

There was a bridge there, but that was the first section line I seen opened up. We lived up here on the prairie. Coming in, call it "nigger bend" down here. On this side of the river down there was an old nigger settlement. Well, my older sister was married, a Garrison, down here. Used to live up there north of Locust out there on the river. Well, the road just wound go through pastures and through gates. Wasn't no section line. The road wound. Allowed to go where we could get permit to go. I remember them old swing gates. Used to be one between here and Chouteau. Posts on each side, go both ways, drive on each side. Double gates. Great tall posts. Wire on top (rest of sentence inaudible).

(They didn't have any graders.)

No. They didn't have no graders, nothing like that. I remember way back there when they first went to building--fixing them roads.

All they had was old slips. Just old two-horse slips, you know.

Dump and fill with them.

(End of Interview.)