

something would happen that the boys didn't want to come in. They'd want to see what girls were there. And look in through the windows in the summertime, and see what girls were there and then they'd want to leave. So I say, well come in or get off the grounds. And they knew that the dog barked vicious enough and said he'd was mine--one time I stopped a dog fight in the middle of the sermon. I was closest to the door, and some fellows dog had followed him and this dog of mine was gonna send him home. They got to fightin' right there on the steps and go--I was closest to the door and I just stopped preachin,' and rushed out there and stopped the dog fight and came back in, and went right on. So these are experiences that you don't have to often either. But I was gonna come back to that ball game. When I came back to Talequah the second time, I quite frequently went, I stopped in the-- place called the "Wagon Wheel" which served sandwiches on one end, and beer on the other end. Well, they both had the same entrance, so I got me a sandwich and a bottle of pop because I had called my wife and I wasn't gonna make it home for supper. Cause my wife made that rule, if I wasn't there, I should try and get in touch with her. So she wouldn't have to offer me burnt offerings you know, like many wife does, they adore their husbands so much they get burnt offerings. Well, I'd stopped in there and this old boy knew me and he couldn't place me. He had been drinking beer. And he couldn't quite place me. He was a Cherokee Indian. He was graduate of Haskell Institute, but he's one weakness was drinkin. And he floundered around awhile, he couldn't quite place me and he says, "Now I know who you are." He said, "Your that hot-headed preacher that wouldn't let us cuss and