

Mr.: That's an old time picture of the street out here. It must have been taken in the winter time. Here was my father's old store over there. My face was hidden here with a ball glove.

(Is that your father and mother?)

Mr.: That's my father and mother. Here's a hog scene. Look at the wagons. All loaded with hogs.

(Who took these pictures?)

Mr.: Oh, some local photographer, here's one of the first areol pictures ever taken. That was taken years ago. Look how plain it is.

Mrs.: I got to go cook supper.

(irrelevant conversation with Mrs. Levite and someone else.)

Mr.: Here's an old man and old woman. He made that outfit right there.

Him and his wife use to come to town on it. I'm on this pasteboard picture right here. You can't pick me out. Here's the changes if you live along enough.

(All right, which one are you? Who was this fellow?)

Mr.: That fellow he's still here. He's the old (unintelligible) that use to be our preacher. This is that fellow Parker that I introduced you to.

(By, he's changed a lot.)

Mr.: This fellow here is a great big fat retired school teacher.

(unintelligible)

Mrs.: Let me ask if we give those books to (---)

(END)