

September 7, 1952

If I could wish upon a star and get my one wish; what would it be: money, health, or fame?

It would be none of these three. When one concentrates and sums up their desires it boils down into the fact that PEACE OF MIND (not piece of mind) is our greatest hope.

Having peace of mind means that one can feel relaxed and free from want and be completely contented with their station in life. Few people can attain this during a whole lifetime because such contentment would soon turn to other desires for a change.

With the sunshine comes the rain to break this monotony and sorrow and worry interlace our lives to make us appreciate peace of mind when we do have it.

Fear is a terrible enemy to peace and must be conquered. One should never cross any bridges until they come to them; often times the road we travel doesn't have any rivers to cross.

I have often wondered why we humans were installed with worry cells; life could have been just as complex without them. Fear is really just worry and can be built into a regular boogyman. Most of the time the thing we fear runs away before we get there.

Usually those things that interfere with our peace of mind are minor; each personality has a different version of what gives him contentment in life and I can't readily state what my recipe is because it changes with the months and the years.

Note: There's a word: GUILT and it hatches fear and worry. I think that feeling guilty about not being good enough, not doing enough, having screwed up too many times, having hurt others, having been hurt by others, not being able to change past mistakes and on and on - all of these - are the greatest barrier to the PEACE OF MIND that is our God given right. The only way to tear down that barrier is to forgive ourselves and everyone else of all the memories of past guilts and live today like a new born babe, remembering that we are the personification of Love.

-Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

September 8, 1952

Most tomorrows are just another day; so why worry about them. I have been trying to live today and quit wondering about tomorrow. A fellow can get so scared thinking about the future, he runs around like a frightened rabbit.

Usually the worries I clutter my mind with are unfounded and are a part of living we can't do a thing about. The only good worry does is wrinkles in the face and a gloomy outlook on life and the very thing that worries one the most, seldom happens; perhaps this is the only satisfaction gained from "stewing".

Tomorrow should be thought about; but not worried about. Everyone should make some provision for the future and not get caught unprepared morally, physically, or financially. But looking ahead should be a part of living and included in the schedule.

The past weeks I have been preparing for winter by canning and freezing. This isn't to be worried about; but rather using foresight. Preserving a food supply is looking only a short distance in the future; but is good practice for the longer distances.

Many people worry about dying. Now this is something no one has ever known and ever will. If we are fatalists, we feel that the Supreme Being has our number catalogued and when He gets ready to draw out that number, He does so and there isn't a thing we can do about it; so why worry?

Some worry about war. There isn't much we can do about this, either; and all it does is make a personal war on nerves. Look at the news in the papers and on the radio in a more optimistic light, and the war-worries won't be such a boogy.

Yes, tomorrow is mostly another day with the usual living tasks; out of the 365 of the year, there are very few worth worrying about.

Note: Grandma was a worry wort and she readily admitted it, so both Marjorie and I grew up watching the worry syndrome in action. You knew when Grandma was at the height of her worry thermometer, as she would wring her hands and talk of nothing except what was currently worrying her. Fortunately, she also had a great sense of humor and deep joy for life, so the worry bouts were never so frequent as to seriously interfere with her basic emotional health. ~~~ Those who think it's their solemn duty to worry, sometimes think that the times we currently live in are the worst and that the future holds nothing but doom. Perhaps it's the anxiety-excitement of such a state of mind that makes these folks feel alive. The truth is that any time here on earth has many perils, but also many joys and that a calm, grateful, loving state of mind will make one feel even more alive, but making the switch can be a bitch! - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

September 9, 1952

The old day rolled along on September 9 as per usual with dish washing and ironing and clean ups; but tonight a few unexpected happenings colored the scene.

I went to a church meeting and came home about 8:30 and as I stepped on the back porch I heard the patting of skunk feet on our porch and upon investigation saw "Hairwick" behind the freezer. He has been on his own for a couple of weeks and rather faded from the picture; so I was delighted to know he is still in the neighborhood.

Chet ran to get Cliff and I cautiously closed the door and inspected the refrigerator for meat to tempt the little fellow. He ate hamburger from my hand; but just as Cliff and Helen came to the porch he ran and went down a hole in the floor. But they did see him under the house and he came through the hole all evening and ate. We will keep food for him in a box with a hole just large enough for him and the cats can't get it.

I have worn glasses for over 30 years and have had very little breakage considering how many times I have dropped them; but tonight they slipped from my fingers and hit just right to break the frames completely in two by the bridge. I have them glued together and hope they will stick until I can get some new ones.

Perhaps, I could be accused of wanting a change in frames; but this wouldn't be the reason. I liked those very much and doubt if I find any more suitable.

Which all goes to prove if the day seems dull, look out for the evening; much can happen before bedtime. All in less than an hour the skunk was found and I broke my glasses.

I have an old dust mop that is just the thing to whip the spider webs. I took an old piece of toweling and made a jacket for the mop. It is light of weight and easy to run over the ceiling and walls and the toweling picks up all the webs and dust without hurting the finish. It is easy to take off and wash.

September 10, 1952

It isn't the high cost of living that is irking everyone, it is the high cost of taxes. I was just reading where the average fellow works two months of the year to pay taxes.

Even the Congressmen admit that the tax situation is defeating its own purpose. The Excise tax is becoming a means for bigger monopolies as the corporations, rather than pay the 88% excise, will spend the money for advertising and research and expensive and often unnecessary expansions.

The liquor taxation is so high, it is breeding the prohibition day stills; and there are fewer cocktails being consumed. The tax on furs has caused many dealers to establish a black market and the luxury tax has cut the sales of some articles.

A huge percent of tax returns are padded with false expenses to avoid the heavy penalties; this has caused more men to be hired to check on the taxpayer. It is making cheats and liars and breeding a species of criminals from honest people.

The tax set up is unfair in many ways. The big companies can be exempted for entertaining clients; but a housewife working to help pay the high costs, cannot take the wages of a nursemaid from her income. A small business man cannot have exemption for replacing worn out machinery.

Men are losing their initiative. Why work for nothing? Some only labor long enough to meet the living requirements for the year. Who wants to work and worry just to pay a bunch of wasteful politicians in Washington D.C.?

Our tax money is so wasted that it is becoming a joke to the Communists; but should be of grave importance to the next administration. We hope the fellow who moves into

the white house in January will take a good supply of pest exterminators and brooms with him.

Note by Virginia Vandehey in 2006: *Eisenhower, who was elected in 1952 and served till 1961, is still considered to have been a good President, but I don't think he improved any on the tax situation. In 1944, federal taxes reached 21.7 percent of the GDP (Gross Development Product), the highest in U.S. history. Although there was some reduction of the tax burden after World War II, the Korean War and the extension of Social Security to the self-employed raised it again to 19% of GDP by 1952. The IRS was born out of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and totally reorganized in 1953 and by 1959, was the world's largest accounting, collection, and form-processing organization. There were tax ups and downs, during those years, but still, a gradual increase seemed to be the rule. Marjorie's hope that a new President would make a tax clean sweep, did not come true. See here for reference:*

<http://www.ustreas.gov/education/fact-sheets/taxes/ustax.shtml>

<http://www.huppi.com/kangaroo/L-taxgrowth.htm>

Annual Growth of Tax Collections by President

(Note: Not percentage of GDP, as stated above)

| | |
|------------|--------|
| Roosevelt | 121.3% |
| Truman | 3.7 |
| Eisenhower | 2.4 |
| Kennedy | 4.8 |
| L Johnson | 6.9 |
| Nixon | 0.3 |
| Ford | 6.4 |
| Carter | 3.0 |
| Reagan | 2.4 |
| Bush | 0.0 |

September 11, 1952

For a day and a half I have been pulling nails and piling lumber and getting a good work out on the job of building a house. I have always wondered how homes got built with so little effort on the owner's part; and am still wondering.

This is hard work and must be done. I suppose most people hire this phase of the work and take it as it is done; properly or not. But Dad and I saw that we got every nail and piled the boards so that air could circulate and not too much water would penetrate.

The next job is to see that the tile is laid around the base of the cement walls. I will probably be helping on this job, too. One way to get the necessary things done when they should be, is to do it yourself; or be there seeing it is done.

So from this beginning, I will be very busy until the house is completed and the landscaping is in order. I won't have much time for idle gossip or frivolous activities.

I want this home to be built with a good foundation as we hope to live in it for many years. It is my wish that the materials to be used can be of such that they will not require too immediate repairs or replacement.

I have been told, one has not lived until he has built a new home and this would indicate I am just beginning to live and what a busy life it has begun to be!

September 12, 1952

This is being written on September 17. Somehow I forgot September 12; and little wonder for it was a very busy day occupied with labor and not diary keeping.

The following day we took the week-end trip to Central Oregon; so I had to catch up before we left and get all the pears and peaches inside jars and clean up a dirty house; untouched all week. There was some necessary washing to be done, too.

If one neglects the work; then there comes a day when it must all be done. I am not one to run off and leave it undone for I hate miserably to come home and face hard work.

I really don't mind working hard one day of the week and having the satisfaction of being "done"; but do resent any interferences. A work day I map out so each job comes in succession such that few steps are required.

On September 17, I can see it was best I forgot the diary and did it today. I am certainly in no working mood and much easier to set at the typewriter. (The fellow that wished me this cold; really holds much hate toward your truly.)

"All work and no play makes one a dull person;" but I have never found that I could play unless I worked.

To give a little zest to the canned pears, dip them in lemon juice before placing in the jars.

September 13, 1952

Horseless farming lacks one thing: fertilizer for the hot bed; but certainly has many advantages over old Dobbin with speed and no pasture nor winter feeding bills.

Now my family will laugh at my thinking of horse manure; but a few years ago I did want to get some for a hot bed and couldn't find enough; and have been teased about it from that day to this.

This is harvest time. All along the way, we have viewed the various makes of tractors pulling a variety of gadgets. And this afternoon, we went to the upper field to watch the clover seed harvest. One tractor pulls the mowing machine and cradle attachment,

another the wagons filled with clover stems; and a tractor engine works the combine. Here alone machinery replaces at least six horses. Think of the feed bill and a barn would have to be built for this many animals, too.

The hay and grain horses would consume is now sold or fed to fatten livestock. The water problem for horses is somewhat of a worry in the desert country; but a tractor consumes little.

I marvel at the ingenuity of the seed combine. Like a monster it swallows the clover or wheat or oats and out the stack comes the stems and leaves and into the grain bin the seed, which isn't quite pure; but remarkably so and must be further blown at the seed mill. The leavings are fed to the livestock; but before feeding, it is again put through the combine after they are piled; this being done by a crew who go from farm to farm and work on the shares. Some of the fields are vacuumed to be sure to salvage all the valuable \$1.07 a pound seed. An acre will yield as high as 250 pounds.

I am sorry to miss the wheat harvest. It would be very exciting to see the yellow kernels flow into the seed bin.

Now that I have viewed the inner workings of seed farming, I feel a little smarter and must build another cell in my brain for this new knowledge.
