

January 20, 1952

Because most churches welcome everyone irregardless of stature, dress, or color; they are often cruelly criticized.

It is the one haven of society where all the misfits can go and feel wanted. This is as it should be. But too many people avoid the church because they don't want to rub elbows with the misfits. It takes all kinds to make up the population and to feel we don't wish to associate with our conception of the "lower class" is but snobbishness and narrow-mindedness.

"All men are created equal"; and no one has a right to feel he is better than the other. It is true that some have not grown in intelligence and tact; but one should pity and try to help those unfortunate.

The modern world offers so many exciting pastimes, it is easy to forget duty to the church. More and more churches are realizing this and are endeavoring to teach God's word in a manner keyed to these times. Visual education is fast becoming an important means of teaching the Bible.

Some of the movies based on Biblical stories have done more to teach Bible History than anything else. I think the churches would do well to use visual education in more of their programs. No one seems to mind going to the theatre and mingling with every class of people.

January 21, 1952

The pen is mightier than the sword. These days the pen is mighty busy and if a fellow read 24 hours a day, he would never surround all there is to read.

Propaganda on every issue is printed. Every ruse under the sun is tried to sway people pro and con. Authors are by the thousands. (Don't look at me; I'm not one.)

About the time one subject is read long enough to become addicted; there is another article just as convincing and to the reverse; so it is endless.

There might be a solution to this war situation. Instead of each side writing slams about the enemy, it should be glowing praises. In writing, it seems, it is so much easier to elaborate on the bad than to tell of the good.

I am not in favor of communism; but I think they do have some good points--if only a few; and should have a right to their opinions. Our way of life has lots of wonderful parts to its make up; but some bad ones, too.

So the pen is a weapon and can surely bring war as quickly as the sword; and it should be used with thought and caution.

In mending a long rip in any garment; hold together with scotch tape; then there won't be any difficulty with puckering.

January 22, 1952

The last few years there have been several movies with Angels. Some people think they are silly; but I have enjoyed everyone I have seen.

Isn't it a pleasant thought that you, too, may have a guardian Angel? I have been hoping our president has one--he sure needs a helping hand; and not from the fellow with the pitchfork.

One thing I like about the Angel movies is that they have a decided moral and this is good family movie subject. So many of the stories lack an objective; especially one that all ages can appreciate.

Angels in the movies are good entertainment and provide such an interesting story I can forget worldly messes and really relax. (There is probably an Angel looking over my shoulder and I hope he approves of this.)

The most interesting class prophecy was one written for the Senior Class in my high school in 1929. It had two scenes: Heaven and Hades. I often wonder about this play and how nearly it prophesied. I hope that it eventually only has the first scene.

When I was a child, I saw a picture showing an Angel protecting two children playing by a cliff. I thought it was beautiful and never forgot it. A few years ago I found this picture and now have it.

Perhaps, you may say I am a little childish; but it is such a safe feeling to want to believe some one is watching over you. I hope Hollywood makes more Angel pictures.

January 23, 1952

Everyone said they were made for each other--a modest, ambitious, and very handsome couple. There was never any public show of affection; but you could tell when their eyes met, it was real and everlasting devotion.

It was a story book romance; the boy next door and the girl next door. When he left to serve Uncle Sam, they wrote every day; so it was no surprise, when he came home, the day was set.

The Eve before the nuptials, the wedding party gathered at the Little Church for rehearsal. We were all nervous except the bride and groom who repeated the parts of the ceremony to be spoken by them without hesitation or concern.

The minister smiled reassuringly at the groom, "When I say, 'I pronounce you man and wife', that is the cue for you to kiss the bride--but that is up to you if you wish to kiss

her.”

There was a profound silence while the groom looked adoringly at the girl beside him. I think we all expected him to kiss her; but he turned to the minister.

“Do we have to kiss -- couldn't we just shake hands?”

It was a beautiful wedding and I assure you he kissed his bride and no one cried--not even the bride's Mother.

January 24, 1952

Because this, my diary, isn't under lock and key, it was peeked into and already I am hearing criticism and comments.

It is called the “Family Bible”. I didn't realize I was so serious; now I will have to write in a lighter expression. Perhaps, I have been carried away by some of the reforms I advocate.

On the brighter side, I will say the weather is improved. Yes, it is still rainy; but it is warmer and the stove can be turned down a notch. That is encouraging; because I just paid another oil bill this morning. As long as it rains, it can't get too cold; and we haven't had any snow to cuss like everywhere else.

The radio says the high cost of living isn't going down; that isn't too bright a picture. We will all have to buy more beans. That won't do either; as they will become scarce and bring their price even higher. There isn't any way out, is there?

About the cheapest thing is words; and we all have to weigh them. I could be made to eat my “words” if I am not careful what I say in this bible; so from now on (to you who peek) I will try to be more cheerful.

Speaking of food. Ham is about the best buy in meat. I have the butcher slice a half of ham very thin. The butt end, I have sawed in two pieces for beans. I buy the best grade of ham. I believe it is cheaper in the long run as it is leaner and not so salty and bony; and worthy to serve the most discriminating of unexpected guests. It broils or fries quickly when it is thinly sliced and being a rich meat, really no one should have too large a serving.

January 25, 1952

The new models of all the cars are one by one appearing on the market. To listen to the advertising on the radio, one would think they are all an entirely new species of the machine age.

It is not exactly a disappointment to look at any new car; but, believe me, these new 1952 models, are not the revolutionary vehicle they are ballyhooed to be. There are new

mechanical features; but the dye-cast of the bodies are the same; with a few more fancy gadgets and sure to rust chrome added here and there; and the colors are very pastel this year. Although we saw one monstrosity with a deep red upper and navy blue lower portion; that made it look like a two tone box.

No one visioned 25 years ago, the cars we have today; nor can we foretell what they will be like in 1977. Each year the auto has more visibility to make riding a pleasure. Will the future wagon on wheels have an all plastic body? Perhaps they will be like some windows; you can see out, but not in.

Maybe the cars of the future won't have to have tires. Somehow they will ride in the air just a foot or two off the surface. In my short life there has come into being the radio, television, most of the cars, penicillin, atom bombs; and a million other things.

I see no reason why there couldn't be just as many new things in the next 38 years. I hope I am around to see them. (Oh, oh! I didn't mean to tell my age.)

If Necessity is the Mother of invention, who is the Father?

Man.

January 26, 1952

Where is all the money coming from? Twenty years ago no one had any. If I had a dollar, I felt well off. Today if you have only twenty measly bucks, you are a pauper.

Everyone seems to have some money. I have seen the time the percentage was very small. If money grows on trees, I haven't heard about that forest, have you? The national debt is bigger and bigger, the national income is larger and larger. My gray matter is too dense for the strain of the financial set up and I can't figure it out.

Recently the pay phone for local calls was raised to a dime. In bygone days, the penny was man's best friend. Today it is but a piece of weight in the purse and you have to pack ten of them to be worth what one was in the 30's.

When I was in pigtails, a penny was a wonderful thing and privileged about once a week. These days, the kids all have at least a dollar. I bet they don't have any more fun with their dollar, than I did with the penny.

One time I swallowed a nickel. I was worth a lot of money. Now it would be only so much lead in my tummy. As far as I know it is still there, but now days it isn't worth finding out.

Men who have, in the past, worked for a dollar a day; now are getting \$20 for less work. The only think I can figure out is; for a good many years those fellows in charge of Fort Knox couldn't add correctly or else it is vise versa.

Money is a lot of worry; but it is sure nice to have; especially when the prices are so high.
