

Tonline or Conline?

PB:

Vontonline.

BB:

Vontonline.

PB:

Yeah, I think that's right.

DM:

Then when you were high-school age, ready to go to Lubbock High, was the new building built, or were they working on it at the time?

PB:

The new building was two years old—

DM:

It was.

PB:

When I went from George M. Hunt School to Lubbock High.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

And the board of directors at the school, they didn't ask any questions or nothing else, as soon as we emptied George M. Hunt school—anyhow the school on 14th Street.

BB:

Thompson?

PB:

They went there and tore it down before they had a chance to—

DM:

Golly.

PB:

The ladies wanted to save that school.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

But they didn't ask any questions or nothing. Everybody got mad at them about it, but they tore it down the next day after we moved out of the school--

DM:

Golly.

PB:

They started tearing it down.

DM:

That's that red brick school building that we were looking at in the picture, isn't it? The two-story with the—

PB:

No, that was the George M. Hunt School.

DM:

Oh that was Hunt, okay.

PB:

That was over on Avenue--

DM:

Okay. I'm sorry I don't know my addresses as well as you do.

PB:

Alderson Cadillac—well, the Second Baptist Church built across the street from it.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

And they used it for a parking lot, they tore it down shortly after. I don't remember how long after I got out of it, but anyhow they tore George M. Hunt School down, and the Second Baptist Church used it for a parking lot, and then Alderson Cadillac bought the church building, and tore it down. And now they tore all that stuff down and rebuilt new buildings and a parking lot and everything for Alderson Cadillac, and the BMW, and some of the other cars that they sell.

DM:

Right.

BB:

Well was it when you were living over in that area that Dr. Lattimore lived by you?

PB:

Yeah we were living on—I don't remember how long we lived in that 21st Street, but my dad was tearing down the Coca-Cola building on 14th Street & Texas Avenue. It was a sheet metal building just like cotton gins used all the time. And the wind was blowing like the dickens and he was up on the ladder with a crowbar and prying the—

DM:

Sheet metal.

PB:

Tile—

BB:

The roof?

DM:

That sheet metal?

PB:

Sheet metal off, and a gust of wind hit it, caught that and knocked him off of the ladder, and he landed on that pile of those shims, but it broke his hip. We didn't have any money to go to the hospital, and Dr. Lattimore came over, supposedly set it, said, "You'll have to stay in bed for six weeks," or something like that. When he got up, that leg was about that much shorter than the other one, because they didn't set that bone like it's—. So he couldn't ever walk. He had so much trouble walking that he couldn't work anymore, so then he got him a fruit stand down in East Lubbock.

BB:

Well I knew you mentioned the Lattimores living close by, and Dr. Lattimore's wife died in childbirth, wasn't it?

PB:

Yeah.

BB:

And her sister moved in and raised the children.

PB:

But they didn't get married.

BB:

She moved out the day they graduated high school.

PB:

She lived at their house until the kids got old enough that—anyhow she moved out eventually when the kids got into high school.

BB:

And wasn't she one of your teachers?

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Oh is that right?

PB:

Miss. Padely.

BB:

Grace —

PB:

Grace Padely.

BB:

Padely at Lubbock High School. What'd she teach? What did Grace Padely teach?

PB:

English.

BB:

I remember in the past you had told me you thought she was the best teacher you'd ever had?

PB:

Well, yes I think I made that remark a time or two. Everybody liked her, everybody loved her. She was a nice, nice gal, but she promised her sister that she would stay with the kids until they were grown. When she was dying, she made her sister a promise that she'd stay with them.

BB:

And she did.

PB:

Grace Padely.

DM:

Can you tell me the story about the linoleum at Lubbock High?

PB:

Yes sir, and I've forgotten his name, the contractor.

BB:

Leaverton, was it Leaverton?

PB:

Leaverton. How do you know all this stuff?

BB:

You've told me.

DM:

I'm so glad.

PB:

I've forgotten all that stuff.

BB:

Well I know Wally Leaverton, who is married to someone.

PB:

But anyhow, he was the general contractor for Lubbock High School. And when it got down to the floor covering in the halls, and on the stairways, and so forth, the contractor said that they was supposed to use Mexican tile. Well the Mexican tile was, I suppose, very expensive compared to—and he told the board, he said, “I don't have any money. I'm broke. But I do have enough money that I can buy battleship linoleum and put down in those halls. But I can't put the tile down.” So they said, “Alright.” When we had our fiftieth anniversary of our Lubbock High School class, our class, I had already gone down to Lubbock High, and they told me, said, “That tile was put down there when the school was built, and it's still there.” They showed us the tile, the tile was about that thick, and on battleships, on shipyards and ships they use that tile—they called it battleship linoleum. Our high school reunion, we went down to see it.

BB:

Fifty year reunion wasn't it?

DM:

Yeah.

PB:

Our fifty reunion.

DM:

Golly, that's something.

PB:

All those tiles, all those halls were still there, except when the kids come down the stairs and turn the corner, they wore it out when they turned the corner. They put those tiles on those stairways. It was replaced three or four times by that time.

BB:

But the battleship linoleum stayed.

PB:

But the battleship linoleum—twenty years after we went to our reunion, I went down there and looked myself. That linoleum, other than the places that they replaced on the stairways, was still there.

DM:

Golly.

PB:

That's forty years that that tile was still there. I don't know whether it's still there today yet or not. I would like to go see.

DM:

That's pretty amazing.

PB:

But it was brown battleship linoleum.

DM:

Wow. I'm curious too; I'll need to run down there and see.

BB:

Well they've done some remodeling over there, I don't know.

DM:

Yeah.

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PB:

Yeah I wonder what they put down since then.

DM:

Well I hope they haven't replaced it.

PB:

Yeah, I hope they haven't either.

DM:

Now what about—you went to church at Calvary Baptist?

PB:

Calvary Baptist Church.

DM:

Okay, so you're mama and daddy were Baptists?

PB:

No, they were—the first place we went to church it was—anyhow, the church was over where the Salvation Army is now. That building on 16th Street is where we went to church. Incidentally we walked everywhere we went; we didn't have an automobile. And I was invited to go to Calvary Baptist Church, which was at that time in an old—they built a little building on the corner of Avenue Q and 19th Street. And that's where Calvary Baptist Church started. And I don't know how many years we went to school there, and then they moved over across where eventually Calvary Baptist Church was built. We built a little small, framed church building over there, and then eventually we built a big church, and then added on to it, and added on to it, and added on— And they just recently tore it down.

DM:

Now was this when you were in high school that you were going to Calvary Baptist?

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay. And you also had some other interests in high school; I was reading about your woodworking for example. You sound like you were quite a woodworker.

PB:

I had mechanical drawing and woodwork.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

And they were joint classes.

DM:

Right.

PB:

And I wanted to build something other than just play pretties, so I got a chance to—Mr. E. E. Key was our teacher, and he always went down at least by eight o'clock ahead of school, and worked on his own projects.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

He let me come down there early too, and I worked on pieces of furniture of all kinds—table lamps, and table—and that dining room table that's upstairs, that was the last thing I built for mother, a dining room suite.

BB:

Paul used to carve some little initials out of wood.

PB:

Yeah.

BB:

And sell them.

PB:

I got a nickel a letter.

DM:

Well, so a businessman pretty young?

BB:

And there was one Jerry has that you had carved Mae's name out of wood.

DM:

Really a piece of wood.

PB:

I made quite a bit of money doing that.

BB:

That was your spending money when you were—

PB:

At school, [inaudible] or so and I'd run it through the planer and get it down to about a quarter of an inch thick or less. And then I had a little jigsaw puzzle at home, jigsaw puzzle, jigsaw—

BB:

Saw.

PB:

This was about 1935, I'd make them a three letter for fifteen cents, and I sold a whole bunch of them. I don't know how many, but next thing I knew, man I was rich. I had money running out my ears.

DM:

It's really interesting, because you're already enterprising, you know, an enterprising person in high school.

PB:

Well the first thing I made—Hulen Penny, his mother was a widow, and she rented an apartment house over on Avenue P and 13th Street I think. And he was a good friend of mine, he had a little---I don't want to call it a Water Berry—watch. It didn't have any jewels on it, and it wouldn't run, so I said maybe I can fix it. Well I took it home and I don't know what I cleaned it out with, but I cleaned it somehow or other, and it seemed to run alright, so I got a nickel for doing that.

BB:

Well before you leave your Lubbock High School—and I know Mr. Marshall's got a doctor's appointment—

DM:
Yeah.

BB:
This morning too.

DM:
This morning, yeah.

BB:
But I was wondering, I can't remember what you said, Berl Huffman's affiliation was with Lubbock High School at that time.

PB:
His senior year, the year that the kids made everything, Chapman died. Berl Huffman and Chapman were the two coaches. He died, and all our kids decided they was going to win everything for the coach, and they did. That's the year that they won.

BB:
That was your senior year, your last year, when they—

PB:
No, I think it was my junior year probably.

BB:
But they did win the state championship.

PB:
That's the year they won the state championship. I think they played some more after the state, but I'm not sure. But anyhow, they was going to win it for Coach Chapman.

BB:
So he was pretty well liked I guess?

PB:
Well he had sat back and let the kids talk, I think he taught math as well as Huffman. But Huffman had all that bunch of football players in his class, and we seldom ever got a class without the kids [asking], "Coach, what about so and so?" so.

BB:

So he was a personable—

PB:

Oh both of them was, but—

DM:

Both of them?

PB:

But Chapman was kind of quiet, he didn't have much to say that I remember. I didn't have him in any of my classes, but I had Coach Huffman.

DM:

Had him for math?

PB:

Yeah for math I guess.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

Math and football.

DM:

So you played on the football team?

PB:

No, I didn't have guts enough for football. I didn't like that rough treatment.

DM:

Well you were busy making initials anyhow, making money over there on the side sounds like. Now what about this fruit selling that you did, was that part of what your father was doing, selling fruit?

PB:

Yeah.

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DM:

Were you involved in that?

PB:

Well yeah, like I said he couldn't work, his leg was so short.

DM:

Right, right.

PB:

But even then, he still walked from our house to Avenue G and Broadway every day, and walked back. And I don't know why, I know he could drive, because he drove both of those Studebakers and the Grant automobile. But whether he didn't want to drive—he was going to teach my mother, mom was still on the farm, he was going to teach my mother how to drive. And so he cranked up one of the Studebakers out in the pasture, had her get in, and he started her out and she went around and around and around. That's the only time she ever tried to drive she said. My dad eventually jumped on the fender and told her how to stop it. But she never drove anymore. I think she had a stroke. I don't know, but I think she must have had a stroke, a light one, because we were on 21st Street, and there wasn't any 20th Street at all there, and she went down Avenue Q and this grocery store was about half a block down there, and she'd gone to the grocery store and she got to where she was feeling awful bad, and she sat down on the curb. Somebody stopped and brought her home in their car. And she never walked anymore other than just in the neighborhood, in the house—not in the neighborhood, but in the house. She couldn't walk, and the rest of her life, after the war was over with, they built her a house over on Avenue X and 22nd Street. She got where she had nerve enough to walk, and she walked down to College Avenue to the grocery store and back, and—

BB:

Well there's a guy that I knew who's still living—Glen Higginbotham, whose father was pastor at her church, and he told me he used to pick up your mother for church service, and take her to church.

PB:

Yeah.

BB:

I don't know what church that was.

PB:

Apostolic Christian Church was the name of it.

BB:

Who were some of your friends at Lubbock High School?

PB:

Oh lots, I had lots—no, I didn't have lots of friends—Hall McCrummen, Albert McHardy, Hall McCrummen, Jay Nunley.

BB:

Were you and Wilbur Hunt friends in high school?

PB:

Yeah we were in Lubbock High School, yeah.

BB:

And Waggoner and Warlick—

PB:

Hall's daddy was working the post office all his life.

BB:

And was his name Hall, H-a-l-l?

PB:

H-a-double l. Hall McCrummen. Evelyn and Marie. Evelyn was his older sister, and Marie was his youngest one. But I never had any reason to stay at home; I always went over to McCrummen's. He told me, he said, "Don't knock on the door, just come around to the back door and come in. Knock, and then come in." So I made a lot of trips over there.

BB:

And was this when you were living close by the Lattimores, and was James—

PB:

When we lived on 21st Street, on 21st, that whole block on 21st between 21st and 20th Street, straight—pardon me, I have to blow my nose once in awhile— Dr. Lattimore had a whole block fenced off. Owen, and Glen, and James were the three boys that they had. And they had a pony, so we could go ride—no, they didn't have a pony, they had a donkey.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

A donkey, they don't ride very good.

BB:

And you'd go ride that donkey?

PB:

I tried it two or three times, and I decided it wasn't worth messing with it.

DM:

Pretty common though for people to have livestock in their backyards then?

PB:

Yeah, yeah they had livestock, especially donkeys and Shetland ponies and so on.

BB:

Now did Warlick live close by too, or?

PB:

No, they lived on about Avenue S and about 30th Street or somewhere along there.

BB:

But he was in the grade with you right?

PB:

Yeah.

BB:

Warlick and Waggoner.

PB:

Warlick and Waggoner both, they was like I was—they didn't get to start school when they was supposed to, so that's the reason they was both in the same class.

DM:

Can you tell us what they were like, Waggoner and Warlick, just what you remember about them?

PB:

Well—

DM:

And this was Waggoner and Warlick Carr.

PB:

In the book they were in everything; that's the [Lubbock High School] annual. Warlick and Waggoner Carr was always in everything.

BB:

That's not it.

PB:

Yeah that's it.

BB:

No, this is something else.

PB:

Oh no, that's not it either.

DM:

But they were involved in a lot of activities.

PB:

They were involved with a lot of things, especially in speech and such as that.

BB:

Debate.

PB:

I guess it's over there Barbara.

BB:

Yeah, I'll get it.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

That annual, about the second one down.

DM:

What was their personality like, were they kind of friendly and outgoing?

PB:

Oh yeah; they were great guys.

DM:

Oh. I guess their little brother Bob was quite a bit younger than them, you know Bob Carr, their little brother?

PB:

Well that was Waggoner's son.

BB:

No, remember it was Waggoner, and Warlick, and Virginia, and Robert.

DM:

Robert, yeah.

BB:

Yeah. I'll find them.

DM:

Okay. Well yeah, I was just kind of wondering what their personalities were like. I never did meet them, but—

PB:

They were really—I think they were liked by everybody.

DM:

Okay. Now, did you know Nan West, also at that time? Nan West?

BB:

Nan Overton is what he—

DM:

Nan Overton, right.

PB:

Yeah.

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DM:

Okay, what was she like?

PB:

I didn't have anything to do with her, but her dad was a doctor.

DM:

Right, okay. You knew of her anyhow.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay.

BB:

Well she told me to tell you hello the other day when I was out.

DM:

So he made some kind of impression on her.

PB:

I wish I could see her.

DM:

Yeah.

BB:

Well.

DM:

She's over at Carillon [retirement community], isn't she?

BB:

Carillon, uh-huh.

DM:

Yeah.

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PB:

Yeah, where I was.

BB:

Where you were for rehab.

DM:

Well Mr. Bush, how did you meet Mae?

PB:

Well, I was going with two different girls, and they found somebody else. And Mae got transferred from Hamlin to Lubbock in the telephone company.

DM:

Oh she was already graduated?

PB:

Yeah, we were all already—

DM:

All graduated.

PB:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

I never dated anybody because I didn't have a car, and you can't date anybody without some transportation.

DM:

Right.

PB:

So I never even tried to, but after I got out of high school I found out that it was a little bit of fun, so.

DM:

Well she got transferred up here, but how did you meet?

PB:

Well, these other two girls that I was—they were working at the telephone company too.

DM:

I see.

PB:

But since I had gone with them, and they got somebody else, [they said], “We’ll find you somebody.” So when Mae moved up here they introduced me to her.

DM:

Okay. And Mae’s name, her maiden name—Mae Brady, is that—

PB:

Eula Mae Brady.

DM:

Eula Mae Brady, okay, from Hamlin?

PB:

From Hamlin, Texas.

DM:

Hamlin, Texas, the Pied Pipers.

PB:

Yeah. They lived in the country, nine miles out of Hamlin.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

And her dad, like my dad, built a little shack on the edge of the hill.

DM:

Okay.

PB:

It was on the edge of the canyon, and the property come out and it just dropped off. So he built a house right on the edge of that property. And then when the kids come along, they built him a bedroom down underneath the—

DM:

Is that right? Huh.

PB:

Right there in that—

DM:

Did many people build around the canyon, or down in the canyon at that time?

PB:

Oh, I think those that was ambitious would. Mae's dad is an old bachelor, and Mae's mother's family was eleven kids in it.

DM:

Is that right, okay.

PB:

And she was the oldest, so she had to be the mother for all that bunch of kids.

DM:

Oh.

PB:

And she told everybody, she said, "I ain't going to marry anybody that's young enough to have kids. I'm not going to have any kids." And she run on to old man Brady, and he was at least twenty years older than she was. And they cracked down on that, and they had nine kids. She got backfired.

DM:

Back then, down in the canyon, was there a park down in there, state park or something?

PB:

No, no.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
It was just out, old rough canyons.

BB:
Well what was the story about the land that they had? He donated some land for a school to be built on or something?

PB:
Well, yeah the Sedberry's lived next door. And so they set aside a little place on the Brady side of the area, and built a little school right on the edge of the property. It was in the right of way, really, where they built this grade school—all grades. And they had one teacher—Charles Brady was a damn nuisance—and one day he killed a skunk. He put it in—had a big pot belly stove—

BB:
Oh golly.

PB:
And he put that skunk in that thing and they lit it and it run everybody out.

BB:
He wanted to get out of school probably.

DM:
That would do it, wouldn't it?

PB:
I think they had to stay out of school for about a week.

DM:
Oh. Was Tumble-In down in the canyon at that time? Tumble-In, that swimming pool? Or was that later, remember that swimming pool?

PB:
It wasn't down in that part of the country.

DM:
This was later I'll bet.

PB:

I think it was right in Hamlin.

DM:

Oh, okay.

PB:

If I'm not mistaken.

DM:

Okay, alright.

BB:

What year did she leave Hamlin and move to Lubbock?

PB:

Well, we went together about a couple of months, so we got married in—

DM:

Forty?

PB:

1940, so she moved—

BB:

August.

PB:

'39 or '40, one or the other.

DM:

I wrote down here August 10, 1940.

PB:

That's when we got married.

DM:

Okay. You'd already been graduated for about four years, hadn't you?

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PB:
Yeah.

DM:
From Lubbock High School. And you'd been working, I noticed somewhere you were working for fifteen cents an hour.

PB:
I went to work for—I was over at Hall McCrummen's house and the shop foreman for Anderson Young lived next door. And he never did get enough business, and he thought he needed some help, so he come over there and ask Hall if he wanted to go to work. He didn't want to go to work, but said, "Paul needs a job." So he said, "Well come down to the shop, and I'll talk to you." So I went to work for Anderson Young Electric.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
Fifteen cents an hour. I tried to get Talton, my brother, to come and help us. We got a job rewinding a hundred horsepower motor, and we had to tape all the coils by hand, which nearly all of them did for a long time. But Talton worked until noon, and his hands were so sore—

DM:
I'll bet.

PB:
Running that tape, he said, "That's too hard of work, I'm not going to mess with that." And somehow or other he used that—in Seattle, Washington, he could go to work in the shipyard, so he moved up there. And he and Virginia got married, I don't know how young they were, but they were too young anyhow. But—and then when he got called for the Army, he left to go to boot camp, and when he got back, Virginia was gone.

DM:
Yeah.

BB:
That's when he married Adina.

PB:
That's when he went to the service, and come back from the service.

DM:
Okay.

PB:
That's when he married Adina.

DM:
Is this when you got your start with electric motors?

PB:
Yeah.

DM:
With Anderson Young?

PB:
Yeah.

DM:
You know that would make your hands tough, wouldn't it?

PB:
Well, when you hadn't worked in—

DM:
Yeah.

PB:
Tape was in a little round—just like friction tape is now.

DM:
Right.

PB:
In a round spool, so he had to go round, and around, and around, and around, and around, and around.

DM:
Yeah, okay.

PB:

And it was—

DM:

Okay.

PB:

It was pretty tedious.

DM:

Oh I imagine, that worked those muscles too just doing that repetitive kind of work.

PB:

Well, anyhow it wasn't that bad of work, but I didn't mind, but—

DM:

But you did that pretty much for four years then, is that right?

PB:

Oh I worked for Anderson Young four years I think, five years.

DM:

Right, then you got married.

PB:

Then I got married, while I was working for Anderson Young.

DM:

Right. Mr. Bush this is where I would like to stop today if that's okay, because we're about to get into Lubbock Electric. And when we do that, we need to talk a lot. Would you mind if I came back another day?

PB:

Be glad to.

DM:

And picked up on this? I'm really enjoying it. I'm going to turn this off. Barbara would you like to add anything before I turn this off?

BB:

No I can't think of anything.

DM:

Okay, I'll go ahead and stop it—

End of interview



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