

BOYCE RECALLS MANY PLEASANT THINGS WHILE GROWING UP

(The closest thing I ever came to riding in, well I rode in wagons out at the farm and helped on the fram. I always liked the farm. I thought it was a good place to live. And lot of good places to play. I took Tim, Danny, and David out there one time. We stopped up on ninety-nine highway walked all down through that creek. Is it Cedar Creek, isn't it?)

Yeah. Cedar Creek.

(Walked up there, showed them where I learned how to swim. And showed them those rocks and climbed all through there and boy they said, they thought that was the prettiest place. And we could see the fish down in that creek where we fished.)

Harold's got that now. That's all his.

(Yeah, he got it back. They boys sure thought that was a nice place. And it was. It was a lot of fun.)

Well them days are all gone. You'll never bring them back. You'll never see things like that.

(Used to go squirrel hunting with granddad and he'd take that old single shot four-ten and we'd just sit on a log and he'd say, "Now, Boyce, just be real easy, go around on the other side of that tree." And I'd walk around on that side on the tree. And the squirrel then would move around. And he'd shoot him.)

Why he could see hair upon a squirrel that I couldn't even see the squirrel, and he'd kill it.

(We used to sit by and play pitch with him. 'Course he loved to play pitch.

(Laughter) And he'd get, run the clock back, make us go to bed at nine o'clock.

Didn't make no difference what come nor went we had to go to bed at nine.

And he'd run the clock back and he'd look at us and grin.

(He'd run the clock back on her, on grandma.)