Mrs.: Ole Roy Thornbee.

buried him in an old graveyard, (unclear) He had his marker down there.

(His name was Woolsey?)

Mr.: Woolsey.

(How do you spell it')

Mr.: Huh?

(How do you smell it? Woolsey?)

Mr.: oley.

Mrs.: No, you hold off jest a little bit. mosty. W.C.I.S.1.Y.

Er.: "el', that's right...well, I spelled it ......(uncle.r)

Mrs.: I don' want you to ...

Mr.: I never could smell. The 'd whup we of en missin' in smellin'. But when hi hi it come to mathematics and anything like that. By Gawd, they didn't whup we can hat. And renmanship...that...I...I never could spell. One time they give out smellin' one time, you know, in an ole ble' ack smeller. They give the thw word, Dutchman and I spelled buffalo. CXMXW Cause instead of Dutch.

Mrs.: You...like our youngest boy was when he was small. while we were studied Sunday School Lesson, our treacher boy, the was about 15, and he'd hep the little one you know, git his Sunday School Lesson. And a the title of the Lesson was