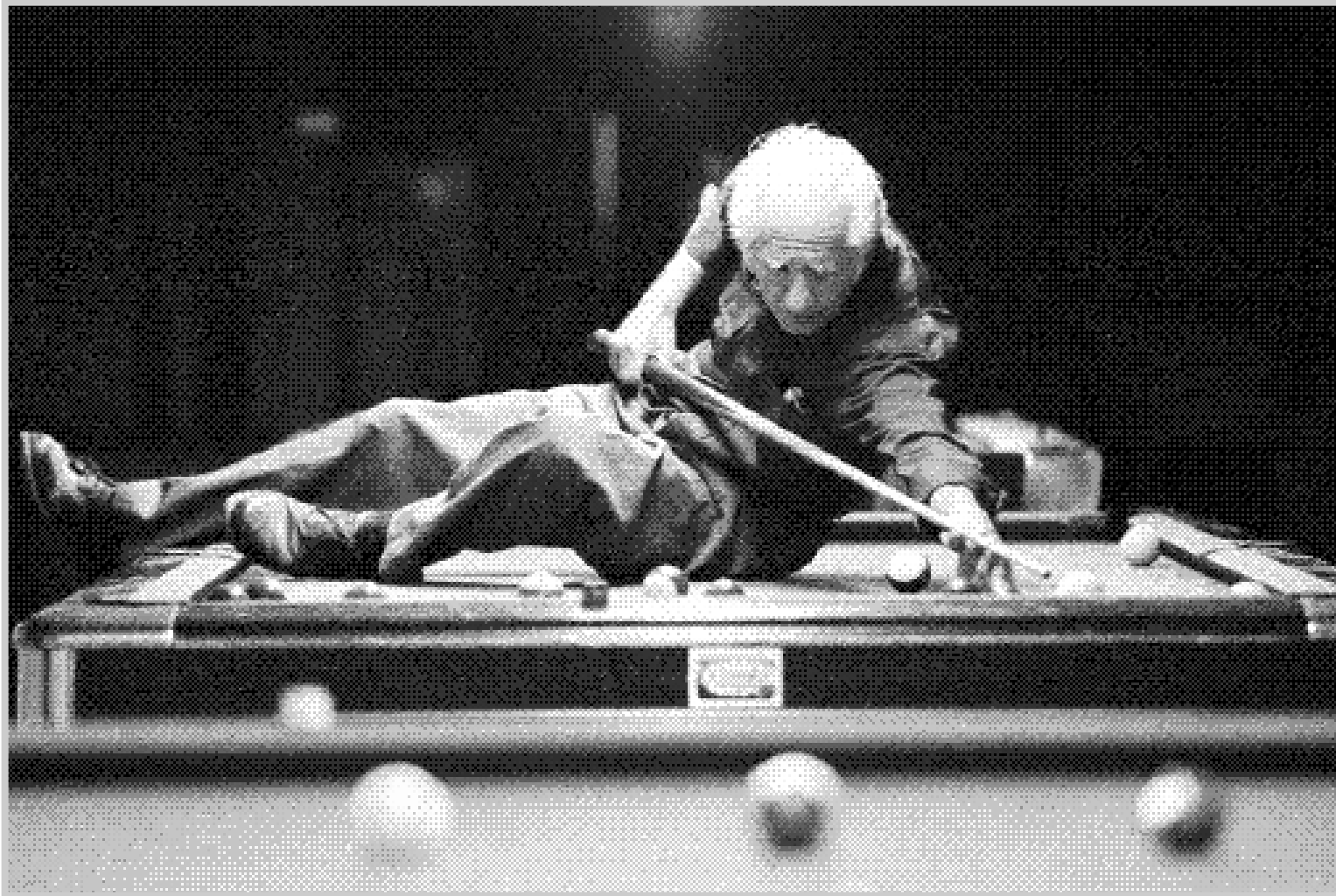


HOPTOWN

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2001 • THE 25TH YEAR

SPECIAL THANKS TO HOPKINSVILLE AND
CHRISTIAN COUNTY IN SOUTHWESTERN KENTUCKY.
THANKS FOR LETTING US SPEND TIME WITH YOU.

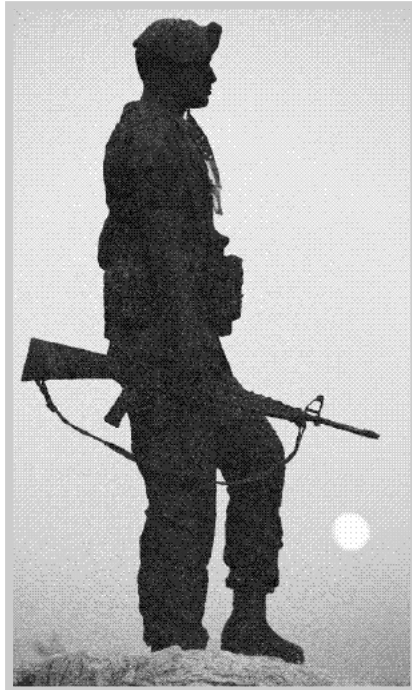


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The 2001 Mountain Workshops CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY

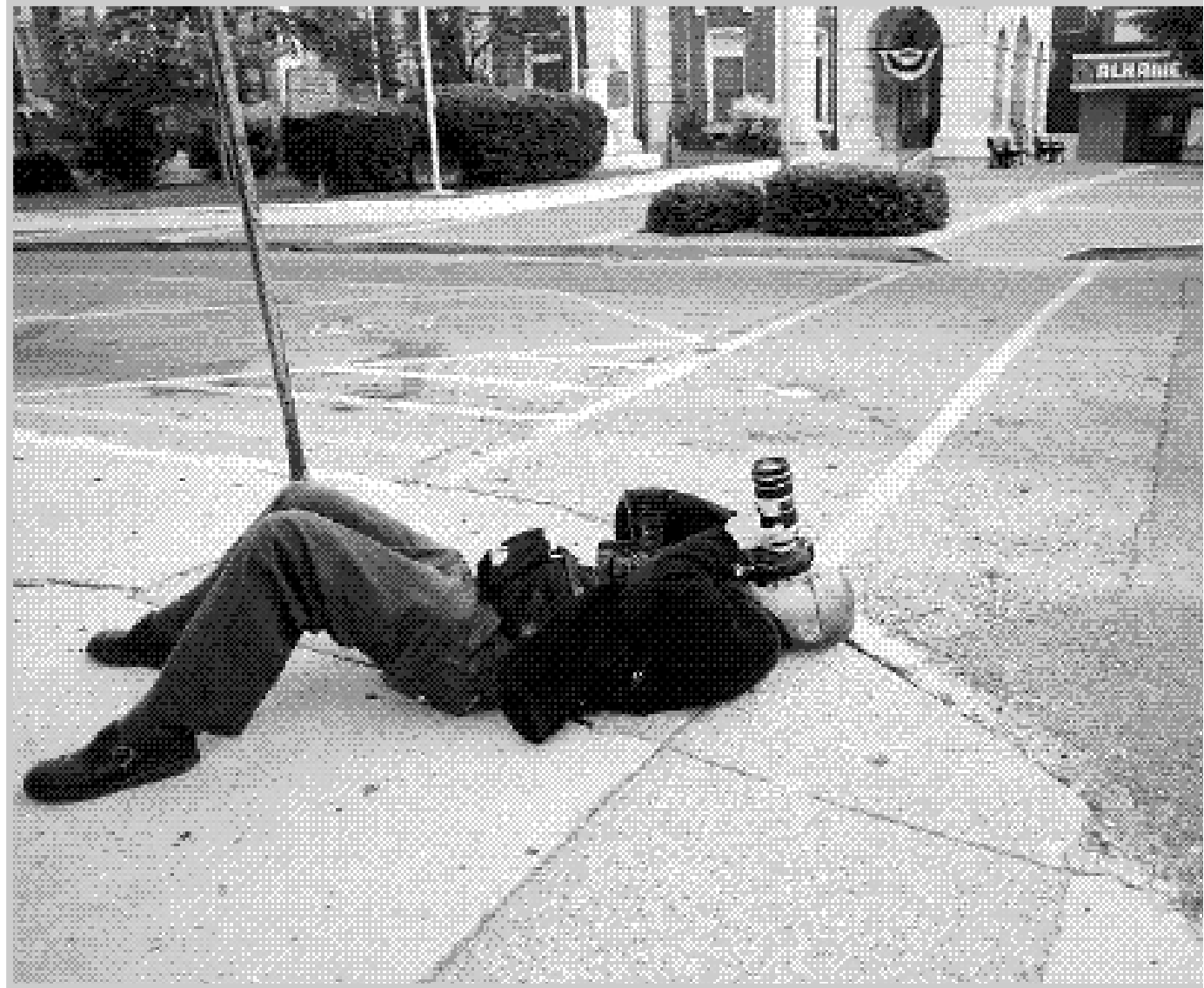


PHOTO BY JEFFERY MINNISH

Hoptown

Keeping a sense of self-reliance

Photo, this page • Jennifer Maddux, Arts Council director, checks the newspaper for information on the Preservation Hall Jazz Band coming to the historic Alhambra Theatre that weekend.

PHOTO BY HANNAH VAN ZUTPHEN-KANN

Cover photo • Robert L. Smith maneuvers for position on a quiet night at Lee's Game Room. Smith, who is 74, says he has visited the pool hall on South Main Street almost every day for 50 years.

PHOTO BY H. RICK MACH

Back cover photo • The Hoptown Hoppers were a third-class farm club affiliated with the Kitty Baseball League from 1903 until 1954. One Hopper, Dusty Rhodes, eventually became a World Series hero while playing for the New York Giants.

PHOTO BY JED CONKLIN

Hopkinsville has never needed to get back to basics. It's already there. Many of its 30,000 people produce blue jeans and bowling balls, dark-fired tobacco and soybeans, flour and cattle.

The basic stuff.

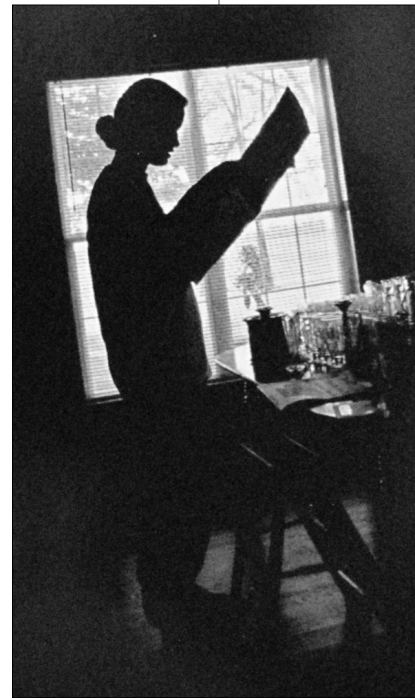
Even its name is universally shortened to "Hoptown." Two syllables, not three.

It's like that throughout Christian County, second-largest in area among Kentucky's 120 counties (only Pike is bigger) — and possibly the largest in sheer determination and unpretentiousness.

For Tommy Askew, who has farmed in Christian County all of his 72 years, the basics are clearly defined: Good food, good health — and love. "I've never felt unloved and I've never been hungry and I have good health."

For Emma Nance Jordan, owner of Nance's Restaurant on Walnut Street in Hopkinsville, the basics involve peace of mind: She has no debts, no credit cards or layaways. "I don't obligate myself to anything. ... Whatever God intended for me will be."

It's that kind of attitude that strikes visitors, including the 120 or so journalists who spent a week in October 2001 in



and around Hopkinsville, documenting the community as part of the annual Mountain Workshops organized by Western Kentucky University's photojournalism program.

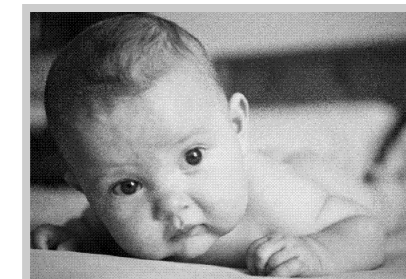
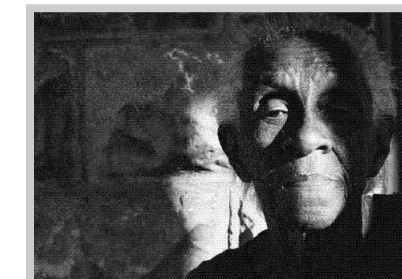
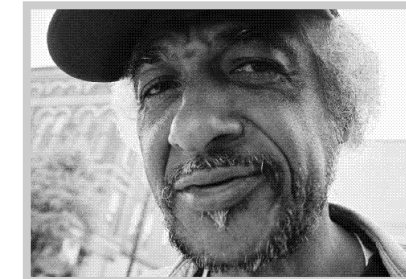
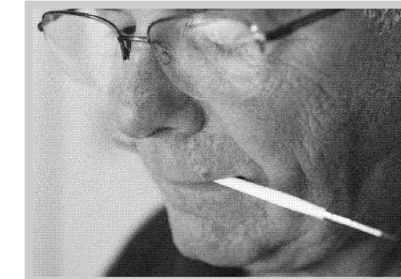
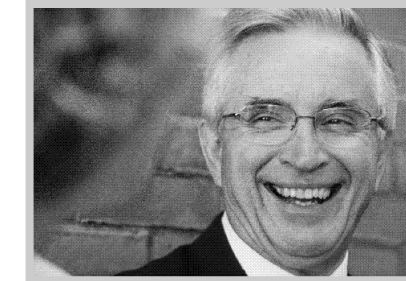
Never mind that the most prominent "mountain" in Christian County's 721 square miles is Pilot Rock, a half-acre summit a mere 200 feet above sea level. The workshop photographers found men and women, prominent and unimportant, in all sorts of places: their homes, factories, studios, farms, churches — even at the Jefferson Davis memorial on the Todd County line.

Christian County is also a place where people know how to move. Quickly.

Troops slip in and out of giant Fort Campbell in the southern end of the county. And in Hopkinsville, giant retailer Wal-Mart Stores Inc. plans to run 350 trucks a day in and out of a new distribution center the size of 27 football fields. The center will be the county's largest building and one of the city's biggest employers.

Through it all, the people of Hoptown will no doubt retain their sense of self-reliance and lack of showy attitude. The basics.

• Tom McCord
Bangor Daily News



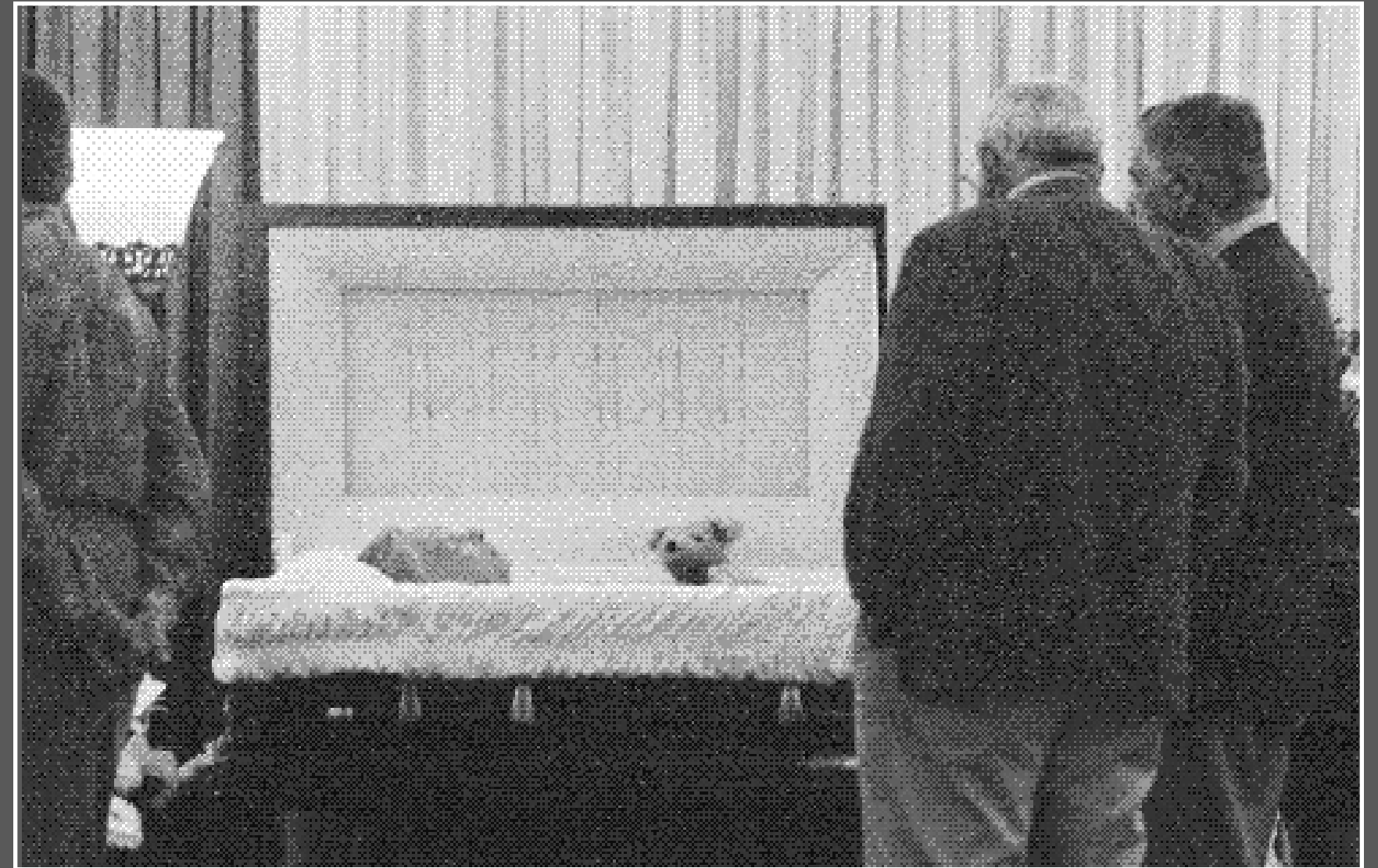
PHOTOS BY: FIRST COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: LORIE BRIDGE, SANDI FORACI, RICHARD SITLER, ANNIE MCCORMICK
SECOND COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: CARL DEAL, KAREN DOERR, ANDREAS FUHRMAN
THIRD COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: AMANDA L. CUSTER, DANNY VOWELL, JED CONKLIN, JESSE EVANS
FOURTH COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: KEVIN CLARK, ESTELL R. WILLIAMS, FIELDER WILLIAM STRAIN, LAVERNE JONES

"To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven.
A time to be born, and a time to die." — *Ecclesiastes*



Aaronington Arvel Benjamin James
Born Oct. 2, 2001

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY C. BAKER



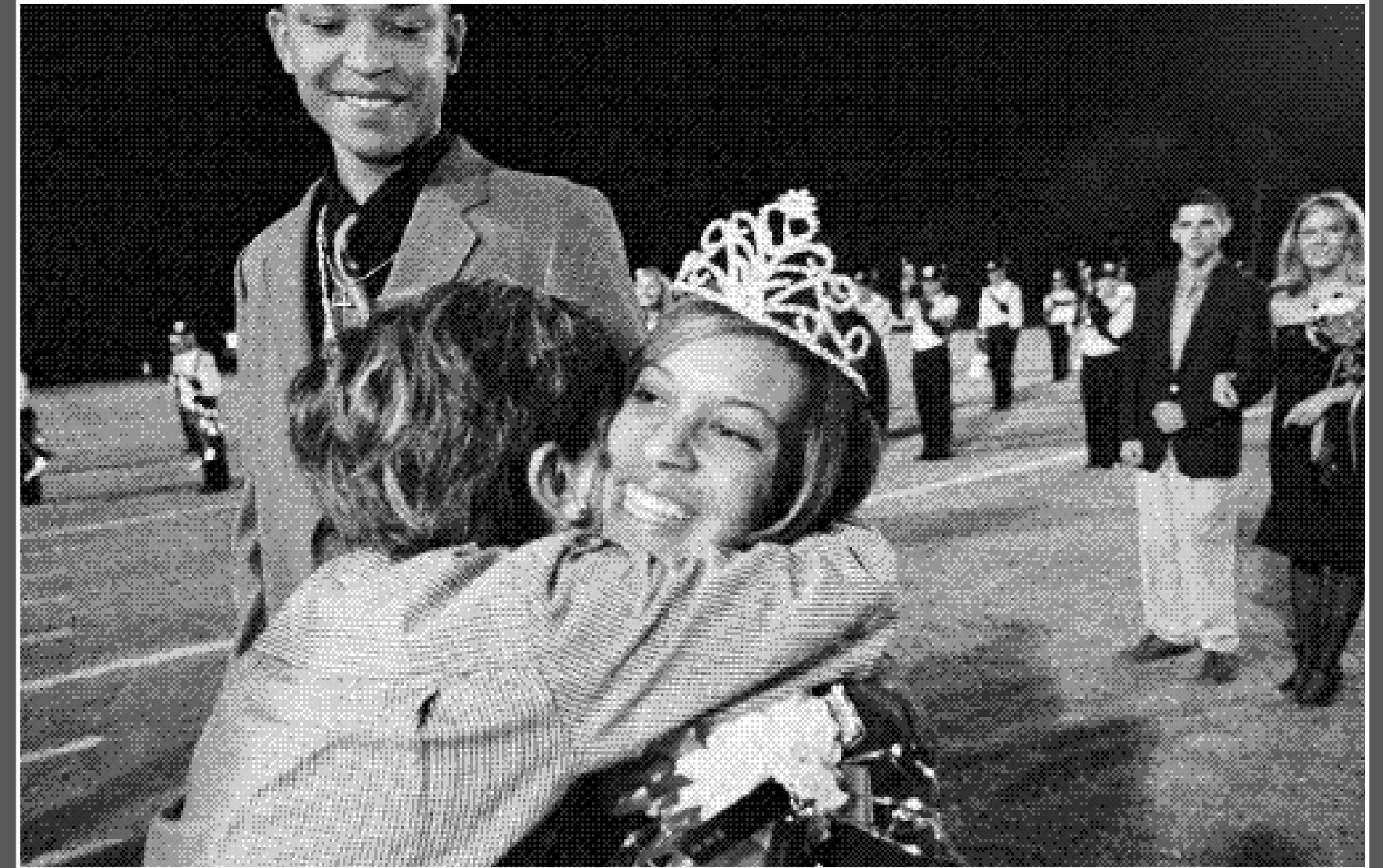
Virginia Webb Walton
Died Oct. 2, 2001

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY C. BAKER



The ring bearer occupies the stage for only a few moments, as 3-year-old William Cain finds out during the wedding of David and Lisa Sadler at Jefferson Davis memorial park.

PHOTO BY STEVEN KING



Michelle Long is crowned homecoming queen by Hopkinsville High School principal Peggy Kemp during halftime of the game against Union County.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN MIANO



Kings of the road, if the hills aren't too steep.

PHOTO BY REBECCA D'ANGELO



The Hopkinsville Tigers in motion on the practice field at the Stadium of Champions.

PHOTO BY STEIN BJORGE



As fall weather creeps in, 82-year-old George Broady makes a stop at the 41A flea market after Sunday services. Ten dollars bought Broady, a wheat and tobacco farmer who has lived in Christian County all his life, a vintage 1970s leather jacket.

PHOTO BY ERIC PARSONS



The terrorist attacks on Sept. 11 2001 have moved this community. Russell Lovelace displays this tattoo, a memorial to those who died. Lovelace was "suprised, angry, upset," about the attacks.

PHOTO BY PATRICIA HESS



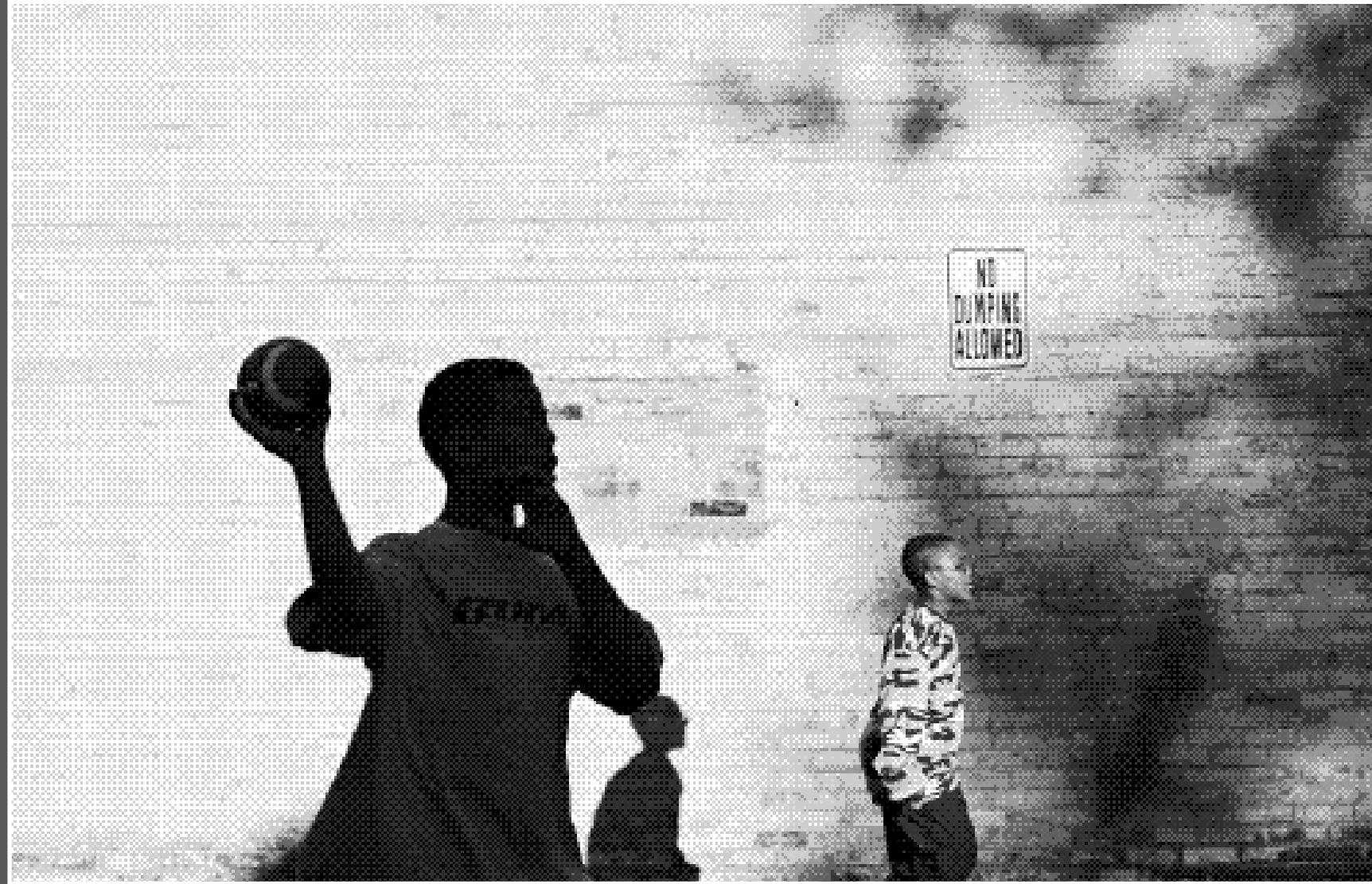
Renee Biola's husband Douglas is presently stationed in Kosovo. Due to military mobilization after the Sept. 11, 2001 terrorist attacks, Biola worries he may be sent into combat in Afghanistan before she sees him again. Here, she sits with their children, Arbayane, 2, and Alyssa, 5.

PHOTO BY MEGAN RESCH



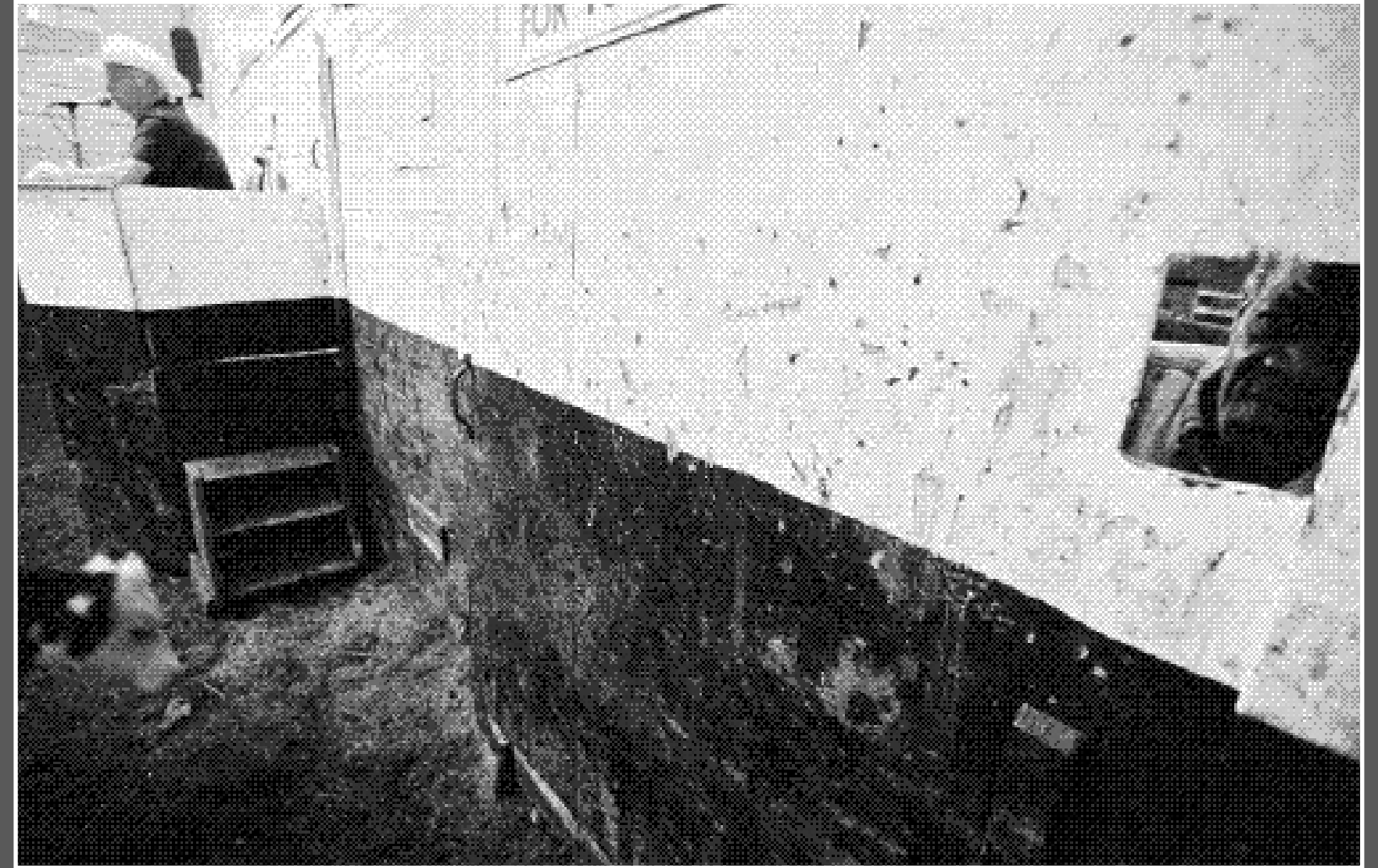
When you grow up in a farm family, privacy can be hard to come by. At the same time, there's always a helping hand nearby. Six-year-old Elizabeth Bruce waits for her father, Mike, to bring the shampoo.

PHOTO BY REBECCA D'ANGELO



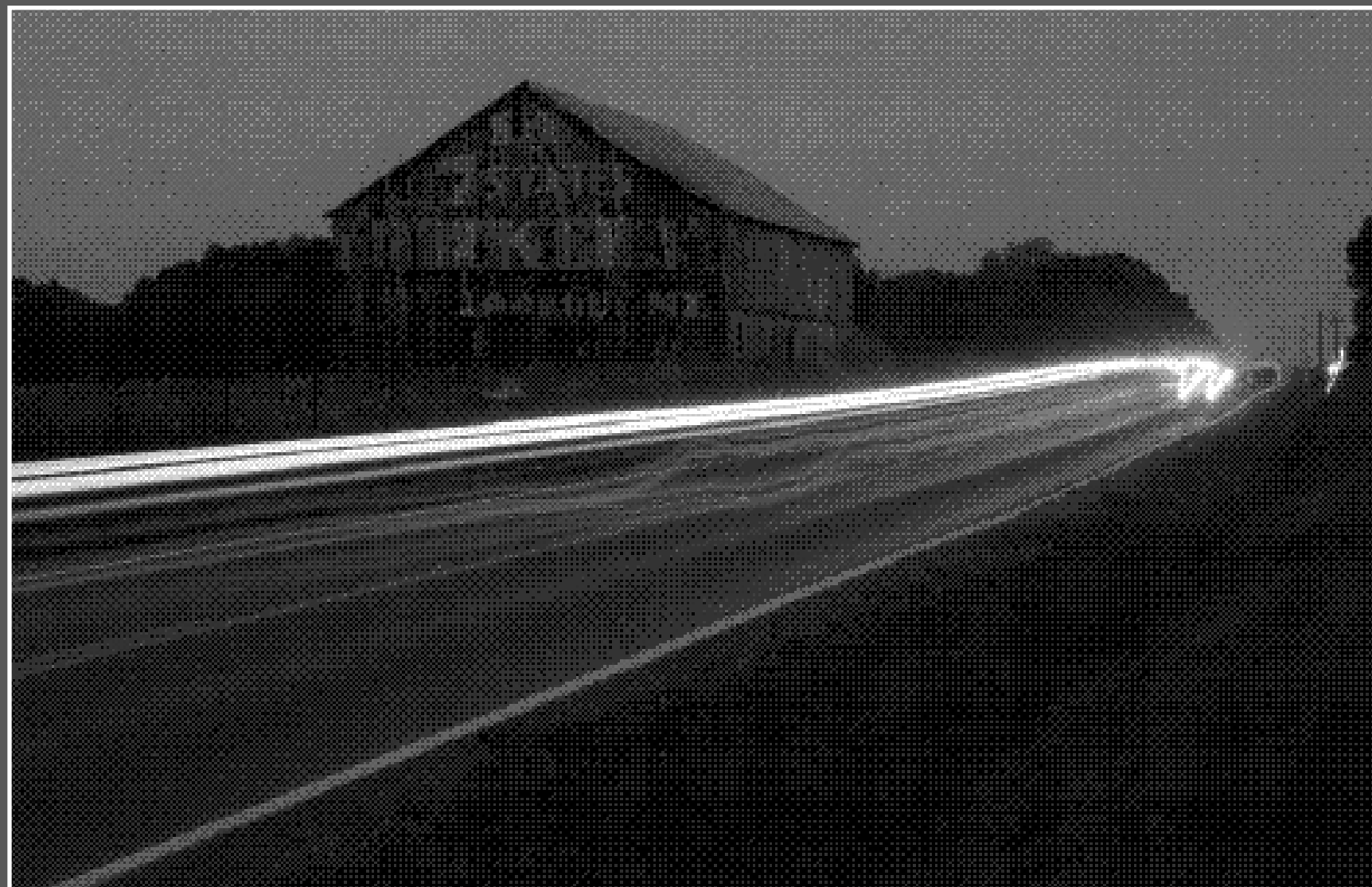
Byran Miller plays football while Steven Owens walks down Cleveland Street on the west side of Hopkinsville. On most afternoons, the street becomes the neighborhood playground.

PHOTO BY SCOTT SMELTZER



As Calvin Kirkman runs an auction at the Christian County Livestock Market, Lenvester Trice — "Honey Lilly" to folks around the barn — works behind the scenes to help handle the cattle.

PHOTO BY STEIN BJORGE



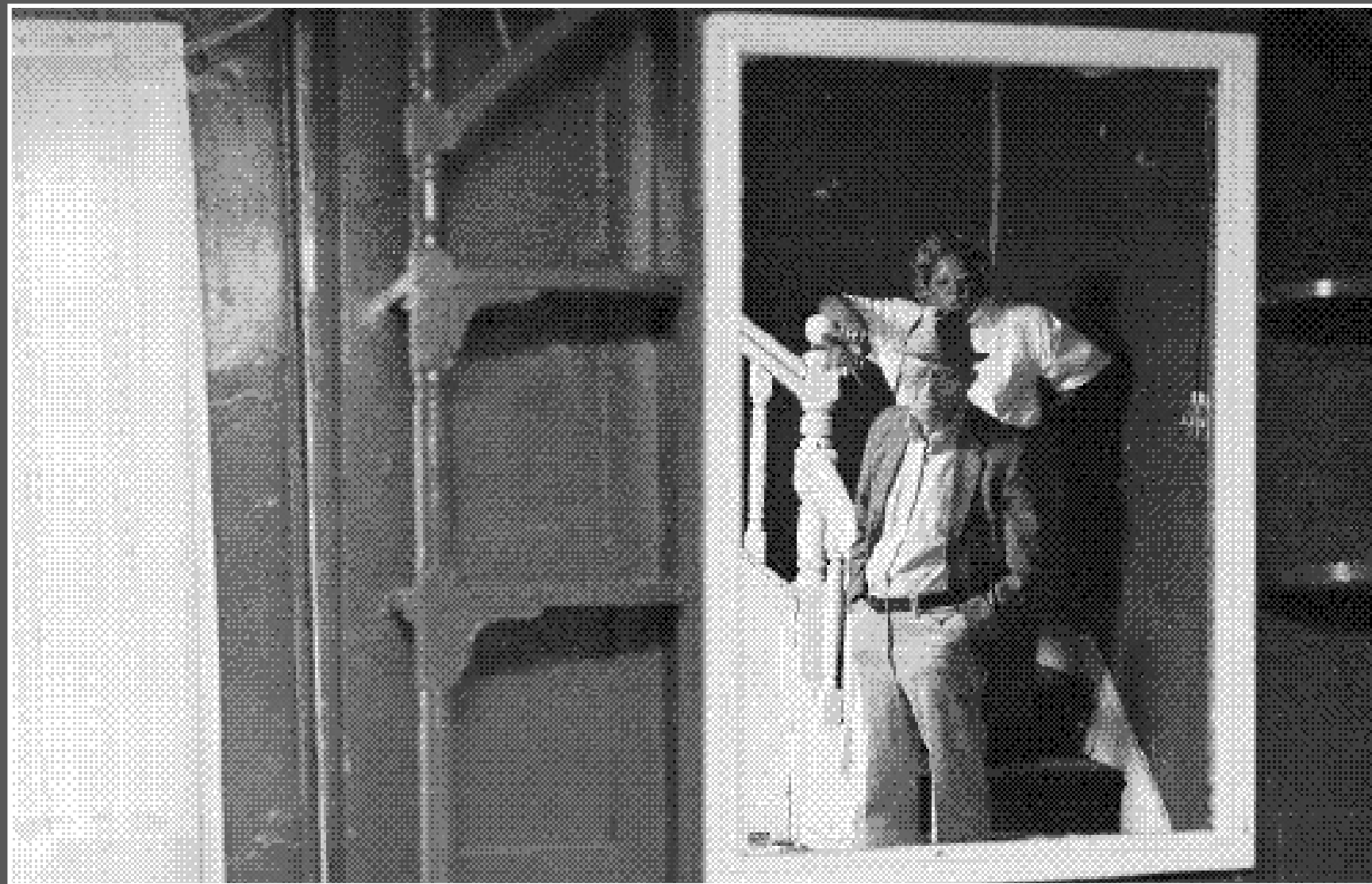
Dusk takes on a cast of its own in the rural south, where old barns are plentiful and cars are often few. On U.S. 41 just east of Pembroke, night falls on a lone pair of headlights.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL WILLIAM BANKS



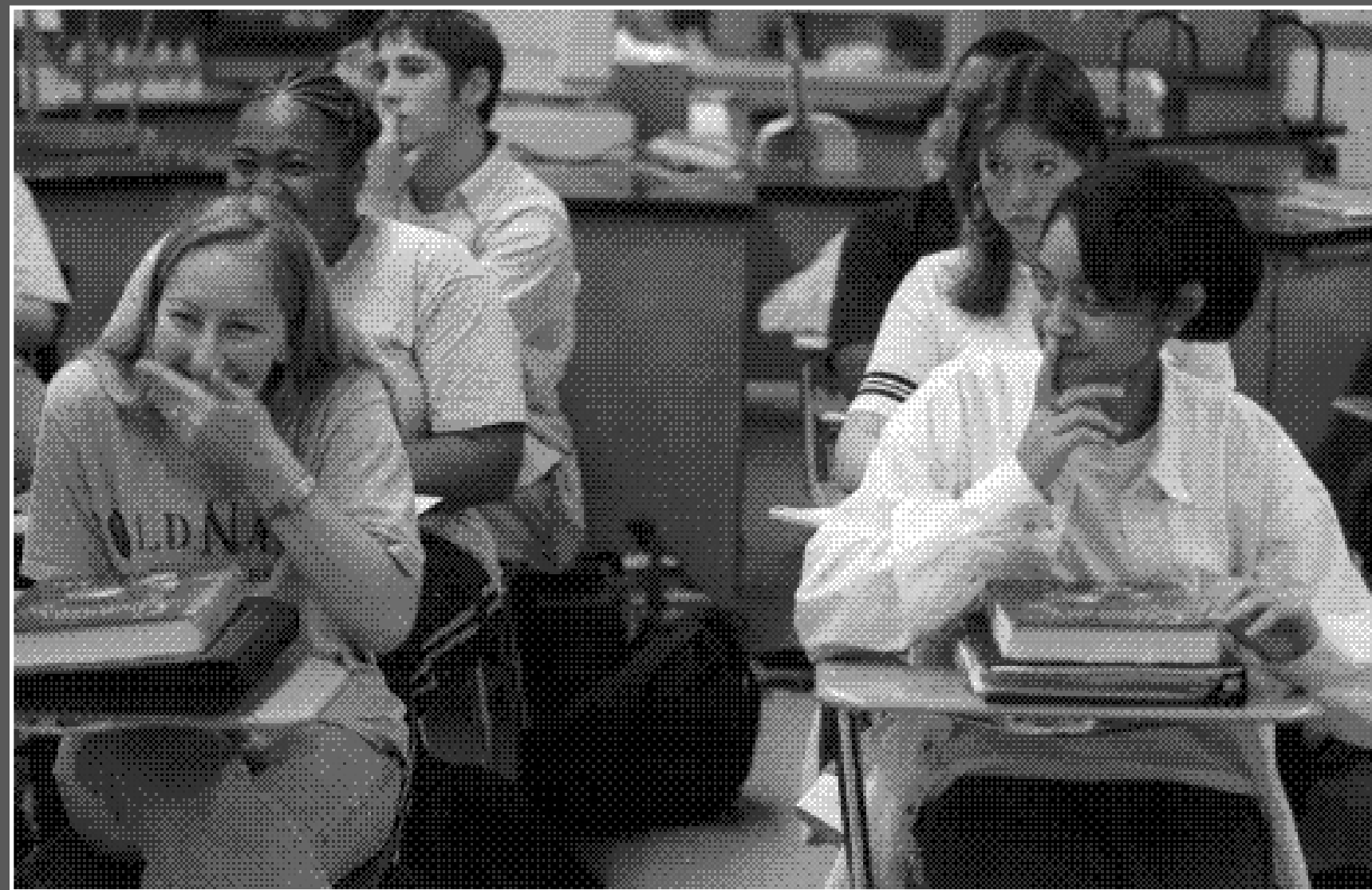
Early light transforms autumn fog into a tattered blanket of white over farmland in eastern Christian County.

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY C. BAKER



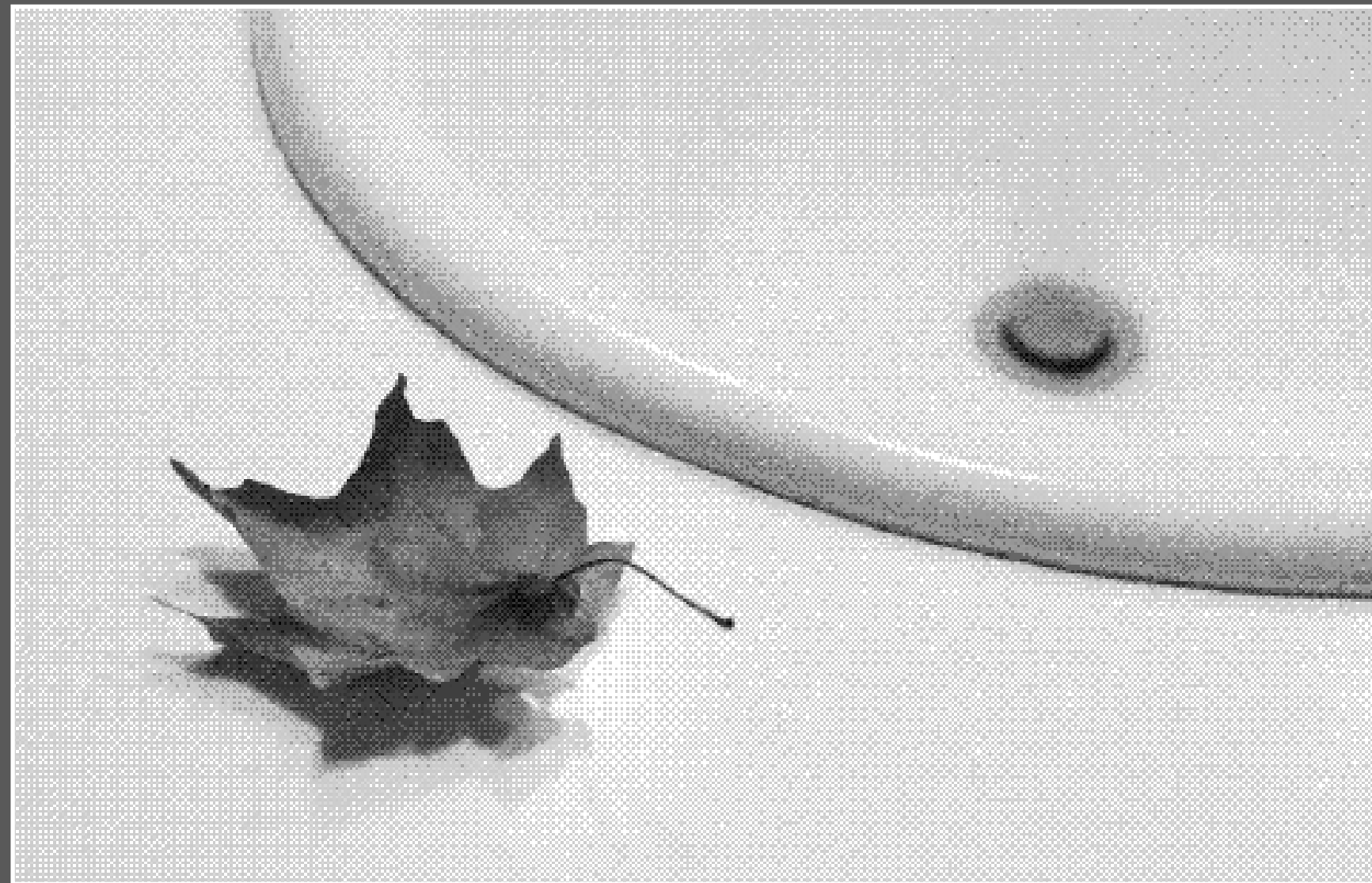
Real estate agent F.E. Whitney and sales associate Bettye Diuguid look over a house on Campbell Lane in Hopkinsville.

PHOTO BY LA VONDIA MAJORS



Michelle Thomas, left, and Ashley Owens have been best friends for 12 years. The girls, who are both deaf, share a chemistry class this semester at Christian County High School.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL WILLIAM BANKS



After Jennifer Maddux watched the first sign of autumn drift to the ground, she brought it inside to show her husband, John.

PHOTO BY HANNAH VAN ZUTPHEN-KANN



Just after dawn, a pigeon leaves its three-story perch at Court and Main.

PHOTO BY H. RICK MACH

THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS

began in 1976 with a field trip by the faculty and students of the newly-formed photojournalism program at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green. David Sutherland and I led the students' efforts to document the last 11 one-room schoolhouses in Kentucky and Tennessee. It was a chance to do live photojournalism with people from an unfamiliar, vanishing culture.

Jack Corn joined Western's faculty in 1977 and conducted the Main Street Project, in which a group of Western photojournalism students documented a low-income area of Bowling Green and produced an audiovisual show. The next year, the workshop became more formal, with photo editors from Kentucky newspaper volunteering their time and expertise to coach participants at a workshop at Land Between the Lakes.

As the workshop evolved, working professionals were invited to participate, shooting side by side with students. The workshop grew steadily. More students resulted in a need for more faculty, equipment and industry support. In 1997, the John S. and James L. Knight Foundation gave the photojournalism program a grant to buy equipment so a picture editing division could be added.

The workshops' faculty and staff are among the top visual journalists in the world. This year, 50 shooters and 6 picture editors participated in the workshop. They were guided by 18 picture editing, writing and shooting coaches; a support staff of

21 multimedia, sound, imaging and information technology professionals; several manufacturers' representatives; and a student assistant crew of more than 25. In all, more than 100 students and professionals came together to share experiences, ideas, skills and understanding of what the profession can be at its best.

The workshop process is simple. We go to a rural town in Kentucky or Tennessee, set up a sophisticated network of digital equipment, and document the lives and culture of a cross-section of residents.

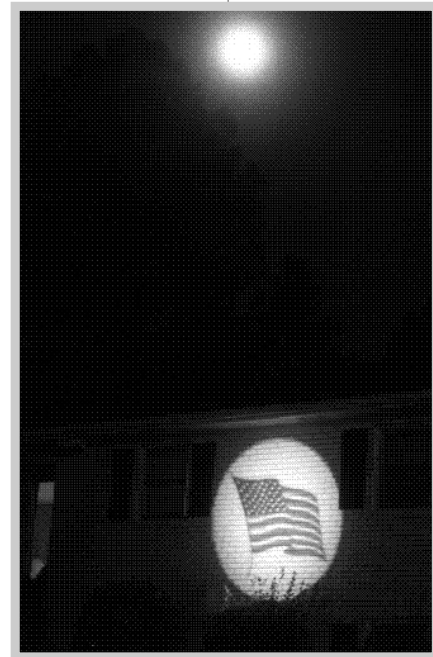
The purpose of the five-day visit is to get to know the residents and produce a book and a web site about them. Students, teamed with shooting, picture editing and writing coaches, expand their story-telling abilities by exploring the lives of their subjects.

The workshop is a 26-year labor of love on the part of the WKU faculty and an all-volunteer army of professional journalists with a passion for pictures and a willingness to give back to their profession. More than 200 of the world's best visual reporters, editors and managers have

offered their expertise to more than 1,000 members of the visual journalism community.

Technological changes are transforming our industry, but this workshop remains committed to the documentary photojournalism tradition as the best way of bringing the stories and lives of our subject to light, whether it be through the printed page or new media.

-Workshop Director Mike Morse



RIGHT •
At a time of national trial, the intertwined lives of Christian County and Fort Campbell create a special sense of community and of country.

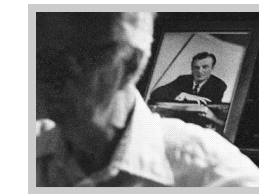
PHOTO BY
PATRICIA HESS



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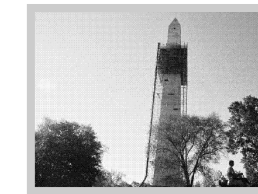
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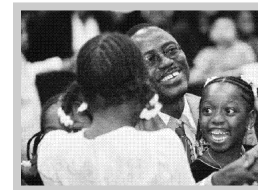
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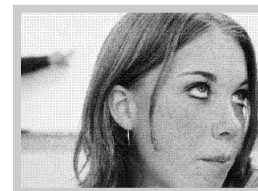
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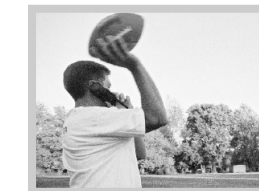
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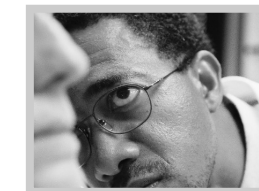
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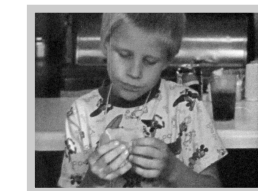
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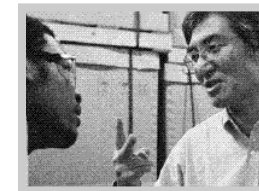
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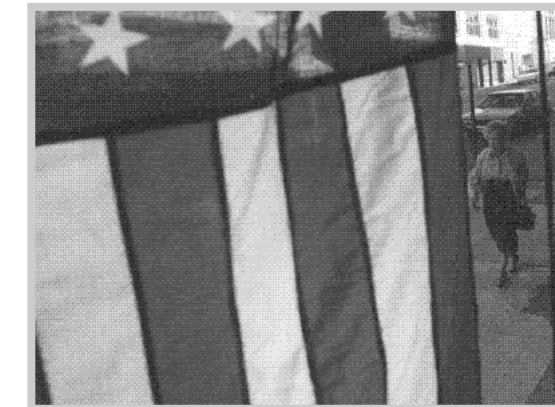


PHOTO BY MICHAEL TERCHA

Life lessons

For home-school family, an emphasis on values

Photography by BAC NGHI TO TRONG
Editing by ROBYN LARSEN

Katie and Ricky Nelson wipe their sleepy eyes and wander slowly down the hall to the kitchen. They won't have to rush through breakfast and dash for the bus. Their mother will clear the table and bring school to them.

Rick and Kari Nelson will never ask their children the age-old question, "What did you learn in school today?" because they have been planning the curriculum for years.

The Nelsons decided to home-school Katie, 10, and Ricky, 6, because they wanted to teach their children their own way. "We can instill Christian values into our children," Kari says. "That is impossible in public schools."

Kari is the vice president of the Pennyriple Area Christian Home Educators of Kentucky, a network of families in Christian, Todd and Trigg Counties. The group includes 51 families in Christian County.

The Nelsons first considered home-schooling after meeting some home-school families while Rick was in graduate school at Regent University in Virginia. The Nelsons were impressed by the way the children in those families behaved.

"They could talk to an adult and look them in the eyes," Rick says. "I was not seeing that in the average public school children."

The Nelsons find advantages not just for the children, but also for themselves. "It takes a lot of energy," Kari says. "I get tired a lot. It's a very demanding job. But it's good for my character development as well."

And the arrangement keeps the family close. While Kari is teaching the children inside, Rick, who is a public policy analyst for a nonprofit group, works in his office just outside.

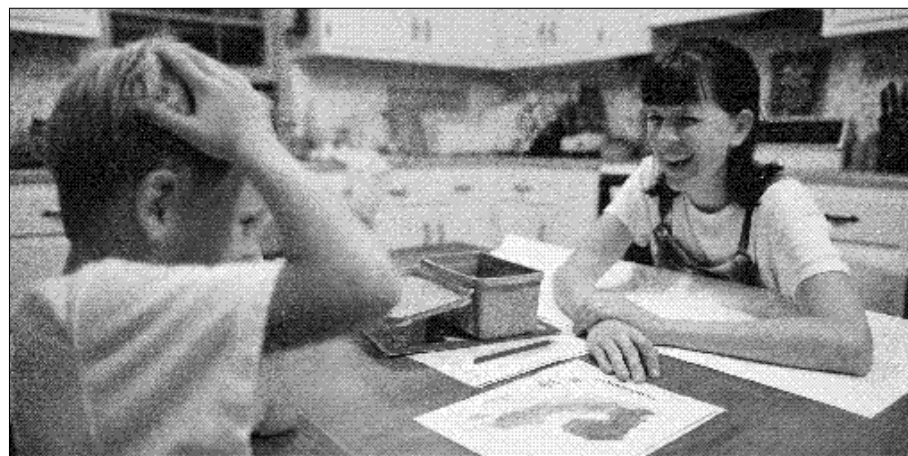
"I love my children," Kari says. "I like it that we're always together."

The togetherness continues from morning to evening, but this is not your typical classroom setting. Kari, who has a degree in biology, and her husband, with degrees in biology, wildlife management and resource management, take the children on nature walks on their 14-acre farm. There is plenty to be learned there, about trees, wildlife and the rest of the environment.

And, Rick Nelson says, "the student-teacher ratio is unbeatable."

By his son's way of thinking, the advantages are much simpler. "You don't have to ride on the bus," Ricky says.

RIGHT • At the Nelson house, the kitchen table doubles as a desk. Kari Nelson guides Ricky in his classwork.



FACING PAGE • Recess is quieter at a school of just two. Katie brings out her violin and bow during a break in lessons.





ABOVE • Seven-month-old Rosie has company even during the school day. Katie looks after her sister while Ricky practices piano.



LEFT • Ricky tries to coax Katie out to play, but she has responsibility to attend to. "I have to watch Rosie," she says.

BELOW • All is not work for the 10-year-old. Between chores, Katie unwinds in the barn.



"We can instill Christian values in our children."

Kari Nelson

Rock of the Church

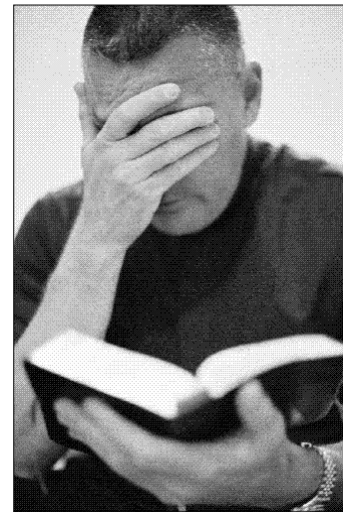
Father Gerald Baker builds for the future

Photography by AMANDA L. CUSTER
Editing by ROBYN LARSEN



ABOVE AND RIGHT • Time for personal prayer and contemplation grew scarce as Father Gerald Baker found himself called to watch over construction of a new church building for Hopkinsville's Saints Peter and Paul parish.

FACING PAGE • More than 200 students are enrolled in the Saints Peter and Paul parish school. Sometimes Father Baker leads them in prayer. Sometimes he joins them in song. And sometimes he just smiles as their flood of boisterous affection washes over him.



In the spring of 2001, Father Gerald Baker watched as his church was demolished. Saints Peter and Paul parish had outgrown its 1927-vintage home. A new church building would serve more than twice as many worshippers, but it wouldn't be ready for more than a year. Services moved into a parish school building. Baptisms, First Communions, marriages—all would be celebrated in an echoing cinder block gymnasium. Folding chairs replaced pews, holy water fonts flanked gym doors. Heads bowed in prayer, Hopkinsville's Catholic faithful found themselves looking down at a floor decorated with the painted lines of a basketball court and the scuff marks of children's play.

In a single day at the gym, Father Baker could be found celebrating Mass, offering counseling to a married couple, playing with the children of the parish school, and responding to the unpredictable demands of church construction. His days ran long, and personal time nearly vanished.

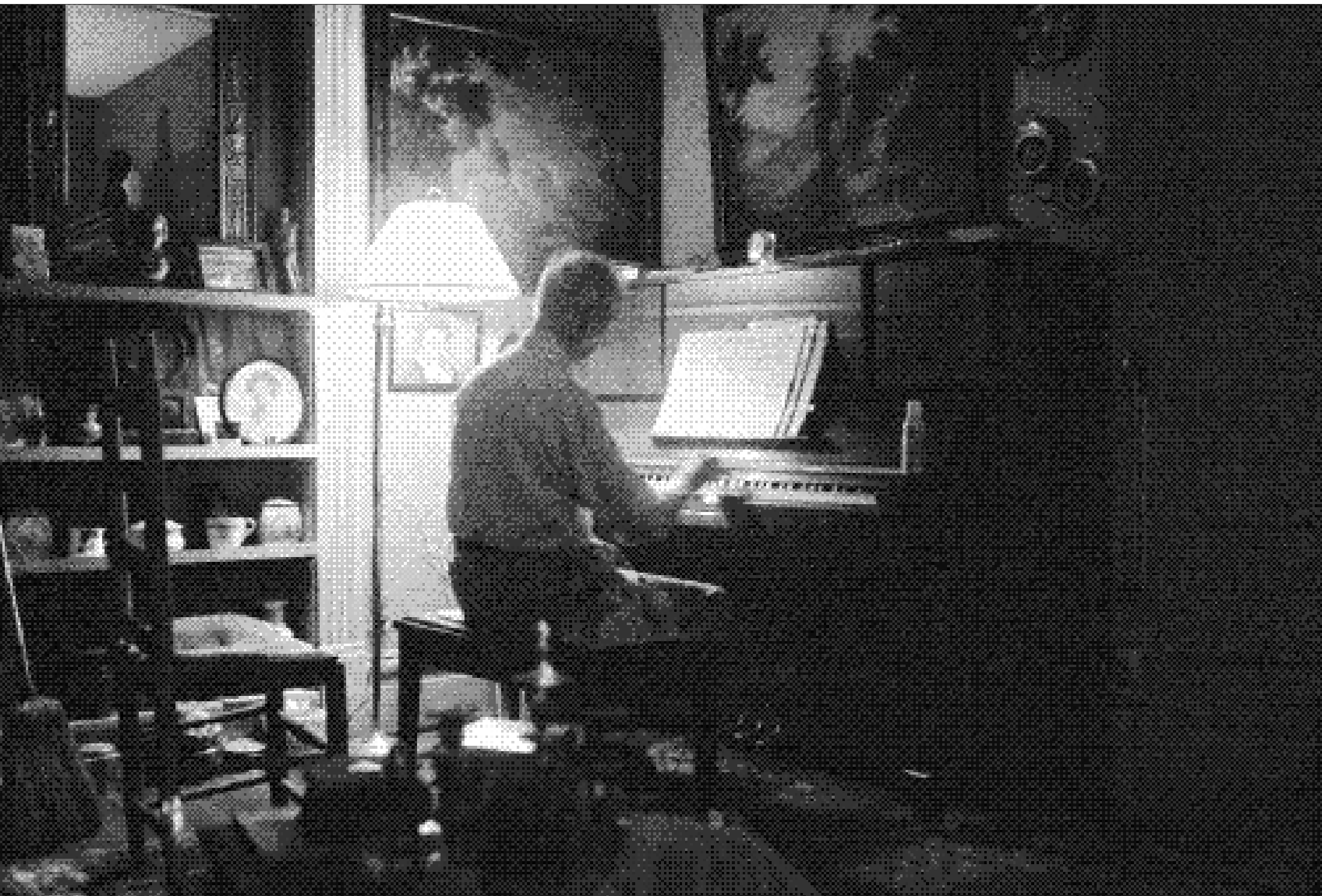
The tall, solidly-built priest with the trademark lopsided grin—bottom lip bulging with chewing tobacco—seemed never to falter. Embracing responsibility for the spiritual guidance of more than 500 families and for a massive building and renovation project, Baker relied on his own faith for strength. “The church,” he says, “is my life.”



Piano man

Music remains his 'necessity'

Photography by SAMUEL SIMPKINS
Editing by MARGARET CROFT



Marshall Butler says he started playing piano as soon as he could reach the keys and the pedals at the same time. Music has always helped the 86-year-old express himself: "It's my way of letting things out without words," he explains. "It comes out better."

Dedication and talent twice put Butler on stage at New York City's Carnegie Hall. He lived in New York for 17 years, but returned to Hopkinsville to be near family and teach music at the community college. Now retired from teaching, Butler still calls playing piano "a necessity" in his life.

Equally necessary is Butler's daily twenty-block roundtrip walk downtown and back. "I've never driven," he says. "No one ever taught me." Lunch usually means a "Mr. Butler" sandwich—grilled cheese with tomato and onion for \$1.75—at Chef's restaurant, followed by a quick stop at the drugstore for dessert—a small bag of plain M&M's. He moves on to Blue Streak Printers to visit owner "Bobo" Cravens and chat about the day's news, then heads back to his Bryan Street home for a rest before afternoon piano practice.

A houseful of cats awaits Butler's return: Tigger, LBK (Little Bitty Kitty), White Feet, Sweetie, Ink Spot, a sixth feline named only Other Cat, and a recently-adopted resident still known as Visiting Cat. Along with his music, Butler says, "Taking care of the cats keeps me going."



ABOVE • Waving to a passing friend, Marshall Butler, far right, relaxes after lunch with Blue Streak Printing shop owner "Bobo" Cravens, seated at center, and Edwin Chilton.



LEFT • A promotional portrait serves as a memento of Butler's years in New York. After 17 years away from home the Hopkinsville native tired of playing nightclubs, and moved back to find "a little yard and a private house."

FACING PAGE • A single lamp illuminates the piano where Marshall Butler plays twice each weekday. The 86-year-old musician's neck and fingers may need a half-hour warm-up before each practice session, but he happily declares that he plays "better than I ever have before."

Free and clear

Restaurant owner proud of independence

Photography by BRIAN PIERRO
Editing by TERRI MILLER



It's hers. Emma Nance Jordan has run – and owned – Nance's Restaurant in Hopkinsville for 12 years. She doesn't really enjoy the cooking. And she will tell you she isn't a big "people" person.

But self-reliance and freedom from obligations are important to Jordan, 51. "I think the part I like the best is it's mine," she says.

She had to work for it.

When Jordan was a child, she and her nine brothers and sisters helped their mother cook for a catering service. And when Jordan was 21, she catered a dinner for singer Bobby Jones in Hopkinsville.

Finally, a talk by motivational speaker Les Brown convinced her to try opening her own restaurant. She started looking around town and found a one-story brick building on Walnut Street that once housed a dance club.

Nance's showcases Jordan's interest in collecting washboards, small vases and jugs. The restaurant serves breakfast and lunch, but most of the crowd arrives around 11 a.m.

Nance's menu comes complete with mashed potatoes, collard greens, pigs' feet and fried chicken.

Renting at first, Jordan spent three years trying to get her business loan to go through. Jordan says she had trouble getting the loan approved for a variety of reasons, including race. "People say that black has nothing to do with it. It had a lot to do with it."

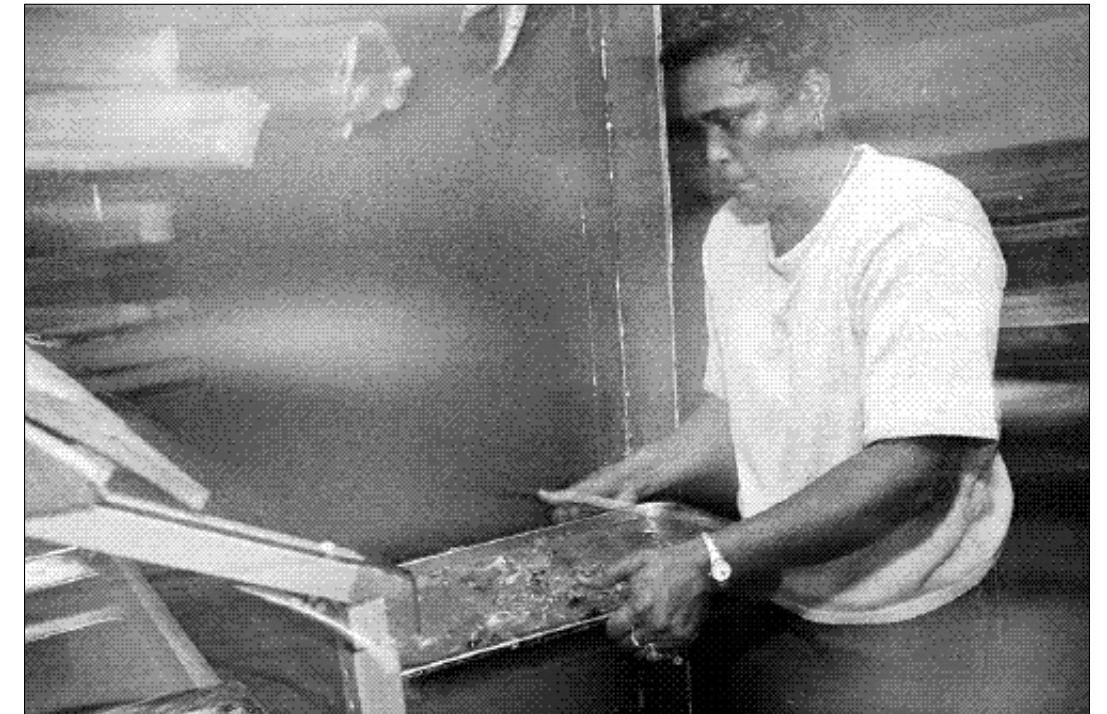
"I like the business of it," says Jordan, whose own family members and friends work there too. While she oversees the food flow from the kitchen, Jordan doesn't always mingle with customers – by choice. "I'm not a public person."

Jordan paid off the debt in five years and never looked back. She uses no credit cards to help the business and has been able to stay debt-free. "Peace of mind is better than money," Jordan says. "I don't obligate myself to anything. Whatever God intends for me will be."



LEFT• Jordan grabs lunch at her own restaurant, Nance's, on Walnut Street in Hopkinsville. After taking out a small-business loan to start the restaurant, she has run it for 12 years on her own terms. She avoids debt and credit cards. "Peace of mind is better than money," she says.

FAR LEFT• Emma Nance Jordan chats with one of her employees during a break at the restaurant she owns in Hopkinsville. "I like the business of it," says Jordan. "I can make mashed potatoes and biscuits and stuff, but I don't like to cook."



ABOVE• Jordan rushes a pan onto the line at Nance's. Mashed potatoes and fried chicken are on the menu daily. She tries to keep the restaurant open until 5 p.m., but may close early if the food runs low.

Southern pride

More than just a monument. More than just a job.

Photography by STEVEN KING
Editing by MOLLY HARTLE

At 10 minutes till 8, with the amber morning sunlight in his eyes and a gentle wind in his face, David Ewing is already settled in to work, piloting a lawnmower across the grounds of the Jefferson Davis memorial park and waving a greeting to the handful of visitors.

For seven years Ewing, 53, has been the state historic site's groundskeeper, a job in which he is maintenance man and history professor all rolled into one.

"I have been asked everything from 'Am I Jefferson Davis' to my shoe size. I don't mind at all; it keeps it interesting."

The 351-foot monument is at the birthplace of the only president of the Confederacy, who was also a U.S. senator, orator, author and the first person to suggest buying Cuba. It's closed now for renovations and attracts only about a dozen visitors a day this time of year. In 1997, before the renovations began, about 25,000 people went into the monument.

"I used to love it here when it was busy," Ewing says. "Cars would be lined out of the parking lot, down the old highway, just to get in."

There might be fewer people to chat with on the job, but with home a mile from work, a wife who brings him a biscuit when there's not time to make breakfast, and children and grandchildren all around him, life is good.

"I do or have done just about everything there is except sell cars," Ewing says. "I have tried to do what I enjoy. I could have done just about anything, that's why I am out here."

And to Ewing, the monument isn't just a chunk of poured concrete.

His daddy worked on it while it was being built.

"Most of the people around here have some kind of family history with this monument," says Ewing, eyes drawn to its peak as the day comes to a close. "I like the fact of knowing my dad worked on this thing."

RIGHT • David Ewing, taking a break with fellow park employee Pamela Harned, built this concrete model of the monument, which is a model of the Washington Monument.

FACING PAGE • Ewing has been the groundskeeper at the state historic site for seven years. The 77-year-old monument is closed now for renovations, and Ewing says he misses the days when "cars would be lined out of the parking lot."



Devoted to life

Faith and family keep Eva Self going

Photography by WENDY BERNA
Editing by MARGARET CROFT



She's tall, with long arms. Her eyes sparkle. Her smile is wide. Everyone in Hopkinsville knows Eva Self. Eva and husband Andrew chose their house on Alumni Street because it seemed like the perfect place to raise daughters Abigail and Audrey. They're a busy family—days fill up with school, dance, piano lessons, bible study, and prayer. Eva rarely seems to stop moving.

A cheerleader and basketball player in high school, the North Carolina native has always been active. "All my brothers played sports, so I didn't have a choice," she says. Then one night during her senior year Eva lost control of her car on a snowy road. The crash severed her spinal cord, leaving her paralyzed from the waist down.

She's been confined to a wheelchair since she was 17.

After the accident Eva found strength and purpose in family and faith. "I had faith before," she says, "but I needed to put it into action. At that point I had a choice. I could allow the Lord to use me, or waste away and slowly die."

Whether whirling through the daily care of home and family, or teaching a weekly women's Bible study class, the 40-year-old says, "Sometimes I forget I'm in a chair." Married to a man who never knew her walking, Eva is a stay-at-home mom who sees every day as a blessing. "Had it not been for the horrible thing," she said. "I would not be experiencing all the wonderful things."



ABOVE • Eva flashes Abby the "eat your roast beef" look at the dinner table. Eva and her husband of 10 years, Andrew, are easygoing parents.



LEFT • Eva's Bible study group is about socializing as well as about faith. She greets friends at the weekly meeting.

FACING PAGE • Starting the day nose-to-nose, Eva and Audrey snuggle and play before Audrey gets dressed. The 4-year-old woke up early, and Eva found her daughter naked in the middle of the room, proud that she had taken off her diaper by herself.



“I had faith before. But I needed to put it into action. At that point I had a choice. I could allow the Lord to use me, or waste away and slowly die.”

Eva Self



ABOVE • Every night before bed the four Selfs gather for devotions. Eva reads aloud, and they talk about the people for whom they want to pray. Then they kneel by the couch, and one by one they say their prayers.

LEFT • Kicking back each afternoon around a quarter to three, Eva waits for 8-year-old Abby to get home from school. They spend a few minutes alone together before getting on with the busy-ness of the day.

FACING PAGE • Wal-Mart on wheels. After lunch at McDonald's, Eva and Audrey zoom through some shopping. They pick out a birthday gift for Audrey's friend Emma, and scout potential presents for Audrey's own birthday, just a week away.

Taking her time

Ruth Edwards finds work a tonic for retirement

With tender hands and a jeweler's precision, Ruth Edwards places a prescription in a white paper bag, staples it, then seals it with clear tape like a Christmas present.

Edwards, 82, sees no reason to rush. And she sees no reason to retire.

After all, she has been working at Wood's Drug Store on Main Street in Hopkinsville for 55 years. "Why retire? It just makes you old when you retire, and I don't want to get old," she says, holding her magnifying glass and leaning gently on the counter.

She grew up in southern Christian County, but her family moved to Hopkinsville in 1941 when the government took the family farm for what became Fort Campbell. When Edwards started looking for work after the end of the war, Wood's was among a half dozen drug stores downtown.

"I was asked to come in and apply in July 1946, and here I am still," she says.

Wood's is the only drug store left in downtown Hopkinsville. It is a mixture of pharmacy and museum, offering a variety of tonics, elixirs and powders in addition to conventional medicines. Old prescription sheets are visible in worn cardboard boxes stacked behind the pharmacy counter.

But Edwards keeps busy, taking prescription orders by phone, using a BellSouth computer to help customers pay their bills and picking up sundry other items like cough syrup, nail polish and hand creams that can be delivered with prescriptions.

A few customers have been visiting Wood's since Edwards arrived a half-century ago. Now, plenty of their children and grandchildren come by. "Well, I just enjoy it, seeing people. It's something to do that's not sitting around watching TV," she says.

Photography by MICHAEL TERCHA
Editing by TIM MCQUINN



LEFT AND FACING PAGE
• Ruth Edwards has been working at Wood's Drug Store in downtown Hopkinsville for 55 years. She runs the register, helps customers pay their phone bills and takes orders by phone.



ABOVE • Edwards gets a hug from customer Teddy Willis. Willis comes to the store almost every day for lunchtime chocolates.

Dream catcher

Finding contentment as a farm wife and nurse

Photography by JESSE EVANS
Editing by TOM LEVY



Sheri Lancaster remembers being a young girl and watching her grandmother diligently care for her great-grandmother in the matriarch's final years. Sheri remembers being afraid of the older woman, but also being fascinated by the power of caring hands. She started planning early for a life of nursing.

"There was just nothing else I could imagine myself doing," Lancaster says.

As a young girl she also realized something else that she wanted: to marry a farmer.

Many people only dream of the life they want, but Sheri Lancaster chased it. Today she is working as a nursing coordinator at Jennie Stuart Medical Center, and she lives with her husband, Carey Don, on the farm right next to his parents', just west of Hopkinsville.

Lancaster's wish list has grown over time, and she has found herself doubly blessed. One day, she says, she woke up and realized: "I want a baby." And in 1996, the couple became the parents of twins, Hannah and Chance.

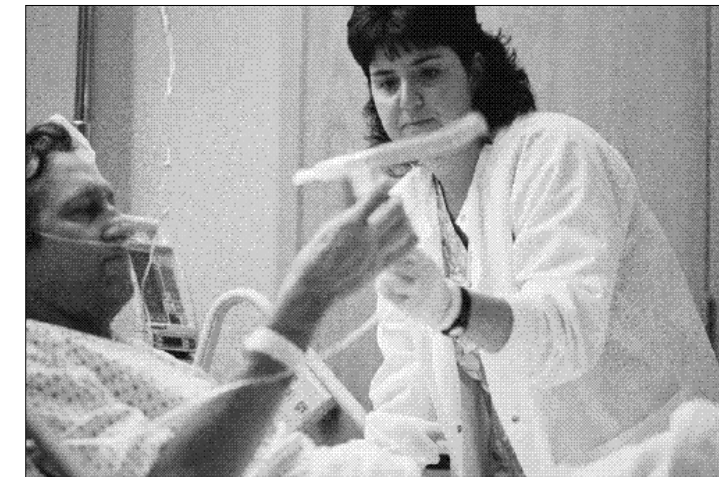
Even the best plan leaves room for occasional discontent. Lancaster often feels doubts about her career and considers leaving the hospital to stay home with her children.

But whenever doubts creep in, she realizes what she has.

"Sometimes on the weekends I think about moving on, doing something else," she says. "But then Monday comes and I realize that I am right where I want to be."



ABOVE • Sheri Lancaster, with her daughter, Hannah, says she loves her work but feels the pull between her job and her family.



FACING PAGE • Lancaster leads a meeting of nurse technicians at Jennie Stuart Medical Center. "Sometimes I think that I need a challenge," she says. "Then I come to work on Monday."

LEFT • Lancaster considers herself part teacher, showing patients how to care for themselves.

Young Hardware

Still downtown, still personal — for now

Photography by JEFFERY MINNISH
Editing by MARGARET CROFT



Mac Arthur is always ready for customers. But he wonders how much longer his hundred-year-old downtown store can survive.

When Young Hardware opened in 1898, no competing chain superstores loomed on the edge of town. But business has dropped off sharply since Arthur bought the store in 1973. These days many folks coming through the doors aren't looking for hardware, he says, they're looking for a little taste of history. "We get people from all over the country. They see an old store like this and they get nostalgic."

Some long-time Hopkinsville residents remain loyal customers. Mattie Lou Brown praises the shop's broad stock and personal service. "If you can't get it anywhere, you go to Young's and they'll have it," she says. "I guess some people go to Wal-Mart, but if you want one little bolt, Mac will sell you one little bolt. You don't have to buy a bag of ten or twenty."

Arthur acknowledges that Young Hardware will someday succumb to the forces of modern retailing. "There going to drive us out of business, there's no question about it. Eventually downtown will collapse," says Arthur. But for now his plans are to keep going to work, serving his faithful customers.

And when the day comes to lock Young Hardware's doors for the last time? With a resigned shrug and a bit of a smile, Arthur says, "I'll go home and play on the farm."



ABOVE • John and Gus Young opened their namesake Hopkinsville hardware store more than a century ago.

LEFT • Mac Arthur keeps his 6th Street storefront squeaky clean with the help of daughter Ann, but he worries that hometown service and tradition won't be enough to fend off competition from national chains.

FACING PAGE • Daughter Ann Ramage, right, keeps owner Mac Arthur company on a slow afternoon at Young Hardware.

Goin' to the dogs

Working K-9 to five, what a way to make a livin'

Photography by JEFF LEARD
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



Local folks call Kevin Adkins “the dog catcher” ... but ride shotgun in his Animal Control truck for an afternoon, and you’ll see the officer’s job description is more complicated than that.

“I do snakes, groundhogs, horses, deer, dogs, cats — and an occasional felon that didn’t know they weren’t supposed to run from the dog truck,” he says.

The job can be bizzare. Only in Adkins’ profession will you hear this playful police radio transmission: “We’ve got a 10-15 ... with a fish.” Translation: We’re bringing in a prisoner, and it’s a fish.

Adkins’ favorite tail tale? Five surly skunks had stormed a local baseball diamond — during a game — and wouldn’t budge. Why Animal Control wasn’t called first is beyond Adkins, but Hopkinsville Police officers arrived, armed with riot shields and pepper spray.

It’s unclear who fired first — man or beast — but by the time Adkins arrived, the spray had been a-flying ... and the cops were losing ground. Adkins strolled to the concession stand, snagged some food and pitched it to the spunky skunks. He sent the humans home.

“Animals are really cool,” Adkins says. “They’re like kids; they’re always into something.”

Amidst the (occasionally preposterous) chaos of the day, Adkins does find at least an hour of normality when he takes his daily lunch break with his fiancée, Suzanne Keeton. At the Christian County Animal Shelter, where Keeton works, the two munch lunch and talk about the shelter’s injured and abandoned critters.

So why be a “dog catcher”? Adkins’ motivations are simple: “I just do it because I love the animals,” he says.

FACING PAGE • On a recent cruise through town, Animal Control officer Kevin Adkins spotted this brown stray and stopped to find its owner. Another dog from a nearby house takes a good sniff while he’s here.



LEFT • Adkins knows critters — and can usually anticipate their behavior. “When he’s got his eyes rolled back in his head like that and he’s got that deep throaty growl, you know he’s fixin’ to get you,” Adkins says, after capturing an angry dog. The dog had been tangled up on a chain with two other dogs when Adkins arrived. He was assisted by a Hopkinsville Police officer.

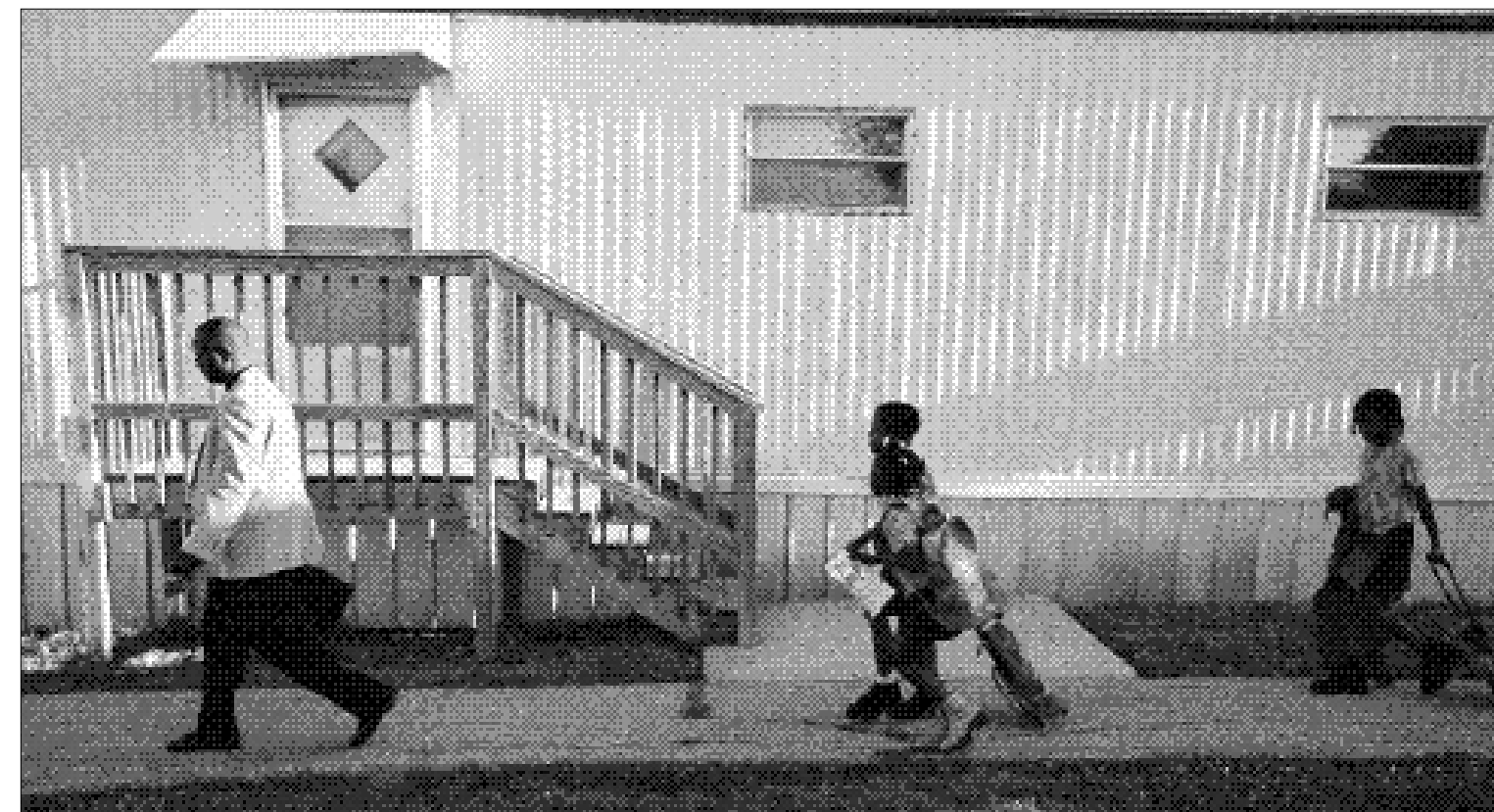
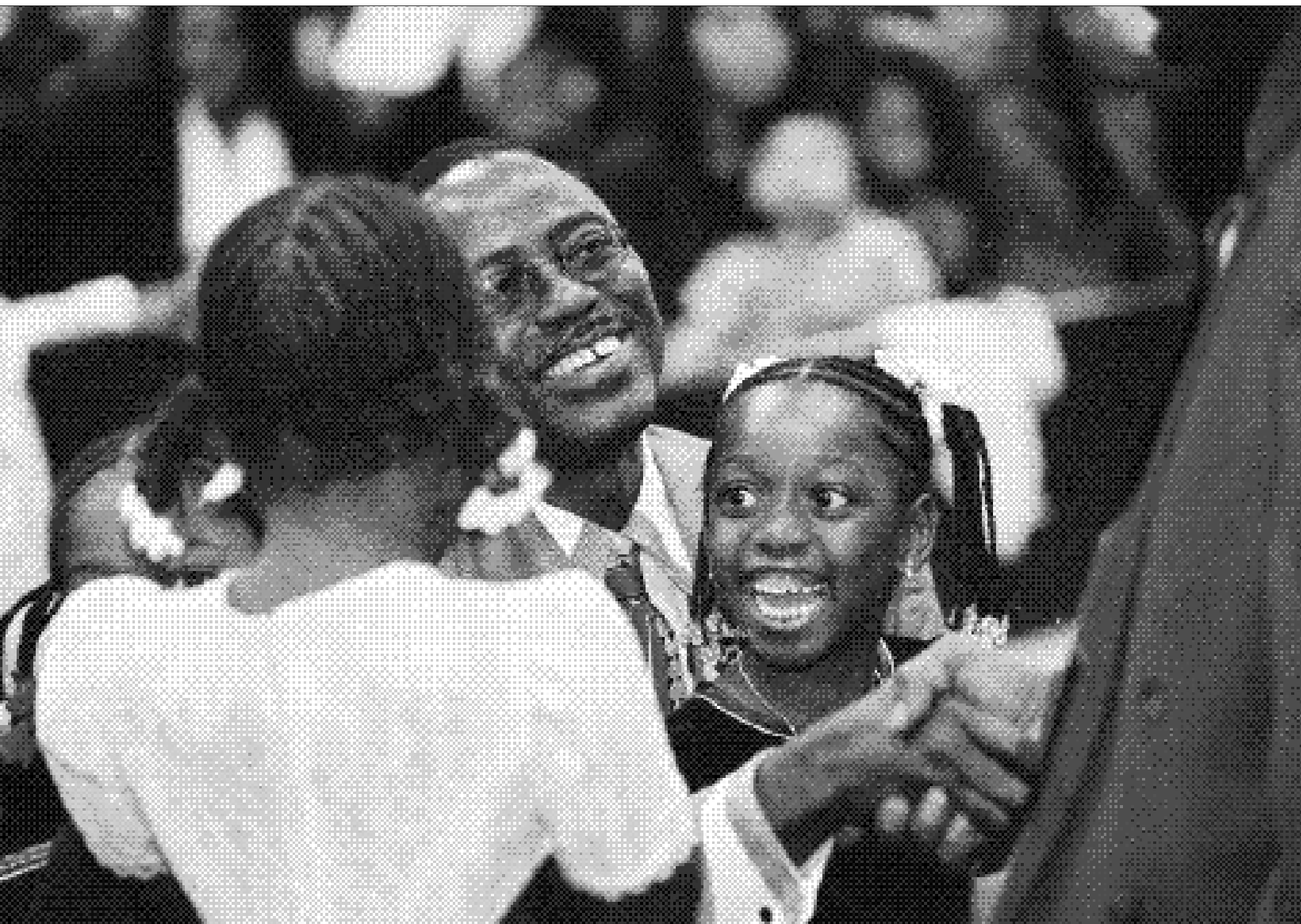


ABOVE • As Hannah Rattray waits for her new puppy’s adoption paperwork to be finalized, Adkins holds the dog low enough for the 2-year-old to get an eyeful. The pooch is a basset hound / beagle mix.

Praise, and parenthood

Single father raises two families: his kids, and his church

Photography by DAVID T. FOSTER III
Editing by TERRI MILLER



LEFT • Nyakoon (left) leads his daughters Clein-Wheh (center, front), Teebeh (center, rear), and Sayoni (right) to the van as he picks them up from after-school care.

FAR LEFT • During a recent special service, the congregation of Means Avenue Baptist Church celebrated the seventh anniversary of their pastor, Enoch Nyakoon (center). Here, daughter Clein-Wheh laughs as she sits on her father's lap. Her sister, Teebeh (left), looks on.

Rev. Enoch G. David Nyakoon's life has been one of faith and hope. Since 1994, the AGE-YEAR-OLD has been preacher and teacher at Means Avenue Baptist Church. He's also a single father of four. Nyakoon was born and raised in impoverished Liberia, Africa. But faith opened a door ... providing him hope for an education and the opportunity for a better life. He learned to read, thanks to a local Christians who gave him a Bible. "The tougher it is, the more God gives us grace," he says.

Nyakoon prefers challenges. He attended seminary in America and, in 1997, helped found Means Avenue Baptist. But he doesn't just preach. Nyakoon teaches WHAT at

Hopkinsville Community College. He ministers to prisoners at the local jail. He also works as a consultant on refugee issues for the National Council of Churches, based in New York City.

Despite the professional responsibilities, Nyakoon's family life is still most important. He arranges his busy life to focus around his four children — twin daughters Sayoni and Teebeh, 8; daughter Clein-Wheh, 5; and 4-year-old son, Enoch, Jr. He's been a single father for the past two years.

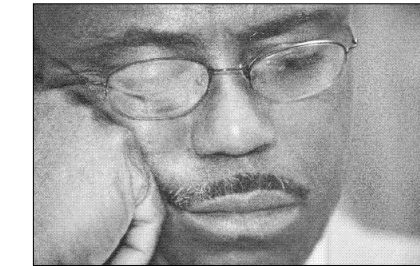
"Focusing on kids is something that a lot of men don't do," Nyakoon says. "I want my children to have a strong spiritual, moral and educational upbringing. I want them to be the best, among the best, and will do whatever I can, according to what God gives me to do."

"Focusing on kids is something that a lot of men don't do."

Rev. Enoch G. David Nyakoon



ABOVE • Nyakoon's children are his first priority. Here, he catches and twirls Enoch Jr. after dinner at their home.



LEFT • Nyakoon catches up on paperwork. This week, office life is particularly hectic: He is preparing for a trip to New York City to meet with the National Council of Churches.



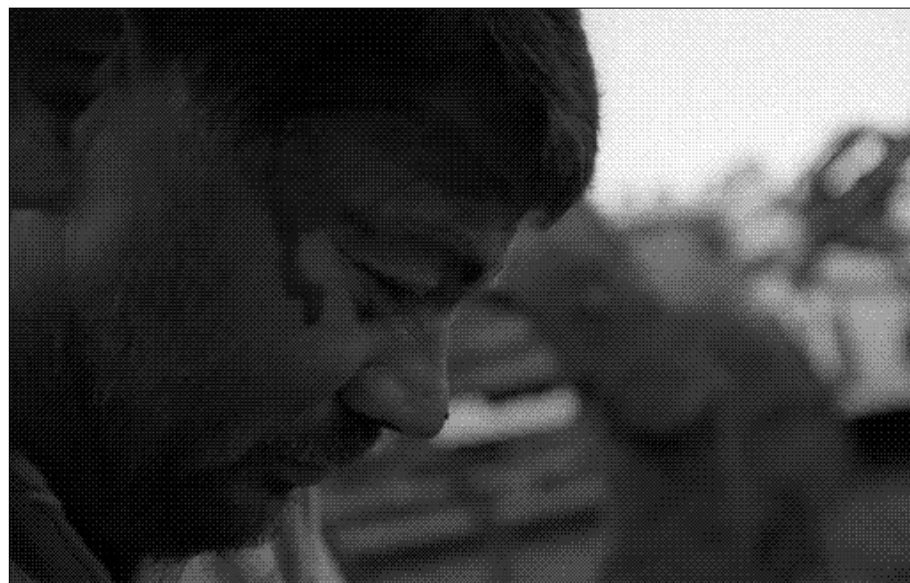
ABOVE • Nyakoon lies underneath the podium in Means Avenue Baptist Church as he meditates and prays on Wednesday afternoon. Nyakoon often prays in the solitude of the sanctuary while working at the church during the weekdays.

LEFT • A stable — and moral — family life is important to Nyakoon. "I want them [my kids] to be the best among the best and will do whatever I can according to what God gives me," he says. Here, he washes dishes with daughter Clein-Wheh.

Blood, sweat and tears

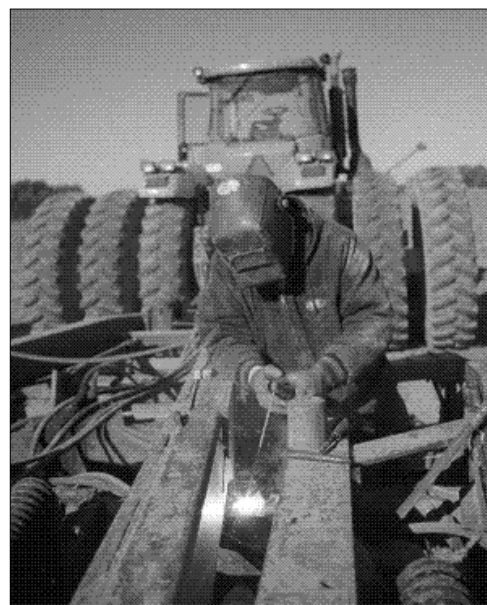
The third generation keeps a family farm running

Photography by TYLER SMITH
Editing by ROBYN LARSEN



ABOVE • With more repairs still to be made, there's hardly time for Billy Garnett to wipe the blood after a run-in with an errant chunk of metal.

RIGHT • "I'm a jack of all trades and a master of none," says Garnett, who has had to learn everything from welding to large engine repair to keep his equipment and his farm running.



The air bites the skin, fog blankets the fields, and the horizon glows red. It's sunrise and Billy Garnett is on the move.

He has just left his family for the day, knowing he won't get an opportunity to see them again until tomorrow, but it's the price he pays to do the work he loves. "A lot of guys like the idea of working on the land, but they don't want to put in the time," says Garnett, 44. And at this time of year, when some crops are harvested while others are planted, the time is considerable: 17-hour days for weeks on end.

By 7:30 a.m. the crew is ready and Garnett is heading out for breakfast with Otis Killebrew, a farm worker. But this is a life built on thousands of details, and nothing is that simple: Garnett has to turn right around because he forgot something he'll need later. He is halfway down the road when he gets word that someone didn't show up for work, so he has to take Killebrew back to cover for the missing man. Finally, Garnett makes it to

breakfast in Pembroke.

With some calories to keep him fueled up, Garnett is ready to prepare a field for winter wheat. When he arrives the V-ripper is broken. Get out the ratchet, get out the torch. That crisis solved, he gets a call on the radio that a gear box is broken. Garnett is off to another field, for another repair, the grin hardly fading.

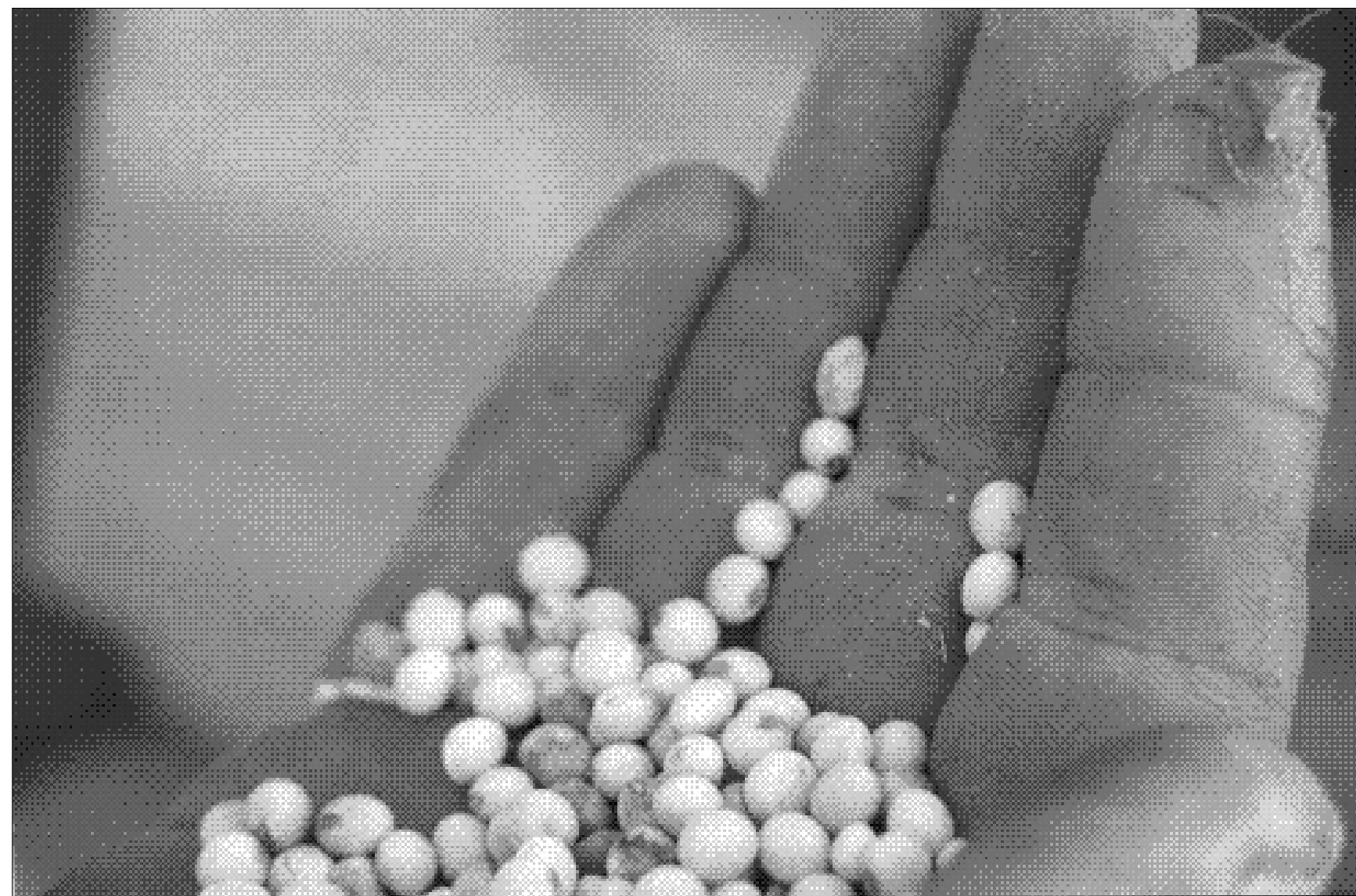
In a time when family farms are failing, Garnett Farm is thriving. Corn - 8,500 acres worth - tobacco, beans, wheat, livestock and hard work have fed the Garnett family well.

Billy and his brother Philip were encouraged by their parents to choose a different path, but they decided after college to carry on the family tradition. They are the third generation of Garnett farmers here, running an operation centered a couple of miles south of town on Bradshaw Road but with fields all over Christian County.

Philip is responsible for the business side, and Billy looks after the production side.

It's an effective partnership in today's market.

"I don't want his job," Billy says, "and he don't want mine."



ABOVE • "You can only expect to have all great crops three or four times in your life," Garnett says. This year the farm had good corn and wheat crops, but the soybeans were disappointing.

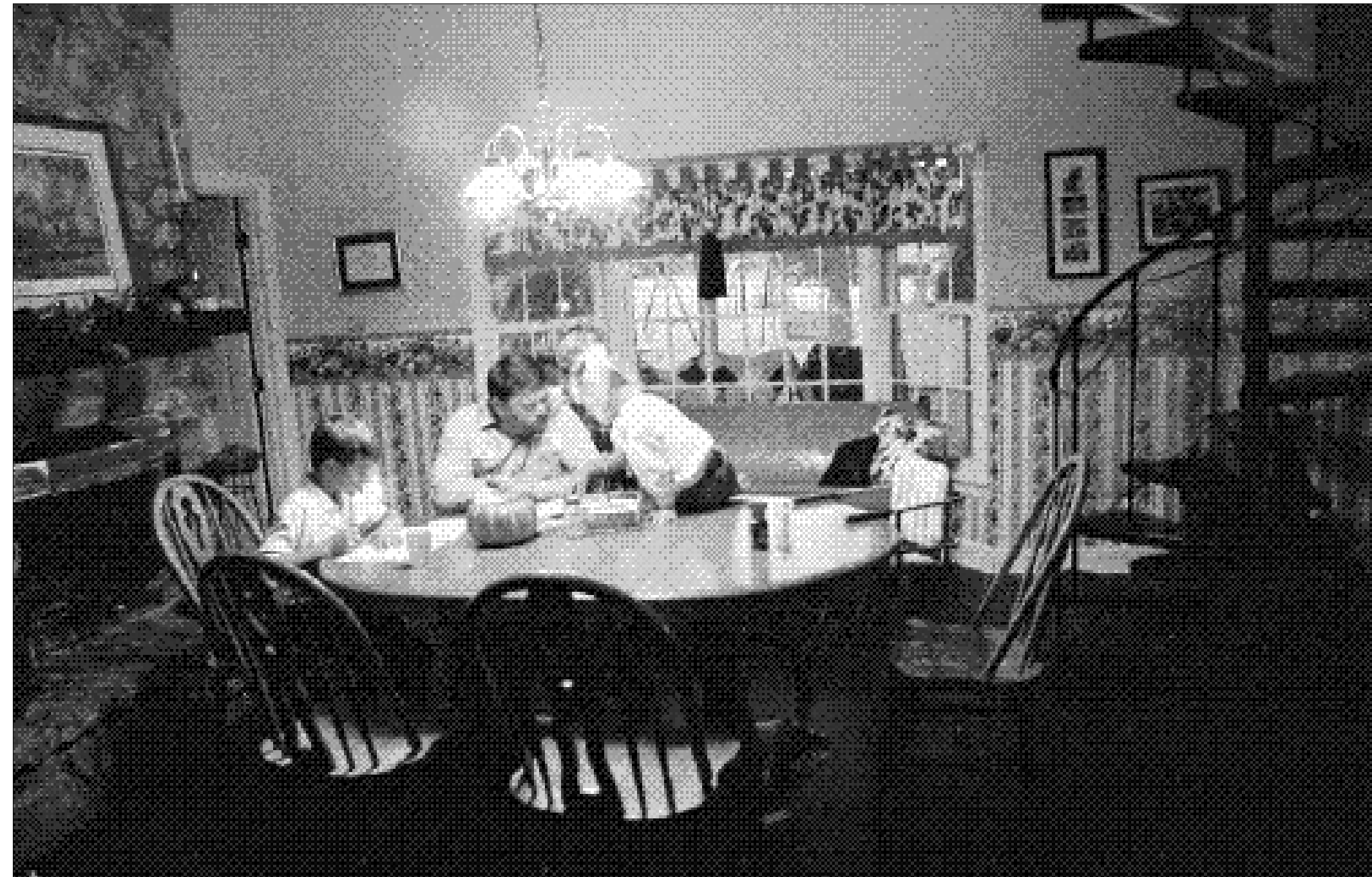
"A lot of guys like the idea of working on the land, but they don't want to put in the time."

Billy Garnett



ABOVE • Another field, another machine to coax into working up to speed. With 13 tractors and all the equipment they pull, it saves time and money for Garnett to do maintenance work himself.

RIGHT • Soybeans are unloaded from a combine into a tractor-trailer.



ABOVE • It's autumn on the farm, and the simple fact is that Garnett is often out of the house more than he's in it. Before school one morning, Teresa, the fifth of his six children, gets help with her spelling while Charles reads.

Cop Talk

Officer's mandate is to watch, listen

Photography by JEREMY LYVERSE
Editing by TIM MCQUINN



Patricia McCarley thinks she's a country girl. But she's leading a city girl life as an officer in Hopkinsville's 65-member police department.

She patrols the city's east side through a federally funded program that emphasizes face-to-face contact with community members, especially young people. She stops and talks.

It's needed. When "kids" get into trouble, the city is not equipped to handle them: It has no juvenile detention facility.

She knows how to listen. And she knows when to be tough.

McCarley, 33, grew up in neighboring Todd County, where she "hung out" for a year. She decided to join the Navy to "get out" for four years, then worked for a year in a Philadelphia prison.

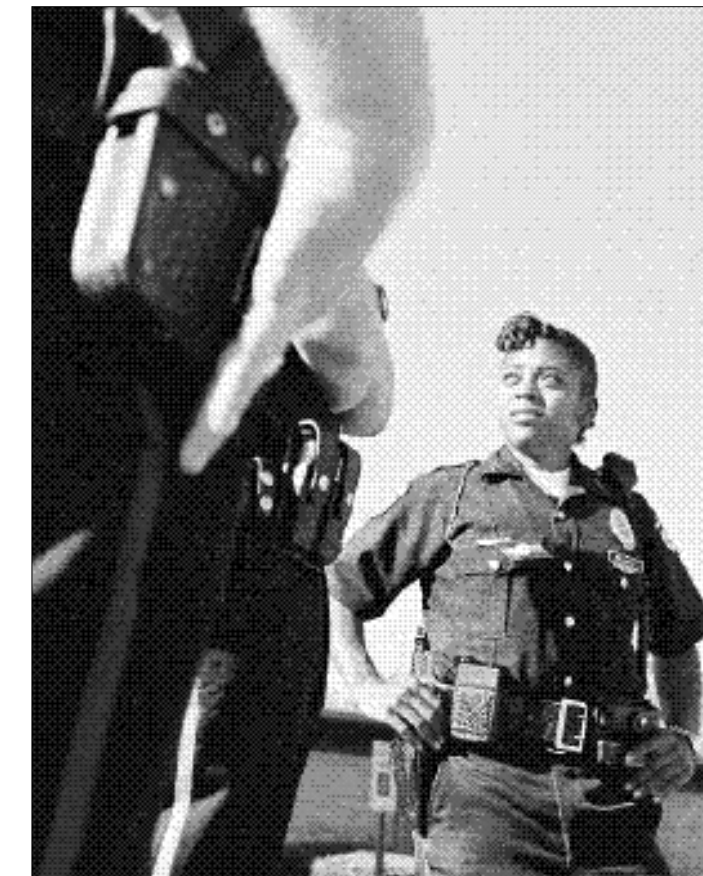
"It was too fast-paced for me," she says. "I guess I'm a country girl."

So in 1998, McCarley hired on with Hopkinsville police.

The work isn't glamorous. It takes patience.

Near the end of an afternoon shift, McCarley pulls over a car speeding through a residential neighborhood. When the driver flees on foot, she calls for support and gives chase. Other officers and a police dog arrive. A search begins. Other officers pursue. But McCarley remembers to stop and play with a 2-year-old girl who was drawn to the officer.

"I love what I do," McCarley says. But layered with a belt, gun and accessories, "I still go home with a backache — this stuff is heavy."



ABOVE • Officer Patricia McCarley pauses a few moments with Ladonna Matlock on the child's second birthday. McCarley and other Hopkinsville police officers had just been in a foot chase with a suspect when the girl sought McCarley's attention. The child had been playing nearby.

FACING PAGE • McCarley keeps an eye on a man in a patrol car accused of vandalizing his foster father's home in Hopkinsville while other police officers search the house. McCarley joined the department in 1998 and patrols the city's east side.

LEFT • After apprehending a suspect, McCarley chats with a fellow officer. She is one of two female police officers in Hopkinsville.

A lot on his plate

Budgets, bridges, brides fill county executive's days

Photography by JENNIFER WEISBORD
Editing by TERRI MILLER

On Monday, Oct. 1, Steve Tribble signed a proclamation at the mayor's

office, dropped off some shirts at the dry cleaner, paid his tax bill, gave a pint of blood and conducted three weddings. Then he went to Ferrell's for lunch.

Not all mornings are that busy, but as judge executive of Christian County, Tribble has a lot on his plate. He is responsible for a \$17 million county budget, 500 miles of roads and bridges, the county's animal shelter and its solid waste system. Other jobs are largely ceremonial – an appearance at the Junior Auxiliary's Tasters Luncheon, a ribbon-cutting at Kroger's new gas station.

Tribble works on familiar ground. He was born in Hopkinsville in 1947, went to primary school there, and was a starting forward on the Hopkinsville High School basketball team. He graduated from Murray State with a degree

in business administration, then came back home as a probation and parole officer in 1970. He has lived in Hopkinsville ever since. He decided to run for judge executive in 1992.

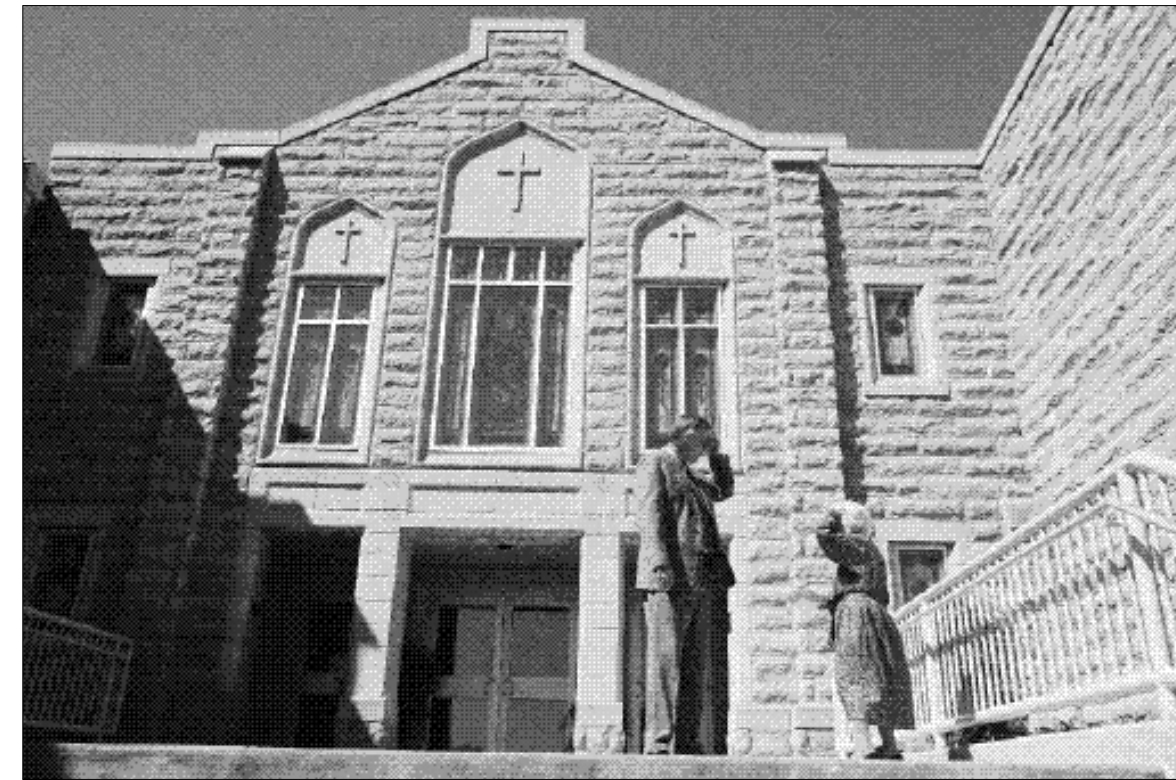
"It was really weird how it happened," he said. He had been a district supervisor for the Kentucky Corrections Cabinet for eight years and was ready to retire, but didn't know what to do next. Several people suggested that he run for office, and support began to snowball.

"I took it that it was a sign from God that this is what I should do," he said. "He hasn't called anyone on the phone that I know of."

He was elected on his birthday, May 25, 1993.

"I guess some of those Little Leaguers I coached actually got old enough to vote," he said.

Tribble's wife of 28 years, Shelley, is a guidance counselor at Hopkinsville Middle School. They have two daughters: Leigh Durden, a vice president of Planters Bank, and Allison, who attends Eastern Kentucky University.



LEFT • Christian County Judge Executive Steve Tribble speaks with Dorothy Joiner, the financial secretary of the First United Methodist Church. He had just dropped off a donation for the renovation of the church organ.



LEFT • Tribble watches TV in his living room before going to work.

FAR LEFT • At the end of the day, Tribble watches his nephew play football at the Stadium of Champions.

Best of intentions

The future will get here. High school is now.

Photography by JONATHAN MIANO
Editing by MOLLY HARTLE



It's second period, Algebra II, and Jodi Dempsey and a friend are making plans. Tonight there'll be a lot of driving around and maybe a trip to the tanning bed. For tomorrow evening, the girls are talking about getting their eyebrows waxed and catching up on some school work. Then the weekend, when they'll really have fun. "I like the high school life a lot," says Dempsey, a 16-year-old junior at Hopkinsville High School. "I don't have that much responsibility. I have school and that's it."

"Right now I'm really enjoying myself."

Jodi Dempsey is interested in cars, boys, friends, clothes, having a good time. Jodi Dempsey is an American teenager.

She lives with her mother, Lisa Duke, and her brother, Anthony Dempsey. Her parents divorced when she was 4 but her father and his new family still live in Hopkinsville. "My mom knows everything about me," Dempsey says. "She probably knows more about me than I do. She's always the first person I talk to. My family means more than anything to me."

Dempsey has a boyfriend but isn't looking for commitment. "I don't want anything serious right now. I enjoy the high school life too much. I'm fine

with one mom and dad right now; I don't need another dad."

For Dempsey, the high school life is mostly about what happens outside the classroom. "Mainly if there's a party or something we'll go to that on the weekends," she says. "Usually on weekdays we'll just ride around aimlessly looking for somebody to talk to; stand out all night in parking lots and talk. It makes the week go by faster."

Like so many other teenagers, Dempsey plans to see what else is out there. "I want to get out and do something else," she says. "I've noticed that the majority of people who stay in Hoptown don't do anything with their life."

College is part of the grand plan, to study psychology or social work.

"I have always been interested in why people do what they do. I think I've always been a good listener. Whenever I listen to other people about their problems I don't feel so bad about mine; and it's good to know I've helped someone."

Dempsey's closest friends are seniors, so next year might not be as much of a party.

But when you're 16, who can worry about next year.



FACING PAGE • After missing a couple of days of Algebra II, Jodi Dempsey is lost. But the weekend is just around the corner.

LEFT • Dempsey and a friend, Haley Craft, 17, cruise around town after school. Dempsey doesn't have her license yet.



“I think I’ve always been a good listener. Whenever I listen to other people about their problems I don’t feel so bad about mine; and it’s good to know I’ve helped someone.”

JODI DEMPSEY

ABOVE • “I like the high school life a lot,” says Dempsey, a junior at Hopkinsville High, as she gets ready in the morning. “I don’t have a lot of responsibilities.”

RIGHT • Dempsey’s boyfriend, Eric Kennedy, 20, works late during the week so they see each other mainly on weekends. Dempsey, 16, isn’t interested in a deep commitment. “I’m fine with one mom and dad right now,” she says. “I don’t need another dad.”



ABOVE • Dempsey says her mother, Lisa Duke, “knows everything about me. She probably knows more about me than I do.” Dempsey, whose parents divorced when she was 4, lives with her mother, her brother Anthony and Beetle the dog. “My family means more than anything to me.”

Land lover

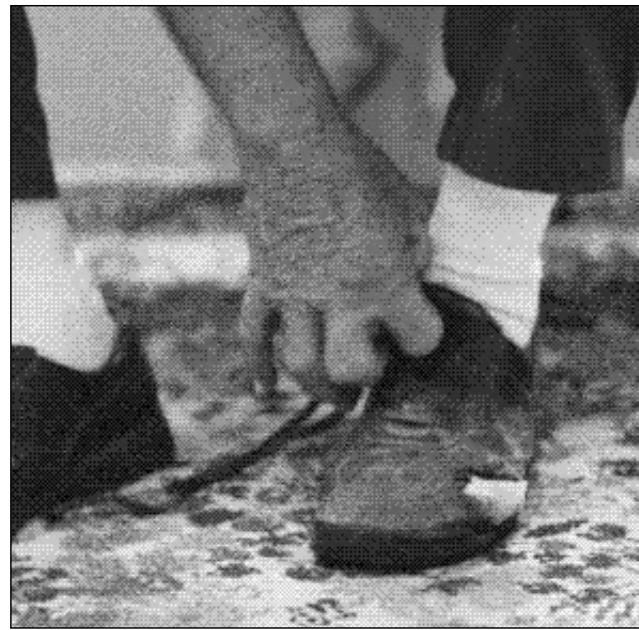
Family farm a 'sacred' legacy

Photography by AMANDA MAUER
Editing by TIM MCQUINN



ABOVE • On his way to feed cattle early in the morning, Tommy Askew drives down one of the roads on his southern Christian County farm.

RIGHT • Tommy Askew takes off his work shoes at the end of the day. His wife, Nancy, dislikes the shoes and wants him to buy a new pair, but Tommy plans to wear these until they fall off his feet.



Tommy Askew could tell you a story about every inch of his 1,100-acre farm.

And Askew, 72, knows the stories his mother told, and the stories his grandfather told.

But as pressure grows to develop the fertile, gently rolling farmland of southern Christian County, Askew is retiring and increasingly worried that his land — and its stories — will disappear.

While some family members have scattered, others remain part of what is really a small community.

Askew and his wife, Nancy, 67, live in a big brick house, built in 1928, that used to be a community meeting hall. Their son Danny, 40, and daughter-in-law Joanne live with their three children in another house on the farm a half-mile away.

The farm is diversified, with 500 acres in soybeans, corn and wheat as well as fall and spring herds of beef cattle.

Tommy Askew has no desire to sell. "This land here is more or less sacred to me."

Now that Tommy has handed over the majority of the duties to his son Danny, he has more time to play golf with his buddies and relax at home with Nancy.

But Tommy Askew's love for the land and his family is undiminished. "This sounds like a cliché, but I sincerely believe it. There are three main ingredients in life, and one of them is love. I've never felt unloved. And I've never been hungry. And I have good health. And the most important of those is love. I've been extremely fortunate in my life."





ABOVE • Mark Strickland tends to daughter Lauren while son Alston waits for a ride to school.

Seeking stability

Ranch offers help and hope for troubled youths

Photography by LASHINDA CLARK
Editing by TRACY MONTAUK



ABOVE • Strickland keeps practice going for his team of 6- to 9-year-olds while he chats with one of the boys who lives at his ranch.

RIGHT • Strickland jokes with Kenny, one of the ranch residents, as he plays a video game.



Mark Strickland cooks dinner most nights, and that's what he was doing on Monday. Chicken sizzled on the grill outside, and the smell of baked potatoes filled the kitchen. The kitchen had been quiet, but it suddenly felt like a locker room before the big game. The boys were ready to eat, and one of them began to set the table.

The boys said a quick prayer, and the chicken, potatoes and salad soon disappeared.

Another meal gone at the Oak Meadow Ranch for Boys. The ranch, which opened in January, is home to 12 young men who no longer fit into what Strickland calls "the system."

It was conceived when Strickland and his wife, Jackie, had an opportunity to buy her childhood home, a 5-acre farm near Oak Creek. The Stricklands and their children, 5-year-old Aston and 2-year-old Lauren, moved to Hopkinsville in July 2000 and began renovating the two houses on the farm.

The result is a state-funded "residential child caring facility" that provides more care than a group home. Strickland said most of the boys have low self-esteem, and have weekly therapy sessions with two psychologists.

During the day most of the boys are at school or at work. Strickland said he wants to teach the boys a trade so that they will be able to find a job, and he plans to have a vocational course in automotive repair by next summer.

"I just want to do more for the kids on campus," he said.

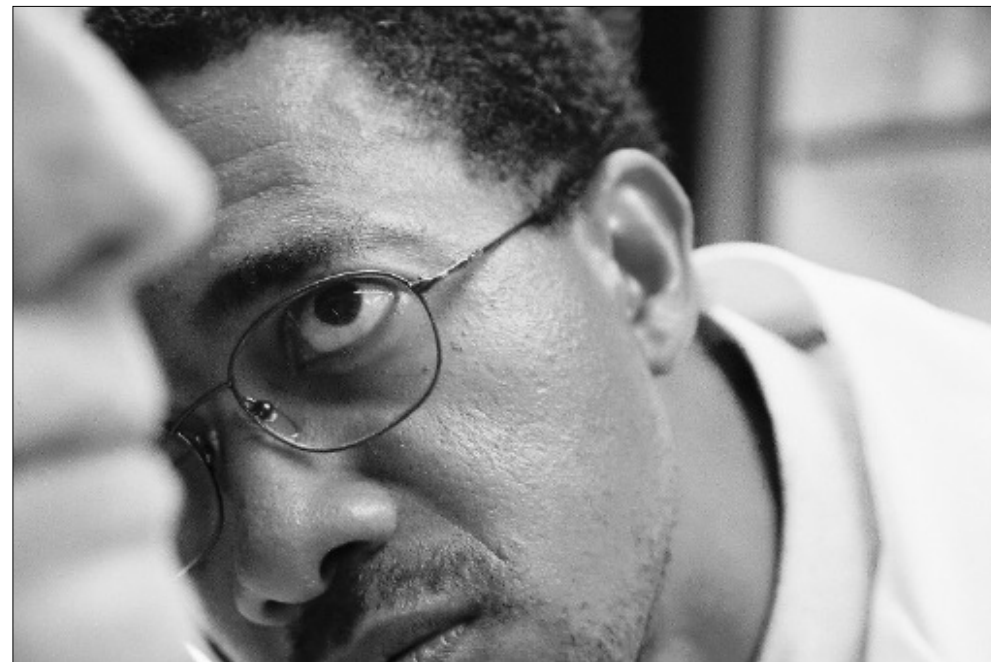
Since the ranch opened in January, 10 of his boys have moved into stable foster homes and one went into the Navy.

"This has been a big accomplishment for me," Strickland said. "I wanted to do something where I was truly helping kids. We have come from stable homes, and we just want to give back."

A passion for patients

Dr. Chester Crump is in a hurry to help

Photography by VALERIE TOBIAS
Editing by TIM MCQUINN



LEFT • Crump looks for signs of illness in one of his patients.

RIGHT • Crump checks the eyes of a patient suffering from a migraine headache. The busy family practitioner takes on a wide variety of ailments every day.



Chester Lewis Crump bounds up the stairs two at a time, from floor one to floor seven, at Jennie Stuart Medical Center. The elevator isn't quick enough. "I don't like to have to wait," he says in midflight. "So I don't want to keep my patients waiting."
Chester Crump, M.D., 43, is a family practitioner in Hopkinsville. His days are divided among a private practice with 2,000 patients, rounds at the nearby hospital, and a growing family.

He rarely calls in sick. "You don't know what sick days are," Crump says. "If you can move, you're in."
But if he's busy, he isn't rushed, his patients insist. They call Crump calm, thorough, caring, sincere. "He's sort of paternalistic about us," says longtime patient DeLoise

Gaddie. "He's got a passion."
Another patient, the Rev. Howard Belle, 77, suffers from emphysema and black lung, which he attributes to his time as a coal miner and 50 years of heavy smoking. He says he quit smoking immediately after a late-night phone call from Crump. "He said to me, 'I've looked at your X-rays. It's not bad, but it's gonna get bad.' He laid it out on the table. So I quit," Belle says. "Of course, I've always accused my wife of talking to the doc behind my back," he adds with a laugh. "Oh yes, she called me," a grinning Dr. Crump admits later. "We had a little conversation."
His doctoring lasts 10 to 12 hours a day, but Crump says the best part of the day is when he goes home to his family: 8-year-old Chesika, 1-year-old Cheydan, and his wife, Linda, a nurse practitioner. But sometimes his patients cause delays. "Linda gets a little upset sometimes, but she understands," Crump says.

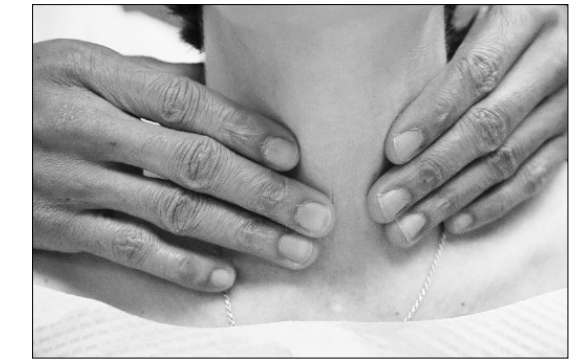
"I grew up in a small Kentucky town and I never knew any other kind of doctor. I knew I would be a family doctor."

DR. CHESTER CRUMP



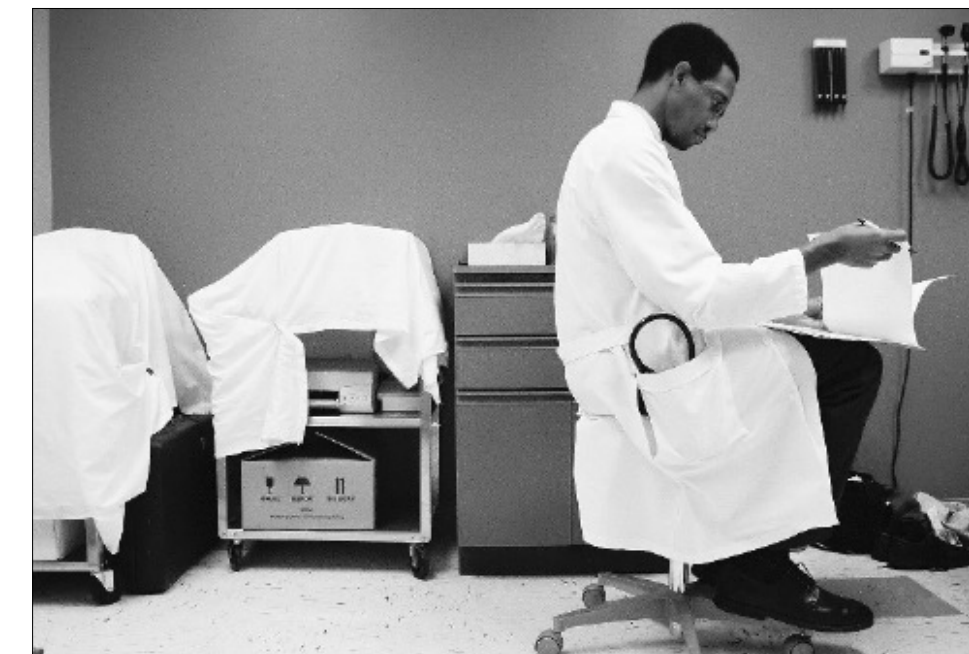
ABOVE • Various papers and mementos litter Crump's desk. The doctor's organized chaos aggravates his wife, Linda, a nurse practitioner. She sometimes tries to clean up the clutter. "But then he can't find anything," she says.

RIGHT • Crump jokes with patient Christine Smith, 74. "We're friends," Smith says. "He said to me one time, 'I don't know why I like you so much,' and I told him, 'It's 'cause I'm so silly.'"



ABOVE • Crump moves quickly to get to his appointments, but he speaks slowly and works methodically with his patients.

BELOW • Crump studies a patient chart in one of his three exam rooms in the middle of a 12-hour workday.



The burger joint

At Ferrell's, only the paint has changed

Photography by JUSTIN FOWLER
Editing by TOM LEVY



LEFT • Ferrell's was started in Owensboro, Ky., in 1929 by Dave Ferrell and his brothers. Ferrell and his wife, Cecil, below left, opened the Hopkinsville restaurant in 1936. "I'm sure there's not many people in Hopkinsville that haven't eaten here," she says.

FACING PAGE • O'Neal Joyner, left, and Carl Morgan, a pair of regulars, give Cecil Ferrell a hard time about her restaurant on Main Street. "The hamburgers put strength in our toenails," Morgan says

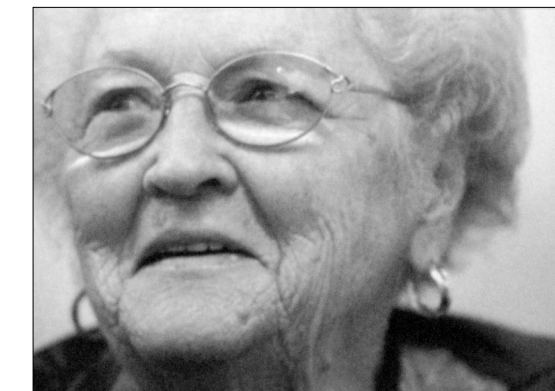
When someone in Hopkinsville has a baby, local lore has it, they make a special stop on the way home from the hospital. That stop is Ferrell's Snappy

Service.

Dave Ferrell, who died last May, and his wife, Cecil, opened the Hopkinsville Ferrell's in 1936.

"We started it because we were hungry," Cecil says. The restaurant has been serving its legendary hamburgers and chili ever since.

"The burgers haven't changed in 64 years," says



Raymond Rogers, a loyal customer. "They are unique."

Not only have the burgers stayed the same, so have the building and everything in it – from the mint green vinyl bar stools to the green-and-white

wall tiles and even the cash register.

"It's just exactly like it was when we started it," Ferrell says. "Nothing has changed but a fresh coat of paint."

Ferrell's hasn't changed, but every day, new generations begin the tradition of eating there. "I brought her in here on the way home from the hospital," he jokes.

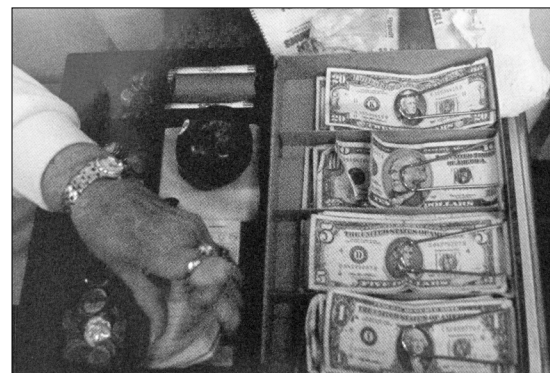
But one of the restaurant's biggest trademarks isn't on the menu. The regulars say it's the waitresses that keep them coming back.

"We always try and have fun here," says Joyce Burse, one of those working behind the counter. "We're trying to make somebody's day."

BELOW • Dana Gibbs writes down a takeout order, with more hamburger at the ready. "On a good day we can go through 300 pounds of meat," Ferrell says.



RIGHT • The cash register at Ferrell's, like everything else in the place, has been there from the beginning, but Cecil Ferrell uses her own special cash box.



RIGHT • Sixty-five years after her restaurant opened, Ferrell, 82, still shows up for work around 6:30 a.m. Joyce Burse, an employee, helps her from the car. Ferrell's son, Phillip, runs the business now.



ABOVE • Mealtime at Ferrell's for Matthew Blixt, left, Justin Shemwell and Rick Witty. Witty has been coming to Ferrell's since he was a kid. "It's the food that brings us here," he says.

A grain of faith

From sin to salvation, he thanks the Lord

Photography by ANDREAS FUHRMANN
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • “Have you been praying for me?” Wright asks fellow Life Tabernacle and Ministries member Annika Barrett. Here’s the 3-year-old’s response.



RIGHT • As a mill operator, Wright “wakes” the mill in the morning, starting machines and overseeing the wheat’s trek from storage bins ... through a maze of grinders and sifters ... down to the bagging machines in the basement.

Making flour from wheat is an act of purification. At mills like Hopkinsville Milling Co. Inc., wheat kernels travel down four stories through a maze of grinders and sifters, to create a product stripped of undesirable germ.

Frank Wright’s recent life has been a similar quest for purity. A believer in the Apostolic Pentecostal Church, this 44-year-old can fire off Bible verse after verse ... and explain what they mean. Wright, a mill operator at Hopkinsville Milling, had lost his way — but has seen the light.

“I was tired of the way I was living. A life of sin, drugs and alcohol,” he says. “I was delivered from drinking. I’m tempted but I don’t act on it. Everyone’s tempted. I’ve lived that lifestyle. I don’t have a desire to go back.”

Through hard spiritual work, he’s making it.

This week, Wright is working the morning shift; 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. He makes the half-hour drive from his Mortons Gap home at 5:30, when the sun is still asleep. At the mill, his first job is to start up the milling machinery.

As Wright flips gray switch boxes in the operators’ room, the floor vibrates. Grinders roar to life. The sound is overwhelming; employees are encouraged to wear earplugs.

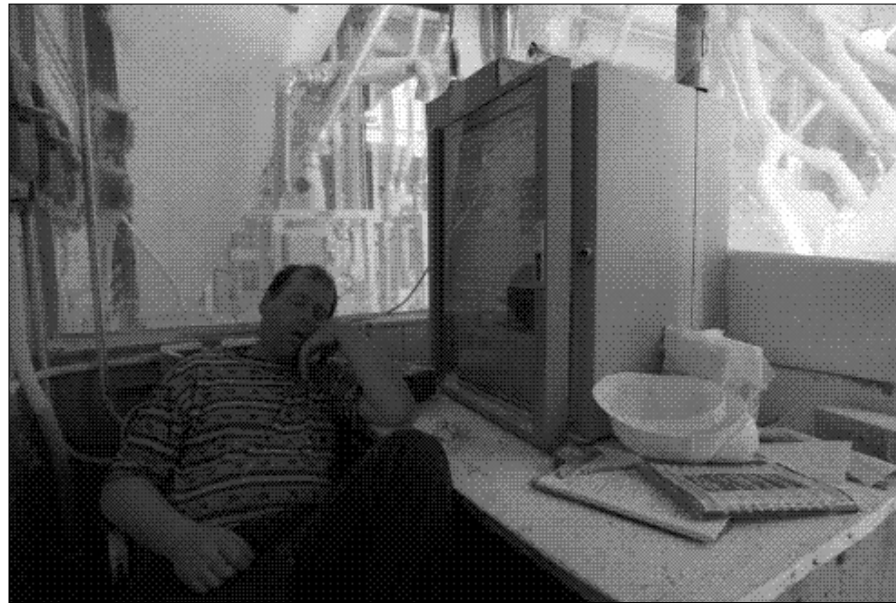
“Each one of these machines has a different sound, pitch, to it,” Wright explains. “You can tell if it gets bogged down or not running right. ... As long as everything is working right, it pretty much runs itself.”

Wright faithfully attends Life Tabernacle and Ministries church. It is his focus, his fuel, his new home. At Life Tabernacle, you can see comfort in the man’s face as he worships. And you can hear it, as he prays.

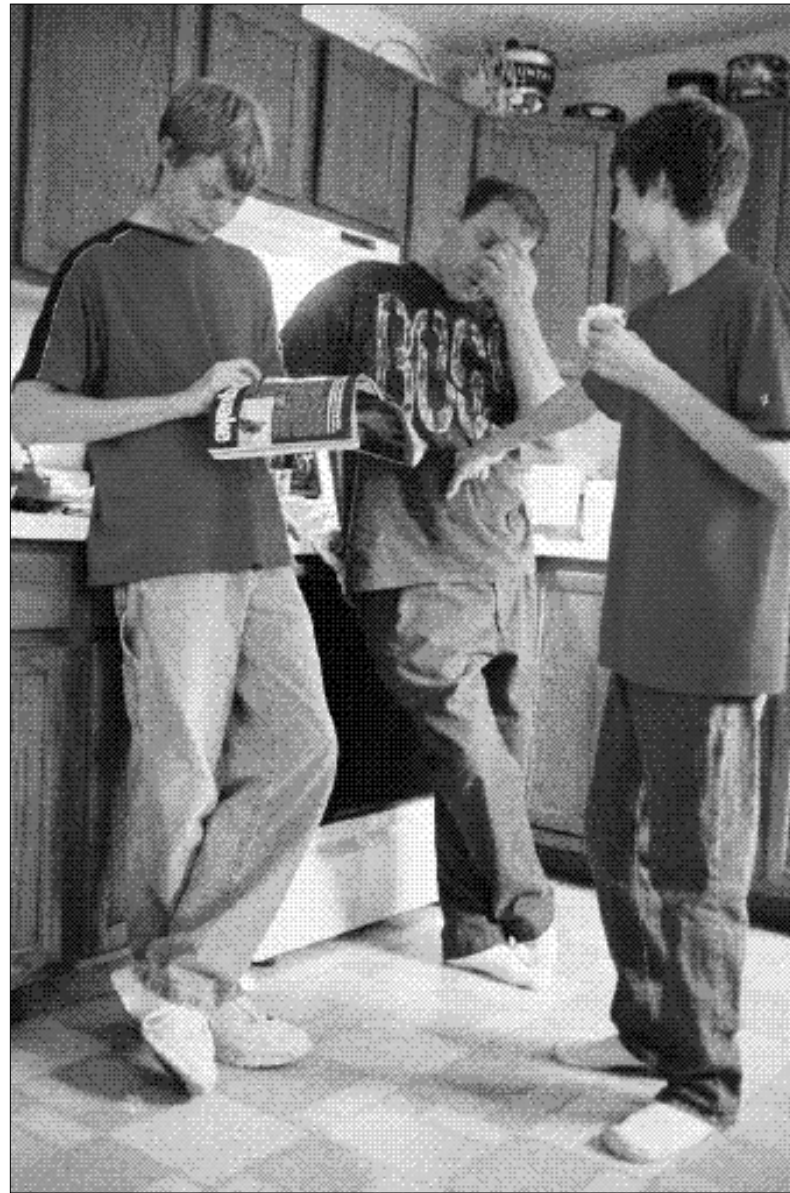
“Oh Lord,” he says. “Thank you.”



ABOVE • Frank and Felicia Wright met at an Apostolic Pentecostal church function. They were married last December. “We like to love on each other,” Felicia says. “If you don’t show that you love each other, then you get into bigger problems.”



BELOW • Wright closes his eyes between rounds of checking the mill's machinery. "What I'm waiting for is 2 o'clock," he says. "As long as everything is working right, it pretty much runs itself."



ABOVE • Wright chats with his stepchildren — Carl, 16, and Matt, 14 — shortly after coming home from work. The children listen and are affectionate ... but know final discipline comes from their mother.

"I was tired of the way I was living. A life of sin, drugs and alcohol... I was delivered from drinking."

Frank Wright



ABOVE • Working the morning shift this week, Wright gets to the Hopkinsville Milling Co. at 6 a.m. This morning he woke up at 4 a.m.

Pregnant at 16

'I want to be a good role model'

Photography by CASSANDRA SHIE
Editing by TRACY MONTAUK



ABOVE • Relying on friends and family to provide day care for her 4-month-old daughter Deyana, Danielle White struggles with burdens all too familiar to single working parents. She is 17.

One night last year, Danielle White and her boyfriend sat up all night talking. It was the biggest talk of her 16 years. She was pregnant and still a kid. "I was scared," White says. She didn't know how to break the news to her family. Her daughter, Deyana, is now 4 months old, and White wants to make sure Deyana will live a better life than she has. It won't be easy.

Deyana's father, Daniel Laporte, has been in the Christian County Jail since June 2 on charges of selling cocaine. Laporte has seen his daughter only through a glass barrier during visiting hours.

White tries not to think about her struggle. "We talked once about marriage, but nothing was resolved," White says. "Now I got someone looking up to me. I want to be a good role model."

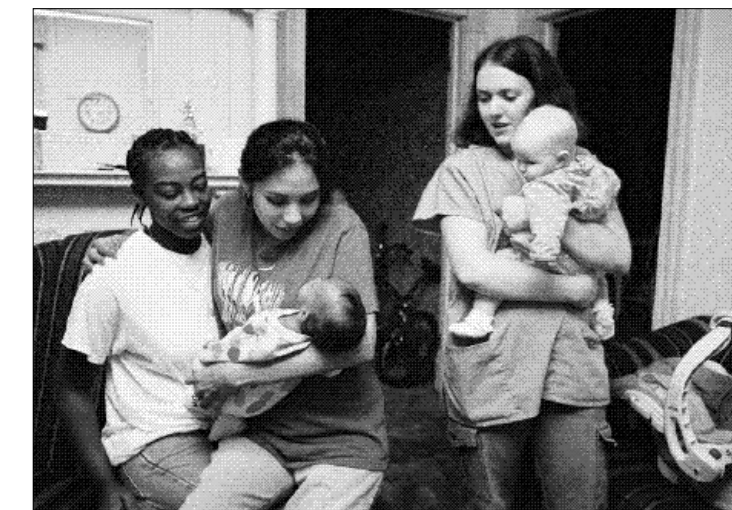
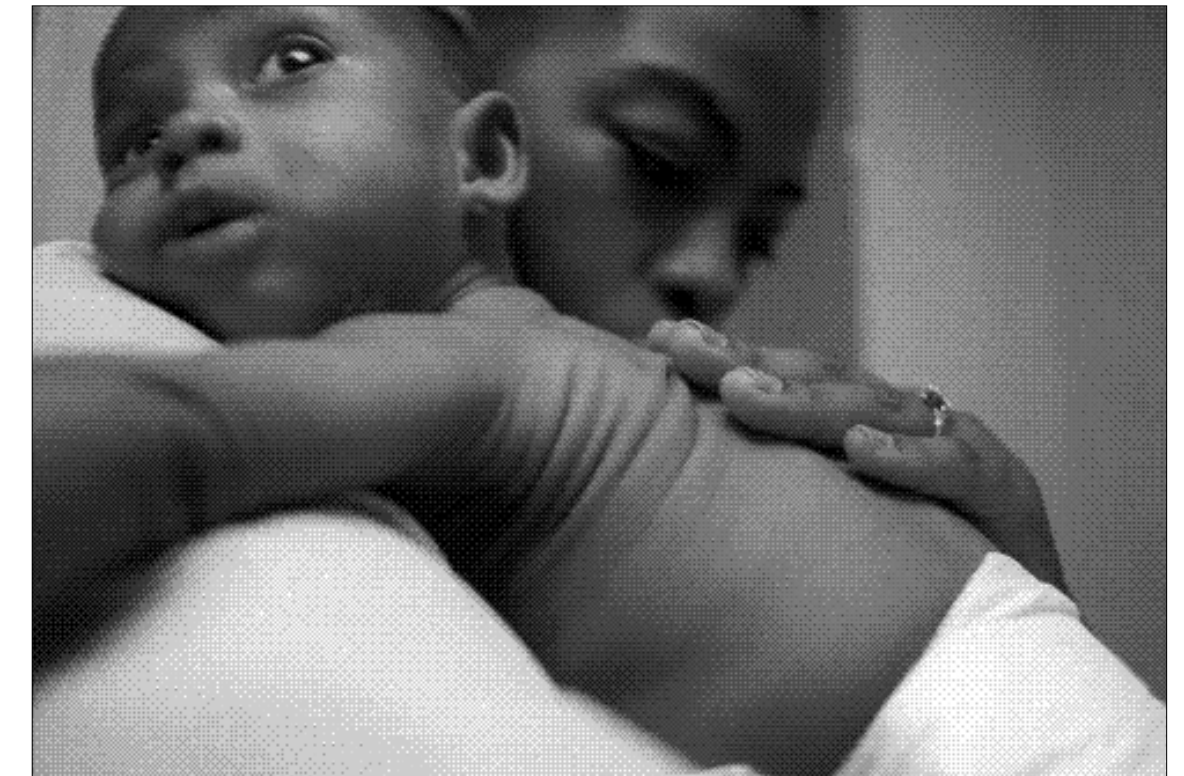
White dropped out of high school, but continued her education at the Hopkinsville Job Corps. She earned a high school diploma and a nursing assistant certificate.

She's working seven days a week as a housekeeper at the Best Western on Route 41 in Hopkinsville, but she hopes to find work as a nursing assistant.

Until then, friends and family help her make it through the days. One of her best friends, Daphine Juckett, works at the same motel. She is a year older than White and also has a 4-month-old daughter.

White does not have a car, so after work friends drive her home. Other friends keep her baby during the day, and her sister brings the child home.

Deyana is fed, changed and cuddled. Soon after 9 p.m., most nights, White falls into bed with her sleepy baby, and is soon asleep herself.



ABOVE AND LEFT • Deyana gets a gentle pat on the back after a meal. Danielle is a proud mother, eager to show off her baby to a former high school classmate, Shirlene Piper, 19, when all three visit 18-year-old Daphine Juckett and Macie at home. Like Deyana, Macie is four



**“We talked once
about
marriage,
but nothing
was resolved.”**

Danielle White

BELOW AND LEFT • Seven days a week Danielle works as a housekeeper at Hopkinsville’s Best Western hotel, below, most of her pay going to support her baby. “I’ve sort of forgotten what dressing up is,” she says. “I’m almost wearing my uniform night and day.” For both Danielle and her friend Daphine, an easy-to-clean room is cause for a mattress-bouncing celebration.

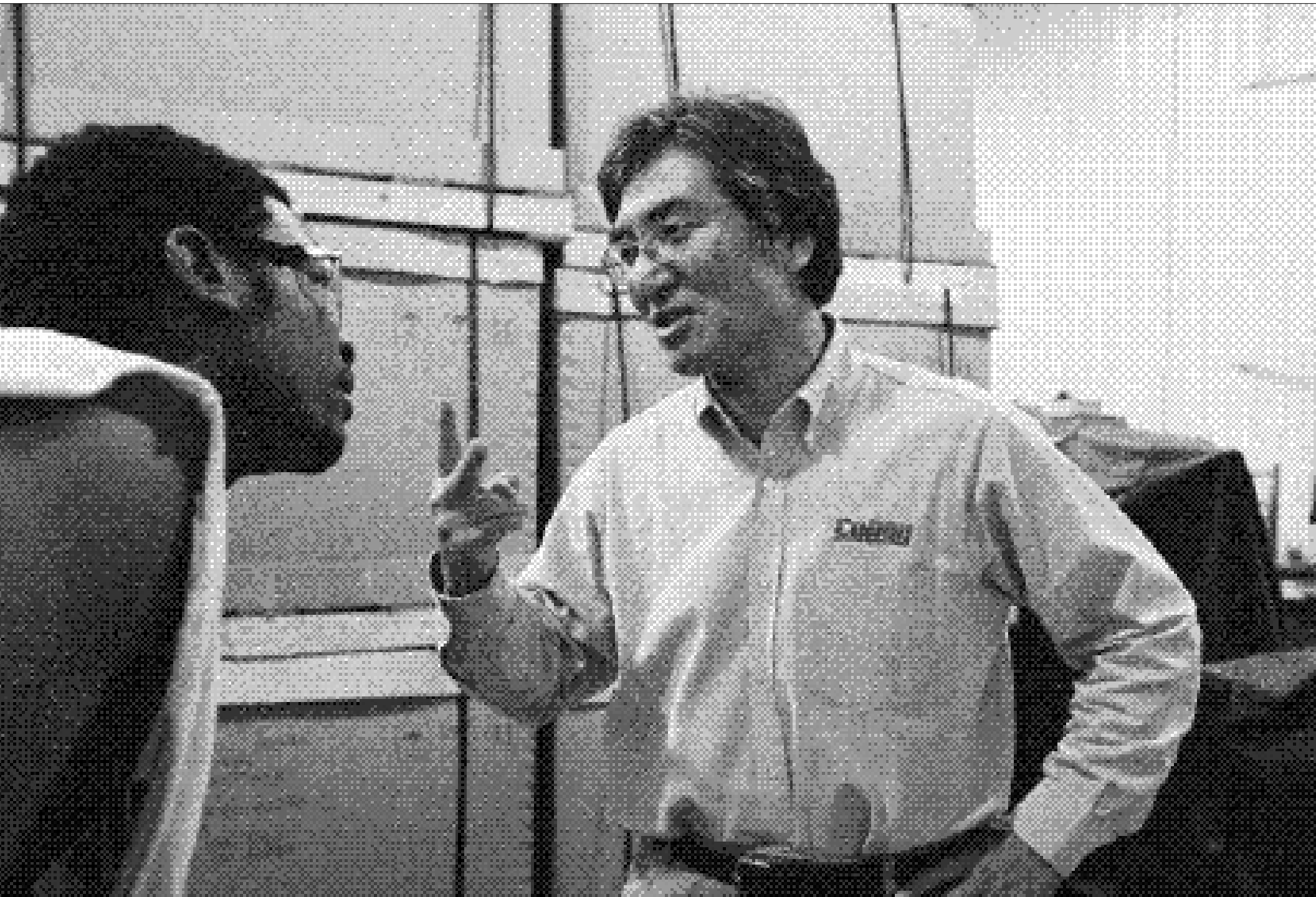


ABOVE • Work clothes and baby stuff fill the room where Danielle and Deyana sleep—a far cry from the college clutter and shopping mall luxuries that surround many 17-year-olds.

A home divided

Executive keeps one foot in Japan

Photography by JEANNE REISEL
Editing by TOM LEVY



Some days Hiromi Kanoh doesn't have time for lunch, so the businessman's special becomes a smorgasbord from the office vending machines: a fish sandwich, a bag of peanuts and a carton of milk.

Dinner is likely to be just as informal, perhaps a dish of spaghetti and a glass of wine while sitting at the coffee table in his living room. "Most every night is like this," he says. "Eating in front of the TV."

Kanoh, 56, is the president of CoPAR, the first Japanese company in Hopkinsville, but his life carries few of the markings of an executive. After 13 years in town, he is still a man in transition, splitting time between his responsibilities in Kentucky and his family in Japan. His wife, Naoko, still lives there to care for his aging mother, and he visits four or five times a year for a week at a time. His two grown daughters and 6-month-old granddaughter remain there as well.

But Kanoh — Harry to those who know him — is adapting to his adoptive home, even learning to hunt deer with friends from the Chamber of Commerce. His wife will join him here eventually, and his dream is to eventually retire and spend six months a year in Hopkinsville, six months in Japan.

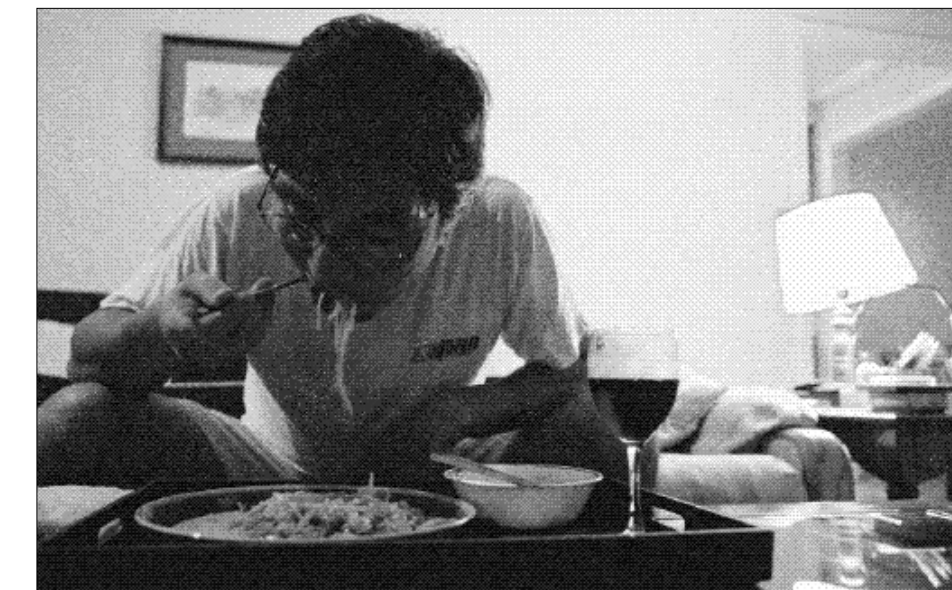
"He is as much American as Japanese," says Jan Chester, a sales representative who has worked at CoPAR for 11 years.

At the CoPAR plant, which makes radiators for industrial equipment, Kanoh puts his employees at ease. His is an open door, and twice a day he walks through the plant — passing beneath flags from the United States, Kentucky and Japan — to watch those who work for him and to talk with them.

"I like to see them face to face," he says.

His personal touch has made his face a welcome one.

"You can be yourself around him," Chester says. "I could say anything to him or ask him anything. Harry cares."



ABOVE • Harry Kanoh may run the company, but he's a frequent patron of the employee lunch room.

FACING PAGE • Kanoh makes two walk-throughs a day at his plant, watching the operation and talking with some of his 320 employees. He stops to chat with Thomas Mercer, a high school student in a work-study program.

RIGHT • With his family still in Japan most of the year, it's usually dinner for one — in front of the television — at the Kanoh house.

A healing spirit

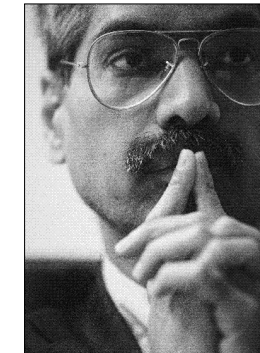
Blending medicine and a smile

Photography by H. RICK MACH
Editing by TOM LEVY



He strolls casually into the progressive care unit at Jennie Stuart Medical Center, both hands gripping foam cups of office cappuccino. “Hello, my girl,” Dr. Rao Velaga calls out to one of the nurses. One cup helps him start his shift as a cardiologist, the other cup is for his nurse.

In the gloomy fluorescent light of the hospital corridor, Dr. Velaga, 45, has become a bright spot in the hearts of his patients and his co-workers.



Greetings are complemented with hugs or compassionate touches on the shoulder.

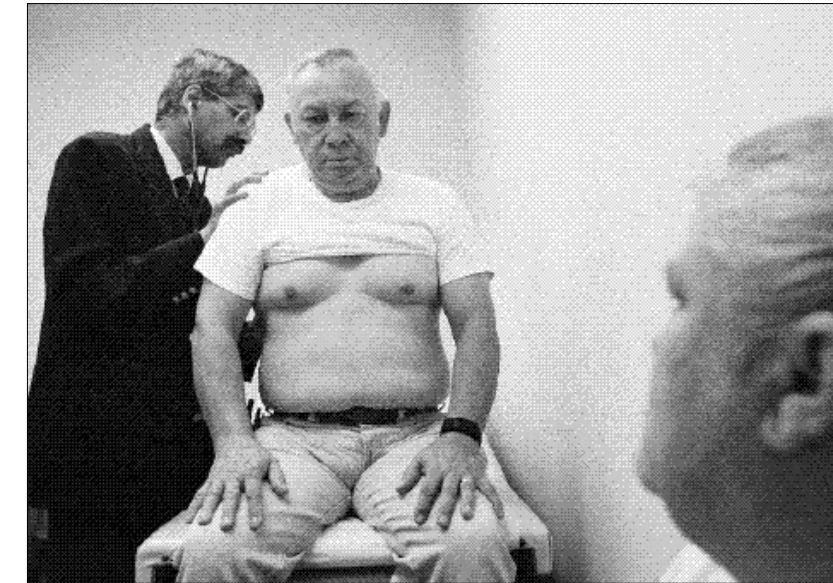
“You might think that he is putting on a show by hugging us and stuff, but he is like this all the time,” says Jeanie Moll, a nuclear technician in Dr. Velaga’s office for the past five years.

Dr. Velaga and his wife, Padma, immigrated to Athens, Ohio, from Guntur, India, 14 years ago. For five years, Hopkinsville has been home for the Velagas and their son and daughter. Santhosh, 10, and Chelsea, 8, both say they plan to follow their father into cardiology.

“America has been my dream,” Dr. Velaga said. “And it has lived up to every expectation. It was always America or bust.”

In the United States, he has advanced from being a general practitioner to being the only cardiologist in Christian, Todd and Trigg Counties. But Dr. Velaga says he would rather be known not for his career success, but for simply being a good man.

“A dog can be trained to be a doctor,” he says. “A monkey can be trained to be a nurse. But good men and women cannot be trained.”



FACING PAGE • Dr. Rao Velaga, a cardiologist at Jennie Stuart Medical Center, takes a personal approach with patients and staff alike. Before a work shift, there is time for a hallway chat with Donna Stewart, a nurse.

LEFT • Lucy Stanley of Hopkinsville came with her husband, Don, for his 1 annual checkup.

BELOW • After a day’s work, father and son play in their living room. Both of the Velaga children, Santhosh and Chelsea, plan to follow



Gentle melodies

Teaching music from the heart, for the mind

Photography by LAUREN CLIFTON
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • “I see you, I see you, la la la la la,” sings Nada Fuqua with 2-year-old Kindermusik student, Caitlyn Holler. They choreographed their song with a dance, using colored scarves. “Anyone who knows children and works with music knows that it enriches the children and they have fun,” Fuqua says.

There Nada Fuqua goes, acting like a kid again. The 64-year-old dances with colored scarves and sings silly songs, in her classroom here at Hopkinsville’s First Christian Church.

She’s entitled. Her students are infants and toddlers.

Fuqua teaches Kindermusik, an early childhood music and movement program that became popular in Germany in the 1970s. Kindermusik teachers believe the lessons foster a child’s cognitive, emotional and social development.

The classes are certainly social. Fuqua plays, sings and dances with her 30 students, their parents (and sometimes grandparents). Fuqua doesn’t know if the classes are dramatically increasing the childrens’ intelligence, but she insists they give her students an awareness of steady beats and pitches — and a rudimentary appreciation for music.

“And they get language development, a lot of vocabulary and they get a lot of social interaction with children about their age,” Fuqua explains. “Anyone who knows children and works with music knows that it enriches the children and they have fun. ... Kindermusik is a process and is a progression, but is not a program. It is something that goes on all the time.”

The children are guided by what Fuqua calls “light touch” — students are not forced to participate in class, and are not reprimanded for their performances. There are no final recitals.

The teacher is also a student: Fuqua takes painting and piano lessons. She also participates in her church choir. But teaching has more perks, she says.

“The hugs at the end of class,” Fuqua says, and smiles. “I don’t get that from the choir.”



ABOVE • By guiding her fingers up and down the keyboard, Nada Fuqua shows student Zena Maddux, 2, how keys on the piano create different sounds. Maddux’s mother, Jenny, and 1-year-old brother, Newcomb, watch and listen. This lesson was held in the First Christian Church sanctuary.



ABOVE • Nada Fuqua captivates her class of mothers and children by laying on the floor and “swimming” like a fish. In many lessons, Fuqua encourages singalongs and dancing. The ages of her students range from 1 to 3 years old.

She may be only 5-foot-2, but Carolyn Sorrell towers over Fox Creek Cattle Company. She monitors the cattle market, buying from ranchers and auctions around Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. She sells some 2,000 cattle a week to farmers in Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma and the Northwest. Seventy-hour weeks are common.

She and her husband, Gene, founded the company in 1972 when she was 22.

"I had a barn before I had a house," she says. Her daughters – Laurie, Leslie, and LeeAnn – were part of the office scenery. Now her 18-month-old granddaughter, Carson, continues the tradition.

When her husband died in 1998 Sorrell became the boss. A self-described savvy business woman, she warns an auction buyer to select only a certain grade of cattle: "I want 300- to 350-pound heifers," she tells him. "If you give me anything else, I'm gonna be mad."

Sorrell says it has taken 30 years to develop her sales skills, and she doesn't intend to hand the business over to her daughters until they have more experience.

Fox Creek has been a family operation from the beginning, and staff training for granddaughter Carson began as soon as she learned that "the cows go moo." Carson's mom – Sorrell's oldest daughter Laurie – is office manager. Middle daughter Leslie works for a Texas congresswoman, building skills she plans to bring back to the company. LeeAnn, the youngest, has just begun studies at Murray State University. She, too, plans to follow her mother into the cattle business.

Flanked by her dogs, Magnum and Domino, and supported by her family, Sorrell presses on late into the night.

"Sometimes I do it out of necessity," she says, "but sometimes I just don't like being at home alone."



A family tradition

Mom runs cattle company, girls learn the ropes

Photography by JANA CURCIO
Editing by TRACY MONTAUK

**"I want 300-
to 350-pound
heifers. If you
give me
anything else,
I'm gonna
be mad."**

Carolyn Sorrell



FACING PAGE • Carolyn Sorrell listens as a cowhand talks about the day's work.

LEFT • Eighteen-month-old Carson and Magnum the basset hound wait for Sorrell's meeting to end. Sorrell is Carson's grandmother and Magnum's owner.

BELOW • Working late into the night, Sorrell oversees the processing of a cattle shipment early the next morning.



A gift for teacher

Adoption transforms LeAnn Diuguid's life

Photography by JOSHUA MCCOY
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • In most classrooms, interruptions are forbidden. LuAnn Diuguid uses a different approach. A hug is important at any time her classroom, as student Cody Laws here learns. “I love these kids and want to teach them to be good people,” she says.

LuAnn Diuguid gives. She runs. She loves. The 37-year-old's days sound more like a grocery list than a schedule: Teach special education at Holiday Elementary School; volunteer in the Big Brothers - Big Sisters program; organize youth group activities at her church.

Sixteen months ago, the single woman would've told you juggling the tasks was easy. These days, there's an additional responsibility: Lane, her adopted son.

“I had talked to one of my friends about adoption,” Diuguid says. “I couldn't find a husband I wanted, so I looked for the kid I wanted.”

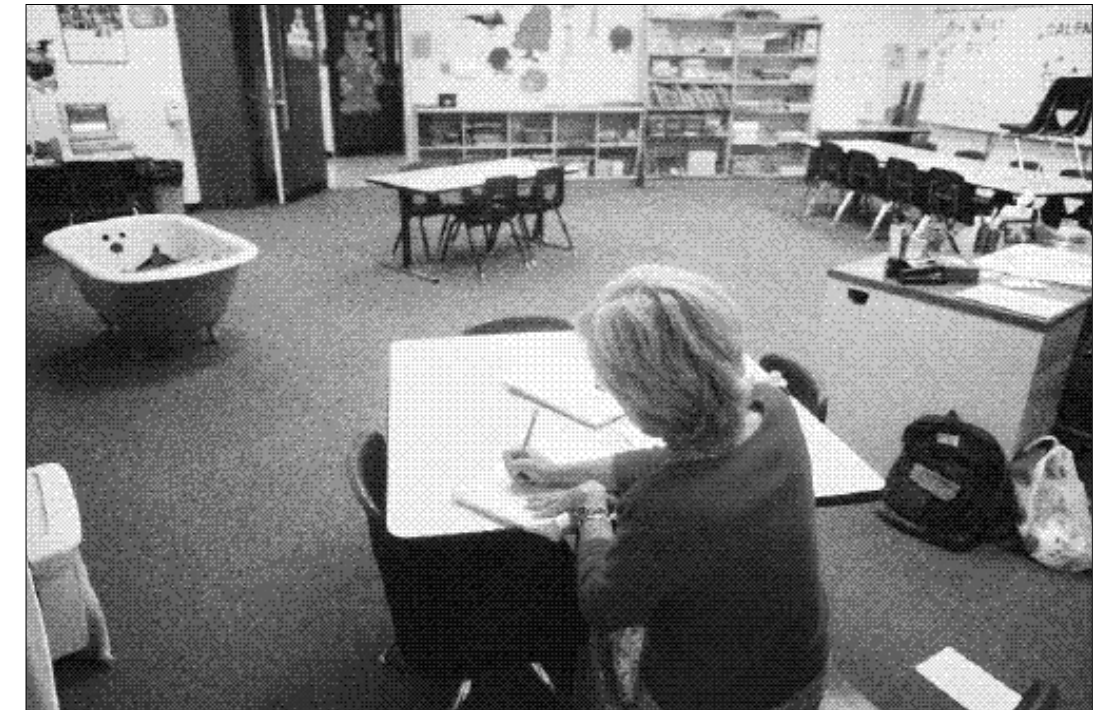
Now, Diuguid is pressed for time when she takes some of her students to Taco Bell for dinner. She is pressed for time when she goes to a football game to watch her little sister cheerlead. But she does it all with a smile — especially in her classroom, where she teaches developmentally disabled children.

“Some days are harder than others,” says Diuguid. “But I want them to learn and be good people. These children are so special in their own way.”

It's another heavenly, hectic day in the life for LuAnn Diuguid. She gives. She runs. She loves.



LEFT • Although Diuguid is faced with stressful situations in the classroom, the 37-year-old always manages to help her students learn. Here, she coaches DeWayne Chester through a counting problem. He solved it.



ABOVE • Diuguid values every second of “quiet time” she can get ... but there's still work to be done. She always arrives at school early and leaves late, usually helping others with paperwork during her free time.



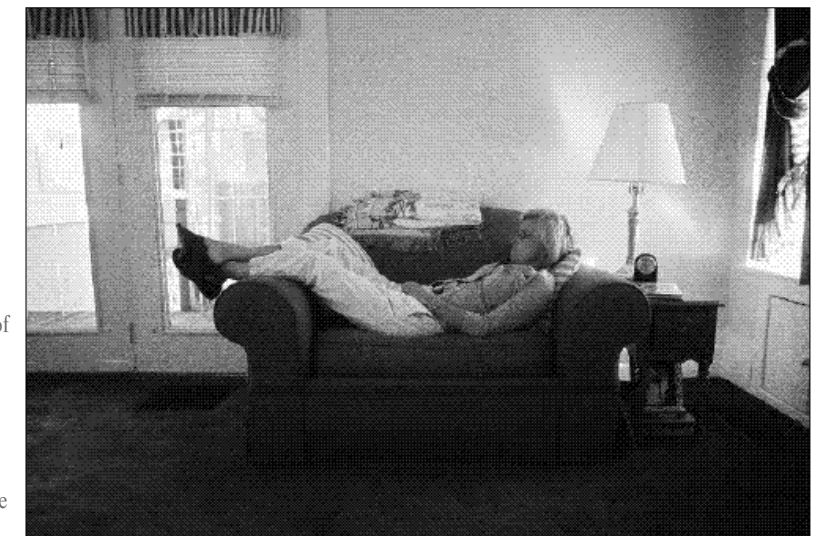
ABOVE • LuAnn Diuguid attributes her strength and well-being to God. She says it's only through the Lord that she has the most precious thing in her life — her 16-month-old adopted son, Lane. Here, she helps him give thanks before a meal.



ABOVE • Much of Diuguid's "quality time" is spent tackling house- and yardwork. Here, she and Lane mow the lawn together. Because of the hectic schedule, the mundane sometimes seems impossible, Diuguid says.

**I couldn't find
a husband I
wanted, so I
looked for
the kid I
wanted.**

LuAnn Diuguid



LEFT • Diuguid spends most of her day chasing, playing with, or teaching children. When a moment of silence arrives, she takes advantage. "It's hard — and sometimes I feel tired, but I know it's what God wants me to do," she says.

A couple of pictures of this group

and a litany of the workshop's voyages...

1976 / ONE-ROOM SCHOOLS • 1977 / MAIN STREET • 1978 / LBL, KENTUCKY • 1979 / CLAIRFIELD, TENN. • 1980 / BURKESVILLE, KY.
• 1981 / BURKESVILLE, KY. • 1982 / TOMPKINSVILLE, KY. • 1983 / MORGANTOWN, KY. • 1984 / CELINA, TENN. • 1985 / EDMONTON, KY.
• 1986 / SCOTTSVILLE, KY. • 1987 / LIBERTY, KY. • 1988 / RUSSELL SPRINGS, KY. • 1989 / ALBANY, KY. • 1990 / MONTICELLO, KY. • 1991 / LAFAYETTE, TENN.
• 1992 / COLUMBIA, KY. • 1993 / JAMESTOWN, TENN. • 1994 / GLASGOW, KY. • 1995 / SMITHVILLE, TENN. • 1996 / CAMPBELLSVILLE, KY.
• 1997 / RUSSELLVILLE, KY. • 1998 / FRANKLIN, KY. • 1999 / CENTRAL CITY, KY. • 2000 / BOWLING GREEN, KY. • 2001 / HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

PHOTO BY FRED SISSON



And special thanks to these folks:

LOCAL COVERAGE

- *Kentucky New Era*
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PHOTO EQUIPMENT SUPPORT

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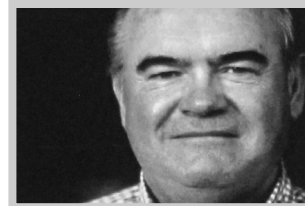
This year's workshop participants:

PHOTOJOURNALISTS

- **Timothy C. Baker**, *Victoria Advocate* • **Michael William Banks**, University of Georgia
- **Wendy Berna**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Stein Borge**, *Aftenposten, Norway*
- **Lorie Bridge**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Kevin Clark**, *The Washington Post*
- **LaShinda Clark**, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* • **Lauren Clifton**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jed Conklin**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Nathaniel Corn**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jana Curcio**, *Jana Curcio Photo* • **Amanda L. Custer**, *University of Delaware*
- **Rebecca D'Angelo**, *The Washington Post* • **Carl Deal**, *Freelance, Brooklyn*
- **Karen Doerr**, *Montgomery Advertiser* • **Jesse Evans**, *News-Gazette*
- **Sandi Foraci**, *West Lake H.S., Waldorf, M.D.* • **David T. Foster III**, *The Charlotte Observer*
- **Justin Fowler**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Andreas Fuhrmann**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Patricia Hess**, *Western Kentucky University* • **LaVerne Jones**, *University of Southern Indiana*
- **Steven King**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jeff Leard**, *Patuxent Publishing Company*
- **Jeremy Lyverse**, *Western Kentucky University* • **H. Rick Mach**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **LaVondia Majors**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Amanda Mauer**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Annie McCormick**, *Freelance, Philadelphia* • **Joshua McCoy**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jonathan Miano**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jeffery Minnish**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Eric Parsons**, *The Tennessean* • **Miranda Pederson**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Brian Pierro**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jeanne Reisel**, *The Tennessean*
- **Megan Resch**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Cassandra Shie**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Samuel Simpkins**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Richard Sitler**, *Peace Corps volunteer*
- **Scott Smeltzer**, *Metroplitan State College of Denver* • **Tyler Smith**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Fielder Williams Strain**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Michael Tercha**, *Freelance, Jacksonville*
- **Bac Nghi To Trong**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Valerie Tobias**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Hannah van Zutphen-Kann**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Danny Vowell**, *Kentucky New Era*
- **Jennifer Weisbord**, *New York Post* • **Estell Williams**, *Western Kentucky University*

PICTURE EDITORS

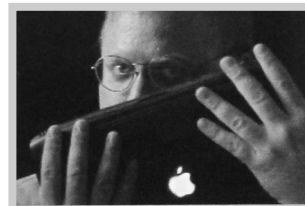
- **Margaret Croft**, *The News-Star, Monroe, LA* • **Molly Hartle**, *Foster's Sunday Citizen, Dover, N.H.*
- **Tom Levy**, *The Honolulu Advertiser, Honolulu, HI* • **Tim McQuinn**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Terri Miller**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Tracy Montauk**, *The Free Lance-Star, Fredericksburg, VA*



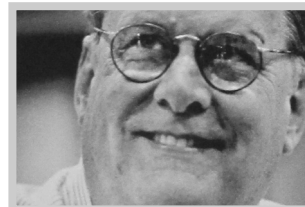
Mike Morse, Western Kentucky University



Tim Broekema, WKU



Brian Masck, The Flint Journal



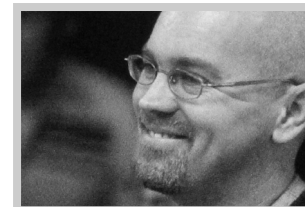
Tom Hardin, NPPF President



Larry Powell, Freelance



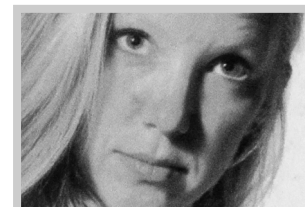
Harry Allen, WKU



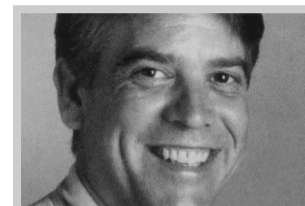
David Cooper, WKU



Kim Hughes, The Idaho Statesman



Robin Buckson, The Detroit News



Bob Bruck, Messenger-Inquirer

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Professor of photojournalism
Western Kentucky University
President, The Photojournalism Foundation, Inc.
- **Larry Powell**
Associate Director
Freelance
Treasurer, The Photojournalism Foundation, Inc.

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Florida fotoBANC Inc.
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The New York Times
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- **Robin Buckson**
Workshop Photojournalist
The Detroit News
Senior Staff
- **David Cooper**
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- **Mat Thorne**
- **David Tushin**
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WEB SITE

www.mountainworkshops.org

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THESE PUBLICATIONS, WHICH ALLOWED THEIR STAFF MEMBERS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUTURE OF VISUAL JOURNALISM:

- *Bangor Daily News*
- *The Birmingham News*
- *The Columbus Dispatch*
- *The Dallas Morning News*
- *The Detroit News*
- *The Flint Journal*
- *The Idaho Statesman*
- *Landmark Community Newspapers*
- *The Knoxville News-Sentinel*
- *Messenger-Inquirer*
- *Naples Daily News*
- *National Geographic Society*
- *The New York Times*
- *The Palm Beach Post*
- *Patuxent Publishing Co.*
- *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*
- *The Rocky Mountain News*
- *St. Petersburg Times*
- *The Washington Post*

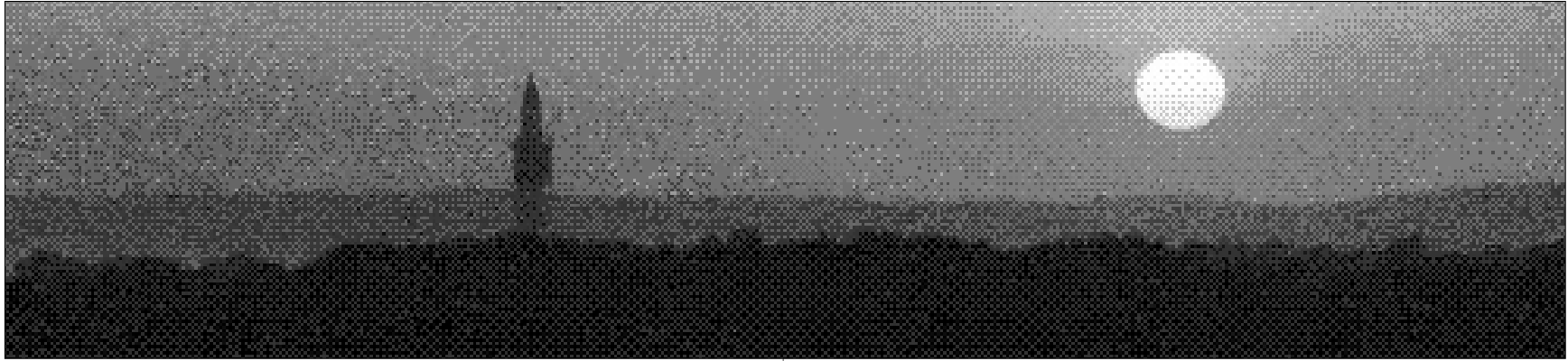


PHOTO BY TIMOTHY C. BAKER

EVEN UNDER THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES, IT IS NO SMALL TASK to walk into a new town, starting cold, with the aim of chronicling its life in five days.

And journalism rarely happens under the best of circumstances.

Try starting the week 15 time zones away from your subject, a Japanese businessman finishing a trip to his homeland.

Or finding that you have been assigned to follow a helicopter ambulance team, even though you have never flown in your life.

Or having your film confiscated by the county jail.

The 50 photographers -- both students and professionals -- participating in the 25th Mountain Workshops worked through these obstacles and more to put the story of Hopkinsville and Christian County on film. Just not as much film as they would like. Each was limited to 10 rolls for the entire workshop, an amount that some professionals would consider a single morning's work. But in total they shot more than 18,000 frames from which this book was edited.

The project was broader still, with 67 more people working as picture editors, lab technicians, photography and writing coaches, and support staff. The effort included shooting 200 more rolls of film used in Web and audiovisual productions.

It was an ambitious undertaking with its share of obstacles, but with one quality that made it all come together: the warmth of Christian County. The First Baptist Church opened its doors to give the workshop a home, and

residents opened their lives to give the cameras a story.

“What has made America great and given you an opportunity to make pictures?” William Turner, the county historian, asked at the opening night of the workshop. “Unpredictable people.”

For many of those who descended on Hopkinsville, from cities as diverse as Bowling Green, Honolulu and Hovik, Norway, it was those unpredictable people who provided some of the workshop's biggest lessons.

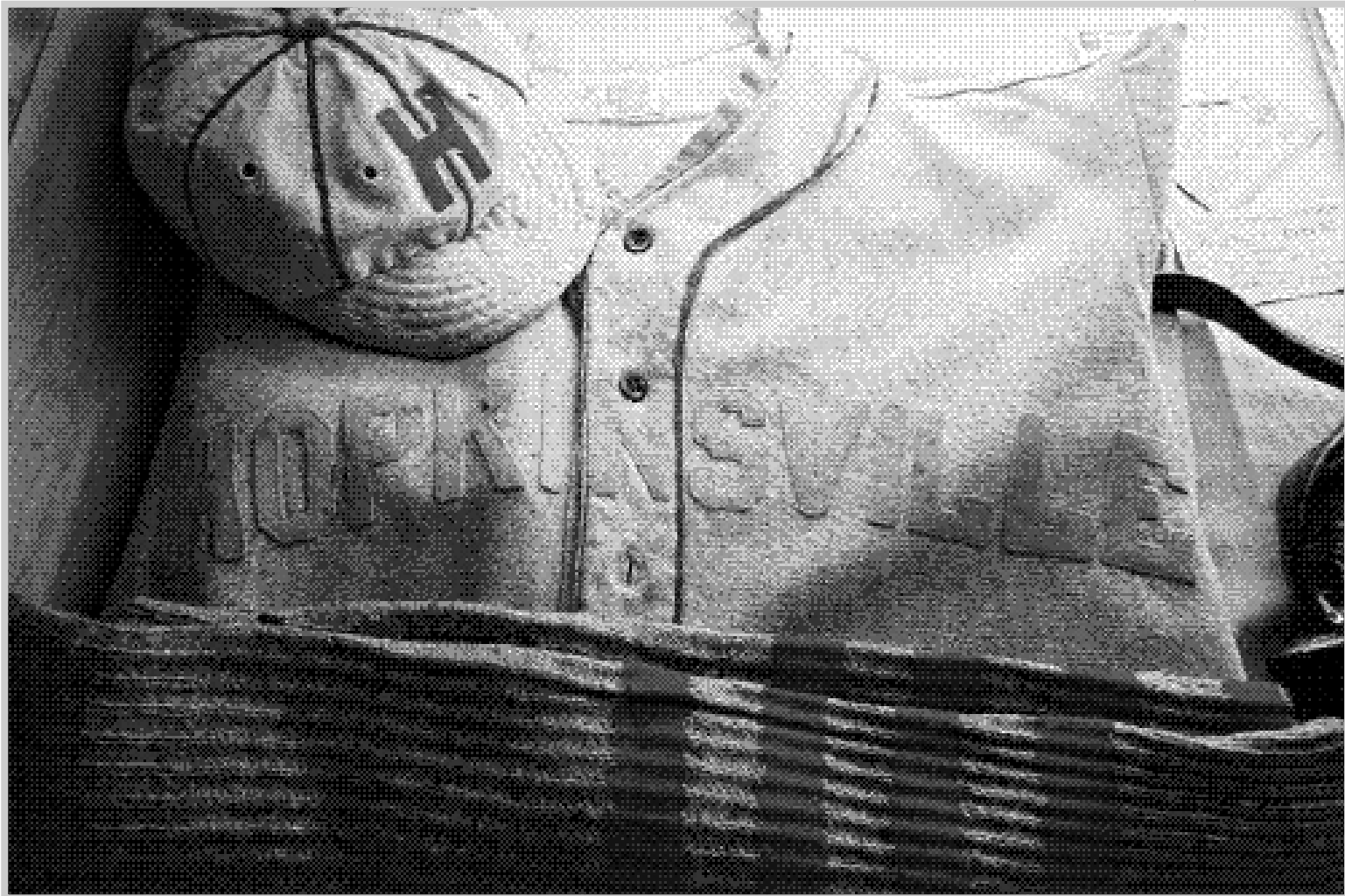
Lauren Clifton, a student at Western Kentucky University, drew an assignment to photograph Augusta Freeman, a 75-year-old blind woman who cares for her 101-year-old mother, Linda Bland, who is also blind. Mrs. Freeman greeted Clifton kindly when they met at Durrett Avenue Baptist Church, and the two held hands as they talked about the project that Clifton hoped to do. But ultimately, Mrs. Freeman decided to keep her family's life private.

The decision was disheartening for Clifton, but she moved on to other work for the rest of the week. In the end, she says, she turned out “a stronger person and a stronger photographer.”

“And,” Clifton said, “I got to meet a really wonderful woman, even if she didn't let me take her picture.”

• Alan Mattingly
Landmark Community Newspapers

Hopkinsville remembers its heroes



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2001 • THE 25TH YEAR