

## “Turkey Day” Or Thanksgiving Day

*By Kay Mauser*

Although we purchased raffle tickets from every worthy cause, our family never had a winner. That is until the day my dad won a turkey for Thanksgiving.

We waited anxiously for its delivery. And at last it came. It was delivered LIVE!

Now it had been mother’s custom to buy from an independent grocer, where every fowl was delivered completely dressed, ready for mother to stuff and bake.

So it was quite a shock to have a LIVE turkey delivered. Dad was very cavalier and said “not to worry, he knew how to kill it.” He decided to do the job during his supper hour. He donned one of Mother’s aprons and went down to the basement where he secured the turkey’s neck in his vise and chopped its head off. The carcass fell to the floor and began running around the basement. It was a very frightening sight with blood squirting all over the floor.

But this was just the beginning. The feathers had to be removed; the bird had to be opened up and cleaned. And the clock was ticking; soon the fire chief would come to pick dad up to go back to the station house.

When the little red car appeared mother sent me out to explain to Chief Sullivan what was keeping dad. He laughed and said, “This I have to see.”

There was good natured laughter coming from the basement and I’m sure dad was the butt of jokes at the fire house, but the turkey was very good the next day when we had the relatives over to share our good fortune.