

October 26, 1952

I have a bone to pick with television. It will be many years before we can successfully have TV down here; yet all the good live talent is on it and our radios pour forth canned music and stale programs.

Gone are all the wonderful talent shows we enjoyed a few years ago. Radio has somewhat been ruined, too, by the influx of small stations in every little town; so that the air waves are cluttered with noises and it is almost impossible to get any one station without some interference.

Recordings are being ruined by being played over and over on the same stations. Some of them are poor listening; and after a few spinnings, become nauseating. The record industry could be better appreciated if it would look more toward quality rather than quantity.

It is not unusual to hear the same recording six or seven times in a day over several stations. Gets so a fellow is being haunted by some foolish tune. One network will claim a certain tune is first on the list; then like as not skip to another and this station will proclaim it to be tenth.

The long play recordings are an asset to the radio industry. They can fool us poor listeners into believing we are being entertained first hand by topnotch stars until we hear the needle scratching in the groove of a worn out disk.

I guess we shouldn't complain. It is a great improvement over the old time phonographs. Tape recordings bring us events on the spot, which otherwise could not be broadcasted. But it suits the vanity to say we listened to the event or the celebrity first hand.

TV may be getting the pick of the talent; but if we were able to have video here, we would want the best, too.

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*Note: It took television awhile to reach every nick and cranny of the country. Marjorie tells about being fascinated by it when they were visiting in Ohio in June of this diary. TV was certainly not in every home in Oregon at that time and none at all along the coast. Our little family didn't have a television till 1955 after we had moved from Portland to Phoenix, Arizona. Then in 1957, when we moved back to Oregon, many more folks had acquired it. The first I remember seeing, however, was in 1953 in Portland. We were living in the downstairs apartment of an up and down duplex and the upstairs neighbors had a television and would invite us up to watch. I Love Lucy was by far our favorite and I remember some old movies too. The picture quality was awful, but we didn't know that then. Live wrestling was the other big draw, but it didn't do much for me. TV was new and exciting and most everyone became mesmerized by its magic. ~~~ I was surprised to realize, in reading today's entry, that radio began to degrade even before TV was fully established. Now radio has found its own niche and is even more popular than before TV. Communication, with the advent of electronics and computers, and now wireless gadgets, has changed our society so much that 1952 seems like 200 years ago... And "beam me up Scotty" may be next!* -Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece

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October 27, 1952

It is well we do not know that what the future holds. One day life is beautiful and the next the bottom has dropped and we are dumped into despair.

Last week Chet bragged how well he felt and that he weighed the most he had in his whole life. He awakened Sunday in the "pink of health"; but by breakfast one side of his face had begun to lose life and to sag.

We presumed it was cold and would be o.k. by evening. The next morning the condition was worse with the eyelids helpless. To the doctor we went for consultation and spent six hours there. They were as baffled as we and took a spinal tap for fear of polio.

By seven we were on our way to Portland to St. Vincent's Hospital and all a very worried family. The victim was really weary by the time he was abed. And his wife spent a most miserable night in a hotel.

I can write about this now--a week and a half later; but at the time I would have been too frightened to pen one word.

The next morning I went to the hospital and talked with the doctor to be relieved and to learn it is a nerve condition afflicting the seventh nerve and is called Bell's Palsy.

Not a serious condition but surely aggravating to the victim. One side of the face sags from no nerve nourishment and the first days finds the feeling numbed and hard to eat on the affected side.

Medical science has more to learn of this Bell's Palsy. Now high powered shots of B12 are given and heat treatments to the face. It is not too common, but we do know of people now who have had it and all recovered from a few weeks to several months and severe cases it might be a year or more.

One can only be thankful that it wasn't anymore serious than it was; which is bad enough when a man can't be out and go about his work while the weather is so ideal.

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October 28, 1952

When there is illness in the family, one begins to appreciate kinfolk and glad to have children to lean upon. The youngest was left home with the oldest and a dependable brother drove us to Portland. A niece took me in and endured my botheration and gave me someone to visit with.

Friends came to visit the ailing and everyone offered encouragement. Now I wonder about these folks who do not have anyone to call for in case of misfortune. Perhaps we need these experiences, though painful, to awaken our sympathies for others.

It could be so much worse. It is natural that I thought of the worst. This could be a part of the human makeup to make the verdict seem very wonderful and enable one to successfully carry on.

One begins to appreciate, too, the sympathetic care offered by the hospitals. What did the old timers do without all these facilities--they suffered and needlessly died? Before criticism is made of doctors and hospitals, one should think, "What if I couldn't have these advantages?"

Sickness is one way to awaken us humans from a lethargy of easy living. We become self-centered and unsympathetic to the fellows squirming about us until misfortune knocks at our door and we must call for help.

So I have learned that no one lives in the world alone; and no matter how awful your troubles are, some one else has worse tragedies. And it is wonderful to have cultivated friends and kept in good graces with your relatives--sickness can strike any day.

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October 29, 1952

To realize how unimportant one ordinary person is in the world, rub elbows with the thousands of other ordinary souls in a large city.

Traverse city streets all day and seldom see a familiar face. The only fellow men you notice is the human built out of proportions to the average or one with a loud personality.

The business of living goes on in like manner for all soul bearing creatures. Life in the city is much like a huge ant hill--each man has his part and goes about that business.

To be in the city with no home responsibilities, makes one very bored. I soon tired of window shopping. This ceases to be attractive when there isn't an incentive to buy. The money bags should be well filled, if I am to enjoy shopping.

So living in the big city, would soon become a rutted existence for me--unless I had very interesting hobbies and a well filled home life.

The soot laden air and the smoggy pallor makes me pine for the fresh country breezes. I was almost afraid to take a deep breath for fear of swallowing something unhealthy.

Going to the city is much like being sick--it makes one love to get home again to healthful environment.

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As for purchasing in the bigger stores, I couldn't see much advantage--I usually end up by going home and seeing just what I want in the local markets or order through the catalogue and save money.

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October 30, 1952

The transportation system out here in the metropolis is an expensive luxury; even the humble trolleys and busses can soon drain the pocketbook at fifteen cents a ride.

But if you want your artificial leather billfold really flattened, just go by taxi; which is seldom under a dollar. Of course, the taxi driver gets out and opens the door for you (and I wondered in wet weather if he would lay down his coat) but this should be; so one feels he is getting his money's worth.

In some locales of the city, it is quicker to walk than to wait for the bus or trolley; then transfer and wait again. I used "Shank's Mare" more often than vehicles and am afraid to look at the soles of my shoes. Some days my feet felt as though the shin bone was protruding through them.

One must become accustomed to the miles of cement; and it takes weeks to toughen the feet and legs. (I'm not going to stay long enough around the city to be a full fledged pavement pounder). I am going home and never complain about the rocks and the grass again--they're so much easier on a country born "hick".

The speed of city transportation leaves me somewhat dizzy and I have almost caught myself closing eyes for fear of collision; but here I am all whole, body and soul. It is a source of bafflement why there aren't more accidents.

The fast life of a big city would surely wear any piece of machinery--steel or human. I can realize why there are so many nervous breakdowns and mental upsets. Stay in a hotel and while you wish to sleep, the fellows across the hall are up all night and the traffic buzzes by, too. Is there any rest for either the night or day sleeper?

It will be wonderful to be home again where peace and quiet reigns through the night and where 98% of us go to bed and get up in the natural hours God planned.

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*Note: I don't remember Portland being quite that noisy and dirty during those years, but then I had been living in or near it for many years. Marjorie, being used to the very small town of Yachats for daily living must of seen a contrast that I didn't notice.*

*– Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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October 31, 1952

"Trick or Treat", says the little goblins by the dozens as they come to the door and into an already filled paper sack goes another handful of gooey candy.

This trick or treat business is something new in the holiday social customs and Halloween has become almost as big a day as Christmas. I never heard of it until our girls were in school.

I am told here in the city it is quite a racket. The youngsters of the settlement districts are driven to the better sections and they swarm from house to house getting treats. Who can tell if it is the neighbors children when each is grotesquely garbed? So the boys and girls from several miles away partake of treats meant for children in the neighborhood.

This new idea has lessened the mischief on October 31 evening. Any pranks can usually be laid to the older boys--the little fellows are too busy gathering in the sweets.

I am missing the funny faces and costumes of the boys and girls at home and had laid in a supply of gum for the occasion. Perhaps I will have a few windows to wash and a search for any loose hardware.

Don't we so called adults wish we could join in the fun too, and go from house to house and say, "Trick or Treat!"?

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Nov. 1--Haysel was at home Halloween night and forgot about my cache of gum; so gave the little goblins apples, which really is better for them than sweets. Perhaps, she felt "An apple of Halloween night would keep the goblins in flight."

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### November 1, 1952

Today--Oh, joyful day! We came home. Chet from the hospital and I to my household tasks that I really missed. A warm welcome greeted us--clear unsmogged sunshine, Jerry the faithful family cat; Haysel, without her weekly allowance; and all the other members of our sympathetic and helpful family.

The veil of droopy weather that hung over the Willamette Valley all week, was pushed aside when we came to the Coast Mountains and the closer home we came, the fresher the air; and the more buoyant our spirits.

The next time we visit the city, we hope it is for a more cheerful mission and it can be appreciated. I am sorry the weather had to be in the same cloudy atmosphere as my brain was all week.

Seems we were gone a month instead of six days; it is the only week that has dragged this whole year. Now I know how it feels to those beings who do not have a million interests and some useful hobbies.

It will be weeks before I catch up on my writing, work, and the assortment of tasks about the house and yard. The fog (smog from Portland) in my "attic" will have to scoot and make room for all the things I must remember to do.

I stretch and give thanks for being surrounded by very familiar walls and all the wonderful things of "home". I bet I sleep tonight.

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The patient is all comfy in his own bed. He won't be awakened to have pulse and temperature taken--no good lookin' nurses here to quicken the heart beat; and he will come to the table for his meals--with no mysteries as to the menu and the cook.

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