

Library Happenings

Estill Public Library

by Shannon Horn

Hello readers! **June 5th, 2019**

Apparently my article didn't get sent to either paper last week, and that is totally my fault. I'm pretty sure I went to send it, but saved it to drafts instead. So I apologize for not getting the info out! But I have so much to share for this week.

Summer Reading is here!!!

Last year I started right as Summer Reading was coming to an end. Literally, my first day was on the same day as the End of Summer Reading party. So you can say I have been a little nervous about having to help in the planning of this year. But I believe that it is going to be a fun year and we have so many fun things planned.

Touch a Truck

Thursday, June 6th from 1:00 - 2:00 we will be having our Touch a Truck. We will be hosting it at the Irvine United Methodist Church across the street from the library. We will have around ten large and small vehicles for the children to come and check out. I have always loved Touch a Trucks and I am hoping

and praying that it doesn't rain!

Gospel Concert

Friday, June 7th at 6:30 we will be hosting a Gospel concert with Nelle Williams. I believe she is putting together a group of singers to come for this event. Anything that Nelle does is entertaining, so make sure you come out and join us for that. This will be hosted in the library meeting room.



Aaron Boyd

Pickin' in the Park

Our next Pickin' in the Park concert will be June

11th. Aaron Boyd will be performing that evening. The following week Cameron White will perform. Remember, if it does rain, the concerts will be located in the library meeting room.

Summer Feeding and Craft Time

Every Wednesday and Friday this summer, the library will be a Summer Feeding Host Location. Anyone under the age of 18 can come to the library at 11:15 and receive a free lunch. After the lunch is over we will be having craft time for the kids. The craft time is only on Wednesdays though. This should be a fun way to get the kids out of the house for a bit. You don't have to fill out any kind of paperwork or even sign up. It is completely free and all children 18 and under are welcome to come.

Crafternoon

On June 12th at 1:30 we will be having our Crafternoon sessions. They are going to make the cutest bookmarks I have ever seen. They are made by doing cross stitch. We have everything that you need, except you will need to bring two skeins of your favorite color yarn and a plastic canvas needle. If you have any questions about this call the library at 723-3030 and ask for Lesa.

There is a lot more to come. So much is going on right now and we would love for you to take part in it all. Please stop by the library and pick up a calendar.

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.

The following summer was going to be a little different. The oil field had sold out and my sister Sue had graduated from high school. She would sometimes pay me to wash dishes for her when she went on a date. She was dating Vernon Muncy. My cousin came down from Ohio and I hang around with him some. He had 5 or 6 kids in Ohio. I decided to go back to Ohio with him. His name was Clyde Patrick and he was Uncle Chester's boy. When my cousins would come in from Ohio we thought they had everything. They didn't have any more than we did. They didn't have much either. He took me camping with him and his boys. My Uncle Chester didn't think he had a good work ethic but we fished and had a lot of fun.

I stayed with Uncle Chester a while. Then, I was ready to come back to Kentucky. There wasn't much to do at Uncle Chester and Aunt Nora's. He would go to work on second shift at Hamilton on the C&O Railroad. He was an engineer and had worked there a long time. They lived on a farm and I would go in the fields or something while he was gone. He took me to see Uncle Raymond and other relatives while I was there.

Uncle Chester had a lot of junk cars and a whole barn full of junk. He had everything. He gave me a double link bicycle. It was really old. The crank didn't have but half the links as regular bicycles. I don't know why they made them that way. He brought me on back to Kentucky. Later, Uncle Chester got killed by a hitchhiker he picked up on his way to Tennessee to see Aunt Cecile.

I fixed the old bike up and started riding it. We started to ride over to Cob

Hill and back around. We went through Furnace and around Watson Ridge to Cob Hill. My back wheel doubled up on me. I was pushing it and Arthur Abney stopped and picked me up in his truck. When we got to the rest of the boys, they were pushing their bikes up the mountain. They tried to get him to stop and pick them up. He wouldn't stop for them. I was lucky I didn't have to push the bike all the way home.

The Irvine High School closed that year and we all had to go to Estill County High School. Everyone thought there would be a lot of fights but there wasn't. The Irvine High students were a lot of the ones I knew from Ravenna Elementary.

I had started drinking a little beer and whiskey now. Brothers Chester and Glenn had left in the military and Sanford got married. I got to running around with a fellow who lived around the road about a mile on Highway 52. We would go to the drive-in and other places. He worked on cars and made some money.

We would go to Richmond and get beer and go around to the dump and get drunk. Sometimes some of the other boys would go with us. One night everyone got hungry and we went to Dad's store. I had a key and went in and bought a bunch of potato chips. We ate all of them and then we came home later. I went to a neighbor's house the next morning. She said all she heard all night was them outside on the porch getting sick. I didn't get sick but all the rest did.

Sometimes a fellow would come in from Ohio and I would go riding around with him and drink beer. Once I was so drunk I had to crawl into the house. Sometimes I would go to Mount Sterling with some fellows and go down to all the little bars next to the railroad.

There was another man that lived in Irvine that bought a place out the road. I would help him mow grass and we would drink beer. He called them colas. Once while mowing grass I found a big mushroom that weighed over three pounds. He had already mowed some up with his lawn mower. He thought they were small stumps.

I started my sophomore year of school that fall. We had a lot of different people in school. I had a lot of new teachers this time. The basketball coach was Mr. Woolum now. Some of the teachers were from Irvine High.

In one class I had a new teacher who taught science and biology. He was my biology teacher and was a little man. I had gotten a permanent match I ordered and was showing it to someone. He saw it and took it away from me. That didn't make me mad, but he got up to his desk and started talking about having a new lighter. That made me mad. I told him he might have a sore head. He told me he wouldn't fight with me and got mad.

One day I took a paper airplane and flew it between him and a newspaper he was reading. He jumped up and grabbed it. He never did find who done it. He never came back next year.

A classmate of mine already had his drivers license. He had gone to Irvine High for two years, but I knew him from Ravenna. He was a junior now. We decided to skip school one day and go to Mount Sterling. We waited to after homeroom and then took off. He drove his dad's car, a 1965 Chevrolet, and here we went. We went to a pool room. We drank beer a couple of hours. They had draft beer in frosted mugs. We drank awhile and then came back. I had English I floating class. We came back right before that class. The other boys didn't go back to school. They let me off and went on to Irvine. Dummie me went to English class. There was a lot of pretty girls in that class but there wasn't but four or five boys. I got about to use the rest room and walked up to the desk. I thought I was going to fall down before I got there. The beer had kicked in now. I never done that before and never done it again and go back to school.

My third hour was crazy and we had a lot of fun. Miss Gorka was from Argentina and was an exchange teacher. She taught Spanish. We had History of South America. Some of the other boys were in there. We would get her mad and I thought it was so funny. She would get mad and start speaking Spanish. We didn't know what she

was saying but would get her mad for menace. We had a lot of fun with her.

My Distributive Ed class was in the auditorium and my teacher was Mr. Darrell Hughes. He was from Tipton Ridge and was the son of Perk and Pachia Reed Hughes. They lived at the head of Crowe Hollow. He was easy to get along with.

Mr. Irvin Jones was my Shop II teacher. He wasn't hard either. I made a big cedar chest and other things that year. I bought the lumber from Tucker Taylor at Pryse.

I also had Civics with Mr. Huckleberry and Math II with Mr. Thomas. He would give us something to do. It was an easy class. In the eighth grade they gave us new math and I didn't understand it.

That fall, my brother Chester came in on leave from the Air Force. He went to work in tobacco and let us go with him. Mom and Dad let me miss school to work. We went to work on Evans Mill Farm in Fayette County. The boss was Bud Stepp. Kyle McIntosh, Donald Puckett, David White and Dorvan Bush went to work there. Dorvan was Aunt Flora Profitt's nephew and was staying with Oscar and Flora. He had just graduated high school.

We went to work cutting tobacco and it paid four cents a stick. I had to learn how to cut tobacco that year. I had never cut before. Housing, we got \$3.50 an hour and we thought we was getting rich. Bud had a small John Deere tractor and let me drive it. I had never driven much before this. I thought I had it made. I met a car and got over to pass it. I hit a hole or something and it threw Dorvan off the wagon. He told on me and I didn't get to drive much after that. We ate dinner at Turners Grocery every day. We had a lot of fun. We would go to "The Pitt" or Crystal Creek to swim. We were having fun, I thought. We got done and went back to school.

Not a whole lot happened my sophomore year in school. We were just 70's kiddies and had a lot to look forward to. I always joked and went on with the girls. They voted to let the girls wear pants to school.

Continued next week!

The Estill County Tribune

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