

It's a crocker. But there ain't no telling how old that is.

(No, there isn't. That was before they had glass fruit jars.)

'Cause I can still remember my mother canning in that. I was little, you know.

(Well, isn't that unusual. No, I've never seen one like that.)

I must clean that up.

(Yeah, I'd certainly preserve that. I'd use it.)

Oh, I'm going to.

(I'd use something else for a doorstep.)

I'm going to.

(In case that one gets broken. Now that's an antique all right. Now I tell you how much--)

My dad shod all of us kids on that. (Referring to shoe last.)

(An old shoe last. Well, they had to repair their shoes when you were children.)

I showed you that thing hanging over there, didn't I?

(Yeah, uh-huh.)

That pickle dipper.

(That's what--I didn't know what it was.)

--well neighbors was being neighbors, you know what I mean.

(That's right.)

Is there? Really.

(No that's something you can't buy. You can't replace it. You can't get it unless it's there.)

SPELLING BEE - AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENT - LOVE FOR NEIGHBORS

You see when I was growing up we had spelling bees. What did we call it?

We had something once a week of a night at school house. Maybe we'd put on a play, us kids, you know, would. We had a name for it, but I can't recall.