

(Aw, them were colorful days.)

But I can't recall his name. Hugh Lawson, that's it.

(Hugh Lawson.)

Louthon. L-o-u-t-h-o-n. Louthon.

(Louthon.)

His boy's name was Gene Lynn. Look here at the horse, pretty old timey, isn't it?

(It certainly is. Yeah, that would be typical of the--kinda of a rough board inside.)

Just a little old shack when we got it.

(Yeah.)

Yeah; that was just outside that hotel.

(Well, that is interesting.)

And this pool hall. There's a house a block on west yonder. They took and built it. They moved it up there and called it their home. And the next thing we knew, 'course he got out of that because he owned it.

And this man would just take another one.

(Yes.)

Because I think between the two of them, I guess, it bothered his conscience.

He left there and she never let him in the house and he never looked at her. And then he shot that man.

(Well.)

He was just a kid, boy. You know, just a boy.

(Well, you know, the pictures have men on horses of those days.)

Here's an old time pictuee. That's my husband look here at his shoes.

Button shoes. (laughter)

(High button shoes. Well, now a fella was really dressed up in those days, wasn't he?)