

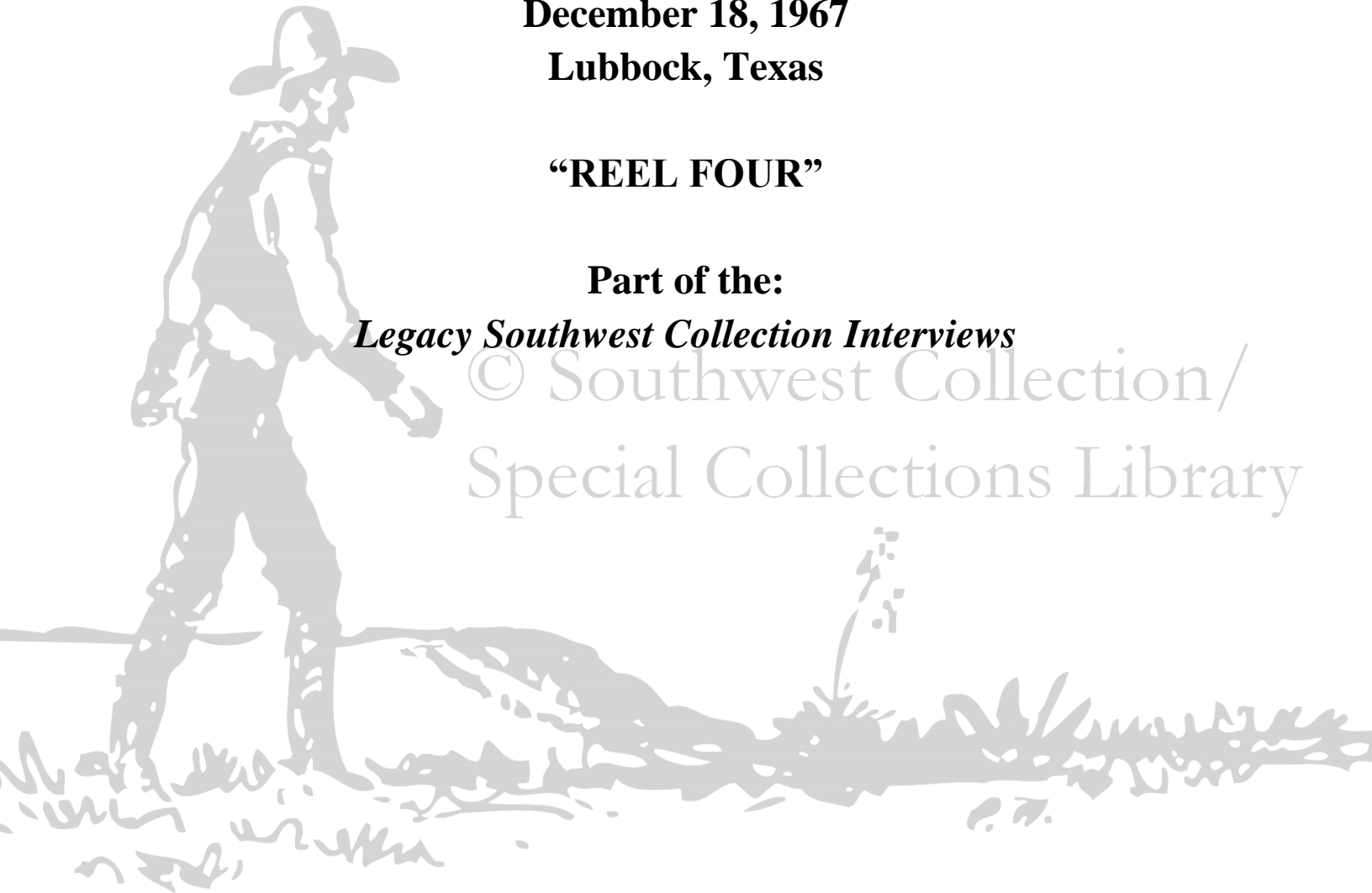
**Oral History Interview of
William Curry Holden**

**Interviewed by: Jimmy M. Skaggs
December 18, 1967
Lubbock, Texas**

“REEL FOUR”

**Part of the:
*Legacy Southwest Collection Interviews***

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Interview Series Background:

In the process of conservation and digitization, our Audio/Visual department transcribes existing interviews in the Southwest Collection's holdings for a new generation of listeners to rediscover. Such interviews frequently cover topics relating to the founding of Texas Tech and the settlement of Lubbock.

Transcript Overview:

This interview features Dr. William Curry Holden. Holden discusses his administrative roles at Texas Tech and his participation in societies such as the Questers. Holden also talks about helping found the West Texas Historical Association and the Texas Archeological Society. Moreover, Holden discusses his research on the Yaqui and his trip to Mexico.

Length of Interview: 01:22:25

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Methodology of writing about Rollie Burns	19	00:41:34
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Jimmy M. Skaggs (JS):

Dr. William Curry Holden interview, reel four, side one. December 18, 1967.

William Holden (WH):

In 1944, I believe beginning in the fall, Dr. William M. Whyburn came here as president of the college. Along, sometime, that winter, Dean Gordon died—became incapacitated and had to be replaced—I believe that was it. In a way, they had to fill the job of **[Dean of]** Arts and Sciences. Well, Dr. Whyburn surprised everybody by announcing that Dean Goodwin would be the new dean of arts and sciences, and that I would be the new dean of the graduate school. So I guess I took that over in the winter, I guess it was, of '44, '45 —yes, that was right. I kept that, then, for five years. It was 1955 that I resigned from that job.¹

JS:

That would be ten years, wouldn't it Dr. Holden—'45 to '55?

WH:

No, '45 to '50. I know that it was after we moved to the new museum. We didn't have any office room at that time on the campus. Dr. **[William B.]** Gates was named dean of the graduate school by the way of Dr. **[D.M.]** Wiggins—Wiggins, at that time, was the president. So I agreed that—we had two little offices—secretary's office and my office in the old museum—and I said, well, Dr. Gates could just stay in there the rest of that school year, and I pulled my secretary in my office and we shut the door between. And so Dr. Gates officiated from the secretary's office of the museum for the rest of that year, then they found him a place over—well, it's where the graduate school is now, only it was just one little office at the time—now it's spread out in about three offices, now—took over one big classroom, the old president's office, and I think they have something—yes, and the president's secretary office. I don't know why they need all that amount of room, they take up about half of one side of the hall.

JS:

Well they've added another one, now that Dr. Graves has gone over. So I think they have one, two, three, four, five offices now.

WH:

No, I can't figure all that out. I can say for sure I don't think they're needed.

JS:

Could you tell us something about the policies that you tried to adhere to as dean of the graduate school—innovations, changes?

¹ Corrects 1955 to 1950.

WH:

Well, I don't know but just one change or innovation—otherwise, I carried on just as they had been doing—but I did implement—originate and implemented—with the presidential and board backing—the doctoral program here. I recall when I went in to talk to Dr. Wiggins about it and carried in some statistics and some facts to show that we could meet the minimum requirements all right in I think about four departments at that time—the requirements of the Conference of Southern Graduate Deans, which is the one we tried to—well, we did affiliate with them, and we became a part of them. And they had their specifications. So we met all of those—or were meeting them—and he was most amenable. He hadn't thought about it, but after we talked about it for about thirty minutes, well he says, "Good. I'll present this to the next board meeting," and they adopted it without question. So we did start the doctoral program.

JS:

Was this just the doctor of philosophy, or Ed. D.?

WH:

No, I think we decided we better separate the sheep from the goats, and get all the sheep over in one pen, so we did put that—we figured about two-thirds of the demand would be by the—what they call at the University of Texas the "P-Dogs," which means the teachers—and I believe we did at that time. Then, in order to bolster up the museum a bit—also, another thing I did was to suggest to Dr. Wiggins—and he approved and put it into effect, with the approval of the board—a system of having distinguished professors. The board set up four of them, and they got it into the legislative budget as such. Then I went after one for the history department, which was Dr. Carl C. Rister. He had been at the University of Oklahoma, and although he was not a very inspiring classroom man, he was a good, solid, prosaic type of historian—research man. By that time, he had about that many [ten] books on his shelf, and you're familiar with them. I think we have most of them there in the collection. I had known him, incidentally, at a little three-teacher country school down in Mitchell County, back in 1906 and '07. He was in about the eighth and ninth grade, and I was in the third grade.

JS:

Yes, you said he was pitching on the ball team.

WH:

The reason he was a hero was he was left-handed, and he was a pitcher on our little school ball team that played two or three other little three-teacher schools, around in that county, and therefore I being a hero-worshiper of ballplayers, he was my hero. I don't know whether he remembered me or not, but I certainly did remember him—well, after, later, when I was at McMurry College, he was over at Simmons.

JS:

Yes, I was going to ask that.

WH:

We had a—we were together quite a bit and had formed a very close friendship by that time. Incidentally, he was in Simmons at that same time Dr. Wiggins was there as the professor of education, and so when I nominated Carl Rister, well, Wiggins, of course, well, he just got right behind that right quick. Did you know only two of those four distinguished professorships were ever filled—and later they dropped them completely? We never did have but two—Rister and one over in the geology department whose name I've forgotten. But it created such an uproar in the faculty that I think Dr. Wiggins got disgusted and just left them off the appropriation after a couple years—or three years.

JS:

Jealousy?

WH:

Jealousy, I suppose. Everyone thought he should be it, and there was all kinds of sniping and backbiting about it. It didn't pan out as we hoped it would. Now let's see, what else?

JS:

Well, while we're on Dr. Rister, would you care to go ahead and tell us a little more about him, his work here?

WH:

Well, we brought Rister here I think at a ten-thousand-dollar salary, which was the biggest salary that'd ever been paid to anybody—it was almost as much as the president was getting, if not about equal. He had been getting eight thousand over at the University of Oklahoma, where he was at the time. And so it was quite a little promotion, salary-wise. But they brought him here, and they had just finished the two new wings on the main building that go back, and so they got him an office right down the wing in the presidential suite, now, way down on the right-hand side—right down, close to [Marshall] Pennington's office [then Comptroller]. Well I don't know what happen, but pretty soon a feud broke out between Rister and Pennington, who's never had any use whatsoever for the instructional group of the faculty. His idea of a great universities had a lot of pretty buildings and a wonderful lot of janitors and have the floors polished and the doors painted. He has no concept whatsoever of the academic importance and significance of a university or college. So he didn't have proper respect, and Rister thought that a distinguished professor should have had a little bit of respect on the part of the non-teaching folks, and Pennington just treated him like he was a day laborer. Rister, I know, just bled—he just suffered—and about once a week, he'd have to come tell me about the indignities being heaped

upon him. He regretted ever having come here. Finally, after about two years of this, somebody—they cleared out an office up on the second floor [**of the Administration Building**], and Pennington did fix it up a little bit for him. I firmly believe that Rister died of the heart attack, and I firmly believe it was his either real or imagined indignities that he suffered from the time he got here, because I know how he did suffer with it, because I was the one that had to listen to it all the time.

JS:

Well, he'd been at Oklahoma for so many years—

WH:

Yes, he'd been there a good while. He went there, I suppose, about the time I came here.

JS:

Uh-huh, late twenties, something like that.

WH:

Yes.

JS:

And he and [**W. B.**] Bizzell—wasn't that the name of the president [**of the University of Oklahoma**—were extremely close.

WH:

Yes. I'd forgotten his name.

JS:

I'm sure there was quite a bit of disappointment, at least, in leaving his adopted alma mater. Of course, he was close to the press there.

WH:

Yes, and I suspect if he had stayed there, he might have lived a few years longer, because he didn't have these things happening to him over there. The only reason he came here, I think, was because his good friend, Wiggins, was the president. I believe he died before Wiggins went out in '44 —yeah, I know he did.²

² Wiggins left office in '52 and died in '78. Rister died in '55.

JS:

Did the department make any intent to replace Rister with another historian for the position of distinguished professor?

WH:

No, by that time, the administration had decided to discontinue those things. Of course, they couldn't fire them as distinguished professors, but they adopted a policy of just not replacing them—but they only had two to replace. The geologist just stayed here two years and got another job—went away—and then Rister died in office, and so that was the end of that program.

JS:

What about Dr. Rister's other activities on campus? Mr. Dunn was telling me that once—if he recalled correctly—that Rister and [Ray] Janeway became somewhat crossed over the Southwest Collection. Do you recall anything about this?

WH:

I can't recall just how that all fitted in—something about doesn't jibe very well.

JS:

Well, he couldn't remember precisely what the story was, but he wanted me to ask you.

WH:

Oh. It may have been [Augustine Smith] Gaylord [Jr.]. Let's see, Gaylord—Wiggins came in '48—Whyburn brought Gaylord here, and then Wiggins came in in '48, and Gaylord was away for a year, and then Wiggins did not let him come back—that would have been about '49.

JS:

Well, Rister didn't come until about '51 or '52, did he?

WH:

That I can't remember—I'd have to go back and look at some old catalogues. I just can't remember.

JS:

That's all right. I just thought you might—

WH:

I'm pretty sure—Janeway, you know, took the Southwest Collection and locked it up in a room. And I can't remember whether that was before Rister died, or not. I guess it was—and right now,

I can't remember when Rister died—maybe it was '53 or '54, along there somewhere. Yes, it could have happened.

JS:

Did Dr. Rister have any major role in the Southwest Collection, as far as its founding?

WH:

No, none at all.

JS:

That pretty well takes care of that.

WH:

There's another thing we might mention here. I think you'll be interested in it, however it's still a thing that I'd rather not get out until after I've severed my relations with the faculty.

JS:

Any kind of restriction you want us to take is fine, sir.

WH:

The matter of—and this is the thing that really kicked the history department upstairs—the matter of requiring history as a required subject for everybody getting a degree in state colleges.

Well, I was the one who wrote the bill—

JS:

Oh my goodness.

WH:

—and it—[J.] Evetts Haley and I—at that time, Evetts Haley was on the board, and we had talked about it many times—about how ignorant the public at large was—you know, in World War One? It was the first war where they ever kept a lot of records about all the inductees and long after the war was over, the—oh, some big foundation or other—furnished the money—I think it was the *New York Times*, perhaps—furnished the money to make a study of these records—about how many people inducted in the army had ever had any kind of a course in history, either in high school or college—and it was seventeen percent. Eighty-three percent went to the war without having the slightest idea—except the few who read the papers and kept up—about what the war was about or what they were going to get shot at for. So Evetts and I had discussed how woefully ignorant the American public was of its own history. I suggested to him that it ought to be required, and he jumped right at that idea—he'd been against anything else anybody had ever tried to do at the college, but he sure went for that—that and the Southwest

Collection are two things he was for—and he helped greatly with both. He says “Fine, fine, if you’ll write the bill, I’ll take it down to San Angelo and get my good friend down there” —the senator, what is his name? He’s still the senator—Dorsey Hardeman—he says, “I’ll take it down. I know Dorsey will go with us, and he’ll make this his pet, and we’ll get it through.” I told him “All right,” so I went up—we didn’t do it right then, Evetts said, “I’ll come by soon, if you’ll have the thing ready.” Well I went and looked up a few bills and got a form and wrote the bill, and he put it in his little pocket and went on down to San Angelo and made medicine with Dorsey Hardeman, who introduced it in the coming election, in January that year—I can’t remember the year.

JS:

Was this approximately contemporaneous with the Korean War and the failure of a certain number of GIs to return home, turncoats?

WH:

I think so. It was about that time. Let’s see, that started in ’55, didn’t it?

JS:

No, it was over in ’53. The war was over in ’53, if you recall, that’s one of Eisenhower’s things he promised to end.

WH:

That’s right. I can’t remember whether—it probably did have something to do with it. I know that we kind of boned up enough to get some good arguments for this thing—and Hardeman didn’t have much trouble getting it through. Now, nobody around here ever knew that except Evetts Haley. As far as I know, not even our department knew it. I had a reason for keeping it quiet—I knew that it would produce a furor among the other departments on the college—and really it did. And I have overheard a number of conversations—these other departments—“How in the world did those blankety-blanks ever slip something like that through on us?” I’m sure that they didn’t know that it started right here.

JS:

That’s just as well.

WH:

[Laughs] So when I’m out completely, where I don’t have to listen to them anymore—or argue with them—we’ll just keep it buried until then. But when it does come—at the proper time, I think it’d be nice to bring it out and let them have it.

JS:

I'm going to write my little note on this one.

Break in recording

JS:

You were going to say something about the Questers, Dr. Holden?

WH:

Yes. Dr. **[John C.]** Granbery—who was a great innovator, by the way—was the one who thought up about having a discussion club on the faculty—the men of the faculty, at least—and he and Cecil Horne—who used to be the head of journalism—and I believe Dr. **[Richard A.]** Studhalter, head of the biology department, Dr. **[William T.]** Read, head of the chemistry department before—well, he left here, and then was succeeded by Dr. Goodwin—and myself—another one or two—had a little committee meeting one time—or a little caucus—and decided on inviting the people we thought would be interested, and if they thought well of it, then organize something—which we did. I remember we organized it at a boarding house—oh, it was famous for—where the faculty boarded, so many of them. It was on College and Broadway, right where Brown's haberdasher store is now; it's a men's store.³ So we met there and formed a very loose organization—I think it's still very loose. We agreed just to have one officer, and he would be a chairman, and we'd elect him every year. We didn't have a secretary or minutes or anything—in fact, we didn't have any dues. We'd meet once a month and eat—and everybody would pay for their own meal—and all the chairman had to do was appoint two temporary people to help him and list the programs—and we thought everybody ought to be on the program—well, rotate them—and we figured at that time, everybody would come up about every two years—the members. And so they would list the programs at the beginning of the year, and then all the chairman did was call them to order and say, “Now we'll hear so-and-so,” and “Dismiss,” and it's very loose and rather successful. Well, after meeting at Mrs. Whatever-her-name-was's boarding house three or four times, then we moved down to the Hilton—the old Hilton Hotel. They had a room very well adapted to that. And we met there, I suppose, as long as the Hilton kept running, as far as I know. But I finally dropped out along about the ending of the fifties. I was back as a guest one day—somebody invited me in for a special program—and I went. I remember during the meal, where they had free conversation, this matter of this history requirement came up, and did they take the hide off of whoever ever thought that up. They just had a field day—and I was the only one in there who knew how it really happened.

JS:

Did you feel somewhat awkward?

³Skaggs transcribed the store name as Brown's Varsity.

WH:

I really did.

JS:

That's a delightful story. Can you think of anything else in the way of campus organizations, faculty clubs, and that type of thing that you would like to talk about?

WH:

We had a faculty club—a very loose one—and their main job was to try to have a banquet once a year, anywhere they could have it, provided it didn't cost over seventy-five cents to have a meal. Some people thought that was too high. After just a few years I dropped out of that. As time went on, I developed a sort of allergy for meetings, and especially banquets, where the food was nearly always bad, and the program sometimes was worse. I finally got out of everything—every meeting and social thing, I suppose, on the campus.

JS:

Before I let it slip my mind again, I started to ask you about three or four times, and something would come up and it's delay me—talking about organizations, when you were in Abilene, at McMurry, did you have any direct tie with the West Texas Historical Association and its organization?

WH:

Yes, I helped organize it.

JS:

I thought you did.

WH:

The three people that got together and hatched that up were Dr. [Rupert N.] Richardson, Dr. Rister, and myself.

JS:

Yes, that's just what I thought.

WH:

A little later we brought in Mr. [W. Earl] Brown, the head of the history department at LCC—

JS:

ACC?

WH:

ACC, that's right, Abilene Christian College—but we didn't do that until a little later because he had never—he just didn't move in the same circle that the other three of us did. The Church of Christ people are usually inside their own shells, and they don't mix with each other outside of that shell very much. But after a year or two, we invited Brown, and he came in and made a good member. I believe he's been president of the society since then. I know the last time I went to a meeting of the West Texas Historical Association—the last two times it's been held at Abilene Christian College—and Brown was the one that made the arrangements. No, Richardson, Rister, and I started it, and I suppose I've been some officer in it every year from the first year until now. I looked in a copy of a recent number the other day, and found I was still something, I've forgotten what. I haven't been to a meeting in seven or eight years.

JS:

I believe you're on the publications committee, if I'm not mistaken, you and Dr. [Earnest] Wallace and Dr. Richardson—I'll be darned if I can recall who else—but you're still a very active member.

WH:

I might mention this in connection with that kind of thing: I also helped organize the Texas Archaeological Society in Abilene.

JS:

Yes you did, you mentioned this the other day.

WH:

Dr. Cyrus N. Ray—an osteopath who started out as a packrat, you might say, in the archaeological field—but he had—Dr. Ray had one of the most inquiring minds, I think, of any person I've ever known. He converted this packrat tendency into a very scientific application, and he was in the process of doing this when I first knew him. So 1928, that was the year that I got my big renown, I suppose, being a great archaeologist—I told you about that—when I'd never seen a book in archaeology or anthropology or anything. We just stumbled into this publicity, which we didn't deserve, and which we wished to heaven we'd never had. But anyway, that probably was one of the things that kicked off the idea that we ought to get together and organize such an organization; the state had none. So we—Dr. Ray and myself, and Dr. Ray's packrat friend, E. B. Sayles, who lived in Abilene—they had been going out for quite a while, just collecting—and Sayles had also developed a scientific interest and approach. So the three of us got together and decided, "Well, let's organize," and we invited in—I think there were not over two or three people in Texas teaching anthropology at that time. The whole department at the University of Texas consisted of two members, and no other institution in Texas even gave a course in it. But there were quite a number of people—I guess we found,

perhaps a dozen who were actively interested in it, and then we pulled in quite a number of people from Simmons that had never been in the field, they'd never had a course or anything—like Richardson, came in as a charter member, but he was never interested in it, per say. He simply came because he thought it was a good thing to support. The dean at Simmons—Olton—Dean Olton—he never missed a meeting in several years, same reason. I believe I got one other person on the McMurry faculty interested—we never did get anybody from ACC because they thought that was heresy.

JS:

Yes, I was understand that.

WH:

So it started the same year as the West Texas Historical Association—we were a historical society; we got the two things launched the same year—and both of them have been very successful and have a long list of publications, now.⁴

JS:

Yes I'm extremely familiar, of course, with the West Texas, and I understand the Texas Archaeological Society is quite active as well.

WH:

Yeah, I have a—see right over there, Southwest up there? That's about the first half of the bulletins of the archaeological society, and then I was editor of it for five years. When I just had to give up that, I got Ernest Wallace to take it, I think for three or four years—four, I think. He'd never had a bit of field experience, but he made a good editor on it.

JS:

He would.

WH:

Then we got the University of Texas people to take it over.

JS:

I'm glad I remembered to do that. I really wanted to. Off and on throughout the interview, you had mentioned in passing, but just in passing your various writings, and I wonder if I can get you to talk about all this in a little more detail now starting with the first book and just going forward, all the way up to the recent water study that you submitted for publication.

⁴ WTHA was founded in April of 1925, while the Texas Archeological Society was founded in 1928.

WH:

Well, let's see if I can think of them.

JS:

I'll try to help. *Alkali Trails*, of course—

WH:

Yes, it came first [in 1930], and—well, *Alkali Trails*, I think I mentioned the other day, was basically composed of my doctor's dissertation, but there's a good many changes. The dissertation had four lengthy chapters on the frontier defense, and I decided the frontier defense didn't fit so well with well with these social studies, and so I, very early, decided to separate them. When I decided that, then, I started publishing the chapters on the frontier defense—and you probably are familiar with those. However, four chapters were consolidated into three, I believe—into three publications. I combined a couple of them, if I remember.

JS:

Let's see, one of these is included in *West Texas*, I believe, and one in the *Texas State*, I believe, isn't it—*Southwestern Historical Quarterly*?

WH:

Yes, and I believe one was in the publication at Canyon.

JS:

Yes, the *Panhandle Plains Historical*—I believe that's right.

WH:

All right, then when I pulled those out, well then that left me with my—and then I added two or three chapters—for instance, frontier journalism, I believe I added that—and I believe the one on agriculture, which I called *Farmers*. Anyway, I added some and worked them over a bit. This was published, I believe, in 1930 by the Southwest Press. Then—

JS:

You may not want to talk about this, but I thought I must ask you—what in the way of royalties have you received over the years on *Alkali Trails*?

WH:

None. It was never pushed by the Southwest Press—they stayed going long enough to do *Rollie Burns*, but the press operated on a shoestring, and although they did beautiful work—this is really a beautiful book—everything about it is in [good] taste—everything is nice. But he had no—it was a one-man operation, and let's see, what was his name? I can't think of it at the

moment—very dyspeptic little man and had stomach trouble, and his waist was about that thick from his backbone out here, and I had lunch with him one day, and he didn't eat as much enough to keep a bird alive, although he was paying for it. He didn't eat what he ordered, I remember. But he seemed to get his relish out of just doing the thing, and he had no sales at all. I don't suppose there were not more than 500 copies of that was sold. Finally, when he just finally folded up—I don't think he took out **[filed]** bankruptcy, he just folded up. And when he did, he sent me the unbound copies, and that's all I ever got out of it, was those unbound copies—and I've had them bound. Now this is an original one. The ones that have this color here are original. The ones that have it **[the title]** in black—right here, see? I had those bound. They were bound by the press in San Antonio—Universal.

JS:

Oh, Universal.

WH:

Yes, Universal Press.

JS:

Well, let's see, the last time I saw a listing on *Alkali Trails*, they were going for about thirty dollars on the collectors market, now.

WH:

Well, they've been as high as that—they've been as high as a hundred in the east. They're selling them over at the museum—

JS:

Forty-five, I think.

WH:

—around forty, forty-five—don't have many—may not have any now, I don't know if they have any at the moment. Then, I suppose it was about 1931—it was right after we built that house over there, which was—I think I told you—the farthest west house in Lubbock; on the corner of the next block was a farmhouse where they raised cotton and chickens and hogs and everything. We'd just moved in the house, and one day at noon, somebody knocked on the front door. I went to the front door and there stood this blocky little man with a little mustache—a rather dignified little person. He was a heavysset man, but probably not over 5'8", but he probably weighed 190 pounds. He introduced himself as Rollie Burns, and he had with him a manuscript. He apologized for bothering me and so on—I invited him in, and he told me a story—that he had been the manager of three or four of these big ranches and had gone from bad to worse, and had come out the little end of the horn, and was practically broke, and that he had written kind of a

biography about his experiences. He had this with him; he wanted to know if I'd read it. He said, "Now, I've been in correspondence with Frank Dobie." Frank Dobie sent the thing back and told him that the man who could be best help to him lived right here in his own town—he'd never heard of me—and told him to come and see me. So I told him I would be glad to look at it, and if he'd come around in a day or two, I'd give him my opinion. He left, and I read it in a day or two, and I saw that he had a lot of good stuff. It was—may have been a little crude—but it was the real McCoy. When he came back, I talked to him—I told him he had some awfully good stuff, and he says, "Well, would you help me with this?" and I said, "Well, yes. I'm awfully busy," —I was teaching fifteen hours, then, and I had the archaeological stuff going and a bunch of things—and I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll cooperate with me the way I want you to, I'll take a try at it." Well, he said he'd do anything. And I said, "All right, you have omitted the most important part of your story—it's not here. The things that are important are things you think are of no importance. If you will work with me and let me give you assignments, and you just write everything you can think of about them, then let me have it all, we might come up with something." Oh, he says, "I'll do anything you ask me to." So I made out a list of things that I—you know, just little common things—how you build a fence, how do you grease a windmill—I suppose I found fifty or a hundred topics, and I'd tell him—he got to where he'd come every day at one o'clock, and I'd give him assignments for the next day like a seventh grader writing a theme. And incidentally, he wrote on these old rough school tablets that you bought for a nickel apiece—I don't know whether you ever saw one or not—well, and he wrote with cedar pencils that cost—you got six for a nickel. I don't know whether you ever saw one of those or not; I haven't seen one in many years—

JS:

No, I don't think so.

WH:

—the kind that school kids used to have. He wrote in a very big, slow, flowing hand, but legible—real legible. So every day he'd bring in his assignment—it might be three pages—these tablets were about, not quite as big as this—maybe it'd be five or six. I'd take his assignment and say, "Now tomorrow, I want you to tell me how you can build a wire fence—or how do you set the posts at the corner?"—just all kinds of these little simple things, and he never objected, and he would bring back—he knew the details, he just never thought those things were important. And when I thought I'd pumped him dry after a couple months, I said, "Well, now, I think we've got enough stuff to start on." His little biography—that manuscript he brought me—had probably forty pages in it. He had just hit what he thought were high points. Well then I went in and did just what you have to do. I broke everything down into topics—into some kind of relationship. And then we had the matter of chronology coming in—

Break in recording (end of Side 1)

JS:

Reel four, side two, Dr. William Curry Holden interview.

WH:

Well, I believe we had just mentioned the matter of chronology in this material. Cut it off just a moment—

Break in recording

WH:

So in the organization of this business, I had to take his manuscript and break it down, you know, just like you carry on in historical technique—break it down into the smallest units and then have everything about that on one card—or a series of cards attached together—so that you can play with them—shuffle them—both for our content and also for chronology and so on. So I had to go through that; that took me, perhaps, a couple of months to play with that at the time I had to work on it. I forgot to tell you about—Rollie Burns was one of the few men—a very much of a rarity—who, during the occupation of this country by the white people—and he came before the buffalo were gone—and he saw it change from a buffalo range to what it was at that time, back in the early thirties—and probably the only man I've ever met who realized that while all of these things were in progress, that he was living in a very exciting period of history. He was aware of that although he was a man, I'm sure, that never went beyond the third grade—sort of a self-made man who could figure and so on—and kind of kept up with the papers, and kind of a self—self-made, I suppose, is better. I wouldn't call him educated, exactly. But as a part of this feeling, he had kept every letter that he had ever received while he was a manager of the Curry Combs, The Square and Compass, and the IOA ranches. He told me that he had five trunks full of these letters. His idea of keeping letters—old-fashioned idea—keep them in a trunk, and he told me he had five trunks full. These were in his barn, and he lived at that time—he'd moved into town after he began to run a stage line from here to Amarillo, and then later from here to Plainview, after he got out of the ranching business. He had two or three acres of ground—maybe five acres—at about the corner of what's now Thirty-Fourth Street and Avenue H. He had an old-fashioned barn and five of these trunks were up in the barn. He had a half-a-trunk in the house—I guess that's what he was filling up at that time—and his barn burned down and burned those five trunks full of mostly correspondence, which is the very best kind of historical materials, as you know, that's where you get what people think. It's not just a matter of statistics; it's what's going through their minds, and so you know the value of that. So he still had these letters that were in the trunk in the house, and so he brought all of those over. I'm not so sure, after I got through using them—I used them as source materials, together with his manuscript—together with all these themes—I had a stack of those themes, incidentally, about eight inches high, when I thought I'd pumped him dry. So this was the material I had to—so I went through it, it took me about two months. It separated beautifully, and went fast. After I had it all ready,

then, and reshuffled, then I wrote it from scratch in every way—I just started in. You know, I knocked that whole manuscript out in six weeks, teaching five courses and carrying on these other things I was—I don't know how I did it. I was sure burning the candle at both ends in those days.

JS:

Oh my goodness, and it's equivalent to a doctor's dissertation.

WH:

And so that's the way that *Rollie Burns* came about.

JS:

Was it also published by the press in—

WH:

By the Southwest Press. So I sent it to them—he was delighted to get it—one of the last books, I guess, this man published—1932—yeah, they brought it out, 1932. So it was published. The original covers—here's the original covers—you ever seen one?

JS:

No. Now this isn't the one I've seen—the green cover—those are—

WH:

Well, again, when the thing—see, there was no advance—anything—and when they went out of business, they just sent me the unbound sheets—and—green—so that's the one that I paid extra to get covered. Those are the ones they put on them—and it had about the same record, I suppose—the sales record—as the—by the way, there's his picture, it's in—

JS:

Yes, I was looking at that—very distinguished-looking gentleman.

WH:

He was—very funny character. Incidentally, another thing about that, I had more trouble with a regional chapter on wildlife than anything else. He—Rollie Burns was always a very—he was a man who had an eye for nearly everything around him. All the time, growing up, he was very much interested in wildlife. So he had lots of observations about wildlife, and they intrigued me so that in the first—when I first put it together—blocked it out and wrote it—I had a chapter on wildlife. Incidentally, I thought it was the best chapter in the book. But then the question came up, “Where is it going to fit in the book?” because it spanned his life—his observations for a whole life—and the book was organized on a chronological, year-by-year, pretty much—

JS:

Stages.

WH:

Not—yes. We didn't just do it like that, but we'd naturally let the thing unfold as it happened. Well, here I had a chapter that covered the whole span, so where would it go? I couldn't put it at the beginning because we'd take him up and develop him as we go. We couldn't put it at the end because it was an anticlimax to a human story. There's nothing as interesting as a human—although wildlife may be interesting—unless you weave it in with a human, and that's not the way I had done it. I had—it just didn't fit. Then I tried to put it in somewhere, and then it just cut the book in two. And you know what I finally did?

JS:

Probably published it as a unit.

WH:

I went back and completely did away with the story of wildlife, and I put the incidents in and they're scattered all through the book, and I get them in where they happen, but when you get through reading the book, you don't have the impact of this tremendous thing—it weakened the wildlife aspect of it terrifically. Now, then, if you'll go through that looking for that—

JS:

You can find it.

WH:

—you'll find it. It was a problem that I never encountered before or since. It took me nearly as long to fit this chapter in there as it did to write the book.

JS:

Well, I recall one story that you were telling Rollie Burns about—I believe he was going to Big Spring, and he was caught in a blue norther—and his description of that blue norther—I thought when I read that—or yours, I should say—it was one of the best I've ever read. It seems that somebody had an awful good eye for weather phenomena.

WH:

Well, he furnished the facts. I probably fleeced it up because I, too, grew up in this country and faced those things in a wagon or a buggy, and so on.

JS:

The way they rode them in from the north and—

WH:

Yes, and all of that. But his power of observation was great, and those descriptions through there were based upon his—he had the stuff there to work with, so that made it easy to do. Well that was that. Then, about the time we got that out of the way—I told you the other day, I'd been carrying on this little flirtation with Clifford Jones about the Spur Ranch. As soon as I got that [Rollie Burns] out of the way, I dug in on that [The Spur Ranch].

JS:

You had the Spur Ranch records at the time you were finishing *Rollie Burns*?

WH:

Oh, they came over—it was '32 —no, I think probably about the time we'd finished it—anyway, soon after this, I began to dig right in on the Spur Ranch. Because the records were as they were, we kept them up in the library, which is now where the offices of the registrar—you know where that big runaround there where all the people work at desks—not down the hall, but back in the corner. I think I mentioned the other day, I had a—well, my wife worked there and had a key, and Ms. West concurrence—I worked up there Saturdays—Saturday afternoons, sometimes at night—however the library did stay open until ten o'clock every night except Saturday and Sunday—and all day Sundays. But I had to—on that—I had to go from scratch on that, and that took a couple of years. I didn't have Mr. Burns to work with personally and so on, and to bring the stuff to me all on these old rough tablets. I had to read the things, make the cards, and everything—but I knocked that out in two years with the starting from scratch.

JS:

There's a lot of material in those Spur letter press books.

WH:

Yeah, there's tremendous—well, I read every one of those letters, and some of them were hard to read because some of them may have been water-stained and so on.

JS:

And also we used them in some of my research, and I found them quite fascinating.

WH:

Then—

JS:

Who published *The Spur Ranch*?

WH:

Oh, Christopher Publishing House, I believe they call it, in Boston.

JS:

How did you go to them?

WH:

Heavens, I don't know. I can't remember. The Southwest Press had folded up, and the Depression was right at its worst—the latter part of '33, early part of '34—and I wrote to them and they said—wrote back and said, “Well, we'd like to publish your manuscript.” I'd sent it to them—well, first I'd contacted them, and they had expressed some interest in it—and they wrote back and said, “but we simply do not have any money. Now, if you can raise \$500, we can—it'll take about \$1,000, \$1,500 to do it—but if you can raise five hundred in some way where we can pay you back or something, well, we'll go ahead and try to get it out.” Because everything was at a standstill, and their printers were typesetters, and everybody was starving, and—see, everybody suffered during the Depression. Well, money was hard to raise—I decided to do it—and I went down to the bank and borrowed the money. Then, they published it and sent—had the same experience with them as I did with these people. I don't know how many they bound and so on, probably a couple hundred, and they did have some distribution to libraries—they were about the only people that could buy books in those days. Then something happened with them, and rather than paying me back or anything, one day here came a box—two big boxes—with all the unbound copies in them, and so that's what I got for my five hundred dollars.

JS:

Did you have those bound as well?

WH:

Yes, and there's been quite a little sale along with those—and incidentally—

JS:

Have you recovered your \$500, or—

WH:

I'm sure I have, yeah. I'm sure I've recovered \$500 by now—and I still have a few copies of all of them, and before it's over, I'm going to come out all right.

JS:

I'm sure you will, especially at the advanced prices, now, that they're all bringing.

WH:

The last copy that the sales desk at the museum sold for, they sold it for forty-five dollars. Well, I suppose that catches that. The next thing I brought out, of course, was the little publication on the Yaqui Indians of Sonora. Do y'all have a copy of that [*Studies of the Yaqui Indians of Sonora, Mexico* (Lubbock, 1936)]?

JS:

Yes, we sure do—and if you're going to go into that, I'd like to hear, as well, about your trip to Mexico and Dr. Studhalter and Dr. [Charles] Wagner and a fellow from Harvard, and so on.

WH:

Dr. Carl Coleman Seltzer—as Charlie Guy used to call him.

JS:

Dean [Bennie] McWilliams—see, I used to teach with Dean McWilliams here in Lubbock—I know him quite well.

WH:

Did you know Frank Maddox?

JS:

No, sir, I didn't.

WH:

Frank was on the regional trip, too. Bill McMillim, Charlie Guy, and Ross Edwards—do you know him?

JS:

I know who he is.

WH:

He's an old timer. He used to be a cowboy out here in the eighties—late eighties, nineties, and so on. He's awfully good at cooking sourdough biscuits. We carried him along to be the cook—and he sure did feed us. At the time, he was running a little old clothing store downtown, but he just got somebody to run that, and he just took right off with us. He liked to cook. I know the first night we were out, he got up at three thirty in the morning and started cooking, and by four o'clock, he was yelling for all of us to get up and come eat. There was ice all over the ground. We camped out south of—oh, we were just across the border, south of Nogales [Arizona]—and it had frozen that night, and I know Dr. Wagner and I were sleeping together—had our beds made out together—and we pulled out of the sack, there was ice all over everything, about that

thick. Well, that alone is a long story—I don't know that you would—let me see if I can think, has the story ever been told? There's a little bit of it, I think, in the introduction, perhaps, of the publication.

JS:

Dr. Studhalter kept a diary, which we have in the collection, but we would really like to have your version, if nothing more than what you consider the high points.

WH:

Well, along about November 1933, after we were living in the big house there, a man knocked on my door about five o'clock in the afternoon. I opened the door and he introduced himself as Williams—Marvin, or something or other [**Ivan**] Williams—and he was in the border patrol of the federal service. At that time, he was stationed at—oh—cut it off just a minute.

Break in recording

WH:

He was stationed at Van Horn, and he helped keep the border all on the Rio Grande at that time. So he came in and said that he'd been referred to me by—of all people—by one of my students in my anthropology class. She [**Yone Stone**] was a cashier down at the Lubbock Hotel—for the coffee shop—and I don't know how he had gotten talking to her, and he got to telling her about this story of his connection with the Yaqui Indians. She kind of heard the story—and by the way, she had called me. She called me while he was there and said, "Here's a man that's got one of the most interesting stories. If you don't mind, he has agreed to come out to your house and tell it to you."—and so that's the reason he came. So he came in, and I carried him in my study, and he told me his story—it took him about an hour. When he got through well I was just as excited as this girl was, down at the hotel. And his story was this: he was in World War One, and he'd gotten shot all to pieces in France, and he had been two years in hospitals, and they had sent him here and there and patched him up, and they never did think he would live. Incidentally, his lungs had been shot up. They finally got him out to Texas, and the army vets decided the only chance he had in the world to live—which would be about one in ten—would be to send him to Arizona and see if the climate would help mend his lungs, and so on. So they sent him out to Tucson, to a hospital, and in about a year, well he got to where he could go pretty good. So he applied for a job in the border patrol, because veterans had preference at government jobs. And so he was put into border patrol and was sent to Nogales. It was the job of these fellas to get on a horse and ride maybe twenty miles up the fence and back, where you meet the guy coming from another place, and they tried to make all of the whole area up there where the border was a fence where they could see if any tracks came under and so on. If there were tracks, they were supposed to follow them and see where they went. He said one day, he was riding way out in the desert west of Nogales, and all of the sudden, an Indian just popped up. He didn't know there

was an Indian for forty miles. This fella was so hid that he didn't see him until he just raised up. He stopped to interview him, and they began popping up all around, and in a few minutes, he saw that he was surrounded by a Yaqui army that had just been driven out of Mexico. Have you read *Hill of the Rooster*?

JS:

No, but I wish I had.

WH:

Well, one or two of those descriptions I put in there are based on Williams' feeling when he was met by this army. I take up in that what had happened to these armies—why they were up there—but I did use Williams' experiences in a place or two. Well, anyway, by this time he had learned to speak Spanish, and these Yaquis—of course he could converse with them. They speak their own language, which is a Uto-Aztecan [**Cahita**] sort of a language from an ethnic point of view. So he conversed with them in Spanish, and he found out that they had been pushed across the border by a far superior Mexican force, and that it kept them going—they'd managed to get out of the way—they'd been cut off, then, back at Haley Mountains [**Haley Hills**] so they had to run for the border, and they'd beat the Mexicans there and gotten under the fence, and they were just give out, so they were there with nothing to eat, nothing to drink, but safe from the Mexicans. And so he knew about the fact that a lot of these refugees had been coming in to Tucson, and there was a little village out there composed of these people. The little village, by the way, was out on the city dump, where they'd go and get stuff out of the dump and get old cardboard and a little lumber and build themselves little windbreaks and shacks and so on—and he knew about that. Well, he [**Williams**] took a pity on these people—they were about to starve, and they were out of water—and he told them, "Well, come along and I'll see if I can't get you something to eat and get you some water." Well, he knew where there was a ranch shack or somewhere a few miles away, and he led them over there and there was nobody there, but they had water there, and he went in and found thirty or forty pounds of beans and some pots. And so they cooked up these beans and fed them out. Then he took them on in to Tucson and conducted them to this little village of Pasqua. Well, because he had befriended them, these Indians decided that they would—of course he kept in touch with them, and he helped to raise some money for them and to get some jobs [**cotton picking**], and kind of looked after them. Eventually, they elected him an honorary chief, and at the next big Fiesta de Gloria, which they celebrate at Easter, they put an outfit on his head and had him out there with them, acting like a Yaqui. After he had fooled with them a while, he kept—he was made more and more conscious that these people knew a lot about their history for an illiterate people. He could hardly imagine why they should be so history-conscious. So he asked them why—they could tell him little snatches of their history—and he saidm "How do you people—how do you know these things?" and they said "Well, we've been taught these things." And he found out that their historical traditions—and a lot of historical material—was handed down from generation to generation, and they took

the kids and made them listen. Some of them who came out pretty good, they became their—what you might call the “official historians.” It was their job to teach the next bunch of kids, and this thing had got, then, relayed down. The main remembrance of history was still in the Yaqui villages, down on the Rio Yaqui, nearly three hundred miles south of the border. So he asked them, he said, “Can y’all get me copies of this history?” And that kind of buffaloed them, but they figured that they’d try. So they—every once in a while, they sent runners back and forth through trails not frequented by the military in Mexico—these Yaquis are just like wild animals; they could smell a Mexican two miles away and avoid him. So they sent the word down, and there was some chap—I’ve forgotten his name—who could write a little bit in Yaqui, using the Spanish alphabet. Somewhere, in some of their combats with the Mexicans, they had captured an old typewriter, and this ole boy could peck this thing out on this captured typewriter.

JS:

My goodness.

WH:

So the word went down—this must have taken two or three years, back and forth—but anyway, these runners, when they would start out, they would have the women down there to sew this bunch of history—maybe a half dozen sheets—into shirts. So, every two or three months, here’d come another runner with a shirt full of history, and they would—Williams would then take this history—which was written in Yaqui, which he didn’t understand—but working with one ole boy at Pascua, who could translate this into English. He could read it in Yaqui—I mean translate it into Spanish—and then Williams would translate it into English. I asked him if he had some of this—oh, he had forty, fifty pages of it. Well, the old historian came up to me, and I said “Well, how can—can you let us have it?” Yes, he’d let us have what he had—or copies of it, rather. Well, he did. He sent me this. It was pretty sketchy, and it was hard to understand it—it had gone through two or three—too many—

JS:

—translations—

WH:

Yes—transpositions, I guess you would say. But Williams had been smuggled into Mexico by the Yaquis, where he had met the general of the Mountain Yaquis, who lived in the Bacatete Mountains—they were called the Wild Yaquis. They were the ones that—the Yaquis had held the Bacatete Mountains, and they’d never been conquered. They had villages along the river, and the people could live down in the villages and farm—kind of get along with the Mexicans—but when they wanted to, they could go up into the mountains, and they had never been conquered. Well, he went down there and got in to see the general [**Guadalupe Flores**]*—I call him in *The Hill of the Rooster*, I call him General Cajeme. That wasn’t his name. Well then I began to think*

right away about “Can we get down there?” So I organized an expedition—and incidentally, it was the easiest thing I ever had to put over. All I had to do was to appear down at the Rotary Club and tell them the story, [inaudible 1:09:33] of history, and that just set them afire, and this—every person in Lubbock wanted to go. Although the Depression was on and money was almost impossible to raise, they raised enough money, and—well, it wasn’t all money. It was kind of in kind, but we did get some money. John W. Carpenter, on the Tech board at Dallas—he was the president of the Texas Public Service down there—he heard about it, and he sent a truck out here, an old, second-hand Ford Model A truck, but it would run, and so that was our truck. I made a big check box to put in the back end of it, myself, with lumber that somebody had donated. Humphries and Davis [**Grocery Store**] donated the groceries—and practically everything was donated. Then we raised some money—I believe the Rotary Club donated a hundred dollars—and the Kiwanis Club a hundred dollars. I spoke to them—I had lots of invitations to speak after that—and everybody went wild; everybody wanted to go. Well, we got this thing organized, and you know the people that went; you named most of them. Well, let me back up a bit. That was along about November ’33. Well, we knew we couldn’t take an expedition like that down a secret trails and get them in, but I knew we were going to have to be more or less above-board with it. So at Christmas of that year, my wife and I—my first wife, Olive and I—and Dr. [**E. F.**] George, who at that time was head of the physics department—he heard about it, and he just wanted to go, so we took him to Mexico City to see if we couldn’t get the *permisos* and everything. So we went down in our—by that time it was a little Model A car that we had—and it was before the highway was built—it was made into the mountains—there was just one trail road to get in there. It was down by Tamazunchale, and up over the mountains and into the valley of Mexico and little trail roads about just as wide as a cart—and oh, the mountains are fierce down there—but we made it, even though it was raining and slippery and everything, we got over the mountains and got there. There was nowhere to stay along the road, so we had to take our camping outfit. It took about five days to go and five days to come, something like that. But anyway, we got down there, and I remembered that a person—very brilliant, an exchange student, Mexican—by the name of Ramon Beteta [**Quintana**], who came to the university in 1920 as a freshman, and that was the year I went as a freshman, and we stayed at the same boarding house. He, like I, finished his bachelor’s degree in three years, and he majored in history. And we were just almost in the same classes all the way through. And so we—in our senior year, then, he had started going with a girl—Imogen Pleasant—who stayed at the same apartment house that the girl who became my wife stayed at—Olive Price. And so we found ourselves courting on the same front porch nearly every evening, right after supper—had old-fashioned swings and things back behind the vines and everything. And so we had had got to know each other—well, he married his girl, and I married mine, and I knew at this time that he had gone into politics and had had a meteoric rise. At that time, he was in the president’s cabinet—equivalent to what we call Secretary of Agriculture [**Director General of the Department of National Statistics of the Department of Industry and Trade**]. So when we got there, we went out and found him. It was old home-week with us, and they had us out to the

house. And he was very influential with the president—when we told him what we were after, he said “Ah, good. I’m part Yaqui. I’m very much interested in them.” Although the Yaquis had been the traditional enemies of the Mexican government, he was simpatico with them. So through him, we managed to do in about three or four days what would have taken two months the way the Mexicans operate, where everything has to go through about eight or ten people, and has to lay on this desk six days and on that desk six days and so on—then the answers come back the same way. Well, he cut all the red tape for us and got the permission of the president—direct from the president—for us to make this expedition. Cardenas was the president.

JS:

Did you meet Cardenas?

WH:

No, I didn’t—no, Cardenas was not the president. This was just before—there were three presidents, each filled in for one six-year term.

JS:

Obregon—

WH:

Obregon had already gone to the angels at that time, with the help of a bullet.

JS:

I was trying to get them in order.

WH:

There were three of those—but anyway, whoever he was, we never would have done it if we hadn’t had Ramon to help us. So I came back with all the necessary things for us to take this expedition in. Well, when we entered Sonora at Nogales, from that time on, we were honored—because of the way it had happened and the word had come down from the president—we were honored guests in Mexico, and by the way, they were afraid the Yaquis were going to cut our throats, and the army had particular instructions to furnish us escorts and to never let us out of their sight, lest we have our throats cut. Well, they simply killed us with kindness, and when we got to the Yaqui villages, we—which we eventually did, after about a week—the army had big garrisons at every one of these villages, but General—I’ll call him Cajeme—was still up in the mountains, and they were still holding the mountains. Well, what we wanted to do was get to him, but we soon saw it was going to be almost impossible for us to get to him. So we went first to Vicam, and there we didn’t make much headway because the army just had us right under their nose, and the Yaquis wouldn’t have anything to do with us—not even the so-called “tame” Yaquis, the ones still living in the villages. I saw that’d never do, so one morning I took a Yaqui

guide and got in the car and just pulled out to Tórim on my own accord through the brush and sand and everything. And I got there and I made inquiry in my poor Spanish if anybody could speak English, and finally they decided they did have somebody that knew a little English, so they sent for him. And they brought in, to me, Ramon Torrey, who has been my—I later brought him out—he's living on our farm out here now, since 1933, well, he's practically been a member of the family. Ramon had escaped from Mexico back during the persecutions when he was about ten years old—his grandmother brought him, his brother, and four of his cousins, and made it somehow or other got across the line and got to Tucson. And he had lived in Tucson and got through the third grade, but he'd gone back to Mexico and had forgotten most of the spoken language, but he could still write it, after a fashion, that was understandable. And through him, I made these people at Tórim—well, after a fashion I made them understand what we wanted to do and asked them if we could come over there. And he told us we could. Our idea was to move away from the army over at Vicam over here, and move right in with the Yaquis. Well, we went back, we packed up our camp, and we went over—the whole expedition. But right up on a little hill, Tórim used to be the capital of Mexico [**Holden likely means Sonora**] at one time, way back in the early eighties, late seventies, and the old governor's house is still there, and that was the Mexican garrison, now. I had avoided him [**the military commander**] when I went over to make the arrangements with the Yaquis, but we steamed in, well, down in the village where these wonderful old trees—about an acre covered—just almost the sun couldn't get through—and that's where the Yaquis had their *cuartel* and their little Yaqui army—every one of them went armed all the time—so we really had this Mexican garrison up here and the Yaqui garrison down here, and all they did was to watch each other every day and occasionally take a potshot at each other. So we pulled in and set up our camp under these trees, and the Yaquis were all there—they'd come from everywhere; they were expecting us. And they were pretty suspicious—they didn't understand it all. I kept looking up there at the little Mexican colonel in command—he was a big portal. And I could just see him pacing back and forth, and he was very nervous—I guess a hundred and fifty yards up there—and I was watching because I knew we were going to have to explain to them pretty soon. So after a little bit, I saw a corporal coming down the hill. He came down and made it known to us that the colonel wanted to see the jefe down there. So I took Bennie McWilliams and Frank Maddox with me—Benny was supposed to be my translator. So we went up—I went up—and then [**Lt.**] Colonel [**Natividad**] Jacome—he was just so nervous he didn't know what to do, and he wanted to know what we were doing, and I showed him our papers. He said “Well, well,” he said, he had just talked to the general, and he went and read to the general, who was down at another town—headquarters for the Yaqui district—and the general said, “Well, you tell these people,”—see this word, right from the president, they got pretty nice to us—“You tell them that they'll have to move up there and camp on your veranda so you can guard them and protect them. It's either that or tell them they'll have to leave the country.” Well, we had no choice, so I went back and I knew the moment we moved up there, the Yaquis would close up. So I called the chiefs in and tried to explain to them through our interpreters the predicament we were in. And they kind of nodded their heads—they'd seen

all this happen—they said well, they understood, that they would suggest that we go ahead, that they wouldn't like to see us leave the country. So we took the camp down, we got the truck loaded, and Benny and Frank started up the hill with it. When we got about halfway up the hill, it backfired, just like a gun. Well, immediately—there must have been two hundred of these Yaquis there, and every morning they would come in from their little jacals all over the country—every one of them was a walking arsenal. They had a big belt around here full of cartridges—

JS:

—bandoleer—

WH:

—used a great big—some kind of a .45 or something over here, and they all had a—some kind of an American rifle—repeating rifle, which they brought in, and all of them had a big dirk stuck right in there. And when they'd come in over to the *cuartel*, they'd go over and lay their rifles against the wall. Well that thing backfired—just like that, those guys, they ran, they grabbed these guns, and—they thought somebody shot from up there—and they deployed like this, and then started up the hill. I had realized what had happened—is that about over?

JS:

No. Yes it is, too.

End of recording.

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