

It reminded me of when I was growing up when we would do the very same thing—stand on the plow as my dad or granddaddy plowed what was to become our garden. The only difference was that we would do that on a plow pulled by my granddaddy's old Farmall tractor instead of on a plow pulled by a team of mules. Either way, it was a fond memory. Thank you for continuing to stoke those good old memories.

Rev. Daniel Collins, via email

A Small World

Just like the lyrics of that addictive song from the kids' ride at Disney World, it really is a small, small world. As I read the July/August 2020 edition of *Good Old Days* magazine, I came across the story "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face" by Suzanne Lowe Weerts about her parents, Bill and Dottie Lowe. Bill met Dottie in New

York, where he was visiting from submarine school in Groton, Conn., in early 1963. I was also a student at the submarine school in Groton in early 1963. Bill had joined the Navy soon after high school graduation; so had I. Bill had graduated from Elizabethton High School in East Tennessee. I graduated from South High School in Knoxville, a nearly two-hour drive from Elizabethton but still in East Tennessee. After all these years I only remember a few of the men from my own sub school class, and there were several classes going all the time. It would really be strange if we had been in the same class; I doubt if we were. But Suzanne's story made my mind go back and relive some of those times. Thanks to her for her submission and to you folks for including it.

*Carl E. Smith
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Where Did Our Stories Come From in This Issue?



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ity for return or safety of unsolicited materials.