

February 3, 1952

Teaching the Bible in the public schools is a touchy subject and has caused much conflict in educational circles.

In my opinion, all those concerned have been too sectarian in attitude. Each denomination wants his ideas taught; and so the fight has gone on for years; while the great historic value of the Bible has gone untaught in the schools.

Everyone agrees the Bible is the greatest book ever written and its stories have never been surpassed in romance, adventure and mystery. I see no reason why its text cannot be used in the schools

Such a small percent of our young people attend church or Sunday Schools, few are getting any knowledge of the Great Book.

I think it could be translated into modern day understanding and written into an understandable story for all ages and taught not as religion but as history.

There has been objection to writing the Bible in our modern age prose; the argument being, it will lose much of its true meaning. I see a point there; but as it is written now, it sometimes has vague meaning; unless it is studied and analyzed.

Somehow I feel if children learned in public schools something of the Bible, they would have more interest to go to Sunday School.

I suppose the fight will go on and if a translation were made for school History, each sect would claim it was the wrong version.

One of the mysteries of the world is why there is so much disagreement on the Bible. Do we not all believe in the same God?

THE BIBLE

We search the world for truth. We cull
The good, the true, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
And all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

--John Greenleaf Whittier

February 4, 1952

Soap is one of the cheapest commodities we have; considering how much so little of it will accomplish.

When I see dirty people, I don't have pity for them; soap being cheap, it is laziness not to be clean. It isn't half so disgusting to see unironed clothes; but that isn't necessary, either.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," they say, and I am sure we will all be more acceptable even to God, if we are clean.

Way back there when I was young, we kids had our mouths washed out with soap, (the foul tasting stuff; then I couldn't see how it would make anything clean, it was so awful to eat), if we uttered any bad language. The same should be used on some mouths these days.

Six and seven year-olds swear like mule skinnners and parents don't think a thing of it-- why should they, all the young ones hear this blasphemy from both Mom and Dad. So some adults need to use a little soap other than on their clothes, too.

In years past, the lady of the house made her own soap and was proud of her job; her clothes and family were as clean as now; and the same soap was used for everything.

Today, we have endless brands and varieties for every job. The detergents have almost supplanted the old fashioned kinds. Everyone has his own choice and brand. Often, I wonder how so many different brands can be sold.

So there is little excuse for people being dirty; there is soap every where; and one can probably find a good tasting kind to wash out a few dirty mouths, too.

February 5, 1952

Have you ever wanted to do some silly thing you did when you were a kid? I have and I don't think I am "tetched" either. I think we would all like to reverse the pages of time and indulge in childish activities for relaxation; but we wouldn't dare because our age, size, and position would certainly stamp us "off" if we were caught.

Especially, in the Spring of the year, I have wished I could run and skip as I did in days way back; and maybe go out into the meadow and play in the creek and tease a few frogs. I would even like to be able to climb a tree; but probably couldn't find one with limbs far enough apart to squeeze my huge carcass into.

What great sport it is to build dams in a creek and float improvised boats! You see, I have no desire to do "sissy" things; but rather I would enjoy communing with nature; and a child seems so much closer to all the natural things.

When I was a child, the first warm days of Spring, my feet could be freed from the confinements of shoes and what a wonderful feeling to really feel the earth between my toes. Now wouldn't I look funny barefooted wading in a mud hole?

It is with regret, I have grown mature and cannot indulge in all those childish relaxing things. It is said, "You are as young as you feel"; but few people look as young as they

sometimes feel; so are harnessed to ideals and no one is free to do as he pleases.

George Bernard Shaw said, "Youth is such a wonderful thing. It is a shame it is wasted on youngsters."

P.S. If you see me wading up and down one of the small creeks out in the swamp, please tell people I am gathering water cress. I will be most likely chasing a frog.

February 6, 1952

One thing all men have in common, regardless of fame, stature, or personality; that is, death.

This, perhaps, is a morbid subject, but one we must all face. No man is indispensable; somehow fate finds a way to fill the void.

In my time, two kings of England have died; shocking news to the whole world; but somehow everything goes on.

Friends and relatives of all ages have gone on. We bear the shock and in some cases "wonder why" they are taken. Adjustments are made by all; and life goes on for the living; perhaps not as full; but the years soon cushion the shock and time erases the grief.

Death often brings new faith to families tying them together with mutual understanding never before felt. It has made Christians of many and taught the heathen to pray.

It is well we cannot look into the future; what is ahead we may not like. Death is a subject we hate to discuss and sorrow we dread to endure. It is best we live today and let tomorrow's fate do with us what it may.

February 7, 1952

Which is better? To be the Jack of all trades or the master of one; this has been argued for centuries and I have wondered about it for years.

Which would you rather be? I think today the Jack of all trades is the most contented man and lives happier with his fellow man because he is more independent.

We must have Master of trades, too, or we would not progress; so the community with an even balance of both types is the most desired. Our village could use some Masters; there are a lot of "Know it alls", who do all preaching and no work.

I am not the Master of any trade; but am rather a Jack of many mostly because of necessity; and if I weren't, I would be in a terrible dilemma. Every Mother is the Jack of all trades. She is financier, nurse, cook, diplomat, secretary, consultant, public servant,

and a million other things.

We may envy people who are masters in their art; but these masters are usually very dependent on others and live an unhappy life. Of course, this isn't true of all cases.

I have tried to do so many different things, I know I would not be content to master any one of them; so I shall never be famous for mastery; but I will have lived a full, interesting life; having tasted of everything.

A simple egg dish may be made by greasing a casserole and placing several slices of bread on which have been placed a slice of cheese; then another slice of bread and cheese on top. Over this pour 1 cup milk beat with two eggs; and salt and pepper to taste. Cook in oven--325°.

February 8, 1952

No day passes by without hearing the word "Communism". I have been reading some on the subject; trying to digest its meaning; so started the book by Whitaker Chambers.

I could never be a Communist because they have abandoned God; and they will never conquer the world for they have no foundation for faith or any future to work toward.

According to Chambers, "Communist vision is vision of man without God". In so many words, man's mind displacing God as creative intelligence of the world; and man must prove by his acts that he is master work of creation.

So then a Communistic life is very materialistic; and because he cannot see God and touch him in flesh, he does not exist? To live such a life, man must lose his soul. There would be no beauty in nature, and dreams would be as blank as air. How could progress live in such an atmosphere?

Now I can see why the Russians can live in Siberia. They have lost all feeling; so wouldn't know how cold it is. This might be true of a few; but somehow, I feel there are still Christians in Russia and secretly they have faith and we Americans can pray that is so; for peace must come from EVERYWHERE.

To read of Communism, makes us appreciate the good old U.S.A. with all its faults. At least, we are free to complain and speak our opinions--like I am now.

February 9, 1952

In speaking of lost art, I am not referring to the missing persons or works of art; but to the many people who have talent and are too modest to exploit their talents.

I am sure there are many thousands of really talented persons in the world--perhaps even greater than the famous; but no one will ever know. Somehow it is not their fate to share the gift with the world.

The month of February seems to be the lucky birthday month for famous people. Like the first flowers of Spring, February's people blossomed out in the world with a variety of wonderful gifts; especially statesmanship and inventive ability.

If I have any hidden talents, I cannot seem to scare them out; and I wasn't born in February. I have tried to do many things; but all are very amateurish and have thousands of others doing the same and much better.

The modern age through radio and newspaper has brought to light more talent than ever in the history of the world; but modesty keeps still a small percent of talents in the dark.

Perhaps you, too, are gifted; have you tried to paint, to write, or compose music? Maybe you have an inventive mind; one that can invent something more than trouble.
