As we sit visiting, a very old Indian from Hickory Mountain, way to the southeast of Braggs comes across the street headed for the store. He was Wesley Washington, but was not interested in talking or visiting with any of the curb sitters who knew him. He was one of them that had been moved out of the military area some 30 years ago, and he seemed anxious to get back to his mountain home before someone came to take it too.

Floyd reflects on the days when he was a young boy. He tells that he used to pick up potatoes for 50¢ a day and it was hard work. He says some parts of the country raised cotton and in most any year people picked at cotton all winter long. He says unemployment was unheard of in those days. Also there was no such thing as juvenile delinquency, perhaps because fathers were quite proficient in the use of a heavy razor strop then. On occasion, fathers used buggy whips and check lines to obtain the desired results. In telling how times have changed, he says kids were taught respect and manners very early in their life. Now days it is sometimes hard for adults to carry on a conversation without some kid butting in. If such interruptions had happened when he was a boy, he would rue the day, and wished it had never happened. He recalls one time when the teacher had punished several of the children for writing notes in school. He, his brothers and sisters were all involved. His father told them in the morning that he did not have time to deal with them, but would met out justice that night. Came the end of the day and supper over, the dishes done, papa took a switch down from the fire place mantel and fairly laid the hickory to all of them.

(Another old timer walked by on his way to the post office, stopped and looked over the assortment of characters sitting on the curb spitting tobacco juice out in the dust and asked "what you fellers doing, praying for rain?". Satisfied with some garbled answers, he went on.)

Around Braggs community in the early days were the country schools of Gun Springs, Sulphur Springs, and an Indian school that at first had no name but later was called Boggs. It was at Boggs school that Floyd went most of the time. He tells that he was just a "chug-headed" boy then, and the older boys were dareing him one day to pinch a certain girl. He says he will never forget the incident. Irene was the biggest girl in the school and had a seat across the aisle from his desk. He collected his courage and reached over and pinched Irene on the breast. Irene came up with a haymaker slap that sent him rolling nearly to the door. The teacher had returned to the room in time to see the fracas, but she merely turned her back and went about writing on the blackboard, trying to hold her laughter. Floyd says that was one of the lessons of life he learned early and he never tried it again.

The first post office in the Braggs area was at Patrick some three or four miles to the west on the Arkansas River. Old man Patrick had a store there and the post office was in his store. A store was established there in the very early days when river boats plied the river.

Floyd reflects on the old days when he used to cut and hack railroad ties. In those days the pay for a good tie was from 6 to 15¢, and a man could make from five to ten a day depending on conditions. After a while he quit hacking ties when one time he brought about 50 tied in and the tie buyer culled out two-thirds of them. He had already paid a nickle each for the timber, so his sale did not amount to much.

He recalls that in the year 1936 a bad drought hit the country and nearly everything burned up for lack of water. Temperature reached as high as 113 degrees. The first rain they got was 3 inches - 3 inches between drops.