

**The David and Barbara Pryor Center
for
Arkansas Oral and Visual History**

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Arkansas Memories Project

Clyde Scott

Interviewed by Scott Lunsford and Bud Whetstone

March 11, 2010

Little Rock, Arkansas

Objective

Oral history is a collection of an individual's memories and opinions. As such, it is subject to the innate fallibility of memory and is susceptible to inaccuracy. All researchers using these interviews should be aware of this reality and are encouraged to seek corroborating documentation when using any oral history interview.

The Pryor Center's objective is to collect audio and video recordings of interviews along with scanned images of family photographs and documents. These donated materials are carefully preserved, catalogued, and deposited in the Special Collections Department, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville. The transcripts, audio files, video highlight clips, and photographs are made available on the Pryor Center Web site at <http://pryorcenter.uark.edu>. The Pryor Center recommends that researchers utilize the audio recordings and highlight clips, in addition to the transcripts, to enhance their connection with the interviewee.

Transcript Methodology

The Pryor Center recognizes that we cannot reproduce the spoken word in a written document; however, we strive to produce a transcript that represents the characteristics and unique qualities of the interviewee's speech pattern, style of speech, regional dialect, and personality. For the first twenty minutes of the interview, we attempt to transcribe verbatim all words and utterances that are spoken, such as uhs and ahs, false starts, and repetitions. Some of these elements are omitted after the first twenty minutes to improve readability.

The Pryor Center transcripts are prepared utilizing the *University of Arkansas Style Manual* for proper names, titles, and terms specific to the university. For all other style elements, we refer to the *Pryor Center Style Manual*, which is based primarily on *The Chicago Manual of Style 16th Edition*. We employ the following guidelines for consistency and readability:

- Em dashes separate repeated/false starts and incomplete/redirected sentences.
- Ellipses indicate the interruption of one speaker by another.
- Italics identify foreign words or terms and words emphasized by the speaker.
- Question marks enclose proper nouns for which we cannot verify the spelling and words that we cannot understand with certainty.

- Brackets enclose
 - italicized annotations of nonverbal sounds, such as laughter, and audible sounds that interrupt speech;
 - annotations for clarification and identification; and
 - standard English spelling of informal words.
- Commas are used in a conventional manner where possible to aid in readability.

Citation Information

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**Scott Lunsford and Bud Whetstone interviewed Clyde Scott on
March 11, 2010, in Little Rock, Arkansas.**

[00:00:00]

Scott Lunsford: Okay. Scotty, the first thing we're gonna do—I've gotta let everyone know who we are, where we are, what the . . .

Clyde Scott: Okay.

SL: . . . date is . . .

CS: Okay.

SL: . . . and what we're doin'.

CS: Okay.

SL: Um—and my name is Scott Lunsford. We've got Bud Whetstone sittin' over in the wing helpin' us. Wave to the camera, Bud. There you are. Uh—and—uh—your name is Clyde Scott, and we are at your home in Little Rock, Arkansas, on this eleventh day of March in the year 2010. And we're here as the Pryor Center—uh—doing an oral and visual history interview that we intend to preserve forever and make it available—um—in a number of different ways for students to learn about Arkansas history, teachers to teach about Arkansas history, researchers doing research about Arkansas history, and documentarians, filmmakers—anybody that has an interest in what we're

preserving. We want to make it available so that Arkansas people are telling their Arkansas stories. And if all of that's okay with you, that we archive it at the Pryor Center and at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville in Special Collections, we're gonna go ahead and—and have a little conversation and have a good time. If it's not, we can stop right now. Are—how do you feel—are you feelin' a little better about it?

CS: I hope I can help you do all the things that you've said you're gonna do.

SL: Well, thank you very much. It's a great honor to be here in your home, and I wanna thank you, and Barbara and David Pryor thank you for a—agreeing to—to help us do this mission. It's—we—we think it's very, very important, and we think that your story is one of the best in the world. So it's a great honor to be sittin' across from you, and it's also a great honor to have Bud Whetstone sittin' over there in the corner helpin' us with this. Um—so I—I can't tell you how thrilled we are. Thank you so much.

CS: Okay. You're welcome.

[00:01:57] SL: Um—what we usually start with is I ask you what your full name is and when and where you were born.

CS: My full name is Clyde Luther Scott. Born in Dixie, Louisiana,

August 29, 1924.

SL: Dixie, Louisiana. Now where is that in relation to the Arkansas/Louisiana line?

CS: Dixie, Louisiana, is about twelve miles west of Shreveport.

SL: Okay.

CS: And that is at—uh—and the size, back when I lived there, [*laughs*] was rather small, and I'm not even sure that Dixie is there anymore. Um—I haven't been at—I'm—I regret that I haven't been back to Dixie more, but I—it's been some time now since I've been—uh—been—been there.

[00:02:53] SL: Well now, [*someone coughs*] what were your—what were your parents' names?

CS: My father—uh—Luther, that's where I got my name. Uh—and my mother, Callie.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: Callie Mae Clark. And—uh—my dad, of course, was Luther Heinz Scott.

[00:03:14] SL: So—um—how far—how was their education? How far did they go in school?

CS: I can honestly say I don't think very far. Mom—gee, Mom—uh—Mom had a magazine in her hand reading all the time.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: But I—I think, far as going through grades, probably through the fourth, maybe fifth.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: The circumstance would suggest that that's about the—the—far as she went. My father—I would—I would place him at maybe the third grade.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: They—they—uh—they're a lot—they're a lot smarter than I'm [*laughs*] reporting for, but—uh—possibly that's about the grades they went through. Mh-hmm.

SL: You know, that—back—back then, that's really not that unusual that they—I mean, I think—uh—it was quite an accomplishment to get through the seventh or eighth grade . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . or sixth grade . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . back then. There was so much work to be done . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . and—uh—it—it's not unusual that that . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . that they didn't have a lot of education—formal education.

CS: Mh-hmm.

[00:04:28] SL: How long—um—were you in Dixie?

CS: I've—okay, probably five to six years.

SL: So you have a few memories.

CS: Possibly.

SL: You have a few memories of Dixie then.

CS: I had—well, there wasn't much [*laughs*]*—it wasn't much to be done in Dixie.*

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: And—uh—one of the things that—uh—I enjoyed doin' is layin' out in the edge of a—a hayfield watchin' the planes from Barksdale go through their maneuvers. This would be a double-wing plane. And—uh—that might sound—uh—*[laughs]* a little strange, but it was re—it was really fascinating to see a airplane back then. There wa—wasn't very many of 'em.

[00:05:26] SL: Well, it was—aviation was just . . .

CS: Just . . .

SL: . . . being born then.

CS: . . . just starting. That's right. Yeah.

SL: And—uh—particularly military aviation wa—they were just adopting that technology to . . .

CS: That's—that's right.

SL: . . . that science. So—uh—those were biplanes.

CS: That's right. They were biplanes. And it—I—I—at least I thought that they liked me. I'm—I'm laying in a—in a pasture out there . . .

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: . . . and waving, and I—I—I—I could just feel them waving back, not necessarily seeing it but I—we—and they would come back around and be a little closer, and I just knew they were doin' it for me. So I got a big, big, big kick out of watchin' those planes. And when I wasn't doin' that, I was catchin' crawfish in the bayou, which was some twenty-five, fifty feet from the house.

[00:06:28] SL: Do you member what . . .

CS: We—we lived right on the bayou.

SL: What—what river was that bayou from?

CS: Bayou—that was from Caddo River.

SL: Caddo.

CS: Caddo. Uh-huh.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And Caddo—uh—Cross Lake is one . . .

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: . . . of the lakes formed . . .

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: . . . there.

SL: So right on you-all's . . .

CS: So I'm on the bayou . . .

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: . . . watchin' the airplanes.

SL: And catchin' crawfish.

CS: And catchin' crawfish.

[00:06:52] SL: Now were you usin' those crawfish for bait?



CS: Well now, you know what—well, you—I believe—well heck, I don't believe; I know I was the best crawfish catcher [*SL laughs*] in Louisiana. And my—even if they kept records on this, I believe I'd—I'd hold records on catchin' crawfish. I could catch crawfish. Simple enough. I would take a little willow limb . . .

SL: Okay.

CS: . . . take several little will—willow limbs and let 'em dry, so they'd have a little substance to 'em.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: Take some twine. Maybe mother's sewin' twine.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: Tie it onto the pole and take a little strip of bacon as bait. Take my pole and the bait. Drag something ove—in the middle over there to put the crawfish in, like a bucket or a tub.

SL: Yeah. Uh-huh.

CS: And I could catch as many crawfish as I wanted to. If I wanted to catch a bucketful, I could catch a bucketful. If I wanted to catch a tubful, you won't believe it. I'd dang near do it. We'd [*laughs*] take the—take the little pole, stick it in the bank, and then let the line hang up where the bait would just barely sink in—in the bayou. So I'd hunker against the bank over there and watch. Incidentally, I'd do about three, four, or five of those.

SL: Willows, yeah.

CS: And it'd—if I want to catch a whole bunch of 'em, I'd have more of those poles. [*SL laughs*] My set poles, I call 'em. Yeah. Well, you watch—y—y—this—th—you know, it doesn't take a real [*laughs*] expert t—you watch your poles and the—the line comin' down. It—it's not—you know, it doesn't have to be jerkin', just barely twitchin'.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: You watch very carefully, and it jerk, so you ease over, and you pull your pole outta the bank, and you raise it up. Now this ol' crawdad—he's got—he's got a toehold on that . . .

SL: Bacon.

CS: . . . bacon. He's not fixin' to let it go. You gotta shake him off. [*SL laughs*] Well, that's exactly what I do. I ease it over the tub. Shake him off. Repeat the thing. I can st—I could st—

[*laughs*]*—*Scott, I was—I wa [*laughs*]*—*I was the crawdad king
[*SL laughs*] of Dixie.

SL: At five . . .

CS: Believe . . .

SL: . . . or six years old.

CS: Abs—absolutely. One of—one [*laughter*]*—*one of the best.

SL: Well now . . .

CS: But . . .

SL: . . . th—they made a mea—meal outta that then.

[00:09:27] CS: Well, we had a—we had a—a black lady wor—
workin' . . .

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: . . . for the family. She could take a bucketful of crawfish and
make more dishes, different types of dishes, and every one of
'em just excellent.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: And—and all ha—with a Louisiana Cajun flavor. So—uh—and—
and if—and if we'd—I'd have enough I could give the neighbors
or—or—or friends uptown—I could save the crawfi—give it to
them, and they loved the crawfish [*laughs*] 'cause it was many
ways you could cook crawfish.

[00:10:05] SL: That sounds great. So—um—what—what kind of—

uh—what kind of business was around Dixie? I mean, was it—
wha—what'd they raise down there? What was the—what was
the economy . . .

CS: Our home . . .

SL: Do you . . .

CS: . . . was on a big plantation.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: The owner was—lived in—uh—Shreveport. He didn't—he
didn't—uh—live there. He owned—uh—all the land you could see
from the highest tree. The Texas Oil Company bought—I'd—
I'd—I'd say at least fifty acres.

SL: Uh-huh.

[00:10:44] CS: And they drilled oil wells.

SL: Okay.

CS: They—they drilled, I believe, eight oil wells, and my dad worked
for the—for the company, and he kept those eight oil wells
pumping.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: They called him—they—Dad was a pumper for the Texas Oil
Company, and his job was to keep it flowing—the oil flowing and
reporting to the company on a daily basis, which he did. That—
uh—was a shallow—what they call a shallow sand—uh—that's—

they were pumpin' from—so consequently, they—uh—it—very soon, it was—uh—commercially not profitable to continue. So they—they closed down their operation, and that's when we headed towards Smackover where they were still pumpin' a lot of oil.

[00:11:51] SL: That—um—yeah, that whole—um—El Dorado, Smackover, some in Camden . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . Magnolia, I guess . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . came a little later, but . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . lot of oil there . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . in southwest Arkansas.

CS: Yeah. Bef . . .

SL: Southern Arkansas.

[00:12:09] CS: Right. Before we leave Dixie and . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . and my home, I lived on this big plantation. Lotta blacks wor—worked for the landowner. And it was a cotton plantation.

SL: M'kay.

CS: Each family—each black family had a house. They called it a little shotgun house.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: It was just—it was long. You start at the front door and walk all the way to the back. They call 'em shotgun houses. And they were along the road about ever fifty, seventy-five yards; there'd be one as though it just—it—any—I don't know how many. I'd—I'd say a hundred, at least hundred, of these families workin' for 'em. They had their—they—uh—they had their house furnished, and they had—uh—about sixty acres that they planted cotton. They—they planted cotton. They—they pick cotton, and they gave it to the owner. Actually, they didn't gi—give it to the owner, but they raised cotton, and when it come cotton-pickin' time, the owner would send a manager out in a big wagon. He'd have a scale, and these families would pi—pick the cotton, dragging big sacks, and they'd drag it up to the wagon, and he would take the—he would take the sack of cotton and weigh it.

SL: Mh-hmm.

[00:13:47] CS: And then he would—then he would pay—he would pay the farm—uh—the—the—the—the family on the spot according to the weight of the cotton, how much cotton they had picked. They'd dump it in a wagon, and he'd give 'em—he would

give 'em a—it—it—it's called a toke. Now I—I don't even know how to spell the word toke, but that was—for whatever amount of cotton that they picked, he would give them a toke representing that amount. And—uh—these tokes were different. It was a little coin that they make—that the company made themselves . . .

SL: Mh-hmm.

[00:14:33] CS: . . . and they would pay the—the fa—family right on the spot. And then the family had to take the toke, however, to town to the commissary. The owner . . .

SL: To the company store.

CS: . . . had the big commissary in town . . .

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: . . . to cash it. The only place they could cash the toke was at the commissary, so it—and—and—and they had at least fifty families doin' that. Yeah.

[00:15:06] SL: So that—uh—[*someone coughs*] the landowner—owner really controlled everything about that land. I mean . . .

CS: Y—you'd—you'd almost have to come close to sayin' he owned—owned the family.

SL: Owned the family. Yeah.

CS: Almost, you know. I believe . . .

SL: Uh . . .

CS: Yeah.

[00:15:23] SL: Well, did they consider themselves sharecroppers?

CS: I don't—I—I guess maybe you could say sharecroppin' would fit it. That's right.

SL: Or renters.

CS: The—the—uh—the owner furnished a lot of—furnished the house and—uh . . .

SL: Seed.

CS: . . . the whole—they furnished everything.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: Yeah. And in—in turn, they raised the cotton. They picked the cotton. And they took the cotton to—to the—to the gin.

[00:15:54] SL: Did you attend any school there in Dixie? Were you old enough to go to school before you left?

CS: [*Laughs*] I re—I just can—I—I can just barely remember being in school at Smackover. Probably two years, maybe. I'm not even sure it was two years, but I remember being in school there.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: And I remember because we lived about two miles from the school.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: From town. And they didn't have buses, so I did a lotta walkin'.

SL: Yes, sir.

[00:16:31] CS: And from—from Dixie—from high—from—from the school in Dixie, I went to Belcher, which was about two miles on the highway west toward—toward Texarkana.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: And I guess I was there about three years. I—it's hard to rem—I—I can't—I have a hard time puttin' the years together.

SL: That's all right.

CS: But it was about three years I was at Belcher. And—uh—then on from there, we were on our way to Smackover, ending up in Smackover.

[00:17:06] SL: Uh—do you remember much about your house in Dixie?

CS: The house was—it—uh—it—uh—I'll—I'll attempt to ex—describe the house.

SL: Okay.

CS: Okay, the—the house was just a—just a regular house on the front end. You go in the front door, and there's the livin' room and—uh—gaslights because of the oil dri—the oil rigs—the gas—there were lamped gaslights all over. And as you walk through

in the bedroom, and you go in, and then you walk right on through into the back door, open it, and then you went into a— a—they call it a toolshed. Actually, it's where—where they kept tools for . . .

SL: To keep the rigs runnin'.

CS: . . . keepin' those pump—those—uh—wells pumpin'.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: And right at the back of that, there was a—not an outside toilet, but a toilet that—that act—and in bad weather, you're—you go—you know, it was an inside john. It—but it was on the order of an outside privy.

[00:18:23] SL: The—uh—the kitchen was inside the house.

CS: Kitchen would—would be the—the front of the house, and then the midpart would be the kitchen. Yeah.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: Kitchen . . .

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: . . . and the—and the dining room.

[00:18:37] SL: Were—were the—uh—stoves wood-burning stoves?

CS: Gas.

SL: Gas stoves.

CS: Had gas for everything. We had gas—little copper pipes running

all over, like elec—wiring. There'd be copper pipe. This—uh—these wells—the pumpers would also—in addition to the—uh—uh—uh the oil, they were pumpin' out gas, and then, course, it was pressure. You'd—they hooked the little—uh—pipes and—uh—they had enough pressure to run the—the gas a mile out to a well to the house and enough to supply whatever needs the house had . . .

SL: That's pretty good.

CS: . . . for gas.

SL: That . . .

CS: Yeah, that . . .

SL: . . . that's better than what most had.

CS: . . . yeah, that's right. Yeah.

[00:19:22] SL: Um—d—so do you member—um—uh—I guess, you know, all the black families had their own school and—and their own stuff, and you were in a—probably, I would assume, an all-white school there. Is that the way you remember that?

CS: I didn't—I di—I—I didn't visit their school.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: I—I'll say this. M—one of—one of my friends born the same day I was born—Robert Pettaway was his name.

SL: Okay.

[00:19:57] CS: Robert Pettaway. Well, we were just—we—he would come down, and he wanted me—he couldn't catch crawfish like I did. [*SL laughs*] He just wasn't in my league for that, but he liked to watch me catch crawfish.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: So we were big buddies and [*clears throat*] Bob Pettaway—he would—we would meet out there in the cotton fields and he—he would—it—it's hard—hard to—hard to say. We—we—we would—cut. Would you . . .

SL: Go ahead.

CS: . . . c—cut.

SL: Okay.

CS: Just—just a minute.

SL: Okay.

[Tape stopped]

[End of verbatim transcription]

[00:20:42] SL: Scotty, we're talkin' about Bob Pettaway as your . . .

CS: Yeah. [*Unclear words*].

SL: . . . earliest friend and best friend, I would guess . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . there in Dixie.

CS: Yeah.

SL: And you-all would meet up out in the cotton field, and he wanted to—sounds like he wanted to get lessons on how to catch crawfish is . . .

CS: Yeah, [*laughs*] that's right.

[00:21:02] SL: . . . how it all started. But you—after y'all left Dixie, you never saw Bob Pettaway again, did you?

CS: Never saw Bob Pettaway again, but I did—I was listenin' to a basketball game last year, in fact, and one of the SEC schools had a player named Pettaway. I don't remember the first name, but it was Pettaway. And I wondered, could that possibly be a member of the family? One of 'em traced out for California and lived. But could that possibly be . . .

SL: I . . .

CS: . . . of the same family?

SL: . . . I'm sure.

CS: And it—Pettaway, you know, is a strange name.

SL: Yeah.

CS: I remember the—one of the little girls' name was Shug; one was named Bertha; and one was named Siny—they called her. Those—and I just wonder and often think maybe I'll trace the family down and see just what happened to all of them—all of

'em.

SL: Let's talk . . .

CS: It'd be interesting.

[00:22:13] SL: Let's talk a little bit about your mom and dad. So your dad was a pumper, kept the rigs running and . . .

CS: Right.

SL: . . . had six or eight rigs . . .

CS: Right.

SL: . . . in the fifty acres there. Was he a pretty strict father? Was he . . .

CS: Dad, no, no. The only time that Dad gave me a spankin' for the [laughs]—that episode in the cotton field—kinda throwin' cotton bolls as ammunition. No, Dad wasn't—Dad and I—lookin' back on it, I have a feeling that I was Dad—I was the—Dad's favorite. Dad was—could do anything physically—he did well. He could—we had bird dogs, and it was quail everywhere down there. We'd go out and kill quail on that plantation. And Dad would let me go along with him, and he'd—when the dog would be pointin', walk up behind the dogs. That's thrilling for me, you know.

SL: Sure.

CS: So I'd be kinda, almost kinda catchin' Dad's coattails and lookin' and peepin' around and keepin', and Dad always had me keepin',

in a way, out of danger. And I couldn't wait for those quail to [imitates the sound of flying quail]—you know, it's just real exciting for the—and then try to watch 'em, you know, and then watch Dad drop two or three of 'em. And then he'd let me run and get the bird. [SL laughs] Oh boy, I was . . .

SL: You were like the bird dog.

CS: Oh, I was a retriever. And a good one. [Laughter] I mean . . .

SL: I bet you were. I bet you were.

CS: Oh gracious, if we could get—gee whiz, Dad would bring back a sackful of quail just about anytime we wanted to go, and I got a big kick outta that.

[00:24:07] SL: Now did he dress those quail, or was that somethin' your mom did?

CS: No, Mom didn't do that. Mom—and I—and Dad could—Dad had a knack of get—skinnin' the quail and pullin', you know . . .

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: . . . and it just almost—just all—just in a minute, the—he had the dressed birds and almost ready for the pan. But Dad did most of that. There's ten kids in our family.

SL: Ten kids!



[00:24:41] CS: And now Jack—Scott, I—when I look back on Mom and remember what she did from daylight till dark, feeding and

ta—and caring for ten kids, it's just unbelievable. And then going on into Smackover and still was gettin' up at daylight and then takin' care of Dad's working clothes and just—what Mother did from the time she got up till she went to bed. But at the same time, she did a lotta reading at—she—at night, she did. She really did a lotta reading at night. And my greatest regret is that I—before Mom died—Mom lived to be 104.

SL: Bless her heart.

CS: Plus a few days.

SL: That's a strong woman.

CS: Mom's mind was just as sharp—a lot sharper than mine the whole time. I regret that I didn't sit down and ask ques—ask Mom questions like you're askin'—like we're talkin' about 'cause I could—when I did, she'd know. She knew everything about her family. Everbody's family and who—other people, kinfolks, and everything. Mom had a answer for everything. Mom was very bright. She really was. Dad—in that regard, Dad—I don't remember Dad readin' a book unless it was—he's fixin' to do somethin' for the company and needed to order some equipment or something. But—so . . .

SL: Did . . .

CS: Excuse me. Now go.

[00:26:31] SL: Do you remember—did you have an opportunity to know or meet either side of your family's grandparents, your mom or your dad's parents?

CS: My father's father, my grandfather, named Jack—saw him one time. He was a farmer. He ended up in Odessa, Texas . . .

SL: M'kay.

CS: . . . on a little farm. And course, the—when a bale of cotton sold for ten cents, he lost his farm, and he lost everything. And he came and visited us. He was there only two days. And I had one chance to—he motioned for me to come. He was sittin' out in the yard in a chair. He motioned for me to come over. He wanted to tell me something, you know. And he wanted to talk fishin'—bout—you know, 'cause I'd—gotta catch all those crawfish and all of their—all that, you know. He wanted to be sure that, in addition to the crawfish, that if I'd make this little change here with that little willow limb and get you a fishhook. You gotta get you a fishhook [*SL laughs*] and catch a—those little fiddler cats, and he said, "They're just as good and maybe better than crawfish." Brief convers—and that's the only time I had with my grandfather. And he was on his way back, and I never saw him again.

[00:28:15] SL: Did your dad ever talk much about his dad?

CS: Dad was a cowboy. My father was a cowboy. He had—he could talk about his cow pony, you know, and [00:28:28] headin' west—the—and ending up out there in Odessa. [*Laughs*] I was talkin' to a friend in Smackover who had some property out close to where my father lived—the farm. He—and he said that that land—that they drilled more oil wells on that little bit of land [*laughs*] where it made it just so valuable and so close—my grandfather came so close to being able to keep it that—oh boy, you know. [*Laughs*] So I—we've regretted that, of course.

[00:29:20] SL: Yeah, yeah. What about your mom's side of the family? Did you ever know any of her folks?

CS: Mom's family grew up in, or out from, Fouke, Arkansas. The Fouke Monster.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah, okay. On the [*laughter*] road to Texarkana . . .

SL: Yeah. Yeah.

CS: . . . from Dixie out there.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: Well, Mom grew up in Fouke. And lo and behold, she—and then when she met Daddy, her family traveled in a covered wagon goin' west and passed through the area of Odessa . . .

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: . . . and met Dad. So Mom had lots of experience from that. I—
and I'm remiss that I didn't have time to talk to Mama, just how
it was living on a wagon. I read these Western stories, you
know, but my mother did it, and that's—cut, please.

[Tape stopped]

[00:30:51] SL: We were talkin' about your mom and what great
work that she did just keepin' the family fed and clothed . . .

CS: Yeah. Yeah.

SL: . . . and together and takin' care of everybody and how your
parents met in Odessa. It sounds like they met in Odessa . . .

CS: Mh-hmm. Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . when your dad's folks were already there and your mom's
folks were comin' through Odessa, and your mom and dad met
then.

CS: Yeah.

[00:31:22] SL: And my question was did your mom ever get to see
her folks again after your mom and dad married and moved to
Dixie? Did they—did any of her folks ever come visit?

CS: They would come one or two at a time and not long enough to
get to know 'em very well. But they—quite a few of 'em did.
The—we—Dad, you know, I guess, and the family had a pretty
good job, you know, and—but far as gettin' to know these

people, I didn't. But they—yes, we did have people droppin' in for a day or two or . . .

SL: I bet your mom was always really excited to see them.

CS: Very. Oh yeah, you could tell Mom was very, very happy when her kinfolks would come by, and she—you could tell, she was—that—would like for 'em to come back. Yeah, and she wanted—she'd kinda be—maintain an elevation in the family [*unclear words*], you know, 'cause Dad brought home a pretty good check, and we—the house wasn't all that bad, and these kinfolks come by kinda lookin' up at Mom. Mom liked that. Yeah, sure.

[00:32:51] SL: Well now, was your daddy a—did your daddy fight in the war—in—was he . . .

CS: Dad . . .

SL: . . . a military . . .

CS: . . . Dad—somewhere in the family, there's a picture of Dad in uniform. The only thing I know about Dad is a brief, just very brief—he didn't do much talkin'. Dad was a sharpshooter, and he was—he ended up in France, and he did a lotta fightin' on the ground. He did a lot of shootin'. He had—did a lotta killin'. You could tell that. And he—this—it's amazing—this—the world we live in. This lady that was doin' the family tree—we got—she was checkin' on Dad, and then I said, "Well, of course, Dad was

in the army and ended up in France." And she says, "Well, wait just a minute." And she [*vocalizes surfing the internet*] found the—I don't know what you call it, but it's a list of people aboard the ship.

[00:34:13] SL: Yes. Manifest?

CS: Manifest.

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: Their names. And the signed—their signed signature, and there's Dad's signed signature [*laughs*], you know. And that—he wouldn't—he—I started to say he'd talk about his fighting, but he really didn't want to and . . .

SL: Well you know, war—it is hard for veterans to talk about their war experiences 'cause they're—it's . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . pretty—all pretty horrible.

CS: Yeah.

SL: You know, back in the States, it was kind of glory, and, you know, the fi—the cause was good, but that didn't make the war good.

CS: Yeah.

SL: And it was a—that's not unusual for veterans not to say a whole lot about what they experienced . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . 'cause it's painful . . .

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: . . . and they pro—would probably rather forget most of it. So it's not surprising that he didn't share a whole bunch with you. The—he probably wouldn't wish that on anybody, I bet.

CS: Yeah, sure.

[00:35:32] SL: So—but he survived World War I.

CS: He survived. He did.

SL: And that's somethin' of a miracle in itself . . .

CS: That . . .

SL: . . . and a blessing so . . .

CS: Yeah, I've seen a lot of television on the war and how many of our peop—boys were—men were killed, just slaughtered, just—and Dad was lucky. He was exceedingly lucky . . .

SL: Yeah, that . . .

CS: . . . to come back whole. Yes.

[00:36:02] SL: The war in France in World War I was particularly . . .

CS: Particularly. That's right.

SL: . . . bad.

CS: Yeah.

SL: He's lucky he didn't get gassed.

CS: Yeah.

SL: I mean, it—yeah, it was pretty primitive fighting back then and a lot of face-to-face stuff and hard, hard stuff. Well, that's . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: But you know, he made it back home, and he raised a passel of kids with a—what sounds like a wonderful woman, and he not only survived, but he continued to make a difference in a lotta people's lives right around him. That's—that says a lot about your father.

CS: Mh-hmm.

[00:36:43] SL: So is there anything about—so you got a whippin' from your dad in the cotton field because you were throwin' cotton around? [CS laughs] What was that—tell me that story.

CS: [Laughs] We—oh my goodness. We—well, the cotton was just—the bolls were just ready to open and they—so they were—they weren't real hard. They were just, you know, just a little bit soft. And these cotton stalks, you know, they come up about—and so if you break this one and bend it over and take that one and bend it back thisaway and come—then, you know, you could build you a little fort.

SL: Uh-oh.

CS: You know, and then, boy, you can pull you a whole bunch of those bolls off and pile 'em down here, you know.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And then when you do that, well, you gotta look around to see where the—my brother, he's doin' it all over there, and just where I've gotta throw that—the piece here—that boll gets in there. [*Laughs*] So the—it—we were building little forts in the cotton stalks—was that. And then our ammunitions were the cotton bolls. [*SL laughs*] Well, the poor farmer's been out there slaving to grow that cotton, plant it, and get it up to—it's ripening now, just a few days or weeks away from fruition. Ready to get a little toke [*laughs*] . . .

SL: That's right.

CS: A little toke.

SL: Make a difference for that family.

CS: Yeah . . .

SL: You bet.

CS: And here the—here 'em—here we were out there destroying that, so I don't blame Dad. I would've pad—I probably would've done worse than Dad did.

[00:38:39] SL: That's good. So where were you in the line of children? Were—you . . .

CS: Audie . . .

SL: . . . weren't the oldest, were you?

CS: . . . Audie, oldest in the family.

SL: Yep.

CS: My sis, Audrey . . .

SL: Yep.

CS: . . . was next. I was next. Then it was Benny.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Then it—well no, before Benny, it was Tracy.

SL: Okay.

CS: And then Benny and then Hubert.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And then Huey P.

SL: Okay.

[00:39:14] CS: And we—I think we talked about the tragic death of
Huey P.

SL: Well, we . . .

CS: But maybe we haven't.

SL: . . . we haven't. Now how many—were there—all ten of you
weren't in Dixie . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . though . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . were . . .

[00:39:30] CS: Well see, that—those were—there was three girls
born after we got back to sm—now these were all in Dixie.

SL: Okay.

CS: All of these were in Dixie.

[00:39:43] SL: And so Audie was your older brother.

CS: That's right.

SL: And how much older was he than you?

CS: Well, I was born the twenty-ninth of August [19]24, and he
was—well, it was Audie. And then two years, it was Sis and me.
There was . . .

SL: So he was three or four years older than you.

CS: So it was about four years difference. Four. About four to five
years difference.

[00:40:21] SL: Did you get along with your brother and sister—older
brother and sister?

CS: [*Laughs*] Audie would—I could tell he would want me to be
more aggressive in the school, you know, at playin' around and
horsin' around and these—the—there's always a number of guys
that like to catch you off guard, man, you know, and put a
toehold on you, you know, or . . .

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: . . . somethin' around your neck or . . .

SL: Sure.

CS: . . . bend you arm back, you know.

SL: Mixin' it up. Yeah.

CS: And Audie was always—when he would see me in a situation like that, he would break it up right quick, and then he'd get all over me. "Takin'—take care of yourself. My goodness, why didn't you do—why, you could've, you know. Don't do—don't let him do—just don't let him do that," [*laughs*] you know.

SL: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

CS: And it was that way all the way through. He was a—he was lookin' after his—after me, of course.

SL: His little brother.

CS: Well, I wasn't—I mean, you know, the guy wasn't hurtin' me in any way. I mean, I just didn't—just—I wasn't aggressive enough, obviously.

[00:41:41] SL: Yeah. Well now, what about Audrey?

CS: Sis, gee, I felt sorry for Sis when you look back in on it. She grew up with boy—and boy—just boys. It was me, Benny, Tracy, Huey, and the three girls came on later on after she was up and through with high school. So it was pretty tough on

Sis . . .

SL: She . . .

CS: . . . growin' up with a bunch of boys.

[00:42:16] SL: Well, and did she start helpin' Mom early . . .

CS: Yes, she did.

SL: . . . around the house and . . .

CS: She had to do that. She had to do that. We didn't—and Dad—course, when we got to Smackover, we finally had got a car but we—it was long periods in there, we would—didn't even have a car. [00:42:40] We wasn't—we couldn't—it wasn't—we were struggling financially pretty well all of our lives and it—the worst of it fell on Sis, bein' a girl. We could—I could go out and manage. I could—there was a whole bunch of things I could do to earn a little money, even when I was real small. They had—I could visit the oil derricks, and there was a—they called it babbitt. It was zinc combined with lead and combined and called babbitt.

SL: Okay.

[00:43:21] CS: And it—they—it formed a gasket that—well anyway, it would—they'd heat it in a mold and then pour it over into something else and then dr—it would drop off on your—and when it dried, of course, I'd come along and just pick up these—

had me a little sack . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . and I could pick up me a whole sack of that stuff in the afternoon, visitin' all the oil wells.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And I'd get five cents a pound for it.

SL: Oh my gosh.

CS: Five cents a pound.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Boy, and I—gee whiz, I could . . .

SL: That's pretty good.

CS: . . . I could work all week and then take it and have enough money to—oh boy, you'd—I'd have enough money to go to the show, buy popcorn, peanuts. I could just do what everybody else did and then have a little money left [*laughs*] over, you know. All over that babbitt.

SL: Babbitt.

CS: So I—it would . . .

[00:44:21] SL: But that kinda stuff wasn't available for the girls, was it?

CS: Yeah. No, of course, you couldn't have it.

SL: They were pretty much relegated to helping around the house

and takin' care of . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . doing the motherly kind of things that . . .

CS: Yeah, that's right.

SL: . . . you know, the women were expected . . .

CS: Yeah.

[00:44:38] SL: . . . to do back then. Well, it sounds like you've got a lotta respect for the things that she helped with your mom and what she went through.

CS: Well, it—yeah, it was just too—there was always too many kids around and not enough to take very good care of all of 'em financially, you know.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And it was just kind of a financial strain all the way through, especially for the girls. And they didn't have the ability or a chance to go out like I would—could go out and make money in the field just by pickin' up this babbitt stuff. She didn't have it. So it was tough on the girls in the family. It really was.

[00:45:28] SL: So when the oil fields dried up around Dixie, then your mom and dad picked everybody up and moved up to Smackover.

CS: Yeah, the oil became commercially not feasible after about—I

think we were only there about four years, maybe five years, and then we started driftin' towards Smackover. Stopped at a little town called Lewisville in Arkansas on our way and then on. And Dad's first job, as I've said, is strippin' those tanks—was twistin' the bolts off of the oil tanks . . .

SL: Now is this in . . .

CS: . . . or maybe I did . . .

SL: . . . Smackover or in . . .

CS: This is Smackover. The first job I had in smack—first job Dad had in Smackover was takin' these big oil tanks that they filled up. You know, they—first, they just dug big levees around and poured the oil in it and run the oil through ditches into it.

SL: Yeah.

[00:46:41] CS: And then they came along and built a tank on top of the levee all the way around, and these tanks were big, steel—inch-and-a-half steel bolted together with a nut and bolt. Well now, they found out that they made a mistake tryin' to store the oil. That just didn't work. So they started tearin' down all these tanks, and Dad's first job was to take a little power tool and strip those nuts. You know, you put it on there, and you just ring their necks . . .

SL: Ring the threads. Yeah.

CS: . . . and they fall off, of course. [00:47:28] Just—and so it—
he—his job then was tearing down those tanks. And that lasted
two, three years. Somethin' like that. Yeah. And then after
that, he got it—because of his knowledge of pumping, keepin'
the wells going, he got a job—one of the—as a pumper again.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And . . .

[00:48:02] SL: Did y'all live in the oil fields in Smackover?

CS: We lived in the oil field there. They furnished us a house, and
we lived in the oil field.

[00:48:10] SL: Still have the same amenities where the . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . you had the copper pipe into the house and . . .

CS: We had . . .

SL: . . . heated and lit?

CS: . . . we had that. Had that. Inside toilets now though.

SL: Uh-oh. So there was water . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . you had water comin' through the house, too?

CS: Yep. Yeah.

SL: That's big improvement.

CS: Big. Yeah, big, and especially for the girls.

SL: Yeah.

CS: It—yeah, well, it just meant everything for the girls.

SL: That had to please your mom . . .

CS: And—yeah.

SL: . . . to have that.

CS: Yeah.

[00:48:38] SL: Smackover was bigger than Dixie? Was it . . .

CS: Smackover was [*laughs*]—yeah, because Dixie's really wasn't
[*laughter*] . . .

SL: Much of anything.

CS: . . . wasn't very big.

SL: Yeah.

CS: It—they just didn't have many crawdad fishermen in Dixie.
Smackover, yeah, Smackover was much, much bigger than
Dixie, and we—I think—just—I'm tryin' to remember when I
started playin' football in Smackover because I—when I first
went, I was in . . .

SL: Grade school.

[00:49:21] CS: Yeah, grade school. Oh yeah, grade school.

They'd—but they did—they formed a little—our team's name was
Buckaroos. [*SL laughs*] Buckaroos. And this little—for—this
grade school team was formed. I can't remember what the

name of it was, but I do remember the first game we played, I broke my arm. [*Laughs*] The worst fracture that I had anytime along the way with this arm; it was a compound [*SL gasps*] frac—[*laughs*] . . .

SL: Oh golly!

CS: And I didn't think I'd ever play football after that. But—and I don't remember when I went back playin' except that it—of course, in high school.

[00:50:14] SL: Was the grade school team—was that just a . . .

CS: Well, it was just a . . .

SL: . . . a one-game team, or was it—did they play a number of games, or do you remember?

CS: We played the—we would play—we played Camden when I broke my arm and . . .

SL: Is that right?

CS: Yeah, I . . .

SL: I'm gonna tell David Pryor that.

CS: We didn't do much traveling. Camden and Crossett, I think maybe we mighta played. But I honestly can't remember the game we played but, yeah. Yeah.

[00:50:44] SL: So let me think here just for a second. You get to Smackover. Y'all have a house there in the oil fields. Your

dad—his first job is dismantling the tanks, and then he . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . he becomes a pumper again . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . which is really kind of a manager of the oil rigs, just keepin' 'em runnin'—is . . .

[00:51:08] CS: Yeah, Dad was what was called a gang pusher in Smackover, his first job in—out in the field. He was—the company furnished him with a big truck, and on the back of this truck, it—the machine that controlled a cable that would go to the top of the derricks . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . pulling things up, lowering things down, and the main job—these—the pipes would come uncoupled.

SL: Yeah.

CS: The pump would work its way loose way down in, you know . . .

SL: Down in the shaft.

[00:51:53] CS: . . . and so what—yeah. And Dad would back his truck up. Hook it up to the top of the derrick, and then they had all kinda tools that they could go in and fish out and retrieve something that's broken down there. And it's amazing how they'd—that they could do it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And that's what he was doin' then. But the rods would part, and he'd pull 'em all out and then put new in. The pump would—it would discombobulate. Pull it out and put new ones in.

SL: Dangerous work.

CS: Yeah. And he was called the gang pusher and makin' quite a bit much more—quite a bit more money. That was the best part of it. And better house, a better house for the girls and Mom.

[00:52:47] SL: So you get to Smackover, and there's—is that when the three girls came in Smackover? Later on, Pat and Marci and Carol Jean.

CS: That's right. They were born.

[00:53:04] SL: But Huey P. and Hubert and Tracy, and it says Bernie and Clyde and Audrey and all you guys were—came from Dixie.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Is that right?

CS: That's right. That's right.

SL: Well . . .

CS: Just the three girls were born in Smackover.

SL: I see. Well, might—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—he had seven kids comin' from Dixie.

CS: Yeah, that's right, and three kids . . .

SL: That's a crew.

[00:53:28] CS: That—so you can see—we were reflectin' back on what Mom had to do and the trials and tribulation of raisin' a family. But good gosh, a family that big—it's—that's the reason I'm remiss when I didn't do more with Mom, for Mom, and get more information from—my mom was the smartest one in the family before she died. But yeah, it—the last three girls came on after we got to Smackover.

[00:54:15] SL: Well, sound like your dad had a little bit better job, and he had a little bit better house . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . had runnin' water.

CS: That's right.

SL: So you know, life was a little bit better . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . in Smackover . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . than it was . . .

CS: Yeah.

[00:54:27] SL: . . . in Dixie. So the oil fields were kind of a messy place to work, weren't they? I mean, it was . . .

CS: Oh goodness gracious.

SL: . . . pretty muddy and leftover levees of oil . . .

CS: I've thought about that so much. My mom couldn't just put Dad's work clothes in the washin' machine and turn it on and take it out after a while and then put it in the . . .

SL: Dryer.

CS: . . . in the dryer and all. That wasn't—they had a steel—big, ol' iron pot. It had gas goin' to it. Could wa—could heat the water all right, you know, that . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: But she'd have to get the water boilin' and then put the oily pants in the boiling water and boil it and boil the oil out of it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And it—that's all right if you boil it out, but the mess you leave is just unbelievably bad.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And have to go through that almost daily, and at the same time, have supper ready and just—yeah, my Mom—I was . . .

SL: And be doin' the same sort of thing for all the kids.

CS: Yeah, that's true. Yeah. Keepin' up with the kids. Yeah.

[00:55:48] SL: What about—was church ever a part of the family growin' up?

CS: No, it really wasn't. I remember goin' to Baptist church. I

wasn't much of a churchgoer, tell you the truth. But they'd have these revivals.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah, they were havin' a revival, and I wish I could remember what age I was, but I—and this preacher was preachin' and preachin' and preachin' and preachin', and [*laughs*] like the blacks would—when they got—I got religion. I got religion. So I just—when he got ready to—people joined the church. I got up and joined the church. And none of the family knew anything about it.

SL: Was this at a . . .

CS: It was at . . .

[00:56:56] SL: . . . was this in a tent, or was it in the church itself?

CS: It was in church.

SL: Okay.

CS: This was in a church house. Yeah. And that's where my religion started, you know.

SL: But you kept it to yourself.

CS: I kept it to myself. I really did. I really did.

[00:57:14] SL: How—do you know how . . .

CS: It—I . . .

SL: . . . old you were when that happened?

CS: . . . I don't know why I did that. It just—you just—at the moment, it was the thing for me to do, I thought. And I did it, you know. And course . . .

[00:57:28] SL: Well now, you mentioned—were there blacks in the audience, too? Is that—you said somethin' about blacks . . .

CS: No. Well, I only said that is that the blacks had join—they'd get religion, you know [*laughs*] . . .

SL: Yeah, yeah.

CS: . . . the expression.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Get religion. And I just referred to them as—and here I got religion, and it's quite, with the blacks, demonstrative. They would—and actually, part of the entertainment we had in Dixie was Sunday afternoon when they'd have the baptizing. Oh yeah, it was—the blacks, they would come from all over just—and I'd have to get out there early and wiggle around to get me a space to watch it. It was—they—and when they got religion, now that was quite a spectacle. And it was very entertaining, too. They have high feelings of people with . . .

SL: Very enthusiastic.

CS: Absolutely. And they demonstrated their enthusiasm.

[00:58:54] SL: So they'd gather at the river . . .

CS: And gather at the river and on—in this case, it was gatherin' at the . . .

SL: Bayou.

CS: . . . bayou. And it would go on for a long, long time. Be a lotta people. They'd line up, you know. It'd wear the preachers out walkin' in and out, [*laughter*] you know, and . . .

SL: They earned their living.

CS: . . . baptizin' [*laughs*] . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . everything. But all that started with me bein'—gettin' religion.

[00:59:23] SL: Now did that happen in Dixie or in Smackover?

Trey Marley: [*Unclear words*]

CS: Mine was in Smackover.

SL: Smackover. Okay. We're gonna change tapes.

[Tape stopped]

[00:59:30] SL: Go ahead.

CS: Yeah, that—early on there in Smackover, I had to . . .

SL: Oh, are we rollin'?

CS: . . . work for a grocery company just a few hours, you know, and I would [*unclear words*] find myself after dark and two, three miles just to get home, you know.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Where normally I'd sit out there at the end of Main Street. They had a big platform-type thing with a light on it. Train came by on that side of it. So I'd just sit up here on this platform and catch a ride home, you know. Most of the time, I'd have success catchin' a ride home, but a lotta times, I got caught, too, and have to walk home.

[01:00:24] SL: Now you're talkin' about . . .

CS: Smackover.

SL: . . . bein' in Smackover and . . .

CS: Bein' in Smackover.

SL: . . . and your—where y'all lived is actually . . .

CS: At that time, was about two miles.

SL: Two miles outside.

CS: Across Smackover Creek.

SL: Okay.

CS: North of—goin' north away from Smackover.

[01:00:46] SL: [*Laughs*] So you'd try and hitch a ride home, but then there were some evenings when you didn't get a ride.

CS: [*Laughs*] That's right. And that—and to make matters worse, this bridge comes into play, this Smackover Bridge, about forty feet in—yards in . . .

SL: In length.

CS: . . . length. And it truly was, it truly was the spookiest damn thing at night, you know, and especially on a foggy night.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And [*laughter*] the six, seven-year-old imagination just runs wild, you know. There's gotta be spooks and goblins under that bridge 'cause it, you know—there's gotta be . . .

[01:01:42] SL: Was it a wooden bridge?

CS: And they're all under there waitin' on you, so . . .

SL: Uh-huh. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CS: . . . your imagination, it—and it—but of course, we would [*unclear words*] want any of that, but that is the truth. I'd have to walk home. I didn't do—I'd do some runnin', but it was [*laughs*] spooky goin' across the bridge every time.

[01:02:11] SL: So Smackover was quite a bit bigger than Dixie, but it wasn't a big town, was it? I mean . . .

CS: No. No, it wasn't.

[01:02:18] SL: It—did . . .

CS: It really wasn't.

SL: . . . did they have a movie theater?



CS: It had a movie theater. It had two banks. [01:02:23] It had the best—they had the best icehouse in town, and when I got old

enough, well, before I was old enough, really, I was the iceman
[laughs] of Smackover.

SL: Is that right?

CS: Yeah. I—how I did—how I could back up to my truck and drag a
fifty-pound chunk of ice and walk back in and put it in those ol'
refrigerators they had back then, you know, nothing electrical.
They'd just put ice in there.

SL: That's right. Icebox.

CS: And you'd—and I'd have to not only put the ice in. I'd have to
take everything out of the box and set it down, put the ice in,
and chip around, you know, and . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . chip around where I could do it.

SL: Put the stuff back in.

CS: Put the stuff back in. [Laughs] So the iceman did a whole hell
more than just deliver ice . . .

SL: Deliver the ice. Yeah.

CS: And . . .

[01:03:31] SL: Now how old were you when you were doin' that?

CS: I wish I could tell you, dagnabbit. But I could—I had . . .

SL: You had to be . . .

CS: . . . I had to be about . . .

SL: Well, if you were drivin' . . .

CS: . . . about twelve.

SL: . . . a truck, you . . .

CS: I had to be about twelve years old.

[01:03:41] SL: And you were—were you drivin' the truck at twelve years old?

CS: Yeah, I was driving a truck, but then it—hell, it—I—you could drive a truck [*laughs*] if you could crawl in and start the thing.

SL: You were probably expected to drive a truck by that age.

CS: Yeah, sure.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah.

[01:03:54] SL: So [*TM coughs*] they had a movie house, had a couple of banks, probably had a general store or two, I would guess.

CS: Yeah. Yep.

SL: And . . .

CS: Yep, they had that.

SL: . . . and one school.

CS: Had—and sawmill.

SL: Kay.

CS: Sawmill was . . .

SL: Timber.



CS: . . . sawmill was a—walk out of the school, and the road goin' back towards Camden pass right by the—when you get right there and look across the road, right down there about a hundred yards is a sawmill. [01:04:31] [*Laughs*] And the sawmill comes into play with me because they cut those logs, and then they'd slice those edges, you know, trimmin' 'em all down . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . they'd call. And that would fall on a conveyor belt that carried it out there in a big pile and burned it up. But those slabs, some of 'em were pretty even and some—so I'd pull this one off and that off, and I'd—I made my hurdles. Smackover didn't have any hurdles. Didn't have a track. Didn't have any hurdles. [*Laughs*]

[01:05:07] SL: That's what you used to make your first hurdles . . .

CS: And I didn't really know my future would lead into hurdles, but they—that was part of the track, and so—and we didn't have a hurdle, so I built—just drive a stake down here and a stake down here, put a nail through here to here, and put a bar on the nails, and you got you a hurdle. You just wanna be careful and not hit the hurdle [*laughter*] when you go over it.

SL: You learned pretty quick not to hit the hurdle.

CS: Learned quick on the hurdle. But . . .

[01:05:38] SL: Well then, that's good. Well, so now let's talk a little bit about the schooling in Smackover. So you're two miles outside of town.

CS: Yeah.

[01:05:50] SL: You'd get up in the morning. Was there any work that you had to do out at the house before you went to school?

CS: I had no jobs. I had no jobs except in spring, early spring. It—we had to—I had to help put in the garden. We had—we depended on that. Dad, bless his heart, his—he would—oh boy, my dad—he'd have a garden plow with handles on it, you know.



SL: Yeah.

CS: Not a motor. Not . . .

SL: That's right.

CS: . . . you know, they have motorized ones, but back then it wasn't no motors. He'd hook a rope on the end of the doggone plow . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . and extend it out front so he'd have good walking, and he'd do it first. I'd hold that plow up and get it in—he'd get it goin' in the ground, you know, and I could keep it level, you know. Dad

would hunker down and . . .

SL: Pull it.

CS: . . . plow. Before he would go to work, now see, he'd plow.

[01:07:00] SL: Well now, who's pullin' the plow?

CS: And then after he worked all the rest of the day and got home, and before dark or maybe after dark, he'd pull it again. Plowin' the garden, you know. We'd—somebody had to do the plowin' and so he—once we plowed the doggone thing, then it was pretty easy, you know. I could come right behind with a hoe and knock all the clods down and smooth it out and then take my hoe edge and cut a little trench, just a little bitty trench, you know. Drop the seed in the trench. You got it made. Dealin' with tomatoes, we'd have to go out and cut some poles or somethin' to stake the tomatoes with.

SL: Yeah.

[01:08:03] CS: Tomato stakes. You can buy 'em at the grocery—you can buy 'em anywhere now, you know.

SL: Yeah.

CS: But they're plastic, [*laughs*] so it's . . .

SL: Right, right.

CS: But we had to go out there on the edge of the woods, or I did that, and cut these stakes. And so once you do that, and when

the grocery people and the hardware people got the tomato plants in, just stick the little plant in it, you know.

SL: You'd have 'maters.

CS: But we always had good gardens. We had a lotta tomatoes. We grew cucumbers and just whatever else that, you know, that you'd find in a garden. We had all of that.

SL: Well, you're in bottomland there.

CS: And we needed to do that 'cause that helped out with the money situation, you know.

SL: Sure it did.

CS: Absolutely.

SL: You had a lotta mouths to feed.

CS: Absolutely.

[01:08:56] SL: I wanna get back to this plowin' business with your dad.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Okay, so he would—was it him pulling the plow . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . and you steadyin' it?

CS: Yeah, that's right. And then I would—about every third trip, I would pull the doggone thing. I'd just buckle down and bow over and dig in. Dad could adjust that plow where I could do it,

you know. And that—if you talkin' about gettin' in shape now for a young . . .

SL: Well, I'm just wonderin' . . .

CS: . . . for a young man, you got in shape.

SL: You bet.

CS: Yeah.

SL: You're the mule. [*Laughs*]

[01:09:37] CS: And now this place we're livin' in now in Smackover, it doesn't have that gas.

SL: Okay.

CS: We had wood—woodstove, wood heater, wood cookstove. And I would go out with my brother, Benny, with a crosscut saw and saw, you know. [*Demonstrates sawing motion*] Most of it was—Mother wanted the—for quick burning and quick heating, she wanted pine, dried pine . . .

SL: 'Cause of the tar that's in it.

CS: . . . that we'd cut. Yeah. And pullin' that doggone—I know that's how I built my arm up. Throwin' the damn [*laughs*] javelin, you know. And legs and everthing. So we cut wood—Tracy, bein' three of us. Benny and I cut wood. Not only for the Scott family, but there was man and woman, and they had some children. Live back behind us, oh, a couple three hundred yards,

I guess, back there. We—Dad said, "Well, just—boys, go over and cut some wood for them, you know. Stack it—and just stack it there by the kitchen door for 'em." And you'd be surprised [*laughs*] how they . . .

SL: Oh no.

[01:11:11] CS: . . . you'd be surprised how many times ol' Scott pulled that doggone crosscut saw. And we're dealin' with pine that has a lotta sap in it, and then that gets sticky . . .

SL: Stuck.

CS: . . . and goeey. So we take a Coke bottle. Fill it up with coal oil. Take some pine straw. Gather it up. Wad it up. Gather it up and clip it off on here. Poke it in there, you know. Poke it in it till it wouldn't come out so it—you could kinda splash it.

SL: Splash it. Sprinkle it around.

CS: Rub the saw with it. Sprinkle it on the saw. Rub it so when it get—so we'd have to stop every few minutes and take that oil—that coal-oil can . . . [*Laughs*]

SL: It's like chain oil, almost.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah, so—but we would do it, and lookin' back on it, we'd—we might've fussed a little bit, but we cut wood for the neighbors.

And one neighbor gave me fifty cents a rick. That's—if you—
that's cut—and cut it and . . .

SL: Stack it and . . .

CS: Stack it.

SL: . . . haul it and . . .

CS: Haul it.

SL: [*Laughs*] And stack it again.

CS: And cut it in slabs, and then you've cut it in pieces or—I'm not
makin' much sense.

[01:12:44] SL: You—where you split—you'd had to split it, too?

CS: Had to split it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Split it and then stack it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Split it and stack it. Yeah.

SL: Boy, you don't get that kinda service anymore . . .

CS: No. [*Laughs*]

SL: . . . when you order a rick of wood.

CS: No. That's the truth. But . . .

[01:13:00] SL: Well, back into Smackover, do you remember—how
was the black community around Smackover?

CS: [*Claps hands*] I—there's a lot of things that I regret that, some

a lot worse than this, that I'd like to have shot at and do over again. There's a whole bunch of things . . .

SL: Yes, sir.

CS: . . . whole bunch of things, and I don't mind sayin' I won't tell you what, but I—and I just say it that this is one of 'em.

[01:13:42] They had a CCC camp . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . about three miles on a gravel road that led down back of the school out in the country. And these were black boys. Well, we—when Smackover—and how long it'd been goin' on, I don't know, but when we got to Smackover, there was a rule there that—the railroad track ran at the end of Main Street by that light that I'd sit under and . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . hitchhiked home. No black person could cross the railroad track behind that light, and that railroad track goes from here to way on out yonder [points to his left] and from here to way on out yonder [points to his right]. So that cuts off one side of town that they can't be seen. They can't cross. And not only havin' it a rule, but havin' patrols out to be damn sure they didn't do it. Now can you imagine—I—in my lifetime that was goin' on in Smackover? Yeah. So it—hell, I'm goin'—I'm one of

'em, you know.

SL: Yeah.

[01:15:07] CS: And I couldn't—and then all of a sudden, Robert come back into the picture, you know, Pettaway.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And, "Gee whiz, what the hell am I doin'?" You know, and I tried to—but the—and still, it's overpowering, too. Comrade—companionship, you know, and wanna get along, wanna be one of 'em, forces you out there in a patrol to be sure that they not comin' down the gravel road infiltrating—infiltrating and guardin'. I'm one of them, you know, and I found myself doin' that. And I did it way too many time until I just, finally, I just said, "No more," you know. "Just absolutely no more."

SL: Would they . . .

[01:16:05] CS: And—but can you imagine in our lifetime, in my lifetime, that that was goin' on in one of our towns like Smackover? And I wanted to—I wanted desperate—I wanted to do somethin'. I—and I wanted to go to the superintendent or somebody in his office. Just some—I wanted to talk to somebody and tell 'em that, you know, that I wanted to rat on my buddies 'cause they were carryin' rocks. And one of 'em had a—it wasn't a gun, really, but he would make out like he had a

gun, you know. But they did have knives, and I wanted to—
before somebody got . . .

SL: Hurt.

CS: . . . really hurt, I wanted, you know, and [*unclear words*]. And I
didn't even—I wasn't strong enough to even go do that, so that
has lived with me for all these years. It has.

SL: Well . . .

CS: And I was a part of it, you know.

SL: Well, in your defense, Scotty, you gotta realize that that goes
back a long way, and it was that way for a long, long time. And
it wasn't your doin'; it was kinda the way it was. And in the
beginning, you may not have known much better, but—and—but
to your credit, you recognized that it wasn't right, and you—you
know, in some way, you probably helped eliminate those lines.

CS: Yeah.

[01:17:59] SL: And you don't—you probably don't realize it, but you
probably did. Let me ask you this. Did you ever see any
violence perpetrated?

CS: No.

[01:18:08] SL: Was—did you ever see any evidence of the Klan?

CS: I saw somethin', and I don't—I really can't believe that it was
because this person was older. One morning I came to school,

and just off into some bushes out there, there was a lotta kids and some teachers and things standing there, and so I walked out there. And it was a corpse. It was a dead person, dead black person. And now—and it's—that road goin' out to CC camp is right there, you know, and whoever dumped the thing went down that road or up that road or somethin'. So that—and that—nothing was said about it. The doctors—nobody said—nobody—the man was dead. There's no question about that, and we were all gawkin' around, you know, like that. So that was the only thing and—but nobody would talk about it, and you just have to assume that they didn't do it. Surely they didn't do it. The guy, if he was from the CCC camp, he'd be one of the older ones out there, one of the older boys. But then, on the other hand, it possibly was one of the CC boys got caught . . .

SL: So . . .

CS: . . . goin' home.

SL: . . . there were quite a few boys out there at the CCC camp.

CS: Yeah.

[01:19:45] SL: And would they come to town on the—in the evenings and on the weekend?

CS: They didn't come to town. No, sir.

SL: They didn't?

CS: No, sir. They couldn't. No, sir.

SL: Oh, the CCC population was mostly black. Is that . . .

CS: Yeah, they were all black.

SL: All black.

CS: All black.

SL: That's interesting.

CS: All of 'em were black.

[01:20:02] SL: You see, my father was in the CCC's camp . . .

CS: Oh really?

SL: . . . up in Cass.

CS: Well, I'll be doggone.

SL: But it wasn't all black.

CS: No, they . . .

SL: I don't know if they . . .

CS: We . . .

SL: . . . even had any blacks in that county.

CS: They had all—it was black, and they'd patrol that damn road to keep 'em from comin' to town. Yeah.

[01:20:17] SL: So that was probably kind of a local community not really pleased with that particular program because they stationed all the blacks . . .

CS: Yeah, I . . .

SL: . . . just outside their town.

CS: I just don't know. It—this type of thing has to come from—all the way from the top.

SL: Yeah.

CS: The children's parents that's out there that's doin'—you know, it's just—the town was infected . . .

SL: Yep.

CS: . . . in a terrible, terrible way. And it included the grownups and the kids and everything. And I'm—and I wasn't a part in that. I was never, never a part of that CCC thing. Never, never. But—because that's on the other end of town, but up there by the railroad, I'd have to—I've watched 'em chase 'em back across the railroad track too many times.

SL: Hmm. That's tough.

CS: Yeah.

[01:21:26] BW: Scotty, in one of your scrapbooks, I believe it's one when you were at the University of Arkansas, there's just a little note there. Somebody commented, and I think it was a letter to the editor, and it said, "Scotty was seen shaking hands with a Negro." And it was apparently—somebody was makin' a complaint about that. You were in college, I'm pretty sure, at that time. Do you recall anything about that?

CS: No. When did this supposed to happen?

BW: Think it was when you were at the University of Arkansas playin' football.

CS: Right.

BW: There—somebody wrote a little letter-to-the-editor-type thing, just a little comment, and it said, "Scotty was seen" or "allegedly seen" or "Scotty was seen shaking hands with a Negro." I think that's pretty much what it said.

CS: I don't specifically remember it, but I—it's amazing that all of that happened in our lifetime.

SL: It is.

CS: It—we didn't—and even at the time I was playin' football, we hadn't advanced very far. And . . .

[01:22:36] BW: But you ran—when you ran track at Olympics—when you were in Olympics, one of the hurdlers—I think it was Harrison Dillard . . .

CS: Harrison Dillard.

BW: . . . he was black.

CS: He was black. Harrison Dillard was a—of all the boys there, and there were some nice ones. And the boy that beat me and the other guy that ran the hurdles, they were nice guys. Harrison Dillard—I place him among the best . . .

SL: The best.

CS: . . . of all of 'em . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . for being a gentleman-type person. He—and far as shakin' hand, I'd shake hands him—with him and probably did a lot.

SL: Sure.

CS: And made comments that he's one of the nicest we had on the trip there.

[01:23:36] SL: Well, there was never any animosity toward the black population in your family.

CS: No. No, good gracious. No.

SL: I can kinda tell . . .

CS: No, good gracious.

SL: . . . that that was not gonna happen inside . . .

CS: No.

SL: . . . your-all's home.

CS: No.

[01:23:50] SL: Well, let's talk a little bit more about Smackover because, you know, these are—that's a compelling story, a moment in your life, seein' that fellow on the side of the road like that, and everyone kinda gawkin' and not really able to talk about it much.

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: It was a moving, traumatic experience . . .

CS: Yeah.

[01:24:14] SL: . . . for you. In the schools—tell me about the school in Smackover that you went to.

CS: I'm thinkin' it was no different from any other school. I'm not sure. I can't comment on Camden, El Dorado, Hope, and how they treated their black. I just—I can't . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: Smackover probably was one of the—among the worst.

SL: Well, there was a . . .

CS: But . . .

SL: . . . separate black school, for sure, right?

CS: Yeah, yeah.

[01:24:58] SL: And—but I'm—what about the teachers that you had in Smackover? Were they—did—would you—did you have a favorite teacher in Smackover?

CS: [*Sighs*] I can't say that—I wish I could come up with her name. I'm embarrassed. But I do—I am afflicted, and I can't help that.

SL: Well, that's all right.

CS: But my English teacher . . .

SL: Yes, sir.

CS: . . . my English teacher, and any other time it's [*snaps fingers*]
just like that. At this . . .

SL: Well . . .

CS: . . . moment I cannot . . .

SL: . . . we'll get her.

CS: . . . come up . . .

SL: We'll get her later. That's okay.

[01:25:39] CS: She was the sweetest lady, and when I went—when I got in the Naval Academy, they rehearsed with me the test I took, and they gave me the highest grade on English of all the grades that I was graded on that day. That—they complimented me on that. And I can't even remember my teacher, and [*laughs*] she was my—she was, oh, she was a livin' doll.

SL: Now was she a . . .

CS: And . . .

SL: . . . she was a high school English teacher?

CS: She was a high school Eng—Miss gr—I started to say Miss Grant. But I guess the teachers were on the par with other schools.

[01:26:38] They didn't incorporate into the program subjects on the par with other schools, like chemistry. We didn't have any chemistry. And one of the things that caused me to go to Bullis Prep, which is a prep for the Naval Academy, incidentally.

SL: Yeah.

CS: That was the one subject, along with math. They didn't go—all the schools around us went farther, higher in math than Smackover did.

SL: Smackover did.

CS: And I can only judge that by the fact that takin' a stiff test to get in Naval Academy and pointin'—and it was pointed out that Smackover didn't have this, and they don't have this, and they don't have this, and you've gotta go someplace and get a quick quep—prep on this if you expect to get in, so that's the only judge that I have about it. But . . .

SL: Well . . .

[01:27:42] CS: . . . but I hate that—I'm not condemning the school because it probably—it was pretty—I'm thinkin' El Dorado would be way ahead.

SL: El Dorado's always been pretty supportive of the . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . of the schools.

CS: Yeah.

SL: They've even got that El Dorado Promise now. If you graduate from El Dorado . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . they'll get you in a college and pay.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Give you a scholarship to go to college. That's a pretty strong commitment.

CS: Yeah.

[01:28:11] SL: Well, what about—do you—was Smackover—was the school at Smackover—did all the grades go to one building, or was there an elementary school?

CS: Elementary school.

SL: And then there was a . . .

CS: We had an . . .

SL: . . . a high school.

CS: . . . elementary school. They had that.

SL: How . . .

CS: And then cross the road and then the high school. It's amazing how your memory—thinkin' about where, exactly where that building was, and did it attach to that one, or was there a space [laughs] between?

SL: Yeah.

CS: It was a little pathway. It was a little bitty road. It—so they separated the—what'd you—what would you call it? Grade school?

SL: The ele—yeah, grade school.

CS: Elementary.

SL: Elementary.

CS: The elementary to . . .

SL: The secondary . . .

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: . . . secondary school.

CS: Yeah. It was a separation there. And . . .

[01:29:15] SL: What about—did you have—what was the favorite thing you did when you were in grade school? Do you remember that?

CS: [*Laughs*] I wish I could come up and say I just loved to do this, I loved to that, but I can't.

SL: [*Laughs*] You can't.

CS: I can't think of it.

SL: You probably did all of it so . . .

CS: I can't think of a hell of a lot of ideas there.

[01:29:40] SL: Well, when did you know that you were pretty fast at runnin'?

CS: Oh! [*Laughs*]

SL: What's the story on that?

CS: Oh gracious day. We—Scott, we had—this—go back to

Crossroads. That was when we first got up there—over there, okay. We were at recess, and they had all kind of games. And one of the games was racing, you know. They'd have a [*unclear words*] little ball or something, and they do somethin', you know, and then you run, and if you can get to that post down there or somethin', you know, you win. You're the winner.

SL: Yeah, sure.

CS: You know, it's just a race is what it was [*unclear words*].

SL: Yeah.

CS: So we were racin', and I'm racin' against Johnny this time. And we—whatever happened, they throw somethin' over a building and [*unclear words*] kicks it off. The race is on, you know. But you run out, and you run around the building, and you come back to that spot.

SL: Yeah.

[01:30:54] CS: Yeah, yeah. So they, "Okay, race is on!" And I'd take off, and [*laughs*] this is the truth. It's silly as all get out, but it's the truth. It—I beat him. I crossed the line first, you know. And there was a little, curly—I wish I could remember her name, little, curly-headed girl there just, "Oh, you beat Johnny! You beat Johnny! Nobody can beat Johnny!" [*Laughter*] Well, the—it's a silly thing. It really isn't the life of a grown person to

remember, but that's when I started beatin' people. I didn't let—I didn't . . .

SL: You liked that.

CS: I liked it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And you know, I liked it, by damn! [*Laughs*]

SL: Sure.

[01:31:50] CS: Oh gracious. But it's—it is silly as hell, but that was way back in the beginning, you know. And I was a—I prepared my body, not deliberately by any gym or anything like that, but cuttin' firewood and pullin' a plow for a garden.

SL: Pullin' plow.

CS: And I was doin' it all the time of bein' sure that sucker rod, when it got to the top of that derrick, was in line and to straighten it up. And it . . .

[01:32:24] SL: Now wait a minute. We hadn't—I hadn't heard this story about the sucker rod and the derrick. You . . .

CS: That was the . . .

SL: . . . you were workin' on the derricks, too.

CS: That was when I was workin'. I was workin' in the summertime and all. I was workin', and I was up on that top platform up there when they was pullin', what they called pullin' the wells.

SL: Yeah.

CS: They pull the rods up.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And I'm standing up there with a little clamp and [*unclear words*] it up, and I'd clamp that rod, and this is on a chain. And they'd let it down, weight against it, and then down it goes. And then up comes another one, and I'd clamp it, and down it goes, and up and [*unclear words*]. And all of this is weighted stuff, you know. And I'd . . .

SL: So your forearms and your . . .

CS: [*Unclear words*]

SL: . . . shoulders are . . .

CS: And that's where—my dad deliberately doin' it, doggone it. But he—I know he knew I was safe. But we got the reputation—my dad on the machine down there on the back of the truck, he'd get that rod up and get it back down quicker than anybody else. [*Laughs*] And we held the record on seconds there. They time us, you know, on how fast we could get that up and get it back down and—but that . . .

SL: Well, so there . . .

CS: But I look back on my life. I was—physically, I was out doin' somethin' all the time, and it worked . . .

SL: But it . . .

CS: . . . for the good in my runnin' and whatever.

[01:34:03] SL: Well you know, you go—I mean, just hearing the stories I've heard so far, you had great pride in catchin' more crayfish, crawdads, than anybody, bein' able to bring a bucket or a tub. You outrun Johnny.

CS: [*Laughs*] Yeah.

SL: You and your dad set records and were faster than anybody . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . doin'—workin' the rigs.

CS: Pullin' a rig, yeah.

SL: So you know, what I'm seein' here is before there's any real formal competition, you are reaping rewards in a competitive way, in a very small way, but . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . your [*TM coughs*—you like excelling, and you're getting rewarded, and people are aware of how fast you are or how quick you are with the rods or how you could always be counted on to bring home dinner in crawfish. I mean . . .

CS: [*Laughs*] Yeah.

SL: . . . early on, you're—you already got this competitive thing going. And because of your hard work and your body is

physically fit, you're able to excel, and it's . . .

CS: Yeah, I guess I was . . .

SL: . . . I'm getting a sense that it's startin' to feed on itself. That you're now startin' to see that you can actually do some things . . .

CS: Yeah, I'm . . .

SL: . . . and enjoy doin' 'em.

CS: I was rewarded, obviously, in a very good way to prepare me for what I did later on. Yeah.

[01:35:40] SL: Well, let me ask you this. We can see that you're already, athletically, you're already a contender as far as performance goes. How were your grades? How were you as a student?

CS: I—it seems like I saw or s—I think there was fifty-one, I believe it was. I could be wrong, but maybe [*unclear word*]. Some of the scrapbooks could prove it. I—the comment—one comment that I finished in the top 20 percent of my class. Another one that I saw, that I was—of fifty-one, I was close to the top of—in—so I wasn't, and I'll be quick to say, I wasn't—I didn't have—I wasn't noted for havin' high grades, but I had decent grades.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And my grades improved dramatically the last few months after

I found out that I had a chance to go to the Naval Academy.

[01:37:12] SL: Yeah. Who—as far as your homework goes, was your mom—did your mom help you or your . . .

CS: I had no help whatsoever at home. Never. None. None whatsoever.

SL: Older brother or sister didn't help? No . . .

CS: No.

SL: You were on your own.

CS: I had no help at all. We had—what do you call it? Not recess but gra . . .

SL: Study hall or . . .

CS: Study hall. We had study hall, and I would attend that at—every time, yeah. I was not—I'll be perfectly honest. I wasn't—probably wasn't even half-good student up until I realized that I needed to have grades. The grades were important. I needed to have 'em, you know. Well, then—from then on, I—it worked out pretty well with my grades.

[01:38:12] SL: So you talked about bein' in town in Smackover and hitchin' a ride back home when you could. And you talked about gatherin' that leftover metal around the rigs and . . .

CS: Yeah, babbitt.

SL: . . . gettin' babbitt and gettin' some money for that and gettin'

candy and goin' to a movie and all that stuff. What did you do for leisure and for goofin' off in Smackover? Went to movies. What else did you—what was a pastime for you?

CS: Well, it was—for me, it was very little. For my buddies, the cotton—let me think. What'd they call it? The Cotton Belt. Cotton somethin'. And the others called it the . . .

SL: You mean the train?

[01:39:12] CS: It was a dance hall-type thing.

SL: Oh, okay.

CS: And all the kids were good dancers all, you know. And music was out there all the time, and it was a—some that—there was kids out there all the time, you know. You—they could leave school and go by the Cottonwood Club, I believe they called it. I'm not sure, but it was place that you could go, you know, and it wasn't a bad place to go because they had music. But you could dance, you know, and everything like that. That was about the only thing. Other than that, I didn't—I don't remember havin' anything that I [*laughs*—I did crazy things.



[01:40:01] We were talkin' bout—I took my bird dog to school.

SL: Okay.

CS: Fixed my bird dog a lunch. [*SL laughs*] Tied her back of the gym back there.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And the minute school was out, I was—and I had permission from my superintendent to leave my shotgun up in his outer office under his supervision. I'd take that shotgun and take Bess, and I'd have to cross one highway. I'd be real careful and get over, and then I'd cut back. And then I'd be in the fields goin' back north towards where we lived back across the creek.

SL: Yeah.

[01:40:54] CS: I'd have to cross the creek over there. But you know, I could kill a mess of quail for supper. [*Laughs*]

SL: On your way home from school.

CS: Absolutely. Absolutely. And I'd look forward to it. It was just part of my—you know, if I didn't have anything else to do, that's what I did. I—it—but—look back on it, you laugh about it. You could—shoulda been somethin' more [*laughs*] constructive to do than . . .

SL: I don't know.

CS: . . . than to . . .

SL: I don't see if . . .

CS: . . . than to have to take your bird dog and—but that was—she was such a good dog. My goodness, she could find those birds. Did everything right. I—what—if I knocked the bird down, she'd

get it. She'd pick it. Even if it falls across the creek, she'd go across the creek and get it and bring it back. She was a great bird dog.

SL: She could find 'em. Yeah.

CS: And I'd—and because of my daddy, I was a good shot. I could shoot a shotgun real well.

[01:41:58] SL: When did you first start shootin'? Do you remember?

CS: [*Sighs*] When I was in Louisiana, we had Old Sport. I'd go bird huntin' with Dad. I wouldn't shoot a gun, but I'd trail behind Dad. And when Old Sport would point, he'd let me walk behind him. I'd hold his coattail, you know, until . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . we got up, and then he'd make me stop back there. And I'd peep around, and I couldn't wait for those birds to [*laughs*] . . .

SL: To fly. So you . . .

CS: Oh, and it—and then it was maybe a year after that, I—he let me—first shot—first time he let me shoot a shotgun, I killed a squirrel. Not braggin' about it, but we had squirrel dog, Ol' Topsy, [*SL laughs*] and Dad—we'd go—we'd—that put food on the table, squirrel. Mama cooked squirrel. But this—on this occasion, Ol' Topsy was barkin', and we looked down, and the

squirrel wasn't more than six or eight feet off the ground in a bush. And Ol' Topsy was down here so Dad—we got up there, and Dad found a bush that came down and had a fork in it down pretty low. And he had me kneel down on my knees, you know, and put the gun in the fork . . .

SL: In the fork.

CS: . . . you know, line up, and that was the first time I shot a shotgun. And, course, it rolled me back over. Dad grabbed the gun, and it took me a while to gather myself to get back up.

[*Laughter*] But . . .

SL: But he had enough sense . . .

CS: . . . that was the first—that was my first shot that I . . .

SL: . . . your dad knew what was gonna happen. He had enough sense to get that gun down low next to the ground . . .

CS: [*Laughs*] Yeah.

SL: . . . and get it supported. Otherwise, you probably—you could've been hurt, I bet . . .

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: . . . the recoil on that. Yeah.

CS: Dad was real safe with a gun. He was a good shot. And as I say, in—when he was in France, he did a lotta shooting a rifle.

[*Whistle from hearing aid*] And—these doggone things. Showin'

my age now.

[01:44:33] SL: That's all right. I'm probably not too far from that.

All right. So back in Smackover, one of your favorite things to do was to bring home quail dinner after school each day.

CS: Yeah. [*Unclear words*]

SL: Anytime—any day you wanted to.

CS: Yeah.

SL: You—now you outran Johnny. Was that in grade school or . . .

CS: I don't remember what that . . .

SL: You don't remember exactly when that was.

CS: I don't remember what grade I was in. I remember I was just a little tot, and I can't say what grade I was in.

SL: That's okay.

CS: But it was in the very, very low grade. I was just a little tot.

[01:45:25] SL: Now do you remember the first time you had a radio in the house? Did y'all have a radio and—out at Crossroads?

 CS: You won't believe it; we had a radio at Dixie.

SL: Was it a crystal radio or . . .

CS: It was a battery radio, and we would set that thing on the front porch, and we'd invite all the neighbors around. *Amos 'n' Andy* was on, you know. And we [*laughs*] had—we were very generous with the blacks, you know.

SL: Yeah, sure.

CS: And we'd set that radio out there, and Dad would turn it up and *Amos 'n' Andy* and—gee whiz, I don't know how many of the blacks would come. They'd come, and they'd kneel down or sit down and just polite, you know.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: But they'd listen.

SL: But they enjoyed it.

CS: Oh yes, indeed.

[01:46:22] SL: I mean, you know, *Amos 'n' Andy*, you know, nowadays people'd say that was a really racist thing and all these stereotypes but . . .

CS: No, the blacks loved it back then in the beginning. Now it might've developed into something like that but . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . the blacks loved it. Absolutely. There were other programs, too, but I remember *Amos 'n' Andy* was one of 'em they liked.

SL: It was wildly popular.

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: And you guys pretty much had a little theater there.

CS: Yeah.

SL: You . . .

CS: Yeah. Yeah.

SL: . . . you'd put it out there on the porch, and everyone came.

CS: Yeah.

[01:46:55] SL: What about music? Do you remember what kind of music was goin' on on that radio?

CS: I really don't. I really can't say.

[01:47:06] SL: What about the boxing? Did you ever listen to boxing?

CS: Boxing. Joe—let me see, ol' . . .

SL: Louis.

CS: . . . Joe Louis. Yeah. Yeah, Joe bo—yeah, Joe Louis was one that they had. Man, yeah. Yeah. Absolutely. And . . .

[01:47:22] SL: What about—did you ever hear any football games growin' up . . .

CS: Hm-mm.

SL: . . . on the radio?

CS: Hm-mm. Not then.

SL: Not then?

CS: Hm-mm.

SL: Not in Smackover either?

CS: I can't remember when the first football game I heard on the radio. It was a long time after Dixie.

[01:47:48] SL: The—tryin' to think what other kinda—so by the time you got to Smackover, cars were pretty much the . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . the mode to . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . to get around.

CS: Oh yeah. My buddies—my—most of my buddies had cars. And in fact, when I got a job at the grocery store, I had to learn how to drive. Had to—I knew a little bit about it, but I had to know how to drive then. And the—my buddies would let me drive, or they wanted me to drive to someplace, you know. And I was—not that I was an exceptional driver. I think they were just bein' nice, lookin' back on it. They let me drive their car, you know. And I don't—gee whiz, it was a long time before we started dating in cars. I was much, much older, and it wasn't just like buddies gettin' in a car and drivin' around, you know. But datin' in the . . .

BW: Scotty, when . . .

CS: . . . datin' in the car was—came much later.

[01:49:14] BW: . . . Scotty, when was the first time that your family ever owned a car?

CS: That my family . . .

SL: Yeah, when was the first time your family owned a car?

CS: Owned a car. Owned a car. It was after we got back to Smackover. Oh no. No, no, no, no, no. Model T.

SL: Had a Model T.

CS: We had a Model T. And those—doggone, I—that almost slipped my—Model T. And that was an unusual car. Do you remember the Model T?

SL: Well, I've only seen pictures of 'em, but it was . . .

CS: Model T.

SL: . . . based on a buggy . . .

CS: We . . .

SL: . . . wasn't it?



CS: . . . we had a Model T. Ten-cent gas. You could buy a gallon of gas for ten cent and the—drive that old Model T up to the gas pump, and you'd look up there in—up at the top—big ol' bulb, great big, glass bulb with one, two, three, four, you know how it . . .

SL: Yeah. Uh-huh.

CS: . . . and a pump down here. So you'd take the cap off, put the pump in, you know. And you'd pump, and it'd kinda [*imitates sound of gas pumping*] up there and then get, you know, to one gallon. Ten cents. And that one gallon about all it'd hold, you

know.

SL: Yeah. [*CS laughs*] Uh-huh.

[01:50:37] CS: But then the—then that created a problem for the uppity Scotts. [*Laughter*] You'd get stuck in the Model T . . .

SL: Well, sure.

CS: . . . because they had these little—this road that goes out there, the gravel road washed off way back there, just a—and holes that you'd sink in, you know. And that cost you fifty cents. "Old Booty" Bill, you know. [*Laughter*] What a nickname for—Old Booty Bill had a great big old mule. Boy, I'm tellin' you. He looked like a tank. But Old Booty Bill, boy, it wouldn't take him any time. He patrolled the road, and he could see you comin'. And he'd go get his mule, and he'd pull you out.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Pull you out. But he made a pretty good livin' pullin' people out.
[*Laughs*]

SL: Booty Bill.

CS: Booty Bill. [*Laughs*]

SL: And his mule wrecker services.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Yeah.

CS: But the old—the Model T—I was thinkin' with all the financial

problems we had, and the opportunities availing themselves to maybe make a little bit out of the problems—would be buyin' some car stock, you know. It—because—and I was talkin'—Les and I, we were talkin', and it's amazing. We were sittin' here talkin' about it. Les said, "Did you know that Ford stock is less than a dollar?" This was a month or two ago. And I said, "No. No, I hadn't—I really hadn't thought of it, you know. I've bout got what I—you know, much as I can say grace over on the stock." And she said, "Well, I'd like to buy some." And then, well, she didn't, you know, so we [*laughs*—but I was sayin', doggone it, lookin' back on it, that other depression we had, that first big one . . .

SL: Well, I was gonna ask . . .

CS: It . . .

SL: . . . you about that. [*BW coughs*]

[01:53:04] CS: By damn, if it hadn't been for the Ford Motor

Company, you know. They stepped in and furnished a Model T at a reasonable price and got people out of distressful situations when no other car did. Nobody else did. Ford stepped in and helped and made the car . . .

SL: Affordable.

CS: . . . affordable. Yeah. And they honestly did that, and I said,

"You know, we—because of that, I—we should stack up on it."

[*Laughter*] But it—by then, it was up to two dollars.

SL: Yeah, right.

CS: It was up to two dollars. And now I think it's up to five dollars.

[*Laughs*] But we—I—it's amazing. We had a Model T, and then

I thought that—and the people—those people that had those

Model Ts are all gonna go buy Fords now before they buy

Chevrolets.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah.

[01:54:05] SL: So let's talk a little bit about the Depression. You lived through that depression.

CS: I'm sorry. Say . . .

SL: You lived through the Depression. You were—you got to witness the . . .

TM: Hey, Scott, scuse me.

CS: Oh, the . . .

TM: Can we stop here?

SL: Okay. Yeah.

[Tape stopped]

[01:54:18] CS: In [19]29 I'm back in Smackover. No.

SL: Well, you're probably just gettin' to Smackover about then.

CS: Just gettin' to Smackover. I'm thinkin' the Depression for me wasn't as painful as it was to a lot of other people. My daddy did have a little job to start with. He had some money comin' in.

SL: Yeah. Uh-huh.

CS: There's lots of 'em out there wasn't—didn't have anything back then.

SL: That's right.

CS: They just—it was a horror story for a lot of 'em. I don't remember that I suffered any at all.

SL: Do you remember the banks? Did either one of those banks close down in . . .

CS: Don't—I don't remember anything . . .

SL: You don't remember that?

CS: . . . like that. [*Bird chirps in background*] Anything like that.

[01:55:14] SL: What about—I guess y'all were far enough south, you never saw any of the dust storms comin' in from . . .

CS: No, no.

SL: . . . Oklahoma or . . .

CS: No.

[01:55:24] SL: What about . . .

CS: No.

SL: . . . hobos on the trains and . . .

CS: Never did. [01:55:34] The doggone train, as I remember, the only time they—that they stopped or actually slowed down is [*laughs*] when they hit my mother. My mother was in the ol' Model T of ours. And the train was comin' from west to east, and she drove—came in from north, and she came up and stopped. And when she—she, I guess, drove too far under the light that's supposed to been blinking, you know. But anyway, she came up and stopped, put—changed a gear, pulled out on the track, and wham! Train hit the ol' car and drug it down the track about two, three hundred yards. I'm workin' in the grocery store at the time, and they came and got me and went down and got Mom. Mom was bruised up terribly but not seriously hurt. But anyway . . .

SL: Boy!

CS: Now that's somethin'. You know, it—things like that, and then you look back, and you feel so stupid, so, just embarrassed to, you know—old enough to be workin' in a grocery store, keepin' books for people when they buyin', you know, and all that. And Mom went to the doctor's office and finally out at the house and one of her cous—one of our cousins came to stay with her at the house a few days till she got on her feet.

SL: Golly!

[01:57:31] CS: And here this dapper guy comes up with a derby hat, and I'm workin' at the grocery store. And he—well, we—takes me bound—around back of the store and wants me to sign a paper. And it was a lawyer for the company, for the railroad company.

SL: Oh.

CS: And he was sayin' how much they had spent. "You just can't imagine how much we've spent on your mother in the hospi—you know, it takes a lotta money to treat people, and we spent a lotta money on your mother. But we're glad to do—they—we were glad to do it. We were glad to do it, and we were—you just sign this right here, and we won't charge anything. Won't charge anything. We—everything—she'll get everything free. She won't—and if she gets any bills from anybody, you just—you call me or don't pay any [*unclear word*]. We don't care. We're just gonna consider this as even now between us. You just sign right there." Well hell, I put somethin' under it and signed the damn thing, [*laughs*] and he left. Well, Dad's off in the oil field off over there, you know. And they—I'm the oldest in the family, and I guess they con—they thought that I had . . .

SL: Some authority.

CS: . . . I didn't have any authority to sign anything.

SL: Yeah.

CS: But they made out like it, you know. Everything is—so he left. And it was a long time after that till I woke up to the fact that—"For gosh sakes, man, you—why didn't you run around to Mr. Tennyson, the banker I knew? Why didn't you go around and talk to some of your—our friends? You don't even know what you signed," [*laughs*] you know. But the truth of the matter, that damn light was probably defective 'cause—or she woulda stopped . . .

SL: Well, they're probably at fault.

CS: . . . back—probably, you know. Well, make a long story short, we didn't get one thing outta that and—except a bill from the automobile shop where they patched up the car. [*Laughs*] But now you're talkin' about livin' with a stupid feelin' in you. [*SL laughs*] Golly! You just . . .

[02:00:33] SL: Well, that was your . . .

CS: . . . but it's just—that was just a . . .

SL: . . . that was probably your opening experience with an attorney, wasn't it?

CS: Yeah, that's right. [*Laughs*]

[02:00:44] SL: You know, I wanna talk a little bit about your family.

CS: Yeah.

SL: We've mentioned some of these names and—Audie. Now how did he get named Audie?

CS: Audie, my father's brother was named Audie. My father's brother was named Audie, and that's where he got the name. And he was three years older than me, and, as I say, he was a—he was just plain—in fact, he was just way, way out in front of his brother, Scotty, me, on just about everything, you know. He was a—he'd have a—somebody take a snapshot around the house. He's got a bowtie on, one of them little, black tie and just, I mean, dressed up and just here. And the next time you'll see him, he'll be across on the other side of Dixie where the rich folks live over there, you know, where the big farmer lives. And he's—he—and then I don't [*laughs*] remember Audie around the house on the daily. I don't remember Audie cuttin' wood, you know. He was smarter than that. But he had a lot goin'. He really did. And when the—course, when the war came, he got in the . . .

[02:02:37] SL: Marines? Did he join the—did you tell me he joined the marines or . . .

CS: Marine Air Corps.

SL: Yeah. Uh-huh.

CS: Marine Air Corps. And one of his—he was—he wasn't a pilot, but

he was a—they have a name for it. He was in charge of a two-engine plane that they were flyin' at the time. He was in charge of that plane when it was in the air. And he knew more about the plane than any of the pilots or anything. He was a—almost had [*unclear words*]. But anyway, and when he got out of the service, he got a job immediately with Eastern Air Line, and, a good job, and lived in Florida and—until his death. He had some property in New York, and he was just a get-things-done guy, you know.

SL: Organized and . . .

CS: And just nice as he could be, and the ladies just—oh boy, you know, he was [*SL laughs*] the pick of . . .

[02:03:53] SL: But he looked after you, too, though, didn't he?

CS: . . . yeah, he was the pick of the—beg pardon?

SL: He looked after you, too, though. I mean . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . when you were talkin' about . . .

CS: When I was . . .

SL: . . . how he'd . . .

CS: . . . while I was growin' up and he was gettin' on me, you know.

"You don't—don't let that—don't ever let that" [*laughter*]—you know. Oh, I guess it made a better man out of me. Oh shoot.

But yeah, Audie was the kinda guy, I guess, that you'd like to have as a brother. He's a—he wasn't home all the time, but when he was there, he was dependable, you know, and he was—he sought after the big things, and he—and . . .

SL: And did well.

CS: . . . everbod—yes. Yes, yes. Sure did.

SL: Okay, now . . .

BW: Excuse me.

SL: . . . let—what . . .

[02:04:51] BW: Audie went to college, too, didn't he?

SL: Did Audie go—Audie went to college?

CS: Yeah, he had a scholarship to Southwestern in Memphis.

SL: Oh, now here what's remarka . . .

CS: And he was a—he was on a football scholarship.

SL: That—you know, what's remarkable is your parents, who probably didn't finish grade school, and their firstborn . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . is goin' to college.

CS: That's right.

SL: Now that . . .

CS: Yeah, this is true.

SL: . . . that says somethin' about the family unit.

CS: Yeah.

SL: That's really—that's a . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . that's a great success story . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . in and of itself. That's quite an achievement.

CS: Yeah.

[02:05:33] SL: What about Audrey?

CS: Sis?

SL: I know that you were—are now very, very appreciative of all the things that she did when . . .

CS: Yeah, Sis . . .

SL: . . . you were growing up.

CS: . . . Sis went through the hard times, and especially bein' a girl. Living conditions were such that it—lookin' and feeling sorry for her all over again. She—and she measured up, too. She was in—of all the kids, and the younger ones or the ones under her, did not suffer not even in any measure as she did [*unclear words*]. Just being a girl, I could just start namin' things that little girls in the family, with too many people in the family, too many boys in the family, and the house conditions not such that a little girl could be happy. But she lived through all of that and

ended up marrying a guy that had a good job and end up doin' well financially. And her husband was Robert [CS edit: Carl] Robinette, and he worked for a big shoe company, and he did—he was doin' real well, and they did real well. But unfortunately, she died with a heart condition too young. [02:07:25] But it—there at the last, before she got sick, she had a very easy, very pleasant life, very, very pleasant life, and it kinda measured—might kinda offset some of the things—suffering she had in early life. Yeah. So . . .

SL: So she got some just rewards for . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . all of her . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . work and suffering.

CS: Yeah.

[02:07:49] SL: Was there somebody that she was named after—Audrey?

CS: I'm sorry. She was named after . . .

SL: Was she named after somebody—Audrey?

CS: I'm tryin' to think—my mama—my mom—Mama had a cousin named Audrey Clark. She was named after one of Mother's cousins that I'm not—I don't think I even met. I didn't get to

mingle with many of the people in my family. I was—seemed like we were stuck back across the bayou in Louisiana, you know, and cross the creek at Smackover, and conditions weren't that . . .

SL: It was hard to travel back then, for one thing.

CS: . . . people'd come to visit. They all—we already got too many at the table to start with. [*Laughter*]

SL: That's right. That's right.

CS: So it—you know, we just didn't have a—I didn't have a relationship with Mama's cousins or Daddy's, except—and most of them—they—Dad's dad died soon after he lost the farm, so I didn't have a connection with my kinfolks as I should, but probably it was my fault.

[02:09:13] SL: Now you had a younger brother name Ben?

CS: Benny.

SL: Benny. Now tell me . . .

CS: Benny.

SL: . . . tell me about Benny.

CS: Benny, pound for pound, Benny was the best athlete in the family. Benny [*laughs*] came right after me. Benny, he's about this high. [*Uses hand to indicate height*] He weigh 127 pounds. [*SL laughs*] And . . .

SL: Cannon ball.

CS: . . . played football. [02:09:47] Smackover had a—no, no, no. He played football at Smackover, and he did well. There was a little guy call—Sammy Furo was another little runnin' back that was really outstanding. Kinda overshadowed Benny. But Benny went to college at Little Rock Junior College in Little Rock.

SL: Okay.

CS: Played under Jimmy Karam.

SL: Okay.

[02:10:18] CS: They went to what they called the Little Rose Bowl in California and played in a big tournament for junior colleges. I have a clippin' of him returning a punt that it—you just—when you'd see it, you'd say, "Well now, damn! That—gee whiz, are they fakin' that? Is this, you know, is that—did they practice it?" [Laughs] But he caught a punt back, way back here, and he reversed his field so many times [SL laughs] and cut back and just—and he's not big, but he's just quick as a—he got quick as a hiccup. And ran all the way. Scored in major—in the Little . . .

SL: Rose Bowl.

CS: . . . Rose Bowl, they called it, and won the ball game. That's Benny. Benny. [Laughs]

SL: Ran two hundred yards to get the hundred.

CS: That's right.

SL: Or three hundred yards to get the hundred.

CS: Yeah, at least three hundred yards.

SL: Yeah, yeah.

CS: Yeah, so he—one—he had a career in one play. [*SL laughs*] And it was a dandy.

[02:11:33] SL: Well, he was just . . .

CS: And . . .

SL: . . . smaller than you?

CS: Benny, yeah. Oh goodness, yes. Oh yeah, a hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Benny is in Kansas City. He went to work for the Lion Oil Company when he got out of school, and they sent him to Kansas City, and he's lived there very comfortably. [02:12:00] He's retired. He was—he might've been the smartest one in the family. He started buyin' Lion Oil stock the day he joined the company. Later on, they were bought by—oh . . .

BW: Monsanto.

CS: Well anyway, they merged with a bigger company. And before it was over, their stock just exploded, and then Benny retired way back there. [*Laughs*]

SL: Well, sure.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Why wouldn't he?

CS: Monsanto. Yeah.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Lion Oil merged [*laughs*] with Monsanto, and his stock just went [*unclear words*]. But he called—Benny, he's the nicest; he's the nice one in the family. He calls me, you know, and—my condition, and he never fails to—he doesn't wait very long to retur—you know, to contact. And he likes to be family. My daughter has a lake house over at . . .

SL: Hot Springs.

CS: . . . Hot Springs, and we had 'em over last year, and he's always wantin' to come back. He's [*laughs*] wantin' to come back over there, you know, when we have a chance. And then . . .

SL: Well, that's good.

[02:13:22] CS: It's—so he's strictly family. He li—you know, he—where I haven't been, he has been. And he's a nice, little guy to go visit. Everybody likes him, and he's in a country club. He's not a—he's a member only in a supervisory way. He works for the club. And he takes care of all the traffic, the carts and the—and all that and the changes that—to make people comfortable.

SL: So he's stayin' busy.

CS: [*Unclear words*]

SL: He stays busy and . . .

CS: And his name, Benny, Benjamin.

[02:14:07] SL: Did—was he—do you have any idea who he was named after—Benjamin? [*CS laughs*] Was that on your dad's side or . . .

CS: No, I don't—Benny—to tell the truth, I should know, and it should be somebody, but I can't come up with it.

SL: That's all right. [*CS laughs*] That's okay.

CS: I can't come up with it.

[02:14:26] SL: Okay, now what about Tracy?

CS: Tracy. Tracy would be a duplicate copy of me. He'd—pound for pound, in just about everything. Tracy had an accident. He was goin' to lunch one day—this was in Dixie. And he was—one of his friends had a car and had—they had runnin' boards on cars back then and . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . and they all get together, and they—Tracy drives 'em downtown to—for lunch.

SL: Well now, how old is Tracy at that time? Is he in—is this in Dixie or Smackover?

CS: This is in Smackover.

SL: Oh, Smackover. Okay.

CS: It's in Smackover.

SL: Okay.

CS: Okay. So this day, one of his buddies drove the car. Tracy stood up on the runnin' board as far as he could get up there and reachin' around to catch the—what they call the . . .

SL: Windshield wiper?

CS: . . . the hubcap, I guess, yeah, for water to [*unclear words*] . . .

SL: Oh, the radiator cap?

CS: The radiator cap.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah, radiator cap [*unclear words*]. He's up there, anyway, all draped over, and here comes a car sideways and crashes into the side.

SL: Oh!

[02:15:53] CS: And literally cut that—this big muscle here. [Points to calf] Just severed it almost. Just left a little tags to—the doctors could catch onto and just keep it from havin' to amputate.

SL: Ah!

[02:16:08] CS: But even after that, he turned out to be a pretty doggone good runner. He played football up at the university.

Lettered up there under Barnhill. And he—if he hadn't've—well, that—if he hadn't've had that accident, he would've probably made me look [*SL laughs*] bad 'cause he had, just had a lot goin' for him. He, even at that, he was on some relay teams that I [*unclear words*]. They didn't set records, but they won a lot of events, you know, in the Southwest Conference and Drake Relays and things like that. And he was good-lookin'. Tracy was a good-lookin'—is—was a good-lookin' boy. [02:17:06] But he comes along in—we were at Branson trout fishin', and after the fishin', we were sittin' around havin' a drink that night and goin' around the room. And boys talk about their illnesses bout like women or more. [*SL laughs*] And got around, and I had been—had a colonoscopy, and I was tellin' 'em, and get around to Tracy, and "Yeah," Tracy said. "Well, I"—he said, "hell, I don't need to go to a doctor. I was—they checked me over when I got out of the army, when I got outta the service last year. [02:18:01] And I sure don't—and I don't like those damn colonoscopies you take a need to. I was—I'm just not"—well anyway, went all the way around. Less than a week later, Tracy called, and he—"Hey, bud," he said. "I went to that doctor you told me to take—check the"—he said. "I'm in trouble."

SL: Uh-oh.

CS: I said, "Tracy?" He said, "Yeah, I'm in trouble." And he says, "The doctor says it's pretty bad." [02:18:40] And sure enough, it wasn't two months he was dead. When we were in Branson and everybody jokin' and laughin' and everything, he—that damn cancer was spreadin' to his bones, and it was outta control then. And it's one of the fast-growin' kind, and it wasn't long, as I—so it took a—death took a—took one of the real good guys outta the Scott family.

SL: Yeah, a good guy.

CS: He really was. And I—and it's a lot of things. I regret that I didn't spend more time with Tracy there at the last, before he got sick, you know. But . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . but I was goin' my way; he's goin' his way and . . .

SL: Well, everyone's busy.

CS: . . . it's hard to . . .

SL: Everyone's got a life that they've . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . that they're livin'.

CS: Yeah.

[02:19:40] SL: Now here's one. Hubert. What about Hubert?

CS: Hubert. Hubert was the smartest one in the family by far. I

mean, he'd take and put his score—his . . .

SL: SAT . . .

CS: . . . on the paper, he . . .

SL: . . . or IQ or . . .

CS: . . . he would be way up there. Ended up, Hubert was superintendent and in charge of the building—electrical appliance to the—one of the largest hospitals in Miami, Florida.

SL: Okay.

CS: Big, big development. He—I took—when he finished, he'd—I went up, and he took me, and they had bundles of that electrical wire—like, here, this would be round and would be—just no tellin' how many strands of electrical wire would be in it, and it'd go way, way down thisaway, back over here, and up over here. And then another one over here and everything and then underground, underground, underground. And he was in charge of every doggone bit of it, so he would—he was by far the smartest one in the family, by far.

SL: Kind of a engineer.

CS: Yeah. [02:21:09] And two years ago, we were down. He had a—bought a big resort over in North Carolina and spent a lotta time up there, and we were up there with him, ah, about two years ago. And he had this thing on his face here, you know.

[Points to cheek] And I remarked. "Oh," he says. "I've irritated it when I"—he said. "I can't shave right over it," he said. "It"—he said. I said, "Well, for gosh sakes, have you been to the doctor?" "Oh," he said, "no, no, it—?I don't want? to go up to the doctor over somethin' like that." Well, there we go again. We . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . got back. He called, and he says, "I went—I've gone to the doctor." And he says, "I've got"—he was tappin' his head, I'm sure, and on the phone saying, "No." He says, "I got about eight up here." [Points to the top of his head] [02:22:17] And he had eight cancer—little cancer cells up in his scalp up there.

SL: Up on his scalp?

CS: Yeah. And the—it—then he started gettin' 'em all over his body.

SL: It—that stuff on the skin.

CS: And it's the one that's caused by the sun and it—the bad one . . .

SL: Yeah, it's a . . .

CS: . . . the real bad one.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Well, it wasn't two months from then, he's dead.

[Tape stopped]

[02:22:49] SL: Well now, you've got a—you've got Huey P. here.

CS: Huey P.

SL: So you've got—there's a story here 'cause there's some notes next to it. Tell me about Huey.

CS: Huey P. Huey P., doggone, [*unclear words*]*—he come along. Pretty, little old fella, blonde hair and, there again, a good-lookin' child. Good-lookin' little child. And I told you about what happened.*

SL: No, no, I—you haven't told me. Hm-mm.

CS: Okay. He's in Smackover at one of the first places we lived out towards Camden, and it had—the house we lived in was right on the highway . . .

SL: Okay.

CS: . . . that goes to Camden. I wasn't home. I was down—I was then—in fact, I was down checkin' Smackover Creek that—which is about half a mile on down. I was goin' down to check on somebody that—I was in charge with the paper deliveries in that part of town. Anyway, I was down. Mother and one of my aunt was standin' on the side of the road with little Huey P. and each one—they were holdin' his hand. And over just across the road was our yard, and the guys were over there kickin' somethin', throwin' somethin'. And they threw something that went over, and it went right out in the road, right in front of my cute little

Huey P. He's . . .

SL: Yeah.

[02:24:34] CS: . . . watchin', and he jerks loose from Mama and aunt and just a couple of steps out there, a car just—it was a instant thing, but it killed him just—and what a horrible, horrible, horrible thing that was.

SL: Boy!

[02:24:52] CS: But you know, he was named after Huey P. . . .

SL: Long.

CS: . . . Long. He was born on the same day Huey P.—they had the same birthday. Huey P. Long was shot the day my little brother was killed on the highway that day. Isn't that strange?

SL: That is strange.

BW: Friday the thirteenth?

CS: That's strange.

SL: Frid . . .

CS: Strange, strange, strange.

SL: . . . on Friday the thirteenth?

CS: Friday the thirteenth. Yeah. That, you know, well, that . . .

SL: Boy, that's somethin' your . . .

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: . . . mom probably never recovered from . . .

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: . . . either.

CS: But it happened.

[02:25:31] SL: That's tough. Yeah. Now we've got three more girls here. Tell me about Pat? Now these . . .

CS: Patsy.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Patsy was a nurse. Patsy was pretty as a picture, just the sweetest child, smart. And she ended up at Tucson, Arizona. She married a doctor, a guy that—the head of a big hospital out there that they had. And they were leavin' Tucson. She was drivin' the car. No. Yeah, she was drivin' the car. They was goin' to a convention, a medical convention, out of Tucson in some resort over there. And a 18-wheeler came along in the opposite direction and something—blew a tire, hit something, and came across the median and ran head-on into—and killed . . .

SL: Patsy and her husband or . . .

CS: Killed—yeah, yeah.

SL: Killed 'em both?

[02:26:58] CS: Yeah, yeah. I was just tryin' to get it all together.

It—I don't know whether Patsy died there or a little later. Seem

like it killed him instantly, but I think maybe she lived for some time 'cause it seem like I remember goin' out when she was buried in a big—one of these big things that they put you in, seal you in, you know. [CS addition: Patsy's husband, Harold Wilkins, did not die in the wreck. He lived several more years. Patsy died in the wreck.]

SL: Mausoleum.

CS: A mausoleum.

SL: A mausoleum.

CS: Mauso—she was buried in a mausoleum, which was sometime after the wreck, and I—how long, I don't know. But that—just seem like the Scotts just have . . .

SL: You-all have had some tragedies.

CS: . . . had some tragedy. That's right. Sure did. Yeah.

[02:27:48] SL: And then there's Marci.

CS: Marci. Marci is in Fort Smith. She was—she had a big job of—in politics. She was the accountant of—she was in charge of all the money.

SL: Treasurer?

CS: What?

SL: Tax collector? Treasurer?

CS: Treasurer.

SL: Treasurer. Mh-hmm.

CS: Absolutely. Yeah, for four or five years. And her son, Scotty, had a horrible death, and her husband married a younger girl. And Marci is still in Fort Smith. I talked to her just the other night.

SL: She's doing well?

CS: Doin' well.

SL: Good.

CS: Doin' well. Yeah.

SL: That's good. I bet she's a strong woman.

CS: Yeah.

[02:28:58] SL: Okay, now I've got one more name here. Carol June. Carol June—Jean.

CS: Carol Jean . . .

SL: Carol Jean. Yeah.

CS: . . . is in—just outta Fort Worth, Texas, and she has a unique—and it's real pleasure to her, but I'm—my son went out and visited here few months ago, and he came back. He said, "Don't worry about C." He said, "She's as happy as anybody you'll ever see." [SL laughs] She has a—she and her husband bought a tract of land, quite a bit, in fact. And they lost part of it some way. I don't know. He was screwin' around in the market. I'm

not sure how. [02:29:52] But anyway, they ended up with still considerable property, and they made a animal ranch out of it. They—my son, Steve, he said, "Dad, you won't believe it." He said, "You just won't believe it." He says, "They've got this, and they've got that, and they're feeding." He said, "It's no tellin' what the bill is, but all this"—he said, "it's animals. It's exotic animals and" [*laughs*] . . .

[02:30:23] SL: Like lions and tigers . . .

CS: Not the lions and tiger type. Goats, deer—little—not pigs, but somethin' that's kin to the pig. Well anyway, he said, "A whole bunch." [*SL laughs*] But none of 'em of a vicious type. And he says, "People come from all around to see the doggone" [*laughter*—he said, "they're just overrun all the time with people comin' to see these—all this that she has there." And she—he said, "She's just—don't worry about her," he said. That's the—so that's Carol Jean, and she's still doin' fine.

[02:31:14] SL: So the three girls were—stayed in Smackover and went through Smackover schools and your family, even after you left, they—everyone was still in Smackover and carryin' on while you pushed on with your career and . . .

CS: Yeah. Wait, ?now?—the beginning of your . . .

SL: Well, the three girls and really . . .

CS: The three girls went on and did well. Absolutely.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Yeah. Absolutely.

[02:31:45] SL: Good. Well, I'm tryin' to think where we were.

We've been talkin' about the Depression, and really, you didn't see much evidence of the Depression.

CS: No, I didn't.

SL: The banks didn't close down. They were . . .

CS: Hm-mm.

SL: So Smackover did okay during the Depression.

CS: Yeah.

SL: It's one of the few communities that . . .

[02:32:12] CS: Smackover—some of the smart people—when—my dad told me—when I signed a professional contract, he said, "Son, bring that check over." He says, "We need to buy—we need to be the—buy some of these wells that was abandoned a few years back when they flow-rated the wells." The flow rating mean that they cut down on the flow that they would allow the well to pump. And he says—he said, "This oil right now is low, and it's—people are goin', you know, they're droppin'. We can get these wells real cheap. People are goin' outta business. It's not worth havin' one right now. It's not commercially feasible,

and"—but he said, "I'm tellin' you." He said, "We ought to buy some 'cause it's gonna be a time that we wish we had if we don't." And I don't know. Stupid, course, you'd have to say. I said, "Well now, Dad—doggone, Dad—dang, it's only—man, that's—it's only"—I don't remember what it was, but it was just way down. I says, "Gee whiz, you're puttin' money in somethin' that's sinkin'. Hell, you know, it'd be—we'd be broke before we got home, we sign papers on this stuff." [*Laughs*] Well, it all proved that if I'd've listened to my daddy, we'd be very, very, very rich right now, if we'd've bought as much as we could have. But that—things happen, doggone it.

[02:34:23] SL: Yeah. Well, did you kinda compromise with him, buy a little bit?

CS: Well, I should have. That's what—that's where I was stupid. You know, should've bought some. My goodness.

SL: Yeah.

CS: You know, just to—heck, buy just—you'd—just to brag to people you bought it, you know.

SL: Yeah.

CS: People that—you got some money to buy [*laughs*] . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . oil stock, but I didn't. Oh shoot. No, I was too smart to do

somechin' like that. Shoot. [*Laughs*] Heck no, I had money in the bank, and by gosh, I was gonna keep it there till I . . .

SL: Well, you know . . .

CS: . . . spent it on somethin'. [*BW coughs*]

[02:35:09] SL: . . . I know my parents lived through the Depression, and it made them very conservative with their money, too.

CS: Yeah.

SL: I mean, they held onto . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . their money . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . rather than . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . invest it in somethin' 'cause they'd seen people lose all their money on investments. So you know, it's all right to be conservative. You're fine. You've done well.

CS: Yeah.

[02:35:30] SL: You're okay. Tryin' to think. We're almost gettin' to the place where Bud kinda needs to step in here on your career because I know that your athleticism started manifesting itself in Smackover pretty early.

CS: Mh-hmm.

[02:35:52] SL: So I—is there anything about—was there anybody in Smackover—now I think I've heard you delivering papers.

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: Delivering ice.

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: Doin' the books at the grocery store. [*Someone coughs*]

[02:36:08] Were there any other jobs that you did around Smackover growin' up?

CS: I was a soda jerk at the—boy, I'm tellin' you. I'm a rigged-up, cre—I was creative. Man, I had some stuff that I wouldn't drink myself, but [*laughter*] I was a soda jerk. Yeah, that was another job. And of course, before that—and before that and one of the first jobs I had, just when I was—just had—just wanted to bring some—you know, have somethin' to send home to feed the kids, feed the family. [02:36:49] The Arkansas Louisiana Gas office. I was there before they opened for business. I cleaned their floors. Polished their floors. Picked up all their trash. Straightened up books. Straightened up their library and have it neat as a pin when they reported for work. And I did that. And for—I did that bout a year, but it was bringin' money home, you know, and I could do it, and I did it.

[02:37:32] SL: When you were a soda jerk, was that in a drugstore?

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: That's usually where you'd . . .

CS: Mr. . . .

SL: . . . find the soda fountains back then.

CS: The Jones Drugstore. Soda fountain. Yeah, I'd line that stuff up. He had all kinda these things [*unclear words*]. You could—it's a wonder it didn't kill somebody with the [*laughter*—oh boy. Yeah, I—it—and then it was a hangout. It got to be a hangout place for the ki—for the young people. Boy, they'd just fill that place up. And I was fixin' those—I don't believe I drink any of it myself. [*Laughter*] Oh gracious.

[02:38:18] SL: Well, how about the—how bout your social life in—tell me about the girls. Did you—when did you start . . .

CS: I'd . . .

SL: . . . paying attention to girls?

CS: I had one girl in my life besides Les, the one I married. Miriam Jones. She was in the grade ahead of me.

SL: Yeah.

CS: We were—we dated. She was my girl. She was my girl. And I liked her parents. I'm not sure they thought much of me. Well, I shouldn't say that, but we dated. The only girl I dated. Only girl I dated.

[02:39:08] SL: Started in high school or . . .

CS: The whole time through high school. And come time—when I got my appointment to the Naval Academy, she was a year ahead of me, and she'd already applied to a Baptist university in Texas. So we caught ourselves—she went south, and I went north.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And at the Naval Academy, I was—had chance to meet the—on the weekends, we'd have a couple hours that we could go through the main gate and go and, you know, and just be loose and not ?chained up?, and you could meet girls. Well, gee whiz, the girls were just, you know, waitin', just waitin', and it got to be fun meetin' and, you know, and . . .

SL: Yeah.

[02:40:16] CS: . . . and talkin' and—but anyway, one afternoon the—before—when I was practicin' football, I was out on the practice field, and before that though, they had called me in and said that they had a call from my senator that—Oren Harris that . . .

SL: Oren Harris.

CS: Oren Harris.

SL: Yeah.

[02:40:54] CS: . . . that they—that we have a policy here that Miss Arkansas comes by and one year she goes to army . . .

SL: Army.

CS: Army.

BW: West Point.

CS: . . . and then the next year the Naval Academy. And they said, "This is the Naval Academy, and we're tryin' to find somebody to meet her. She can't walk, just walk through the gate without—nobody can just walk in there. They have to be escorted." And I've—I said, "Well"—course, he told me what time she'd be. I said, "Well course, now I'm be on the football field." And I said, "Well, what about my roommate?" And he said, "Well, we can work that out." And—but he says, "We"—he named the guy, a banker from Des Arc or somewhere on the eastern part of the state, a big banker. Big, wealthy family. I wish I could call his name—that—"He's gonna be here, but he's supposed to be—in fact, he's supposed to be—he's gonna be out at cruise—on a cruise the day before, so your roommate will suffice." So he met her at the gate and came in, and we shook hands and howdied and got up in the bleachers just right there, just right close neighborly. [*Laughs*] And I decided, you know, to quit prac—get out of practice early and go down to a little place there in

town that they meet—have a sandwich or talk or whatever there. And by hoves, [*laughs*] that's the way it started. Les went on to—as Miss Arkansas at the beauty pageant.

[02:43:18] SL: At Miss America. Uh-huh.

CS: Miss America. And we corresponded. And that summer on summer leave, well, the first place I [*laughs*—my first stop I made was her house in Lake Village. We had corresponded pretty regular, and lo and behold, it—about the third day I was there, we got serious. And I decided, "By heck, I've just—you know, this is what I want." [02:44:01] And so I hopped on a train first and went all the way back to Maryland and turned in my resignation to the Naval Academy.

SL: I bet they weren't happy about that.

CS: Oh, they weren't happy. Captain Hamilton was comin' in as a new coach.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Oh boy. They had—first thing they did, they picked me up. They arrested me. [*Laughter*]

SL: Oh gosh.

CS: Well, it was a fake arrest, but they arrested me and took me over to his house, over to Captain Hamilton's house, and he invited, oh, I don't know how many admirals over there—big

sessions. [*SL laughs*] For two or three days, we had big sessions, and then they were pointin' out that, you know, "This is just nothin' greater than navy and bein' an admiral and servin' your country." And they'd always put that servin' your country in there.

SL: You bet.

CS: "And you're just—and you're on the football team, and you're makin' a contribution there that you know everybody appreciates, and you got so much goin' for you, so much goin' for you. You're—some boys graduate, you know, and they'll have a little trouble gettin'—climbin' the ladder of success." They said, "You've got it, Mr. Scott. You've got everything it takes to be a top person in the navy and it—you can't turn it down. You just can't turn—this is too great a opportunity. You do—you can't turn opportunities like this down." [*Laughter*] It went on and on and on.

SL: Three days!

[02:45:59] CS: And sure enough—yeah, it was. Well sure enough, I did turn it down. I turned my—turned in my resignation. Well of course, they turned it down immediately and sent me to quarters. I had to stay in my room. Couldn't get out. Then they had that smart, little old guy came up, and it was a—there,

like an arrest. You know, they give you an order, you brace up, you know, and up, you know. And they call you mister. "On your feet, Mister," you know, and then he marched me around to the seawall around there, and he says, "I'm gonna be sittin' right there." And he says, "I want you to"—and he said, "I'll tell you when I want you to stop, but you start right now, and I want you to come right back by here when you come in." [*Unclear words*] I don't know how long I did it, but I kept walkin', kept walkin', kept walkin', kept walkin' till it's dark, you know. And finally, another guy came up and then said, "Well now, looky, you know, you're gonna get in trouble"—talkin' to that guy that had me do it. He said, "Just put—just lock him in his room." So they did, and they still wouldn't let me out. So I called a friend, and they said, "Well, you've gotta go back through Washington." I mean—yeah, by Washington. "Go through the guy that" . . .

SL: Oren?

CS: . . . "that gave you your" . . .

SL: Appointment?

CS: . . . "appointment." Yeah, yeah. [02:47:44] Oren Harris. Oren Harris. Well, "Hamp", Leslie's father, made a contact for me, and I got with—through Hamp, I got in contact with Oren Harris. He—I don't know what he did, but he did it. It was about—

within a week, I got my . . .

SL: Discharge?

CS: Yeah, release papers. Went home, and that was close to—and
[laughs] got with Barnhill, and it wasn't long, I was on the
football field at Fayetteville practicin', and Les and I . . .

SL: Playin' for Barnie.

CS: . . . were married. And so that's a story of success.

[02:48:41] SL: Well now, I'd like to know a little bit more about you
and Leslie gettin' together, but back in Smackover, weren't there
school dances?

CS: Miriam Jones. Her daddy had owned the drugstore.

SL: Were there school dances, proms and stuff?

CS: I didn't—I wasn't much on that. That—when she went—we
dated all through school. We went to all the parties. We went
to—I was a terrible dancer, and she wasn't [SL laughs] any
better, you know.

SL: [Laughs] Yeah.

[02:49:30] CS: But she was a very, very nice girl. She really was,
and she's a beautiful girl, now even. And—but it—when she
decided to go to Baylor and then went to Baylor, then I—and I
went to—it was—well, we just lost each other, lost our . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . interest in the future that we had planned. It's not goin' like we planned, so we just gonna back off. So I wrote her a Dear John letter, and she—but I just wonder—you wonder if what you do is right after datin' a girl for three or four years, you know. And then writin' a Dear John letter, and you're now in love with another person. You know, it's a hard thing to do.

SL: It's a hard thing to do, but it's . . .

CS: It is.

SL: . . . the right thing to do. You . . .

CS: It is because she's—we were both so sincere on each side, and she was such a nice person. And I was tryin' to be a nice guy. It just fact that my feelings, my emotions all went in another direction . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . very strongly.

SL: Yeah.

CS: And it wasn't any question about what I was gonna do after I met Les and after I was with her for a time. Wasn't any question at all.

[02:51:15] SL: Well, I—what I was really tryin' to roll around to was your senior prom at Smackover. Didn't some—somethin' happen with your senior prom? Who was the principal at the school at

the time of your senior prom?

CS: Boy oh boy, it's something that I should know, I know, but I don't. I mean, and I really don't.

SL: Well, when the . . .

TM: Can we change tapes, Scott?

SL: Oh, we gotta change tapes?

TM: Yeah.

SL: Okay, we'll change tapes.

[Tape stopped]

[02:51:47] SL: This is tape number four, Scotty, and I wanna go back over your childhood jobs that you had around Smackover and get a little bit more—I think we can find out a little bit more about the town and the kind of conditions that you—and the folks you were workin' with and growin' up and servin', and we'll get a pretty good picture of the time, I think, that way. So first of all, I wanna go back to the job you were doin' with your dad out at the oil rigs. And you did a really good job of describing what it was you-all were doin', but the one thing you neglected to tell me was that you were ten years old when you were doin' that.

CS: [*Laughs*] I didn't remember that I was ten years old, or . . .

SL: Okay.

CS: . . . I would've told you.

SL: Okay, okay. Well still, that's awfully, awfully young to be on top of an oil rig.

CS: Scott, I have a hard time hemming these years together and isolatin' 'em [*laughs*] and puttin' 'em in their right category. I really do. So it—yeah. [02:53:00] Well, Dad had me strapped in up there though where I couldn't—there's no way I could get hurt. And it—they call it the sucker rod. It was just a little rod that—pullin' up there, but on the end of it, it's got a cuff on it and a little thing where it fit, and then I have a tool that fits in it, you know. And if I could hit it just right the first time and if the operator down there on the truck, if he releases it and put pressure on it at the right time, it makes the connection, you know. So it's just a up and down, up and down, up and down.

[02:53:43] SL: But you know, ten years old, you're in fifth grade . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . at that time. You're still in grade school . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . and you're up on top of that rig.

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: Your dad . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . number one . . .

CS: And I was . . .

SL: . . . must've had . . .

CS: . . . I was about—the year I broke my arm playin' football, too, the first [*laughs*] game of the season. We were just—we were little fellows out there.

[02:54:08] SL: Well, your dad must've had great faith in your abilities.

CS: Well yeah, it wasn't any—there was no way that I could get hurt.

SL: Well [*laughs*] . . .

CS: 'Cause he couldn't—you couldn't pull me off of that platform.

SL: Well, I'm not sure that I could've done that at ten years old or any of my children or any child that I know in the fifth grade would've, first of all, been brave enough to get up that high in the air, strapped or no strapped, and then handling that rod like that and—I mean, that's pretty serious business. And I know you're kind of, you know, lackadaisical about it, but I'm tellin' you, that's pretty serious, pretty serious job.

[02:55:02] CS: Back then—now then—now they got rod holders—baskets—rod baskets that comes up. And you have—and these couplings comes out of a big basket—big, round basket. And it comes up, and you grab, like the tits of a cow, you know. That

type of thing. And here it comes up, and when it gets at the right spot, you clamp it down from this side [uses arms to show how the clamps work] and click it, you know. And then down he goes with it. They—so—but, no—but when he does that, he leaves it in the basket, so he comin' up empty again, you know. And I reach over and get a tit and socket, you know. So that wasn't—there was no—all you gotta do is just catch it, and Dad's gotta release that thing at a cert—at the right time for it to snap, catch, and go back down. [SL laughs] But if I miss it, that rod's gonna [laughs] go several hundred feet down, and then we'll have to spend a day or two fishin' it out, but . . .

SL: Gettin' it back out.

CS: . . . but they have tools to fish 'em out with. Yeah.

[02:56:19] SL: Yeah. Well, did you miss many?

CS: No. Heavens, no. I wouldn't miss one. [Laughs]

SL: You didn't miss one?

CS: No.

SL: Golly! That's really remarkable that you started so young with that. So . . .

[02:56:34] CS: They—it wasn't in Smackover. I was at a neighboring town when—and they had made a new pump. This company had made a new pump, and it—to fasten the pump,

you go through this process of pulling up. Only you're pulling up a two-inch pipe, you know, and you do that. And you pull this two-inch pipe up, and when it passes the floor hinge down here, you have a big old wrench, and it's heavy, and it's got in—on the inner sides of it, it's kinda like a pair of pliers with—oh, for goodness sakes—anyway, you open it up, and you push it to, you know, and you have the—and you . . .

SL: Almost like VISE-GRIP.

CS: Vise. Like a vise.

SL: Uh-huh.

CS: Vise with a . . .

SL: Serrate—with the . . .

CS: . . . serrated . . .

SL: . . . serrated edges so it . . .

CS: . . . edge. That's right.

SL: Yeah.

CS: So—and it's a big old, big old tool, and you gotta really pop it together, and you gotta really just—and—but [*unclear word*]
—and this was a brand-new pump they were puttin' in. Brand-new clamp that they were puttin' on the brand-new pump. And they—it came down and shoot—and then pop! I'd close it together, and it—now this tool has got a clamp on that side to

close it. [Uses right hand to demonstrate how to lock the clamp]
You clamp on this side. [Uses left hand to demonstrate how to
lock the clamp] You got it locked in. You got it absolutely
locked in, so they [*unclear words*] locked it in. "Okay, take 'er
away." [*Laughs*] So they release. That damn pump never
stopped all the way down. I mean, there's no tellin' how far it—
well, it went all the way down to the bottom, wherever bottom
was down there.

[02:58:55] SL: So what happened?

CS: It spent . . .

SL: What—how—what—how'd that happened?

CS: . . . it spent a day and a half . . .

SL: Gettin' it back out.

CS: . . . gettin' it out. I know that.

SL: Wonder what went wrong.

CS: I'm standin' up there, you know, just shocked. I did exactly
what you do. And they were watchin' me, and the older guys,
they said, "Well, you did that right." So they got that big old
tool and—over here and looked at it. The new pump had a
coating, a new coating on it . . .

SL: Lubricant?

CS: . . . of treated steel that can't—you can't make a mark on it.

You—it won't—that won't catch it. It won't engage in it, you know. And *[laughs]* . . .

SL: So they . . .

[02:59:45] CS: So I could stand up there and clamp it all day long, and it'd fall out every time, so *[laughs]* it . . .

SL: So they had to go back to the drawing board on that deal.

CS: Well, had to go back and the new—they had to throw away the advertising *[laughs]* on the new pump. But that's the only bad thing that happened to me growin' up . . .

[03:00:07] SL: Did your father ever have any injuries workin' out on those rigs? 'Cause those are dangerous things to work around.

CS: All of his life I don't remember him ever, ever having a serious injury. He's a—he might have a sore back or arm or leg or somethin', you know, that was sore. But far as any real injury, no. He didn't . . .

SL: I've heard of fellows losin' fingers and . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . using a chain in some . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . way to . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . do stuff.

CS: No, Dad was—he was very capable. Dad was very, very capable. And he was doin' all that by himself. Most of 'em had two or three helpers workin'. [*Unzips jacket*]

[03:00:54] SL: So now you mentioned workin' the ice truck.

You . . .

CS: Workin' the . . .

SL: The ice truck. You used to . . .

CS: Yes.

SL: . . . deliver ice?

CS: Yes.

SL: You used to drive the truck?

CS: Drive the truck.

SL: And you were twelve years old when you . . .

CS: Twelve years old.

SL: . . . when you were . . .

CS: And they—most people had their refrigerator on the back porch or balcony or just inside a door. And—but ever one of 'em had a little latch, a little nail up there, and if they wanted fifty pounds, they'd point fifty pounds. They'd turn it to fifty. If they wanted twenty-five, they'd point at twenty-five. And wanted twelve, they'd point it to twelve. But I'm gettin' up at the wee—I gotta be in El Dorado at three-thirty in the mornin' to get three

hundred pounds of ice. So I gotta go to El Dorado, and they dump not one, but two big blocks there at—they—it's amazing. They get the damn thing. I back the truck up and just hook onto that thing, and you can—and it's—the grade is downward, and you ease that great big ol' three hundred pounds. And we'd get down there, put a little more pressure on it, and run it right on your car, and it goes all the way up. And then there's a big board that separates a—that protects the windshield—the windowpane. And you—after you get your three hundred pounds secured, you're—back to Smackover you go, and then you start your route. And it's not just deliverin' ice. You [laughs]—it's a hell of a lot more than that. You gotta take everything out of the icebox. Set it aside where it won't get broken while you're workin'. Put the ice back in. Put everything back in, and if it's necessary, you—they leave some towels and things to wipe things off. [Laughs] Oh gosh! [03:03:00] But when you get to the Cotton Club, I believe was the name of that place, that honky-tonk. Out there, you take all the old—well, not the—they take—you take everything out—the beer.

SL: The beer.

CS: The beer. Take out.

SL: Yeah.

CS: Gosh, there ain't no tellin' how much. Well, you just stack it up over out there, and then you run—if it's—and if there's any water, they have a connector where I could flush it out through the bottom of the doggone thing. But then you gotta put all your beer back in. Cover the whole damn floor with beer and up to about, and then you gotta start haulin' ice in. And there's a little bracket—it's not a bracket. But anyway, runnin' from this side of the box [points to his left] to that side of the box [points to his right] was a thing that you—that would hold the fifty-pound block of ice. So you gotta put that up, and again, you gotta chip that damn ice. Chip that—all that ice over the drinks down below. You slide that damn bar down, put another chunk in that thing, until you've gone from about there to about there [points behind him and to the front of him] of chippin' ice, chippin' ice—just—you know. No wonder I could throw a damn javelin. [*Laughter*]

[03:04:38] SL: Well now, so you're pickin' up three hundred pounds in El Dorado . . .

CS: Yes, sir.

SL: . . . and if some customers are wantin' fifty pounds, you only got—you can only deliver six customers that way.

CS: Well, I've got—the beer—their beer thing leaves me a couple of

those blocks, so I've got—I've—yeah, it works out where I've got just about enough.

SL: Just enough.

CS: And the customers that routinely use the same thing every time. So I had it worked out to where it would work. I'd fill this thing up and then put the amount they need in the box. Clean the box out first. Put the ice in. Put the stuff back. It was just unbelievable. Do you think anybody would tip you a little bit?

[Laughs]

[03:05:40] SL: No. No. Well, so would you go to El Dorado every day to get ice?

CS: Every day. Every mornin'.

SL: So that's the way you serviced the town . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . was that not everybody got ice every day.

CS: Yeah, that's right.

SL: A dozen or so people would get ice each day.

CS: That's right.

SL: That—okay.

CS: That's right.

SL: I see.

CS: Yeah.

SL: And . . .

CS: Oh yeah. When I . . .

[03:06:04] SL: I would guess that you would probably be delivering more ice in the summer months, of course, than you would . . .

CS: Oh heck, yeah. Oh yeah.

SL: . . . in the spring . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . or fall or winter.

CS: Oh yeah. Yeah. [*SL laughs*] When I get through openin' doors and boxes and honky-tonks and everything, then I come back, and if I have—what I have left on my truck, I slide it in the storage there at the company that owned the doggone thing.

[03:06:37] Slide it in. Put me a sign out there on the dock—on the—and sit out in the truck. And I'd wait on people drivin' up there. They'd drive up there, you know. [*Laughs*]

SL: And get what's left.

CS: Yeah, get what's left. Sell it off the dock there.

[03:06:55] SL: How much did that job pay you? Do you remember?

CS: Oh, I don't know. Most of my—I was just so—and that's what bein' so young was such a handicap. You know, they'd . . .

SL: You'd work for almost nothin'

CS: . . . they'd give you fifty cents, and you'd think, "My gosh!

Whoo boy, looky here." [03:07:15] But that's what I got for grocery—I'd—workin' on Saturday from startin' about eight o'clock in the mornin' and after delivering all the—makin' the—we made deliveries. Get through with that till about five, five-thirty, six o'clock. Fifty cents. I made fifty cents.

[03:07:38] SL: Now when you were makin' those grocery deliveries, was it just around town, or did you go out into the surrounding communities?

CS: The—with the groceries?

SL: Mh-hmm.

CS: Most of 'em were black, and we went—sometime, I went way out these gravel roads. Way out. And most of 'em were on credit . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . and the company—these people would get paid so much at a certain time, and it was regular, you know. And some—the grocery store owner, sometime he worked with the guy that had hired these people and paid these people. And sometimes he does the payin' of the groceries. So it was regular-type thing. Rea—money—ev—money was comin' in for everbody but ol' Scotty, you know. [*Laughs*]

SL: And when you'd get . . .

CS: Fifty cents.

[03:08:32] SL: You kept track of what you delivered to who. Is that—did I hear you were doin' the books when your mom was in that train . . .

CS: No, inside, when somebody come in and want sandwich meat, you know. And that machine you can cut it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: You can turn that wheel, you know, and [*mimics sound of slicing machine*] . . .

SL: Mh-hmm. Slicer.

CS: . . . and so much. And then I have a little notepad there, and I'll put so much. And we gotta run over here and do somethin', and I'll put another little note. And then when I get through waitin' on all of 'em, I package all that, and then I add up—they have an addin' machine there. They put addin' machine, and that's—and go up to the counter, and they pay, and they go out.

[03:09:18] SL: So when you were out deliverin' that stuff to the black communities, what—did it remind you of the li—of the shotgun houses back in Dixie?

CS: I don't rem—I can't really—I really can't say my feelings related back there. It—I can't say that it did have any effect. It probably had the kinda effect you don't even realize it's related,

one to the other. But I do remember this, that some of the blacks were gracious. Some of 'em were just as nice as anybody you'll ever wanna be around. You could—there'd be a lot of 'em that would have tremendous respect for a young man out unloadin' for 'em. Helpin' 'em off of the truck. Bein' nice to 'em, you know. You could tell they just—and you—I was rewarded by an obvious reflection from them back to me that they did appreciate it. Yeah. And then, on the other hand, you'd get some smart A, you know. And that—and you could put—and you couldn't do . . .

SL: Couldn't do anything for 'em.

CS: . . . you couldn't do a thing about it, boy. You just sit there and, you know, and take an awful lot from some of them. But they're so few. So few. Most of the blacks on—in my work in the grocery store, my contact with 'em in Louisiana with a kid growin' up, has always been good. Always been good. We've had cleanin' people in the house, for instance. And we've had—we have respect for them always, and they returned with us. And Les is—Les has had some real nice black people workin' in the house. And . . .

SL: Well, I can see how you got conflicted and had very strong misgivings about that patrol duty on that gravel road.

CS: Yeah, yeah.

[03:12:04] SL: That—I can see how that was a problem for you.

Okay. Now what about the newspaper delivery? You said—you mentioned somethin' about deliverin' newspapers.

CS: Oh boy. Oh boy, that was my—that was a little tough on ol' Scotty. I wore brogan shoes and thick—two, sometimes two and three pair of socks, but my shoes had holes in the bottom. I'd worn 'em out the bottom, you know. And invariably, I'd misstep and step in the middle—little water hole, you know. And by the time I was halfway through with my route, my foot'd be wet, and it'd be on some cold, cold, [*laughs*] cold morning.

[03:12:59] SL: How old were you when you were deliverin' papers?

CS: Lordy goodness. How old was I, Les?

Leslie Scott: Honey, how—I wouldn't know that.

CS: Ten? Was I ten years old? That old?

LS: I don't know.

CS: I can't hem the . . .

SL: Okay. That's all right.

CS: . . . I can't hem the years up and . . .

SL: That's all right. That's all right.

CS: . . . come up with the—?I did this? . . .

[03:13:18] SL: That's all right. Well, did you ever have a bicycle?

CS: Didn't have a bicycle. That—it . . .

LS: Scotty, tell him bout the sweet potatoes. I love that.

CS: What is that [*unclear word*], honey?

LS: Sweet potatoes.

[03:13:29] SL: What about sweet potatoes?

CS: Oh. It goes back to people and relation with people. And this—
at the end of my route, let me see, I go all the way down and all
the way around, and I come back through the strip of woods and
then come back through. This old, ol' gray-headed
gentleman . . .

LS: Probably our age. [*Laughs*]

CS: . . . is—and he was the next to the last person on the route. I'm
headin' back now to the highway. In the wintertime, [*claps*]
always he was either sittin' just outside the front door or standin'
outside the front door on the coldest of mornings. Boy, and
snow, ice [*unclear words*], boy, and he was there. And he would
open the door and invite me in. No—not much conversation
ever. I don't remember just talkin', just stoppin' and talkin' to
the old gentleman. He'd open the door and stand back, and he'd
go get a—one day it would be a sweet potato, and it would be
hot, just outta the oven, you know. Hot. And with just a fine
little gauze around it. And you—I can't tell you how great that

feels to take that sweet potato and step back out, you know, and stick it in your—stick your hand [*laughs*] in there between your legs. Just—it was just—he did it every mornin'. Next time, it would be an Irish potato he would do. And it was never any conversation. It—honestly, it was—it—I can't remember him discussing anything. [*SL laughs*] There was no—ever—never a conversation. He might grunt a little bit, you know. Ol' gentleman, white-headed, but he did it every dad-gum mornin' [*laughs*], you know. Well, you can imagine how that made me feel.

SL: Sure.

CS: Gee whiz. Yeah, just a—boy [*unclear word*].

SL: That's real appreciation . . .

CS: It—yeah.

SL: . . . for what you were . . .

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: . . . doin' for him. Were there . . .

CS: But . . .

SL: . . . any other . . .

[03:15:48] CS: . . . but the—now that—see, that—the contract for me deliverin' the paper, I never did see a penny of that money. Was paid to Mother . . .

SL: There you go.

CS: . . . at, you know, at the front office. It was a job. They mailed so much money. And boy, that came in handy. I mean, that was . . .

SL: Well, sure.

CS: . . . right in the worst part of the Depression. And I don't know, it—there're stories like that everybody could tell, but that just happened to be one that you remember because the ol' fellow was so gracious and so—and sincerely gracious. He was just a . . .

SL: Well . . .

CS: Made you feel good.

[03:16:36] SL: . . . did the—did any of the other children in your household—did they have jobs and help contribute to the household?

CS: Well, you see, I'm down pretty low. I'm the—down below me is Benny and then Tracy and then Hubert. They're all . . .

SL: Too young and . . .

CS: . . . really babies . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . to be—for when you relate it to work. That—the kinda work we're talkin' bout. [03:17:00] And—but then I come back to

my Audie, my brother. [*Laughs*]

SL: Yeah.

CS: Where's Audie? [*Laughs*]

[03:17:11] SL: Where is Audie?

CS: Audie is downtown. Downtown, sweepin' out an office for a company. Now I'm not sure Mama ever got any of [*laughs*] that money. I shouldn't say that about Audie.

SL: Yeah.

CS: But I—he—and he stayed downtown. He boarded down there. I don't know how—where he was livin', but he stayed downtown. Fact, there was a place just across the track that—it wasn't a boardin' house, but he was there. It was a couple that he knew. And he stayed down—he stayed in town.

SL: Uh-huh. Well, I guess he was old enough to do that.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Yeah

CS: Yeah, yeah.

SL: And—huh. Well, he probably—he was living in a little bit different world . . .

CS: Yeah, he was.

SL: . . . than the rest of the family was, and . . .

CS: He was. Yeah.

SL: . . . that's probably how the bowtie came about and . . .

CS: Oh yeah. Yeah.

[03:18:11] SL: Yeah. Were there any other jobs you had around town?

CS: Oh, I was just thinkin'. I think maybe—well, at school I ran a— they had a—that—between classes, they had a little space that they blocked off, and they put shelves in the back of it, and out on the front was a counter. And they had all kinds of things, little things. And then they had candy bars—had can—little jars of candy and candy bars and extra pencils, extra paper, you know.

SL: Supplies.

CS: Yeah. Okay. I ran that. I ran that when I was between classes. And if I had any time after school and if anybody stayed for it, I ran that. I—as I remember, I was doin' everything I was physically possible to do. I was doin' it. And if it was available, I would do it. And I have a feelin' now, lookin' back on it, that a lot of people might've favored me a little bit over other kids. I mean . . .

SL: 'Cause you were workin' all the time.

CS: . . . like, somebody else could've gotten that job, I think, maybe, but I got it. And I just have that feelin' that—yeah, people . . .

SL: What . . .

[03:19:57] CS: And then people like Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Berry—
one—each owning drugstores. When I got my appointment to
the Naval Academy, they immediately called me in and said,
"We're gonna send you to washing—to Silver Springs to a prep
school." And so it's just things like that. People were real, real
good to me. Real, real good to me.

SL: Well, that . . .

CS: And I would've never—on my own, I would've never been able to
cross the creek comin' back. [*Laughter*] I'd've never gotten to
town if they hadn't've helped me. But it—they were nice people.
They were great people. We . . .

SL: [*Unclear word*]

CS: . . . we see Jimmy Tennyson, his son, over at Hot Springs
occasionally. He's a nice, real nice boy.

[03:20:55] SL: You know, I was talkin' with Bud between tapes, and
there was another little activity that you placed yourself into that
meant a little money to you. And he was talkin' about these
boxing shows.

CS: Oh yeah.

SL: Now tell me about that.

CS: Everett was—I can't come up with his first name now. Everett.

Everett. I think it was Everett.

LS: Leverett.

CS: What?

LS: Wasn't it Leverett, with an *L*?

SL: Leverett.

CS: Leverett.

SL: Yeah.



CS: I think maybe you're right, honey. Yeah, this was just a—it—old people come, and he had like you'd find in a training . . .

SL: A gym.

CS: Gym. Yeah, a gym.

SL: Boxing. Training gym.

CS: Gym's the answer. And they'd come, and then he'd—this—put a boxing . . .

SL: Ring.

CS: . . . ring up there. And . . .

[03:22:02] SL: Now is this—this is—is this outdoors?

CS: No, indoors.

SL: Indoors.

CS: Indoors.

SL: At the gym or in . . .

CS: At the gym. And he would—I don't know how he—I really don't know how he started and picked the first couple to box, but—and he did with blacks. I think the first were blacks. And they'd get in and box, and the ump would, at the end of it, he'd get in and raise one of 'em's hand, you know. [03:22:32] And the other one had to climb through the ropes and get out, and then people threw pennies and nickels and dimes thu—you know, up like that. [Makes a flicking motion with his thumb] Then this guy pulls his glove off, and he scoops 'em up and scoops 'em up and puts 'em in his pocket. Now I noticed two that, regulars, you know, was comin' up and they—you could tell it was fake, but still, they were gettin'—the one that would collect the money when he'd go around the ring, he'd have a part of that money that he'd give his buddy when they passed by, [*laughs*] you know. He was splitting it with that one, which was all right.

SL: Splittin' it with the opponent.

CS: Which was all right.

SL: With—yeah.

CS: Not a thing wrong with it.

SL: Well, he had—he'd done his part, too.

CS: Not a thing wrong with it.

SL: Yeah.

CS: I didn't have a buddy to sneak around [*laughs*] to give it to. But I—that was the first boxing that I'd—and I wa—that wasn't—I don't recall hurtin' anybody. It's just I didn't let anybody hurt me. I was fast enough just—it—but anyway, they'd shower you with pennies and nickels, you know. And gee whiz, back then you just don't know what two nickels. That's a dime.

SL: That's right.

CS: That—now that'd get you in the show, and then if you have another nickel, you can get a bar of candy big as, you know, like a MoonPie.

SL: Yeah.

CS: You—and just—you'd be like the rest of the people on [*laughter*] fifteen cents.

[03:24:03] SL: Well, how many boxin' matches did you do?

CS: We would do—well, I would do as many as I could get in as much time as I had. I would—I was—but the manager, Leverett, I believe his name, he wouldn't let one person or two . . .

SL: Dominate.

CS: . . . dominate the sh—it was kind of a entertainment. It was entertainment for those people, and nobody was gettin' hurt. There was nobody gettin' knocked out. And I think they were all

like me. They didn't wanna hurt anybody, [*laughter*] just didn't wanna get hurt. But . . .

[03:24:44] SL: Well now, it—but it's also interesting that the blacks were able to be in that ring.

CS: The blacks were right there. Absolutely.

SL: And was there any black audience?

CS: I don't recall.

SL: Don't recall? It was . . .

CS: I honestly don't . . .

SL: . . . just the fighters.

CS: I don't recall.

SL: Okay.

CS: I don't recall, but I do know that, in fact, there was two favorite black boys that freq—was there every time, and they were there to get the pennies and nickels, you know, and they'd . . .

SL: Well, so . . .

CS: . . . they'd put on a fake show for the crowd and . . .

[03:25:19] SL: Would there be a black fighting a white?

CS: Two blacks . . .

SL: Always two blacks.

CS: No, it was never a black fightin' a white. Nope.

SL: Okay.



[03:25:27] CS: Nope. At Smackover, I can't believe, lookin' back on it now, I can't believe that Smackover would treat the blacks the way they did. It seemed like it set this country back a hundred years if that was in all—if that action was everywhere. They were so cruel to the blacks. I mean, just so terribly bad. Ran 'em—would run 'em outta town. Guard the railroad track and—with sticks, and there's probably some of 'em had guns, even. Wouldn't let 'em cross the track, you know. And then those CCC boys out—wouldn't let 'em walk to town on the gravel road. It—and it's amazing it happened, and I'm sorry I was a part of it because I could—knowin' now, I could've done something about it. I could've done something. I could've gone to the—somebody and say, "Looky, let those people come. Good gracious, they're not hurtin' anything, and I'll be the first to go out escort 'em in." But I didn't do it. That's . . .

SL: But you stopped doin' the patrol.

CS: I did . . .

SL: You stopped participating . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . and that's somethin'.

CS: Yeah.

[03:26:59] SL: That's a start. Well, was there—you know, you had

a lotta bosses. You had—you worked for the paper. You worked for the grocery store. You worked for the . . .

CS: Yeah.

SL: . . . drugstore.

CS: Yeah.

SL: Worked for the ice company. Were there any of those bosses that were an influence on you? I mean, it sounds like to me that they were very impressed with your work ethic and your . . .

CS: I . . .

SL: . . . attitude and . . .

CS: . . . I think so, Scott. They—well, it's no doubt in my mind that they wanted to help me get to the Naval Academy or get to West Point or get to someplace outta Smackover. They sincerely wanted to help, and they did, more than I deserve, really. And so, yeah, and then I've—I had a feeling that a lotta people were treatin' me in a special way. I really had that feeling. I—on the football field, it—gee whiz, you know, a small field, and, gee, they make you feel good, you know. And it revved me up a little to do better, you know, and I . . .

SL: Sure.

CS: . . . did better.

SL: Sure.

CS: And I would—it—well, it all—so I had a happy existence in school and then—and in fact, I was—I've been lucky pretty well all along the way. I can't complain.

[03:28:59] SL: Well, that's good. How are—where are we . . .

BW: You could . . .

SL: . . . on tape?

TM: We're thirty minutes. It's . . .

SL: Thirty minutes. You wanna—are you—how you fe—just a second, Bud.

BW: Let me ask you . . .

TM: Stop. Okay. Never mind. Rollin'.

[03:29:10] BW: Scotty, what about this fellow, Leverett? Is he the one that was involved with Harry Truman some way?

CS: Yes, he was.

LS: Jean Leverett?

BW: Tell us about that.

CS: Well now, I'm not—I can't do that.

BW: You can't recall?

CS: I recall that he was involved with it, but I don't know exactly . . .

LS: [*Unclear word*]

CS: His trainer. His . . .

BW: He was some kind of . . .

CS: . . . personal . . .

BW: . . . he was some kind of trainer or . . .

CS: It seemed like his personal trainer.

BW: . . . somethin' for Harry Truman after he left Smackover.

CS: That's the extent of it, far as I'm—as far as I know.

[03:29:41] BW: Did he ever train you at all, or do anything for y—to help you, physical fitnesswise?

CS: I went down there and—on a few occasion, I did. And then he moved. He moved out to—out past Conway and . . .

SL: Scotty, let's turn around here and face me and tell me. Now we're talkin' about the guy that set up the boxing . . .

CS: Yes.

SL: . . . gyms.

CS: Mh-hmm.

SL: And his name was Leverett.

CS: Leverett.

SL: And he was also a trainer. He trained—he probably trained boxers and . . .

CS: Other people.

SL: . . . other people.

CS: Other people.

[03:30:20] SL: Uh-huh. And somehow or another, he has a Harry

Truman connection.

CS: I don't know where that came from. I don't—and I don't—I know so little about it, I cannot, can't address that at all. But I do remember he retired from what he was doin' in Smackover and moved out on a little farm out past Conway. And there was a sign, and I passed it several time and went out hoping to see him, and he was gone the day I went out there, and he—real nice-type person.

SL: Well, that's an interesting connection.

LS: I need to go out.

[03:31:03] SL: So you—did you do some training with him, with Mr. Leverett? Did he help you at all?

CS: I—seem like I don't remember any scheduled . . .

SL: Yeah.

CS: . . . professional training. No, I don't remember that at all . . .

SL: Okay.

CS: . . . if he did.

[03:31:24] LS: I think his name was J. P. Leverett.

SL: J. P. Leverett.

CS: J. C. Lev . . .

LS: Wasn't it J. P.? Doesn't that sound right?

CS: J. T. Leverett. That's that . . .

LS: No, J. P.

CS: J. P. J. P. Leverett. There you . . .

LS: Leverett.

CS: J. P. You're right, honey.

LS: And I don't really know him, [*CS sniffs*] but I think that . . .

CS: J. P. Leverett.

LS: I've got to leave.

SL: Okay. I think we're gonna shut down here.

[03:31:41 End of interview]

[Transcribed and edited by Pryor Center staff]