

April 6, 1952

Humans are not the only living, squirming things that love home. In the study of animals and insects, we find that all have a homing instinct and provide this haven.

Of course homes differ, the bee and the ant have a house; but it is a multiple dwelling where thousands live and each has his job to perform. Our homes should be this way; but it is usually the case, Mother does most of the work.

Even the fish has his original home and many of the species return. Just think of the years of patient research it has taken to learn all these things about insects, fish, and animals. We all know the homing tendencies of the birds and the great love dogs and cats hold for master and home.

I have heard people say they hate their home; but wait around long enough and you can hear them praise their abode, too. Some say, "Home is where your heart is," but there is nostalgic memories of a certain house where we spent childhoods and perhaps where we have known happiness.

And those who say, "Home is where your hat is," are just kidding themselves. Most young people get married to establish the pride and joy of having their own home. This is love of another meaning. The real home is only shared by those you dearly love and the outsider should recognize this.

Rarely is a house large enough for two families; and it is best that separate dwellings are supplied. Two families of birds never nest together. Birds of a feather might flock together at social functions; but they don't like sleeping under the same roof.

I would have trouble living in some houses with some people because my idea of keeping home is certainly different and that probably goes for a reversal of opinion. A percentage of homes are mere pig sties and the occupants never are there long enough to know the meaning of "home".

April 7, 1952

"From little acorns mighty oaks grow." So we plant the seeds of kindness and from them will grow a garden of goodness; and how we train our children and the environment we give them will mean what kind of men and women they will be. Remember, too, there are weeds of beauty; thus we are faced with a great responsibility.

When I see the neglected youngsters (there are a lot of them) I wonder what the future must hold for them and the nation in which they live. I never realized how many children are raised in broken homes until I have listened to conversations of these youngsters condemning step-parents and the tales of woe from others who live in destitution and unwanted environments.

From all of this stems hatreds and dissatisfaction which grow with the years. Their attitude, "I owe nothing to the world for it gave me nothing." It is up to the other percent

of the people to try to untangle these attitudes. My goodness! What a puzzle it could all be?

For all who spend energy and time working with youngsters through 4-H and other youth groups, there is one compensation of having planted a few seeds of kindness and helpfulness that may some day grow into useful timber.

Now, I know my own children do not understand rules I have tried to apply as to their discipline and living; but in time, they will realize—when they have children of their own—just how important it is to plant good seeds and cultivate the crop thoroughly and through every season of the year.

It is a mighty hard task, this growing a garden of youngsters, when all around them is a patch of weeds blowing their seeds to the high winds.

April 8, 1952

What a difference a little sunshine can make? I think I can see the plants growing these past few days. I know I see the weeds getting taller and taller and like Jack and the beanstalk, they will soon be up to the sky.

Down our way, the soil is deep and black and everything grows big and tough (I mean the weeds). It is an exhaustive battle with the unwanted weeds and if I don't keep at it, soon the good plants are suffocated. I often wonder why I don't plant the garden seeds, not in neat rows, but just throw the seeds thick and let them suffocate the weeds.

It is getting, harder and harder for me to find ideas for my diary; so I don't see why my mind can't have a growing season, too. Somehow I doubt if the soil is very good—probably like a worn out farm where only the weeds grow. They say it is hard to cultivate side hill farms where the erosion is so great; and time has certainly eroded my poor old brain and it is fastly becoming an uphill proposition.

Since the sun has decided to visit us, everyone has a brighter attitude and more ambition. Out of doors exercise builds healthy appetites and we women must do more cooking and spend more time cleaning up the tracked in dirt from the garden. Springtime keeps everyone busy and minding his own business and there is less gossip.

The cat stays out—his curious nature is very busy chasing all the wiggling, flying things that come with Spring; and one sure sign summer is on its way, the creepy, crawling garter snake is everywhere—even on the kitchen porch where the cat totes them home with pride and I lose two inches of growth every time I step out of the door.

April 9, 1952

From the amount of paper we have in our house and that which we throw away each day, multiplied by the millions of other homes; I don't see where it can keep coming. But

this is only a drop in the waste basket in comparison to the public use of paper and its products.

The greatest waste in our nation is its paper. The cardboard box is used but once and burned and it is capable of being used over and over again. There are paper drives; but these are only successful in large cities and at intervals.

We have free speech; but even this isn't saving paper as the speeches are copied in the newspapers. There is much speech; free and otherwise in Congress; yet the cost of printing the congressional Record is \$35.00 a page or for last year's session \$646,272.

The volumes of the Record for the 1951 session weighs 100 pounds compared to the weight of a large type Bible of 2 pounds and 10 ounces. The Bible contains the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Story of the Creation, The Psalms, the Proverbs, the great story of the Resurrection and life Everlasting; and the greatest stories of history of murder, romance, and war. These are told in 1149 pages and 773,692 words; compared to the Record of 11,708,000 words which will never be read by anyone in particular and understood by fewer.

The government waste paper bill must be quite a burden on the budget. And all this paper would make a fine nest for a lot of rats living in Washington.

Kids can have a lot of fun with paper mache. All it takes is a good imagination, newspapers, and a pot of paste made from flour or regular wallpaper paste. The paper is torn into strips and pasted layer by layer to form the object desired. Tunnels for electric trains and models of animals and other objects can be easily made. The mache should be allowed to dry thoroughly before it is painted.

April 10, 1952

The flu bug has been buzzing around; but he has a muffler and no one knows when he has been bit until that awful feeling hugs every muscle and the voice box is filled with coarse gravel and the nostrils are stuffed with slime.

The Russians have been accusing us of germ warfare; and now maybe we ought to blame this on them. Could it have been that airplane we heard in the middle of the night or those funny looking strangers in town?

Anyway, I feel lousy and like the house fly, am probably immune to a lot of doctoring; so will have to wear it off and take the dose the same as hundreds of others.

In all the research, science has not concocted a cure for the flu or la grippe nor for the annoying cold. It is just one of the sufferings of mankind and every cycle we must endure it and hope for the best.

It caught me in the neck this time and I feel like a worm is eating through my Adam's apple; and my voice is getting weaker. Tonight maybe I should rub on liniment and take a

potion of whiskey, lemon, honey, and licorice. If that doesn't do the trick, tomorrow I will try another remedy.

And if there isn't any April 11th in my diary, it will be known the cure was killing.

April 11, 1952

I lived through yesterday; and enough of today to enjoy the passing parade of people.

Today I helped the 4-H girls sell cakes and other tasty foods to raise money for a summer school scholarship. It was an easy job this time because I can neither taste nor smell; so the delicious food didn't have much appeal. The sale was very successful.

I don't often have opportunity to be away from my own little world around home. By being uptown, and not too preoccupied, I had plenty of eye space to see what is going on in the other half of the world. If you have set in your parked car and watched the people go by, you will know what I mean.

It is a treat to go to the city just to watch the passing parade of everyday people. It probably isn't as interesting down here; but I did have a chance to study my neighbors and may recognize them better now by body movements or walk.

How do I look when I am in the passing parade? Just another funny character. If we had movies of ourselves, we would be embarrassed and unbelieving; but it would be one way to improve posture and dress.

In the passing parade of humans, the faces will outline thoughts and purposes. The attire will provide a secret to living conditions; and the pace will picture busy bees or drones.

Some people look straight ahead and never see what is at either side of them; others drink in the full surroundings of life. I would say the first group are the one tracked mind and the second love the world and living and don't want to miss a minute of its wonders. The lonely often talk to themselves and are oblivious to movement of other creatures.

The one treat I have in visiting the city is watching this passing parade and I found it is even enjoyable here at home. Try it.

April 12, 1952

The daylight hours were created for living and work and are not meant for sleeping; yet many hours of precious light are wasted in a snorrry dreamland.

When I wake in the morn and hear the birds a singing and the fresh noises of the new day, I am ashamed I have not come to life as soon as the sun. Those who do not take full advantage of the morning hours miss much of its beauty and waste their own energy.

A new chapter could be written in most lives, if they were to be up with the birds and eat a hearty breakfast and get their work done early. Energy gives off twice as much spark in the early hours as it does in the late. In the afternoons, we could relax and play and feel that we earned it and have our minds at ease knowing the necessary work of the day was done.

The modern world lives in a false daylight and much of its labors are done under the glare of artificial lighting. Little wonder so many people see things in a false light.

“Early to bed and early to rise makes one healthy, wealthy and wise” is just as good today as it was in the yesterdays. Man is a machine of habit and it seems as easy for him to form bad ones as good. And he is getting to be a night owl and will soon look like one if he doesn't return to daylight living.

Do you hate to wash the windows? I find the job of doing the exterior very simplified. Use a bucketful of good hot water with ample detergent (Tide or Surf are both good) wash the windows with a sponge mop then quickly rinse off with the hose.
