

March 16, 1952

When you attend a piano recital, you can realize how one person can influence a whole community. If we did not have a very progressive and patient teacher, music would not fill our homes as it does today.

Piano teachers are very special people. Few can do the job well year after year as it is trying business to teach young fingers and minds to coordinate. Our community is especially fortunate in having a piano teacher of real ability to teach with patience, friendliness, and tolerance. Not only do her students learn basic music but also how to graciously play before an audience—a lesson in itself.

For some the name recital means a boring evening; but I do not find it such. Every pianist from those with a few weeks lessons to the advance student has his own personality portrayed in the manner he plays the pieces; so it is an interesting study in human traits.

The long hours of music practice are well rewarded and may not seem so to the student; but in later years, the good will be seen. Although music may not ever be his love, he will have learned an appreciation and can understand the basic lessons enough to know no embarrassment where musical terms are discussed.

Taking piano lessons can often bring interest in other forms of music and establish a new career. In fact, it is endless the good that comes from the influence of one teacher. We do not half appreciate some people and it seems those who do the most good are the least honored. The successful teachers and leaders are those who do more than the call of duty or the payment received—mostly it is a thankless job and underpaid both in dollars and praise.

March 17, 1952

Yesterday we rode on the wings of time and went to the big city. It is surprising how much one can do in a day, if you get up early enough in the morning.

We left the sleeping village at 7:30 a.m. and sped Eastward arriving 130 miles and less than three hours at the farm. There we indulged in family gossip and exchange of news and a bounteous farm dinner. Departing after 1 p.m. we came to the big city and found a hotel willing to let us have sleeping space.

By three we were several miles to the North and ready to view the Auto Show. 20,000 people had the same idea; so it was more like a showing of sardines; but we did find seating in the arena and tried to enjoy the special orchestra and acts—through a haze of cigarette smoke and the milling of a few thousand people.

I suppose the proper procedure would have been to view the ancient cars first; but we inspected the new models and voiced our criticism—really not much change (probably would

have been more interested if we were buying a new model). Then we pushed our way around with the other human models and saw the first beginnings of the auto up through the years.

The old cars were the most interesting and some of their features should be copied by today's super models. I was surprised to see older autos made from aluminum; and these were in very good shape and had not suffered from old age—in fact I think aluminum is the fountain of youth for the auto industry. Of course, if a car lasted too long, the sales wouldn't be so terrific; so maybe that is one reason our new vehicles are made like tin cans.

We might laugh at the odd contraptions called cars in the early 1900's; but then they were as outstanding as our new ones today; and by the year 2000 the 1952 models will be as funny. I wonder what will be at the auto show in 2000?

March 18, 1952

At home in our village, they tell me I never walk but run. I just returned from the city and believe me I couldn't keep up even with the old gray haired ladies out there. City life just moves faster than our village stagnation.

In the city, everyone is hurrying to meet busses or appointments and life there is filled with a million interesting things. Down here, we get in one rut and if one citizen moves faster than the other, he is outrunning the others.

Anyway I like to move fast. If you walk, you should move fast enough to make the blood work and feel you have stirred up the muscles and exercised your whole being. I see no need in wasting time dragging feet along these rough roads.

This is a damp country and if you move too slow your feet are always wet; and if you sulk along the road you are accused of being lame or sick. The county commissioners are partly to blame for anyone walking fast down our street—it is rocked with boulders and in walking slowly you must explore footing; but if you travel at a good pace, you can somewhat skim over the top.

Legs were invented before cars and we should use them. I intend to walk on mine or run and keep them in running order.

The city that they (Marj and Chet) visited for that auto show, must of been Portland. Little 'ol Yachats was, no doubt, an extreme contrast to Portland during those years. – Virginia Vandehey

March 19, 1952

When it comes to being born, dieing and paying taxes, we are all in the same boat. The big fellows (financially) are beginning to squawk, too, about the taxes.

Because we all ride around in the same boat, is all the more reason we should be more tolerant with one another. I know one thing for sure, we are all going to have to pull together better or the boat is surely to sink.

I don't think anyone minds paying taxes within reason; but when they are 20% of your income, it becomes a sore subject and investigated by man in every walk of life. And this investigation is unearthing that our money is spent for graft and waste; so we have a right to complain.

When government is managed conservatively as most small businesses, it will not have need of such big taxation. Strange how easy it is to throw other people's money to the high winds.

Politicians are taking such a big haul of tax moneys, the sensible human being is fed up and will go on strike. Who will run for public office, if people refuse to vote for the politician?

Surely there are men left on earth willing to be at the helm; not for the money; but for the good.

March 20, 1952

Like millions of other humans, I wonder about a lot of things in the life about me. There is one particular action of society that has me baffled—and I am probably as guilty as the next; but it seems to be a trait of the human race.

We might scoff at England's caste system; but we carry it somewhat in the U.S.A., too. And this I wonder about – here it is money and not inherited lordships—as soon as some one has money, he is placed on a pedestal and has a distinct rating in the community.

I have seen families, who at one time were practically begging for existence; and by luck of circumstances, have gained financial prestige; and then they were tops in all the social life of their town and looked upon with great respect.

Money has more to do with our lives than we care to admit. Of course, it will buy almost everything and especially our social prestige; but it will not purchase happiness or true friends; nor will it always buy health.

There are a few choice personalities I have met who have little riches; but nevertheless attain much respect and do hold a social position; but they are richly blessed with an abundance of tactfulness, energy, and talents. They can live with any caste in society and their makeup contains no hates and their sympathies are extended to all walks of life. They bear the brunt of much criticism; but their lives are so full of the love of humanity, they hear no evil. Their only weakness is that they are usually overburdened and have little time for their own wants.

There are too few of these people in our world. Most everyone has had too many tastes of the fattened calf. There is much happiness to be found from the simple things of life and they seem to be things money can't buy anymore.

March 21, 1952

When it is time to start the garden work, I begin to realize why so many people don't bother to till the soil. All winter I have been without grimy finger nails and real dirty feet. Believe me, it is a job in itself to keep up the manicure and the pedicure after a day's labor in the black earth.

Everything in life isn't worth much unless it is labored for; and that is one reason I really enjoy the fresh vegetables and flowers from the garden. To the one who grows and worries and cultivates the gardens there is much labor spent. Growing things are like pets, we become attached to them and feel it is a duty to see that they reach maturity.

Sometimes I wish I had not started the garden with its endless hours of weeding and the after cleanup and the fight with the bugs and pests; but growing things are a part of God and once you have communed with Nature and felt the pride of His work; then the labor is forgotten and the harvest is a great joy.

To make life a bed of roses, we must spade and forever keep it weeded. To make the flowers the prize winners, we must select the best. A garden is a good lesson in life. If we keep our lives well cultivated, like the garden, the harvest will be good.

With life we get plenty of dirt; so I should worry about a few grimy finger nails and dirty feet; and while I am working in the soil, I am getting fresh air, sunshine, and vegetables, I hope.

Speaking of dirty nails—it helps to run your finger nails along a bar of soap before your expedition into the garden. Some people wear gloves; but it isn't as easy to pull weeds from plants as it is with the bare hands; anyway I like the feel of what I am doing.

March 22, 1952

Well, here I am around to Saturday again. How time does fly? This is a perfectly wonderful day and I forgive all the rainy dull days we have had all winter. Our coast climate has its drawbacks; but one good thing is: the weather never is too far to the extreme. We read of the Midwestern snowstorms and the destructive tornados; but the worst we can have is a good old Southwester, which doesn't ever do too much damage.

I never meant to get on the weather subject; but who could help telling about this super sunshiny day? The thought for today was hatched a long time ago; but is now just getting ripe.

Do the hardest jobs first! That is a tough assignment when everything seems to be a hard job; but it sure works and the last few days I have been trying it.

Of course, there are some things like washing dishes that can't always be done first; but there are tasks such as polishing shoes and darning socks; these really get done faster and easier, if they are caught fresh in the day. I tried it. The strange thing is some of the menial tasks I thought I hated, aren't bad at all if I caught them first thing. I do believe the little necessities are the hardest to set to and the most likely to be procrastinated.

The every day jobs get monotonous and because they must be done, seem drudgery and we grow to hate even the thought. Placing them on a new schedule and experimenting with new ways to accomplish will many times glamorize these hateful tasks. Polishing the silverware for most housewives is a gooky job; but if I do it with the dishes some morning, it isn't bad and seeing the drawer full of shiny pieces is cheerful and adds a little sunshine to any dull day.

Anyway, because this was such a wonderful day I did a week's work and played every job was the first one of the day and felt fresh as a daisy all day long. I accomplished so much that I hope to have time in the next few days to start a braided rug. If I begin to hate that job, you will probably find me braiding rug when I should be washing the breakfast dishes.