

March 30, 1952

Every yard has a gold mine in it; sometimes it isn't necessary to dig; but because I have always had to work for everything I got, I will probably have to excavate the whole two lots.

We have heard and read the stories how people have gone away to seek their fortune when it lay in their own backyard. I haven't gone elsewhere and I haven't, as yet, found the diamonds out by the clotheslines. I may not be trying hard enough.

This theory works many ways. We can find peace and contentment at home, if we look hard enough; yet much money is spent looking for it in other places. If good fortune does not readily present its face, we are tempted to travel an exhaustive trail; when with a little thought and planning, it lays at home.

I have spent many hours as a "rock hound" sniffing all the agates along the sea shore and haven't found much of value; but one day picked up a dirty agate from the drive-way and it made one of the prettiest jasper necklaces ever found in these parts. This is material; but in our own yard, we too can find spiritual fortunes.

Most everyone looks too afar for God, when he is right in your own heart. We can find many fortunes by cultivating our own lives and weeding out bitterness and stubbornness and isolationism. Money isn't everything we are looking for. Health comes at the top of the list and we can find this, too, by living joyously and eating wisely.

While I work in my garden, I am going to cultivate another patch of ground—my brain; and when I weed, I shall see what I can do about some of my bad habits. The best tool for this is will power and let's hope I can find it.

March 31, 1952

Whether you are a weather prophet or not, you should begin to learn about this interesting hobby and perhaps become a weather profit.

In our years of western exposure to the weather, we have grown enough web-toes to almost predict the climatic changes. It isn't that we feel those webs beginning to tighten; or the rheumatism playing darts; but it is the visual signs.

I have been told this is a sign of old age and gives one the distinction of being an old timer, which is true in some respects—leaving out the old age. In two years at the most, anyone can become a weather profit in their locality by observation of winds, clouds, birds, and dew.

Colder weather along the seashore is indicated by an Easterly wind; and when the old North wind begins to breeze in, you can growl about the fogs soon to envelop the trees. When it is going to rain, the wind suddenly changes to the South or Southwest or the clouds are streaks of white veiling lazily floating across the blue sky.

As the moisture gets nearer, the cloud formations take on a thicker content and the ocean complains down the South way. Just before Jupiter spills his bucket, the sea gulls congregate and do some aerial acrobats.

Early in the Spring, a white frost will indicate rain the next day. If the fog comes down the river, it will be good weather. After a rain, if the wind shifts to the North, then will the weather change, too.

If the grass is laden with dew, the days will be warm and sunny—that is if the sun has been out for several days in the past.

Weather watching is fun and can be profitable too, as being able to predict may help your plans for the week.

The clouds and the winds say it is going to be good for awhile. It should be. Jupiter must have installed an automatic water system this year, and forgot to turn it off.

Note: On the 25th of this month, Marj was saying that her writing would “never have frills in fancy words and sentences and it will lack painted phrases and flowery descriptions,” but today’s offering has descriptions that any great poet would be proud of; and I must say that they are not overly fancy and flowery, so she has been true to her word. This is a beautiful little essay about observing Oregon Coast weather. -Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie’s niece

April 1, 1952

This is fool’s day. Maybe I shouldn’t voice any opinions today as this might all be a joke. But I laid aside all jokes and put on a yoke of work and really fooled everyone and myself, too, on how much I can do in one day.

Outdoor exercise and work has the inside beat a mile. My! It is wonderful to have so much room to stretch in and so much free air to breathe; that is what makes working in the fields and the woods so satisfying.

Chet and I went pioneering today, clearing land of brush and blackberries. It is modern day pioneering because we had tools not known by our grandfathers; especially the bulldozer. It is amazing what can be accomplished in a day. By nightfall we had a basement dug and a giant pile of wood and stumps burned.

Even with modern methods it is hard labor and so much must be done by hand. To operate a tractor is tiring and a day spent on one means a million jerks and jolts. The only thing really gained with our new methods is time.

I don’t think anyone can fully appreciate a home unless he has had to do some genuine labor to get it. We have sweated a gallon on this job and still have a barrellful of sweat left before the house is built and the place landscaped.

Dream houses are phrases and few people ever get one by dreams. Most of my dreams of a new home have been punctured; but some day it will be a full grown vision and can't be rubbed away—I hope.

April 2, 1952

If we eat hamburger, we aren't too sure we will break out in a "Moo, Moo!" or a "Neigh, Neigh!" Sure hear a lot about butchers selling "horseburgers"; and it does make us look extra snoopy at the ground meat in the show case.

In the first place, the name hamburger is rather deceiving; so its contents could be most anything and still be as meaningful as "hamburger", which should really be made of ham to live up to the name.

As far as cleanliness, horsemeat is more so than pork and chicken. In fact, any nag is very particular what she eats. It is mostly a psychological view; like eating a cat or a dog. Yet cows are pampered and petted and when they become saggy in the bag, are shipped to the stockyards.

Of course, we all like to know what we are eating and I agree with the health board, food should be branded. No one likes to be deceived. To know what goes in the tummy, makes digestion happier. Did you ever discover bugs on the lettuce after you had eaten half a head? Gives you a crawly feeling; and the processes of your inner sanctum, goes on strike.

I know horsemeat is probably as digestible and as healthful as most meat we eat, but it is an unwritten agreement we have with horses that we won't eat them.

If you are uncertain about the "burgers" you are eating, try clamburgers and you won't be deceived. Take a cup of ground clams; add a beaten egg, and two tablespoonfuls of flour and some bread crumbs. Flavor as desired and fry in hot fat.

April 3, 1952

The kids on Downunder Street were looking for mischief; mostly something for a good joke; it being the first day of April. The first garbage can in the alley next to big rambling house was filled and overflowing with a weird assortment of worn out junk; part of which was scattered along the pavement.

Bill sighted it first, "Hey, kids! Look what I found!"

The scramble begins and a dozen hands were dipped into the mess of junk pulling and further scattering old rags, broken china, and miscellaneous articles.

“Boy, this looks like a real honest to goodness hand bag; bet it has money in it,” said John as he held it up for inspection. His hands ran down into the torn and worn bag and he turned it from side to side and upside down and shook and shook like a dog does a snake; but nothing fell out.

“Aw shucks!” he complained and threw it down. Bill picked it up and brushed it carefully.

“Know what?” he said, “This would make a swell April Fools joke. Let’s go down the block and tie a string to it and fool somebody.”

“Heck, Bill, that is a joke so old it stinks. Why don’t we just throw it on the sidewalk and let any fool pick it up?” So the boys marched down the block and threw the purse on the walk and hid behind a row of billboards.

Several people passed the worn bag and smiled as they stepped over in reverence to the old. The boys watched several minutes and were about to scatter to their respective homes when a well dressed gentlemen sauntered by and with not a look in any direction, picked up the bag and slowly went his way.

Headlines in the morning paper read: “Lining of old purse reveals hiding place of fortune.”

So it pays never to throw away anything without microscopic inspection of its goodliness.

April 4, 1952

“Idleness breeds discontent.” I don’t know what species of bugs these are; but I will probably never find out and don’t intend to be idle long enough to have any discontents breed on me.

Seems, these days, if a fellow minds his business and does his share of living, he is too busy to be either idle or discontented. This applies to women, in particular, as a woman’s work is never done.

I always look questioningly at any gal who says she can’t find a thing to do. I can bet the mending isn’t done or the dust is still curled up under the bed. Work can be found any place you look for it. If there isn’t enough to keep you from breeding discontent at home, you can do some volunteer community work.

I don’t advocate working until that is all you get from life; there is a happy medium to this, too. No one ever progressed without working brains or brawns. The idea that men get rich without exertion, is all propaganda. They are just a little smarter and move at the right time.

Work can be pleasure. Some I do is anything but that—it must be done, though; so I try to take it with the strides. Sing while you work, is very good advice; but I am some

what handicapped here because the cow can carry a tune better than I. So the best I can do is try to think up something to write in my diary and make the work go faster.

Of course, if you own a one tracked mind, it isn't always so easy to do two things at one time.

April 5, 1952

The human world, the bug world, the animal world, and the germ world all are having wars and have had since the beginning of anything. I am not the only one that wonders about this.

It seems to be a part of the makeup of the plan of living or the survival of the fittest. If a percentage of all living things did not die, the overpopulation wouldn't let existence be comfortable for anything.

So this is possibly the reason we have wars and disease and death; and why some insects eat others and the same with animals. I would hate to think what would happen to me, if there weren't some way to control the flea.

Beyond our knowledge there is a plan of balance for the world and just how it is all managed no one will probably ever know. For a few years we humans thought we had the house fly situation licked with DDT; but now this insecticide is just a bath for the onery fly and he laughs at us.

Penicillin is a wonderful weapon against some diseases; but it, too, can be useless if taken too many times. Nature, for all living things, has provided an armor for every combat.

It all sums up to survival of the fittest for every living thing. When you see how some beings live, you wonder how they can exist—just wouldn't be if they were weak souls.
