

November 16, 1952

Somewhere in conversation or sketchy reading, I recall discussion on happiness, which renews my brain cells to activity to herewith jot down some facts and ideas gained.

If anyone might read the above lines, he would think I am into a drought for material to fill these pages; but the truth is that subject of "What makes for happiness" pops up in my mind quite often.

The poor say the rich are the happier; but I say "no". Riches don't buy health, love, contentment; these things which make for happiness. In fact, I think, the rich man has many worries keeping his accounts and not losing the prestige he has gained.

Too many material things in life are burdensome and cause discontent; so we are happier to be owners of only the necessities. No happiness is gained by trying to keep up with the neighbors--they are often trying to keep up with you.

Too much education, it is said, causes unhappiness; but this could be applied to certain individuals. Perhaps, there are those well versed in knowledge and yet cannot use it to advantage, which would cause discontentment.

To be truly happy one should meet life with a smile and make the best of living and being satisfied with the life he leads and above all to have a clear conscience. I think anyone could become discontented with his lot, if he would allow his mind to investigate the subject too far.

The happiest people are the busiest ones--one reason I try to keep in the last category.

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November 17, 1952

There is only one good advantage in waiting in a doctor or dentist's "wait patiently room"--one can catch up on reading; if one isn't particular about the age of the reading material.

The past month I have done more than my share of this type of "setting" and reading. It isn't wise to begin a story. I did this once and when the most climaxing chapter came, the page was torn out of the magazine; now I limit waiting room reading to recipes, picture gazing, and jokes.

I have taken my knitting and crocheting; but this is a nuisance as others ask questions and sometimes I don't know what I am doing myself. There is the danger of losing a needle and remembering to get the "stuff" home again.

Mostly people talk about their troubles in the doctor's office; except the women all "pooched" out; who just sit and bear their burden; perhaps a little embarrassed (I know I have been through the mill myself.)

Visitors to the doctor are classed as patients; but really there are more “impatiens”. A large percent of humans have the selfish feeling they are the only inhabitants who have aches and pains and theirs are worse than anyone else's.

A waiting room is a fine place to study human nature, faces, and behavior. I have a great deal of sympathy for the doctors and nurses--what a conglomeration of anatomies they must face? The medical profession probably wishes that each office had a shower room such as required before bathing in a public pool. I have seen more than one character the past month who could stand a complete renovation.

The waiting room gets them in every walk of life and each must wait his turn.

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November 18, 1952

Everyone who opened our kitchen door today exclaimed, “My what smells so good?”

Every year just before or after Thanksgiving, I bake the Christmas fruit cakes. Usually do two large cakes in a day to conserve the oven heat and reduce the wear and tear on the dishwasher. The dishwasher is saved until the whole proceeding is completed and by that time it is almost thick enough to bake, too. (If you get a Hays fruitcake and it tastes a bit soapy, you will have this explanation to verify the reason for the peculiar flavor.)

“Why do you bake so many fruit cakes?” I am asked. I have the best neighbors in the world and it ties my Christmas spirit with red ribbons and tinsel to send a small cake to their house on Christmas Eve as token of friendship and to bolster the good neighbor policy.

The holiday season isn't worth much if one can't feel good from the core to the outer skin. Baking fruit cakes is about the easiest and cheapest way I have found to answer the gift problem. These I bake during a time when I am not rushed and they are stored in the freezer until time for their good will journey.

A fruity cake will make a gift suitable for the entire family. One tucked in a box with other gifts makes the recipient very happy. (Of course, this depends whether the cake is edible.)

Choose the verse to send with the holiday cake; but choose appropriately; not one like this: “Christmas comes but once a year--Good thing it brings so much cheer; ‘Cause it costs good dough to bake--And send this nutty fruit cake.”

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Recipe: Boil one pound of seedless raisins for 20 minutes. Cover with enough water to make a cup of juice. Cool. Sift three cups of flour with 1/2 tsp. salt and heaping tsp. soda; plus 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, and 1/4 tsp. cloves. Sift 3 times.

Beat together 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup shortening and 2 eggs until fluffy. To this mixture add part of dry ingredients then part of raisin juice; until all is blended. Mix in the raisins; then the candied fruit mix, and 1 cup broken walnut meats. Bake in oven

325' for 75 minutes. Let set in pan (wax paper lined) for 5 to 10 minutes; then cool on rack.

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November 19, 1952

Unless a two legged being with brains is subnormal, he must hibernate himself into a thick shell; if he doesn't want to be led by the nose by his fellow beings.

Every week I am asked and begged to do this or the other volunteer duty in the community. Now I get to wondering if all others like myself have the same bids. In my case, I doubt whether it is popularity. It is because I am a weakling and hate to say NO.

It comes to a point where one is so involved with community life, there is little room left for homework. Some days I feel like barricading the doors and putting up the black-out shades on the windows and just having a day to myself. And I should include cutting the telephone connection.

I am afraid to plan a personal project--it is always interrupted by request for "help" from an outside source. This isn't saying that I am selfish; but, doggone, I have a few hobbies I would love to indulge without laying aside for a leisure day that never dawns.

This breathing soul realizes, also, that she cannot live in a world by herself--there are others to consider; but could not I have my turn to be considered? Willing workers are hard to find; but one cannot break his back carrying the weight of all the others.

May I cry on your shoulder? Here I am feeling very sorry for myself.

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Like the calm before the storm, we are all wondering how much longer this balmy sunny coastal weather will visit us. Every day it is predicted to break; but hasn't. Is this the forerunner of a miserable late winter?

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November 20, 1952

Oregon doesn't often have headlines in the national news; but today was its time to be seen and heard. It wasn't because of any disaster or murder; but an event to warm the hearts of all Republican Oregonians and I am sure most of the Democrats will feel a little prideful, too.

Our Governor McKay has been chosen as Secretary of Interior in President Elect Eisenhower's cabinet. This came as quite a surprise to all the big politicians. We have been hearing rumors from up Washington State way of a certain man who they were sure had this office cinched.

I am very happy for Douglas McKay; but sorry he will have to leave the governorship. Earlier he had said he really didn't want to leave Salem but today he was personally called by "Ike" and I can see why he couldn't refuse.

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A few cars came and went down our street. This was church bazaar day. I spent several hours at the affair; visiting with the neighbors and “chewing the fat” about this and that. Our village people were very well represented to help the church raise funds and I think it should be quite a lift to the almost drained coffers of the church treasury.

There was coffee, cake, and pie served. There were booths with surprise packages, dolls, needle work, white elephants, plants, baked food, and rummage. The latter always gets attention. There is something attractive about cast off clothes which I can't seem to catch; so I don't spend much time at this table like some people. Perhaps I am not normal.

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I bought an Azalea for the garden and immediately planted it between the others of its species and keep my fingers crossed that it might decide to grow abundantly and bloom next Spring. To me, it is a terrible waste to spend money for plants that refuse to grow and just turn up their leaves to remind one how wasteful it is to spend good pennies for dead sticks.

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November 21, 1952

This is the ninth year I have been messing around with the 4-H program. In spite of a bad case of sniffles, I went to school today to set up a belated program for this youth activity.

There are 50 boys and girls desiring to participate and learn how to use their head, heart, hands, and health for better living. In all these nine years, this was the best behaved group I have worked with and I keep my fingers crossed that this example of good behavior will continue through the whole year.

I did not assign a club to myself. There were enough volunteer leaders to take this burden and I shall remain an advisor and substitute leader--probably ending up as “pusher” for more than one club.

When so much enthusiasm is sown by the boys and girls, one cannot refuse to help. For many, 4-H is the only activity available and often can set a pattern of usefulness for youngsters denied this opportunity at home.

Girls who learned to knit in my first 4-H classes are now making garments for their own children. The first year I led a club was a walk in a blind alley. I knew absolutely nothing about the program and had to rely upon former club members for help. I certainly “Learned by Doing”. The new leaders now have advantage of help from the county office and former leaders.

When parents volunteer to be 4-H leaders, the youngsters feel that the community has some interest in their welfare and will try to cooperate and the whole project has a chance to succeed.

I have been very discouraged and felt perhaps much of my labor was lost; but the interest shown today bolsters the spirits and makes me feel happier that it wasn't all in vain.

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November 22, 1952

The people of Oregon voted in the November 4th election to ban daylight savings time in this state. If we thought it was confusing, we should have lived under the suntime before the establishment of standard time in the 1880s.

Nearly every community varied a few minutes in time; according to where Mr. Sun appeared in the heavens. This variation wasn't as noticeable then as it would be now with all our fast transportation and radio.

Suntime now would cause more arguments than ever invented by the pros and cons for daylight savings. Although the majority of the voters dislike daylight time, the office crowds still say they are going to have it so they can have extra daylight to play golf.

None of us have any objections to their arising earlier in the morn (we country hicks all do in the summer) and go to their business; thence come home earlier in the p.m.; but why tamper with the clocks to please a few?

Daylight savings time is hard to teach the regulated cow and the habit established youngster. About the time everyone is accustomed to the change old Sol is ready to yawn and have a little more sleep; so we finicky humans must tamper with the time for another season.

It is a mighty good thing we don't have the old fashioned suntime; wouldn't that be a mess. A fellow would have to carry a dozen watches named for each community visited. The traveling salesman would have to have "time" for every port.

Which brings up the point where I haven't been taking much time to keep up this daily blah, blah,--too many trips to Newport to be shot in the hip and too many magazines to read.

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