

August 3, 1952

Now that the Olympic games are over at Helsinki there is a lot of squawking whether it was all fairly and squarely done. The Russians held a winning lead to within a few days of the finals; but ended up second to the United States.

Of course, this places the Vodka boys in bad face with the folks at home; so they are trying to wiggle the works to make it show they actually are the "best". Well, I don't blame them, I heard if they lost, they--the athletes--would be shipped off to Siberia to cool off; but this is propaganda, I am sure. After all, the Russians gave a fine showing for the first games they have been in and we give them a big hand.

A few months ago I read an article by a proud Britisher telling how soft we Americans are. This author must feel a little abashed now that the Americans won the Olympics and the British boys came in last. We still have some of the good old pioneering spirit left and will give it everything until we pass the finish line.

Dissent started from the beginning with the Finnish girl winning the title of the most beautiful of the World. The Italian entrant, being very modest, claimed it was given the Nordic beauty to advertise the games. From the pictures, I say Miss Finland is lovely; so the judges didn't go far wrong.

In every game or competition there is always someone ready to yell, "unfair"; so it is not surprising one of such international scope wouldn't have a bigger holler. I would hate to be a judge at such an event.

August 4, 1952

Big girls and little girls, who love dolls will be delighted to view a collection recently added to the fine arts museum at Maryhill. In fact anyone should be interested in such an unusual exhibit.

It all came from a luncheon conversation Mr. Dolph, director of the museum, had with a manager of a department store from San Francisco, who asked if the museum might be interested in such an exhibit. Three years have elapsed and not much thought about the collection; then 81 packing cases arrived with 228 little Parisian or puppet mannequins.

At present, there is only room to display 83 of the dolls; but by next year remodeling will give space for the others. These dolls are worth a fortune and were all made during World War II when only scraps of fine materials were available by the French. The gowns and accessories are designed by famous designers in the French capitol. Every gown and jewel is authentic from diamonds to ermine. Actually, these miniature fashions are worth as much as full sized garments.

The mannequin bodies are of flexible wire and the heads were modeled by famous Parisian models. The dolls, without clothing, would be a joy to dress. Perhaps, they could be used as a pattern for American dolls and make it much easier for little girls to make clothes and dress their dolls.

This is another incentive to visit Maryhill again. One cannot absorb all that is there in one visit; and with such an interesting addition to this fine collection of lovely things, it beckons one to return.

Note [from Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece]:

I wondered if those dolls were still there. Internet to the rescue and this is what I found:

<http://www.maryhillmuseum.org/collect.htm>

Theatre de la Mode Mannequins

The world renowned 1946 Theatre de la Mode French Fashion Mannequins and stage sets, conceived by leading fashion designers and artists to hail the rebirth of the fashion industry at the close of the World War II. Among the designers whose fashions are represented are Worth, Pierre Balmain, Gres, Paquin and Nina Ricci. The collection has returned from an acclaimed international tour that included Musee des Arts de la Mode in Paris, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, The Fashion Foundation in Tokyo, Portland Art Museum, the Baltimore Museum of Art, the Imperial War Museum in London, and the University of Hawaii Art Gallery. Theatre de la Mode is available as a traveling exhibit. It consists of nine mannequin groupings within theatre sets, with a total of 167, 27" high mannequins; two related mini-exhibits: History of Theatre de la Mode and Focus on Accessories; and a 57 minute video.

August 5, 1952

The man who invented the trade mark is probably a pauper; but the idea has minted millions for thousands of other men.

These days clothes aren't worth wearing unless they bear that all important tag of a distinguished name--and you pay for that little imprinted piece of cloth. It all begins with high quality of perfection; which after establishment, can gradually be lowered; but not the price.

It would all be very nice if we could, every one of us, afford to wear "named" clothes; but the high cost of living does not merit; and there must be cheaper garments on hand in order that every class of people may be clothed. I admit the better raiments have better materials and workmanship and do wear longer; but of what good is this to the so called higher class of peoples who must have a change of wardrobe every season?

I am afraid it would be a very bare person wrapped only in name tags.

August 6, 1952

If I had been a Yachats Indian, I would have given some big war whoops when the pale face took my happy hunting ground.

I can't think of a better homesite for a tribe than this productive peninsula bounded on the South by a fish laden stream; the East, game invested hills; the North, fields of camas

and a variety of wild berries; and the West, the mighty Pacific--the cornucopia of fish and fowl.

Even today with an influx of pale face squatters, who have wrecked some of these natural feeding grounds; there is a land of plenty waiting to be plucked by the hardier of the white man's bucks and strong backed squaws.

The old saying, "When the tide is out, the table is set," could have originated in Yachats. The long sandy beaches to the North and smaller ones by the river's mouth and to the South, still have razor clams. And in some rocky spots one can find the rock oyster and the butter clam. The holes around the stranded rocks, at low tide, provide an abundance of crabs.

One wonders what tool the Indian used to capture all these succulent treats; but we do know he ate these shell fish as the shell mounds attest years of such feasts. I would guess whole tribes gathered in these chosen spots year after year and dumped the refuse in one heap. In the years past, one could find other treasures in these mounds; but they have all become so dug over, nothing of interest is left.

Not too many moons in the past, the Indian returned to Yachats and enacted for his pale face brothers a scene from "Fishing for Smelt the Indian Way." To fully appreciate the ritual "smellavision" would have to be invented. The smelt were caught in crude nets or reed baskets. Anyone having experienced one of the large runs of the ocean smelt, could see how easily this is done. Some waves are literally waves of a million fish and the squirming fish can easily be caught with the hand.

The Indians snared these fish by the thousands and laid them with their heads pointing inland (so their spirit couldn't return to the sea) on a tray or rack to dry. Now if it should happen to be a foggy week; any nose could tell the smelt were running.

B.S.F (before sport fishermen) the Indians had great sport spearing salmon in the shallow entrance of the Yachats River. This was still done to provide fish for the pioneer white man; but we folks now only go down to the river's bank in the Fall and view the spawning fish go over the riffles; or if we are...

August 7 (Continued for August 6), 1952

...a real Isaac Walton, spend a sizeable sum for fishing gear and fight for a perch on a rock at the mouth of the river and freeze there all day while our arms are paralyzed casting in and out to lure the crafty salmon.

The Redskin found meat and clothes in the hills to the East--the green hills abounding with deer and elk and bear and many other smaller animals. The forest provided materials for shelter and wood for fires. Wild berries; salmon, thimble, elder, blackberry, and huckleberry kept the squaw's back in a continual kink because one berry season, from late June to late October, melted into the other.

The marshlands of deep black loam, that surround the present site of Yachats, have a jungle growth of camas plants and wild blueberry and strawberry. The Indian probably dried many of the berries for winter use; but if he didn't, there would be still a well filled larder in the Wigwam from just eating the day's catch of fish and meat.

From the agate of the beaches and the wood of the forest, the true American fashioned his bow and arrows. The Great Spirit provided well for his earthly people in food, clothing, shelter, and arms. Today he does as well; but the peoples must learn to practice conservation that they, too, may live in the land of plenty like Yachats.

The casual observer does not realize that Yachats does abound in all these natural provisions; but I know--I have picked the strawberry, blueberry, blackberry, huckleberry, and others for jelly and jam. I have enjoyed clamming and fishing and smelting; and tasted the tender steaks of the deer and the elk.

But one does not advertise, too highly, the favorite berry patches or the clam beach; there are too many pale faces for the bounties that are left and too much greed and destruction.

My neighbors probably say, when they peek from behind their curtains, "There goes that old squaw again after berries." But there is one thing certain, the papoose doesn't go along--she refuses to pick berries and wont' eat them.

August 8, 1952

Gophers or moles, whichever they may be, are causing me much anguish and to date I have caught five; but each of these must have ten brothers. The lawn is still honeycombed and messed up with a succession of mounds.

These soft furred mammals must love this particular soil and if I could see what is going on beneath the sod, I would likely be amazed at the network of tunnels and could realize how the old rascals travel from one section of the yard to the other in one evening.

Trapping seems to be the most effective; but it is a dirty job and requires patience and skill. First, find the main runway, and it isn't marked with a sign "Main Street", either; then dig a well slightly deeper than the runway; a depression large enough to hold the trap. Set the varmint trap so that the tunnel entrances head into the jaws. Best to wear gloves so that the animal will not smell any of that awful human scent. Be sure to cover the hole light tight; and wait. Check the trap each morning; sometimes the animal is only caught by the leg and must be killed.

It is very distressing to find the carrots rootless or newly set plants uprooted and the smooth lawn in wrinkles. The books say moles and gophers are good to aerate the soil; but I would say they do too much. They kill other pests, too; but are a pest themselves; so one must make a decision which pest is the worst.

The lye treatment helps. Whether it actually kills them or acts as a scarecrow is a question I will have to ask the animal. Other suggestions are certain plants obnoxious to

the diggers and beer bottles inverted in the runways at various distances. I haven't tried the latter. The bomb and monoxide treatment hasn't worked for me and the water rates are too high to experiment with the drowning suggestion.

I suppose while I am thinking of some ways to combat Mr. Mole, he is down there scratching his pointed head with his powerful claws working on a new blueprint to undermine the garden.

August 9, 1952

A good way to get an attic cleaned is to run for president; then all the skeletons are dug out and any clutter in your past is well aired.

Mr. Stevenson is having his personal life scanned and any loose ends are being tied together to make a story. So anyone of a bad past or sensitive, shouldn't run for a high public office.

I am not a Democrat--that is not the reason I am upholding Adlai; and if I think he is the best man for the office, I will vote for him in November; but I don't think it is fair to condemn him for having a divorce.

The Stevenson's stayed together long enough to raise a family; that is more than some can be given credit for. Without further trouble, they separated because their ideas conflicted. They remain friends.

There is competition in being famous; so if anyone is striving toward that goal, he should keep his personal records in order and not let any skeletons get in the closet.

Probably those, who are striving to blacken prominent names, have the most clutter in their attics and are guilty of many personal disgraces; otherwise they wouldn't think up so much mud slinging.

We are experiencing the loveliest weather of the summer and everyone says it is the best summer we have ever had; but I won't argue. Anyway, the youngsters can go to the beach and swim and sunbathe without raising a crop of goose pimples. And we are thoroughly enjoying the new hammock--when there is a minute to spare.
