

In the old days traveling salesmen were called "drummers". They would come into town on the train, put up at the hotel, and hire a hack and driver from the livery barn to travel thru the country visiting the country stores, trading posts, and little towns. As a rule the drummers were pretty good fellows and full of talk of places and people they had seen. Now and then would come a "smart alec" from way back East. The hack drivers watched for these particular easterners and had several ways of handling them. One old driver related that he was hired one time by a particularly nasty drummer. To even things up the driver took him over the roughest roads he could find, turned a two-day trip into three days, and tried to take him to equally nasty storekeepers. Each time the driver crossed a creek he would stop and back up a little, take out a little note book and make an entry. Finally the drummer asked him what he was doing, and the driver told him he was keeping a record of "expense for fording creeks", which the drummer would have to pay at the end of the trip. Such were some of the tricks awaiting the unpleasant type of drummer.

In old Indian Territory days humor came in all kinds of packages. Frank tells about a Texan who got off the train at Vinita one time and asked around if there were any man from Texas up in that country. He was told that there was such a man who lived 18 miles northwest of town. The Texan hired a horse from the livery stable and set out to find one Ben Sanders. When he got to Ben's ranch, Ben met him at the gate. He introduced himself and said he was from Texas. Ben stepped back a little ways where he could see his hired hand down at the barn and hollered to him to put all them calves in the barn and padlock the door. Both then had a good laugh and went on in the house for a nice visit.

Easterners were prime prey for jokesters in the early days. One time a New Yorker was traveling thru the country and hired a man to take him to see the famous 101 Ranch up in the Pawnee country from a nearby town. When the man got ready to leave they passed by a concession stand where the cook was hawking his wares with "Hamburger, all kinds! Ham, lamb, ram, sheep, mutton, burrao, bull, wild hog, and guinea." The New Yorker was interested in that buffalo namberger and asked his driver what one would cost. The driver did not know, but the man gave him five dollars to go get one. The driver had the cook fix a huge namberger with most everything in it. He paid the cook a dollar, kept a dollar for himself, and brought the big namberger and three dollars change back. The New Yorker went back East telling happily he had eaten a buffaloberger.

Years ago the fruit, candy, and newspaper vendors on the passenger trains were called "butches". Frank recalls one time, Sam Woodall, a full blood Cherokee was the street vendor of newspapers in Vinita, and always met the Katy and Frisco trains to sell the Vinita, Muskogee and Kansas papers. Sam stuttered somewhat and was not easily angered. One day he was at the depot and a butcher got off and told him that that was his train and he did not want any competition. Sam told him that if that was his train, then this was his town, and to get his train out of there.

Typical of early day Indians, Frank hunted a lot. He tells of the days before smokeless powder came into use. He says that shooting black powder shells left something to be desired. When fired the old shells left a big cloud of smoke, and the shooter had to run to one side to see if he had killed any game.