

July 27, 1952

When everything is surrounded by gloom and a fellow is about to throw the towel in the ring; then it is time to back up and get a view of the situation from another angle.

Like others, I get days of depression when all things are meaningless and nothing is of much interest. The best course is to get away from the scene and out into the fresh air and perhaps walk off some of the cobwebs.

As trouble is looked at from a distance it tends to become smaller and somehow easier solved. And too, there is more opportunity to trade that trouble for something more desirable.

July 28, 1952

Yesterday we went to the local rodeo. No matter where you live, cattle country or logging country, there is a rodeo these days—sort of a fad; like miniature golf in the late '20's.

We didn't stay to see the whole show—what was viewed was most amateurish and slow moving. The cold wind took possession of comfort and by the time we had reached home, I was chilled to the core. This just isn't the proper locale for rodeos.

A rodeo is like many shows, once you have seen one, the others are of the same pattern. I can't see much sport in chasing a calf and throwing it to the ground half choked to death and tying its legs; so that it is immobile. Now this might be o.k. on the range in order to brand the little fellow; but to make sport of it, is hardly humane.

It is ironic that such a huge crowd would go to see animals tortured and perhaps a man injured in such rough sport; but this seems to be the beast "showing"—a big thrill to see; and people spend money for the privilege?

Until there are rockets to other planets, rodeos and other thrill packed shows will be with us. One wonders what can be hatched next to provide unusual entertainment.

July 29, 1952

It is remarkable the ideas cooked up for tourist attractions. The epidemic of old shacks toppled at the rakish angle on a hillside and called all sorts of names and claiming to be great mysteries of the out of balances of nature, is becoming quite a laugh.

The one in Southern Oregon, who claims to be the original, is suing another in California for stealing their idea; and now a copy is also up on our Coast. Confusions, Enigmas, Houses of Mysteries, or what have you; is all a fake as I am personally concerned. Yes, I bit, too; several years ago.

In a funhouse at an amusement park in Ohio, I was amused at a replica of the same idea; and right there I was once and for always convinced people can sure be fooled easily. The Southern Oregon "tourist mint" claims to have made \$100,000.00 a year; so you can't blame them for being worried about losing such a grubstake. The truth is out: "You can fool some of the people some of the time; but not all of them all of the time."

Naturally, many of us are a little jealous or envious that we couldn't think of such an easy way to build a fortune; but opportunity knocks at few doors and a fellow is sometimes reluctant to take him in as a friend.

It seems everything has been tried in the line of attractions from museums to fakes. What appeals to some people as worth it is a disgust to others. The Sea Lion's Caves is another real money maker; but it is the real thing and surely is quite an attraction. Some say it is worth it, and others are disappointed. The aquarium at Depoe Bay is well worth visiting and gives one a good knowledge of what lives out there in them big old waves.

For the stranger, it is hard to pick the worthwhile from the fake. It is a shame that too many frauds have sprung up to ruin the sight seeing and attractions to nature's wonderland.

Oh well, if a fellow is fool enough to bite, it is his money.

July 30, 1952

I am very mad at the cat. He came in this morning looking more like a weasel--and he acted like one, too. Anyway, he was a mess from creeping through the wet grass and rolling in the powdery dirt; then into the house.

He can't help the weather--he didn't ask for it to be all drippy; but he could surely use a little manners. Funny how one has hunches of impending disaster. Somehow, when I saw that animal, I knew he was going to get into mischief.

He had a fine breakfast of fish (left over from dinner) and I hoped he would settle down and give himself a very good licking--little did he know he would get it from me. I have always prided myself that I had taught him not to get on my bed. But a cat has a way of forgetting at the wrong time.

The bed was unmade, thank goodness, and while I was reading the morning paper, (I should of been making the bed) the old rascal sneaked up onto the bed to perform his morning toiletry. This is when I had the hunch all was not normal and went to see where Mr. Cat had parked. He heard me and gave one leap from the bed; for he knew he was in the wrong; but the damage was done and on the clean sheets lay the imprint of cat's paws.

He got one good lick from my hand and raced for the door; believe me, he was very happy to be communing with Mother Nature. Now a cat is just like any other kid, he will always do the wrong thing at the right time. Young-one will usually walk on a freshly scrubbed floor with very dirty feet and so will the cat.

July 31, 1952

This is the age of wheels. Everything is turning around so fast and I do believe the wheels of our brains have speeded up along with every other mechanical thing; one reason for so many new gadgets.

Thousands of homes are on wheels and people move on a minutes notice and go wherever they please; without the bother of packing or sadness from leaving the dear old homestead.

Cars injected the world with restlessness and people got the moving fever and the highways are a ribbon of speeding ants. From this developed the idea of houses on wheels; and for the construction worker this has been a great boon.

Motels have become quite a business and have sprung up along every highway; but this year they are crying because the house on wheels is reducing their business. The traveler has learned a small trailer with accommodations for sleeping and eating solves his lodging problems with little cost and he is independent to stay where he desires.

The first tourists carried his bedding and cooking supplies on the fender and the running board of the car; now the vehicle is streamlined and also the owner's pride; so he spent the extra money he would have used to buy equipment, and stays at motels and eats at the "beanery". This new fad of the small trailer house, brings the bed and the beanery right along and all that is left is to find some water and nature's rest room or a good clean service station.

There is one thing about it, these Americans certainly know how to look out for themselves; but one thing always leads to another. Soon the highways will have to be built with a special lane for all the trailer houses. Did you ever try to pass one?

August 1, 1952

The daylight savings time isn't doing much good. Here it is the first of August and the days are getting shorter, in spite of everything. It seems summer hasn't begun yet--the time has sneaked by so fast--and now there is less and less daylight. No one has figured a way to solve this; unless each month we keep getting up a little earlier in the morn until the clock is set to coincide with the dawn.

Tampering with time has never solved the problem and we might as well leave good enough alone; it only adds confusion to confusion. The old saying, "Time and Tide Waits for No Man," is as good today as it was in Adam's time.

About the only solution is to keep plugging along and making good use of this time and to be up and at 'em early enough in the morn to get that day's work done.

August 2, 1952

When President Truman moves from the White House, he will have quite a packing job. There will be 30 carloads of papers to take home to Missouri. I guess the news writer had reference to all those letters Harry wrote. Now I am wondering who is going to do all this boring reading?

Probably in a few hundred years or less, this will make a mighty sizeable donation to some worthy paper drive. Or perhaps it will be good fodder for some fat Democratic bookworms. The collection will likely be added to as most modern retiring presidents write their memoirs. Mr. Truman will be good authority on "How to Spend Other People's Money".

The whole set-up could be changed if Harry had some skeletons in the White House closet; now that might be very choice reading and be as much of a best seller as some of the juicy novels being sold.

But 30 carloads of papers containing Harry Truman's invasion of Washinton D.C., seems like a lot of writing and I am wondering if there won't be some blank pages slipped in there.

Note: With her critical attitude of Truman, Marj was among the majority of Americans in 1952, but as the following notation suggests, that attitude was to change with time.

-Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

http://www.grolier.com/wwii/wwii_truman.html:

"HARRY S. TRUMAN (1884-1972), 33d president of the United States. Most Americans in the 1950s did not expect that Harry Truman would become one of their most highly regarded presidents. By 1952, just before he announced his decision not to run again, only 25% of the people thought he was doing a good job. Within a decade, however, most American historians regarded him as one of the nation's greatest presidents. To be sure, a "revisionist view developed that attacked his record at home and abroad, picturing him as ineffective in some areas, oppressive in others, and as the architect of the Cold War. Yet the favorable appraisal seemed to be the dominant American view."
