Mrs.: Ole Roy Thornbee.

Mr.: Oh, yeah, well kinda like old man that runned the Bar X ranch, Old Bone Woolsey. I don't know how old he was when he died. He asuid the older I get the he said the more I want to live. I wanta see what's gonna happen. Well, ah, he lived to get to vote for Woodrow Wilson, last time. He got in there and he hit that rooster and he crowed jest as loud as he could crow. Hollered and the rancher's wife run in there, Mrs. _____ and said, "What in the world's wrong with ya?" _____ Oh, he said, "I'm jest so Gawd, lived long enough fer both of us. Democrat ticket fer Wilson. Ran on the last ticket." He owned the old Bar X ranch. At one time he had lots of cattle and everthing. And fo' he died, he died in _____.

Mrs.: _____.

Mr.: I know. and da they took him back home, back to the old restin' place and 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 spell it? Woolsey?)

Mr.: Woley.

Mrs.: No, you hold off jest a little bit. Wolsey. W.O.L.S.E.Y.

Mr.: Well, that's right...well, I spelled it ...I...(unclear)

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

Mr.: I never could spell. They 'd whup me o en missin' in spellin'. But when hi hi it come to mathematics and anything like that. By Gawd, they didn't whup me nor h t. And penmanship...that...I...I never could spell. One time they give out spellin' one time, you know, in an ole blue back speller. They give me the word, Dutchman and I spelled buffalo. Cause instead of Dutch.

Mrs.: You...like our youngest boy was when he was small. While we were studyin' Sunday School Lesson, our preacher boy, the was about 15, and he'd hep the little one, you know, git his Sunday School Lesson. Anda the title of the Lesson was