

January 13, 1952

I recently read that more people are joining and going to church than ever before. It is about time the tide is turning in that direction.

Since the advent of the speed age, few people had time to brother with church on Sunday. It was so wonderful to take a ride in the family auto; and as the years have aged us and designed faster and more comfortable conveyances; the more tempting it is to take off the whole day Sunday and go for a drive.

It is very understandable why the old timers went to church. It was their meeting place not only to worship but also to discuss politics and gossip. They had slow transportation and poor roads; so couldn't venture too far. They had many hardships that needed divine help to soften the load.

In our modern day life, the necessary things come easily; so we only go to God when real tragedy hits. The old timer had so many trials, he needed constant guidance.

Again life is becoming confusing with unrest and war; we feel the need of help and divine comfort; so are rightfully turning to Him and realize the relaxation in attending church and learning the real meaning of living.

“And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.”

--Genesis 2:2

January 14, 1952

We have all heard the remark, “I don't understand this modern youth.” That has been said probably of every generation since Adam.

At times, the younger ones are baffling and we went through that stage, too. Youth can be divided into several steps of development: innocent infancy, question, show off, and from 12 to 17, the impossible age.

The “impossible age” is the most aggravating. It is impossible to please them, impossible to tell what they will do, impossible to take their insults, and they tell you, you are IMPOSSIBLE. So you don't ever know where you stand.

One solution is patience to bear it and above all to stand your own ground; don't give in one inch. Thankfully, they run down after the 16th birthday and begin to wonder, too, why teenagers are so impossible.

Because many do not understand the “Impossible Age”, is one reason there are so many juvenile delinquents. Believe me it takes a lot of fortitude to fight the battle seven days of the week.

We adults (or am I grown up enough yet to be classed as such?) should study the teen age group and try to meet them half way with sense and reason. They are not always wrong; we get more set in our ideas, too, the older our age. We must consider their living habits have changed from our teen age years and their personalities all are different.

Today's life is a restless one filled with uncertainty caused by world affairs. It is reflected in all our every day lives. We parents and older people should give wise counsel and proof that we are good examples for the up-coming generation.

If both parents smoke and drink and have wild ways, what can they expect of their children? There are exceptions to all rules. I have seen youngsters from carousing families so sick of it, they are excellent citizens after they leave home. But angels aren't hatched, usually, from hot beds of sin; so we parents must really toe the straight and narrow path--especially while our little ones are going through the teen-age development.

January 15, 1952

Like the old model T Ford, we get rusty with age. I hadn't noticed as much as I have the last few years. No matter how young you marry, when it comes time for the little ones to fly the nest, you feel a little rheumatism sneaking into the bones and the upper story.

I have been noting the little things. The spelling book is farther in the past and the dictionary gets a lot of attention these days. I forget people's names; and have had to submit to repeating a name at introduction; and to associate it with material things.

Movie idols have lost their charm and I seldom remember who plays in what. This is a very bad sign of old age; and very aggravating to the younger generation.

Jazz music sounds all the same and fills my head with visions of all the kettles falling from the cupboard. I can only remember songs of the soothing, lullaby nature.

The worst fault of old age is slowly breaking out, I have caught myself repeating. I have only one consolation, I am not the only one having the same difficulties.

The best solution is to be with young people as much as possible and especially in a field where you are teaching them any little thing. You cannot keep from absorbing some of the youthful enthusiasm; and you certainly will keep up on the latest slang, likes and dislikes. It will keep your patience in good repair, too.

Speaking of things that wear out. The vacuum cleaner cord will last longer and not have "corditis" if you wind it in a figure 8 instead of around and around. This goes for any cords or even the garden hose.

January 16, 1952

Music lessons are an awful chore for Mamma and kids, too; but it sure is wonderful for Mamma and kids, too, when there is song and music in the home other than the radio and phonograph.

It takes about six years of nagging, bragging, bribing, and gray hairs to get a young one to the place where he or she can rattle off the latest on the old pianny.

The music teacher is the most patient person built. How she can endure those first years of tinkle, drum, bang, I don't know? The parents have one practice session a day; but she has eight hours.

About the time I would be ready to give up in utter despair from trying to squeeze 30 minutes of practice per day; little Miss Impossible got all enthused over a new piece and life was all music again for another week or two. It is, with music, one week on the mountain top and the next in the sewer.

One day it is "I hate this long haired stuff; I don't see why I have to have it—so and so doesn't."

The next day, "I am so glad I can play some classical things—so and so just doesn't have the background to play all the things."

Somehow you go through this year after year and kid after kid. You count up the cost and wonder if it is worth it.

Then to your surprise you discover you have had free lessons in the appreciation of music. You have learned the names of all the famous composers; and can even listen to some of the symphony orchestras.

January 17, 1952

I have come to the conclusion that people are naturally lazy. The main reason for them working is a matter of pride and an egotistical feeling of satisfaction if the other fellow's accomplishments can be bested.

Hunger can't be left out of the picture; but this sometimes is satisfied without any efforts. Only the laziest merely wear clothes for protection; the greater percent take pride in cleanliness and being in style.

A small percent merely exist in some sort of shelter; but the most of us take pride in a home and work hard in hopes of some day having a better abode.

Some people get along with others or I might say just tolerate the rest of us; because they are here and have to. I like to feel I am wanted and take pride in trying to be on good terms with everyone.

A small percent of the humans do most of the work. The community load usually is borne by a few willing workers. These few bear all the criticism along with the labor. The

lazy set back and make comments.

While the afternoon coffee drinking crowd is gossiping and wasting many hours a day, the busy bees are doing everyone's work.

I often wonder who lives the longer?

If you let the cake set in the pan at least five minutes before turning onto the cake rack to cool, it will be twice as easy to handle.

January 18, 1952

THANK YOU is the nicest expression in the English language. Friends are gained and lost because of it; and it can make the most miserable well at heart again.

It should be the first expression taught a baby; and usually is. How wonderful to hear those first words of appreciation. When I hear a child say, "Thank you", I know the parents are trying to rear their children rightly.

No matter how busy we may be, we should take time out to say a word of thanks to those who have favored us. It might be ever such a little gift or lift; but "thank you" means so much.

There are special cards printed for thank yous for gifts; they are very nice; but I do like a personally written message the best--it seems more sincere. So much of our writing is done for us these days in the printed form; we have become lazy and are losing the true meaning a personal message can bring.

Everyone is running along life's road so fast; do you know we have forgotten to thank God for all the blessings bestowed upon us here in the United States?

This isn't Thanksgiving Day but it would be satisfying to our own souls to set aside a few moments every day to give thanks for so many wonderful things.

If you like a soft frosting, try this. Put a well packed cupful of brown sugar in top of double boiler. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful hot water and let mixture dissolve. Add large egg white and beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until it is the consistency you desire. Spread between layers and thinly over top. Leave about $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful and place over hot water; to this add $\frac{1}{2}$ square of chocolate. Let chocolate melt into frosting then spread on top of cake and form into design.

January 19, 1952

This being a stormy Saturday and no one having to rush to work or to school, we slept in. During the busy week days, everyone takes orders from the clock and up and at 'em quite early.

Some mornings I wish I could just sleep in and wait for just such an occasion. After this Saturday a. m. I don't know whether I appreciate that opportunity or not.

For all the extra sleep, I feel worse and have a "sleep hangover". The necessary work isn't done and seems to drag into the late afternoon. As it happened this morn, I had invitation to go to the city; and was caught with my pants down, so to speak.

So it doesn't pay to sleep in. Sure enough the "Early Bird Catches the Worm". Work isn't half as easy to do late as it is early. From now on, I will prefer the early shift.

I know people who sleep until noon and up half the night; but I can't see any gain from that. Sunlight is missed and light bills are growled at; with blame laid to the meter. And the only meter going around too fast is the human.

Sometimes babies get their hours mixed and want to sleep all day and awake at night. It is quite a chore to get the little one back on schedule again. This same thing has happened to some older babies; but they are harder to reschedule--stubbornness having ruled them too many years.

Electricity has made the late hour habit an easy one. I can plainly see why in the "kerosene age", people went to roost with the birds and had to be up at the crack of dawn. Wouldn't we hate to go back to that?

Say, if you get up and go by my place by seven a. m. and I'm not up, please ring the doorbell.
