

# MEMORIES OF HANNA

by Iva Case

Little remains of the small rural community of Hanna. Little, except for a lot of memories.

Hanna was located about six or seven miles southwest of Waynesville. It was the hub of the rural community and boasted of a postoffice, grocery store, service station, and produce, and ice house. A saw mill was a short distance away up the hollow. Cave Springs school was just up the hill.

H. F. "Whis" and Stella Dye were my grandparents. They owned and operated Hanna store for several years.

I was born at Hanna and have pleasant memories as a girl growing up there, memories of the beautiful old native rock building and surrounding area and its people.

Farmers would bring their eggs and cream to Hanna to trade for whatever they needed and hoped to have a little extra money left. The cream would be tested and the eggs candled. There was a separate building across the road we called the cream House. Grandma would let me candle the eggs. I would place one egg at a time in a metal container. It had a place to lay the egg and a candle was lit behind it. Then I would shut the door and look at the egg through a small hole. If it was clear, the egg was good. But if it had a spot in it, it had to be rejected.

Everything was sold from bins and was in bulk form. People brought in their grocery lists and handed them to the owner, who would "fill the bill." It was not self service as it is today. Dry goods, such as beans, dried fruit and etc., were scooped out of the bins, put in a brown paper sack and weighed to the amount requested by the customer. Besides groceries, the store was stocked with bolt material, thread, dyes, buttons, lace, shoes, overalls, jackets, twist and plug tobacco, lamp globes, and all sorts of dry goods. The coffee was Sunshine brand and came in quart jars that could be used for canning when the coffee was gone. The flour was in 25 pound cloth sacks. The sacks were washed and bleached and used mostly for dish towels. I remember a picture of the Goodwill family was stamped on some of the sacks. Some brands of flour were Polar Bear, Mother's Best, and Martha White.

Kerosene and oil were in big drums outside the building. The kerosene was hand pumped into the customer's car while the oil was pumped into glass quart jars. The jars had a twist-on lid with a funnel type spout for easy pouring into the vehicle. Then the jars could be filled again and ready for the next customer. The oil was all one weight. There was one gas pump out

front next to the porch. It has a glass container on top with markings to measure how many gallons of gas the customer wanted. There was a hand pump on the side to fill the glass container. I liked to pump the handle and watch the glass fill up. Sometimes I got in trouble for doing this when I was not supposed to, because the gas would evaporate before a customer came along.



Iva Mae Case in Hanna, Mo.

There was a feed house where feed could be purchased for farm animals, such as hogs, cows and chickens.

I remember the ice house, which was located to the east side of the store. It was insulated with sawdust and filled with block ice. Sawdust was sprinkled over the ice to help keep it from melting. The outside door had a heavy latch on it.

Grandma always wore an apron. If she knew a salesman or drummer was coming, she always put on a clean, starched apron. She smoothed her hair so that she would look nice when he came by. Most orders were placed with the Springfield Grocery Company salesperson.

I was always pleased when she would reach inside the large glass counter and give me a piece of hard candy. If I had saved ten mills, I could purchase a new brown penny pencil to go with my Big Chief tablet for school up the hill.

Grandpa and Grandma operated the postoffice from 1918 to 1943. It was in the back part of the grocery store. Grandma was the last postmistress. Although Hanna was not included in the boundaries of Fort Leonard Wood, it was close. Many of the families served by the Hanna postoffice were displaced. The volume of mail that once went through this rural postoffice was diminished; and it was officially closed on March 31, 1943.

Grandma mailed my parents a postcard postmarked with the last date of service from the Hanna postoffice. It represented an end of an era, but not for good memories.

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