

It was about 1938, and I would have been about 10 when Dad agreed to have turkey for Thanksgiving, and bought a live turkey for the occasion.

He put the turkey in the barn to fatten it up for a few weeks.

The problems started when it came time to catch the turkey. The haymow floor had not been added to the barn at that time, so the center section was open clear to the peak, with some 2X6 collar ties across just under the roof.

After being chased around the stalls and over the partitions for a while, the turkey decided that it was not about to be caught. It flew up into the peak and landed on one of the collar ties. Whenever anyone got close to it it would fly off to another roosting place.

It was chased back and forth then landed on the 2X6 at the north end of the peak of the barn. When it took off from there, it flew the length of the barn and hit the window in the peak at the south end. The window, glass, cross frame and all landed in the corral and the turkey flew on over and landed on the windmill.

That was the last straw. Dad stalked into the house, brought out the .22 and shot the Thanksgiving bird.

(By John Cape 3/10/99)

