

Yeah there's a little country store out there. There's two of them and the roads from here to the porch there. I was going to come up to the post office--what it was. The old man come out of that store right in front of me and he never did see me--just going along with his head down. And I walked up the road behind him--a piece you know. I was kind of eavesdropping. Talked to hisself all time. He had that little piece of meat--hold out in front of him--it was a quarter's worth. It was about that long--about half--pretty chick. And he--I'll not say what he was saying but he was cussing that piece of meat. (laughter) Said that's an awful piece of meat just for a quarter. And now they charge a dollar and a half if you get that much.

(And he was just a cussing it out?)

Yeah he thought they cheated him or something on his meat.

(When was that, now?)

Oh that was way back before we come here--

(When you lived in Arkansas.)

Uh-hum. Forty or fifty years ago.

DENTURES

(Well how old are you now, Glen?)

Must I tell you that too?

(Laughter) (You don't have to. Let me guess--well let's see--thirty-nine like Jack Benny.)

I'm a little older than that. I had a birthday just a day or two ago.

I've just been having them every two years but this time I forgot and come on one year ago. (Glen's wife reminds him that he didn't say how old he is.) Oh' yeah I never did tell you how old I was.

(No!)