

**Oral History Interview of
William Curry Holden**

**Interviewed by: Jimmy M. Skaggs
December 18, 1967 and January 8, 1968
Lubbock, Texas**

“REEL FIVE”

**Part of the:
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William Curry Holden reviewed transcriptions of his interviews and approved their release upon his retirement from Texas Tech University in 1968.

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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. Dr. Holden discusses his time in Mexico and his anthropological research on the Yaqui. Holden also talks about his various book projects, his articles, and new possibilities for research. Furthermore, Holden discusses building his adobe house, first with Olive, and then with his second wife Fran.

Length of Interview: 01:28:58

Subject	Transcript Page	Time Stamp
Tórim and ethnology	5	00:00:00
<i>Hill of the Rooster</i>	8	00:12:04
Projects at the museum and studying water	10	00:17:04
<i>La Santa de Cabora</i> and other pending book projects	12	00:21:48
Articles	16	00:32:19
Siblings and wife Olive	20	00:44:30
San Marcos, Abilene, at Jane's birth	22	00:55:23
Story about Jane losing artifact	23	00:57:49
Jane and grandchildren	27	01:11:42
Olive and building the adobe	29	01:15:32
Consolidation of the anthropology department	32	01:26:23

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Jimmy M. Skaggs (JS):

Dr. William Curry Holden interview—reel five, side one.

William Holden (WH):

I just mentioned the incident at Tórim when we first moved over there in 1934—Easter 1934. When the truck backfired going up the hill, these Yaqui warriors—I guess you would call—grabbed their guns from against the wall of their *cuartel*—by the way, which was the broken-down ruin of one of the old buildings of some kind there that was there when Tórim was the capital of Sonora, a long time ago. So they deployed, and they were just started up the hill—they were going up there and have it out with the Mexicans. Then I realized what it was all about, and immediately, I yelled to the people to come back, and explained to them it was the truck and not the Mexicans—and all of them took to dry grins, and they all went back and they put their guns against the wall—and you know that broke the ice? From that time on, they belonged to us and we belonged to them. It was the most fortunate thing that happened on the entire expedition—that backfire—from that time on, they were with us.

JS:

I bet it was nerve-racking, though—

WH:

Well, it was for a few minutes, it really was. Well, we moved on up and we camped on the porch, but the Yaquis felt like they had—that we belonged to them, so they cooperated wonderfully with us. They even let Dr. Carl Coleman Seltzer take anthropological measurements on a hundred men and one woman. He had got a hundred men—he wanted a hundred women. They didn't quite understand that “woman” part, and he managed to take the measurements of one woman. Then the chiefs had a little council, and they said, “Well, we think that's enough.” They didn't want this *gringo* taking—handling their women. Well, so that ended that part for Dr. Seltzer.

Phone ringing
Break in recording

WH:

Well, the village of Tórim, from that time on, cooperated with us beautifully—just everything that we wanted them to do, they did it—except let us measure the women. We, therefore, were fortunate in that we more than achieved our objectives, and when we got back to Lubbock, we composed what we called *The Studies of the Yaqui Indians of Sonora*—and the book was published by the so-called Tech Press. It was not Tech's press at all; they just had a little ole printing office over there. But I got all the material together and edited it with the help of my

wife and others and practically did everything except set the type. I suppose that's the first scientific publication Texas Tech ever got out. I'm sure it is.¹

JS:

How was it received?

WH:

Well, we had a thousand copies run, and we gave copies to everybody who had donated towards the expedition that we had the names of. Then we supplied them to people who had been interested, and then we started selling for two dollars apiece, I think, to others—and we never did pay for it [**printing cost**] from sales, but we did get quite a number, and we still have probably a hundred copies left. There was never any, really, organization set up to sell it—just people that would hear about it and write in and we would send them a copy. We put the money into the—oh, some kind of a fund—research fund.

JS:

Were the comments generally favorable?

WH:

Yes, it's been very favorably received by the people who are interested in it—the professional people. It was never anything, I don't suppose, for the general public to read, unless you were interested in ethnology—and that's what it is. It's really a story of ethnology. There's one chapter by Dr. Seltzer on the physical aspects. Dr. Wagner has a wonderful chapter on the medical practices of the Yaquis, and I think the reason it's so good is because of the backfire of the truck. He finally contacted the medicine man of Tórim, and it was very unusual. Those two men looked as much alike as if they'd been brothers—almost twin brothers—only one was just a little darker. They had the same cast countenance, the same benign expression—almost saintly—both of them, and they found out that they were just almost brothers under the hide. This man brought out all of his cures, gave Dr. Wagner samples of all of them, and Dr. Wagner came back and did lots of research on this thing, and he found that nearly everything that this medicine man was using was scientifically sound. Now, the medicine man was illiterate—he didn't know—he just knew it worked, and Dr. Wagner found out it worked about as well as anything he could get ahold of. Dr. Studhalter did a wonderful job on the flora of the region. His article in there is a masterful thing, and so on—and Bill Bill McMillim on the architecture—and I believe I had about three chapters on the social aspects—and Dr. Seltzer's chapter on the physical anthropology—on the whole, it was a pretty good bulletin, considering that Dr. Seltzer was the only real professional on the expedition. But on the whole, it was, I think, a very good publication. It's been cited many times by people who have worked on it [**the Yacquis**] since—almost a source material.

¹ Part of Scientific Series No.2, 1936.

JS:

Yes, I've noticed that, quite frequently.

WH:

Where are we now?

JS:

Well, I was going to go—for me, what would be the logical next step, and that would be to ask you, how long did it take you to decide to do *Hill of the Rooster*?

WH:

Well, it was a good long while. We kept going back. We went to—we went back, on average, every two years at least, and kept up our contacts with—especially with—Tórim.

JS:

Still on this initial “okay” from the [Mexican] president?

WH:

No, after we had gotten in, we didn't need anything anymore. We could just get out visas—only, they didn't call them visas—the cards, just like any tourist.

JS:

Tourista cards.

WH:

And we knew everybody along the road down there, and so we didn't need to go to all that trouble anymore. In the meanwhile, after so long a time, that highway that we would make about six miles an hour on—and a cloud of dust—had been paved, and what used to take us about four—a good four days to go from Nogales, we could now do in less than a half a day. So it became a pretty easy routine matter after that. I remember, after I married Frances, which was 1939—in 1940, was a year that Dr. and Mrs. Wagner and we went down in Dr. Wagner's car. And Mrs. Wagner and Frances were apparently the first two white women, as far as we could ascertain, that had ever been to the village of Tórim—and they were really considered curiosities. Although they'd known us very well, they were really curious at these women who'd come along. We had kept in touch with Ramon Torry, and we had bootlegged him out of the country—or wetbacked him—only, they have no Rio Grande to cross [in Arizona], so it's just a matter of getting through the fence. He'd spent quite a bit of time up here with us on the farm, and he would—we knew him both down there and up here and back and forth. It wasn't until one time, I think I had the inspiration to begin this book, when you can never tell—Ramon is a person you could never pump dry. You'd think you've got him pumped dry, and then he'll just fool you—

he'll come up with something you never heard of, it's better than anything he ever told you. And he told me a story one time of the woman that I used—built the book around. I called her Chepa, but her real name was something Coca—her last name was Coca. And she had become a—in the various wars and battles that the Mountain Yaquis had had, she had become a sort of a renowned leader, herself. Ramon told me about seeing her and her husband, and a few more Yaquis, who had bootlegged themselves out of Mexico to Tucson to get ammunition and guns, back about 1910—and he was a boy at the time—no, it was earlier than that. Let me see, he came out in 1904—it may have been as late as 1910—and they were camped out at the edge of town [Tucson], and having contact with the local—the Yaquis in Tucson—and he went out there and saw this woman, and she made quite an impression on him. Later, she was—she and her band were surrounded and driven up on this *Cerro del Gallo*—translates to “Hill of the Rooster”—and there, they were exterminated to the last person. This rather dramatic incident was the thing that—I suppose—had kind of caused me to see the possibility of taking a lot of these dramatic things and building them around this woman, and turning it into a historical novel. After I got the idea, it didn't take too long, then, to get it together. But what I had to work with was what we had learned during twenty-two years of working with them. The things that went into that book were things we had gathered and absorbed over a period of twenty-two years.

JS:

Not to embarrass you or anything, I hope, once again to admit that I haven't read the book—although I should have by now. Dr. [Seymour V.] Connor contends that you have the most literary, worthwhile description of sexual intercourse in that book of any in literature today.

WH:

Well, I didn't know that Ike had ever read the book—or had ever read that.

JS:

He compared it with one of the southern poets whose name escapes me for the moment—I can't recall. But my question—not per say, on this—was, when the book was released, were there any reactions on campus—one, to a historian writing a novel—

WH:

No, never heard of it.

JS:

—and two, to, perhaps, what, in this rather conservative climate of ours might have been considered in poor taste?

WH:

Well, I've never heard one word about it. I grant you that we kept our fingers crossed—in the

first place, with the editor of the book. I had told him that I didn't know whether it [**the sex scene**] had a place in the book or not, and I didn't know how it would be received, but he had my full permission to cut it out or leave it in. So he, being a New Yorker, of course, he thought it was just fine, and he wasn't figuring on letting it get out. So—

JS:

Besides, that's what sells books.

WH:

We had two or three correspondences about it—had some correspondence and a telephone call or two—and finally, he said, "Well, I'll tell you what let's do. Let's put it in italics." I don't know what good that would have done, but it did make it stand out like a sore on your face. And I told him "Fine," he was the doctor. But I had no idea how the conservative people of Lubbock would react to it. The nature of the thing—of the description—in the first place, the people who would object didn't read the book, and secondly, some who did read it didn't know what they were reading. So it's—what do you call it? —oh, what is the word of the thing where you describe a thing very poetically with—you don't describe the real thing, you describe something else—

JS:

Symbolism.

WH:

Symbolism—it's symbolism—however, there's another word for it that I can't think of at the moment. The reason I did that—when I got to that point, having built the thing up into a certain octave and everything, I had to do it. Without the—you wanted to—this kind of thing, at its—in its proper respect, is the very highest expression of human emotions that we have.

JS:

Yes.

WH:

But you had to keep it and describe it in that feel, or else it would become vulgar—

JS:

—and base—

WH:

—and base. So when I got up—I just worked up to this point, and found myself in a corner—and I had to bring this up this way or discard it completely. And so I took a try at it and it seemed to come out all right.

JS:

Dr. Connor says it's beautiful and extremely well-written.

WH:

Well, one thing—

JS:

He kind of smiled when he told me about it, and he said that he wondered—and that's why I asked you—if there were any eyebrows raised on campus. He couldn't recall any discussion, but he—

WH:

I don't know whether anybody on campus every read it—not really. But—and nobody has ever talked to me about it at all—but—

JS:

Maybe I shouldn't have brought it up.

WH:

—the people who have—the rebounds that I've heard have come from people telling me how other people reacted about it. It seems like it has pleased everybody. So—I don't know how to explain it.

JS:

Well maybe there's no need to. Let me ask you, if I may, one more question—and I'm sure you're getting a little tired for the day—what was your next major research project following the Yaquis and the culmination with the scientific journal, and the *Hill of the Rooster*?

WH:

Well, I'll tell you. By that time, the museum—we sure had a struggle getting the building and getting that thing off the ground, and getting—without any help from the college, you might say. We were just up against a cold blank wall, no way to turn. That thing began to assume just nearly all of my energy. In the meanwhile, when you burn the candle at both ends—and in 1950, I had almost a complete exhaustion, and I was practically out for six months; I could hardly walk across the floor. That forced me, then, to greatly modify my pace. You come along here and you work up, and then something happens, and then you level off. You never do climb back; you just level off. So I never found very much time to get into anything else, then, with all these other things I had brewing. I guess the water book, perhaps, which was in connection with the museum, because after we decided to try to do something to celebrate the coming of the first water to Lubbock from the Canadian dam, and we decided to make that a big **[affair]**—have the

museum make a big to-do about it. So we had a big conference with a number of people who—gradually, the museum began to be accepted locally, and with the town, and so on—and I know we managed to get Bill Pierce, who had been a big help—after Bill had got into the admin at vice president—and I had him to call together some of the key people on the campus. Then we invited the director of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art out—Mitch Wilder—and the man who—the head engineer of the dam up there on the Canadian, and the local district engineer—highway engineer. And we were talking about how we could have this big to-do, and Mitch Wilder, it was, who said, “Well, what we really need to do is to bring a book out about this water, and then let that be the storyline for what we do.” Then this matter was presented to the Tech board, and the Tech board—somebody said, “Well, who will write it?” and I forgot who it was on the Tech board—one of the board members—pointed over to me—I was in the corner—and says, “You’ll write it. Dr. Goodwin, you arrange this man’s schedule so he’ll have all the time he needs to work on this book.” And that’s the way that got started.

JS:

Almost dictated.

WH:

Yeah. Well, I must say that the thing appealed to me tremendously because the whole economy of this country—and I’m just old farm boy enough that I know what the agriculture means, and what the water means to the agriculture, and so on—and so—

JS:

—what this country would be like without it—

WH:

Yes. And the idea was that this would be the storyline for a big exhibition that we’d get together—and by this time, we were already pretty sure we were going to move over to the other side of the track and have more room, and that’s the way we got into that.

JS:

When will this book be released?

WH:

Oh, heavens, I don’t know. It’s never been accepted. We’ve hawked it around a bit—my agent did—no, I didn’t use my agent; I’ve sent this directly, on this book—I have another one. Oh, there’s another thing—I’ve forgotten about the Saint of Cabora—*La Santa de Cabora* [published under the title *Teresita* in 1978]—big manuscript, but I think it’s just as good as *Hill of the Rooster*.

JS:

A historical novel?

WH:

It's a historical novel of another woman in Mexico that was contemporary with Chepa—and she lived only about eighty miles from where Chepa lived, and she was greatly involved with the Yaquis, but a different kind of a character. Instead of a killer, she was a healer, and she had every kind of an extra-sensory perception that anybody knows anything about—a terrifically interesting person. Later, she got all mixed up in the political currents of Mexico, and finally the Mexican—the president of Mexico, Porfirio Diaz sent a whole regiment of soldiers up to arrest this girl and her father, take them to Nogales, and throw them across the border, and told them if they ever come back, they'd be shot. So she figures in the political history of Mexico even greater—and beautiful story. In some ways, I think it's as great or greater book than—but nobody has seen fit to publish it, and that's what my agent has been hawking around—still is. We get the most heart-rending letters of refusal—they just make you cry—they want to do it so bad, they say, and so on—but they don't see how they can—there's no demand for this kind thing at this time. These things go in cycles, and if there ever comes a cycle where people are interested in this kind of thing—in mystics and—she was a mystic—and extra-sensory perception, and all that kind of thing—it might become a bestseller. But it hasn't—nobody has bit yet.

JS:

Well, maybe the cycle will return shortly.

WH:

And another thing that I had forgotten to mention somewhere along the line—I've forgotten just where it fitted in—I did a book on wildlife. The purpose of this book, we thought we could—would be a good thing to get adopted as a supplemental reader somewhere in the grades. And I took a couple of children and their uncle, who was a naturalist, and took them all around, over the country. We'd have a chapter, let us say, on prairie dogs and one on mountain sheep and another chapter on beavers and so on. It's safely within one of those drawers—never have submitted it—but we did submit it to Steck at Austin, because they seem to have an inroad into the schoolbooks in Texas. And they kept it and fumbled around for a while, and sent it back, and I've never done anything with it since. But it's over there. So let's see, I have that book—that manuscript—and *La Santa de Cabora*, the water—one other manuscript, too—

JS:

It must be nice to have so many that you can't keep track of them.

WH:

Well, when I get through punching the clock, someday, I'm going to take them out and work them over. I know what needs to be done to them. The water thing—I know what's wrong with that. The absolutely original part of it—about the first eight chapters—has to do with philosophy of water, and it's treated from a historical and philosophical point of view—has nothing to do about Farmer Joe, and who's going to get enough water to make a bale to acre next year—no applied applications whatsoever—and the farmers of this country are not interested in the philosophical aspects, they just want the water. Then, I ended up with applied aspects, and how these two are tied together—just like the original business with this—and then this frontier defense and then switching to the social things—same problem exactly, and I know what needs to be done.

JS:

—or with nature in *Rollie Burns*.

WH:

Yes—and I know exactly what needs to be done to it, and I think I know what needs to be done with *The Saint of Cabora*—it's all right; I've written that three times. I've got three different, complete manuscripts of *The Saint of Cabora*. I think I know, one was a complete fictionalize, and then I worked that over with a different plot, and then I took that and changed it into what I called a “fictionalized biography”—that's not the word I used, but that's what I meant. It means I took the strict biography and simply introduced conversation—and of course, we don't know what those folks said to each other back at that time, but you just have to take the situations and you know what they might have said, and that's what it is now. I think, perhaps, if I ever fool with it again, I'm going to turn it into a pure biography, and leave out the interpretive—that's the word, an interpretive biography. If I ever take another fall at it, it's going to be a pure biography.

JS:

Purely historical?

WH:

Yes—and even annotate it completely. It can never be a bestseller, the people who'd want to read that would be a very selective bunch.

JS:

Well, Latin American historians.

WH:

Yes, that's right. Well, I guess that's about it on the writing.

JS:

[inaudible 28:00]

WH:

Oh yes, I've done over the fourth one—I was trying to figure what it is—the fourth one, I have—as you know—I've done over the Spur Ranch completely. That book is now with the University of Oklahoma Press, but I haven't heard whether they have accepted it or not. But, I had written Joe [B.] Frantz and asked him if he would do an introduction—and he was in Peru—and I waited about two or three months and never heard from him—I decided he wasn't interested. Then I sent it on to the University of Oklahoma Press, and about two weeks after I sent it to them, Joe came back, answered my letter, very enthusiastic, and said "Say, the Texas State Historical Association wants to publish this book. We'll bring out three thousand copies," and he just—without—sight unseen. So I have been stalling on answering him until I hear from these guys. They promised that they'd let me know within a month. If they accept, I'm going to ask Joe if he will do the introduction. If they don't accept, I'm just going to send it to him and say "It's yours, Joe."

JS:

—do the introduction and publish it. (laughs)

WH:

No, he made no bones about it. He said, "We want to do it." But on that, I introduced ten new chapters and I've revised the old ones.

JS:

Oh, well that should be a nice voluminous study then.

WH:

And so I've gone back and—well, you kind of know what I've been doing. I put in a tremendous amount of work on that thing.

JS:

Well, I'll be very interested in see that.

WH:

It'll be nearly twice as thick as the first copy was, and it'll be—

JS:

What is the title?

WH:

I'm going to call it *The Espuela Land and Cattle Company*.² It'll be a twin, almost, to Bill Pearce's Matador [study], *The Matador Land and Cattle Company*, with one basic difference. Bill's treatment is a chronological running story of the ranch, built from the minutes of the board of directors' meetings; that's about all he used. Mine is an analytical study of the ranching operations completely, which Bill doesn't do at all in his. But you can take the two together, and that'll fit together beautifully because here, I have an analytical study of the ranching operations—he has a running story of the management of a ranch, and if you read the two, you'll have a pretty good idea how the big ranches are run.

JS:

And particularly those with farm capital.

WH:

—of the big farming capital—incidentally, I found out something—have you ever read the *History of the Maxwell Grant*?

JS:

No, I haven't.

WH:

To my astonishment, the Dutch got horned in up there in the ranching business around—I guess east of the [Rocky] mountains—from Raton down, almost to Las Vegas.

JS:

I didn't know that.

WH:

I didn't either. Now right east of them was the Prairie Land and Cattle Company, which, they covered about three million acres in the free-range days, and that was [the] English. Well, of course, I suppose you might say the Espuela was—at least their office was in London, but nearly all the stockholders were Scots—I know the directors were nearly all Scots. So we have the Scots, the English, and the Dutch—but I'd never encountered that.

JS:

I've ever seen the Dutch, certainly haven't. Well, I'll be looking forward to seeing that new study on the Spur Ranch then.

² Published in 1970 with the title *The Espuela Land and Cattle Company: A Study of a Foreign-Owned Ranch in Texas* by the Texas State Historical Association.

Break in recording

JS:

This is Skaggs continuing Dr. Holden's interview, January 8, 1968. Dr. Holden, you wanted to comment on your articles, I believe?

WH:

Yes. I was rather busy trying to get out articles, as every young would-be history professor is, back in the early days—he likes to see his name in print, and build up something to show the faculty, show the president's office when they send around, wanting to know what you're doing.

JS:

That hasn't changed.

WH:

No, that'll never change. So I did my little stint on that, and I think, perhaps, you have in the Southwest Collection a list of them. It's quite a list. I believe somebody dug it—didn't the ICASALS [International Center for Arid and Semi-Arid Land Studies] or something get out a list?

JS:

Yes, I believe so.

WH:

Well, I glanced over that, and it looked like whoever did that—and I do not know who it was—had done a pretty good job. I couldn't think of anything they'd overlooked very well. But anyway, that is a matter of record. The articles dealt with history and with archaeology, and I suppose probably, sometimes, overlapping of the two. I was interested in both fields, and occasionally, probably something a little semi-literary, I suppose. But I don't believe I've put out an article, now, in fifteen years. Yes I did.

JS:

Well, you published one just this year in *The Cattleman*.

WH:

Yes, in *The Cattleman*. But I haven't had much time to work on that.

JS:

I believe you read one before the West Texas this last year, in May.

WH:

Do you remember what that was?

JS:

Yes, it was on the—still on the Spur Ranch being closed—enclosed—no, the Spur Ranch revisited or—what was the title of that?

WH:

As a matter of fact, I think that's the same one that was published in *The Cattleman*. Yes. Dr. Richardson wrote and wanted to publish it, but *The Cattleman* had also wanted me to contribute an article. I had to decide between the two, and the thing that controlled my decision was that *The Cattleman* had seventeen thousand circulation—that was against about five hundred for the Association—and also *The Cattleman* had seventy-five dollars, and the Association didn't have anything, and so the persuasion was on the part of *The Cattleman*. In some ways, probably, it might have been better to put it in *The [West Texas Historical Association] Year Book* because that's where it'll be looked for by historians. But it's one of the chapters in the revised section, anyway, so the historians will find it. It was a thing, I think, that would have been interesting to most of the cattlemen who read. Now most cattlemen do not read, and some of them can't read, but quite a number of them are interested in those kinds of things, and so I think, perhaps, many more people will read it *The Cattleman* than would ever have read it in *The Year Book*.

JS:

You've published a number of articles with *The Cattleman* over the years.

WH:

A good long while ago I did, yes, and with the *Sheep and Goat Herder*. Then, let me see, I had an article in the Amarillo—oh, that big centennial edition that they've got—

JS:

World Globe?

WH:

World Globe, yes. Incidentally, that was the first article, I think I've ever gotten pay for. I didn't know I was going to get any pay for that. Well, and—have you ever seen that edition?

JS:

Yes I have.

WH:

It was really a pretty—

JS:

Big thing—

WH:

—classical edition, yes. It had some pretty well-known people contributing to it, and I know Webb and I were quite surprised when we saw each other—asked if the other had received anything—and I got forty dollars for that article. Also—well, that article, let me tell you what it was about. It was about the rainmaking experiments of C. W. Post.

JS:

Yes I've just read the title of that today for some reason; I can't even recall why.

WH:

I started in to write the history of C. W. Post's enterprise—his colonization scheme and founding of Post—got the records and ran the research and wrote two chapters on it, then kind of got bogged down for a while, and Dr. [Charles D.] Eaves had been trying to finish his dissertation at the University of Texas for several years, and for his dissertation he was working on a history of the tobacco culture in Virginia. He'd pounded away at that for quite a number of years, and at the time, he'd—he was ready to take off a year to really write. Well, here came another fellow who had scooped him in book form, using the same materials. So that left him high and dry, and I was bogged down to where I didn't know whether I'd ever get back to the Post material or not, so I just turned it over to him completely. I think he has a chapter in there on rainmaking, doesn't he?

JS:

Yes sir, he does.

WH:

I've never read the book.

JS:

Eaves and—

WH:

Well, the University of Texas is going to publish it, but they wouldn't publish—he did get his version accepted as—for the dissertation purposes and got his degree, but Webb wanted to publish a dissertation in book form, and the University Press, though, wouldn't accept it until, you know, a lot of work was done on it. He wanted to collaborate with me on the rewrite; I didn't have time, and so they finally dug up this other fella—

JS:

Hutchinson, wasn't it?

WH:

Hutchinson, yes. **[Hutchinson, Cecil Allen]** They thought he was a fairly good writer, and the deal was that he would take Eaves' material and rewrite it and, supposedly, confer with Eaves, and they'd work together. But he turned out to be an arrogant sort of a person and just took it over and in the end, he and Eaves had a big knockdown drag-out, and I think at the end, he made a big fight to leave Eaves' name off of the rewrite. Well, they held up publication about a year trying to get the squabble settled. By the same token, that's the way Bill Pearce got his subject, too. I had run the Matador records, and probably somewhere in your collection, there's a box about this big of these cards—a pretty thorough running of the—I don't know how many of those letter books we ran, but a lot of them. We were breaking it down like we did on the Spur Ranch. I had some graduate students help me sort and run and that kind of thing. Bill got ready to write his dissertation—well, he was somewhat at a loss—so I just turned that to him. But he never did use that big batch of stuff. He got—by that time, we had gotten the Dundee's **[Scotland]** stuff over here, and along came the board minutes, so he just used the board minutes, which were all chronological, very easy, and they flowed, you know. So he knocked—he had an easy time with it. It was made for rapid work.

JS:

Well, those Matador records are so voluminous anyway, that golly, ten, fifteen, twenty works could be based on this—very easy, without any measurable repetition.

WH:

And those old cards may come in very handy someday—

JS:

Yes they will.

WH:

—because I think, perhaps, it would be self-evident how much was run and under what categories they were being broken down.

JS:

Well, I intend to go back, and when I finish up my research on my dissertation, using these to run the quarantines and Texas fever movements against—

WH:

Well, while you're doing that, well, you'll jump several more rabbits.

JS:

Oh yeah. I wouldn't be at all surprised.

WH:

Yes, I think you will. Well, I guess that's enough on articles and so on.

JS:

I was going to ask it when we got off on *The Cattleman* if you know Dick Wilson very well.

WH:

Yes.

JS:

If you'd like to comment on him a couple times.

WH:

I've only met Dick two or three times. He came out here and it seems like I ran him around over the campus—seems like I had him at the Southwest Collection. Then he invited me down there, and I went down and—one time when we were down there seeing about this ranch business, we had quite a talk with him; he had lunch with us. Then, the next time, I went to take the article down. I think Dick is a very knowledgeable and rather aggressive sort of person. He's doing a very good job, I think, with *The Cattleman*. That's about as far as I could comment on him.

JS:

That's about my impression of him, having met him once, is all. Did you want to go now through these individuals, or would you rather back up and talk a little bit about—fill in parts of your life before we go on to that?

WH:

I don't know how far we got on the life business. I must have gotten—all right, stop it there a moment.

Break in Recording/End of Side A

JS:

Holden interview, reel five, side two.

WH:

Going back to the family—I have no sisters to my regret. I always wanted a sister very much, but my younger brother turned out not to be a sister—was a great disappointment, I think, to the

whole family. I had two brothers. My older brother, Harral—H-a-r-r-a-l—was two years older than I was, and my younger brother was seven and a half years younger than I. I grew up with Harral, and we did everything, I suppose, that brothers the same age do—fight and scuffle and wrestle and plot and all kinds of things—we were very close, however, and my younger brother, I more or less helped raise him—the very reason, I suppose, that my older brother didn't want any part of it—and I was soft-hearted enough, and perhaps sissy enough—I don't know what—but anyway, it always fell to my share to look after him. And I suppose I did about as much as my mother did after he was a year or two old, because my mother was always busy with things and I was the one—but I didn't mind it much. I didn't mind it at all. I found him quite interesting, and we didn't have anything to divert us in those days, much, except duties of that kind. It was a nice fill-in I think. My first wife's name was Olive Price. I believe that's—she only had the one name—of course, she took the name Olive Price Holden after we married. I met her during a snowstorm at the University of Texas—along the first snow they'd had in Austin in a long time. It was along about January, I guess, 1923, and I had been in a class with her—an advanced history class—but we just knew each other by sight; that was all. They had a snow there in Austin—about four inches, I suppose—everybody just went wild. It was fairly warm, and everybody turned out and cut classes—university broke up, almost—everywhere there was a little drift, there was snow fights going on and everything. Some people invented sleds and tied them on behind old model cars and were running all over town, and some of them nearly getting killed by sliding into each other. People were rolling each other into snowbanks—such banks that they could find suitable—and I'd gone up on the campus looking for excitement, and a bunch of boys ran out and grabbed Olive and the girl she was with and rolled them in the snow. And I came along and saw that I knew her, and so I stopped and pulled her out and brushed her off—and she seemed to be grateful and invited me down to the apartment where she was living with her grandmother. And that was the beginning of that. By June of that year—we graduated at the same time—her grandmother took her up to Kansas, and we were engaged when she went away, and she went to Kansas and decided we'd made a mistake, and she called off her part, and we didn't see each other for three years after that. I went each summer back to university, working on my doctor's degree. I think it was in the summer of 19—no, it was two years—the summer of 1925, she—in the meanwhile, her grandmother had died, and she had come back there to work in the library, and we just ran up face to face there in Austin one night. So the old thing started right where it did in the snowbank, again. Then, the next summer, we married—1926. I think I had about two dollars and a half at the time, and she had a little Ford car, and that was about all the worldly possessions we had. At the end of summer school, we took a little tour—camping outfits—it was a little Model T Ford, a little coupe—and we set off to visit the Pueblo Indians—no paved roads at that time anywhere, except a little piece of brick pavement between Belton and Temple.

JS:

Ferguson's experiment.

WH:

Yeah, it was about six feet wide—eight feet wide—and so we went out through the southwest and into New Mexico, camping out. All the expense we were out were gasoline. We went to a number of the major ruins, into the Navajo country and so on—and that's where I got my introduction into archaeology. She'd had two courses—one with Dr. Pearce and one with Dr. Unshaw—there at the university. It was her minor, I guess—no, it was not her minor; English was her minor—just an elective, just six hours. And she had written a term paper—which was a masterful thing which would be accepted a lot of places, I think, as a master's thesis—on the Pueblo Indians. I'd never even heard of them, but she indoctrinated me as we went around, and I got tremendously interested in it, and so I might say that I caught my enthusiasm for archaeology and ethnology, at least, from her. Then we made back—I was teaching at McMurry College at the time. I went to McMurry College in 1923, in September, and I'd been there during the long sessions and going to summer school during the summer sessions during these intervening years. The first year after—no, wait a minute, that was '26—we stayed at McMurry one year after we married, and then I took off a year—I got a year's leave to finish my doctor's degree I had to put in a year of residence at least, and got a teaching fellowship at the University of Texas. So we moved back down there the second year. She was a librarian assistant at the loan desk, and she was making about twice as much salary as I was as a teaching fellow, but we got along all right that year. In fact, we were making more than we were making at McMurry—than I was making there. My salary was fifteen hundred dollars a year at McMurry, and I think I got a thousand dollars for half time, and she was getting about eighteen hundred, or something like that, full time. Well, things went along very well until along about—I guess, probably, about December when she got sick. She couldn't hold any food, and she just—for about six weeks, she couldn't even keep water on her stomach. I don't know how she kept alive, and the vets couldn't find out what was the matter with her. She had an old aunt that lived in San Antonio who came up to see her. She came in, took one look at her, she says, "You've been going to the wrong doctor. You call the old family [doctor] so-and-so over here," and we did. It took him about ten minutes to tell us what was the matter, but she was out for three months altogether before she was—finally, her appetite came back, and she had no more sickness, and she got to feeling good. The librarian was very, very sympathetic about the whole illness, and he didn't dock the paycheck anything, so we went right on through—we didn't have any expenses, hardly. And then I got the summer teaching—I got my degree in June 1928, and the next day we moved to San Marcos, where I taught in summer school [at Southwest Texas State College] for three months, and then we returned to Abilene.

Phone ringing

Break in recording

WH:

What is the last thing I said? We got there the last week in September, and Olive, who was a

rather tall, slim person, she carried the baby high, and a lot of our friends didn't even know she was pregnant.

JS:

Goodness.

WH:

There was a very wonderful old lady who taught speech at McMurry—Mrs. [Flora] Barrow—a saint on Earth, if there ever was one, a very intelligent woman, a very tragic life. I recall that we went to call on her, and grandmother that she was, she never did notice it. I think it was that same night, then, Olive went to the hospital. About two days later, I saw Mrs. Barrow—and the news had spread—and she was the most astounded person I ever saw. She said, “I would have sworn that there was no evidence.” Well, anyway, that's where Jane put in her appearance, in the Baptist hospital, on August 31, 1928 in Abilene. And—

JS:

A PhD and a baby in the same year, that's like—quite a bit.

WH:

Yeah, Jane topped me, though, later. She got her doctor's degree from Harvard and produced twins in the same year.

JS:

Oh my goodness. It must run in the family.

WH:

So it's—I can't brag about that anymore. It might be of interest—I tell this to my class sometimes by way of a little illustration. In trying to—I always spend about a week on the first Americans, in my history classes, and how long man's been in American, and the evidence, and so on. It was—the reason we thought—in fact, a lot of the old textbooks used to so state that American Indians had been here only about three thousand years, and they explained it to great detail, how they came in three waves, by Siberia, across the Bering—the ice there, perhaps. No, there was no ice there at that time—anyway, across the Bering Strait and down, where they fanned out over the two continents and so on, in three different waves, and had it all pretty well-settled—until in 1928, there was a little discovery down here at Colorado City that kind of disturbed them quite a bit. They discovered an extinct species of bison in the beautifully-stratified river gravel, with a great [?] overburden, at least eight or ten miles from the present Colorado—we call it, here, Colorado [pronounced Col-o-rad-a] Drainage System. And in the chest cavity of this was a beautiful spear point, all stratified and everything—which indicated

that man was here when that animal was here, and that animal was here when that river was—the bed of it was there. So that kind of disturbed them quite a bit.

JS:

Did they carbon date the remains, or did they date it by—?

WH:

They didn't get that date, no, they didn't know anything about [**radioactive**] carbon dating. That was back in 1928, and the carbon business is much more recent. They just had—the only way to arrive at it, then, was rather generalized, and it would be by geological data—by stratification. So the man that made the discovery said—he made a wild guess of ten thousand years or more. All of the old stand pats—the old fundamentalists—you know, the scientists that are just as fundamentalist as Campbellites are?

JS:

Yes.

WH:

—and the Baptist, some of the Baptists—

JS:

—hard shell?—

WH:

—hard shells, yes. They just said, “Well, old Harold Cook has dug him up some evidence”—everybody had a good laugh and forgot about it—wouldn't accept it. Then, two years later in '26, they made the famous Fulsom finds—and Harold Cook was in on that—and this time, he had learned his lesson, and that is that whenever you've got something you think is really important, don't touch it until you send for all your worst enemies and have them come help you do it—and so he invited them all in. Here, they couldn't laugh this evidence off. It was a different kind of a point, but apparently the same age—the buffalo were the same at least—the species were. So they all agreed, it must have been at least ten thousand years [**old**]. Then the next thing they found, about two years after that, was a beautiful spear point inside an elephant's cavity, up in Nebraska, and the elephants were thought to be extinct quite a bit longer than this particular buffalo species—*Bison antiquus*. So we had, at that time, about these three things, and it was revolutionizing the apparent age of how long man had been in America. Then one of my—one of our students here, during the Depression—began in 1932 or '33—I guess this was about '33—a man named Schultz, who was a geology major, and who couldn't get a job when he got his degree, and so he stayed on and took a master's in geology, and got a teaching certificate, and got a job teaching science at Borger, and he was sort of a hustler himself. Instead of going up

here and just peddling digging postholes, he organized the boys into a geology club, and they'd go out on the weekends, and he got them all excited, and showed them how to read strata, and what to—the names of the exposed strata and what to look for—and got them all excited. One weekend, he couldn't go, and so they went by themselves, this little club, and they came rushing in that night to tell him that they had found some elephant tusks sticking out of solid sandstone, way up on top of a hill, in the roughs there. And so he went with them the next morning, and sure enough, there was a hill like this—right to it was about a four-foot layer of solid sandstone—fine sand, which at one time was quicksand—it was about four feet deep. It was laid down when that was the bottom of the Canadian River, and the river is now a mile away, and five, six hundred feet deeper. So Schultz then got the boys and they made a job of excavating this thing—got back in there and hit big pieces in good shape. They found a shoulder blade, which is as big as the top of that desk, a little bigger, and when they finally picked it up—they had prepared it properly because he knew how—picked it up—right under it, in the solid sandstone was one of the most beautiful spear points that I've ever seen—it was a beauty. It was what we, today, call a Clovis point, but it was made of milky-white, beautiful schist of some kind. The form of it is like the ones that they have gotten at Clovis and other places, but the thing it's made of, I've never seen anything like it. So he got tremendously excited because he was enough of a scientist to see here was man's evidence of man with this elephant, and the elephants were thought to have become extinct ten or twelve—well, at the end of the last ice age. So the next Saturday, well—I don't know how he managed to get here—but he got down here with that point, showed it to Dr.

[LeRoy T.] Patton and me. We got excited and we organized a trip up there the next weekend with several of our interested students—geology department had an old station wagon of a thing we all went in—and camped out. He [Schutz] had carefully put everything back so that we might view the imprint where this thing went. He had the thing, laid it in there so we could see and take pictures and so on. Then we all went to work, fell to, and we got out the pelvis and quite a number of the big bones of the thing—about all we could find there—brought them back, and then it was agreed that Dr. Patton and I would get out a joint paper. I remember this was the second Fulsom point—I mean the—no, it was—

JS:
Clovis?

WH:

—Clovis point—it was the second one that had ever been found. The first one had been by found by Dr. Higgins in Nebraska about three years before that. So we knew we had a thing of great national interest, and I was to write up the—about the point—and he [Patton] was going to write up about the elephant, and we were going to publish—we were going to make a splurge. So we came home and settled down, and I kept the point at home, in my desk drawer. It wasn't—yes, it was this desk—I kept it right there—in the study, in the big house up there—and kept waiting and waiting on the good doctor to get his report ready, and then I was going to fit mine to his.

Well, he never did do it. The whole year went by and he never got around to doing it. I was going to—planning, then, to get busy and at least write something, myself. I went to look for my thing one day, and it wasn't there—and I couldn't find it anywhere. Finally, I think I decided what had happened to it. At that time, Jane was five years old, and she was the leader of the neighborhood brats. She was a livewire, she was into everything, she could climb a wall, she'd climb a tree, she'd get on top of the house, and Dr. Carter had two about her age, and the Mienekes over there had one, and little James Allen was right behind, here, he was a toddler—about four at that time. And these kids would gang up and they'd make the rounds. And I know they were going through my desk one day and found this beautiful arrow point and took it out to play with it—lost it, dropped it, something—and to them, it was just another old piece of rock—and it's never been seen from that day to this. I often tell my classes, I said, "Now, someday, when this becomes a great rolling desert, as it may someday—tropics come this way, and the temperate zone advances to the arctic circle, and we go through another interglacial period—and great sand dunes roll in over this country, and then, beyond that, sometime, maybe some distant race will come from somewhere else to explore the archaeology of this region—and they're going to be digging around here in this old, ancient city, and they're going to dig up that—under some of these sidewalks, streets, paved streets, they're going to find that point. And we'll assume that they will have some knowledge of the age of these things, and then they'll probably dig up the foundation of that old house I built there. And in it, they're going to find, in the same stratification concrete about fifteen or twenty front axles from old Model T cars and a lot of old cable from the oilfield for reinforcing for the concrete, and they sure are going to be confounded about this stratification." Then I go on to explain that I never have let my daughter—never did let her forget about that, after she got big enough to understand it. She started going with me on field trips when she was about four, and was with me every summer—and she cut her teeth on potshards. As time went on, I could see she was getting more interested in it, and I tried to steer her away from it because archaeology is a pretty rough deal—profession—for a woman. But I later discovered I was using the wrong methods with her—that she always responded to contrary suggestion—I should have been—

JS:
—reversing—

WH:
—reversing her and tell her just the thing to do. But anyway, that she'd gone ahead and had gotten a PhD from Harvard—a thing that few women have ever done—and I, somehow, deeply believe that she's trying to atone for her childhood sin of losing the second most valuable point in the whole archaeological history at that time.

JS:
Oh, that's a delightful story.

WH:

Well, at least that kind of takes care of her, I suppose. She has four children now, and—

JS:

Lives where?

WH:

At Lincoln, Nebraska—

JS:

University of Nebraska?

WH:

Yes. She's married a man by the name of Kelley, who also got his doctor's degree from Harvard, and he's one of the recognized—one of the three, perhaps, best recognized specialists today on the Mayan civilization [**David H. Kelley**]. He and two more men are gradually breaking the glyphs—the Mayan glyphs. He publishes one or two papers a year on it, and he's now getting out a book on it, which is supposed to be published, I think, this coming year. When we were there at Christmas, he was showing me—it's all ready, except some very tedious work on the plates—and he was in hopes that he would be able to get it to them by this summer—to the publisher—it's going to be published by the University of Nebraska Press.³ But they are leaving Nebraska—Jane has been the archaeological—curator of archaeology in the museum of Nebraska, and also, she's been teaching part time in the department. But they're going to Calgary in the fall, both of them, as assistant professors at a salary that seems fantastic. The two of them together are to get thirty thousand for eight months a year—but they're paid on twelve installments a year.

JS:

I think I could live on that.

WH:

They'll have—incidentally, Jack, it might not be a bad place for you to keep your eye on. They say it's a beautiful country there.

JS:

That's what I understand.

WH:

Some of Jane's very closest and dearest friends are migrating there, too, so I think that's had

³ Holden writes that the book was being done by the University of Texas Press in 1975.

quite a bit to do with their decision to go. It's just an hour's drive from Banff—Banff, is that it? Where the—oh, the big resorts, hotels, and things—?

JS:

Oh, yes.

WH:

They pay fantastic salaries—of course, the living may be high.

JS:

Yes, and the weather might be somewhat severe—more so than we're used to.

WH:

Yes, it will be, but you know, they say it's not as bad as Montana. The weather seems to congregate over Montana and Colorado—the coldest place in North America, I think, is in Colorado.

JS:

Yes, in that eastern part of the Rockies.

WH:

Yes, there's some condition there. Maybe it's the coldest place in the United States—that's it—is this place in Colorado.

JS:

Oh, the continental U.S.

WH:

Yes. That place is mentioned very often during cold—this time of year. It's usually about six degrees colder there than it is the next coldest place.

JS:

I don't know, I think a couple Sundays ago, the coldest place in the U.S. was in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

WH:

Yeah, that's what I hear.

JS:

I believe, if you'd like to go on, with your first wife—

WH:

Oh, yes—back—we built this big house here. Olive, whose picture you may have seen it before—there, she and Jane as a—had quite an interest in Pueblo architecture. She wanted to build a Pueblo house. So after we were here a year, we got acquainted with one of these architecture seniors—Jimmy Atchison, who's since done a—he's been one of the college architects since then, quite a bit. He's designed some of the buildings there. But anyway, we got Jimmy and took him out to Santa Fe, and we spent about two days going all around town, and she told Jimmy what to do—she said “Sketch this thing,” and “Sketch this little gargoyle,” and “Sketch this window,” and “Sketch this doorway and this fireplace,” and so on. He came back with a thing full. Then she designed that house on Pueblo lines, which is terraced effect, rounded irregular walls that flare at the bottom, and so on. The whole thing is an unbalanced balance. Jimmy, then, executed it. Did I take you over there one day to show it to you?

JS:

No, sir, I haven't seen it.

WH:

If it weren't so cold, I would take you over and show you.

JS:

You don't need to get out in this weather.

WH:

I can't get out in this weather, yet. But it is a beautiful thing—all designed by Olive. She inherited, about that time, five thousand dollars from her grandmother's estate, and that was '31, '32 —'31.

JS:

That's a lot of money.

WH:

At that time, it was a lot of money. So we started in, and we had that money to deal with—to go on—and we built the house, and I was the builder. I let out the job—the making adobes to the Mexicans, and my father, who was a builder, came and supervised the actual construction. And when we were through, we still had a little money left, with this unusual, very beautiful building. The woodwork inside, much of it is hand-carved by a wonderful old—well, Jimmy's father, by the way, who did it. He was an expert carpenter—furniture maker, really—and during the Depression, well, he was just glad to work can to cane for five dollars a day. Poor fellow, pretty soon after we finished the building—he had a little workshop, and something exploded in his workshop and burned him to death, and so on. Well, then we lived there, and in 1937, she—

along, Easter, I had carried an expedition with Dr. Wagner, Bill McMillim, and several more people here in town. We had gone down and dug a cave down, near the mouth of the Pecos River at Easter, and came back. And just after we got back, she came down with awful cramps in her abdomen here—started with diarrhea and then these things absolutely became unbearable. We took her to the hospital and Dr. Wagner operated on her—emergency operation—and he thought it was a locked bowel—he thought the little intestine had flung itself into a—

JS:

—twisted—

WH:

—into a twist. Well, anyway, he found an inflamed appendix, and he got her all fixed up, and she seemed to mend for about three weeks. Then, all of the sudden, a great reversal came, and from then she just floated out in another six weeks.

JS:

Peritonitis?

WH:

Peritonitis. And incidentally, that was just the year before they came out with the first counter-actor for peritonitis—that was the sulfas. The sulfas—if they had gotten the sulfurs just two years sooner, they probably would have saved her.

JS:

Yes, that used to be a real killer in surgery.

WH:

It really was. Then Frances and another girl—her roommate, Elizabeth Dryden—had roomed with us for a year beforehand. They had kind of attached themselves to her [Olive]. She was the sponsor of the Ko Shari Club. They were Ko Sharis, and both of them were having a hard time going to school on nothing. We had an extra room, which we just let them have for room rent—gave it to them without room rent. And so they just became members of the family—they had been for a year or two. After a couple of years, then, Frances and I married. She was very devoted to Jane—and has been as good of a mother, I suppose, as anybody could ever want or even dream about as far as Jane was concerned—and Jane's children, and so on.

JS:

When did you build the small house?

WH:

When Olive died, I simply couldn't live in that house, and so I bought the lot beyond it and built a little house—I remember I built it for about two thousand dollars—and so I moved in it for a couple years. And then after—in the meanwhile I was renting the big one out, then—Fran and I lived there one year, and in the meanwhile, I bought these lots here, and then we planned this house—she planned it and I built it. We intended to keep that one for Jane, which we did, and Jane finally lived in it for the three years they were here after she married. I still have it in her name—I imagine I'll just leave it there. I bought it from her—I gave it to her, put it in her name, and then I bought it from her and she and Dave signed the deeds back to us, but I never have had them recorded, even. I just have them unrecorded up there in the strongbox.

JS:

You have the four lots through here?

WH:

Yes. Well, I have about five, six lots, I guess. I have three houses on them.

JS:

—and the big house.

WH:

—with two apartments at the back. Oh, I'm leaving that house in Jane's name so it will not appear in the inheritance later. She'll already have that—and trying to keep the inheritance levy down.

JS:

Yes—that's a wise—very wise thing to do.

WH:

Yeah, I bought it from her so she could buy a house in Lincoln—wonderful little house. The only reason she hates to leave Lincoln is to leave that wonderful old brick house. If she could just take it with her—

JS:

—it'd be all right.

WH:

It'd be wonderful.

JS:

Well, maybe someday she'll come back to Lubbock and stay in the big house.

WH:

I don't much think they'll ever come back. We had hoped that they would, but I don't think Tech would ever be able to get them back, now.

JS:

Too much money?

WH:

Too much money, and also there'd been—they [**the Tech administration**] had a chance, before they left here, to build a strong anthropology department, and they didn't take advantage of it. I don't know whether they'll ever have one now or not. It's now attached to sociology, and it's lost its identity—no more fieldwork, you never hear about it. I think they have two or three fairly good people here, but they are so smothered under that [**structure**—if they'd turn them loose, it's an exciting thing. You start fieldwork, and heavens, the media just follow you around to report what you're doing. They're underfoot all the time, and it's an exciting thing. They could—it's the easiest thing to promote and get support for that there is, but they lost their chance here.

JS:

Well, I doubt if Dr. Staby [?] is too interested in anthropology, per se.

WH:

Bill Pearce and I have made a special point of trying to get Dr. Murray committed to organizing and building a strong department, but he doesn't seem to be interested in it. I guess most geologists don't see any money to be made out of old bones and things. So Bill is leaving, I'm going out of circulation, there will be nobody that I know of to promote it now.

JS:

If you won't mind a small contradiction, you may retire, but I doubt seriously if you will ever be totally out of circulation, Dr. Holden.

WH:

Well, I'm not going to be in a position to throw my weight around, much.

JS:

Well, I don't know.

WH:

Bill and I tried a little weight-throwing—we haven't gotten anywhere with Murray.

JS:

Yeah, he's an out-of-stater—he's not too aware of what he should be aware of, perhaps.

WH:

No, he doesn't stay around enough be aware of it, I'm afraid.

JS:

Well, you will still be involved in the ranch complex quite a bit, as far as—

WH:

Well, if we get it off the ground, we will. It's going to involve about four hundred thousand dollars. Right now, nobody knows where it's coming from. We thought that we had a possibility of getting it off the ground, but it hasn't materialized yet. I don't know of anybody—they're not going to get what they need from this new museum building, and the things to go into it, so I don't see how they can tap that fund for it.

JS:

I started to say, I understand they're having difficulties with financing the museum, itself.

WH:

Oh yes. The ironical thing about that, and I don't mind putting it—I want it restricted for a while—you're going to have to turn this over—

End of recording