

December 14, 1952

Michel De Nostre dame could well be the signature on a weird oil painting of the early centuries--it strikes one in this category; but he was a gentlemen seer (1506 - 1566).

His predictions were written in quatrains--very confusing to an already meddled brainwork; so that now some of the wiser feel they have translated them to spell disaster for us in this coming year of 1953.

If one were to listen to all this dilemma that De Nostre dame cooked up for us, it would be a hysterical world. By coincidence, perhaps, some of the predictions hit. Anyone could think on the subject and invent some juicy horrors for earthlings a few centuries from now; and by pure accident be reality.

Thankfully, it is our privilege not to know the future. Life is so beautiful full of surprises, good or bad.

This prophet, better known as Nostradamus, was educated as a French doctor and became more interested in astrology. About 1544 he wrote famous rhymed "Prophecies". Catharine de' Medica invited him to court to cast the horoscope of her sons. The Duke of Savoy went to see him and when the Duke ascended to the throne, Nostradamus was appointed royal physician.

In 1550 he made predictions of the weather in almanac form; probably the first of such written.

Anyway, he was a busy man predicting the weather and what was going to happen for centuries to come; especially when people are almost as unpredictable as the weather.

As the days get nearer to the 25th, my feet get more tangled in the holiday activities. By the time Christmas gets here I am going to be "fit to be tied". It is like a horse race. Will I be the winner before Santa?

December 15, 1952

I, for one, am not envious of the job "Ike" Eisenhower will have after January 20th. The democrats are all setting along the fence waiting for any wrong moves.

Whether it be "Ike's" fault or not, he will be the goat for every illness our nation will suffer in the next four years.

There will be more "I told you so's" than any other phrase. The next four years will make an old man out of Mr. Eisenhower. He knows that every decision he will make will be questioned, aired, and discussed. Every move he makes will be shadowed by body guards and his every breathing minute will not be his own.

I know of no other man who is more a servant of the people than our president. His home and every need of life is cared for by public funds--he hardly needs his own spending money. Everywhere he goes, he is surrounded by secret service men and he is stared upon as a museum piece.

Every president has surely wished he could shed his robe of public servant and walk along the street as a common man. Few leave this office to again enjoy the privileges of ordinary citizens. We hope Mr. Eisenhower will be able to as has Mr. Hoover.

That is one thing we women won't have to worry much about--being president of the U.S. I am glad.

Ten more days is the big event of the year. I have kept the electric bill a little high the past few weeks staying up late at night doing some little deeds for Santa. I have salvaged a few moments a day to read--one writer suggested we do our Christmas shopping during the January sales; but by the time most of us have finished with the holidays, we are white enough to be sold at any of the January white sales. Little advantage in buying gifts so early in the year--tastes and minds; especially feminine ones, change too often.

December 16, 1952

The biggest worry of the gift giving is over. Today I mailed most of the packages to kinfolk. I love the holidays; but dislike wrapping the packages and always have a great sigh when this duty is over.

In our attic is a huge carton with every size of box thrown into it. From this collection of a year's assortment, my friends and I have a box suitable for about any gift imaginable. After the holiday wrapping is done, the supply is very limited; but soon as the big night is over the reservoir is filled again with a new assortment.

This has been going on for several years now. If I were to mark these boxes, I would find some of them will return to me again and around would go the cycle. One would not think an ordinary carton would have such a useful life. What a happy story these little boxes could tell.

I know many people who never bother to save a box, a string, or a piece of wrapping paper; but I always manage to have enough for my wants and for the neighbors, too. This collection might be cluttery; but it is handy and a savings.

At the five and dime stores I notice boxes are sold from a dime on up according to size. I can take one of my pets from the attic; paste some Christmas paper on it and have the same affect. In fact, there is a round box in the attic that has been covered and recovered for several years and it makes a very beautiful container for something too large for the ordinary pasteboard box.

A strong candy box can be renovated into a pretty hinged affair and covered with satin to make a suitable handkerchief gift box. With little work one can improvise a divided box for nylons. A doll house can be constructed for hours of fun for a little girl. The ideas are limitless.

So the humble pasteboard carton can play a useful part in the gifts for the holidays; it deserves being kept. Next year it will be a blessing---maybe in disguise.

December 17, 1952

Always before the Christmas holiday there is an epidemic of burglaries. This throws me into deep thought. How could the pleasure of giving be very real if the money is stolen for the gift?

The sad chapter of these stories is the most of the thieves are caught and spend the holidays in jail or their families suffer the humiliation and expense of bailing out the offenders.

It is more blessed to give than to receive; but the gifts shouldn't belong to someone else.

I didn't steal these ideas for gifts; but rather was given them and will pass on to whomever is interested.

To glamorize the giving of a towel and washrag all is needed is a half yard of ribbon, three notebook reinforcements, blue crayon also black, and red.

Fold the towel in half and roll as a scroll. Pins are placed to hold the rolls. Crush the washrag on the bias and lay in the center of the rolled towel. Bend the towel over the wash rag. Pin down. Tie the ribbon around to form the dog's head. Color two reinforcements with blue or black for the pup's eyes and cut one reinforcement in half and color it red for the mouth. Paste on dog's head. This is it. Simple isn't it?

A wash rag and a bar of soap makes a cute doggie, too. Besides the wash rag and soap, it requires some yarn and ribbon, scotch tape, and 2 1/2 reinforcements. Roll the wash rag as for scroll, pin in place. Scotch tape both ends of rag to long ends of the soap. Gather up enough of the cloth to form head and tie with ribbon and the remainder to make the tail. Tie this in place with yarn which has been made into a pompom. Place the colored reinforcements and now you have a cute little "Peke."

December 18, 1952

Said an oldtimer to the newcomer,
"Never seen such rotten weather before;

A fellow can hardly go out the door.”
Said the newcomer to the oldtimer,
“Peers not so bad to a young guy like me;
You have grown too old and delicately.”

Swore the oldtimer to the newcomer,
“You dadburned kid hain’t been here long enough
To grow a hide that’s weather proof and tough.”
Swore the newcomer to the oldtimer,
“By gosh! Grandpops you’re blood is old and thin—
The weather’s no worse than it’s ever been.”

Sang the oldtimer to the newcomer,
“Well, son, I’ll set by the warmth of the fire;
While you can go out-of-doors and perspire.”
Said the newcomer to the oldtimer,
“Never seen such weather before,
A fellow can hardly get out the door.

M. H.

(This suits all the talk of the weather that is being wasted.)

December 19, 1952

The Christmas season is good for one thing (just ask the kids) and that is a round of parties. Today the 4-H club had their party. It was a howling success--the din from 23 lads will attest to that.

In the past, the 4-H parties have all been feminine affairs; but lacked the enthusiasm the boys had this year. There were committees for refreshments, games, cleanup and entertainment; the latter group didn’t have time to indulge; because the entertainment was all spontaneous.

I was surprised that the boys all remembered to bring their share of the “eats” and each a gift to exchange; in fact, they did better than the girls did. So now I have more faith in the boys than I did when I began this enterprise.

The cleanup committee had the most work. Everyone in the school building knew we had a party.

This is but a small example of what it would be like to have a large family at the holiday time. There would never be a dull moment.

Parties mean a great deal to children and these affairs are a bait to keep the “little demons” going to the club meetings.

What fun!

Now if I were a fir tree
I'd grow so far far away
No one could ever find me;
I'd not know of Christmas Day.

Now you would hide this way, too,
If you were young, fresh and gay
And some one came and cut you;
For just one night's big array.

M. H.

December 20, 1952

One cannot think of Christmas without bringing in the word "gift"; which is an awful problem this time of year.

There are other kinds of gifts more important than the holiday ones and these are the ones given each of us upon entering the troublesome world.

Perhaps the greatest gift of all is the "gift of gab." This is bringing riches and pleasure to more humans than anything ever dreamed up. Without it there would be no politicians, entertainers, or teachers.

With the blossoming of radio, television, and competition this is a very important gift and one can only be envious of those lucky to inherit it.

Giving it some thought, I learned how stupendous the gift of talking has become. It has meant fame, riches, and pleasure for millions. Without it, movies, radio, and television would be useless.

From the little forgotten men have arisen the great: Crosby, Godfrey, and hundreds of others.

This same gift spells doom for others. There are some around our town who use this "gab" not as a gift but as a means for boredom.

Well, it is still raining and I want to make some candy for the holidays. It is hard to get divinity fudge to be "divine" this damp weather; but by accident I learned that it can be. The recipe called for ½ cup corn syrup and I only had ¼ cup; so used it and the candy really is the best ever; so for this misty weather just cut down on the syrup.
