

I thought this an interesting Kewley story. In early summer of 1946 cousin Buck was discharged from the army so one Saturday there was a celebration at Grandma Kewleys in Witten so the people attending where Buck, Beulah, Mike, Jenny, and dad and mom. there was food and of course and a lot of booze. There was an evening of eating drinking and a lot of laughter. Someone decided that they were still hungry so happens that a neighbor named Harry Kern had a pet turkey that at night always roosted on the end post on Grandma Kewleys clothesline. so, the crew captured the turkey killed it butchered it and they had roast turkey for breakfast. The next morning dad was hungover, and mom was angry as we drove back to the farm and the 6 cows were waiting patiently to be milked.  
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