

November 23, 1952

Perhaps it isn't ethical to think of finances for the church on Sunday; but no church can exist, that is, materially, without a few "bucks" to defray expenses.

Every village chapel has the problem of existing--few of these wee churches have Fairy Godmothers with a bag of gold. There is the eternal problem of raising money to keep the church from falling in.

Our little church is badly in need of restoration--it is almost beyond the repair stage; so it will need volunteer dollars and gratis help.

I have recently heard of a successful and interesting plan whereby the church was financially supported and those participating learned lessons in finance and joys in labor.

It might not work in this particular village; but did for one community. The church had \$900; so the minister gave \$10 to each of the 90 members, who invested this money and gave to the church the profits. Some bought seed and planted; others learned new hobbies; women sewed, crocheted, or made rugs.

In a few instances the profits were tenfold, but in others it was only a few dollars; but in the end, there was a greater spirit of brotherhood and community teamwork and a part in God's work.

The present world is so full of varied interests, community needs and enterprises are forgotten as uninteresting ventures; but they actually hold a wealth of joy; if one can only swallow false vanity and participate in them.

If I were given ten dollars to invest for the church, what would I do? Perhaps I could bake cakes for special occasions, paint some pastel pictures of coastal scenes, knit sweaters, or many other little things.

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November 24, 1952

With the dry East wind whipping up the dust, comes the unwanted cold germ and he certainly picked an unwilling victim. I didn't want to be bothered with a leaking nose, a raspy throat, and a plugged "thinker"; but I am.

And I haven't had much consolation by listening to the radio and reading the daily news sheet. For all the cures advocated for this and that, the common cold has evaded all the scientific probings. The best the so called cold remedies can honestly advertise, is temporary relief.

According to all the information I have read and listened to on the sore subject, is that one must take the affliction in good faith and be kind to this germ. Do not purge the bowels, over indulge in aspirin, and by all means get complete rest, and half drown your innards with liquids.

Antibiotics work for some--I hope I am this some; because I am taking a shot of penicillin each day until Thursday with the hopes of scaring Mr. cold germ to get the heck out of my sinuses--I don't want to have to baby them all winter.

In England extensive research is being made in the "cold war". The English people are very subject to cold infection--living in a damp, foggy climate and over populated; so they think anyone immune to this aggravation is indeed a "blasted lucky fellow". But with all their research, they don't find any solution to make immunity other than that provided by Mother Nature.

Whenever the test tubes hold the lucky potion to immunize us unlucky catchers of colds, the world will be a better place to sneeze in.

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November 25, 1952

Yesterday was my Mom's birthday and she was mourning because she had gained so many years in age so fast and yet had one year to go yet before she could draw social security benefits.

Sunday we had a birthday dinner--everyone in our family at least gets a dinner honoring the terrible event. There is always a cake baked with a few candles on it to represent some of the years lived. After the 30 mark, few cakes are large enough to hold a candle for each year burned.

People shouldn't actually be any older than the thirty mark--physically or mentally. That should be the goal mark of aging. Mothers and daughters would have a lot more in common that way and the youngones wouldn't accuse us of being old "fossils".

The subject of birthdays with the custom of having a cake for the occasion brings up the caking baking jamboree I have been on of late weeks. Every week I have baked at least three cakes for one occasion or another. Now this almost makes me an expert in the business and one reason I have gained some weight again.

I blame my electric stove for this. It bakes such wonderful pastries--it is a pleasure to whip up at least three cakes, some pies, etc. a week. So very simple--the electric mixer does the labor, I do the simple thinking, set the timer, and leave the baking process to the electric stove (providing the electricity stays on).

Little wonder we modern homemakers dread thinking of getting old and possibly to the place where we can't do the simple thinking or few activities connected with baking the electric way. My Mom has good reason to not want to count the birthdays.

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The original bags with my pastry decorating set wore out so I made new ones (cone shape) from heavy slick plastic and they are better than the original. So simple--just lap over the plastic and sew up on the machine. Don't make them too deep.

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November 26, 1952

It is time to talk "turkey". Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. I was pleased when I brought the hen bird home today and saw how it has been so well unstuffed of innards--the neck skinned and off, no dirty feet and best of all, no big pin feathers. Skewers were also included to make the job easier for tomorrow.

I may have paid a little more this year for turkey; but the above mentioned courtesies would make the price worth while. If all tradesmen would provide these favors, there wouldn't be as many complaints.

Five faces will be stuffed tomorrow and one turkey. I predict we will be eating fowl for several days hence; but not in too many different concoctions--this family don't go much for hash, or such.

The menu for the holiday feast at our house will be: turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes and turkey gravy, cottage cheese, tomato aspic salad, green peas, olives, celery, milk, wild blackberry pie, and second helpings.

With such a variety of food there will probably be some demands for "tums" or bicarbonate of soda.

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It seems selfish to prepare for this sumptuous feast of Thanksgiving when there are so many hungry mouths in this world who have never tasted even the simple wants for good nourishment. So we should be extra thankful tomorrow and offer a double prayer--one for the unfortunates.

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November 27, 1952

The tummy runneth over and a half of the stuffed turkey is in the refrigerator. There will be turkey on the menu tomorrow, the day after, and the day after.

The day began a little later than planned and there was a rush by the chef (I) so that the dinner hour would not arrive after the hunger pains began. The electric oven was set for preheating; but alas! When the roaster was inserted, no heat was evident. I tried everything--turning this and that much like a scared engineer in a runaway train.

To daughter's house and the gas heat. I think the bird wiggled with delight thinking he would escape this terrible fate; but no sooner than the oven door closed on the gas stove, than Chet dashed in to say he had the electric oven heating. I will admit defeat and pure dumbness or numbness; but all that happened was I had moved the automatic timer when I cleaned the stove. The turkey got well roasted the electric way--or perhaps he was electrocuted. He was or she, was very good eating.

We all know the Pilgrim story about the first Thanksgiving but it was a good many years before it was a national holiday. In 1847 a woman editor, Sarah Hale initiated a campaign to make the feast a holiday for all the states; but she finally went to President Lincoln and in 1863 he gave the proclamation.

Not until 1941 did Congress set the fourth Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day. Previous to that year, the president made proclamation stating the date. During the war years President Roosevelt was criticized and many people blamed him when Thanksgiving was not held on the last Thursday of the month, or the fifth Thursday, which doesn't happen too often in November.

This not having Thanksgiving on the last Thursday; but rather on the fourth, is purely a commercial idea not to make two holidays shake hands. Either way, it is good to have one day a year set aside for saying "Thanks".

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#### November 28, 1952

When I was skewering up the turkey yesterday I was reminded of the controversy that has been flaming at our house this Fall. It was so easy to cinch up the bird with the wooden skewers, I wish I could use the same method to satisfy "little one" and quickly tighten up the skirts she thinks are too loose at the bottom.

The old hobble skirt idea is in vogue again. And what I mean it is a hobble to walk and the poor dear must lift the garment to alight on busses. If the practice continues, the stylish gals will run around in a Chinese gait and the cars will all have to be made two inches from the ground.

The hips have the hour glass look and the breath is kept cinched in because there must be a flat tummy look. The skinny skirts of the bygone days, were draped over a corseted figure; but these modern ladies won't be harassed with bonery other than their own. This style isn't for me because I like to swing along in a free gallop and don't want to be worried with lifting my skirt to step up. Anyway, I would look like a pregnant cow walking down the street in one of these new tight fitters.

The last skirt made for Junior miss will have to be taken in below the hips; so she says; but if I do, it will look like a snake skin with a rubber ball in the middle.

So goes the latest in the fad for clothes; which reminds me of 20 or so years back of me when my Mom shook her head and sighed, "What is this younger generation coming to. They wear dresses so short, there isn't need for a waistline."

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#### November 29, 1952

We have had many visitors to our home the past month many of them menfolk, who have sat and enjoyed, I hope, our hospitality and an endless chain of cigarettes--this I

hope they enjoyed, too; because as high as ten “fags” were consumed in over an hour’s visit by a few of the callers.

One might say the world is going up in smoke. When I tally the cost of such a habit, I am inclined to shake my head. Who is benefited by such a costly habit? Surely not the smoker, who is injuring his health; then it must be the manufacturer. The latter must reap great harvests of money to advertise so freely by radio, television, and newspaper.

Last year Americans paid \$4,703,000,000 for tobacco products. This amount exceeds by \$9,000,000,000 all the money spent for private education and research and all religious and welfare activities and twice as much as the salaries of all public school teachers.

The cigarette is blamed for many costly fire and loss of life from fires. City folks carelessly toss the cigarette “butt” into the dry forest and cause endless damage to natural resource. I say city folk because living in a land of cement streets and walks, they have not learned to be cautious with their smokes.

Not having to endure the discomforts of a home filled with tobacco smoke, I am more sensitive to its intrusion. I do not have to cope with its foul smells nor blackened woodwork and drapes. I have not had to refinish burned woodwork of tables and window sills. The only ash trays to be emptied are those served guests.

We have saved enough each year by not smoking to take a comfortable vacation.

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Note: *In these entries, Marjorie talks about cigarettes and polio and I hope she would be pleased to know that both of them are no longer major issues in our country, but smoking has not decreased much in many other parts of the world. Regardless, this does go to show that dangerous habits and menacing diseases have their seasons, but never last forever. Now, however, there are the after effects of years of smoking with the rise in lung cancer and other lung illnesses. It’s obvious that the idea of the dangers in second hand smoke were not yet apparent in 1952, else I’m sure Marjorie would not have been letting people even light up in her house! The connection between lung cancer and smoking was already beginning to be realized in the early fifties, but probably not widely talked about. I was astounded by the billion dollar numbers she quoted, but on checking online, I found a list of major brands of cigarettes in the fifties with their amount sold per year and realized that she had not made a mistake with the number of zeros. Camels were at the top of the heap with 98.2 billion dollars worth sold. Lots of other interesting facts about smoking in the 1950’s here:*  
[http://www.tobacco.org/resources/history/Tobacco\\_History20-2.html](http://www.tobacco.org/resources/history/Tobacco_History20-2.html)

*Even though I had polio in 1956, I have not paid much attention to its history till now when checking this web site:* <http://www.cloudnet.com/%7Eedrbsass/poliotimeline.html>

*1894 - The first major polio epidemic reported in the United States occurs in Vermont, consisting of 132 total cases, including some adults.*

*1952 - There are 58,000 cases of polio in the United States, the most ever. Early versions of the Salk vaccine, using killed polio virus, are successful with small samples of patients at the Watson Home for Crippled Children and the Polk State School, a Pennsylvania facility for individuals with mental retardation.*

*1962 - The Salk vaccine is replaced by the Sabin oral vaccine, which is not only superior in*

*terms of ease of administration, but also provides longer-lasting immunization.*

*1964 - Only 121 cases of polio are reported nationally.*

*1979 - The last indigenous transmission of wild polio virus occurs in the U.S. All future cases are either imported or vaccine-related.*

*The quotes above show just a few highlights from the history as presented on the web site. Shortly after 1979, post-polio symptoms were beginning to occur in some who had had polio earlier in their life. And then in the early 2000's, Africa is experiencing an uprising of the disease. - Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's niece*

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