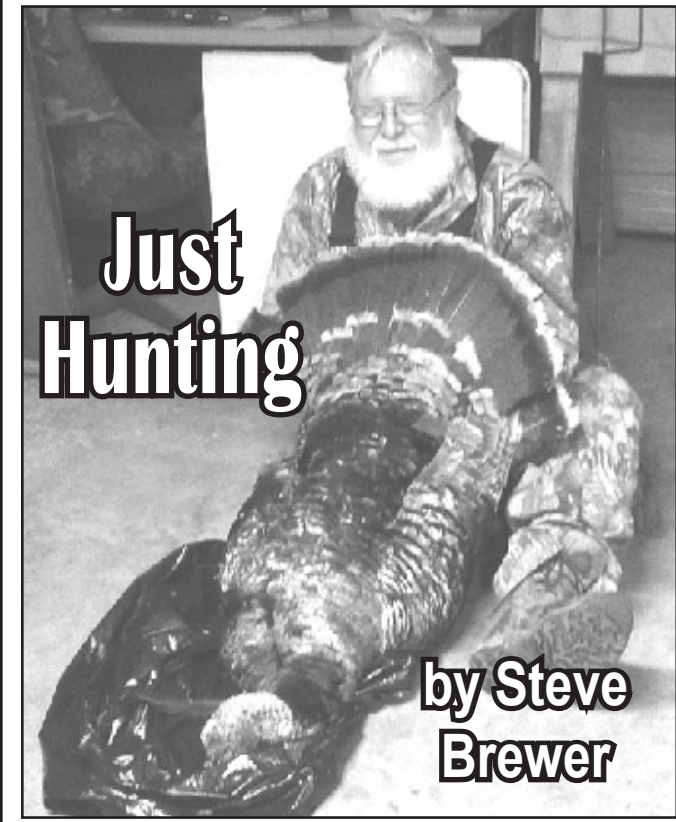


# Remember, gobbling is a bonus



I hate doing this, but it happens in life. I need to backtrack something I wrote a couple weeks ago, in Just Hunting. I told you of the people that would be hunting with me from this county, in Kansas, and a former resident of this county, who now lives in Michigan. Well, all I want and need is the truth, from anyone. The truth is hard to get these days from many people. I really thought long and hard about publishing their names, but did; not because I was worried as much about my friend that use to live here as I was about the one that still does. He has done that to me before, but he was the one that said he wanted to go, so I took it as the truth. The one that moved from here is still heading west with me, the other not so much. I apologize to my readers, and The Estill County Tribune, for writing a non-truth. To my readers, please tell the truth, it is always better.

Now to this week's worthless information on how to kill yourself a nice gobbler. Kentucky spring turkey season with a shotgun opens on April 17th and closes on May 9th. We have gone

over just what a turkey is doing during this period. Remember this for turkey hunters is what the rut is for the whitetail hunter, the "Peak" of your hunt. We are lucky in Kentucky that our season always runs during this period.

To hunt, most types of calls will work, use your favorite. Get close to the gobbler, on the same level, and fire him up using yelps, purrs, clucks, and cuts. Then wait him out with occasional soft yelps on a push-pull call, or a 2 or 3 reed mouth call. Listen intently for strutting.

Remember gobbling is a bonus. Most gobblers strut and drum up their hens. From mid-morning to mid-afternoon, gobblers will respond well to shock calls such as crow calls or cutting calls. When a hen leaves her nest, cutting is how she finds gobblers, then goes to them. He remembers this then responds. Once he responds to your call, set up quickly and get ready. Lonesome hen calls will work well for the transition. Gobblers become territorial and move less. Odds are great if you hear a gobbler from 9am 'till 2pm he will come to you. Good luck.

You can email Steve Brewer at <Steve@EstillTribune.com> and message is automatically forwarded.

# Mom broke my Dad's gun like a slender dead sapling from the woods

by the late Nora McIntosh Helton  
from her book, "Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow"

Nora tells the story of how her daddy, James "Jimmie Runt" McIntosh's prized rifle came to be welded.

The rifle of James Richard "Jimmie" McIntosh that he had for such a long time, has quite a reputation as guns go and many stories behind it.

Jimmie slaughtered many domestic animals with this gun as well as wild game, snakes, and varmints.

The children, family, friends, neighbors, and also strangers, would come from far and near to get his assistance at hog killing time. This was more usually from Thanksgiving time on to Christmas.

He was called on for the killing of goats, beeves and sheep; we almost always had a meal or two of meat at these times, for most generally, the folks that he did this for would pay him for his services in meat. Very seldom was he ever paid in cash.

He not only killed the animals, but he would skin them and cut them up for the family.

Sometimes his services included stretching the skin of a sheep, goat or beef and tacking it to the smoke house or barn wall for drying to be later used for chair bottoming or otherwise.

Nothing was wasted but put to some good use in one way or the other.

The rifle has a welded place just behind the double hammers on top of the gun. This is where Jimmie's wife, Rosa, broke it over her knee after Jimmie had shot in a porch post close to where she was sitting on the porch bannisters. I do not remember for sure if he did it purposely or if it was an accident. But, Mom was up so quick he didn't know what was going on until

she took the gun from him, raised her knee and broke the rifle half in two, just like a slender dead sapling from the woods.

The next dad, Rose gave her husband a dollar to get his gun welded back, and it (the weld) is still there today. The gun shoots as good as ever.

My dad was drinking some of that Kentucky moonshine at the time, he and a friend, John Abney, were pretty well teed up that afternoon.

That day has been approximately fifty or fifty-five years ago, in 1984, and the welding is still there. The rifle shoots as true as ever.

Dad was good with a rifle where many of us couldn't do that with a shotgun.

A dozen squirrels may sound like a lot of squirrels, but not to a family of hungry children to feed.

He only killed what we had need of, there was never any wasted. We had fried squirrel and gravy -- or boiled squirrel and meal gravy or broth. Sometimes there was squirrel and dumplings.

Anyway, it was all good and there was no season on these edible animals in the woods.

Dad enjoyed his gun up until close to his death, and he gave it to me. He could still shoot it -- and bring two little screech owls down from their perch high in the sycamore tree over his home on Kirkland Avenue in Irvine, at the age of eighty-five (85). He died in about a year, May 3, 1967.

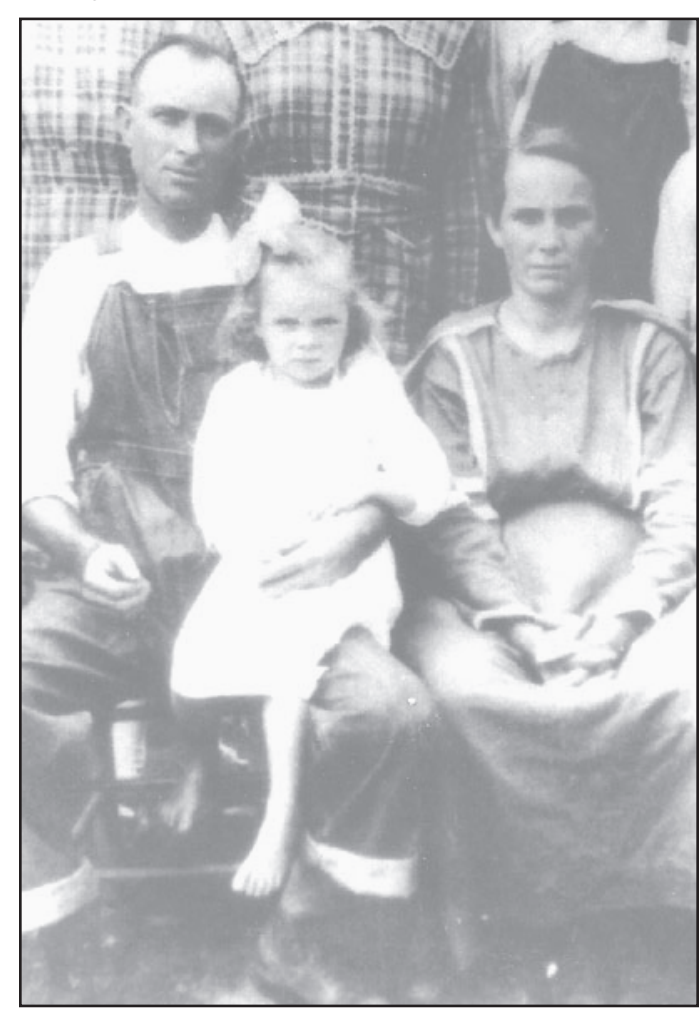
It was getting dusky dark and these little fellows kept on screeching; so he got the rifle and shot them both out of the top of that tall tree and it almost dark.

He had sold different items that had belonged to him and mom down through the years; she had been dead for five or six years now (approx, 1965). I thought he might take a notion to sell it (the rifle) also. I asked

him if he would sell it and if so, I would buy it. He told me that he would not sell it for NO amount of money.

He then got up from where he was sitting and got the rifle and handed it to me, saying, "I wouldn't sell that gun for no amount, but I'll give it to you."

And he did -- and I would not take any amount of money for it either.



Jimmie McIntosh and wife Rosa Puckett McIntosh

# Mothers Day letter is discovered nearly 23 years after it was written

by TRACY RANDALL PATRICK

We usually haven't written personal things about our close family although I did write a full page several years ago about my father, Tracy Patrick, and his time served in the United States Army in Southeast Asia during World War II.

However, next Monday, April 12th will our mother's birthday. Irene McIntosh Patrick would have been 95 years old as she was born in 1926. She died July 25, 1998, but sometime before she died, she had written a very special letter. We had kept a lot of her things over the years, but just last week, I ran upon a letter she had written about her mother and her family that I had never seen before.

My mother is the oldest child of Floyd and Mary Profitt McIntosh who raised their family at "Union Hall," which is now referred to as Furnace Junction. Some time after our mother was born, our grandparents had two more children, both boys, Lyle and Amos.

Lyle was born September 5, 1927 but he died of flu and pneumonia on January 3, 1929. Five months later, my grandmother gave birth to another son, Amos, on May 31st, but he too died after only five days on June 5th.

It was a sad time for them, having lost two of their three children within only five months. They had another child, a daughter, Vivian, who was born the next year. Then, they later had seven more, and including our mother and Vivian, had nine children reach adulthood.

But the two lost were never forgotten by Floyd and Mary. At some time he poured concrete headstones for them and placed them in the Crowe Cemetery.

Our mother, Irene, too, never forgot the two brothers she lost. She had a great knowledge of her ancestors and when she had a family of her own, she made sure that her six children remembered the names of

her two brothers that she had lost, Lyle and Amos.

Irene often tried to do things for all of her family. She loved all of her brothers and sisters and deeply mourned for those two younger ones lost and two more brothers that went on before her. She was very close to both her mother, Mary, and her father, Floyd, who ran a country grocery store and was an expert at crocheting and sewing.

Maybe it was near the time of Mothers Day or her mom's birthday that prompted Irene to write this letter which was just discovered:

**My Mother,**

*The prettiest, sweetest thing, I've seen in this world. Thanks, Dear God Above, for giving me my mother.*

*Mother was always giving or making me something. When I started to school, she bought five yards of material, made me five new dresses. She wanted me to have a clean dress every day.*

*Just before I started to school, she gave me a beautiful baby sister, Vivian. I don't think I've ever seen a prettier baby. I was proud of that baby so Mom wouldn't have to stay by herself when I went to school.*

*After that, she gave me lots of brothers and sisters. They were all nice -- and beautiful. I thank the Good Lord for all of them.*

*When I grew up and got married, she gave me her blessings and her knowledge for raising my family. She told us fast that "our" children didn't belong to us. They were just loaned to us by the Heavenly Father. So, anything borrowed should be treated good and with respect.*

*So, Thanks, Dear Father, for my Precious Mother, and all my precious children on Mothers Day.*

Irene McIntosh Patrick



Irene McIntosh (Patrick), born April 12, 1926, the daughter of Floyd and Mary Caroline Profitt McIntosh, and her uncle, Oscar Profitt, brother to Mary, born November 28, 1928, the son of James and Elizabeth "Betsy" Crowe Profitt. Irene married Tracy Patrick and she died on July 25, 1998. Oscar married Flora McCoy and died January 2, 1994