

TURKEYS for TWO

— LARRY'S SHORT STORIES #186 —

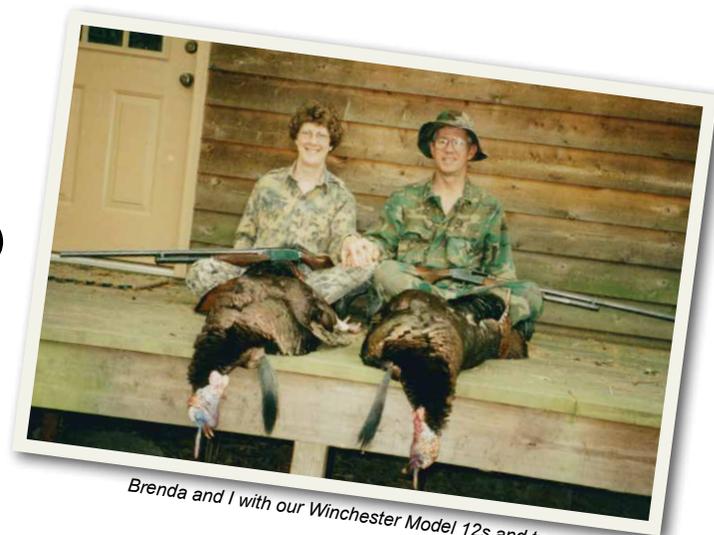
Brenda and I were hunting together that clear spring morning and had set up in one of my favorite places – Turkey Hollow. That was the first place I'd shot a turkey on this farm, after we bought it back in 1983.

As the woods came to life that morning, there were gobblers to the north and closer ones to the south – and still more quite a ways off to the west. It seemed like a perfect setup; but as often is the case in turkey hunting, it just didn't work. The toms to the south went farther to the south and the ones to the north apparently got tired of gobbling and shut down. Deciding to

make a change, we stepped into the open field, pulled our decoy and walked up the hill to the north, where we had last heard birds.

The woods started again at the top of the hill and the grade went down. Carefully we proceeded, slowly and without calling, until two toms gobbled in an open field about 150

yards in front of us. Moving forward quickly but quietly, we found a good hide and gave a standard hen call. The birds responded and came in our direction, but crossed through a strip of woods to our left and stopped gobbling. Ever so carefully, we moved through the woods toward the gobblers, until finally we saw a head at the edge of the woods – within range. Brenda shot the turkey, using my right shoulder for a rest. As we had earlier agreed, I immediately dashed to the edge of the woods – to shoot



Brenda and I with our Winchester Model 12s and two nice toms.

the second one; but, he was 70 yards behind the first one – quite out of range. Well, we got one!

Brenda loaded the tom into her vest and headed for the cabin, while I walked to the north end of the farm to try there. Staking my decoy in the field, at a place we call the "head of the mushroom," I walked into the woods a few yards, sat down with my back against a small tree and began calling every few minutes.

"...and I blasted him."

He never gobbled and never strutted, just walked in slowly from the east and I blasted him. Now it was my turn to load up a tom and head for the cabin. To my knowledge, this is the only time that Brenda and I both shot birds – almost together.

Midway USA

Larry Potterfield
Midway Farms
Howard County Missouri
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It was well into the season and everything was greening up.



Vietnam era Jungle Fatigues, given to me by my good friend John Baregi.