

He traveled by train and that guy come up here, and he used to go down there and take your hams and things and sell to him. He had a little store down at the foot of Gaston Avenue, somewhere.

(Yeah.)

And they'd relive those days back there.

(I'd have given anything to listen to them.)

It was, yeah. This Mr. Bollinger, he's pretty old. He traveled by train. Catch the local in---

(Uh-hum.)

Passenger out, you know, so forth. Ran a local each way. That was before automobile days. He one-time--fellow by the name of Ezra Kizer, he's down at the Fort Smith cracker town. And fellow asked him, "Why can't I sell you some crackers?" And I said, "When old man Bollinger dies, I'll leave you alone." One morning he came by so I heard the old man passed away. I gave him up.

(Did Bunch have a depot here?)

Oh, yeah, we had a depot, even had a waiting room.

(Well.)

It burned during the depression.

(Where was it located?)

Out there where that bunch of post is.

(Right over there.)

Uh-huh, yeah, we had--at one time we had the agent and two operators. They were on twenty-four hours.

(Well.)

And we had a pumper, pumped water right this side of town here. And we had two section crews, one each way--had four or five, six men each.