

also playing the stock market. One day, one of my customers showed me how much money he was making in the market. I had never even thought about the stock market before. For a few days, I looked at the market page in the newspapers. It looked good to me, and I bit with what you folks call 'heck, line and sinker.' All the money I took in, I put into stocks. The first days of October in 1929 made me feel like I was rich. The stocks I bought had gone up and up. I sold some of them and bought others. I often thought about what my mother had said and that was 'You'll get rich in America someday.' I should have paid for my fixtures, but I figured I could pay them any time. You might think I would have known better, but I didn't. I figured I could pay my debts any time, and I just let them ride.

"Trouble hit me hard during the last day of October of that year. I had become so interested with the market that I let my own business go down. I wasn't there half the time. I used my own place of business as a place to hang around in. Business dropped off, but I didn't care 'cause I was making plenty money in the market.

"During the last days of October, my stocks began to drop. I was gambling on the margin. My broker called me and told me I would have to put up more cash. I went to the bank and put up all the cash I had in the bank with my broker. It seemed to me that things would soon get better. I sent a telegram to my brother and he sent me one thousand dollars. I had about five thousand dollars invested. On that day of October 29, they told me I needed more

cash to cover up. I couldn't get it. I was wiped out that day.

"I guess disappointment comes mighty hard to some people, but that almost killed me. My brother lost in the market like me, and he couldn't help me out. I considered killing myself, 'cause I had nothing left. I found out what a fool I had been. I did manage to pay my debts by selling my cafe at rock bottom prices. I learned a lesson then. It almost killed me to see my cafe go at such a cheap price. It taught me that you've got to pay your debts to get along.

"Not long after my cafe was sold, I met a nice Greek girl named Penelope. Same as that of my mother. We kinda seemed what you call matched for each other. She lived in Charlotte and came here to see her brother when I met her. We started to going together. We decided to get married, but I didn't have much to get married on. We got married anyhow and struggled along on almost nothing. The 'flu' took her after we had been together about six months. The doctor said it was 'flu' but I think it was pneumonia. Talk about committing suicide, I felt like it then sure enough. Just before she died, she asked me to look out for her brother. He was always getting into some kind of trouble. His name was Mick. We lived with us. I got Mick a job in Greenville. He stole some money from Gus Trakas when he was working there. I told Gus I would pay everything back if he wouldn't have him arrested. Gus turned Mick over to me. I sent him to Greenville and he made good there. Gus has a small interest in one of the best restaurants in that town. He paid me back every cent I ever spent on him.