

Locust. He had a store here. After he got out of business here, well, they had it full of hay and it burnt down; right here in front of this house. And then there was a Hawkins had a store here, then his uncle here he run a store here awhile. Joe Wharton up here run a store a while. Sam Dodds he run a store in that building right yonder a while. Oh, we had several stores around here. Old Man Clemens he had a store here a way back along about the time of the Stampede. On the line where the graveyard is. (Inaudible--change in conversation) --we didn't know what it was back there in '07, '08, and '09, you know. We was old country boys. We didn't know what an automobile was. I remember the first steam one I ever put my foot in. I tell you that was quite a ride. I rode up there with a merchant up there. I rode from there where Chaffee school house is to Strang. We didn't have no dry roads.

(Interruption:)

About that old postmaster--we had to go to Peggs, you know, before there was any post office here we had to go to Chouteau. Used to have a grist mill at Peggs. About every Saturday, either my dad or my oldest brother-in-law, married my older sister (name not clear) they'd gather up that meal and one would go one Saturday and when they had to go get it another one would go. In a wagon it was quite a ways to drive, you know, to Peggs in a wagon and back. We'd go milling over there. They'd go to milling over there on Saturdays, why dad would generally saddle up the old pony and send me after the mail, once a week--Saturdays. And I remember one time we was over at Chouteau. Old man used to run the post office, feller by the name of Fess Pollard. Old wooden legged guy, had one leg off. He was a little late with the mail one day over there, they was telling on him; he come out of that post office, mail bags--you know, they hung that mail on a hook; he was about to miss that. Said he was a dancing