

February 17, 1952

There are a lot of loose things running around—the worst being loose talk or idle gossip. Usually it isn't talk of good; but mostly bad. I never have been able to understand why it is easier to say "bad" of people than it is to tell of their good.

Other people's business is always more interesting than our own; and sometimes home duties are neglected to run some one else's business. Everyone is guilty of the same weakness; of course, we have extremes in gossips, too.

A secret isn't a secret if it is told to even one other person; and if you do let the "cat out of the bag" you can expect to hear about it with the details so twisted it is hardly recognizable. To illustrate the workings of gossip, play the game called "gossip" and the results are the same as in reality.

Too often we ignore the rattling of the skeletons in our own closets to take a peek at the bones in our neighbors' closets. Well, I guess life would be very dull if we weren't interested in other human antics; but we should be sure what we say is for the good and not a blot on some one's good character.

More humans have the hoof and mouth disease than any of us realize—when they hear something on the gossipy side, they hoof it right next door and run off at the mouth. From there on, the disease is caught and goes the rounds. The tragedy is, this plague can be caught over and over again.

Men are just as guilty of peddling a choice morsel of news as women; and usually they can dig up more gossip and hearsay than the weaker sex.

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February 18, 1952

Procrastination—the act of putting off for tomorrow what we can do today—is one thing most of us are very adept.

I think "Procrastination" is the first big word I learned. One reason I was to always remember what it means, is a story in a very old fifth grade reader, which impressed me no end; probably because I was so guilty of procrastinating.

This tale was about a boy, who always tried to put off for later everything he was asked to do. Finally, he was taken to the land of Procrastination and went through a terrible series of making amends for all the procrastinating he did. The climax was that he had gone to sleep and all this experience was a bad dream; but it cured him.

If it could all be solved this easily, it would be fine; but not all of us can catch a night mare that easily—at least one that will cure us of a bad habit. Actually it is much easier to do the job now than to wait—there is wear and tear to the brain when one must worry about work to be done; and aggravation to the other fellow to wait for you to make up your mind.

The procrastination story is one that should have been inherited from one generation of readers to the other. Today it could have added emphasis by making it into a Mickey Mouse movie—everything is visual education. When I was worrying with growing pains a lot of my education was by feel. If I procrastinated too much, I felt it in the back side.

When I put off for tomorrow too much, I usually get caught with a stock pile of work for one day; and bust a muscle trying to catch up; so if I can persuade myself to do a little each day, life is less troublesome.

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February 19, 1952

These years I have been trying to bring up my two offspring, I have spent disciplining them and my behavior has suffered. (Just ask my youngest--she has a bad time getting me to do what she wants.)

All jokes aside; we all need some form of discipline. The old wagon stays in the rut too easily and if we are not cautious, we may form habits that need controlled. Often times we need to let our conscience win; but that old streak of stubbornness has not been disciplined.

There are duties we should do; but, because we are our own bosses, to some extent, we talk ourselves out of responsibilities. Adults are guilty of little wrong doings they would punish youngsters for doing; and many times we older kids need discipline worse than the young ones.

How can we discipline ourselves? Will power is the key—turn it at the right time and you have perfect self control. The later we begin to educate adult minds to better behavior, the worse troubles we will have in old age.

My “mind” and I have battles every day. If I would give in to it more often, I will have established some better habits; but one must also meet a happy medium here. They say its is harder to teach an old dog new tricks; and I am beginning to learn this; I have graduated from puppyhood long ago and it gets harder and harder to discipline myself; so I can see where my grandchildren will be spoiled by me.

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February 20, 1952

So much is being said and done about old age and in any magazine or paper one can read all about it and select the idea you like best and try to grow old gracefully under the principle the authors outline.

I am going to quote from a recent article in the *Oregon Journal*, which sums up all the other hours of reading I have done on the subject.

“Remember that to a great extent life is what you make it. Let each day be an adventure in living, not another step on the road to the cemetery. Don’t waste time doing a lot of things you don’t enjoy merely because you think you ought to be doing them.

“Spend as much time as possible doing things that are fun. Let the neighbors fret about what you ought to be doing.

“Finally don’t worry. It won’t do you any good, and won’t help you grow old—that is, young. ‘As a man thinketh, so is he.’ Think yourself young and you aren’t likely to be old.” -- Charles Furcolowe

Now if we could find the fountain of youth so we could always remain looking young; then the whole solution to the old age problem will be solved.

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February 21, 1952

I don’t know whether anyone will call my written opinions good reading or not; but I am finding a source of information from doing it and probably improving on my spelling and gradually on my typing.

The world is so full of authors, at least that is what they like to be called, that nearly everyone can be either one or a relative of such; but if some of the trash I have started to read can be called by an author, the name should be changed to “aweful”.

I am sorry that the reading public has access to such trash when the world is filled with beautiful stories of adventure, romance, and travel. It is more pitiful that our young people can buy “smutty” reading from any magazine rack.

In time, I hope there will be stricter laws prohibiting the sexy stories from being printed. Too often, these tales lead to wrong impressions on love and life. To sell they are dressed in vivid pictures and fairy tale settings.

The same as any average person, I like to read a good love story; but like a clean one with a good plot and one that has a decent background. There are acres of good books by real authors—there are stories on every subject one would imagine from the adventure to Park Avenue penthouse. I love a mystery, too; and there are a lot of them that are decent to read.

So why do we have to have all the cheap romances and unnecessary crime books and magazines? If no one would buy them, they wouldn’t be printed.

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February 22, 1952

When George Washington threw a dollar across a river, he was able to do more than anyone today—to make a dollar go so far. We need him to straighten out our economy in the government of 1952.

George did not tell a lie; so we need him in our politics, too. Because he knew surveying, bookkeeping, and management we could use these abilities.

“The Father of Our Country” was a fitting title for a man of keen foresight, harmony of powers and rare judgement. Men in those days worked for the good of the people not of the person and the sacrifice they gave was not for publicity for none knew of great notoriety until after death.

Washington stood up in the boat when he was crossing the Delaware; so they say he wasn't a sailor; but in those days the ship of state wasn't as awash as it is now; so they didn't need sailors.

If Mr. Washington could see all the monuments and statues of himself, he would probably say, “What a waste!” and wonder why the money wasn't spent for betterment of the government.

In his time, the first bank was established in the United States. You see, already people began to be distrustful of their neighbors in the new world; or perhaps this was the beginning of “big business”.

Anyway, it is time we all bury the hatchet and give thanks for having had a man like George Washington for the Father of Our Country.

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February 23, 1952

There are man diseases of the heart—one is called lovesickness; and usually afflicts humans the worst during the teenage years; but sometimes an old dog really catches a dose.

The above isn't the heart disease that is worrying we humans too much as it goes along with being people; but our great physical weakness of bad or unhealthy hearts is our greatest concern. The past twenty-five years has been a period of too many deaths from heart disease.

Funds are being raised to study the cause and try to do some remedial work towards stamping out the disease; with hopes of doing what has been accomplished for Tuberculosis.

Most of the money should be spent on rheumatic phases of the disease as I think heart trouble in most older people is something we already know the cause. Humans are much like machinery, treat them right and they will wear a long time.

So one reason the heart disease deaths in the past quarter century is so alarming, is we haven't fully realized to what extent we are driving our human machines and they are wearing out faster. Nature has provided a valve for our energies in fatigue; but we don't always use this safety and often fasten open this valve with stimulants and stubbornness.

It is time people of the modern world realize human engines can only run full speed one third of the day and one third should be spent in complete relaxation and the remaining third in sleep and rest. Fuel for the human motor is not as carefully tested as for man made machinery. We are wearing out our intricate maze of organs by using our stomachs as a plaything rather than a workshop.

We eat all hours of the day and often do strenuous exercise after a meal; then we should be relaxing so all the heart's efforts can be used for digesting food. It seems all the "don'ts" we do and all the "dos" we don't when it comes to caring for our human machinery; especially the old ticker.

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