

Well, Rex, how you doing this fine afternoon? I decided to instead of writing things I thought I'd put it on tape and let you decipher them out and put them on paper the way you wanted.

I thought I'd talk about dad.

You know, Uncle Albert he said it didn't look like the boys ever did any work because the girls says they did it all. I admit I didn't do it all because I was too lazy.

Maybe I should start with a few stories that dad told me while he was herding sheep when he was a kid.

He talked about the days when he was a boy, and I suppose that I got the idea that he thought a lot more of his dad than he did his mother. He was thinking his dad was sort of henpicked. He always thought more of his dad and got along with his dad.

His mom and dad owned a store where Thompson's funeral home is right now. I remember the old building sitting there they used to have an old casket house.

His job was to go down there and take and get the milk out of the butter and press it into a pound. They never did take