

June 29, 1952

It is only natural to compare others and places, too, with everyone and things at home. We caught ourselves doing this everyday when we were in the East. And in taking a drive down the coast highway this beautiful Sunday afternoon, we could not help but remark how much more outstanding our scenery is than any place else.

When we were in the East, it was surprising how many people we saw who reminded us of someone at home; and actors on television came in for the same comparison. New acquaintances often looked like a friend at home or there was a similarity in voices.

As to scenery, the Easterners admitted we have it over on them. I think we have the best of them on the weather; but there could be an argument. To those who prefer to have "shirt sleeve" evenings then the East has us bested; but for year round comfort, we can do a little bragging.

The only way we can boast on the home situation is that ours are more modern; mostly because this is a newer country. I was astonished how many do not have modern plumbing and must go out of doors to the outhouses. Few shacks here that don't have some sort of bathroom. The water situation perhaps is cause for lack of hot water systems and bathrooms; some wells in the East practically run dry in the summer and it is a large town that has a water system.

The houses there are very old in comparison to ours. The climate is easier on them and they are well built to withstand severe winters and many of good brick. The new homes are very beautiful made of stone and brick and the masonry work far excels any I have seen in the West. It is not unusual to visit a home 150 years old and still very beautiful; but with high ceilings and large rooms. Some have been remodeled and are lovely.

Because of the extreme heat and lack of water, few flowers are grown. Most everyone has trees, though; which are very necessary for shade. It is little wonder Easterners rave of our beautiful flower gardens; and the endless varieties we grow.

People there are the same as we—they wear the same styles, gossip, and otherwise are human beings with the same likes and dislikes.

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June 30, 1952

Today ends six months of my diary and I am wondering what I can use for topics for the next six. It will get harder and harder as our vacation is "done taken" and I have condemned everything and everybody I can.

Summer is well on its way and has so many out-of-doors activities it is hard to settle down and keep a diary. (I can't keep up on the letters, either.)

I am going fishing this summer; so there will either be some big fish stories or some sad tales of "no fish." The smelt have started to run and I should get some fish or a report about this exciting sport.

Perhaps I could describe one of the spectacular sunsets of late; but it would have to be a painting to do them justice. The Easterners say they have the best display of the setting sun; but they have never seen ones like we are viewing the past few nights.

With the political conventions soon to be ended, there should be some comment from yours truly; but I am a poor politician either in arguing on the subject or being much interested. Politics, to me, is much like the wrestling matches; which can be real or put on for the entertainment of the audience--it is hard to tell.

There will be places I can describe as they return to my memory. This is the fun of a vacation--a storage of past memories to soften the burden of work days at home.

What the future holds is always a mystery; so I may have some "mystery stories", too. And it is already a mystery to me how I have stayed with this as long as I have and to make it a challenge to complete the year.

Try writing a page a day, and see how hard it is to find subjects.

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July 1, 1952

A news item in the Oregonian caught my attention; more because we had been there last year than for its actual news value. This is one of the benefits of seeing new places--thenceforth they are of real interest to you.

The International Peace Arch near Blaine Washington is built on the boundary separating the U.S. and Canada and was erected through the efforts of James Hill, the railroad magnate. On a recent visit to Maryhill Museum on the Columbia River in Washington, we saw more of Mr. Hill's interest in international good will and here a little information was also given on the Peace Arch--the first I knew he had any connection with the Arch.

This year marks the 134th anniversary of friendship between the U.S. and Canada. There were many notables present at the celebration including representatives of Russia. I am glad the latter country was there. Perhaps this was the finest opportunity for them to see how we feel about our neighbors and if some differences could be ironed out, they could just as well be as harmonious as our Canadian friends.

The arch has a very serene setting amid green lawns and well kept flower beds--an atmosphere of harmony prevails. The visitor is awe inspired and has a feeling he should speak only in a whisper. The whiteness of this monument to peace reaches like a dove between the two nations.

I have forgotten the date of its erection and have searched in vain for any information in all the reference books, histories, and magazines. This shows how little things are quickly forgotten unless written for future use. You can be sure if I ever visit the Arch again, I will have all the details.

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*Dear Marjorie,*

*Here are the details you wanted. Today, you could of found this and much more with just a few finger clicks on a button.*

*This is a little of what I found at: <http://www.peacearchpark.org/history.htm>*

The Peace Arch stands on the international boundary between Blaine, Washington, and Douglas, British Columbia. The Arch was constructed to commemorate the centennial (1814-1914) of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent on December 24, 1814. The Treaty of Ghent ended the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, a conflict that was waged in North America and involved Canadians, as well as Americans and British.

In 1914, the international fund-raising efforts for the Arch were spearheaded by Samuel Hill, famed Washington State lawyer, financier, road builder and humanitarian, who later dedicated it on September 6, 1921. The Arch's design was donated by H.W. Corbett of London, England, an internationally known architect. Automobile clubs in Washington State and British Columbia contributed time and money. Construction began under an international force of volunteers in 1920.

Standing 67 feet high, the Peace Arch is made of concrete and reinforced steel. Its foundation consists of 76 fourteen inch pilings driven 25-30 feet into the earth. The Arch was said to be one of the first structures in North America constructed to be earthquake proof.

The 3500 sacks of concrete for the Arch's foot walls were donated by R.P. Butchart, of Victoria, British Columbia's Butchart Garden's fame; and 50 tons of steel were donated by E.H. Gary of New York. Originally, 470 lights were "artistically set" up and down the massive pilasters and along the interior frieze of the Arch.

The American side of the Arch is inscribed with the words "Children of a Common Mother;" the Canadian side, with the words "Brethren Dwelling together in Unity." Within the portal of the Arch on the west side are the words "1814 Open One Hundred Years 1914" and on the east side, "May These Gates Never Be Closed."

Two bronze plaques are placed above the exterior foot walls of the Arch. One is of the Canadian steamship the Beaver; the other of the Mayflower. Wooden relics, allegedly cut from each ship, were sealed behind each plaque when the Arch was dedicated in 1921.

The shrubbery in the gardens of the original seven acre park that surrounded the Arch was donated by Robert Moran, the famed ship builder who built Rosario Mansion (Rosario Resort) on Orcas Island, Washington. In 1931 the expansion of the park to 40 acres was made possible with the help of school children from Washington State and British Columbia who donated their pennies, nickels and dimes to the project.

Today, the international park's picturesque gardens are the home of over 200 perennials and 55,000 annuals that are planted each year. The park hosts ethnic and family gatherings, picnics, weddings, civic events and annual events of international significance.

Over 500,000 visitors tour this international historic site annually. The International Peace Arch is one of the few landmarks in the world listed on the National Historic Registries of two different countries.

The history of the Peace Arch reflects more than our past; its existence gives meaning to our present. As the world moves into the twenty-first century the Peace Arch is a beacon of hope for our future.

*- Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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July 2, 1952

A strange parade is leading to the ocean. Oh boy! the smelt are running and the excitement is running with the tide. Like the tourists I grab my net and off to the kill.

Down the street with the long pole swung over my shoulder and packing the scrub bucket; I almost run for fear of missing the run. Strangers ask, "What are you going to catch?"

"The smelt are running," I answer without losing step. Like the Pied Piper the call is heard all over town and soon the banks are lined with onlookers and the smelting grounds have a net to every fish.

Dip in; dip up, sea weed, sticks; but no fish. Shoulders ache—a huge wave dampens every inch of clothing; but the fever is on and perhaps the next dip will be the fish. Oh joy! I got some—it's only three—the next dip may be more. Dip in; dip up, sea weed, sticks; but no fish. I can't stand another minute; but wait—yes, I have another fish. Heavens! the ocean is alive and back goes that net. Heck! The fish are all out in the middle and the seiners are getting them by the thousands.

It is a crazy scene, this smelt fishing. The pounding ocean running between an alley of rocks and these cold rocks are lined with dippers with all sorts of nets. The seiners wade into the breakers—some are cradle nets and others with a man on each side. The huge waves cover the beach; but the fellows stick with it. The folks ashore have a beach fire for drying wet clothes and wet skins.

There is something catching about these smelt runs. Regardless of a sudden shower of ocean water or the gooey of dripping smelt on your head, you stay with it and try your luck. A couple of messes a year and your taste for smelt is satisfied but the sport of it never dies. And the cat would eat the things every day of the year.

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July 3, 1952

It is said that nothing is good unless it is worked for; and this certainly applies to gardening. I have been doing my share of grouching about the weeds and the labor of keeping the garden.

Now I am beginning to reap the harvest from all this back breaking labor. There are more dividends from the garden than we credit. How satisfying to step into the vegetable patch and pick a nice crisp head of lettuce, a bunch of non-wilted carrots, a mess of garden fresh greens, and many other wonderful home grown foods?

Have city folks visit and feed them from your garden and you will surely hear compliments. The store-bought vegetables seem flat in comparison and somehow I do not appreciate them once I have sampled products from my garden.

How proud I am to cut flowers from my garden? It is a pleasure to grow beauty and to bring a sample of it into the home. No garden is complete without its flowers and its vegetables--there should be an even balance; food and flowers.

A home surrounded by neatly kept lawns, flower beds; and a vegetable garden is a credit to the community. This need not be large or showy; but enough to frame the house with beauty of color and greenery.

A garden is like a house--it needs daily care and if so done, will not become a grudge nor a burden. The surplus I give to my friends and everything that can be canned or frozen is not wasted. So a garden pays dividends in food, in beauty, and enjoyment.

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A variety of greens in the garden is the source of wonderful salads. Experimenting with combinations often give birth to some very tasty salads; and a source of Vitamins to the diet. Mixtures of lettuce, spinach, onion greens, grated celery and carrots; with a little olive oil and lemon juice is very tasty.

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July 4, 1952

Until two years ago, the glorious Fourth was celebrated with loud bangs and booms for two weeks previous to the date. Now we hardly know it is here; except for the calendar. It has become a very quiet and peaceful holiday--unless you go onto the highways.

Because the traffic was pouring back and forth on 101, we took to the hills and filled the old "crummy" with plenty of food for nine people (could of filled 20 tummies) and found us a lovely picnic spot on the North Fork of the Yachats.

After overeating we ran up the hills and went exploring and berry picking--couldn't do much of the latter as we had only paper cups for containers. All day there was more or less eating and lots of joking and fun for all.

With the end of fireworks in Oregon one menace has been eliminated; and if the highway "bangs" could be as easily remedied, it would be a wonderful holiday. We had a safe and sane celebration enjoying the pleasures of living in this old U.S.A.

It is glorious to get out in the wide open spaces at least one day of the year and let what little freedom is left ring about us and breathe in free air of the hills.

Some people would not prefer to celebrate holidays this way; but I can come home without a hangover or an empty purse; and feel I have really lived and relaxed.

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*I fondly remember picnics with Marj - especially one at Cummings Creek south of Yachats, a cool green glen with babbling creek and many big ferns and lots of soft moss; trails to explore and wild flowers to examine. This was one of a number of childhood summer ventures with Grandma. Often, we would go to the Waldport-Yachats area for a few days of romps on the beach and relative visiting and adventurous excursions along 101 south. Good memories.*

*-Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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July 5, 1952

We, who live in the hilly country, have an advantage over those who dwell on the prairies and flat lands. Up and over these hills are mysteries; often not solved until we have lived in the vicinity for many years.

In front of Yachats is the broad expanse of the ocean, which has its hidden mysteries along the shoreline and in its waters. At low tide one can explore the wonders of the salt water along the rocky shore--the star fish, anemones, crab, and a thousand other creatures. The sand is strewn with sea dollars and myriad snails in shell and perhaps a gob of jelly fish.

But the most interesting is what lies beyond the hills; somehow it is the hardest place to reach and one does not venture through the thick underbrush and over the tangle of fallen logs and saplings unless curiosity bests laziness.

In recent years roads have been built on these citadels and we finally have had chance to view our town from the upper level. What a different perspective it has? Very much like a trip in an airplane. The lay of the land is unlike the years of our imagination. The hills aren't as steep as we supposed and we find on top a level plateau and spots where the brisk north winds do not penetrate.

But when these roads are built; so goes the timber from these beautiful forested walls and soon surrounding us will be the scars of civilization until Nature can again grow a hedge of greenery. Who knows perhaps homes will be built along these mysterious hillsides and soon the mysteries surrounding us will be no more?

There is yet exploring to do in our back yards; those of us who live in the country and we should take advantage of it before "no trespassing" of population moves in and we are confined to our own yards.

"Them there hills" provide some good Sunday walks and a big peek at nature, too; so we should all get old "shank's mare's" to working and find out what is in our back yard.

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