



W.R. Benton grew up in the Missouri Ozark Mountains and speaks broken Yankee, some English, and fluent Southern. Yes, his voice has a southern "twang" and he is proud of his southern heritage.

In his youth he worked as a domestic engineer (two brothers and two sisters), a pig slopper, a wild life procurement specialist (when he was hungry), a roofer (until he fell off the roof after two hours on the job), a cook (no comment), a goat milker (one cold morning), midwife to a couple of cows, a dishwasher, and finally a member of the United States military.



Have you ever wondered how true Southerners live? Have you ever thought much about how they see life and how they react to the different things that happen every day to each of us? Take look at Dixie Land as few folks ever see it, as it really is! See it through the eyes of award winning Writer, Cartoonist, and Southern Humorist, Gary L. Benton. Visit Bubba Lee, Maude, Nadine Lucille, Bobby Dale, Willie Eugene and the rest of the 'Possum Holler gang as they face life as Rednecks, which puts them in the mentally challenged category of life.



"Bubba Lee" is one of the funniest good ol' boys to ever write humor. His back slapping characters will keep you in stitches with their stories, fibs, and just plain lies. His book is better for what ails you than a cup of sassafras tea.

— Sheila Moss - Humor Columnist,  
<http://www.humorcolumnist.com>

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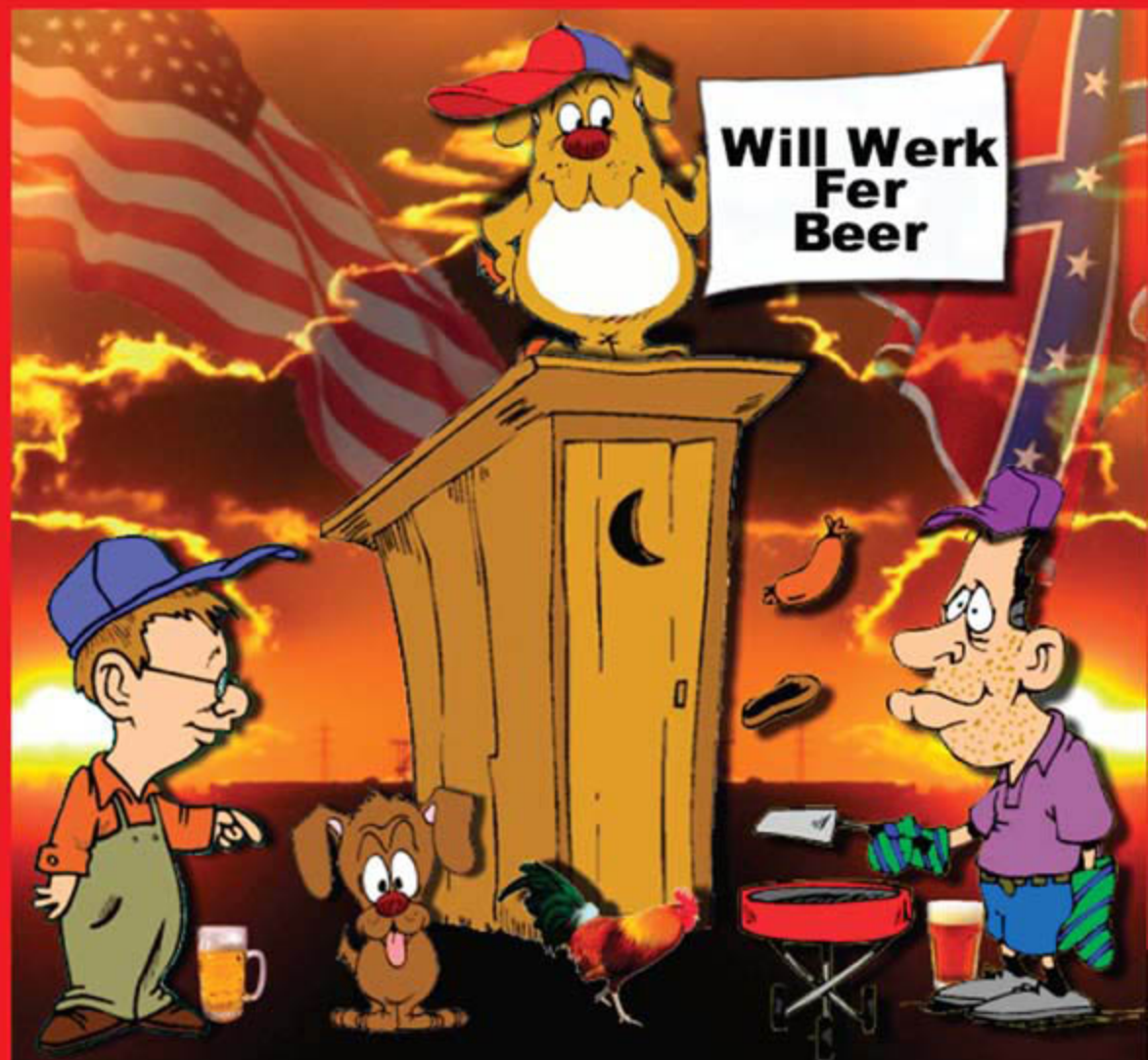
Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck



W.R. Benton

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by

W.R. Benton

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# Praises for Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck

"Gary "Bubba Lee" is one of the funniest good ol' boys to ever write humor. His back slapping characters will keep you in stitches with their stories, fibs, and just plain lies. His book is better for what ails you than a cup of sassafras tea."

**Sheila Moss - Humor Columnist**

*<http://www.humorcolumnist.com>*

"If you are not a redneck, buy this book and become edified. If you are a redneck, buy this book and be proud that someone has written YOUR biography (with appropriate name changes to protect the guilty and innocent)."

**Ben Baker, redneck, author, dad, evangelist**

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"Well, I have to say, I've rarely come across a title so fetching and the content made me think I was completely kin to these folks. Mercy, redneck dogs must be a Southern tradition and this funny writer is one to enjoy. He needs to be writing sit-coms for Hollywood."

**Susan Reinhardt**

*"Not Tonight Honey Wait Til I'm a Size 6."*

*<http://www.susanreinhardt.com>*

"Bubba Lee owns the Elvis of Southern dogs. Y'all gotta read this book, it takes redneckism to PhD levels and beyond!"

**Ed Williams**

*<http://www.ed-williams.com>*

"Gary Lee is funnier than a visiting Yankee using an old outhouse for the first time in their life! His humor is right out of the hills and from the deep South."

**Edna Benton**

*Gary Lee's Momma*

*This book is dedicated to Joann, who has always stood by me and assisted me during my writing. She knows writing a book is never easy and I have written several. Y'all know living with a redneck can't be easy, but she does it well.*

*I would also like to thank my mother, Edna Benton, for motivating me as a young man to reach for my highest dreams and for reminding me to always wear clean underwear. And, of course, to my family back in the hills of the Missouri Ozark Mountains for turning me into the redneck I am today.*

*And, finally to all the members of our Armed Forces, both past and present, with the deepest respect I salute you. As a twenty-six year active duty member now retired, I personally know your tasks are always difficult.*

# Acknowledgements

I wish to thank the members of my family and close friends who have attempted to bribe me not to write this book. While the bribes were small, they did keep me in chewing tobacco, cola's, and Moon Pies. Also, I have to give a special thanks to my grandfather, who taught me not only how to live as one with nature, but how to wear my camouflage bib-overalls the right way (with the left strap a-hangin').

It is impossible for me to name everyone who has assisted me in preparing this book and if you go unlisted, you are most likely forgotten. Then again, after seeing this book, perhaps you'd prefer to be forgotten.

Any errors in this book are mine alone, because nobody would help me write this thing. So, I guess you could say I'm solely responsible, but I have a solid reason . . . my dawg can't type very well.

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# Foreword

Redneck is not just geography as many of us in the South would dearly love to believe. Redneck is attitude. From a buck in the bathtub to the assembly of a bicycle and cats under the hood, Redneck is a way of speaking, walking, talking and most importantly, approaching life.

It's this approach to life that Gary Benton captures in his book *Bubba's Dawg (Might be a Redneck)*. If you are a redneck, you'll see yourself in these pages - whether you'll admit it or not. If you know a redneck, you'll see that person in these pages. If you are not a redneck or do not know one, then consider this book as a warning, instruction guide and primer on how to deal with a redneck should you encounter one - hint, bring beer.

The world should thank Gary Benton for putting on paper the world of the redneck. It's not likely this book will be used as a college textbook for an anthropology course on Rednecks, but that's the over-educated liberal elitist university system's loss and our gain. If you are not a redneck, buy this book and become edified. If you are a redneck, buy this book and be proud that someone has written YOUR biography (with appropriate name changes to protect the guilty and innocent).

*Ben Baker, redneck, author, dad, evangelist  
doseodrive1-subscribe@yahoo.com*

## The Sweepstakes



Bubba was sitting on the front porch of his mobile home when I drove up in my old pick-em-up. He didn't get out of his aged rocking chair as I parked and made my way to the porch. As soon as I had stepped out of the truck I was surrounded by a pack of barking mixed breed dogs. It sounded like they had something treed as I cautiously stepped up on the first step. It let out a slight snapping sound as my weight distributed evenly on the step.

"Howdy Bubba. What is going on here? Carol Lynn told me y'all called and wanted to see me. She said is sounded like one of them emergencies and I need to hurry on over here."

"Gury, would ya like a cup of coffee, glass of ice tea, cola, or a cold beer?"

"Coffee would be great Bubba, since it's about eight in the mornin'."

"Maude! Maude!" Bubba yelled into the air.

"Yea, Bubba?" I heard Maude's voice answer from somewhere inside the mobile home.

"Gury's out heah, can y'all brang him a cup of coffee? Please?"

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"Sure, I'll be right out!"

"So, Bubba, what is so important you needed to talk to me about?" I asked and knowing Bubba, it was something strange. It always was.

"Well, I got me an idea on how to make a bundle of money. I need a partner and you were the first person I thought of." As soon as he had spoken, he gave me a crooked grin, leaned over the railing on his porch, and sent a brown stream of tobacco juice onto the head of a sleep beagle.

*Watch out*, I thought as soon as I heard Bubba's comments, *there's more to this*.

The door opened and out came Maude with a cup of coffee in each hand. Like many Southerners, the coffee cups were sitting on plain white saucers. She handed one to me and one to Bubba, and then she said, "Did ya tell em yet, Bubba Lee?"

"Hill far woman, I ain't had time to say much of nothing yet. You know when men talk business we have to feel the other feller out a bit first. Ya don't just jump right in and start asking questions and demanding answers."

"Sorry, Bubba, I'll leave this here business talk to you fellers. I have some ironing to do anyways." Maude had a silly grin on her face as she turned and made her way back into the mobile home.

"So, Bubba, what is this business you are thinking about?" While I was speaking I leaned forward with both elbows on my thighs, coffee cup in my right hand, and my left hand was holding the saucer. I made eye contact with him to show he had my full attention.

Bubba looked me straight in the eyes, took a sip of his coffee and then screamed like an insane man, "Maude! Maude! Y'all get back out heah! We *NEED* to talk."

Instantly the door swung open and Maude stood in the doorway with her eyes wide and her mouth open. Bubba, took his cup of coffee in his right hand, extended it over the porch railing and dumped it all. I silently hoped the beagle had gone elsewhere's by now.

## Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck

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"Maude, this is *instant* coffee! I can't stand that garbage! I think *instant* coffee is right up there with *instant* grits!"

"Bubba, sweetheart, we are out of fresh ground coffee and all I had was the instant. I told you three days ago that you need to go to the store for us and pick up a few things." As soon as she had stated her view, she turned and went back into the mobile home.

Bubba raised his large behind from the chair, reached back, and pulled a pouch of tobacco from his right rear pocket. Opening the pouch, he took a large wad and placed it in his mouth. He then handed the pouch to me.

I took a wad of the damp dark tobacco and placed it in my right cheek. As I worked the cud, Bubba started speaking again, "Anywho, I got me an idea on a business from watching some feller on the television. Seems he grows rabbits and sells em to the stores and such. He has made millions of dollars off of rabbits. Heck far, he even sells the skins to them coat making companies and such. I figured if he can do it, so can me and you. What you say, you in with me on this thing?"

"Bubba, it is the "*such*" I worry about. We can't just go off half cocked and start us a rabbit breeding farm." I was feeling a bit uneasy about the ease Bubba approached any business. He liked to just jump right in and start kicking.

"Look, Gury, me and you are the best rabbit hunters round here, and you *KNOW* that. How hard would it be for us to set out some rabbit gums and catch a few? Then, we put them in cages and they just have litters. Nothing to it at all."

"Bubba, we don't have living cages, we don't have rabbit food, and we don't have a vet to give em shots and check em out for us." I leaned over and made a deposit of brown tobacco juice in the dirt near the porch.

"We can build the cages, feed the rabbit's carrots and tater peeling's, and why do they need shots and checkups for? We are going to sell 'em for eating, not take 'em to a rabbit show." As he spoke, I watch him scratch where it itched.

## Gary "Bubba Lee" Benton

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"Bubba, any food has to be checked for diseases and such. We can't just sell the meat. Besides, we ain't even got a freezer to store the processed meat in. This ain't going to work at all Bubba." I leaned back in my chair and worked my chew to the other side.

"Me and you were raised eatin' wild rabbits and squirrels. You mean to tell me, they have to be inspected before we can sell em? Shoot, wild food is the healthiest food out there for man, woman, or beast."

"Bubba, I ain't real sure, but I think we have to have cleanliness inspections, medical inspections on the critters, a business license, tax things done, and some other details done before we can go into that kind of work."

"Hogwash. We will just set it all up and go right into business. That was how this great country of ours got started. This free enterprise is what it's all about! That's why them pilgrim folks came heah to start with."

Just as I was about to confront him with the real reason the pilgrims landed in America, I was saved by the mail carrier. I grinned as I saw the small box shaped truck pull up to Bubba's mailbox, because I have always thought the trucks looked stupid. Bubba and I watched the mail carrier fight to open the door to the old rusty mailbox. Finally I saw him slide some mail inside. He then closed the door to the mailbox, put the truck in gear, and pattered on down the road to the next neighbor.

"Maude, the mail is heah! I'll go a get it for ya." I jumped a bit as Bubba yelled to his wife. Just once, just once, I wished he would talk in a normal tone to someone instead of screaming all the time.

We both got up and made our way to the mailbox. I noticed grass was about a foot tall under the box, the area was littered with rocks of various sizes, and there were two empty beers cans in the grass. Bubba slowly opened the door to the container and pulled the mail out. I saw he had five pieces of mail.

As he sorted them in his dirty hands he spoke, more to himself than me as he said, "Junk mail, electric bill, insurance bill, flyer from the hardware store, and...oh, my, what is this one?"

## Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck

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I looked at the envelope he had in his hand. One the front it stated, very clearly in red ink, "You have already won \$10,000,000.00!" I knew the company, Publishers Clearing Barn, and knew it was junk mail, but Bubba stood there in total shock. For many long minutes he didn't speak.

"Gury! I done won ten million dollars! Gury! Gury Lee! I am a rich man! Now I can get a new doublewide mobile home, a new 150 pick-em-up truck, and take Maude on a vacation to the Animal Kingdom Campgrounds! I am *RICH!*" Bubba did a little jig dance as he screamed.

I waited for the screaming and dancing to stop before I said, "Bubba, you didn't win a thing. It is all a trick to get you to buy magazines."

"Horse feathers! See, right heah hit says, 'You have already won ten million dollars!' *I ALREADY WON IT SON!*"

"Bubba read the rest of the papers and it will state, somewhere in there in small print, *if you are see-lected as our grand prize winner.*" I let loose a stream of tobacco juice as soon as I had spoken. I thought he looked like a fool.

"Gury, you just ain't got any faith in your feller man. *IT SAYS I WON THE MONEY!* Let me open this thing up and show ya!" Bubba tore into the envelope, moved the contents around a bit, and then screamed once more, "Dang! Dang! Looky heah, I even got me a check for ten million dollars! Maude! Maude! *We are rich girl!*"

Before I could respond, Bubba tore off for the mobile home. I watched as he ran up the steps of the porch, and flung the door open so he could enter at full speed. I knew that further conversation with Bubba was over for the day. I put my hands in my pockets and made my way to my truck. It was people like Bubba, Maude, and my old momma that gave that publishin' company their business. No, most likely, Bubba would order a bunch of magazines he would never read. As I got into my truck, I realized in his way of thinking, he thought had to money to pay for the reading material, after all, didn't he just win ten million dollars.

I started up my truck and went home.

## Gary "Bubba Lee" Benton

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Four mornings later, I was at Bubba's at about nine. As soon as I pulled up into his driveway I saw him and Maude sitting out on the front porch. I made my way to the porch and took a seat on the top step.

"Well, Gury, you were right. That check twernt no good at all." As Bubba spoke, I knew how much it hurt him to admit defeat. He is a proud man, like most rednecks.

"Bubba, did you finally read the small print after I left?"

Bubba didn't speak for five long minutes and finally Maude said, "No, he didn't read a dang thing. He took the check down to the Flat River County Bank. The idiot thought they'd just hand over ten million dollars in cash. The feller down there said the check wasn't...wasn't...how did he put it Bubba?" Maude looked over at Bubba with corn-fused eyes.

"He said it was non-nee-go-she-ble. He said it was one of them fax-sim-a-lee's and not a real check. He showed me where it said all of that on the check. It was way down on the bottom and the print was smaller than a skinny fly's behind. What kind of trash is all of that? Huh? I ask ya Gury?"

"Bubba, it is all done to get you excited and make you thank you are going to win the big money. Do you honestly think if you won ten million dollars, the notice would come in a letter? Do you think they would send the announcement through the mail system? Do you think they would ask someone who just won that kind of money to buy magazines? Heck far, son, they would be here with the television folks, newspaper fellers, and the whole world, if Bubba Lee won ten million dollars. Look on the bright side; you didn't lose in money in the deal."

"Yea he did. He ordered twenty-six magazines from the company that sent the check."

Bubba gave a sheepish grin and then lowered his head so we could not make eye contact. He rocked in his rocker for a spell, then raised his head and looked around the barnyard. I could see he was deep in thought.

## Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck

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"Well, not 'zackly. I called that there magazine company and told em I can't read, so they canceled my order. Nevertheless, since I was already on the phone, I did some business.

At that exact moment two large eighteen-wheeler trucks pulled up on the road next to Bubba's mobile home. I watched as a tall man, packin' a huge beer gut, get out and made his way up to the porch. He looked at the metal clipboard in this left hand and scratched his baldhead before he asked, "It is Bubba Lee Claremore's place?"

"It shore is. Y'all got my order with ya?" Bubba rose from his chair as he acknowledged his name and I could see the excitement in is eyes.

"Ok, good, we found ya. It took us a while to find your place. We've been looking since about six this morning. How many Claremore's on this road anyway?"

"Bout a hundred and forty of us, all of us are kin, but you're here now."

"Ok, bub. Where do you want us to unload?"

"I guess the barnyard will do for now." Bubba said as he put his hands in his soiled jean pockets.

"Buddy, I can't turn fifteen thousand baby chicks loose in a barnyard." The big man spoke with a look of surprise on his face that Bubba would even suggest he do that.

"Don't worry about it. Me and Gury Lee will start building some chicken houses soon as you are done unloading. Won't we Gury?"

I didn't say a word. I just turned and walked away. I still have no idea what happened to the chicks and, do you know something? I don't really care. Bubba is one strange cousin.

## About the Author

Gary Benton grew up in the Missouri Ozark Mountains and speaks broken Yankee, some English, and fluent Southern. And, yes, his voice has a Southern “twang.” He is proud of his southern heritage and his writing and cartooning speaks for him most of the time.

In his youth he worked as a domestic engineer (four brothers and sisters), a pig slopper, a wild life procurement specialist (when he was hungry), a roofer (until he fell off the roof after two hours on the job), a cook (no comment), a goat milker (one morning), midwife to a couple of cows, a dishwasher, and finally a member of the United States military.

He has an Associates Degree in Search and Rescue, Survival Operations and Bachelors Degree in Safety and Health. He only needs to complete his thesis for a Masters Degree in Psychology.

Gary is an award winning writer and cartoonist, as well as a published author. He currently has three books in print, two Westerns and one Wilderness Survival Guide. His previously published title by the Fultus Corporation is, “Ty Fisher and the Blood of the Mountain Men.” His is a member of the Military Writers Society of America (MWSA), Southern Humorists Group, and the American Authors Association (AAA).