

When the Hickory Nuts are Falling
[poem]
(May 22, 1912)

When the hickory nuts are falling
 And the quail are in the flock,
And the frost is on the stubble
 And the rabbit's in the shock,
Oh, then I seize my double barrel,
 My setter leaps with joy —
I'm in the field, the game is on,
 By god, I'm just a boy.¹

Fragment of a handwritten note from Gene to Theodore Debs on the letterhead of the Arlington Hotel, Richmond, Indiana, with only the last two pages of the five page note surviving. Dated by an archivist to May 22, 1912, rationale of attribution unspecified. Published as part of *The Papers of Eugene V. Debs* microfilm collection, reel 1, frames 952-953.

¹ Gene Debs only rarely wrote poetry. The possibility remains that this short verse was written by someone else and recited by Debs to his brother from memory. No evidence of such a published poem has surfaced, however, and this work is therefore tentatively attributed to Debs. It is known that Gene Debs was an enthusiastic hunter in his youth, frequently taking to the field with his father and younger brother.