

FRANK W. BOYKIN
1ST DISTRICT, ALABAMA

HOME ADDRESS:
MOBILE, ALABAMA

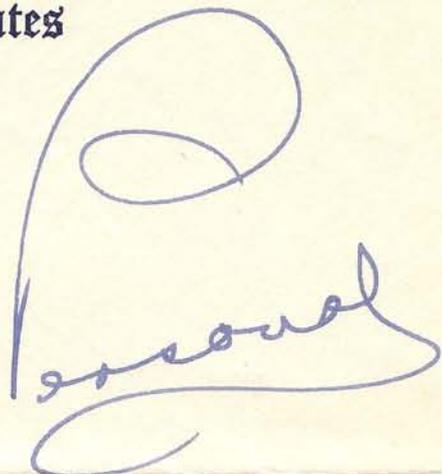
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AND FISHERIES
VETERANS' AFFAIRS

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

December 15, 1957

Mrs. Frank W. Boykin
Mrs. Frances Boykin Smith
Mr. Riley Boykin Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Boykin



My dear Ocllo, Frances, Boykin, Dick and Beppie:

Well, we started out before daybreak for Vinegar Bend. Sorry we missed Dick there, but I am so glad he did show up over there, as he and those people need to get along, as we are figuring on quite an operation over there sooner or later. Then, after we found Dick and beautiful Beppie and had that homemade sausage out of wild hog and venison, along with B oykin's hotcakes, milk, grits and everything else, it looked to me like, as our big colored man there, Peter, says -- "we had it made". And so we did. Wasn't it a fantastic and fabulous day? There Mother hadn't shot a gun in ten years and killed two beautiful gobblers at one shot.

Then, there was little Boykin, just a few days over nine years old, who had never shot at a deer or a turkey; he killed a beautiful buck and a very beautiful gobbler, with every color in the rainbow or anything else that has color in it.

Last but not least, there was sweet, pretty little Beppie, who was worried about her mother. I am so glad and I knew she had it made when we put her in that stand. When Bee Watson and I drove and left Boykin at the magnolias and Mother and Frances at the pigpen there overlooking that beautiful body of water, as we drove back to Beppie's stand on the way back to the magnolia stand, there were about twenty deer, and she was shaking like a leaf. So, she wasn't able to shoot the buck that trip, but I made Bee shell some corn and put it up closer to her, and I knew she would get it, if she could only stay there; but I never knew any women had the patience that these three girls had yesterday, and Lord, when I heard Beppie shoot twice, I knew she hadn't killed anybody, but must have gotten what she was shooting at, or she would have shot some more. Then, when we went up there, just think of it, she, too, like Mother, had killed two beautiful, rainbow colored, bronze, big gobblers. Then, there was a beautiful buck; he must have weighed 175 pounds. I don't believe anybody else could have done what these folks did.

Then, in coming on out we met the biggest bunch of turkeys I have ever seen. So, I had that old hundred-year-old gun of mine and took a shot out the window and did kill that beautiful, long-bearded gobbler; then Frances's gun wouldn't shoot, or she, too, would have two or three turkeys. But then when we got her the gun that Mother had used -- and by the way, it was the beautiful gun that our beloved friend, Ben May, gave me -- well, we got in the back of the truck and went down and there were about seven more turkeys. Frances shot and hit two of them. She knocked the big one down. She shot the two turkeys three times, and after she had finished, then I shot one of them as he was running off to the right, but falling down and getting up. I shot him.

What a day, what a great and glorious day. It will be a memory that we will always remember and never forget. I wish you could have seen Boykin shake. I thought he had a chill, like President Eisenhower had the other day. I had to put my arms around him and hold him; but there was that little boy with a big buck and a big gobbler -- a boy that had just been nine years old about a month. Well, the gun was certainly fine; he shot the buck one time, and he shot the gobbler twice. He had buckshot in when he shot the turkey, and I forgot to tell him to shoot the body of the turkey with buckshot, but he didn't; he shot at his head, and the buckshot went right through his head and one through the body. So, Boykin had it made; Mother had it made; Beppie had it made; and Frances and I made it on our way home and after we got there.

I hope they get some wonderful colored pictures of these turkeys today, and I will be bringing Beppie back her two. Boykin was very happy and completely given out when he got here, and I imagine Frances was, too, because she drove down in those horrible signs where they are building us a four-lane highway to the hunting lodge, and everybody was happy, but tired.

I want Dick now to take little Dickie and quietly sit there in the stand, after he has let him shoot a good deal and show him how dangerous one of those guns are and that he must never cock it and never have it in the house loaded, and let him break it down and have it where it will show that it is not loaded as he carries it around. Then Lee-Bo will be coming along pretty soon.

Anyway, I am afraid our ladies have put it over us, and it will be hard to make the record that these Boykins made there at McIntosh, Alabama, on the Tombigbee River and Three Rivers Lake and at the hunting lodge yesterday, Friday 13, 1957. Truly, "Everything is made for love", and we have so much to be thankful for.

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God bless every one of you all, now and forever.

(Devotedly,

Frank W. Boykin, M. C.

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