

Traditional Thanksgiving Turkey Tale

By Denny Bannister

Tradition is tradition, often difficult to explain,
We do it because we do it, not to would be insane.

Nationalities, races and religions have traditions they must follow,
Without traditions, traditional times would be meaningless, void and hollow.

Americans each year at Thanksgiving have a traditional Thanksgiving feast,
The traditional meat served is turkey, we don't feast on just any beast.
How did the turkey gain its place on our traditional Thanksgiving table?
Because that's what the pilgrims feasted upon according to fact and fable.

Now we've all heard how they hunted the bird, but I know the real rendition,
Our forefathers' gunpowder was damp that day, they were hunting with bad ammunition.
Don't laugh, you'll have to prove me wrong, but that's what I'm here to say,
Our forefathers couldn't have shot a buck - their buckshot was damp that day.

The men marched forward toward the woods, their ranks had one addition,
They took along an Indian scout, you guessed it - it was tradition.
The women all proudly waved good-bye as their protectors left to go hunting,
Then prepared the table for the feast, trimmed with doily, napkins and bunting.

It's a good thing women are blessed with women's intuition,
This first feast had to be done just right or we'd be stuck with unpalatable tradition.
They didn't know what their pilgrim husbands would bring home for the main dish,
So they fixed foods that would go just as well with partridge, venison or fish.

They created something called dressing made from bread a day old,
They had no intention of starting a fad, they just didn't want it to mold.
Meanwhile deep in the forest, our hunters were being harassed,
By the Indian scout who mocked their skills - the pilgrims were very embarrassed.

One spotted an elk, took careful aim, pulled back the trigger - CLICK!!
They discovered damp gunpowder would not fire, the realization made them sick.
What could they have for their Thanksgiving feast, on what would they that night sup?
One of the lads said, "Let's stew our shoes, I'm famished - I'll gobble it up!!!"

They were in no mood for jokes, and one of the blokes flung his musket into the field,
Just as old Tom Turkey, who heard the "gobble" jumped up - his fate was sealed.

What senses he had were knocked out that day, the turkey was plucked stuffed and roasted,
In exchange for his silence the Indian was fed while the hunters exaggerated and boasted.

They truthfully said they didn't fire a shot, they had no need for ammunition.
That's why today we raise turkeys on farms - to shoot them would break with tradition.