

August 24, 1952

Running down the road of life is much like traveling on an unmarked highway and coming to an intersection without signs. How many times I have wondered which way to turn, and everyone is confronted with these same puzzles?

Brains were never equipped with a mirrored sphere to predict the future and to choose the right lane to follow--one must never say "Eenie, meenie, minie, and mow" and hope for the best. To travel this rutted highway, we should take with us only the baggage of experience and a map of our past successes and use these as a guide; so one should never be too hasty in choosing the road to follow.

What is the right thing for me to do? How many times have each of us asked this question? Take each alternative and study it--sleep on it; and discuss with others. Run it through all the brain cells and if it still comes out in one piece, then it is a workable idea.

Perhaps I should practice what I preach--am I taking the right road?

August 25, 1952

Most of the men movie stars have it over on the women--they can stay glamorous longer. William Powell has been on the screen, successfully, almost as long as movies have been popular.

The Barrymores kept with the acting game unto old age and death; and Francis X. Bushman is still going strong. Male heartthrobs can be named by the dozens, who are well past the female glamour age.

Time play tricks to us poor females and when age catches up with us, we must take a back seat; but the man, the beast, can pull back his broad shoulders and hypnotize the young females and go right on acting the "hero".

August 26, 1952

I was reading an article that gave me a crawly, itchy feeling besides those already endured from flea bites. I know there are a scad of bugs in this world because I have been fighting the darned things for years; but I didn't class them into a million different species as did the article.

This author claimed every day a new one is discovered and I believe him. It seems every day one can find some different crawling thing on the flowers or vegetables; and science must get to work scratching its brain to find a new insecticide.

The fight against insects and pests will never be licked because the new ones being borned will always be another enemy in the background. It is a vicious cycle and will keep a few humans busy trying to combat it.

Just today I was in the garden with the spray again after the aphids and while I was all smelly from that I dusted the roses for spider and I could have kept going around the garden spraying for a hundred other minor pests.

But the worst pests - and spray won't get them--is the human species. Like the insect world, we have the good and the bad, too.

August 27, 1952

The front yard has a blue Hydrangea and by the back entrance is a bright pink one. So many have asked me how I keep the pink one true color without its turning blue. I haven't done anything different; so have been reading on the subject.

The four years the pink one has been here, I have dumped coffee grounds around the roots; but do not know if this is why it stays pink; but the garden books say that to keep the Hydrangea blue, plant and keep it in acid soil. Add iron filings; water with 1 tsp. of alum to the gallon or 3 oz. of aluminum sulphate to the gallon of water and keep the plants well mulched with peat or leaf mold.

For pink flowers, keep the soil alkaline by using bonemeal and lime. I wonder if egg shells would not provide this element and be a means of conserving the shells for a good purpose. I am going to do some experimenting and might learn something more about Hydrangea culture. They are one shrub that does very well in this climate.

August 28, 1952

In everything that is done we hear, "Build a good foundation." Now this is good advice and we took it. Today the basement walls were poured and it looks like a very good foundation for our new home.

Over a week ago the footings were laid and there was some comment that they were larger than necessary; but I will be glad that the basement walls won't crack. Anyway, this is a home and not a house for speculation and we hope to build it to last and one that won't have to be a source of worry and repairs.

I am not an authority on cement or forms; but the construction looks very well and carefully done. The rock was all clean and without sticks; so the wall should be quite smooth. Already it is an inspiration to keep building and I hope the whole structure will be as well planned as the basement.

What a difference in building now than a few years ago? Employed to save time and labor is the electric saw and the electric cement mixer. The latter is dependable, fume-free, and quiet. It hardly seems natural to watch a "mixing job" without the noise of the old mixer.

When our new home is completed we shall be on top of the world in more ways than one: it will appear as a penthouse above most of the other neighboring houses; and a dream of many years will have been satisfied. (Of course it is hard to predict how many night mares will run away between now and the actual completion. That is the wear and tear of building.)

August 29, 1952

Everyone should have opportunity to work away from home. It is surprising how many different ways there are to do things. I have been making beds at a motel the past few days; and had some experience before at the Lodge. Both places have the bedspreads placed differently.

Who would think, casually observing, that there could be too many systems in making a bed? Some prefer to have the covers and spread tucked tightly in; others want them hanging loosely. I like neatness and for sure want the ends anchored; so my big toes don't get chilled.

Good bedmakers employ the hospital system of mitering the corners; and a bed made up in this way, will stay made. Several methods may be tried for arranging the pillows: folded over under the spread, rolled, or stood upright. The foot of the bed can have the spread tucked under or left hanging loosely over the end as in a Hollywood bed.

I have slept in beds that were carelessly assembled and before morning my feet were bared to the knees and I was fighting the battle of being smothered. There were beds, too, where the bottom sheet had too much at the top and too little at the bottom and by midnight my toes were caressing the mattress; then there have been times when all the covers were on one side and if I turned, my back was bared to the elements.

So you see a thing as simple as making a bed can be an art and it is good to work away from home and find how many ways work can be done. A fellow might combine the good in all and really come up with a super idea on making beds. One place made the beds first before cleaning the room; the other last. I prefer first and have the job done and the lint all settled before the dusting.

Whether the bed is made first or last wouldn't alter how it is done; but anyone sleeping in one appreciates a job well done. Right now I could sure use a comfy bed. Oh, hum!

Any double sheets around that have become worn in the middle can be made into good single bed sheets by tearing out the worn centers, and seaming up by the selvages and hemming the worn edges.

August 30, 1952

Just looking at a cartoon showing in the first scene an old duffer taking all the prizes at the fair for purebred stock and giving credit for his success to selective breeding; and in the next scene, his daughter is being wooed by the scum of humanity.

I have often wondered about this and have come to the conclusion that pure breeding might apply to fine livestock when it comes to producing beef and wool and bacon; but it doesn't apply to the production of brains. "Beauty is only skin deep"--we humans don't always fall in love with the surface qualities.

Homely people often are more successful than the handsome; more so because they must work harder to compete with the beautiful specimens. Usually the handsomest are the laziest--they figure to get by on their good looks.

For sure if people were raised like purebred cattle, I wouldn't be here to argue the point. Hitler tried to have a nation of purebred people; and he didn't succeed. Humans might be classed as animals; but they can't be herded around as such.

Geniuses have come from the humblest of people. If we are to be treated as cattle, then soon we would act like such and probably have no better brains.

Anyway, there are very few purebred humans in the world; so it would be quite hard to establish a herd of "humanus perfectus".

Chlorophyll is the latest "dope" to combat human stinks. It is used in everything, toothpaste, shampoo, soap, candy, and deodorants. It comes from the green substance in grasses and vegetables. Nature knew about it before the chemists and that is probably why a cat or dog often eats grass--he has bad breath. Of course, it wouldn't be very mannerly to grab a clump of grass when we have B.O. and start munching; but it just isn't the fad; so we now have Chlorophyll. This way the drug manufacturers have a "hayday" and the druggists have something new to sell.
