

“Doing Trading” at the Ira Morris Grocery Store

By Helen (Robb) Garrett

Our first roads were almost impassable during the winter season. Living in the country meant trips into Kinmundy were in the farm wagon pulled by a team of horses. Hay was piled in the bed of the wagon, and there were sides on it to break the cold, cold wind. Weekly trips were made to the grocery store with the eggs and cream to exchange for flour, sugar, and necessities for the week. There were no computers, no grocery carts to pick up your own groceries. My mother called it “doing her trading.” The Ira Morris Store was where we “traded.” Mrs. Lou Morris would take her pencil and pad, write down Mom’s list, go to the shelves, pick up all the things wanted, add up the amount, (no adding machine) and pay Mom the difference and a free sack of candy for my brother and me! Sometimes during spring rains, we would drive over the last hill before coming to the East Fork Creek on our weekly trip to town. There it would be—completely flooded from ditch to ditch. Dad would say, “Too deep and dangerous to cross!” My brother and I would be devastated! Back home we’d go! There was no Route 37 to Farina or to Salem either. Those dirt roads became impassable during the winter. When Route 37 was completed, people called it the “Hard Road” Sometimes I still do! And now we have our Interstate 57! What an improvement!