

February 10, 1952

Card games are frowned upon by the narrow minded. I don't consider myself too narrow minded; but I, too, frown upon any gambling; but approve of games for fun and relaxation and see no harm in the playing of cards if used for enjoyment.

Recently I heard a story about playing cards. A soldier, not having a prayer book, went to church with his buddies; but during the services, he was seen to be handling a deck of cards. The M. P.'s collared him and took the boy before a superior officer, who demanded why the soldier was playing cards in church.

"But, sir, I was not playing cards in church," apologized the young soldier.

"Then what were you doing with the deck of cards?" queried the officer.

"I did not have a prayer book; so I used the cards," he answered.

And this was his explanation: The ace stands for one God.

Two: Old and New Testaments
Three: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Four: Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John
Five: The five Virgins
Six: Six days to make the Earth
Seven: Seventh day or Sabbath
Eight: Noah and relatives saved from the flood.
Nine: The nine lepers
Ten: Ten Commandments
Jack: The devil
Queen: Mary
King: God
52 cards represent weeks of the year
4 suits represent the seasons of the year
365 spots represent the days of the year

February 11, 1952

The world is enjoying the fruits of inventions of Thomas A. Edison. He patented over 1,000; notably telegraph improvements, phonograph, electricity, movies, and so many other things in connection with these.

It is hard to estimate the value to industry alone that these inventions have brought. Perhaps, if there had not been an Edison, we may have had these wonders in time; but maybe not; anyway, our lives have all been made freer and fuller because of his inventive ability.

Edison had little education. His father was shiftless and had little ambition; but his mother was well educated and ambitious; so she gave Thomas what little education he

had. At an early age he began to work selling papers and printing a newspaper for sale on the trains. At 18 he began working as a telegraph operator; so in 1863, he invented an automatic telegraph repeater.

In 1873, the world heard about the first phonograph. The first one I ever heard was called an Edison, it was probably during the first world war and certainly was unlike the three speed marvels today. It was canned music for sure. The discs were canned shape and there was an enormous horn to catch the sound. It would sound “pretty awful” this day and age; but really was wonderful then.

Thomas Edison is another example of self-made man; of whom I have great admiration. The peoples of the world are enjoying greater pleasures from his inventions than from any other source. He has surely influenced all our lives and for centuries to come.

February 12, 1952

Today is the birthdate of another famous person; often referred to as “Honest Abe”. Education, that is schooling with big name, he did not possess; but what he learned was the hard way and not because he had to; but because he wanted it.

How many boys today would walk miles for a book and read by the light of the fireplace? I don’t imagine there were very many in Lincoln’s day, either; that is why he was successful. He knew what he wanted and he wasn’t afraid to work for it.

Lincoln, the man of the people. He loved his fellow man and knew tolerance and was blessed with diplomacy and could sum up in a few words what it takes some men to say in a book.

Lincoln lived with tragedy both personal and national; and because of his cast iron character was able to stand above it and fight for his beliefs. I have heard it said that Mr. Lincoln might not have been so famous, if he had lived longer; but I don’t agree with this assumption.

I enjoy reading of Lincoln’s life more than of any other famous person. The stories of his kindness can not be told of any other man and his sterling character should be an example for every American.

In studying about Lincoln, I am assured more than ever, that hard work does not hurt a man.

February 13, 1952

“Happy Birthday, Dear Helen”, we are all saying in our family today. Helen Dawna Hays (Winberg) was born at the Emanuel Hospital, Portland, Oregon, at 6:23 p.m.

February 13, 1934. This is a very important day for her as this marks her 18th year and for a girl this means some independence.

From a 6 lb. 13 oz. bundle of wiggling humanity, Helen has grown into a lovely young lady of enviable proportions and a sweet disposition I am glad she has; but doubt if it were inherited from me.

Eighteen years ago, I was very confused and admit I knew little of the new experience I was about to embark. No one had ever told me the pain suffered with childbirth; so I underwent my first test of suffering—I mean real physical pain; but having gone through the same thing again five years later, I now understand and don't have the fear I did then.

I shall never forget my first peek at the new baby. I had been given "Twilight Sleep" to lessen the pain; so was hardly myself for many hours; but even in this semi-conscious state, I remember the nurse holding Helen. She was very homely at the time; red faced, and skin all wrinkled and such skinny arms and legs; but she was mine and I thought she was beautiful and I still think so. (If she reads this, I hope she doesn't get a superiority complex.) She soon outgrew the redness and the wrinkles and was an adorable baby girl; and the best child one could wish for.

I could write a book about my youngsters and each one has her own characteristics; so I could have actually two volumes.

It is hard to realize eighteen years have sneaked by and there are so many wonderful things I have forgotten about those passing years; but some I would hate to relive; like colic, measles, and allergies.

February 14, 1952

Valentine's Day is named after a saint martyred in 306 A.D. The custom of sending Valentines on this day is really by accident associated with the saint by that name.

Originally young people of both sexes met on the eve of St. Valentine's and drew a name of the opposite sex; and she was to be his sweetheart for the year.

The practice of sending Valentines is on the wane; and mostly enjoyed by school children. For some years comic cards were anonymously sent; but this, too, is becoming a memory.

Any day associated with the sending of greeting cards is most welcome by stationers and printers; and Uncle Sam. In fact, millions every year are collected for postage on holiday cards.

Some people may think sending cards on every occasion is foolish and childish; but there are shut-ins and the unforgotten that receive much pleasure from an encouraging word and a remembrance.

Youngsters receive much pleasure from giving a Valentine and gives them a means of showing appreciation; and at the same time teaching them a lesson of sharing their happiness with others.

When I was in grade school, we made all our Valentines and spent many hours glued and stuck up; and scanned the few magazines for appropriate pictures. A “boughten” Valentine was real luxury. Now the young ones miss half the fun of the day. There are some things that just don’t grow up with us and one is Valentines’s Day.

February 15, 1952

People who don’t have any “Off-Spring” must surely be dumb. I have forgotten over half what I did learn in school and if I hadn’t had any children, wouldn’t remember even a small percent.

Mothers are supposed to be walking encyclopedias and spelling experts. You don’t realize how much you have forgotten until the kids get in to high school. To keep my intelligence somewhat in the same category as the younger generation, I have had to secretly do some research, which is a good thing. I didn’t realize how many cobwebs filled my attic.

I can’t begin to answer all the questions; especially the technical terms; but I can cope with the answers to those things I have learned by experience. Contrary to all the arguments about this generation knowing less than those in the past. I disagree for I think the students of today actually have greater knowledge than those is the past.

Today the high school student is taught more subjects and has a greater supply of reference material. For instance, health is required all through school and in my high school curriculum, we were not required to have any “Health”. Times do change and in the future, there probably will be more stress toward trades.

I think I would enjoy going to high school again; but I don’t suppose the youngsters would enjoy having me there—I have had dreams of returning to school life; but my conscious mind always reminds the subconscious I have a high school diploma; and so it would be in actuality.

February 16, 1952

Having baked 4 cakes this week for various occasions, I am reminded of the biggest war being fought in the world today—the battle of the bulge.

And the greatest enemy of this war is sweet foods. If I could live where there were not any cakes, candy, etc., I know I would not have to worry about being fat. All the articles on reducing diets stress “no sweets”; but all around us is the great temptation. The first display in the store is the pastry and candy counters.

If you can't reduce, you have no will power; but a hungry stomach is hard to say "no" to; and the battle goes on and on. A high protein diet is healthful and non fattening; but it is an expensive diet and one that becomes tiresome and not always agreeable.

The family cook has a real battle of the bulge. The habit of tasting and the temptation of sampling is almost beyond will power to conquer. The problem of satisfying the likes and dislikes of several people does not spare the cook from over eating—no one likes to see food waste; so often it is eaten by the cook; when actually it is more wasteful for her to eat it than to put it in the garage can.

A set schedule of menus is hard to follow as often it is hard to buy specified foods and the cost may be prohibitive. Our larders may be filled with home grown produce; perhaps not always agreeable to a reducing diet; but nevertheless these foods must be eaten to cut down the high cost of eating.

So generation after generation the battle goes on and each year there is a new medicine concocted to make you slim and beautiful; but there seems to be just as many over weight as ever and I am no exception to the rule.
