

January 6, 1952

Opinions differ as to what makes a good Christian. There are probably more hypocrites who go to church than Christians.

Like the Ostrich people think by going to church they can cover up their worst side. Like the Ostrich, the biggest part of them sticks out.

Politics and religion, they say, are poor subjects to argue--it has too many angles; and no one can possibly win an argument on a three sided question: your side, my side, and the right side.

There are so many denominations all professing perfection; that one of broad mind can only live a true, honest life, and read the Bible. Listen to all the denominations with tolerance and open mind; and go to the church in your neighborhood; one where you feel happy and relaxed at their services.

If we would all live by the "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" concept, there would be little conflict among peoples or nations.

When I am tempted to be spiteful, I say to myself, "If they would do that to me, I wouldn't like it"; so there can be some people in the world thankful I carry that motto under my skin.

Now if I told you all the things I thought composed a good Christian, you would likely disagree. No one has ever agreed on the subject; so I sign off--my next year's opinion might disagree.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

St. Luke 6—37

January 7, 1952

January is a bad month for me and for some people March is their voodoo. It isn't because of the weather, either; although I can't brag on that score for either month. January was named after Janus, who had two faces--one looking forward, the other backward. The Roman year originally began in March.

So that is why we pay income tax either in January or in March; according to whether you are in business for yourself or employed by another. Of course, January and March being known as the first months of the year would be appropriate to pay your income taxes as by the time you have filled in all the forms and read all the conflicting directions--you aren't able to look neither backward nor forward.

Anyway, I think the first part of the year is a poor time to pay taxes. That's when our pocket books are so flat they stick together and, even though there wasn't any red tape connected with the "Infernal Revenue Collecting", the weather is enough to make you

mad at everything.

About the time the shock wears off from the January siege, March 15th comes along and you are sent a blank. "Please estimate your income for the year." How can anyone foretell the future? If the government can do that, I don't see why they get themselves in such a mess.

Wearied by the March winds, the drain on an empty pocketbook, and aches and pains in a confused head; April rolls around and you had forgotten; but not for long. It's time to pay the State Income taxes. So there is another week of papers spread across the desk and dishevelled brains.

Little wonder there are so many people in the State of Mental Confusion.

January 8, 1952

Just finished or half digested the daily paper. If I were to believe all the headlines, I would be an awful pessimist.

The biggest headlines are politics, murder, graft, and tragedy. They all belong in the same category. I think that only the good should be printed on the front pages; then by the time you came to the bad, you would have a cheerful mental attitude and could bear the tragedies.

There is always some big ego in this world, who thinks he can outdo the most notorious crime printed or the greatest graft. If the papers wouldn't make such a "splash" over those things, perhaps there wouldn't be a worse one to print tomorrow.

Biggest percent of the people read the murders and politics first. They should begin with the funnies and the editorials. At least, get the truth. There is tragedy in the comics; but the hero seldom is the victim; and we happily see him through a thousand practically impossible situations.

The editorial page, in most papers, has the opinions of many on the same subject. You usually can find a writer that agrees with you and that makes you feel very good.

Papers are handy and indispensable even if they are never read. Many a backwoods house has been papered with the News--fires are kindled--freshly scrubbed floors are protected--garbage cans are lined--and newspapers are protectors from cold and sun.

Even if a newspaper is Read and red all over it is good for something.

January 9, 1952

Food is food for thought. In reading a magazine, on one page I find authoritative article on “Food is killing more people than war”. Twenty pages of this same journal is devoted to colored advertisements and tested recipes for the richest foods one can eat.

Doctors and advertisers and home economists should confer and meet at a happy medium. If too much rich foods are inviting disease and premature old age; these goodies should not be fanfared.

To you renowned good cooks, is it not a challenge to bake a gooey-gooey pie like pictured in the magazine? Tastes mighty good, too; but each piece adds 500 calories to an already over padded figure.

When such calorie laden foods are advertised and pictured, they should first have a warning printed in large letters “BEWARE—IF YOU WEIGH MORE THAN YOUR SHARE”.

According to the statistics more people are over-weight than under; so there could only be a few who would healthfully be able to indulge. (Lets me out, too; so don’t feel abused.)

I am going to invent a scales—one that you can set your correct weight and if you go over that a red light comes on and a siren blows.

If a constant temptation of rich, unhealthy foods were not set before the public, I do believe the fat of the land would diminish. Can you pass the bakery without temptation? Rarely, and likely it won’t be the loaf of bread you buy.

Simple salads without fancy dressings are seldom featured in restaurants. Salads should be served plain and the dressing separate. Each item on the menu could indicate calorie content.

The greatest satisfaction from food comes not from the rich, calorie laden goodies, but from the vital necessities of vitamins and mineral enriched vegetables and meats. If at the end of the day, you have eaten three squares and still feel hunger knocking, lock the door; and check up on what you have eaten since breakfast. The calorie intake will be greater than your salary for the year; and like most people, spent for luxuries of extra carbohydrates and not for vitamins and minerals.

This is a bad subject for me to get into; because I am just as guilty as you are; and will have to train my will power, too, to leave those goodies in the pictures.

January 10, 1952

Conservation and conversation are a matter of interchanging two letters; such close cousins in looks; but in meaning unrelated; yet, in these times, should never be separated.

We cannot talk too much on conservation. The rapid rate metals are manufactured takes heavy toll of minerals; the huge lumbering industry mowing down the forests; and

the huge government expenditures exposing our Nation to who knows what.

At home should begin the habit of conservation. The garbage man hauls away enough to feed another family. Clothing is seldom worn out and left in closets for moth banquets and outmoded. Many outgrown garments can be given to younger friends or relatives or remade into wearable garments.

Most modern children are not taught thrift. The weekly allowance is not budgeted and likely spent for sweets and cokes, of which there can be too many consumed.

Like manners children should be taught from infancy to respect property and conserve their assets. It is disgusting how public property is often destroyed or damaged; this is considered “smart” by some people.

There seems to be a campaign to save the world; but if we don’t start saving our country and its resources there will have to be another country save us.

Honestly, I do think there is a hope for us; but we should all be more conservative and start right in our homes, and try to influence the community, the county, the state, and our country. Public expenditures could be less; we all know there is waste and unwise spending.

January 11, 1952

Like parents of every generation of the past, I wonder at the modern youth. The styles mostly have me baffled. I do admire the comfortable way of not having to wear such long draggy skirts and tight fitting garments; but -----

I can’t see why the girls buy heavy cuffed anklets and roll them down below the ankle in a bulky bulge. Why buy long denim jeans and roll them up to the knee in a cumbersome fold; that could cause growing legs to be as bowed as a genuine cowpuncher’s?

The latest is a sleeveless, turtle neck sweater. While you are gasping for breath, your arms are goose-pimpled and blue. Makes me shiver to see them. The tight skirts are almost shoe top length and every step is a hula motion. Seems so unbalanced and like one should clip off the bottom and add it to the sides.

Extremes in style is not limited to the females. The boys wear jeans so tight fitting you can see the shapes of each muscle--or whether they have any. Like their glamorous girl friends only the best brands of clothing befit their majesty’s wardrobe; so naturally only the fifteen or twenty dollar shirts are good enough.

Hair styles for both sex are very time consuming to keep in the perfect taste of the season. It takes two hours a day for a gal to pin curl and probably an hour for a boy to get all slicked and each hair carefully trained to the rear of the skull for the “Ducks Tail Coiffure”.

These styles are very hard on the old folk's nerves and pocketbooks; because the young ones simply cannot wear any garment unless it meets the rigid specifications set by the school gang. The folks may argue until more gray hairs are hatched and it does not bring peace to either side; as the next day another new fad is begun.

January 12, 1952

Our cat is to be envied. What a soft life he leads? Of course, I don't say this is true of all felines; but he really does live like a king. He gets and demands only his idea of the choices in canned cat food. Any stretching by adding cereal or vegetables is frowned upon with a jerk of his tail. He will eat it, if he thinks he can't buffalo someone to give him the works in the pure undiluted form.

I especially envy him because he can relax. Have you ever noticed how quickly a cat can be completely asleep? That shows he has no income tax or other worries. He can curl up in your favorite chair, and never have any qualms about trespassing.

If he sharpens his claws on the highly polished hardwood table legs, it's no concern of his because he doesn't have to work a half day renewing the finish. The slap he gets with a hard hand is only felt a few moments and in an hour or two someone will be loving and play with him again.

When the family is away and no warm stove to sleep by, he goes to the neighbors and puts on a cunning show for them and for reward he can sleep in warmth with their kitty.

Chet says that is the way it was for humans in the cave man days. Their only worry was food and that, too, is probably the cat's greatest anxiety. I hate to think of myself in a category with cats (probably, at times, my neighbors have put me there). I don't think I would get much pleasure from eating birds, mice, or moles.

Cats are fond of catnip; and the most unusual thing—you couldn't guess—Purex. Sometime if you have been using the chemical hold your hands down by the cat and watch him. We put a few drops on the catnip mouse and the rascal spent an hour of enjoyment.

Editor's note: Please do not expose bare skin or a pet to bleach. I, too, have noticed this effect it has on cats; but its chemical strength must be carefully considered. I use distilled white vinegar to clean and disinfect. If you have iron in your water, I suggest you'll find it's much more effective than bleach for the whites in your laundry and to eliminate stains in the toilet bowl.
