

# BETWEEN TOWN AND COUNTRY

LAWRENCEBURG, ANDERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2005 • THE 30TH YEAR

The 2005 Mountain Workshops  
**ANDERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY**

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WHO GAVE US THEIR TIME AND LET US INTO THEIR LIVES.**

# A place to rest your head

*Times are changing, but some things stay the same*



**Photo, this page •**  
Workshop participant Vernon Bryant, a staff photographer for the *Dallas Morning News*, shoots features in downtown Lawrenceburg.

**PHOTO BY JIM WINN**

**Cover photo •** Bert and Louise Buntain, married since 1942, play with dog "Bandit" in the tobacco-stripping shed on their Lawrenceburg farm.

**PHOTO BY RENEE DEEMER**

**Back cover photo •** Chelsea and Jennifer Whittle take a break from the farm after feeding the neighbor's horses and before feeding their own during fall break from school. This is the last year the two will live together. Jennifer goes off to college next year.

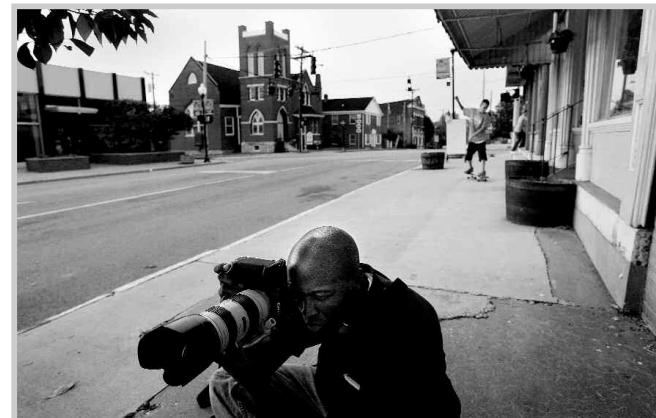
**PHOTO BY KERRY MALONEY**

In Anderson County and Lawrenceburg, farms and pastures are so picturesque that they belong in a tourist brochure promising a perfect Indian summer of pumpkin picking, apple bobbing and some bourbon drinking in between. Horses gallop along the bluegrass and lovers can sit along a stream and get lost in a setting sun.

The community of 20,000 residents has the quirks of a small town – that Mayberry factor. The old Klink's Drug Store where time stands still without the influence of Rite Aid or CVS or even the super pharmacy at the Wal-Mart superstore.

And where else can you find impersonators of both Abraham Lincoln and Colonel Sanders?

But Anderson County is too gritty to be quaint. The community can't shake its industrial, whiskey past like an old man who drank too much and talks about what could have been. The county is having an identity crisis and is trying to figure out how to grow, hold onto its past and become a better community all at the same time.



Local officials have dreams of revitalizing downtown Lawrenceburg into a sort of Victorian village, but storefronts remain vacant despite the best efforts of the local Chamber of Commerce.

All around the county, developers are enveloping acres of farmland to build hundreds of houses for newcomers who want a little country and a reasonably-priced home within commuting distance of Frankfort, Lexington, Shelbyville and Louisville.

It's a place to rest your head after a long day's work.

"It's a bedroom community and will continue to be so," said Ron Mitchell, vice president of the chamber, who has lived in the area for 19 years. "The (commuters) work in Frankfort. They shop in Frankfort before they come home. There needs to be some redirection in our community."

Lawrenceburg Mayor Bobby Sparrow, a native, said the most logical direction is to turn Anderson County into the best bedroom community it can be. "If I could snap my fingers and say we could

stay this small forever, I'd snap my fingers," he said.

Sparrow gets a little peeved about people trying to turn Anderson County into something it's not.

The county now holds an annual burgoo festival. There's nothing wrong with barbecue, Sparrow said. But everybody knows that the waters cutting through the county's countryside are sweetened by limestone to make some of the best bourbon around at the Wild Turkey and Four Roses distilleries.

"We should have been the bourbon capital of the world, but they chose not to do that because of, what should I say, Bible influences," Sparrow said.

Despite the missing title as a bourbon base, Anderson County can still be something special by embracing its growth and its locale, he said. "The best asset that Lawrenceburg and Anderson County have is our location. We're close to everything," Sparrow said.

The more residents, the bigger the tax base, the better chance of revitalizing the county, he said. There are signs, like the new Wal-Mart superstore. "For a little town like this, that's huge," he

said. "Wal-Mart only puts those stores where they know people can support them."

That has scared some natives away, said Jim Hyatt, who owns a pool hall in downtown Lawrenceburg just like his father did before him.

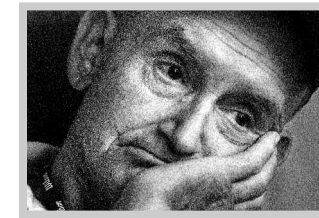
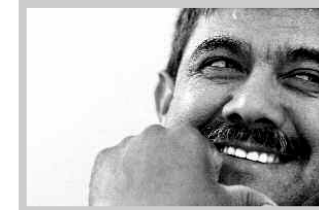
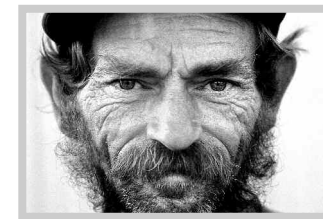
Hyatt said he knows he's losing some business to a new sports bar in town, but he has a steady clientele who prefer his dimly lit establishment that only has a pay phone.

So that keeps him in Lawrenceburg, where times are changing but some things stay the same. It's Mayberry with cookie-cutter houses and "big box" stores.

"Move? Heck no. I love this little town," Hyatt said.

• Nikita Stewart  
*The Washington Post*

## Faces



**PHOTOS BY (VERTICAL, TOP TO BOTTOM, FROM LEFT): FIRST ROW:** JASON HAN, PAUL NEWTON, MICHAEL SHEAD  
**SECOND ROW:** MICHAEL FAGANS, DAVID DEGNER, JESSICA BRANDI LIFLAND  
**THIRD ROW:** WENDI POOLE  
**FOURTH ROW:** WILLIAM SPILLMAN, CHANNING JOHNSON, MICHAEL FAGANS, ANGELA SHOEMAKER, TIM GRUBER  
**FIFTH ROW:** KERRY MALONEY, CARLA DEPOYSTER, EMILY ROSE BENNETT



A worker's glove rests on a trash can while employees take a break at Cox's Creek Warehouses. The employees batch aged Four Roses Bourbon in preparation for bottling.

PHOTO BY VERNON BRYANT



A model of Gail Wheeler's home sits in a man-made pond in the front yard of the property in Lawrenceburg. Wheeler's neighbor, Steve McDonald, built the model home and the matching real-life version 13 years ago.

PHOTO BY CLINT SPAULDING



Hank Schweichart, who sometimes works for Burkhead & Darnell's Custom Meat Processing, prepares to kill a steer on Brad Driskell's farm near Lawrenceburg. His method, which involves a single shot to the head, is called stress-free slaughter because the animal is not forced or prodded into pens before it is killed. "It's just a job," Scheickart said, but adds that after 11 years of doing it, "You can only do so much killing."

PHOTO BY BRIENNE BOORTZ



A rusty sign on a boarded-up grocery store on State Road 53.

PHOTO BY JOHN FOSTER



Shelby Scott entertains her grandson, Dylan, 8, during soccer practice for another of the three grandsons she cares for. Shelby didn't expect that she'd be a mother at her age, but she has taken over as primary caregiver for the three children as her daughter deals with health problems. "I'm going to raise these kids as long as I'm able," she said.

PHOTO BY AMANDA LUCIDON



"No wonder they charge you so much to change your transmission. It's impossible to get out," Robert Satterley said. Satterley, 34, who is originally from Lawrenceburg, Ky., moved to nearby Tyrone two years ago. "I like it here. Plenty of fishing, deer hunting, coon hunting. I live next to my mama and daddy; it's good."

PHOTO BY EMILY ROSE BENNETT



Mary Onita Corn adjusts Wesley Corn's oxygen tubes, one of several small tasks that have become difficult and sometimes impossible for him to manage on his own. Corn, 92, of Lawrenceburg, lives with his wife of 67 years, Mary Onita Corn, 84. Their daughter, Emma Denton, also lives with the couple to help her mother care for Corn, who has heart problems.

PHOTO BY CARLA DEPOYSTER



Gage Mitchell, 5, jokes around with his aunt Pam Cole, who successfully petitioned the court for legal custody of Gage in the summer of 2005. "We're not perfect parents with our own children, and I know we're not going to be with Gage," said Cole. "But I hope it makes a difference in Gage's life when he is growing up that he can be more considerate to others. I hope it will make him a more loving person, a more giving person."

PHOTO BY ROB BENNETT



King Leo sits on Bob Gibson's lap as he works on a Blue Teal hen replica. "We spend more on the cats and dogs than we do on ourselves," he said.

PHOTO BY JOHN FOSTER



A swinging bridge hangs over a creek at the Gritton family property on Kentucky Highway 62. The bridge, built and re-built by father-son team Wade and Arlie Gritton, is nearly 60 years old. Without the bridge, the Gritton family would have no access to the main road when the creek swells during rain storms.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL SHEAD





Lawrenceburg residents Charlie Brown and Walter Centers take a rest to enjoy the cool breeze on a crisp, sunny October afternoon along Mills Lane just off Route 127. Brown and Centers ride around Lawrenceburg once a week as part of the Kentucky Trailblazers riding club.

PHOTO BY IAN HURLEY



Steve McKenzie of Frankfort plays mandolin during a jam session at Tony's Barn in Lawrenceburg. McKenzie and a small group of friends gather each week to play bluegrass.

PHOTO BY JEFFREY OTTO



A full moon rises over the Anderson County Courthouse in Lawrenceburg.

PHOTO BY JEFFREY OTTO



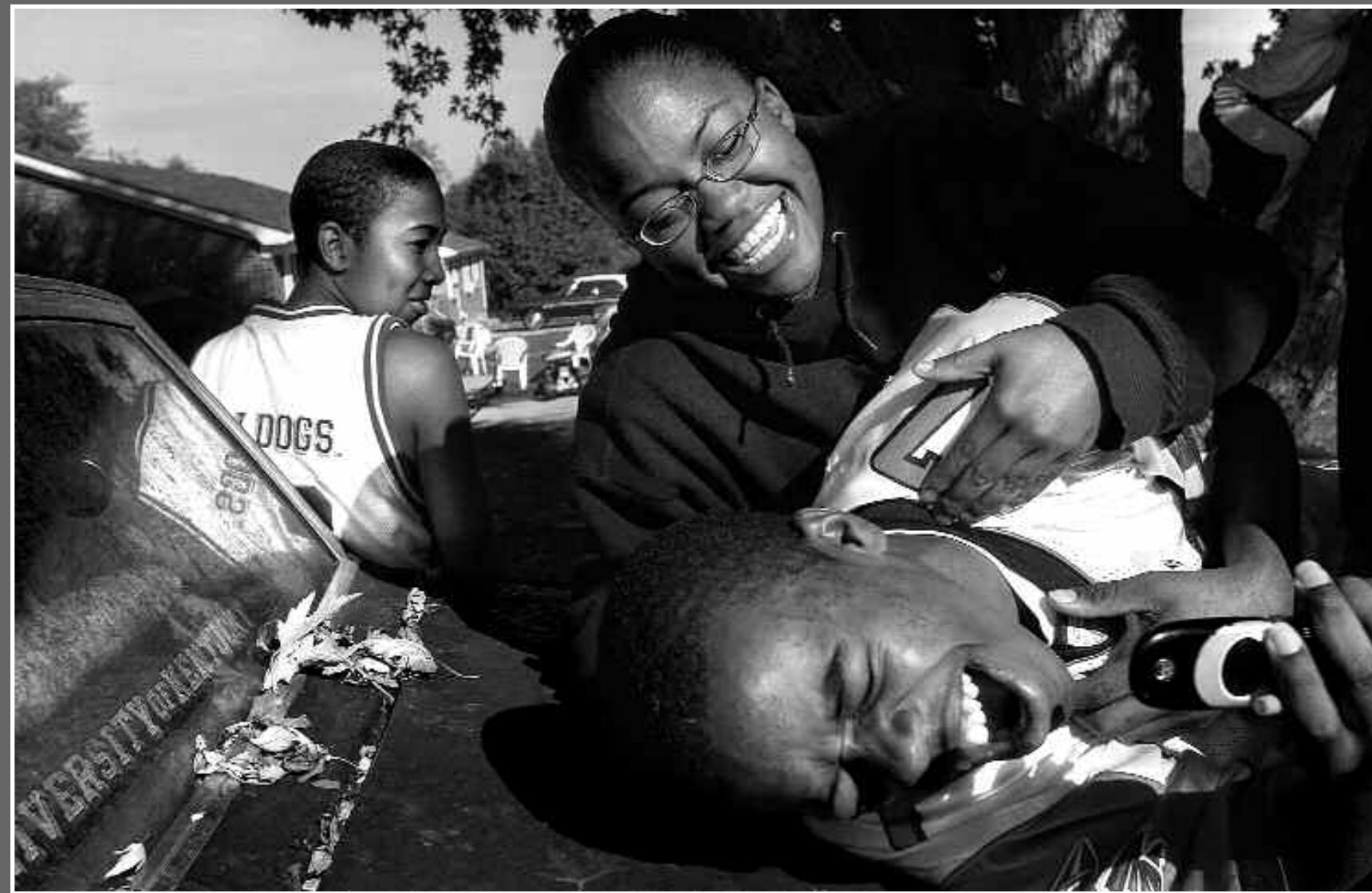
Deborah Perry leads her horse, Redford, back home after pulling him away from eating too many acorns.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL FAGANS



During his 5 a.m. workout, Ralph Breeding, 76, turns a corner of the gym at First Baptist Church's Christian Life Center in Lawrenceburg. Breeding, who still coaches a girls' basketball team, has kept busy since his wife moved to a nursing home three years ago.

PHOTO BY JESSICA BRANDI LIFLAND



Ava Brooks, 16, tickles her cousin, Kendrick Harvey, 15, as she tries to grab her cell phone from him.

PHOTO BY CHANNING JOHNSON



Megan Earlywine, 3, gets some afternoon rest at Anderson County Head Start and Daycare.

PHOTO BY CHANNING JOHNSON



Alvin Perry walks along the Veterans Wall of Honor searching for name plates engraved with his brother's and father's names. The monument, dedicated on Nov. 5, 2005, will eventually have the names of about 2000 area men and women who served in the armed services. Perry, 82, served in World War II and was captured and held for 10 months in a P.O.W. camp in Germany. "You have so many close calls when you're fighting; you just can't believe you'll live to be an old man," he said. "I've made it to 82."

PHOTO BY JEFFREY OTTO



Shane Pickett hangs out at the Main Street Sports Bar and Grill after work to unwind. A Lexington native, Pickett says he moved to Lawrenceburg because he prefers the small-town atmosphere.

PHOTO BY DREW BEWLEY



Rebecca Gray, right, reconnects with Bernita Devine at Evergreen Baptist Church. Distant relatives, the two had not seen each other in a while.

PHOTO BY CARLA DEPOYSTER



Three men use a boom pump to pour concrete foundations on a farm off Highway 151 in Lawrenceburg.

PHOTO BY NATHAN WEBER



A crowd chanted Lindsay Hays' name as her parade float passed. Lindsay was crowned homecoming queen at the Stewart Home School in Frankfort. The school is home for about 400 intellectually challenged children and adults, ages 13 to 85.

PHOTO BY PABLO ALCALA



Jerry Puckett Jr. rolls oak barrels filled with bourbon whiskey down a hallway in one of the warehouses at the Wild Turkey Distillery.

PHOTO BY RYAN SMITH



Thirteen-year-old James Cunningham of Anderson County fishes with a night crawler and a bobber into the Salt River with his father, Warren. James and his dad keep the big fish for eating, but the small ones go home to live in James' fish tank.

PHOTO BY KERRY MALONEY

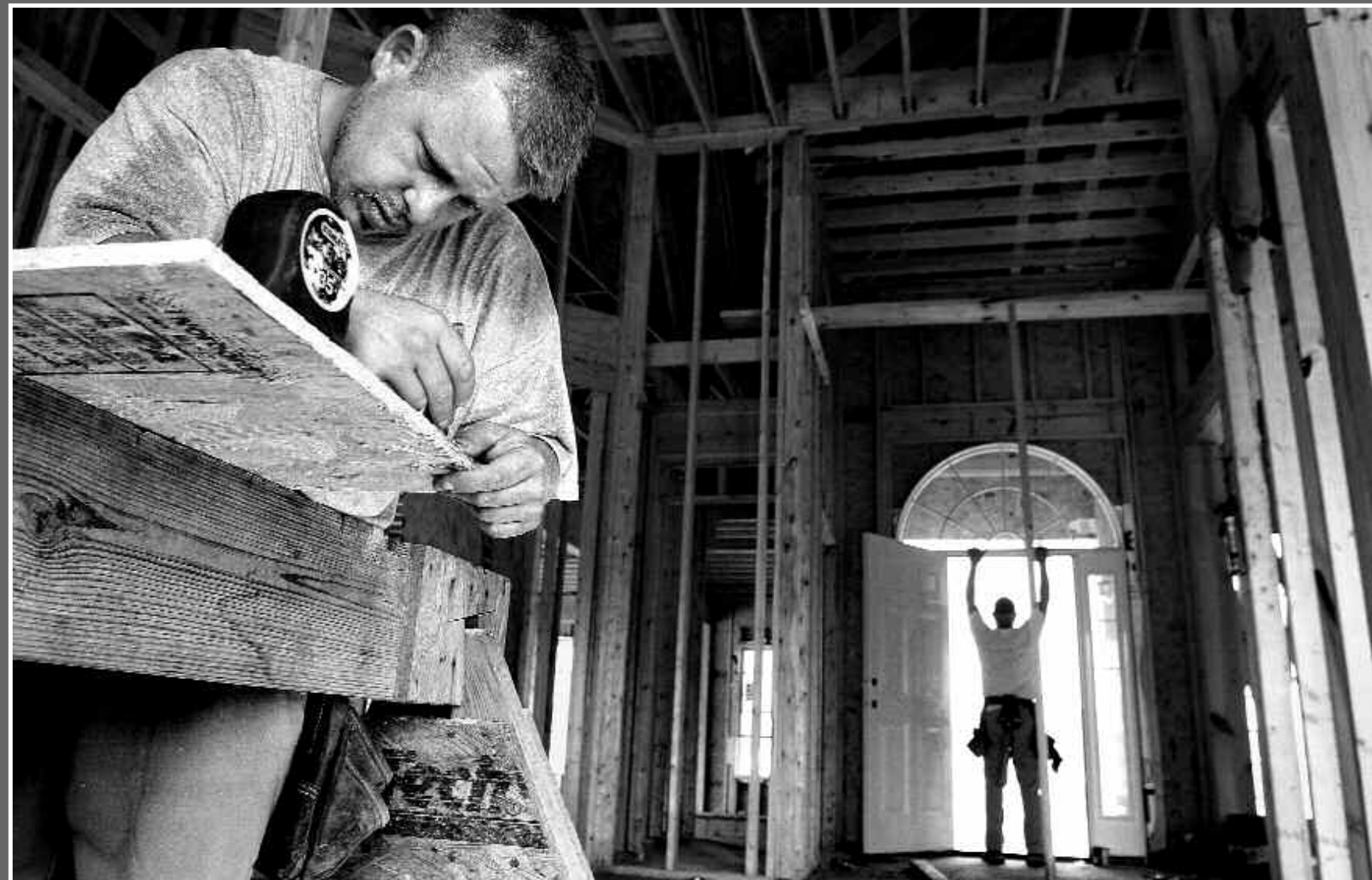
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Eddie Phiel measures a board while Mike Bostic calls his dog from a newly installed front door. Phiel has been working on homes in Lawrenceburg with B & D Framing Contractors since February. "It's cool 'cause if you don't know how to do something... and they'll help you out," Phiel said. "We've got a good family here."

PHOTO BY KAYLEN KINNEY



Enjoying fall-break downtime, Katie Jamison cuddles Tyler Jones as he plays video football with his best friend, Gabe Belvins.

PHOTO BY ANKUR DHOLAKIA

## The Mountain Workshops

This year is a landmark for the workshops and for me personally. It is our 30th anniversary. Looking back it would have been hard to envision how a simple weekend field trip could turn into such a wonderful educational opportunity for tomorrow's leaders of the visual journalism community. They have attested that it can often be a life-changing experience, one that can ignite a career and infuse a desire to excel in the profession.

In my view the workshop's impact was stated best in a note from Larry Chen after his workshop experience:

*"Thank you again for making the Mountain Workshops the most outstanding educational experience of my professional life. On*

*our first day you set high expectations for the workshops, claiming that the next five days would change our lives and inspire us to maximize our photojournalistic potential. After that statement, I did not anticipate having those lofty expectations exceeded in such a variety of ways. The nightly reviews with instructors, photo editors, story editors and peers improved my eye and taught me new ways of telling visual stories. Such tight collaboration among team members made me appreciate what it really takes to create quality work worthy enough to be called photojournalism. Last but definitely not least, the entire process was tough, but fun."*

*Larry Chen,  
Freelance Photographer  
Bellevue Washington*

The purpose of the five-day visit is educational. Participants get to know the county's residents, and with the help of shooting, picture editing and writing coaches expand their visual storytelling abilities while producing a book, an exhibit, a multimedia show and a web site about them. Our goals are:

- To train tomorrow's leaders in visual journalism in the art of visual storytelling
- To serve as galvanizing experience where participants can

make career decisions and sharpen their skills and understanding of their chosen profession

- To demonstrate the newest technologies in the profession
- To produce a documentary record of selected counties in south-central Kentucky using the content gathered during the workshop experience

The workshops' faculty and staff include the top visual journalists in the world. This year, 53 shooters and 8 picture editors participated in the workshop. They were guided by 21 picture editing, writing and shooting coaches; a professional support staff of 20 multimedia, sound and writing professionals; several manufacturers' representatives, and a student assistant crew of 27. In all, more than 135 students and professionals came together to share experiences, ideas, skills and understanding of what the profession can be at its best.

Over the years – as a result of the workshops – several hundred of the world's best visual journalists, editors and managers have offered their expertise to more than 1,300 members of the visual journalism community. Many have pitched in an annual 10 days of their lives for over 10 years and some over 20.

The workshops have enjoyed steadfast support from our partners who supply our industry with such excellent tools. Apple Computer, Baseview Systems, Canon USA, Nikon Inc. and The Software Construction Company are all loyal patrons of the project. For them we are very grateful!

Despite the paradigm shift caused by new technology, this workshop remains committed to the documentary photojournalism tradition as the best way of bringing the stories and lives of our subjects to light, whether it is through the printed page or new media.

Having said that I will bid adieu. It seems like an appropriate crossroads to make the transition to new leadership. I have retired from Western and so now will turn over the leadership of the workshops to the next generation. I have great faith in my most talented colleagues here at WKU. After all I hired them. I know they see the great educational value of the workshops as clearly as I do and will take it to an even greater level as a world-class educational experience.

Organizing the workshops is a very time consuming year-long process. I owe a special thanks to my wife Louise and my children Brad and Heather for sharing my time over the past 30 years.

A great big thank you to all that have contributed to the project over the years. It's been fun working with you!

• **Michael L. Morse**  
Workshops Director

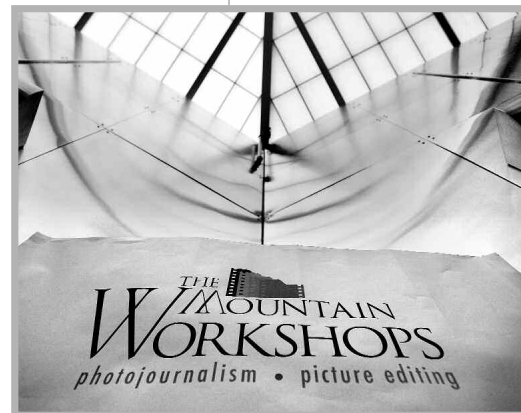


PHOTO BY JIM WINN



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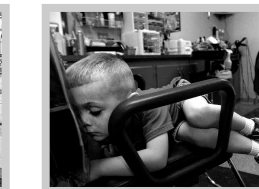
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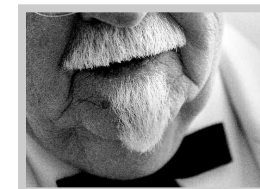
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# Last days of the Farmer's Wife

Photographs and text by JILL BAKER  
Design and picture editing by LARISSA RUIZ CAMPO



By ones and twos the regulars file into the quiet warmth of The Farmer's Wife for their morning coffee. This morning loyal customers hear sad news – after tomorrow, they'll have to go elsewhere for their morning ritual. The restaurant on Broadway, which has operated in one form or another for half a century, will close its doors for good after the Saturday lunch hour.

"We're not supposed to be opening our mouths, but I can't help it," said Ann Oliver, who has worked on and off at the restaurant since 1976. Knowing what's about to happen, Oliver said, "It's hard to tell them to come back and see us."

Owner Janet Sue Spencer recently fell ill. Three generations of women – Spencer's mother, Virginia Waldrige, another of Virginia's daughters and three of her granddaughters – have come together this week to keep the doors open. They've washed dishes, helped wait tables and kept customers feeling well cared for in Spencer's absence. "If there's something going on with one of us," Waldrige said, "the rest of us are real close somewhere."

But each has her own obligations at work and school and can't stay on double duty forever. "It's going to be hard," Oliver said of closing for the last time. "This is just a friendly little place, and everybody knows everybody." Even though The Farmer's Wife is closing, Waldrige is sure the friendly spirit of the diner will survive. "This place has been here for years," she said. "Someone will come in and open it, and the regulars will come right back."

**LEFT** • David Watts (center), a regular at The Farmer's Wife diner, loves to give waitress Ann Oliver a hard time. "Where's that pie?" he asked, "Why don't you get up and get me that piece of pie?" "He's about to get a piece of pie in his face," Oliver said.



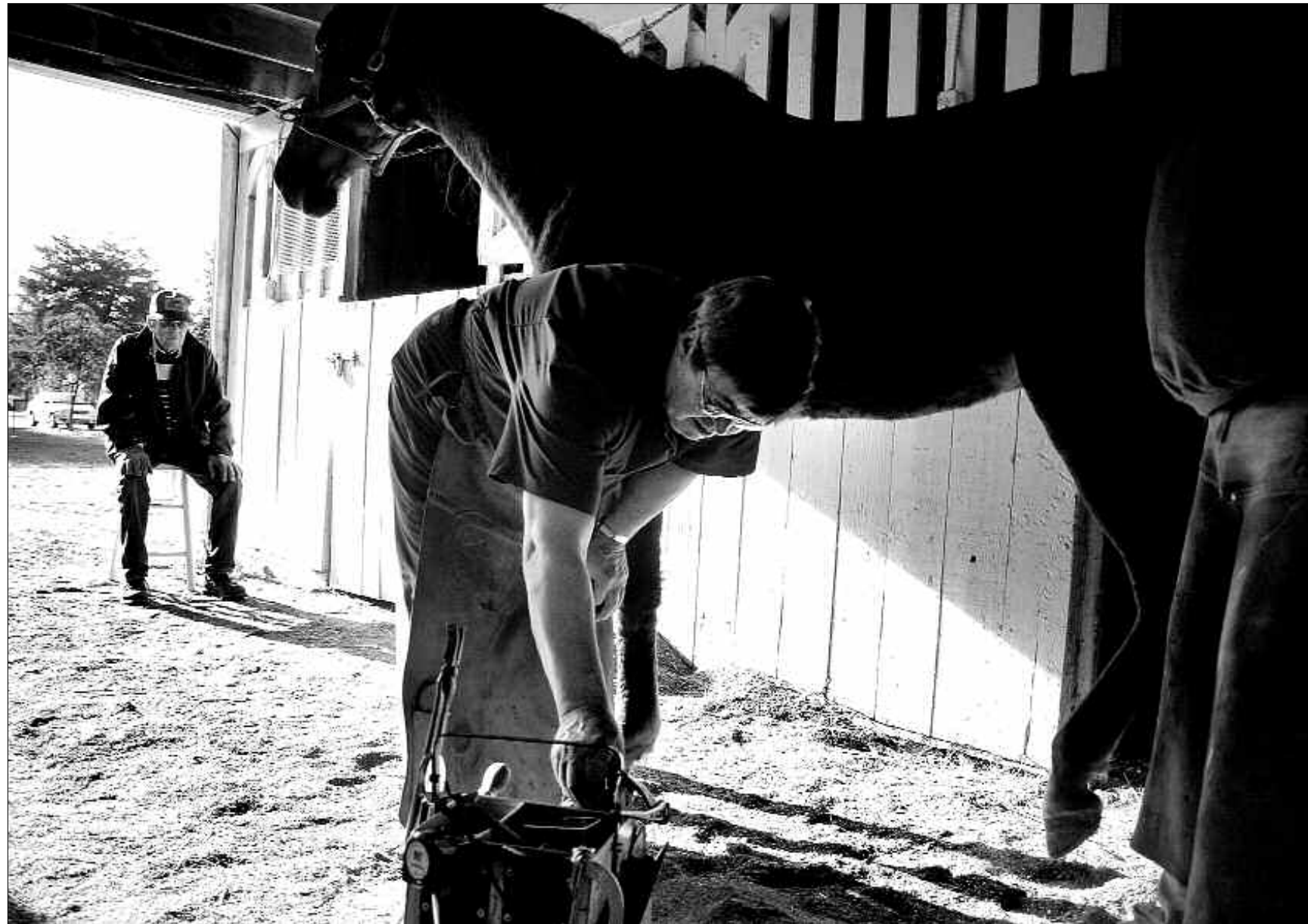
**LEFT** • The Farmer's Wife diner is like a second home for 20-year-old Tracy Jenkins. She washes dishes and waits tables in the restaurant, which is owned by her mother, Janet Sue Spencer.



**BELOW** • Tammy Moore (right), sister of diner owner Janet Sue Spencer, rubs her eyes in exasperation as regular customer Walter Cunningham teases waitress Brittany McDonald.

## If the shoe fits . . .

Photographs and text by CLINT SPAULDING  
Design and picture editing by GREG A. COOPER



**ABOVE** • Rabbit Hunt of Fairdale watches farrier, Bobby Isham of Lawrenceburg, remove a horseshoe from one of Hunt's horses.

**B**obby Isham's hands are rough and calloused. His dark blue jump suit is stained and faded from the sun. His work days go from sun up to sun down. And he wouldn't have it any other way. Shoeing horses has been a labor of love.

"It's hot, it's dirty, it's stinkin' – a horse will stomp on you," said Isham, 66, a farrier for 43 years.

"I wasn't smart enough to do anything else, and I love horses."

He also raises cattle, has four horses of his own and fixes up old trucks and tractors to resell.

"I work," said the married father of four.

One of Isham's regular customers is friend and stable owner Merrill Murray.

"I have known Bobby longer than any of my four marriages," said Murray, owner of the Merlin Farm in Versailles.

Isham has shod horses at Murray's stable for 25 years, flashing a smile and cracking jokes with everyone around.

Then he gets down to work.

Sweat pours down his brow as he picks up a horse hoof and clips away at new growth. As he removes about a two-month buildup, a pungent odor fills the barn.

It's suffocating.

"I can barely get the smell off my hands," said Michael Ratcliff, a farrier from Shelbyville who sometimes works with Isham. "After I take a shower, I still have to put toothpaste on my hands to get rid of it."

Isham has covered a lot of ground in his four decades of shoeing horses, often traveling and setting up his trailer workshop throughout the country.

"It seems like I've shod a horse behind every tree in Kentucky," he said.

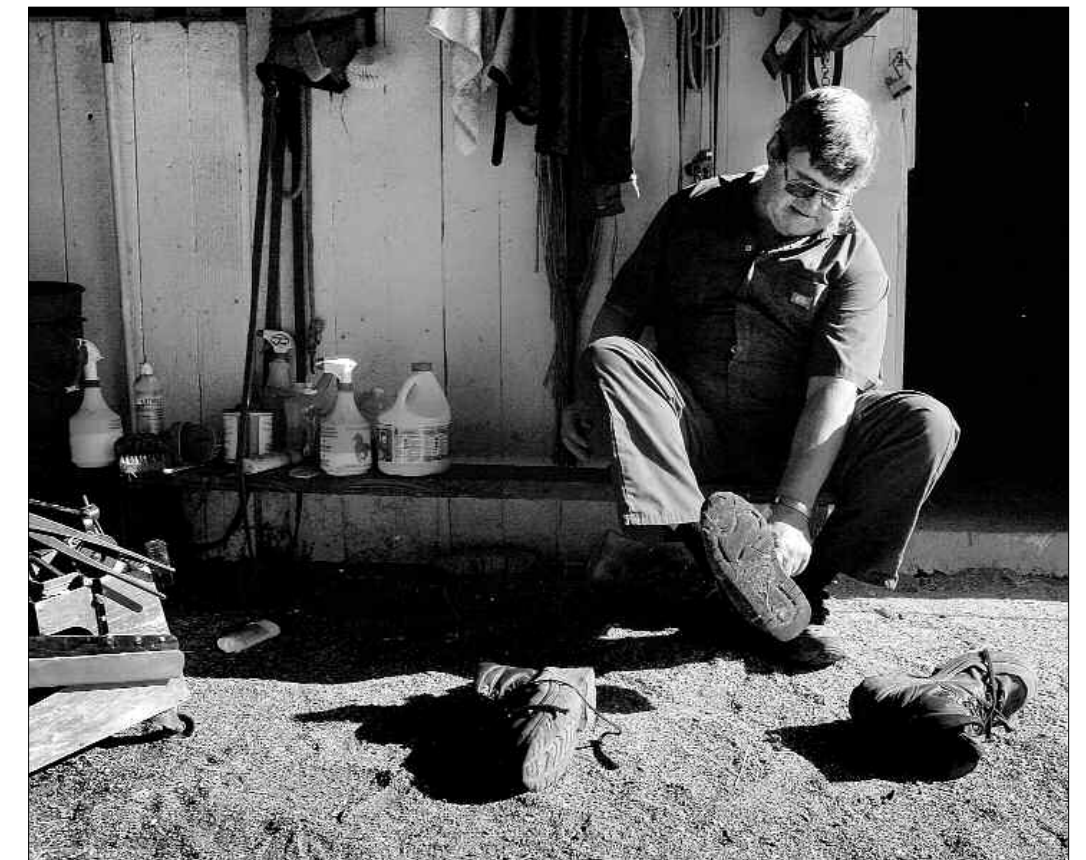
As each year passes, Isham says he flirts with the idea of retiring.

"I've been quitting for three years, and I haven't quit yet," he said.



**LEFT** • Bobby Isham fits a horseshoe on a horse at the Merlin Farm in Versailles, Ky.

**BELOW** • After a morning of shoeing, Isham gives his feet a break by putting on more comfortable shoes.



## Everybody calls him Abe

Photographs and text by NATHAN MORGAN  
Design and picture editing by GREG A. COOPER

After being forced to keep his whiskers trimmed during his service in the Cold War, Jim Sayre was ready for a change. On his first day back, he began to grow a beard. It grew longer, and his upper lip remained bare.

Folks started to notice a strong resemblance to a certain past president. The nickname "Abe" stuck and began to shape his lifestyle. At 69 — nearly "three score and 10," as he likes to point out. Sayre has been a custodian, truck driver and a manager for a transfer station.

Since retiring in 2001, Sayre has

focused on filling the size 14 shoes of Abraham Lincoln full time.

"Pack the bags. You're going to Iowa," Sayre told Mary, his wife of 49 years, before his first foray into look-alike competitions. "She thought I had lost my mind."

Sayre took first place in the national competition, and more than 20 years later, he's still at it.

He charges \$300 for dressing up in traditional garb, reciting speeches and answering questions at museums, ribbon cuttings, Civil War re-enactments and school programs throughout the nation.

He portrays Lincoln throughout Anderson County for free.

"He's honest. He's genuine," said Cathy Morgan, a worker at the county circuit court clerk's office.

Sayre has invested hundreds of hours into studying Lincoln, accurately representing Lincoln's views in mock debates. Get close enough to him, and you'll see that Lincoln's famous mole is actually a cut-down eraser glued to his cheek.

Yet all his attention to detail creates a problem: It's hard to escape the image.

In mid-concert, country singer George Jones was so startled by Sayre's remarkable resemblance to Lincoln that he stopped the show to point it out and talk with Sayre.

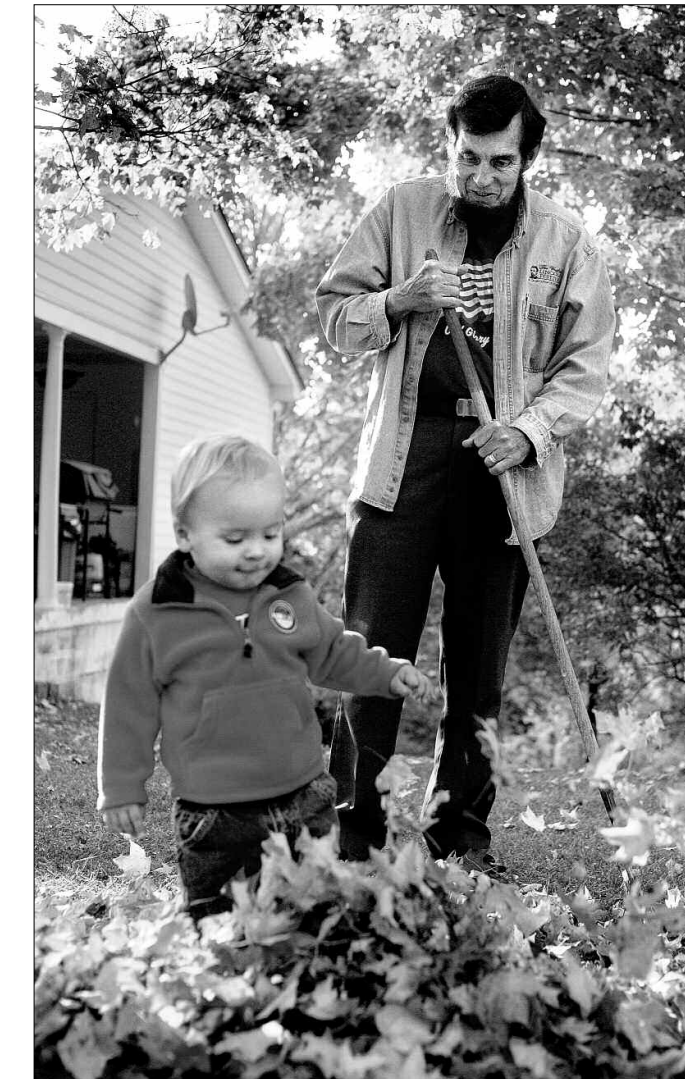
"It's good to be Lincoln when you want to, but you got to be Lincoln all the time," Sayre said.

**BELOW** • Having served during the Cold War, Jim Sayre takes special pride in raising the American flag each day.



"It's good to be Lincoln when you want to, but you got to be Lincoln all the time."

*Jim Sayre*



**ABOVE** • After Sayre raked a pile of leaves, great-grandson Jude Wilson helps spread them back out.

**LEFT** • Sayre, an Abraham Lincoln look-alike, sits in the office of his Lawrenceburg home, where portraits of the nation's 16th president and his speeches hang on the walls beside awards Sayre has won for personifying him.

# Talkin' and chalkin'

Photographs and text by DAN MCDUFFIE  
Design and picture editing by GREG A. COOPER



**T**hey've been starting their days at Jim's Pool Room for 32 years. Most are retired farmers or factory workers. One, a former sheriff. They spend their time around a large table telling jokes, sipping coffee and sodas. Jim Hyatt, owner of the Main Street pool hall, passes time making coffee and swatting flies while tending to the same retirees who stroll in around nine o'clock each morning.

The regulars have formed their own social club at the hall, meeting each day until noon.

They're seasoned.

Take the common match-up of the Pope brothers vs. Hays brothers. Between the two sets of brothers is a combined 197 years of pool playing.

Heckling during rounds of rotation is standard. The jabs roll as gently as a soft shot.

John Lawson, 66, misses a shot, and Charlie Bryant, 72, yells out from the social table, "Johnny, you ain't going to buy my breakfast," making clear he felt Lawson wouldn't win the big money they have riding on each game — a quarter.

Lawson chalks up and takes his next shot. A ball rolls across the faded green felt and drops into a worn leather pocket.

The constant talk of weather, women and hunting is broken only by the loud crack of the next break.

Decades of friendships allow the guys to say what they want.

"In 32 years, I've never seen a fight at the pool hall," said Hyatt, 70. "Ask the cops — they say it's the only place in town where they never have to go to."

Over the years, Hyatt has lost business to golf and softball, but he hasn't lost his faithfuls.

When he closes the hall for a week each July, many of his regulars sit across the street and wait for his return.

"They won't go nowhere else," Hyatt said.

**LEFT** • Louis Pope, 83, of Frankfort lines up a shot as Hays brothers Davis (left), 71, and Willis, 69, watch during a game of rotation at Jim's Pool Room on Main Street. The Pope-Hays match-up, includes Pope's brother, Arthur, 87.



**LEFT** • A player chalks his cue tip as he waits to shoot.



**ABOVE** • Former Anderson County Sheriff Hooter Birdwhistell (left) and Jim Hyatt talk before Birdwhistell leaves Jim's Pool Room on Main Street in Lawrenceburg. Hyatt is a former deputy sheriff. "Jim was a good deputy, but he wouldn't get out of the car when there were dogs outside," Birdwhistell said.

# The Adams Academy

Photographs and text by JULIE KISH  
Design and picture editing by GREG A. COOPER



**ABOVE** • The Adams Academy classroom is a kitchen table, cluttered with books upon books and crafty learning materials. “We have a literature-based curriculum with a focus on incidental teaching, meaning we read a lot,” Barbara Adams said. “If there is something they’re interested in, we research it and do activities on it.”

If the Adams family were a clock, mom Barbara would make it tick. Once a registered nurse, Barbara Adams traded in her scrubs to serve as teacher and principal of her home school.

Dubbed The Adams Academy, the school has just four students — Isaac, 2, Eric, 4, Emily, 6, and Allison, 8

Trips around the world are made at their kitchen table via Japanese watercolors and traditional music during geography lessons, and a petrified chicken named King Cluck is mummified during history.

The school’s motto is “Nosce te ipsum,” meaning “Know thyself.”

“Part of it is preparing your kids for this life, but also preparing your kids and yourself for the next one,” said Barbara, 42.

While Barbara wears many hats, husband David is her biggest cheerleader.

Running a school and home doesn’t leave much time for housework. David Adams doesn’t mind.

“He’s as close to perfect for me as I ever could have found,” Barbara said.

Home-schooling has given her a chance to relive her childhood. Christmas ornaments made from dough, and a good game of catch, are as much fun for her as they are for the kids.

“I always say I love what I’m doing, and I love being myself,” she said. “But if I was anyone else, I’d want to be one of them because it’s so much fun.”

Isaac, Eric, Emily and Allison not only get an education, they get what the family refers to as “momma love,” which comes with lots of hugs, tickles, laughter and treasured moments alone with Mom.

“It’s the best job in the world,” Barbara said. “We’re so blessed.”

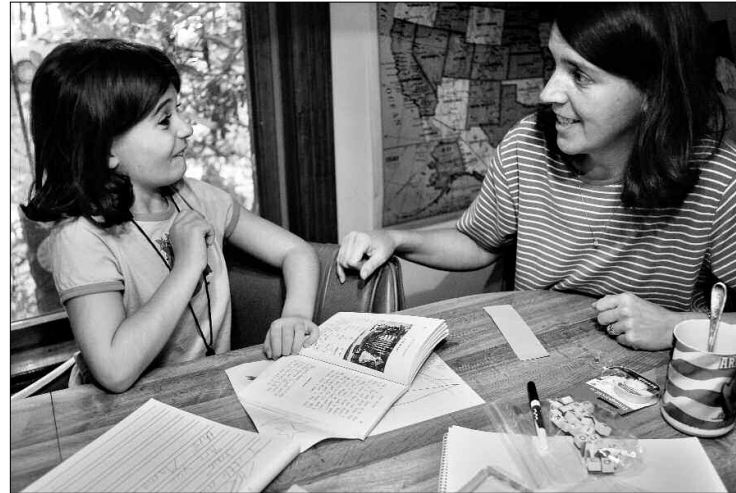


**LEFT** • Allison Adams, 8, watches brother Isaac at the table.

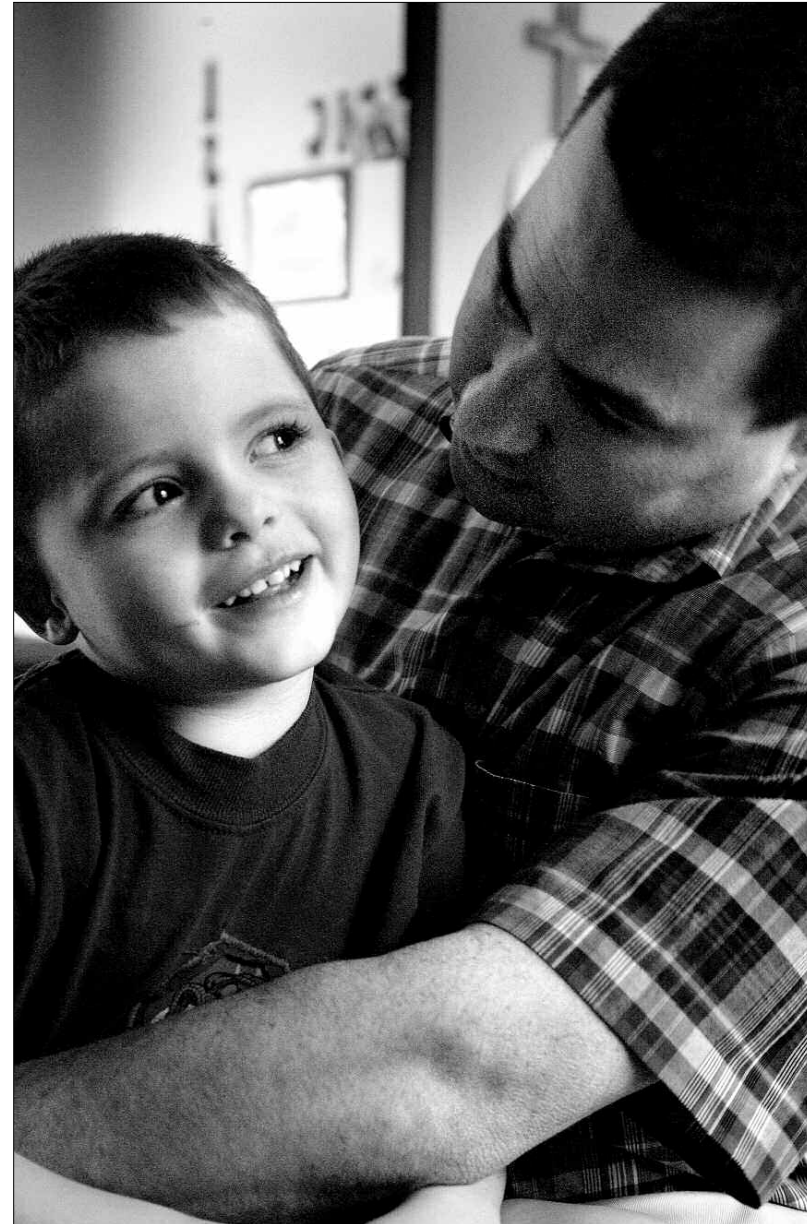


**ABOVE** • Isaac Adams (second from left), 2, has a great seat for a concert by (from left) mom Barbara and sisters Emily and Allison.

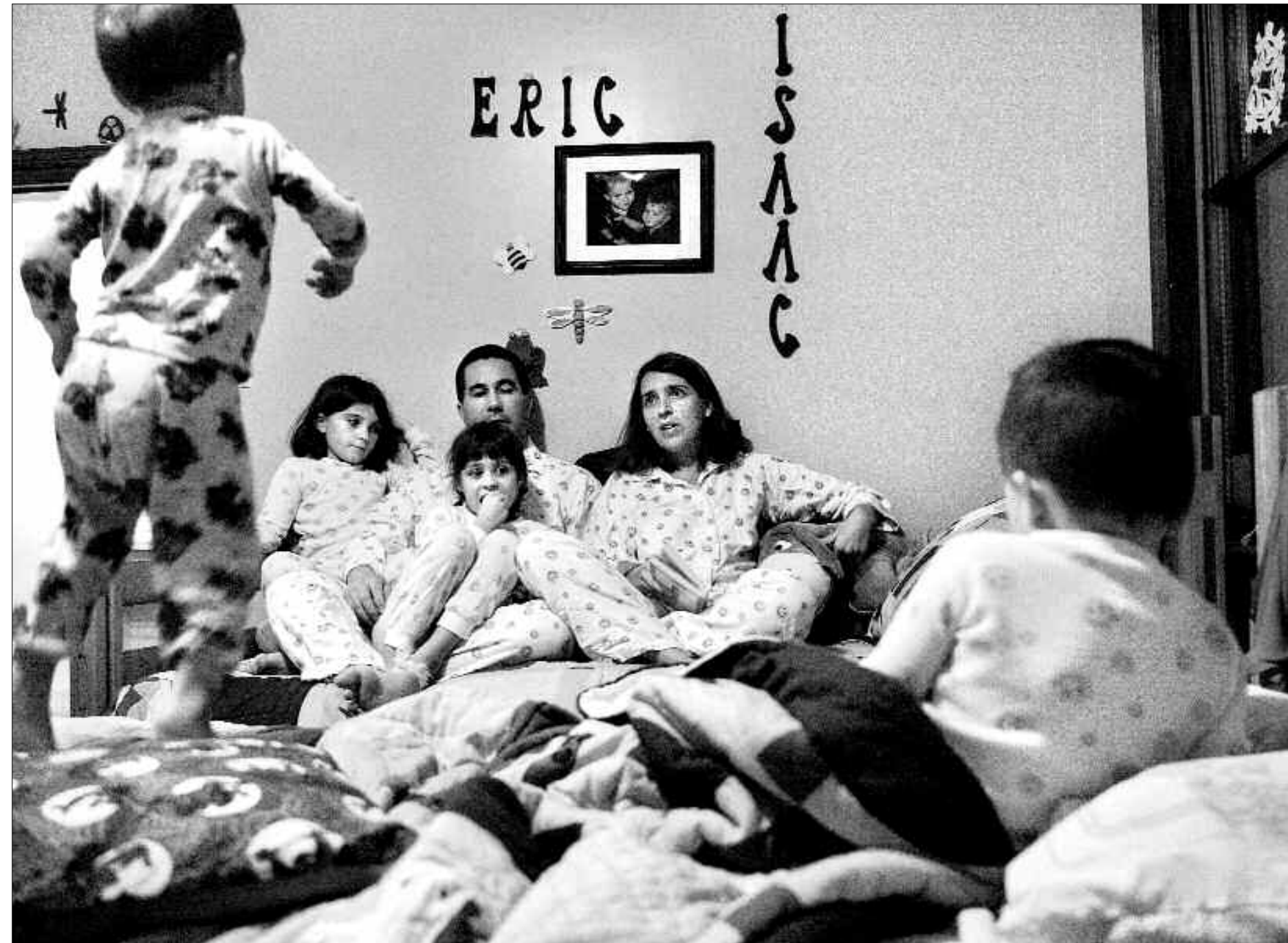
**RIGHT** • Allison Adams, 8, acts out part of her reading during literature lessons. Her mother, Barbara, home-schools Allison and her three siblings. "If you asked me 20 years ago, I never would have thought I'd be doing this."



**ABOVE** • From left: Eric, Barbara, Isaac, Emily and Allison Adams explore their 17 acres, naming trees and flowers along the way. "We really feel like we're in our own little world here," Barbara said.



**ABOVE** • David Adams hugs and talks with son Eric. "He's as close to perfect for me as I ever could have found," Barbara says of David.



**ABOVE** • Bedtime in the Adams house means story time as Barbara and David settle in with the kids.



## Bookmobile lady

Photographs and text by MICHAEL FAGANS  
Design and picture editing by LARISSA RUIZ CAMPO

**D**eborah Perry was the 1994 U. S. National Competitive Trail Riding Champion, and she still rides – when she isn't at the reins of a 14-foot-long Chevy van, visiting homes and child care centers along the winding roads of Anderson County.

Deborah delivers friendship and conversation along with books. Benita Denniston calls Perry her "lifeline to the outside world." Housebound by medical treatment, Denniston appreciates the ways the Lawrenceburg librarian goes beyond the bounds of duty. Reaching out is more than a job to Deborah Perry, it's a calling.



"People don't realize how important it is to get a hug," she said. "These little old ladies taught me how to hug and be hugged." She reflected on friends made during 13 years of bookmobile work: "I've lost a number of them."

The bookmobile also serves some of Anderson County's youngest book lovers. Deborah takes story books and a guitar to day care programs, where she reads aloud and sings songs with the children. The bookmobile may not be the most cost-efficient way to put books and readers together, acknowledged Library Director Jeffrey Sauer, but, "In terms of being part of the community," he said, "it has great value."



**RIGHT** • Maneuvering the Anderson County bookmobile, a 14-foot-long 1985 Chevy van, librarian Deborah Perry begins her afternoon rounds.



**ABOVE** • Allyson Agostinelli, 2, selects a book while her sister Alexandria, 3, rear, waits for their mother, Kelly, in the Anderson County Bookmobile.



**RIGHT** • Deborah Perry checks out a book for Betty Steverson in the back of the Anderson County bookmobile.



**ABOVE** • Sometimes librarians are just there to listen. Eula Kinney, left, tells Perry that she's upset that most churches forget about people when they get older.

**RIGHT** • Outdoor meditation under a favorite tree, with her dog Tail-light at her side is a morning ritual for Deborah Perry.



# Head start on learning

Photographs and text by CHANNING JOHNSON  
Design and picture editing by LARISSA RUIZ CAMPO



**ABOVE** • Duck-duck-goose is a popular game for youngsters at Anderson County Head Start and Day Care including Jada Young, Marissa Hargis and Megan Earlywine.

It's nap time at Anderson County Head Start and Day Care, and 4-year-old Eli Stratton is fussing. Lisa Bean, a teacher's assistant, lies down next to him. Snuggling under a blanket, she speaks quietly, combing her fingers through his hair until he's as calm and still as the other sleeping children.

Like Head Start programs across the country, the center here gives children from low-income families a safe and secure place to spend the day while their parents work. Kids ages 2 to 10 come to day care to listen to stories, read on their own, try craft activities and play outside, too.

"Sometimes the kids are here more than they are at home," site supervisor Tammy Moore said, so nurturing that helps the children grow emotionally and socially is at the heart of what she and her colleagues provide. "All the staff here treat the children like their own," she said.

Head Start turned 40 in 2005. Studies show that Head-Start kids take on the challenges of elementary school with more maturity and readiness to learn than children from disadvantaged families who don't participate.

"I was a Head-Start kid," Tammy Moore said.

With her closest sibling eight years her senior, Moore had little opportunity to relate to other kids her age, until her parents sent her to Head Start. She still has a box of paintings that her mom saved from those days, and now Moore is working on a degree in Early Childhood Education at Kentucky State University. "Head Start is still working," she said.



**LEFT** • Scott Cronin, 9, turns up the volume at Anderson County Head Start and Day Care. Site supervisor Tammy Moore said when the children disregard teachers' authority, the staff tries to understand their anger.



**BELOW** • Assistant teacher Sherry Smith naps with Landon Sparks, 3, at Anderson County Head Start and Day Care. Physical affection is an important part of teacher and student exchanges. Lying next to the children as they nap is not uncommon.

# Raised by Grandma

Photographs and text by RICK HANNON  
Design and picture editing by RODNEY CURTIS



**ABOVE** • Four-year-old Jacob Wash is distracted from playing with grandmother, Melinda Earlywine, in their home west of Lawrenceburg.



**RIGHT** • Jacob works to get a smile from his grandmother.

**M**elinda Earlywine planned to quit working when she reached her 50s and spend her early retirement vacationing with her husband.

But at age 49, she is a mother again, raising her 4-year-old grandson, Jacob, like a son. “People keep telling me that I’ll stay young raising him, but I don’t know,” said Earlywine, who dyes her gray away to a medium ash blonde with \$2.97 bottles of Revlon ColorSilk.

“I get very tired . . . In the long run, we’re just gonna be working ‘til we’re 70.”

Earlywine gained custody of Jacob

two years ago.

Jimmy Lee Wash, Jacob’s father and Earlywine’s son, is in prison on drug-related charges.

For Earlywine, mid-life motherhood was so challenging that she started a support group, Grandparents and Other Relatives Raising Children. Grandparents are responsible for raising children in 49 percent of Lawrenceburg households that have grandparents and children under 18, according to the U.S. Census.

“It’s not as fun doin’ the raisin’ as it is the spoilin’,” Earlywine said.

But sometimes, she said, life takes a turn. “We wouldn’t have it any other way. It’s too quiet when he’s not here,” she said.



**ABOVE** • Earlywine, 49, feeds Bandy, her quarterhorse, as Jacob plays atop a doghouse outside their home. “I want him to really like nature,” she said about Jacob.



**ABOVE** • Jacob settles down in an empty beautician's chair as Earlywine has her hair done.



**ABOVE** • The pair look for deer tracks and leaves as they walk past a deer stand.

## Come on in

Photographs and text by TIM GRUBER  
Design and picture editing by LARISSA RUIZ CAMPO

**N**eed a length of stove pipe? A sack of horse feed? Have a document you need notarized? A crate of cans you want to send off for recycling? The Dennis Grocery's got you covered.

The door to this Swiss Army knife of corner stores is open seven days a week, from 7 in the morning to 10 at night. The owners don't advertise, but word of mouth seems to be all Ralph and Norma Dennis need to keep their 1920s-vintage cash register ringing. The two have been married and running the store for 58 years. They know their customers not just by name, but by the cars they drive and the brands of cigarettes they smoke.

You're likely to find Norma helping with a job application, bandaging a hurt finger, fixing a meal for a crowd of friends and family, slicing ham at the front counter or selling a pack of gum. "People come to me and think I can do everything," Norma says. "You don't turn them down. You try."

The store's not much bigger than a high school locker room, but a row of chairs along one wall invites shoppers to linger and chat—and maybe visit a little with Oreo the dog and Steamboat Willie the cat. Sometimes you'll catch Ralph dozing back there, too. He's carried on through cancer and heart disease, and now he has to work daily kidney dialysis into his schedule, along with weekly trips to the recycling center in Louisville. But he never leaves the store without a kiss for Norma.



**RIGHT** • With stock that ranges from snacks and cigarettes to animal feed, Ralph and Norma Dennis keep the door of their small Lawrenceburg grocery store open 14 hours every day.

**LEFT** • Norma Dennis, 76, rings up a sale on a cash register that's older than she is. Norma and her husband, Ralph, 78, took over operation of the grocery store from her parents when they married 58 years ago.



**ABOVE** • After a morning of errands, Ralph Dennis, 78, naps in the back of the Ralph Dennis Grocery. The store is the last true country store in Anderson County.





**LEFT** • Norma helps Ralph get ready for a haircut. Ralph fell last winter at a church function and lost some flexibility in his right arm.

**LEFT** • Bennett Myers, 1, cuddles with his great-grandma Norma Dennis, 76, in the kitchen at the back of the store.

## The busiest man in town

Photographs and text by MELANIE BLANDING  
Design and picture editing by BRADLEY J. BONER

It's barely dawn when Lawrenceburg Mayor Bobby Sparrow hits the tennis court at Anderson County High School. Sparrow has played tennis for nearly 40 years, attacks the game with the tenacity of a man half his age, even after knee braces became a necessity.

He's 63, and many of his friends are retired, but Sparrow is always busy.

"I saw some things that ought to be done that weren't being done," Sparrow said. "I hate that I can't do everything that people want me to."

A number of Sparrow's concerns date back to his former career as a state trooper.

He retired after 32 years, drove a school bus and joined the city council to keep busy. He became mayor in 2002.

The accomplishments he's most proud of include improvements at the Lincoln Street park to tackle drug-related problems in the city.

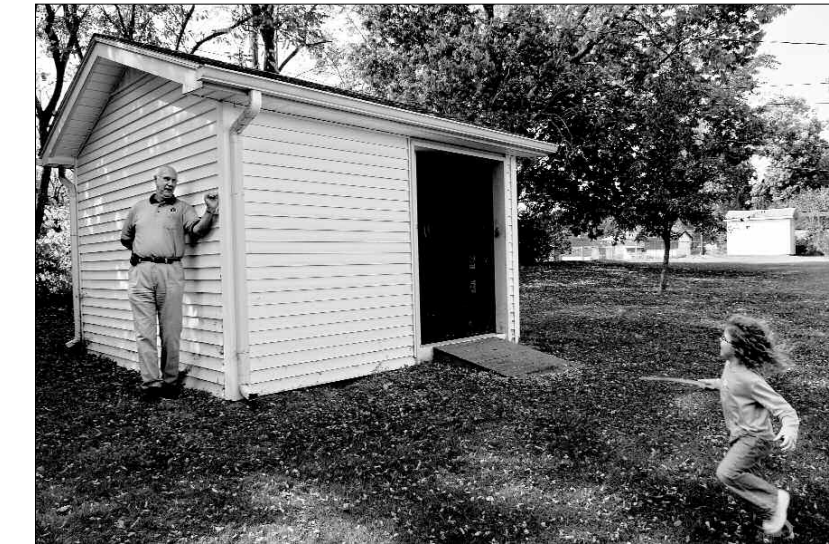
"We put lights in over the baseball field and set up a swing set and grill," Sparrow said. "Already, we've seen less drug deals and trouble here."

He also was involved in the construction of the veterans' memorial wall at the American Legion Fairgrounds.

"There hasn't been a time I've gone by in



ABOVE • Paper takes over mayor Bobby Sparrow's desk at City Hall.



ABOVE • Sparrow plays hide and seek with his youngest granddaughter, Sadie Burge. Sparrow's wife, Bambi, watches Sadie during the day.

LEFT • Sparrow visits the senior center in Lawrenceburg while residents wait for flu shots.

the past few days that I haven't seen someone there admiring the wall," the mayor said.

His commitment and drive to enhance the community don't stop at the office. Sparrow's cell phone is always on his hip, and he takes calls even when he's with his family.

"It's so much easier than having to be in the office," Sparrow said. "I schedule my activities with the public around my family activities. That way I'm able to do both and have quality time with my family. It's so convenient to simply push a button and communicate instantly. Just because I'm not in the office, they should not neglect to notify me. I insist on it."



# History by the barrel

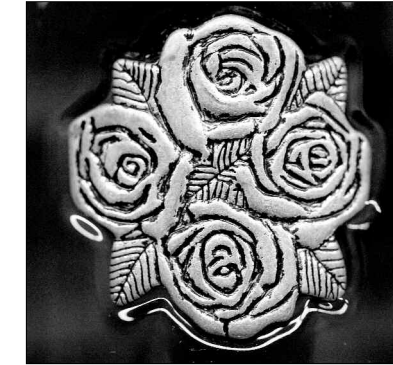
Photographs and text by VERNON BRYANT  
Design and picture editing by BRADLY J. BONER



**ABOVE** • Donna Rucker, left, and Gary Parker of Berea taste a batch of beer fermenting at Four Roses Distillery during a tour.

**Y**ou can smell it before you get to the door. It's distinct but not quite recognizable. A hint of beer, roasted corn and something else. Lucille White, a tour guide from Lawrenceburg, describes the smell a little differently.

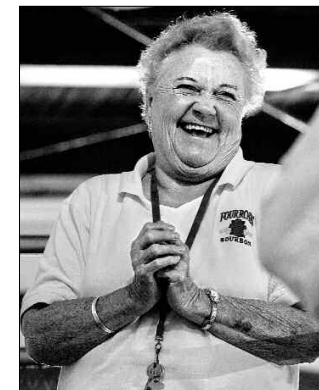
"It smells like money," she said. Kentucky bourbon is a major export of Lawrenceburg. It has been produced in the town for over a century. Forty-four employees help make this Kentucky straight



bourbon in the Spanish Mission-style building that opened in 1911. The building has not changed, but the names have. Four Roses Distillery was previously Joe E. Seagrams & Sons Inc., Calvert Distilling Company, Old Prentice Distillery and Old Joe Distillery.

Four Roses can produce about 17,800 gallons of distillate in 27 hours. The distillate becomes bourbon after spending five to eight years in a charred, new white-oak barrel at one of the warehouses in Cox's Creek.

The bourbon is sold in Kentucky, Japan and parts of Europe.

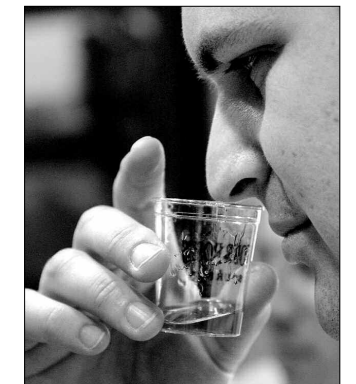


**ABOVE** • Lucille White leads a tour at Four Roses Distillery.



**ABOVE** • Tourists weave past the distilling vats.

**TOP** • The Four Roses emblem on a bottle of Super Premium bourbon at Cox's Creek warehouse. This product is one of two of the company's bourbons that are available only overseas.



**ABOVE** • Matt Filimonal of Mason, Ohio, smells the Four Roses Bourbon single barrel during a taste test at the end of a tour.

## More than a haircut

Photographs and text by BENJAMIN REED  
Design and picture editing by BRADLY J. BONER



**RIGHT** • Billy Cox, owner of Lawrenceburg Barber Shop, often lounges in his chair when business is slow. Cox, a third-generation barber, took ownership of the shop 11 years ago.

If you stroll down East Woodford Street just after sunrise, there is a good chance Billy Cox will wave hello from the Lawrenceburg Barbershop window. Three generations of barbers have done the same.

The barbershop has established a reputation for giving more than haircuts.

Citizens of all ages have been coming to the shop for more than 100 years. Tom Culpepper has been a customer since he moved to Lawrenceburg five years ago. He comes for the atmosphere.

"It feels like a real barbershop," he said. "We could go to Wal-Mart, where it's \$6, but it ain't the same. People come here whether they need a haircut or not."

The shop provides a forum for customers to find out about what's going on in the community. Certain discussion topics can even drive sales. For

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*"It feels like  
a real barber shop"*

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**OPPOSITE** • Jacoby Kinder, 6, protects his eyes from falling hair. His father, Jamie, said Jacoby hates getting a cut because hair irritates his eyes. "It hurts me to watch him get his hair cut," he said. "He's always saying his eyes hurt."

example, business was better when president Bill Clinton was in office, Cox said. The townspeople, mostly men, came to the barbershop to complain about Clinton's policies.

Cox said he plans on running the barbershop as long as he's able. It's uncertain whether the shop will be around after that but, for now, a steady stream of customers, such as Anthony Milburn, keep him busy. Milburn was displeased with the way another barber made his head look like a 'square.'

"I should have come here first," he said. "He's the only one who can do it right."



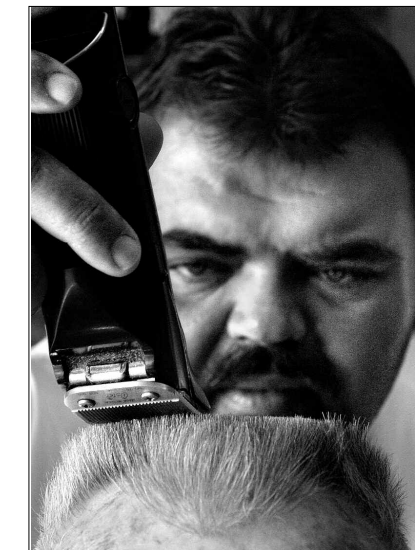


**ABOVE** • Window decals cast a shadow across Cox's shirt as he sorts barber supplies.

**RIGHT** • Cox relaxes in one of the barber chairs and waits for customers. "Makes the day longer when it's slow in here," he said.



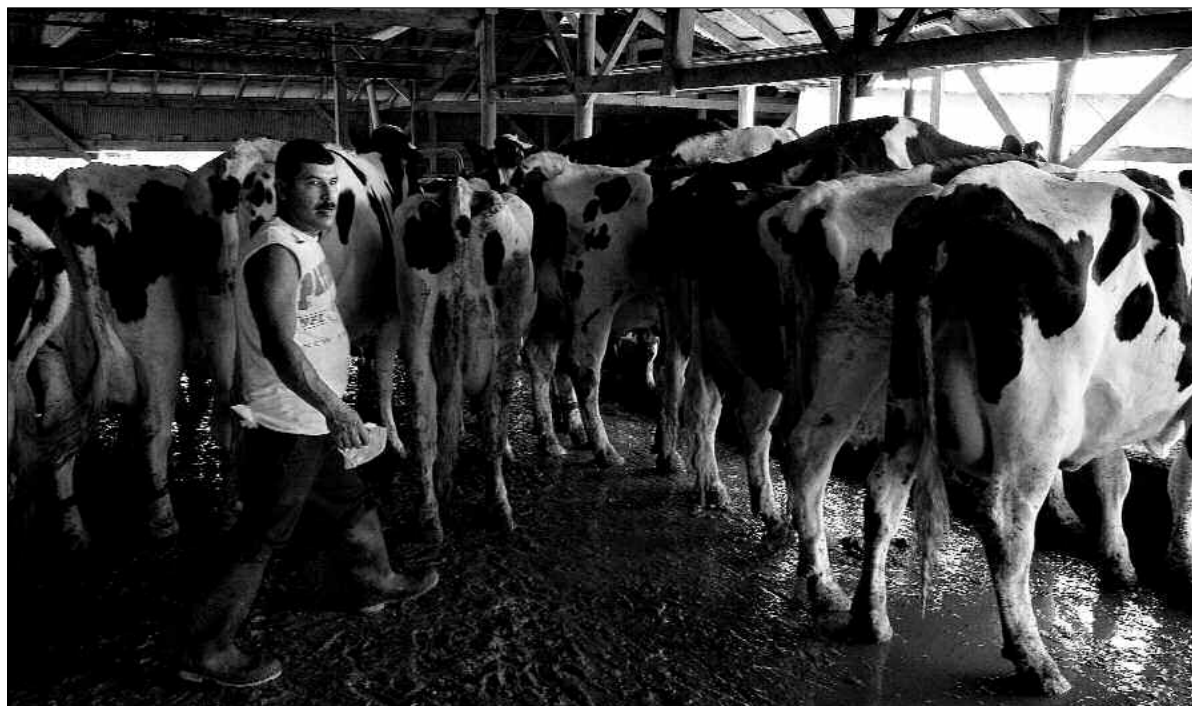
**ABOVE** • Tom Culpepper checks out a copy of "Stuff Magazine" as Jamie Kinder, left, and Mike Forbes wait for a cut and a shave.



**LEFT** • Cox evens out a flat top for a new customer.

## Starting over, with hope

Photographs and text by KENT HARVILLE  
Design and picture editing by BRADLY J. BONER



**ABOVE** • Porfirio Alvarez has worked at Buckmeadow Farms milking cows for eight years. Alvarez's employer lent him the money to help move his family to Kentucky from Mexico.



**RIGHT** • Alvarez teaches his son, Jesus, 8, how to put a new chain on a chain saw. The father and son often do chores together. Jesus helps his father by herding the cows into the barn and hosing down the barn after milking.

If Porfirio Alvarez had not met Scotty Buckley when he did, he might be unemployed, without his family and in fear of deportation.

Alvarez arrived in Kentucky eight years ago looking for work – any work – that could help him provide a better life for his family back in Mexico.

He tried Buckmeadow Farms on the advice of a friend and found Buckley.

“We needed help; he wanted work,” Buckley said.

Buckley hired Alvarez to help work the 16 acres of tobacco on the 299-acre farm. He let him live in the bunk house with other hired hands. After a year and half, Buckley promoted Alvarez to milking the cows.

Alvarez was happy, but something was missing. His wife and young son were still in Mexico.

Buckley and his wife, Kathy, wanted to keep their hard-working employee, whom they had grown to respect. They lent him \$7,000 to move his wife and son from Mexico to Kentucky. For about a year, Porfirio and his family lived together on the first floor of the bunkhouse. Then Buckley purchased a mobile home for the family. The Alvarez family lives in the mobile home rent free, and the Buckleys pay for utilities.

The Buckleys then helped the family, over a period of several years, gain legal status in the United States. The Alvarezes have since had two more children and love life in Kentucky. They've also paid back the money the Buckleys let them borrow.

Both men say the experience was about much more than work, that it also made them better people.

“I think the world of Porfirio's family,” Buckley said. “I'd do anything in the world for him.”



**ABOVE** • Alvarez takes a break to feed his 1-year-old son, Juanjosue. Alvarez and his wife, Eduarda, live with their three children in a mobile home purchased for them by their employer, Scotty Buckley.

## A comfortable place for Chris

Photographs and text by JEFFREY S. OTTO  
Design and picture editing by SHARON RUBLE

The air is thick with the smell of frying eggs as Gene Wilhoit prepares breakfast for his son, Chris, before leaving for work. Chris, 35, who has Down's syndrome and is half-awake, makes his way downstairs.

Chris Wilhoit recently returned home to live with his parents after a bout with pneumonia last year that nearly killed him.

"He survived his illness but had his life taken away," said his mother, Becky. Before his illness, Chris lived in a group home, had a job and a social life there.

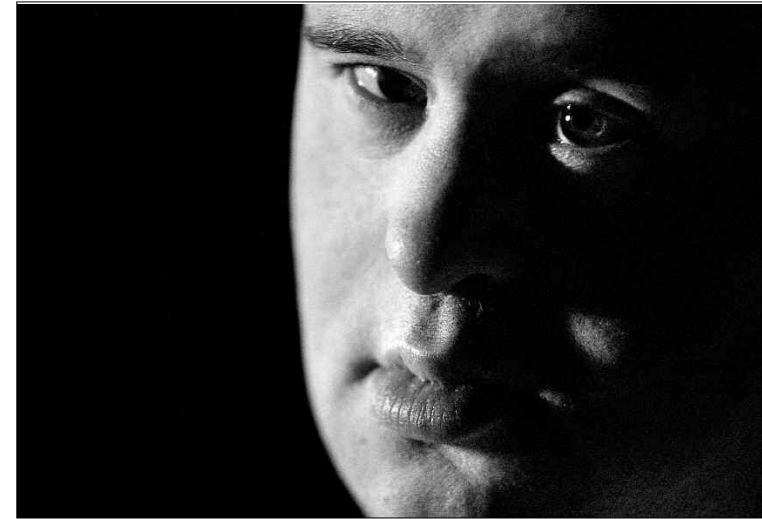
"Chris blends very well with mentally handicapped. It's like 'they're my people,'" his mother said.

He is enrolled in a daily program at the Anderson Adult Day Health Program, where he gets time to interact with peers. His life is structured but less fulfilling than in the past, his mom said.

"He would do something every night of the week," she said. "He's so social."

Growing up in Maryland, Chris graduated from a public high school, where he thrived. But after graduation he lost both the social interaction and the support services, such as speech therapy, he needs to help counteract the effect of hearing loss and an enlarged tongue — common traits of Down's syndrome.

Becky Wilhoit never established a career while raising Chris and his younger siblings. The Wilhoits are nearing retirement, and Becky said she



**ABOVE** • Chris Wilhoit, 35, who has Down's syndrome, lives at home with his parents but may move into a group home soon.

has more in common with mothers of toddlers than with women her age. The Wilhoits are making arrangements for Chris' well-being in case he outlives them. Most people with Down's syndrome lives into their 50s.

"In the past, I said if I don't like who's got him I'll just go get him," Becky Wilhoit said, "but I've learned I can't do that anymore. I'm telling you, having handicapped kids isn't for sissies. Our financial situation has helped us. We are working on a trust for Chris. My main goal is that his sister's not in charge. I don't want her to be a care-giver."

Chris Wilhoit is on a waiting list for aid that would help pay for him to live in a group home, which would give him

and his parents more flexibility.

"We're both just tired, and we're ready to just enter the grown-up world," his mother said.

After returning home from the day center where he spends his time doing crafts, playing handbells in a music program, and talking with friends, Chris comes home and watches television until his father returns from his office in Frankfort, where he is the state education commissioner.

As Gene Wilhoit makes his way up the sidewalk, Chris is waiting by the back door to greet him.

"It's a wonderful end-of-the-day experience," Gene Wilhoit said. "Last time he went away he adjusted to it a lot better than I did. There'll be a void when he's gone."

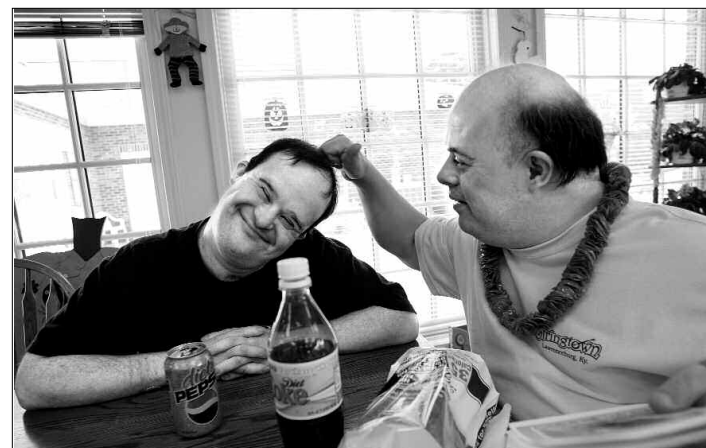
**RIGHT** • Gene Wilhoit works in the kitchen preparing breakfast as his son, Chris, comes downstairs from his bedroom.



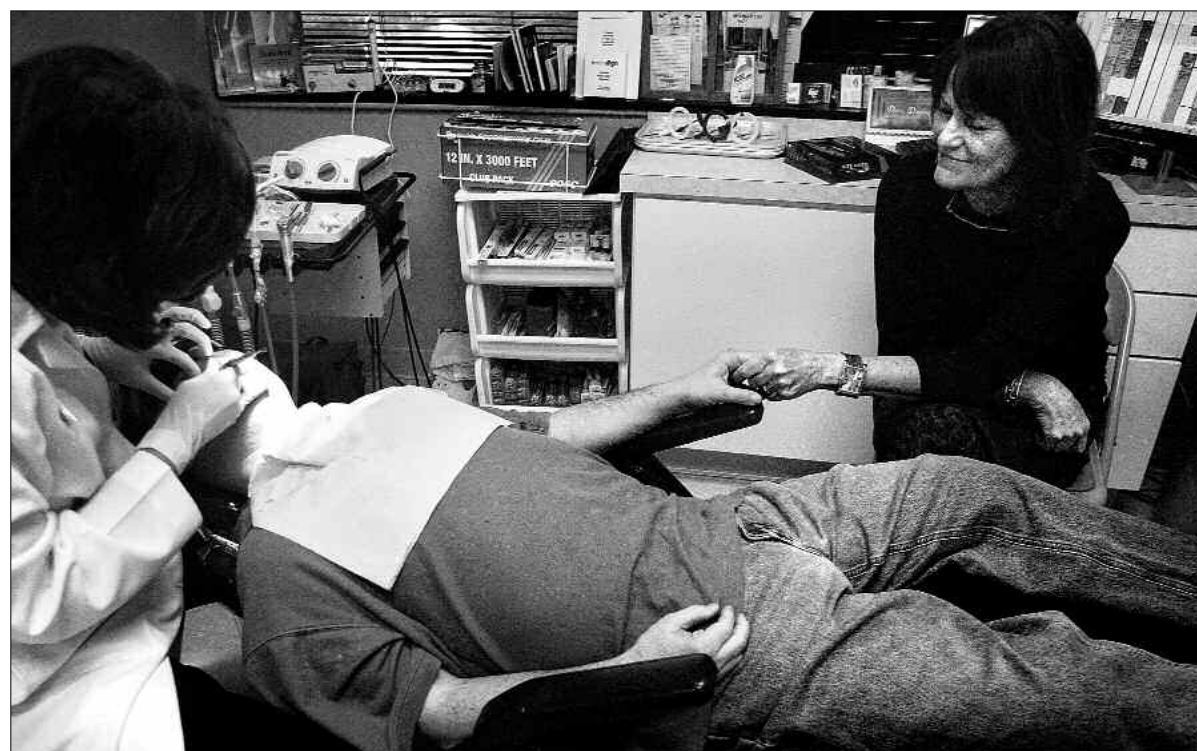
## A comfortable place for Chris

continued...

**RIGHT** • Chris Wilhoit is teased about his bald spot by David Wooton at the Anderson Adult Day Health Program. Wilhoit, 35, and Wooton, 43, both have Down's syndrome and live at home with their parents in Lawrenceburg.



**FAR RIGHT** • Chris helps his mother, Becky, bring in groceries. Chris functions at about the level of a 10-year-old.



**ABOVE** • Becky Wilhoit comforts her son, Chris, as dental hygienist Susan Salle cleans Chris' teeth.



## Love, chores and family

Photographs and text by KERRY MALONEY  
Design and picture editing by SHARON RUBLE

The women of the Whittle house share love. They share chores. They share a life of caring for their Appaloosa horses. Quietly, methodically, they rise early each morning on their farm in Anderson County and go through a routine that strengthens their family and makes them champions.

Jennifer Whittle leads a mare around in circles by a rope, a technique called lunging, stirring up small clouds of dust – the land has been in a drought for months. Jennifer, in a routine she repeated thousands of times, circles her horse inside the dust cloud that engulfs her. The 17-year-old, in control after years of competition and practice, yells “whoa.” Her horse stops and the dust settles to the ground.

“I started when I was about Chelsea’s age,” Jennifer said. She lunges her horses about three times a week this time of year for exercise. The girls show horses from May to September.

“When show season starts we’ll work them



**ABOVE** • Chelsea Whittle, 12, reluctantly fills out her 4-H record book due to the persistence of her sister Jennifer, 17, who does the county 4-H newsletter over the girls' week-long fall break from school in Anderson County.

every day,” Jennifer said. “We start getting ready in March.”

Chelsea, 12, watches her sister from astride an outer fence. Chelsea, like her sister, strives for excellence. She competes at advanced levels in just about every aspect of horse breeding, showing and horse bowl – a horse trivia contest in which the contestants compete in teams. Chelsea will lose her partner and mentor next year when her sister goes to college. She will lose her big sister and gain more chores and responsibilities.

“I’m trying to keep it off my mind so I don’t freak out,” Chelsea said.

But for now they are together, making the most of this year putting all their efforts into 4-H. Their mother, Annette Whittle, has been a 4-H leader for seven years.

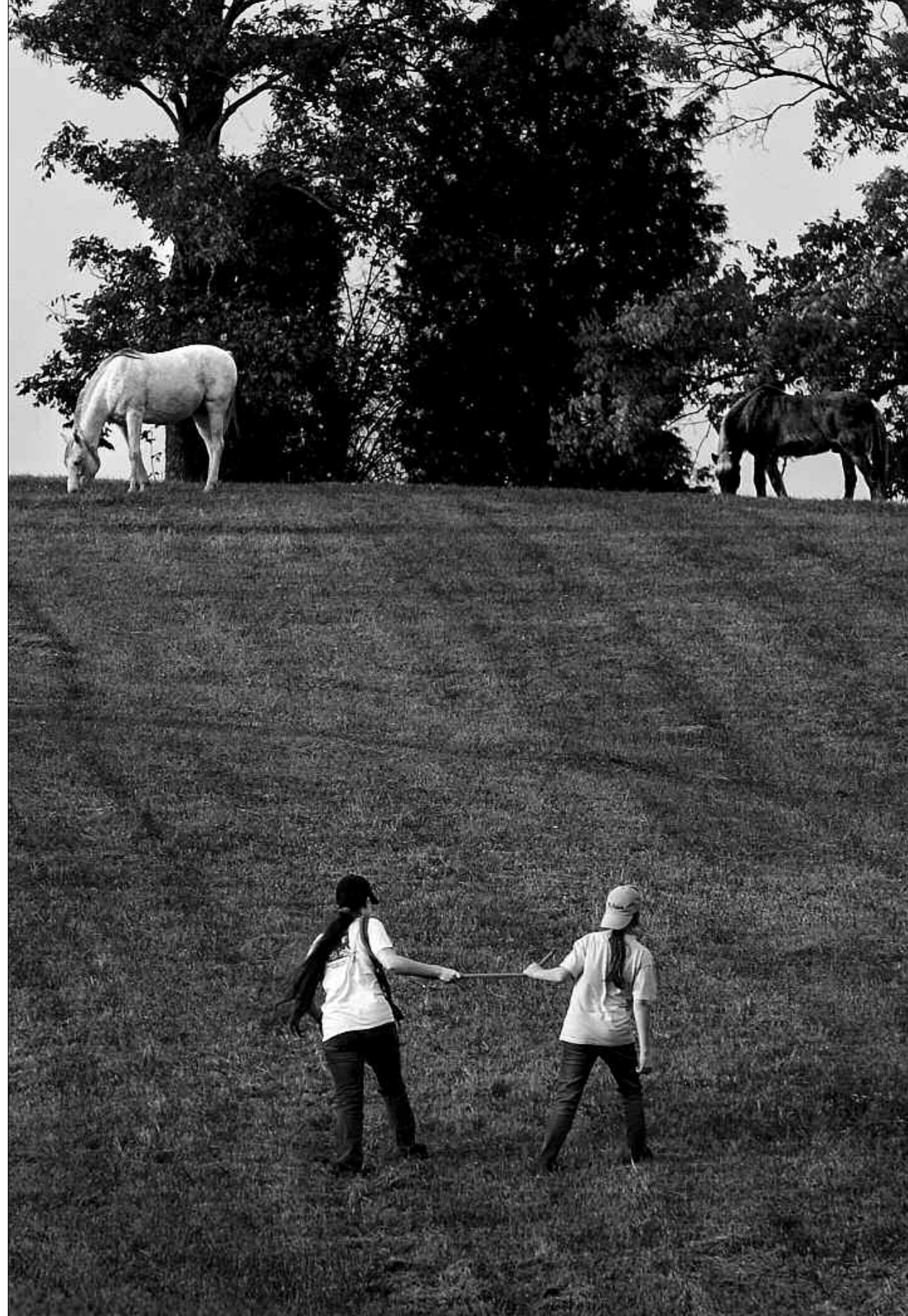
“When you stop and think about all the things we have our fingers in, it’s kind of scary,” Annette said.

Annette is president of the Bluegrass Appaloosa Horse Club, and her husband, Mitch, is the treasurer. For 15 years the Whittles have put on the only Appaloosa horse show in

Kentucky. Annette rode horses while she was pregnant with both girls.

“My daughters have become a part of it,” Annette said. “Not only did they grow up around the horses but they learned a sense of responsibility.

“Working with them and seeing them accomplish things means a lot to me. They know what the feeling is of being able to work, and it’s gotten us closer.”



**LEFT** • Jennifer and Chelsea Whittle battle for control of the lead rope as they collect the neighbor's horses to feed them.

**RIGHT** • Annette Whittle helps her daughter Chelsea, 12, clean out the neighbor's horse stalls while neighbors are away. "Horses are really good for kids," Annette said, "They teach them all the aspects of life kind of in one little world. A lot of kids who live in town will never know that."



**RIGHT** • Jennifer works Hope for the first time in months.



**ABOVE** • Chelsea Whittle, 12, spends time with Dusty, one of her family's 14 horses, after the evening feeding on the family's 10-acre farm in Anderson County. Chelsea's responsibilities will double next year when her older sister, Jennifer, goes to college.

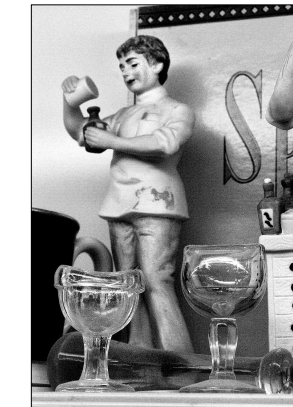




**ABOVE** • Wanda Gash, right, of Gash Memorial, comes in to pay her charges, which Klink's still does today as an independent drug store. Betty Lowden, left, a part-time employee for six years, started working at Klink's to keep busy after outliving two husbands. Both women discuss the flu going around, which affects the throat.



**LEFT** • Charlie and Ginnie Klink for 58 years have opened their store at 8:30 a.m., seven days a week.



Charlie and Virginia Klink, known as Charlie and Ginnie to the folks in Lawrenceburg, try to greet their customers with a warm welcome as if they were family. Charlie Klink said he always knew he wanted to have his own business, and after purchasing the building on Main Street from Ginnie's parents, he started Klink's Drug Store and has served the community for 58 years.

"Klink's store takes pride in that we always thought of the customer first," he said. In a world where locally owned pharmacies are slowly giving way to chains, Klink's stands as a reminder of a different time. Its motto on signs and advertisements: Think Klink.

Through the years, Ginnie has been there help Charlie with the accounting, payroll and store needs.

"We don't know how much longer we can withstand the chain stores as our years in the business remind us that it is around the corner to close or pass it on," Charlie said.

Most of Charlie and Ginnie's loyal and aging customers said they would hate to lose the pharmacy to the expansion going on in Lawrenceburg.

"Mother would be upset if the pharmacy ever closed," said Dorothy Block, 66, of Lawrenceburg.

Block said the pharmacy is a convenience to her mother and the Klinks are good friends.

"Charlie is my buddy, but Ginnie is my very, very best friend, and I love them both," said Mecia Crutcher, 68.

Crutcher says she doesn't go to another pharmacy because the Klinks know "who you are."

The array of Hallmark greeting cards, smell of aspirin and choices of Russell Stover candies may be giving way to Lawrenceburg's expansion from a rural place to a more urban setting, but for some the store and the Klinks are forever in their hearts.

## A life of accomplishment

Photographs and text by JORI KLEIN  
Design and picture editing by DAVID STEPHENSON

**L**ucille Washington is a storyteller. You can see it in her pale blue eyes and girlish grin framed by her cotton-white hair. You can hear it in her crackling Kentucky drawl. You can feel it in the deep folds of her weathered hands.

The stories she tells are carved by the trials and successes of her 94 years. A lifelong Lawrenceburg resident, Washington has seen the town through prohibition, World Wars, desegregation and urban sprawl – recalling details with startling accuracy.

In her younger years, she volunteered through the Anderson County Women's Club, Bluegrass Community Action and the Red Cross – work that earned her the title of Kentucky Colonel in 1996.

These days, she moves to the pace of the small town. She tidies her home and garden, always stopping at 4 o'clock to watch – and doze – to “The Young and the Restless.”

She tinkers on her upright piano, filling her sitting room with hymnals used during 50 years of Sunday services. Three generations of family breeze in and out of her front door, and passersby gravitate toward her porch for a chat.

“She never meets a stranger,” said her youngest daughter, Geneva Howard. “Even if she calls the wrong number, she'll carry on a conversation with the person. People love to talk to her.”

When Washington is by herself, she still manages to find a dialogue.

“Though all my friends gone on, I don't think they're really gone,” she said. “I talk to them. I know they're in a good place. I'm a great talker to myself.”

Though she rarely ventures off her street, Washington is loved and recognized by most everyone in Lawrenceburg.

“You couldn't find a warmer matriarch of this community,” said Barry Johnson, Washington's pastor for six years at the Evergreen Baptist Church. “She is everyone's mother.”



**ABOVE** • Lucille Washington, 94, dusts a window sill at her home in Lawrenceburg, one of her daily chores.





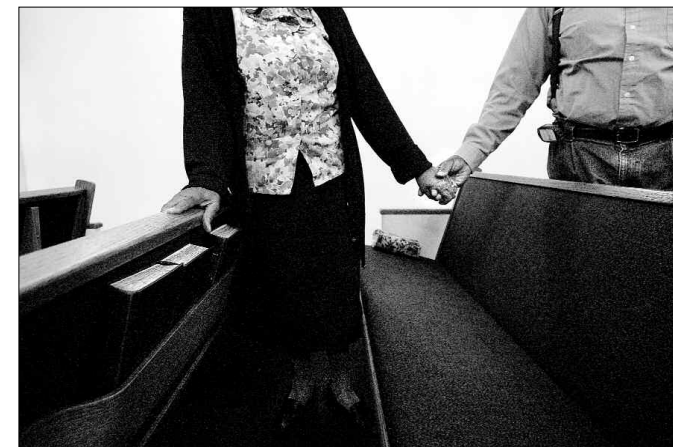
**ABOVE** • Washington, pulls a photo out from behind a dresser in her childhood home on Waterfill Street. The home has been in Lucille's family since 1913 and is where she and her 12 brothers and sisters grew up. Since the death of her brother Levegia in 1985, the home has been uninhabited. Lucille keeps the home "because you never know what may happen."



**ABOVE** • After some nagging, Washington, left, passes a copy of the *Anderson News* to her daughter, Ann, on the porch of their home.



**ABOVE** • Aliviya Walker, 4, visits her great-grandmother before leaving her Lawrenceburg home.



**ABOVE** • Washington worships at Evergreen Baptist Church with her family during a Wednesday night prayer service and Bible study. She is the oldest member of the church, having joined in 1924.



**ABOVE** • Washington played piano for her church from 1955 to 1999. She still practices every morning at her home to keep the stiffness out of her hands.

## Chicken king

Photographs and text by JIMMY MARITZ  
Design and picture editing by DAVID STEPHENSON

Ask Bob Thompson how he's doing, and he'll likely say, "Well, I'm finger lickin' good." The Kentucky Fried Chicken slogan is all part of his latest role. A land developer and former Lawrenceburg mayor, Thompson, 76, is most recognized these days as Col. Harland Sanders.

His resemblance to the founder of the chicken chain has won him the World Chicken Fair's Col. Sanders-lookalike contest

12 out of 16 years. KFC sends Thompson around the nation to promote the business.

"I get a lot of free chicken," he said. It all began on his 62nd birthday, when Thompson, retired from IBM, decided to stop shaving.

First came the white mustache, then the white suits.

"When I first started out, . . . I had a tough time finding white suits. Now I get most of them off of eBay," he said. "I've got more white suits than anything else."

Thompson's wife, Volita, is often by her husband's side, watching the show with the crowd that usually gathers.

"As long as they are giving him attention, I don't have to," she said. "I know everyone likes the Colonel, but sometimes I wish he would just shave and get it over with."

But Thompson embraces the attention and won't likely retire his black string tie anytime soon.

"Never have yet," he said.



ABOVE • Dressed as his alter ego, Col. Harland Sanders, Bob Thompson heads out for another "show" as the venerable colonel.



ABOVE • Thompson ties his black bowtie, a characteristic element of his attire as Colonel Saunders. "When I first started out, and I still do, I had a tough time finding white double-breasted suits . . . I get most of them off of eBay."



**ABOVE** • Thompson and his wife, Volita, like to go to senior night at Dairy Queen. "I go there more to socialize than to eat food."



**RIGHT** • After his 62nd birthday, Thompson decided he would stop shaving. He subsequently "grew into" the colonel and has since won 12 of 16 look-alike contests at the World Chicken Fair. "I like to meet people, I'm not an entertainer . . . About all I've got to offer is my good looks."



**LEFT** • Upon arriving at the Claudia Sanders Dinner House in Shelbyville for an evening out with her husband, Volita Thompson (right) stands aside as Bob obliges curious admirers with a photo-op.



**BELOW** • Bob Thompson, 76, mayor of Lawrenceburg from 1994 to 1998, has lived in Anderson county all his life. Since retiring, Thompson admits that he "just likes to play and have fun."

## A love long lost

Photographs and text by CARLA DEPOYSTER  
Design and picture editing by DAVID STEPHENSON

**B**ill Fint has never forgotten his first love. It's been more than 50 years, and he is still mourning the loss of a woman who will always have his heart. "I don't want to be here anymore," he said, with tears in his eyes. "I miss my wife. My life used to be good, it's not anymore."

Her name was Harmie Nelson. They met in their hometown of Lawrenceburg. They wanted to get married, but Fint was called away to fight in World War II.

"She stood on her porch and promised me that she would wait for me and that no other man would touch her," Fint said, "and she did."

Fint found his way back to Nelson when his sergeant offered one of 11 soldiers a ride home.

"We drew it out of a hat. Whichever one said 'yes,' got to go home," he said. Fint was the lucky one.

"I had a man offer me \$10,000" for that slip, he said. "I said, 'hell no.' I was going back to my girl."

So he went back to Lawrenceburg. And the two finally married in a courthouse in Lexington, for \$3.50.

They were married for 14 years, until she was killed in a car accident. Although he dated and even married two other women, Fint said he could never find another Harmie.

The 90-year-old spends much of his time on his couch and his porch, and he often makes his way down to Bluebird Billiards less than a block away, where he waits for a dance.

Still, going home is the hardest part. "I cry every night," he said.



**ABOVE** • Bill Fint and Harmie Nelson met before WWII.

**RIGHT** • One of Fint's favorite things to do is go down to the Bluebird and wait for a dance at the bar. Despite all of his friends, Bill still feels lonely and has a hard time going home at night. "I cry every night," he said.



# Making a Difference

Photographs and text by MEGHAN MCCARTHY  
Design and picture editing by JORDAN PENDLEY

**B**arry Johnson is driven by music, education and people. Because his life is spread over three Kentucky towns, he spends about two hours a day driving.

Johnson, who still lives in his hometown of Louisville, started playing the clarinet in the third grade. He started playing the saxophone in the seventh grade. After touring for five years as a saxophone player for a Top 40 R&B band, Johnson got tired of being the opening act so he hit the books.

He earned bachelor's, master's, and doctoral degrees in music, and a master's and doctorate in theology.

"I have been blessed with this ability; sometimes I think I can do anything," Johnson said.

In 1989, Johnson followed his passion for music to Kentucky State University in Frankfort, where he teaches music. Nine years later, he followed his faith to Evergreen Baptist Church in Lawrenceburg, where he took over as pastor. Johnson said there were 20 church members when he began; now there are 200.

As a pastor, Johnson has done a lot. He helped a mortician wrap and move a church member's body. He counseled a felon who will soon be released from prison. He bought a seedy nightclub near the church and is



**ABOVE** • Barry Johnson, an associate professor of music at Kentucky State University in Frankfort, talks with George Shields, a philosophy professor, in the faculty lunch room about the best way to teach religion in schools.

**RIGHT** • Church pianist Teresa Goins listens to Pastor Johnson talk about his plans to create jobs for Evergreen Baptist Church members by creating community learning centers on property the church has bought.

turning it into a place for Bible study.

Each year, the church tries to buy a piece of nearby property to improve the community and provide jobs for church members. Lately, Johnson has been working to restore the old Lincoln Street School. He arranged for the church to buy the building, and volunteers are transforming it into a child-development center.

Three nights a week, Johnson travels to Lawrenceburg for music, Bible study and social activities at his church. The job doesn't pay much, but Johnson said he would do it for free.

"I have not taken a raise since the day I started there," he said, "and I don't think I would if they offered it to me."

He doesn't really need the income. While he works at Kentucky State,

his wife, Denille, is an assistant principal at Spring Meadows High School in Louisville. They have three children and three grandchildren, with a fourth on the way. Because of his busy schedule, he keeps up with family by cell phone while driving, but Saturdays are reserved for family activities and watching sports on television.

As father, grandfather, teacher and pastor, Johnson said he tries to make a difference in people's lives. "Teaching and ministry are one in the same," he said. "I want to get their heads up and help them."



# 'Married forever'

Photographs and text by RENEE DEEMER  
Design and picture editing by RODNEY CURTIS



**ABOVE** • Bert and Louise Buntain, married since 1942, sit in their Anderson County home. "Ain't nobody else would have us. We'll probably hang together 'til we're gone," Bert said.

**B**ert Buntain never gave his wife of 63 years, Louise, a wedding ring. "I bought her a dress," said Bert, 82. "It wasn't no expensive dress. No thousand dollar dress. I didn't have no ring neither, but we got married anyway."

It was a courthouse wedding that almost didn't happen since Louise was going with one of Bert's friends, and Bert said he did not want to interfere.

But after Bert registered for the draft, Louise pulled him aside. "She said, 'Bert, I don't want you to go to the Army. I want you and me to get married.' I said, 'You mean what you said?' She said, 'I mean it all,'" Bert recalled.

Their marriage has been a partnership in laughter, land and loss. Through the years, they have farmed 337 acres of pastures and hills with a creek running through it. They suffered early deaths of two of six children. They believe in working hard with their hands and don't mind getting dirty. Louise being a woman and Bert's deformed right hand never stopped that.

"Mamma and Daddy, I guess you'd call 'em, well, old country," said Bertram Buntain Jr., 36, the youngest of the Buntain's children.

Plain and practical, Bert and Louise, who both wear baseball caps, don't dress up except when they go to church.

Louise said they had their troubles once. Bert used to stay out drinking all night with his brothers. "I felt like beating him up, but I didn't," she said. "When you get married, it's supposed to be forever."



**ABOVE** • Bert and Louise attend the burial of 95-year-old John McGaughey, the grandfather of their daughter-in-law. "If he knew Jesus Christ died for him, then he was looking forward to meeting him in heaven," Bert says.



**LEFT** • Bert and Louise look at some trees on their 337-acre farm. They have 43 beef cattle, 14 calves, two dogs -- Girl and Bandit -- and three cats they call "the cats."



## Like Everyone Else

Photographs and text by PABLO ALCALA  
Design and picture editing by JORDAN PENDLEY



**ABOVE** • Jon Orf, left, this year's "Black Cat" gets a ride in a golf cart with Eddy Shouse at Stewart Home School in Frankfort. At the annual event, one student dresses as the black cat, while every one else chases him. Orf cannot get around as quickly as most, so this year, he taunted the chasing crowd from the back of the golf cart.

**LEFT** • Shouse checks out Bobby Daniel's new haircut. Shouse, an Anderson County native, has worked at the school for two and half years, "They want you to joke around with them like you do with your friends," said Shouse of the intellectually impaired students.

**“W**hen you work here, nothing surprises you,” said Eddy Shouse, the attendance director at Stewart Home School in Frankfort, a place for intellectually challenged children and adults.

“I think more people in Lawrenceburg know Stewart than in Frankfort,” Shouse said about the school that sits on 850 acres behind a tall stone wall on Lawrenceburg Road, a couple of miles from the Anderson-Franklin county line.

The students at Stewart Home School have disabilities such as Down's syndrome and autism that keep them from living independently. Some students spend most of their lives at the school; the oldest resident is 85 years old. Each student has a different level of ability, and the staff allows each to live to his or her full potential. Some have off-campus jobs and near-independence on campus, while others have special needs that require nearly constant supervision.

Shouse, 22, grew up in the Alton area of Anderson County. After a semester at Western Kentucky University, he returned to work full time at Stewart. He now lives in a studio apartment on campus.

Shouse's main job is to round up tardy students and run errands for school administrators. He usually can be found driving a stretch golf cart around campus, looking for students who decided to skip class or just forgot where they were supposed to be. Shouse jokes with the students as he scoots around the winding sidewalks of the hilly campus. “They just want to be treated like everyone else, and they deserve it,” he said.

Most of the students' families live in other parts of the country, and Shouse often accompanies students home on flights. He has driven students as far as Washington, D.C. “It's so much more than a job,” he said. “It's a huge part of your life.”



**ABOVE** • Eddy Shouse escorts Carol Shaw and her doll from her dorm to class at Stewart Home School in Frankfort, Ky. Shaw, one of the older students at the school for intellectually challenged, needs the occasional ride to class.

# The Meating Place

Photographs and text by BRIENNE BOORTZ  
Design and picture editing by JORDAN PENDLEY

**D**udley Darnell never set out to be a butcher. After working as a welder for several years, he decided that wasn't for him. So he went to school to learn meat processing, and ended up with a job in Rex Burkhead's butcher shop in Lawrenceburg.

That was 14 years ago.

"It's pretty hard work," Darnell said. "I'd like to be in something different, but I don't know what I'd like to do right off."

Darnell's customers, however, are in no hurry for him to change careers again. Burkhead & Darnell's Custom Meat Processing has become an important part of the community.

The shop offers fresh, high-quality meat that hasn't been processed as much as meat sold by larger companies. Some customers drive in from surrounding counties to trade with Darnell.

"It's always clean and friendly, and you always get the grade of meat that you ask for," said longtime customer Jewel Toll, who buys for Smith's Grocery in

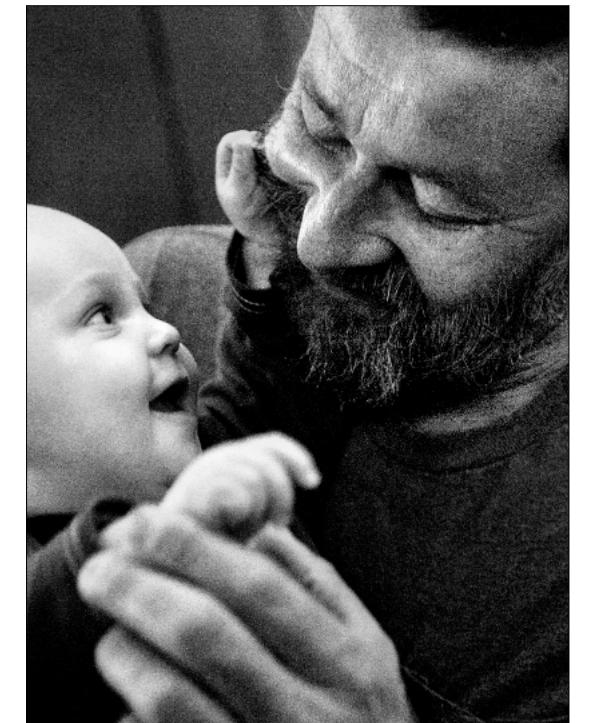
Lawrenceburg.

Customers also come for the service and personal touch. Although the shop is kept at 60 degrees so meat won't spoil, customers often stick around to visit.

Away from work, Darnell likes to spend time with his three children and three grandchildren. He and his 13-year-old son, Austin, soup up the engine of their garden tractor for the bi-monthly tractor pulls they attend together.



**ABOVE** • Barbara Jessup frequents Burkhead & Darnell's Custom Meat Processing to get her favorite cuts of meat from Dudley Darnell. "Some of 'em won't buy it anywhere else," Darnell said.



**LEFT** • Darnell leaves the noise of the shop to take a phone call outside. Because the shop is kept at 60 degrees, he also appreciates the warm sunshine.

**ABOVE** • Darnell holds his 6-month-old grandson, Jaylen Ballard, at Phyllis' Corner Cafe. Jaylen's grandmother, Phyllis, owns the cafe.

## Thirty years

- 1976 / ONE-ROOM SCHOOLS
- 1977 / MAIN STREET
- 1978 / LAND BETWEEN THE LAKES, KY.
- 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.
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- 1994 / GLASGOW, KY.
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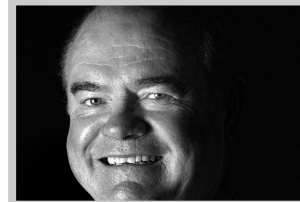
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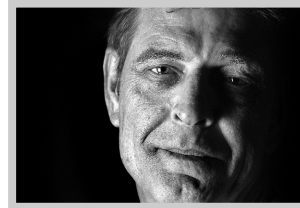
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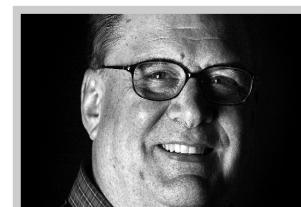
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PHOTO BY WENDI POOLE

CAPTURING THE ESSENCE OF A TOWN GOES BEYOND THE VISUAL. Such was the challenge for the 46 photography participants in the 2005 Mountain Workshops.

To truly convey the story of the people and traits of Lawrenceburg, the photographers were told they must not only show but also feel, smell, taste and hear Lawrenceburg.

A delight for all senses. Or sometimes not.

Take the smell of a horseshoe being removed. Clint Spaulding, 23, a photographer for the Patrick McMullan Co. in New York, says it's suffocating, as he found when he spent the week in October with farrier Bobby Isham.

A taste of Lawrenceburg is definitely found at the Four Roses Distillery. "Sour beer," was the reaction Vernon Bryant, 27, a photographer for the Dallas Morning News, heard most often as distillery visitors dipped their fingers in fermenting bourbon ingredients for a taste.

Julie Kish, 20, of Mount Juliet, Tenn., a student at Western Kentucky University, was treated to the sounds of Lawrenceburg as she spent the week telling the story of The Adams Academy. Giggles and prayer blended sweetly with the melody of the Adams children practicing violin at the home school run by family matriarch Barbara.

Kent Harville, 48, a photographer for Lifeway Christian Resources in Nashville, Tenn., captured the feeling of Lawrenceburg – though not in a way he would have hoped.

Harville, while trying to get an overall picture of Buckmeadow Farms, ended up waist-deep in sewage when he walked off into part of a two-acre sewage lagoon.

"It felt like muddy water sucking at your feet," he said about trying to climb out of the lagoon and almost losing his boots in the process.

Once rescued, he discovered how good a wash-down with a hose – and four showers – could feel.

And maybe, as the photographers told Lawrenceburg's story, they took home some lessons as well.

"I told you to use the road," the farm owners told Harville after his mishap.

We've learned the story of Lawrenceburg through the Mountain Workshops photographers' eyes.

At least one will leave better using his ears, too.

• **Misty R. Gower**  
*The Flint Journal*

**PARTICIPANTS:** 49 photojournalists • 74 faculty and staff

**STORIES:** 48

**PHOTOGRAPHS:** 40,747 digital photos shot • 935 images toned for slide shows, nightly critiques and this book • over 1200 photos published on the workshop's 2,000-page web site • more than 250 large, digital color prints produced and a gallery exhibit of 60 framed prints created.

**AUDIO/VIDEO:** More than 15 hours of audio interviews and 19 hours of digital video recorded.

**MILEAGE:** Faculty and staff traveled 55,742 miles to participate in the workshops (equivalent of going more than twice around the world).

**FOOD CONSUMED BY WORKSHOP STAFF:** 1,600 cans of soda and bottled water • 420 meals prepared by workshop staff • 150 pounds of candy • 30 lbs. of hamburger • 20 lbs. of pork loin • 40 lbs. of strip steaks • 105 lbs. of chicken • 60 lbs. of pork shoulders.

**HARDWARE:** 105 Macintosh computers • 1/3 mile of ethernet cable • multiple wireless networks • 750 yards of duct tape.

**INTERNET/MULTIMEDIA:** 55 stories on the web site • Six major multimedia interactive stories, including photographs and audio interviews completed during the workshops.

**DIGITAL STORAGE:** 2.5 terabytes of storage used. The final night of presentations, including student work and a multi-media presentation of the week's stories and activities contained 57 gigabytes of data.



PHOTO BY ROBIN BUCKSON

**ABOVE** • Master meat cooker John Dunham works over dual grills preparing hamburgers for workshop faculty and staff, including Jed Conklin (left) of the *Spokesman-Review*, and David Stephenson of the *Lexington Herald-Leader*, during the first day of the workshop.

'I love this  
little  
town.'

Jim Hyatt,  
Owner, Jim's Pool Room



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2005 • THE 30TH YEAR