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Pamela Bruce

Editors: Their names have been withheld to protect their innocence!

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

If it were not for my husband, Billy, his dream of returning to Alaska, and his many "Northroader" and "Redneck" ways, I never would have had the opportunity to write this book. You and I know true love.

Then of course, if it wasn't for the many "Northroader" friends we've made in Alaska and on our journeys to and from Alaska, along with our many "Redneck" friends in Missouri, I wouldn't have had so many funny things to contribute.

I thank the seven "yours mine and ours" bunch, their seven spouses, fourteen and a half grandchildren, and four great grandchildren. I can't refer to them as "Northroaders" or "Rednecks", because they have

become successful city folks. I love you.

I must say that Scott and Jeremy have been my inspiration since the day they were born. Thanks.

*True friends gather your many pieces and give them back to you in the right order.*

*~Author unknown~*

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## KINDRED SOULS

During the summer of 2002, while visiting an American Legion Bar in Homer, Alaska, (*the east end of the road*) my husband Billy and I were drinking a beer and sharing stories with the locals when we casually mentioned we were going to be Campground Hosts at Captain Cook State Recreation Area for the summer. Everyone in the bar that heard me make that comment, slowly backed away from my husband and I, got the most feared looks on their faces and said, "You're going up there where the Northroaders are?" Well needless to say, in unison, my husband and I said, "What the heck is a Northroader?" And all together with pointing fingers shaking in our faces

they replied, "Northroaders are rough and scary people. They take the law into their own hands. They are "Blue Tarp" and "Duct Tape" people." We smiled and said, "Ahh heck. We'll get along just fine because we're from Missouri. Which means we must share the kindred soul feeling of the many uses of blue tarps and duct tape. We're Rednecks!"

So there ya go. It's now common knowledge we've come to find out that "Northroaders" and "Rednecks" share the same passions.

Consider for a moment, a "Northroader" has to go outside to get a beer out of the fridge. So do "Rednecks"! Turning off on a gravel road is always included in directions to a "Northroaders" house. Same goes for a "Redneck". Fewer than half of a

"Northroaders" vehicles run. How many "Rednecks" have a yard filled with non-working vehicles?

"Northroaders" burn their front yards instead of raking leaves. This one is a little bit different for "Rednecks". A "Redneck" just doesn't mow. Most all electric outlets in a "Northroaders" house are electrical hazards. "Rednecks" have wires in odd places as well. "Northroaders" don't rent storage bins. They use the non-working vehicles in their front yard to store extra belongings. Same goes for "Rednecks". "Northroaders" have at least one broken window replaced with a huge hefty trash bag and duct tape. "Rednecks" just leave everything exposed.

Most "Northroader" family recipes are illegal. You never know

what a "Redneck is cooking up! A "Northroader doesn't dare have a mailbox because they can't see through the trees to shoot the bear to get to the mailbox! A "Redneck can't see through the trees to shoot the neighbors dog! A "Northroader" washing machine is located outside next to the water well house. They don't own dryers. Instead they have clothes lines strung between Spruce trees and above it all...A big blue tarp. "Rednecks wash things out by hand because all of their washing machines are broken and tossed in their front yards. Both "Northroaders" and "Rednecks" have parked travel trailers with add-on wafer board room additions. They both also have duct tape stuck on the backside of their

jeans. This is due to the rip in the seat of their working vehicles.

A "Northroader" shoots Moose from the back porch. A "Redneck" shoots deer. Both have given the deeds to their land to their taxidermist. Neither has to deal with law enforcement. They both have a way of taking care of their own.

Rumor has it the name "Redneck" got it's beginning from Appalachian Hillbillies. According to *Western Folklore, (Red Necks and Red Bandanas: Appalachian Coal Miners and the Coloring of Union Identity, 1912-1936 Western Folklore, Winter 2006 by Huber, Patrick), "They shot one of those Bolsheviks up in Knox County this morning. Harry Sims his name was... That deputy knew his business.*

*He didn't give the redneck a chance to talk; he just plugged him in the stomach. We need some shooting like that down here in Pineville." So Malcolm Cowley, writing in The New Republic in 1932, recounted a local coal operator's response to the murder of a nineteen-year-old Young Communist League union organizer in eastern Kentucky (1932:70). The contempt and ruthlessness in this comment will scarcely surprise readers familiar with the history of the violent, bloody suppression of the American labor movement, but seeing the pejorative terms Bolshevik and redneck used interchangeably may. For more than a century, the epithet redneck has chiefly denigrated rural poor white southerners, especially those who hold conservative,*