

October 5, 1952

It is estimated at least 100,000 hunters are East of the mountains in Oregon—communing with nature and taking shots at each other; for surely there aren't that many buck deer in all them there hills.

This many men armed with rifles would make quite an army. A shame that Korea is so far across the sea. I think, too, of all the tragic errors there will be before this hunting season ends. Venison this year will be more dear than beef. Most of the trips will be just the communion with nature.

And speaking of communion—this is World Wide Communion Sunday; but I doubt if there are 100,000 people East of the mountains in Oregon who will attend church.

Perhaps there should be an open season for being a Christian church goer and then it would be more enticing; and there could be special raiment for the occasion to supply the style interest. The Moslems make pilgrimages to Mecca; so there could be designated meccas to where it would be fashionable for us to go for religious education and satisfaction.

There is such a small percentage who attend any religious service, one begins to realize why children know nothing of obedience or respect for people or property. Little ones are not taught right from wrong and learn little of the messages from the Bible.

I daresay that it would be more profitable for some to hunt for God than it would be for deer; and I know He is much easier to find.

October 6, 1952

Monday is usually wash day; but I made Saturday do today's work; that I might help lay the tile around the new basement.

The job is more complicated than it sounds and a body becomes very saggy by night from the toting of over a hundred tiles. Each tile must lay level with a very gradual slope toward the drainage side. Over the gaps must be laid paper or thin cloth to prevent dirt from seeping in; then six inches of rock is poured on top to make good drainage for the tile.

Tees were installed to care for the water from the eaves (if we ever get the house built to the roof). Luckily there was enough gravel from the cement work to cover the tiles; now it is a problem to find sufficient dirt for fill material.

I spent one forenoon a week ago, trying to water proof the exterior of the basement walls. I managed to get enough asphalt on me and the walls to do the job for both; but, alas! I find the sticky stuff won't wash out of clothing; so as long as a certain pair of jeans and blue blouse are wearable, I will be reminded one day the basement was waterproofed.

No one can ever appreciate a house until one is being built and just to the foundation stage, there are more little things than I can count--what will there be when it grows into a completed home?

I have been fashioning a scale model from pasteboard and already running into difficulties; but the time spent will be worth finding all the errors to be prevented when the actual building is erected.

There is nothing like laying plans even to building a house.

October 7, 1952

There is grief in the dugout tonight--the Dodgers lost the series.

For one day the nation almost forgot about the political pot brewing. Every ear was fastened to the radio and every eye, too, where there was television. No one would have to be a ball fan to appreciate the tenseness and excitement of this year's World Series.

The poor Dodgers came so near; but fate just didn't have it written in the books for them or perhaps the great Master is a Yankee fan. We shall never know; but it is a sad day for the Dodgers and their fans.

Ball games are just like life--so many times we think we have it cinched and then the other side wins. It doesn't pay to count the wins before they are on the score board.

What a blessing it is to have ball games to take our minds from the boredom of every day life? Without sports an important lesson of life cannot be learned--good sportsmanship. This is the reason games are included in our schooling.

In a few months the hurt of the losing will have eased; and the ball fans will be waiting for the next year's series; and so goes the game of life, too.

Naturally, our family has sympathy for the Dodgers--aren't they the favorite ball players at our house? So we hang our heads with them.

Well, baseball belongs on a wide open field. The little boys have been playing too much big league stuff with rocks and now there are two broken windows in the house next door. Parents promise to repair damages and young ones have orders to avoid private property and to do their ball playing at school where the taxpayer must pay for the breakage.

October 8, 1952

Chet says to me this morning when I was giving the washing machine a little exercise, "You have been washing clothes for me a good many years now."

And that I have; this being our 20th wedding anniversary. It hasn't always been by the power of a washing machine, either. The first few years of married bliss, during the depression years, didn't include a washing machine; but somehow we were happy and because we weren't the only souls scraping knuckles with a washboard, this luxury wasn't too important.

Today's marriage ceremony almost includes in the man's obligations that "I do solemnly promise to provide my wife with all the modern conveniences for the home." Most every bride begins this new career with a complete household of furniture and linens and dishes. Everyone is generous and there is usually a bridal shower; and what she doesn't receive at it, the relatives provide.

I am not jealous or envious of the girls today; but most of them will never know the hardships some of us older married people have encountered in acquiring the necessities for comfortable living. Because of this, we are more able to cope with hardships that may come--I hope none do; there will be many uneducated families; if another depression hits.

In spite of all the ups and down these past twenty years, we feel our married life has been very happy and probably because of being harnessed together we have pulled out of some tight spots with a lot of respect and love for having been good sports when times were the roughest.

Twenty years might seem like many; but I do hope we have at least that many more and then some. I am willing to go on washing whether it be by electric switch or on the old rub-e-dub board.

October 9, 1952

We all want to live as long as we can; but old age has a multiplex of problems; financial, health, and moral.

Every time I visit the old folks, I worry and wonder on these problems of the sunset years of life. Someday, I hope, I will have them, too; but can give them enough thought now to soften the shock and make old age cozier and less complicated for all concerned.

Younger people are often condemned for not caring for the aged in their homes; but here lies the greatest conflict between ages. It is hardly fair to ask active young folk to harness their lives to sedate ways of the aged. Too often older people won't cooperate and have forgotten they were once wont to be carefree, too.

A household of mixed ages is seldom one of serenity. It is a nerve wrecking situation to raise children where the grandparents live under the same roof. Too many bosses spoil the discipline; and parents of the younger generation are placed between two loves.

Young sprouts can be cultivated better in a garden of their own kind and likewise the old plants are more suited to their environment. So it works with humans; and it is a happier solution for the aged to live with the others of their age.

I don't think it is cruel for the old folks to live in the home for the aged; rather it is a favor to them to be where they can talk of the same experiences and laugh at the same jokes. Here they have diets suited to their activities and age and the noise and confusion of growing young people aren't present to jangle weak worn nerves.

October 10, 1952

Today Chet and I played hooky and started for a week end of just getting away from it all and perhaps it could be called a second honeymoon after 20 years of never actually having one.

We didn't persuade hesitant minds that it was the thing for us to do until breakfast time; so there was a two hour break neck speed-fest getting ready. I had to wash my hair and clean up a week's neglected house. There were plans for Haysel's stay at Helen's; and the many little things so unexpected until time to depart.

By one in the afternoon we were lunching in Tillamook--land of the cheese, trees, ocean breeze, and "fogeze". Just beyond Wheeler we turned northeastward on the old Nehalem Highway and soon met the Sunset Highway. This stretch of crooked road to the Sunset seemed very short from what it did eleven years ago. Funny how time even shortens roads.

The wide new Sunset we enjoyed for only ten miles then crossed the Nehalem River and off to the right; under the bridge and up the little valley toward Jewel where we again made a right hand signal and another nine miles toward Mist and to the farm of relatives where we had a good visit and the next morning bade them thanks and goodbye and away to Astoria; 31 miles distant over a mountainous and tree lined road.

October 11, 1952

At 10:30 we drove onto the state ferry and across the fog shrouded Columbia River this car barge, the "Chessman", plowed and in an hour it was grinding into the landing at Megler Washington. The drive up the Willapa Bay isn't very spectacular with only vistas of muddy, oyster laden inlets and logged off hillsides. The towns along the harbors are cut from the same patterns--one long main street and bordered by sawmills and shacks.

I enjoyed a sumptuous oyster dinner at Hoquiam. Chet ordered fried crab legs and they were very good, too; but I think my feast had more calories because the oysters lacked nothing and still had their tummies. "Hoquiam" is an Indian name and from here on our journey was into true native country with all redskin names like Quinault and we noted several entries and exits of reservations. Except for the highway it is isolated territory miles from towns and cities.

The forests are primeval of huge cedars and the tallest spruces in the world. One can almost imagine they are redwoods. The highway follows few miles of ocean frontage and

we couldn't see more than a hundred yards because of the fog; so I can't answer any questions of ocean scenery in Washington State. A few miles inland the fog wasn't visible and there was unlimited vision of the beautiful Olympics.

Forks Washington sprawls in a bowl like valley and still bears the scars of last year's disastrous forest fires. From there Northward the forests have been well logged and only acres or miles of young trees are viewed and the remains of older logging camps catch the eye. The Solduc River, we crossed so many times I began to think I was seeing the same bridge again and again.

Evening came too fast and we wanted to reach Port Angeles before it did; but were detained by several waits for oiling jobs where a pilot car must be obeyed. Perhaps this detainment was to an advantage for when our eyes drank in the beautiful Crescent Lake, it was bathed in tints of the sunset and couldn't have been more spectacular. It is the most beautiful lake I have seen except for Crater Lake. The highway follows the water line for at least 10 miles; but I presume the lake is actually longer and is very deep and cold and looks to be a fisherman's paradise.

One could spend many days in these beautiful mountains and explore scenes enjoyed by few two legged animals. This is surely one of the most remote regions in the U.S.A.

Last year we came to Port Angeles from the East and ferried to Victoria and stayed at a motel dubbed "Aggies Dog House", which is deceiving because it is a very modern and attractive place with finest of beds and good food. We enjoyed its hospitality again and for one night were pampered pups.
