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Maudie's Naughties



Infinite Infidelity

A man confides to his golfing partner that he is upset because his son has contracted STD.

A worried father telephones his family doctor and said that he was afraid that his teenage son had come down with V.D.

"He says he hasn't had sex with anyone but the maid, so it has to be her."

"Don't worry so much," advised the doctor. "These things happen."

"I know, doctor," said the father, "but I have to admit that I've been sleeping with the maid also. I seem to have the same symptoms."

"That's unfortunate."

"Not only that, I think I've passed it to my wife."

"Oh, said the doc, "That means we all have it."

Scientific Analysis

Two senior science students down at Needmore High School recently analyzed one of those "vitality" pills advertised on television, that they stole from one's dad's medicine cabinet. After careful examination and scientific scrutiny they believe it contains 3% Vitamin E, 2% aspirin, 2% Ibuprofen, 1% Vitamin C, 5% spray starch, and 87% flat fixer.

Scored

A man was talking to his buddy, and said, "I don't know what to get my wife for her birthday. She has everything, and besides, she can afford to buy anything she wants, so I'm stumped."

His buddy said, "I have an idea. Why don't you make up a certificate saying she can have 60 minutes of great romance, any way she wants it. She'll probably be thrilled."

So the fellow did.

The next day his buddy said, "Well? Did you take my suggestion?"

"Yeah, I did," said the fellow.

"Did she like it?" His buddy asked.

"Oh yes! She jumped up, thanked me, kissed me on the forehead and ran out the door, yelling, "I'll be back in an hour!!"

Cold Case Pig

Farmer Green kills a pig and hangs it up for the night intending to butcher it in the morning; but the next day it is gone. He doesn't tell a soul about it, and nothing happens for more than two months.

Then another farmer, who lives down the road, comes by and says, "By the way, Mr. Green, did you ever figure out who stole your pig?"

"Yep," replies Green. "Just did."

"Honk if you love Jesus"

Pa and Ma are driving down Main Street when they are stopped at a light behind a car with a bumper sticker that says "Honk if you love Jesus."

Ma reaches across Pa and taps the horn a couple of times.

The driver leans out the window, flips Pa the bird, and yells, "Can't you see the light is still red, you moron!"

Root Hog or Die

All of us country people know what that means, whether it pertains to the farm, or trying to get by in this bad economy. You have to have raised hogs and fed them to know the true meaning, but "Root Hog or Die" seems to have more meaning to all of us, every day. But did you know who was the first person whom the phrase was attributed to -- Davy Crockett in 1834. He reportedly said in his biography, "We know'd that nothing more could happen to us if we went than if we staid, for it looked like it was to be starvation any way; we therefore determined to go on the old saying, root hog or die."

Science Question

If H2O is on the inside of a fire hydrant, what is on the outside? ... K9P

Softball Challenge

The devil challenges St. Peter to a softball game.

"How can you win, Satan?" asks St. Peter. "Most of the best players are up here."

"How can I lose?" answers Satan. "Most of the umpires are down here."

Proud Wife

A man came down with the flu and was forced to stay home one day. He was glad for the interlude because it taught him how much his wife loved him.

She was so thrilled to have him around that when a delivery man or the mailman arrived, she ran out and yelled, "My husband's home! My husband's home!"

The Fishing Trips

*They are fresh on my mind, but it has been a long while,
Since the fishing trips with mom, when I was a child.
I still cherish those, memories very much;
Mom is now gone, and I think about her loving touch.*

*We would walk to the river, on a summer day;
It really got hot, but she would always stay.
As long as I wanted, to continue to fish;
She never got upset, or demanded her way.*

*It took a lot of love, and patience on her part;
Which must have come, from a really big heart.
It is hard to imagine, in my mind;
How a mom can be, so caring and kind.*

*Since she didn't fish, her time was devoted to me;
Such a loving spirit, I can now really see.
The situation she endured, was uncomfortable at best;
There was no good place, to sit and rest.*

*Just the dirt bank of a river, and weeds all around;
Insects trying to bite, and the sun beating down.
We had no lunch, so she didn't eat;
But kept standing for hours, on some very tired feet.*

*It's hard to believe, that she would never complain;
Thru all the hot sun, and even some rain.
The fish I caught, were usually small;
And sometimes, there was no catch at all.*

*So I wasn't helping, put meat on a plate;
But it didn't matter to her, and I think that is great.
It was really awesome, and the patience she had;
Since the fishing conditions, were really quite bad.*

*Sometimes my hook, would get caught in a tree;
But even then, she never fussed at me.
Such patience and love, made me feel good;
And I enjoyed each trip, the way I should.*

*It's no wonder that, my memories are good;
About a child that loved fishing, and parents that understood.
Even though dad, was unable to fish;
He let Mom go with me, to fulfill my wish.*

*I was too young, to fish alone;
But Mom made sure, I didn't sit at home.
A tin can for fishing worms, was all the bait I had;
And after hours in the sun, the aroma was bad.*

*It would have been easy, for Mom to say,
'You've fished enough, let's be on our way.'
But the abundant, love that was shown;
Should be what, every child has known.
So that childhood wishes, and special trips made;
Have created pleasant memories, that will never fade.*

Written by Price J. Rawlins

Letter to the Editor

Seeks dog ordinance

I plan on being at different locations in Estill County, looking for signatures for a petition to get an ordinance on these barking dogs in our county. This is lowering our property value and peace and quiet.

I have heard from different people hoping something could be done for this aggravation. Has our magistrates and judge no back-bone on this problem? What are they doing, planning to run for office next term?

Come on up to Hwy. 23 - Furnace Road and enjoy the wonderful sound at my location; then go to other districts and ask these people to let you celebrate their barking dogs.

Surely the SSI checks and welfare checks are not supporting feed for these dogs and gasoline for their cars to get there to feed them. I bet they keep a close eye on this!

B. Durbin

Part of Ravenna ordinance:

No person shall keep or harbor any dog within the county which, by frequent and habitual barking, howling, or yelping, creates unreasonably loud and disturbing noises of such a character, intensity, and duration as to disturb the peace, quiet and good order of one or more of the inhabitants of two or more separate residences. Any person who shall allow any dog habitually to remain, be lodged, or fed within any dwelling, yard, or enclosure which he occupies or owns shall be considered as harboring the dog.

The Cabin

Out in the woods,
all alone it stands;
And it tells a story,
of two loving hands!
Hardly anyone,
goes there anymore;
To see the date,
that's carved on the door!

You carved the dates,
with so much love.
You hewed the logs,
with strength from above.
You cut all the weeds,
and trimmed the trees.
People drove by,
your cabin to see.

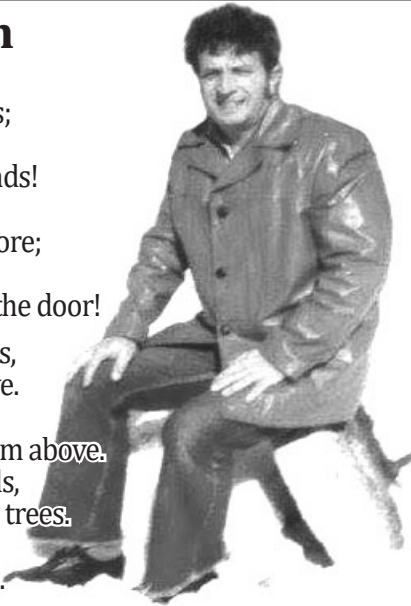
A lot of hard work, was done on this hut;
Just a small one-room cabin, And you loved it so much!
Then you planted strawberries, and apple trees too!
Anything to make it beautiful, is what you would do!

Now it stands, in the forest alone;
Unattended so much, since God called you home!
I'm glad you can't see, from your mansion above,
The destruction that's come to the cabin you love!

I go there each spring, this cabin to see,
Each log that surrounds it, means so much to me!
For I loved the man, who carved every word;
My brother, my friend, has gone to meet God.

You won't need, this small cabin anymore;
God made a mansion, on Heaven's bright shore.
You won't be able, to see from your mansion above,
How people have destroyed, the cabin you loved!

Written in memory of my brother, Orval McIntosh,
born September 20, 1933, who passed away on
June 17, 1979. Written by Madalene Wasson



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