

BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

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BE THANKFUL

Thanksgiving finds many people in this community facing a period of hardship and uncertain future, but it also finds most of us getting along and making some progress in the face of widespread economic and individual disasters.

There are those of us who have much to be thankful for in 1932 and none of us for whom things might not have been worse. While difficulties have faced many citizens, and still lie ahead, the outlook is improving.

However, regardless of our temporary disasters the wise and beneficent ruler of the universe has showered many great and lasting blessings upon us. These endure beyond passings ups and downs. They belong to us, even if we often take them as a matter of course.

Let our readers turn reverent thoughts to the God of our fathers and humbly acknowledge that His ways are our ways and our blessings. We may not clearly comprehend our fate, much less foresee our end, but the abiding thought remains that whatever happens is usually the results of our own foolishness and not the pleasure of the Master of materials and men.

It's time to be thankful, whether you realize it or not.

Our own private trouble is to maintain a plurality in our bank account.

Some merchants are such deep thinkers that they don't advertise: they are afraid customers will interrupt their thinking.

Many a young miss believes that the end of a perfect day is a perfect date, on a perfect night, with the right amount of moonlight.

NOT MUCH POMP AT THAT FIRST PILGRIM FEAST



ON EVERY Thanksgiving with its bustle, happy family gatherings and subsequent chattering, there comes a lull in the activities of the day. Conversation lags. Thoughts turn back to previous Thanksgivings.

Let us turn our thoughts back farther than our own experiences. Back indeed to the first Thanksgiving in America and there watch the preparation of this first feast, so different from our own. It will give us a close feeling of kinship with those predecessors of ours, these early American homemakers. And it will bring a deeper appreciation of the day, Helen Robertson writes, in the Detroit Free Press.

First Thanksgiving Feast.

The picture of that first Thanksgiving feast celebrated in Plymouth on the thirteenth day of December, 1621, is a striking one. Imagine the block-house standing out stark and alone in the great wilderness. Its rough walls, crude furniture and huge fireplaces—the Thanksgiving table of long narrow boards, perhaps not more than three feet wide, supported at either end by trestles.

If this first Thanksgiving feast was served in dishes, they were made of square blocks of wood about ten to twelve inches square and three to four inches deep, hollowed down into a sort of bowl. Nor was there one of these

trenchers, for so they were called, for each person. Usually two children or a man and wife ate from one trencher. Forks were almost unknown, in fact the first fork was introduced by Governor Winthrop in Boston twelve years later. There were spoons, however, and drinking cups and "noggins" which were a sort of mug with a handle. These were passed from hand to hand and lip to lip around the board.

No Holiday for Women.

The first Thanksgiving celebration lasted several days rather than just one. It was a time of recreation and games—for the men at least. One cannot imagine four women and the few young girls having much time for recreation when they must prepare the food for 121 men, 91 of whom were Indians with an unbounded capacity for gorging. And this for several days!

Doubtless the deer and great tur-

keys were roasted in the open, the remainder of the feast being cooked in huge pots and kettles of copper hanging from the "lug pole" in the center of the fireplace which occupied the greater part of one side of the room.

After this first Thanksgiving, many followed, several being celebrated in one year. We of today wonder at



their courage to hold Thanksgiving feasts when there seems to have been so little to be thankful for.

In the mind of the Puritan, Christmas and its celebration was nothing short of idolatry. This was the day to be spent in religious service. But Thanksgiving was the day of family reunion and feasting.

Eighteenth Century Thanks.

The next Thanksgiving celebrations of which we read are those which required days and even weeks of preparation. We read the description of one table, which surely must have groaned under its weight of deliciousness.

"On one end of the table was the big roast turkey and on the other a goose and two pigeon pastries. There was abundance of vegetables." Besides these there were huge chimes of roast pork and venison.

And still the same letter bemoans the fact that they were unable to have roast beef because of the scarcity due to the war! The letter finishes with this paragraph:

"Our mince pies were good, though we had to use dried cherries instead of raisins and venison instead of beef. The pumpkin pies, apple tarts, and big Indian puddings lacked for nothing save appetite by the time we got around to them." Do you wonder?

Setting Day Aside.

The celebration of a certain day for Thanksgiving was not universal until 1864 when President Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing the fourth Thursday in November with a view of having a day kept there after annually without interruption. The President's assassination the next year almost caused a suspension of his own rule until President Johnson appointed the last Thursday in November.

Nevertheless it is "ye oyster stewed," "turkie," corn and pumpkin which were served in the Pilgrim days that still play the leading roles in our Thanksgiving menus of today. And just as in those early years, it is still a day of family gatherings and feasting. So while the Thanksgiving celebrations conform with the dictates of our day there still remain shadows and shadows of the past which enrich it and make it the happier.

Lady Blanche Farm

A Romance Of The Commonplace



Frances Parkinson Keyes

CHAPTER I

"I've swallowed," said Phillip Starr to himself, "about two bushels of dust Don't they ever all their roads in Vermont, I wonder? I'm sure I can't make Burlington tonight anyway—it must be somewhere over on the other side of the map."

He interrupted his own train of thought by laughing aloud, and brought his motor to a stop beside the powdery highway which he had been mentally condemning.

"Irish, cropping out as usual," he said, grinning, as he locked the car "or maybe I'm still dippy—typhoid bugs die hard. Anyway, I'm going to see if this brook doesn't wind far enough from the road somewhere soon for me to get into it, without being arrested in the process."

He rolled under the barbed-wire fence, and scrambled into the underbrush of the woods that skirted the road.

He was right; the little brook, twisting and turning, wound farther and farther into the woods; it foamed into a tiny waterfall, widened to a small pool, ideal for a swim! But, pulling off his coat and jerking at his collar, the man stopped short and stared ahead of him, wondering if he were suddenly losing his senses.

On the edge of the pool, just beyond the waterfall, was a girl, her face turned from him, her white feet and ankles gleaming through the clear water of the brook. She had on a soft, short, close-fitting white garment, and her bare arms were raised above her head, half-covered with the masses of shining hair that fell about her like a golden cloud.

Phillip had been whistling. He stopped abruptly. The girl shook her

hair crept into her voice. "I don't remember much about dryads and nymphs. My cousin Mary knows all about them. She'd have her nose in a book half the time. If she didn't have so much else to do. She and mother and Cousin Jane are all housecleaning today—that's why I ran away. I'd have had to help if I'd stayed at home. You'd never believe there was so much in a house, until you got it all out in the front yard! And Paul is so lazy he never helps half as much as he might, and Mary has to stop right in the middle of everything and chase up the children, and Cousin Jane goes off to prayer meeting—and oh, it's all plenty bad enough to make anyone want to be a nymph and live in a brook, where life is just one perpetual bath, and there can't possibly be anything to houseclean!"

Phillip threw back his head and roared, and after a minute, the girl laughed, too.

"Well, if you're not a nymph, and you don't live in a brook, would you think I were awfully rude if I asked what your name is and where you live?"

"My name is Blanche Manning. I live on Lady Blanche farm."

"Lady Blanche farm!" echoed Phillip.

"What a pretty name!"

"Yes—there's quite a pretty story about it, too. Would you like to hear it?"

"Very much."

"All right—my hair's dry now. I'll go and dress and you can have your swim. I've got some lunch with me—where my clothes are—enough for two, I guess. I'll come back."

She slipped off the boulder, waded to the shore, and waved her hand. Then, a little, white graceful figure, she vanished among the trees.

It was more than half an hour later before he heard her returning. He had bathed and dressed hurriedly, and was sitting, greatly refreshed and tremendously hungry, but growing extremely anxious to have her return. At last she called:

"Hoo-oo-oo."

"Hoo-oo," he answered.

"What's your name?"

"Phillip Starr."

"Well, Mr. Phillip Starr, is it all right for me to come?"

"Yes, I've been ready ages. Do hurry."

She reappeared, still all in white. She did not, he noticed quickly, look very different now than when in the white bathing suit—of course he had by this time realized that this was what the slip had been. She stopped on the bank, a forgotten difficulty suddenly occurring to her.

"We're on opposite sides. We'll have to walk up a little way. There's a shallow place where I can get across on the stones."

"I guess you've run away before. You seem to know the lay of the land pretty well."

"Oh, yes. Cousin Jane thinks mother has let Paul and me both grow up awful shirkers. Only he just loaf, and I run."

"I see. Well, I'm surely glad you ran this time. Is Paul your brother?"

"Yes. He's twenty—the same age as my cousin Mary. They're sort of half engaged. He's fond of her, but not nearly as fond of her as she is of him. He likes to have a good time with other girls, too, and for all Mary can see, there isn't another boy in the world except Paul. He's perfectly sure of her, and it makes him careless. I shouldn't like to be engaged that way."

"Don't worry, you won't be. How old are you?"

"Seventeen. It's a nice age."

"It certainly is. Are you going to be seventeen long?"

"Almost a year."

Phillip Starr could not remember when he had laughed so often. He leapt across the stepping stones, and took the box of lunch from Blanche.

"Of course to come over on your side."

"I meant. But I meant to help you across."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I had," said Phillip abruptly.

"I've been thinking of it for some minutes. It's a very pleasant thought to dwell on."

She looked at him with the same slightly startled expression as when she had first discovered him, but it faded again just as quickly. She put out both her hands and he swung her lightly across, so easily that she could hardly believe she was over.

"Now," she said, sitting down and leaning against a tree, "let's see what Mary has given me to eat. Well, here are lettuce sandwiches, and stuffed eggs, and sugared doughnuts. Oh, and two big pieces of angel cake! Aren't you hungry?"

For some minutes they ate in satisfied silence. "Do you mind if I smoke?" Phillip asked, when the last delicious

crumb was gone, "while you tell me that story about Lady Blanche farm you know?"

"Oh, yes—have you ever been in the Connecticut valley before?"

"I'm sorry to say I haven't."

"Well, it was mostly settled—around Hamstead, anyway—by men who came up the river from Massachusetts, not long before the Revolution. We all belong to the Daughters of the American Revolution," she interrupted herself with a touch of pride. "They nearly all had big farms, and built big houses, and prospered; then they married each other's children, and have kept on living here ever since—the descendants have, I mean. We're nearly all cousins—third or fourth or fifth—in Hamstead. It would be pleasant if it weren't so deadly dull. Once in a long time we have a picnic or a dance, or go to the movies in Wallacetown. That's about all, and always the same people—nice but tedious. That's why it's such a tremendous relief to meet someone I don't know at all."

Phillip laughed, aware that he was feeling strangely warm and comfortable inside at the inference that she might be having illusions or thrills about him.

"Thank you—where does Lady Blanche come in?"

"Oh, she came in right after the Revolution. My great-great-grandfather, Col. Moses Manning, was a friend of Lafayette's. He went back to France with Lafayette, to visit him, and he presented at court. Lady Blanche was a countess who lived on the next estate. She was very young and lovely and sweet, and he fell in love with her."

"Peculiar man, wasn't he?" murmured Phillip.

"Do you think so? Oh, you're laughing at me! You think I am awfully silly and countrified and—"

"You precious kid!" exclaimed Phillip, sitting bolt upright in alarm; and then, as the startled look came into the blue eyes again, he went on very quickly and gently, "Excuse me. I didn't mean to be rude—or fresh. But I've been pretty sick, and it's a long time since I have laughed, or felt able to laugh. Please go on about the little French countess. Did she fall in love with him, too?"

"Oh, yes! Head over heels! At first sight, too! Just like a story!"

"Such things do happen."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the present Blanche, a trifle hurriedly, "—once in a great while, and ever so long ago, of course. So they were married, although her family wasn't very enthusiastic about her going across the sea to an unknown wilderness—but as all the rest of them were guillotined not long after, she was better off than they were, anyway. Of course Colonel Moses brought her to Hamstead to live. She had a fortune in her own right, and a wonderful trousseau—great boxes and chests of linen and lace and clothes and silver and jewels and books, and she had furniture sent, too, from the chateau. And my great-great-grandfather built her a big brick house—the handsomest one anywhere around here—and—"

"It's a lovely story. What happened next?"

"The rest of it isn't so lovely. It's rather sad. The other farmers' wives in Hamstead didn't care for Lady Blanche. I think they were a little jealous of her because she was so much richer and more beautiful than they were, and she couldn't talk English well enough to make them understand that she wasn't haughty and cold, as they thought, but just as gentle and lonely and anxious to be friendly as she could be. And—for a long time, she didn't have any children. That was considered almost a disgrace. In those days, it seems! Almost everyone had sixteen or seventeen! Lady Blanche's husband was decidedly disappointed; of course she was, too, but he didn't seem to think of that. He—he held it up as a reproach to her. And she grew more and more lonely and sad—"

"What was the end of the story?" Phillip asked, gently.

"When she had been married about five years, she had twins—a boy and a girl. She wasn't strong, like most of the pioneer women. She died."

"Moses Manning never got over it," Blanche went on, after a long pause. "He didn't marry a second time, in any way most of the settlers did, whose wives died—some of them twice or four times! And he never looked his place anything but Lady Blanche farm, after that—it's never been sold anything else, ever since. When the twins, Moses and Blanche, grew up he built them each a house on his own place, and as the boy wanted to be a lawyer, he built a little office connected with the big hotel business, so that they both succeeded—the children of other pioneers—well, but long ago, lies, and introduced Lady Blanche's fortune, of course. The house was never gone out of the family. Blanche and Paul and I live in one—the big brick one—and Cousin Jane Manning, who's never married, is another, and Cousin Seth and his children in the third. Of course the fortune's been divided up so many times that it isn't very large any more, but it's enough to make us comfortable, and give us a good education, if we want it. Paul and I didn't specially, and Mary, who loves books, had to give up going to boarding school when she was almost ready for college, because her mother died, and there wasn't anyone else to look after her father and the little boys. All the other families in Hamstead have kept on feeling that the Mannings are a little different from the rest of them. We wish they wouldn't—all except mother—I think she rather likes it—but they do! And there's always one Blanche in each

generation. There's a queer superstition about that—"

"What is it?"

"Oh, I can't tell you! You'd think it was awfully conceited and—fresh—and—"

"I wouldn't—please—"

But the girl, laughing, shook her head, and got to her feet. "Have you any idea what time it is?" she asked.

"No, I haven't. I don't care what time it is. And I won't tease you to tell me about the superstition now, if you don't want to—that is, if you'll promise to tell me some other time. You—you'll do that, won't you?"

The girl hesitated, and, for the first time, blushed. Then she smiled.

"Where were you thinking of going?" she asked, "before you decided to have a swim and left your motor beside the road?"

"To Burlington, to visit some friends who have a big summer place near there. But I can't get there tonight, now, can I?" he asked, pleading in his voice.

"I don't believe you can, very well. I suppose you're not familiar with the roads?"

"Familiar! I'm not even on speaking terms with them! And there are hardly any guide-posts to introduce us!" he smiled, and, as he did so, he could see the lovely rose color spreading over the girl's face again. "What's the name of the hotel in Hamstead?" he asked abruptly.

"There isn't any hotel. But probably—it's so late, and you've been ill, and everything—Mary would take you in."

"I don't want to intrude—"

"Mary wouldn't feel that you were intruding. She'll be only too thankful to have the chance to make you comfortable. That is, that's the way I think she'll feel about it. At any rate, we better go down there and see!"

SPIRIT OF THANKS



THANKSGIVING: A Parable

THE frail boats of these Pilgrims had been delivered from the vast and tumultuous masses of the dark sea. Under the frowning basements of the black forest they lifted their roof trees and muscled their walls with oak, laid open the new soil and east the shining grain, forgetful in labor and hope of their great loneliness.

AND now their strong, small cabins stood, scamed with snow, in the utter whiteness of the clearing. The blue smoke of their sturdy chimneys drifted warmly against the black walls of the wilderness and their hearts were ruddy with deep embers.

THE harvest was bountiful. The dark barns were musty with maize and bulging pumpkins glowed in the light of the candle. The walls of the cabins were festooned with dry herbs and at each door hung the frozen carcasses of a wild beast.

THE dark ocean thundered with winter storms. The vast wilderness frowned. Death lurked in the forest and the clearing. Men had died from wounds and arrows. Children had perished of starvation and disease and young wives had died in methuens. Once each door hung the weapons of hunt and warfare. Life was grim and knotty with Colossus was certain.

BY these were the north and the precious fire, grain in the bin and the scuffed seasons by the door. The was their home; only death could drive them from there. Their minds and their hearts were their own and set some death could disappear there. None of men might appear on the ground and pay as he pleased. He could not stir far west, knowing because the weapons of aggression and the beams of the wide eye and a strong hand.

AND so a day was set with the Thanksgiving to God for His great goodness, for the beam of His for roounce and fire and food and the privilege of the thankful heart. On that day, between the stormy sea and the awful wilderness, these people sang and feasted on the small bounty of the first harvest.

—Hubert Kelley, in the Kansas City Star.

