

(What was it like down there in those days? That was way before my time.)

It was like, oh just like I say--all the same accord. All good old boys you know.

(Yeah.)

All got a long good. We had a good ball team, football team, baseball team. You know Lindsey Mayes, don't you?

(Yes sir.)

He was out to see me twice.

(Well)

We used to play baseball together. Football too. Lindsay is a great fellow.

(Well.)

He played baseball at the Male Seminary when I went.

(I bet they could play ball couldn't they?)

We never was beat. We just beat everything. Yeah. There was a boy from Stilwell played with us, named Alberty, Cecil Alberty and Gunter Duckworth lived at Siloam Springs. He played shortstop. Alberty played second. I played first. Chouteau, Fred, played third and Andy Martin outfield, and uh--let me see uh--

(Who was the good pitcher?)

Well, let's see, we had, Thurman Wiley. He was left handed. Cut his fingers off right across there.

(Well.)

He was left handed.

(Yeah)

Couldn't bat much. But he was awful good pitcher.

(You had a good catcher too.)

Oh, yes, Rusty Smith was our catcher.

(Yeah.)

John was his name. We called him Rusty.

(Yeah.)