

**Oral History Interview of
Julian Spallholz**

**Interviewed by: Monte Monroe
June 3, 2019
Lubbock, Texas**

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Transcript Overview:

This interview features Julian Spallholz as he discusses the cross country trip that his grandparents and their kids took by car in the early twentieth century. In this interview, Julian describes photographs and details of the trip that he remembers his dad telling him about.

Length of Interview: 02:46:22

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Monte Monroe (MM):

This is Monte Monroe. I am at the Southwest Collection/Special Collections Library at Texas Tech University. It is June 3, 2019. We are in my office here at the Southwest Collection. I am with Julian Spallholz, Mallory Bowen, Art Vaughan. And they are here today. And we are working on a book for Texas Tech Press, dealing with the—Julian's ancestor, or grandfather, who went on a wonderful car trip out west at the turn of the twentieth century. And so we're going to start talking to Julian right now, and the other two may chime in here, directly. I just want to make sure that this little thing is operating, and it is.

Julian Spallholz (JS):

Okay. Good morning, Professor Monroe.

MM:

All right. We are talking to Professor Julian Spallholz. Julian, tell us when you were born and who your parents were, and where you were born.

JS:

I was born on October 8, 1943 in Boston, Massachusetts. Boston, Massachusetts at the Faulkner Hospital. My parents: Earnest Henry Spallholz and my mother Janice—Sarah Janice Orton. We lived in Boston as I was a young child, and then eventually returned to my—sort of my ancestral roots, where my—both of my grandparents are from, from : Salem, New York.

MM:

Okay. And tell us who your paternal and your maternal grandparents were, and where they emanated from.

JS:

Okay. My maternal—my maternal grandparents are Corinne Boynton—and she emanated from the area around Hebron, New York in Washington County. My maternal grandfather was Dr. Zenus [?] [0:02:19] V.D. Orton. And he—he originated from an area a little further north at what's called Fish House in New York State. If I may just say something about my grandfather's father. He was also a physician, and he also was in the military during the civil war. And he gave Lincoln a tour of the hospital in Washington, D.C. after one of the battles, as noted in his journals. And it's also noted—his name—Dr. Orton also noted in Lincoln's journals. It's kind of an interesting little aside.

MM:

Yes. Okay. And what—do you remember what the name of the hospital was?

JS:

I don't recall. Mallory do you recall?

Mallory Bowen (MB):

No.

JS:

It was the veterans hospital in Washington, D.C. I could provide that to you, but I can't recall the name of the hospital. My paternal grandparents is Henry Albert Spallholz, who is the driver on the trip west, which is almost a hundred years ago, to the day. It started on June 11, 1919, and today's June 3, as you pointed out. He came to this country at about the age of eight. And his father was Henry A. Spallholz, also. I can't remember his middle name. Do you remember, Mallory?

MB:

No. I would have to look it all up on—

JS:

I can't remember. Anyway, they both had the same initials and the same middle name It begins with A. So I'll have to check on that. I can't remember. I'll think about it. But he came to this country through New York City about 1880. His father was involved with the Manhattan Shirt Company, and somehow ended up in the slate business in Granville, New York, and then eventually moved to Salem, where they operated the Manhattan Shirt Company, originally New Jersey Shirt Company. And my grandfather ended up operating the Manhattan Shirt Company in Salem, New York in the early parts of the twentieth century. In addition to being the manager of the plant, he also owned it, having bought it from the New Jersey—New Jersey Shirt Company, which was then reorganized as the New York State Shirt Company. And he sold the business back but continued to manage it. He, in addition, was president of a bank—a small bank—People's National Bank in Salem, New York for a number of years. The bank was closed in 1933 during the Depression. Considered insolvent by the federal government at the time. Family lore says that ninety-three cents of every dollar could have been returned to the people who had accounts at the bank, but it was considered insolvent. And my grandfather, at that point, lost a great deal of the wealth, which was used to make the trip west in 1919, and buy the car, so on and so on. My grandfather, my uncle and my dad all moved to Boston—went back to Boston and started a laundry business in Boston, which could not be sustained during the war because they couldn't pay enough to their employees versus the Boston shipyards, I suspect.

MM:

[clears throat] Talk a little bit more, if you will, Julian, about your grandfather Spallholz, of the type of individual that he was. I know that he had hearing impairment, and wore a special type of

hearing device that is depicted in some of the photos and things like that. Tell us what you recall about him and what ultimately led to this trip that the book will be written about.

JS:

I can recall from photographs that I have that he attended a single schoolhouse—single-room schoolhouse in Salem, New York, where he grew up. His father operating the shirt shop at the time, when he was about eight years old. There's a picture of him. He sort of became a self-made individual over time. When he married my grandmother—which I didn't mention—which is Lizzie Ferguson—later Lizzie Ferguson Spallholz—L.F.S. And as you noted to me last time we talked, the L.F.S. initials are on the car door. He had them engraved, or their there in gold leaf or whatever. But anyway. She was raised on a farm. And her parents died when she was fairly young, and then she was raised by a cousin by the name of Crookshank in Salem, New York. She inherited—she inherited a lot of money from her father. So her inheritance was the basis, in part, I think, for my grandfather's and the family's financial success during the early part of the twentieth century. My understanding, again, from past conversations with parents—my mother, particularly—that she inherited about fifty thousand dollars. She was a 1908 graduate of Cornell University. Unusual for the day. She majored in Greek and Latin. And I remember her very, very well. She was an extremely interesting, bright individual, as was my grandfather, who would take me hunting and fishing in Maine when they left Boston—or after the war—during the war, where they couldn't keep the business going and moved to Portland, Maine where my Uncle Walter L. Spallholz became general manager of Universal Linen and Dry Cleaners in Portland. So, those are my—

MM:

What—

JS:

—grandparents.

MM:

Let's go back here just a little bit to both of these grandparents, both your grandfather and your grandmother, because you did speak about Lizzie quite a bit when you were here last time. It was remarkable for a women of her time period to attend college, especially one like Cornell, majoring in those two things. Even though when had attended finishing schools and things of that nature prior to that time. But she struck me as a remarkable individual. Do you remember any of the conversations that you used to have, either with her or with your grandfather Henry?

JS:

It's terrible that I don't remember specific conversation with either of my grandparents that I can give you. Although there are many that—those things have faded in my memory. But what I do

recall—again, with my grandfather in particular—is that he was—and if he wasn't out camping and hunting and shooting and doing those things, he always dressed very formally. He always wore a suit with a vest and a top hat. And my early memories of him, in particular, are shooting traps with a double-barrel shotgun. And Art photographed those guns that were on 1919 trip. He took my hunting on time. Somebody else shot a deer. I didn't, but he took me hunting. He took me fishing up on the—I can't say it—the Upscot--? One of the rivers in Northern Maine.

Art Vaughan (AV):

Androscoggin?

JS:

It could be. One of them—the rivers. He would take me fishing, all right. And as a young—at about the age of either nine or ten or so, when we were in Portland, he would take me down to Merrill Lynch. And he was a banker, and he was interested in the stock market. And we would go down and watch the ticket tape. And I didn't quite understand what was going on, but I learned about investing at a very early age. And he emphasized to me the importance of investing money for the long term and that sort of thing. My grandmother—my grandmother Spallholz was a very interesting, hard-working individual. My immediate recollections were, growing up—she would run my—she would rub my legs when I was young, because I was growing so fast I would get leg aches. And I was diagnosed with Osgood-Schlatter disease, which is a growth problem with the patella, I believe, on the knee. And she would rub my legs if I was hurting. She and my grandfather and my dad took allergy shots in Boston. So I have memories of these glass syringes coming out, and they were taking—I don't know why I remember that. But anyway, taking allergy shots. I spent one whole summer after my grandfather died in 1957—and I spent the summer of 1962 or '63 with her in Portland, Maine, which I drove for my uncle a linen supply route. I drove from Portland, Maine down to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I did it every day for ninety-three or four or five or six days, during that summer, as a laundry delivery person—linen supply driver. And I stayed with her. She, of course, fed me, took care of me. And she did make one trip with me. No seat belt or anything. We got a kitchen chair. We sat it right in the middle of the van—of the truck. She just sat there and made the trip one time with me, down to Portsmouth and back. So I spent all summer with her that year. And you asked me what we talked about. I was driving every day, and I don't recall what we talked about, to be honest with you. It would've been mundane things that people talk about and forget, I guess.

MM:

Do you recall her ever—or your grandfather—speaking about their families? Mundane or not. Or did they talk about the lives that they had lived? And I will—

JS:

Unfortunately, I have no recollection of any of that. The information that I have is obtained as an adult, more or less, by—with Mallory doing genealogical research and reading and looking over the papers and records that they had. Probably the greatest record I have, which is the interest of the book, is the photographs and pictures, that number approximately four hundred, from trips in 1919, 1920 and 1922, all to the Yellowstone, Wyoming, Western area, except for the first trip that went all the way to the Monterey Peninsula on the West Coast. And so I have all of these photographic memories. And there was some other family photographs that I have that are particularly dear to me. One of them is my grandfather, Henry Spallholz, with my dad and with my uncle, and they're standing side-by-side, leaning on drivers—golf drivers. And they're on the golf course at West Palm Beach, Florida. And they would—Salem was pretty cold in the winter. It's kind of like the Boston area, where Art's from. My grandfather, again, was a fairly wealthy man, obviously. They would jump on the train and they would go down and play golf in West Palm Beach. This picture is dated I think Christmas Day 1925 or something like that. That hangs in the library of the house now where we are in Santa Fe.

MM:

Okay. Now, let's talk about the trip. You were quite knowledgeable, last time that we visited, about the various aspects of the trip, how your grandfather and grandmother organized it, and about her taking copious notes, which may not—probably not survive—of the trip. And you were talking about her personality and why she was able to do this and everything like that. Go ahead and we'll listen, and you just tell us as much as you can about how the trip was started and where it went and, you know, how they returned, and then about the subsequent trips that they took out West.

JS:

Very well. All right. You asked about things that happened when I was growing up. Well, I learned about the trip growing up as a kid. I had seen the pictures that are in the photographic albums fairly early on. I remember where they were, especially in the apartment, in the 1950s in Portland, Maine. They were housed in I guess what you'd call lawyers—legal cases where the sliding glass came down and went up, and they were stored in there. And so I had seen them. And my dad talked about the trip a lot. He was eight years old on the June 11, 1919 departure from Salem, New York on this trip. So I had seen all these pictures. And I had forgotten about the glass slides until Mallory discovered Art Vaughan on Flickr one summer when we were visiting my brother around Lake New York. But I do re—after that, I did recall legitimately having seen those glass slides projected on the wall in the apartment that they lived in. The address of the apartment was 12 Norwood Street in Portland, Maine.

MB:

Oddly, I think all this came about because you couldn't figure out what brand of car was taken on the trip.

JS:

Correct, Mallory. That's correct. But I do recall seeing it. So I learned about this trip—

MB:

Otherwise you wouldn't have been looking.

JS:

Right. And I always had a lot of interest in this trip. And my brother had a huge amount of interest in this trip. My dad talked about the trip. My dad wanted to reproduce, for my brother and I, the trip that he took in 1919. And so in 1950, my dad organized a similar trip over similar roads, and we got as far west as Salt Lake City, Utah. And I remember going to the—this is 1950. I remember going to the Norman—the Mormon Tabernacle Choir building—whatever—the auditorium there—and hearing music and singing and stuff, and touring Mormon Square. I can remember doing that in the fifties. I wanted to go see Gene Autry, really, in California, but my dad didn't have enough time, so we turned around in Salt Lake City and had to go back. And on the way back, out through either—I think through Nebraska—this is—we're driving in a 1949 Buick. Gray 1949 Buick. My dad always had Buicks. Anyway, we started having some engine noise. And I remember my parents—my brother and I were in the back seat—and my parents were very concerned about the status of the automobile as we were going across—I believe it was Nebraska—going back. And there was this click, click, click, click. And it sounded like something was going to go in the engine. And all of a sudden, the next day—three days later, whatever—all of a sudden it went dead silent. And what it was, was a frayed fan belt. And every time the belt went around, it would hit something and make this click, click, click, click, click sound. And the fan belt broke. And dad stopped and got a new fan belt and everything was fine, and we drove back home. So my dad wanted to reproduce for us. And we went to a number of places that he went, particularly Yellowstone National Park in 1950. And there were lots of bears, I can remember, in 1950. In fact, there was bear jams. You couldn't even get into the park because the minute you got in there, the cars were all stopped and people were feeding bears that were on the car, leaning up against the car, looking in the cars, so on and so forth, which doesn't happen anymore. But anyway, that's—so I got to do the trip. So this business about traveling was very important to my father, and particularly—and his—he always said he'd rather travel than eat. And of course, I guess I would rather eat than travel, most of the time. But anyway. So I knew about the trip. We were talking about the trip with my brother over something. He had the pictures out there and we were looking at them. And I asked my—I asked—somehow it came about—asked about the car. "What was the car that they drove in 1919?" We knew where they went. We had a map of where they went. We had all these photographs of places that they

visited. There was a couple of letters that my grandmother had written, describing events of the trip. There was a log of trip, which has not been found, and sort of lost to history, at the moment. But I never knew what kind of car she drove. So anyway, what happened is my brother didn't know. I said, "Oh, my brother will know," but he didn't know either. And so Mallory started to look at old cars on the internet. And she was on the porch of my brother's house in Round Lake, New York, and all of a sudden she came into the dining room and called me, and she had an iPad. She said, "Look at this. This looks like your family." However you phrased it. "This looks like your family." I said, "Yeah. Holy smoke. How the heck did pictures of the family get on the internet?" Okay? So I called my brother and I said, "Hey, Les. Look at this. There's pictures of the family on the internet. I wonder where the heck they came from." And so we started to dig around, and we discovered that they—there were not just one, but there was twenty-three photographs of the family. They were posted on Flickr. And so we did a little research. My brother's a computer scientist, so he probably did most of it. But anyway, we still couldn't quite figure out what the car was. But when we did—looking at the Flickr site, some of the text in the Flickr site suggested that it was a Haynes "Light Six." And so we looked up Haynes automobiles, as I recall, and so on and so forth. And so anyway, that's how we discovered Mr. Vaughan. And all of the—all of the memories of the slides and glass slides came flashing back because of posting that was on Flickr. And from that we learned that the car was a Haynes. It was a 1917 Haynes Roadster, called a "Light Six." It was a six-cylinder engine. And this is the car that made the 10,400-mile trip, beginning on June 11, 1919 in Salem, New York, and was driven 10,400 miles in ninety-six days. And they returned, then, back to Salem in August. And that was a summer trip. So all of this, kind of, came flooding back memories because of the posting that Mr. Vaughan had made on Flickr. And then we read his story. And then my brother says, "Well, let's contact—contact Mr. Vaughan and see how in the heck he came, exactly, to get these glass emulsion—three-by-four?"

AV:

They were three and a quarter by four inches.

JS:

Okay. Three-and-a-quarter-by-four-inch glass slides. And I remembered them very well, actually, at that point, but I would not have recalled all the things. All the memories came back and I didn't remember them. So that's how we discovered the car. And my brother had photographs that corresponded to the glass emulsion slides—the three-and-a-quarter-by-four glass slides. So we had almost a one-to-one match. And I'd forgotten about the slides, totally. I think my brother had forgotten about the slides, or maybe never knew about the slides. I don't know. But we had all of the photographs, which were in bound—bounded black-covered albums, all clearly labeled by the various trips. And this was the—this was the 1919 trip. I think, after the research that I've done for the book so far, is I suspect my grandfather had intended to make the trip earlier. But I think he didn't—they didn't make the trip because of World War I. And there

was shortages of fuel—I don't know—whatever else—tires and all sort of things. Because I know thing were rationed during that period of time. And then—and then, of course, the Armistice Day was November 1918. I think then he began to pull everything together to make the trip, and then they departed in 1919. So it was right after the war. And 1919 was also the year that Eisenhower made the trip across from Washington, D.C. to San Francisco to the Golden Gate Park with the military trucks—the military convoy. And they had all sorts of problems in that convoy, going across in 1919—summer of 1919. And that's why we had the Eisenhower Interstate System, because Eisenhower was impressed, during the war, with the German Autobahns. And he was appalled at American highways because they were essentially mud holes in 1919. Anyway, so I think that's why the trip came in 1919. The trains, obviously, operated. There were trains. There were transcontinental trains operating then. They were going to go to Glacier National Park in 1919. They did not make the trip to Glacier in 1919. And I think the reason for not going to Glacier National Park—which was—which, Professor Monroe, if you've read the Salem Press article—was mentioned as one of the national parks they were going to go to. They avoided that. And I think they avoided it because they had a drivetrain break on the car in Wyoming, and they lost an entire week in Wyoming, waiting for a new part from Haynes Automobile Manufacturing Company in Kokomo. And so I think they decided not to go to—because of time—not to go to Glacier. So, they returned—they all returned to Glacier in 1920. Is that right? I think it was 1920. They all returned to Glacier National Park in 1920, which they had missed, but they did it by train. They didn't drive it; they did it by train. And I have pictures of them on the observation car on the end of the train. And then one of my favorite photographs is of the family—they're all on horseback, and they're at—

MB:

Two Medicine Lake.

JS:

Two Medicine Lake. Mallory just remembered. They're on the horses with the backgrounds of the glaciers of Two Medicine Lake. And today you can drive to Two Medicine Lake. In those days, you could take the train up so far, and then you had to get on a horseback. So they took horses up to Two Medicine Lake in Glacier National Park. That's my favorite photograph. You haven't seen that. But anyway, I have that hanging in the library now, too. So they made that. And then my grandfather made another trip, at least with my dad, in 19—I don't know if they all went or not. I guess I'm not sure about it. But certainly my dad went, anyway. He went into the Wind River Range in Wyoming in 1922 and went on a hunting trip. Got guides. Got backpack horses. I'm not sure what they were—I'm don't even know if they shot anything. But it was a hunting trip, I suspect for elk or something like that, or big-horned sheep, maybe. I don't know. My grandfather was quite an outdoorsman. Had guns. Had dogs. Had English Setters. Went bird hunting and that sort of thing through his life. But anyway, so that was the third trip that they

made. But that was done by train, not by driving. Let's see. What else did you ask me that I may not have covered?

MM:

Let's back up here just a little bit here, Julian, and talk about—you gave me quite an elaborate story last time about how they prepared for the trip, the types of canvases that they used, and the places that they went and some of the experiences that they had. Now, we were looking at some of the photos, and that was prompting your memory, [JS coughs] but see what you can remember without those.

JS:

Yes, okay. The first—my grandfather loved photography. And what he did was—and put in this album—he put the pictures that he took, more or less, in order of the trip. So the very first photographs that really appear is of the car, and of the car ready for the trip the next day. This is—the details of this trip and this car and organization are in the Salem Press article of June 12, the day after they left, 1919, by an unknown newspaper reporter. But what my grandfather did is he had specially made side running board boxes. They contained camping gear; they contained cooking gear; special—telescope—kind of like the Russian heads that all combined into one telescope—cooking equipment. Had gas burners. He had an electric light bulb. He had a specially made balloon tent. He had—he had sleeping bags. They all had sleeping bags that were blown up. Sleeping bags. And I think they all came from Abercrombie & Fisht. Finch. Finch? Abercrombie and Fish, right? Fitch?

MM:

Fitch.

MB:

Fitch.

JS:

That's right, Fitch. My brother and I slept in those same sleeping bags as kids. They were still around. They were heavy canvas. They had—they had a—they had a little—you could sleep under the stars. And it would rain. It was heavy canvas. They had snaps down the side. And they had a—I'll call it an awning or a tent that went over your head to protect you from rain, or whatever, during the night. And he bought—so they came from—I think from Abercrombie and Fitch. I've tried to research those. I've never found pictures of them. Unfortunately, my mother disposed of those when I was in college, or something happened to them. But I used them in Boy Scouts and stuff, and my brother did, too. We also—the special tent that they had made is described with an awning and things. My brother and I slept in that tent. We used some of the things that were on the trip that had been saved. So he did all of this preparation. He had maps

and guides of the day—blue books I think they were called—that were put out by the American Automobile Association, which had been formed somewhat—a little bit earlier. So he—and they were by states. So they had all of this—all of this information. He had the map—he had the whole thing mapped out: where he was going to go, where they were going to visit, so on and so forth. And they left Salem on June 11, 1919, as I said before, and came back in August, ninety-six days later or so. It was all done with this—in this Haynes “Light Six” 1917 Roadster. And the first photographs are of the car and of the equipment that appear in the slides—the glass slides—and in the photographs. So he had organized this. One of the interesting things is—what a lot of people do is they buy extensions on their big SUVs. You have a SUV out there. And you can buy a stinger of some sort that goes into a—you can have a big carrying basket on the back of your car that you can add for extra luggage and that sort of thing. My grandfather had the rear end of the tire, which was on the end of the car—he had that whole thing extended about three feet. So they had a lot of their supplies put on that. So he had the car physically modified. He also put a bumper on the front. I don’t think the original car—I’ve seen pictures of the manufacturing literature shows the car without the bumper. He had a bumper put on this car. So he had—it was compact. They had clothes for all sorts of weather: for desert; for mountains and things. He had guns. He had a light bulb so they could plug into the car and have a light in the tent. So they could park the car right up next to the tent and have light in the tent with a light bulb from the battery of the car. They carried—across the desert they carried canvas water bags, both for drinking and for the car itself. There are pictures of those water bags on the car. So anyway—I mean, my grandfather was highly organized. One little quick caveat—his suitcase. I remember seeing his suitcase as a kid, or as a young adult. And my grandfather had a list of all the things that needed to be packed in his suitcase if he traveled, I guess on a business meeting or whatever. So he had a checklist, typed from a typewriter, pasted into his suitcase. And so I’m sure that on this trip he recorded every single gallon of gas, the times between places, how much they spent from there. All of that information, unfortunately, is not—not available or has been un—not located.

MM:

And didn’t you say that your grandmother had something to do with writing all that stuff down and keeping the logbooks?

JS:

Yes, I’m sure she kept a logbook. She also wrote letters back. At the time my grandfather was making this trip, he’s manager of the—manager of the Manhattan Shirt Company, which is one of the early photographs with all of the employees, about sixty in front, as they depart. He’s also President of the People’s National Bank in Salem. And he’s communicating with the bank on not a daily basis, I would say, but when there was access to Western Union or other telegraphing services. And he would inquire about any mail that was being sent to him at the bank. And the people at the bank kept a map with pins. And there’s a photograph of that map in the back—it’s

almost the last photograph of the entire series—where the bank employees would put pins of where they were or where he communicated to them from, again by West—probably Western Union, at the time, or other telegraphic company. I assume Western Union, but I'm not sure when Western Union started. He would get his mail that had been sent to Salem. And my grandmother, in turn, was writing relatives back home, and sent letters, two of which survived, both written from the Washington Hotel in Seattle, Washington.

MM:

Julian, do you remember your father talking about this trip in particular, and his recollections of it or impressions of that trip?

JS:

Certainly. He talked many times about the trip and what a great trip it was. And as I indicated earlier in the recording we're doing, he wanted to do the same trip for my brother and myself. And we were about the same age that he was at the time, and his brother a little bit younger. We did, essentially, a very similar portion of that same trip. They only had terminated it, as I said, in Salt Lake City [knock on the door] and not all of the parks. Although we did go to Yellowstone.

MM:

Go ahead.

JS:

Okay. So, yes, he talked about it many times. I mean, I'm sorry I can't recall, you know, the expletives that he used about what a great, great life experience that was. But as I said, he always said to me—he said, "I'd rather travel than eat." That was the phrase that he used.

MM:

Well, what we're trying to do is get a little flesh on the bones there.

JS:

Sure. Sure.

MM:

So as we go through this some more, and if something comes to mind, please note it down. And as you and Mallory travel down towards Houston today and tomorrow—if some of these things, as you're recalling them, come to mind—Mallory, if you'd make some little outline notes, that would help the next time we visit about this.

MB:

So is there anything your dad told you, specifically? I think—you know, he's asking did he

describe Yellowstone. What was the exciting thing to your dad that made him want to recreate the trip?

JS:

I can remember one story about—I'm not sure if it comes from my dad or my grandmother—about trash cans in the night being disturbed—well it was from the bears. The bears would come down and go after garbage. In those days they didn't have bear-proof—the National Park System did not have bear-proof garbage dispense—disposal units. So the bears would come down at night, around the cabins, and rattle noise and that sort of thing. That may have happened even on our trip, I don't know, because there were a lot of bears around. Things that I remember—again, about the trip—as I said, the Salt Lake City business at the Mormon Square. Certainly Yellowstone National Park. Cody, Wyoming. My dad, with his parents, went through Cody, Wyoming. As I said, we were doing much of the same trail, the same roads that they must have taken in 1919. We stayed in Cody, Wyoming, and we went to the rodeo in Cody, Wyoming. And I had a cowboy hat. My brother had cowboy hat. I don't remember—I don't think it was Cody, necessarily. I can remember staying in a motel. Motels were fairly—becoming fairly common along highways—major highways—there weren't many—because there were lots of people on the roads. It's not that there weren't a lot of people driving. There were quite a few people driving. But I can remember, again, with my brother, running around and catching fireflies in Nebraska, I believe. We had a glass jar and we would—at night, we would—it was nice and warm, and we would run around and catch these fireflies. Mallory—

MB:

So did your dad, though, ever tell you—

JS:

What's that?

MB:

—something about—

JS:

Oh, they did. Yes, he told me. He said—I remember him saying they caught bugs, too, yes. And he talked about lots of things, but I don't have a recollection of all the things.

MM:

Well, these types of things will come to mind, usually when you least expect it to happen, or when you have any way to document it. But trying to do that moving forward. Let's back up just a little bit, and let's talk—you say you have two letters. Is it you or Lance that have the letters?

JS:

My brother has—my brother has the actual letters. You have—I sent to you—

MM:

Other copies?

JS:

I sent to you translations that I did. We've translated these letters, and so they're fully translated, yes. They described—the first letter describes the ordeal on the ranch—can you help me, Art—on the ranch. Which ranch?

AV:

The Taylor Ranch.

JS:

The Taylor Ranch. This is the ordeal on the Taylor Ranch, where they ended up, after the driveshaft broke on the car—and this is where they spent a week camping. And, again, in the photographic record, there's a picture of the tent and the car sitting in front of the ranch house, while they're waiting for a part. My grandmother's letter describes the trip leaving Denver, not going to Rocky Mountain National Park, because they're going to see better things. Getting up into Wyoming and the breakdown of the car and the wait for the part and all of the activity around that. This was written in Washington. And then she writes about the terrible drought in the western part of the United States, in the Northwest, in 1919. Both of these letters were written to, I think, cousins back home, again, from the Washington Hotel in Seattle.

MM:

Didn't she say something about Mr. Taylor that owned the ranch? Seemed to me like there was—

JS:

Yeah, she said—there's a caption that Mr. Taylor—the manager of the Taylor Ranch was their friend in need.

AV:

George Lantus.

JS:

Yes.

MM:

Can you say that again?

AV:

George Lantus.

JS:

George Lantus.

AV:

"Our friend in need."

JS:

"Our friend in need," that's the caption, yes. "Our friend in need," right. It turns out—it turns out, from the letters, anyway, that the actual owner of the ranch was not quite a congenial chap, shall we say. Okay? But the manager was. And so my grandfather ended up having to borrow his car to go to the train depot to get the part, which was shipped by rail from Kokomo, Indiana, which is where these—where the Haynes Automobile Manufacturing Company was located. So the letter describes the—[MB coughs] some of the activities of the ranch in that particular month. And, again, the reason—I think that—again, the reason that they did not go to Glacier—because I know Glacier was certainly on their list of parks to go to. They go to Glacier later in 1920.

MM:

Okay. What—just remind us, for the—for the recording here, what were their major interests in this trip? Where were they wanting to go?

JS:

I take—I take cues from the Salem Press article of June 12. [MB coughs] They wanted to go and experience, quote, unquote, "The West." The western United States. Until this period of time, I don't think that either of my grandparents had probably been west of Albany, New York. All right? Again, there weren't the roads. There weren't the means of travel. There was the train, but I don't think that they ever made any trips west prior to this. So my grandfather expressed to the reporter that they wanted to experience the "great out of doors" and the national parks of the United States. They were intending to hit all of these national parks. Or they may not have been designated national parks, though. But park areas. Rocky Mountain National Park was not a national park. There was Rocky Mountain Park, but it wasn't a national park at the time. But they intended to hit all of these highlights on this trip, plus my grandfather intended to climb Mount Rainier. And Mount Rainier National Park had just opened prior to their arrival. And he did climb that. There is the Salem Press article by his climbing buddy from Pennsylvania that describes the ascent and descent, along with photographs from Mount Rainier. So I think it was

just to go and to experience the great out of doors and the West. I know for myself, growing up in the East—you know, I had a much different vision of the West, from television and the movies and stuff, than I did when I literally went west. Although I made the western trip in 1950—I remember only particularly—again—Yellowstone National Park, because we spent most of the time there. But later on, over my lifetime, I've visited almost every national park that they would have visited—or park—in that—I've done that. I've stood in the same places. I've been almost over the same roads, or equivalent thereof, in my lifetime. I've been very lucky. Mallory has experienced the same places and stuff, and we've gone together, camping, usually. Right? Yeah.

MM:

Okay, let's go back. So, they didn't make it to Rocky Mountain National Park?

JS:

No. They did not make it to Rocky, no.

MM:

Okay. Or to the park.

JS:

They skipped it. They skipped it.

MM:

They skipped it. They also were unable to make it to—

JS:

Glacier.

MM:

Glacier.

JS:

They skipped that, too.

MM:

They clearly went to Mount Rainier.

JS:

Yes.

MM:

Did they go to Yellowstone?

JS:

Oh yes. There were many, many photographs of Yellowstone. And in the record, there is a map—the roadmap of Yellowstone. And my grandfather has traced—traced the roads that they took in Yellowstone. And I think that they went—I think went everywhere they could go, in a car, in Yellowstone. And they camped on Lake Yellowstone. I think it—the thumb—whatever the—I've forgotten the name of the thumb.

AV:

West Thumb?

JS:

West Thumb. I think it's West Thumb. They camped there. So they experienced all the geysers and all that stuff. They camped, and I suspect they stayed at the Yellowstone Inn, too, probably. They stayed in hotels in many of the places. But when the weather was good is when my grandfather said they would camp. And they did camp. But they also stayed in some of the very best hotels on the roads in those days.

MM:

The—he had a fascination with the car, and I want you to talk a little bit about the importance of that car, because it was one of the early vintage automobiles.

JS:

Yes.

MM:

And he must have had some kind of a fascination with photography, because he wanted to capture these trips. And he took quite an elaborate camera with us [sic]. And Art's going to talk a little bit more about that this afternoon. He's the expert on that. But any recollection that you have, Julian, of anything that your grandmother said or your father said about any of this stuff, or any of the research that you've done, please bring that to mind now.

JS:

Okay. I'm a little confused on the question.

MM:

The question is—well, it's more of—I want you to describe the automobile, your grandfather's interest in that automobile, and the camera equipment that he took with him on the trip.

JS:

Okay. One of the really interesting aspects of the story is that in 1917, my grandfather purchased this Haynes Roadster “Light Six” automobile. The Haynes—Elwood Haynes claims to have the first automobile, so to speak, that performed and did anything in Kokomo, Indiana a number of years before Ford had the car. The very first commercially made and sold automobiles were Haynes’ from Kokomo, Indiana. Elwood Haynes was an engineer. He was a metallurgist. He was an entrepreneur. He had a very, very interesting life. And he essentially invented and drove in the first automobile in the United States. He was after Daimler in Germany, who patented the first automobile a few years earlier. But he was the first to claim to drive on a self-propelled gasoline internal engine—combustion engine—automobile in Kokomo, Indiana. About—I can’t remember the exact date—but about 1896, he then paired with a pair of mechanics, the Apperson Brothers, and formed the Haynes-Apperson Automobile Company. That later divided and he established his own operation as the Haynes Automobile Manufacturing Company about 1906 or so. And he manufactured very high quality, expensive automobiles of the time. Somehow, my grandfather ended up buying this 1917 Haynes. And the logo that Elwood Haynes used on all his automobiles was a quote, “America’s first car,” unquote. And that’s what shows up on the badge. And that’s where we learned what the car was, from Mr. Vaughan’s Flickr post, I guess, where we first know that it’s a Hayne’s.

AV:

We read it off the hubcap.

JS:

Yeah. And so after he did that, then my brother and I, that particular day, tried—looked over various photographs. And I think one of them of the hubcap or on the radiator logo, we were able to see “Haynes.” Very carefully with a magnifying glass, maybe, however we did that. But that’s what the car turned out to be. Why he bought a Haynes, I have no idea. But it was a fairly expensive car for its day. Much more expensive than a Ford.

MB:

This wasn’t his first car?

JS:

No. He had an earlier car, but I don’t recall what the earlier car was. He had a Marvin, I know, at one time. And he had other automobiles. Well, obviously he had automobiles. The last automobile he had was a 1949 Chevy Bel-Air. I remember riding in that with him.

MB:

Did he work on the cars himself.

JS:

What's that?

MB:

Did he work on the cars himself?

JS:

I don't know. He did on the Haynes when the axle broke. He replaced the axle on Taylor Ranch by himself. Yes. He was—my grandfather was very mechanically inclined, in that respect. But anyway, this car, again, was a Haynes 1917 model. America's first car. There were not a lot of them built. The Haynes Motor Company was headquartered in Kokomo, Indiana. Indiana had a number of automobile manufacturing facilities. Today we think of Detroit as being Motor City. But Indiana was making cars. There were numbers of automobile manufacturers in Indiana, making automobiles. And in New York State, there were at least a hundred automobile manufacturing facilities in New York State alone. In about 1919, half of all the automobiles in the country were found in New York State. So, anyway. The rest of the fascination of the car—I don't know why he didn't say, "Let's get a Tin Lizzie," a Ford. It's play on words. My grandmother's name was Lizzie. Tin Lizzie. But why he didn't get a Ford—there is a photograph of a camping Ford car—another camper—driving a Ford. And he makes the comment about, "This is what a Ford camper"—

AV:

A Ford Taurus Equipment.

JS:

A Ford Taurus Equipment, yes. So there's a photograph that he took of a Ford, with people camping. I mean, I can't speak as to why—I have—I did contact the New York State Automobile Registration Bureau in Albany, and asked if they had records that went back of where the car was bought. I don't know where it was bought. I do know, from reading Elwood Haynes' biography, that the very first car that he sold, commercially—and he makes claim to—was sold to a gentleman from Catskill, New—Catskill, New York. That's where the first Haynes was commercially sold. And the first, say, three or four years of production, they only made about twenty or twenty-five cars. They didn't make a lot of them. The company went bankrupt and folded in 1925. So there were no more Haynes' after 1925. And there's only two or three Haynes' that exist in the world. They just don't exist. I do have a hubcap from an early Haynes that I was able to, by accident, locate on eBay, and I bought the thing because of the historicalness. That's one of your archival materials is to have this hubcap, at some point in time, that you could put into the thing. I suspect there are not many Haynes hubcaps laying around.

MM:

Now, talk a little bit about the camera, because not a whole lot of people had them at that time. This one was more elaborate, because it was the glass negatives, and he wanted to get these larger prints. Do you know anything at all about why he got that camera?

JS:

I will just say a couple things about the cameras. I'd like to defer to our specialist who knows all about cameras: Art Vaughan, who's sitting here with us. And you're going to get some of that this afternoon. Okay. I can't tell you too much about the camera. I can tell you that there were just—there were two cameras, and one was a Kodak and the other one was a Reflex—

AV:

Graflex.

JS:

A Graflex, yeah, that made all of the glass slides. And these cameras are in the photographs. You could see these cameras in the photographs of the trip at various places where the Kodak is being photographed of the Graflex, and the Graflex is photographing the Kodak. So you get to see the two cameras. Mr. Vaughan photographed and handled both of these cameras in Round Lake, New York a couple of—what—almost three years ago?

AV:

A little over two.

JS:

Yeah, a little over two. During June or July of 2017, something like that. Is that right?

MM:

So these still exist?

JS:

Oh yes.

MM:

In the family?

JS:

Oh yes. Lance has these, yes. Lance has these. Lance has a couple of the special boxes that were on the running boards that my grandfather had made to—you know, to keep all his stuff water-

tight and that sort of thing. So my brother has—my brother has numbers of things potentially can be archived.

MM:

Okay. That relate to the trip?

JS:

That are from the trip, yes.

MM:

The—now, let's talk about—and Mallory brought this to our attention here a bit ago. What made you think about doing a book about the trip? And how did you get connected with Texas Tech Press on that issue? And tell me the experience moving forward. I know it's been quite a long process.

JS:

Okay. My brother—my brother, who has the black photographic albums of the trip, approached me and suggested to me, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could get an article done on the centennial year of this trip," which is—we are ten days away, or so, from the departure centennial basis—2019 being the hundredth year. "Wouldn't it be nice if we could get an article done on this in the *Smithsonian* magazine?" And I said, "That's a fabulous idea. Go for it." So, as I understand the story, my brother submitted a standard form to the Smithsonian about the trip and a little bit about the history. Either didn't get a reply or he got turned down or whatever. And so when I hadn't heard anything from him, I said, "Well, you have all these photographs and Art's got these slides. Let's try to do a book, a photographic record—a book on this." I'm not sure what exactly what his reaction was, if it was positive, negative or neutral at the time. But anyway—I did this all by phone or email. I said, "Let's do a book." I said, "I've got a book by"—uh, I can't remember the name. The book company down in the south that does—I should've looked it up before we came. Anyway, there's a book company that publishes books of photographs with captions, and that's about all they do. And they do it of local things. Mallory, do you remember the name?

MB:

No.

MM:

Are you talking about Arcadia Books?

JS:

Arcadia. There we go. Arcadia. There you go. Thank you very much. Yeah. So anyway, I

contacted—I contacted the Salem, New York historian Al Cormier and said, “I’d like to do one of these book, and you have one that you had done that’s called *Along the Battenkill*, which contains a picture of my grandfather and my great-grandfather in it. So he referred me to Arcadia. And he says, “I don’t have a contact name any longer, but they do these sorts of books.” So I contacted, by phone, Arcadia and talked to an editor or somebody down there. Said, “We’ve got all of these photographs of this 1919 trip all across the country.” And at that point, or very close to that point, the editor said, “This is too broad a subject for us. We do very narrow topics of very local items. It’s just too broad.” So, I reported—I reported this back to my brother that I had contacted Arcadia and they had turned it down. And I think as Mallory suggested to me, “Why don’t you go down and talk to”—you did, right? I think you did. Said, “Why don’t you go down and talk to Texas Tech Press?” And I said, “Oh, I don’t know.” So I went to the website and one of the things it said was western stuff there. So anyway, I called up Joanna Conrad and talked to her and said, “We have this centennial year coming up of probably the longest documented family road trip in the United States in 1919. Would you be interested in hearing about it and seeing some of the pictures?” And she said she was open to at least talking to me. And I gave her Art’s website at Flickr, and she looked at—she looked at those photographs, prior to our meeting. And she was captivated at that meeting, if I can use that term. Maybe you don’t want to put it that way to her. But she seemed captivated by the picture of the car parked in the very tall timber at Yellowstone National Park. That was one of the ones on Flickr. And she just loved that photograph, for some reason. And she even said—I think she even said to me it’d make a great cover photograph. Anyway, I talked to her. She was very enthusiastic about doing it. She says, “Oh, yes. This is what we do.” And I sat there with her. Mallory was with me. And she did an outline. She gave me an outline: a preface, a body, a back matter. I think I sent you that outline, the original copy that she gave me. She wrote this all out of what to do. And so I emailed back—at this point, Art and I were exchanging emails, and he was exchanging emails with my brother, sort of keeping everybody in the loop. I said, “Gee, I went down to Texas Tech Press and they might be interested in doing this.” I said, “And on top of it all, they’ll upfront the costs of doing this, and we don’t have to self-publish and maybe pay a bunch of money to do this.” So—anyway, so, I followed Joanna’s thing and I started to gather materials, following her format. Contacted Art and he went to work on restoring those glass emulsions that were—that were—had little gaps broken in them, trying to get them back to a little more pristine situation. My brother had the photographs that matched most of the slides. And they matched almost one-to-one. So I tried to—I did a—I wrote a draft of the history. I did a lot of research on my own, reading about early road trips. And there’s a number of early road trips that are documented. The first one is in—the first transcontinental automobile trip was done in 1903. And it was a documentary done on Channel 5 called “Horatio’s Drive.” I can’t think of Horatio’s last name, unfortunately. But the guy doing this trip—the very first recorded transcontinental trip was from San Francisco, across the bay by ferry, to Oakland, and then across the country in 1903 by a doctor from Burlington, Vermont. His first name was Horatio. I can’t think of his last name now. Too bad. But that’s the first one. And then there were—subsequently, there were several trips

one-way, back and forth, from San Francisco to New York, or from New York to San Francisco. Horatio drove into New York City, went down Broadway, had a ticker tape parade. It was a big deal because it was the first time that an automobile had done that. At the same time, he was also chased by Oldsmobile and Buick, I believe, at the time. When Oldsmobile and Buick learned about—don't hold me exactly to Oldsmobile and Buick. Oldsmobile was one. I'm not sure of Buick. I think it was Buick. They started—they started to catch him. They—he was driving a car called a Winton—W-i-n-t-o-n—which was essentially an open buckboard. It didn't have a roof. It was a just a bench. But he was driving this with a friend that was a mechanic that he picked up. And they had a dog named Bud. They picked up this dog on this trip.

MB:

This was some kind of bet, wasn't it?

JS:

Huh?

MB:

It was some kind of bet.

JS:

Yes. There was a fifty dollar bet that he made at the San Francisco club, with somebody, that he couldn't drive across the United States in an automobile. It was not possible. And, again, as I said, the documentary—there's a book called *Horatio's Drive*. It's done by—what's his name who does World War II, the Civil War?

MB:

Ken Burns.

JS:

The filmmaker.

MM:

Oh, Ken Burns.

AV:

Ken Burns?

JS:

Ken Burns, yeah. So, Ken Burns. You can look it up. If you go to "Horatio's Drive," Ken Burns did a documentary on that and he also did a—there's a corresponding book. The interesting thing

about “Horatio’s Drive” is all of the photographs—half to simply do with the car and sort of where they are and some crowds—they didn’t stop to see anything. This was a—because they were—it was a race, literally, in 1903, to be the first across the country. So there are no photographs. And then there’s another—Massey—a family by the name of Massey that go from New York to Los Angeles, and they don’t take a camera. It’s described in a book. All right? And all this information of where they stopped. They didn’t—the husband said to the wife, “Should we take a camera? She says, “Oh, no, we don’t need a camera.” And they made the whole trip about 1912, ’10, ’09 in there. I’ve written it all down. And didn’t take a camera, so there are absolutely no pictures of that trip. And then there’s Ms. Manners. What’s her name? I’m having trouble with some of these names.

MB:

Ms. Manners?

JS:

Yeah, yeah, who wrote the book—etiquette.

MB:

Emily Post?

JS:

Emily Post. Emily Post makes the trip from New York to San Francisco. There’s a book called *Onto the Golden Gate*, or close to that, in which she describes a transcontinental trip with her son in a modified Mercedes Benz. She had traveled all over Europe in a Mercedes Benz, so she had a lot of driving experience. She does a trip from New York. Has a lot of trouble going—and actually, the car makes the last miles from the Arizona Desert to Los Angeles on a train. It broke down. But anyway, she writes a book on this. Again, there are no photographs of much at all, except the car breaking down. But what she does is she has a huge list of all the costs of all the hotels, and makes a record of all the costs of all the meals, and where they stay. Right? But there’s no pictures of national parks. There’s no pictures of bridges. There’s no pictures of anything to speak of in this book. But there is a detailed list of all of the expenditures and things that they did for gas and for food, where they stayed, and some comments on the weather and lousy roads and that sort of thing. But no national parks, none of that stuff. So, after doing all this research, I came to the conclusion that my grandfather makes the first documented transcontinental road trip in 1919, with children. Okay? The longest road trip. The road trip for all these other people are about three thousand miles, you know, plus or minus a few hundred, depending on the route. But they essentially followed the same route that my grandfather followed, coming or going, whichever way it was, more or less. But he documented it all in photographs in 1919. And the national parks. I don’t have any hesitation in saying it. There is no documentation of a trip like he took, that I could find, in literature or in books, anywhere. And I

have tried my best to cover everything. And again, he's making this trip—starting his trip a few weeks, or maybe a month or so, before Eisenhower happens to leave with the military convoy out of Washington, D.C., headed for San Francisco. He's even out on the road ahead of them when they start in 1919, because that's—that's, of course, heavily documented, because the Army was doing it. So there was movies and films and that sort of thing from that trip. But anyway—so that's, I think, in a historic perspective, there's nothing like this of the time. Not much to drive across the country today. People do it all the time. But in 1919, there was only about a 150 miles of paved highway, and some of that is the Lincoln Highway, and that's brick, just like here in Lubbock. It's the same—looks like the same type of brick that's downtown where Tech Press is.

MM:

Well, certainly before the Good Roads Movement started; improvement of modern roads throughout the country.

JS:

Correct. Oh yes.

MM:

The—now, how long—and what have been various iterations with Texas Tech Press? How long has this been going on? And how long was it from the first conception of the idea, you know, that Lance had of doing an article for the *Smithsonian* magazine, to when you did contact the Press?

JS:

Okay. I can only—I have vague recollections of when my brother suggested this to me. But he probably suggested it to me—this is 2019. He may have—he probably suggested it sometime around 2017, two years—

AV:

I have it all documented in my files.

JS:

Okay. So he might be able to tell you the exact date, when he did that. Because what his suggestion was to do this—reignited my interest and his interest in the photographs and stuff. And that's when I said, "You know, he's going to do this article, and I have no idea what kind of car they drove." I always had thought it was Marvin, because my grandfather had a Marvin at one time. And my dad always talked about the big Marvin car they had. I never heard the word "Haynes." I have no recollection of ever hearing, from my dad or my grandfather or grandmother or anything, okay? It was always just the trip, but never—and the car. But I don't ever remember

anybody ever saying the manufacturer being Haynes Automobiles. So some time—Art has a better date. He can help you, maybe this afternoon, with the date. But Lance suggested that. And then there was an intermittent period and nothing happened, and that's when I sort of quizzed Lance what happened. He was sort of equivocated to exactly what happened, but it obviously—the *National Geographic* did not want to pick up on it, and that's when I suggested, "Let's put this in a book." And then the period of time got—and I learned that there was—after going to Alabus [?], the publisher—okay, after going to them, I learned about—they had done one on Salem, New York, and that Al Cormier, who I had met as a young man, was the town historian. And I contacted him. I went to Alabus [1:18:04] as a result of that.

MB:

Do you know who took most of the photographs on the trip? Was it your grandmother or your grandfather?

JS:

What's that?

MB:

Who took most of the photographs?

JS:

I suspect—I suspect—I suspect my grandfather took most of the photographs, but obviously that ones that he's in, or they're all in, somebody else had to have taken them for him. The one photograph that was taken in Glacier was taken by a very famous photographer, because on the back is the name. I can't remember. Do you remember the name? I sent that to you.

AV:

[Laughs] I don't have it off the top—

JS:

Finally Art can't remember something. Art, you're catching up with me.

MB:

Did he ever take photographs after that?

JS:

Huh?

MB:

In other words, was there an interest in photography, strictly to document this trip with your—

JS:

No, my grandfather took photographs all the time, all through his life.

MB:

So he continued—he continued doing photography?

JS:

Oh yes. Right. And there's photographs—there are a lot of photographs from the 1920 and 1922 trips. I mean, he did photographic records of hunting. I mean, they were up in snow in the Wind River Range in Wyoming, went backpacking. Art has a picture of my grandmother on a horse that he improved.

AV:

I have two pictures of your grandmother on a horse.

JS:

Improved on a horse in the woods, somewhere.

AV:

Right. One in the woods and one in the—one in the Fallen Timbers and one in a more open woodsy area.

JS:

Yeah. Of course, I have the whole family on horses in Glacier.

MM:

Now, where are all these materials?

AV:

I have the projector. I have all the slides.

JS:

He has all the slides.

MM:

Okay. But who has these other photographs?

JS:

My brother has—

MM:

So Lance has most of them?

JS:

All the stuff has been photographed. I may have sent you most of it or all of it. But Art has all those photographs, too.

AV:

The other albums are on the flash drive I gave you.

JS:

Right. There's photographs. And my brother has those—is in possession of those. He has the—some of the stuff. He had both cameras. He had the running board boxes that were specially made for the trip. So my brother has all of that stuff. He may have a few more things. I don't know. I don't know what he all pulled out. I don't remember what—all the things he photographed. There was some other paperwork and documents and blue books or whatever. I don't remember what all those things were.

AV:

I think there was some logs from a later thing. He kept track of his photographs, settings and everything, up until the thirties.

JS:

Yeah, okay.

AV:

There's a workbook from that.

JS:

So my grandfather kept track of the settings of the camera and where they were taken. I don't know. But he logged all of that, right? And it's too bad the trip log probably will never be found. But anyway. So my brother has all of that stuff.

MM:

Okay. Now—so it was about 2017 after you had been in touch—or Lance had been in touch with the Smithsonian?

JS:

Yeah.

MM:

And you with Arcadia Press—

JS:

Yes.

MM:

That you approached Texas Tech Press.

JS:

Yeah, Mallory suggested Tech Press.

MM:

And after she made the outline for you, you went to work doing research on things—

JS:

Yes.

MM:

—and putting together the—

JS:

On early trips.

MM:

—the narrative that you have sent to me, which I have read.

JS:

Right. She asked for history. She asked for history of early travel—automobile travel. And so that's sort of where I started. I remember—I had seen the Ken burns film on PBS here, a number of years ago, on Horatio's—I wish I could [inaudible] Horatio's drive—on Horatio's drive. So I had seen that. And so I knew, right from the beginning, that the first transcontinental trip of an automobile was in 1903. I remembered it. I don't know why I remember it, but I remembered it. All right? And so I started with that. I bought a copy of the book. I read the book. I relooked at—I rewatched the film, and then I started to look in the literature and on the web and stuff for other early automobile trips. Okay? And then I documented all of the ones that I could find that were documented and written; there was a book or there was a history about it. Okay? And there's not many. People took trips, but they didn't take transcontinental trips and gone for three months. People are making sixty cents an hour, maybe, or fifty cents an hour. This automobile costs several thousand dollars. And he's gone for three months. And he's staying in the finest hotels. I

mean, you've got to have some financial resources to do this, and he did, at the time. Like I said, I think my grandfather was very wealthy. It all went poof during the Depression. But, at the time, he had the ways and means to—

MB:

Yeah, but a lot of people had wealth, Julian. He had a drive to see the West, and was willing—he and his wife were willing to think of going in a car in bad roads—I mean, there was—a lot of people had wealth.

JS:

Oh yes. Right. He was adventurous. This was an adventure.

MB:

They knew it was not going to be necessarily an easy trip.

JS:

Yes, they knew that. Yes, right. They knew what the road conditions were. What did I say? There was a 150 miles of paved highway in 1919?

MM:

And we look at those photos of going down the Lincoln. Then there was one going down the Lincoln Highway, and then they finally get into—

JS:

Iowa.

MM:

—Iowa, where the mud was and everything like that.

JS:

Right. If you look at the films of the Eisenhower—I say the Eisenhower, it was really the Army. Eisenhower was a First Lieutenant, I think, in 1919. He just happened to be on this convoy. I'm not sure why he was there. But he became President, so it's noted he was on this convoy in 1919. But if you look at the films or the photographs—you know, you got overturned trucks. You got military vehicles in the ditch. My grandfather photographed at least two accidents on the trip: the flood in Wyoming and the overturned car in the ditch going back on the eastern return.

AV:

There was another one in album.

JS:

There's another one in the album?

AV:

A soft top, early car that had flipped right over.

JS:

Yeah, okay. I don't remember that one.

MB:

We remember, people were having to back up La Bajada.

JS:

Oh yeah.

MB:

The hill going from Albuquerque to Santa Fe.

JS:

So, moving to Santa Fe. He took pictures of La Bajada. And I didn't know anything about La Bajada, so I did a lot of research about La Bajada. And I did not know that Route 66 had a southern loop that went down through Albuquerque. Did you know that? I always thought of Route 66—Chicago to Los Angeles. Okay? That's the way I always—

MM:

Oh, it went through Amarillo.

JS:

Yes. But that's coming from Chicago to Los Angeles, right. But, there was a side loop of Route 66 that went down through Albuquerque that came off of the ones coming across New Mexico, and it snuck down to Albuquerque to loop back, which is kind of interesting. Originally, that highway was called New Mexico Route 1. And there's a thing called the Big Cut. There's a photograph of that.

AV:

It's behind the casino now, off the road.

JS:

Yeah. I haven't been able—it's on Indian land. I haven't been able to get to that. But there's a thing that's been—it's called the Big Cut. I didn't know—he just took a photograph of it. But I

did research on that. It was all dug by hand. That whole thing was dug by hand. And then north of that is this thing called La Bajada, which is the “descent.” It translates to “the descent.” And this a switchback. You ever been down the Mohawk Trail?

AV:

No.

JS:

Okay. You need to go down the Mohawk Trail. You go down the Mohawk Trail—well, you do this sort of thing, okay? There’s a bunch of switchbacks. In those days, there were a lot of cars, like the Fords, that didn’t have fuel pumps. That’s what made the car cheap. It was all gravity-fed. And so they had to back up. If they went up this way, the fuel tank was lower than the engine, so the engine wouldn’t get fuel. So they had to back up so the fuel tank would be on the high side of the engine. Also, the reverse was the lowest gear ratio. And so the cars would literally back up—many cars would have to back up the switchback. And this was—this was going from—it’s about eight hundred feet of elevation gain over half a mile, or something, this way, width-wise. And he photographed that. I did a lot of research on the La Bajada. And we drive it now, but we drive it straight. We go straight down it on I-25. It’s a big—it’s a big outcrop of volcanic flow—basalt.

MM:

Basaltic formation.

JS:

It’s a basalt formation, right. But the original road was all switchback. Then you would go on to Santa Fe, and they went on to Santa Fe. There are pictures of them in Santa Fe.

MM:

So, Julian, in traveling with your grandmother when you were delivering linen goods for your uncle, in, you know, visiting with your father, you do not recall—I mean, you recall that they told stories, but you cannot, right now, recall any impressions that they had of going on this trip, believing that they were doing something unique, as Mallory indicated a minute ago?

JS:

I don’t have any recollections of stories, other than talking about the trip. It just was—in parentheses—it was called “the trip.” And so there were—there were stories about it. A lot of the stories, if you will, are in the captions of the photograph. One caption I can think of—it’s in Petrified Wood National Park now—is the comment that my grandfather made that the kids were taking a picture on a petrified log, and they said it was—it was one of the ones that they couldn’t

pick up and haul away. So you asked what my brother has. My brother has a piece of petrified wood that—

AV:

It's about this big.

JS:

Yeah, about that—Art saw it and photographed it. Has a piece of petrified wood that they did pick up. Somebody picked up. My dad picked up. My uncle—somebody picked it up and threw it in the back of the car. And I took it back to Salem. I think my brother tells—my brother—well, if you could talk to my brother—and I hope you will. My brother can give you a lot of details that he may recall. But anyway, I think it's—my brother told me this—when he was photographing this petrified wood, my brother said to me when they brought it back, my grandfather had it polished. And he said—and the comment was my grandfather said it was the hardest thing he ever had to have polished was this piece of petrified wood. And the top of it's pretty smooth. It's been polished down. Like he said, it's a piece like that. It's probably about that thick.

MB:

So did you ever sit there and everybody look at the slides together?

JS:

The only time I have seen the slides was as a kid—was in the living room of the apartment in Portland. I don't know who was there. I think my dad—I'm sure my dad was there; my grandmother was there; my grandfather was there. I can't remember my mother being there. She must've been. I don't remember my brother being there. But I do remember—because they would—once they got these things up, among them who made the trip, they would exchange commentaries about—

MB:

So you don't remember anything they said?

JS:

No, I don't remember anything they said.

MB:

You don't remember the commentaries?

JS:

No. I'm—this is 1950. I'm seven years old or eight years old, so none of this stuff is sinking in,

except the pictures. And I can remember—and I didn't even remember this until the business about the slides came back up, because I recognized them immediately, because I could remember my grandfather dropping a slide in and pulling the carriage over and removing that slide and putting it in order in the box, and then putting the next slide in the carriage and pushing it this way, and then removing the slide. I remember, vividly, him doing that. I don't know why I—because it was repetitive.

MB:

He can't remember what he said but he remembers—[laughs]

JS:

Because it was a repetitive—it was a repetitive motion, three hundred times. [MB laughs] Okay? And so I do—I did remember that. And I remembered the black tape around the things before I saw them again, from you. But I remembered the black tape. I remember them being heavy, because I handled—you know, I handled them.

MM:

In your discussions with Lance, either one of you two—either Art or Julian—and talking about this particular instance where you did watch them showing the slides, your typical American trip slide presentation. Did Lance ever mention that he was there that—

JS:

You can ask him that.

MM:

Okay.

JS:

I don't recall him being there. My brother is four years younger. So if I—in 19—if this is 1950 or '51—

MM:

He's going to be quite young.

JS:

Right, right. I am seven or eight or nine, and he's going to be six or seven. So I do not—I don't recall him. In fact, growing up, four years between my brother is almost like we didn't almost live together. Okay? I was in high school; he was in grade school. Okay? My friends were in high school, Seth's sixth grade. Mallory had the same problem. She's got an older sister. And I'll—

MB:

Yeah, but my sister is thirteen years older.

JS:

Yeah, right. Even older, right. But the point being is there was not just a year between us, or two years between us, there was this thing. Now, we did things together with my dad. We would go camping. I can remember camping—and stopping at Letchworth—Letchworth Park in western New York. You know about Letchworth Park?

MM:

No.

JS:

It's called the Grand Canyon of the East. I don't remember the name of the river that runs through there, but it's a very deep canyon. And my brother and I—my mom and dad stayed in a camp—and this was the western trip. We were headed out, okay? The trip basically [?] [1:33:48]. My brother and I stayed in a tent in the woods, away from this camp. And I can remember opening the tent door and there were a bunch of quail running around. I don't know why I remember that, but there were a bunch of quail running around. And also, that night, it rained. And if you ask Lance about that, I bet he'll tell you, verbatim, almost the same. It rained that night, and we were in this tent. Did we get wet? I don't think we got wet. But it did rain. The raindrops on the tent and stuff, it's like hail on the roof of our house.

AV:

The sound. You remember the sound?

JS:

Yes, yes. Yes. And I remember Letchworth State Park very well. It's the "Grand Canyon of the East." So I do remember that. That comes to mind.

MM:

As you were a child, and you went with your parents out west to recapture the trip—

JS:

Yes. This was my dad—my dad's—

MM:

Your dad driving.

JS:

—wish to recapture. He was trying to recapture his youth.

MM:

Yeah. Obviously, whether you know it or not, it made an impression on you, and has driven this—or motivated—this project right now. There's no doubt about it, in my mind. But were you cognizant of the trip? Do you remember him talking about, "We did this. We did that"?

JS:

Oh yes. Yes, yes.

MM:

What do you recall about that?

JS:

Well, just exactly what I said. We came through here, and there were bears like we were having. We were doing many of the places that he had been there before. He would comment about—he would make comments about him being here, at this spot, when he was a kid. He was eight. Now that I've ventured around, as an adult, and been the same places, because of the photographs, I say the same thing. "My dad was here before. My dad, when we did the trip in '50, yeah, he'd been there before." So he would comment about that, yes. But I don't recall, with enough detail, specifics. But in a general thing, yes, of course he did.

MM:

Well, now, these are things that—

JS:

That trip, for him, was a huge impression, as you can—might imagine. Ninety-six days of driving and going to all of these parks, and doing all these things, as a kid. I mean, it left an indelible impression on him.

MM:

Did he ever mention how they entertained themselves on the trip? I mean, as him and his brother.

JS:

Yeah. Well, they're climbing on a sign in New Mexico. They're climbing a sign pole of some sort.

AV:

Crawling up a bear cage at El Tovar.

JS:

Yeah. Feeding the bear at El Tovar. Yes, right.

MB:

So, like, what did they do for hours, sitting in a car?

MM:

Yeah, that's what I'm getting at. Did they play games? Did he ever mention anything?

JS:

Never mentioned what happened. I suspect they just watched the stuff go by. It was so strange, and everything was different. The pictures of No Wood Canyon. I can't imagine going through that as a kid. I mean, you'd be looking out at the mountains and there are no trees. Remember, you're coming from the East, with trees, and you get to the Midwest and you've got grasslands. And in a lot of photographs, they're out walking; they've stopped; they're taking pictures. So they're out walking around and, you know, exploring, as you would do. Close to a car, not too far away, and seeing what you can find or what turns up. Things like that. I mean, I can imagine doing all this stuff. And then my uncle's up climbing on some sign when they're coming back into New Mexico. They're up on logs of petrified wood—Petrified National Park. They're staying at the—I'm not going to be able to remember the name of it—the very, very nice inn in Southern California. What was the name of it, Mallory? Do you remember?

MB:

[inaudible]

AV:

The what?

JS:

I mentioned about staying there.

MB:

There were a lot of inns in California.

JS:

The picture with the ox cart—the camera.

AV:

Oh, that's near the riverside.

JS:
Riverside Inn?

AV:
Riverside Inn?

JS:
Yeah, the Riverside Inn. Probably the fanciest hotel in Southern California, [laughs] or close to it, at the time.

MB:
So what are you thinking sparked his interest in making this trip? Did he—

JS:
My dad?

MB:
—read books?

JS:
My dad?

MB:
Your grandpa.

MM:
Your grandfather.

JS:
Oh, my grandfather.

MB:
Did he read books about it? Did he—did someone else made [sic] trip out west? What sparked his interest in it?

JS:
Again, he was an outdoorsman. He hunted; he fished; he took me hunting; he took me fishing; I went out and shot his shotguns; we would go—my dad, my grandfather and I, we would go out and we would go in some field somewhere—

MB:

Yeah, I understand—

JS:

—and trap shoot.

MB:

I understand that. But he had to—something—he had to read a book or something had to tell that he wanted to go to a place called Yellowstone. Did he—

JS:

I think in—I think in some of the—some of the paperwork, there were some articles about western parts of the United States. Obviously he was well read. Remember, he didn't hear very well. I mean—you asked me, and I didn't say much about it, but he wore an amplifier up to a hearing aid. When I knew him, he was totally deaf. He read lips. And he watched television and he could read—but then he would—when you'd get something, he'd ask about it. I think, just the Salem Press article said, he wanted to go out and explore the West. All right? Because it's very different than the East. All right? The Mississippi River really makes two—

MM:

How old was he, at that time?

JS:

He was thirty-eight, I believe.

AV:

That I can't tell you.

JS:

Okay. He's thirty-eight.

MM:

And his father was in the Civil War?

JS:

No. His—

MM:

His grandfather was in the Civil War?

JS:

That's my other side of the family.

MM:

The other side of the family? Okay?

JS:

Yes. My great-grandfather on my mother's side of the family was a physician. And he was in the Union Army, and he was stationed at the hospital in Washington, D.C. Okay?

MB:

But the Spallholz family—his family grew up in Germany.

MM:

Where in Germany? I've been to there.

MB:

We've got—

MM:

All the genealogy there?

MB:

Yeah. I was going to say at FamilySearch—

JS:

We've got all this genealogy laid out, pretty much.

MB:

I mean, it's—you've got, probably, at least three or four generations back in Germany.

MM:

Okay.

JS:

They were all—

MM:

Mallory, do you have all that on your computer?

MB:

It's all at FamilySearch.

MM:

FamilySearch?

MB:

Yeah.

MM:

Okay.

JS:

See, in Germany, they were all Heinrich.

MB:

So we'd have to figure out the password so I could give it to you.

MM:

My grandfather was Heinrich. I didn't—until we did this research, I didn't know that. But they came over as Heinrich, and they morphed into Henry.

MM:

Did they go through—

JS:

No.

MM:

Well, there was no Ellis Island.

JS:

No they did not. That's what I'm saying. They're coming—they're coming in—they're coming in through New York City about 18—about 1880.

MM:

But it was New York City? It wasn't through Philadelphia or something like that?

JS:

No.

MM:

Because some of them immigrated through there.

JS:

I'm pretty sure it was New York City.

MM:

Okay. The—now, [JS coughs] in terms of personality—okay, just personality—again, trying to put flesh on the bone to these people, your grandparents. Give me some impression of what you thought of him, what characterizes your grandfather, then what characterizes your grandmother.

JS:

Yes. Okay.

MM:

You're an academic, smart guy. You know how to articulate.

JS:

Okay. What characterized my grandfather? Drive. Personal—personal ambition to succeed. I didn't mention on thing to you. In addition to the—to the bank presidency, owning and then selling back and general managing the Manhattan Shirt Company—the photograph of the shop—he also managed, during World War I, a scythe factory. This factory was outside of Salem. He was the manager of that. They made machetes. And they were making machetes primarily for the sugar cane industry. They made machetes. My brother may have a machete. Did he bring it up?

AV:

I haven't seen it, but I heard him mention it.

JS:

Did he mention it?

AV:

He might have.

JS:

My brother may have a machete, and that machete would've come from that factory. And my grandfather operated—managed that. Okay? So he had a huge amount of personal drive. He was very inquisitive about everything, obviously photography, but also electronics and radio. He was very interested in current events. When I was a kid—you know who Lowell Thomas is?

MM:

Um-hm.

JS:

Okay. You know where he was born?

MM:

Uhn-uh.

JS:

Victorville, Colorado. Okay? Lowell Thomas. Lowell Thomas came on with the news at 6:45 p.m., every night of the week. I can remember, "Good evening. This is Lowell Thomas with the news." You remember that? Am I too old to—

MM:

No.

JS:

Did you listen to Lowell Thomas?

AV:

I remember—

MM:

I remember it. Plus he did travel logs.

JS:

He did travel logs later on, yes. Right, right. But anyway, we listened—we listened—and I don't know how my grandfather listened—

MB:

That might be some of the things that sparked his interest in travel.

JS:

But we turned on one of these old Philco radios, or whatever, when we were in the apartment. Now, this is the fifties—early fifties or so. And every single night we had to turn on the news. Okay? And that's what Mallory—that's where I get the businesses. I watch PBS news hour like religion.

MB:

It sounds like your grandfather was a very formal man.

JS:

He was a very formal man, too, yes, like I said. Even to the day he died, if he went out in public, he went out with his hat; he went out with his vest; he went out dressed in a suit, shined shoes; had his watch thing across his—his pocket watch in there. And he was a very formal man. I think he was interested in everything. I also sent you the advertisement he did for the academic program. You remember getting that from me? I sent it to you.

MM:

I may not have read that, but tell me about that.

JS:

Kiplinger. He did an advertisement for Kiplinger. Kiplinger used him. He said, "A bank president and manager—business manager at age thirty-eight." There's a profile of him. Have you seen that?

MM:

No.

JS:

I'll try to remember to send it to you. But Kiplinger. Then he tells—he tells about taking Kiplinger's program—business program—and how that influenced his business acumen, if you will.

MB:

But he was a mentor to you. He took you to the stock market.

JS:

He was—now, I was—he died in 1957, so I was, what, fourteen?

MB:

Yeah.

JS:

Yeah. So I'm fourteen. So I didn't know him beyond the age of fourteen. But he was a mentor to me, in some ways, of taking me fishing, taking me hunting, explaining things to me if I asked him questions. He would take me to the Merrill—I'm sure it was a Merrill Lynch office, but it may have been another brokerage. We'd go down to the brokerage house in Portland. I had a

great deal of respect for him. And he was much taller than I was at the time, too. He was probably about six-one, maybe, something like that. But very formal, very smart. I think—my mother always said there was—that both my grandmother and my grandfather never held much resentment to the government because the bank was closed, because he had all of his—I'm going to say assets. I don't know what other term to use. But he had most of his money probably in bank notes and tied up in the bank, okay? Personal funds. And so when the bank folded, the good times, as it did for many people, disappeared during the Depression. The bank was closed in 1933. And he was the—he was the president of the bank for about—for about eighteen years, something like that. I'd have to check the exact number, but it was quite a period of time. He was also doing—and I found this in magazines—he was also doing property development in Florida. And the areas that's described that he was doing property development—because my other grandfather invested some money through my other—well, they were—they were—their kids were married, so my grandfather who was a doctor and the grandfather who was the president—he's getting my grandfather, Zenus [?] [1:48:23] Orton, to put money into Florida. And the bank has bought up property in Florida. And I think I owned Mar-a-Lago at one time—that land. I'm not sure, because it was West Palm Beach or wherever it was. It was on the east side, I guess. But anyway, he was doing property development. And things were sort of booming until the Depression. And so that's part of the reason that, I think, he went—his trip down to play golf was also a business trip to Florida. And so he would take both of his kids, get on a train—they'd go down and play golf. So this picture I have is—my grandfather's probably in his early forties, and my uncle is seventeen, eighteen.

MB:

Julian's parents were the first generation to be much more poor than their parents. I think thus his father is, kind of, relieving the glory day through wanting to go out west again.

JS:

Yes. My parents did not do as well, financially, as his parents, obviously. But the equalizer was the Depression—1933—the bank closure. My other grandfather was a physician. Things went on, for him, pretty steady, I guess. And he passed away, um, 1950. '51, '52, something like that.

MM:

Again, I'm trying to get to the essence of the man.

JS:

Yeah.

MM:

Was he gentle-natured? Was he outspoken? Was he calm and collected? What type of a person—how would you describe his personality?

JS:

I have a hard time doing that, because I'm his grandson, and he's doing nice things for me.
[Laughs]

MM:

Tell us what your recollection is.

JS:

Well, he liked to take and show me things. He liked to show me guns. Okay? He would say, "You never point a gun at a person, even if you know it's unloaded." All right? So we would handle guns. We would go—like I said—all the things I've said before, we would do.

MB:

So when you went into the bank with him, how did people act?

JS:

I never went to the bank. I went to the Merrill Lynch office with him in Portland. Remember, this is 19—these are the 1950s now. Again, this is not 1930s. All right?

MB:

Okay. So after you got a little older, did people who worked at the shirt shop ever say anything?

JS:

I didn't know anybody that worked at the shirt shop. The shirt shop was closed.

MB:

So none of the—

JS:

That was all gone. That's not part of my history; that's all part of his history.

MB:

I know, but a lot of times people say something, like, "Oh, I worked for your granddad." Blah, blah, blah.

JS:

He was president of the bank. Before that, he had been on the Board of Directors. He managed the shirt shop. He owned it. He must have got—he must have gotten along with employees very well. He had a lot of employees. I never heard my dad say that he didn't get along with people very well. It was cordial, that sort of thing. But I can't—

MB:

Well, I mean, all of the people are out there—okay. I guess—so, did your grandfather say, “All of you people have to be out here for this picture, whether you like it or not”? Or did everyone want to come out and say goodbye?

JS:

I don't know. I've wondered about that. I've wondered about that.

AV:

In the factory photograph, a lot of people are beaming, but there's some really grumpy-looking ones.

JS:

Yeah, there's some—it's a combination. Well, I'm sure there's some jealousy here, right? There's got to be. I mean, anybody who looks to somebody who's doing something that you can't do, that has the financial means to do it, are sometimes jealous. Right? I mean, that's a common human response. And I'm sure you're saying that. There are other people that, you know, he may have known much more personally and stuff, who were very please for him and delighted that they were doing that, and being part of the photo—or being asked to be part of the photograph. I don't know. I wasn't there, so I can't—

MM:

Would you describe him as being analytically-minded?

JS:

Oh yes. Yes, he was very—detail. All the photographs—writing them down. All this detail. I mean, just these—just these albums that he and my grandmother would've put together after the trip.

AV:

Some of the captions on the slides would have been recorded at the—the slides were put together after the trip—

JS:

Yes, the slides were after.

AV:

—so those captions had to be derived—

JS:

From the photographs.

AV:

—from the logbooks.

JS:

Yes, from the logbooks and the photographs. Yes, right.

MM:

Okay. So the captions are from them?

JS:

Oh yes.

AV:

Oh absolutely.

MM:

They did the captions?

JS:

Oh yes, they did the captions, yes. They would've done the captions together.

MB:

A kind of interesting story is one of the captions in the little town—well, in New Mexico says, “*La Tienda*.” So Julian had a—the picture—and a friend of ours is a—

JS:

Church.

MB:

Church. But a friends of ours is an anthropologist, and Julian emailed this to her and asked her, “Where is *La Tienda*?”

JS:

In New Mexico.

MB:

And so she went back through some archives at the state historical—where she volunteers, and

she found that the church was in a little village called San Jose. And we went to San Jose to look at the church. It's still there.

JS:

Yes. Took pictures of it. Yeah, it's still there. Just outside of Santa Fe. East of Santa Fe. On the way to Raton.

MB:

It's almost to Las Vegas.

JS:

Almost to Las Vegas, New Mexico.

MB:

It's not really on the—

JS:

Yeah. So what it was—they were going along the—

MB:

But I guess the store was what impressed them, or that's why they stopped, because of the village.

JS:

Well, probably there was a sign that said "La Tienda" and they didn't speak Spanish. So they thought it was the village.

MB:

Name of the town.

JS:

The village was La Tienda.

AV:

When I was looking it up, all I was finding was pictures of variety stores.

MB:

The stores, yeah.

JS:

That's right. Anyway, that's why we think it's labeled "La Tienda," because they must have seen a sign for a store. And since then, we went up—we went up—we were with these friends—the historian or—what do you call Joan?

MB:

She's an anthropologist.

JS:

She's an anthropologist. We went up to the—we went up to the building that we thought where the store would've been, and sure enough the lady came out. Her grandfather ran the store, and the store, exactly, was there, and it's right in the back of the church in that photograph if you come right back. They probably stood right in front of the store and took the picture. Okay? And I'm sure—on the thing, it said "La Tienda," and they thought it was the name of the village. So it's labeled as "La Tienda," but it's the—it's not San Jose. So we went up and talked to the lady. And it was her grandfather. And she would tell us stories about Indian raids, and this was a huge tobacco—they raised huge amounts of tobacco east of Santa Fe. And they rolled cigars there. And she said the kids, age eight, there were smoking cigars, in those days, in the late 1800s. And the Navajos—the Navajos—the Apaches would come in and they would come in the village. And what they were after were the animals—were the sheep. Okay? Not people. They didn't—not so much like the movies; they raided—you know, they shoot the people. But they wanted—they came in for the goats and the sheep and stuff that were a part of the ranching situation. And they would have a lookout. And this place would've had a wall around it, the village would, at that time, but they would still come in. But all of the stuff in the store—and I'm sure my grandfather must have gone in that store. I can't imagine—they're in the middle of nowhere, and you've got a store. Right? You stop and take a picture of a church. I can't imagine him not saying, "Let's go in see what they got in the store." Right? Wouldn't you do that? Yeah? Right there? Right, right.

MB:

Or from the kids saying, "Candy, candy."

JS:

Yeah, the kids get a candy bar or—I don't know if they had soda or pop or whatever you called it. But I can't imagine they didn't go into that store. So they—I think they would've gone into the store. And the lady who is there now has all the stuff. She has most of the stuff that was in the store from the 1880s. We have tried to get in there twice to see it. And she was very, very nice when we were there, talking to her. She tells us stories. But she has not let us get into the house to see the stuff, yet. We're still trying to get in to see what the store looked like.

AV:

Did you happen to show her a copy of the old picture?

JS:

Yes. I sent her that. I sent her that, and she acknowledged receiving it, but she never responded. She didn't respond from our last stop either, so I'm not sure what the deal is. But she's fairly elderly. But she loved to talk about the store and the things when she was growing up there. So her family has lived in this—there's only about six or seven houses. Most places are now deserted.

MB:

So how about your grandmother? How would you describe your grandmother?

JS:

How do I describe my grandmother? My grandmother is extremely bright. Very inquisitive. Hard working. Did a lot of work for my uncle at the laundry. She worked at the laundry. She worked hours and hours at the laundry in Boston. Obviously a Cornell graduate in Greek and Latin. Can't be too stupid, [Laughs] I don't think to do that. She, in her letter the last year I was in college—she died about 1966 or '67, something like that. The last things I—when I saw her—the last time I saw her was in a hospital or a nursing facility in Portland, Maine. And she said to me—she said she had leukemia. She said to me, "I got this thing. I am so mad at myself." I remember her saying that, those words. "I am so mad at myself that I'm not doing better." I don't know what that tells you, if anything. But anyway, that's the last thing I can remember from the last time I saw her alive. But she was very smart. She interacted a lot with family. They would come to Salem, where they had lived, and interact with these cousins that I—they were cousins to me, but they were actually her grandparents. I didn't learn until we've been doing this—

MM:

Genealogy.

JS:

Yeah, this genetic research on FamilySearch. Is that right? FamilySearch? Yeah. So I would be dragged over, as a kid—we'd go over to this house by the name of Cruikshank. She'd go in and she'd talk, and they would talk, talk, have tea. And I was just a little kid.

MB:

I thought it was the McCarthy's?

JS:

The McLarty's, I'm sorry.

MB:

McLarty's.

JS:

Not Cruikshank. Cruikshank's the other side. McLarty's, yes, right. Irish.

MB:

She was living with them after she—

JS:

I had no idea who these people were, but these are the grandparents that she lived with after both her mother and dad had passed away. She was a teenager or so, something like that, before she went off on her own.

MB:

And then somebody—it sounded like your grandfather felt like somebody had mismanaged her estate after her—

JS:

Oh, yes, yes. Yeah, she filed a lawsuit. I guess the trustee who was managing—she inherited, as I told you, this money from her father. And she was a minor, so there was some trustee that was put in charge of the trust account. My grandfather thought it had been mismanaged after they were married, and they filed a suit. This is in the New York State legal record. Filed lawsuit against him for mishandling some of the funds. They lost the suit. Nothing happened. They lost it. But anyway, they did file a lawsuit.

MB:

Do you have any idea how an orphan girl in Salem, New York had the opportunity to go to Cornell?

JS:

No, I have no idea how she got to Cornell. Again, my brother—my brother is, perhaps, better informed for a lot of the stuff than even I am. And so he may be able to answer that question.

MM:

I had a question earlier. You were talking about your uncle. Are you in contact with any of your cousins?

JS:

They're both deceased. All of my cousins are deceased. My brother tried to contact—tried to contact them earlier, looking for the journal.

AV:

Corey Flaherty was the lady I called on New Year's Day in 2000 who said that she knew somebody who—her best friend had a grandfather named Spallholz—a father named Spall—yeah. I called her and she said she thought the cameras existed somewhere. They do in Round Lake, okay. And she didn't know whether the journals existed or not. That's where we—

JS:

Who did you call?

AV:

Hm?

JS:

Who were you talking with?

AV:

I called—I had gone up to Maine to visit somebody.

JS:

Portland?

AV:

No, I stopped in Saco, at the police department, and I asked if anybody knew of anybody named Spallholz. And that's when the gal came out and said, "Hey, my best friend has a—father's name was Spallholz."

JS:

So this could've been one of my cousins, perhaps, I don't know, as adults. They are now both deceased.

MB:

He has no idea—because I've asked him, "So why did your family leave Germany?"

JS:

That remains a puzzle, too.

MB:

That was never discussed. It's fairly common, actually. I've known—I've asked other people that question.

MM:

Probably a number of reasons. I mean—

MB:

Because they were, again, not—I mean—

JS:

I have a photograph—I have a photograph of my great-grandfather and great-grandmother taken in Germany—

MB:

And, I mean, they're dressed in expensive clothes.

JS:

—on their wedding day.

MB:

So I don't think it was—unless they had, again, some severe economic downturn, it was not an economic thing. So I don't know—

MM:

Some of it could've had to do with the wars that were—chased a lot of people out Germany, at that time. Because they were—

JS:

Austro-Hungarians.

MM:

Austro-Hungarian. And there was a lot of demand for young men. I mean, they were drafted, and to avoid draft. They would immigrate. There were times when—sometimes they would elope, against their parents' wishes, and they would come to America to do that, and then reestablish contact after they had made something of themselves or something like that. Or they just came for economic opportunity, because, remember, land was being divvied up amongst children, at that time, and then some children got nothing. Okay? And because of all of the conflicts and stuff like that, you know, there was turmoil in society, at that time, so they looked for ways out. It's just like I was reading last night about the people in Scotland and Ireland who were used to

being members of clans, but then when the transition came, in the 1600s and before, of them starting to—through the enclosure system, where they gobbled up all of the little communal lands—the great landlords and landowners and aristocrats—to make—to capitalize on the agricultural revolution. They pushed people that had been tenants of that land for so many years off the land, and those people became cottagers, okay, or what were called cottagers. For instance, in Scotland or even in Ireland, they would either mine coal; they would harvest kelp, because there was large kelp industry at the time. And they were in these little townships that were created. And then later, by the late—early 1700s, the aristocrats that could not get some of the tenants off the land, they paid for them to immigrate. They paid for their immigration.

JS:

Oh, I see. They paid to have them leave.

MM:

But there were also all kinds of wars going on at that time. Of course, there was the British Civil war that was going on at that time, in the 1600s, when the people came over. But they also came over later in dribs and drabs. And, of course, right around this time happens the potato famine, not only in Ireland but in Scotland. And so a lot of people got out.

JS:

Her family. Even some of mine.

MB:

My great-grandfather was a—well, he was related to the Duke of Wellington. His older brother—

JS:

I have some Northern Irish—

MB:

There was five brothers. His older brother was going to inherit everything, so the four youngest brothers came to the U.S.

MM:

Well, always the younger children sought their opportunities elsewhere, and whereas the older child, if they had aristocratic roots, would get all the land. The younger sons, before the religious revolution and the Reformation, they would become lawyers. Okay? Some would become physicians.

MB:

Or physicians.

MM:

And more importantly, ministers.

JS:

Ministers, yes.

MM:

Okay? But they were educated. At least they got an education. But they were scrambling for any opportunity they could. There was a—I read the—I'll try to remember to send it to you. In doing some research yesterday, I found two books that would be useful that described this whole notion of the United States, and the people that made up the early United States, even to this day, were a group of hustlers. They learned how hustle, you know, to make it. And capitalism, you know, was part of that hustle. And so they go through all of this. Anyway. Your grandparents had to have some of that, being first generation—or second generation immigrants, your grandfather in particular.

JS:

Well, yeah. He came in—he was eight, I think, when he—

MM:

When he came in?

JS:

When he came in, with his parents, from Germany.

MM:

And so—and as—it's this characteristic of some Germans or German immigrants—they are highly industrious people, okay? And they often are technically-minded. Many of them become engineers.

JS:

It's called the German work ethic.

MM:

There you go.

JS:

That is a term that I've heard.

MM:

Almost like the Protestant work ethic.

JS:

Yeah, like a Protestant worth ethic, yeah.

MM:

But the—they pride—that's what I'm getting at in trying to characterize who these people were and what their personalities were like. Did they reflect that type of a stereotype?

MB:

It sounds like they did.

MM:

Or were—I want you to talk a little bit more about your grandmother as well. In terms of personality, were they just driven all the time? Were they kindly? Not just to you, but did you see them interact with other people, and did they seem kindly?

JS:

Oh yes.

MM:

Were they expressive and extroverted, or were they more introverted in nature—

JS:

No.

MM:

—in their deliberate work?

JS:

No, I think—I think they were both extroverted, and I think that's partly because they were both highly educated and had the experience of seeing other things, right? Most people—most people, I think, who get a chance to travel and see other people in other situations are a little bit more extroverted than introverted, because you've had these experiences that you can share. Don't hold everything inside, but you can share that. So I think both of my—both of my parents—

MB:

So when you go into the apartment, does your grandmother say, "Hello, Julian." Or do you run to grandma and get a big hug?

JS:

I'm sure I got a big hug from my grandmother. I don't recall enough details, of that age, of that type of personal interaction. I can—as a young kid, and even when I was there as a young adult, she would do—it was almost like having a maid. I mean, she was that good to me. Okay? She did almost everything for me. She cooked, did clothes and the whole bottle of wax while I was driving this linen root every day from Portland, Maine down to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and turning around and going back up the main turnpike back to South Portland, and getting off and going into Portland. So she did all these things. I'm sure we talked politics. I'm sure we talked about the news. I'm sure we did all those sorts of things she had interests in. I didn't—

MB:

She didn't instill her love of Greek and Latin. [Laughs]

JS:

No, I didn't inherit any love of Greek or Latin. No. I knew my mother's mother much better, because she lived—she lived into her nineties. So I knew her much, much better.

MM:

As an adult.

JS:

This is my mother's mother, my grandmother on my mother's—my maternal grandmother, yes. I knew her much better. I have very little recollection of interacting with my maternal grandfather, who was the physician, except that he chewed his tongue. This was a family thing. If he got agitated or anything. My mother said he chewed his tongue. So anyway. Now, I think—I think my maternal grandfather, Zenus Orton, who was a physician in a small town, was kind of no-nonsense about things. Maybe that's because he was a physician. I don't know. But he was loved by the village. If you read accounts of the village and when he died and stuff like that, everybody really loved him, because he was the single town doctor. He was the only doctor.

MB:

You were going to get some medical treatment, unlike today.

JS:

Right. There were stories that he would take chickens in payment. Okay? Two chickens or whatever in payment for medical services. I don't—he was—he was never—he was never

wealthy, but he was never—they were never poor. They lived very well. He loved—he loved to—he would close up shop as quick as he could in the afternoon when they were racing horses at Saratoga Springs. He would go to the—he would go to the—I'm not sure. The harnesses, I think. They ran harnesses and also have a flat track at Saratoga Springs. And he loved the horses and would go and bet on horses. And that was only a thirty-minute drive.

MB:

Basically, these people were the big fish in the little pond.

JS:

Yes. I was—I was the kid of the big fish. I was the little fish. I grew up in a town where, "Oh, you're the doc's grandson." This is who I was.

MB:

Your uncle's the county attorney.

JS:

"Oh, your uncle Julian's nephew." That sort of thing. So I—my own experience was growing up in a town where my families, on both sides, were well, well known by the entire community and area. That, to me—I don't know how that affects me, but it certainly had an effect on me. I realized, in this small town, I was sort of upper-class, if I may use that term. Simply because I got this commentary and kind of recognition, not for me, but through my—through my relatives in this small town. My uncle—my uncle was the village attorney; he was the county attorney.

MM:

Which one was this?

JS:

This is my uncle—my mother's—my mother's brother, my uncle, who I'm named after. But he finished his career as judge of the family court for the county.

MB:

Was it your grandmother Spallholz—she didn't have any siblings. She was an only child.

JS:

She was an only child.

MB:

But she had—I think there was one deceased child.

JS:

Yes. Yes.

MB:

And then your grandfather, he was only child? Your grandfather Spallholz?

JS:

My grandfather Spallholz, only child. I don't know the answer to that question, right now.

MB:

I mean, so you never met your—they never talked about his brother or his sister or anything?

JS:

No. No. No. He may have been an only child. I don't know. I don't know the answer to that. I can't answer that. I don't know. But anyway, my own experience, as I said, growing up in this town, was that everybody knew the families, because they had played such a prominent role within the community. And the size of this community, at the time, is probably eight hundred to a thousand people, something like that. Small, upstate New York town.

MM:

You showed me a picture of it. It looks like any other town.

JS:

Yeah, yeah. We went up on the hill and he—Art took a picture from—as near as he could find out—the exact place where my grandfather stood.

AV:

Found out where he stood to get the picture.

JS:

Yeah. Took another picture.

AV:

But there's trees growing up now.

JS:

Yeah, a couple trees growing up and stuff, right.

MB:

This is Salem—

JS:

This is Salem.

MB:

—where there are more cows than people.

JS:

Yeah, in Salem there are more cows than people.

MM:

Now, you were talking about your grandfather being involved in real estate in Florida before the downturn during the Depression.

JS:

Yes.

MM:

And you were talking about he did newspaper articles or he had—or, I mean, he was in some magazine articles and stuff like that. What magazines? You said there were magazine articles. What magazines?

JS:

I sent you—I sent you one. I sent one to you. I can resend it to you.

MM:

No, I probably have it, I just didn't get a chance to get through it.

JS:

No, no, I'll resend it. I don't know what magazine it showed up in. It was—

MM:

But was there more than one? Because you mentioned—

JS:

This I got from my brother. These are things you could ask Lance. I think I got that from Lance. I think he sent that to me many years ago. Again, the program—I said the name of the program. I can't remember it again now. The program used my grandfather as an example of their educational program for which you could subscribe and take. It's kind of like an online course now. It'd be similar. Correspondence course?

MM:

Correspondence course.

JS:

Correspondence course? Yeah.

MB:

I mean, it was more like he was their spokesperson [inaudible].

JS:

He may have—he may have been. He may have done more spokesperson type of activities. I don't know. I got that from my—my brother sent me that, and that's where I got it. He may know more about that than I do.

MM:

Now, at some point, you and I are going to do a live interview Julian Spallholz, okay?

JS:

Okay.

MM:

Your career and all that. We're not going to do that today.

JS:

Okay.

MM:

Okay?

JS:

Yeah.

MM:

But what I do want to do is just get a brief outline perspective on that. So now we're going to launch into your life a little it.

JS:

Okay.

MM:

Tell me—you talked about working with—you know, for your uncle and driving the deal. And you were in college at that time, right?

JS:

Yes. I was—

MM:

So tell me about going through high school; school; where you went to school; and where you went to college; and then how you went—got into graduate school; how you wound up here at Texas Tech.

JS:

Okay. How did I wind up at Texas Tech. Okay. I'll try to be succinct as I possible can.

MM:

In Human Sciences as a biochemist. [MB laughs]

JS:

Yes, yes. Okay. Let's see. Okay. So, I was born in Boston. I was raised in Boston. My grandparents—

MM:

What part of Boston?

JS:

I was—I think we lived in West Roxbury. I think it was West Roxbury. I don't remember much about Boston. My brother was also born in Boston. I remember going to the hospital to see my brother in a window, because I couldn't go in the hospital; I was too little. After—we were in Boston after the laundry failed. And my grandfather, Orton, the doctor in Salem, died. We moved to Salem, and we stayed in the house that was originally owned by the granddaughters of John James Audubon. So I was brought up in what was called the Audubon House in the village. And so I had a lot of interest in Audubon's. But my grandfather was personal physician to Florence and Myra Audubon in this house. Now, I'm just a little kid. Myra's dead. Myra died about 1935. Florence Audubon is still living when I'm in the house, as a child. My grandfather—it was their wish that my grandfather, who was a physician to both of these women, purchase the house and its contents, which he did. So we were living, temporarily, in the Audubon house. My dad—where they are until, oh, 1953, '54, something like. At that time, then, my dad got a job over in Vermont. And we moved to Manchester, Vermont. So I spent second grade, third grade—I spent kindergarten, first grade, second grade partly in Salem, and third grade, fourth

grade in Manchester, Vermont, where my dad had a—was working. My mother ran a—we had a big house they were renting, and she ran a ski sleep-in type of thing. We were eight—

MM:

Like a little lodge?

JS:

Yeah, like a little lodge. Yeah, that's right. People would come up out of New York to go skiing at Big Bromley. We okay?

MM:

Yeah.

JS:

At Big Bromley, which was the big ski area, at the time, or one of them. And people would stay for two bucks a night and get a cot and a cup of coffee and a donut. And my mother did that to raise a little money. So I went to school there. My grandfather—my grandfather passes away in 1953, and we move back to Salem. My dad stays in Vermont, working and community back and forth. And we go back to Salem. So we're in this Audubon house around 1953. And we stay in this house for a few years, then I start to go to school there fifth grade, sixth grade, seventh grade. And then my dad—my grandfather dies, and my grandmother cannot support this very large house. It's built in 1808. And she can't financially support this house and property. But she has a house that—there's a house on North Main Street that is being rented that was built by her father in 1900. And so she makes the decision to sell the Audubon house and move to the house on North Main Street that her father had built. This is Corinne Orton. This is my mother's mother.

MM:

Do you remember her father's name?

JS:

Yes. His name was George Allen. Yes. A descendant from the Allen family: Ethan Allen, Ira Allen.

MM:

No, we haven't talked about that.

JS:

No, we haven't talked about that. But that's where the Allen's come in. Okay?

MM:

Okay.

JS:

Descendant not from Ethan Allen—the Green Mountain Boys—but from his brother, Ira Allen, who started the University of Vermont. Ira Allen gave the money for—gave the land for establishing the University of Vermont in Burlington. So he's a relative. So coming down, in the area, are Allen's—coming down to George Allen, which is my great-great-grandfather. He's a mercantile store owner. Builds this house. My grandfather's passed away. My grandmother can't support—so we all move up to the North Main Street house—she does, anyway. In between there—in between this move, my dad—my dad was involved—I should say was involved in an airplane accident. He flew his own airplane. He was not a pilot, at the time. He was a passenger. He had an accident—they had an accident in Boston. Whoever he was flying with, they clipped a tree and they went nosediving to the ground. He was in a coma for a couple weeks. And that affected his personality, but I never knew that until even after my father was deceased. My mother finally told me that after this accident, my dad was never quite the same. So my dad had some problems hanging onto employment. Anyway, he ends up with a better position in the laundry business, because he'd been in the laundry business in Portland. His brother was in the laundry business. He'd been in the laundry business in Boston. His brother was in the laundry business in Portland, Maine. He takes a job in the laundry business in Geneva, New York. So I spent a—I spent a few years—spent a few years in Geneva, New York. My grandfather Spallholz dies in 1957. And so I am about ready to enter high school. So we move from Geneva, New York to Portland, Maine. Now, why are we in Portland, Maine? We're in Portland, Maine because my father's going to work for my uncle, who's the owner and general manager of Universal Launderers and Dry Cleaners. My grandmother is there. My grandfather, of course, is deceased. We end up going to Portland, Maine. My mother takes a job—secretarial job—administrative job, whatever it was—with Bowdoin College. My dad goes to work for my brother. Okay? As a freshman, I enter—I enter a very large high school called Dearing High School in Portland, Maine. I am first-semester freshman. I am taking Latin. I hate Latin. I hate Dearing High School. I am extremely unhappy, as a freshman in Portland. I didn't—I liked Portland fine. My uncle was commodore of the yacht club. He had a big boat. I mean, this is not a problem. But I hated the high school. Big, big high school. Two thousand students. I'm used to a little high school in Salem. So I tell my mother, literally, "I would like to go back to Salem." So she said, "You stick it out till January." This was—I started fresh—this is 1957, the fall. Yeah, fall. And so in January, she has arranged that I go back to Salem, start the second year of my freshman year in Salem, and I stay with my aunt. My aunt is married to a merchant marine captain who's away to sea. He's sailing back and forth to Africa on the—for Farrell Lines, and then he becomes port captain for Farrell Lines. But anyway, he's gone, and so I'm there, and I'm helping do some things. It's wintertime. It's January. We're playing cards with my friends in her basement; poker; shooting pool down at Jacko's on the corner; having a great time as a kid as a

freshman in high school. My mother decides to move back. My uncle and my dad are not getting along very well. So my mother comes back to Salem. So I finish the entire high school at Salem, so I go through my sophomore year, my junior year and my senior year in high school. And at graduation, as a senior, we were sitting—there's forty of us in the class—senior class—and we're sitting in alphabetical order, so I'm almost down to the end and in the back row. And I'm thinking, Jesus, I've got to go out and do something now. Okay? And I made the decision, sitting on that stage—you okay? Art's going to sleep on us, I think.

MB:

That means you need to be more succinct. You said you were going to be succinct.

JS:

Okay. Well, I made the decision—if I got into college, I would—I would—I would treat it as a job, and work like hell. So I got into the local community college, because it was cheap. It was in Hudson Falls, so I commuted back and forth for two years. Got an associate's in applied things in the first-year class.

MM:

Name of the college?

JS:

Yeah. The college? Adirondack Community College. It was the first year it opened. I'd go back and forth and travel every day. A couple of other kids in town are going with me. I'm picking them up and dropping them off in the morning and afternoon. And they're giving me five bucks a week for gas or something like that. I'm driving my '48 Plymouth. I graduate from there. I worked on a farm, part-time, during summers. I wanted to be a veterinarian. Okay? So I applied at two schools. I applied at Colorado—to transfer as a student—Colorado State University and Kansas State University. I think it was Kansas State. Jayhawks? Is that right?

MB:

Yeah.

JS:

Yeah. Both have vet schools. Okay? I was not a good enough high school student to get into Cornell vet school. So I—one of my—one of my classmates had gone out to Fort Collins. So I ended up transferring, as a junior, to Fort Collins. And I'm out at Fort Collins, Colorado as a junior. I complete my junior. I complete my first semester of my—I complete my first semester of my junior year. I get a call from my mother. My uncle in New York wants to ship some cows on Farrell Lines. He's the port captain of this shipping company. Wants to ship some cows to

Africa. He can't find anybody in New York City that wants to take care of cows to Africa. So I get to go Africa on a ship. So they pay me a pretty good salary.

MM:

Spell the name of the line.

JS:

Farrell Lines. F-e-r-a-l-l. Farrell, I think. Farrell Lines. It's now defunked. But anyway. So I take these cows—I take these cows to—it's in March. I take these cows to Africa, okay? Before I do that, I meet my uncle. He takes me into the passport office. I go in the backdoor of the passport office. A big line of people waiting for passports. I get a passport in two hours. I go down four flights of stairs. They rush me into the company's medical doctor. I get my shots. Okay? The next morning, I'm out on the ship with the cows. The cows were already there. All right? And we sail the following day—or in March—middle of March, out under the Verrazzano-Narrows Bridge, and it's snowing. It's cold. And I've got these forty cows—bred heifers—and I've got to take care of them. Okay? So that's what I did. That's my gig, all right? I made two trips for Farrell Lines, doing that: cows to Africa. So I got to see some of the ports. And they went into—they went in through Lagos Nigeria AID. So I come back. Now, I've only been—I'm a junior. I'm only a one-semester junior. So as a senior, I take sixty-three credit hours. And this is quarter credit hours, okay? Texas has the quarter system. Sixty-three credit hours. So I graduate with a bachelor's degree in less than four years, one semester. I apply to vet school. I'm interviewed, but I don't get in. Penn State accepts me, but I've got to take one more class. So I take one more class, reapply to Penn State. The director there, whoever admission was, has left, and the new guy won't accept me. So I don't get into Penn State. So then I have to decide what to do. So I enroll in the Biochemistry Department at Colorado State University. I just walk into the office, like here, talk to the chairman, said, "I just took a course in biochemistry for a semester. I really enjoyed it. I was wondering if I could become a graduate student in your department." He said, "Get your transcripts and all that sort of stuff," and I did. So I'm a graduate student, two years. I get a—I get a master's degree in biochemistry. And I'm married to my first wife at the time. I'm sitting at my desk at Colorado State University, and I have another guy. And I'm reading *Science Magazine*. On the back of the *Science Magazine*, there's a little caption that says, "Graduate stipends available: University of Hawaii." All right? So what I had done was—I said to him—he walked by, he spoke to [inaudible] [2:33:57]. I said, "Junior, let's go to Hawaii." [MB laughs] "Huh?" And he just looked at me and laughed. Because he laughed at me, I sent in an application, okay? I also had sent one—I also applied for the PhD program at the University of Vermont, because that's only about ninety miles from home. Sixty miles from home? Salem to Burlington. How long is it Burlington to Andover? How long to Burlington?

AV:

To Burlington?

JS:

Yeah. From you, your place.

AV:

Vermont?

JS:

Yeah. Three hours?

AV:

Three hours, maybe.

JS:

Yeah, okay. All right, so I'm only—so I get this—I get this acceptance to the University of Vermont, and I haven't heard anything from Hawaii. And Vermont wants to know by a certain deadline whether I'll accept it or not. So I'm panicking. I don't know what to do. Within the timeframe that I had, I get a letter from the University of Hawaii; they accept me. They're giving me a one-way ticket—airline ticket—to the island. A NIH Predoctoral Fellowship for my entire time there: three years. I said, "Hey, people spent a lifetime saving for two weeks to go to Hawaii for vacation. And here we got a free airline. They're going to give me 350 bucks a month." Okay? So we packed up and went to the University of Hawaii. I was there three years. Got a PhD.

MM:

What was your specialty?

JS:

Biochemistry and biophysics.

MM:

Any particular angle there?

JS:

Any particular what?

MB:

Angle.

MM:

Aspect.

JS:

I was introduced to what are called stable free radicals. You know what a free radical is?

MM:

Yeah, I know something.

JS:

Okay. All right. I was introduced to a lot of techniques. When the classic came in—that would've been 1968—we'd been there about four weeks, and we all had to take batteries of exams on Saturdays. And the first Saturday morning, we're all—the exams were all in biophysics, and the afternoon was all biochemistry. I passed all the biochemistry exams. I didn't have to take—I flunked all the biophysics exams. So I ended up taking mostly biophysics classes, and I didn't have to take the biochemistry because I CLEP'd [**College Level Examination Program**] out it, so to speak, of all this biochemistry. That's how good Colorado State was. Anyway, so I'm there—I'm there at the university for three years. I get my PhD. In the interim, my master's degree professor had a NIH grant. He said, "You want to come back to Fort Collins?" So I went back to CSU, and I post-doc'd for a couple years, and then I got my first real job with the Veteran's Administration in Long Beach, California. Moved to Long Beach California. Was four years in Long Beach, California. I'm now approximately thirty—thirty-three or thirty-four, something like that, and I'm working for the guy who discovered selenium at NIH. I'm working for him. And he passes away. I have the flu one week and he dies. Wasn't a good week. So I had to make a decision whether to stay with the VA or do something else, and I didn't want to—I didn't want to work for the federal government. I didn't really like it. So I got a job at—looking forward to going home—I got a job appointment as a research—assistant professor at University—State University of New York at Albany. And so I went out there and I started, and it was basically full-time research. I was working there, then I got a call from my former professor and he said, "Hey, I'm down here at Texas Tech. They've got three or four faculty that are resigning here during the summer. Would you be interested in coming down to interview?" So I came down here on June 6 of 1978. It was 106 degrees. What's today? June what?

AV:

Third.

JS:

Three. I came down one June 6. So it's almost forty-one years ago, I think, to the day.

MM:

Nineteen seventy-eight?

JS:

Nineteen seventy-eight, yeah. I came down and I interviewed. I met with the dean. It was 106 degrees at eight o'clock at night when I went out to dinner. God, it was hot. I was coming from Los Angeles. I lived along the coast in Los Angeles; nice and cool along the coast. I said, "What the hell am I doing here?" But I did like the campus. I thought the campus was beautiful here, even then, before they built some of the new stuff. But I did like the campus. The enrollment was about nine thousand—eight or nine thousand students. It was in—it was in home economics. But the students in dietetics had to have some biochemistry. So the person that was teaching that had left, so I ended up teaching some of the biochemistry—general biochemistry for the Dietetics students. And that's how I kind of got started. I got an appointment letter. The rest of the forty years was spent, up until January, over in the Human Development, under Bess Haley and Linda Hoover. That's where I went, and that's where I met Mallory.

MM:

You know Bess is not doing well?

JS:

What?

MB:

No.

MM:

Bess is not doing well right now.

JS:

She's not doing well?

MM:

Well, Bess is—

JS:

Linda?

MM:

Yeah, Linda's not doing well.

JS:

I knew that when I was—last fall, because she wasn't around at all last fall.

MM:

I saw her at Harold and Deana Katz—I mean, Harold Lubinski and Deana Katz's little party here a couple of weeks ago. I didn't know what was wrong with her. And when we got in the car—

JS:

Do you know now?

MM:

Yeah. She's got—she got cancer in her neck.

JS:

We understood she had breast cancer.

MM:

Well, it may have been that that went up there. Because my wife had a longer talk with the night of the—

JS:

Yes, yes. Now, I did know it was the back of the neck. All right? But we had—the rumor had it—

MB:

It was metastasized.

JS:

Yes, that she had breast cancer. Yes, right.

MM:

But she was in Rotary with me, and the McCool's.

JS:

Yeah, the McCool's, yeah.

MM:

But I spent—I was talking to Harold and Bill Gustafson more, then I saw her, and I said, "Oh."

JS:

Did you recognize her?

MM:

Barely. So we were talking right as I was leaving, because Harold was trying to get me to sign the ceiling, which is what [inaudible]. And I said—Linda told me that she had problems with her neck. And I was telling her about my mentor, who had problems with his neck, but it wasn't the same thing. When we get in the car, my wife fills me in.

MB:

It's like going—it's not a problem with her neck.

MM:

Yeah, it was something more serious. Bess, she just did an oral interview with Lynn Whitfield here not too long ago—

JS:

She did what?

MM:

—because we're coming up on the—

MB:

She did an interview, Bess did.

MM:

Did an interview, because we're coming up on the hundredth anniversary of the university, so they're trying to get some of the key players. She was interim president and all that.

JS:

Just before—we officially retired January 31. And just before—we had lunch with Sybil [?] [2:42:12]. Remember? Over at Café J. And I ran into Bess Haley. And I just said hello to her, and we just exchanged pleasantries. I guess she's retired, right?

MM:

No. Well, they brought her back to do development stuff. So she's still doing a little bit of development.

JS:

I see. Okay.

MM:

But after Glenn died—and Glenn was in Rotary with me.

JS:

Yes. It was her husband, right

MM:

Right. She retired shortly after that. She was retired for a while. And she used to email me, looking for people to help her with things. And then—or call me. And then all of sudden, when Duncan came back in as chancellor, he brought her in for development purposes. I don't know whether she's still doing that or not. I'll have to ask Lynn. I just haven't had the chance to do it.

MB:

Well, she was good at that.

MM:

Yeah.

JS:

Yeah, yeah. The Vice President for Research, he told me once that every time he saw Bess Haley coming, he said he would grab for his wallet. [Laughter]

MM:

She's smooth. She's smooth. No doubt about it. Well, okay. That—

JS:

So that's how I ended up at Texas Tech.

MM:

That's the short story?

JS:

Right. And here at Texas Tech, I developed some technology. I developed some technology around selenium, which I was introduced to as a student at Colorado State, and have pursued that right up to the present day. You can see this commercially if you go to selnbio.com, you can read about it.

MM:

Spell that.

JS:

S-e-l-e-n—s-e-l-e-n—bio—b-i-o—dot com. This is not—I don't have anything to do with the company directly, okay? This is—it's technology that I developed here on campus. Okay?

Which has been commercialized. And the guy who—you'll see it if you scroll through all the stuff—his name is Kenny Gallagher, and he worked for a company here—he worked for a physician here in town.

MB:

Dentist.

JS:

Huh?

MB:

Dentist. Dentist.

JS:

Dentist, yeah.

MB:

He was a dentist.

JS:

Dentist here in town: Dr. Reynolds. I'm trying to think of his first name. Dr. Reynolds was a very prominent dentist here in town. And he invented—

MB:

Something with ligatures or something.

JS:

He invented ceramic dental appliances that had patents. And Kenny worked for him as president of the company. And Dr. Reynolds died and Kenny went off on his own. But Kenny ended buying the technology. So, actually, I get a—for every dollar's worth of sale, I get about a tenth of a cent or something. I get some little commission off of it, but I don't operate it or have anything to do with it. But it shows you the technology I developed, okay? That was done here. And during that developmental period of time, the only time I ever went to—well, I did two job searches during my entire tenure here. One was at the University of Nebraska for the chair of the department. They didn't like me up there. And then the other one was the University of Rhode Island, which I was offered the job. But I couldn't get Mallory on board with me. And this technology was going, so we stayed. So I spent the—that's all. I spent all that time here.

MM:

Okay. And then you also have a passion for cars, so we'll talk about that as well.

JS:

Okay.

MM:

Okay? It is now eleven o'clock, so we will terminate this first leg of the Spallholz interview.

JS:

Thank you, sir. Okay.

End of Recording



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