

November 2, 1952

The Master painter glanced at the calendar of seasons and looked amazed. "Ah!" said he, "So many events have taken my precious time this year of 1952, I have almost forgotten my job for October and November."

From his closet of a million articles, he found the all important easel; then to the basement and a hurried search for the cans of paints--bronze, silver, red, yellows, and shades of fading greens.

"If I do not get at this annual job, my earthly friends will worry," he mumbled to himself as he searched in the cabinet drawers for the brushes.

His experienced artistic fingers ran lovingly over the worn bristles, "I cannot do justice to this picture, my brushes are worn and will smear the landscape."

On a trail of vapor he ran to the nearest Evergreen forest and plucked a needle of Spruce, one of Hemlock, Pine, and the Fir. The great Master sets aside these trees for brush material; so they never shed their foliage.

Back to his studio and He mixes little dabs of color here and there on the easel--the brilliant reds, and oranges, and bronzes, and the faded greens; in goes the brush and with a great sweep of artistic grace He paints the leaves of the forest.

He stands back and admires his work and adds a trim here and there to frame a lovely picture of the Autumn woods.

This colorful Autumn season surely makes life a little brighter just before the curtain call of Winter. Everyone should make a point to drive into the country to view the paintings of nature. I have enjoyed the wooded scenery when all the bushes and trees are so gaily garbed. And soon the leaves will have fallen and we shall wish for Spring.

November 3, 1952

This day before the presidential election is one of gambler's delight; but I will not place any bets for either side as I might lose my shirt and there is every indication of a cold winter.

The Democrats say if the Republicans get in, we are doomed for a depression; so if that is the case, it is a gamble to vote for them and we best save every dime; but the Republicans say if the Demos stay in power we will be spending more and more for taxes; so there are many loose pennies around here to be gambled.

There are going to be some very sore noses after November 4--I read of election bets where the loser will have to propel a peanut for one whole block by "nose power." I wouldn't care for this sort of bet, either. My nose might be sticking out there farther than

the average; but I don't have any desire to wear it off only by the every day wear and tear of life's troubles.

Every magazine has made some prediction. There were those made in the 1948 election and the next day a million or so voters had very long faces. It wouldn't be healthy around our household to even breathe the Democrats have the election in their favor.

I am just keeping calm and if you would have noticed; my fingers were crossed all day and will be until November 5.

This is called Election Stew: Place half and half of donkey and elephant meat over a slow fire. Open the lid after two hours--all that is left is hot air.

November 4, 1952

I was one of the almost 60,000,000 people who went to the polls today and also did my scout duty by transporting others to vote, too.

More people voted in this election than any other in the history of the nation. We had first hand viewing of the seat of the election in our town and watched the comings and goings.

One would think there weren't going to be enough ballots to meet the needs, the way the people rushed so early to vote. And it must have been a big turn-out for Yachats, too--the election board was over there until early in the morning.

Coming to the old hall to vote is quite an occasion. The old folks gathered in little groups and did much gesturing. I could about imagine the conversation, "Won't do us much good to vote; but ----." And you couldn't keep them away--here they meet all their friends and have an important topic of conversation.

I would say that the biggest percent of voters had previously marked a sample ballot; and took little time to vote. The first booth I entered, was minus a pencil; perhaps borrowed or already worn out from marking such a long ballot.

Our street was the busiest all year with cars of every pedigree and hardly room to pass by. One day of the year every man has equal rights; and if he doesn't exercise this right to vote, he has no grounds to complain of the results.

So IT is now over, and no more will the mail box be jammed with waste paper, the radio all bally-hoo, and the newspapers again printing the daily news.

November 5, 1952

The Republicans woke up very happy today--"Ike" won the election. The Democrats have a big hang over from the big party they have been having for a good many years in Washington D.C.

From now on anything can happen; and everyone can have a guess. Rumors are flying faster than the dust from the nationwide drouth. Our nation is either going to the "dogs" (not the Greyhounds in most states but could be in Oregon where betting is still legal) or it will enjoy the greatest prosperity ever; according to which party a fellow wears the button for.

I enjoyed listening to "Ike"--he sounded like he has backbone behind his voice box. Adlai had juicy big words; but could be mistaken for an Englishman. Like most of the voters, my acquaintance with either candidate was through newspaper, radio, or movie news. One can draw some pretty concise opinions from these sources. I never liked to hear "Truman" or see him in the movies, because he always had to read his lines; and never would ad lib and usually couldn't read what was written.

There will certainly be some changes in the White House. Maimie Eisenhower might not have the privilege of redecorating the joint; but she will at least smile when her picture is taken and appear a perfect hostess for this famous home. There will be some new blood shot in the veins of politics and in the congress.

A few knees are shaking in the nation's capitol--the next meal might not be a full course one for the present administration's pets. "Ike" is out shopping these days for some new brooms and a vacuum to swallow up the dust left by the grafters leaving in such a hurry.

It is welcome news and refreshing to look forward to a new set-up in the government created by the election for cities, counties, states, and the nation.

November 6, 1952

The creaky old court house setting crookedly atop the first layer of hills of Toledo groaned and moaned in restless sleep last night. It had a nightmare that wheels were being installed beneath its termite eaten girders and it was being hauled to Newport.

The next morning this dream was partly true. The county seat was moved; but dear Toledo could still have its little old yellow building; Newport wanted not this rotten time worn edifice; but the glory of being "County seat" in name and has visions of an ultra-modern building.

'Tis said the good citizens of Toledo will still fight for the glory of being county seat; but the will of the people have decreed otherwise. One cannot condemn them for trying to keep some distinction; for the city has few others.

If my memory hasn't slipped too far, the court house was built in 1894 of lumber and years ago outlived its life. It is as patched and worn as a poor boy's overalls; and has

been a source of jokes by all new comers. It is condemned by the state and only a few can congregate at one time on the second floor.

Yes, the Lincoln County Court house is an old old man with white whiskers and a crutch with one foot in the grave of the clay soil of Toledo and it is wearying to be laid to rest and remembered only in the old photographs.

The county seat removal bill has been a contested issue in Lincoln county and finally won for Newport. This isn't the first time it has been on the ballot; but the first occasion when only two locations were agreed, the original and Newport. If people had stuck together years ago, the court house would have been at Newport.

Tonight the old court house sighs with relief -- he can rest peacefully that the issue is settled.

November 7, 1952

Before the election the Democrats were yelling, "Wolf, wolf! Will be at your door, if the Republicans get in."

I know one thing for sure, there will be a lot of fat Democrats for the wolf to eat.

It really doesn't matter which party is in power. There are those who keep the larder well filled and the fly-by-nighters who never have a thing. There is the same percentage of the good and the bad whomever resides in the White House.

If "times" become tough, the fellow who has stuck with his job, has better chance of prosperity; because he works and earns what he gets. The fellow who has drawn a paycheck for little energy exerted will be the guy in the breadline.

I don't think there will be any wolves howling at the door for a long time; unless it is this year when the tax wolf breathes down our necks.

The radio and newspapers are about back to normal and we are hearing more about car accidents and murders again. There is the mopping up of vote counting from some of the backwoods precincts and the usual yell from some hamlet about "We told you so, the way our village goes, so will the nation."

I have decided it would be a dull existence, if we didn't have an election every four years for a president. My! what a wealth of material it has provided for my diary?

November 8, 1952

If all girls were given the training needed to be perfect homemakers, it would cover so many years of their lives, they wouldn't have time to get married.

This training grows with the job as the need arises; and like all professions some are more adept at it than others. Of course, it is beneficial to have learned a few lessons on the business of running a family.

But it doesn't come in ten easy lessons or by subscribing to a correspondence course; one usually acquires such knowledge through the school of hard knocks.

A homemaker actually is a very versatile person: a conversationalist, nurse, bookkeeper, doctor, ambassador of good will, cook, waitress, seamstress, laundress, teacher, entertainer, banker, secretary, charwoman, jester, fixit specialist, amateur painter, chauffeur, psychologist, diagnostician, weather prophet, etc. The list could fill this page.

If all housewives are like me, they will be doing several of these occupations, mentioned above, at one time. The soup can be simmering while I am bookkeeping or finishing the week's ironing.

The past two weeks I have realized more than ever before how important us females are in this world. A woman is very useful around the house when some one is convalescing and needs 24 hour service of nursing and comforting. (Meaning no offense to my very wonderful patient.)

We are called the weaker sex; yet bear the burdens of mankind; perhaps not the physical ones; but most surely the most of all the others.

Do you wonder why I stick up for my sex?
