

August 31, 1952

When the heat gets almost worn out across the coastal mountains, we get a little taste of it down here on the beach. The last few days have been short sleeve weather and “hot dog days”.

It is just right for beach parties and hot dog roasts and fine for a dip in the ocean--if you aren't too old. The evenings are glorious for young ones and beach parties. The full harvest moon peeks over the hill and a crackling blaze from the saltsoaked wood, give just enough light to make a party interesting.

There were days in my life when beach parties were a big, big thrill; but now on these hot days, I am content to go to the beach for an ankle swim. The young ones dash immediately up to the neck and dangerously out in the breakers; but we adults cautiously feel each depth and by the time it reaches ankle height--Wow! like wading in a barrel of ice; and a feeling that the feet would drop off any minute. Now I know my blood is ten degrees colder than it was 20 years ago.

If the first shock can be withstood, then one can wade around for a few minutes and come out feeling very refreshed; as though the feet hadn't ever been so clean before. Several days following this baptism of the feet, sand will still cling between the toes and remain a souvenir of the beach.

The salt water is a cure for poison oak and ivy. Anyone afflicted can come to the beach and in a few days be rid of the misery. It also cures overheating--one dip and the blood will run cold.

Note: Oregon beaches never have been known for swimming, unless maybe you're a surfer with a wet suit on. It's rare indeed when water temperatures are compatible with leisurely swimming among the waves and not being chilled to the bone. Like Marj says, the hot blooded young are more apt to enjoy such sport and for us more mature types, ankle swimming is just fine. First time I've heard that phrase, but I like it. There are few things more pleasurable than a hot fire on the beach on a summer evening where people can gather around and roast their favorite eatables while enjoying each other's company. Romantic for the young and nostalgic for the old and a full moon is a nice addition. – Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

September 1, 1952

Labor Day today--day of quietude and rest for the laboring class, who have been driving the highways and running up and down the forest paths these past three days; so will be just as tired when they return to laboring in the morn as they were when they left for the holiday.

This holiday was invented in 1882 and is always the first Monday of September. Now it is famous for the high toll of auto accidents and tragedies and a good excuse to take a three day jaunt and spend some of the hard earned dough.

I prefer to stay at home and do my burning of the highways some other time; but for many this is the last opportunity to get away from it all before you gotta stay home with the kids in school and the rains make it necessary to work weekends patching the leaky roof.

Down at the coast, it is the last big “no vacancy” weekend and the place is humming with the last influx of tourists; and the cabin owners wonder if they can “last” until the next year’s crop of vacationists.

The weather was very favorable and put on its best face for all our visitors and gave them quite a good impression; but the fish were a little shy and there were a few disappointed fishermen went home. Many went home with souvenirs--sunburnt noses of sitting too long by the shining Pacific.

From now on, it will seem more like winter is hiding behind the door--the tourists have mostly gone, school has settled the household into a schedule, and the days are much much too short with a chill in the morning and evening air.

Yes, Labor Day is over; but I will go on laboring and before we know it, it will be Labor Day next year.

September 2, 1952

When I was a teenager--in those days it was called adolescence--we laughed at the styles my Mother wore when she was a “youth”. And now my growing daughter gives a big “He-Haw” to the fads of the late ’20’s; her youngsters, if any, will probably think it is an awful joke, the styles of 1952.

Making a dress, during my young days, required much less material than now and we weren’t worried about the waist line which was bypassed and any break in the dress contour came at the hips and the hem could not hit any lower than the knees. In fact, it was fashionable to show the knees; bony, fat, crooked, or otherwise.

The boys of 1952 see only the ankle; but make up for lost anatomy vision when the gal friend dons the latest in swimming attire; so they aren’t curious at what is under these long skirts.

In fact, some of the latest fashions have been dug up from grandma’s days. The pinched in waist--now accomplished by dieting and not corsets--is required and to accent the pinched look, wide elastic belts are worn. The mutton leg sleeve with the Gibson girl look is back. Seems the fashion designers are exhausting new ideas and have to turn back time.

Pegged skirts are in vogue, too; and this I cannot understand for the active modern miss; but presume the low slung cars are an influence. How can anyone do high stepping in such tight garments?

One would think the atomic age would bring complete freedom in ideas of dress; but dame fashion certainly holds a leash on all her followers. I am going to remain old-fashioned and wear my clothes comfortable. I don't want any skirts swishing around my ankles or so tight I can't step unless I hoist the skirt to my knees.

September 3, 1952

Anyone having youngones in school didn't get to have forty extra winks this morning. This is the great day--the back to the classroom movement and a million or so wiggling pieces of humanity answering the call to education.

Today is all excitement; but the tomorrows will be a set pattern--I know, I went to school several "many" years myself. Some mornings will be a drudgery to arise and ready for the session; days wear on and on; much like a treadmill.

Seeing these youngsters going to the schoolrooms, recall memories; and there are times when I wish I could be as carefree as in those days; although then, it was a boresome chore.

Anyone ought to love school these days with their cheerful schoolrooms and extra activities. Every provision is made for the comfort and welfare of children. Readin', and writen', and 'rithmetic is not taught to the tune of a hickory stick; but by movies and games and colorful, illustrated books.

Schools are overcrowded--of course, the one roomed educational institutes never were when there were 40 kids and eight grades--many of the grades have almost 30 students. The business of running a school has changed with the faster pace of living and the curriculum is crowded with extras unheard of in my grade school days.

So today there are a lot of Mothers breathing a sigh of relief, too, to have Junior and Miss Mary out of their hair for a few hours of the day and the P.T.A. meetings will soon begin and new interests will push aside the summer's worries.

The school bells ring no more; now it is the "buzzers" calling them in and trying to quiet a beehive of buzzing little bees long enough to cram some modern education into already crammed brains.

The Yachats School has a new buzzer, too; and it can be heard all over town. I wonder what it sounds like at school.

September 4, 1952

One must never say (to a girl) that boys are cheaper to raise. This morning I had quite a lecture on why boys cost more than girls.

It starts from the time they are borned and must have that little operation. From the time hair grows on their heads, there is the little matter of a haircut and as they increase in age and vanity, this becomes a real expense; not only for haircuts but for lotions, etc.

“Boys are hopeless”, so says my teenage daughter, “They have to have clothes that are far more expensive than a girl’s. Sweaters cost twice as much for them; and it’s special shoes and shirts and jackets. And you can’t make clothes for a boy.”

“They eat more than girls, too. They are always piecing between meals and hardly ever does a batch of cookies last a day. Two pieces of pie is nothing. They are all hollow.

“Two or three nights a week a boy must have the car for taking his date and he drives it too fast; and it gets all scratched and dented and maybe wrecked. He will want skirts and duals on it and a squirrel’s tail and a thousand extras. It will always be dirty inside from an assortment of boys climbing in and out.

“He would need a bank to keep him in expense money for gas, food, sports equipment, breakage, and last but not least—“date dough”—this really runs into the dollars; food and theater and gifts.”

Says I to my daughter, “How do you know so much about the cost of rearing a boy?”

“They brag just as much as we girls do about clothes, and they are constantly fussing about their hair, too; and I have been out on dates and know how much it costs. That’s the reason the “tight” ones try to go Dutch.”

There are some good arguments there; but all in all it probably is a tie as to the expense; and the wear and tear on parents would be the same.

September 5, 1952

This must be a very dirty country...all the mudslinging the politicians are doing; and I don’t see how throwing dirt at one another is going to clean the mess up.

When thought is given to the subject, it is quite amusing. At first the Democratic candidate absolutely would not run; this was a trick to martyr him. Before the Republican’s man was dubbed a politician, he was a likely for either party. (The Democrats could be a little jealous now).

This ’lectioneering sounds like an exhausting job; and may account for the reason the candidates have some one else write the speeches; but this doesn’t hardly seem fair to the voting public. We hope the candidates will lose the script often; so we can hear from the heart of the man; not his ghost writer.

Campaign speeches for both sides ballyhoo about the same. If all the promises are kept that we have heard; then this will truly be a wonderful nation.

A big clean up job awaits either candidate and he had better get a huge supply of tools ready when he goes to Washington. The dirt there is so thick, I doubt if it can be swept up in four years.

If the Republicans are the winners and prosperity goes out the back door, there will be a lot of “I told you so’s”; but if it (prosperity) continues for the Republicans, that will be because the Democrats have established such a wonderful system. And the Demos will be in an awful position, if they’re “it” again and depression hits them.

Probably no other campaign has had so much interest and pros and cons and has as many riders changing horses in the middle of the stream. The voters mostly look on in awe and close their eyes, wondering and wishing for honest advice from some divine source.

September 6, 1952

There is one subject not being taught in the schools and needed more nowadays than ever before—a course in silence.

Schools are the noisiest places; but according to the experts we must not retard a child’s initiative; but with all the hub-bub, I don’t see how anyone could grow an initiative.

This course in silence could be used everywhere. It is hard to listen to speeches or programs or tell what is being said at the movies. Everyone wants to be heard and is too selfish to be quiet long enough to listen to the other fellow.

Few meetings employ parliamentary rules. Gatherings don’t have to be so formal that they are boring; but one should be polite enough to be a good listener. I think we are missing much by being such hogs for attention.

Modern children aren’t taught to be good listeners. At school programs and everywhere someone is always talking and laughing and not attentive. It doesn’t show much appreciation to the performer or speaker, when they must yell to be heard above the din of the audience.

Perhaps it is because the silence valve in our make-ups is becoming rusty from disuse; so it is high time it is being oiled and used. It is a very noisy world—rarely one cannot hear the sound of voices or motors; and when there is complete silence; people become fearsome and expect disaster to strike.

If a course in silence was to be taught, I don’t know who could be the teacher?
