

September 14, 1952

This morning I awoke in a different atmosphere--a clear free breathing world of the high desert country. What a change from the sea level life?

The panorama spread before us like a colored movie. A checkerboard of farms dotted the lower valley with fields of green, yellows, and browns. One could tell from this just what crops were grown.

A fringe of mountains surrounded this lush agricultural bowl and they were tinted in purples, mauve; according to the distance and the higher peaks wore ragged traces of snow. Timbered buttes, rounded like a scoop of icecream, dotted the distant valley floor.

Up here in the high country the air is more ozone and crystal-clear like a magnifying glass and makes each mountain and tree stand out alone. One feels like flying and gathering all this awesome scenery in a basket to peak at on those foggy days at the beach.

Would I trade the wild waves and the damp coolness of the coastal climate for this high country? It is like having a diamond in one hand and a rare ruby in the other. Both have their distinctions; and so has the beach and the desert; but it is a wonderful change to go from one extreme to the other and appreciate the advantages of home.

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Last night, just as dinner was being cooked, the lights went black; but the wonderful steak was somehow fried on the trash burner and eaten by candle light and perhaps enjoyed more than if the bright lights glared on the scene as everyone made jokes of the situation. The lights were polite and came on in time to launder the dishes; so there wasn't any excuse to skip them.

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September 15, 1952

This summer we have followed the ribbons of pavement for many a mile and covered much of the territory traversed by the old covered wagon trains. Yesterday we returned from a visit to Central Oregon by way of the old Barlow Road through the Mt. Hood area.

One wonders how the pioneers ever found these passes and could remember them to guide others along the way. A compass was used, no doubt; but I would like to think that the best compass was the Supreme Power, who led the scouts and guides and had this period marked for the settling of the West.

We gaze in awe at the man made highways and wonderful bridges spanning the deep streams; but how did the pioneers cross all these barriers with the meager tools? One should bow in reverence to their spirit and initiative.

Somehow they, these early settlers, crossed the searing deserts and waterless wastes and through dense forest and forded the treacherous streams. No earthly desire could

make one want to endure such privations. Their wagons were hitched to a star and a power they could not explain.

If people lived through those trying experiences, why should we fear any modern strifes? Those of us who enjoy western living are reaping the harvests planted by our pioneering ancestors and should each day give thanks to them.

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September 16, 1952

I got a code; my nothe is stopt up and I breathe through my moudth. My head feels as big as a drum and just as tight.

All day I have been catching the drippings in a dozen hankies (Oh, me, what a wash there will be?) Paper ones only last one blow and one drip.

I hate to get a "code" this time of the year--it lasts in some form all winter. The remedies vary with the relatives, friends, and neighbors you happen to meet and wish you didn't have to.

Research still has the mystery of the common cold to solve and it has kept many scientists busy for many a year and might do so for many more. As far as I am concerned any cold about has to run its course and the medication is only for relief.

Rudy the rednosed reindeer hasn't anything on me. Some might think I have been hitting the bottle; and all that I have drunk is several gallons of H<sub>2</sub>O; plus whatever chlorine it might have.

It seems as soon as school bells ring (buzzers here) the common cold is all too common and if the old folks can't find one at the club meeting, the kids will lug it home from school.

Germs should be large enough to see; so we would have a chance to fight; but how can a fellow tell when he is being invaded by an army of cold germs--it must be an army; one germ couldn't make one person feel so terrible.

Perhaps we are meant to have cold so the fever will burn out some of the mess collected in our brains.

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*Note: Google gave me 120,000,000 hits for "the common cold," so there is no lack of information in today's world. A website called [www.commoncold.org](http://www.commoncold.org) lists a summary of the latest information about colds. Every time I look something up on the web about a subject from Marjorie's diary, I think about how much she would of loved having such a tool at her fingertips.  
- Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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September 17, 1952

Yesterday was such a foul day, I was glad to have an excuse to be indoors. Those drippy foggy days are my only dislike of the coastal climate. I can endure the rain; but not that gloomy, veiled fog.

Today is bright and pleasant with the true feeling of Fall in the air. There is smoke hanging along the mountains from the slash burnings. This somewhat worries me because I fear forest fires and it gives me some anxiety wondering if the slashings fire has raced out-of-bounds.

We inhabitants of the forested regions have reason to fear fire. All around us is the tinder dry trees and underbrush; much of which is interlaced with the leavings of the loggers; and these are like new made shavings. A town is practically helpless when these surrounding forests catch and the sparks fly in a million torches.

I have memories of a packed suitcase ready for departure with forests ablaze in three directions. We slept at night with one eye open and the gas tank of the car filled. Our prayers were for rain and the cooling sea breeze to drift inland and quench the fire devil. We like to think our prayers were answered; but not until many acres of valuable forests were destroyed.

So on these warm, smoky Fall days I recall those fearful hours spent worrying about fire. Once in my childhood the snags and trees above our farm buildings were ablaze and we all fought to keep the demon from our home. People in town did think we had burned; but little did they know how close they were right.

Perhaps, I should not hate those foggy days for they offer some protection from fire; but hardly ever reach more than two miles inland to give relief to the fir trees.

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*Note: I wonder where she was living as a child when the forest was burning so close to their home? Maybe it was in Toledo. They were just outside of town and did have tree covered hills just behind their buildings and Marjorie would have been a child then, as I know that either Annie or Jean was just a tiny baby then. – Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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September 18, 1952

Haysel's favorite baseball team, the Brooklyn Dodgers, has been ahead in the National League; and the time is drawing nearer for the Series games to select the best. Of course, she has been rooting for her team; but better not have too many bets because the "Bums" are becoming very complacent and might get a walloping come time for the finale.

She is also rooting for the local football team, which has a good standing in the coast league; but again it wouldn't be wise to be too optimistic--they can feel very smug, too; and really get fooled.

Sports are good character builders not only of the fellow participating but also for the rooters. It never pays to get too over-optimistic until the final game. Many a contest has been lost because the players thought they had the score cinched in their favor.

This works as well in the game of living as it does in sports. About the time I get too optimistic is when the bubble goes boom and comes the big letdown; so I have been trying to play the game of living with the thought I may not be always the winner.

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September 19, 1952

Left this sheet in the typewriter and with such a large lower margin, it is a shame to waste the space; so will give a thought to this nineteenth day of the month.

I have been having the hives; probably from over-indulgence in all these good fruits of the season. Some people may have been thinking I am fidgety; but it is just those itchy hives. Sometimes I almost do a hula with trying to appease those bumps on my back.

There is a remedy for hives and I am going to try it; have already gathered the necessary ingredient--wild purple clover blossoms. This is to be dried and then barely covered with water and simmered down into a syrup. Take 14 drops twice a day for at least 10 days; but if the treatment is continued for 3 months, one is supposed to be forever rid of hives and can eat anything fit for human consumption.

Clover is good for bees; so there shouldn't be a thing in it unfit for me; I am sure I am just as "sweet" as they are. After I take my hives treatment my disposition should be all honey and clover and I will love everyone; which I surely will, if I'm rid of the itchy hives.

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September 20, 1952

The statisticians claim there is a rising birth rate in the United States and the causes aren't publicized; but I have my personal opinions on the subject. For one thing young people these days have a much healthier outlook on life and children aren't treated like a burden; they are individuals from time of birth.

The mysteries of birth aren't hidden in a hush-hush way as they were in the past and the young people know all about the "birds and the bees" before they are ten. In fact, some kids can tell their Ma and Pa a few things.

Facts show that more college graduates are having larger families. Now I wonder if something new isn't being learned in college? But this is just conjecture; and the real reason is prosperity--intelligent people usually limit the family to ability to care for them.

One wonders, too, if children from larger families and of meager circumstances, aren't more fitted for life than those accustomed to luxuries. Much of the initiative is lost where money buys everything and little effort is needed to acquire the necessities of living.

Hundreds of examples of success are told of men and women from large and poor families, where existence came through privations and sacrifices. This is the molding of men and women. Will our easy life of the 1950's have some bearing on future citizens?

With a rise in birthrate comes problems of housing, education, and employment; which is already plaguing the government. Perhaps it is just a cycle and in a few years the baby crop will decline.

Anyway, since Haysel is going to be an old maid there won't be too many babies in our family; so I don't know why I am giving this subject much thought.

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P.S. I "plum" forgot to mention kids now days certainly cut down the income tax bill; do we know we lost an exemption last year to cupid.

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*Note: The early 1950s were those post war prosperity and baby-boom years and I'm surprised that Marjorie didn't mention this in regards to the rising birth rate, but maybe the label: baby-boom, was not yet widely used in 1952. It is true that the hush-hush attitude toward sex was dissolving even more rapidly after the war, but I don't know if that was a contributing factor or not, as ways to prevent pregnancy were also more widely known. I think a lot more people had high hopes for their future with the promises of post-war prosperity and peace and therefore felt comfortable with the idea of raising a family. There was also a good job market and a housing boom, so when a young couple could afford a nice new home, the incentive to have children must have been greater. – Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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