

May 4, 1952

It is nice to know we have some purpose in this torn world. We are told that everyone, no matter how poor or wretched, is here for a purpose and the great Master watches.

This explains the reasons for many things. We wonder why the incurable linger, the criminal repeats his terror, and the heathen still exist. Perfection is only a word in the dictionary and there does not breathe the perfect man.

The sick and ailing remind the healthy how fortunate they are. The criminal is an example before us that we should tread the honest road. The pitiful build sympathy for the strong.

No one lives to the concepts of his neighbors. It would be a dull world if there was nothing to criticize. What I think is right is all wrong to the next fellow and so on down the line.

Everyone and everything is for some purpose. No matter how terrible war is, it is here for a reason. If we did not have rain, we would not appreciate sunshine; and too much of either is a catastrophe; so life goes on and on.

Why must there be death and why do some poor pitiful souls yet live? Only the Master controls the puppet strings and it is not for us to say.

I only hope that my purpose is for the good.

May 5, 1952

Today is someone's birthday. It seems I am looking for gifts for about every day of the year. I am not complaining; but we should do like it is done in Japan. This, the 5th of May, is the birthday of all the Japanese boys.

So, if today would be all the men's birthdays, I could stock up on ties, socks, and hankies and send them all out at one time; and there wouldn't be all this brain wear and tear trying to remember whose is when.

I especially like to remember the children on their birthday. I can look back on that part of my life as very happy. There was always something for everyone's birthday; and it was a great occasion with a candle lighted cake and all the mystery of the wrapped gifts.

So when I send a child a gift, I can picture the happy face as the paper is hastily torn away to reveal something his very own and new. After all, childhood is the happiest segment of our lives and we should, after we are adults, help to keep it that way for the youngsters.

If you don't have children in your family, there are countless numbers about you, who often are without the precious moment of gifts at their birthday. "It is more joyful to give than to receive"--and I say it has more lasting effects.

Gifts do not have to be expensive or large--the simple things more often count the most. When it comes to birthdays (I shouldn't have them anymore) I am just as big a kid as the others. Why should we grow up?

*"Today is someone's birthday," she says. And indeed this day was Chester Hays' Birthday.
- Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice.*

May 6, 1952

Live alone long enough and we people become known as "tetched" and live with other people and become like them.

I have heard it said that married couples began to look alike after they have been hitched a good many years. Maybe this is why there are so many divorces--that face across the table cannot be visioned on another's shoulder.

I would feel it quite a compliment to resemble my husband as I have always wanted to have dark hair and brown eyes; but, of course, this excludes the baldness. I don't imagine he cares to have any of my features; especially the excess padding.

Those who do hibernate themselves from other beings lose a great deal from life and actually become eccentric. It is well to associate with everyone and have activities that bring you in contact with your fellow beings.

Children should be taken to functions like church and theater and community gatherings so that they learn to have public manners. I can always tell when a child goes to church regularly. (There are exceptions). If youngsters associate with others, they soon acquire a normal attitude to fit every occasion.

Some persons are starved for human friendships and live so isolated from others, they act strangely when they come to civilization. This day and age there is little need for such isolationism.

Neither am I in favor of very close friendships, which so often end in hard feelings; I would rather have many friends and all rated the same.

Perhaps I should have a good look in the mirror and study me and see who I do resemble--man or monkey.

May 7, 1952

Various times in my life I have heard of phobias and never could remember which phobia belonged to which weakness and now I have read an article to clarify the whole situation.

I have had dreams of being absolutely clothed in my birthday suit and in the gosh awfulest situations anyone could dream. This would come under gymno-phobia or fear of nudity, which doesn't bother me in my conscious mind.

I think all have thanato-phobia to some extent. Very few relish the idea of death. But normal beings brush it from the every day thinking; and take it in its stride; but that fear lurks in the background.

Disease is, of course the scar of mankind; but not all of us have any great fear of it except those with noso-phobia. We take it as it comes, too. But I have known people who were almost afraid to breathe for fear there would be a germ for them.

Being akin to the species known as man, the fear of beasts hasn't ever bothered me; but I suppose there are those afflicted with zoophobia and can't stand any animals about them. Life must be unbearable for man is the worst beast of all.

The acrophobia or fear of height doesn't fit well with our modern day living. So the person suffering will be a misfit. Everything we do has height. We are a nobody if we don't climb to some sort of heights. Transportation has taken on height, too. The older we get the more apt we are to have acrophobia--it is harder to look down from the Astor tower or the Smith Building; than it was ten years ago.

The least bothersome of all the phobia to me would be ochlo-phobia or fear of crowds. As long as I have elbows, crowds will never hem me in.

Since I was a child I have had a mild fear of claustrophobia. I always had night mares of crawling under the barn and getting stuck. I still don't like to get in any tight spots. I suppose this would apply to being penned in a cage or imprisoned, which applies to a tight spot, too.

May 8, 1952

Ambitious people usually are thrifty. It takes some get-up to be able to save money. The lazy fellow is weak and cares not for the work of trying to economize.

With all the temptations of this commercial world, it is very tiring to try to save a penny. "A penny saved is a penny earned: but a copper or the war time metal penny isn't worth much these days and it takes a heap of saving to make it worthwhile--in fact one would be worn out packing enough pennies to buy a pound of butter.

A fellow that amounts to anything financially or morally is a hard worker mentally and physically. The successful don't keep union hours--their work goes on around the clock and some ideas are even hatched in sleep.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss" which means the man on the go doesn't have time to get stale and if he gets up there in the world he doesn't stop long enough to gather any lichens or weeds in his garden of success.

It is said everyone somehow gets by; but I would rather be the thrifty one with a nest egg for a rainy day and have the distinction of being able to help the other fellow rather than have him help me. Call it pride or ambition; but I see no pleasure in dependency.

Leaf lettuce is a thrifty garden vegetable. It will mature less than a month from planting and provide an abundance of leafy greens. We like it wilted. Fry pieces of bacon very crisp Add two tablespoons Karo syrup and some lemon juice. Pour over the lettuce.

May 9, 1952

I have never started a job in my life that didn't turn out to be twice as much work as planned; so I am getting very pessimistic.

This week I began to paint Venetian blinds. At first three was my goal; then when I saw how fresh the first one looked, I thought it would be a shame if I didn't redo all nine. By the time I had swished the brush on at least 250 slats front and back, I was seeing "slats" in my sleep; and wondered how I ever talked myself into a job like that.

It is all done and I am breathing paint free for the first time in days; but it was worth it for they look so white and clean and I learned exactly how Venetian blinds are made and the trick in stringing them. This isn't the end of the story.

Whenever that can of paint is opened and the brush is paint filled, it is hard to stop until the can is empty. What a pity to put those nice clean blinds up to the windows next to the faded casings; so then I daubed the woodwork, too. Then comes chapter three.

The woodwork was so white and clean it made the wallpaper look drab and smoky; so I got some new paper and now it is all stuck on; but before that job was stamped "successful", I had to re-tack the old paper and square the corners.

Now none need tell me it is a simple task to do the Spring housecleaning. Once it is begun, a dozen other jobs poke their head in there, too; and what starts as a one day work spree turns out to be a week's madhouse.

The paint can isn't empty; but my workability is.

It really isn't such a hard job to paint blinds. I took the tapes apart from the bottom rail and pulled out the cords. The tapes were washed without attaching from upper rail. Each slat I washed with turpentine to eliminate grease and wax; then painted on both sides and stood on end to dry. It is best to use a quick semi-gloss enamel. It is a little tedious to restring the blinds; but takes more time and patience than anything.

May 10, 1952

When you look at the map of this great big world, what a small corner we each own; but it is a whole world to us.

Everything we own and have worked for these twenty years is nestled on a 80 x 100 piece of ground. Now this isn't much land; but it isn't the land that is so important, it is what it represents: ownership, freedom, and home.

Our little corner of the world means a lot to us. It is ours and we can do with it what we may (the taxes have always been paid). The man without his own plot of soil never knows the feeling of pride from ownership.

And when the fellow says to me, "It is cheaper to rent than to own," I agree with him to a small degree; that would be true for the man who is a gypsy. But my corner has roots in the ground and they are so deep, it will be hard to get them to grow elsewhere.

If you have ever planted a garden and painted and papered and planned and saved for your little corner, then it becomes a symbol of pride and a part of life. Travel is a wonderful vacation; but not a steady diet and I always hope to have this little corner of Eden to come home to.

After 12 years of painting, patching, etc. little wonder I have a warm spot in this humble abode--you can't feed and clothe a thing without becoming attached to it; and this place is like one of the family--and looks like us, too.
