



# Just Hunting

by Steve Brewer

I took a memory to lunch, and it was myself. I thought long and hard about, 'rather to turkey hunt on opening day, or not to hunt.' I had not missed an opening day of Kentucky turkey season since it started in the early 80's. But with all the crazy things going on, it was not an easy decision to make. I devised myself a plan, that I thought would keep me, and others safe.

My decision to go was reached after dark, on Friday. I hadn't bought my license, washed my hunting clothes, oiled my trusted 9200 Mossburg or even told anyone where to find me, just in case I should be called to my home where I will someday live forever. I would make sure I would not come into contact anyone, leave my house at 5am. I filled my truck a few days ago, so no stopping there; drive straight to the local farm that my friend, Gary "Doomsday" Harper had allowed me to hunt on (no charge by the way), and I would repeat my plan upon coming home.

As I got to the highway 89 and 82 crossroads, I looked to my right; sure enough, there was some turkey hunters, being stupid, in my opinion, smoking, and huddled up like a football squad. I started to stop and ask them, if they had ever heard that smoking will kill you and that we have a virus going around that will take you out sooner than smoking. What is wrong with people? Before I did stop, my Mother's words came back to my mind. "Son, you can't cure stupid." I drove on. You see I have learned in life, although they was the ones doing wrong, if you call their attention to it, they want to fight.

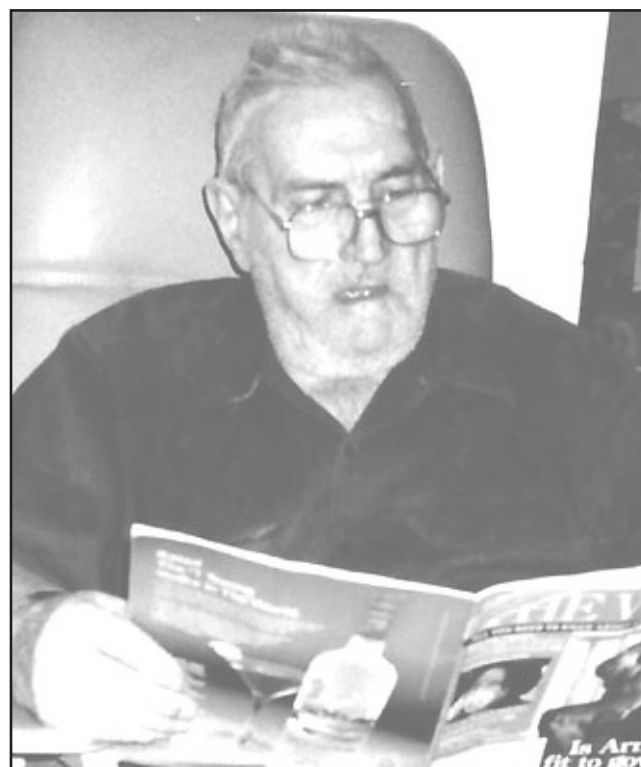
I drove on to the farm, never got in the woods until dogs started to bark. Although I was probably 300 yards, I am talking as the crow flies, they were hammering down. It brought back to mind why I gave up the lease on the property next to my friends. Estill County has some beautiful places to hunt, if it wasn't for so many dogs barking.

I got to my blind, and on the other end I could hear dogs barking. And it wasn't long before I heard people riding on ATV's. I saw a nice long beard, not a chance for a shot; so I did something I never do, I just came on home. The dogs and the riders won this round.

My plan worked, I never had contact with anyone else. When I got home I called my friend, and asked a simple question, 'what causes them dogs to bark, when I am so far off?' His answer, 'they are not barking at you, they bark like that 24/7'. How can anyone stand that? Yes, I took a memory to lunch, and it was me.

You can email Steve Brewer at <News@EstillTribune.com> and we will forward message.

## In Memory Of Our Daddy Basslee Richardson Born April 20, 1923 Died September 26, 2013



**Basslee Richardson**

**Happy Birthday in Heaven, Daddy!**  
We miss you every day, love you so much. You're gone but never forgotten.

With Love, Shirley, Rita, Lee, Frieda, Ricky, Wayne, Rhonda, Jerry, and Mom  
Deceased children: Larry and Judy  
They're gone but not forgotten, too!

by Frieda Holliman

# I don't mind being called a 'redneck' but being called 'hillbilly' is as racist as other slur names

by Tracy R. Patrick  
Edited Archive Story

I've always hated to hear people who think that because you're from Kentucky, another state, or a different part of Kentucky than where they're from, that you must be a hillbilly. To me, being referred to as a hillbilly is no different than any of the racial groups being called a slur name. I don't mind the term "redneck" so bad, because even the liberal states have rednecks.

Several years ago I had some people from Missouri that visited me after dark. They were an elderly couple that were descendants of Estill County people who migrated to Missouri in the 1800s. They were a nice couple and we corresponded with each other for many years. However, with them were some of their family including a daughter in law who said to me, "I wish we had gotten here before dark so we could see some hillbillies!" I thought at first she was joking around; then I realized that she was serious. Here was a 40-some-year-old woman who still had the perception that Kentucky was full of hillbillies like Granny and Jed from the old television show. I wish she had been needing to use my bathroom. I think I would have told her that I didn't have one and she would have to go over the hill. I told her that maybe when they came back during the daytime I would show her some. If they hadn't been in such a rush to go back home, I probably should have invited her to go "snipe hunting," and if you're country, you know what that means.

Speaking of country, I like to think of people like us as being country. Being "country" means that you've done things in your life that city folks have never experienced and never will. You've drank milk from a real cow and maybe even milked one. You've slopped hogs and you've fed chickens and gathered eggs. You've played baseball in a cow

pasture where you had to look out for a bull, and you know that a cow patty is not a cookie. You've used a real toilet and maybe even peed behind a tree.

But I think the real test of whether you're really country is that you've peed in the road. Maybe you've done it behind a tree, or behind a barn, or crouched down behind a car. But it's not the same unless it's done in a dusty road or on blacktop so hot it sizzles. Now, I know all those stories about getting a sty on your eye, but admit it, if you're country, you've peed in the road. Girl or boy, you've done the evil deed and probably worried for several weeks about when you were going to get your sty. And those kids that got the sty were teased and told, "you shouldn't have peed in the road."

Now, my friend and neighbor Kenny Tuttle knows about such things. He was going home one night and topped a little hill, and there they were. Yep, six of them, three boys and three girls, all peeing in the road. Now those kids were country. The girls, they knew they were country and were peeing in the road, but the three boys were embarrassed about it. They jumped into their car and took off down the road, leaving behind those three country girls who couldn't get their clothes up in time.

Once when I was a kid we were playing hide and seek at my uncle's house. I decided I was going to hide in the chicken house. But when I opened the door there was one of my girl cousins, peeing in the chicken house. She screamed and ran out the door while trying to pull her clothes up. I thought we were playing hide and seek, not hide and pee. Anyhow, I peed in the chicken house, too, and then waited for someone to try to find me.

A few years back we were driving through West Virginia with two pre-teen girls from Virginia Beach, Virginia. We took one of those shortcuts for which

I am famously cursed. Of course we could have driven north and then east to reach our destination. But I like to try to travel in a straight line "as the crow flies," and on the map those little rural roads looked like they connected in a nearly straight line. However, once you leave the interstate, you leave any chance of seeing a rest area, a restaurant or even a convenience store with a rest room. It didn't take us long to realize that maybe we had even left civilization.

We had driven for quite a distance, and for some time we hadn't even seen a house; just a mailbox here and there. We saw a gate with a sign that said, "Don't even think of crossing this field unless you can do it in 6.8 seconds? The bull can do it in 7!" We decided not to stop there.

We were all needing to use a rest room but most of us could wait. However, one of the little girls got to needing to stop in a bad way. We finally came upon a little tiny country store in the middle of nowhere. We asked the guy if he had a rest room. He said he didn't have one. I looked around and there were trees as far as you could see. I understood why he didn't have a rest room.

We finally decided that the girl had to go behind a tree. So, I stopped in a secluded area with lots of trees and we told her that we would wait for her. She wouldn't go. She had decided she would rather die than go behind a tree. Now, that's one dedicated city girl!

So, we continued on up the road for several more miles until we came upon a house where a

store was operated out of a side room of a house. I went inside and asked the lady, "Have you got a rest room? There's a little girl out there that needs to go really bad." She said, "I don't have one in the store, but I've got one at my house." I said something like, "Are you sure?" Because I knew a girl that wouldn't go behind a tree wouldn't use an outdoor toilet, either." But, sure enough, the lady took the little girl to her house where she used the rest room. The rest of us needed to go really badly, too, but we weren't going to impose upon the lady any more.

Eventually, after about three hours of driving, we came upon a little town with a chain fast food joint where we used the rest room and planned to buy lunch. We were hungry, but by that time, the rest of us would have paid a motel bill just to use a rest room.

We all slipped into our respective rest rooms before trying to order food. I finished doing my business and was washing and drying my hands when I noticed that the door to the single, occupied stall swung wide. Out steps the restaurant's cook, complete with apron, who exits straight across the narrow hallway to the kitchen where he goes back to work without even a thought of washing his hands. I rushed to the front where the rest of my party was waiting in line to order and told a friend who was with us, "Bonnie, we don't want to eat here," as I pointed out the cook and explained that he had used the rest room without washing his hands. No wonder colds and viruses spread so quickly.

## SNAP has increased for April & May

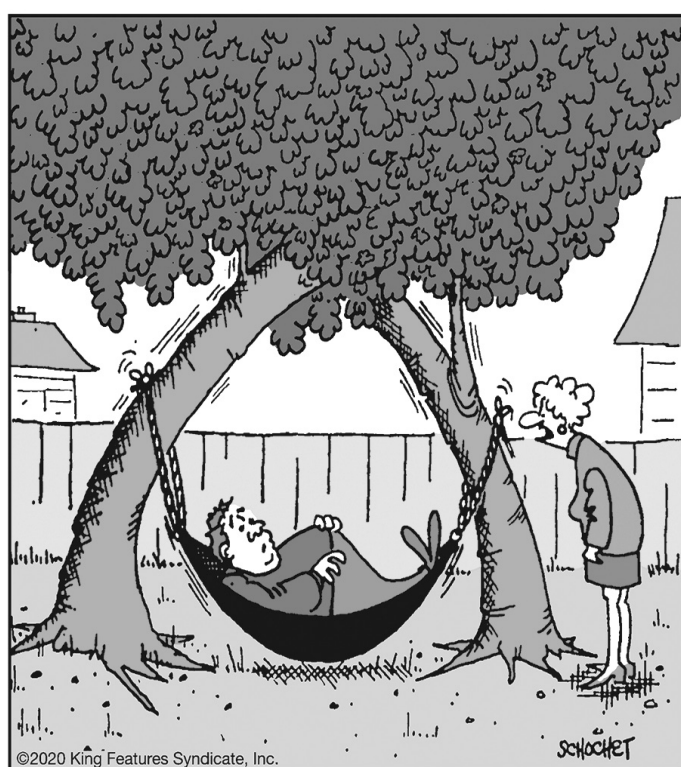
In an attempt to counteract the devastating effects of the coronavirus pandemic, Kentucky has recently announced some important changes to the SNAP Program. The Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program (SNAP) is a federally funded food assistance program that provides vital nutritional support to people all across the United States.

Kentucky recently received an emergency allotment waiver. This means that for the months of April and May every recipient of SNAP benefits in Kentucky will receive the maximum allotment. Currently that allotment is \$194/month for a single person, \$355/month for a couple or \$646/month for a family of four! Many people who were ineligible for SNAP benefits before, may find that reduced hours, job loss or other circumstances make them newly eligible. Apply soon so that you can benefit from the allotment waiver and get the maximum benefit amount! If you are aged 60+ or a Medicare

beneficiary, you can call our program to assist you with this application and others! If you do not meet these eligibility criteria, you can apply by contacting your local DCBS office at 1-855-306-8959.

As the coronavirus (COVID-19) response evolves, many changes have and will take place on a federal, state and local level regarding public benefits. For questions and updates on how you and your benefits are affected, call the Medicare SHIP Program. Your local SHIP Program is funded to help you connect with money-saving benefits that those on Medicare are entitled to receive - such as extra help and the Medicare Savings Program! SHIP is NOT an insurance company and does not sell insurance. If you or a loved one has been affected by COVID-19, call the SHIP Program for community resources that may help. For a free benefits checkup, call our Benefits Enrollment Center at 1-866-516-3051 or visit us online at: <https://lablaw.org/benefits-enrollment-center>.

### LAFF - A - DAY



"Don't you think it's time you started thinking about a diet?"

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