

May 18, 1952

I was reading and came across the word "Mohammedanism" and immediately my curiosity was aroused and I just had to probe and find what the difference was between them and the other religious sects.

There are 220,000,000 of them in the world and I exclaimed to the family, "Do you suppose there are that many Protestants?" The answer I received was not expected, "There might be that many branding themselves as such; but are they?"

In Mohammedanism there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. After Mohammed's death Abu Bekr, his father-in-law, became his successor; but disputes arose; some holding Ali, the son-in-law was by right the successor. This led to the division of the sect into two, Shiites and Sunnites.

Moslems have four important duties: Prayer, which must be engaged in five stated periods of the day. On each occasion the devout has certain prayers for God and certain ones for the prophet. He must always turn his face toward Mecca or this means Kebla. Prayers are said in any clean place (is that possible in those countries?) but on Friday must be said in the mosque.

The second duty is alms; the third, fasting; which is done quite often. The fourth and paramount is the pilgrimage to Mecca. Thousands have lost their lives in this duty.

Ibni Saud the present ruler of Saudi Arabia has used some of the wealth from oil concessions to make Mecca a more healthful place for the pilgrims. Before the oil wealth, the rulers' money chiefly came from the religious tourists.

A devout Moslem does not gamble or drink intoxicating liquors and he is most modest; the reason for the veiled women. Progress of Western living into the Moslem countries has changed some of the old devout ideas.

Perhaps we, too, could copy some of the fine ideals of the Moslem peoples and they, likewise, could use some of our progressive ideas.

(If I suddenly don a veil, don't get the idea I have turned Moslem.)

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May 19, 1952

I was very busy last week and so was the poor old typewriter. It is going to heave a sigh of relief when I go on a vacation. It was another 4-H radio program and another skit to do. This time I wrote three of the things before I found one that sounded sensible. Anyone can believe that after reading any of this diary.

After the wear and tear on weakened brain cells, came the rehearsals and the capturing of youngsters for each session. Then Saturday up to the radio station and the transcription. It is quite an experience for the boys and girls and the 4-H leader. To hear

yourself on the radio leaves self opinions baffled. If I sound like that every day, perhaps I should take some lessons in dramatics.

It consumes much time and energy to write and rehearse these five or six minute skits; but they are fun and give children a chance to learn to be little actors and actresses--an important phase of modern day living. And too, they enjoy being with others and acquire some public manners and a peek into the inner workings of a broadcasting studio.

Most youngsters are cooperative and appreciate the opportunity of doing these extra activities. Those who don't are spoiled at home and have too many privileges; and are usually the only child in the family. It is much easier to work with boys and girls from larger families who daily must learn to give and take and are not the only character on the stage.

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May 20, 1952

The big city dweller usually has the wrong impression of life in a village such as ours; and brands it one of hum drum existence; and those who move to these villages immediately try to give it "big ideas".

But the truth is "Life in Yachats" and other towns like it, is the busiest beehive of activity you could find in any metropolis. No one need lack social contacts; in fact, it is very easy to be a "social butterfly"--if you have the time to flit from one club to the other.

There are organizations for every age and sex and if one has a mind to be so indulged, he can be going some place every night. You can be the "big shot" in all the clubs if you have enough money and energy; and some do it without the jingle in the jeans; but use imagination and good gift of gab.

Every club has its choice few, who actually get little credit and do all the work. Like any beehive there are the drones and the workers and don't forget the queen bee. If once you are a willing president, you can have the job for eons--as long as you take orders from the charter members.

Oh yes, life in this little village is far from dull. Keeps you busy herding the stray dogs and children from your garden. You know practically everyone on the street and it takes awhile to get to town for everyone visits along the way.

Your business is most likely everyone's but if you are in trouble, small town neighbors will be there to help. The neighbor doesn't cut his weeds; so next year you are harvesting his crop, too; but if he has a plant in his garden, he will share it with you. While he criticizes you one day, he is praising you the next.

We live in the little town and like it and hope it will not grow out of its friendliness and get too big for its "outskirts".

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May 21, 1952

“Cleanliness is next to Godliness.” It certainly must be because more people work harder at it than they do at being godly.

Every week is the endless task of the family wash; and by the time it is surrounded and ironed, mended and placed in the proper storage, the housewife has spent at least eight hours.

There is the daily cleaning and the weekly scrub fest and the continuous picking up and the succession of hand washings and baths. The windows must be washed to give us a brighter outlook on life; the kitchen must be kept spotless to insure healthful food surroundings; and the list could go on and on.

There are exceptions to the rule and some humans pay little heed to cleanliness; but most of us try to keep clean faces in the world, whether it be exterior or interior.

The biggest housecleaning job should go on inside each human castle; but this is easily neglected to keep false walls shining on the exterior. Everyone is guilty of cleaning up and painting up a false front for certain occasions, when daily practice will keep any face shining with cleanliness and natural beauty.

For cleanliness of heart it is much easier to do it everyday than to wait for a once a year housecleaning; by that time, the dirt has worn so deeply the damage cannot be repaired.

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May 22, 1952

The door bell rang and I feverishly tried to rub the pie dough from my hands; with poor results and flour still clinging to my elbows I rushed to the front door. I don't dislike callers; but there are moments when it is a bit trying to drop work and answer a call.

The moment I opened the door I knew he was a stranger and from the smug expression on his face it read “Agent”.

“Goodmorning, madam. I represent the Marvel-use vacuum cleaner company and would like to give you a demonstration.”

An agent from the same company had been to my house just a week previously; so my mind quickly comprehended that this for sure must be a dud of a cleaner to have to have so many agents repeat and repeat the same territory; so I countered, “I am not interested. I have a perfectly good cleaner that does all the work I expect of a vacuum.”

“What brand is it?”

“It is darn good one, I don't care if it is called ‘mud’.

“Now, lady, how do you know it is as good as mine, if you don't let me give you a demonstration?”

“Sorry; but there isn’t any dirt left for yours to pick up--the one I have does a very thorough job.” By this time my patience began to melt and I started to close the door.

“But lady, yours doesn’t have a polisher!”

“But it does and a special attachment yours doesn’t have and that is an agent eradicator.”

He retreated to his car; and let me have courage to tell the next agent of vacuums in the same terms as related above.

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May 23, 1952

In the '20's the college students, from boredom of receiving an education, donned the hobby of eating live gold fish. Now in the booming '50's the smart boys are indulging in “panty raids”.

I don't quite understand this because this is the age of the Bikini bathing suits and peddle pushers and shorts and girls are seen everywhere in almost nothing and shop windows display every type of unmentionable. So it couldn't be out of curiosity for surely the boys know what the girls are wearing.

Some of the colleges have laid down the rules and tell the mischievous boys if they want to waste their time on such frivolities they will have to be drafted into Uncle Sam's army and wear khaki breeches.

I quite agree with the college deans, that a young man gaining an education hardly has the time to spend raiding sororities and if his mind turns to such foolishness a college education won't do him much good.

Much money is sent to maintain higher schools of learning and usually there is sacrifice from somewhere to send a youngster to college; it seems rather misfitting for such old “boys” to cut capers.

Now I am sure if these boys are really interested in owning a piece of feminine apparel they could easily purchase such or their girl would gladly pass along an old unwanted panty.

It all goes to show what mob hysteria can do--something like chain lightning. If you don't jump in the lake with the rest of the fellows, you're a poor sport; so we wonder what the next silly craze will be learned in college.

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May 24, 1952

Today's news sayeth Box Car Betty is getting married. What a dainty little housewife she will make? How neat the little "box car love nest" will be with the ashes of ten cigars strewn about while she goes about her wifely duties.

It takes all kinds of people to make the world; and this is solid proof of the statement. This woman is certainly not a shining example of womanhood and it makes one to shudder at the thought of holy matrimony for such a character. And the groom must not be much (in brains); or he is very hard up for a wife.

These two people have probably never known the true meaning of home and have traveled on the bum for so many years they couldn't be satisfied under a stationary roof. I see nothing honorable or cute about being a "bum" and it has greater distaste when a woman lowers herself to such levels.

My idea of romance doesn't include a honeymoon in a boxcar. Marriage is such a sacred affair, it is somewhat nauseating to see it made a farce.

I call that a "bum" life; but if that is what these people like, I guess I can be glad I am on the right side of the railroad tracks.

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*Note: I remember hearing about Boxcar Betty when I was growing up, but never thought to wonder if she was a real person or not. I checked online and found the following and other stories and legends as well and even a picture of her with a cigar dangling from her mouth - an artist's rendition, of course. Although, at one time, there may have been a woman named Betty, who was a "bum," the name became a legend that is still alive today. A news story in May of 1952 about her getting married sounds interesting, but I have no way of tracing that without extensive research. – Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

<http://www.answers.com/topic/boxcar-betty> Boxcar Betty was a fictional organizer with the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World, or Wobblies) earlier in the 20th century, popularized by a Depression-era book by Ben Reitman. The Wobblies were among the first to organize itinerant workers, and some of their most dedicated organizers were homeless themselves. Boxcar Betty became one of those "larger than life" characters, a fictionalized amalgam of various women and a part of American folklore...

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