

May 25, 1952

The damaging floods and fires only prove that all things good can be evil if not used with discretion. We cannot live without water and fire; yet they are man's worst enemies. This applies, too, to germs.

The latter we must have for certain bacterial action to offset other evils. And because soil grows food for the hungry millions, it also harbors insects and unwanted weeds. We can hardly mention anything that isn't a menace if not used properly.

In this age of man, there is much energy expounded in controlling water, fire, and germs. Great dams have been constructed to control floods and store the water for irrigation and electrical power. Measures to combat fires have been steadily improved and safety campaigns are in every walk of our lives. The warfare against germs is the greatest battle we are waging; and few diseases are a mystery.

But in all these things, nature still has her say and I doubt if she is ever conquered. We have no control over weather whose conditions cause both flood and fire. There will always be germs as the world is too large to inspect every living thing.

When thoughts wonder too far on the subject, one can only shrug a shoulder and remember there will always be mysteries in the world--otherwise life would be very dull.

May 26, 1952

This is the beginning of a very busy and eventful week for the teen age crowd and much tado for the parents. It is graduation time for both eighth graders and the more mature high schooler.

Last night we attended baccalaureate--the solemn Sunday service for the seniors and a serious beginning of a week of activity for these graduates. All these wonderful days of a young life fill us elders with memories of yester year, pages we wish we could live again.

Schooling comes easily for the boys and girls today; but even 20 years ago, it was something well earned; and the percent who fell by the way side was greater than those who reached the peak.

When I was in high school so many difficulties lay in the path to the final May date with the diploma, I actually pinched myself the night of graduation to see if I were still alive. Young ones today will laugh at this confession; but they will never know the sacrifices of education.

School time is the happiest age of our lives and we realize it more and more as each graduation time rolls around; and we get a little farther from the young care free age.

Yes, graduation month is a busy period for everyone, busy with past pictures racing in our minds and the activities of the today's youngsters preparing for tomorrow's big graduation--keeping our hours well filled.

Congratulations, dear graduate, and we hope you are not graduating into troubles; but into as care free a world as you are leaving.

May 27, 1952

The busiest people are the ones who have a hobby. I have always found something to do; be it worthwhile or otherwise, I have usually kept out of mischief. Last Fall I found I could make a mess with colors and you could almost tell it was something--and it isn't modern art either; as I don't want people reversing my paintings to try to tell which side is which.

It is the one avocation I have done that I can completely lose myself in its interest; this might partly be do to the fact I am covered with pastel chalk dust and can hardly see out at the natural world.

It is fun and we all need a diversion to sidetrack worries and run the daily hum drum of life into another channel. I know I will never be a professional artist and I won't ever take lessons on the subject because that would spoil the pleasure of its being fun.

Hobbies are very important for people to acquire. They should be untiring and require no physical or mental strain and carry you into another world. When age creeps upon us and we cannot bear the load of making a living, we should be able to keep busy with something besides memories and hobbies fit well into that stage of our life.

I know I will never make money with my hobbies; but I can make life much more enjoyable for myself and my people; if I don't run out of subjects to paint or pastels to buy.

So if you meet me at the door and I look like I had seen Caesar's ghost; you will know I am only indulging in my latest hobby--pastel painting.

May 28, 1952

I have often wondered why the heat that escapes up the chimney couldn't be captured and reused. It is the same with a lot of hot air that goes to waste and I am referring to the blasts we hear from many loud mouths.

An inventor has finally thought of the idea of baffles in chimneys coated with a chemical that collects the heat and sends it back to be reused. It has been tested in factories and will save millions of dollars and eliminate much smog in the factory cities.

Tests also prove it can be used successfully in home chimneys. One must watch the top of any chimney and realize the waste of heat going out into the air. This will be quite an innovation to the problems of heating buildings.

Now if baffles could only be installed on a lot of human chimneys there would be less gossip and untruths flying into the breezes. This energy could thenceforth be used for beneficial purposes.

I guess the expression “talking through your hat” has reference to hot air going out the chimney and before we know it, there will be hats invented with special baffles to catch the heat and return it into physical energy.

It all goes to prove, if you wait long enough there isn't anything new under the sun; and some one will come along with the answer to the question like capturing the heat before it leaves the chimney.

Note: Science tells us that energy is never lost, but just changed into other forms; so the best idea is to channel the heat energy to where it does the most good and conserves the most fuel. In this endeavor, we have made much progress since the early 1950s, as verified when I Googled this subject and got about 62,400 hits for “heat collection baffles in chimneys” - so, again, Marj shows us that she was always on the alert for ideas to make living on earth easier and more efficient. - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice

May 29, 1952

Most holidays are set aside for very special purposes; but the majority don't use them for that purpose; but rather gives them a holiday to play. Such is Memorial Day, tomorrow. The highway is already buzzing with cars--people having three days to see a piece of our good old U.S.A.

We did our Memorial Day duties a few days previous; and tomorrow like millions of others, we are taking off for a vacation. After the feverish preparations to be away for three weeks, I am going to need a whole day of complete relaxation. It is surprising how many little things need to be rounded up before we can leave.

It is not easy to just drop everything and run. There are certain obligations to fulfill and bills should be paid; otherwise, the homecoming, which is usually very low on funds, will be a worrisome aftermath. Much nicer to return to a clean slate and not have to begin to count pennies and regret money spent for the vacation.

Once a vacation has been taken, it is always a temptation to go again. Somehow you catch that itch and it never leaves; so the first days without too many obligations, will find you on the go.

This is going to be quite a vacation. They say travel is educational; so we hope to come home with a complete B.T. (Bachelor of Travel). By the time we have been to Ohio and back to dear old Oregon, we should have a good peek at the United States.

The proceeding pages will unravel a few views of our travels and present my personal view point on the places and people we meet.

Haysel Pankey, Marjorie's daughter wrote:

...here is the copy of Mom's May 30th entry. She made one huge mistake which really surprised me, but I have left her entry as she had it. The Klamath River is in California and the river we followed going east is the Malheur River. She was usually so precise about things that that really surprised me. Anyway, here goes:

May 30, 1952

When this webfooted Oregonian finally uproots, after 38 years of breathing the good fresh Pacific breezes--and travels as far as Ohio, it is something to write about.

We, Chet, Haysel, and I, left Yachats at 6:10 a.m. P.S.T. and loaded up the 1951 flivver with twice as many clothes as we needed and wondered all day if we had turned off the electric heater. To avoid the holiday traffic, we said a quick good bye to the Pacific breakers and sailed up the Alsea, where hung a thick fog, a reminder that we mustn't forget how nice and cool it is "home".

Because I had sprayed for moths before we left, there was some complaint that I was contaminated; but the mountain air in the Cascades soon eliminated this nuisance; and we were in Bend by 11 a.m. and ready to taste some warmth from the desert to Burns, and to really appreciate the gallon thermos of Yachats water.

There was quite a warm breeze and I did my turn at the wheel and began to realize I might at last get some suntan on my arms--if not too much. The oasis city of Burns was a late lunch stop; then we drove easily through the rolling high desert country to the green spot in the road, Juntura. Here it looks much like the country in the Westens.

The Klamath River provides a pass for the road for miles and leads one into the prosperous green irrigated country of Vale, Ontario, and Nyssa. If I were going to farm, I would pick this as the ideal spot. The cattle and horses are the sleekest and fattest I have ever seen; and the vegetation the greenest. This is the sugar beet belt and there are miles of neatly rowed fields.

We entered Idaho at 4:40 P.S.T. (We should have changed our time; but didn't). The towns to Boise are small farming communities like Parma and Notis and we crossed the Boise River on a narrow (like all Idaho bridges) rickety bridge. East of Caldwell, a college town, was a bad wreck with two ambulances carrying away the victims and beyond the gruesome scene, a dead black cat lay in the roadway.

Boise was planned as the first night's stop and we made it before sundown and found a motel, "Seek Rest", but there is so much traffic, we will probably have to seek rest tomorrow. Boise's attractive railroad depot will always be remembered as on the hill above the city and one looks down from it onto the State Capitol building in the distance.

Haysel added: *The roads aren't quite the same in Idaho now! I'm not familiar with a town called Notis when heading to Boise, but the route of the freeway is different from the old highway. Guess I will need to check an Idaho map for that town. Seems like we really made*

good time from Yachats to Boise even though roads were considerably worse than now. I spent a lot of time in the backseat asleep which I guess is typical for a 13 year old. Wish now I had paid more attention.

May 31, 1952

The first night away from home leaves sleep very confused and we awakened early because of the unusual noises. The sun rise in the clouds was worth being up early to see and all indications were for a hot day ahead.

Most of the Idaho towns are oases in the desert; and going through Mt. Home we could see why there was an air base—about all the land is good for; if it can't be irrigated. We were amused by advertising along this desert road; and certainly a novel means of calling attention to a service station. Examples are: "Unlawful to spear or snag salmon in this area, Warning! Unlawful for tourists to laugh at natives, Petrified watermelons, take one to your mother-in-law, Don't just set there, nag your husband, and Lonely hearts picnic grounds."

After leaving Hammett village we came to Glens Ferry on the Snake River and then were slowed by rough road and construction. Haysel said, "If I could only see a live rattle snake, I would be satisfied." The country looked like snake country with rocky cliffs and the river and some fertile fields between. King hill was between this point and Thousand Springs where "that snake" wiggled across the road and backing up for closer inspection found it to be the real McCoy, rattlers and all. No one volunteered to alight for closer scrutiny.

Thousand Springs is very pretty and the springs are across the Snake River with the water pouring over the cliff in many small cascades. From here we drove uphill and onto a flat prairie where there were cattle and sheep ranches. A succession of small towns like Buhl, Kimberly, Burley, and the larger Twin Falls. The roads were mostly rough with streaks of good to sort of pep the driver's morale. Malta was as hot as "Malta" and soon we were in Utah and down into a fertile mountain framed valley. Here I did my sprint at the wheel and did a lot of looking and driving and enjoying the scenery.

Noontime rolled around with the miles and Tremonton, Utah made an ideal lunch stop. A succession of farm villages; Bear River, Corinne, and the larger Brigham City and the pretty town of Perry brought us to a super highway and our first view of the Great Salt Lake. At Willard, sea gulls were flying about the fields and looked lost. Ogden advertised the world's largest gas station and it wasn't an exaggeration. Ogden is beautiful with background of snow covered mountains and coolly dressed with tree lined streets.

Early evening found weary far Westerners in Salt Lake City and stopping for a better look of this famous spot. We walked through the temple and tabernacle grounds and around one of the city blocks. Evidence of the flood left the city dusty and weary. To get a real view of the lake, we drove 12 miles through a rainstorm and road construction to Salt Air beach only to find the lake flooded and dirty and the wind howling worse than in an old Southwester; so our impression wasn't too flattering. Back to the city and debate

whether we should push on or stay. Saturday evening crowds of mixed nationalities and warm weather wasn't much of an enticement to bed in Salt Lake City; so we agreed to take chances of finding accommodation further East.

The hilly portion of the city is a district of new homes and beyond that one drives into a very narrow canyon and a narrower road that winds uphill over rough construction and through heavy traffic. We crawled miles behind a string of trucks. After seemingly endless hours of miserable driving, we came into a lovely valley free from the smell of oil refineries (at Salt Lake City) and along a mountain stream. There were few motels or cabins and we all worried; but wouldn't say a word and like a prayer we came to Heber City and to a lovely motel with a café and fine food. The elevation is 5,580 feet and snow capped mountains keep the air conditioned; so we had a very restful evening and enjoyed the movies, too, for relaxation. I was pleased the theater had such good seats—I wonder why?

Helen Winberg, Marjorie's daughter and sister of Haysel Pankey, contributed the following entries from her father Chester Hays' diary. She wrote, *Quite a contrast from Mom's but adds interest.*

May 30-We drove from Yachats to Boise, Idaho via Bend and Burns. Stayed all nite in motel at Boise. Nice day.

May 31-We drove from Boise then Ogden and Salt Lake City. Visited Altan beach, stayed all nite in Heber City Utah. Cloudy-warm-light rain in Salt Lake City.
