

January 1, 1952

This is the day we are supposed to make resolutions for the new year. I resolve right now not to make any resolutions; so I won't have any to break.

Resolutions are really promises to one's ownself. I can fool myself easier and less painful than I can anyone else. It is always more fun to do something you shouldn't; then if I say I am going to quit drinking water for my resolution, water will become just the thing I desire. Just like telling little Johnny to stay out of the pantry because there is candy in there.

Instead of making resolutions, we should take inventory; and throw out all the old junk and polish up the ideas we want to keep for another year.

If the past year's pattern is a good fit, we should continue to use it and cut from it still better things.

Resolutions are like trying to diet. I am always going to—I and a million others. But food is man's downfall and partner of the devil. And most people live to eat and not eat to live.

Resolutions, too, are like trying to cut down on the lights and water. That's the month the lights are left on all day in the upstairs bedroom and the water pipe leaks under the house and the water meter hasn't any rest.

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If you squeeze the juice from lemons and forget about the remains; you are wasting the tastiest part. Before squeezing, grate the rind into a shallow dish and dry the gratings for future use. Adds a zestful touch to apple pies and many other dishes.

When powdered sugar becomes lumpy; iron out the bumps by placing the sugar in a paper sack and roll with the rolling pin.

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January 2, 1952

This day and age, so much runs by electricity, I can't help but think human beings operate in this same way.

For instance, some people have the capacity of doing a whole factory of work and others sit around letting their job pile up behind them. Perhaps the busy man has more electrical energy.

Maybe the next step the scientist will take; is to find what types have more electricity than others; or what foods produce more watts. Then the ever popular vitamin will have to take a back seat and we can take pills to build up our kilowatts.

Oh well, if we were all alike, the world would be a very dull place and it wouldn't be any fun to sit in your parked car and wonder at the varieties of the people that pass by.

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The secret in successful fried meats is to have a good hot skillet and plenty of fresh grease.

You will like oysters better if you clean out the grit. Dip them first in flour, then in beaten egg, and lastly in finely ground cracker or bread crumbs. If you always dip clams in flour first as you do oysters, they, too, will be very tender; as this coating of flour insulates and holds in the steam.

Did you ever try shrimp soup? It is different. First boil the shrimps for a few minutes in water; then add milk and heat to boiling. Flavor with butter and salt and pepper; if desired. Some may prefer to thicken; but this would add unnecessary calories.

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January 3, 1952

The weather is on the chilly side and I see the youngsters going to and from school with anklets for stockings; and the ladies going to town with no more than dame style wears.

Some time ago, I read an article about how habits will change physical characteristics in generations to come. In this modern world, writes this author, we don't walk enough to merit toes; so eventually humans would be borned without lower digits.

So, seeing people with unclothed legs weathering the extreme cold, I do wonder that in the future, stockings won't be necessary—for fur will grow on every leg.

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Wash on Monday; iron and mend on Tuesday and your worst chore is done—leaving the rest of the week for clear sailing. The Gallup Poll says 28% of the women say washing and ironing is their worst head ache. It can be made easier; especially if it is done at a regular time and the hand washing done in the middle of the week.

Every day, do some little job around the house—spend 15 or 20 minutes; then when Saturday rolls around the cleaning isn't near so gruesome.

It only takes a few minutes to dust every day. These few minutes are well spent. Your furniture will look at you with brighter faces; makes you feel more cheerful, too; and you won't have to make embarrassing apologies to guests.

Keep all the scissors hung on a rack in one place and enforce the rules that they must be put there. There are more hours lost in a year hunting for scissors; almost like the blotter situation—the ink always dries before you find one

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January 4, 1952

Did you know that time is the most important thing in our lives?

When we are born the first thing is what time and what day. Time from then on ages us. For the first year of a baby's life, his age is calculated by months and days; as the little one gets older time as related to his age evaporates into getting to meals on time; to the job; to school; or to dates.

Our lives are governed by the clock; in your house, like ours, each of you probably have a wrist watch; and two or three dead ones, too, stuck away in a box; then there will be at least two alarm clocks; because one might breathe its last any minute. Don't forget an electric clock—the clerk says they are the most reliable time piece; but he didn't comment on the power situation.

When every time piece in the house has a different angle, you get desperate and turn on one of the two radios; then wait 15 minutes to find the clocks were all within ten minutes of having the right time.

In every room is a calendar; even the bathroom; so you can quietly sit and ponder what you can do each day of the month.

Time has become so important we have forgotten how to relax, to be sociable and neighborly—we don't have time. We humans have just found too much to do and haven't yet found a way to stretch T-I-M-E. In spite of all our modern conveniences and fast conveyances, I'll be darned if time isn't going a little faster than we are.

Oh, Oh! It's time I quit writing and get to work.

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TIME AND TIDE STOPS FOR NO MAN.

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January 5, 1952

The age of the auto back seated the horse and buggy and also another world institution—the neighborly get togethers.

In the “Good old days” when the movies were miles and days away from the old homestead; and in most cases, something we read about; the radio was in the test tube and not in every room. We would hitch up the reluctant mare and the frisky filly (They would much rather stay in the cozy barn and munch hay.) and down the sticky, muddy road went the entourage—destination neighbors house or community hall.

Seating room in the old wagon was limited. Little sisters sat on big sister's lap. Nowadays sisters don't have that close relationship. Mother held the sleeping baby. The kids fought over the blanket; the board seat was cold and splintery; so you couldn't do much squirming.

In alighting, best dresses brushed over muddy wheels and patent leather shoes often mired in the soft mud. Into a lamp lit room Papa led the family procession. The same warm greetings were given one and all, friends or newcomers. When conversation on

crops, world situation (they had that then, too) illness, and babies become boring; out would come the violin, maybe a guitar; and to the obligato of the never tuned piano, the dancing begun.

The word CLIQUE in those days was as foreign as its derivation. Everyone danced from the time they could walk. The midnight hour danced faster than the merriment. By that hour the young ones wilted and succumbed to one bed. Hour by hour the bed piled full of assorted sizes of children. When you were awakened about six a. m. to go home for chores. (The old folks always danced all night.) you discovered you had slept next to a brat who hadn't been housebroken.

Them was the good old days and are only in the albums, the old songs, the movies, and in a few backwoods places of this world. I am sorry the sociability couldn't have stayed with us.

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