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P.O. Box 1161
Mobile, Alabama

November 25, 1960

Miss Ocllo Gunn Boykin Smith, Jr.
Delta Delta Delta House
University, Alabama

Our Darling Granddaughter:

Didn't we have a wonderful Thanksgiving Day? And so much to be thankful for. Well, it was just too bad that Uncle Bob and Aunt Lynn and their two babies couldn't have been there with us. Then we'd have them all, pretty near, but it was great anyway, and I guess it's hard to get that many people together all at one time, and Uncle Bob and Aunt Lynn were in Baltimore, Maryland. They're on their way home, though, and we'll tell them about it and won't they be proud of their son, James Robert Boykin, Jr., killing the biggest buck on th e place all by himself? He was all by himself and nobody had a gun, but him, but they will also be proud of you and your beautiful buck that you killed at such a long distance. You had already killed your turkey, but how you got out of letting them paint you up with blood, I'll never know, because I believe that is really your first deer and you did pretty well.

Anyway, we had a great visit. The food was very, very beautiful, and everything was fine. We saw thousands of turkeys. I had to shoot out of the window with all those children in the back of the station wagon that was hauling them, but did kill three turkeys - two at one shot and one that flew up and then one got away. Well, I thought our deer was going to get away and you shot him in the neck and that ended it and he was a beautiful buck, but the only way to do that properly is to go there before the deer come early in the morning, when they are hungry and take your lunch with you and just sit there until they come. When I let Boykin kill his first turkey and deer, it was right in that spot, only the deer was between that little house that I said we ought to tear down where that deer hid so long ffom you and me. And when we killed him before the turkey, we hid him behind the stand where you and I were sitting and covered him up with brush and it wasn't long before lots of deer came

back, but we didn't want any more deer. Then later the turkeys came and Boykin killed a gobbler. That is the day that Mother killed two in one shot down at the other place where Frances and little Gracie sat yesterday and then Beppie killed two turkeys and a deer in two shots up where Dickie, Jr., sat yesterday.

Well, there's no place like it, I reckon. I guess we counted several hundred deer and I don't know how many turkeys yesterday. But anyway now you have your gobbler and your deer and I think we're going to have some wonderful pictures, especially with that beautiful champion black dog they gave to Riley, and he has trained him so well. I'm just dying to get the pictures and I've already telephoned them to send me the films and I'll rush them to you. They ought to be good, very good, and I think they're going to be good of Bobbie, too.

Anyway, I just ate too much. Mother brought us all those new-fangled kind of oysters and shrimp mixed up, but nothing would beat that wild turkey with all the dressing and then that hamhock and turnip greens with the pepper sauce and the crackly bread.

Well, I wish you could have brought your boyfriend, Bruce, along. Wouldn't he have had a thrill? However, you might not have gotten your buck. Uncle Dick will save the skin for you and I believe you have a leg of the venison and one of the wild turkeys. Uncle Jack usually kills a deer, but I guess he had too many children with him. How Frances ever did anything with little Gracie there, I don't know, although she tells me little Gracie killed a little bird with her BB gun. I think she's going to be a better hunter than all of us, but she'll have to go some to beat you and Boykin and Bobbie, Jr.

Well, it's a great place. It's very comfortable, very beautiful and very fine and there're many, many memories there as we have been working on the place for over 50 years and just now it's the finest game preserve in the world. When we had Speaker Rayburn there the other night in the Refreshment Room listening to the music and watching the television with Kennedy and Nixon debating, we looked out under the big sign that says "Everything's Made for Love" and there were about 10 deer under it with all the lights, the same as they were last night and when we drove up there. One of the little does had been crippled and she was putting her foot up and down and

Sam says (and of course he had had a little touch of bourbon) "Frank, I believe that deer is patting her foot to that music." Of course she couldn't put it down and she was little deer that was caught in the fence and they kept her until she got well and then turned her loose.

Hadn't our colored people done a wonderful job? There's nobody on earth that can beat Clorie cooking. I'll have to tell you the story about a Yankee from Boston that came down to see us. She can cook ribs better than the hams and venison like you're taking back to Tuscaloosa for your party, along with your wild turkey. He asked me if I'd mind Clorie telling him how she cooked the ribs and made them so good, and I said "Certainly not." So I took him back and he took off his hat and said to this colored cook who is so fine and who has been with us every since she's been born and her mother before and her grandmother and her grandfather - Uncle Jimmy Johnson was there 58 years; Uncle Israel was there 106 years - Well, anyway, this Yankee said to Clorie "Madam, would you mind telling me how you cook these venison ribs? I'm taking about 30 or 40 pounds back to Boston with me." She says, "Naw, suh," and we waited and waited and I finally said "Clorie, tell the gentleman how you cook 'em." She said, "I just puts 'em on and I takes 'em off." Well, I've gone there and told her we were having 50 for dinner tonight and there's never any hurry in the world and she don't walk; she treads. She's part Indian, as you know, and she don't get in a hury, but she'll have the dinner there for 50. I think we had 30 yesterday and more than that with the help. The biscuits that she makes, we ought to patent, and I believe we could make a million dollars.

Anyway, it was a great and glorious day for all of our loved ones to be there, and I only wish that Bob,Lynn and their babies would have been there, but all the rest of us there is something that Mother and I will always remember and never forget.

Take good care of yourself and let us know when and where we can give a little helping hand. I will send Miss Sandra Lee a copy of this letter, but maybe I'll have to get permission fromm you now, Miss Democrat, since you're a politician. I don't know how we can afford to have two politicians in this family. You, Miss Democrat, and me in the Congress. It's pretty costly, but we'll just work hard and try to do it if that is what you want.

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You tell Bruce to listen to Shelton Pritchard and when he finishes up with him, he'll be one of the great lawyers of the part of this country or any other part of the country, and it takes work and nobody else can do that for you. Working, pulling and praying, and just being honest, and, as Old Peter, who has been there over 50 years looking out for us and our children and our children's children. What he says when you do a good job is "Well, we have it made." And Bruce will "have it made" if he will work hard and follow the footsteps of our beloved friend, the Col. W. S. Shelton Pritchard, who lived with us so long right there down in the country where you killed your beautiful buck and your beautiful gobbler.

With love to you from every one of us, now and forever,

Devotedly,

Mother and Papa

FWB/js