

**Oral History Interview of
Guy Scarborough**

**Interviewed by: David Marshall
March 17, 2010
Lubbock, Texas**

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*General Southwest Collection Interviews***

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Transcript Overview:

This interview features Guy Scarborough as he discusses his life moving around Petersburg and Colorado. In this interview, Guy describes his family, things that he experienced, and all the different endeavors he perused.

Length of Interview: 02:23:34

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David Marshall (DM):

The date is March 17 of 2010, and this is David Marshall interviewing G.L. Scarborough at his home in Lubbock, Texas. And Mr. Scarborough, if we could just start with you giving me your full name and your—you have a nickname too, or just a full name?

Guy Scarborough (GS):

No.

DM:

Give me your full name, if you don't mind.

GS:

It's Guy Lynn—that's two names—Guy Lynn Scarborough.

DM:

Okay. But later on you went by G.L., is that right?

GS:

Yeah, when I got to—it was no use. I started doing business and signing checks and stuff, which was a long time.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

And then that's what I've used from then on.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

In the doctor's office I still—most of the time I sign "Guy L. Scarborough."

DM:

Right. Okay. Okay. Well, when and where were you born?

GS:

I was born in—eight miles north of Goodnight, Texas in Armstrong County. In 19—August 7, 1916.

DM:

August 7, 1916. And that was—as you mentioned last time when we were talking—that was Goodnight country.

GS:

Goodnight country. Eight miles north of Goodnight.

DM:

What brought your family out there?

GS:

What brought our family there?

DM:

Um-hm. What caused them to come to Armstrong County?

GS:

Well, they come up through—I don't know where they come from, to tell you the truth. They come through Oklahoma or the first part of anything east that I know of they came from my daddy was in the land race. The Oklahoma land race. And from there we come up. I think they stopped in east Texas and I don't know whenever they come in on out to Ashtola, Texas. And when they came I guess they came to Armstrong County. And I don't know how long they lived there. The only time I have any memories at all is when my daddy already run a little store in there in Ashtola, Texas, which is about fifty miles east of Amarillo. Right on the road. The railroad track run by there.

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

No paved roads, but the railroad run right across the road from us. Probably a hundred yards from where the store was.

DM:

Did you say Ashtola?

GS:

Ashtola.

DM:

Uh-huh. Well, if they lived in east Texas and maybe eastern Oklahoma for a while it sounds like they might have been farmers.

GS:

They were farmers.

DM:

But living out there sounds like they might have been ranchers.

GS:

No, no. They was all farmers.

DM:

Always farmers?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Even when he ran that store?

GS:

Well, they didn't do anything that I remember when he ran the store. And then I guess he got tired of it. I don't know how long he was in it or anything. But then he bought another place as well as I remember it's three miles west of Ashtola. And he went out and built a house and started farming. Put him in a little orchard. That's when, I guess, five acres or something. All kinds of fruit trees.

DM:

Oh okay. Do you remember any of that, or did you move out there before you could remember all that?

GS:

No, I remember. They was—I remember along about the time that we got there. Yeah, I don't remember what day or anything.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

But—and I don't remember how old I was, but I can remember moving out there.

DM:

What can you tell me about that store?

GS:

Well, I can just tell you my daddy run that thing for a long time. It's just a general store. But he sold groceries and stuff, and then had a little station on the front. We sold gasoline and oil.

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah.

GS:

And he was in there—I don't know how long he was—he was post master there. Public wear. And it was just a little country deal. And I remember, and you may not need this, but I can remember when the gypsies would come by every so often, and he wanted us all in the store, because they picked up everything they could find. The ranchers all around us there, and the JA Ranch was right across the road from us. And it was quite a large ranch. But all the farmers and ranchers, if they come in there I can remember them. Like at noontime they'd go in and my daddy would cut them off about a half inch wide of Longhorn cheese. That's what they'd eat for their lunch. Cheese and crackers and a Coke or something.

DM:

The people from the JA, you're talking about?

GS:

No, just any of them. Any farmer.

DM:

Just any? Oh.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay. Well, who were these gypsies and how many were there that would come through at a time?

GS:

I have no idea. Not who they was. I might not be calling them that, but that's what they were. And my daddy—I can remember he would want us in there all we could to watch—just watch around. They did pick up stuff.

DM:

Yeah. Do you remember staying around that store when you were little?

GS:

Not really.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Didn't spend much time in there.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

My daddy—I never realized it until way later in life. My bank over in Petersburg when—after I finally started over there. One day he asked me, he said, "Son. Why don't you try to do one or two things at a time rather than a dozen and do them better?" I said, "I don't know, John. I guess just takes a dozen to make a living." Well, in the later years I'm beginning to realize that my daddy was in two or three different things all the time. And I never knew it. Never meant nothing to me. But I think that's where I got all my—I don't know whether you'd call it ambition or dumb or what. But I always thought I was a lot more ambitious than I was smart. Well, it was just a little store. My daddy would pull—like the kids come by the store. The school is about three hundred yards up there. And some of those kids would have loose teeth or something needed pulled. My daddy had a good pair of tooth pullers and he'd pull a kid's teeth and this kind of stuff. It was just a little community. That's all it was.

DM:

He took care of everything it sounds like.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Postmaster.

GS:

Yeah. [laughter] And I can remember sometimes he'd have a thing that they'd hang that mail sack up. The train just go by and pick it up and never stop. But—

DM:

Were you old enough to go to school at that little school up there?

GS:

Yeah. I went to school there. And my older brother—after we'd been—it might have been after we moved up here. I don't know. But anyway, they used to talk about they had to fight for me every day down—and that was after we moved out of the store. Moved out to the farm. And we all rode horses. Rode into town. It was about three miles. And they said that they always had to fight for me down at the—down at the barn where we kept the horses at. And I don't remember any of that. I don't remember that.

DM:

Uh-huh. What can you tell me about that school?

GS:

I don't even remember a teacher. The only thing I remember about that school my best friend—and the only one I remembered at all—was Horace McClellan. His daddy was a foreman on the JA Ranch.

DM:

Horace McClellan?

GS:

McClellan. Yeah. And the reason why I remembered him—two brothers. One Lou Jr. and one Horace McClellan. Horace was my age. He rode a little old Shetland pony about this high. Come into school with his big hat on and chaps and furs and this kinds of stuff. So I guess any kid—and I have all my life—I like the ranchers and I like cowboys.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

And he was the only man—the only friend—that I remember of having that—that's when we moved away. I always remembered him.

DM:

Um-hm. Okay.

GS:

They were good people. And I just—we never were buddies to go and do things. We didn't do anything. He rode those horses then they went home and that's the way we did. But then the school—you know, that's where—one place I knew him.

DM:

Yeah. Okay.

GS:

But most kids like to see cowboys. I think. And they were really nice. And then his brother was older and we always called him a sissy. He was kind of a sissy type. But Horace was just a nice, typical, young guy.

DM:

Were most of those kids up there from ranches? They were ranch kids?

GS:

Not necessarily. The only ranches that I can remember were those on the south side of the railroad, which was running due east. Or practically due east. I remember it as being due east. But some of that road out to Amarillo, which was fifty miles west, and later on in years I see some of that road kind of slanted. I always thought it was due east. But there's Claude. You asked about the other day Claude and Goodnight and Groom. And all those stores [?] [0:10:20.7] either on the road down from Amarillo down through—Clarendon was county seat of Donley County, and that's where my daddy and them do business. And if we went to town it was Clarendon.

DM:

Okay. All right. So Clarendon was kind of the more of a bustling town?

GS:

Yeah. Yeah. It was a pretty good little town.

DM:

Well, the other kids around Ashtola, did they—did their parents farm then?

GSD:

Yes.

DM:

What did they farm?

GS:

They farmed cotton and I don't remember them farming any wheat. Basically cotton and milo, I'd say.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Some of them—we always called it maize. And then the smart guys come along and they—I think they called it milo. But like rosemary. We always—my daddy always—after we went back to the farm—it was three miles west of the store when he sold out. And he always would plant a little corn just so he could have rosemaries.

DM:

Okay. Did he sell those too or did y'all eat them all?

GS:

No, no. Just for our own—we fed the corn to the hogs or something like that, but when they were—when it got done he'd go along and pull out—I'm not—it's not bark.

DM:

Shuck the shaft?

GS:

Pull the shuck down. And if he could stick his thumbnail in and the milk would squirt out of it that's the way he judged it. And that's be tender. If you couldn't it's too tough.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

But he knew what to pull. And we ate a lot of—ate a lot of corn.

DM:

Do you know if he sold any produce in his store?

GS:

No. He didn't.

DM:

How about any beef?

GS:

No. I'm sure he didn't sell any beef.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

But I don't know that. But I just—I guess I remember about the cheese and stuff like that, because they—I don't know, probably—you may remember some of them. But Longhorn cheese would come in about that big around—about this thick.

DM:

About—about a foot?

GS:

Oh about two foot wide.

DM:

About two foot long?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Oh a roll.

GS:

Roll. Yeah.

DM:

Like a bologna roll.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

But about two feet long.

GS:

Yeah. That's the only way it came. That's the only way we ever saw any cheese.

DM:

About eight inches or ten inches around in diameter?

GS:

It was just about like this.

DM:

Yeah. About ten inches in diameter.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

That's a lot of cheese.

GS:

Yeah. [Laughter] They just—my daddy cut them off, as well as I remember, a slice about that thick.

DM:

About a half inch.

GS:

That a pretty good piece of cheese there.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

And they'd sit there and eat that stuff because they didn't want to go home. They was all either in there in a wagon or horseback and didn't in a car to do everything you did then.

DM:

Did you have any chores around the house or around the store?

GS:

No.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Not any that I remember doing.

DM:

Do you remember how you entertained yourself then, if you weren't in school?

GS:

Well, we'd make little—little things. You know the hubs—like a hub round wagon wheels?

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

And then a little thing about that wide that went around the whole hub?

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

We'd take those things and put it on a stick about ye wide and about this wide. Push that around. We'd ground out ants and then—what other kind of ant stuff? We'd dried them out. We found something to do. But it's—

DM:

So the little wheel—you pushed the wheel around with a stick?

GS:

Yeah, with a stick.

DM:

Yeah. Yeah. Okay.

GS:

And we'd drowned out ground squirrels out of the water. They drowned out pretty easy.

DM:

Did you—are you talking about those little striped ground squirrels or prairie dogs?

GS:

No, no. I'm talking about little squirrels.

DM:

Striped ground squirrels?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Thirteen stripe ground squirrels?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Did y'all have prairie dogs up there?

GS:

No. I don't know. They might have. I don't of any prairie dogs up there to tell you the truth.

DM:

Did y'all have any horny toads up there?

GS:

Well, I'm quite sure there would have been a few. I know we had toad frogs and so there could have been some horny toads. I don't remember _____. [?] [0:14:50.5]

DM:

Yeah, y'all wouldn't have had any deer or antelope up there, would you?

GS:

No.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

There might have been some down across the—across the railroad track was all ranchland. And all back north was basically all farmland.

DM:

Yeah. You remember any other kind of wildlife around that area? Bobcats or anything like that?

GS:

No. We didn't have any of that stuff.

DM:

Coyotes?

GS:

Probably had some badgers once in a while.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

And skunks.

DM:

Surely you had some coyotes up there?

GS:

I don't remember any, but they would probably have been across the track down on the ranchland where there wasn't many people and sounds. Most of them lived on the east—on the north side of the road.

DM:

By the way, you remember your parents' names?

GS:

Yeah. Joseph L. Scarborough. That was my daddy. Joseph. Joseph. And my mother was Dora. And I don't remember anything else about it. She died when I was two years old.

DM:

Oh right. That's right.

GS:

Giving birth to another child.

DM:

Now there were ten kids and you were the ninth, is that right?

GS:

Well, I—I—some of that stuff I don't know and I don't have any record of. I think there's two boys that—one of them is—died at birth and another one was died later on or two that died later. I never did know.

DM:

Um-hm. Okay. But you came along and then a couple of years later your mother had another child, but she died having given birth to that child and he—the child—

GS:

I don't know for sure.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

If that was it or not.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

I just always said that.

DM:
Okay.

GS:
I've always told people that my mother died when I was two years old.

DM:
Okay.

GS:
Well, but then and this—I had one of my sisters—I've always kept a big Scarborough bible. Always she kept all of this stuff. And then it comes down and my daughter wanted it after they all—I'm the last one left. That's the reason why I can't—I can't go find somebody that knows everything as much as I do, much less more.

DM:
Um-hm.

GS:
But she kept all this stuff in there as long as she was living. And then my daughter and them, they wanted that bible and they were going to take it and have it redone. You know, it was old. And when they went in to see what it would be I think they said they wanted sixty dollars or whatever, but they didn't have no sixty dollars. And so they brought it back to me and then I kept it a while, and then I gave it to my son. And he's now in Hawaii [?] [0:17:51.1]. I called him the night before last and but he was on his way home right now. He'll get back into Colorado Springs today sometime again.

DM:
Good. Good.

GS:
But I asked him on Sunday, "Do you have that Scarborough bible?" And he said, "Yeah." So that—I got the—and I told Don a day or two ago, I've always told people that I was two years old, but if—I don't know if my mother died giving birth to Billy Bob. That was the last one.

DM:
Okay.

GS:
Or before.

DM:
Okay.

GS:

But I went over to Petersburg yesterday and I looked on the stone out there to see for sure when my daddy was born and my mother. Well, my mother is not even on there because my daddy married right pretty soon after they died, so—but one of my aunts took Billy Bob, which was two years younger than I, and another one I stayed with for a little while, but I didn't stay very long because I was sure glad because she was—they were all good people. All good people. And my—one of them that took my youngest brother Billy Bob, my daddy and the—and they had married sisters ____ [0:19:29.4]. And he thought the world of this Woods—was his name. Last name—but anyway, they took him and I remember one time I must have been about four years old. I don't know. But they wrote us—they were down in Oklahoma and told us that we could come get Billy Bob. Well, I don't know who—I stayed with one of my aunts, but not very long. And so, anyway, I don't know how old Billy Bob was when we get to get him, but we went down on a train from Ashtola to get him, and we got down there and they had the grown boy and a grown daughter. And they all just—they couldn't stand to give him up. They didn't want to give him up. They cried around and loved him. And of course my daddy thought that Mr. Woods was one of the best men he ever knew. And then his wife and my mother were sisters, you know? And they was all—all good people, but my daddy just let them keep him. And then they moved to Acuff when I guess he was seventeen or sixteen or seventeen years old. And I suppose he was in Tech or whatever, but some way or another he was killed in a car wreck out southwest of here.

DM:
Is that right?

GS:
Around Seagraves or somewhere. I never knew where it was.

DM:
Okay.

GS:
But—

Unknown speaker (US):
Morning.

DM:

Morning.

US:

Uh-uh. Max, get down.

DM:

Hey, Max.

GS:

Get down from there!

US:

Get down. Get down! Get down. Get down. Shame on you. Shame on you.

GS:

But anyway.

US:

Stay down.

DM:

But he lived down at Acuff. That's pretty close to Petersburg.

GS:

Well, it was right across the road, but he come out from Oklahoma and bought that store down there at Acuff. He ran a store down there.

DM:

Oh, he did?

GS:

I can't think of—I can think of that's A. Woods—that was his initials, but I can't think of his—but they were super good people. All of those sisters were good people. And so my daddy let them keep him, and I think it was the best thing that ever happened, because he had more love than most people ever get. And he was always happy there. But I never did go up with him and actually being around him or anything.

DM:

Yeah. Turn this up a little bit to get it above the sound of that heater.

GS:

It won't be on there but a minute.

DM:

That heater blowing. Well, it's real sensitive. It'll pick it up.

GS:

Oh will it?

DM:

Uh-huh. [Laughter] Well, how old were you when you moved from Ashtola?

GS:

Well, I moved here in—I mean, I don't even know how old.

DM:

Do you remember what grade you were in?

GS:

I think I was in the fifth grade.

DM:

Fifth grade?

GS:

Pretty sure I was.

DM:

You were probably about eleven years old or so.

GS:

I think so.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Yeah. It's close enough.

DM:

And that would have been about 1927? Does that sound right?

GS:

Yeah, it does.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Sounds as right as that—as close as we can get it. That actually may be the same year.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Yeah. We moved here in 1927. Now is that what you asked me?

DM:

Yes, sir.

GS:

Yeah. Because we came in '27 and there wasn't even a train. And they got the railroad track put in down this way to Lubbock, 1928.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

Those people. And most of them had never seen a train, and we lived right by the railroad track all my life.

DM:

I've got to ask you too, since 1927 or 1926, I never can remember which year it was, but one of those years there was a real bad sandstorm on Thanksgiving Day. Do you remember it?

GS:

No.

DM:

No, you don't remember it? Okay.

GS:

No. But I can remember plenty of sandstorms. But I don't remember any one day. Because we had a lot of them. It was when we was living in that dang boxcar. We had a lot of sandstorms, and we tried to put—I guess there was one or two windows on the west or something—but we'd wet old stuff and stuff in the windows, and it wasn't long until it was—they'd dry that thing out and the sand come right on in.

DM:

Um-hm. Okay. Was the wind—was the sand worse up at Ashtola or down here at Petersburg?

GS:

We didn't have no—I don't remember having any sand in—there wasn't as much farming as there was. I mean, there was a lot of grassland too. Everybody used to have a small patch of grass to keep the milk cows on or the horses or whatever.

DM:

Okay. Well, that sure makes a difference all right.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Can you describe one of the sandstorms down in Petersburg country? How it would come in, what it looked like?

GS:

Yeah. It'd be dark as night nearly. There was one time I think we burned our lights three days in a row day and night. It was dark, and you could see it coming. You could see it rolling. That's when all the people left town around Springfield, Colorado, and Dumas, Texas and Hereford. That's all—it was all wheat land then. It wasn't growing anything because it wasn't getting any rain. But—

DM:

That's when it started clearing out, huh?

GS:

Well, I don't remember when it got better, but I remember when I—after we got married we was going to farm that farm right out east of Petersburg. Mile and a half. And that was before they started contouring. You know, trying to save the water. But anyway, the first year I was farming that land on the hash [?] [0:26:12.9] and the only thing we had was down on the end of the rows. Probably fifty yards or something. Once it had rained a little that cotton come up and it was there. And my wife went out and pulled all the bowls off. We felt we'd just save what we could and we pulled all the bowls we could take and catch and take them out by the boxcar and pull them out, but they never did open. We didn't get shit from them.

DM:

Oh no.

GS:

But sometime in the forties or before the forties—late twenties, late thirties—it began to rain a little bit. But—

DM:

Thirties were pretty dry though. What was worse: the thirties or the fifties? Drought of the thirties or the early fifties?

GS:

There ain't no doubt. Thirties was—that was nothing. Nobody. Nobody had anything. They didn't have any money, they didn't have nothing. I mean, where we were now all the time, as I said a while ago, we'd go down I guess the first year or two we was here—maybe more, maybe not—but sometime we'd go down around Acuff and pull cotton, because they had some cotton. We didn't have nothing. I mean, nothing. And then something else I haven't thought of in a long time and it really needs to be put in when we get to it, because sometime in that time nobody had any feed and we were going to take these cattle—a lot of ours—a lot of ours—all we had was milk cows—but we might, I think, have milked four, five, six cows. And we had some calves. But we were going them to Floydada and the government would buy them, because a lot of people they didn't have any feed. And I started out there, which was a mile and a half out to Petersburg right on the road to Floydada. And I don't remember who helped me, but I guess there's two of us drove these cattle and we'd pick up cattle as we traveled on across. The time we got to Floydada—to the stock plant—it took all day. But we had—we had a lot of cattle. I don't know—I don't remember how many of the people. I don't remember how many we had, but not a lot.

DM:

They kind of all got mixed in together?

GS:

Oh yeah. They was going to sell them anyway. I don't know—I don't know what we got out of it or anything, but it was a government deal of some kind.

DM:

Well, was that the program where they were killing the cattle? The Triple—the Agricultural Adjustment Act?

GS:

Yeah, they would kill them. Yeah.

DM:

They buy them up and then shoot them?

GS:

Well, they'd have—what kind of disease was—that they—

DM:

Brucellosis, maybe.

GS:

What?

DM:

Brucellosis, maybe.

GS:

I've never heard of that, but I can't think. But yeah, they did pits and run those cattle down that and shoot them.

DM:

Was that in about the thirties? Mid-thirties?

GS:

Well, it'd have to be after '34.

DM:

Yeah. Um-hm.

GS:

So I'd say '35—'34 or '35. Or maybe '36. I don't know.

DM:

Yeah, that's about when that Agricultural Adjustment Act was. When they came in they also had farmers plow over their crops sometimes. But mostly they were—a lot of what they were doing was killing those cattle. So that might have been part of that.

GS:

I just remembered—and on top of that I don't know what happened. If I got home or whatever, but I also lost my horse. I guess it got out or something. I don't know how I got back over. We was living right out of town over there a mile and a half. And my daddy took us and we hunted all the way around from there to Floydada hunting that horse, but we never did find it.

DM:

Golly. Did the government pay pretty well for the cattle?

GS:

I have no idea. They didn't pay well for nothing.

DM:

Yeah. [laughter]

GS:

But nothing—anything was better than what we had.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

And my daddy was always a good manager. Always a good manager. And when we moved to Petersburg he had enough money—he bought a—he bought what was one hundred and sixty acres out from Petersburg—what I was telling you about. And then he bought a hundred and sixty acres out west of Petersburg. All pretty close together. And then he—he and _____ [0:31:22.1] John Harvey—another one. His wife was a sister to my mother, and the one that kept my brother Billy Bob. And then—I'm forgetting what I was going to say.

DM:

Well, you were talking about him being a good manager. Did he sell that store before he left Ashtola?

GS:

Oh yeah. Yeah.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

How did y'all move down, by the way?

GS:

Well, we shipped our stuff to Abernathy, Texas and drove our cattle—whatever we had—whatever we brought. Drove them across to Petersburg. It's just at due west. I come by there yesterday from Petersburg. She'd never been to—across from Petersburg to Abernathy.

DM:

Was Abernathy the end of the railroad at that time?

GS:

No.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

It always come. See Abernathy is right out here north of Lubbock.

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah.

GS:

But the road—the railroad was the end.

DM:

Yeah, so you shipped your things by rail?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

To Abernathy.

GS:

And then I guess he moved them over in the wagon or drove the milk cows. Whatever we had, I don't remember how—what all we brought.

DM:

Well, did he—you think he used the money he got off the store to buy his hundred and sixty acres out there?

GS:

Well, I imagine he did. That's the only thing he'd been in.

DM:

Well, that's quite a bit of land.

GS:

To make any money. Well, it didn't pay—it didn't cost much in those days.

DM:

Did you ever hear how much it was per acre?

GS:

No.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

But I know later on two of my brothers bought a quarter section a piece off of what they called Old Man Hill. He had some money over Petersburg, but it was later on and they paid forty dollars an acre. And that same land today be sold I guess five or six hundred dollars. I don't know what—if it had good water on it. A lot of it didn't have good water. But one of my brothers put down one of the first wells around there. I don't remember. I always used to tell people that me and seven more niggers pulled his cotton, because it got big where they irrigated.

DM:

Got big. Yeah. Well, they didn't irrigate way back in that time, did they?

GS:
Yeah.

DM:
When did they start irrigating?

GS:
Well, it's—I really can't tell you when they—but that was some of the first ones, and there wasn't many. There wasn't many. It took a while for them to. We never had any irrigation wells in that time ourselves. But this—my brother Dixie, he was eighteen years older than I, and they joined us out there. And that's—

US:
Anybody want some coffee?

DM:
Not me, thank you.

GS:
Oh no.

US:
Okay.

GS:
That's—well, I can tell you land was not—nobody had money. My daddy was lucky. He'd saved that. He was a saver. If I'd have saved like my daddy I could have been pretty wealthy.

DM:
Well, he had a hundred and sixty acres and then he bought another hundred and sixty acres.

GS:
Yeah.

DM:
About how far apart were they?

GS:
I don't know, but pretty close together. And then he and one of my uncles built two big buildings there in Petersburg. And along about the same time they put in a filling station there. I had my—

one of my brothers, Jordan, he'd gone to California. He liked out there and my daddy wanted him back, if they could get him back. So he built a service station. It's still sitting there today. Sitting on the corner. But he come back, but he didn't stay long. But he—you know forty thousand dollars seems to me like they said something about. My daddy had forty thousand dollars.

DM:
Woo!

GS:
Well, that was a lot of money then.

DM:
Oh yeah.

GS:
That was a lot of money.

DM:
Um-hm.

GS:
And you take like probably twenty-five dollars an acre, maybe. Paid for that land or something. I don't remember. But the first land I remember, I think my two brothers bought that other land from that Old Man Hill. I think about—I think about forty dollars an acre. I don't remember. On credit.

DM:
Was most of that land, when you bought it, was the sod already broken? Had it already been farmed?

GS:
Oh yeah. Yeah. It was all farmed. All that was farmland.

DM:
What had they been—

GS:
We never broke out anything.

DM:

Was it all cotton back then?

GS:

Well, no it's cotton and feed and corn. You know people, nearly everybody—I think nearly everybody planted some corn, because you could feed it to the hogs.

DM:

Did most everybody have their own little old livestock herds?

GS:

I think so. I think so.

DM:

Do you remember if y'all had a—a garden crop also?

GS:

Well, my daddy was the best gardener there was. He'd had a sun stroke in Oklahoma, and he could never ride a tractor or do anything, but he could make the best gardens. That's after he got out of the store and then we come to Petersburg. We—he always grew a garden and he liked to hoe. We hoed wheat—winter wheat out of wheat. I'd never heard of it, but that's what he could do. But I can remember my daddy'd have weak spells and when he'd have a weak spell we just stopped hoeing. Be he and I and everybody else was gone. And—I was glad to see those because I got to rest. [DM laughs] But they didn't last long and we'd sharpen our hoes and then we'd be cutting along. And my daddy says, "Son, doesn't that sound good?" You know, you probably never did it, but some of those weeds, if you had a good sharp thing, it'd _____ [0:37:49.4] little kind of a clear sound. I don't know what.

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah.

GS:

Said, "Don't you like to hear that?" I said, "No, Daddy. I don't like to hear that." But he could do all that kind of stuff, but he never—never was able to drive a tractor or ride a cultivator or anything like that.

DM:

Well, what kind of garden crops did he have?

GS:

Well, everything you'd plant in a garden, I guess.

DM:

Just about everything, huh? No, and so did you have a windmill up there near the house?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Would you use that to water your garden crop?

GS:

Yeah. And when we had it right out there on that house. We had a windmill and a storage tank.

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

And then it'd run down into the house and we had a—in the little old entrance. In the back porch we had a water tank about this wide. Concrete. And about that deep and about five foot long where we kept our milk and all that stuff. And when the pump would run and go out in the storage tank and come down through the house right on out and then run on down to the barn.

DM:

Um-hm. Okay. Kept things cool.

GS:

We didn't have a refrigerator—I mean, ice box it was in those days—either.

DM:

Yeah. Yeah. That's interesting. Now was this a house that as already there?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay.

GS:
Yeah.

DM:
What was that house like? A stucco house?

GS:
No. It was just a regular—a regular old house.

DM:
Wood plank?

GS:
Wood plank.

DM:
Wood frame. You remember when y'all got electricity?

GS:
Well, we—I can remember when Roosevelt—when they put in the Rural Electrification?

DM:
Um-hm.

GS:
That was the first we'd had. But I guess before then I was living out there and I remember one time we put a car battery down on the bottom and we run a line into the—into the house and run it off of a little old wind charger.

DM:
Oh, yeah.

GS:
I guess it'd run about one or two lights. I don't remember. But I don't know how long that lasted. Not too long. But the big deal was—and I don't know what year the REA came in. The Rural Electrification. But it was a big deal. We'd had coal out there. But when we moved out of the store my daddy built a—as far as I know I think he built a new house—and he put in carbide lights. Did you ever hear of them?

DM:

Oh yes. Yes.

GS:

[crosstalk, 00:40:25] ?

DM:

You had the little pellets and it would create a gas?

GS:

Well, they dug a hole and put in a tank, but we'd pour carbide in it. Carbide come in a can, if you remember, about this high. About this big around.

DM:

About two—about three feet high?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

And about this big around.

DM:

About a foot and a half.

GS:

And we'd pour carbide in there when it gets low and fill it up with water and the lights was in these little things like this, you know. It wasn't bulbs. They just little sticks with holes in them. I don't know how to explain them. But I know you've seen them or heard of them. And that's what we used for light. We was the only one that had one. My daddy had his own lighting rods on the house. He was—something else that I really missed—I mean, I didn't pay any attention. I just assumed everything. And then—well, just not too many years ago I began to think of the things that he did, and because I was always into something by the time when I got to where I could anything. I was into everything. And I began to think—I got some of that ambition from my daddy.

DM:

He was innovative, it sounds like.

GS:

Yeah. Yeah.

DM:

Now how many people around there had a wind generator? Was it on your windmill?

GS:

Wind generator?

DM:

Yeah, you said you had some sort of—

GS:

Oh I just put that out there on the garage. I'm the only one I know of that—I don't anyone else that did, but they probably did it. I would have never thought of it. But it was just—run the car battery. You know, you didn't mount much. And I don't know how long I run it. Probably wasn't too long.

DM:

Well what was—what did the generator part look like? Was it a propeller?

GS:

I have no idea. It was a—just a little old wind thing, I guess. Made out of just like a fan only—I don't—you're asking me something that I really can't describe it because—

DM:

Okay. Okay. But anyway, it cranked enough power to do a light or two?

GS:

Yeah. A little bit. A little bit. But I don't know how long that lasted. Whether it worked out to be worthwhile or not.

DM:

Yeah. Did most people get—when Rural Electrification came into Petersburg, did most people take advantage of it right away?

GS:

I think every—as far as I know everybody did. I don't know. It was put in to help everybody, so I don't know how it was. But like I tell you, my daddy was better off than most anybody we knew of because he was a saver also.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

And like I told you the other day, he—I'd been out with him and I don't know how big I was but I can remember I wasn't very big. I could carry a towsack. And we'd go out to where they'd been ginning cotton and take this old barlow [?] [0:43:45.5] knife in there and take a sample out like this. Roll it up. Put that—put a tag number in there—I mean, put a number in so we could keep up. And then he'd take it into Clarendon and sell it.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

He was doing that himself. He had to buy that cotton, and then I guess he had to buy it. Then take it into Clarendon and sell, and it's ten miles. But I don't know. He's just always a good manager. No education but he had enough—he had common sense, you know, to do things. And he was—he was a saver. He used to tell me, "Son, every dime you save it'll grow into a dollar one day."

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

But—

DM:

How did y'all heat your house up there at Ashtola and down at Petersburg?

GS:

I have no idea. But I think—I—well, chances are we might have heated that after—I don't remember what it was when we lived at the store, and I don't even remember—I think we lived out about a hundred yards or two—a hundred yards from the store. I don't remember where we lived. And you're asking me what did we heat it with?

DM:

Was it coal or?

GS:

No, it would have been a kerosene heater.

DM:

Kerosene? Oh okay.

GS:

The first that I would know.

DM:

Um-hm. Okay.

GS:

And I can remember—I don't know how long we'd been married, but we—well, we used to burn all coal and then they got smart, you know, and they'd run a line from a kerosene grill.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

And run it in.

DM:

Uh-huh. Pretty good.

GS:

And he—heat was—yeah.

DM:

Could they cook with that too?

GS:

Oh yeah, that's what they did cook with. Yeah.

DM:

Did it do a pretty good flame? A good cooking flame?

GS:

Well, it cooked good. My step-mother was a very good cook. Course I never knew anything about my mother. I'd have never known that this one was not my mother if it wasn't for my older brothers. The oldest one was twenty years older than I, and eighteen on down to about two years apart. Well, you know, kids don't—they don't like somebody else trying to come in and take over the mother's part or the daddy's part.

DM:

Oh yeah. Right. Right.

GS:

So I never knew the difference, but they did.

DM:

Right. So you were okay with it?

GS:

Yeah. I never knew anything else. Never knew anything else.

DM:

When y'all moved in 1927, Ashtola was—was it smaller than Petersburg?

GS:

Wasn't nothing but a store.

DM:

What about Petersburg? What was it like?

GS:

Well, Petersburg was—as well as I remember it—I think they was about three hundred people there.

DM:

Oh okay. Pretty good size already a—

GS:

Yeah, it had a grocery store or two.

DM:

Gas station?

GS:

Yeah. One or two.

DM:

Um-hm. What else did it have there? Have a cotton gin?

GS:

Yeah, they had a cotton gin. When we moved there they had a cotton gin. Right practically downtown where it is now.

DM:

Can you remember any other businesses there?

GS:

Well, there was a hardware there and an implement dealer. International Harvester dealer. And Conoco dealer, which one was one of the things I bought out later on. And—

DM:

Was there—

GS:

It was just a good little town for what it was.

DM:

Could you buy a car in Petersburg? In 1927?

GS:

No. I didn't buy nothing in 1927.

DM:

I mean, could anyone? Did anyone sell cars in Petersburg that early?

GS:

Well, there was a couple there that they had a—I think they were there when we got there. They sold some cars. I don't think they had any dealerships or things like that.

DM:

Okay. Well, it sounds like it was a fairly active little town.

GS:

It was. It was. For us, because we'd never been around anything anyway.

DM:

Do you remember much about the school when you first started there?

GS:

Yeah. The main thing I remember there was a guy that was head of trustees that had three boys there. And he thought he run the country. I remember that. Nobody liked him very much. And of course the girls all liked the Scarboroughs because they was a bunch of boys, you know? [DM Laughs] But this boy—he was to me overbearing and he had one son my age and one my brother's—two brothers about the same age. But they thought they could do anything they wanted to and get by with it. The brother just older than I, he was always—liked to fight. He always liked to fight. And he didn't take nothing off anybody. I can remember that. But anyway, I remember one day playing football or doing something, and one of these guys that was two grades ahead of him _____ [?] [00:49:39] told him to get off the football field or something. He said he wasn't getting off. So this guy was big enough more than Jack was. My brother's name was Jack. He just picked him up and carried him off. And when he set him down my brother hit him in the nose. So they learned pretty quick to leave him alone. But things like that. And then that boy they had a-- it was a new school like—and I know I dared that other boy my size to go down the stairs for like chapel—we'd have chapel on Monday and Wednesday or Friday or whatever—and I'd dare him down that step. I guess I knew how to fight, but our daddy always furnished us boxing gloves, so we was all pretty good when it come to fighting. But I never did like to fight. I mean, one day we was going home and I was about—I guess maybe in fifth grade. I don't know. I think I started the fifth grade there. Maybe in fifth or sixth grade then. Me and this other boy got in a fight. Well that—my hands would always—I had terrible skin and I still do. But it'd crack open and bleed.

DM:

Oh yeah. Um-hm.

GS:

And it got to hurting and we was fighting and going home. And I told them, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Until I can put me on some gloves." [Laughter] I remember that. Doesn't amount to a hill of beans. But I—we stopped until I got my gloves on and we went at it again. [laughter] But we pretty well took care of ourselves.

DM:

Well that was pretty smart of your daddy to keep some boxing gloves around with that many boys.

GS:

Well, it was. It gave us something to do, you know?

DM:

I know. With that many boys. [Laughs] So you had chapel on, what, Mondays and Wednesdays, you said?

GS:

Mondays and Wednesdays, or maybe Monday and Friday. I know, I think it was two days—two days a week.

DM:

Did one of the local preachers come and give a—chapel?

GS:

Oh no. It was just the superintendent or one of the teachers.

DM:

What were some of the churches around there?

GS:

Well, we had a Presbyterian church. We were all Methodists, and the Presbyterian had a little old white building. Was no Methodist church. They didn't have enough. So we met with the Presbyterians in their building. One week the Methodists had theirs and the next week the Presbyterian had theirs. And then we finally built—got enough money saved that we built what they call a basement over there and we moved out then—the Methodists did—on their own. And then we stayed in that thing for several years. By the time we built the others I was on the Board of Stewards when we built it. My name is on that plaque now and I'm the only living that's on it. But we built a nice brick church. But I noticed now they have added onto it, you know, a room. Where they fed the Lions Club for a long, long time. They'd meet there.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

And that was—that was a while later. I don't know how much later.

DM:

Well, those first stores—was there one store when you moved there? One or two?

GS:

No, no. There was—there was two grocery stores at least.

DM:

Oh good.

GS:

And a couple of filling stations, I'd say.

DM:

Are those still around?

GS:

Higginbotham-Bartlett Lumber was there.

DM:

Oh. Oh yeah. Yeah.

GS:

And then it wasn't too long—I don't think we'd been there too long until they started bringing in butane.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

Four cents a gallon. Like four cents. Can you imagine? What it is now? Diesel and—

DM:

[Laughs] Oh yeah, wouldn't I love to buy it at four cents a gallon now?

GS:

Yeah. And then diesel—when it'd come in I had some—I did some farming with butane tractors and diesel tractors. Paid six cents a gallon for diesel.

DM:

Um-hm. Golly. You mentioned International Harvester having a business there—a dealership? I've heard people mention them around a lot. Somewhere along the way—

GS:

He was also an undertaker.

DM:

Oh really?

GS:

Really a nice guy.

DM:

Uh-huh. Well, somewhere along the way John Deere seems to have gotten the upper hand and International Harvester is mostly gone out.

GS:

Well, they didn't—they didn't ever—they never did take over International. They used to say—and of course I was an International man—they used to say anytime that John Deere or anybody built anything better than International they'd just buy them. But I was really disappointed whenever they finally—Case or something bought them.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

But that's something else I bought. Later on in the years I bought that International house from Charlie Schuler [?] [0:55:10.5]. And I went down on a Monday or something to take inventory and he said, "You know, I'm just not going to be able to go through with this deal." I said, "Charlie, why?" Of course he was a lot on—a good man. Good man. And he said, "Well, Connie just doesn't want me to do it." That was his wife.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

I said, "You know what? I've done a lot of things, but I never have had to hide behind somebody's petticoat to—"

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

--"To use for an excuse." But I bought—later on in years I bought the first tractor came in there with lights on it.

DM:

International?

GS:

I bought the first self-propelled combine. And all this stuff. But then there was a Minneapolis T.A. Cott [?] [0:56:06.1] come in there and put in a Minneapolis-Moline. Everybody thought he would starve to death, but he was a hustler. So he stayed in there. As far as I know they're not even—I don't know if there's a John Deere house over there or not.

DM:

Okay. All right.

GS:

And I don't know if there's an International. Surely there is, but I don't know. It's a lot of water running under the bridge since all that took place.

DM:

Do you have any idea what year it was when you got your first tractor? If it was after the war? Before the war?

GS:

Well, [pause] like I tell you I married when I was eighteen, and I didn't have any tractor. I didn't have a dollar, much less a combine. I mean that literally.

DM:

That would've been in about '34 when you got married?

GS:

Thirty-four. Nineteen thirty-four. And then my daddy gave us fifty dollars to buy our—what we needed. And we bought everything we needed, I guess. And we didn't spend all that fifty dollars. Everything was second-handed you know.

DM:

Well I just—I had heard that I know there were some gas powered tractors around before the war, but mostly after the war was when—

GS:

Well, I mean my oldest brother went to work for Charlie Schuler International over there when everything, practically, was horse and mules.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

And the tractors come in. My, he was a good trader and he knew—he could look in the horse's mouth and mule's mouth and tell how old it was and all that. I could look at them, but I could never tell how old it was. But he put new tractors all over that place pretty soon. My oldest brother was in there at that time.

DM:

Well, you've mentioned getting a combine. Now were you harvesting wheat?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay. Where were you doing that?

GS:

Well, I started out at Petersburg. And this was—let me see. We married in '34 and I'd say about maybe it was '36 or '37 or something like that. Maybe '38. That's the time that I don't remember because there wasn't nothing and nothing to do and all this kind of stuff.

DM:

But there was enough wheat growing up there to give you something to do with your combine, huh?

GS:

Well, there was whenever—but I don't know what time I started.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

I don't remember what—how old I was.

DM:

That's okay.

GS:

But I can remember the first combine we bought. I tell you this, I had no money. Absolutely no money. And then I think the first year my daddy was living in town and I—we moved then out the house for a mile and a half out there. One of the farms that he bought. And—let's see—what did you just now ask me?

DM:

Well I was asking about harvesting that wheat. Was this wheat that was on your own land or were you harvesting other people's?

GS:

Oh no. No. We didn't have any wheat. We never did grow any wheat to speak of. Just a little dab.

DM:

You just moved around and harvested other?

GS:

But the first combine I bought, as I told you, we never had any money. And the first thing I ever remember buying that I could borrow a little money at the bank without somebody going on a note, I bought an old '28 Chevrolet. Fifty dollars. I paid five dollars down and five dollars a month. And after I got it paid out I was in there for something and they found something—that's when they had an old vacuum tank on the front of the dashboard. They said something about something was wrong and they said, "You need to—you ought to trade this thing off," or something. And to show you how smart I was I bought another '28 Chevrolet. Fifty dollars and five dollars a month. But the good part about it was the first that I'd ever bought on my own.

DM:

Um-hm. Right. Right.

GS:

On the credit. I started my credit there.

DM:

Right, right.

GS:

And eventually—it wasn't very long until I could borrow money at the bank, and to do things. I'd see something where I thought I could buy it. And my banker, once we got started together, he said, "Son, I want to tell you something. Every first of every month you come in here and pay your bills. Come in and sign me a note." And said, "Now, I tell a lot of people that, but they don't pay any attention to me." And this later on, pretty quick after I started with him, he said, "I want to tell you something. As long as you'll work and stay honest we'll stay with you until hell freezes over." But he says, "Always lay all your cards on the table." That's what I did. And when I left Petersburg I was buying any and everything. Land. Whatever I wanted. And it finally got to where I wouldn't even talk to anybody I didn't to. And this was several thousand dollars at the time. And then I'd go in and sign notes. You can't do that anymore.

DM:

Yeah. That's right. How long did you stay with that same man?

GS:

I stayed with him for several years. Less things started and then you asked me a while ago when I got the first combine, did you?

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

Well, there was this T.A. Cott [?] [1:02:35.2] come in and he had old pull type combine and this J.M. Sutherland and I went in together and bought that thing. He didn't have any money and the difference—he was raised up different from what I was. But anyway, we felt we had it all overhauled. I never run a combine in my life. Never been on one. But we got this thing and we thought we cleaned it out and got it ready. And we pulled it over toward Allmon School, which was six miles, eight, east of Petersburg and got in there and started cutting wheat, and nothing would come up in the bin.

DM:

Uh-oh.

GS:

[laughter] So we got out and got out and got to checking and took the elevator was loose down in the bottom. Those elevators was clogged up with bird nests, and that's how much we knew about it.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

Never had anything checked to go in the first place.

DM:

Well—

GS:

But we did that. We ran it a while. And we had a lot of repairs and so on and so forth. But anyway it was out there somewhere. He wanted to go down to a rodeo down in—I forgot where it was. Well, I had all the wheat that we had to cut cut. You know, the farmers would feed us in those days.

DM:

They'd feed you in the middle of the day?

GS:

Oh yeah, for lunch or something.

DM:

Oh good. Uh-huh.

GS:

Of course most of the time I couldn't eat it because my step-mother was such a good cook. [DM Laughs] And I didn't eat much but just for three or four days I got where I could eat like the rest of them. But I went to collect the money and this J.M. had already collected it.

DM:

Oh.

GS:

He'd gone down and he was gone three or four or five days, and I come back and—come back by Petersburg. And then I moved that combine, I guess—I don't know if he was still gone or not—up toward Dimmitt. Somewhere in there, I think. But anyway, whenever I did this I had that old '28 Chevrolet. We was a mile and a half out there. I traded my car and put us all afoot, and he didn't have any money.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

And then when we got that done what we could do, this J.M. Sutherland said, "Well, we'll just go back and turn that thing back." I said, "I don't turn back stuff."

DM:

The combine?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

I was taught different. That's what I'm telling you. And he said, "I don't want any more of it." So I went and told this T.A. Cott. I said, "T.A., G.A.M. [?][1:05:31.8] wants us to turn this combine back and I don't want to turn it back." And I said, "If you'll just sell it to me I'll pay you one day. I don't know how long it will take but I'll pay you." And so that's—he said, "That's fine." So I bought it then on my own.

DM:

Well, okay.

GS:

And of course we had Bill's Parts over at Floydada. Plainview. But it take me a few years to do it, but I finally got it all paid.

DM:

Good.

GS:

But that's the difference, and that's the reason why when I left Petersburg I think—I know I was the only man over there that could borrow the kind of money that I might. And I mean for whatever.

DM:

Did—

GS:

But doing what you'll say you'll do and being honest is what kept me. And my daddy had always told us—said, "Son, when you make a trade you stay put. If it takes your hide you stay put. That's the way you learn." And I believe that. I've got notes in my safe in there right now that's I sold a friend of mine. He was a good worker who could do anything. And this was after we started cutting wheat, and I wound up—I had three combines at that time. Self-propelled, I guess. But it wasn't in Petersburg. I went down around Houston to Wheatfields and bought my first one.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

Come back in. And then then first self-propelled came in Petersburg I bought it, and the second one that come in I bought it.

DM:

All right. Okay. So you made a little profit and you cranked it right back into—you turned it right back into buying another combine, huh?

GS:

Oh yeah, I—

DM:

Just a pretty good business.

GS:

--I had—it was at that time.

DM:

And you went all the way up to Dimmitt. How far out would you go?

GS:

Well, I don't remember. That was—that was then. But then later on I was—got to where I was farming for myself and this was a few years later. Then I started cutting and then I'd go—after I'd got these two combines there. I don't know whether I started with two combines—two self-propelled or three. When I started going down around east of Seymour. Down in Megargel. It's a little town.

DM:

Yes. Yes.

GS:

That's where we started cutting wheat.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

And we'd cut up through here and Petersburg. Then some of the people had pretty good wheat fields. Then we'd go to the north plains, down in Dumas and Stratford and then on up into Kansas and Colorado. And then one year we went to Hardin, Montana. Long dang way.

DM:

You followed the season though?

GS:

Yeah. We followed the harvests. As it would ripen up we'd go right on up it.

DM:

And it started at Megargel?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Well, I'll be.

GS:

But that's—I was still farming then. Doing different things. And that's along about the time when—sometime in there and later he—my banker told me one day, he said, “Why don't you just try to do one or two things at a time and do them well?” I always doing a dozen. That's what I told you. But he let me do it. He'd let me hang myself. And then he finally—he just—you know, he let me do anything I want to. And then I got where—I mean, I'd buy farms and put down irrigation well. Maybe sell it the first year. I did all these dang things. And it's the—I just—one of the things—I started on this thing and I've got in there is to try to teach my younger kinfolks that if you wanted to do something you don't take “no” for an answer. You be persistent. You do things. And it's like later on where I could do anything I want. I never had money. I didn't need it. I just wrote checks. When it'd come time he'd say, “Son, you better

come in and sign me a note. You're getting to owe me so-and-so." But I'd bought one or two farms before this and do something to them and then sell them.

DM:

You'd improve them, then?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

And this T.A. Cott, you know. We moved over to Lubbock one time and one morning he called me. I was eating breakfast. He said—and he always liked me because he knew I was trying to do something. He was my biggest booster. Said, "Son, you've got to think big if you ever do anything." And we just—we were good friends, but he was always behind me to do things. But anyway, now then I was getting into what I was going to tell you about.

DM:

Well, you said you were buying farms, improving them and selling them?

GS:

Oh yeah. Well, I went in there a time or two, but this one time is—I went in one day and because this was later on where I was doing any and everything, I had bought lumber yards, Conoco agents, butane agents, skating rinks. All that kind of stuff—

DM:

Really?

GS:

--that I'd put over. But I went in one day and I told John, I said—there's this land laid right down by the street on the north side of Petersburg right against the city. I said—and the guy that owned it, they lived down around Fort Worth someplace. And I said, "John, I'm going to go down and I'm going to try to buy this land that's laid on down here. He said, "Son, you're wasting your time. That land is not for sale." Said, "There's not a person that I know of in this town that hasn't tried to go down there and buy that land." Said, "Everybody wanted that land. It's not for sale, and you're wasting your time." I said, "Well, I'm going to go down there anyway." And so I drove down. I think it was Weatherford, maybe, or somewhere close to Fort Worth. I don't

remember for sure. But I went down and I found this guy. They had a real estate—or the son did—a real estate office. I went in and got acquainted with them.

DM:

You remember his name?

GS:

No.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

And so anyway, I told him who I was and I said, "I'd heard y'all had some land in Petersburg you wanted to sell." And they said, "Well, the land is not for sale." And I said, "Well, I thought maybe it was.", "No," said, "We have all kinds of types of people wanting to buy that land." So he was kind of snubbish. But anyway I said, "You know, I've come a long ways. If you just tell me where your daddy lives I'd like to go by and visit with him a few minutes before I go back. I've come down here a long ways, and I'd just like to get acquainted with him." Well, he finally told me where he lived. So I go by to see him, and when I left his house I had a contract on that thing.

DM:

[Laughs] The daddy was the owner?

GS:

Yeah. Oh yeah. And he says, "You know what?" He says, "The land is not for sale." That's what he told me at first. I said, "I realize that." But I said, "I was down here and I just wanted to visit with you after a while." He said, "You know, if I sell that land to anybody it'd be somebody like you. Young and," he says, "You sound like and seem like a nice person." And I said, "Well, I sure would like to buy it." Anyway, when we left there he said, "Now, I'm going to tell you something." My banker always—I had my notes made always—paid on or before. And he says, "I don't want this land paid off. Just pay me so much a year, because I want the interest." And we agreed on the price and everything and I'd had a real estate license and all this.

US:

I'm going to go, dear.

GS:

What are you going to do?

US:

I'm going to play—do tai chi.

GS:

Oh. Well get the heck out of here. You'll get late.

US:

Okay? I'll be back.

GS:

Okay, hon.

DM:

See you later.

US:

All right. Nice to see you again, David.

GS:

Anyway, I told him, I said, "That sounds okay to me."

US:

Awful warm in here, isn't it?

GS:

So I drew up a contract. The next morning I went to the bank over in Petersburg and I said, "John, I bought that land." He said, "No, you didn't." [Laughter] "Yeah, I did." He said, "I don't believe it." I said, "Do you want to see my contract?", "Yeah. Yeah, I want to see it." He read it over and he says, "Son, do you realize what you signed?" Like that. I said, "Yeah, I realize what I signed. And I know what you're thinking." He says, "Do you realize what you,"—I said, "Yeah." He said, "Well, that's all that matters." But he didn't like that idea. Most people didn't. I didn't like it either, but that's the only way I could buy that land.

DM:

To agree to pay it out?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

And pay the interest?

GS:

Like he wanted it.

DM:

Uh-huh. Yeah.

GS:

So he said, "Well, if you realize what you signed then that's fine." I did. So I put down an irrigation well on it. It's right there along the road. Went right up to the city limits. Anybody would like it. It's laid perfect.

DM:

Was it farmland?

GS:

Yeah. Three hundred and some odd acres, isn't it?

DM:

About half a section, huh?

GS:

A little over half a section.

DM:

Oh good. Now this banker you keep talking—is it the same banker you were talking about earlier?

GS:

The only one that's ever been at that—

DM:

Okay. What's his name?

GS:

John Hughes.

DM:

John Hughes.

GS:

He came up from Lorenzo. Fred Wiese. He worked for Fred Wiese.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Who owned that bank down there.

DM:

Uh-huh. What's the name of the bank in Petersburg? What is it?

GS:

It's the Petersburg First State Bank.

DM:

First State? Okay.

GS:

But anyway, I put this thing—I put down irrigation well, and first thing you know—I intended to keep that land but the stock market—and I didn't know nothing about the stock market—but it began to go down and I kind of got scared. I went in and told John, I said, "John, I'm going to sell that dang land.", "Why?" I said, "Well, I can make some money off it." I never had any money. And it's a fact too. And of course he knew that too. And I said, "I've got a chance to make some pretty good money." I had an older brother and his son. They wanted to buy it. He said, "Son, you don't owe enough on that land to hurt you." And he said—like I told you, everybody in town wanted to buy this land. And I said, "Well I tell you. I never had any money, and I can sell this thing. It may be wrong. I don't know. But I'm scared what's going—could happen. The stock market going down and all this kind of crap." And I can tell you, I didn't know any more about a stock market than I could fly an airplane. And he finally said, "Well, if that's what you wanted to do.", "All I want to do.", "Go ahead and sell it if that's what you want." Well, it—I never was sorry I sold it. Made a good profit on it. But it just got to where anything I wanted to do I did it.

DM:

Um-hm. It sounds like you would usually go in, buy something, improve it, wait for the price to get better, sell it, put that money into something else the same way, and build, and build that way.

GS:

That's exactly what I tried to do.

DM:

And then have lots of things going on.

GS:

I had too many things going on. But it's—like I told John, I said, "I guess it just takes enough to make me a living." But I'm too old yet. This was before, I think. And I'm as honest as I can be. I know I was a lot more ambitious than I was smart, because I made a lot of mistakes. A lot of mistakes. And it's—but I've had a lot of fun. My friends in Petersburg, we'd go out to eat or something and I try to always buy it because I felt like I could afford to and they couldn't. And it wasn't much money. And they could never—everybody when I left Petersburg, I had a lot of people that—I think—that envied me. Some of them come around and brag on me to my face, but my friends basically—they didn't have anything, but they didn't have any push.

DM:

Push to do it.

GS:

And they were scared. And they couldn't do it. And I told some of them, I said, "Now, y'all always tell me you can't bore me. You can't,"—I said, "I'm moving to Colorado, and I'm going to leave plenty of room for several of you in here." [Laughter] But it's just—I've been so lucky. But this was taught to me all my life. To be honest.

DM:

Well, it sounds like you never had a dull moment either.

GS:

We didn't. [Laughs]

DM:

It sounds kind of entertaining, really. Now how did it come about that you would buy a skating rink? It just came available for sale and you thought, "Well,"?

GS:

Well, I tell you what. There used to be these other places that come by and go into a place and stay maybe three months or six months, get up and leave. Well, I learned to skate over there in Petersburg, but I liked it and I thought, "I'll put in a skating rink." And this is something else that's really kind of amusing in a way. I owed that dank bank so much money they had my notes to cover for it because they had a limit on what they could do. And so I go to Lorenzo at Fred Wiese. Well, my daddy in law was farming Fred Wiese's land, so I knew him.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

And then his brothers live there at Petersburg and I knew them. So I went down to Lorenzo and I told Fred, I said, "Fred, I'm thinking about putting a skating rink in Petersburg, and I need to borrow some money. You think you could loan me the money to do it?" And there wasn't much to it. And anyway, he said, yeah, he'd let me have the money. So I started back to Petersburg and I got to thinking, Hell, before I get to Petersburg old Fred Wiese will have called John Hughes and tell him that I was down there. [Laughter] So that's my thinking. So the next morning or something I was in the bank. One of the first thing John Hughes said, "Son, what's this I hear about you going down to Fred Wiese and borrowing money to put in a skating rink?" I said, "Yeah, I did." He said, "Well why would you do anything like that?" I said, "Well, John, I figured I owed you all the money I needed to owe you."

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

He said, "By God, son, don't you imagine I could—I would take care of that?" Or, "That'd be my worry." Or whatever it was. But it's kind of funny, but it is—

DM:

Well, yeah, it sounds like—

GS:

It's stupid of me to go down there in the first place, but I had a guilty feeling and I owed this guy so much. He'd been so good to me.

DM:

Well, it sounds like you kept that bank real busy? [Laughs] In Petersburg.

GS:

Well, I did things that nobody would believe. But it's just something that—that banker did exactly what he said. He said, "Son, as long as you're honest,"—

DM:

I want to write down Wiese's last name? How do you—do you know how to spell?

GS:

W-e-i-s-e, I think. [W-i-e-s-e]

DM:

W-e-i-s-e. Fred Wiese at the bank in Lorenzo?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Was that State Bank, also?

GS:

I don't know. But I'm assuming it is. I don't know.

DM:

Yeah. So you got your skating rink?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Okay, how long did you have it?

GS:

Not long. [Laughter] When I got tired of it, I think. But I had a building there too. And I don't know I accumulated it, but it was a quantity [?][1:23:01.8] barn and I'd keep my combines in there and use them to overhaul every spring before we started out to—by that time I knew how to repair them, because we replaced all the bearings and belts and everything that needed to be, and we knew what it'd be. And then whenever we was going I had a four-wheel John Deere trailer that I kept big gas tanks on. I had an electric welder, settling welders, air compressors. Everything that you needed. If we broke down we could fix it out in the field.

DM:

Out in the field. Good. Did you buy any of this equipment new, or did you buy it all used?

GS:

All that stuff was—all that stuff was new. And all my combines, when I had separate belts, were new. Only the first one that I bought was down in—somewhere around Houston. Somebody told me about it, you know. And I went down where they had all this water around, you know. I learned a little bit about—no, I didn't learn anything. I just saw where it takes so much water to keep that thing underwater out in the rice, I think.

DM:

Oh yeah. Yeah. A little more water than we have up here? [Laughter]

GS:

But it's—

DM:

When you would get a farmland—some farmland—and irrigate it, that was one of the ways you improved it, wasn't it? You put irriga—

GS:

Yeah, most of the time.

DM:

How—what kind of pump did you put in there and all?

GS:

Eight inch pumps if we had the water.

DM:

Eight-inch gas pump?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Um-hm. Ran off of gasoline?

GS:

Run off of gasoline. Yeah.

DM:

And did you have the big concrete conduits out there?

GS:

Slab.

DM:

You still see those around sometimes.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

When did it go from gas to electric?

GS:

Well, I don't know. There may be some of both now.

DM:

Oh is there?

GS:

I don't know what—I don't know this.

DM:

Yeah. There probably is. I just don't know about them. A eight-inch pipe. A gas pump. And how many acres would one of those serve?

GS:

It'd just depend. I mean, you get by pretty good with a hundred and sixty acres. I mean, most of the farms used to be fenced off.

DM:

Uh-huh. Okay.

GS:

On quarter section. A hundred and sixty acres. But now these big dogs has got them eaten up. They're not—I don't know of anything that's little anymore.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

I mean, I wouldn't be able to start farming compared to what they do today.

DM:

Right. It used to be that a farmer would have about a hundred and sixty acres. Is that pretty typical?

GS:

Yeah. Yeah.

DM:

The quarter sections?

GS:

It was typical when we come up there.

DM:

Now it's multiple sections on this—

GS:

Oh yeah. It's just—they have—I had four door [1:26:07.3] equipment and I thought I had every—west Texas people were thrifty, and when I started going to Colorado I found out these dang people—here's a set of people that didn't have anything. They didn't care. They didn't want anything. And then it's a set over here that had a little bit of ambition. But west Texas, to me, the people were always thrifty. More so than anywhere.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

My daddy in law—I've heard him talk about all down in east Texas and all down—the land was wore out and all this kind of stuff. But everybody kept up with the Joneses, I guess, pretty well. That's what they used to say—do so and so—keep up with the Joneses.

DM:

Well, if a farmer had a hundred and sixty acres—a quarter of a section—would they have their house over in one corner? Would they have their livestock in a particular part of it?

GS:

I don't think so. Probably this land that my daddy bought out here, we were in the southwest corner of the quarter.

DM:

There wasn't a typical layout, though? It was different for different farmers?

GS:

Well, you know some people they had a lot—you know they might be down off the road. But basically I think they always wanted to be on the road if there was a road that would come by.

DM:

So that would make you want to get over on the corner, I guess?

GS:

Well, saves you land, I guess. To farm.

DM:

When did they start putting in all these stucco houses out here? There's a lot of stucco houses across the country.

GS:

I don't know. I didn't even realize that. I didn't realize they were, even now. I don't know.

DM:

See some that had been abandoned for a long time? How's Petersburg doing now? Do you have any idea?

GS:

Yes. It's about dead, from what I hear. I know they said they lost the Methodist preacher last year sometime. Couldn't afford to keep him, I guess. I don't understand it. I don't understand it. But Petersburg was always a thrifty little town.

DM:

Looking back from now back to 1927 when you moved there, was there a time period when you think it was at its peak? Like in the fifties or sixties or forties? Can you think of a time when it might have been at its highest of population and?

GS:

Well, I'd say ten years ago or fifteen, probably was. I don't know that. I don't know that.

DM:

What do you think is making it decline?

GS:

Well, people moving to Lubbock and different places. But they've got a thing over there now. And I can remember his granddaddy had his station there. A.L. Wally [?][1:29:11.1] had a Magnolia station on the corner when we moved in there, and that grandson—I'm sure now he must be up in the multimillion dollar thing. And he's done a lot of work in Petersburg. And they started when their butane got to doing good. His granddaddy started him on with butane, and then his son was butane, and his son was butane. And this young one that I don't even know—this one they say is his grandson. And he's got all kinds of stuff. Wally sprayers if you're out in the country in time you'll see him. They're everywhere.

DM:

Yeah. I see them. I see them out that way.

GS:

But back on this deal. I don't know where you want to go back. But when you was talking about that—you asked me about that skating rink. I also—about that. A little later than that we bought a butane thing. I had a good friend that was in the gin business. His brother knew all about it. They weren't getting along too good and we decided to go in the butane business. Well, shit, he didn't know nothing about it and neither did I. But he wanted out of that thing so I told him—I said, "If you want to go in the butane business we'll go in the butane business." He said, "I don't have any money." And he said, "My daddy has got stock in the Lubbock cotton oil. Maybe we could get some money over there." So we come over to Lubbock and his daddy—they didn't want to let him have anything.

DM:

Oh okay.

GS:

So we go back to Petersburg. The next morning I go by the gin built over there. It was a long _____. [01:31:11] And I said something about—it doesn't matter. I said, "Bill, if you want to go into the butane business, we'll go in the butane business." I said, "I can get the money." He said, "How can I ask you or anybody else to help me when my daddy wouldn't help me?"

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

I said, "That has nothing to do with it. If you want to go into butane I'll get the money." So we decided to go in the butane business. Well, Newman's at that time was the big distributor out of Plainview. And that's where we would have to go buy—go through to buy.

DM:

Right.

GS:

So we told them what we was going to do and they gave us—we'd have to go get a license, you know. So they gave us this stuff. We had all these answers and questions that they wanted to ask us down in Austin. And we studied that a little bit. And he and I and our wives, we go to Austin to get these licenses. And I was always a shithook. I mean, I had fun and I kidded people and as I told Donna the other day I never did grow up and I don't guess I was grown up yet. But we'd go in and where we was going to get these licenses. I asked these ladies—I said—they told us what time this was. I said, "How long does it generally take to take these tests?" And I think she said, "Around probably three hours," or something. And I turned around to my wife and I said, "Y'all be back in about thirty minutes." [DM Laughs] And of course we already had it and we passed them with flying colors. And the first delivery we made I was scared to death. Butane was dangerous, you know.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

A lot of people would blow up their houses, you know. If butane—you had a leak—some people had basements, and it'd go in that basement.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

There was some of them blew up. And I've always been scared of butane. I am to this day. But I didn't stay too long in the butane business. Got him to stay in there pretty good, and I got a chance to sell my half to one of his friends up halfway to Plainview. And I got out of the butane business.

DM:

But it was something to do?

GS:

Something to do, and I hadn't done it before.

DM:

[Laughs] That's interesting.

GS:

So I had this—I did this thing. I did that skating rink, and then there was a guy that come in there from East Texas. You know, Higginbotham was always good. They've always been good. But this guy from east Texas. He come in there and was hauling lumber in all the time and he was doing pretty good, and he built him up a pretty good little business.

DM:

In Petersburg?

GS:

In Petersburg. He was right north of Higginbotham-Bartlett there and was probably—

DM:

What was—

GS:

--excuse me?

DM:

What was his name?

GS:

Bradshaw. K.G. Bradshaw.

DM:

K.G. Bradshaw.

GS:

Lumber.

DM:

He started Higginbotham up there?

GS:

No, no.

DM:

No, I mean just the Petersburg.

GS:

The lumberyard that I'm talking about that I bought is K.G. Bradshaw.

DM:

Oh.

GS:

He'd gone in there and he built up him a little business.

DM:

Okay. Okay. All right.

GS:

And I saw that he was making money so I wanted some of it. And so I bought him out. And we was going along there pretty good and one of my brothers—say thirty-eight, eighteen years older than I. One day he said, "What the hell are you doing buying a lumberyard? You don't know a two-by-four from a one-by-six." And I said, "I'll get somebody to do it." [Laughter] Which I did. I got a guy out of New Mexico and he's pretty good. We were doing just—we were doing good enough. And one day in the meantime John Hughes, they hired him over in Lubbock. At City National Bank, which was the biggest bank here. And he was over here and the little old bank examiner come in there about this tall. His head stuck way out. But anyway, he gets up one day at the Lion's Club and said, "I'm telling you things are not looking too good, and they're not going to be any improvements on houses or new houses being built and any improvements." And all this kinds of stuff. Well, shit. I decided I'd better get out of there if it's going to do that.

DM:

Was that John Hughes saying that or was that the bank executive?

GS:

No, no. John Hughes had already come on over here.

DM:

Yeah, I got you. Okay.

GS:

He was a smartass. That's what he was. He didn't know nothing about West Texas people. He came from down east. My daddy in law used to say—he stayed with him a while until he got a place to come up—that banker did. And they'd come down and borrow five hundred dollars or something at the bank, and then this banker asked my daddy in law, "What in the world do they do with that money?" And he said, "Well, they're somebody that just wants to go fishing or something." But anyway, I bought that lumberyard out. And then when he did that to me I sold it out. But I guess after that, maybe, I bought the Conoco ____ [1:37:02.7]. This old man—the only one in Petersburg, I think, that had any money. I thought, Boy he'd been making money, and everything. And I hit him up to buy him out and he says, "Son, I don't want to sell. But if I ever want to sell I'll give you the first choice."

DM:

Oh good.

GS:

So he got old enough to retire, and he told me one day, he says, "If you want to buy anything, I'm going to get out of the business. I'm going to retire." So I bought this dang thing and on top of that I had forgotten about it, but he had a store down in Becton, about seven miles. That's where he had a station and he served them. And he had a little store half way to Plainview. I bought all that stuff. [laughter]

DM:

You meant to buy one. You ended up with three?

GS:

I never—and to this day I don't ever know how I got rid of the store at Becton or Happy Union.

DM:

Happy Union?

GS:

But what happened is I wasn't in there anytime I realized—here I am—not very often would they just come in and buy a five bucket of grease, but when they did I made a cent a pound. That's two and a half cents. On the credit. They'd charge it. On the gasoline that we delivered out in the country I think we made a cent and a half. But it didn't take me long to think, Hey. This thing doesn't work. It doesn't make that kind of money.

DM:

Yeah. Right.

GS:

That guy just saved his money. That's what he did.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

So I got out of that as quick as I could.

DM:

Was it a full-service station? Did you have a mechanic there and all that?

GS:

No. No, no. It just—it was a wholesale. A wholesale—

DM:

A wholesale? Okay.

GS:

--agent that delivered to farms all over the country.

DM:

But how about the one in Becton and Happy Union? Were they wholesalers too or were they stations?

GS:

No, they were just little grocery stores, I guess.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

Was a station out in the front, but they sold them gas, see?

DM:

Oh okay. Yes. Okay.

GS:

But he owned them. And I bought them. And I don't—unless it—when I sold them, maybe, I got rid of them did. I never did know. People ask me and we talked about it the other day. I said,

“Donna, I don’t ever remember how I got rid of those stores, but I know I don’t own them.” She said, “Maybe you still own them.” I said, “No, I don’t own them.” [DM Laughs]

DM:

Was that one in Becton on the south side of the road?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

I think I know where that is. The building still there?

GS:

I don’t know.

DM:

Okay. There’s an old building there.

GS:

I started to go by. It faces the north.

DM:

Yes.

GS:

I think it’s—I think it was seven miles. And then I think they had moved it away and after that railroad come in or something they moved over on another.

DM:

Uh-huh.

GS:

It goes in—out of Idalou.

DM:

Okay.

GS:

You know there is a road there that goes to Petersburg. So—and I think they moved over and called it Heckville or something.

DM:

Oh yeah. Heckville. And now that railroad is gone.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

They've taken that railroad out.

GS:

But anyway, that's—I don't ever know how, but I got rid of them. And I guess I must have put them in with that—when I sold that to one of my friends. He was—I guess he still was. But anyway, I always—when I saw I was whipped [?] [01:40:45] I got out of the thing. And my brother and I moved over to Lubbock and he lost nearly everything he had over there selling on the credit. But he wanted to put in a store. And I come over here and we put the first store that I can remember in Lubbock that was out a little shopping center downtown on Boston and 26th.

DM:

Oh. Y'all put that in?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

Oh yeah. That's a real nice little spot there.

GS:

It is now. But anyway, it wasn't very long—he's the one that was the twenty years older than I. And one day I hear that Furr Foods—Roy Furr's—was going to come in out there. I told Ralph [?][1:41:32.9] I said, "Let's get out of this dang place. I don't want to be in competition no more for it." He'd been on the rationing board and he could get stuff when we couldn't get nothing. I mean, sugar and stuff like that.

DM:

Oh yeah. This is the guy from Olney, right? Roy—Roy Furr? Wasn't he from Olney?

GS:

Well, he's been here ever since I can remember.

DM:

Yeah, he was out here, I think—

GS:

There's still in _____ [1:41.55.7] down here.

DM:

Oh are they really?

GS:

One of them is.

DM:

Well, I'll be.

GS:

Ray. Ray Furr, I guess.

DM:

Okay. Okay.

GS:

But anyway, I said, "I don't want,"—

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

He said, "I don't mind being against Ray Furr—Roy Furr." I said, "I do, and I want to sell out of here."

DM:

Well, let me ask you.

GS:

Yeah?

DM:

That—it was a grocery store at Boston and 26th? Was it on the northwest?

GS:

Northwest corner.

DM:

Corner—where there's a Lowe's now? No. A Lowe's? Yeah. A little Lowe's, I think.

GS:

I don't know.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

But we were the first in there.

DM:

I'll be. That's a popular little old area right there.

GS:

I imagine it is. I told Ralph, I said, "I want to tell you something. I want out of here and you make me a give or take price. I'll either buy you or sell you," but I said, "If I buy you I'm going to sell it anyway. I don't want it." And I said, "I might need some time." Or maybe I didn't say that. But Ralph said, "Now if I buy you I may need some time." I said, "You buy me, you get all of that. But you make me a give,"—He said, "No, you make me a give or take." I said, "Okay, I'll give you this or take that." He said, "I'm going to buy you." I said, "Fine." So I got out of there right quick and I went on down on 19th Street and went in the car business.

DM:

Yeah. Okay.

GS:

Isn't that something? [Laughter]

DM:

Now what was that called? Where was that?

GS:

Scarborough Used Cars, I guess.

DM:

Scarborough Used Cars out on east 19th?

GS:

It was on 19th Street, but I don't remember how far out it was.

DM:

Well, there's a lot of car dealerships in that area now.

GS:

Yeah. But see when Korean war started—those days you could go down below the cap or somewhere and buy cars off of dealers. But it got to where you couldn't. Anyway, I told my wife, I said, "Boy, I wish things slowed down. I'm getting tired of this thing." Well, one day it didn't slow down, it stopped. I mean, it dang sure stopped dead. And I had a little old building that I'd bought on the corner out there. It was before we _____. [1:44:11.5] And I told Ralph, I said, "I'm going to sell this little old building first." He said, "Can you get your money back?" I said, "No, I can't get my money.", "Well, how much are you going to lose?" I said, "Three thousand dollars.", "You're going to lose three thousand dollars and know you're losing it?" I said, "Yeah. I can stand three thousand dollars now. I better not count later, probably." And I sold some of my new cars. It didn't have many new cars. It was basically used. But as well as I remember about five hundred dollars apiece. And I probably didn't have over three or four. I don't know. But I had a few used ones. I sold them whatever I could get. I sold them. Well there was a man named Ingram. He was right next door to me. The difference is I had no money. Just operated off of John Hughes.

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah.

GS:

And this guy was well heeled. And he stayed in the business and I got out. I sold out. And I lost money. But about six months later my brother told me, he says, "I saw Roy Furr's"—I mean, this was different. It wasn't Roy Furr's. Ingram. "I saw old man Ingram the other day and he wanted to know where that lucky son-of-a-bitching brother of mine was. He says, "I've lost a hundred thousand dollars in the car business since he left."

DM:

Golly!

GS:

I couldn't have lost—

DM:

What caused the car business to stop like that? To slow down?

GS:

The war.

DM:

The war? The Korean War, huh?

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

I'll be.

GS:

And it did. It went to pot.

DM:

Well, it sounds like part of what helped you out was being able to make a quick decision and act on it instead of going, "No, I'm going to hold on. I'm going to hold on."

GS:

I did it by the seat of my pants. And if it was wrong it was wrong. But it didn't bother me to be wrong, because I got used to it. I was wrong a lot of times, as I told you.

DM:

When Hughes moved to—

GS:

Lubbock.

DM:

--Lubbock, did you continue to use him in Lubbock? Or did you—

GS:

That's when I needed him.

DM:

--or did you stay—

GS:

For instance what I started telling you, a while ago T.A. Cott called me and he said, "Scarborough, I've got a half a section of land up here north of Petersburg. If you'll see it you'll buy it." And he says, "When can you come see it?" I said, "I can come as soon as I eat breakfast." [Laughter] So we went over there. Drove around that place. Boy, it looked pretty good. The barns and all was kind of shabby and I thought, "Well, I can clean that up." The house was okay, but it wasn't nothing to write home about. But anyway, I decided I can make some money on this thing. So I go back to Petersburg. T.A. says—by that time we were pretty good buddies. He knew me pretty well. But he was a booster for me also at that time. And he said, "G.L., you ready to sign the contract?" I said, "No. I'm not ready, T.A." I said, "I've got to talk to my wife." He said, "Who the hell you trying to kid? You don't talk to nobody." [Laughter] So I went up and ate lunch with my nephew and I come back down and I call T.A. And I said, "T.A., I'm going to buy that land." So I went in the bank—I didn't have any money—I went in the bank. This little smartass was in there then.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

And I told Grady, I said, "Grady,"—can't even think about his name—I said, "I need five thousand dollars." He says, "What do you need five thousand dollars for?" I said, "I bought some land and I need to put up some escrow.", "Well, what do you want to put up for collateral?" I said, "I don't put up collateral." [Laughter] He said, "Well, if I knew you was as well off now as you were when you went to Lubbock I could lend you five thousand dollars." I just got up. I said, "You know what? I don't need your damn money anyway." I come to Petersburg—I mean to Lubbock—the next morning. I went into John Hughes. And this was the difference in them. And he's sitting at his desk facing west. I sat down there. I said, "John, I need five thousand dollars." You know what he did? He didn't say shit. He just reached over and pulled out a drawer. Note about that long, about that wide. Filled it out. Handed it to me and said, "What's up, son?" Now that's the difference in the people.

DM:

Yeah. Yeah.

GS:

I said, "I bought some land and I needed it for escrow." He didn't ask me nothing before.

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah. He had had dealings with you.

GS:

He trusted me completely. And you can't beat that. You cannot beat that.

DM:

No. That's right.

GS:

And so it's just—but that's been pretty well the history of my life. And I mean I've lost money. And like I told people I said, "You know, I've lost money a lot of times. I never did learn to like it." [laughter] But most of the time if I did I thought it was better to lose so-and-so as to lose more later. And that's generally the way it worked out. So if I saw I was—it didn't bother me. If I saw I was wrong and I was convinced I was wrong I'd take my loss and that's it.

DM:

Now when you got something like the Conoco station or the skating rink or things like that—businesses—or the propane, did you try to run them yourself or did you hire someone and bring them in to run them?

GS:

Well, I run the Conoco agent myself.

DM:

Oh, you did?

GS:

But I wasn't in there very long.

DM:

Yeah. Right. Well, you had a lot of learning experiences then?

GS:

I did. I mean, like I tell you, it's been so many times it happened just like I was telling you about the land in—down by Fort Worth. The man lived there. And I just—you know sometimes I was right and sometimes I was wrong, but I've been wrong a lot of times. I've made a lot of mistakes. I had two son in laws. One of them was as good a guy—well, they're both good people. Honest people. But they had no ambition. One of them has an IQ that's really high so they say that whenever they went in the Army and so and so. But the other, he was not—had no ambition and his daddy worked for me too later on. No ambition. And so it's the difference. And this other one is so smart, but he's had a heart attack here several years ago. He doesn't do nothing. My

daughter is seventy-two years old. She's still making a living. But she's always had to be the breadwinner. He was smart but—and I was dumb, but I tried.

DM:

You had a lot of common sense.

GS:

And he had—he had—he just—

DM:

Well, it sounds like it's been a big adventure.

GS:

It has.

DM:

Because, you know, a lot of people will go into the propane business when they're twenty and they'll stay there all their life. Or they'll go into the service station business and they'll be there all their lives. But you had to learn a lot about—I mean, you can repair a combine. You can—you know something about—you've got to know something about propane. A little bit about gasoline business, and all these little things you've been involved in. That's got to have been a great learning experience along the way.

GS:

Well, it has. It has. And it's—

DM:

Now how long would you typically own one of these businesses before you'd turn around and sell it?

GS:

Not very long. But I don't know how to—

DM:

A year or two?

GS:

Maybe.

DM:

Um-hm. Now what about land?

GS:

Well, I—maybe I'd keep it until I could sell it at a little profit or whatever. But when I moved to Colorado then in—there was one guy we used to cut wheat for there. Owned fifty thousand acres of land. And most of it he got during the Depression and the sandstorm we talked about. They got up and left. And the bankers there at Walsh and Springfield owned most of the Baca County. But this old guy had this fifty thousand acres of land, and he said he sold—bootlegged some and did this and that. And he'd plow the ground and maybe pay taxes for some of it and all this. But anyway, I cut wheat for him several years. I don't know how many. But anyway, I went out—I generally go out early and see where the wheat was going to be. And I was—went to Springfield and went in to see him. He was sick in bed with the flu. And we visited a little bit and he said, "Scarborough," he said. "You always wanted to farm some of my wheat land. By God, I'll just rent you a section."

DM:

Huh.

GS:

And I said, "Turk, I can't come up here." He said, "Well, by God, I'll rent you two sections." "I can't come up here for two sections." "By God, I'll rent you three sections." [Laughter] "I can't come up here for three sections." He got up to five sections or so, and I said, "Turk. How much wheat can you plant?" That's when you know it was then the government. You put in so much stuff. Said, "My allotment is twenty-eight hundred," and something acres. I said, "Rent me the twenty-eight hundred acres and I'll be here to farm it." And he said, "By God, he might want to put down some irrigation wells." Well, see, we were irrigating over here all the time then. I was farming a section and a half of land over here at the same time. And so anyway, we happened to hit it good. You know, if they made a bump of crop up there he'd just gradually get down in five or six years with me making it. I come home and I told my wife, I said, "It's time for it to start raining up there." We made a good crop the first year. Lucky, lucky. And I wind up with that thing, and then I rented a half a section to go with that from two attorneys. And let's see. I farmed that the first year and then had half. I never had enough of anything. I'd just buy what I could. I mean, so anyway. We made this pretty good crop and the John Deere people—these two brothers—and they said, "Scarborough, you buy the John Deere house, we'll rent you twenty-seven hundred acres of wheat." I buy the dying John Deere house. [Laughter] And here I am working six thousand acres of land up there and the first year after I made that good crop I bought eight hundred acres from the banker. And he says, "What are you going to do with this?" I said, "The first I'm going to do I'm going to put down an irrigation well.", "Well, it won't do you any good. There's no water up there. We've tried." Well the first well we dug, by that time I'd traded for—I had a well rig too.

Traded part of the John Deere for it down in east Texas—that I'd never seen. But anyway, I got a good eight inch well water off of that. I had that eight hundred acres there.

DM:

How deep would you have to go to get to that?

GS:

Oh I'm going to say around two hundred. A hundred to two-fifty or something. I don't know. I don't—I really don't—

DM:

That was up there?

GS:

Yeah, up there.

DM:

Yeah. How about down here?

GS:

I think—I think we used to dig a hundred and sixty or two hundred feet or something. I really don't remember.

DM:

Yeah. Okay.

GS:

But anyway, I just—first thing I knew I got a guy that used to work with me on my combines. He could do anything. He had no education and I offered to sell him one of those rigs. He said, "I couldn't buy anything." He didn't have any credit. Nothing. But he could—he was a good worker, and I thought he was honest, and I've still notes in there that he will not pay. I sold him a fourth interest. When I took out of it I traded the other three fourths in on a ranch. Sixty-five miles south of—west of Denver. I kept it for thirteen years. Best life anybody could ever have is on a ranch.

DM:

The what—the best life? Yeah.

GS:

Owning a ranch is the best living in the world.

DM:

Yeah. Did you ever live up there on it?

GS:

Yeah, I lived there for a while. And the day we moved in the trailer I'd hired a fore—a ranch foreman. And he was living in the house. We moved a trailer in there. There was three foot of snow on the ground. Ninety-five hundred feet. It was out of Fairplay. About ten miles west—east of—

DM:

Oh. Ninety-five hundred. You had some mountain scenery around there?

GS:

Oh yeah. Yeah. Ninety-five hundred feet at the house. Elevation.

DM:

Is that close to Cripple Creek? Back in there?

GS:

Cripple Creek? I'm trying to think.

DM:

Cañon City?

GS:

Well, Cañon City is down—

DM:

South?

GS:

Down south. And where in the hell is Cripple Creek?

DM:

Leadville?

GS:

Well, I've been in all those places. We used to snowmobile around Leadville and out there.

DM:

Well, they're out west of Denver. Out west of—no, they're out west of—I'm sorry—

GS:

What did you ask me? What place?

DM:

Well, I was trying to figure out exactly where your ranch was. But now I'm thinking they're out west of Pikes Peak.

GS:

Well—

DM:

You're a little farther north.

GS:

Well, my ranch was sixty-five miles down 285—385—285 Highway or something. Run out of Denver over there someplace.

DM:

Okay. Yeah. Southwest of Denver.

GS:

Yeah.

DM:

I bet that was pretty.

GS:

It was nice.

DM:

Did you run some cattle?

GS:

Yeah. I run—the last year I was up there I had fifteen hundred head of cattle. Fourteen hundred and seventy-five. I'd buy them in the spring, sell them in the fall. I had some sub-irrigated land. And then I had quite a bit of water rights on that ranch. And when I bought it I closed the deal there in Denver, and they said something about—this lawyer did—happened to be a really nice

guy, I guess. Because I said, "Water rights? Are they worth a shit?" And he said, "Son, I imagine someday you'll see that water right is worth more than the ranch." Which I did. But I had—I guess the last year I had a fourteen hundred and seventy-five head of cattle and it started snowing and everything early. And we moved them out early and moved them down close to Kansas line, and I kept them down there until I sold them. And I think I got twenty-seven cents a pound. They're over a dollar now.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

But I got enough to pay—to pay them back. And I used to borrow that money at the bank. Then I got acquainted with the people that came out of Dodge City. They had a place where they sold cattle there. Bought and sold cattle. And they had a big place out in La Junta, Colorado. So I got to thinking, Well, shit. I'll pay them a commission on cattle when I buy them and I'll bring them back to the same place and they make another commission on me.

DM:

Oh yeah. Um-hm.

GS:

So finally I started borrowing money from them. Because I could get it cheaper than I could—

DM:

Down here?

GS:

--anyplace else. But the last cattle we had I had fourteen hundred—fourteen hundred and seventy-five head. That's what I bought.

DM:

How big was that ranch up there?

GS:

It wasn't very big. I had a lot of good underground water.

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah.

GS:

I mean, sub-irrigated.

DM:

Did you have to feed hay too?

GS:

I had—I owned about—I've got probably two or three, maybe three sections or something that I owned. And then I had leased land from the state. Fifty cents an acre or something.

DM:

Oh okay.

GS:

Then later on I bought that stuff and went into the subdivision stuff after I got that. But—this—this—where were we now?

DM:

Well, I was going to ask you what years—or how many years you were up in Colorado? I didn't know you lived up there.

GS:

Yeah. I moved up there. I moved up there in, I believe, in '59. But I did just—I had a five year run on this wheat and then I bought that John Deere and when that—when the lease run out I guess we still—we were still cutting wheat. And then when I bought that John Deere house I think we got rid of our combines and quit traveling with them. I don't remember what year it was.

DM:

But you spent some time up in Colorado it sounds like?

GS:

Oh yeah. Twenty-five years.

DM:

Oh.

GS:

I was gone twenty-five years. But when we got through with Colorado Springs I got—I sold that—I traded three-fourths interest that I had. I'd sold _____ [2:03:22.1] over at Petersburg. I'd sold him a fourth interest. Then I had sold him—in the meantime I'd sold him his first combine. I asked

him, I said—I had three then. And he's such a good worker and I thought he was as honest as he could be. So when I asked him if he wanted to buy one of those combines, you know, "Oh yeah. But I couldn't buy nothing. I don't have any credit." I said, "You go with me, I can get you some money." So we went down to the bank and it's John Hughes. I said, "John, _____ is wanting to buy one of my combines." And he talked a while. And he knew his background pretty good. Everybody knew everybody's business. If they didn't know it they'd make up something. So anyway, he—John turned around to me and said, "Son, do you think he can pay for that combine?" I said, "If he stays with me he can pay for it." So he let him have three thousand dollars. Of course, didn't bother John because all I did was endorse the note—I mean, the check that he give to him. Five was on my—

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

But anyway—

DM:

It was under your name?

GS:

Yeah. And so I got—turned it over to John. Whatever it was. He turned out—we—I really tried to help him, and I did help him. He never had anything in his life. By the time he quit he had bought him a new combine and a truck and stuff like this. And he never had anything while working the elevator over there at Petersburg. And then whenever I traded my three-fourths interest I told _____ -he still owed me for the—never paid me anything. Only I got an old well rig that I never had seen, took in on trade.

DM:

Yeah. Yeah.

GS:

And I just—I told him. I said, "_____, I'll never put you in a bind for no money. But if you ever trade this thing off I want my money."

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

So I'd send him back a note and they'd sign it. Both of them. They were good people. I don't understand them. And a few years and the first thing you know Lily quit signing the notes, and then all of the sudden my son's daddy, told him one day, said, "Did you know _____ had sold that John Deere house?" I said, "No. When they'd do that?", "Oh it was about two or three years ago."

DM:

Whoa. Never did send—

GS:

They traded for a place in Amarillo.

DM:

Golly. Never sent you your money though?

GS:

Oh they never paid nothing. And finally I just had to sue him. And I talked to those two attorneys that'd I'd rented some of the land when I first went up there. Now it's Smith and I forgot what the other one. And I told them about the situation. I said, "Now, if y'all want to take this case I'll give you half of what we get. And if we don't get nothing y'all don't get nothing." Well, that was fine. And you know what? We finally got him. They filed out the papers. All this stuff went out and _____ wrote them back a letter. Said he never did owe me any money. Said he was in trouble with the IRS and I just signed that note to help him. Just as big a lie as could ever be told.

DM:

Golly, that's too bad.

GS:

I never got a thing. I've still got the note. If he paid me interest he'd owe me a hundred and—two hundred thousand dollars by now.

DM:

Yeah. That's too bad that he took advantage of you like that.

GS:

Well, I couldn't believe it. And the last time I ever saw him was over at Petersburg Day. I'd say five or six or eight years ago. And I told him, I said, "_____, I sure could use some money." "Well, I don't have anything but a roof over my head and I sure don't see any need in me selling the roof over my head just to pay." I says, "Well, I'll tell you something. I'm proud that I wasn't raised up like you were."

DM:

Um-hm. Yeah. That's right.

GS:

I wasn't raised that way. And I'm thankful for it.

DM:

Um-hm.

GS:

That's the last time I've ever seen him. But I always figured my friends and people that I tried to help is the one that got to me. I've always pretty well took care of myself and trades and stuff, because I had quite a bit experience in that kind of stuff. But people—

DM:

Well, I'm glad for every person like him there's people like John Hughes and others that'll help you out.

GS:

Oh. It's great. And I've always told people if they can get along with it, they can get along without it. And I have. I'm lucky. I'm extremely lucky.

DM:

Well, when did—what year did you come back here, then? When you came back from Colorado did you go to Petersburg, or did you move on into Lubbock?

GS:

No. Well, I moved. I moved. I had a real estate broker's license. And I had them when it cost me three dollars and all you had to do is get two people to swear you hadn't had bankruptcy.

DM:

Right. Okay.

GS:

That was here in Lubbock. I don't know when I got it. But I'd had them all the time, and I basically—I just used it for myself mostly. But anyway, now what did you ask me about?

DM:

I was asking when you came back from Colorado and if you moved straight to Petersburg or came on up to Lubbock?

GS:

I came—I retired. I had—I had—when we left Springfield—the wheat stuff run out and my lease run out.

DM:

Springfield, Colorado?

GS:

Yeah. And I had—I had sold that or traded that—my three fourths interest for that ranch—in on that ranch out there.

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

And we moved to Colorado Springs. And then the first thing I did up there. I bought a dang building and put in another used car dealer. And I run that for a while. And I worked down at the real estate office for a while. And then I decided I didn't like what was going on so I decided to go out on Union Boulevard and open me an open of my own. A real estate office. And we run that for a while. Then I decided to get in the land development business, which I'd never done. But that's the next thing I did. But anyway, I formed Western Realty Development Corporation. And I retired by 1980. Did away with the corporation. In the meantime I bought land and did this two acre stuff. Two to five acres. And I really—that's when I realized John Hughes told me—you know, it was the only thing I was doing. But I wasn't satisfied with that, but I was making more money than I ever made in my life. And so I was going to get people to do it and then I went into Denver and talked to some people and I didn't like the way they was talking. They was doing all these promotions crap that I wouldn't do, because they were crooks. And I finally got done and felt to see if I still had my billfold when I got out of there. To come to find out the bastards had been disbarred. But somebody said, "Why don't you do it yourself?" I said, "I've never done anything like it." But that's what I decided to do. So I got it started up, going good, and then I go down and buy a half of section west of Colorado Springs. I'm running two subdivisions. Right out of Colorado Springs.

DM:

Did they develop pretty well?

GS:

Oh yeah. They did good. That really was the best things I'd ever done.

DM:

So what you were doing—

GS:

And then I quit in 1980 and I've sat here doing nothing. I told Donna the other day, "That's the biggest mistake that I've ever done." And my daughter in law one time told me, said, "You don't need to retire. You've got too much to offer."

DM:

Yeah.

GS:

To retire. Well, every time I'd come back to Petersburg all my family—"We're going to retire with it." And they didn't have nothing. Well, at this time I was able to retire.

DM:

Right.

GS:

And I'm not big time money. I don't mean that. But I was doing okay for peon. And then I—

DM:

Well, is it hard—oh go ahead.

GS:

And I felt like that it's time to quit. And I retired and went to Sun City West, Arizona. We bought—I went down there, and I'd been going down there at Tempe right out of Phoenix, you know, for two or three winters some. And anyway, I decided one day to look around. Have you ever heard of Sun City West?

DM:

I guess I haven't.

GS:

It's a big corporation. Del Webb owned it and it was a great thing. And it's cheap, and the golf course out there—we'd go out there in the winter and stay. And then one day I decided I might buy a place. So I went over and by this time they'd filled it up and they went down Bell road four miles and put in another Del Webb. And I—I bought a house down there one day. And so in the meantime I built a new house there in Colorado Springs, by that Satellite Hotel. And I hadn't been in it maybe a year—I don't know. Not long. And I buy this thing and I go back home and sell that

thing and I'm back in there in two weeks. But before I left I told them I wanted a sprinkler system put in, and I talked to these guys and I said, "If you can get it in in two days," or four days, whatever. And they put that thing in one or two days. But all it did is just scratch—you know, laying with it—

DM:

Shallow?

GS:

Yeah. A little bit. [2:14:07.8] So anyway, I bought that house and I was back in that in two weeks. It was in February, 1980. I remember that. And then we loved it and then the next year it got hot and I come back to Lubbock and bought a house. And then that winter I went back to Phoenix—I mean, area—and bought another house. And I moved back and forth. You know, anybody would be nuts, but I had a wife that, as I told you, we married when we was eighteen. And it's—she never said, "Why did you do this?" or "You shouldn't have done that." Whatever I did, she was always behind me. I don't care what it was.

DM:

Well, that's good.

GS:

And I tell you, I made more mistakes than anybody I know of, but I did more than anybody I knew of too.

DM:

Well, it sounds like—between her and John Hughes—you had a pretty good situation there. People who trusted you to take care of your business.

GS:

Yeah. Yeah. It's great.

DM:

That helps. You know, that's a key thing. There are a lot of wives who would try to shut you down. For trying things.

GS:

But it's—the bad thing about that is we divorced after thirty-five years of marriage. And we never fussed. We never—we had as good a marriage as anybody could ever have. Everybody envied us. But I was gone a lot. We was in Colorado Springs. She started going through the change of life and she was left in there by herself quite a bit. Not at night. I was always nine to five was gone. I

was going to be at home today at six o'clock or ten o'clock or whatever. If I wasn't there and then saw I wasn't going to be there I'd always call and tell them. I didn't keep them in suspense.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

So we had as good a marriage as anybody ever could have. But she had some problems. Now it's strange. I don't understand it. But some people go through menopause and never have any problem.

DM:

Right. That's right.

GS:

But she had a thing that—one thing that we talked about is her son was in college. Gone to college. Her daddy died.

DM:

Oh yeah.

GS:

And we moved up and all that strange stuff. And she basically was alone by herself. Didn't have her friends and stuff. And so—

DM:

It was estranged.

GS:

It got bad enough that like—the worse thing she ever said to me, I guess, is one time she says, “You think the kids—you think the kids love you so much. I can turn them against you.” I said, “Honey, you can't turn them against me, because you have no reason.” Well, the next morning she got up and said, “I don't know why I said that.”

DM:

Yeah. Yeah.

GS:

And this kept going on. And when I get hurt, I guess I get hurt easily, because I've had more love and more good things happen to me than anybody I've ever known. And everything just always worked out perfectly as much as it could be, I thought. And but anyway, this went on for a year or

two or three and finally we just decided that maybe we'd better—to split. Of course when they found it out in Petersburg everybody—"It could happen to anybody besides him."

DM:

How many kids did y'all have?

GS:

We had three. Two daughters and a son. And I have one daughter dead now. But it's just something. We went to a counselor and I never have believed in counselors too much. I've always thought that if you had one—a good friend that you could talk to—really talk to—and believed in maybe they could help you more. But anyway, we went to the counselors and that didn't seem to work. But we were never bitter at each other. Never.

DM:

Good. Good.

GS:

And so then one day she told me, she said somebody told her about a good—what are we talking about? Counselor in Denver. I said, "Honey, you go anywhere you want to go." And she went up to see this counselor. And for the first time ever we come back down—I didn't go up there. But right after that we were coming down around in Colorado Springs and Bill Smart and some of them had started building Motor City over there. And as we drove by there she said, "Why don't you get you a job at the Chevrolet house or something selling cars?" The first time ever she said why didn't I do so-and-so?

DM:

Oh really. Uh-huh.

GS:

But anyway, we decided to split up. And I told her, I said, "We can do whatever you want to do. We can sell everything and split her down the middle. Or what I'd like for you to do is I'd like for you to give me—leave me your part of the ranch, because I'm going to go into the subdivision and I'll need stuff for collateral," and this type of thing. "But I can furnish you enough money to live on until I get to where I can pay you half of what we have." She said, "Anything you can do,"—

DM:

Okay. Um-hm.

GS:

--"Is fine with me. I know I'll get my part or more." [voice cracking]

DM:

Yeah. She trusted you.

GS:

So that—that made it much better for me. I could go ahead and carry on, and in those days I needed that very much. And we were still friends.

DM:

Good.

GS:

It's just something that she—she wanted to go back to school. To Boulder. And I said, "I'll move you up there." I give her all that. I said, "Take everything out of here you want." And I moved her to Boulder. And after a year or so—two—I don't know how long—anyway, she called me one day and says, "I'm going to get married." I said, "Is he a good man?" She said, "Yeah, he is." I said, "Can he make you a living?" She said, "Yeah, he has a good job working for IBM." I mean, I think IBM. And he was a good guy.

DM:

Good.

GS:

And as far as I know they got along great until she died. She come up with Alzheimer's, and she finally passed away. But I guess I was single for about four years or something, and then I married again. And she had cancer when I married her. I've been a very compassionate person. And I fall for people when I see that they need help.

DM:

Right. Right.

GS:

But anyway, that's part of the reason. And her husband had treated her so badly and she had been a—well, after I met her she'd just come out of the hospital, I think. And anyway, she says, "I'm not going back. I'm supposed to go back every so often." I said, "You're going to keep going." But anyway, she had this cancer. I don't know that she'd been diagnosed with it. Maybe she had and maybe she hadn't. But I was the luckiest person in the world. We never had a fuss. Everything was perfect. Everybody loved her. And she lived twenty-five years. Cancer all this time.

DM:

Oh. Golly.

GS:
And—

DM:
Where were y'all when you—where did you live? Where did you live?

GS:
When?

DM:
With your wife with cancer?

GS:
Well, I was in—I was in Colorado—

DM:
Okay.

GS:
Yeah, I was in Colorado Springs.

DM:
Right.

GS:
I met her in Colorado Springs.

DM:
I was just wondering when that was.

GS:
Like, one time she told me her husband _____ [2:23:07.3] said she was laying in their bed after an operation and stuff was oozing all out around her, you know? And said, "I tried to get him to come in there and clean up my bed and stuff." Told me this one time. "And he wouldn't do it." I wouldn't treat a dog that way.

DM:
Golly, no.

GS:

So anyway, all the kids—she had two daughters and a son, and the son and I got—was very close.

End of Recording

