

February 24, 1952

What do you know? I have been doing some thinking lately and have come to the conclusion a lot of adults haven't grown up. By that I mean mostly spiritually.

Many people cling to their childhood concept of religion because they do not go to church nor read the Holy book. They went to Sunday school as a child and when they left their Mother's apron strings, they left behind the church.

It is true we usually keep the faith our Mothers taught us; but as we grow older so should our religious education. Do we not learn something new everyday? So by going to church we learn more there, too.

Going to church, these modern days, is not out of style nor is it prudishness. The meeting place on Sunday is full of friendliness and warmth to the soul. The churches have parties and folk dancing and some play card games for fun. We learn to live and love our fellow men through a common bond of learning Biblical lessons.

The churches are trying to keep progress with the world; but do lack cooperation. Like humans, some of them do adhere to old fashioned ideas; but this being a country free to choose our religion, we can go to the church that best suits our needs.

Some people have the idea church is only for old people and outcasts of society; but these people seldom go to church and see how many young people are in attendance; and how many well educated and people of high stature are member of their community church.

February 25, 1952

I heard an M.C. on the radio say of women about their "fat problems," "Women are never satisfied—they are either taking it off; putting it on; or rearranging it."

He forgot to say the reason women do that is to try to please the men. The weaker sex or the females are accused of all the restlessness of the human race; and the first man on earth was so restless, God had to make him a partner, a woman.

The only reason any woman uses make-up or a false face is to satisfy a man or to catch one; and her idea of keeping up with the latest fads and styles is to show him she is just as good as the next fair dame.

Most women get fat because they cook such good meals for their hubby, they can't resist indulging, too. Few old maids are ever in the heavy poundage class. If a man complains his wife spends too much on clothes, he should be happy she is trying to please him; but if he doles out every penny she gets for feminine garments you can be sure he is the rascal that whistles at all the well dressed women.

Many of the latest styles in dresses and hair dos (a big percent of them are terrible) are created by men. It must be their idea of how women should look; and I can only guess

these men are mostly cross eyed or near sighted. I have never heard of women designers of men's clothes.

Men are all "Angels". They like Angel Food Cake; so the next time you bake your breadwinner his favorite cake, try starting it in a cold oven of 150°; raise the temperature 10° every 10 minutes until you get to 300° cook another ten minutes until the cake is macaroon color.

February 26, 1952

The other day I went clamming. I don't mean I ran my clammy cold hands down some one's back; but I ventured to the sandy beach in quest of the razor clam.

It was a mild afternoon with a bashful sun peering out now and then. I dug the old slacks from the closet and found the hip boots. Thinking it might be a touch of Antarctica to the beach weather belt, I put on two sweaters, a jacket, and two pairs of socks, one very heavy wool and they itched me the whole sojourn at the beach.

Says I, "If we get four clams, we will be lucky and anyway that will be a taste for us two clam eaters." We got 28 by digging 48 times; but that is a good percentage. Like anything else there is a gamble in digging clams, too.

The beach weather was very mild; so by the time I had sunk 48 wells into the Pacific Ocean, I had worked up a good sweat and the hip boots weighed 50 pounds. Now if I could do that every day, I would never have to go on a reducing diet. It is a complete exercise performed usually in a sweating atmosphere. You have the combination of stoop, bend, crawl, and weight lifting.

If anyone tells you a clam can't travel, they have never dug one. The razor is very versatile in his deceit. He may have a small donut like crater, a dimple in the sand, a sunken spot like made with a heel, a flash in the damp sand, a squirt hole; and if he is in the water you can see two black spots. Once you start digging, you must work fast to keep up. If he goes beyond the Pacific islands and gets into the Chinese zone, you can't get him.

Most razor diggers get theirs in the surf because they don't have to dig; only place a crooked shovel under the clam and lift him out; but I am always afraid of those huge waves that look taller than the hills; but never reach the shore more than a foot in height. I am all right if I don't look oceanward.

I prefer to dig mine in the sand and appreciate the eating because I have worked for my supper.

February 27, 1952

Is anyone ever satisfied? No matter how rich men are, they want to be richer. The more we get, the more we want of relaxation and entertainment.

Some people attend the movies every change of the schedule and can't get enough. The more we eat of sweets, the more we want of them. If we take a tour in our auto, we would like to go on and on.

A happy medium in all things, is hard to find. Somehow our make-up isn't such that we have a danger point and blow a fuse when we indulge too much in any one thing. There is an argument as to where is the "happy medium". It seems to differ as to the species of humans to which you belong.

There are the slow moving or the "I don't care" type; the high tension, fluttery brand; the show off; the weak will powered; and perhaps a thousand other types; and each one has his own happy medium. What satisfies one, will not the other.

If you dwell on one weakness, you are called eccentric. Some men gather great wealth and store it away where it does no one good; he is a miser. A person who bulges his cupboards with unnecessary foodstuffs is a hoarder; those who play more than work are frivolous; and he who drinks excessively is a drunkard. I could go on and on.

My happy medium may not be yours; perhaps I am meeting it; but your idea says I'm not; so it isn't possible to satisfy anyone, is it?

You are a food waster if you throw away the syrup left from peaches, pears, or other canned fruits. Use them as part of the sugar in applesauce or apple pie. Pineapple juice is especially good in apple pie.

February 28, 1952

If I were president of the United States, I would write the following letter:

Dear Joe:

I have been wanting to have a private talk with you; but somehow you and I are both so busy trying to outbest one another, we cannot find time nor a happy meeting place.

Personally, I admit we are both acting like silly school boys after the same girl (in this case it is the world) and it is time we take inventory and make amends for the wrongs before it is too late and civilization destroys this world.

Let us stop and shake hands. We are all of the same pattern—humans; and thus should treat all as brothers regardless of color or stature. Your land is very large; more than mine; and it holds many resources; surely it is vast enough for your peoples and you need not covet the land of others. We do not; our aim is for a government for the people and by the people of all the countries of the world.

If a nation is happy and likes its rule, why should you or I disturb their peace? If a nation needs help, cannot we, the big brothers, lend assistance?

Warfare is barbaric and never has bought a justified peace. Man prides himself upon wisdom; yet he fights like a dumb animal. If both our nations had used its resources and manpower for the good of the world rather than for weapons, we would have won greater respect and a happy heaven on earth.

Sincerely,

February 29, 1952

To write a page a day for a whole year, I would pick the one year in four that has an extra day; and this is it.

This being leap year, it is the woman's year. No one should get married on leap year; because the bride will all her life be blamed for the proposing. How well I know for I was foolish enough to say "yes" in 1932; and have had that to contend with for almost twenty years.

The century years of 1800 and 1900 were not leap years; but the years 2000 and 2400 will be. I don't quite know why in those two occasions there were no leap years; but some people were without birthdays for eight years. That would work just fine after you are forty, providing you could find the fountain of youth.

The ancient Egyptian year was based on the changes of the seasons alone. It contained 365 days; with twelve equal months of thirty days each; and at the end of the year there were five extra days. I wonder if these extra days were used for pleasure or work. If we had them now, they would probably be used to work out your income tax--it takes almost that long.

The Jews used lunar months and usually had twelve; but sometimes had to add a thirteenth to make the year come out right with the moon. The Gregorian calendar or the one we use was adopted by the colonies in 1752. Russia didn't adopt it until 1923; and Turkey in 1928. It would be very confusing if the whole world were not using the same calculation of time. In the United States I would have been born in 1913; but across the earth, perhaps it would be rated as 1902. The world is in enough confusion without that—I'm glad they straightened out that mess before the battle of world supremacy began.

March 1, 1952

We have been going to the movies quite often. This seems to be the time of the year when Hollywood releases most of its better productions; or perhaps we are getting a little smarter and only choose the best.

Several of the cinematic wonders have been based on books we have read. “The Bend of the River” from the book “Bend of the Snake” was a very good picture for anyone who hadn’t read the book; but for me it was a disappointment and had little relation to the book, which described the Walla Walla-Lewiston country. The scenery—Mount Hood in all its splendor, was very beautiful; and perhaps it did show the sacrifice of our pioneers; but I could have enjoyed it so much better had it not said, “From the book, Bend of the Snake”. I can see why they changed the title of the movie.

Another movie based on a western book was “Canyon Passage” and this was wonderful for it followed the original story as near as any movie can and offered superb scenery as well. I don’t often enjoy seeing a movie more than once; but did this one. “Captain Horatio Hornblower” is another that followed the original plot and one could relive the book.

The movies are a wonderful source of entertainment and education; but one should pick them as they would a book. I see no point in wasting time and eye sight on some of the Hollywood money makers. There are so many movies in production it is little wonder there are some that are of poor rating and it is puzzling where so many titles and plots are invented.

Thus Hollywood is surely an incubator of make believe; and its peoples find it hard to live a normal life. This may be the reason for so many divorces and dissatisfaction.
