

(Oh another man I was trying to think of. Harry S. Keller. I thought that was the meanest man in the world when I first went there. Do you remember him? Big boys home one boys' advisor. Tall, slim, army man.)

Yeah.

(He sure didn't have many friends there at one time. Then some of them big old boys now they'd tangle with him. I can't remember which one it was.

Remember the jailer they had? The one they call the "big man from the south with gold in his mouth" Jackson Issacc, Choctaw from Mississippi. Big, tall dark-complexion.)

I remember that name, but I don't hardly remember him.

(He was the jailer there. I remember that.)

I remember lot of names, but don't remember how they looked, you know.

I learn 'em by roll call in the morning.

(Yeah.)

(End of Interview.)