

handful of pencils--them days, pencils was scarce, I was thinkin' about that the other day. I saw three or four pencils laying around here. I just starved when I looked at those pencils. Back in my days, at that time, you couldn't--well, a pencil was just like a piece of gold.

(Yeah. Even if you had the money, they were hard to get hold of.)

Hard to get hold of and I like to shoot marbles pretty good. I got to be a professional on marble shootin'--if there is any professional in it--and that's the way I made my pencil money.

(Shootin' marbles?)

I'd break 'em of their marbles and then I'd swap the marbles back for pencils and paper and things like that.

(I remember my mother had a little box--she kept it for years and years. She finally gave it to me and I lost it. Before I was born they'd keep a little record of things that they did around the farm, and what they bought in town. They had one pencil. They kept that pencil put up, put away because they just, as you say, they were hard to find 'em. And she had the stub of that pencil after I was grown. And she kept a lot of those old records and everybody just used that one pencil. That was all they had was one.)

MOVES WITH MOTHER AND STEPFATHER TO WATTS - BUYS A LITTLE RED WAGON

And then we moved to Watts from there and--my stepdad moved up there at Watts--that's when that division was there. Well and then I couldn't go to school and--

(Railroad Division?)

Yeah.

(At Watts?)

Yeah there was a Division there and so I bought me a little red wagon--

(End of Side A.)