

October 12, 1952

Well, I guess Port Angeles saves all its foggy days for us. As of 1951, this morning was clothed in the blinding stuff and we still don't know exactly what Port Angeles has.

Not to retrace routes, we went left at Fort Discovery and toward Fort Townsend; but all we saw was the highway and brushy patches along the roadway. To keep in the general direction of home, we ferried at Folmouth and thence through Bremerton, Port Orchard, and across the Narrows Bridge (shrouded in fog) touching Tacoma and on the Olympia where we ate a very fine dinner.

Today daredevils of the highway were on the loose and one begins to realize why so many innocent people are murdered in their cars. I have yet to see so many fools driving cars. Speed and the urge to be ahead of the line, kept our nerves alerted wondering what would happen next--such foolhardiness makes one ashamed to be related to humans. We kept our distance from proceeding car.

Near Pioneer, we visited Annie and family and inspected the farm. Dusk over took us in Portland. Untangling the one way street system we found a hotel and walked downtown and went to the movie, a Bing Crosby--Jane Wyman feature "Just for You", but I was disappointed. Bing didn't live up to his usual characterization. Seeing him with gray hair just didn't seem natural.

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October 13, 1952

Today we came home from our little escapade from every day living. I always feel let down when the car is winging homeward from a trip and wish it were just the beginning. Time travels so very fast on these little jaunts--even speedier than the modern day traffic.

If I could travel for days, weeks, and months; would I tire of it? The romance of new places and faces is appealing and the farther and the oftener we go, the more enticing it is.

We have seen many new places and gathered a picture book of scenes in our memories, which can be recalled when there are dull or worrisome moments. I can think of no other pleasure that brings me more satisfaction than a visit to another county or state. Having been "there" one has a topic for conversation and a comparison with our own "backyard".

Travel does not leave me restless or dissatisfied with home; but rather a keener love for my own home town, and state. Anyway, I have found there is no Eden or Paradise anywhere.

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We did some window shopping in Portland. Luckily, for the pocketbook, we were not in a buying mood and the few purchases were limited to the five and ten. We saw

television; but it was uninteresting after a week's acquaintance in the East with its perfect reception. Portland television has far to go to be successful.

To be thrilled with going to the big city, we will have to hibernate at home for at least a year and regain some "hickish" ways again. This year has taken us to too many cities and wonderful scenes. And our towns near home have grown so much in the past few years, we can purchase everything we desire and it doesn't leave much reason to dash to Portland for a shopping spree.

Haysel was glad to see us only because she thought we might have brought a gift; which we did; but really was to be a part of her birthday. She finally won and it is a "coming home" presentation.

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October 14, 1952

For twelve years this homestead has been without a suitable drain for the wash water. It has either been dumped in the kitchen sink or ran into the garden--the latter process after laundry trays were installed on the back porch.

Of course, one cannot condemn the water being in the garden as it did provide a means of irrigation; but in wet weather this wasn't necessary and was an evil. Water alone is not unsightly; but add soapsuds and it becomes sewage.

Having installed tile around the new basement, we learned that it could be done easily and inexpensively; so now we have something new under the surface of our garden. I'll bet a few moles will scratch their heads and wonder when we installed this "Holland Tunnel". The wash water has its own private canal and can seep between tiles into the dirt and never be known that it came from the laundry trays; and at the end of the garden it can slip into a gravel bed where it is all covered and out of sight.

We hope some bulbs and shrubs will benefit by this underground system of irrigation, too.

Which all goes to show one can procrastinate a job when actually it amounts to very little cost or labor to do it right and be done and have it out of sight. We have probably spent more time each year ditching this drainage from one side of the garden to the other than was spent to place the tile once and for always.

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The yard is in very good shape and already for winter. The Glad bulbs are dug and packaged and the old plants have been pulled and on the compost heap. It is surprising what can be accomplished with a few hours labor in the garden--all in getting started; then all too soon it is time to scrape the dirt from our feet and get at the indoor tasks.

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October 15, 1952

I have always harped that too much valuable material goes into the garbage can. All the peelings and scraps would make compost for fertilizer, if one would only take the time to see that it was properly sorted.

Recently I read an article of a garden in the Portland vicinity which uses only such materials for fertilizer and how very successful the operation is with luxuriant flowers and above average foodstuffs; and the remarkable thing was that the plants had little disease. So I have the opinion that we are the same as vegetation and if we are, too, properly fed, we could be healthy and disease resistant.

Now I don't mean that we should be fed decomposed leaves and such—this is plant food; but I contend that in eating these healthy grown foods, we will also obtain resistance to diseases and gain better nutrition.

Making compost means labor; but nothing is worth gaining if it isn't worked for. I have always had a refuse pile of sorts in the back yard; but haven't used much care in sorting and have had to battle the weeds after using the compost for fertilizer.

A regular grinder can now be purchased to speedily make all vegetation into a pulp that will readily decompose. I think such an instrument will pay for itself in a few years. The big argument against commercial fertilizer is that it burns the ground of other valuable ingredients and the plants are given a false stimulant.

With the cow population so scarce these days, one cannot depend upon the manure pile for plant tonic. I have been accused of almost running down the road after a horse to gather in the piles; but rather than embarrass my family, I am going to establish an organized compost system in the backyard and cheat the garbage man out of all the peelings.

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Today we jolted up the river in our little Ford pick-up and brought home ten sacks of alder sawdust. This we divided among all the flower beds and shrubs. It makes a wonderful ground cover and mulch and being already half rotted, will be a little "pepper" for the plants.

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October 16, 1952

Nigh on the past three months I have been cutting pasteboard and trying to model a house. You can almost tell what it is. I have probably wasted time, which we all have more of than money. But I think I can save some money when we began to build as this paper house can be changed and rearrange without nails and lumber.

The biggest problem has been the kitchen. Try and plan this important room in the home, and you will see why. The stove must fit just right to catch correct lighting and the refrigerator must be placed where the door will not interfere with traffic and the builtins provided to hold necessary equipment and be handy to the work space.

I have dozens of ideas and the more I look, the more confused. The modern kitchen has become a factory tucked into a 2 x 4 space and it takes a genius to get everything in its niche. I have a book devoted to only kitchens and it is filled with a thousand and one ideas.

The carpenter who builds my foods workshop, will have to be pitied and a man of great fortitude and patience because I will stand over him with a ruler and a blueprint. The kitchen in my new home is going to be filled with many new ideas and the old timers will probably shake their heads.

A woman spends most of the daylight hours in the kitchen and it should be the one room filled with every labor shortcut and convenience to make K.P. duty a pleasure.

So I am spending more time planning this room than all the others of the house combined; and I hope I can be proud of my "drawing board" efforts.

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October 17, 1952

This morning I had a funny little pain right in the middle--not a tummy ache; but a stab to remind me that 14 years ago today I wasn't scrubbing floors, dusting furniture or washing windows.

This is Haysel's birthday and fourteen years has rolled around too fast and before I can blink my eyes she will be flying from the nest, too; and I won't have any little girls to scold and plan for.

Children's birthdays mean a lot more than one's own. They make you get old faster. One minute it is vivid memories of a cake with one candle and the next it is buying gifts of cosmetics and the latest in the fashion craze.

The pain of birth is very quickly forgotten; how else would one want to go on adding members to the family? At the time, one cannot see how pain can be endured another moment; but it may go on for hours and when the great event is over, life is calm and serene and the next pains are the mental ones caused by the heartaches of raising this young one.

That night 14 years ago, we were happy to have a companion for Helen; but the next day when she was shown this doll like babe asleep in the bassinet, Helen (almost five) wasn't very impressed; not having yet learned the meaning of "sister." But no baby would ever have a nicer big sister--and some day she will realize this.

Haysel was one of the cutest little babies I have ever seen and I am not saying this because she was mine; but she was round and plump and pink and like a lovable doll. (I hope not too many boys think that now of her.)

Anyway, many happy returns of the day, Haysel; with the wish your life will be as happy from now hence as it was up to this point.

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Big sister cooked a lovely birthday dinner with a beautiful cake and all the trimmings; so Haysel had a memorable celebration of the event.

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October 18, 1952

It happened today; Jupe finally woke up and remembered we needed some rain; so now all the loggers are very happy and the shooting gang can go hunting, too, in the Western woods.

The loggers vacation was rather nice as the beer parlors did a landslide business for a few days until the pay checks were drowned in liquid malt and some of the boys got caught up on their home work of odd jobs of carpentry, gardening, and general repairs.

The only danger from liquid sunshine this time of the year, is that the faucet usually can't be turned off and we may have a continual drip, drip from now on until next May; but how else can the old earth be made ready for next year's crops? There was never any weather made that could suit a human being and I am no exception.

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We had a job this morning that I have been dreading; having that conference with the dentist about all of Haysel's tooth troubles. These tasks that one worries the most over are usually the easiest solved and so was the session with the DD--now all is amicably settled and plans laid for those two new teeth in front and Haysel will be able to sing, "All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth."

I guess life would be awfully dull, if it weren't for all these little ups and downs. Haysel had the misfortune of inheriting my tooth troubles and there is seemingly not too much that can be done to remedy it other than frequent trips to the dentist. Natives of this side of the mountain are all unblessed with poor molars and the wonderful soft water is to blame. So goes every day living!

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