

And me Jack Caldwell and your father that there ever was cut was making these rails for uncle John Wilkerson. A fencing, fencing a piece of ground.

(You and my dad and uh--)

Yeah. Jack Caldwell. Yeah.

(Splitting rails.)

He was sitting the wedges and we was doing the mauling. And we split eleven hundred eight foot rails that day.

(Eleven hundred!)

Eleven hundred.

(In one day?)

In one day. And me and your dad done the mauling.

(Good night.)

Old wooden maul you know. You ever see them? You've seen them old mauls, ain't you?

(Yeah. Them wooden mauls with the wedges --)

And the wedge. And then we went up another guy with us and when he spoke we all stepped around.

(Was he Indian?)

Yes. Whenever he spoke, whenever he spoke, go up there and --

(John Wilkerson?)

UNCLE JOHN WILKERSON GIVES A DANCE

We went up there and it cost you two bits to dance you know. And that fellow said, "I ain't going to give up my two bits and maybe not get to dance a set or two." Some of them boys, you know, would kind a want to pull a fast one and they'd go to the girls and say, "Don't dance with that fellow, turn him down." Well the fellows was getting pretty drunk and there was two fellows off out there a little ways and had toe sack full of whiskey. And sometimes those girls would get the money and buy that whiskey and say, "I want to go