

April 20, 1952

The man who works on Sunday might not have any grass growing under his feet; but he will soon have some growing on top of him.

Even if you do not believe in the Bible, you would have to agree the human machine must have rest and one day a week is well deserved and Sunday is as good a day as any.

A man who plugs along seven days a week, loses the spirit of living by not having a break from his ownself to see how the other half of the world lives. His rest day should be filled with restful things and away from his daily work.

I personally do not believe a man who works without rest accomplishes more than his neighbor who takes a weekly breather. Neighbor is refreshed and bites into his job with renewed vigor and actually accomplishes more work than the fellow who drags along every day of the week doing the same thing.

Sometimes a ride a few miles from home or a short visit with old friends is all that is needed to break the monotony of work. Rest day should be one of relaxation and never hurried. On that day, you might read a story that time would not allow on the busy work days or write to relatives and friends.

I often wonder when God finds time to rest these days, He, Who, said we must have one day of rest, is beseeched with prayer from morn to night and on and on every minute of time. I hope He can find a cloud and just drift along in deep relaxation one day of the week like all men should.

April 21, 1952

This being the 100th anniversary year of the great poet, Walt Whitman, I think about his verse "The Man With the Hoe". During Mr. Whitman's time, I would say it was very appropriate; but it is a rare thing these days to find a man with a hoe.

For the greater part of my life, I have been using a hoe; having begun in childhood to weed the garden under protest and bribery. Any manipulation of the hoe now is usually done by the weaker sex. Most young one of this era don't know the meaning of protest and the bribery comes too high.

The man of the house scans the garden situation and immediately recommends no thing smaller than a tractor and because the space is hardly larger than such a machine, he decides it is cheaper to buy the vegetables from the store.

But the woman of this household would rather wield the hoe and suffer a few back aches and torn finger nails and wash a few more dirty clothes than to have to depend upon wilted vegetables for her family. There is much satisfaction and pride in gathering fresh vegetables from your own tended garden; and believe me the family likes to eat them; though they don't like to help grow them.

If all the waste space grown up with weeds, were planted to gardens the women of this town would all have nice sun tans and streamlined figures and their young ones would have a healthier glow; and they would have less time for coffee drinking and gossip. Amen.

Note: I remember walking behind Marjorie's father with a bucket of potato pieces and dropping one in each hole as he dug his way down the row. Even though, when I was a youngster, we lived in Portland's suburbs, Grandpa and Grandma turned that large 1/2 acre lot into a mini-farm. Barn with cow and a goat part of the time, pen with chickens, and a killer garden. The place already had walnut and cherry trees and an apple tree, so much of what we ate came from our own yard. We had it all: milk, cream, butter, eggs, an occasional chicken, home canned goat meat, lots of walnuts, cherries, raspberries, strawberries, and all the major vegetables that we wanted. I remember one summer, there was a massive crop of green beans and dear Grandma, not wanting to waste, but beginning to run out of canning jars, ground up the beans and canned them that way. It would of been better if she had given them away, cause those ground up beans were not that much fun to eat! This was before home freezers were available. I learned a lot growing up like that and have since added to that learning, so that I can now have my own garden and I do. - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice

April 22, 1952

Headlines above picture of an Australian aborigine in today's paper reads "Civilization Big Ant Heap." In quest of more information, I learned this bushman of 53 years came to town for the first time and when he saw the tangle of traffic and the whirling crowds, he exclaimed, "Him all same as ant."

Not having lived in the busy flurry of modernism, this fellow has had time to watch a colony of ants; so I suppose if we were to go and visit an ant hill, we would probably say, "All the same as people."

And it is certainly true. I have read that ants and bees are very brilliant; so we shouldn't feel hurt at being compared to these insects; and rather should be honored as they have well organized colonies and each does his designated part--which cannot be said of some human settlements.

As I look at the world passing by, I can see how very much like an ant hill we are. When I was a child I would watch ants by the hour and they are in a hurry just as we modern peoples are and often they packed loads beyond their capacity--and don't we? Sometimes they would get cooperation and help from another ant; but often, as we do, they would continue on over-loaded.

The whole earth could be pictured as one big ant hill; with one part of it mechanized ants and the other still pioneering. Part of them are flying ants and none are separated by any barriers because the mechanized ones have all the travel problems licked.

April 23, 1952

It is said travel sets you free and broadens you. The latter I know is true because the more a fellow sits and lets the rest of the world go by, the broader he gets.

I haven't ever traveled too much; so don't know much about being set free; but it is a wonderful feeling to leave the cares of home behind and view new vistas. Everyone should plan to budget enough time from their year's work to go away from it all for at least a week.

It's like taking Sunday off; only in a bigger dose and when you come home, you feel doubly refreshed of mind and soul and can pursue the old job with renewed vigor and it won't seem near so hard to take. All year there will be memories of that vacation and little incidents will pop up to make it all the more interesting.

Going away from everyday scenes, breaks the cord of monotony and is a tonic for conversation. If we stay in the same rut, we soon have exhausted our topics of talk; and it's like playing the same record over and over.

Few countries of this world contain as much opportunity to travel in freedom as does our good old U.S.A. and if possible we should all take advantage of this. To travel is an education and we learn how others live and to compare our lives with theirs and appreciate more about being neighbors.

When we go on that vacation, we should leave the cares of the home place behind (they will be there when we return) and feel as free as the wind and open our minds to all the new things we are going to hear and see.

Once you have had a vacation, the itch remains and the next year the fever breaks anew; and I can feel a tickling begin to remind me now that summer time isn't far away and I hope a vacation.

April 24, 1952

It doesn't seem to matter whether we are man or mouse, we are all creatures of habit especially the eating one.

My family each has his own ideas on food and sometimes it makes the cook very unhappy and causes no end of bother trying to arrange menus to please everyone. The cat has become just as fussy about his menu and his habits of eating have grown into a luxury habit; requiring special canned horse meat and pure evaporated milk warmed to a certain temperature.

Of course this can be blamed onto the cook for spoiling both man and beast. But in defense I write my side: In the first place, the cook will always please the ones she loves-even if it is spoiling them; and in the second place, no master of the kitchen (not saying I am a master cook) will have her reputation blackened by not keeping the family and the cat fat and sassy.

The eating habit isn't the only one. Everyone has his own idea of a bed and it is provided and kept accordingly. The cat has his and also he has other ideas of sleeping comfort that do not conform to mine and if I would let him, he would lounge on all the beds; this could become a bothersome habit; but I have showed him I am yet the master of this house and he can't indulge in sleeping on our beds.

I do believe all living things have habits and can be trained to be good ones or let grow into bad ways. But the man and beast in our house have the habit of both being spoiled.

April 25, 1952

Living in this world with all the other beings, I have come to the conclusion that it takes brains to do any job well.

There is a false idea that anyone can spade a garden or dig a ditch; but to do either one of these menial jobs well, takes a little ingenuity or they can be very badly done and monotonous tasks in the end. With skill and thought (yes, some humans lack either one) they can be accomplished easily and neatly; but the artless make a time consuming drudgery of any job and in the end have accomplished not even a perfect ditch or well cultivated garden.

There are people who are absolutely hollow and don't contain either brains or brawn. Actually, I wonder what they are here for; but it is said everyone has a purpose and these shells must be to show how badly are needed the ones who use brain and muscle.

If the human body is made of electronic energy, there are many who lack a few tubes and are all loud speaker. The fellow who does the least with the least effort, usually is big mouthed and has a good opinion of his power. This ego keeps him blew up and fills the hollow shell.

There are those occupations that need education; and apprenticeship; but the successful skilled are the ones who combine thinking with muscles; and if they do not apply these, are as useless as the hollow man; and their education is a waste of money and time.

The self made man can apply himself at most any job as he is not afraid of working either his brain or his muscles. The percentage of his caliber is small and in great demand.

There are days I am very hollow and others I can get the gray matter and the muscles in tune and we all work together and get a days work well done.

April 26, 1952

The governor says Oregon is to stay on Standard Time for the summer; but the golfers and the big business man wants more time to play in the evening; so they are giving Mr. McKay a bad time and calling him a few names behind his back.

On this time issue, I am neutral and it doesn't make any difference one way or the other; but apparently there are some that an hour is something to quibble about. People are hard to please, that is for sure. For longer than I've been around, standard time has been just fine; then so many new ideas were tried they sort of run out and "time" had to be changed.

Because the East goes daylight, are we obliged to follow? The change of time affects everyone and so everyone should have a say in the matter. It should be placed in an election--a national one; that the country as a whole be standard. No! It must be quarreled and made a state by state issue and mixed into a political stew.

This is supposedly known as a free country with government by the people and for the people; but a lot of the laws concerning our peoples aren't made by them; but by a minority with a political preference. The time issue should be settled once and for all by ballot in a national election. If we are going to live in a Democracy, we should respect the wishes of the majority rather than a small group try to run even the change of time.

It just shows how stubborn most people are; gotta have their way, no matter what!. Anyway, a day is so long and only so much can be done in it whether it is work or play. Father time is likely getting a big laugh from the whole episode.
