

STEPFATHER IS QUITE A FIST FIGHTER

And we moved to Watts from there and he got a job up there. Well, he was a pretty rough kind of a guy. I mean he was rough.

(Your stepfather?)

And he--

(What was his name?)

Jones. John Jones.

(White man?)

Yeah. And I mean he whipped everything here in Stillwell and whipped everything in Watts with his fist. He'd never fight no other way. He just natural born fighter.

(He like to fight, I guess.)

He liked it. He'd start them hisself and he'd finish them hisself. I've watched him have a thousand fights, I guess, and I never seen him lost a fight.

(I'll be darned.)

He was a pretty rough man and dealt in whiskey. Just dealt in this and that, but he never would steal. Never would steal anything.

USES THE LITTLE RED WAGON AND PICKS UP CHUNKS OF ICE AND COAL AND SAVES HIS MONEY

And so, I bought me a red wagon up there--

(Just a little child's wagon?)

Yeah. I'd haul--there was an ice dock there this side of Watts where they fill them cars up. And I figured this out for myself, how I could make a little money out of it. And I'd take that wagon down there and a lot of times there would be a big old chunk fall off and miss the top. Well, there'd be a lot of ice down. I'd go down there and load up with ice. And was a good half mile to town. And I'd cover that ice over with toesacks and things like that. And I'd haul ice to town in that little red wagon and I'd sell it for a nickel a chunk. And sometimes I'd sell, oh, twenty-five or thirty