

NOVEMBER 23, 1972

The holidays have drawn kinfolks. My wife's brother was by for the first time in 20 years. Without Thanksgiving to use as an excuse, he wouldn't have been back so quick. Some people think that every red date on the calendar is license to feed off their relations.

Very little time in our marriage has passed without some of her family eating a meal at the house. It's a wonder how she ever got weaned, with so much outside interference. Her mother used to drive 10 miles out of her way just to come by for supper.

As it is, I have enough kinfolks out here to keep the Daughters' of the American Revolution busy for 40 years tracing the family tree. On a slow day it's nothing to trip over three or four cousins from the bank to the post office.

I have so many brothers-in-law that I have to keep an alphabetical file on them. As steadily as they eat at my place, the only way I can tell them apart is by the way they throw out their elbows while wielding a fork. I can't remember seeing any of them unless they had their mouth open or a drink in their hand.

Agriculture economists make a big thing of how much money the farmers are going to make feeding the country. The graph and chart experts get overcome by the thought of how much beef it's going to take to feed the populace.

What they are overlooking is how much of the food that's going to be free. It doesn't matter how much beef is eaten if half the calf crop has to be used to fill up the carryover of in-laws.

Brave words are spoken against farm surplus. I never see any surplus at my house, unless your idea of surplus is a few turkey bones and a half empty bowl of cranberry sauce.

All our luck hasn't been that bad during the holidays. Last night my sister called to say that she couldn't bring her family to Thanksgiving dinner.

It was just like finding a 12-pound turkey in the road, or winning a turkey shoot. By counting off her mob, our bird made a sizable weight gain before it was ever defrosted.

She said they were going skiing up in New Mexico. I didn't think I'd ever be so thankful that New Mexico had received a big snow.

I do like to have a crowd on this particular holiday for protection. Indian wives dislike the story of Thanksgiving. They still connect the memory of the Pilgrims and the Indians crumbling cornbread dressing together with the real estate transactions that followed thereafter.

Redmen still haven't got straight on what they have to be thankful about. After all these years, they don't appreciate the conquest and settling of the country. The idea of Pilgrims walking through the woods with a big barreled gun and a surveyor's transit in their hip pocket means the same to them as it does to us.

You know how silly folks can be over the loss of a continent. Centuries can pass before they'll forget being kicked off the land, in spite of how big a turkey dinner they ate before the kickoff.

I keep turning down the heat, but the company keeps staying on. Many more days of this, and the light bill alone will be enough to break us.

Holidays were intended for kids; I don't know how adults got in on the act.