

September 21, 1952

From September 28 to October 5 is Bible Observance Week to celebrate the publication of the new version of the Bible. In my diary several months ago, I made mention of this fact; hoping that some day the Bible would be printed in our every day American language.

One reason for the new version is that much of the vocabulary of King James Version and others have changed in meaning. More than three hundred words replace obsolete ones in the King James Version. Originally the Bible was written in the Greek language of common usage; but somehow the translators applied classical rules, which made phrases become awkward and have incorrect meanings.

It is the 500th year of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book to be printed. The Bible has been printed in over 2,000 languages and dialects. The Library of Congress has over 1800 Bibles; including the original Gutenberg, which is worth over a half million dollars. Not only being the first book ever printed it is also elaborately ornamented with designs of birds and flowers.

The project of new Bible version was begun in 1937 and will include new information gathered from manuscripts recently discovered by archeologists. The New Testament was completed in 1946; but the entire Bible, now ready for the public, has 66 books. I am very anxious to see one of these new Books; and feel sure that the Bible will be read by more people than ever before and really have a deeper meaning--when it is written so all can understand Its wonderful story.

Note: There are now, [more than] 54 years later, a growing number of modern language translations of the Bible and much more controversy about its meaning. More recent discoveries of other texts written in the same time period as that of the Bible have also been unearthed, which only adds to the controversy. – Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

September 22, 1952

I am beginning to discover I have worked so many years now, I can't feel relaxed unless the day has accomplished something worthwhile.

Today I puttered the morning away and only did a few errands, which I suppose are necessary; but don't show up as "having set the world afire." By the P.M. I was getting restless--this was soon solved by the arrival of a lug of tomatoes; so now there are 22 pints more of canned vegetables for winter. Some peaches were quite ripe, too; so they got mashed and find themselves disguised as jam--very good stuff, too.

I think most everyone is more contented with doing a big job than the small ones--reason for so many undone little necessities. "A woman's work is never done" and that is because she has such a clutter of these measly jobs to do. Few men will bother with minor things--work must have a big "show" to satisfy he-man egos.

A fellow shouldn't worry about all those undone little jobs; but a day of reckoning usually arrives and those little things surround the housewife like a flock of hungry kids; that's when I would like to ditch the whole so-called homemaking occupation and fly with the winds; but we poor humans still haven't sprouted wings.

Oh well, tomorrow the same little jobs will await me; and unless I become entirely blind, there won't be any relaxation because always there will be that little job peeking out to say, "Come on; get me done."

When I get tired of watching pots for top of the stove cookery, I have a complete oven dinner. Tonight's "shut the door and forget about it meal;" stuffed peppers, baked Danish squash, baked, shredded carrots, baked potatoes, and biscuits. With this: sliced tomatoes, and dish of fresh peaches.

Note: *Wow! I'm ready for that oven meal. Bring it on! I can't imagine Marjorie puttering the morning away. Her idea of puttering would be my idea of getting a lot done. Marjorie was the organized worker that I could never be. She probably did more in her short life than I will do if I live to be a hundred. A "clutter of ... measly jobs" fills my house. I'll do it tomorrow, I say, but we all know that tomorrow doesn't exist. Us procrastinators just keep hoping that it will magically arrive – soon... - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

September 23, 1952

The latest book on the Oregon scene is about life in a logging camp in Coos County written by Olive Barber and dubbed, "The Lady and the Lumberjack!"

According to the reviews and remarks by other authors, this is very authentic reading on the exciting life of a logging camp. Being knee deep in fir needles ourselves these days, I am quite anxious to poke my nose in this narrative and get a good laugh at life "in these here Oregon hills."

Books have been written on about every subject man can concoct and on every phase of life we endure; but the well seems never to run dry. If I ever should write a book it would have to be called "Living with a Cat Skinner".

This might sound like a dull subject for a book; but it could be filled with many anecdotes of construction work, forest service employment, and just logging the "gypo" way. Twenty years of being a second love to a tractor has its complications. There have been joys, near tragedies, and romance.

All our lives could be written in a book and we should keep a detailed diary of every day happenings and interesting conversations; so that when excitement of young living died down, we could spend our old age compiling the data into a book and sell it for enough to cheat the old age pension and social security.

So far life this year wouldn't have made a very exciting chapter in a book; but would mostly be a travelogue and a prologue. My book wouldn't be nearly as surprising to lift the cover on as one I saw a few years ago "How to Raise a Dog". When the first page was lifted, up popped an imitation hot dog. This joke was reconstructed from a book (a poor seller to be sure because the new title was pasted over the original and the pages pasted down and then a hole hollowed for the hot dog).

This is what would happen to any I would write; so I am going to leave the authoring to more capable hands like Olive Barber, Martha McGowan, and Stewart Holbrook.

September 24, 1952

I have been alone most of the day in the biggest house in Yachats--Sherwood Lodge. There is very little activity in the hotel business until evening.

When the phone would ring, I would jump; it was so quiet all day. Some people might feel actually panic stricken alone in such a huge building; but it doesn't affect me that way. The usual pattern of my life is to be busy with the umteen little jobs around home; but it is different "baby setting" a lodge.

I have written letters and read and knitted; but one gets bored with these things, too; and I look out at the sun-drenched hills and the inviting ocean; wishing I could be out-of-doors--and would I be if I were home?

Anyone tiring of city noises; could surely find this place a haven of rest--even the spiders look refreshed.

September 25, 1952

Anticipating the day when a house would grow atop that basement wall now completed at "Sea Haze," I have been building a pasteboard model and trying to iron out some built in headaches that might arise.

I hope the real house won't end up as unsquare as this model. Guess I should never attempt to build a big house. This paper deal is serving its purpose, however, and we are beginning to see many changes desired by the whole family.

Perhaps the weeks I have spent in construction with paper, crayons, wallpaper, and scotch tape will pay off. I hope to build a roof for my little house; but wonder how this can be accomplished on such a crooked base.

This shows, too, if we could only make a model of our future lives what a lot of mistakes could be avoided.

Note: *How would we make a model of our future lives? The unknowns often out weight the planned. Of course certain daily chores and duties can be planned for as well as general goals of what we want to do in the future, but only applied wisdom acquired from past experience can help us through the unexpected and sometimes traumatic events that can arise suddenly as if from nowhere. The best laid plans of mice and men often go awry. Still, Marjorie is right, without some planning ahead, one's life can take on a chaotic, hectic, and usually miserable quality that spells nothing but disaster. –Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

September 26, 1952

When a man enters the gates into politics, his life is an open book. Senator Nixon, Vice Presidential Candidate has had to open the book wide and give the whole nation a peek at his private affairs.

And because he was forced to do so; now all the boys will have to reveal the linings of their pocket books. This is going to be quite a shock for some; and really is coming at an opportune time.

It is well we voters find out now before election just who has been getting the “gravy” and what they are doing with it. If the Republicans must bare the facts; then so should the Democrats. We, the public, have a right to know; and no other period is as good as before election when each party is looking for some new smear.

The Democrats have been in office so long that they have such a padding of fat from graft, it is plenty hard to penetrate it and get the actual facts.

Most people don't go into politics to get a public office for their health and usually come out with a surplus. It has been suggested the voter give \$5.00 apiece to the support of their party. Seems to me we are taxed enough without adding to the support of political bigwigs. I don't vote for the party; but for the man; so I am not personally interested in supporting a certain political creed.

The smear campaign has backfired and will be remembered in history as the biggest period of “Bare Facts” of any political race.

September 27, 1952

I have always had pity for people who couldn't hear; but after a conversation with one who has had impaired “seeing through the ears”, perhaps I should be feeling slightly sorry for myself with very good hearing.

The story is that most of the time we hear too much and the people wearing hearing aids have control of what they wish to listen in on—much like tuning the radio.

I have never given this much thought; but now realize I have had to absorb a lot of nonsense; and many times heard tales that caused hard feelings.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could turn our normal hearing on and off, too?
