

PREFACE TO SUCCEEDING CHAPTERS

IS IT NOT FUN TO BE TWO YEARS OLD?

To put a preface amid the text of a book is unconventional, but when you write your own book, you can do as you please. It happened that after the following chapters were written they seemed to need a preface and besides Grandfather had something cute to tell you. Hence, just when you thought you were well started in reading this book, you bump right into a preface again.

Now that we have told you what we did not have and what we did have, let us go back to the very beginning and let Grandfather tell you what a cute baby Grandmother was. Of course, Grandfather never saw Grandmother until she was grown up, but he just knows that she was a cute baby. Grandfather knows how cute Camilla is, and how charming Aunt Ruth and Aunt Grace were as babies and Grandfather knows - and is sure you will grant it - that when it comes to cuteness as babies, none of you has anything on your grandmother. Grandfather is certain that Grandmother when two years old was a perfect darling, just too cute for words.

But when it comes to Grandfather, now you would not guess that he could ever have charmed his cousins with a cute line of baby talk, would you? I can hear your answer in chorus - "We would not!" Now, of course, it would be presumptuous of Grandfather to insist that at one time he was cute, and quite preposterous of him to claim that he remembered being cute, but right when Grandfather was writing this very book, along comes a letter from his Cousin May Gallison Read - maybe you can scarcely believe what she wrote - but at any rate here it is. Doesn't it make you smile?

"Strange how soon one gets to be an ancestor, oneself, isn't it? I have four grandchildren and you six - yet, well I remember the engaging smile and cute line of talk with which you charmed us all when you visited Machias at two years of age! I also remember very pleasantly the visit to your mother when we visited your school and heard you recite your geography lesson, but I knew you best through Aunt Cyrene. You were, indeed, very dear to her heart."