

**Oral History Interview of  
Patricia Krahn**

**Interviewed by: Andy Wilkinson  
December 3, 2014  
Lubbock, Texas**

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## Transcript Overview:

This interview features Lubbock artist Pat Krahn. Pat discusses growing up in Oklahoma and Texas, her marriages, and her growing interest in art, including her work with watercolors and pastels. Pat also talks about attending J. Evetts Haley's birthday party.

**Length of Interview:** 01:54:57

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## Keywords

Lubbock, Texas, pastels, watercolors, West Texas art

**Andy Wilkinson (AW):**

Okay, and so this is December 3, 2014, and I am here with Pat mostly Krahn Barker.

**Patricia Krahn (PK):**

Right.

AW:

And Barbara Bush who's sitting in with us, this is Andy Wilkinson afternoon we're in your lovely home on Norfolk. Just a beautiful day too, I think it's nearly seventy degrees outside. So I would like to start, if I can, right at the beginning with just some plain stuff like, what's your date of birth?

PK:

Well I was—I am originally Pat Starks, well I'm actually Patricia Olene Starks. That's a start.

AW:

How do you spell Olene?

PK:

O-l-e-n-e.

AW:

And Starks, S-t-a-r-k-s?

PK:

Yeah, now there's a—somebody who has done genealogical research in Canyon that says that anybody with the name and it starts out with Stark, with an E with an S, with just no—after just quit it K—are all related to each other.

AW:

And what country, do you know?

PK:

(laughter) Supposedly, English, Irish, just the British Isles, as far as I know. I don't have a clue, but that's the story I tell. I was born in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, which is of course is the home of Phillips Petroleum. All of the Phillips family, old man Phillips, well and his brother and then all of their sons, and there's a mess of them. They were early, early entrepreneurs, nobody on this side of the Mississippi hardly dealt with the oil. Oil was Pennsylvania and that sort of stuff. Now Phillips actually owned a lot of land in Kansas, or drilling rights, in Kansas or Missouri. It's all in that scrapbook, part of the—there's a little booklet of history in that scrapbook that tells you

all that stuff. I was amazed to know that they had land that far. But Frank Phillips was actually the head of Phillips, his brother was just kind of—I don't know what he was. I assume he held an office of some sort.

AW:

Yeah, I always thought that the two of them were something, but—

PK:

They were in it together, yeah.

AW:

But you're right I only ever heard about Frank Phillips.

PK:

Frank was the only one, and Frank would turn sixty-six while I was living in Oklahoma as a little kid.

AW:

What was your birthday?

PK:

8/8/1930

AW:

8/8/1930

Barbara Bush (BB):

And the scrapbook Pat mentions was given to Monte.

PK:

Yeah, Monte has it.

AW:

Yeah, the one we have at the collection.

PK:

Yeah. It's a big giant thing and my mother cleverly glued all of the onion skin to the scrapbook pages.

AW:

(laughter) That's why we have scanners.

PK:

I know. Everybody kept saying don't worry about a thing, we know a way to get it off. But there's a whole lot of stuff there, and it seems like it was around—I was about six when Frank turned sixty-six. Well the founder of Phillips 66 is sixty-six, oh my God let's have a parade!

AW:

Yeah, so how is it 66 to start with before he turned sixty-six?

PK:

I have no idea where that came from. I've never heard where that came from; it would be interesting to know.

AW:

Yeah, I'm actually sixty-six this very moment so.

PK:

Oh, I think that's wonderful, child (laughs). This one you can see is eighty-four.

AW:

Right, well can I get you to call me early in the morning when I get up and remind me that I'm a child? (laughter)

PK:

Yes, that you're just a youth. Anyway, they had things from all of the different areas that Phillips had things going on. Everybody made a float, and it was a big float thing, and at 1936 that was a big deal, and they all came in from everywhere.

AW:

Well, because that was during the—

PK:

The Depression, yeah.

AW:

The Dust Bowl was still going.

PK:

Oh yeah, Oklahoma was moving to Arkansas and the whole thing (laughter). They just—they put the big pot and a little pot in the big one and they made a deal out of it. It started early in the morning till—that's also in the scrapbook, they had little gatherings over here and little gatherings over here. Mrs. Frank Phillips had a little gathering for lunch and you know, it's very interesting, they had it all over Bartlesville. Bartlesville had pump jacks throughout town so you just kind of automatically went to sleep by the sound of a pump jack, because they were in somebody's backyard. It was amazing, there was—the thing that fascinated me about Bartlesville is the fact there is no middle class. There are the Phillips and there are all the people that work for Phillips, it's like being in a line camp or something. However you lived very well in that line. It was a very prosperous looking town, very close to Tulsa and sitting on the Caney River.

AW:

How did you come to be there?

PK:

Because, Daddy went to work for Phillips. Just a moment, I'm going to tell you how. I don't know whether—

AW:

Do you have siblings?

PK:

I have—I had two sisters, yeah.

AW:

Younger or older?

PK:

I'm the oldest. I was named from my grandfather; fortunately they didn't give me his first name.

AW:

Which was?

PK:

Pius, which I think would be pretty funny, since I'm not (laughter) in the least, and I kind of hated the Olene because you hardly ever saw the name Olene, and then somebody would always question you about it, but anyway.

AW:

That's like my grandmother's name was Orace Hearn.

PK:

Oh, that would be bad.

AW:

It was, and then she was called that by her relatives her whole life.

PK:

Oh gosh, she didn't even get a nickname? I had a father-in-law once, now I've had three husbands, so I've had a father-in-law once who felt every boy should have a nickname so he had a nickname for his son, I don't remember what it was, but he gave him a nickname he didn't think Delbert was going to work. Let me see, he got a job I believe, in finance with Phillips. The genealogy is here so—my grandfather—they ended up in Fort Worth, my father was born in Kentucky, and his mother had just given birth to twins shortly before that. The diphtheria thing went through and she died and one of the twins died and that left my grandfather and father with loose ends. They left the other twin, which was a girl—I think both the twins were girls—but anyway, left the surviving twin with a relative and they just went looking for work wherever they could find it. My father only had—totally fascinated me—my father only had an eighth grade education, but he read constantly, we used to tease him because he read the fillers in the newspaper. Well why do you need—well, I might need to know that information one of these days, you can't ever tell. Sure enough, every now and then he'd bring something up, well it served to just confuse me. I believed everything he said because after all, he read all of those fillers, so any of it could be true. You know, so he'd tell me stuff, and he would do it with such a straight face and seriousness that I always believed it. Well he'd let me spread it around, this information, and then he'd say, "Oh that's not true." You know, he had me convinced. There was a refinery at the edge of Amarillo, and it had of course the burn-off gas that the long tall pipe that had the burn-off gas at the top. He had me convinced that they kept an archer on pay, on staff there all the time, so that in case that flame went out a flaming arrow would be shot to the top of it to relight it, like you couldn't do it at the bottom. Anyway, I went around for years thinking that was true, sure enough it wasn't.

AW:

That'd be a good job to get. (laughter)

PK:

Just be on staff to sit there and wait with your bow in case the wind blew it out.

AW:

Now what was your father's name?

PK:

Hassel H. O. Stark

AW:

Hassle, so now I know why he went by H. O.

PK:

Yes.

(Telephone rings)

PK:

Hello. Hello. Yes sir. I really do, but this afternoon won't do it, Rick. Okay can we work on tomorrow maybe? See how it goes, okay we'll touch base tomorrow. Okay, bye-bye. It's my light bulb changing friend. Rhonda said she had some lights out, you see where the lights are and nobody will let me climb a ladder, so—

AW:

That's probably good.

PK:

Yes, (laughs) same thing is true with the backyard. The waterfall is not running because I'm not allowed to walk on the rocks and everything needs to be trimmed, so—he was always referred to as Mr. Starks and my mother's referred to as Tobie. Mr. Starks and Tobie,

AW:

How do you spell it?

PK:

T-o-b-i-e, her name is Audrey Emily. But her father came in—apparently there was a popular song about Tobie in the day and her father used to—

AW:

Of course Tobie you know, in vaudeville there was always a Tobie character but with a Y.

PK:

That's right. There was also a whale.

AW:

Well, I didn't know about the whale.

PK:

Well, we know we mentioned that every now and then, when she got on our nerves.

AW:

What was her maiden name?

PK:

Vickery.

AW:

V-i-c-k-e-r-y?

PK:

Right, yeah, they had been settled in Van Zandt County and—Barbara has heard this story so often (laughter)—and my grandmother was struck by lightning down the chimney.

AW:

Down the chimney, she was inside the house?

PK:

She was inside the house. She and my grandfather were standing side—he had his arm around her, and lightning came down the chimney, struck and killed her. Didn't hurt him at all, ran across the floor, hit one of my mother's brothers, she was an infant laying on a bed nearby and he was standing over here, and the lightning ran up his leg and scarred his leg all the way up and set the house on fire. They lived out in the country so they had to get out of the house real quick, but his brother and sister lived on the next farm, and they saw the house burning and came over and got them. But so anyway, the Vickerys moved from Van Zandt County into Fort Worth, the whole family worked for the packing plant, I've forgotten which one and that was a big deal in Fort Worth in those days, the packing plants.

AW:

Oh yeah, on the north side of town by the stockyards.

PK:

Yeah, north side of town.

AW:

And the railroad.

PK:

Yeah, the railroad, a lot of railroad there.

AW:

I was just there last month, and we stayed near the stockyards and it's still hard to sleep (laughs).

PK:

Yes, it is. Trains never stop and they're very noisy nowadays.

AW:

They are. Well they have so many crossings now.

PK:

Yeah, they have to blow the horns, yeah. The major part of the family ended up there on the north side of Fort Worth, and like I said, they worked for the packing plants. Now at one point in time, apparently my grandfather's brother got into some sort of difficulty and killed a cop and then got away. So all night long—

AW:

In Fort Worth?

PK:

In Fort Worth, they were hunting him and he went to my grandfather, and they were in a car driving to avoid the cops and trying to figure what to do next and eventually they—he convinced his brother that he should turn himself in that that would be the best deal. So he turned himself in, they put him in the little Fort Worth jail there, and outside the Fort Worth jail, courthouse, whatever it was at that time, was a wonderful tree and it was known as the hanging tree because that was—they didn't go out in the country to lynch anybody they just went out to the curb and—

AW:

Where they could gather a crowd—

PK:

Get a big crowd going and sure enough they broke in that night and lynched Tom from the hanging tree there, which upset his sister to no end. Shortly after that they also lynched a black

guy, and that really upset her. So she goes down there raises enough hell that they cut the tree down, so you couldn't lynch anybody else outside the courthouse front door.

AW:

Now what was her name?

PK:

Amazon (laughs).

AW:

Really?

PK:

Yeah, they called her Amy.

AW:

And her last name was?

PK:

Vickery. She was an old—

AW:

You can't make this stuff up.

PK:

No, not really and I figure it's all in the *Fort Worth Star Telegram*.

AW:

Yeah, I'm sure it is.

PK:

She—let me think if I have her middle name, Amazon, there's something else, there's another part of the name. I can look in the book and see what it is. But anyway, Amy—I've been doing the genealogical research so I'm out at Mount Olivet where everybody's buried, and so I've gone into the office—

AW:

That's the cemetery in Fort Worth on the north side?

PK:

Yeah, that's ride there by the railroad, it's fairly close to the railroad tracks.

AW:

Now were you there just recently?

PK:

No, it's been a long time since I've been there, I assume it's still there.

AW:

Oh, well there's a museum there and the woman that runs it is someone I know, Sarah Biles.

PK:

Yeah. Well, I go in the office to find out where the graves are of the family members you know. I go out and I'm wandering around through the graves there looking for where I'm supposed to be, and I see a nice new baby tree has been planted. So I go over— and it's right back, got a headstone, got a tree, and I thought, Isn't that nice? That's going to shade that—that's going to be so nice, and I walk over there and it's Tom Vickery (both laugh) who has been lynched, and I thought of all of the things, I wonder if they knew he was lynched.

AW:

I wonder if it was the same kind of tree. (laughter)

PK:

I wonder, do they know? But anyway, he's there with his tree.

AW:

That's a great story.

PK:

It happens that the one that entertains us, my sisters and I so much, was there was the story of— back in those days you know you had the ice cream cart that came by. You had the ice man that came by, everybody with a horse and you know they were just beginning to get motorized and all, and sure enough the ice cream cart is a motorized thing now. So it comes down through the neighborhood and down the street from where Amy lives is her sister, whatever her name is, and her kids are all there for Sunday, and here comes the ice cream with its bell tinkling and all of that sort of thing, trucking on down the street there. She gets a nickel to go buy ice cream, and she runs out and she runs right in front of the ice cream cart, and just runs right over her, it kills her dead still clutching her nickel. We used to laugh about that because the newspaper reads, "Still clutching her nickel" so we—well I go out there, I'm still wandering around the

tombstones there, and I see one that has a bubble on the top of the tombstone with a picture in it, and all and sure enough here is this kid with the nickel and there's the nickel. I thought, I couldn't have made that up, but I'm almost sure the nickel was there, the nickel is mentioned and I thought, Well really we've made an awfully big deal out of a nickel. But it was a big deal at that time, I guess.

AW:

Well, it led to someone getting squished by the—

PK:

—by the ice cream truck (laughter). I thought, Ah, run over and killed clutching her nickel.

AW:

So how did your father marry into such a colorful—? (laughter)

PK:

Well—

AW:

No one warned him I guess.

PK:

Yeah, nobody told him about the—well sort of. He was good friends with my mother's brother named Bubba. His name was Kermit Vickery, and she had a brother named Al Vickery. Al Vickery died—bled to death in a doctor's office because it was before they did sinus surgery in a hospital, and sure enough he was a bleeder and he bled to death in the doctor's office from sinus surgery so—but Kermit and Daddy were friends. Kermit was an adventure in himself, I guess. I don't know how you would describe him, he was single, he never married and was constantly in some sort of scrape, which her father, my mother's father, always blamed her because she didn't stop him. They decided—he and one of his other friends decided—they're driving a model T—and they decide that that car would probably go between two opposing street cars. So one night they decided to see and as the street cars are moving along the street they run between them. Well hell, it didn't fit. So early, early dawn thirty the next morning her father's at the door, my mother's father is at the door saying, "Have you seen the paper?" And of course *Star Telegram*, here on the front page is where Kermit Vickery and Manson, some guy named Manson, have been really badly injured trying to run between two street cars, and she said she knew nothing about it and didn't know where he was, and he was pretty mad that she hadn't kept up with him any better than that. I never knew—of course that was one of the boys, Al the one that died of the sinus surgery, is the one who was struck by the following lightning.

AW:

Oh, as a baby—

PK:

As a young kid, and Kermit was standing—so obviously they both were older than Tobie, but it was her responsibility to make sure they were behaving. You know how your families worked out, so—

AW:

Yeah, well my daughter is six years younger than my son, but she took over him almost from the beginning. So I guess it's a natural. (laughter)

PK:

It's a natural thing. It's a female thing, because God just made us to know that they weren't smart enough to raise themselves. They needed help. (Both laugh)

AW:

And it's right. That's exactly right.

PK:

They very definitely need help. But anyway, they appeared in the *Star Telegram* with fair frequency, and he knew—Daddy knew Bubba and I guess was introduced to Tobie, and they got together, got married in Weatherford.

AW:

Did he straight away go to work for Phillips or—?

PK:

No, he had been—he had—now the deal is see I don't see. Turn off the thing while I look and see if I can find—

AW:

Okay, I'll pause. I didn't know Mr. Haley when he was still living alone or living in his home, so I didn't get to go into the sanctum sanctorum until Junior took me in.

PK:

You know, I begged them to lock me in. Just slide food under the door, I've never seen a collection of that many first editions of anything.

AW:

And not only that, several of them he'd even have four or five copies of. It was just astonishing.

PK:

The whole thing was—and it was all specially built, I mean if the house burnt clear to the ground that was still going to be standing.

AW:

In Canyon. You know my friend Byron owned that house.

PK:

Really?

AW:

Yeah, he bought it from Mr. Haley and Byron said one of the worst things he ever did was, when he moved to—he became director of The Cowboy Hall of Fame—

PK:

Oh really? My favorite place to go.

AW:

He finally sold the house, the Canyon house, and he said you know, "I've kicked myself because—" and Haley had the places where he was safe from being attacked and everything.

PK:

The gun nailed to the door stunned me somewhat, I had to run out to the car to get something the first trip up there, and as I got to the door, I thought, Oh well for Pete's sakes, because the gun, it was nailed in such a way that you know how you open the door and then you hold it up here, the gun was up here. I mean it was just, and somebody stayed with him all the time, he was never alone after *A Texan Looks at Lyndon*, for a long time.

AW:

Yeah, Byron said that when he was first getting to know Evetts after Byron had gone up to the Panhandle Plains that Evetts would—had a certain way of coming home and it wasn't the same way every day.

PK:

Uh-huh, every day changed, yeah. He tried not to do anything twice but—because he was sure that LBJ had people designated to kill him, more than one.

AW:

Well, I just am worried about the spikes myself.

PK:

Well—

AW:

That was a pretty big deal.

PK:

I would've worried about it, and I guess he figured once he got past them—because they were outlaw enough to kill him and yet hadn't. I'd have given up; I'd have never gone to court with that. But his file cabinets—did you see all of his file cabinets?

AW:

Nope.

PK:

There were file cabinets all down one wall that held all the research for the books that he had written and was writing.

AW:

Well yeah, now I'd seen the research after they'd moved it—

PK:

It's now down in the library. These were in that one room, and among the file cabinets was one that was the—just a moment while my mind returns—National Academy Collection was their files, now why he had them, how he stole them, where did they come from, why are they in a house in Canyon? I guess they're in Midland now, but—and because you know that's a very closed organization—it's only twenty-five members that can actually write NA after their name. The others that are elected are A and A's until somebody dies, and one of the A and A's gets moved up to NA. And he's got their files, why does he have their files? Of course when I found them and I'm, Oh looky here (laughs). But you know there were a lot of little things like that in that house that I really, really wanted to be locked in the room and just left because there was just too much to see, and the knowing that it's only the top half of Texas and New Mexico. Since nobody got the bottom half of Texas. Gosh, I would have liked to have been a fly on the wall at UT at that time.

AW:

Well, yeah. When I was writing this play for my friend Barry Corbin to portray Goodnight, I remembered reading in one of Dobie's books about how he mentioned that Goodnight had written a—as Dobie called it a bit of doggerel verse about Old Blue, and I thought I don't care how bad it is, the fact that Charlie Goodnight wrote a poem is pretty—

PK:

—is pretty remarkable. (laughter)

AW:

I wanted to find it, and so I set about, really naively, I hadn't had a job yet in an archive—I had no idea how they worked—and I came to find out that Dobie, you know he had his papers scattered all over the whole Southwest because he would get mad at one place and quit giving them stuff—

PK:

And go to another one—

AW:

And so you know I never did find that poem, I had invent one of my own for him, but I would really like to have seen that. So I can imagine hearing the two of them—

PK:

Oh, arguing.

AW:

Or agreeing, it would have been just as—

PK:

They probably never agreed on a cattle trail. Evetts supposedly had a book that he either wrote or was working on that was about the trail ride to California, did you run across that? That goes down into old Mexico and goes around in order to get around the Rockies.

AW:

No, I didn't.

PK:

He was researching that at one point and had all sorts of information about it because they couldn't get the cattle to California. I mean they didn't have a way to put them on a train comfortably or to keep them alive long enough to get there and the trains only ran so far.

AW:

Well, and the California trail, which was part of the Goodnight-Loving trail, the part that went from pretty much Fort Phantom hill to across the Concho at modern day San Angelo and through Castle Gap—it was all a part of the California trail—but once it crossed Castle—the Pecos at Horsehead—it went west and you would've gone a long, too long I guess for cattle.

PK:

They ran them at least one time, the cattle were moved to that trail down through old Mexico and back up in Arizona I think.

AW:

Well, what I mean is that the California trail, the stagecoach trail, didn't go down into Mexico, it just went straight, so they could carry some water. Yeah, very interesting. Well was that during the time he had his holdings in Mexico and would travel down there to check on—?

PK:

Evetts? Evetts would get mad at first one thing and then another, kind of like Dobie, and they decided shortly after I met him, he and Nita, not Nita, he and whoever his last wife was, Kress. Wish I could remember his first name, but anyway, she was the Kress heir. Anyway, they decided this country was going to hell in a handbasket, I mean it was—there was no way it was going to recover from Lyndon followed by whoever else came along that was going to be president, it was just going to be all downhill. Soon, there would be no United States and they needed out and they needed their money out. So they decided they would go to Portugal, did you hear the Portugal part?

AW:

Now I didn't know that. No, no.

PK:

Yeah, they get to Portugal and the next thing you know, (laughs) Glenn and I were sitting in there painting, and I have forgotten who told us. But all of a sudden—and we couldn't quit laughing, they said, “Well, did you hear that the government of Portugal has just become communist?” And we just fell out laughing. Of all of the things to break Evett's heart, that would be about it, and we said, “It serves him right.” Of course we were so mad at him for leaving anyway and they took—the thing that really offended us, they took the Kress silver with them, which was a ginormous tea set that was all good, solid silver. You know, the whole bit, well now you've got to try to get that out of the communist country, not to mention their money, so they had all sorts of plans and when they—either one of them tried to come back to this country, for any reason, they would get to an airport and they were strip searched. They just weren't sort of radiated or anything they were strip searched, they were put in a room and checked to make sure

just exactly what are you trying to steal that belongs to the country now. So it was—and I've forgotten how long that period was but there was a period there. Oh, well.

AW:

My goodness.

PK:

Okay. Daddy always told us he worked—it didn't what you brought up, he said that he worked for that company, he worked for that job, he had that job. We figured that he would be at about forty, that he would probably need to be about seventy-four to have worked at all of the jobs he had. He even swore that he was the messenger boy that worked for Western Union that took the telegrams to people about somebody dying. You know he always had a story, but we—I did have a letter in that scrapbook that he worked for the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad from August the twenty-eighth of 1919 to until July the fifteenth of 1921. Then he worked for Phillips in 1928 as a station manager, now I don't know what a station manager did. Then he was sent to Bartlesville from there.

AW:

Like a station manager, like a retail gas station.

PK:

I don't know if that's a jobber job, like one of the jobbers or whether it was something else. He was incredible to watch with figures because he could take a sheet of paper that had a column—three columns wide and he added them up just going down—he didn't do one column and carry over, one column carry over, no he did the whole thing as I'm still trying to get the first column added and he gives me a total for all three. It just fascinated me, it just went right through and you know I kept going back to the fact that he only went to the eighth grade. How did he learn all that stuff? Or how did it come to him? But anyway, so he worked in bookkeeping and finance apparently for a long time. He went to Bartlesville as an assistant office manager in '28, he was promoted to division manager in Amarillo in '32, and my sister—my two sisters were born in Texas, I was the only one born in Oklahoma. Then he was sent back to Amarillo in '35, and that's about when Frank turned sixty-six, and they had the big parade and a fireworks show you wouldn't have believed. You know, that they wrote things in the fireworks you know as they would go off they would spell out something. Phillips had their own string of airplanes and that led them to get into aviation fuel, but they had several planes and kept a well-known, as far as nationally was concerned, pilot. I don't remember his name, that too is in all that information in that booklet about the birthday and anyway there were two pilots that were there all the time. They were constant employees and I don't know how much flying everybody did, I know that they flew over—that that was a lot of same deal as R. H. Fulton was able to do, fly over land and

tell you how much the pipeline's going to cost. I mean there are people that can do that, and they're just valuable people, but they can outbid anybody who's having to walk it.

AW:

Right, well and in those days commercial service wasn't really as useful.

PK:

Oh you didn't have commercial service, no. I think if one of the people needed to fly from point A to point B they probably got to be lysed in there with the luggage and go with—or possibly, I don't know what kind of planes they flew.

AW:

I seem to remember seeing a picture of a plane that was fairly common in that day called a Ford Trimotor, they were, looked like a corrugated metal. They were a very interesting large, well for the day, large aircraft. So now did you—your family moved to Amarillo in '35?

PK:

Moved to Amarillo in '32 and were there and went back to Bartlesville in '35, and then we came back here in '40.

AW:

To Amarillo?

PK:

Yeah, and never left.

AW:

Okay, and so you would have gone to about half your schooling almost—

PK:

I started the first, I went to the—through the fourth grade in Bartlesville where we never learned to print; we only wrote cursive. There were eleven grades, it was through eleven grades, and it turned to twelve after I got to Texas. Then I had to learn to print, of course when you got to be in the fifth grade in Texas they let you learn cursive. The pull, push-pull, and the ovals, and my father wrote like ovals, and you'll see his writing in that scrapbook, always with green ink. He always knew it was him because it was green ink, and I didn't know anybody else that used green ink but it looked like, the H. O., looked like a series of those ovals we would have to write, and then you'd see the S-t-a-r-k-s on the end. He always wrote very legibly.

BB:

What was the benefit of the green ink?

PK:

I don't know. It was distinctive, I guess, I don't know why he liked it, and he kept records, meticulous records. He could tell you what his gas bill was in 1929; he had a little notebook, a little smaller than that, that every month he would write in what he paid for everything. So you that could ask him, "Well listen, did the gas go up much from 1940 to 1945?" And he could tell you, "Just a minute," he'd look through his books, and as he would replace the pages, put a rubber band around them, put them in the top drawer of the highboy, and there was just a stack of little green, little pages with lots of green ink. Fascinating. Unimportant to my mother who promptly got rid of them when—she did away with so much stuff—

AW:

That answers the question I was about to ask.

PK:

Who has them now? Yeah, they had every *Life* Magazine that was published from the very first moment until he died. They were kept in big binders in a closet, a special closet, it just had nothing but the *Life* binders in it. We were allowed to use them for research but we could not cut them, and of course there were no copiers in those days so we had to really get inventive about what our reports looked like when we got through with them. But we could use *Life* Magazine which was a tremendous resource, and she had this whole shelf after shelf of these books. Now on the door itself were these huge meat hooks, just enormous meat hooks. And on them, there were three of them, one for each of us, and on those hung every letter we ever wrote home. I've got them rolled up some place, my letters. You know when you went away to camp, "Please come get me." Please come get Melody was usually what I wrote, I told people I wasn't even related to her. I don't know how come her name is the same as mine, must be a cousin. But anyway, I tried to avoid her all of the time.

AW:

That's your next youngest?

PK:

That's the one just younger than me, that I once asked if—she was forever telling stories that I didn't even remember being there, and so I said to my youngest sister, "Hey Sheila, do you remember that story Melody just told? Do you remember being there?" And she would say no, but I didn't ever pay too much attention to Melody because she was fat and she cried a lot and I just tried to avoid her (laughs). She wasn't that fat, she just weighed a little more than Sheila did, but anyway, and she cried a lot, she always said. Melody was as classic a middle child as you'll

ever run into. You'll never find another one more book perfect. Somebody should have written it all down.

AW:

I'll introduce to my brother.

PK:

He's a middle one?

AW:

Yeah.

PK:

Yeah, Melody was just classic, absolutely, she'd bring something—oh yeah, my sister was like that.

AW:

So what schools did you attend in Amarillo?

PK:

All there was. (laughter) There weren't many. I went to Bivins, which was just, you know, across a vacant lot from the house that my family built.

AW:

Where did your family build a house?

PK:

On Bonham, Sixteenth and Bonham. Now Sixteenth and Bonham is like right here and you go a few blocks on down Sixteenth Street, and you got to the big old Bivins home. You know Amarillo is built around three families and that was one of them. It's where the Episcopal church is now that sits on Georgia. Well, that's where the old Bivins home—and part of it may still be a little east of the Episcopal church. But that was the last house we built—they built the house in '40, and I think it was completed about the middle of '41 in time for Pearl Harbor. But just across the vacant lots that were there was Bivins School, went to Bivins and then everybody funneled and the other—the classier, that was the middle class, the rich class over here was Wolflin, one of the other families. Now between Wolflin School and the Wolflin family that lived on what is now the Canyon highway was nothing but a golf course. So I found it always very handy to meet the people that had possessions that I want to play with so, and they had a lot of horses. Well just on down Sixteenth was a stable you could go rent horses, but why would I want to pay to rent horses when I could be friends with the Wolflin girls over here, and they

would bring the horses over and we would ride back and forth across that golf course all the time. It was an abandoned golf course.

AW:

Now was there an airstrip right along there somewhere?

PK:

Nope. No, we had—where Wolflin Street is was a gigantic lake. Now here close on the Wolflin Street side, on Georgia's side of the lake, was an old kind of rundown house, and of course kids being kids they had the story about, there was a guy in there you need to avoid. Make sure you don't slow down when you get by the house, and we used to walk around that lake which was a pretty good thing because it ran clear to Western.

AW:

Yeah, was that called Mustang Lake?

PK:

I didn't know it had a name.

AW:

I think at one time it was called Mustang Lake because mustangs would actually come water there, and one of the problems for people at that time, in the late nineteenth century, was their horses would run off with the mustangs.

PK:

They filled it full of dirt—yeah ran on it—and leave with the mustangs.

AW:

I think that was called Mustang Lake.

PK:

Could've been, we just never heard it. But anyway, we wandered around Mustang Lake all the time, and you know back in those days, people could just wander around. You were perfectly safe, except for that little old man in that house you know that you kind of had to watch out for, you just told each other who you needed to watch out for. So we rode the horses back and forth across the abandoned golf across, which meant that the horses did a lot of jumping because we had the sand traps and water hazards, and first one thing and then another, we just loved it, we didn't bother to saddle anybody. But the same token I ran around with the Puckett family who are also—they have Puckett Place and all of the rest of that land, but the Pucketts and the Wolflins are related.

AW:

Oh, I didn't know that.

PK:

Yeah, and let me think—Puckett married—no Wolflin married Puckett and took his name. He was a funny guy. Of course we're talking all sorts of money and oil and land and stuff and all of that sort—Cedar never found it necessary to do just a lot of work, I don't know what his main plan was, but Cedar Puckett was the father of my good friend Nancy. Her youngest sister Patty Lou is still very active in Amarillo, Pattilou Puckett whatever her married name is. But anyway, it ended up Patty Lou was the sole survivor of the family. Cedar and Lela, their mother and father of course died in due time. But Nancy and the brother, was it Hunter? I believe it was. Anyway, he flew, and he was one of those pilots you really don't want to fly with because he liked to see whether or not the gas would last till you got to wherever you were going, and one time it didn't. It was Hunter and Nancy and Nancy's daughter, and he crashed and killed Nancy and Hunter and paralyzed the daughter. But anyway, Pattilou's still there—I think the daughter has died since then, but I don't know. Sometimes it doesn't pay to have a lot of money. It was a funny thing that I learned—

AW:

Especially in Amarillo, it's hard, you know—

PK:

It was hard in Bartlesville. In Bartlesville, as an elementary school student who watched the limousines pull up to pick up the kids after school to take them home. Of course if they've got toys I want to play with them I become their best friend, so I went home with a lot of them, a lot. But I never saw a happy group of people; I began to associate money with not being happy. So it never became a really big thing with me, let's have enough to get by on. It was kind of interesting the effect it had on me. Now at the same time it had odd effect on my middle sister, the classic. At one point in time when we were like forty-five thereabouts, she called me one Sunday and she said, "Do you remember Mary-Ann Ripple?" And I said, "Yeah," and she said, "Well, she and her husband were down here and we spent the weekend, me and my husband, spent the weekend playing tennis with them and the whole time I was thinking there's something about her I don't like, I really don't like her. There's something that's gone on in the past, I really don't like her, it bothered me all weekend long." Now Melody carried grudges like you wouldn't ever believe anybody could, and this is a good example of. Anyway, she said, "I have puzzled it all weekend I had—they left and went home and I've still been sitting here trying to figure out why is it I didn't like that girl so bad, and I finally came up with it!" I said, "Yeah, so what is it?" "She was one of the people that we went home with a lot, and she said, do you remember the time that you and Mary-Ann came down the stairs and y'all said to me there is no Santa Claus? And I said, "Well, hell no." And she said, "Well, that's why I don't like her, she

told me there was no Santa Claus.” I said, “You’re sick (laughter) that long ago,” so what was she in the first grade? Now we’re like forties, she’s still mad, but she was one of these that would remember that we were supposed to be mad at somebody, and if she saw us talking to them, she would say, “Why are you talking to so and so? Did you not remember that we’re mad at him?” “No, as a matter of fact I didn’t.” But anyway, so now before you go, I’ve got to tell you about Evett’s birthday party, you may notice everything is not chronological with me.

AW:

That’s all right.

PK:

It just kind of goes here and there. Evett’s was going to have his seventy-sixth birthday. And of course it was going to be a really big deal with the dedication of the Alamo bell in the library in Midland, the questionable Alamo bell that Jr. came up and swore it was the original. The kids and I are standing over him in the corner saying, “Yeah sure. You bet that’s the original.” But anyway, I am going down for the birthday party, and I had a class to teach the next day, and I knew I was going to drive back that evening. It was going to be a reception; I don’t remember what all it was. But anyway we were going to go to the reception, the big deal, and so I’m looking for one of the girls to go with me, one of my daughters to go with me, so that somebody could drive me back in case I got sleepy. So the older one said, “Okay I’ll go with you.” Well, the younger one comes in and she’s one of these people that if you say you’re going to move the car from the driveway to the curb, she’ll get in and ride with you—if the car is moving I should be in it. So she said, “Where are y’all going?” And we’re looking pretty nice dressed up and all, and I said, “We’re going to Evett’s birthday party.” “Oh, hey I’ll go with you, just give me time to get my clothes changed.” So she went and got her clothes changed and she came back, we get in the car we sail off down the street, and the minute we get to the highway, she said, “Maybe I should ask where this birthday party is,” and we said, “Well yeah, you probably should have, it’s in Midland.” “Oh I didn’t know we were leaving town.” So anyway, we go to Midland, and the first deal is at the library with the dedication. Now if you’ve been to the library and seen the library, there are pencil drawings of different men in different areas, I did all of those.

AW:

Oh really?

PK:

You’ll see Krahn on all of them.

AW:

Oh yes, yes.

PK:

Yes, that's it. Anyway, we had the dedication and the older one of the two girls—

AW:

In fact, you and Tom Ryan—that's who I remember seeing most.

PK:

Darn, never can tell.

AW:

Yeah, how cool.

PK:

But anyway, Andy says to me, "My God, I'm glad I just finished that CPR course because there's several people who look like they're not going to make it through the evening here." But anyway—

AW:

That's always the case when you got to any library—

PK:

Yes, yes, that's true. But anyway, we leave the library and go over to somewhere else where there is a big reception and I mean big, and we've got all sorts of unusual things going on at this birthday party that totally fascinate the three of us. First off, there's the biggest table of hors d'oeuvres I believe I've ever seen in my whole life, we'd just had dinner.

BB:

Did you say if this J. Evett's birthday or Frank Phillips's?

PK:

No, this is J. Evetts at the Evitts library, and it's a reception to end all. The caterers were very, very busy, I mean there was lots and lots of food and lots and lots of people, and somebody had a microphone reading telegrams from everybody in the world and then you have telephone calls. Evetts you're wanted by so and so, and it would be some well-known—Ronald Regan would like to talk to you, and then this one would like to talk to you, and the Minister of such and so, and there was one guy that was wandering around through there followed by a guy very closely who was one of these that you knew immediately was a guard, he was the bodyguard no doubt, and he was the minister of South Africa or something, and he brought Evitts a gold bar. It was his birthday present, a gold bar, I mean a bar. Now what do you do with a gold bar, I mean, you've got to take it to someplace to get it melted to become useable, but anyway, maybe you can trade

it to the mint. But anyhow, just these different people kept talking to him on the phone, of course it would be a two way conversation we could hear whatever whoever was saying and what Evetts answer would be and so forth, and so we're getting ready to—it's getting later, and I said to the girls, we're going to have to leave here. So I start making the rounds of saying thank you for inviting me, I'm glad I came and all that stuff, well it got to this one guy, I don't remember who it was, some big muckity-muck, and I said, "We've got to go, we've got to drive back to Lubbock. And he said, "I wouldn't leave this place on a bet now." And I said, "Really? Why?" And he said, "The next call may be from God." (laughter) And I said, "Yeah, it could be considering who all we've heard from so far."

AW:  
Oh, that's great.

PK:  
But anyway, it was a very impressive thing, no two ways about it, the whole thing, the way it was handled, he had a very big seventy-sixth birthday and it seems as if, do you remember what his birthday is?

AW:  
No I don't.

PK:  
It seems as if it's somewhere close to the centennial, Texas—

AW:  
Oh, so it would've been close to Goodnight's birthday which was between the dates of the signing and San Jacinto in March.

PK:  
Yeah, well. So anyway—

AW:  
I'll bet ten to one, Byron was at that.

PK:  
More than likely, everybody was at that. We thought we were in pretty good shape.

AW:  
Byron and I, we graduated from Monterrey together here, and then he went to West Point, and so he's in the military for his—

PK:

His four years.

AW:

—his four years afterwards, but most of that, he was a coach at West Point which was a good thing for him.

PK:

What a job.

AW:

But he wound up coming back to Texas Tech to do graduate work, and so he would have been living, in fact helping organize the Ranching Heritage Center about that same period of time, so I'm sure Byron would've been there.

PK:

We went out on the first event at Ranching Heritage Center, Glenna and I had a booth. She took her first sculptures out there. They were done in wax, and because we knew it was going to be hotter in both places, she froze them so those little bronzes, or little waxes, sweated all day, they thawed and just sweated all day. But we were there for that very first time anybody toured the place, and I don't know that we were selling the stuff or just displaying the stuff.

AW:

Yeah, before the official opening or right as they first—because they built on it for a while before they actually had an opening.

PK:

It had several—it had a bunch of the buildings were up and running, and they were still working on the great big house that had been brought from Plainview—

AW:

Yeah, the Barton House.

PK:

—they were still wallpapering on that one. So you could only look at it through the windows.

AW:

Yeah, it was that way for a long time.

PK:

Yes it was, but a great majority of it was already there. The one house that is backed up against a hill was totally finished.

AW:

Yeah, the Joel house.

PK:

And that's where we were is there, where you come into the house, if you come over this way, you enter on the second floor.

AW:

Oh no, no that was the Matador headquarters, big long one.

PK:

It's a long house and—

AW:

Yeah it's on the south side of the hill, the berm, right.

PK:

Somebody was in there making sauerkraut. (laughs)

AW:

That must have gone well with the sculptures.

PK:

Oh yeah, everything went well.

AW:

Well, how did you get started in art? How did you get interested?

PK:

Well, in high school I took all of the art classes.

AW:

Just on a whim or had you been—

PK:

No, I had been totally fascinated by it since the fifth grade, since I moved to Texas. I used to have—

AW:

What sparked your interest?

PK:

I have no idea; I just did. I had an uncle that was a graphic artist, and that was as close as I got to art and as interested as anybody else in the family was. Nobody much cared whether I liked art, it's just—I either had to go to Amarillo Junior College or one of the colleges that had an art department, which left me UT and TWU. So I went to TWU. I really didn't want to get mixed up with those people that were at UT in '48, they were already tea sippers. So I got into enough trouble without going out and looking for another group of people to hang out with because I just told them (unintelligible 0:54:58) the night that I was—very now and then I was in trouble with my family because somebody would decide—a man on the street—microphone—would decide to interview me, and I'd tell him what I thought. So, and I said to the group sitting there, "You know I used to really have a mouth and several of them, their mouth just fell open," and they said, "Used to? We weren't aware you recovered from that." But there were terrible times that my father would inform me that I really shouldn't have said that—Well, somebody asked, that's what I thought, which I'm inclined to do today. (laughter) But anyway, I don't know what really—I had really good art teachers in high school. Amarillo High School was a great place—and it had you know, its art collection is awesome. Have you seen their art collection?

AW:

No, but I've heard my cousin Jerry Ingham talk about it.

PK:

Oh, it's worth going up there to see.

AW:

Yeah, Jerry would be just a little younger than you, I think he's seventy-six, and he's the oldest of our cousin group who went through.

PK:

Yeah, that was probably too young to know my youngest sister who was known by the world, and still is, Sheila. She didn't have a middle name, so she referred to herself as Sheila baby, "I am special."

AW:

How much younger is she than you?

PK:

Four. Yeah, she's eighty, oh dear is today the third?

AW:

It is.

PK:

Oh, I best be calling her. Last year I forgot to call her at all and talk about—she called all of my children to tell them that I forgot her birthday, best be calling her today. But she was the cheerleader, she was everything, and she is now a nationally recognized storyteller.

AW:

What name—what's her last name?

PK:

Phillips (laughs) no connection whatsoever. She goes by Sheila Starks Phillips.

AW:

The reason I'm asking is that Jerry Ingham, my cousin's wife, Donna Ingham, is a storyteller and is nationally—a part of that whole—

PK:

Okay yes I know, I've run into Donna in Amarillo. I went in there to tell stories for her one day, once.

AW:

Really? How interesting. So Sheila Starks—

PK:

Starks Phillips.

AW:

I'll need to report.

PK:

Well, Donna has had her in to tell stories in Canyon and she goes frequently to Happy, does the school system and one of the service organizations and—is it Happy? Tulia. No, she goes to

Tulia. But she's also a good writer is what it amounts to because she writes a lot of original stuff and tells it.

AW:

Donna's the same way, in fact I've found that in the storyteller bunch that the better ones, they're good writers.

PK:

Yeah, well she really is. She lived in Houston and I was down there and I had—this is convoluted—I had a friend who wanted to take some sort of class, and I said, “Listen I just got the Parks and Recreation thing out of the paper, let me look and see, I bet they're offering that class.” So I look it up and sure enough they're offering whatever class it was she wanted to take—I'm on the phone—and I said, “Oh and son of a gun, look here just below there's tap dancing. I've always wanted to take tap dancing,” and she says, “Oh well I'll take tap dancing with you.” So we took tap dancing in the Parks and Recreation thing, and just below that was storytelling, so I signed up for that too, and met this little old lady who'd taught us how to tell stories. Well now I go to Houston to take care of my grandson, and I'm talking to Sheila, and I say, “You know, this coming weekend in Denton they're having the Texas Storytelling Festival, we probably ought to go,” and she said, “Yeah, we should.” So we got in the car and my daughter came back to take care of her own kid, so Sheila and I leave for Denton, and we get there and it's Friday night and we're in the first big tent storytelling, and we have a wonderful storyteller who's name I don't remember right this moment. But anyway, she gets through with her first story, and we just looked at each other saying this is what we want to be when we grow up, and of course she then joined the Houston Storytelling Guild, there's nothing up here going on. Best I could do, she would get \$75 an hour, and I might get lunch. But anyway, she went on to discover—she got very active in the Houston guild who have an annual liars contest that has been won by a black guy that is the greatest storyteller. I love to listen to him tell stories, just good. I don't remember what his name is at all.

AW:

I'll think of it, I was just at the storytelling event at George West and they have—

PK:

They have a big deal there.

AW:

Yeah, and I was down there actually doing oral history interviews with all of them about how that developed, how they developed—

PK:

How George West developed or the storytelling?

AW:

No, no how George West developed because it's such a tiny little community and you know you can't get a room there because all the oil shale work, and yet they still have this big festival and it's really remarkable. But that's a long way of saying he was there.

PK:

Yeah anyway, he had won the liars contest for years, it was just hands down he was going to win it. Well, in comes Sheila and she tells a story of—it's the one about us saving, actually saving most of the country because we had stumbled across a group of spies who were planning on meeting a submarine in the Gulf of Amarillo, and it just goes on and on and on. And of course we catch them and we make headlines and all of this sort of stuff, well she beat him. Well, he was just appalled, he couldn't believe somebody had actually come to town and beat him. Well for the next three years she beat him. (laughs) Anyway, so it's just kind of a standing joke.

AW:

I'm sure Donna knows all about this because she's one the liars thing also, and I told her it's really odd that—

PK:

I went down and judged it one time.

AW:

I said well it's really odd that this is one of the things you brag most about, being the best liar. (laughter)

PK:

Best liar that's it, Sheila is the best liar. She put four of them on a tape, and it's called *The Lies of Texas*.

AW:

Does she still live in Houston?

PK:

Oh yeah, she lives in Sugarland. Anyway, we went on from there to Jonesborough to the National Storytelling Festival, and if you haven't ever been to that you really need to go.

AW:

I have been.

PK:

Did you go to the ghost tales?

AW:

No, I didn't get to go to ghost tales, I was there playing music. They actually wanted a few of us musicians there sort of like in the back door you know. But no, I did get to hear some though, my favorite were the Jack stories. Those were just terrific.

PK:

They're great, yeah. There's one little boy that tells the story of the itsy bitsy spider that is just fantastic.

AW:

Is he the North Carolina—well there's so many of them from North Carolina.

PK:

I don't know where—I don't even remember where he's from. And of course one of my favorites is the guy that tells the dead mule story, which is a joke that's been around forever, but he elaborated it into a wonderful story.

AW:

Sometimes an albino mule and sometimes—

PK:

Well this was the white mule, the one that is dead behind the barn and he sells chances on it.

AW:

Right and only one given—

PK:

Only one guy—well did they get kind of mad and said only the guy that won.

AW:

And then the follow up is, and I gave him his money back. (Laughter)

PK:

But she does a lot of storytelling around the country.

AW:

What happened to your interest in storytelling?

PK:

Well, it took too long to research everything or to write the story and it was cutting right into my painting time, so I decided, no, and then it cut right into my needlework, so I just said, "Oh Sheila I can't seem to get paid up here I'm going to forget it, sending you a lot of the books." It's a fascinating group of people, totally fascinating.

AW:

It is, I've gotten to know them through the music that I do but also through my cousin, and they all know one another from one end of the country to the other, and they know one another's stories, and to sit around with them in the evening afterwards is just—well it's just like—

PK:

It's like the afterglow for barbershop, you always want to go to the afterglow on a barbershop quartet concert.

AW:

Well, in our folk festivals you don't want to go to the show you want to go to the hotel room afterwards.

PK:

Afterwards. It's the afterwards that's good for sure.

AW:

Exactly. So you were at Texas Women's or Wesleyan?

PK:

TWU. No yeah, women's, yeah they had a great art department.

AW:

What did you do after you graduated there and I assume—

PK:

What makes you graduated? I stayed only long enough to get my Mrs.

AW:

Okay and what was your first Mrs?

PK:

That was a guy from Nebraska (laughs); he died after about five years of being married to me.

AW:

Oh my goodness. Well what was his name?

PK:

Delbert Bell, how common can you—

AW:

B-e-l-l?

PK:

Yeah, interesting family, let me see his mother's maiden name was Langston, Lankford. It may have been Lankford, but anyway, they were a very well-known group of bootleggers had stills and so forth.

AW:

Ah, in Nebraska?

PK:

Well they came from Kentucky, and Granddad—who was still around when I was married to Delbert—Granddad had his still destroyed by the feds and he discovered that they were all at the red light district, so he created an artificial fire, and as they came flying at it, he just shot them. So they left Kentucky and ended up in Nebraska, and he married Delbert's mother who—that's the other way around, his mother was the Lankford. His father's family had come over on the boat from Germany, and each one of them got to carry something, one of the aunts and they would—anytime they got very upset they reverted back to German and would just have a fit at each other, the two aunts lived together. But anyway, kind of an interesting group of people, the Bell's side of the former bootlegging group. He was a cop; Delbert's father was a cop.

AW:

What part of Nebraska were they in?

PK:

Beatrice. Or Bee-at-trice or however they say it.

AW:

I know there are a lot of Germans from Russia in the very western part, Scottsbluff.

PK:

Yeah, this was that very bottom end it was barely into Nebraska. But then he died and I came back to Amarillo—we were living in Colorado at that time—and I came back to Amarillo, and so as it happens—

BB:

And you had your first two children?

PK:

I had Delbert and I had two children and he died.

AW:

That was Andrea and?

PK:

No, that would be Debra and James Richard.

AW:

James Richard, that's my father's name.

PK:

Really? James Richard's God father is Jimmy Dick who we went to high school with, Brannon who was for endless years the right hand man of Sam Walton, and he still works for Walmart in some sort of executive something or another.

AW:

Then he would know my other cousins because they grew up in Newport, and my Uncle Bob, my grandfather's brother, had a dairy—oh my goodness this is a bad—and sold his milk in Sam's grocery store, and so I still have a cousin that works for them.

PK:

It just—Jimmy Dick's—I came into a class reunion wearing a jacket I just dearly loved, it's lace, and Jimmy Dicks said, "Where did you get that fine jacket?" And I said, "Some idiot clothing buyer at Walmart"—at that time that's what he was doing—he said, "Oh I just don't realize I have such good taste." But he's Bud's God father anyway, and of course Bud loved the fact that when *Dallas*, the program, was on that his initials were J. R. So he suddenly stopped being Bud or anything else, he became J. R. That passed (laughs) when the program went off.

AW:

So you were in Colorado—

PK:

—and came back to Amarillo, yeah.

AW:

Were you still painting?

PK:

Oh, I hadn't even gone back to painting.

AW:

You were just being a mom.

PK:

I was just being the mother—

AW:

Not just being a mom, that's not the right saying—

PK:

I was just being the mother of two—yes, well I was the mom of a guy that was working for Phillips Petroleum, and Phillips Petroleum didn't allow nepotism at all, so everybody that had a relative in Phillips was stationed in Colorado, so that you weren't working for any relatives, so he was a Phillips employee, yeah.

AW:

Is that how you met him?

PK:

No, no. Well he was at North Texas when I was at TWU and we started dating, I was a freshman and he was a senior, and we decided college we could get along without, so we left and got married and had children. He went to work for Phillips because of Daddy and was of course promptly sent to Colorado to be with all the other people who were relatives. Then he developed a blood disease and fell out of the hospital window, which usually startles some people (laughs) but anyway. What's kind of unique about that is before we left Colorado, Daddy came on up there, and we were trying to get everything taken care of, and of course that—you fall out of a hospital window it makes the news.

AW:

Yeah, I would imagine.

PK:

Well, it you know it's in the newspaper and on TV. So anyway, Daddy gets up there and we are clearing things out, and we're fixing to take a mortgaged car from Colorado to Texas so we go to Commercial Credit to tell them we're leaving with their property, and it turns out that the guy that we talk to was sitting directly across from the window he went out of and he said, "Oh my God, yeah I saw him fall." I thought he was going to give us the car there for a minute but it didn't work out at all, but I thought that was kind of funny that the guy that saw him fall out of the window I ended up talking to before I left Colorado.

AW:

What part of Colorado was this?

PK:

Denver.

AW:

Denver, what part of Denver?

PK:

I don't know, St. Joseph's Hospital.

AW:

My son was born at St. Joseph's.

PK:

Really? Those nuns were downright ugly.

AW:

Yes, well I was born in Mercy Hospital in Slaton so.

PK:

I see. That's much better.

AW:

No, there were nuns there too. (laughter)

PK:

Yes there were, but they're nicer nuns.

AW:

Well, not to me.

PK:

You would've thought I was stealing something you know. They didn't want to accept the insurance—we argued, Daddy and I argued and argued about the fact that yeah I was insured, yes they would be paid. We leave in a huff and get in the car and all Daddy says all the way home is, "Sisters of mercy, hell yeah, sisters of mercy."

AW:

You'd have thought they'd have been worried about him falling out of their window.

PK:

Didn't seem to bother them, it turned out when I tried to sue them, if they take one charity patient they're safe from suit. They only have to take one a whole year, well they take a lot more than that, so they're just terribly secure in the fact that I'm sorry he fell out of the window, fell right through the screen (laughs). Back in the days when there wasn't any air conditioning in hospitals, it was in '53, so there wasn't any air conditioning, and then your windows were all up, and the room was crowded with equipment because he and the guy in the other bed were in such bad shape, they had every piece of equipment they could find, and of course they never take any furniture out, they just add equipment to it. So anyway, I came back to Amarillo, and when Delbert and I were first married, we ran around with one of the gals I had grown up with and good friends with, Jackie and her husband Jack Krahn.

AW:

K-r-a-h-n?

PK:

Right, and so anyway, the four of us, our oldest children are thirty-one days apart, and none of the four of us had any money so we all hung out together, the four of us and played cards and cooked dinner and stuff that you did when you were really poor. So then Jackie decided to divorce Jack and go home to her mother. Well, we kind of knew that was going to happen because all the time we were growing up Jackie's mother said, "I look forward to Jackie getting married and having children, but I don't want her to get married and leave my home." And we said, "Well, you don't usually do it that way." But anyway, she got it that way, worked out just fine for her. Anyway she divorced Jack and went home to her mother, and Jack's brother was notified that the Draft Board wanted to see him for the Korean War, and so he goes down to explain to the draft board that Jim is in Colorado hunting, and there's no way to get in touch with him, but he'll be home soon and I'll tell him you called. So they said, Well they guess that would be okay, they would make note of such, and be sure he calls, and as he starts out the door, he

said, "I guess maybe I ought to update my situation. My wife and I are no longer living together," and the woman just got alert, he said, she just sat straight up and said, "Well, it's a good thing you told us instead of somebody else, and we'll be talking to you real soon." Well, he ended up going to Korea before Jim. (laughs) Anyway, he ended up in Korea and Jackie finalized the divorce while he was in Korea. So when he comes back from Korea—actually, a kid that we went to high school with shows up and he went down to pick up a bunch of people that had just been brought in to be moved to their base and the train only goes to point A and he's over here at point B. So he goes down with the truck to pick up—he's a sergeant so he goes after the new men—and one of them turns out to be the guy that was a cheerleader when we were in high school who was just a little light in the loafers, and we were real surprised he made the army, but anyway, he did and there he is and Billy is filling him in on all of the local information, and amongst that was the fact that Delbert had died.

AW:

Now Billy was the—?

PK:

Billy was the former cheerleader.

AW:

And what was his last name, do you remember?

PK:

I don't know, but God could he whistle. He was known for his whistling, Billy, I wonder what his last name was, and he whistled right out of this side of his mouth. It wasn't like this, it was right out of the side and beautiful. Oh my goodness. But anyway, he tells Jack, and of course Jack on his last big fling before he left for the army came to Denver to see Delbert and I, and so we had a grand evening together eating out and all of that sort of stuff. That time Delbert looked pretty good. But anyway, then when he came back from Korea, he got around to calling me and of course that was fatal for him. He discovered that I had a television set that had more than a test pattern on it, and I had two refrigerators, one in the kitchen, one in the closet, the one in the closet contained nothing but beer, and so he thought—and a really comfy couch and he really liked both of my kids, so he just figured he'd found Utopia and just settled in and while he was settling in, I convinced him he should marry me.

AW:

What year was this?

PK:

1955, yeah my father died on Christmas Eve of '54—that will screw up your Christmases for years to come.

AW:

Oh my goodness, yeah.

PK:

But anyway, we got married in '55 and he died forty-nine years later. Actually all of my husbands have died. (laughs) I've pointed that out to Garrett when he agreed to marry me but anyway—the last one.

AW:

So he lived forty-nine more years after 1955?

PK:

Yeah, in 2000—what does that make it, 2004? I think. Anyway.

AW:

So you're back in Amarillo, but you're back in Amarillo awhile before you—

PK:

I'm back in Amarillo for a couple of years.

AW:

And what're you doing?

PK:

I'm the division manager secretary for Commercial Credit, isn't that interesting. The guy that let me leave with the car, but anyway, yeah, I worked as his secretary for a long time.

AW:

Can we stop just a minute? Let me change the batteries because I see these are getting weak. Just a moment.

PK:

(talking while Andy changes the batteries) Yeah and why he knew our birthdays I'll never know, but he gave each of us a silver dollar as he came in the house and it would be our birth year dated coin. So of course you get silver dollars real easy back in those days too, particularly if you own Phillips. (laughs)

AW:

Yeah, but to have the one with your date, that's really cool.

PK:

With my birthday on it—yeah 1930—so I had several of those until I had a woman that rented me an apartment steal all of them. Now I never saw them—

AW:

Did you get to paint? Were you painting by the time you moved to—?

PK:

Okay so no, after Jack and I married and had two more kids and he left—he became, he went back to banking, banking is what he knew, that's what he had done. He had an insane mother-in-law to start with, that first wife, the one that wanted her kid to get married, have babies but not get married. Anyway, she would have a dream and decide they should all move to who knows where, and they had gone to Arizona, and he had a terrible time trying to find a job and he had a wife with a baby. And the baby was not well, it had pyloric stenosis, which is the valve from the stomach into the intestine doesn't work right, so he had to have surgery when he was very, very tiny, I mean very, very newborn and he really needed a job. He finally found one as a messenger for a bank in Arizona, so he became a messenger as opposed to an armored car, the person just walks with the money from place to place. I thought that was interesting in Arizona with all of those aliens, but anyway, that's what he did, then all of a sudden he has another dream and they all move back to Amarillo, so he's back in Amarillo! After that she divorces him while they're living in Amarillo, actually he went to work one morning at the bank, he had switched from the bank in Arizona to Amarillo National, and he became one of the tellers and became the commercial teller and then became the guy—and at the time if you had a drive-in it had to be attached to the building some way, and of course Amarillo National's was across the street from the building. They had to go under Polk Street to get to where the drive-up was. But anyway, they dug a ditch and went over there, which was all well and good except Jack drank a lot of coffee, and he had to have Carnation milk and sugar, well they had to push the money carts across the street, and it was a down and then across and then an up, and the money carts themselves were heavy enough, but you add his—the girls kept—add that cream and sugar and I can't tell you how heavy those carts get. Really? But anyway, as a result they finally convinced him to go a week without sugar and cream and that he will then like his coffee okay. So he agrees to do it, and he lost about fifteen pounds giving up his Carnation milk and sugar during the day over there in that drive-up. But anyway, and then he ended up coming back across the street and was the commercial teller and then he finally ended up back upstairs and Plains National came up there and hired him from Amarillo National to come down here when Plains was on Thirty-Fourth and whatever it is down there before it moved over to Fiftieth.

AW:

Now what year was that?

PK:

That was in '58 we came to Lubbock, been here ever since. He finally gave up banking—I was telling them—did you hear me tell the story about the credit cards? When they first decided to have credit cards they just gave everybody a credit card, well they didn't give everybody a credit card, they gave all of the people whose DBA looked okay, and they'd done a Bradstreet, and if you know if you made so much money, we mailed you a card. So we're telling you that we're fixing to mail you a card to see if any of the letters come back. Well the ones that do, we pull those and so forth. Now Jack is now stuck with MasterCard, he's going to be the guy doing the drop, and so poor little thing it just—he's very slow at bookwork, so I'm doing it too, and so we're going through checking everybody and all, and then we get in the car and drive to Dallas to pick up the cards. We had the back end of a station wagon—

AW:

Oh my goodness, did you need a truck?

PK:

A station wagon full of boxes of cards. Well, I had several thoughts, one of them was South America looks good, looks very good, and the other thought was what if we have a wreck? These cards could be scattered forever. Anyway, we get back with the cards okay and distribute the cards, and it becomes very apparent to Jack he's going to be in MasterCard forever and he really preferred being a loan officer, he had been a loan officer prior. So every morning he'd just mumble his way out the front door, and I'd say, "You know, life isn't so long that you should hate your job, if you don't like that job quit!" So one morning he called me and he said, "Well you're right, I feel so much better, I just quit," and my first thought was oh my God we're going to starve to death. I wonder what we're going to do for a living because I didn't work, I painted, it was risky. So anyway, he left the bank and of course at that time none of the banks in town would hire somebody from another bank, they just did not do that, so there was no way we were going to stay in Lubbock. It looked for a long time like we might go to Happy to Happy National, and there was a possibility of going back to Amarillo. But he's sitting there one day and a friend comes in who is a repo guy, and he says he'd like Jack to go to work for him stealing cars, and he said he believed he would. So he goes to work for Tom stealing cars, so we stole cars for several years there for the banks. That's who our customers were is re-posing bank, mortgaged cars.

AW:

That's not the easiest business.

PK:

It's a lot easier than one would think.

AW:

Really? Well, I was in police work for twelve years and I used to have to go out with them from time to time.

PK:

Every now and then there's that, yeah, we had the one guy that they hooked the wrecker up to that he just, his father-in-law was the cosigner on the note and wanted it picked up, cute sports car. The guy had thrown himself across the hood of the car and was going with us, no question about it. We had—actually the only time that there was any great deal of trouble, Jack just talked them out of the cars, they handed him the keys and he just left in their car. One woman, he went out to get in the car and couldn't get it started, she just handed him the keys, they know you're coming, so anyway he gets out there, he can't get it started, so she comes out to the—and she says, "Well, let me do it for you because the car knows me," and she got in it, it turned over immediately, and he drove off. But anyway, he went up to one house, and he said, "Is Jesus here?" The usual Jesus that he says Jesus, and the woman looked all around and said, he's everywhere, everywhere (laughter). Another time a woman had a horse in the house with her, one of those little miniature horses, he said he was talking to her and could hear a whinny, and he thought, I wonder what that is, and pretty soon the horse stuck his head around from behind her, and there was a little miniature horse.

AW:

Oh my goodness, no wonder she couldn't make the payments.

PK:

Overall—that's why she couldn't keep her car, she was feeding the horse, but anyway, overall he didn't have any trouble convincing somebody just give him the car. We'd just go out and pick her up.

AW:

So you're in Lubbock, how did you develop this connection—

PK:

To painting?

AW:

No to J. Evetts let's get back to how—

PK:

Oh with Evitts? Well, that's because of Glenna, that was after I started painting.

AW:

Oh so it was after, okay alright so you're in Lubbock now—

PK:

I'm in Lubbock and I say to Krahn, I just notice this little take this test in the magazine, and so I sure would like to take that course, and he said, "Well how much you reckon it's"—well anyway, we decided we could afford for me to take that course, so I signed up for famous artist class and painted and shipped paintings, and they sent critiques back and all that sort of stuff. Finally got all of the kids in school, and when I did I went to the garden arts center and took classes people. My theory on who you go to is if you find somebody that knows something you want to know, go take a class from them.

AW:

So about what year would that have been?

PK:

Let's see if Kristie would have been six, and she was born in '58, so what does that make it?

AW:

'64

PK:

Okay.

AW:

So was Mac Carrow teaching?

PK:

Not until after I started.

AW:

My mother also painted but I don't think she took any courses by then, Betty Wilkinson at the time then she later married a fellow named Baker, but she was probably—

PK:

I may have taught her, I've taught more people than I have no memory. My studio was where Key Animal Clinic had been, it was right—and they had the big brick building now, they started out in the little house next door and it caught fire one night from one of the sterilizers. At that time, Glenna had run away to Colorado, and so Bitsy Key called me and asked me if I wanted to rent the studio, wanted to rent the old clinic, and I said, "Yes, yes," because at that moment I had a roommate that was driving me completely out of my mind, and because I wanted her to wear tennis shoes the worst dang thing you ever heard of, she wore little high heels and the wood floors and would clink-clink-clink, and I wanted to, "Sit down and paint and shut up! You're making me crazy!" Because we painted in a room side by side, so every time she moved, clinkity-clink.

AW:

Seems like it'd be very uncomfortable standing in front of an easel.

PK:

Well it's Tom Milam's wife (laughter) yes. Anyway so I moved out to, on Fiftieth, and taught classes there. I had been teaching Garden Arts Center, so I just moved the classes on out to the studio, so she might've taken classes there. Milosevich taught for me, and then occasionally I'd have a workshop—some instructor in doing a workshop. Helen Rumpel was one that came frequently.

AW:

Yeah, bless her heart. How did you and Glenna get to know one another?

PK:

The Garden Arts Center, I think, probably. It's the most logical, that's how I met Lynn Haney. I think probably there's an outside possibility my only purpose in life is to get other people to do things. (laughter)

AW:

Did you suggest to him to do the—

PK:

Yeah, Glenna went with me one time out to Fenns, and I don't remember why I was going out there, but I said you want to go to Fenn's with me?

AW:

Danny's Fins and Hens?

PK:

Huh? No, no, Fenn's, F-e-n-n.

BB:

In Santa Fe?

PK:

Yeah, Santa Fe Fenn. He had the foundry and all that is where the candy store is now by El Chico. Anyway, we went out there and in the course of prowling around in the basement where all the foundry work was done, he had the gallery upstairs and then he had the foundry running in the basement and went right out to the furnaces. So anyway, he threw her a piece of wax and said go home and see what you can do with this, and she went home and then came back the next morning with the little ballerina, and that was the first piece she'd ever done, it's in the book. Anyway, she got into sculptures from there, but without the background she had in portrait work, I don't think she could be near as successful as she is because not everybody can make a figure, a moving figure, the way she can.

AW:

Right, well, and it's my own experience, if you don't draw, you don't do much of anything.

PK:

Yeah, that's it. I used to—I had a couple of guys that were in the architecture department that would have me come out to teach drawing because if you come out from an outlying school, they don't teach you drawing, they don't teach you any form of art and you get to Tech and you're going to be an art major and you're in the art department and they're not going to tell you too damn much because they don't want you to know much.

AW:

No, and well, they want you to paint like they're painting too.

PK:

Well, somewhat, I used to say before your family sends you out to Tech to the art department, have them go to the faculty show and see if they want you to paint like that or produce like that. But anyway, if you really are serious, go to an art school, they're the ones that can tell you how to do it, and you get choices, you can be an easel artist, you can be a graphic artist, you can be anything, one of those that draws the engineer things, so—

AW:

Yeah, and you can get a job afterwards too.

PK:

That's right, you will be working (both laugh), the graphic artists will be working, and the easel artists are going to be starving over there. But—

AW:

So you would have been out there when Betsy Sasser was there and—

PK:

I didn't go into the art department, I tried to avoid them.

AW:

Well yeah, but she was in architecture.

PK:

Yeah, but she didn't come over where the two guys were, and I don't remember what their names were, and neither one of them are out there any longer, haven't been there for a long time. But anyway, you know little things like—

BB:

Did Mike teach out there at that time?

PK:

No, I don't know whether he did or not. I knew him when he was still a student and just beginning to watercolor

AW:

Yeah, I know he went there, I don't know about him ever teaching.

PK:

Yeah, and his dad, I always kind of— he always wanted his dad's approval of what he was doing, and I'm not real sure that he was getting it. Of course, Dad being the architect didn't want him just doing sloppy watercolors all of the time, sure. Mike and I were pretty good friends, but well most of them. Now the art department itself, no—my biggest delight in life was beating them in competition. John Queen said to me one time—he lived next door—and he said to me one time, "Do you have any problem making all of those guys mad?" And I said, "None whatsoever. It has not crossed my mind to be upset about them." But they hung an art show, a student art show, at the Garden Arts Center that almost got us thrown out of the Art Center—was a big mess, and when an El Paso paper had it all over one of their pages—

AW:

Because of quality or content or—?

PK:

They came in, hung the show, we invited the art department to do a student show; that was innocent enough. They come in, hang it, they said they'd take care of the display, et cetera, we ask them how many stands they needed for sculpture, so we get all of the stuff lined up and leave it up to them. Well I was teaching out there that night and somebody else, there were three of us, went in to see how the student show looked. Well talk about suggestive stuff, my gosh, in Garden Arts Center in Lubbock, Texas, who wouldn't even display the David if it was brought here, and now we've got these things of very—several of them were sexually oriented—we immediately started censoring their show, moved it all into the mudroom and called them and told them. Well, in the course of doing it, we were looking at figures more than anything else, well it turns out one of the students had done one of the aluminum castings that was the flag upside down with the swastika on it. Well, we missed that totally, it was hanging over on a baffle, we apparently didn't think much of it to start with and didn't look at it closely. But anyway, it hit the fan. About four o'clock the afternoon of the opening a woman marched herself into the office demanding that it be taken down, and of course, we all said, "Oh goodness," and of course it went downhill from there.

AW:

What year was this, do you remember?

PK:

Oh God I have no idea—

AW:

I just—this is really interesting.

PK:

None at all, we never invited them back either. But of course we were being so generous because they just referred to us as little old ladies in tennis shoes that never did anything worthwhile. So you know weren't too happy with them, we liked the architecture department okay, we thought Betsy Sasser was a little spacey but—and her husband taught at Levelland, and they thought he was pretty spacey.

AW:

Yeah, Tom, he's a trip.

PK:

Yeah, but so was she. But anyway, art history—if you ever wanted to know art history, you need to take it from her.

AW:

Oh yeah, she was very sharp, and Tom was, or still is, he's still living, he's quite an interesting fellow, but they're just cut from a different cloth.

PK:

My gosh, they heard a drummer that was from God knows where, whoa yeah. But anyway, that was an exciting experience, I mean we were in front of the city council, we were nothing but trouble, we likely would've never bailed ourselves out of that, gosh.

AW:

No, once they get to—

PK:

Well, the tacky part is they had borrowed some of our permanent collection and wouldn't give it back, said it was theirs—it's in the city hall—some really, really nice landscapes, and I can't remember who the artist is. Actually the artist association had—and I don't know whether it still did, does or not—had a really good collection.

AW:

I didn't know that—I have read a book on the art association but—

PK:

Did you read Conny Martin's or did you read—what was her name wrote way back there?

AW:

I think this was before Conny Martin's, yeah that's the one that I've read.

PK:

Yeah, that is early, early art association. That was like the fifties.

AW:

Yeah, it's still a very interesting book, yeah fifties. In fact, I think Conny was a member, but it wasn't her book.

PK:

Yeah, Conny's book I've got, it's just a history thing. This one is one that is put together in most of the galleries by people—I'm in it—these are paintings that aren't on walls around here.

AW:

Oh good, great. Well let's see, let me see what time it is. I don't want to wear out my welcome with you.

PK:

I don't know what time is it?

AW:

Oh it's right at three o'clock, that's good. Let's do this, let's wind up just for a minute and I want to look at these things, and we'll turn the tape off, and then I would like to make an appointment to come back out and talk more about the art after I get a chance to look through these, and then also, then we'll get some of that Evetts Haley stuff again. If you don't—would that be okay?

PK:

Okay, we can get some of the Goodacre stuff, too.

AW:

Yeah, oh yeah, I'd like to. But we know a lot—I'd say we know a lot about Glenna, I'd love to have your point of view, but I would really like—I really want to know about Pat.

PK:

Well, Conny is a pretty important part of it too.

AW:

Oh yeah, Conny is.

PK:

Conny was something else, an experience all her own.

AW:

Yeah, I moved away in seventy, spring of '73 and didn't come back until '79, and so I didn't get to know Conny as well as I would like to have.

PK:

You would have loved meeting her. She just—she would, when we did the Mongol paintings—when First National Bank decided to do around the world as decoration of the bank, and her father had been a part of the board forever, and they gave her outer Mongolia, and I said, “Now what is it, did Alex just make them made that you ended up with outer Mongolia of all of the places,” and she says, “Not as bad as you think. You have Kublai and—” who is the other Mongol, Genghis and Kublai Khan and you know you've got to—so one half of the wall we covered was Genghis and the other half was Kublai, and we went together to Santa Fe to research it. They locked us into the basement of the folk art museum every morning. We took our lunch and we down there and they let us do anything in their collection down there, and they got a very large, Gaspard gave them a huge number of costumes, history, stuff, and we played in

all of it, and then about four o'clock we would come up, and they'd let us out, and we would go eat Mexican food. We were actually doing a tour and deciding where the best Mexican food—we graded every place we ate so we'd know if we ever wanted to go back.

AW:

Who won?

PK:

Nobody (both laugh), we finally settled on a place for a sopapilla, that's basically what we went after. There was one place that made excellent, incredible sopapillas, so far over everybody else it was just awesome, we did know that one, and somewhere I have that note.

AW:

Well, they change so often, I get to Santa Fe, thankfully, fairly often as part of my official duties, so—

PK:

Oh that's good; that's good.

AW:

Yeah, it is good.

PK:

Yeah, we used to—anyway, I went as Conny's assistant, research assistant. I had a night when I was up—we also spent twenty-five years raising English bulldogs, those things. See the big dog up there? That was our first champion.

AW:

My wife would be excited; her favorite dogs growing up were English bulldogs.

PK:

Her what?

AW:

Her favorite dogs growing up were English bulldogs.

PK:

Oh they're great, they're great. Laziest dogs in the world. Of course I went out regularly and told the trash men they were vicious, otherwise they could just come in and pick up whichever dog they wanted.

AW:

Yeah, right. Well they did slobber a lot, though, that was pretty dangerous.

PK:

Oh, they shake their head and throw those slobbers everywhere, (both laugh) for twenty five years we did that.

AW:

Well, if we can, let's stop the tape, and let me have a look at these—

PK:

Then I'll show you the walls of the house, okay?

AW:

Okay, all right. I'm going to stop the tape, and then we'll set a time for the next go around, is that all right?

PK:

It's fine with me.

AW:

Okay, thank you.

PK:

We'll see if Barbara's available.

*Pause in recording*

AW:

All right, we're back.

PK:

The watercolor group here were very exclusive. There were twenty-five of them, and they were a close compatible group is what they told us—Glenna and I tried to join and they told us no, we're a close compatible group and we didn't know which one of us was which, whether she was compatible and I wasn't or what. Anyway, so about that same time Jimmy Henderson—did you know Jim? Great big Jim Henderson, the art teacher.

AW:

Mhmm.

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PK:

Okay, about that time—I knew him through John Queen who lived next door—and they were casting aluminum a lot, and you remember he had hit his face with his glove one casting and scarred his face.

AW:

Oh yeah, right, right. I didn't know how that—

PK:

That's how that happened, when they were casting one day. Anyway, these were all watercolors. Anyway—

AW:

That's not J. B. Allen, is it?

PK:

No, it was a cowboy in Vega. Anyway, Jim followed into Coronado, they had our art teacher there that was a little guy, kind of a little guy, and the kids just tortured him for the whole year. They did terrible—they jumped out of lockers at him, they did terrible things to him all of the time, and he just turned white-headed in the year and then he quit—probably went away to have a nervous breakdown—but anyway, and it was followed by Jim, great big Jim, scar on face, comes in and says he's their new art teacher. Well (laughs) they straightened right up, you know, there was no more trouble in the art department after that. But anyway, Jim then became president of the watercolor society, the close compatible group. Apparently they thought Jim was more compatible than Glenna and I, so anyway, and he calls me one day and he said, "Okay I've just convinced the watercolor association that we should have an open show," I said, "Really?" "Yeah and that anybody that gets in the show is eligible for membership should they choose. I've convinced them all of that, now I expect you and Glenna to show up here with three watercolors a piece," and I said, "Well okay we ought to be able to handle that." Now at one point they had invited us to a kind of evening thing, you know, with a few hors d'oeuvres, and Elsie Wilbanks— did you know Elsie Wilbanks?

AW:

No.

PK:

Well Elsie was a writer, she was wonderful, quite a historian. Anyway, she kept referring to it as that rush party Glenna and I went to (both laugh) so anyway afterwards they decided we still couldn't be members. So then it became just a joke, so we show up with our three watercolors each, and it's a jurored show. Jim's convinced them they should have a juror come in and check

out the show. Well Glenna and I got our three watercolors in their show and several of their members didn't get any in, and they were forced to invite us to be members of their watercolor society whether we were close compatible or not, they're just going adjust to us. But anyway, it was really, really funny, the whole thing was funny. My watercolors—to me watercolor is the hardest thing in the world you can possibly do.

AW:

Oh, there's no question. I wish I could learn watercolor, but it's terrifying.

PK:

Oh it's just—the fact that you can't do a second one makes me so mad.

AW:

Well, and it's backwards.

PK:

Yeah it certainly is, goes from light to dark instead of dark to light.

AW:

I know it, and it runs be ragged.

PK:

So anyway, one day I decided I'm not having fun, so I quit, I quit watercolor all together, and Jack said to me, "Why in the world would you decide to do that? That's the only thing you ever seem to sell, and I said, "Well, it isn't fun anymore," And he said, "I thought this was your job. I didn't know it was supposed to be fun."

AW:

So what did you—

PK:

I went on, and I centered on pastel after that.

AW:

I love pastel.

PK:

I'm a member of the National Pastel Society, PSA, which Jack thereafter referred to as Pat Krahn passé.

AW:

Yeah, well I have some dear friends who are really good pastelists.

PK:

Well, there's some really good pastels around here.

AW:

That would make Frank Ray proud.

PK:

That watercolor is one of the—were you here when they did the centennial thing and they drove the cattle down the street? That's one of the cattle.

AW:

Because that is the thing that makes the longhorns such a nice animal to paint.

PK:

I love longhorns. I've got some really incredible animal pictures.

AW:

I think animals are also hard, so watercolor animals my goodness—watercolor landscapes. No, I'll just leave it on.

PK:

Well I might comment every now and then. This one I love the title of—I can't remember what it is now—wait a minute, it's called—

AW:

*Four Score and Ten*

PK:

—*and Ten*. You see the house is about forty years old, and that's ten on the window. I always thought it was kind of interesting to—

AW:

Now this is a watercolor?

PK:

That's a watercolor, it's owned by Kim Fannin.

AW:

Senior or junior?

PK:

I don't know, he bought out of a watercolor show.

AW:

That's a real dense watercolor landscape and you don't see that much.

PK:

That's watercolor.

AW:

More of a Winslow Homer sort of thing.

PK:

Yeah, this is Tish's turkey. Tish was one of the founders of Levelland, Brownfield. I believe it was Brownfield. Anyway, she had these turkeys wandering around her yard when I went over there—there it is in color.

AW:

Yeah, well it looks pretty good in black and white.

PK:

Well if it's any good at all, it'll be good in black and white, if it's not good in black and white it's not going to be good in color. This is Evetts' house up in the panhandle, that was in the middle of the Whittenburg property.

AW:

They missed the electricity.

PK:

Yeah, that has no electricity. These old cottonwoods that Nita Steward Haley had planted and then she carried water by the bucket full to them to get them to grow. Now of course she had to get the water out of the well which was no easy chore.

AW:

Right, and normally when you see a cottonwood out in our part of the world, it tells you there's water, not that somebody carried it out of a bucket.

PK:

Yeah, it's usually right next to a creek. Yeah, you can always see where water is. This one is hanging in the other room; this is an oil, this goes into the oils now.

AW:

Okay, so you did pastels first then oils? Or just—

PK:

No, I did oils first, then I did drawing, a lot of drawing.

AW:

I have a lot of pastel—a lot of my pastel friends switch back and forth between oil and pastel.

PK:

I never switched back, I stayed with the pastel. I would do a pastel and drawings is what I finally ended up doing all together. Palo Duro Canyon.

AW:

These are oil?

PK:

Yep.

AW:

That's terrific, how large a piece is that or was that?

PK:

If it says on the backside—no, it doesn't. It's probably eighteen by twenty-four.

AW:

That's a lot of detail in a piece of that size.

PK:

This one is—this fence is located in Anson, Texas. I thought it was—it's called Repaired Repairs. Anson is the home of Jeannie C. Riley, there's a big sign out on a service station there—

AW:

Yeah, and the home of the Cowboy Christmas Ball—

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PK:

Is it really?

AW:

Uh-huh, no dancin' in Anson. It's illegal to dance in Anson, so they have to the Christmas ball just outside the city limits on the south side of town.

PK:

Just outside town (both laugh). Well this fence is there. Actually I painted Anson; you know he sits in the middle of the square there.

AW:

Yeah, well and that beautiful courthouse.

PK:

Oh it is a gorgeous courthouse.

AW:

It's just terrific.

PK:

Conny's husband has all the courthouses in Texas. He has photographed every courthouse and knows the history of every one of the courthouses.

AW:

There are some fine—

PK:

Oh he's got some gorgeous things.

AW:

This is just terrific.

PK:

Thank you.

AW:

Oh now that's great, what a great sky.

PK:

Well, that was a moment of hurly that hit me.

AW:

Yeah, so this must be fifty feet tall by— (laughter)

PK:

There's one that somebody said that he bought one of those great big paintings—

AW:

Oh—at Cowboy Hall?

PK:

No, it's in somebody's house here in town that when you walk through the door it completely takes up the wall across from you, and you grab the wall because it looks like you're going to fall off in a canyon. (laughs)

AW:

Right, I'd believe it.

PK:

Even if you've been there more than once. This is Quitaque. I had to go up there to do a mural for the bank of the mounds. I was somewhat excited about that thought, I was going up there to do the mounds and got up there, and there are just three, four lumps.

AW:

You really have to, I've painted them in pastels several times, and if you catch them at the right time—

PK:

The right light, yeah.

AW:

The right light there, and there's one spot to the south east where you can get all of them. But you have to do it early in the morning and you have to be in that spot, and it's on a road and so you have to—you need to have someone with you.

PK:

To watch out for the coming vehicles.

AW:

Watch out for the tractors, but you can actually get the mounds all in one swoop.

PK:

It was one of those commission things that I thought—

AW:

Because I knew the people who owned—

PK:

I got really, really bored. (laughs)

AW:

—the foundation that owns the property now let me stay in their house, and I thought what a great deal, and I went out and I went, Man we have hills bigger than this in Yellowhouse Canyon.

PK:

That's right. But anyway, we went up by plane and just flew around, and flew around them, flew over and around them close to them.

AW:

That's a nice piece too.

PK:

Thank you. That is done in a technique that Conny developed that—I have a painting of hers out here that you can see where you have the dark, you completely paint the canvas dark, and then you come back in and lay-in and the other, and leave the little edges.

AW:

To give it that little, the glow.

PK:

This is also Palo Duro. Now this is up more by the Wayside part of the canyon.

AW:

Yeah, in fact that could be the trail. How do you study animals to do your work? My very distant cousin is Veryl Goodnight, sculptor and painter. She and her husband have a place in Durango now, just outside of Durango, they moved from Santa Fe specifically so she could have acreage

for animals, for her to paint and draw and sculpt. You know, it's amazing, how in the world—did you work from photos, did you get a chance to work with—?

PK:

I worked from photos because I hate the sunlight, you never find me—well, I took one class where I painted outside and it was—whew it was hard on me. And the fact that the cows all stare at you. But this Geronimo's wagon that is in Ruidoso, it sits under a bunch of trees, if you know where the trees are.

AW:

Oh, wow. As my son reminds when we go out the cows smell bad, too.

PK:

Yes they do, but this one—this tumbleweed—well it won a show, I guess it won Brownfield or somebody.

AW:

*Weary Travelers*, and this is the same technique?

PK:

This is—no, this is just straight onto the canvas.

AW:

Oh, these are nice. Now is this oil?

PK:

Yeah. Let me think. It's the—

AW:

I'm going to pause this, because we're—

PK:

Okay.

***End of Recording***