



you were part of the "Gang", and the going never got too tough.

One year, 1979, I was caught many miles from camp; I should never had the boys drop me off that morning, it was already snowing. But they took me to the drop off point, and I would hunt back to camp, probably about 4 miles. By just a few minutes I knew I was in deep trouble, I was in the middle of a for-real-life blizzard. Now I don't have a clue if you have ever been caught in a blizzard before in the mountains or other wise. Believe me, it is a different world. I knew with the way the snow and wind was coming at me, I needed to get out of there. I lit out, with no idea of where I was at, where I was going, or how I was going to get into camp. I never had the option of making me a shelter and to hunker down; so I started following the ridge top.

Around noon, I saw an orange suit and I thought, that hunter will lead us to safety. When I got within about thirty yards, I saw him jump up and down, shouting at the top of his lungs. Because of the strong wind, I could not make out what he was saying. He closed the gap between us, fast, and said, "Thank you Lord," for sending me someone to get me out of here. He not only was as lost as I was, he was about to stroke. The man standing just a few feet from me, out of his mind, crying, with a loaded gun, is not a happy sight. I kept my mouth shut, calmed him down, and said, "follow me." Just ever so often he would put his hand on my shoulder and thank God for me. I dared not say a word, fearing he would shoot me if he knew we were both lost, the snow getting harder, the wind stronger.

It was just about dark when I could smell wood burning, and I knew we were close to a camp. Within ten minutes, we stepped out of the mountains into our camp. I had brought us out of that big mountain. Within just a few minutes, a Jeep pulled up, looking for their lost hunting buddy. He was still shouting for joy as they rounded the curve and into the night.

Life is strange, don't you think?

Hunting in years past; Oh, those were the days. No hunting lodges with meals cooked for you by an Outfitter. No nice warm beds with your pillows and covers turned down and a maid to take care of your every wish. Nope, it was canvas tents, campfires, Coleman stoves and lanterns, and sleeping on the ground in sleeping bags or on an old Army cot.

My herd of friends, maybe 30 of us, all United Mine Workers, would leave Letcher County and take a yearly trip to Northern Virginia, to a place called Harrisburg, deep in the George Washington National forest. There was no such thing as ATV's, but we all had old jeeps that would take you off road just about anywhere you wanted to go. We pulled them behind our trucks and caravanned the almost-ten-hour drive and went deep into the forest. The elevation is like our Black Mountain in Letcher County, about 4100 feet above sea level. The difference being, the slopes were straight up and down, and no soil clings to the slopes, making climbing the mountain painful and tiresome.

We were in the forest, deer and black bear hunting for 10 days; only way anyone left was because of an emergency - that was the only reason. No matter the weather, or how sick you got,

Doubters have motivated Herro during successful NBA rookie season

by Larry Vaught

Being picked 13th in the 2019 NBA Draft left Tyler Herro with mixed feelings. One, he was happy to be going to the Miami Heat. Two, he felt he should have been drafted higher. "I think being drafted 13 definitely motivates me, but I love where I was drafted. I mean, I love the opportunity I was drafted into, the situation. But the 12 guys ahead of me definitely are in the back of my head all the time, and I know every last one that was drafted ahead of me. And I mean, it definitely does fuel me," Herro said. "But I think just with our team, we have a bunch of guys like that, who were doubted, who were looked over, and I think that's the chip on our shoulder that we have.

Those doubters left him playing with a chip on his shoulder just like he did at Kentucky for one season after failing to make the McDonald's All-American team. Just like he did at Kentucky, Herro got better and better as the season progressed and really shined in the NBA playoff

bubble. "Obviously the coaches have trust in me but I think like Coach said, the biggest thing is my teammates from top to bottom trust me. From the oldest guy to the youngest guy and that's big," Herro said. "The vets are like that -- they really shine light on me ever since I've been in Miami.

"(Guard) Jimmy (Butler) has been the biggest influence for me and he just continues to teach me and help me. Without my teammates, I don't think that would be possible, especially as a rookie."

John Calipari, Herro's coach at Kentucky, says not to underestimate one of Herro's best skills — his work ethic. His 37-point game against Boston in the Eastern Conference Finals got a lot of attention but Calipari results like that come because of the work Herro often does even on his own.

Herro played himself in the lottery at Kentucky after he averaged 14 points, 4.5 rebounds and 2.5 assists while starting 37 games during the 2018-19 season.



HARGETT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL 1ST GRADE - 1959-1960

Left to right, front: Patricia A. Bailey, Linda Shoemaker, Leigh Ann Rawlins, Charles Rawlins, Dianne Abner. Second row: Joseph Allen Jones, Deborah Jane Stone, Patsy Charlene Barnes, Alma L. Arvin, Dwight Ledford Bailey, Pamela Sue Rawlins, Gary L. Freeman, Sharon K. Neal, Jerry Lynn Bogie, Gary Dale Estes. Third row: Celia Tipton Abney, teacher; Larry Dale Stone, Lonnie Lee Clem, Judy C. Aines, Anthony Glenn Freeman, Linda F. Allen, Frank R. Estes, possibly Clarence Frank Lockett, Nita F. Bryant, Nancy C. Wiseman. Fourth row: Bonnie Baker, Linda D. Patrick, Jerry G. Richardson, Zackie Glenn Warner, Shirley Jordan Jr., Mickey E. Hardy, William Donahue, Lue Ellis Burton, Unknown, Larry Wayne Bailey. (Photo courtesy of Lou Ellis Burton Patrick)

This is the 1st grade from Hargett Elementary from the 1959-60 school year. 2020 is their 50th anniversary year of graduation from the Estill County High School, Class of 1971. Ica Mays is believed to be

regular teacher for this class but may have been on leave since Mrs. Celia Abney was substituting classes at that time. Names have been identified as near as possible to be correct. If you can correct any names, email <news@EstillTribune.Com>. There are at least ten students who have passed, plus Mrs. Abney.

Names from Ancestry and Find-A-Grave include:

- Joseph Allen Jones (2 Feb 1953 - 30 Oct 2014)
- Patsy Charlene Barnes (22 Dec 1953 - 13 July 2015)
- Dwight Ledford Bailey (15 June 1953 - 29 Oct 1993)
- Jerry Lynn Bogie (23 July 1953 - 14 Nov 1975),
- Gary Dale Estes (16 July 1953 - 24 Nov 2014)
- Larry Dale Stone (27 Dec 1953 - 9 Aug 1991)
- Anthony Glenn Freeman (28 July 1953 - 17 April 2017)
- Zackie Glenn Warner (25 May 1953 - 13 April 2018)
- Shirley Jordan Jr. (1 May 1952 - 8 Nov 1970)
- Larry Wayne Bailey (29 April 1952 - 6 Jan 2015)
- and Celia Tipton Abney, 4 Aug 1891 - 1 Jan 1973