

was a boy and his name was Chase White, I believe, and he got in--they sent him down there. There was a brother to these others, you know, and couldn't get in for a month or so. (sentence not clear)--old folks sent him. And they had some that couldn't pay their board and they just let 'em in and they do work around there. Work garden, wash dishes and things like that.

(Well. Some of them work for their board and room, then.)

Yeah.

(Well. Could all of 'em speak English or--)

Oh, yeah. Some of 'e couldn't speak good English.

FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL

(Well, they had good football teams too didn't they? And baseball teams?)

Yeah. They had every year good football teams and--(not clear)

(Yeah. I knew Lige Chaffer (?))

He played good football, and Woodson Smith--

(Yeah.)

He used to play down there. I saw another feller but I thought, "I know that feller, but who in the world is he?" He come on down and spoke, and still I couldn't recognize him. Then he went on down the street and turn around and come back and said, "I believe I know you." He said, "You don't know my name?" I said, "No. I may know your name but I just can't place you." And I said, "Who is it." "Oh," he said, "I ain't goin' tell you." And then he laughed and said, "Lawrence Squakmar (?)" That's the first time I had seen anyone from over there in a long time. I hadn't seen 'im in a long time.

(Yeah. Mike Carson and I--)

He used to see me every year after that for a long time. Purt near every year. Sometime he wouldn't come. I would go over there sometime. And the last time I was over there he had seem like he was pretty good--seem like (not clear).