

PEOPLE DEPENDED ON SPRINGS FOR WATER - TOWN OF GROVE IS ESTABLISHED

Well we live just east of Grove where the town is now about a mile and a half and course in those days they tried to lay out their home near water, you know. But Dad found this going up there and that's the reason they layed out their place there. But down at Grandpa's place down south of there, right south of Grove, they didn't have any water. They had to haul the water from Honey Creek until later, until they dug a well. And my dad had this place up there and our place came clear down to the town of Grove. Right on the edge of Grove, well part of the town of Grove is built on our home place.

(Well, that's really interesting.)

EARLY DAY TRAVELERS CAMPED AT THE SPRING NEAR HIS HOME REGULARLY

Well, let's see what was I started to tell something else about - oh yeah, when that - during that time Southwest City to Afton there was what they call a trail in throught name of trail from Afton to Southwest City. And they carried the mail from Afton to Southwest City in a hack or sometimes, it was some kind of a coach and sometimes it would be just a hack. But they drove up from Afton to Southwest City and then they carried the mail back that day, change teams and be back that afternoon. But that was right on - that passed down right between the spring and our house which was the main road. And people would come through there from up in Arkansas and Missouri, coming into the territory to work through the summer, pretty good pay. And there would be as much as 10 and 12 wagons camped out there by the old spring. Well, they made it in order to keep the campers from burning up his posts, tearing down his fence he'd go - fall and winter, haul wood and lay it out there for those people to use for their firewood. And they just pile a big pile of it, logs and poles out there and campers would come. And lots and lots of times, I've seen as high as 10 and 12 wagons out there. Lot of times they would be gypsies. And horse traders, boy oh boy, they come through there with awfulest string of horses. And dad was a great hand at trading horses. He usually got skinned every time he tried to trade.