

The Roster “Rebel Rouser” (Issue 10)

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2/15/13 Well, did you know this about?..... Arthur Mandry '61

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It's a high summer, dust devil Saturday morning in Dellview. The best of the best players are starting to leave their homes. The quiet and the fresh air hovers over the diamond like a fine fog awaiting their arrival. It's still early, and a perfect day for sandlot baseball. They start arriving from different directions, as if streets and paths are spokes extending from the diamond. The players are arriving one at a time and even two by two.

They have various means of transport, which vary from being afoot in a brisk walk or maybe an anxious run. Some are on bikes with or without fenders. Kickstands are useless, since they intend to take the field in a hurry.

Some are carrying worn, splintered, or even chipped bats. And, some have the perfect tape job to mend that split from hitting imaginary homers against the grain of the bat. Some are carrying their well-worn gloves and some have looped their belt through the glove strap to keep their hands free for their handle bars. Some have gloves looped over the handle bars....they know the tricks. Some borrow gloves and it didn't matter if the glove was a three or four finger model....this is boys and baseball.

Baseballs are not new bright white, but instead worn from years of “burn out or pepper” and dirt clod diamonds. Many had their red stitching a miss.

They are seasoned and ready for choosing up sides. No delays if the lineups were short a few. They would get into a lightning paced game of Work-Up, or maybe Flies and Grounders.

There are no uniforms today. These are sweat bead boys with shrunk up, too many washes, T- shirts. The knees worn out of their jeans and their cuffs are already full of dirt and gravel. These boys are Dellview Ball Players and they play til' dark.

One is an especially freckled up boy. Epic freckles, rivaled only by the great marionette, Howdy Doody. He's a natural born hurler with a burning need to test his young bazooka arm. He's yet to develop his feared pitching arsenal, but he already has a natural slider. Cuts like a Hot Razor! Anxious for his moment on any pitcher's mound, it's none other than future LEE hurler Arthur Mandry.

He's working his way up the ladder thru the Dellview Little League, the expanded lineup of the Sunset YMCA, then on to Pony League. He makes this journey with other future LEE stars and a group of stellar youth baseball coaches. He gets to the boyhood "Bigs" at LEE as a three year hurler for the Vols. He has now developed a curve and a sinker. He can throw hard and long. Like a Night Train!

His era didn't have the careful and effective development of young hurlers as do the youth of today. Elbow problems start to trouble him later, but not before opponents often hear "Call Strike Three". Walking to the dugout with their heads down, they know who was on the mound. Ambushed by Mandry!!!

His elbow injuries create another one of those heartbreaking, "what might have been" sports career situations. After graduation, Arthur attends St. Mary's University. Put your 'spikes' on for this fact because, he graduates Cum Laude, Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. That's right, our Arthur Mandry with a degree in Accounting and with that academic pedigree. Who would have guessed? His wife, Allene, a LEE grad attending Trinity and a future school teacher, kept him towing the line on his studies. Thank goodness for her, or there might have been a different "what might have been" on hand for Arthur. With his Accounting degree in hand, he lands a job at accounting firm Ernst and Ernst. His role was auditing automobile dealerships. Spires Buick recognizes, "we need this guy" and they hire him into the automobile dealership business.

He then finds a great home in this industry with the Cavender brand of dealerships. He is appointed GM of their Olds facility. He later becomes President and Dealer Operator for their Toyota business. This 20 year business relationship also turns into a treasured and lifelong friendship

with the Cavender family.

In 1995, Arthur accepted the GM position at Knapp Chevrolet in Downtown Houston. That was a 13 year career decision and he retired from the industry in 2008.

He retired to his ranch in the Texas Hill Country. But, the fact is he won't retire. He is and has always been an 'extra innings' guy. He decided to use his background and love for the outdoors to get his real estate license and sell farm and ranch property. He works for Keller Williams in Kerrville, but still works his ranch where he focuses on game management and habitat improvement. FYI, his daughter, Melissa, also works for Keller Williams in Austin.

Do you remember that mention of epic freckles and Howdy Doody? Over the years, Arthur has amassed a collection of Howdy Doody memorabilia. You've got to love that!

All of his correspondence closes with "Happy Trails" and he means it, as if it is his brand. There is a lyric in that old song, "it's the way you ride the trail that counts." This is a guy who still pitches his best stuff. He works his land, keeps working because he likes people, collects Howdy Doody stuff, and means "Happy Trails". That's Americana!!

. *ONE OF OURS, ARTHUR MANDRY, STILL HAS HIS "BEST STUFF" *

