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ALWAYS HOME FOR ONE MORE

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pies. Becky had a blue velvet coat. Boy a brown velvet coat. Giggie a new bonnet. Mrs. David had just made them! What a mistake the blueberry pies were that time! Another time we picked up Ed's sister at Randolph. To get her located in the car, it was necessary to remove some things first. When we reached Tunbridge we found the large pan of baked beans had ridden successfully on the running board for twenty-five miles! Ed had something in the back of his mind. When Boy was three or so Ed told Martha. "The little Vosburgh boys should not grow up not knowing one another. I'm going to see if I can find them and bring them up here for the summer vacation."

Martha agreed. Boy had developed asthma and still needed constant care. A fresh-air child was due from New York. Two more boys would be no bother! Martha had a helper in the post office now: Aunt Kitty was always there.

Ed found the little boys, Elgin and Cameron, living under hard conditions. One of them had been mistreated. Both were malnourished. Elgin was eleven. He had completely forgotten the baby he had mourned. Cameron was small for his age. They came up to the big house like the fresh-air child, no intention of getting out of the fresh air unless compelled. Both boys were like troopers.

Elgin, at six, had very little training of any kind. But Martha's and Ed's hearts were open to love them and make them happy. Giggie and Becky and Boy were disposed to open admiration. They found Elgin honest, painstaking, but moody and shy. He would do any task assigned to him, but he had no intention of getting involved with people. Martha bought oranges by the case and set them out in the woodshed. Cameron would never take an orange unless no one was looking. The busy household caught the boys up in its routine without bother and with much love. There were good times—picnics and fun and laughter. Elgin could not quite maintain his attitude. Even he began to believe that it was all true.

Summers must end. The morning came when the boys were to go back. Ed went out to milk the cow while Martha made them ready. Ed came back into the kitchen and put the full milk pail on the table. "We can't send them back!" he said. Martha's eyes filled with grateful tears. She began at once to unpack their bundles. "I'll see about starting them in the school."

Whoever else came or went, there was always Aunt Kitty: Miss Carolyn Blodgett Weymouth, born in Wisconsin in pioneer days, brought back to Vermont after her mother died when Kitty was three. Aunt Kitty never left Martha's mother as long as she lived, and afterward always lived with Martha. She taught school in Vermont for forty years, then lived out the rest of her life in Martha's house, always busy with the children.

"I could never have done it without Aunt Kitty," Martha avers.

MENTION must be made here of "Old John." John Kellogg was a fixture in the family and important to the children. John went to Trinity College with Martha's brothers, Closson and George. After college he came home with them and stayed on. He lived with Closson for many years, then Martha inherited him. Old John was queer. He could not earn a living. The Gilberts and the Kibbys just looked after him. John did the chores. He tended the garden, fed the pig, brought in wood. Ed would not let John care for the cow. John lived his own life, always backtracking himself, coming in the same door as out he went. Once when Becky was struggling with Vergil, John called from the room beyond. "Ovid is easier."

Martha sometimes worried lest the boys grow up lazy. For Old John did not like help with the chores. The children were taught in childhood that they must always consider Old John's feelings, his pride. They did not need to be taught to look up to Aunt Kitty. She knew everything, the children firmly believed. She could spell all words, answer all questions, do any reckoning. Even when she grew very old and frail, a little absent, they loved her dearly. Becky nursed Aunt Kitty in her last illness. This attitude toward older people was part of the spirit that went into all the children.

But even with such good assistance, it was not a pathway strewn with roses. There was sickness—mumps, measles, chicken pox, and worse. Martha's brother George came up to the village. Always a strenuous man, he played ball with the boys all day. They hiked on the mountain. They came back and went over to the school where they ate quantities of ice cream. The next day Giggie came running into the post office. "Come quick, ma. Cameron's awful sick!" Martha flew. Cameron was thirteen. He had come to her with a mild fever. Now he was in bed with a high temperature. She began to see the doctor. He came and he said, "I'll see about starting them in the school."

Without delay, she called the doctor. He came and he said, "I'll see about starting them in the school."



How much should a husband be pampered? Go ahead and spoil him a little—he deserves it! Near pampering trick: serve him dishes "like Mother used to make"—for instance, dessert made with real, genuine Minute Tapioca. He'll lap it up and purr for more! Try this one:

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