

(Yeah.)

So I just had to go. Well, the next morning we had a lot of posts to sharpen and we--otherwise we wouldn't have worked. It was just kind of drizzling little bit. Well, they said we'll go out and load up a load of posts. He was doing the cuttin and I was the mauling. That was the worst punishment I ever had. Everytime I would stop I would go to sleep.

"Pretty sleepy aren't you, Sonny." "Yeah, Dad, I am." And you know there wasn't nobody had to rub me to sleep that night after work hours. He just laughed about it. I never got so tired of doggone mauling in my life. (Static here.) Down that main street. It was just a loby lolly down there close to Burt Tinney's store. Old Johnny Gunner.

TRAVELING SALESMEN WERE CALLED "DRUMMERS"

(Well, the livery barns in those old days that was the big place I guess.) Sure was and then there was another one up there by about where old John LeFore's is right there. Yeah.

(I guess that's where everybody landed when they came into town.)

Oh, yeah. That's right. Right to the livery barn. Lloyd Gunner used to drive these drummers they called 'em, around the country in a buggy. Way down somewhere he told me where it was, down in the sticks somewhere, come to an old dry branch, drove on little ways and the old boy said, "Whoops, can't make it," said, "back up". He backed the team up a little way, said, "What's the matter?" He said, "I'm fording this creek here." Expense? Yeah, driving expense for fording the creek. (laughter) This driver driving on. I remember old Ben Sanders, one time a Texas guy come up here. He got off of the train down there and inquired if there was any old Texans in this district. "Yeah, one about 14 or 15 miles northwest of here by the name of Sanders." Along in the fall of the year, late fall. So he decided be neighborly and go over there. So walked past the house hollered, "Ben, come out." Had a workhand down there doing