

WHAT I THINK ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS - PART 2

THE PART I PLAY IN THE VAST UNIVERSE OF THINGS

by L. E. Granlie, written at age 16.

Now that I have traced the complicated metamorphosis of man in Part 1, as I believe it has been in the past, it is difficult to realize the eons upon eons of matured progress before I was born. It makes my heart ache with a longing to understand and discover all the mysteries of this marvelous universe and the vast expanse about us.

Surely, as Emerson said, everything that exists is somehow related to everything else, and nothing can therefore be ugly when it belongs to something beautiful.

Who has not gazed in awed silence at the majestic splendor of our beautiful North Dakota sunsets, and marveled at the secret of it all and of life and death? How often I have gazed at the iridescent aurora in the sky and wondered what lay behind all this beauty! How often I have worshipped the luminous, serene and white radiance of the moon in the purple splendor and enveloping darkness of the night, and fervently prayed with profound, pulsating yearning to lift my soul to its heights, and know the sublime joy of upright morals and a noble life!

I want to know, oh, how I want to know the secrets of life! But life is short and it is not possible for me to know the secrets that have for so many centuries, baffled our foremost scientists. I must be content to live

for what is good. Every day that dawns is filled with monotonous domestic duties that must be performed, though my heart is bursting with the desire to escape from it all, to discover the unknown and worthwhile things of life, and to make my earthly career a perfect and gloriously beautiful pilgrimage.

On second thought, I realize this is almost impossible. I realize that I am nothing, but another ordinary and unimportant character among the thousands of mortals of the universe. It seems as though I must muddle through the listless and obscure life, until the dark gates of death open and close upon that which has been my soul among the countless souls of human beings on earth.

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Today, at sixteen, I have fixed theories and ideals of life. I am determined to make my womanhood one of purity and straightforwardness. It will not be an easy thing to do, but is well worth the effort. There are so many disgusting matters that occur every day that I often feel it is no use to try to succeed.

It would be impossible to describe the various inclinations of my character as it would be to write down every thought that passes through my mind. Most of the time, I am serious and thoughtful, but often feel inclined to be giddy and silly, and such moods leave me with a freshened feeling every time. Then, too, I am determined and decided in my ways. I love to analyze everything which accounts for my different viewpoints compared to that of others. They seldom can understand my views, but still count me wrong. This makes me pessimistic. At times, I

am moody, wistful, and sad without apparent reason. To those in trouble, I am generally sympathetic and understanding because my own life, no matter how short, has not been exempt from trouble.

Being impatient, unyielding, and high strung, I deeply resent any opposition or unkindness is others. I become discouraged and sarcastic then. My temper is often beyond my control and I am gifted with an unusual flow of argument when I am angry. Otherwise, I am never very talkative.

I have definite ideas as to what a modern girl should be. Underneath the youthful and giddy ways, something deeper and finer is hidden. "Be modern and up to date above all things," but this popularity need not absorb nobility (even though this may sound as preachy as somebody's grandmother).

As to my physical features, I have extremely fine and soft, golden, blonde hair, with blue eyes and brown lashes and brows, and wear hexagon glasses at present. My nose is rather small and powdered with tiny freckles; my lips, very full and red, turn slightly down at the corners. A determined look is produced by a slightly protruding under lip. Teeth are marked, uneven.

Small hands and feet, and a very high waist give me a rather childish figure. I am not very tall, have a high and full bust, and large well-rounded hips. Usually, I dress interestingly; favor sport clothes in blue or white, and have a very vigorous walk.

As to domestic affairs, I am neat and thrifty. I love any home work, cooking, baking, house cleaning, sewing and so on. I must admit

that my parents haven't required much work from their children, and consequently, I do no more than is asked of me. Ever since I was a tiny girl, in my frills and hair ribbons, I have loved to putter about in the kitchen and to be house maid. Later, the love of study and my deep absorbing interest in cramming all the knowledge I could possibly get from books, drew me away from domestic affairs.

My parents and teachers have often said that for my age, I read more books than any child ever did. I was foolish in reading as much as I did, as it almost ruined my eyes. At the age of nine, in my fourth grade, I had read all the books in our extensive library at school, except those for the seventh and eighth grade. At the age of ten, I had read and stored away knowledge from the eighth grade books in my already over-supplied brain; completed the eighth grade at the age of twelve, the valedictorian of my class.

Ever since then, I have had a sort of craze in reading every book I could find -- good or bad. Books are a necessity to me, and I should die of book-hunger if I were ever denied books.

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My ideal mate for life (if ever I find one) should have the convex form of profile, dark fine hair, fine skin, strongly built with slim wrists and ankles, and elastic flesh. As a masculine man, I would desire him to be individual, original, cheerful, pleasure loving, sympathetic and quite patient. He need not be a good disciplinarian, very sensitive, or determined or practical. Of course, I would prefer him to be ambitious

enough to be well-to-do, as I am accustomed to being very well provided for.

I do not want him to be perfect, by any means. I shall strive to overlook his faults, and want him to protect me from my own short comings (which are many). So faulty and deficient in character am I, that I never could be perfect.

If some people tried hard enough, I believe they could be nearly perfect. Half the battle is trying to do good.

Perhaps I shall never marry. There are so many occupations that I could choose for my life work. Besides authorship, Interior Decorating or any artistic work appeals to me, and is very well paid. Among the countless other occupations, I believe marriage is the noblest, purest in the world. Surely, it need not be the humdrum, sordid, unromantic and unhappy marriage one finds almost in every home today. With constant and earnest effort on the part of both man and wife, there is no reason why one cannot make it, despite human faults, the sweet, old-fashioned romantic union, of which the world is so sorrowfully ignorant today.

Marriage is the last vital step in our short life. If it fails, then life itself is almost a failure. I would much rather remain a spinster ... Perhaps in later years, if I marry, I will grow fat, ugly, stupid, and cross! What then?

Surely, every young girl has dreamt of the happy marriage she is to make. When she finds it has turned to failure, does she blame herself as she should? It is her fault because she could insure happiness through radiant health and beautiful outlook.

I am fully resolved to know my future husband at least a year before I marry (if I ever do). Surely, in this earth, I wouldn't find my ideal mate in my home community, but would search for him to the ends of the world.

If nature grants me any children, I shall have very few, so as to be able to devote my time in bringing them up right.