

Yeah. Well I don't know about that. They may be some related.

(Yeah)

We know her. She our--a good friend of ours.

(Yeah she's a good woman too. I like her.)

Yeah she--And wait a minute. About little over two weeks just over two weeks. Just this last weekend we went home.

(Uh-huh)

He was ninety-one years old. Eight of this month, November.

(Well, Your--your--)

My wife's daddy.

(What's his name?)

Lorry Buck.

(Lorry Buck. Yeah. He lives over by Kenwood.)

Yeah

(Yeah)

Yeah he--.

(I know who he is.)

He's ninety-one. Him and my dad was both same age. My dad's been gone five or six years. He would have been ninety-one years old last September if he had lived. That's how old my dad was.

(Yeah. He was (not clear).)

He used to be a good rustler. I guess. Good living.

(Uh-huh)

When he was young he farmed. He used to raise cattle and hogs. See she tell me. That's where they live. Only one grow around here good farm.

(Huh)

And he said he used to butcher a beef every winter. Now she can't eat beef.