

Name _____ Date _____ Class _____

Stories

Old Lester Darby, thin as a wire, sat at a card table, retirement pocket watch ticking next to a half-completed jigsaw puzzle of Mount Rushmore, and told hours of stories about baseball and the days he played with the St. Louis Browns, back, as he said, when players weren't a bunch of sissies, about fanning Ruth and Gehrig in '28, about long smoky train rides in sleeper cars, about ladies who loved pitchers. Until Raymond looked him up in the *Baseball Encyclopedia* in the library and found nothing. When we went to ask him why he did it, Lester Darby, waiting with lemonade on the porch as the sun slid home, said, "Did I ever tell you about the time I got in a fist fight with Ty Cobb in a hotel in Detroit?" And we decided the stories were better than the truth.

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