

A white crow came through here one time.

(A white crow.)

A white crow.

(Well) Yeah that'd be something to see.

But the other crows didn't fight it. They was all flew together. And one was white. Somebody, I don't know who it was, it wasn't any of our bunch, he pulled a gun and shot him. He lived over here. But he wasn't with us. He lives on the hill, over there.

(Uh-huh)

He wasn't a friend of mine.

(Yeah)

He went out west here. Before turkey season. He killed five turkeys.

(Yeah)

Cost him five hundred dollars.

(Five hundred dollars?)

Yeah. He was hunting in the deer season one time.

KILLING WILD TURKEYS

(Well when you were a young boy. You had turkeys in this country, didn't you?)

Oh yeah. There's turkey here now.

(Well)

There's lot of them. I see one every once in a while.

(Not clear)

I was down in Osage country. I was going along there. I was walking. Still walking. Watching ahead for deer. First thing them turkeys. Bunch of them wild turkeys. They just run in a bunch. I just raise up and shot right through the head of two them. Shot two of them head's off. Those gobblers.