

May 11, 1952

Today is Mother's Day. Mother is showered with gifts and she can officially go on strike and not be picketed by groans and complaints.

I am lucky to have a wonderful family and feel, indeed, I am the one who should count my blessings; and when I say my prayers for this day, I shall thank God for providing me with this appreciative family.

Every day is mother's day to work for her family and that I try to do. Rarely am I away when my youngsters come from school and I wish to have them trust me as I would them.

When the questionnaires are answered at school, I hope my children will say they come from a well adjusted home with love and attention well provided and mother at the helm to steer the old family ship through the right channels.

When God made mothers, he must have felt a great satisfaction; but when he looks upon some of them today, he is probably a little disappointed. I don't think he meant them to do man's work or follow in his footsteps.

Most mothers are looked upon as old; and it gives me a lump in my throat to think I am classed in the "old" category just because I am "Mother". I actually do not feel any older than I did at 16 and the only reason I don't act that age, is because everyone knows my children's age.

Because Mother is attached to our name, we are in the dictator class—which is only natural from us come the rules and regulations of family life. How important it is for us to be well trained to give advice and rule the "roost"; and too, we must be diplomats and have an iron clad supply of patience.

Yes, to be Mother is a big job; and little do we know to what roads it will lead us.

May 12, 1952

Today's news tells of "Operations Gumdrop". Anything as sweet sounding as that naturally drew my attention and I was glad I took time to read the article; to find there is a sweet side to war, too.

To thousands of Korean boys and girls gumdrops must certainly be a novelty and I can't think of a better way to win small friends than to shower them with candy. How much better if all war could be fought with sweets dropped from the sky than with deadly bombs.

Perhaps this same idea could be used over the enemy lines and we could win new friends. I know most of the Chinese Reds have never tasted candy and what a surprise it

would be to have a bomb filled with chocolates drop; and no explosion. I am sure it would be much cheaper for us tax payers.

Operations Gumdrop could well be the start of a new phase of war--a battle of human kindness matched against power and destruction. Some thought should be taken on this subject and it is well worth a try.

The deprived and hungry peoples are more apt to fight and the Chinese have always been half starved and have never known the comforts of living of the Western peoples. This is the reason they are the easy target for Communism. I am sure if they were as all well fed as Americans, there wouldn't be this struggle and they would be less reluctant to be used as stooges.

Wars have never been won through battles with weapons; and when nations have discovered more humane means of winning, they will have learned it is through satisfaction of hunger and the well filled bread basket.

The Russians have accused us of dropping germ bombs when most likely it was gumdrops--would they know the difference? Probably they ate too much candy and got a good tummy ache.

Note: I did several different Google searches using Operations Gumdrop and the Korean War in the Spring of 1952 and found nothing, although there is much information about this war, no mention that I could find about this particular gumdrop operatio. But then I did not spend a lot of time with it either. It could of been a small localized event that made the news at that time. One official government Korean War History site listed lots of events during the Spring of 1952, but no gumdrops. ~ During most wars, there is always much propaganda released by each side to convince their citizens that the war is justified and "we" are the good guys. I'm NOT saying that this gumdrop story was propaganda, but some of the other ideas mentioned here in Marj's diary entry, like the one that we "Western peoples" are so much better off than people in China, for example, does hint at this sort of "conditioning" done by governments to persuade their citizens that whatever current war they are involved with is "the right thing to do." "We the people" usually don't find out much truth about the why of war till long after the event, if ever. ~ It is obvious, from this entry, as well as others, that Marj was way into peace and happiness for all peoples and was constantly doing her part to improve the lives of others in addition to that of her own family. - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece.

May 13, 1952

It has been so long since we had little ones to say "No, no" to, we have almost forgotten what a problem it is to steer little minds into the right channels. Now the "No, no" must entail a complete thesis on ethical living and before it is completed we have had an argument good enough for the Supreme Court. There is a lot of difference between a few years old and a teen years old.

One can hardly grab the willow switch from the closet and take after another as mature as yourself--the temptation is great; but somehow you count to ten and don your best diplomatic pose and wrap yourself in an armor of patience.

It is very true "A switch in time saves crime"--that is, good advice up to a certain age; but we must remember not to break pride. When a child reaches the high school age, he has attained adult ideas which should be respected and parents should see eye to eye on the adult level.

Like everything, there is a happy medium here, too. Children likewise should respect the opinions of their elders. But in the younger formative years the switch is good medicine for training; and a good stinging around the legs is well remembered. I don't think it is used enough these days.

I have heard parents say, "It doesn't do any good to spank Junior." Well, Junior probably didn't get spanked hard enough to press the seat of his breeches. There must be a little pain inflicted.

"It hurts me worse than it does Junior to spank him," is often heard; but it will hurt mothers and dads much worse when that young one grows up without any discipline and is a menace to society.

If the disciplining is well done the first twelve years of life, the task isn't so hard from then on. It is much like building a road, the construction is the worst; but the proceeding years merely require upkeep.

The scars from the switchings I had as a youngster have worn away with time; but were well deserved and are an important chapter in growing up as they should be for every person.

Note: I was never disciplined much as a child. Grandpa and Grandma had already raised 5 girls (almost); their youngest was 9 when I came along, so maybe they were a little wiser for the experience or maybe I just blended in with the rather eclectic household they maintained. Much of the time there were a lot of aunts and uncles and friends and family around, so as the only little one, I was probably more "spoiled" than disciplined.

There was one time, however, when I was a pre-teen, that Grandpa tried to spank me - and I don't remember for what. I was good at running, so I took off running down the middle of the road in front of our house with him chasing after - switch in hand - a spectacle for the whole neighborhood to see. He could not catch me and we both ended up laughing in the middle of the street about a block and a half from the house. Poor guy - he was really winded and he never tried that again. - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece.

May 14, 1952

The most comfortable head gear I have ever worn is the beret and one that seems to be in style every season; and can be trimmed in 'umpteen different ways.

The other day I read some interesting facts on the subject and learned the beret has been “in” for over 2500 years and were first known to be worn by the ancient Greeks 550 B.C.

When the ancient Roman male wished to become engaged to a girl, he merely snatched off her beret. If that was the case today, boys would surely be careful whose hat they snatched.

The first inhabitants of England wore nothing but a beret in battle. That must have been quite a sight. For a time in the Third Century of Greece, only the privileged classes could wear a beret.

The Lhardi tribes of Northern Tibet wear berets made of the hair of departed relatives as a sign of respect. Korean gentlemen wear two berets one atop the other and the first is removed upon entering a house.

Speaking of women collecting hats, Charlemagne of France owned over 500 berets. In 1650 the last word in millinery in Holland were miniature berets about 6 inches in diameter and worn atop elaborate coiffures.

Superstitious maidens of Afghanistan sleep with their beret to chase away the evil spirits that might prevent them from getting a husband.

The Cheusur people of the Caucasians still wear the same type of headgear that their ancestors had in 1400.

Men take note: In Spain during the 11th century, the men wore highly decorated berets while the women had the very plainest.

Superstitious newly married couples of Tahiti present a native beret to each other on every wedding anniversary as a symbol of good luck; and a happy life.

So after all, we are not a-head of the times.

May 15, 1952

Modern folk are truly a spoiled race. When I was breathing back there 20 odd years or so, to travel anyone would sacrifice every luxury known and the problems of sleeping and eating while away from home were certainly minor.

But now! “Why, I won’t go if I have to sleep in a tent or cook over a bonfire; I would rather stay at home, if I can’t go to the best motels and hotels and the super cafes.”

Half the fun of going is the roughing and the adventure. To travel according to modern standards takes the deposits in the first national bank to cover the expenses. In the few weeks of vacation we have taken the past few years, we have enjoyed many luxuries--there are so many provided for the tourist and they need not be too expensive; but are clean and comfortable.

Of course, it is easier to travel without the burden of equipment; but a great savings can be had, if it is taken; especially touring the back roads of our wonderful vacationland.

I am as spoiled as the other millions. My idea of a vacation is one without housekeeping or worries of what to cook; so I thoroughly enjoy the modern version of a vacation. But rather than not go at all, I could travel and rough it, too. The call of the wanderlust is too great.

There is one wonderful thing about a vacation--it is sure nice to come home and how wonderful your own piece of ground is after roaming all over everyone else's.

May 16, 1952

After today the radio will have music again. This is election day and for weeks we have heard the promises of every candidate; and what promises? If they could all be kept, life would really be rosy.

Folks are pouring into the polling places and pouring out again as perplexed as they were when they entered. The ballot is three feet long and there are enough names that anyone trying to find a "handle" for the expected arrival, would surely have a fine choice.

One candidate for delegate to the national convention says he will support the people's choice. But is the people's choice the man I want; so who should I vote for? The list is long and the names all become confused. Another candidate states he stands for the good old party; then I wonder is that what I want? Seems we need some new ideas.

Yet another name on the long list declares he has been serving the party for sixty years and I began to count on all my fingers and toes and decide he's not going to be around these parts long enough to make my vote worth while.

If we could meet the candidates face to face, I wonder how many we would vote for. Elections are a great institution and supply fuel for a lot of arguments and keep many people supplied with talk material.

When the great day is over, all will be quiet on the political front until the next election and a whole new army of candidates march before the people to be inspected and rotten egged.

I voted and had my small say; maybe it didn't do much good; but it takes many drips of water to make an ocean.

May 17, 1952

It is remarkable what people write about and find others to buy the information. An author now has compiled a book on the fact that it isn't necessary for people to die so young.

I don't think any of us are in favor of visiting St. Peter any sooner than necessary; but this fellow seems to hold the opinion we die young because we think we can't live to be old; so give up at a certain age.

One thing for sure, if I cross the great divide before I am a thousand, it isn't because I want to; and I will fight for existence as long as the old ticker is there chugging along. Most people are of the same opinion.

I will agree our view points on life have muchly to do with how soon we age; but hard work and the worries of life all tend to weaken resistance and wear out the human machine; and about the only one who know that fatal day is the Master.

The fellow who sits around moaning of illness and feeling sorry for himself soon wears out his earthly welcome and becomes a burden to mankind. From early in life it is necessary to educate an optimistic view point toward troubles.

The busy man hasn't time to think about age or death; and those who can find interesting occupations and worthwhile hobbies have better chances to live to a ripe old age.

Love for everyone and everything helps to smooth the inner workings of man; hatred hasn't room in the young in spirit.

Rather than "eat right and grow older," perhaps it should be "think right and grow still older."
