

March 2, 1952

A few years ago I cut this bit of interesting data from the editorial page of *The Oregonian* and will pass it on as, like myself, I know few people really know what became of the disciples of Christ.

“Mathew was slain by the sword, in Ethiopia. James, son of Zebedee, was beheaded at Jerusalem. James, the brother of the Saviour, was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple and then beaten to death with a club.

“Phillip was hanged against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia in Asia Minor. Bartholomew was flayed alive in Albanapolis, Aremia. Andrew and Simon Zelotes both came to their ends in the same manner as Christ, Andrew on a cross at Patrae, in Achaia, a Grecian colony, and Simon in Persia (Iran).

“Thomas the Doubter was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies. Thaddeus was shot to death with arrows.

“Peter was crucified, head downward, during the persecution of Nero. Paul was beheaded by Nero in Rome. Judas Iscariot, after betraying his Lord, hanged himself.

“John the Beloved was banished to the Isle of Patmas, where he wrote the Book of Revelations, and died naturally at age of about 100 years.”

The true causes of mankind have always suffered. Today, the disciples of Freedom are being butchered needlessly by war. When will it end?

March 3, 1952

The retirement age is 65; and many businesses, in fact, most of them now won't hire a man past that age. Seems to me politics is the biggest business we have; yet the bigwigs of the political world all are over 65.

This is one reason our government is so stagnant. It needs some young ideas with young blood to keep these ideals moving. Does it sound logical for a man of 70 to be president of the United States? By the time his term is ended, so is he, morally, physically, and politically.

There are very few exception of men past 65, who are as alert in every way as a man of 35. To build himself to prestige in a political party, takes much stamina and certainly must sap any human.

I have yet to see anyone past 65 who isn't set in his ways. “You can't teach an old dog new tricks” still is a good formula. Yet these old dogs are making laws and running the rest of us—or ruining would be a better word.

Rather than retired at 65, most people are tired; and ready to settle into a quieter pattern for their life. I have many years to reach the retirement age; even now, I would

hate to begin the strenuous schedule most politicians carry. Little wonder so many of the old boys keel over and are carted off to bite the dust.

Be kinda nice to see pictures in the paper of dapper young men -- handsome, buoyant, and debonair; The President and his cabinet and the Supreme Court—all young and fresh of mind. Bet there would be more women voters than ever before and conditions in the good old U.S.A. would really move at a faster pace. Be nice to try for a change!

March 4, 1952

This diary of mine is dubbed by anew name, “Poor Marge’s Almanac”; and before it is completed, it will probably be called many things—even worse.

My brain is growing a thick coat of moss which is impairing its thinking capacity; so I find it sometimes difficult to express myself. This fungus growth is natural after a winter such as we have had. You either get moss or webs between the toes—I don’t know which is worst—one slows the mental capacity, the other the pedal capacity.

We have had so little sun, that the few moments it has been peeking out between the clouds, I am blinded like a rat that has lived in the cellar all winter. Chet is very optimistic—he thinks we will have lots of good weather in April; but he said that about March, too. Well, I hope he is right; but I have heard about the April showers.

All last summer we read about the rain makers; now I wished someone would invent a way to get us some sun. (This shows you can’t please everyone.) In listening to a program from Phoenix Arizona, the M.C. said they had a little Oregon Mist—Missed Oregon and hit Arizona; but he didn’t know the half of it. If he had what we have been, he would have known we weren’t missed up here.

For a good casserole dinner for a rainy day; and one that is quick and easy:

Place a slice of ham in the bottom of a casserole; then a layer of sliced onions and as many sliced potatoes as you will need. Add a ½ cup of water, and salt and pepper. Cover and bake in 350° oven for an hour. Baked apples or an apple betty would be a good complement and takes about the same length of time to bake.

March 5, 1952

Some articles published in magazines are absolutely stupid. There are so many angles to this child psychology, one is always learning something new; but I read one on this subject that has any beat I ever heard of.

The person that wrote it must not have or have ever had any youngsters or been around anyone younger than herself. She thinks that children should never be said “no” to

and shouldn't ever be made to fear a thing. Little wonder we have so many child delinquents; and adult ones, too.

Instead of picking an old maid or a confirmed bachelor to write these articles on child behavior, etc. why don't they find parents of six or more offspring and then we would have real authority from people who have had a working experience with a variety of personalities and dispositions?

A human without fears isn't even equal to an animal. If we didn't fear, there wouldn't be any incentive for progress or initiative. If we were never said "no" to, we wouldn't know the difference between right and wrong. I would like to find a parent who has successfully raised a young one under such a setup.

I have seen these little demons in public whose Mothers say, "Now Johnny please be a good little boy, you can jump on the devanport at home; but leave Mrs. so and so's alone, it isn't as soft." There are too many of these youngsters. They need a little old fashioned bringing up.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" works just as good today as it did fifty years ago. I think kids should be made to behave at home and then there won't be any question to them as to how they are to act in company or away from their home.

Bad child behavior usually is laxness on the parents' discipline. I was never ashamed to take my children to anyone's home. I hope my Grandchildren will behave as well.

March 6, 1952

Good old Sol has finally decided to pay us a belated visit. He is the best looking fellow I have seen in a long time. By tomorrow, I can be out of doors and perhaps get the sweet peas planted.

With such a bright and cheerful day, we forget about all those dull weeks and weeks of winter; and look forward to Spring and Summer. The seasons of the year are very much like our lives—into them must come the rains and the sunshine, too.

There is nothing more invigorating than to go into the garden these sunny days and get right down to earth and plant some seeds and watch them grow. They say one is closest to God who tills the soil and I admit there is a great comfort to work in the garden—you feel a part of all the growing things.

Hard work and grimy hands go with gardening; but the harvest more than pays for the labors. Not only do we reap the crop; but also think of all the fresh air consumed and the Vitamin D from the Sunshine; and don't forget the communion with nature.

My garden wouldn't be complete without its sweet peas. Of all the flowers, I think they pay the greatest dividends. They bloom profusely all summer in a rainbow of pastel colors and are perfumed so delicately no one can imitate their subtleness. Our coast

climate is ideal for the sweet pea; they enjoy being kissed by the dampness and because we don't have extreme heat, their colors remain true and fresh.

So if anyone calls you their "sweet pea" you can feel very flattered—to them you must be a flower from heaven; for no other blossom can meet as many wonderful specifications—beauty, grace, and sweetness.

March 7, 1952

This is election year; so politics are really getting aired from the Republican to the Democrat and visa versa. Some of the air is quite foul and all the platforms usually turn out to be propaganda.

If we followed all the political articles and opinions, we would surely be in a tizzy. My! My! there are so many contradictions and mud slinging. Where else in the world can people publicly get up and cuss his opponent? Hurrah! for the good old U.S.A.—in spite of its politics.

Blood pressures are running high this year and bets are still higher. It should be an excellent year for business; for the doctors and the stock market. Most of us can sit along the side line and watch the fun; as we don't have very much to say in a presidential election. We are pretty much like the president; when it is all boiled down, he doesn't have too many forks in the stew, either.

All the candidates are out campaigning except Eisenhower and Truman. Mr. Eisenhower is tending to his business in Europe and Mr. Truman is vacationing and waiting to see how many votes the others get in the early primaries and if the going looks good, he will toss his hat in the ring.

Being a poor gambler, I would hate to gamble on the outcome. Whoever is the winner will have more verbal rotten tomatoes thrown at him than any other person in history and will have the biggest mess to clean up of any other president. He is welcome to the job.

March 8, 1952

This being Saturday, most people think about taking a bath. Recently a famous dermatologist said people were taking too many baths—one a week was enough. This must have been wonderful news for the boys.

I agree with him to a certain point. Some people can live with the rest of us very well and only take a bath once a week; but there are some who should be thrown into the tub at least three times a week.

Bathing probably does become a nuisance to the lazy; but they ought to consider the people who must associate with them Whether it be a daily bath or a weekly one is determined muchly by your work or how much you sweat.

Disease is harbored by those who are lax in bathing. If people shun you, it is time perhaps you take a good sudsing, and this goes for the clothes, too.

Way back when—we packed the water from the spring and heated it in the wash boiler, baths were a premium. Some families established a superiority system. The oldest had the first baths and down the line; the last in the tub usually was as dirty as when he got in. In those good old days, the Saturday night bathing was quite a chore. The old wash tub was placed by the heater or the kitchen stove and if the weather was no the frigid side, one would be baked on the side next to the stove and a sickly blue on the starboard. There was little time or place for bathtub relaxation—you never knew when your privacy would be broken.

Thankgoodness we have running water and automatic hot water heating and we can indulge in a bath anytime and in complete sanitation and privacy of a locked bathroom. Have you ever run your finger around the inside of the old washtub and there was the grease left from Pa's dirty overalls? We just don't appreciate modern plumbing like we should.
