

Do you know me?
From Jerry Eltzroth

In my research for the Witt Springs/Sand Hill Book, I have found two pictures that I need help in identifying the individuals in the photos.

The first photo pictured with this story is of David Harrison Richardson and William Samuel Webb, both of whom lived in the Sand Hill area in the mid-1800's and early 1900's. The photo does not identify the individual men. From their apparent age in the picture, I would estimate the picture was taken in the early 1900's.

David was born in 1837 and was the son of Henry and Rebecca (White) Richardson. He married Rebecca Jane Witt. They are both buried in the Sand Hill Christian Church Cemetery. Two of their children were Beechum Richardson and John Hyman Richardson.

The other man in this photo is Samuel 'Sam' Webb. Sam was born in 1839 and was the son of Elisha Webb and Elizabeth Harris. Sam was married to Clarinda Parks. They too are buried in the Sand Hill Christian Church Cemetery. Sam's tomb-

stone states, "He gave land for this cemetery". The cemetery expanded onto land owned by the Church. Initially the Sand Hill Cemetery was known as the Webb Cemetery.

The second photo was found on Ancestry.com on James M. Clowers' page amongst census records. James was born about 1818. He first married Elizabeth Moore and later Sarah Marcum. He served in the Civil War with the Confederacy and spent time as a prisoner of war in Alton, Illinois. James lived in the Webb Road area of Witt Springs in his later years. I found no record of where he is buried. James is supposedly one of the men in the attached picture, but neither man was identified.

The new men standing in front of the split rail fence are David Richardson and William Samuel Webb. Which is which?

In the top photo, one of these two men is supposed to be James M. Clowers who served in the Civil War with the Confederate forces. Which man is James?

If anyone can identify any of the men in these photos, I would appreciate your help. You can contact me at (606) 723-7138 or at my e-mail address, bonniejerryeltzroth@yahoo.com.



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.

After the death of Grandma Dora, I stayed sometimes with Aunt Mertie and her husband, Uncle Clinton, who was Mom's oldest brother. He worked for L&N Railroad all his life until he retired. He was a short man but big. He had two sons, Leonard and Wayne. He had two girls, Ann Patrick Rogers and Dellie Patrick Watson who lived out the road on the next farm. Uncle Clinton had bought the farm, and Dellie's husband, Tom, built a house on it. It was a two-story, but didn't have a stairs in it. Tom just had a ladder to go upstairs with. They had three girls and three boys.

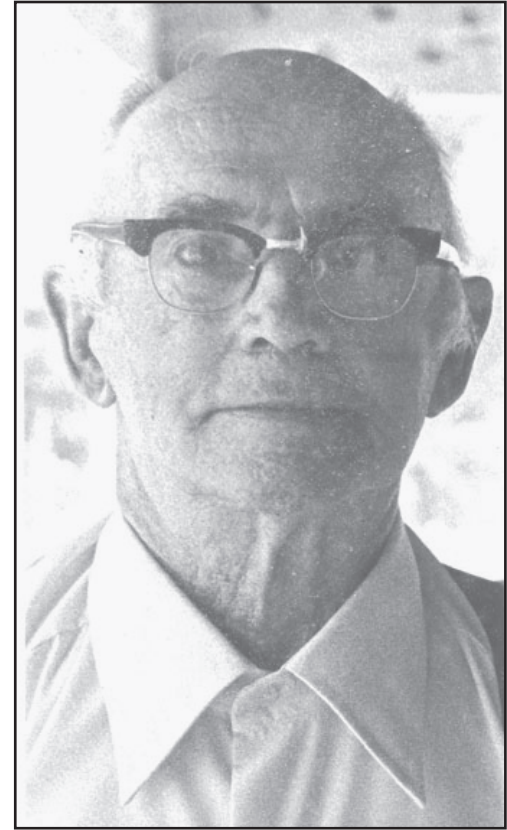
Ann Patrick was the other girl. She ran the Cob Hill Post Office and lived in the back for a long time until she got married. She had a girl named Kathy that was a couple of years older than me. Ann married Onley Ray Rogers and moved to the top of Sally Ann Mountain where they had one son, Kendall. Ann ran the post office until she retired and they closed it. She passed away a few years ago. Her husband has been dead for several years. He worked at Trane Company in Lexington and farmed until he retired.

Clinton's son, Wayne, lived in Ohio, and I never saw him much. He also passed away a few years ago.

Aunt Mertie Smith Patrick was from South Fork in Powell County. She and Uncle Clinton had gotten married somewhere around 1920. She was a short, small woman. She always chewed tobacco and said she started at age 13. She raised Leonard's boys besides her own children.

She always had a big garden. They

kept chickens and milk cows until they retired. She out-lived part of her children. Leonard and Wayne had both passed away before she did. She lived her last years at a nursing home until she passed away a few years ago.



Clinton Patrick

Uncle Clinton was a nice man. He would come over and see Mom a lot. He was the one who took care of the oil royalty check for Grandpa's children. He sold Raleigh Products and other brands. These companies sold medical products like salve and liniment. They had a whole book of things you could buy. He had an old 1950's Chevrolet pickup, and the doors wouldn't stay shut. He put slide locks on the inside to keep them shut. He worked on the railroad and preached for a long time. He preached at Tin Town in Powell County for a long time. He later helped build a church on his property. They moved into a mobile home behind the church after he got older.

Uncle Clinton had also run a little grocery store and the Cob Hill Post Office a few years. He passed away several years before his wife. He was a good man who loved the Lord.

Uncle John and Aunt Hazel Patrick raised their children on a little bit of money. We went over and visited him

and his family a lot after Grandma had passed away. You had to sleep upstairs with the rest of his children, and there was beds everywhere up there. They always had food to eat. He would pop a whole dishpan full of popcorn. He raised his own popcorn. He also raised sugar cane and made molasses from it. He fixed his cane press so he could pull it with a tractor instead of a horse pulling it. He put a rear end off a car on it and hooked the press to one of the axles. The power takeoff shaft was hooked to the universal on the rear end. He could make anything!

Several years he went with Hazel to carry mail for the post office. For a long time, they got the mail at Pryse Post Office. They closed the Pryse Post Office when Tucker Taylor's wife retired. Then, John and Hazel met the mailman from Ravenna.

They did this until they closed the Cob Hill Post Office. They had to take mail to Patsy Post Office and deliver to so-many boxes. Patsy Post Office wasn't but a 12'x12' building if it was that big. It was about five miles past the Cob Hill Post Office.

Uncle John got sick and passed away before Mom did. His wife, Hazel, lived until a couple of years ago. They were both nice, loving people who loved God.



John Patrick making sorghum

Harrison Patrick was older than Mom and lived in Hamilton, Ohio. I never got to see him much. They came down a few times. His wife, Sadie, still comes to the family reunions. He passed away in the 1970's.

Chester was one of Mom's favorite brothers. He would come down from Hamilton, Ohio, and Mom would go to Tennessee to see Aunt Cecile Patrick Patton. They lived outside of Crossville. She had met Uncle Bill in Ohio when she was at her brother's. They got married and moved to Tennessee where he was raised. She is the only one left of Mom's brothers and sisters. She reminds you a lot of Mom.

I went down to Tennessee to visit, with Mom and Uncle Chester, when I was 10 years old. They lived in a house made of concrete blocks. Cecile's husband passed away several years ago. She still lives down there with her children. They had four or five (seven). I met them a few times.

Uncle Chester worked for C&O Railroad in Hamilton, Ohio. He worked there a long time. He worked at a crossing yard a long time ago and had a lot of time to do things. He would carve pigs and monkeys out of peach seeds. You could tell what they were. They had good detail.

He had married his wife Nora in Ohio. She already had a girl, Zelma, when they married. My Uncle Raymond married her.

Uncle Chester had three boys, they are still in Ohio, I think. Their names were Chester Jr., Donald and Sug as in Sugar. Sug come in once and stayed with us a while but the others didn't come in much. Donald came in once and stayed with us a while. Uncle Chester had a bad opinion about his work habits. He had about six children living in a house Uncle Chester owned.

Uncle Chester loved fooling with junk and recycling. He would pick soda and beer bottles up for deposit. He also recycled scrap metal. He had a whole barn full of antiques and other things. He would go to a lot of auctions.

Chester was murdered by a hitchhiker he picked up on the interstate. They say a golden railroad spike given to him upon retirement was what led police to catch the man.

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