

Chapter 8. Dallas and UTD: Negotiating a Return and Beginning Again, 1981–1998

Despite the dark cloud of our prior experience with the University of Texas near Dallas and Dallas, we chose to reapproach both with new and different attitudes and strategies. To a considerable extent, we succeeded. Readjustment was a matter of navigation and negotiation, experiment and trial. It required rebuilding and reconnecting but most importantly exercising control over as many matters as possible. In a few words: redirecting the tangents of the intersecting forces.

First, we relocated within the city of Dallas, far from the northern edge of Dallas County where the university sat, beyond the fringes of the city on the Richardson-Plano border. Given our four-year history and the locations of other colleagues, we settled in the older and more developed area known as Old East Dallas.

Temporarily staying with our friend Donna Soliday, we scoured the classified newspaper ads searching for a place to live and for a dog, preferably a Scottish terrier or a similar mixed breed. We found a two-bedroom, two-bathroom, second-floor apartment with space for a study and my books. It was in a duplex on a main but not overly busy street, within a few blocks of shopping and restaurants on one side and a small park on the other side. It lay between the active, Lower Greenville shopping, restaurant, and nightlife district and attractive White Rock Lake. It was just north of downtown, where Vicki found work.

Just after we left Donna's suburban home and moved into our apartment, she found a cairn terrier puppy on her front doorstep. She knew immediately that he was meant for us. Without alerting us, she took him in and spent the next few days searching her neighborhood for notices about a lost dog. Finding none, she happily presented us with the adorable young pup as a homecoming gift.

We named him Harrison for the Scottish isle of Harris. He remained part of our family for the next 16 years through good and bad health, sometimes with companion cats. Among Harrison's favorite activities was, after pooping, picking up a stick, sometimes a large one, and bouncing along the sidewalk carrying it. We called this "playing rompity."

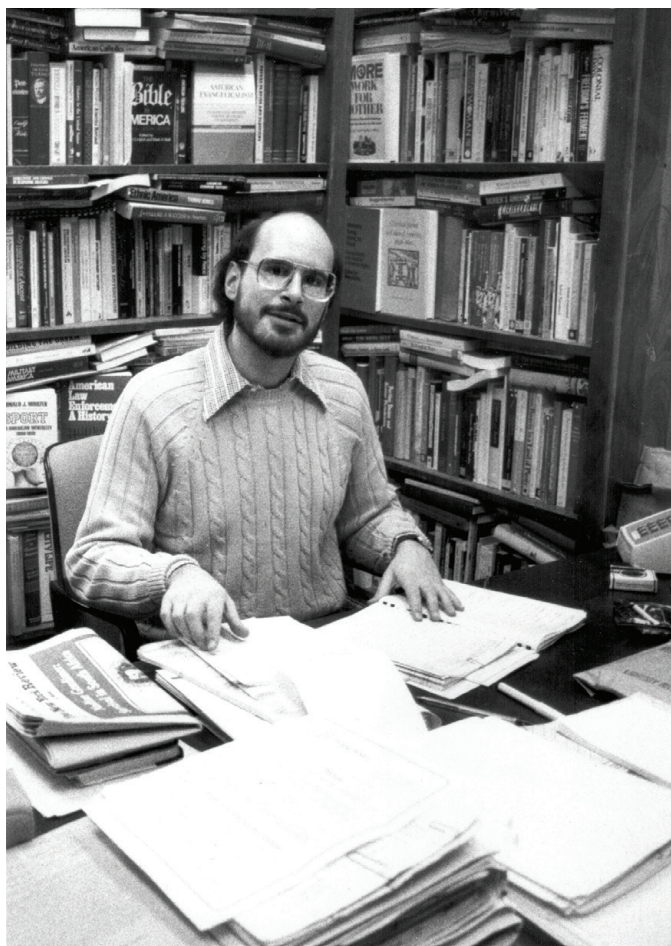
He made friends all over the neighborhood. About a week after we took him home, Harrison escaped from the small, fenced area beside the house. We were at work and didn't know. Surprisingly, the local postal carrier recognized him and delivered him to our landlords, who lived on the first floor.

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Second, after being a full-day, Monday–Friday, 8:00 a.m.–5:00 p.m. office rat in graduate school, my first four years at UTD, and two years at the Newberry

Library, I stopped going to campus every day. I worked at home several days each week. I went to UTD only on teaching days and for mandated meetings. Otherwise, I read, wrote, and prepared classes—on a newly minted personal computer beginning in the early 1990s—comfortably and mostly without interruption from my home study, sometimes interrupted by lunch with UTD or SMU friends.

To renegotiate and renavigate commuting from near the city center to the suburban campus on city streets and a busy expressway, I formed a carpool with other faculty members and some graduate students who lived in the vicinity. In this decidedly un-Texan move, no one drove more than one day each week or less, and with companions. Still a smoker, I was forbidden from lighting up in the cars. When I finally stopped smoking in 1987, I was hugged, especially by my carpoolers, and told that I smelled much better! The carpool continued for most of the years until I left Dallas in 1998.



*Figure 8.1. Harvey in UTD office, 1980s.*

Third, I—and we—chose not to obsess about tenure or to allow related concerns about my future at the university to influence me or us unnecessarily. The two years in exile gave me perspective, comparative context, and personal understanding and growth. Several factors, including the breadth and depth of my welcome back to UTD by the rank-and-file across campus and our quickly established and growing network of colleagues, graduate students, and friends, added to my confidence.

Fourth, in a variety of often intersecting ways, I redesigned my relationships with UTD and the Dallas area more broadly. This ranged from expanding my research and advising into the city's past and present in preparation eventually to write an original book about Dallas, to encouraging and supervising student research into the city's history, expanding my involvement with public and private institutions and groups including leadership roles, and collaborating with reporters from the *Dallas Morning News* and reporters and producers at the local NPR/PBS affiliate KERA radio and TV.

I was connecting many dots that constituted public history and public humanities: the personal, political, academic, and place (for more on these activities, see my "Lessons for Becoming a Public Scholar," 2023h). I also taught a pioneering graduate humanities seminar on public history; a course on Dallas; other courses on urban history as well as on the history of literacy, U.S. history, and the history of children and youth; and graduate and undergraduate introductory approaches and methods courses.

Upon my return, I also founded the Dallas Social History Group. We usually met monthly at the more or less central location of Southern Methodist University's Dallas Hall. With a broadly defined approach, the group brought together historians, other humanities professors, and a few social scientists from UTD, SMU, the University of Texas at Arlington, and occasionally other Dallas and North Texas institutions. Some UTD doctoral students joined us. The group continues for more than four decades, even after I left the city. Its regular participants repeatedly confirmed the value it added and the needs it fulfilled for them.

Fifth, and no less important, Vicki made basic career decisions. Her earlier experience with Dallas schools combined with her office work at the Newberry influenced her to seek office-based administrative work in downtown Dallas not far from our residence. One commuter in the household was more than enough.

After discussing possible positions with the city of Dallas, she accepted a job as a marketing assistant with an architectural firm. When it ended about a year later, she became marketing coordinator and then director of communications for a larger architectural firm. She held that position for about six years before moving to the American Heart Association's national headquarters, which had relocated to Dallas from New York City in 1975.

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Returning to UTD represented a contradictory return to an old academic home and an alienating environment. Little had changed materially other than

more faces gone and fewer new ones added. But I had changed. That manifested in my professional and personal conduct and my relationships. My earlier experience strengthened most connections, outside of the administration and a certain minority of the tenured faculty.

I was a stronger teacher at all levels. While never one of the world's great stand-up lecturers, I was satisfactory to almost all students in larger lecture courses in U.S. history, the Dallas history course, and an interdisciplinary course on the history of children, youth, and families in American history. I experimented with visual media including classic and experimental films, writing assignments, and group projects.

For years in formats large and small, I developed large undergraduate courses and graduate seminars on "growing up in America," with extensive use of memoirs, novels, films, visual slides, and scholarly texts. In effect, I was teaching literacy across media. Prompted by Michael Katz's research in the 1970s and a published seminar paper on the stages of adolescence in 1860 Boston (Graff, 1973b), my interests evolved into *Conflicting Paths: Growing Up in America* (1995a), an original interpretation of more than 500 first-person accounts and other historical materials covering more than 200 years. It became a standard source. At the same time, I have not yet earned back my \$10,000 advance on royalties.

The smaller classes I taught included introduction to history and historical methods, urban history, and social history, with their appropriate-level research projects. With growing interest nationally and internationally in my major areas of research and teaching and with the growth of online academic publishing venues, I shared both syllabi and discussions about pedagogical approaches and projects. These activities constituted a valuable set of additions to my *curriculum vitae* and annual review reports (see my "Doctoral Seminar in the History of Ideas," 1986c, "Teaching the History of Literacy at the University of Texas," 1994d, "Using First-Person Sources in Social and Cultural History," 1994e, "Interdisciplinary Explorations in the History of Children, Adolescents, and Youth," 1999a, "Teaching and Historical Understanding," 1999b, "Growing Up in America," 2001a, "Teaching [and] Historical Understanding," 1999c, "Teaching the History of Growing Up," 2008b, and with Joy L. Bivens, "Coming of Age in Chicago," 2004).

As the pseudo "interdisciplinary" humanities Ph.D. program grew, I developed a coterie of advisees whose interests crossed historical and literary studies. I originated new seminars on the following topics: introduction to interdisciplinarity in the humanities, the history of literacy, urban social history, and an unusually stimulating seminar on public history. In that course, especially self-selected, often older professional students conducted research relevant to their employment activities, possible extensions of their work, and their expertise in various public realms. It was exemplary public humanities and history.

My future books *Conflicting Paths: Growing Up in America* (1995a), *The Dallas Myth* (2008a), and *Undisciplining Knowledge: Interdisciplinarity in the Twentieth Century* (2015a) all connected with each other and advanced between my graduate education and successive decades of teaching. Both consciously and

unconsciously, lifelong connections inseparably intertwined my education, teaching, and research, never one in isolation from the others.

I co-taught two courses on women and gender, one historically based with a philosopher of women and gender (Nancy Tuana, now at Penn State), the other on women in literature with a professor of European literature (Lillian Furst, who moved to the University of North Carolina and is now deceased). They were powerful chapters in expanding education for both the instructors and students. The seminar with Tuana met in the early evening. The group quickly decided to rotate responsibilities for preparing dinners to share during the mid-session break. At the end of the semester, we produced a book of the recipes.

I also co-taught an exciting, experimental seminar called *Crises in Expression and Representation*, focusing on the 17th and early 20th centuries with an extraordinarily wide-ranging art historian and specialist in visual literacy and the book arts, Johanna Drucker, who has recently retired from UCLA (see Drucker and Graff, 1991).

A full professor at the time, I felt that I struggled to keep up with the second-year assistant professor, previously a book artist. Several years ago, from her endowed chair in information sciences at UCLA, the author of the landmark *Graphesis: Visual Forms of Knowledge Production* (2014), confessed: “Harvey, I was scared shitless every class.” Johanna and her companion cat, Punky, hosted me in Austin, Texas, that summer while I did research for *Conflicting Paths* (1995a) in the Barker Historical Collection at UT-Austin. We remain in regular contact.

For several years, my group of graduate students met regularly with me, rotating among our living and dining rooms. We read important texts or presented portions of dissertations and theses in progress. The longer-lasting participants included Cathy Civello, Martha Burdette, Sally Ramsay, Jill Milling, Patricia Hill, and Soledad Jasin. (Sally and Jill died tragically and prematurely not long after completing their dissertations from a horse accident and lung cancer, respectively.)

I vividly recall a meeting of this group the afternoon before my tenure decision was announced, and I remember their responses when I shared the positive results. Among master’s students, Martha Burdette (who studied English and education), Tony Fracchia (a high school history teacher), and Darryl Baird (a photographic artist) all became and remain good friends. For years Tony and I played tennis, never counting points. We wagered cartons of yogurt. Since I left Texas, he keeps me informed about Texas and Dallas politics and foibles. We make small, inexpensive, humorous wagers on the major tennis tournaments.

My graduate students were exceptional. Not only did they form a close-knit, mutually supportive, cross- and interdisciplinary intellectual and social group, but also most of them completed their degrees (two finishing master’s degrees with me and their Ph.D.s elsewhere). Several women moved from high school teaching to graduate studies (nontraditional academic career paths such as these are explored in my forthcoming edited collection of original first-person essays, *Scholarly Lives in Transition, 1960s to 2020s and Beyond: Misunderstood and Untold Paths in Shaping the American University*).

Most practiced their academic profession at one level or another, in colleges or other environments. Several published books based on their dissertations, an accomplishment almost unheard of for students in this program. Patty Hill published her dissertation as *Dallas: The Making of a Modern City* (1996) and had a successful career as a professor of history and department chair before retiring recently from San Jose State University. She assisted me with my Dallas research, and we jointly collaborated on the reprinted edition of Warren Leslie's *Dallas Public and Private* (1964/1998). Cathy Civello published *Patterns of Ambivalence: The Fiction and Poetry of Stevie Smith* in 1997. Some also achieved tenure, although one returned happily to high school teaching.

In a multidisciplinary humanities graduate program, students cross many lines—more, in fact, than most faculty members. My group, I state without hesitation, was special. They all became personal and family friends. Vicki and I remain in regular contact with them, scattered all over the country. We also remain in communication with several of my master's students and a few undergraduates.

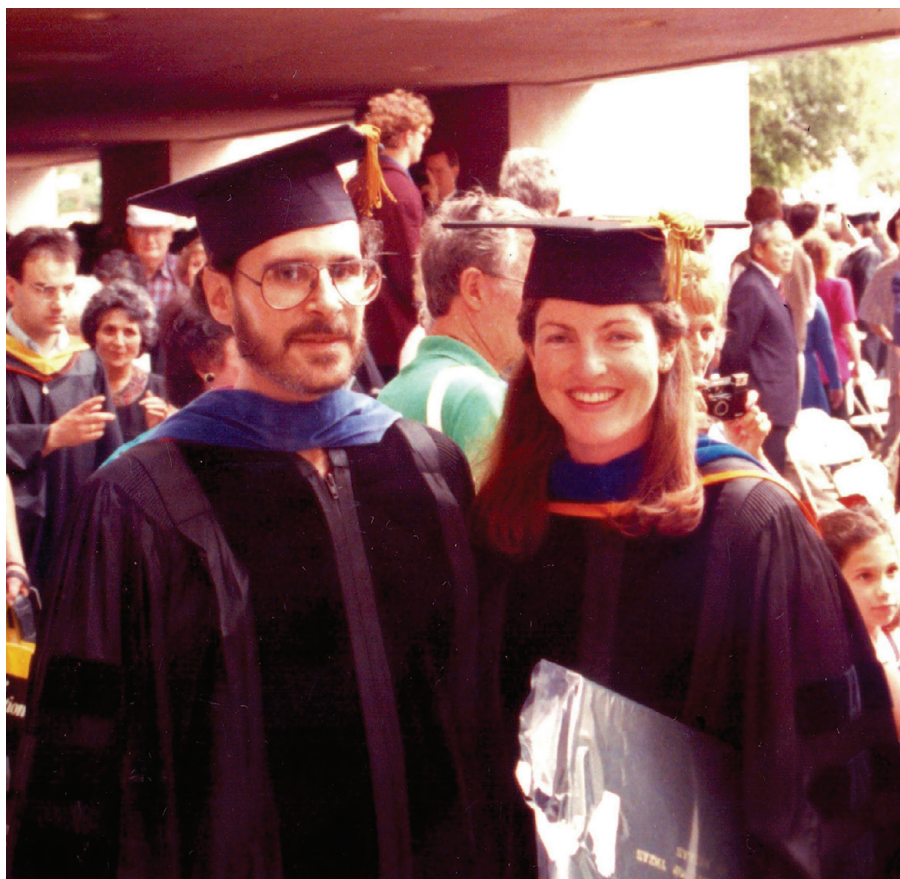


Figure 8.2. Harvey with new Ph.D. Patricia E. Hill at UTD graduation, 1990.

Another special relationship is with Cindy Maciel-Reyes. She was secretary in the Arts and Humanities College master's office when I returned from Chicago. Cindy then became a full-time student. We're not certain if she took a formal undergraduate course with me or not. After Cindy completed her bachelor's degree in art, Vicki hired her to work on preparing visual materials for the promotion of architectural projects. Cindy and her mother brought us wonderful, homemade Mexican food. She later moved to the Austin area, worked in Austin, married, and raised two children. We write and talk regularly.

With the rise and increasingly constructive early use of the internet, I began sharing my more innovative syllabi online. I published "Doctoral Seminar in the History of Ideas" (1986c), "Teaching the History of Literacy at the University of Texas" (1994d), "Reading and Writing the City" (1996c), and "Crises in Expression and Representation" (Drucker & Graff, 1991). I also contributed urban graduate and undergraduate course syllabuses to the Urban History Association's *Syllabus Exchange* (Graff, 1990) and its *Syllabus Exchange II & Sampler* (Graff, 1993), as well as its H-Urban electronic network (Graff, 1994a, 1995b, 1995d, 1996a, 1996b, 1997a, 2000, 2001g, 2002b, 2002c). These contributions led to many new connections with faculty members, graduate students, and some universities both nationally and internationally.

When I returned to UTD in autumn 1981, the British dean who opposed my early tenure strongly cautioned me against an immediate re-review for tenure. I could not oppose him, of course. My review was postponed until the 1982–1983 academic year. It was another irrational struggle with my opponents repeating their decreasingly persuasive and undocumentable slander.

This time the faculty ad hoc committee favored tenure by a substantial majority as did the university-wide Committee on Qualifications. The dean made a muddled, vaguely negative recommendation.

The overflowing dossier advanced to the provost. He was not happy to have the case before him again. Senior professors across the campus wrote or called him in my support. UT-Dallas' one Nobel laureate, Polykarp Kusch, who retired from Columbia University where he had also been a provost, telephoned the provost and admonished him for his delay of several years in promoting me. (Every major UT campus tries to employ one Nobel Prize winner, almost always retired from major east- or west-coast universities.) Some of the senior faculty demanded that I be immediately promoted to full professor based on my record.

The (melo)drama came to a crescendo when the provost summoned me to his office on the day before his final decision was due in April 1983. I vividly recall our sitting at a small table in his large office. Both of us smokers, we more or less blew smoke—of one kind or another—in each other's faces. I refused to be intimidated. The provost, Alex Clark, began by telling me how irritated he was to receive Kusch's admonitions. I calmly replied that "untenured faculty in the university have no direct way to respond to unfair attacks and illegitimate uses of the review process." He nodded. He hemmed and hawed a while and then began his test for me.

His decision apparently rested on how calmly and responsibly I responded to a seemingly neutral question for which he had no basis for evaluation. He asked me to explain in terms he could understand how a social historian like me fit in and contributed to a graduate humanities program that emphasized at least rhetorically the history of ideas. It was an easy question, one I had thought about since I had joined the faculty. But I realized immediately that the provost's opinion rested not on the contents of my response but on how seemingly professional, balanced, and low-key my answer would be.

At the end of this awkward meeting, as we shook hands, the provost told me that my letter would be with the others in our mailboxes the next morning. That was Thursday. Along with colleagues, graduates, and friends in Dallas, across the country, and around the world, we spent that evening in suspense.

On Friday, I waited until mid-morning to drive to campus. I did not want to stand beside my cubbyhole of a mailbox waiting for delivery. When I arrived around 11:00 a.m. the provost's letter was waiting. Anticlimactically and three years delayed, I was promoted to associate professor of history and humanities and awarded academic tenure.

Overwhelmingly, the response I received to this news when I shared it combined relief and celebration. In this pre-internet and pre-social media age, I made many telephone calls and asked friends to call others. There were parties large and intimate, baked cakes, congratulatory cards and letters, both immediately and over time.

Although UTD colleagues shared my relief and satisfaction, my dean and one of my antisemitic opponents were forever silent. The other, the shrillest of the British antisemites, knocked on my office door, interrupting a long-distance telephone call to give me insincere congratulations. They said to me, "Prove him [the provost] right." I replied, "I have already more than done that." They turned on their heels and walked away. We seldom spoke. More than a decade later, after they had finally published their first book, I held my nose, bit my tongue, and did not oppose their promotion to professor. Ironically, the outside evaluator in that case asked in writing, "How did this person ever gain tenure?"

I was promoted to full professor within four years. That promotion occurred, with a perfunctory review, in 1987 as *The Legacies of Literacy* (1987b) appeared in print. Along the way, new colleagues like European cultural historian Michael Wilson became lifelong friends. Royce Hanson, a political scientist, and Brian Berry, a renowned geographer, interacted with me on Dallas matters.

Beyond encouraging a greater sense of accomplishment, freedom, and professional security, my tenure prompted Vicki and me to purchase our first home in Old East Dallas not far from our apartment and the local, informal shopping center. On a moderate-sized lot, it was a three-bedroom house with two and a half bathrooms that had been relocated from a lakeside site and reassembled. It was one block north of our close friend from SMU Dan Orlovsky's family.

We did not know then that the weight of my too-many books would lead to structural problems with the foundation and require expensive repairs. Later,

before we purchased our future homes in San Antonio and Columbus, we had structural engineers inspect the likely candidates. They stopped us from bidding on houses that were not prepared for my admittedly excessive scholarly baggage. They also told us where to reinforce floors and where *not* to locate bookcases, valuable lessons not taught in graduate history programs.

Harrison now had a yard to play in. He developed a special relationship with felines. Stray cats followed him on his walks. Three littermates in particular, who had been abandoned when neighbors moved out, followed him home. One was killed by a car. One who we took in walked shoulder-to-shoulder with Harrison; we named him Shadow. We also adopted his sibling, Topaz, who later died from feline infectious peritonitis.

Our neighbors Gerald and Nancy, my colleague in feminist philosophy, also brought us two kittens. At first sight, they were terrified of Harrison and hid behind books on a bookshelf. The next time Gerald and Nancy visited, they did not bring the kittens, but Harrison looked for them behind the books. Named Orpheus and Nebulous, aka Orphie and Nebbie, they soon joined our family. Sadly, Orphie died not long after adoption. Without her sibling to play with, Nebbie loved to wrestle with Harrison and continued to hide, challenging him—and us—to find her.

With a relatively small faculty, an excessive and inefficient bureaucratic organization, and administrative incompetence, the UTD faculty continued to be overwhelmed with service and teaching responsibilities. This is *not* how to develop a new, supposedly interdisciplinary university with a young faculty. Nor is it an acceptable path for a mature institution with a seasoned, experienced teaching, administrative, and ancillary staff.

My assignments in the School of Arts and Humanities mushroomed after my tenure in 1983. Over the next 15 years until I left the university in 1998, I served on and chaired search committees, served on college steering and interdisciplinary studies committees, as community college liaison, on the graduate studies committee, on faculty ad hoc review committees (for which I also served as chair), on the committee on grants and development, on the Cecil Green lectures committee, on core curriculum committees (for which I also served as chair), and on the library development committee, among others. At the same time, I served on multiple university-wide committees (these are listed in the Appendix). I also served as consultant and instructor for the NEH implementation grant, “The Art of Translation in an Interdisciplinary Curriculum: Re-Creative Dynamics in the Humanities” from 1983 to 1987.

No rest for the wicked! But I did my best to help a persistently negligent branch campus—one that refused to learn from its own mistakes or the examples from other universities in Texas or across the nation—function more or less. Of course, I was not alone in that attempt. That is how many institutions struggle to get by. I made new colleagues and friends across the university and beyond along the way.

My time at Vancouver's Simon Fraser University in July 1981 led to continuing relationships, especially with the Institute for the Humanities' director Jerry Zaslove, who became a close colleague, good friend, and tennis partner. From an initial, shared interest in the critical revisioning of literacy in historical perspective and critical rethinking more generally, we repeatedly found common ground.

I returned to SFU to teach summer school in 1982. For several years I consulted with their Institute for the Humanities on conferences and external studies programs. I was also a special arrangements doctoral committee member. Other activities included being interviewed by British Columbia's public educational television's Knowledge Network in 1981, consulting for the SFU Institute for the Humanities' *The Story of Literacy* proposed television series in 1985, speaking at the Conference on the Legacy of J. S. Woodsworth and the Welfare State in Canada in 1988, and in 1993 consulting on the British Columbia Prison Education Research Report by the SFU Institute for the Humanities (Stephen Duguid, 1998).

In Dallas, local engagements widened as I continued to integrate in new ways the academic with the public and the specificities of place. In retrospect, I see more clearly now my lifelong search for constructive and affirming intersections, on the one hand, and on the other hand, my simultaneous teaching and learning within and across disciplines, both in academia and in multiple public spheres (see also Chapter One).

My career as an active publishing scholar with many books and articles on a number of topics but also as a public writer, speaker, and advisor exemplifies these intersections. Public, institutional, and media relationships all reflect intersectionality. Our residence in Dallas for 23 years (with two years plus several additional months doing research in Chicago and nine months in Worcester, Massachusetts) illustrates this well. Looking back, I know that I made a difference. I also learned a great deal about many things—the place, the people, the institutions, the history, and myself.

The most regular and longest-lasting relationship was with the Dallas Social History Group. Meeting my needs and others', I founded the group upon my return from Chicago in 1981 and coordinated its meetings until 1987. I continued to participate until I left the city in 1998. Not only did this group provide an individually *and* collectively needed intellectual space for its members, but it also contributed to professional exchanges and mutual learning first and then friendship. My longtime friendships with UT-Arlington faculty—Leslie Moch, Kathy Underwood, Nora Faires, and Gary Stark—advanced with these contacts.

There were also many Southern Methodist University connections made across the humanities and social sciences, not least among them my friendship with Dan Orlovsky (and his family) from 1977, including throughout the time we were neighbors from 1983 to 1998. At SMU, I was also a fellow of the William P. Clements Center for Southwest Studies in the department of history from 1996–2004 and advisor to the Stanton Sharp Symposium on the History of the Family in 1996. I returned to speak after leaving Texas. In retrospect, I am not

surprised that SMU and UT-Arlington accorded greater recognition to my accomplishments than my own employing institution.

I also led the North Texas Phi Beta Kappa Association for members who had been elected by their original universities and were then living in North Texas. I no longer remember what led to my initial involvement. I was soon a member of its special projects committee and the committee on awards (1981–1984). Next, I became vice president (1982–1984) and president (1984–1986). I remember a telephone call on a Sunday morning when we were sleeping late after returning the night before from a European trip. The outgoing president asked me to accept the presidential office. I apparently muttered a sleepy “yes.”

I used this position in combination with other public roles to establish the Phi Beta Kappa-Dallas Public Library Annual Lecture on Culture and the City held at the central Dallas Public Library with Phi Beta Kappa’s financial support. As founder and chair of the advisory committee, I brought some of the best scholars on urban culture to speak. They included the noted urban historians Thomas Bender and Michael Frisch and a distinguished philosopher. The series ran from 1983 to 1987. My successors did not continue it despite strong attendance, media coverage, and civic needs.

My earlier cooperation with the Dallas Public Library continued as I became an advisor to the Dallas and Texas history division from 1984 to 1989. I was also advisor, coordinator, and participant for the sesquicentennial Symposium on Dallas Past and Present in 1986. With the Dallas Historical Society and Alpha Xi Omega, HRA, Inc. of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, I served as consultant and presenter at public forums addressing the “Black Dallas Remembered” oral history project from 1985 to 1987.

I wrote more brochures for historic landmarks for the city of Dallas until 1985. I also contributed as a member of the publicity taskforce of the Historic Landmark and Preservation Committee (1981–1985), and the Archives Committee (1983–1988). Similarly, I was a member of the Historical Publications Committee for the Dallas Sesquicentennial Commission (1984–1986). As the rare historian looking closely at the city, I published “How Can You Celebrate a Sesquicentennial If You Have No History? Reflections on Historical Consciousness in Dallas,” commissioned by *The Dallas Morning News* for the Texas State Sesquicentennial in 1986.

Spreading my public historical outreach, I wrote for the Historic Preservation League’s *Historic Dallas* from 1981 to 1983 (see, for example, Graff, 1982a, 1982b) and advised the league’s neighborhoods book committee from 1983 to 1986. A collateral connection was service on the advisory board of the Dallas Folklore Media Center (1984–1989) and humanities advisor and speaker for the 1983 symposium “Folklife in Dallas,” funded by the Texas Committee for the Humanities. I sat on the advisory board for the Texas history gallery of the Fort Worth Museum of Science and History from 1992 to 1998.

Just as I was using different kinds of visual media in my courses, I also learned more about the use of film and video for history education through consulting

and participating on the Dallas County Community College District's and Harper and Row's telecourse, "The American Adventure"—26 half-hour programs for 600 colleges in 45 states and the PBS Adult Learning Network (1985–1986).

An incredibly special and unusual experience for a practicing historian came with my opportunity to perform as an extra in filming the Texas docudrama *West of Hester Street* (Allen Mondell & Cynthia Mondell, 1983). This project focused on the Galveston Movement that shifted the landing of immigrating European Jews from New York City to the port of Galveston, Texas, during 1907 to 1910. This movement responded to rising anti-immigration, antisemitism, and nativism in East Coast receiving areas. The cast and crew flew from Dallas to Galveston where those of us acting as immigrants physically landed from a boat to the shore. We then resettled in Dallas. In technical terms, I was a "featured extra." In at least one scene, my head blocked out the literal signs of the late 20th century. The director-producer team, friends Alan and Cynthia Mondale, did a remarkable job and the film garnered praise around the country. It is an experience that all historians should have at some point in their career, better earlier than later.

On the state of Texas level, in the mid-1980s, I advised the *Handbook of Texas Women* (now available as an online resource at <https://texaswomen.tshaonline.org/>) and the *Handbook of Texas History* (now available online at <https://www.tshaonline.org/handbook>). I also served in the late 1980s on the advisory boards of the Dallas Jewish Historical Society and *Deep in the Heart: The Lives and Legends of Texas Jews: A Photographic History* (Ruthe Winegarten & Cathy Schechter, 1990).

As we decided to leave Dallas after more than two decades, I wrote "Comment: Race Between San Antonio, Dallas Like Fabled Tortoise and the Hare" for the *San Antonio Express-News* (1997c). This looked forward first to our relocation to San Antonio and then to completing *The Dallas Myth* (2008a) one decade later.

I extended my relationships with print media and local and national public radio and television. These constitute additional links in the chain that expands today. Before its demise, I assisted the *Dallas Times Herald*, then *The Dallas Morning News*. Later I shifted to the *San Antonio Express-News*, *The Columbus Dispatch*, and the *Columbus Free Press* newspapers, (London) *Times Higher Education*, *Inside Higher Ed*, *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, *The Nation*, and the *Huffington Post*. I long cooperated with reporters from *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and NPR. In my view, all scholars should—with care and intelligence.

My long-term relationship with National Public Radio and the Public Broadcasting System began in Dallas with KERA 90.1 FM and Channel 13. I advised the radio station on news programming, developing a close relationship with reporter Bill Zeeble. With Channel 13, I commented on air on *News Edition* from 1983 to 1986. I served from 1983 to 1985 on the advisory board of *Legacies of the Land: A Tale of Texas* (Martin, 1985), which was funded by the Texas Committee for the Humanities.

My most rewarding involvement with KERA Channel 13 accompanied the publication of *Conflicting Paths: Growing Up in America* (1995a) and the publicity surrounding my popular courses on the history of children, youth, and families. This led the producers to invite me to serve as an advisor for the early 1990s "Family Project." They expanded my role into chief advisor and commentator for "A Better Childhood (ABC) Quiz" (Rob Tranchin & Tom Voight, 1991).

This program won the Katherine Ripley Award for Electronic Media from Planned Parenthood of Dallas; the Matrix Award from the Dallas Professional Chapter of Women in Media; and the Silver Award for Local Programs from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Later I was principal advisor and radio commentator for the documentary production *First Steps* (Tranchin, 1992).

I remained highly active outside the university and the city. Most national and international connections and contributions centered on literacy. That began to widen to encompass urban history and children and adolescents. These assignments ranged from consulting on the Fertility Determinants Project at Indiana University (1983), involvement in the University of Southern California's Annenberg School of Communications' Annenberg Scholars Program (1983), and serving on the advisory board of the American Antiquarian Society's Program on the History of the Book in American Culture (1985–1991). Literacy also led me to be advising humanist (1989–1991) and keynote speaker and panelist for the New Hampshire Humanities Council's 1991 "Literacy: Myths and Legacies" Conference (Graff, 1991).

My involvement on urban issues and in urban history expanded to include membership on the board of advisors of H-Urban (Humanities and Social Sciences Online's H-Net Network on Urban History) from the mid-1990s, the international advisory board of the University of Illinois at Chicago's Great Cities Institute's electronic network (1995–2002), and the online seminar "The History of Community Organizing and Community-Based Housing and Economic Development in an International Context" (1995–1999).

Reflecting my interests and expertise in the history of children, women, and families, I was advisor and manuscript reviewer for the special issue on "Feminisms and Youth Cultures" for *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* (Kum-Kum Bhavani et al., 1998) and member of the board of advisors and project scholar for the documentary *A History of American Teenagers* (Alves, 2001), which was funded by the NEH.

Internationally, I was a member of the United States working group of the International Commission for the History of Social Movements and Social Structures and the International Congress on Historical Sciences (1990). I consulted on the Everyday Literacy Practices in and Out of Schools in Low Socioeconomic Urban Communities Project at Griffith University, Australia, beginning in 1993. In the mid-1990s, I was also a resource member for the UNESCO Institute of Education's Literacy Exchange Network. I commented on the Italian national radio's *America Coast to Coast* several times in the 1980s and on Australian radio during a lecture tour and wonderful holiday in Australia in 1993.

In the United States and Canada, I broadened and deepened my involvement with the still-young SSHA. This culminated in my presidency during its 25th anniversary in 2000. I participated in every meeting from its founding in 1976 until 2015. As a regional network coordinator from 1976 to 1984, I helped to establish the Allan Sharlin Memorial Award for a dear friend taken away by cancer far too young. I was the founding chair in 1984–1985 and committee member from 1984 to 1986. His family and I worked together on this endeavor, which remembers Allan annually.

I organized one or more sessions for each year's SSHA meetings, usually collaborating with my colleagues and close friends M. J. Maynes on literacy, children and youth, and interdisciplinarity; and Jan Reiff on urban history, public history, historical methods, and interdisciplinarity. I brought scholars Michael Katz, Paul Mattingly, Mike Frisch, Sharon Zukin, Michael Wilson, Chris Hager, Jerry Jacobs, John Guillory, Bengt Sandin, Sigurdur Magnusson, several anthropologists, sociologists, linguists, folklorists, and literary historians and critics to sessions, among others.

I also organized SSHA sessions with my graduate students from UTD and later Ohio State, and I organized sessions with my graduate students at the Conference on College Composition and Communication (CCCC). All of my major books were honored with SSHA sessions and some on literacy by CCCCs.

I was elected to the SSHA executive committee 1987 to 1989, then vice president and president-elect from 1998 to 1999. Serving as president in 1999–2000, I created a committee on the future of SSHA as part of the 25th anniversary of the organization. I titled that annual meeting's program, "Looking Backward and Looking Forward: Perspectives on Social Science History." It featured both a celebration and critical stocktaking.

My presidential address continues to be cited and discussed after more than two decades. Published in 2001 (and reprinted in 2005 as part of an edited collection), it is titled, "The Shock of the 'New' Histories: Social Science Histories and Historical Literacies." Consistent with the 25th anniversary theme, the program chairs—my longtime colleague and friend (and former Tilly student) Leslie Page Moch and the first Sharlin Prize winner, sociologist Philip McMichael—and I co-edited a selection of the papers in *Looking Backward and Looking Forward: Perspectives on Social Science History* (2005).

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Many conference presentations and invited lectures in this period focused on literacy. (They are listed in the Appendix.) The history of literacy took me across the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Australia, and Europe, making acquaintances with people and places. That is among its many benefits. As my international stature and recognition as an interpreter of literacy past and present grew, so did invitations to speak, advise, and write.

As my research on growing up, urban history, and interdisciplinarity progressed, and as I published more on those topics, I spoke more frequently about

them, too. I published increasingly often outside the United States and was translated widely. The intersections of personal experience, education, research, teaching, and both university and community relationships propelled my life with literacy, children and youth, cities, and interdisciplinarity.

My research and writing attracted funding. UTD awarded me funds to support my doctoral students. As I prepared to research and write *Conflicting Paths: Growing Up in America* (1995a), I was awarded a Peterson Fellowship by the American Antiquarian Society in 1984, which I declined in favor of a 1985–1986 short-term fellowship from the Newberry Library. I also conducted primary source research at the Barker Historical Collection at the University of Texas at Austin.

My project on the history of growing up originated in a 1971 graduate school seminar paper. It expanded with my teaching about the subject and came to fruition in the 1980s and early 1990s. Not coincidentally, in the wake of the field of the history of the family emerging from demographic, cultural, and social history, children and youth followed as a semi-institutionalized field of study with courses, national and international societies, regular and special conferences, journals, and book series.

In this context, I first expanded my undergraduate and graduate course offerings. Then I edited a collection of previously published essays, designed for classroom use. This became *Growing Up in America: Historical Experiences* (1987a). My new reinterpretation of growing up in American history, *Conflicting Paths* (1995a) also appeared. *Choice Magazine* awarded it the Outstanding Academic Book Award.

I broke the back of drafting the manuscript as an American Antiquarian Society/National Endowment for the Humanities Fellow in 1988–1989. I worked hard while living alone in the AAS fellows' residence in Worcester, Massachusetts. Vicki, Harrison, and the cats stayed in Dallas. We saw each other about once a month. Old friends not far away in Cambridge and a few new friends and other fellows distracted me.

Worcester was quiet and thus conducive to research and writing. By design, my primary research base developed by reading unpublished manuscripts and published first-person accounts of "growing up" mainly in the Texas State and University of Texas archives, the Newberry Library, and the American Antiquarian Society with a briefer stop at the National Archives and the Library of Congress. As in all my projects, interlibrary loan librarians as well as archivists were fundamental.

The book added a much needed, deeply researched, and deeply autobiographical dimension to the project of rediscovering and understanding the myth- and fiction-laden views of growing up. I identified and examined approximately 500 personal accounts from the 18th through the 20th centuries across the geography of the US. My subjects' literacy and my own intersected inseparably. In my conceptual and theoretical framework, I focused on the intersections of changes *and* continuities and systemic differences *between and across* class, gender, ethnic,

and geographic distinctions. Interdisciplinarily, and unprecedentedly, I literally “read” the “traditional” first-person primary sources through the lens of a quantitatively and demographically trained comparative social historian.

In my view, other studies exaggerated, and continue to exaggerate, the importance of one set of factors over the others rather than their complicated but richly human intersections. The usual result is a lack of context for recent changes and an overattention to favored and/or underprivileged groups rather than both. I purposefully chose not to include young people of color. In my view, their history demands full, independent treatment before meaningful comparisons can be made. Reading these accounts and constructing their histories are different scholarly uses of literacy in different contexts.

Relatedly, I demonstrated with my large sample that most scholars followed the influential works of Philippe Ariès (1960) and Lawrence Stone (1977). As a result, they failed to first distinguish and then explore the relationships between “childhood” as concept, set of cultural expectations, or “stage of life,” and children themselves as quite different human subjects *and* actors synchronically and across time.

In 1991 and 1992, Spencer Foundation research grants allowed me time to complete and revise the *Conflicting Paths* (1995a) manuscript for publication by Harvard University Press. In 1992 I lectured and conducted discussions at the Seminar on Children and the History of Childhood at the department of thematic studies–child studies at Linköping University in Sweden (with Bengt Sandin), and in 1996 I chaired and commented on papers on women and children at the American Studies Association annual meeting.

Writing and publishing continued apace, as I shifted from literacy—which I could never “put behind me”—to children, adolescents, and families; cities; and historical methods and interpretation. Of course, I understand implicitly and practically the inseparable interrelationships between studying and understanding literacy past and present and young persons. My books in these years included the first of several collections of my essays on literacy, *The Labyrinths of Literacy: Reflections on Literacy Past and Present* (1987/1995c), republished by the University of Pittsburgh Press in its Composition, Literacy, and Culture series. I also wrote jointly and then co-edited with my colleague, comparative education scholar Robert F. Arnove of Indiana University, a pioneering collection of essays, *National Literacy Campaigns: Historical and Comparative Perspectives* (1987/2008). Transaction Publishers issued a new edition of *The Literacy Myth* with a new introduction in 1991 (republished by the WAC Clearinghouse in 2023).

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Over these years, I published both scholarly and general interest articles on my major topics and related interests. On literacy, these dealt with the European Renaissance, 19th-century English working-class readers, literacy and libraries, the historiography of literacy, national literacy campaigns, literacy and development,

and general interpretive issues. (See the Appendix.) As an authority on literacy, I accepted invitations to write these encyclopedia entries:

- “Illiteracy,” *The World Book Encyclopedia* (World Book, 1993)
- “Literacy,” *Funk and Wagnalls New Encyclopedia* (Funk and Wagnalls, 1983)
- “Literacy,” *The Social Science Encyclopedia* (Graff, 1985/2004)
- “Literacy,” *The World Book Encyclopedia* (World Book, 1995)
- “Literacy,” in *Encarta* (Microsoft, 1998)

Working toward *Conflicting Paths* (1995a), stimulated by my undergraduate interdisciplinary lecture and film courses and graduate seminars as well as by public engagement on the issues, I published several articles on the history of families and growing up, childhood and early adolescence, and using first-person sources in social and cultural history. (See the Appendix for details.)

Looking toward *The Dallas Myth* (2008a) and grounded in teaching and civic work with urban studies and issues, I wrote “The City, Crisis, and Change in American Culture: Perceptions and Perspectives” (1983) and “How Can You Celebrate a Sesquicentennial if You Have No History?” (1986). I took another step toward *The Dallas Myth* (2008a) when my former graduate student Patricia Hill and I published a new edition of Warren Leslie’s (1964/1998) *Dallas Public and Private* with a new introduction.

More general, scholarly publications included critical essay reviews published in *Contemporary Sociology* (Graff, 1986b), *Criminal Justice History* (Graff, 1986d), *Journal of Social History* (Graff, 1987e), *History of Education Quarterly* (Graff, 1987c), *Society* (Graff, 1987d), and *Historical Studies in Education/Revue d’histoire de l’éducation* (Graff, 1991b). Some of these essays appeared in general-interest, socially oriented magazines like *Society*.

Finally, my work as a series editor resumed. The Interdisciplinary Studies in History series published by Indiana University Press with me as general editor began in 1982. With 19 books contracted, 13 were completed before the press and I agreed to stop. With a focus on synthetic, interpretive works by leading scholars, books included studies of immigration and adaptation, rioting, growing old, urban migration, and early modern European culture and society, among others.

I served on the editorial boards of *Historical Methods* (1987–1989), the *Studies in Written Language and Literacy* book series (1992 to present), and *Social Science History* (1994–1997). I was special advisor to the *Wilson Quarterly*’s special section on literacy (The Struggle for Literacy, 1986) and consulted for Indiana University Press and Wayne State University Press.

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Vicki, Harrison, the off-and-on-again cats, and I were much more content in phase two of our Dallas years. Living far from the suburban campus “near Dallas,” we resided in a more traditional and settled, inner-city neighborhood. We were

close to friends, shops, restaurants, and entertainment. We ate out frequently, saw new foreign and alternative films, and gathered with colleagues and friends. I played tennis (not keeping score) with my former graduate student Tony F., and Vicki enjoyed working downtown, either driving or taking the bus. With two incomes, we were comfortable. We had occasional personal difficulties but nothing out of the ordinary or beyond our ability to accommodate, resolve, and rebalance. Most of the time, we were at peace at least with the elements within our control.

Between my invitations to speak at campuses or conferences and our savings, we traveled frequently. When possible, Vicki accompanied me. We turned professional engagements into holidays, often overseas. I traveled to London in 1982, The Netherlands in 1991, Sweden again in 1992, Spain in 1993, and several times to Canada by myself. Together, we went to Mexico City for a conference in 1982. After a 1984 conference in Bellagio, Italy, Vicki joined me for travel to Milan, Florence, Venice, and Rome. We saw Armando Petrucci and other Italian colleagues socially. The trip was damaged but not ruined when a thief on a scooter stole Vicki's purse the day before our departure home.

Personal holidays also took us several times to nearby Mexico, a variety of cities and towns in Texas, New Mexico, Arkansas, New Orleans, South Carolina, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the Bay area and northern California, Seattle, Alaska, British Columbia, Peru, and Spain. Many of these trips were remarkable, leaving lasting memories. The visit to Alaska included a cruise on a smaller, environmentally friendly ship that anchored close to small islands. We shared a dining room table with an older couple from San Francisco and Sonoma Valley who paid for wine each evening. They owned a small winery in Sonoma, which we visited a few years later, tasting all their products and sharing dinner once again.

Among our three vacation-only trips to Mexico, the highlight was a 1987 train tour from Chihuahua through the spectacular Copper Canyon—larger and deeper than the Grand Canyon—to Los Mochis on the west coast, followed by a flight to La Paz at the southern tip of the Baja California peninsula.

Another memorable holiday was our 1992 trip to Peru. The first week we cruised with a small group in a thatched-roof boat on a tributary of the Amazon River, sleeping under mosquito nets, hiking through jungle mud, walking on ropes and ladders across the tree canopy, exchanging T-shirts for trinkets in Indigenous villages, and meeting a team of scientists from the Smithsonian who were investigating the local bat population and a team of bird specialists from the Cornell Lab of Ornithology. I barely survived the week without chocolate and decent coffee. I fared much better in the Andes Mountains the second week, touring on the train from Cusco to the spectacular ruins at Machu Picchu.

I managed to present Vicki with a cake and bouquet for her 42nd birthday, and she hiked to the summit of Huana Picchu as well as walked across a treacherous log bridge on the Inca Trail that overlooked a steep cliff. With her 35mm SLR camera, zoom and macro lenses, and zoom flash, she took 867 slides during those two weeks.

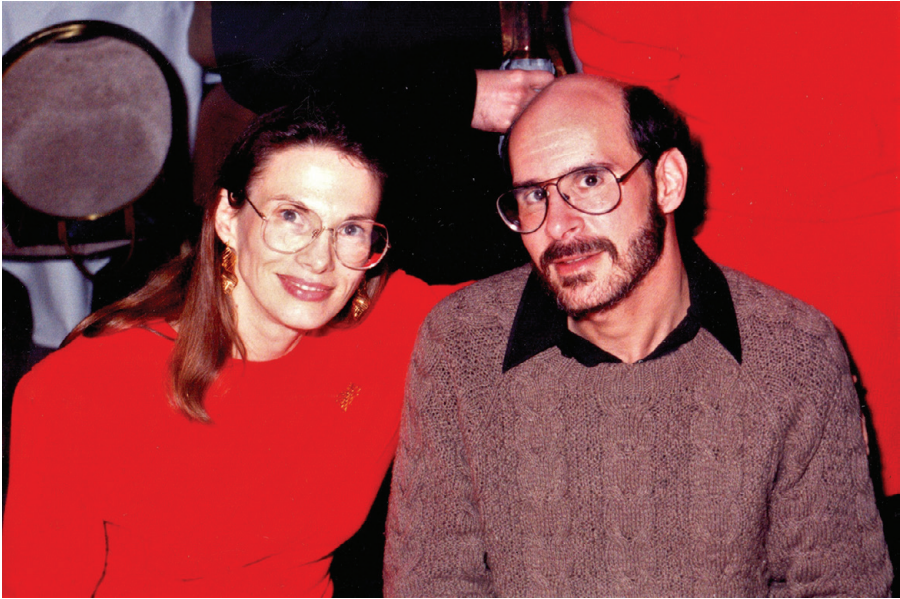


Figure 8.3. Vicki and Harvey at a dinner event in the 1990s.

Again, the trip was almost ruined the night before our departure, this time by a car bomb explosion in Lima—one of the last gasps of the “Shining Path” group near the end of their rebellion. A Swiss couple who lived in Lima were exceptionally kind and helped us return from the restaurant to our hotel, where we reconvened with other tour members. Vicki and I learned that we remain calm in emergencies.

The following year (1993) I was invited to present the plenary address for a conference on literacy and power at Griffith University in Brisbane, Australia. As word spread, I received other keynote and campus lecture invitations. Seizing the opportunity, I negotiated with sponsors and colleagues to extend this two-week trip into four additional weeks with Vicki, speaking at Australian universities including LaTrobe, Adelaide, South Australia, Macquarie, Wollongong, University of Technology-Sydney, Queensland Institute of Technology, and Central Queensland. We did this by exchanging lecture fees and one person’s expenses for the expenses of two people.

Because I lost my voice with a case of “Melbourne throat,” Vicki actually read my papers for two presentations in Adelaide, one of which was recorded for the public radio system! When I whispered my responses to questions in Vicki’s ear, she sometimes took the liberty of revising my words. Male colleagues in attendance were somewhat flustered by this gender role reversal; I commented that all academics should experience it.

In Adelaide we stayed with graduate school friends Ian and Pene Davey and took a small airplane to the remarkable natural habitat of Kangaroo Island; in

Sydney we stayed with literacy studies colleague Jenny Hammond. Between visiting those two cities we toured the red sandstone mountain in central Australia called Uluru—an amazing, Aboriginal sacred site formerly known as Ayers Rock—and the national capital Canberra. After my final lecture in Rockhampton, we visited the northeast Sun Coast and descended in an elevator to the ocean floor to view “fringe reef” sea life.

Through the 1980s and into the early 2000s, we enjoyed whitewater rafting trips to California and Colorado and a sea kayaking adventure to Vancouver Island. I was never an outdoor camper, so we found beautiful locations where we could sleep in old inns and spend the days on the water.

We also visited New York City whenever possible to see sights, exhibits, concerts and shows, new and old restaurants, colleagues, and friends. On one memorable event, I keynoted an international advisory conference on literacy and national policies in the chambers of the United Nations. On other occasions I lectured, presented seminars, attended conferences, or met with editors, and I even had a few job interviews. And of course, we visited family in Pittsburgh, Phoenix, and Detroit. People and place, as always, were inseparable. Significantly, academia often paid the bills.

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In the second half of 1987, we experienced life-changing transitions. Driving back to her architectural firm's downtown office on a late August evening after dinner to complete a deadline project, Vicki's car was hit squarely on the driver's side by another vehicle that missed a red light at the intersection. I was summoned by the hospital, which fortuitously sat on one corner of the intersection.

Vicki was badly injured, although not in life-threatening condition. Her pelvis was broken in multiple places and her collarbone was bruised from the seatbelt, and she also suffered shock. The consulting orthopedic surgeon (enlightened for the time) said no cast or surgery was required. After a week in the hospital, with me visiting before and after classes and a neighbor walking and feeding Harrison, she was released. She spent the next three months recuperating at home with physical therapy, a walker, then crutches, and finally a cane.

Her employer—a large, multinational architectural firm—reluctantly granted her medical leave with insurance coverage. At the end of six weeks, however, they informed her that either she must return to work or lose her position and her insurance. Physically unable to return to her job, she also lacked her doctor's clearance. Fortunately, we were able to shift her to my medical coverage. The firm went out of business two months later.

As Vicki's recovery progressed and she began to seek new employment, she telephoned Larry Joyce, vice president of communications at the American Heart Association's (AHA) national headquarters. The husband of Gail Joyce who had been a secretary and then my master's degree student and graduate research assistant at UTD, we knew him socially. He encouraged Vicki for years to come “take

a look” at the AHA, but she never had time. Now she had time. Over lunch conversation, Larry offered her a temporary job as a special projects manager. From this undefined status, she could apply for other positions in the organization. (On occasions, household conversations stumbled between our two AHAs: American Historical and American Heart Associations.)

The rest, as they say, is history. Working on special projects exposed Vicki to vice presidents and staff in all departments and all aspects of the AHA mission. She applied for and became manager of editorial and media production. She was among the leaders in the transition to personal computers and online databases as well as website production. The work was satisfying, and the responsibilities for promoting heart health and public understanding were gratifying and much more in *and* tandem with her values than promoting designs for large, often un-aesthetic structures.

In this position, she oversaw editorial, slide, audio, and video production. She also employed one of my doctoral students, Soledad Jasin—a native Spanish speaker originally from Argentina—as a consultant to edit the AHA’s increasing production of Spanish-language materials. For Vicki, as for me, the personal, the political, her knowledge and experience intersected ever more clearly over time. Our separate and joint lives with literacy are ever-expanding. She held the manager position until we moved to San Antonio in 1998; more about that in the next chapter.

Also, fortuitously and finally, I smoked my last Lucky Strike cigarette just before midnight on New Year’s Eve, December 31, 1987—less than a month before Vicki started at the AHA. Using Nicorette chewing gum, I stopped cold after smoking one to two packs of unfiltered cigarettes per day from ages 15 or 16 to 37. There have been no discernable health consequences. That is no excuse for this inexcusable part of my personal history.

Our lives continued stably and generally contentedly. Neither UTD nor Dallas would ever truly be home to us. I had a more or less balanced relationship with the university and a solid coterie of close colleagues, fine students, and good friends. But as an institution UTD never matured. Its administration proved incapable of learning. The School of Arts and Humanities is now the School of Arts, Technology, and Humanities, with more courses in video gaming than any other subject, my last colleague still teaching there tells me.

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I remained alert for more interesting, stimulating, and satisfying academic positions. As I gained seniority, there were ever fewer, given general market conditions and the limits of rank. In the late winter or early spring of 1997, I read an advertisement for a position as director of the Division of Behavioral and Cultural Studies or Sciences (stated alternatively) at the University of Texas at San Antonio (UTSA).

UTSA’s history paralleled UT-Dallas’ as a new, suburban, branch campus of an expanding, large, public university system. It lacked the scientific

foundation—and the Texas Instruments underwriting—on which UTD was founded. Like San Antonio itself, the university did not suffer from a dominating and distorting “Myth” or “Way” to the extent that Dallas and UTD did. San Antonio did have a significant and visible history and is in most ways a beautiful, richly historic city.

One UTD friend and colleague, a chemist long a leader in the faculty senate, cautioned me that the UTSA faculty senate was new and weak. He was partly correct. But by itself that caution did not weigh heavily on my thinking.

The division encompassed faculty in American studies, anthropology and archeology, history, and psychology. Its history was murky and included a long-term pattern of competition, divisiveness, and dominance by psychology. The future visions, as presented to me, promoted greater integration, interdisciplinarity, equality, and interchange among the four bachelor’s and master’s degree programs. During telephone conversations with the dean and a curious, personal interview aimed at securing my interest, they persuaded me to undertake my first full-time administrative role. As the next chapter explains, that was a mistake, but likely a necessary one.

I needed to overcome one complication before we could reach agreement. I was finally scheduled for UTD’s newly established, very tardy equivalent of a regular faculty sabbatical, called a Special Faculty Development Assignment, for the 1997–1998 academic year. This was my first university-funded research leave in 23 years of service. I felt strongly that I was entitled to have it before leaving for San Antonio.

Surprisingly, both UTD and UTSA administrations agreed. I was granted permission to have the “development assignment” and then immediately depart, an exception to the standard rules. UTSA permitted me to delay my appointment date for one year. The only UTD colleague who grumbled about “fairness” had had the professional leave the year before, which many colleagues thought should have been mine. (He had earlier told me that his tenure review was relatively easy because “they were out to get you.”)

I used the year to complete the research for and begin drafting *The Dallas Myth: The Making and Unmaking of an American City* (2008a) and to finish some other writing tasks. No less importantly, it gave Vicki and me the time to prepare carefully for our relocation: get to know San Antonio, search for a house, sell our Dallas home, get acquainted with some new colleagues, and pack my too many books. We succeeded in all of that before driving to San Antonio in two cars with one cat in August 1998. By that time both Harrison and Nebbie had passed away.