

## [As I See It]

Interview [?]

Mrs. Belle Kilgore

718 Wallace Street

[?,?] Mexico [/el?]

MAY 8 1937

450 Words

AS I SEE IT

BY

Jack Hull

If I were called upon to recount from the past the incident which stands out most vividly in pioneer days in this region, it would have to resolve to a personal experience at [Texico?] in 1907, when, not much more [than a?] kid, [I?] arrived on my initial voyage into the untamed southwest.

I got off the [train about?] midnight at [Mexico?]. Rain was falling in sheets and it [was?] pitch dark. The peg-legged night clerk of the little old Robinson hotel net me and carried my grip to his lobby. The place was all aglow from the single burner of [an?] old coal oil lamp. It was a [dismal?] situation for a kid just twenty-four hours removed from the rather [timselled?] life of schools.

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More or less fascinated by the wide-open aspect of the town, with its [saloons?], dance halls, and gambling places I strolled down the [board?] sidewalk and dropped into one of the saloons. Frontier night-life was in full swing in the place. Men gambled at tables, a dance was in progress in the rear of the place, and around the bar stood booted and spurred cowpunchers evidently in town to [celebr te?] after long weeks on the range.

I stopped just inside the door [n?] was taking in the sight when a big cowhand walked over to the [bar?] and, with a sweeping beckon of his arm, yelled: C 18 - N. Mex.

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“The drinks are on me. Come om up.”

Men left the game tables and all strolled to the bar for the courtesy drink which such an offer meant.

Unaccustomed to the etiquette of the west, I remained where I stood [near?] the door, and the host of the drinks spotted me.

“Say, ain't you gonna drink on me?” he asked, with his face in a scowl.

“No, thanks,” I replied, “I don't care for anything,” and with that I tho'ught the matter was dismissed. But it wasn't.

“So you won't drink on me?” he asked as he started towards me.

[I?] began to [realize?] that some thing was about to [happen?] when the bartended came to my rescue. He stepped from behind the bar and taking the [ired?] cowhand by the arm he said:

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“That's just a kid. You don't want [o?] make a kid drink on you.”

The irritated cowhand walked a little closer to me for a better appraisal of my age, I suppose, then he turned back to the bar with a wave of his arm that apparently dismissed the incident.

It is needless to say that I left..... with my first lesson in frontier etiquette well learned and a wholesome respect for a gentlemen of the range when they turn host at the bar.

)Jack Hull, Editor of Evening News.Journal)

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