

# The Missouri SPRING TRIFECTA

## — LARRY'S SHORT STORIES #57 —

**I**t may be quite a stretch, for some folks, as the word "Trifecta" is applied to spring turkey hunting in Missouri – especially for those who know horse racing; but for any hunter who's been fortunate enough to shoot a gobbler during Missouri's spring turkey season, then pick a batch of mushrooms, and finally to find an arrowhead – well, for them at least, using the word Trifecta may not seem such a stretch.



Technically this isn't an arrow-head, but certainly it's a tool used by Native Americans in their day-to-day living. The Swiss Army Knife is just there for comparison. It's 2-1/2 inches long.

It was the twelfth day of the 21 day turkey season, but only my fourth morning in the woods; the NRA always seems to schedule their annual meetings during this time. In my previous three outings, I had hunted pretty passively, sitting by Raymond's food plot (named after Brenda's dad) and waiting for the turkeys to come to me – didn't work. Well, it kinda worked; the turkeys did come to the food plot, but not close

enough to be of interest; and close is really important when you're turkey hunting.

This fourth morning was different; first I was hunting with a friend (Matt) and second, the

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plan was to go to the birds, to be more aggressive. We walked to the north end of the food plot (arriving about 5:45 am), made an owl call and listened to several responses. The nearest bird was off the southwest corner of the food plot, about 500 yards away – so we walked back to the south end, then turned west into the woods. Crossing a small ditch, we set up near some



*The real prize, of course, is the gobbler. This one weighed 20-1/2 pounds, had a ten inch beard and one inch spurs. My Winchester Model 12 has taken lots of turkeys.*

cedar trees on the side of the hill. It was a classic hunt; we were only about 100 yards out, and the bird was still on the roost, Matt called him in and I made the shot. One and done at 6:12 am, pretty short turkey hunt!

The mushrooms were simply 'in the way' as we walked through the woods back to the pickup; no real effort, no real mushroom hunt. Sometimes it works that way.

Now, the arrowhead was a different story. Matt and I moved to a place called Patton Farm to try for his turkey. There was a small creek running through the southeast corner of this farm, only about two hundred yards long. Half-way up the creek, in a couple inches of water, was the arrowhead. Perhaps this morning Matt and I added new meaning to the word Trifecta.

**Midway USA**

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*These morel mushrooms are the crème de la crème, and spring turkey season is the right time to look for them in Missouri.*