

**Oral History Interview of
Clyde Jones**

**Interviewed by: David Marshall
November 6, 2003
Lubbock, Texas**

**Part of the:
*Natural History Project***

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Interview Series Background:

The Natural History oral history collection includes interviews with individuals involved in biological field research, especially in mammalogy and ornithology. Most of the interviewees are faculty members in biological sciences at research universities. The collection focuses on academic studies in botanical and zoological taxonomy, ecology, conservation, and animal behavior.

Transcript Overview:

This interview features Clyde Jones, Horn Professor Emeritus and Curator of Mammals Emeritus at Natural Science Research Laboratory. Jones discusses his early life and his experiences as a biologist, mammalogist, and government administrator for the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Length of Interview: 02:16:42

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Keywords

Primatology, biology, field work, Africa, mammalogy, water

David Marshall (DM):

Okay, well I'm going to put an introduction on here first and then we will talk about some of your background. I want to talk about you growing up in Nebraska, and your education and career, and then changes in the world of biology and field work. But let me put an intro on here first. Let's see, the date is November 6, 2003, and this is David Marshall along with Bill Tydeman interviewing Clyde Jones at his office at the Natural Science Research Lab at Texas Tech in Lubbock, Texas. So, if we could start with some real basic biographical information like when and where you were born, a little bit about your family and their career and what brought them to Nebraska, and then we'll launch into some about your boyhood. Sound all right?

Clyde Jones (CJ):

Okay, well I was born in Scottsbluff, Nebraska March 3, 1935, a typical Depression baby, I think, and one of the remarkable things about my family—I was raised by older people. My mother was forty-two when I was born, and at that time that was unusual, and I had an older brother who was nine years older than me, so I was obviously sort of a tag-along, in other words, I was a mistake in that generation. And shortly thereafter my mother and father were divorced. My father remarried, and my mother never did. She had been a career school teacher in Nebraska, and she decided for some reason not to re-enter that profession, so she went into the cattle business with my unmarried uncle and my unmarried aunt and they raised purebred Hereford cattle. And we lived on a small ranch ten miles north of Burwell, Nebraska, we lived in the sand hills, and I had a great childhood. I thought and thought and thought and I can't remember anything bad about my childhood, and I think part of it was that I was raised by older people; there were no other children in the family. I had two additional aunts who were school teachers and they married very late, they didn't like—they were in their forties when they married. They never had children. My uncle Bob, who became my surrogate father, he never married and my aunt never married. And so I was protected and babied by those people, I think. I was spoiled, I was a spoiled brat I guess, that's the honest way to put it, I guess. I started school in a country school which was about three miles from the ranch headquarters, my brother and I went to school there, starting in the first grade, and I was sort of bored by all of that because I knew how to read and write and everything because of my school teacher aunts. On those long winter evenings they would read to me, and I would read to them and we knew everything. I could read and write and do all these things that they normally teach kindergarten people and first grade people, they put me right into the first grade. And then after I finished—well, there were a couple of experiences there that are related in that, that are revealing I think. And then my mother purchased a small house in Burwell so that my brother could enter the ninth grade and I entered the second grade. Then my brother dropped out of school and joined the Marine Corps, and he was killed in the battle of Iwo Jima. That had an impact, and between the second and the eighth grade I skipped a year, I skipped a half a year, and then another half a year. And so I was pretty young when I entered high school. I graduated when I was sixteen, and then my mother

insisted that I lay out a year before entering college so I would again be with people my own age, and so I worked for the Navy at a defense plant building hundred-and-five-millimeter shells.

DM:

And where was this?

CJ:

In Wahoo, Nebraska, the plant was at a little town called Mead which was just outside of Wahoo, Nebraska. That was sort of interesting.

DM:

When you were in school did you show any interest toward any particular disciplines? Was there any special interest in biology at that time, early on?

CJ:

Indirectly, because I lived on the ranch, I was interested in prairie dogs, and gopher snakes, and things like that. I had a big gopher snake and I put him in a cage in my bedroom upstairs in the old ranch house and one day went upstairs and he was gone. And I sort of looked around, and my mother had some ladies down stairs in the living room and then my mother called—this plaintive voice, said, “Clyde, could you come down here please?” And what happened was my mother would have some ladies come visit her and then toward the end of the visit my mother would play the old pump organ that we had and they would sing, or she would just play, or my uncle Bob, aunt Mary, and I would be summoned to come and sing and that was a real trip, you know. But there was this gopher snake lying on the keyboard of the pump organ, and so all of them were aghast at all of this but I got him and put him back in his cage. That was the beginning of the banning of pets in the house, no more, okay.

DM:

Did you hunt much in the Sand Hills?

CJ:

Yeah, there was quite a bit of stuff, you know, a lot of water fowl, a lot of mammals on the ranch, and I had another—the uncle who married one of my school teacher aunts was an amateur taxidermist, and he knew most of the animals, and he collected, we picked up things, and he prepared them in his amateur way. They were mostly awful but we didn’t know that at the time.

Bill Tydeman (BT):

I was just going to say, you mentioned in your biographical narrative about early on having gopher traps, and—

CJ:

Yeah, we had pocket gophers, they were common in the Sand Hills, and we grew grass. We grew purebred Hereford cattle and grass, and we had those old bar mowing machines, single-bar mowing machines, and the gopher mounds, the sand would wear out the plates on them, and so I was hired to go trap pocket gophers. My uncle bought me a couple of sets of Victor Gopher Traps and on the weekends I would ride around and trap gophers, and I didn't know it but I was a mammologist.

BT:

Yeah, you were.

DM:

Did you ever skin them or cut them open to see how they ticked or anything like that?

CJ:

No, no, no, we just trapped them and poked them back down the hole and covered the hole, and buried and flattened out the mound, you know.

DM:

You did mention somewhere along the way, it seems like, that you, that y'all butchered cattle on the ranch.

CJ:

Yeah, we butchered cattle and we butchered one pig. Let me tell you the pig story. My brother and I were out on our horses and we encountered this strange thing, and the horses were jumping around because they had never seen such a thing, and it was a pig, it was a red pig, about that long, and it had a paint bucket stuck on its face, and it was roaming around on our property, and we finally got a rope on it and we dragged it home and my uncle Bob came out of the barn and he kicked the paint bucket off of this pig, and I guess I was the first thing the pig saw—the pig imprinted on me and it just followed me everywhere and tried to follow me into the house and it just followed me everywhere. Finally, my mother let it come on to the porch but, you know, no pets in the house. That was a firm rule. Well anyway, I babied the damn pig, the pig grew up and my mother got on the phone and tried to find the owner of the pig and no one ever claimed the pig. So it grew up and we butchered it and we ate it. (laughs) But yeah, we butchered our own cattle, we had a big garden. Times were tough. We didn't have much cash. We had the land, we had the livestock, we had the equipment, which we were constantly working with, but cash was a little—we had to sell something to get money, that's simply how it worked. We had to sell something to get cash, and I guess that was typical of that era following the Great Depression. I'd like to say here that my parents—they never got over the Great Depression, they were sure it would come again, and maybe it has, they were sure that the Dust Bowl would come again, they

were sure that World War I and World War II would happen again. These things always came up in sort of idle conversation around the dinner table, or on some Sunday gathering or something. Those things were never forgotten.

DM:

I know you were too young to remember, but was that area pretty well devastated during the Dust Bowl days?

CJ:

Yeah, I remember going out with my uncle and he would burn Russian Thistles [Tumbleweeds] that piled up in great masses against the fences, and we went to great expense to go to metal fence posts so we could burn the Russian Thistles that piled up against them. There were a lot of them. I remember that as a vivid experience, that in the Sand Hills, Russian Thistles sprouted and grew quite well.

DM:

Do you recall any wildlife observations that went beyond the normal in that area, besides the domestic pig?

CJ:

Deer were very scarce. Deer and wild turkeys were very scarce when I was a young boy. Now they're very common in that area. Jackrabbits were common, bunnies were common, pheasants were common, grouse were still present. The best place to hunt grouse was, they would get on top of the haystack in the winter time, and so you just go out and shoot them, shoot all of them. And we would hunt a lot of waterfowl. The plan there was to put a gunny sack over you and crawl up on a playa lake and shoot, and you quit when you filled the gunny sack. We were supposed to be conservationists but we weren't. But one of my uncles became appointed as a game warden. Well, that changed all the rules. (laughs) That changed all the rules immediately. He came and lectured to us and we learned about limits and things like that, and that changed everything.

DM:

Had the deer been hunted out? Is that why they were scarce when you were young?

CJ:

Yeah, they had been hunted, and the Dust Bowl had a great impact on them, but they are very common now. And wild turkeys are everywhere.

DM:

Are those white-tailed deer?

CJ:

Yes, white-tailed deer. The grouse are gone; quail are common now. We would hunt pheasants, and we preserved these. We had a piece of property which I still own, I still own three-hundred acres of the original ranch. For some reason I haven't sold it, it's just not for sale. And we have plum thickets which grew in blowouts, and we preserved those because they held the sand and prevented it blowing. And in the winter time, when we had a lot of snow, we would just go in there with a pitchfork and get the pheasants. They were under the snow in the plum thickets, and we'd just go in and stab them with a pitchfork, you know. Again we didn't have a lot of cash and shells were expensive, but pitchforking the pheasants was easy, and it was fun too.

DM:

Pheasant gigging huh?

CJ:

Yeah.

BT:

But you could actually see where the pheasants were under the snow?

CJ:

Yeah, and it was great fun too. (laughs)

BT:

Well you mentioned, I'm interested in, to continue this thread, some favorite books that you had in your early years that you still have in your family library?

CJ:

Yeah I still have those.

BT:

And one is [James Gilchrist] Lawson's *Wild Animals: Photographs and Descriptions of 100 Important Wild Animals*.

CJ:

Oh, it's a wonderful book from that era. I still have all these at home. Yeah, it's just a book with portfolio photographs of animals, important animals. Yeah, I thought about having you come to my house, but I decided to meet with you here. And if you wish, we can go to the house if you want to sometime. I don't know why I kept those things either, except those were the things I learned, I learned about mammals from those books, and those were all very non-technical kinds of productions. But it was great, for a kid like me it was great, okay? This was an inroad into

knowledge about mammals that I couldn't get, that didn't exist anywhere else. There wasn't a *Mammals of Nebraska*, or there wasn't *Mammals of the Sand Hills*, there weren't any of those things. Those things didn't come along, my God, until the late Knox Jones wrote *The Mammals of Nebraska* in the 1950s.

BT:

The other thing that interests me, Clyde, in talking about your days at home and the influence of your mother, you mentioned that you had in a sense a family story hour, or a time in which each week you would tell stories, or talk about your readings?

CJ:

Yeah, she was very strict about that. She included herself—she and my two school teacher aunts who lived with us or they stayed with us on weekends. They lived with a family near their school, a country school where they taught during the week, but they lived with us on weekends. And we had reading assignments, to read some book and then after dinner we would report on it. And she was very strict about that, and I got into these mammal books and so that's what I would read with a couple of exceptions: the *Trail of the Loop*, I think I mentioned there, and then along came a book titled *Old Jewels*, which was a real classic about an early settler who came alone to the Sand Hills and it's the story of his life. He had what, three or four wives?

BT:

Yes, and a daughter that becomes pretty significant—

CJ:

Yeah, his daughter Mari Sandoz became a very important writer in Nebraska history. Yeah, we had to report on these, I mean, and you didn't miss a report, okay? That was another thing that didn't—you didn't say, "well I don't have anything to report." You didn't—this was one of those, as my uncle Bob called them, this was a non-negotiable.

DM:

Well, I have the feeling that this was a little more inspiring, this reading was more inspiring than high school biology, from some of the comments you made. Could you tell me a little bit about high school biology, or what was the real impact on your life that would cause you to become a mammalogist?

CJ:

Well, let's touch on high school very briefly. I learned one important thing in high school, I learned to type because my mother made me take typing. And as one of two guys in the class of about thirty females, you can imagine the names we were called. But here we are, two football players taking typing, and those old unmarked keys, a-s-d-f-j-k-l-7, Jesus, how could you ever

forget that? And that's why I think, yeah, I think I've been fairly effective because I learned to type like a typist, rather than hunt and peck. My former friend, the late Knox Jones, you know, he typed like that. Well, anybody can do that, you know, but yeah I learned to type. I was sort of an undisciplined brat in high school. High school biology didn't thrill me very much because I knew something about all of that stuff. I knew about reproduction, I knew about reproduction systems by watching the cows and the dogs, we had a bunch of dogs—you know, I knew all that stuff. I enrolled in college, and I had saved enough money to pay for the first full year of my tuition and my lodging, I lived in the dorm.

DM:

This was at Hastings?

CJ:

At Hastings College which is a Presbyterian college. And I went to talk to the football coach and he checked me over, he weighed me, I weighed one-hundred and eighty pounds, and he said, "What are you?" And I said, "Well, I'm a center or a guard." He kind of laughed and said, "Yeah, he's a center or a guard." He said, "Here's the line coach why don't you talk to him." And the line coach said, "Yeah, you're a center to guard you know." He said, "Why don't you snap the ball to me a few times." And I did, and he said, "Yeah, you're a center." But he said, "You're kind of small." And I said, "Well, you know, I was an honorary mention all-conference in high school." And he said, "I don't care about that shit, I want to know what you can do in college." And so we practiced and the B-Team, which I was on, we had a game with an outfit at Norfolk, which was a junior college at the time, and we went there and he said, "Now, you guys are going to learn the difference between high school and college, this is your first game." And the Korean Vets were returning. He said, "There're going to be some older guys and they're going to be tough on you." And we got in this game and the guy across from me, he just flattened me two or three times, and bloodied my face—oh, at that time we didn't have face masks, okay? We just had interesting pots and no face guards, and I got my face bloodied, and the coach said, "Well, we know who's looking around in there, you're looking around in there, you're getting your face bloodied." And that guy was just flattening me, and I said, "Well, if you put me back in, I think I can take him." And he just flattened me again. And they called a timeout and we were running to the sideline and this guy was just standing there, and I just gave him one as I went by, I hit him right in the neck and he just dropped, and it was a totally illegal and unconscionable thing but nobody saw it except my coach and he said, "You know, Jones," he said, "You have possibility." (laughs) The guy was out, you know, it was a spur of the moment decision, and I just let him have it. I played three years at Hastings. I lettered three years. I didn't play my senior year because I discovered science. I used to go down to it—there's a little museum in Hastings called "The House of Yesterday," and it's a typical mid-western city museum. It has farm equipment and all kinds of things. But I used to go down there, and I went down there so often they let me go behind the little exhibits and things, and there was a guy

down there skinning birds, and I was fascinated by that. And I found out that you could make a living doing that. You could get paid to skin birds and skin mammals and things. And I went back to the college and talked to my advisor, who was a guy named Dr. Moulton, "Moldy" Moulton we called him, and he said, "Yeah, there is a field there." But he said, "You have to take the following courses." I had been going to be a history major, and I thought my future was in teaching history and coaching in high school some place, because that's what you did in that generation. Women were either secretaries or school teachers; men were either ranchers or taught school and coached. I mean, those were the opportunities in that time, in that place. And so, in my senior year, he enrolled me for about twenty hours of biological sciences. Comparative anatomy, all that good stuff, and God that was great stuff, I thought it was great. And Gene [Eugene] Fleharty and I had become friends in 1953, and Gene was a year ahead of me, and he went off to graduate school, he went to New Mexico. And he and Jim Findley found each other. And Gene influenced me to apply at New Mexico and my advisor John Moulton said, "Yeah, you should go to New Mexico." He said, "They never do anything practical down there." And I thought, well, that was an interesting thing for him to say. And I didn't know about wildlife biology even though my uncle had become a game warden, I didn't know what you did—I mean he was just a rancher and he was appointed a game warden. I thought, that's the luck of the draw, I thought, that's how that happens. But, Fleharty started filling me in on what he did and I talked it over with my mother and she thought I should go. She thought I should go to New Mexico because I could learn about different cultures, I could get out of the Sand Hills, and besides that she wanted to come visit me, and so, okay.

DM:

What about Fleharty, was he from right around Hastings?

CJ:

He's from Hastings. He comes from a family of six boys in that family, and I'll tell you Fleharty's story in a few minutes.

BT:

Was he on a clear biology track as an undergraduate, I mean, was he pointing in that direction to influence you?

CJ:

No, I don't think he knew what he wanted to do either. But John Moulton encouraged us to apply to graduate schools, and so he was accepted at New Mexico and he went there, and I was accepted at, let's see, some place in Illinois but I didn't really want to go there so—

DM:

Didn't you teach high school for a little brief period too?

CJ:

As a practice and a substitute teacher.

DM:

While you were attending Hastings?

CJ:

Yes. And I quickly decided that high school teaching was not for me. I quickly decided that's not my bag.

DM:

Why is that?

CJ:

Well, because the students just told me to go get fucked, okay? You know, I thought, I don't think that I could handle that. (laughs)

DM:

Were you coaching at the same time?

CJ:

Yeah, you know, I thought, to hell with all of this, I don't want to put up with this. And you couldn't just go beat the hell out of them, you know, which I wanted to do, I mean that had come into being in history. I mean, when I was in the country school somebody stole my pencil, and my brother stuck his tongue out at me, and I told the teacher. Well she made him stand in front of the class with his tongue out during the lunch hour. I thought that was great, but I got mine on the way home. (laughs) But those days had passed, you couldn't just go choke the shit out of some clown, you know, which I sorely wanted to do. Anyway, yeah we didn't know about science until we were seniors. And John Moulton, and he wasn't a scientist, he was a geographer, but he happened to teach biology because nobody else was qualified to teach it.

DM:

Spell his last name for me.

CJ:

M-o-u-l-t-o-n I think, yeah Moldy John Moulton. So we went to New Mexico, and Jim Findley loves to tell this story. I walked into his office wearing a shirt with the sleeves cut out and an old cowboy hat on and a pair of boots. And Findley tells the story that I still had horse shit on my boots. I don't think that's true. And he said, "What do you want?" And I said, "I came to get my

Ph.D.” And Fleharty was with me, and Findley looked at my transcript from Hastings College—well, I didn’t mention it in writing but I got thrown out of school one time for an inappropriate act. And my mother got me back into school with the promise that I would behave and survive and stuff. I’ll tell you that I discovered—while at Hastings the Presbyterian school, I discovered that drinking beer was a very good past time. (laughs) And I had never done that before. My family did, my family drank a lot. My uncle Bob drank a lot of whiskey and they would, you know, on Sunday he would go visit his bachelor friends in the neighborhood and they had a bottle and I always watched this but I never drank or anything until I got to Hastings. Drinking beer, that was a great past time.

DM:

Did they have any particular motives for sending you to a Presbyterian school?

CJ:

I think probably they did, yeah, I think so. Hastings College had required chapel. I mean, the college was small enough, we all had assigned seats. But Gene Fleharty and I wrangled a deal with a young co-ed that took role. So we missed, you know, we didn’t go. And yeah, during chapel we would go out and drink beer, of course, that’s what you did, right?

BT:

No better way to thumb your nose at authority. (laughs)

CJ:

No, I mean, what better way to resist the Presbyterian people, you know? And the other thing they had was a neat deal: you had to sign a card on Monday that said whether or not you had been to church on Sunday. Well, we all lied, okay, we all lied. But we got caught and then you had to go talk to the dean. And we walked in and he said, “Okay, you guys are out of school, now you convince me why you should be allowed back in school.” Well I mean, we couldn’t do that, so we got tossed out of school briefly. My mother got me back in. Anyway, we got to New Mexico—I’m sorry about this garbled story. (laughs) We arrived at New Mexico and Findley took a look at my college transcript and he said, “You know if you were here you would hardly be a senior.” I didn’t take chemistry in college because Gene Fleharty’s father taught chemistry, and I knew the family personally, but I was so terrified of the man that I just could not enroll in a course from him. I mean, personally he was fine. I had dinner with him, spent a lot of time with him, but I was terrified of him, I just never had chemistry so I had to take chemistry 1 as a graduate student, chem 1, chem 2, you know. God almighty, I was taking chemistry with the guys I was teaching in biology. They offered me a teaching assistantship for some reason—because they needed another warm body, I concluded. I never had botany, either, as an undergraduate because botany wasn’t taught at Hastings. They didn’t have one. They had a one-

man biology department, one-man biology and geography department, and so, we were a little weak in background information.

DM:

But, you know, they produced two biologists. Is that just coincidence? Are there others that went into biology at Hastings?

CJ:

They produced others—there's a guy visiting us from Lincoln, Nebraska named Hugh Genoways, he's a graduate of Hastings. They have produced half-a-dozen mammologists.

DM:

Why is that?

CJ:

We don't know. We don't know. And I guess the track that Fleharty and I led sort of attracted a couple of other people. It attracted Hugh Genoways, that [thought] "I'll follow in the footsteps of those guys." And he did. But as Findley put it, "I had to make something out of two jocks." (laughs) And I don't know if he did or not but we survived. I think my first semester as a graduate student I think I got four hours of graduate credit, all the rest were leveling courses—botany, chemistry, stuff like that. Jesus! I got a C in one of my chemistry courses, and the rules were, if you got six hours of C you were out. And Findley said, "Well, you got that out of the way; now you don't have to get another C." That was his positive approach to it, you know. (laughs) For God's sake! Actually, I was very happy with my C at the time. And we learned about trapping and skinning mice, and we learned about field work, and for some reason we loved it. And a graduate assistantship at New Mexico in 1957 paid one-hundred dollars a month. Sixty dollars a month went to renting this small duplex that my wife and I lived in, and it was more money than we had ever had, so we were happy. I mean we were probably miserable but we didn't know it. But we were happy. And a big Friday night deal was to buy a couple of quarts of beer and get together with another couple or two, and play cards, and drink beer, something like that. We hardly ever went to movies or anything. Money was tight, and in December of 1957, my former wife decided to, she had a child, she had my daughter, December 1st. And we were living in a one-bedroom duplex and that was fine, we made it just fine. And then a year-and-a-half later my son was born, and for the first few days after we brought him home, he actually lived in a dresser drawer. And it was convenient, he couldn't get out of it, and then I found a little two-bedroom house that I could afford to rent. We rented that, and we were happy. And we were good friends with the Fleharty's and they had two children just like that. One girl and one boy, just right after we did, just like that. And I remember one night, in the middle of the night, there was rattling at the door, and it was Gene Fleharty, and he said, "The baby is crying, JoAnn's exhausted, what do I do?" I said, "Well, why don't you go home and carry the baby? Go home and give her a break, or something." But we did a lot of field work. NSF [National Science

Foundation] came out with a program of grants for terminal people to finish their research and we both, we applied for that, and for Christ's sakes, we got them. And they paid a bunch of summer money to us, so we gave the money to our wives and we went and lived in the field. Gene lived at a place called Wall Lake. He was studying garter snakes for his Ph.D. I lived at a place called Willow Creek because I was studying bats. Bat nets had just become available. And we didn't really know what we were doing, okay—

DM:

Before bat nets became available was there anyone doing that kind of work? Were they finding a way to—

CJ:

The only way to get bats was to shoot them and out of a case of shells you might get two or three, because they're pretty quick, you know. The other way to get them was to stretch a wire about that far above the surface of the water and they would come in drinking and fly into it and if you were quick enough, you could get them.

DM:

So, did the use of bat nets really promote the study of bats? Did it have a real significant impact?

CJ:

Yeah. The study of bats exploded, it exploded with the availability of bat nets.

DM:

And you were right there?

CJ:

Yeah, we were on top of it, and science was funny then too. Remember, this was—statistics hadn't been invented yet, computers hadn't been invented yet, things were primitive, and the whole concept of hypotheses hadn't been invented yet. The approach was, we go into the field with a sack and a stick and collect everything we can collect, and then bring it back and try to decide what to do with it. It was that approach, and it worked. We were working with Jim Findley on the *Mammals of New Mexico*. And so we were collecting, and we were collecting everything in sight, literally. We were shooting it or trapping it or netting it, we were collecting everything. And I became interested in bats because I stopped in at the University of Arizona, and E. Lendell Cockrum—who's still alive, incidentally—he was a bat person there, and he said, "You ought to study bats." He says, "There's a real need for it." And I thought, yeah, I ought to study bats. And I convinced Findley that I should, and he was a little nervous about that at first. And it turned out that I lucked into something. I caught a whole bunch of bats and it worked out that different species forage at different times and, therefore, they feed on different things and

that was sort of the beginning of resource partitioning as we know it, as we now know it. And we didn't even call it that then, we just said, "Yeah, these bats feed at this time, these bats feed at this time, and these bats drink at this time, and these bats drink at that time." You know the phrase "resource partitioning" hadn't been invented yet either. (laughs)

DM:

Where were you doing most of your bat netting at this time?

CJ:

At various places in the mountains of west-central New Mexico. I lived in a tent at Willow Creek and traveled around to several places and netted bats.

BT:

So Willow Creek was in what range?

CJ:

It's in the Mogollons; it's in the Mogollons. And Fleharty lived at Wall Lake, and about every two weeks I would go see him or he would come see me and the road from Willow Creek to Wall Lake was a real bitch, and if it rained it was worse than that, it was just solid mud.

DM:

And this was solitary work? This was solitary work that you were doing?

CJ:

Yeah, no, we worked alone.

DM:

Can you kind of describe your camp life a little bit?

CJ:

I don't think we were ever lonely, maybe a little bit sometimes, but we were busy. First of all, subsistence was important. We were busy feeding ourselves and keeping ourselves dry, and in the mountains it would rain frequently. In the summertime, the summer monsoons came through, and August was rainy, it would rain. And he was working on garter snakes and he was in the lake a lot. I was netting bats a lot. We didn't have waders at the beginning. Later on, I got a pair of chest waders and they were wonderful. But yeah, we were just busy. We would—I would net bats all night and then skin bats all day.

DM:

What about food and shelter?

CJ:

Well I lived in a tent. I lived in a ten-by-ten umbrella tent, and I'd cook a good meal maybe once a day, lunch the rest of the time. Peanut butter sandwiches are really good, you know, they'll carry you a long way. (laughs) Yeah, you can live a long time on peanut butter sandwiches. Peanut butter is also rat bait.

DM:

When you launched into this field work early on, did you feel that you had found your niche, or did you question whether this was really what you wanted to do?

CJ:

This is what I wanted to do the rest of my life, was trap and bag mice, and net and bag bats. This was it. And I discussed this with my mother, and as I comment in there, I'm not sure she ever really understood what and why I did what I did, but she supported it, and I relayed an interesting thing in there.

BT:

He's got a story here about how his mother's describing what work he was doing. (laughs)

CJ:

Yeah, I think that's how she related to it. But yeah, this is what I wanted to do, and I wanted to teach other people how to do the same thing. I wanted to teach and do this. And then I finished—well, let me tell you another story. Fleharty and I were roaming around the mountains, and I was driving. Jim Findley loaned us his old Chevrolet pick-up, and he had a camper on the back made out of plywood, you know how those are. Okies, here we go, okay, it was an awful beast. We took a trip and went into the Black Range of New Mexico and we patched the tire with hand tools, and patched the tire with a sleeping bag patching kit—and the damn thing held! (laughs) And so we went on with our trip and I was driving, and we had a half pint of Jim Beam and Gene was in the passenger seat and we're driving down the road, dirt road, and he says, "Stop, stop I just saw a white chipmunk." Yeah, yeah, yeah, white chipmunk? White elephant yes, white chipmunk, no way. He says, "Back up, back up, I saw, I'm telling you, I saw a white chipmunk." And I thought "This guy, he's nuts." He says, "Back up goddamn it, I saw a white chipmunk." So I backed up, and sure enough, there was a white chipmunk sitting on a rock and he shot it. And we skinned it and stuffed it—you know, whoever heard of a white chipmunk? So we got back to Albuquerque and—oh, we got to Silver City and a guy at a Standard filling station there sold us a tire on the promise that we'd pay him the next time we came by. How about that? We had like five dollars and he said, "No, I'll just sell you a tire and next time you come through, I

recognize the truck, the next time you come through you pay me for the tire.” It was like thirty dollars or something. And we thought, “Hey, this is great, we should have bought all four of them.” (laughs) And we called Findley, called him on the phone from this service station, and he said, “Now what have you done?” And we said, “Well, we bought a tire, and we will have to pay for it the next time we come through Silver City.” “Yeah, yeah, yeah, give me another bullshit story.” “Well, we shot a white chipmunk.” “Great guys [Findley said in disbelief], when are you coming home?” “Well, we’re starting home right now, we will get there tomorrow.” And so we wrote a paper on this white chipmunk and submitted it to the *Journal of Mammalogy*, and it was accepted, and we thought, “Hey, Jesus, this is really neat, you know, you can publish on what you do.” And so we went to Findley and we said, “Well, there’s this thing about buying reprints, and we don’t have any money.” And he said, “You go to the chairman and you ask him to buy your reprints.” And he set us up. So we walked in—we made an appointment, we walked into the chairman’s office and we said, “We wrote this paper on this white chipmunk, and we have to buy some reprints, and we wondered if the department would buy reprints.” And the chairman just looked up at us and he said, “Graduate students don’t publish.” And we thought, “What the hell was this?” And Findley was waiting right outside the door laughing his ass off. He said, “I’ll buy the reprints; I just wanted you guys to get the departmental philosophy.” That was the philosophy, graduate students don’t publish. (laughs) And that was the beginning of it all—hey you can publish this stuff, and you can publish it in the *Journal of Mammalogy*, shit, we’ll be famous. (laughs). That’s what we said to each other, “We’ll be famous.” And Findley said, “Yeah, yeah, you guys are already ‘infamous,’ is the word.” Geez, but that was the philosophy. Graduate students don’t publish. So—

BT:

But at the time that you’re at New Mexico doing your graduate work, and you’re talking about the methods and practices that existed then, I mean Watson and Crick are just coming out, the double helix, and the—

CJ:

Oh God, did I luck out on that one. Yeah, I was taking my final exams for my Ph.D. And I thought—well, we also had the two [required foreign] languages, and Spanish was not accepted at New Mexico, that’s right, because everybody spoke Spanish. So I did French and German. And I signed up to take French, and that poufy little guy that taught French, I could not handle him. (laughs) So I dropped French, and I ran across some children’s books, and I studied French and German by reading children’s books, and I passed the standard exam the first time I took it, and everybody was surprised. And so Fleharty did the same thing. We were just lucky, okay? We were lucky. At the exam, they gave me some kind of paper on mammals, and hell, I could read it, and I passed the exam. The same thing happened in German, we passed. Findley said, “I can’t believe you guys.” He said, “I struggled for years to pass German and French; you guys could pass it.” We read children’s books; that’s the way to do it.

BT:

Did they throw some DNA stuff at you in the exams?

CJ:

Yeah, I was taking my final exam and the night before my oral exam—I took the written. The night before my oral exam, I went to the drug store to buy a relaxant and there while waiting to checkout, there was a Life magazine with the double helix on it, and a big article about Watson and Crick, and I bought the magazine, I thought, “I better buy that.” And I read that damn thing that evening and the next day at my oral exam, the first question out of the box, Jim Findley said, “Have you ever heard of DNA?” And I thought, “I’ll just get the bastard.” I jumped up and I drew the double helix on the blackboard, I talked about it for about three minutes, and Findley said, “You son of a bitch, you found the magazine.” (laughs) That was in the early sixties, Jesus. It was luck, just luck. Just blind luck all of my life.

DM:

I wonder what Findley thought about that after the German and French thing? (laughs)

CJ:

Yeah, just lucky.

BT:

What is the old saying? “Luck tends to favor the prepared.”

CJ:

Yeah, luck favors the one who is standing around in the right place at the right time wondering what to do next. That’s what luck favors.

DM:

Was it Findley that got you the museum curator position at UNM. Didn’t you work there in the museum for a while?

CJ:

Yeah.

DM:

Was it natural history?

CJ:

Yeah, Findley got that job for me. That was great. I made—the first year I was the assistant curator I made six thousand dollars. I bought a new car. That's more money than I'd ever had, so I bought a new car.

DM:

How long were you there?

CJ:

That was in early—well, it was about 1963. I bought a Dodge car with a slant six-engine in it, which didn't last very long. Do you remember those?

BT:

I do. (laughs)

CJ:

Drove the hell out of it for a while, but that was a bad idea.

BT:

Clyde, I want to jump back a little bit to the more personal—you mentioned your wife and living and having children as a graduate student. When did you meet your wife? Was she a Nebraska girl?

CJ:

Yeah, she was a high school sweetheart. She was born and raised in Burwell, Nebraska, and we went to high school together, and then we were married at the start of my junior year at Hastings College and went from there. She had Mrs. Fleharty when I was gone. She had Mrs. Fleharty; they joined together.

BT:

Was she supportive of you going to graduate school and taking on those additional years?

CJ:

She was generally supportive of that. She never worked; she stayed home and took care of the kids. Mrs. Fleharty worked, and she took care of Fleharty's kids. Times were a little tough; times were a little tough. I found myself doing other odd jobs when I was in Albuquerque; late night person to pump gas at a filling station, a dollar an hour. Things like that. I found myself down in the valley picking chiles with the Mexican people and practicing my Spanish. That's a different kind of Spanish that they speak, but I found myself doing a lot of things like that.

BT:

But principally in your graduate years, it was the teaching assistantship that was putting the groceries on the table?

CJ:

Teaching assistantship; I finished my Ph.D. and I was hired as the assistant curator. I was the assistant curator for mammals, birds, fossils, plants, reptiles, and amphibians. I was busy.

DM:

What kind of work did you prefer? The teaching, or the museum work, or the field work?

CJ:

Well, field work of course number one; it still is. Museum work is very important. Teaching is a way to achieve those things. It wasn't hard here at Tech to be a mammologist; there isn't anybody at Tech hired to be a mammologist; we just happened to be one. We were hired to teach something else. Baker was hired to teach psychology, he was hired to teach psychology but he happens to be a mammologist. Yeah, we were all hired to do something else; we just happened to be mammologists. I was hired to be a mammologist by the Fish and Wildlife service, but let's talk about Tulane for a moment. Are you in a hurry to go someplace?

DM:

No, not at all.

CJ:

So I wanted to go back to Albuquerque. My mother was very, very supportive of me going to graduate school and becoming a college teacher. She was very supportive of that, in every way. I can't think of a single incident that she was not supportive of. She was extremely—almost pushy—supportive that I would find myself, I would be a college teacher, and I would have a better life than she had. I heard that many times. So, I had the assistant curatorship at Albuquerque and I realized that I would just always be Clyde the graduate student, that I had to get away from there, I had to leave, I had to go someplace. And I applied around and interviewed at two or three places. I didn't—Fleharty had left, he went to Nebraska Wesleyan in Lincoln, Nebraska, for one year. He was paid five thousand dollars and we thought, "Hey, hey, we're on the right road here." I got a temporary job at Tulane University to replace Norman Negus, who was on sabbatical for a year, and I was paid eight thousand dollars. And, Jesus, everybody was hanging around me, you know. And so we moved to New Orleans, moved to New Orleans in my Dodge with a small U-Haul trailer with everything we owned, and lived in a little apartment on campus; finally found an apartment of our own out by Lake Pontchartrain, and lived out there. [I] taught eighteen contact hours and [would] come dragging into my office at nine o' clock in the evening. And I picked up a couple of graduate students, picked up three graduate students in fact,

and they would say, "Why do you come to your office at nine o' clock?" And I said, "Stupid, that's when my last class ends." I taught my ass off at Tulane.

DM:

What kind of an adjustment was that, having grown up in Nebraska, lived in Albuquerque, and then moving to New Orleans, of all places?

CJ:

That was an experience. Albuquerque was a very cosmopolitan city and the University of New Mexico was a very interesting place. All the news media focused on Berkeley [University of California, Berkeley]. Berkeley didn't have it, man—we had it, but we were a small place, okay? I mean, we had everything, mixed marriages, mixed couples, this was the hippie era, we all grew hair. We were going to strike once for—oh, because of the dress code. And we pushed this all the way to meet with the President of the University of New Mexico. And we had a spokesperson and everything, and he met with us, he was a guy named Tom Popejoy, and he met with us, and he was very patient. He listened to us and he said, "You know, I'm going to take this under advisement; I'm going to think about it for a month. I'll meet with you a month from today." And he said, "Oh by the way, I'm going to freeze salaries until a month from today." And he left, and we looked at each other and we said, "This isn't working out." (laughs) "This is not what we had in mind." And we met with him a month later, everybody had clothes, everybody had a shirt with a collar, and everybody had socks and shoes on. Sometimes one blue sock and one grey sock but everybody had clothes, and he said, "You guys are a good looking bunch of guys, you are going to be paid, here are your checks." (laughs) Jesus! That was our learning experience about organizations and striking and unions. And that lasted with us, we have never belonged. Fleharty and I have never belonged to a union or an organization like that since, we learned—he was great, he was a great President.

BT:

He has a wonderful reputation as being.—

CJ:

Great guy. When I arrived at Tulane, Tulane had integrated itself racially and sexually, and that was interesting. And living in New Orleans was very interesting also for a guy from the Sand Hills. Jesus! This was an interesting place. We were driving down the street and there was a big Western-type eating place, a big cowboy says, "Y'all are welcome, everybody come." We thought, "We'll go there and try the food." We walked up to the door and there was a sign on the door that said "White Only." This was in 1965. All the events in Mississippi had happened but integration hadn't really hit the Deep South yet, I'm not sure it has yet. But I taught mammalogy, of course. I had a black student in class; she was at Tulane on a Ford Fellowship, and she was a good student and we arranged with a guy named Ned Suttkus, who taught ichthyology and

became a lasting friend. He taught ichthyology, so we took a field trip to Avery Island, Louisiana, which is owned by the McIlhenny—that Ned was a son-in-law; he married his cousin. He runs the hot sauce operations—and he arranged for us to stay in a black church on Avery Island. And Suttkus had a couple of black students, and I had this nice lady, and we stopped at a place to buy gasoline, and the guy was filling the tank, and she was sitting in the carry-all, and he looked in the window and saw her and he just dropped the hose, and he said, “You have to get out of here.” He said, “You have an N-person in your car.” And I picked up the hose—and he said, “Just leave, just leave.” I said “But I’ll pay you for the”—“ and he said, “No don’t pay me just leave, just get out of here, just get out of here.” And that was, it was an experience. Ned had arranged a place for us to eat in New Iberia, and we had to go in the backdoor, and through the kitchen and into a back room, and it was interesting. New Orleans, on the other hand, the city of New Orleans was wide open, just wide open. We finally—

BT:

So you wouldn’t have encountered in New Orleans itself, I mean, discrimination, segregation, wasn’t readily apparent.

CJ:

It wasn’t readily obvious, it was there but it wasn’t readily obvious. In the French Quarter, that was as open as it could be, I think. That was where we all hung out. There was a neat place down in the French Quarter across the street from the old Jax Brewery called The Acropolis. And it was the place where all the Greek sailors congregated when the ships came in, and we used to go there, and, oh Jesus, I mean we all should be dead. Suttkus and I and a couple of our graduate students, a guy named Glenn Clemmer, and one of my graduate students a guy named Jon Pogles, we would go there and drink beer and carouse around all night and watch the Greeks fight, I mean, Jesus, every night it was a fight and they’d throw beer mugs at each other, and you know, we should all be dead, we should all be dead. Glenn Clemmer had a black VW Beetle, and we would all cram into that and go down there, and he would just park it on the sidewalk, and we just parked on the side walk, and go in the Acropolis and we were in there and the police came to break up a fight, and one of the officers said, “Who owns that black Beetle parked on the sidewalk?” And Clemmer said, “I own it, it’s mine.” And he said, “You realize it’s parked on the sidewalk?” And Clemmer—he was drunk—he said, “Just take, it’s yours, just take it, I’ll give it to you.” (laughs) What do you do, you know? Have you ever heard of Dixie Beer?

BT:

Dixie? No, Jax I know about, but not Dixie.

CJ:

Well, Dixie was a step down from Jax, if you can believe that; and it was a lot cheaper; and it was almost the quality of drinking pure urine, it was just awful stuff, but you could get a buzz

out of it if you drank enough of it. It cost about seventy-five cents a six pack back then. Jesus! Awful stuff.

BT:

Graduate student medicine.

CJ:

Yeah, graduate students loved it.

BT:

Excuse me, David, didn't Tulane have the Primate Research Center?

CJ:

Yes.

BT:

Was that where your connection with—?

CJ:

There was a man at Tulane that everybody warned me about, that he just ate young people alive, a guy named Fred Cagle. And he was the assistant provost for research or some type, he was something to do with research. He was a herpetologist, well, his most famous work was Blair, Blair, Brodkorb, Cagle, and Moore, a vertebrate biology book about that thick. ["Manual of Vertebrates"]. He was a famous herpetologist, and everybody said he just ate young people alive, and I saw him eat some young people virtually alive, man. But we eventually wound up living in a house across the street from the old Sugar Bowl, and it was a house owned by Tulane. The man that lived in the house went on sabbatical for three or four years and we rented, sub-leased this house. Great house up on legs, you drive the car underneath the house, it was great. You could hear everything from the Sugar Bowl, you know, you didn't have to go to the games, you could drink beer and sit on the porch and listen. And this Fred Cagle lived about a block away from me, and I was walking to Tulane, this was about three blocks from where I worked, and he stopped and picked me up, and I was just terrified. And he said, "You know, Jones, I've been watching you and your performance." And I go, "Fuck (whispered)." And he said, "You know, I like you." And he says, "I'd like to get better acquainted with you." [I thought] Oh God, I need *this*, you know, some administrator. So I talked to Suttkus and he said, "Yeah, you better do that. If Cagle wants to get acquainted with you, let him get acquainted with you. Invite him on a field trip." So, Tulane had the Primate Center. They acquired another piece of property called the Riverside Property. It's now called the A. Beyer Center at Riverside. And Suttkus and I took our classes over to Riverside. And I was teaching ecology if you—you can laugh about that for a while if you want, and I took my kids, and Suttkus brought his kids, and we invited Cagle, and

we were there and we were just getting organized, and this car pulled up with a driver and had Mrs. Cagle and Fred Cagle in it. And Fred jumped out in his blue serge suit and just took his clothes off, stripped down to his underwear, and put on another pair of clothes. The driver set up a little TV table and put a red and white table cloth over it, and a bottle of whiskey and a glass, and Mrs. Cagle took Fred's clothes and got back in the car and left. And Fred said, he poured himself a glass of whiskey and he said, "Bring those fucking turtles here." And the kids just went (makes spit-take noise). (laughs) That was Fred Cagle's mode of operation, and he set there and injected turtles all day long. Jesus! What an experience. Anyway, for some reason I became acquainted with the director of the Primate Center who was a guy named Art Riopelle. And I don't know, for some reason he liked me too, and he said, "You ought to come to some of our seminars." And so, okay, I'll go to some of his seminars, you know, I don't have enough to do already. So, I went to one and it was a girl named Jane Goodall, and he introduced me to her, and her husband who then was Baron Von Lawick. And we talked about her work in Africa, she gave a seminar on her chimp work, and I was just totally enthralled with this. And she said that the late Mr. Leakey was looking for somebody to study primates in West Africa—lowland gorillas. And I didn't think anything about it. We talked about Dian Fossey and her work with highland gorillas, and I didn't think anything about it. And she went away, and I went back across the river across Lake Pontchartrain. There was a neat place there before you got on the causeway called the Burlap Club. You would have loved that. (laughs) Had a big sign there that said "Last drink for twenty miles." (laughs) I had to pull in there, okay, get ready for the drive across the Pontchartrain. I was beavering around Tulane and Art Riopelle called me and said, "Why don't you come over and see me? Why don't you come over and visit with me?" Okay, so I went over and he said, "I think we ought to apply for a grant, I think we ought to apply for a grant to send you to West Africa." And any young mammalogist that doesn't want to go to Africa is not worth anything, okay? I wanted to go to Africa, but I thought, "This is unreal, this can't be happening." And he said, "Yeah, I'll draft the grant, you fill in the information about yourself, and we'll get some money from the National Institute of Health, and we will get some money from [the] National Geographic [Society], and we'll send you to Africa for a year." And I thought "Okay, I'll take a shot." So we put the grant together, and we submitted it, and, quite frankly, I sort of forgot about it. And that summer Suttkus taught—it was the summer of 1965. Suttkus had an environmental training grant, and he took a group of students from Florida to San Diego, and I went with him on that trip. God, it was great. We collected the shit out of everything. We collected a thousand mammals; a thousand specimens.

BT:

Across country?

CJ:

Yeah, Jesus, it was a bloodbath. And seined fish, we killed several thousand fish, we had several thousand herps, it was a bloodbath. And I got home, and my wife said, "You're to call Art

Riopelle immediately.” “Okay.” So I called him and he said, “Hey I have good news for you, we got the grant.” Jesus!

BT:

Pack for Africa.

CJ:

Yeah, holy cow, this can't be happening. Again—blind luck. So, in the summer of 1966, I went to Africa. I went to Spain and met the Spanish coordinator who was the director of the Barcelona Zoo, and his biologist who was Jordi Sabater Pi, and I slugged around Spain. It was a wonderful place, wonderful beer in Spain, wonderful. San Miguel [beer] is just for your taste. You can get it here.

DM:

Can you?

CJ:

Yeah. And I went to Africa by myself. Jesus! Went to Rio Muni [present Equatorial Africa] and met the people and the army and everybody, it was a Spanish colony, and so I met everybody. Jesus Christ! What an operation and what a place to get into and to get out of.

BT:

You mean all kinds of bureaucratic regulations and things that just—?

CJ:

Oh God—yeah, and there were essentially two governments in Rio Muni; the Spanish government, and they had what they called an “autonomous government.” They were training a government to run the place, because it was going to become independent. You know, you deal with the Guardia Civil, which was the army government that ran the place, and then you had to deal with the civil government, and that was a nightmare. Bureaucracy rampant, and double paperwork, and “Oh, that doesn't work, you have to fill this out,” and so on and so on. Anyway, I slugged around Rio Muni and selected a couple of places I wanted to study, and I had to arrange to rent a house and ordered a car, ordered a Land Rover, which would be delivered sometime in the future, and incidental things like that. Checked out the medical facilities, caught malaria, had a great time. I went to get my—I'll tell you a small story—I went to get my paperwork to leave and you had to have a blood test, a test for malaria, before you could leave the country. So I was standing in line, and I got up front and the guy taking the blood had a lancet, and he would take somebody's blood and then he would wipe it off with an old rag, and I said, “I don't want you to do that, I want you to use another lancet.” And he said, “This is the only one I have.” And I went to my Land Rover and got in my skinning kit and punctured my

finger. I didn't want hepatitis on top of everything. And I came back and taught in the fall semester at Tulane. I was informed by the chairman—who I hated, I can tell you about him—and I was informed that I wasn't going to be offered a full-time position because Tulane operated on extracurricular funds and I had had a couple of small grants, a thousand dollars or so, but I didn't get a grant, and so I was not going to be retained. And I said, "Okay." And he said, "Aren't you going to talk to me about it?" And I said, "No, I'm going to go get my grant at the Primate Center, and I'm going to go to Africa for a year," and in a gentle voice, "Fuck you guys." And so I went, took my family to Africa in January of 1967, moved into the house—

BT:

That was the second year for being in Africa, you had already been there?

CJ:

I had been there in the summer of '66 and this was in January of '67. Went to Spain, went to Africa from Madrid to Fernando Po, it's now called Macias Nguema, the island on the west coast. That was a ten-hour prop plane flight, and everybody was sick, everybody barfed at least once on that flight. Flying over the West African desert was like that in a prop plane. Landed at Fernando Po, and I had convinced my son that the reason to go to Africa was that he wouldn't have so many Joneses around him. In New Orleans there were thousands of Joneses, okay? Thousands of them. And so we walked into the terminal at Fernando Po, and there's this tall black guy standing there and my son walks up to him and says, "My name's Jones, how are you?" And the guy says, "I say, my name's Jones also." (laughs) Craig says, "I want to go home." (laughs) It was a British-educated Nigerian. [It was] really strange to hear that accent incidentally, really strange.

DM:

How many total months did you spend in West Africa?

CJ:

Well, we spent a total of nineteen months.

DM:

Both trips?

CJ:

We were supposed to spend a year and a fortunate thing happened. The Spanish devaluated the peseta. So, suddenly, I had more money than I thought I had, and I wired Riopelle and he contacted National Geographic, and they said, "Stay, take the money and stay." On the way there I stopped in Washington and went to National Geographic where I met Dian Fossey for the first time, and they had a wonderful director of research. Goddamn, what was that guy's name? I'll

think of it in a moment. He was the former secretary of the Smithsonian, and he said, "I'm not interested in glossy-paged articles, I'm interested in science." And I thought, this guy knows what he's talking about. And so, we were in Africa, the house I had rented, the furniture I had arranged for was still there, the brand new Land Rover was there—diesel Land Rover. If you have never driven a diesel Land Rover you haven't experienced anything, It's a diesel jeep, oh God, bump, bump, bump, bump. But Rio Muni is a small country about seventy-five miles wide and a hundred and twenty-five miles long and about five-hundred thousand people. About twenty white people when we were there. They thought at first we were French, or German, and when they found out we were American, we were very popular, because we were the only ones there. And they thought we were something special, I guess, I don't know. They had all kinds of questions about life in America. And when I worked, I would go out and arrange to stay in a village, and hire a woman, stay in a nice house or some place, and hire a woman to boil water and to cook for me, and hire a boy to keep the goddamn goats off of me. (laughs) They had thousands of goats and they were everywhere. In my bed, in my car, on top of the Land Rover, they were everywhere. I had to hire some young man to keep the damn goats away from me. Jesus!

DM:

Are goats the major food source?

CJ:

Well, and they're wealth, they're items of wealth. Jesus!

DM:

What were you trapping?

CJ:

Well, I was studying primates.

DM:

Just primates?

CJ:

And I wrote *The Bats of Rio Muni* and I wrote numerous—I wrote nineteen papers from the nineteen months I stayed there. That was my goal, and I achieved it, and I'll never write—

BT:

You mean you went in with the idea of a paper a month?

CJ:

Yeah, I went there and said "I'll write a paper a month." And I achieved that goal, nineteen papers in nineteen months.

BT:

Did that, I mean, you went back to the States after that and back to Tulane, right?

CJ:

To the Primate Center.

BT:

—but at that point, I guess what I was wondering about, did you begin to think about, well maybe primate is what I want to do, to do primate research, or did you see it just as a separate path?

CJ:

I looked at primates from a zoologist point of view, and they're really interesting, and there are some really interesting problems. But I came to the realization that those problems will never be solved, because primates remind you of little people and there's a lot of emotion tied to getting permits to study primates. What really ought to be done is, somebody ought to go shoot about a hundred of them of every species, but you could never get a permit to do that. And the specimens that are in museums, the British Museum, the National Museum [of Natural History], the American Museum [of Natural History], Chicago [Field Museum], they are all caliper-worn from being measured for a hundred years, and they need new material to study the problems, and you would never get a permit to get it.

DM:

On a broader scale, do you have that problem with mammals where you wouldn't have it with herps?

CJ:

Yeah, it's a problem with mammals, it's a problem.

DM:

It's more difficult to get a permit to trap mammals than to catch herps or catch fish?

CJ:

Yeah, one of the benefits of my retirement is—

DM:

I'm going to pause this—[interruption to visit with Robert Baker]

DM:

Okay we're back on here.

CJ:

The African experience was a wonderful experience scientifically, it was a wonderful experience personally, the political problems were incredible. There was little to do in Bata for entertainment, well, going to the market was entertaining and problematic, of course. They had a movie theater. The movies were all in Spanish. We went to the movies a lot. They had soccer games there; they played teams from Cameroon and Gabon and Nigeria. We used to go to soccer games—we were sort of special there because we were the only white people and my wife was the only woman there. It was a men's thing, but we went. One time one of my trackers came by and he said, "Don't go to the soccer game Sunday." I thought, "Well, he wants my tickets or something." He said, "No, please, don't go to the soccer game Sunday." Well, as it turned out, during intermission they brought out some political prisoners and shot them, and he knew that was going to happen. Everybody knew everything. I thought—I used the joke and say it must be drums. Because something simple would happen, the license tag fell off my Land Rover, and I didn't know it, and I heard about it for about a hundred miles, and I thought, "If I don't recover that license plate, everybody is going to go crazy, they all know about it." It's a fantastic society. You get inland just a little bit and there are people there that have never seen the ocean, and the whole country is one hundred and twenty-five miles. And they're very clan-oriented. They are called the Fang, it's a sub-group of African culture. It's very interesting. I liked them. I learned to like them and respect them, and yet I feel sorry for what they are subjected to and they are still subjected to incredible human rights problems. But it's a small place, they don't have anything. They discovered oil in 1995, I believe, and oil companies pour some money into the country, most of it goes to the dictator—it's a mess.

DM:

Did you happen to write anything about the society while you were writing about—

CJ:

I wrote a little bit about it, just a little bit. Yeah, my daughter says she thinks I should write a book about that, and I don't know if I will or not. It's a wonderful—the people are wonderful once you get to know them. They're wonderful and they are clever and they can do wondrous things with their hands. I went down a river once with a dugout canoe with an outboard motor on it, and the motor quit, and we beached the boat and this guy, with a Swiss Army knife, took the motor all apart, laid all the pieces out, and I thought, "Oh Christ, we'll never get out of here,

we're in the mangrove swamps." He laid all the pieces out on a rag and wiped every piece off with a rag, and put it back together and cranked it up, and I was amazed at this. I couldn't do that, I couldn't do that, they're amazing.

DM:

Did you happen to keep journals during your field work?

CJ:

Yeah, I have field journals of all that stuff.

DM:

Did you make reflections on the people and the society as well as on your field work?

CJ: 1:33:17

Yes some, some. Yeah, we thought a lot, my daughter and son and I, we have a section on that. When they come to visit we look at slides and reminisce and all that stuff, you know. That was a wonderful period of time for us and the children were very young, but they still speak Spanish; that's all they had. We returned to the Primate Center and bought a house in Mandeville, Louisiana, and enrolled my son and daughter in the public school there. And one day I got a call at the Primate Center that the principal of the school wanted to talk to me. And I thought; I wandered in there and he said, "I have to talk to you about a problem. Your son and daughter are lining up with the black kids at the black drinking fountain." He said, "Are you a blockbuster, or what are you trying to do here?" And I was absolutely flabbergasted by this, this was in 1968. And I did not realize that they still had a white and black drinking fountain, and I tried to explain to this guy that we spent nineteen months in Africa; the only children my kids knew were black children or Spanish children; they don't know any better, they don't get the segregation part, they don't know any better, it's purely an act of innocence. And I don't think he ever really believed me. And I talked to Sherry and Craig about this and they said, "Well, I mean, we were talking to so and so, and she went to get a drink, and I went with her." And I said, "That's perfectly fine, I want you to do that. I just want you to know that things are a little different here than they were in Rio Muni." And my son had sort of a wise comment. He said, "Yeah, things were better in Rio Muni, weren't they Dad?" And I said, "Well, in some ways, yes, they were, yeah." I couldn't believe that. That was in 1968.

BT:

It is surprising that that late in the game those practices still existed.

CJ:

And while at Tulane. Suttkus and I traveled all around Louisiana and Mississippi and Alabama and Florida, collecting and doing things, and yeah they were a couple of incidents, but nothing

really worthwhile. We collected, it was a bloodbath, and we had a hell of a lot of fun. I came back from Africa and was housed at the Primate Center and I had from National Geographic funds to write for a year. And I was looking for a job and I saw this ad with the Fish and Wildlife Service, and I applied for the job, and went for the interview and lucked out and I got the job.

DM:

This was Chief of Mammals, or did you—

CJ:

Chief of the mammal section of the old Burton Mammal Laboratories, which is a remnant of the biological survey that C. Hart Merriam operated. And, my God, I lucked out, I got this job. And it paid \$13,300 for a year.

DM:

And that started in 1970?

CJ:

Yes.

DM:

How long did that last? How long were you in that position?

CJ:

Oh, I spent ten years there, but I became the director of the lab and I don't remember exactly when that happened. And then, after ten years, the Fish and Wildlife Service moved me to Denver and combined the old Denver lab with the lab in Washington. And I lasted there until 1982. President Reagan appointed a gentleman named James Watt to be the Secretary of the Interior, and he came to visit me and I decided I should search elsewhere. (laughs)

DM:

Well I knew that you had moved to Denver. I was wondering if that was your effort to get back west, but that was a transfer?

CJ:

I was very happy. I had a wonderful time in D.C., a wonderful ten years there. I had enough. And I'm a western person. I had enough of the government structure. Don't misunderstand me, those were wonderful years for me. I made real lasting associations with a lot of people, I got to hire a lot of people. Our outfit grew and bloomed, especially under the Carter administration. He understood in part what we were trying to do, and yeah, I got to hire and see some wonderful

people grow and develop, some of whom are still there. It was a wonderful ten years. I just wanted to move back to the Midwest.

DM:

Now what about field work. You were probably not able to do as much field work at that time or did you?

CJ:

I managed to do a lot. I managed to do a lot of field work.

BT:

Early on you went to Antarctica, right? So you did—

CJ:

Now that was a dumb thing—talk about dumb luck. Yeah, the message came down that they were putting together a group to go to Antarctica and they wanted a biologist to go. And I offered myself, and for Christ's sakes I got it. Now, why on earth, why on earth would they send a former Sand Hiller like me to Antarctica, you know? I hate snow and ice; I hate snow and ice; why would they send me there? I hate cold weather. But I went and it was wonderful. I had a great time.

DM:

What is the Antarctic Medal? You received the Antarctic Medal from the U.S. Department of State, what is that?

CJ:

Yeah I think they give that—actually I received two. One from the captain of the ship—the Coast Guard ship—and another one from, what's his name, the Admiral; there's a photograph in there of that. He's the Admiral of the Coast Guard.

BT:

Welch.

CJ:

Admiral Welch. The name of that [*National*] *Geographic* guy is Leonard Carmichael; he was their Director of Research. And he flatly said, "I'm not interested in any glossy-paged public articles; I want science." And those green volumes are compilations of the science that he produced.

BT:

This would have been for *Geographic*'s research, what are they called, research reports?

CJ:

Yes.

BT:

I mean so, by saying he's not interested in glossy, was he drawing the contrast with *Geographic* and the kind of thing that Fossey and Goodall were doing?

CJ:

He supported them very much, but he wanted articles in scientific journals; that's what he wanted. And real state-of-the-art photographs of life in the field, that's what *he* wanted. And those are reports from things that he supported that he had sent to me.

BT:

So, I'm jumping around here probably, but help me out here. In the Rio Muni experience, the nature of the field work you were doing was with primates. Was that with gorillas? Was that with—?

CJ:

All primates.

BT:

And part of what you were saying earlier was that in the absence of being able to take specimens and do that kind of laboratory work, the detailed work, that the observational work that was required à la Fossey and Goodall did not particularly appeal to you as a scientist?

CJ:

No it didn't. I wanted, you know, I'm a collector. There are lots of problems within the genus *Cercopithecus* and the only way they are going to be solved is if somebody can go and just blow a hundred of them out. It's great fun to collect primates, incidentally, that's great fun. You want to turn those off? It's great fun to collect primates because they—

Recording paused.

CJ:

Observational work that people do, it's very good, but it's just not for me, I just can't do science that way. I admire Jane Goodall and I respect her greatly. She visited Tech about three or four years ago. Mary Ann and I went to a reception and had a great time talking to her. She remembered me. Yeah, we walked in, and she said, "Oh hi, Clyde." She said, "Yeah it's been

forty years, but I remember you.” And I knew Dian Fossey, I met her at National Geographic, and she came to see me at the National Museum [of Natural History] once. She was a little different, but she was a very good scientist. I admire her work. I just—that kind of science is just not for me.

BT:

Well, that’s important; knowing where your interests, passions, strengths lie.

CJ:

I’m a mouse bagger, you know, I collect mice and bats. I wrote *The Bats of Rio Muni* and I wrote several papers on other mammals that I’ve observed. I really became interested in the large flying squirrels. They’re that long, they’re, oh man, they’re fantastic to watch. And when they come out and start circling around, you can collect them. I’m a collector.

DM:

What were some of the motivations for coming to Texas Tech in ’82, besides leaving that environment?

CJ:

Well, I loved it at Denver, okay? I loved that job. I had about two hundred people working for me. My management style is sort of different. I had an executive secretary, an assistant director, and a business manager; they reported to me. The assistant director took care of everybody else. It was a wonderful job. We opened and developed field stations in Haiti, the Sudan, Philippines, all over the world. In Alaska, we had field stations in Anchorage and one at Fairbanks, had the California situation. The Marine Mammal Act was passed. The Fish and Wildlife Service portion was given to me. Suddenly I had four million dollars and not a marine mammalogist on the staff, and so I hired one. And he hired others and it was great fun, it was just great fun. When I left, we had two hundred people and about twenty-million dollars plus a whole bunch of money from AID [Agency for International Development] for the foreign field stations. I hated to leave Denver. The option was to move back to Washington. I and my then-wife were not terribly enthralled with that idea. I mean, we had spent ten years there; it was enough. We wanted to be in the west somewhere. James Watt and his philosophy, and I decided that this person and I will not get along. He came to Denver, and he came to see me, and he knew more about me than I knew. He had really done his homework. He knew more about me than I knew and I decided I’d better look elsewhere.

DM:

Can you give us some specifics about what struck you as wrong about this guy? We are aware of his general philosophy, but maybe personally?

CJ:

Yeah, oh in one short statement: Compound 1080. (laughs) Have you heard of Compound 1080? That was our compound at Denver. We gelled it up and we named it Compound 1080, and it is extremely lethal to coyotes. The coyote-control boys came up with that, and it is extremely lethal to coyotes. The problem is, it's lethal to a whole lot of other things; eagles, for example, bald eagles. One taste of 1080 and they fall over dead. 1080 was, it was the answer to predator control in the west, and an executive order banned the use of 1080 in any form, and we simply wanted permission to test it, to test it in the field with the collar and with other things, in a controlled system. And Secretary Watt and I didn't see eye to eye on that. There's another compound that never saw the light of day and should—you should turn this off. There's another neat compound that was—

Recording paused.

CJ:

--the relationship that people have with certain kinds of mammals. We like horses, we like cats, we like dogs. We hate lions, we hate feral pigs. The pork belly pig craze was an interesting thing. And I'd read that pigs were smart and intelligent and in my efforts to kill feral pigs—man, they are clever, they are too good for me. There are solutions to these problems, but people's emotions get in the way, and the problems with feral cats and feral dogs are tremendous in this country, they're tremendous. The problem with feral hogs is a tremendous problem and it's a real problem arising in Texas; there are feral hogs everywhere. There are solutions, but they're not acceptable solutions, they're not socially acceptable solutions. But there are solutions to these problems, and that's where Secretary Watt and I just went like that, and I decided I should leave the Fish and Wildlife Service. And I was sent back to Washington to serve in a position; I was living in a hotel. Washington is a very lonely place on weekends, because all of your friends leave and you—I don't want to go impose on all my friends on weekends so I was—you know, I'm alone in downtown D. C. God that's a lonely place on weekends. You can only go to the zoo and go to museums so many times, and I decided, phooey, I'll start looking. And the late Knox Jones called me and he said, "I don't know if you're interested, but," he said, "There's a position coming open at Tech." He said, "I have it that the museum director is going to resign." And I thought, "Huh, I could do that." So I applied and I lucked out.

BT:

Clyde, was the decision about the transfer back to Washington, was that a political decision, were they—?

CJ:

Yeah, the story goes that, had I pursued that, I probably would have been the Director of the Fish

and Wildlife Service someday. The position that I was put in when I went back was an assistant to an assistant director. I had operated above that. A position I really liked was—I was appointed for six months to serve as the assistant Regional Director in Denver, and I really liked that position, that was a great position, and I made a lot of hay in that position. I think the key to administration—well, my style, first of all, is [to use] common sense, and then make a decision, and then follow up on the decision, and that's my style. In other words, you come to me with a problem, I'll solve the problem, but I'll call you or send you an email and tell you how I solved the problem, so that you know what happened. And people really appreciate that, and that was my style. Now, that got a little heavy dealing with big groups of people, that whole big Midwestern region, but I managed to do that, because I always lucked out and had a wonderful support staff. You're only as good as your staff, you know, that's a true thing. And if you have a wonderful support staff you can do almost anything. And so: listen, use common sense, make a decision, and follow up on the decision; that's my style. So I came to Tech.

DM:

Did you ever get enough of that administrative work? I was wondering if you came back to Tech because you wanted to be back in the classroom and in the field. Was there any bit of that or did you know it was just time to move on?

CJ:

Well I was in the field a lot when I was in D.C. I worked a lot in the field.

DM:

What about Denver?

CJ:

We had a wonderful program, a cooperative program, with the Mexican Fish and Wildlife Service, and I was the head of that, and I worked closely with the Mexican [Fish and] Wildlife Service, lived an accumulated a total of about a year in various places in Mexico, helping them set up programs comparable to ours. I lived in La Paz, and lived in Mérida, lived in Mexico City of course, lived in Culiacán. That was great. And that was under the Carter administration. Reagan came in and just slashed that one off, that was too bad, I thought. That frustrated me. I did a lot of field work while I was in Denver. There were a lot of people that criticized that, but I still managed to do my administrative things while I was gone. And I was never gone for more than a week or two at a time.

DM:

Where was your field work when you were in Denver?

CJ:

Baja California. Have you driven that?

DM:

No.

CJ:

It's a thousand and one-hundred miles from Tijuana to Cabo San Lucas by road and you should drive that, it's a wonderful thing.

DM:

I'm going to have to try that.

CJ:

Yeah, Mike Bogan and I drove that a couple of times and there are some very strange collecting localities, and they are all related to service stations, because they didn't have gasoline, so we just camped and collected until the gas truck came, I mean, we had no other option. Those are neat localities, you know.

BT:

In a certain way, I mean, at that time Baja was just kind of on the verge of development, wasn't it? Compare that to today, twenty or thirty years later and it's a different world, isn't it?

CJ:

We did a project. We did a one neat project—well, we did a couple of neat projects. One neat project involved off-road vehicles and how they tear up the habitat. And I met with them too, one of their groups centered in Los Angeles told me that he—he looked me right in the face and he said, “We have a small group, we don't have enough people or enough dirt bikes to tear up the habitat.” I have a photograph that shows a span of vehicles clear across the photograph, several hundred dirt bikes. The problem is, they can just haul them into Baja for no charge. We proposed a fifty dollar fee on a dirt bike, I mean, make it worthwhile. Let's go fifty dollars. You've got a dirt bike and you're hauling it to Baja, fifty dollars for the dirt bike. You pay a small fee for your car, it's a fifty dollar fee for your dirt bike. Well, they won't go for that, because they are afraid that will shut off their tourist trade. I don't think it would shut off anything. I mean the people that own those bikes are, they're wealthy people. But that was a neat project. The other project we did was on—

BT:

Tiburon Island, which is this big one here.

CJ:

—and I spent a month there, several of us and several Mexican counterparts, and we set up a trapping routine, set up grids, showed them how to survey, how to prepare specimens. That was neat. That's also the most "rattlesnakey" place I've ever visited in my entire life. Goddamn, there are lots of them. (laughs) We did that one; that was a neat, neat project. Well, I'll go ahead and tell you the truth. I made the Fish and Wildlife Service fire me, and the Deputy Director called me in and he said, "Well, you're forcing us to fire you by refusing a transfer of duty, you're forcing us to fire you, and that will be a blight on your record." And I said, "I think I can live with that blight on my record, because if you fire me, you have to give me severance pay, and if I quit you don't have to, and so I think it's worth the blight on my record to get severance pay after thirteen years of service, several outstanding service awards, and a charter member of the executive branch signed by Jimmy Carter." And so they fired me, I collected my severance pay and the job here opened up and I interviewed for it. They were interested in me, I was interested in returning. I was interested in returning to work in the Chihuahuan Desert. And I came here as director of the museum, the so-called museum support groups were very strong because of weaknesses on the part of former directors. I put up with that for a while, and then I decided, "Bullshit, I'll just go back to biology and be a professor and work on mammals of the Chihuahuan Desert," which I did, with a fair level of success. And as positive proof that I can control most of the people, the University saw fit to appoint me to a Horn Professorship, and I'm very proud of that.

DM:

What year were you appointed to the Horn Professorship?

CJ:

What, '99 maybe? Something like that. And then this past June, the American Society of Mammalogists made me an honorary member, and I'm very proud of that.

DM:

When did you get the H. T. Jackson award?

CJ:

At the annual meeting in Stillwater, Oklahoma. I don't remember the year, but yeah, I got that award. I don't think I deserved the honorary membership, but Robert Baker keeps telling me I did, "Shut up and enjoy it," so I will. I'm very proud of that.

DM:

You focused on rodents and bats in the Chihuahuan Desert, is that right?

CJ:
Yeah.

DM:
Here at Tech.

CJ:
A hundred and eighty publications later. Robert Bradley applied for—maybe you should turn off your tape—

Recording Paused.

CJ:
I should list all the mammals of the Chihuahuan Desert. The real truth is, I really don't know them very well. I probably know them as well as anybody but almost every field trip I learn something new, and I think that keeps me going.

DM:
You think that at this point what we can learn is kind of like scratching the surface, still? Is that what you're saying?

CJ:
Yeah, and I talked to Robert Baker a lot about this. Techniques keep developing too; within my lifetime we've gone from no techniques, we've gone from where data overshadowed the technology, to now where the technology overshadows the data. This is a tired old phrase: "We need more data." We went from having to hand-make distribution maps to making them with the touch of a key now, and there are a lot of holes, there are a lot of gaps, there are a lot of things we don't know. There's a collection of Chihuahuan Desert mammals here we have, and other things. We have a hundred-thousand specimens. What do we know about the Chihuahuan Desert? Not much, not much—and it's a very crucial area now, with the issue of water. I've become very interested in this issue. I accompanied David Schmidly to a neat conference in Juarez a few years ago. Secretary of Interior Bruce Babbitt was there, counterpart people from Mexico were there, the Mayor of El Paso and the Mayor of Juarez were there. Yes, Robert?

Robert Baker [RB]:

Before you sneak off I'd like to—you said you had some of those slides or prints or something that Knox may have gathered?

CJ:

They're all in that cabinet.

RB:

Because we're trying to put together that—

CJ:

I'd become very interested in the issue of water. I guess I've always been interested in it, but I've become actively interested in water and the conference in Juarez was a wonderful thing. They published the proceedings of that conference, which is in those white note books sitting right there. It was a wonderful conference to learn about the thinking on our side, and the thinking on the Mexican side—incidentally, today the President of Mexico is in Austin visiting the goddamn idiot Governor we have. (laughs) You can erase that part. The real answer is, you know, we live in the Chihuahuan Desert and there is no water. The Rio Grande is dry when it reaches El Paso; it gets a little surge of input in Presidio from the Rio Concho. It's highly polluted there. The agencies say: don't get in the water that comes in from the Rio Concho. I mean you go across the border and Mexican ladies are washing their clothes in the water. The Rio Grande is dry at its mouth. There's a sandbar at the mouth.

Break in recording

CJ:

El Paso and Juarez are the largest twin city metropolitan areas on earth. Did you know that? Yeah, they're the largest on the face of the earth, of the twin cities, they are the largest [across borders]. And the per capita use of water in El Paso is something like a hundred or more gallons a day. The per capita use in Juarez is something on the order of thirty gallons a day. You can talk about efficiency or waste or whatever you want to, there's a great comparison right there. The Rio Grande water is trapped in Elephant Butte and Caballo dams in New Mexico. There's a reason why they are trapping the water there, but they should be forced to release some of that water. What are we going to do here in Lubbock for water? There's an article in today's paper about water. There's concern about water for Lubbock. Lake Meredith is at an all-time low. We built the dam for Lake Alan Henry. It will cost a hundred-and-fifty to two-hundred million [dollars] to build a pipeline to bring that water here. It's all uphill all the way, folks. There is no water. We've used it and wasted it, and now, suddenly the politicians, they see it, but some of us were yelling about this years ago. We did a project, Royal Suttkus and I did a project on the Colorado River. And we decided to use the raft as a platform for research and we got the money to make several raft trips down the Colorado River, like nine, nine or ten, let's see, nine or ten, using a forty foot raft to float the river and stop various places and collect fish and collect mammals. Wonderful exercise, wonderful trips, and we recommended that they take out Glen Canyon Dam. And I thought we were going to be shot for that recommendation. Lake Powell is at an all-time low, *now* they are talking about taking out Glen Canyon Dam. If they had taken it

out twenty years ago, we would have plenty of water in the Colorado River because it's wasted and lost in impoundment there. If the Monkey Wrench Gang, you know, have you read that? There's some real fuss there, yeah, there's—the water people here are telling me there's no worries, Lubbock has enough water for fifty years, and that makes me feel better but I wonder what my grandchildren will drink.

BT:

Well, I heard the same thing in Albuquerque about Albuquerque in the 1970's and suddenly they've woken up to the fact that there in trouble.

CJ:

And suddenly—yeah, they woke up finally, but they woke up finally when everything went dry. It got so low they couldn't use it, then they woke up. And then they did a study, and I'll be damned, they found out, "Hey, we're out of water now."

BT:

And they've got all these microchip processing plants scattered up near Rio Rancho that use, I don't know, tens of thousands of gallons of water a day because. You're right, Clyde, that's an issue of world-wide magnitude that, if we don't face it, we could be looking at the death of the species, that would be the human species.

CJ:

People are very concerned about prices of gasoline. I think we have already reached the point—when I was living in Denver, the Governor of Colorado, who was a guy named Dick Lamm, who was a very different type of person, he, for some reason, he spearheaded a study of the front range, and predicted by some year in—2020 or some year—that it would be a solid metropolitan area from Fort Collins to Pueblo, and that they cost of a gallon of potable water would exceed the cost of a gallon of gasoline. And he almost caused a riot with that report. Do you remember that? Yeah, he almost caused a riot. Well we're there. You go on campus and all the kids are carrying around these bottles of water. How much do they pay for those? And then you extrapolate that to a gallon, we're there. A gallon of water costs more than a gallon of gasoline that you put in your vehicle. Now I have to add that I consider myself, among other things, a conservation biologist. But I drive a big SUV gas-drinking vehicle, and I just love it. And you tell me how I can go to where I go to trap mammals with any other kind of vehicle. And I'm willing to pay the price to drive that vehicle so I can get to the places I need to get to. I'm working on a project now in the Chinati Mountains and you deserve to be taken there. I have waited twenty years to get into this place, and finally I'm in to survey mammals on a piece of property that's now owned by Texas Parks and Wildlife, and I need to take you there.

DM:

I want to go.

CJ:

It's a wonderful place, but you will see why I need the vehicle I drive to get there. And I can afford, I'm fortunate enough, I can afford to buy the vehicle and I can afford the gasoline to drive it. I'm fortunate in that regard, I can afford to do that.

DM:

You said the other day you were drilling a well at your house?

CJ:

Yeah, I'm concerned about the Lubbock water supply and the true conservation biologist that I am, I've had a well dug on my property. I've tapped into the Ogallala Aquifer.

BT:

It's all yours; you can use whatever you want.

DM:

So you don't have to worry about Lake Meredith?

CJ:

The hole has been dug and the casing has been put in, the pump will be installed as soon as the crew can get time to put it in. Maybe they're putting it in today, I don't know.

BT:

Out of curiosity, how far did they have to go? How deep?

CJ:

They hit water at sixty feet. Due to some personal experiences, I had them continue down. The well is one hundred and fifty-feet deep.

DM:

The sixty wouldn't be the Aquifer would it? That would just be the surface water around Lubbock wouldn't it?

CJ:

It's a nice formation and it has water, but we went all the way into the Aquifer, the well is a hundred and fifty-feet deep. And I can afford to pay for it. I can afford to have the drilling rig

and the water truck and I can afford to put this well in, okay. So it's none of your damn business right? (laughs)

BT:

Paid his way. (laughs)

CJ:

Yeah. (laughs)

BT:

Next he'll be bottling and selling. (laughs)

CJ:

You guys have made a Texan out of me. (laughs)

DM:

When I'm thirsty, I'm going to go over to his house. (laughs) I own a well also because I live out toward Idalou, I have a couple of acres out there. And I'm wondering if there's going to be a little bit of an exodus from the city because of water concerns, because you can go out there and drill your own well. I don't know if you can just sink a well just anywhere in town.

CJ:

I think I had my well put in in the nick of time. I think special permits are going to be required in the very near future. I think I used some information and got my well put in in the nick of time.

DM:

Does that mean that land prices are going to increase outside of town now?

CJ:

I think so, I think so, and T. Boone Pickens is in the water business. I think that's a real business that he's into now; that's probably going to provide him with more income than his Mesa Oil business did years ago.

DM:

You know, I have quite a few more questions, can we make another session some time and talk about a little bit more?

CJ:

Well now Dave, I'm terribly busy. (laughs) Sure, anytime.

DM:

Okay, do you have anything else to add today or do you have any more questions?

BT:

I've got questions too, but they're mostly about things that are happening after Clyde gets here to Texas Tech, so maybe we can make the Tech years and the other questions in another session.

CJ:

I'll put myself at your disposal with—I'm doing some medical things right now. I have an appointment tomorrow at eleven o'clock for a medical thing. We'll work around those.

DM:

We'll just check our schedule against yours and see how it goes.

CJ:

Well, I have an interesting nervous condition that I've had since I got out of the hospital—yeah turn that off—

End of interview.

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