

Now you won't let me get it. I want \$75 of my money and I want to get it now. Not tomorrow or next day. I want it now. He looked at me so funny and says, "What you gonna do with it?" "I'm gonna spend it foolishly. If you want to know what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna get drunk." He didn't let me use it in the right way. He just set there and he shook his head. I said, "The very next time I call for my money, I want it. Do you understand that? If you don't, I'm gonna see the reason why." So I went back to school and asked them and he said my money be deposited in the bank. So I learned my mechanics trade in Haskell Institute at the expense of the government. So if I, if my health was still good, I'd still be working. I'm sorry to say that my health is not good.

HIS WORK AS A MECHANIC:

I could fix most any kind of car I could get a hold of. Work with them for eighteen years. When I first went to work for them there were two white boys working, and he fired one first month I was there. Then after harvest was over he fired the other. They had a boy who had worked for about two years. They finally let him go and kept me. I asked them, "Why you do that?" And this reply he gave me "It's because you know how to take care of machinery, know how to operate it, and you know how to work on it without me being there. That's one reason I kept you. And I don't have to be on you all the time to see what you doing." So my health broke down and I quit working for him.

(Did he pay you a fair amount of money?)

I worked steady for him every day except Sundays, until harvest