

SWIMMING, FISHING AND STORY ABOUT TURKEY HUNTING

We always raised wheat and after we threshed our wheat, Dad would load up a load of wheat and take it to Mill.

(Now where was that?)

Up at Stilwell, near Evansville, Arkansas, and have it ground; enough to last us all winter. And, 'course if we had our corn ground, we'd take it over to Bitting's mill and have our corn ground over there at this little corn mill.

(You boys and your friends--you took advantage of that Caney Creek a whole lot didn't you?)

Yes we did. We did a lot of swimming in that creek, and gigging fish and it was just like spring water, it was so cold. But we'd go swimming anyway, even if it was cold. Good cold water. Just almost like ice water. Anyhow we stayed with it.

(You boys also done some turkey hunting too didn't you?)

Turkey hunting? Yeah.

(Tell me about some of those turkey hunts. I am interested.)

Well, George and I went turkey hunting one day. And after we'd walked for miles and miles, we came to a little bunch of bushes and there were leaves on the bushes, you know what they call Post Oak runners--there were plenty of leaves on 'em and we stopped and George said, "I believe I see a turkey down there in that bunch of bushes." And we decided there was turkeys, you know. Bunch of 'em in those bushes. Well, he took a shot down through there. 'Course turkeys just all scattered and went every direction. So, he said; "I might've killed it. Let's go down and see." Sure enough he had shot one right through and through and killed it. Well, we picked that one up and started after the ones that flew away and we walked quite a ways and found two or three of 'em and they just a runnin' to beat