

THE HUNTERS' BALL

Aggie and I counted nineteen deer <sup>with</sup> in twelve miles as we approached Ralph. Each time I saw a deer I would point one in the ground and say: "This year you get your deer, all the night before the opening of deer hunting season."

Every November, Louis and I went to

the  ~~Hunters' Ball~~ <sup>is a</sup> Hunters' Ball at Rosie's place in <sup>a town called</sup>  ~~Sagola~~ <sup>Ralph</sup>  ~~Ralph~~.

Rosie used to be a thriving lumbering town, but now that the <sup>big</sup> trees were gone, all that was left was a few log sheds, the general store and post office, a little church, — and Rosie's Place and the <sup>a primary school</sup>  ~~deer~~. There were signs of deer in the <sup>at</sup>  ~~slashings~~ and  ~~Louis and I had a camp north of~~ <sup>Rosie used to run the biggest home in Ralph, but now</sup>  ~~Ralph~~ there were not enough people left

Rosie used to run the biggest home in Ralph. Louis and I had a camp north of Ralph. There were not enough people left in Ralph to support even one prostitute — but on the evening of the Ball, Rosie used to support a dozen or so girls from a former student — in Iron Cliffs, a mining town about forty miles away.

So Rosie <sup>now ran a little tavern in one of the large old frame log cabins, around which clustered a</sup>  ~~had~~ <sup>little cabin for tourists, hunters, fishermen — and, I suppose, some of our outcasts</sup>  ~~used to~~ support a dozen or so girls from a former student — in Iron Cliffs, a mining town about forty miles away.

Louis and I drove <sup>up to Rosie's Place</sup>  ~~into Ralph~~ in the afternoon of the Ball just in time to see the prostitutes crowd out of the Iron Cliffs Township school bus. They were laughing and giggling like a bunch of school girls. Louis immediately  ~~packed~~ <sup>struggled</sup> out

Louis was our <sup>Italian</sup> guide and cook. He and I were going ahead, presumably to warm up the camp, but  ~~mainly~~ <sup>mainly</sup> to  ~~take~~ attend the Hunters' Ball.

This Louis was a card. He had immigrated from Italy at the age of seventeen and had worked for over twenty years in the Iron Mine of Iron Cliffs. He had forsaken mining for bootlegging during the lush days of the moonshiner era, had got his diploma

Stories

From Sweden - who is to give it you my love. Better you look out else I shoot you with the two pipe and deer to be no pants!

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