

GENERAL NEWS

Heaven Is A Lot Like Kentucky

PLAYING IN THE DIRT AND TAKING THREE ON A RAISE

There's nothing like good old Kentucky dirt. I played in it as a child.

That was back before the computer age, back when country boys like me didn't have any fancy toys.

Dirt wasn't as hard to get out as blood. Sometimes the blood on my clothes was my own. Sometimes it belonged to others.

By the way, like many of the youngsters of my day, and a diminishing few today, all my clothes were work clothes.

I was an outside kid. I played outside. I worked outside. I hunted and fished outside, which was a little like playing and a little like working.

Well, actually, I mostly helped dad with the hunting and fishing part. I was more work than play because there wasn't any tillingyragging around, even on a fishing trip.

It wasn't about relaxing and enjoying the beautiful scenery. It was all about catching fish.

We relaxed when dad said we had caught enough fish. To my knowledge, in all of the years I never fishing with him, we never once caught enough fish for him to actually relax.

I've never heard of anyone catching more fish than my father, either. I'm not saying it didn't happen, just that I never heard about it. And he was a very low-

tech kind of a fisherman. He didn't need any fancy depth finders or space-age technology.

It was the same way with baseball. He didn't go to the ball field to support a losing team.

The Depression had hardened him as a child and the resourcefulness he learned during that hard time shaped his intensity.

Korea did little to soften it. And thus the woods and streams yielded food for his family for seven decades after his normal workday ended.

He was the master of the trapline, and the pig pole. A broken pitchfork became a fag for river use. A piece of discarded woven wire became a fish trap.

A broken mop handle, a piece of wire and a hook, were used to make a trap. A broken fish trap, a piece of wire and a hook, were used to make a trap.

Dad told me he caught 36 mink one winter using deadfalls as a young boy in the Depression. Their pelts financed many a meal throughout his life.

With a shotgun or rifle, he was again, unequalled. I once saw him shoot three quail with three separate shots on a single covey raise.

The image is always one of the first I see each time I think of him now that he is gone and no longer haunts the woods and streams, except in my dreams and memories.

He shot, ran about five feet toward where the covey was raising, while pumping another shell into the chamber of that deadly Browning 12-gauge pump of his, before freezing and sighting at another quail on the raise, dropping it with a shot and then repeating the cycle one more time.

All in the space of less than four seconds. I just stood there with my single shot 20-gauge down by my side, my mouth opened wide in astonishment. I've never seen anything like it before or since, and I've been around the block a time or two.

"They call that," taking three on the raise, "boy" he said as he reloaded, and I was a home-maker and a member of the Paris Christian Chapel.

She loved to sew and embroider. Survivors include one son, Buddy Allen Berryman, Paris, two daughters, Carolyn Ann O'Neal, Paris and Colleen Gay Walton, Carlisle; one sister, Rozella

her son's Chris's tobacco patch.

Later that same year, during a high stakes poker game I was privy to watching in the back of a pickup truck with a camper shell, which was parked in a cemetery below Sunnyside Country Store, I saw him win a large pot while playing five-card draw.

He had called on a raise before asking for three cards. He later won the hand. That's also called "taking three on a raise, boy" he said with a familiar wink and nod toward me as he pocketed the wad of dollars he collected from the pot.

I thought of these and other memories the other night as I watched some children playing at the Nicholas County Fair grounds while the demolition derby progressed throughout the evening. The children were playing in the dirt around the demolition derby pit, and from my occasional glances I would say they all had a pretty big time.

There's nothing like good old Kentucky dirt. I played in it a lot, myself as a child

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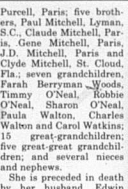
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OBITUARIES



Pauline Mitchell Berryman 1927-2007

Pauline Mitchell Berryman, 80, Paris, died Monday, Aug. 20, 2007 at Johnson Mathers Health Care Center.



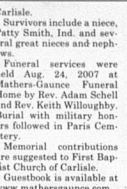
Oliver Lewis Carbert 1915-2007

Oliver Lewis Carbert, 91, husband of Ethel Louise Puckett Carbert, died Wednesday, Aug. 22, 2007 at Johnson Mathers Nursing Home.



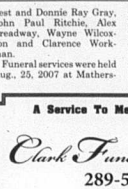
Houston Watkins 1925-2007

Houston Watkins, 82, widower of Jeannette Jefferson Watkins, died Thursday, Aug. 23, 2007 at Johnson Mathers Nursing Home.



Ben Glass 8/31/24 - 3/15/05

Survivors include four sons, Billy Wayne Watkins, Cowan, Jerry and Davie Watkins, Carlisle and Jimmy Lee Watkins, Millersburg. Three brothers, Sanford, Foster and Melvin Watkins, Carlisle; three sisters, Bonnie Myers, Billie Gray and Patty Jefferson, Carlisle; nine grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.



Gaudine Funeral Home

Survivors include a niece, Patty Smith, and several great nieces and nephews.



Clark Funeral Home

Survivors include a niece, Patty Smith, and several great nieces and nephews.

Mercury Memories. A blue ribbon in the Angus Main pound class at the state fair with a 934-pound steer.

Today's Weather Local 5-Day Forecast. Table with columns for dates (8/29, 8/30, 8/31, 9/1, 9/2) and weather conditions.

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Kentucky At A Glance. Map of Kentucky with city callouts. Area Cities table with columns for City, Hi, Lo, Cond, City, Hi, Lo, Cond, City, Hi, Lo, Cond. National Cities table with columns for City, Hi, Lo, Cond, City, Hi, Lo, Cond, City, Hi, Lo, Cond. Moon Phases and UV Index.

Bourbon Drive-In. August 31, Sept. 1 and 2. Underdog. The Invasion. TENTH FRAME CINEMA. BALLS OF FURY. NOW PROMOUNCE YOU CHUCK & LARRY. HALLOWEEN. RUSH HOUR 3. COSMIC BOWLING.

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