

When one of the relatives decided to "go visiting," the lumber wagon would start out, gathering up relatives as it went, until it landed eventually at the Tubbs' front door. I have known as many as twenty-two grown-ups and children to come at one time. My mother, seeing the wagon drive up, with people tumbling out one after the other, would cry: "O my! The Tubbs have company again" and gathering up everything edible she could find in our pantry, would run over to help in the emergency.

On the other hand, such is small town neighborliness, if Mrs. Tubbs noticed unexpected guests arriving at our door, she would cross the street immediately with fresh eggs and butter, a quart of cream--perhaps a chicken or two.

As Nellie and I grew older, one of the girls in our grade left school to be married. This was the nearest we had ever come to matrimony at our age level. The girl was married without fuss or feathers and immediately went to housekeeping on a farm about 12 miles distant. She invited Nellie and me to come as soon as we could to "spend the day."

Nellie asked her father if we could use one of the horses to make the drive. The Tubbs had no horse reserved strictly for carriage use, but drove one of the farm horses when it wasn't needed for ploughing or reaping.

Mr. Tubbs consented rather grudgingly and set a day when the horse could be spared.

Nellie and I sent word to our friend Anna that we would arrive Thursday in time for dinner. We spent all the intervening days planning what we would take to the bride, what questions we would ask her and wondering what she would look like --- surely brides