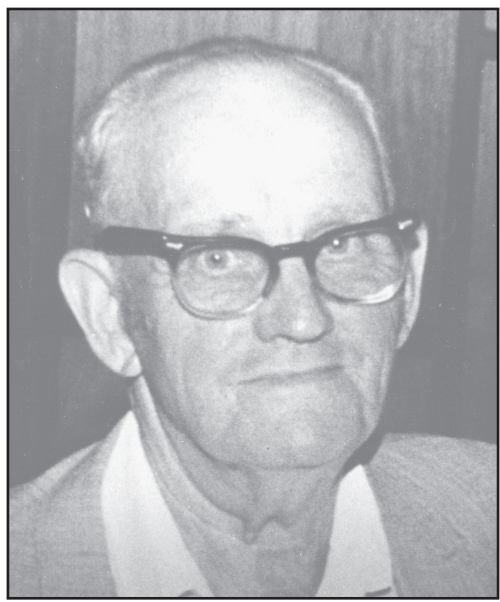


213 TALES

by the late
Michael Dale Proffitt

My name is Michael Dale Proffitt, and I was born and raised in Estill County. I was the ninth child born to Charlie Elmer Proffitt and Elsie Patrick Proffitt and was the first born in a hospital. Mom was born at Cob Hill, the ninth child of twelve children.

Uncle Chester was an engineer for several years before he retired. I went up there to Ohio, with him one summer. He lived out in the country and worked second shift in the yard at Hamilton. I didn't have much to do there. His wife didn't seem friendly toward me. I would just walk around in the fields or something after he went to work.



Chester Patrick, and as an engineer

Donald, Chester's son, came and got me and we went camping with his sons a few days. I was ready to come back to Tipton Ridge. So, the next weekend,

Uncle Chester brought me back home. He retired after that and didn't get to enjoy it very long. He was a nice man who would help anyone.

He came down in 1972 and wanted Mom to go to Tennessee to see Aunt Cecile a few days. Mom didn't go for some reason. He never made it there. He had picked up a hitchhiker on his way down there. The hitchhiker killed and robbed him. They later found the hitchhiker in Alabama, still in Uncle Chester's Ford pickup. That really hurt Mom. She blamed herself because she didn't go with him. She said he wouldn't have picked that man up if she had been with him. But, that's the way life is. You never know what is going to happen tomorrow.

Uncle Raymond didn't come down here that much that I can remember. He married Uncle Chester's stepdaughter and lived in a small town called Seven Mile; it was seven miles from Hamilton, Ohio. He worked on the C&O Railroad and retired from there. I visited him a few times after I got older. He had a heart attack working in the garden at Aunt Myrtle's girl's. They lived outside of Camden, Ohio.

I took Mom up there so she could go to the funeral and visit with family. I took her a lot of places after I got older. I didn't mind doing things for her.

Aunt Myrtle was a lot older than Mom. She met her husband in Virginia while visiting her Uncle Clinton Dickerson. He was married to Uncle Jake Goode's aunt and Myrtle and Jake got married. They had one daughter named Wilma. They used to come down a lot when I was little. Wilma went on a double date with my sister Margie and met her husband then. He wasn't her date but went along for the ride. They started writing when he was in the Army. His name is Gerald Estes and is from a community in Estill County called White Oak. They had two boys and one girl.

Myrtle was a really nice woman and we used to joke with her a lot. She would come down and stay a lot after her husband died. I never went to Virginia to see her. Mom would go to Winchester and catch a train to Virginia to visit her.

Her husband farmed and she

worked as a cook at the local school. They sold the farm and moved in with Wilma and Gerald. Jake passed away in the late 70's or early 80's. Myrtle lived on until the late 80's. She got Alzheimer's. They say she was trying to hit cars with her walking stick. She stayed with Wilma until she broke her hip. Wilma had to put her in a nursing home. Later she passed away and I had to take Mom back up there for her funeral.

Mom's sister Hazel died when she was young. She had married a man from Barnes Mountain in Estill County and that is where she is buried.



Eugene, Florence and Sherman Lynch

Aunt Florence Patrick Lynch was married to Sherman Lynch. He was older than her and had several children from his first marriage. They had one boy named Sherman Eugene Lynch. They lived at Blue Banks and we went over there a few times. He was a funny old man. We went over once and they had a big hole dug in the ground like a well. They were digging out oil shale to burn for heat. I didn't know what he was doing.

He raised hogs funny. He would buy 2 or 3 hogs and have them in cages one on top of each other. He would kill the top hog and take the other two to the stockyards and sell them.

Florence passed away in the early '70's. I took Mom to the funeral and they buried her in the Dickerson Cemetery at the top of Cob Hill. Sherman died later in the '70's. He had made concrete crosses and put them beside their graves. He filled them full of broken marbles as decoration.

Well, I had been the baby for almost six years and slept with Mom and Dad. Things come to a change. Mom had my little sister on July 6, 1962 at the Estill County Hospital. Dad took me down there to visit with Mom. I crawled through the window to see Mom and my little sister. Angela Carol Proffitt was her name. The only sisters that were still home was Margie and Sharon. The rest had gotten married. So, Margie was Angela's big sister whom she followed around all the time. Chester was the boy she would follow. She was always grumpy and we called her Granny Goose. She's still that way but now we call her 'the General'.

I had to start sleeping with Sanford then. That's what we always called him. We slept in the living room. The dresser across from the bed is where Margie put her hair spray on. I hated that stuff. It would get right in my mouth.

I started to school that fall, 1962. Mom would come over in the morning and wash me in a wash pan. Margie would watch the store. Mom would wash my arms first and then my face. Then, she would get the rest of me. I wore overalls to school. That's all Dad ever wore. I never saw him in a pair of pants. Once when I went to see him in the hospital, he had PJ's on and it looked so funny. At home, he just wore briefs to bed.

The old schoolhouse was just up on the top of the hill. I had walked up there during recess when I was five and played with the kids there. Mrs. Watson was the teacher then and offered to let me come to school when I was five. I didn't want to. I never did want to go.

The old school was white and had two rooms. The little room had the 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades. It was Mt. Carmel Elementary, right behind Mt. Carmel Christian Church. The 4th through 7th grades were in the other room. It had pine floors and knots had fallen out and you could see the ground under the floor. The only heat was a big pot-belly stove. It wasn't that hot in there.

The teachers would pay one of the older boys to come build a fire in them early so it would be a little warmer when I got there. They would burn coal in them. Chester done that until he went on to West Irvine in the 8th grade.

Births -- Baptist Health of Richmond

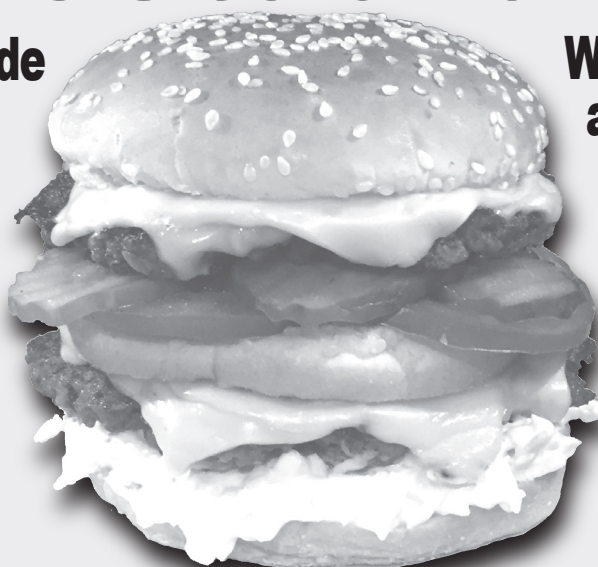
County	DOB	Parents	Town	Gender
Madison	Feb. 1, 2019	Maria and Adelou French	Berea	Boy
Madison	Feb. 1, 2019	Makayla and Johnathan Sturgill I	Berea	Boy
Lee	Feb. 1, 2019	Alexis Townsend and Jacob Bottom	Beattyville	Boy
Madison	Feb. 3, 2019	Brittany and Tyler Sears	Berea	Girl
Madison	Feb. 3, 2019	Megan Alexandra Hall	Richmond	Boy
Madison	Feb. 4, 2019	Kaylee and Christopher Green	Berea	Boy
Madison	Feb. 5, 2019	Brittany Payne and George Berger	Richmond	Boy
Madison	Feb. 5, 2019	Jordan Matthews & Quinton Wilson	Berea	Girl
Madison	Feb. 5, 2019	Amber Holbrook and Aaron Stone	Richmond	Boy
Madison	Feb. 5, 2019	Mary and Damien Spanke	Berea	Boy
Madison	Feb. 6, 2019	Shasta Richmond and Julio Martinez	Berea	Boy
Estill	Feb. 6, 2019	Alysha Cornett and Cody Webb	Irvine	Boy
Breathitt	Feb. 7, 2019	Emerald and Jerry Hensley	Jackson	Boy
Madison	Feb. 8, 2019	Destiny Davis and Sean Dykes	Richmond	Girl
Madison	Feb. 8, 2019	Amber and Austin Volk	Berea	Boy
Owsley	Feb. 11, 2019	Autumn Henrion and Joshua Hogan	Booneville	Boy
Madison	Feb. 11, 2019	Shelli and Samyuel Wright	Richmond	Boy
Madison	Feb. 11, 2019	Pamela and Terry Perkins	Berea	Boy
Estill	Feb. 12, 2019	Lauren and Elbert Mansfield	Irvine	Boy
Madison	Feb. 12, 2019	Heather and Michael Price	Richmond	Girl
Madison	Feb. 12, 2019	Erika Nicole Berardi	Richmond	Girl

WIGWAM Restaurant

Homemade Desserts

Savage Omelet

Catfish Dinner



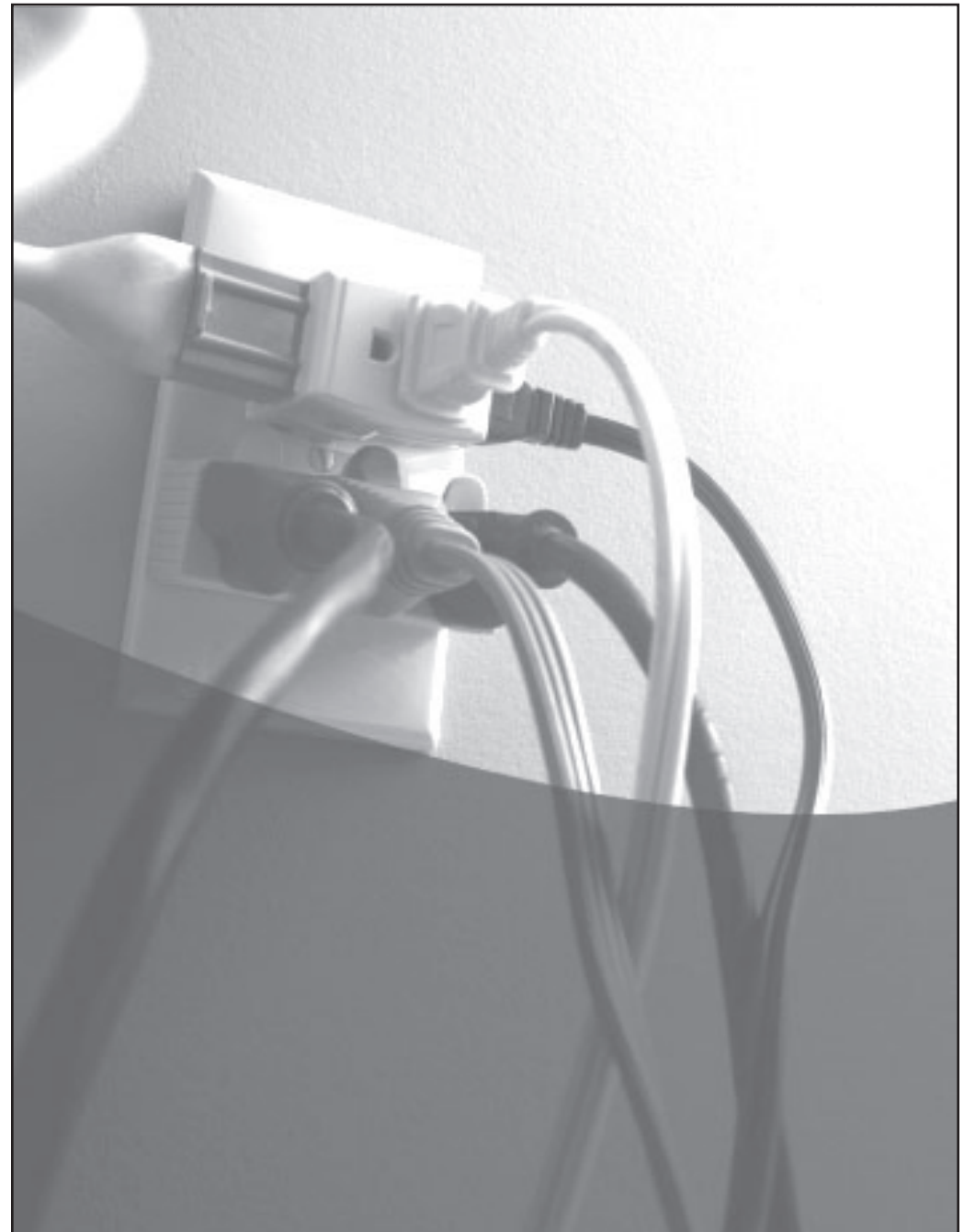
Wednesday and Friday Specials

Country Ham Breakfast

**Mon.-Thur. 7a-9p
Fri. & Sat. 7a-10p
Sunday, 8a-9p**

723-3240

**Breakfast All Day
Eat In/Carry Out
We Deliver!**



Even three is a crowd

NEVER OVERLOAD OUTLETS

Helping members use electricity safely, that's the power of your Jackson Energy membership. Learn more about electric safety at jacksonenergy.com

Jackson Energy

Working for You