

# 213 TALES

by the late

Michael Dale Profitt

Memories of the late Michael Dale Profitt who lived much of his life on KY-213 and KY-52, now called Furnace Junction, continued from last week.

When we got out of the eighth grade, we didn't have a ceremony. C.T. Williams III stayed back in the eighth grade. I don't know why. Bart Rison also stayed. They were a year ahead of me. Linda Cassidy was also in my class. We would get her started laughing. The teacher couldn't get her to hush either.

Mr. Eck Rawlins was the new janitor. Mr. Marcum had retired. His daughter was Kathleen Rawlins. We would get her started laughing and she couldn't shut up. The teacher couldn't get her to quit laughing either.

That summer, I worked in hay now. I worked for different people; Elmar Noe, Fred Ginter, Darrell Tipton and Allen Crowe. It was hard work. We made \$2.00 an hour and thought we was getting rich. We worked for Elmar Noe at Fitchburg. His uncle was killed at the rock crusher on Tipton Ridge a few years earlier. The truck was still sticking up when we came back from school. He worked down under where the trucks dumped, running the crusher belt. The truck had rolled back too far and fell off the ramp.

We worked at Millers Creek for Fred Ginter. They had a lot of hay to put in and it was hard work. Fred's boy, Ricky, would help us, too. Fred worked on the L&N Railroad night shift. Sometimes the hay would be really dirty from water getting over it. It flooded there all the time.

Allen Crowe was the foreman for one oil company. He would have his workers help him in hay, too. Rod Adams, Bert Wasson and others would help. Shirley Adams would also help. He was Rodney's son and we called

him "Cat." We worked several places for him; Campbell's Branch, Tipton Ridge and Furnace. We hauled a lot of hay in for him. At Furnace he baled hay for John Garnett. I thought he was a 'grouchy' ole man. He had worked cutting stave timbers for barrels and would haul them to Ohio and haul hay back. He had an old, green Studebaker truck and the bed was about 30 feet long. He would have stave timber all the way back on it. He logged on Marbleyard Road where his son Porter owned a lot of land. John acted like he owned the land but didn't. Porter later built a new house around Marbleyard.

One day when we was putting hay in John's barn, he sat right in the way where we had to carry the hay. He was using a cane now. David "Mad Dog" White stepped on his foot. He hollered and threatened to hit Mad Dog with the cane. It was so funny.

Allen's brother, Richard Crowe, had retired from GM in Ohio and moved back down here. He was old but was "wild as a buck." He had a Ford cab-over truck and hauled hay for Allen. He would fly in that old truck with us on top of the hay. We're lucky the tree limbs didn't knock us off the truck. Sometimes, he would knock the hay off the truck.

A couple of years later, he got me to go to the Jessie Tipton farm to help him load pine logs. I knew how wild he was. He had bought a new Ford tractor with forks on the front. I was careful and wouldn't get under the logs. He told people I moved "like an old woman." I wasn't crazy. Later he hit the truck and tore the front off the tractor. He finally passed away at the age of nearly 102.

Darrell Tipton had a farm on Crooked Creek. His daddy Clay built next to us. Clay was a little grouchy too in ways. We would put in a lot of hay for them on Cow Creek and Crooked Creek. He baled oats on Crooked Creek for someone. It was heavy and hard to get the bales to hold together. Darrell got upset at us because so much came apart. We couldn't help it. It was awful to work in.

They started hauling sand from

Marbleyard and had a lot of trucks hauling it. Some of us boys started riding with the truck drivers to have something to do. Material Haulers was the company name of the trucks. One man named John Alexander was a big, black man. We called him "Big John." He had his own truck. It was a black International. He was from Lancaster and hauled with Material Haulers. All the trucks tore KY-213 all to pieces with big holes everywhere. They got the sand off the Porter Garnett farm.

They would haul 'way up in the evening. Some would haul blacktop in the day and in the evening, haul sand. They used the red sand in the blacktop, concrete and other things. They hauled all the time. They had a sifter at Marbleyard to get the round jack rocks from it. They also took it to the Old Pike where they had a washing plant. They would wash it and ship it other places in railroad cars.

They had one driver named George that only had one arm. He ran over a puppy we had and about cried. He was so sad over it. Its name was Brownie. They tore our mailboxes down and everything. They would fly out the road. They finally quit using the red sand and quit hauling it.

In 1970, I graduated the eighth grade. Big deal! We just was handed our diplomas. They used to have a big ceremony. We were the last eighth grade class at Ravenna Elementary. We started high school that fall. We were the first to go to the new Estill County High School on Highway 89. We were all lost there. Not just the freshmen class. They took us to the gym and called our name like a bunch of cattle. The school wasn't completely finished and in some rooms the heat wouldn't work. They worked on it all that year. We like to froze sometimes.

My homeroom teacher was Mrs. Sally Hill. She was the home-ec teacher and that's where we had it. We had lockers with combination locks on them. I hadn't ever used one and would forget my combination. I would have to go to the principal's office to get it. The girls couldn't wear pants and wore short skirts and dresses. I

liked that.

The principal was Mr. Paul Hughes whom we called "Pappy." He was supposed to be really mean. A lot of the students I went to school with at Ravenna weren't there. Some had gone to Irvine High School. It was a city school then. They were the Golden Eagles and we called them "Alley Rats." The Estill High was the Engineers but they called us "Shepherders."

My first hour class was Math. My teacher was Mr. Riggins. He taught math and was assistant basketball coach. Second hour was gym and Mr. Hayslip was the teacher. He was the basketball coach. Third hour was lunch and I had Mr. Tom Bonny for that class. It was in the band room behind the auditorium. The band instruments were setting everywhere. I thought it, Music Appreciation, would be easy, but it wasn't. We had to learn everything; the instruments in an orchestra and what each was. I didn't like it very well. I was in the class with my sister Sue's friends and I would aggravate the seniors to death.

I had reading next period and my teacher was Mrs. Brown. She was a pretty woman. We had a senior in that class named Jim "Judo Jim" Abney; his daddy was the police chief of Irvine. One day, Judo Jim and Carl "Jaws" Dennis got in a fight. It was funny watching them. They were boxing it out and weren't hurting each other. Carl never came back to school.

Fifth hour was science and we were in a room with gas torches and other things. Mr. Richardson was the teacher. He was a nice person. I didn't like science too well but had to take it. I got through it ok.

The floating hour was Shop I and I loved it but wasn't crazy about the drafting part of it. My teacher was Mr. Hubbs. He was a good teacher and tried to teach us a lot. I made a gun rack and other things.

I passed all my classes, but the summer to come was going to be a little different.

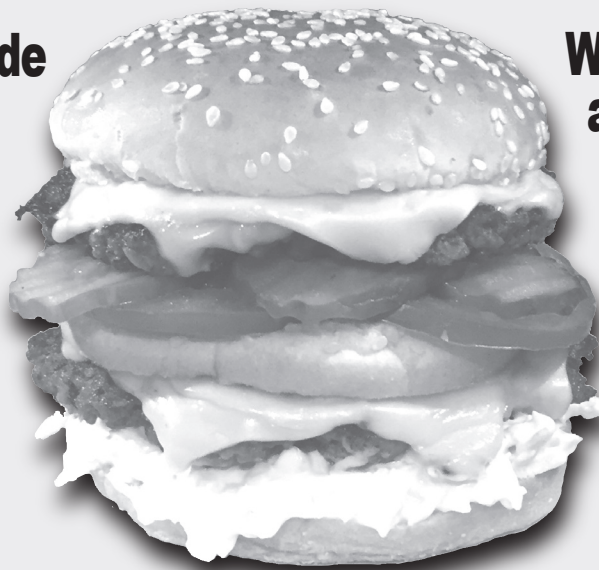
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