

October, 1979

To: The Northeast's Greatest Deer Hunters

From: Dan'l Boone Price

Ol' Monk done come a-stormin' out of the peanut fields ~~exg~~ again, hollerin' that the big shindig--sometimes known as a deer hunt and gatherin' of them who like politics and good food--is on again, although the format is changing with the times.

The dates are Dec. 14 and 15. This is a week later than our normal schedule, because of the fact the Wildlife Commission didn't set its any-sex season in time for our regular weekend. But, as Monk says, this will give the does a week longer to fatten up for the big occasion.

Also, this time we will hunt only on Saturday. There won't be any Friday afternoon hunt over at Cap'n Charlie's because of depletions suffered by his herd in the past. We're going to give them a rest this year.

However, the big supper, preceded by oysters and lots of fellowship, including even some politickin', is still set for Friday evening, the 14th. So set your sails to arrive that afternoon in plenty of time for the affair, which will be getting under way somewhere in the neighborhood of 5 o'clock. There will be plenty of accommodations that evening for those who want to stay, as usual, including Cap'n Charlie's clubhouse. The big hunt will be right after breakfast on Saturday, and we'll be shooting all over Monk's place. Shotguns only, of course, and remember, the limit is one female deer. If a buck runs by after you've killed a doe, you can be forgiven for shooting; but if you kill the buck first, enough for the day. Also, remember to shoot only the bigger does. Give the small ones a chance to grow up for next year.

We'll handle the oysters like we did last year: the old Oyster King of Cedar Island will be responsible for assembling them, and we'll pay the tariff. Any of you hunters who care to chip in, as we did before, could send a check to Ol' Dan'l, made out to Woodrow Price, whose address is Gloucester, N.C. 28528. Or, a discreet inquiry made during the Big Affair will let you know whether the full sum has been raised. We hit it on the nose in '78.

You can, as usual, figure on lunch on Saturday before going back home with your piece of venison from the hunt.

Remember to bring your gun, your shells and your hunting license, including the big game permit.

The later date may inconvenience a few of you, and Ol' Monk says he's sorry about that but utterly blameless. Anyway, be sure to let him know that you're coming, so preparations will be adequate. A note to Sen. J.J. Harrington, Lewiston, N.C. 27849, will reach him, although the people around there have trouble identifying him under all those trappings.

Woodrow Price

Ol' Dan'l Himself