

November 9, 1952

Life itself might play some awful jokes on us poor mortals; but doesn't weary us from enjoying a few we invent for our own pleasures.

Although Haysel's name isn't spelled as her name implies, she inherits a few jokes because of it and the latest we heard on the radio:

The scene of this little jest is in Ireland. The parents were exiting from the church where they just had their young lass baptized. Mrs. O'Toole and Mrs. O'Reilly were standing nearby and Mrs. O'Toole queried, "And what may I ask is the name you baptized your young Colleen?"

"Hazel," was the answer. At which Mrs. O'Reilly added, "All the saints in the world, and you name your young one after a nut!"

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Jokes often happen unexpectedly. Even at 14, it is necessary to remind a gal about her manners; so the other day I reprimanded Haysel for not saying, "No Thank You" instead of just plain "No" when she didn't care for a particular dish at the table. Motherly, I added a little lecture with the advice that perhaps it didn't mean so much at home not to say "No Thank You;" but it is a nice habit to have when one is in company. The answer came in its usual rapidity from a sharp mind.

"I suppose if someone asked me if our cat was a female, I would say, 'No Thank you.'

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Haysel will probably say the joke or (yoke) is too often on her; but the truth is I could have written a book on all the witty answers she has given and added a second volume for her sister. We miss much of the memories of our children by not keeping such a record.

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November 10, 1952

An unusual situation has existed in the relationship between the ocean and the streams emptying into it--the first year I have seen this.

Ponderous tides have built up deltas to block the exits of the rivers and creeks; causing much concern to roads and the fish commission. These ocean currents are probably brought on by the earthquakes at sea pushing the sands inland.

The mouths of the streams affected have become lakes and in some instances have had to be bulldozed to start a channel. This blockage may mean a sharp decrease in the salmon in future years. Thousands of fish have become stranded and have spawned out before reaching the natural spawning grounds.

It is quite a sight to watch the salmon flitting about on nearly dry sand trying desperately to reach fresh water. Some waves will bring in several dozen onto the beach. The temptation is great to reach out and easily have a big fish to take home.

Nature's show at the coast is never dull. If one tires of "Life on the Homefront", just go out and see what old Mother Nature is doing today. We miss much of this by staying too close to the fireside; but a cozy chair by the old heater is mighty welcome when the East wind doth howl.

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The big tides of late have tossed the logs around a bit, too; and some of the beaches are almost cleaned of any wood; but by next Spring they will all be cluttered again. What a story some of those old tide tossed logs could tell?

The water was over the highway in a few places and gave the maintenance boys something to do. Houses built too near the beach are suffering and we would all like to tell the owners, "We told you so."

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November 11, 1952

There weren't any parades or cannons fired in our village to tell us this was Armistice Day; but the calendar said so and the young one had a holiday from school.

I was a young sprout when this holiday was invented and can't remember the occasion; and too many people have also forgotten the significance. The end of the second World War isn't very far in the rear of time; but with the Korea affair, it seems the war has never ended. Will there ever be a real Armistice?

It seems rather fruitless to celebrate peace when there isn't any. One wonders if this U.N. business and all isn't trying too hard for peace and only complicates matters; giving occasion for more arguments and congregating too many peoples of too many differences.

This is a rather deep subject for a shallow brain and time for me to quit before I am drowned. Perhaps next year on this day, there will not be a war--we hope--we hope.

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There is a story called "The Rains Came." We now have volumes of it reaching us to make up for the long dry spell. The radio says there will be a series of storms coming in from Alaska. The weather man doesn't always hit it; but makes a fairly good guess this time of the year when he says precipitation will fall.

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I have been sewing for Haysel and fashioning some fancy pants or is it skirts; anyway it is a combination of the two--called cullottes.

Using corduroy material is tricky business. I found that to my dismay the first time I had any experience with it; so now carefully cut each pattern piece the same way of the material. This is a waste and one cannot brag how much material they can save by fitting the pattern just right; so there is a strip of corduroy four yards long left; but Santa Claus might be able to use it.

By accident I learned that chalk is a good way to mark corduroy--mark one piece; then turn over and the other is automatically chalked, too.

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Note: *After World War I, an Armistice or truce was signed on November 11, 1918 by the leaders of several countries and the day became Armistice Day to celebrate the stopping of all fighting and the vow to keep the peace. Over the years it became the day to honor all those who had fought in the war to stop all wars. It wasn't till 20 years later in 1938 that the U.S. Congress made it a federal holiday and then the very next year, World War II began. People in power seemed to forget that a vow of peace was made 21 years before, but the people who had fought in that war, didn't forget. After this war, people were still observing Armistice Day, as noted here by Marjorie, and our country was involved in yet another war in Korea. Finally, our government decided to make it official to honor all those who had fought in any war on this Day called Armistice and change its name to Veteran's Day. In 1954 President Eisenhower signed such a bill into law. In 1968, the government made an effort to change Veteran's Day to the 4th Monday in October, but there was such protest that finally in 1978 it was changed back to November 11th. The government decided to make the people's actions official.*

*...Here we are then, still at war, several generations after November 11th, 1918 and still our young, healthy, beautiful people are dying for their country. Will it ever be different? –Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice*

\*\* Source for some of the facts here stated: The United States Embassy, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Library of Congress.

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### November 12, 1952

Need the subject be brought up again? But it seems to be one that must be repeated and repeated; like teaching first graders the alphabet or how to write.

Under the title of "Teenage Tempest," I could file this; but rather in my case is "Why Mother's Temper Teems."

Datin' is oodles of fun for the young gals; but sure is a wear and tear affair for parents. I know my poor Mom went through all this and now I begin to realize when she said, "It will all come back to you some day."

Dates should have barriers and a time clock limit. Last night I didn't go to bed as is my usual habit when daughter is on a date; but sat up and waited because it was only a first show affair; but turned out to be a Cinderella escapade.

When bedtime rolled around and no little school gal home for bed, I began to be ruffled around the fur; but then near midnight came, too; and I was furious, worried, and double crossed; so I was ready to commit most anything.

A good thing the car came into the driveway when it did. In another ten minutes I would have been in the family chariot and investigating all the favorite “petting parks,” which might have been embarrassing for more than two people.

In an era of the dim past, Papa might have met the truant at the door with his razor strap; but I was there with a tongue lashing, which was hardly painful enough considering the suffering I had encountered for almost two hours.

But alas! Fond memories creep into my soul and I, too, once had very romantic notions; so really all I can say to my daughter is, “It will all come back to you some day.”

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### November 13, 1952

Every evening, after the others have snuggled into bed, the cat and I have the living room—he stretched full length on the sofa dreaming of the race with the fat mouse; and I pounding at the typewriter trying to keep the diary up to date.

About this time of the year a fellow becomes a bit worn and wishes to lead the carefree life of the cat and to be able to stretch full length on the sofa and sleep with not a worry in the world.

Life is such a dizzy affair with a cluttered mess of cares and duties and the longer we live, the more complicated it becomes. Sickness plagues many and the causes usually are traced to bad living habits—mostly worry.

The cat is credited with few brain cells; but leads a relaxed life; so perhaps all our troubles can be laid to super-intelligence. The feline who knows a few tricks is called upon to show off before company; so he loses some of his freedom. I guess it is that way with us humans—the more we know the less time for relaxation.

The man with few earthly possessions claims to be happier than the fool who possesses half the world. The worn but true maxim, “You can’t take it with you,” gives little incentive to gather too many idols.

Right now I am worrying the cat by putting him out in the cold to sleep; and I am going to snuggle up in the warmth of the wool blankets; pull down the blinds of today’s worries and try to sleep like a cat.

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### November 14, 1952

Music has been swelling the breeze around our house; that is when I am not riding the breeze on the young one to practice this music. The tunes are in the upper bracket of long haired oratorios.

With the advent of winter, Christmas is upon our shirt tails and this means the gift situation, cards, time to install the long undies, check the fuel supply and listen to daily practice of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus on the ivories.

In a few weeks Jingle Bells and I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas will be on all the radio programs; drowning out the ten top tunes of the week. It is a good thing a few holidays come along or music would get in an awful rut.

The chorus at high school is giving a Christmas program and of course this calls for many weeks of preparatory hub-bub and some extra work on the part of the accompanist, who is an important fixture in our household. Somehow Daddy, and I and the cat endure all this and go to the concert with as much enthusiasm as the innocent guests. (The cat doesn't enjoy the sort of concert so he stays home and indulges in his own on the back fence.)

Parents are very dumb who don't have at least one offspring in high school. Every day we learn something new about something old. In this Handel masterpiece the Hallelujah Chorus is very important and people always stand when it is played; because when it was first performed for an English king, he stood; and began a precedence obeyed to this day; which is a nice gesture because the entire "Messiah" takes four hours and one could get a bad case of "TB" in that length of time.

Chet thinks the king might have had a chair without an airfoam cushion; such as we usually get at a concert; but I contend he was subject to "Charley Horses."

Laying aside all jests, the Hallelujah Chorus is a magnificent thing in praise of Him and no one should be ashamed to arise when it is sung.

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November 15, 1952

The more I think about an article recently read, the more I believe the lipstick manufacturers got an extra plug for nothing.

We were always told kissing is an unsanitary habit and the exchange of germs is frowned upon by the fastidious. Now it is publicly voiced that kissing is very proper and sanitized when lipstick is used.

I guess the kissing habit has been practiced since the invention of mankind. I don't know how long the lips have been treated with a coating to make it more sanitary; but this is a great argument for the girls who love to smear it on thick.

I have never invested much in this line of cosmetics because coating the lips with gooey of this sort made them feel like they stood out like pictures I have seen of African belles. Too, the stuff never stayed where I intended and in a few hours the process had to be repeated, which, to me, is a nuisance.

The long lingering kiss is not advised by the author of this article, because the participating parties are more apt to leave an imprint of bad germs; so to be very sterile

about our love habits, we should give the loved ones a quick peck or perhaps use the Eskimo systems of nose rubbing—providing there were no nose cold involved.

Just for the sake of a few germs, it is going to be hard to change the love habits of a few millions of people. The best advice is for one to choose a good healthy specimen for their kissing partner or demand an extra dose of lipstick before caressing lips.

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