

September 28, 1952

Diamond thieves are very much publicized; but one never hears of carrot thieves; 'though principally they are in the same category. Little boys who steal carrots could become jewelry robbers; if the habit persists.

Of late, we are having a rash of carrot thieves in our back yard. The value of the goods is nil; because the carrots are worm invested; but I worry to think of the future for little boys, who now think they can steal anything and get away with the theft.

The parents of two of the culprits are those humans who feel they are raising a crop of "angels"; and it is useless to complain to them. What these boys need is their cabooses well tanned in the good old fashioned way.

But most kids--the 1952 variety--are raised like "Topsy" and do as they please; so the neighbors must pay for it.

September 29, 1952

This has been such a beautiful crystal clear day, I wonder how a year ago it could have been such a foul affair.

Why remember a year ago? Today is the first wedding anniversary for Helen and Cliff; and the events of just a year back are very fresh. So far the weather on that wedding day, has not made any difference with a happy marriage.

On September 29, 1951, it blew and rained continually the whole day and through the whole week-end; but the business of getting married went right on and everyone ignored Jupiter Pluvius; because he wasn't invited and his showers weren't appreciated.

All the festivities for the wedding were luckily held across the street from the bride's home; and a little dampness from overhead caused slight concern; except for out-of-town guests. The rain wasn't any busier than I was that day.

Decorations were all in place before September 29; except for the Florists and I didn't worry about his troubles. We made the wedding cake the morning of September 26th; and it was quite a success--a three tiered one decorated with white frosting--4 pounds of powdered sugar--and fashioned with white bows and silver candy. It generously fed 75 people.

Yellow and bronze Chrysanthemums and green screen of forest leaves were used at the Church and at the Hall we made good use of Fall leaves and flowers. Looking back, it was a very attractive setting for a September wedding; one of simplicity yet in good taste.

The bride and groom were both cool as cucumbers; probably the least nervous of the wedding party. The ceremony was 15 minutes late; but the organist filled in with music. This tardiness probably was my fault; but I wanted to be sure everyone was ready. It all

went well - with clock work precision and is the happiest affair I have ever attended. Who would want to cry at such a lovely wedding?

Many happy anniversaries to Cliff and Helen!

P.S. The old saying is surely true, "Happy is the bride the rain falls on."

Note: Now here is an entry that Helen's children, grand and great too, can enjoy. What a rare treat to get a description of their Mother's and Grandmother's Wedding Day straight from the voice of the bride's Mother! - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

September 30, 1952

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the "Hot Dog". Chet says some of them taste like it, too.

Every day now is the anniversary of something and the world is so filled with interesting inventions, others besides hot dogs, that it keeps us busy remembering what anniversary is when.

Anyway, it is interesting to note that the original hot dog or Frankfurter was made by a butcher in Frankfurt Germany, who tried to imitate the shape of his dachshund; and did a very good job.

I have always supposed the hot dog was a very American meat conception; because a picnic is seldom a picnic without it and any fairs or games are dull affairs without a bun and a hot dog. The Russians will probably take up this origination and claim it, too; but I say, "Hurrah" for the Germans and a good idea.

Way back, before my hair got curly, we kids would go to the butcher shop with Mother and look at the pile of connected hot dogs longingly and the butcher would give us each one; and we could eat the same without suffering any gastronomical difficulties.

Today the hot dog is filled with so much junk, it must be disguised with spices; and only a cast iron tummy doesn't make complaint. We eat them just the same and run to the soda box or take something to soothe the complaining "tummy".

Gone are the days when they were a gift from the butcher; like liver, too. Now we pay eight cents apiece for each "doggy" and some types of liver are over a dollar a pound. It is said that everything is used now except the snort of the pig; and I think it is now employed too--for the politicians.

A few weeks ago we had the gift of some special made hot dogs--just like the old fashioned ones and everyone ate them with relish; suffering not one "belch"; so our old favorite could still be made as originally intended a "good dog" and not a spoiled one.

Frankfurters or hot dogs are very appetizing cut up and cooked with cabbage or sauerkraut. This is certainly a German dish.

October 1, 1952

Dear, oh DEER! It is hunting season again and red hats are in style. The weather maker has played a sorry trick on the nimrods and not one trickle of rain is forthcoming; so the boys will have to do their boom, boom! East of the mountains.

The coastal cousins of the deer species are laughing at the Eastern Mule deer--here they are free to roam a human-less forest--loggers are banned from the woods, too.

I'll wager there are two men to every deer being hunted. And before many days as many two legged dears will be shot as those with four limbs. This is the tragedy of hunting season, the carelessness causing needless loss of life and suffering.

Most sportsmen spend more money on the hunting trip than it would cost to buy the meat in the butcher shop. Such is the price of being a "hunter"--and the same holds for the fisherman, too.

Venison steaks are very good to eat; but I just couldn't shoot one of those beautiful woods creatures with the innocent eyes and graceful carriage. Many times I have seen them feeding along a grassy slope or in a green meadow and remarked what a picture of serenity. A gun doesn't fit in this scene.

The hunting instinct of man reverts to the cave man ancestors. The excitement of the big hunt is in his blood and to come home with the game, and a tale of "There he was six points shining in the sun and I lifted the rifle and cocked my eye through those new such and such sights I just installed on my gun; and let-er-go; and wham! got him right between the eyes, etc., etc."

I am glad the poor deers here on the coast, at least until it rains, will have freedom to shake their flag like tails and gracefully leap about the forest glens.

October 2, 1952

The first World Series was in 1905. What a change there has been since then; and people who can remember those first series will want not to recall as it makes them getting old too fast.

In 1903 little did the fans dream that this popular American game could be viewed right in the home. Millions of people hear and see and enjoy the excitement without being there. Yet the attendance, every year, at the games is larger and larger.

The first fans were horse and buggy people; then population grew and space had to be provided for auto parking; until now this is quite a problem. Some baseball fans come

from long distances by railway and air travel. One wonders what it will be like the next 50 years.

With all the progress in travel, radio, television, and baseball fields, the game of baseball remains the same in rules and popularity. Every real American boy learns about baseball from the time he can hold a bat and most girls, too, can quote a few terms.

This year I have learned more about baseball than I ever knew in my life--only being acquainted previously with the amateur barnyard series that had its own homemade rules. Seeing a real live big league game this summer in Cincinnati kindled a fire of interest so that this year's World Series take on excitement and a keen desire to have the Dodgers win the pennant--after all they haven't ever won a series and the Yankees have been too fortunate.

Nothing like rooting for the underdog; so if I don't get much done in my diary, it is mostly because I am spending several hours a day listening to the radio.

October 3, 1952

We took a little spin out to the state Capitol today; it wasn't for pleasure and we spent all the non-driving time in a doctor's office.

One never knows when these unpredicted occasions might arise. It breaks the monotony; but is hard on the pocketbook and the nerves. Haysel, this day, had the misfortune of losing two lower front teeth and to have the jawbone scraped of a cyst.

She is very down in the mouth and one time she can't do much answering back. (I hope she won't save all the bright remarks for future use.) I feel great pity for her because I have had days in my life that my mouth was very sore, too. One doesn't wear hardware without going through a period of suffering.

All summer the tooth situation with her has been a sore one; and this is the grand climax with a new chapter coming up entitled—two false teeth. She will probably get them for her birthday.

A family always means dental and doctor bills—they are part of raising the young ones. It would be a happy set-up if these would not have to be included. But, I guess, we must have the rain to enjoy the sunshine.

Yet I am not looking forward to the completion of Haysel's dental disturbances and sorely sympathize with her and offer a prayer that this is the last of such severe penalties for having teeth.

October 4, 1952

This was too perfect a day to just waste and not make the sunshine pay; so I washed and cleaned and hung the blankets out to air. It is almost incredible the wonderful summer days for October—really warmer than in the true summer months.

The loggers can't work; so those who aren't hunting in Eastern Oregon or fishing the streams at home, their wives have busy cleaning the gardens or catching up on repair jobs. Chet mowed the lawn and in the afternoon we took the pick-up and went to the lumber yard and got tile to go around the new basement.

I have been busy all day probing around in my brains, too, for some ideas on soup for Haysel. She is strictly on a liquid diet; one that will flow through a straw. The job is complicated—she is particular about the type of soup.

These warm Indian Summer days makes one languid and not much for setting the world afire—I would rather lead a leisure existence without any driving or fuss; but somehow this is hard to do. The gears of the household seem to run on one axis—me.

The big Salmon Derby dance is tonight; but we won't be there and there will be three less sardines packed in that small hall. Plans were to attend this affair—plans changed yesterday and definitely.

So ends Saturday, October 4.
