

A PLACE BUILT TO LAST

MADISONVILLE, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY

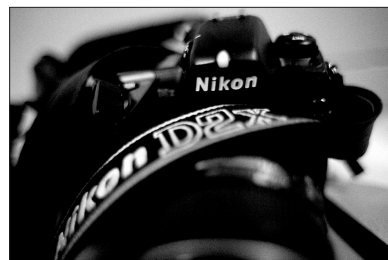


THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2006 • THE 31ST YEAR

The 2006 Mountain Workshops HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY

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PHOTOS BY CHRISTIAN HANSEN

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SPECIAL THANKS TO THE PEOPLE OF MADISONVILLE, HOPKINS COUNTY AND WESTERN KENTUCKY
WHO GAVE US THEIR TIME AND LET US INTO THEIR LIVES.

Just a small piece of a great place

We were visitors in a county full of welcomes

Photo, this page • Workshop photographer Emily Spence shoots a detail of sponges floating in a soapy bucket early in the morning on day two of the workshop.

PHOTO BY CHRISTIAN HANSEN

Cover photo • After Gary Reckner gets home from work, he helps his wife and children remove dead plants before dark. “Living with a big family is like having friends with you all the time,” says Lindsay Reckner, 19, center.

PHOTO BY KYLE KURLICK

Back cover photo • Feeling the heat and dampness of his tobacco crop, Danny Coffman pushes his way through one of his 13 tobacco barns in Hopkins County. He’s hoping to find the leaves cooler, dryer and on schedule for future stripping at his farm.

PHOTO BY OLIVIA KORMAN

It long has offered respite for the weary. A place among the picturesque hills and winding turns of the old Dixie Highway where travelers once stopped on their great migration to vacation spots to the south or to fill up the tank for the trip home.

Somewhere along the way Madisonville and Hopkins County developed a reputation as the place in the middle of western Kentucky where a visitor could feel welcome.

Today there is a parkway and a mall and factories – the amenities of a much larger place – but it is the people that make this place so hospitable. No matter what changes, the 19,273 people in Madisonville and 46,830 in Hopkins County still live in a place that holds on to small-town life while charging toward the future.

For one week in October 2006 the photojournalists, advisors, editors and staff at the Mountain Workshops gathered a hodgepodge of cameras, computers and students and recorded a glimpse of the lives of the people. To say we were welcomed would be too simple.

Without the access and warmth of the community we wouldn’t have been able to tell the stories in this book.

Some of the images and stories we found made us laugh, some made us cry and some taught us how in just a few days, if you look deep enough, you can find the spirit of a place in its people. Our profession calls the content of this book documentary journalism, but it is more about sitting still and seeing and listening to daily life.

We found your spirit through your warmth and your lives, and it dances in the pages before you.

Without that spirit we wouldn’t have attended church or been at the supper table with the two parents and 11 children that make up the Reckner family.

“God filled me with the joy of raising His children for Him,” mom Kathy told us. We marveled at their sense of family and how no room is too small when it is full of those you love.

We were allowed a glimpse inside R&C Clevenger farms and our photojournalist walked (very carefully) through dim barns filled with 22,000 chickens.



We saw a place that few have ever seen when a photojournalist went into a coal mine, and into a coal miner’s life, with Jarrett Van Cleve. Jarrett, a fifth-generation miner, spends nine hours a day in a mine with 5-foot ceilings. He said mining is his life, but it takes its toll.

“I’m 21 years old and my back hurts every day,” he told us.

There are people whose lives taught us about the community and about what it means to give.

Bill Moore grieved for his wife after she died in an automobile accident four years ago. One day, a “restless spirit” came over him and he became a volunteer extraordinaire at the local schools.

“The school children, they saved my life after my wife died,” Bill told us. “They kept me from depression, they kept me busy.”

We met a pillar of the community when Glema Mahr allowed us into her life. Glema is a patron of the arts — the local arts center is named after her — who still volunteers at so many places that we found it hard to keep up with her.

“I don’t want to live to be 100 because people that old always have something wrong from the neck down, and I don’t want to give up my independence,” she told us.

We also met a band director who knows a thing or two about being the best. We went behind the scenes to see what it is like to be a female kicker for the high school football team. We also met a heck of a reporter who has cerebral palsy and the nickname “The Bumblebee.”

And at some point almost every one of us enjoyed the conversation, the green-tiled smoky atmosphere, and the guilty pleasure of a Ferrell’s cheeseburger.

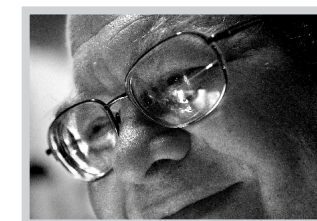
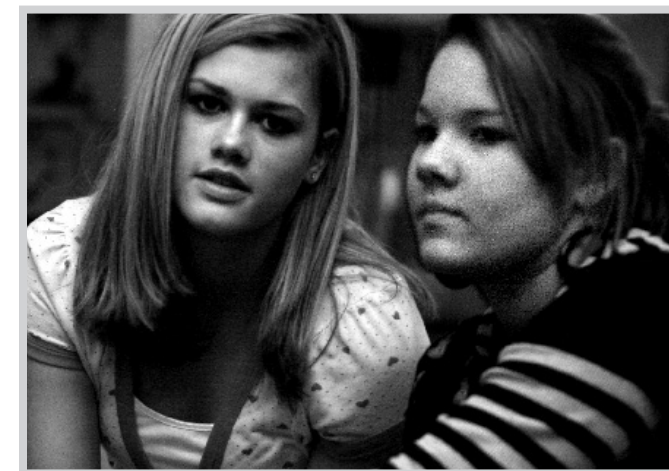
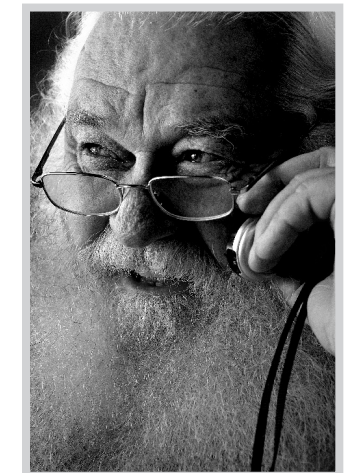
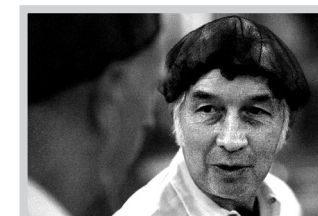
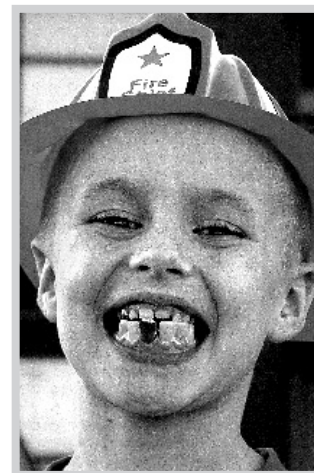
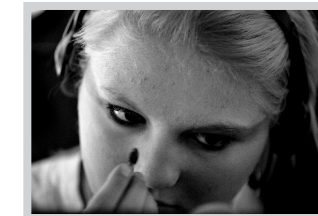
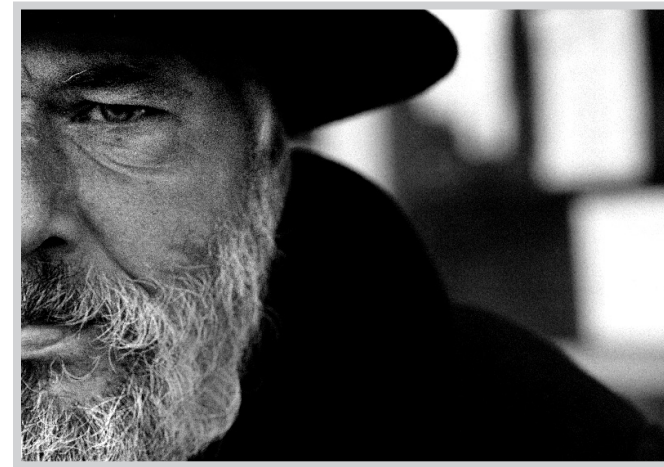
“When you hear people talk about small towns and diners you think of Ferrell’s,” one customer told us.

This book reveals the comfort, beauty and sense of a true community.

Be proud of what you see here, Madisonville and Hopkins County. Each photograph captures a small piece of your soul.

• Ryan Craig

The Todd County (Ky.) Standard



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It's past midnight and Eathan Brown, 10, plays with a dog named Gus at Gus's Sports Club in Madisonville. Eathan's father, David Brown, is the owner of the club and opened it two years ago when he moved from Philadelphia.

PHOTO BY IKURU KUWAJIMA



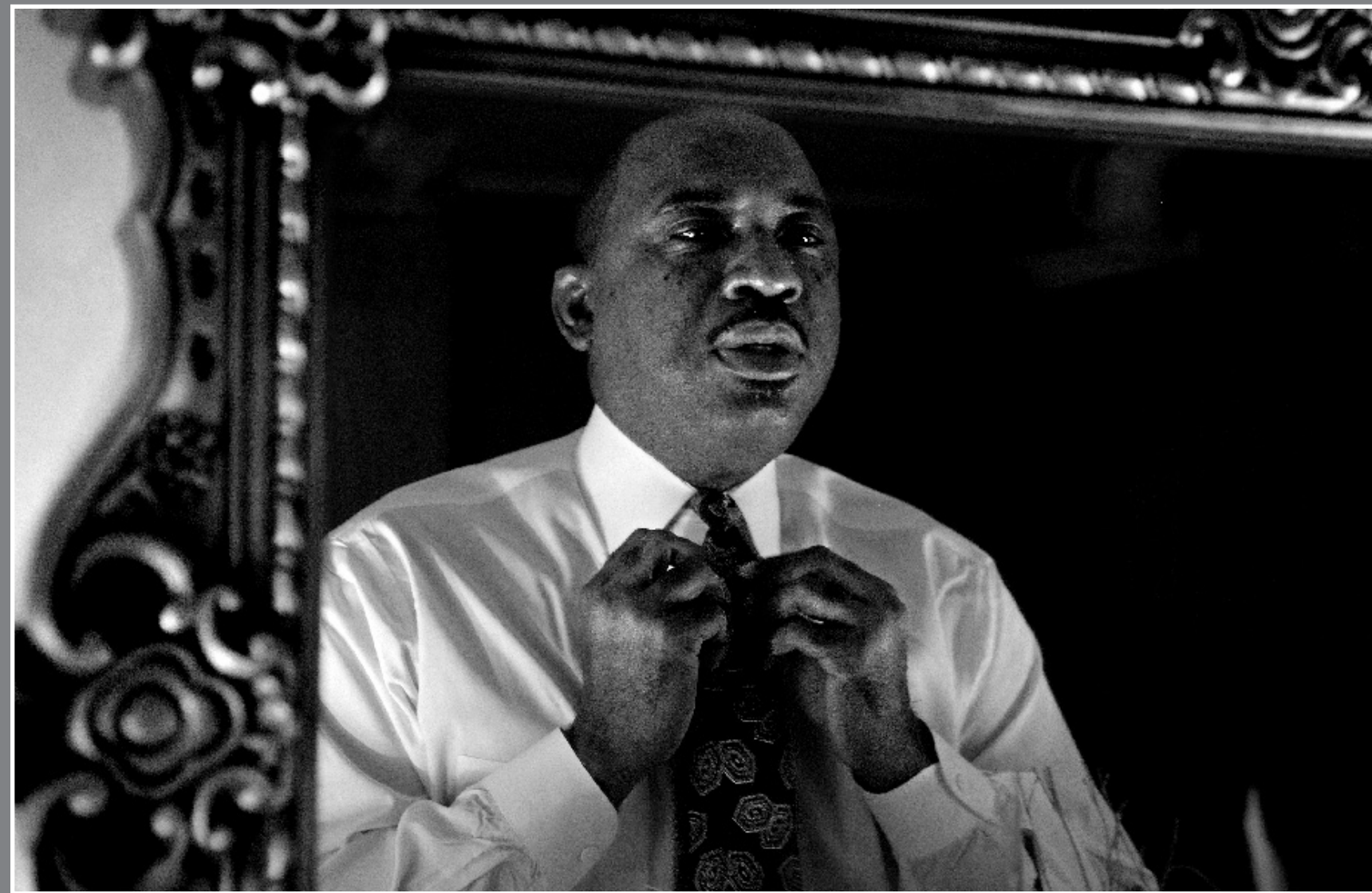
Garland Harvey embraces Mary, his wife of 26 years, during a late Friday night at Prairie Rose Cafe in White Plains, Ky. The pair will celebrate their 27th anniversary two days later. "We dated for two weeks before we got married," Garland said, "and I loved her. I just knew."

PHOTO BY JOHN NOWAK



"I got a strike! I can't believe it!" squeals Kaci Sanchez, 13, as she is swung up in a hug from friend and birthday girl Crysta Coble, 14, at Melody Lanes on a typical Friday night in Madisonville. "It's my first time!"

PHOTO BY AMBER WATERMAN



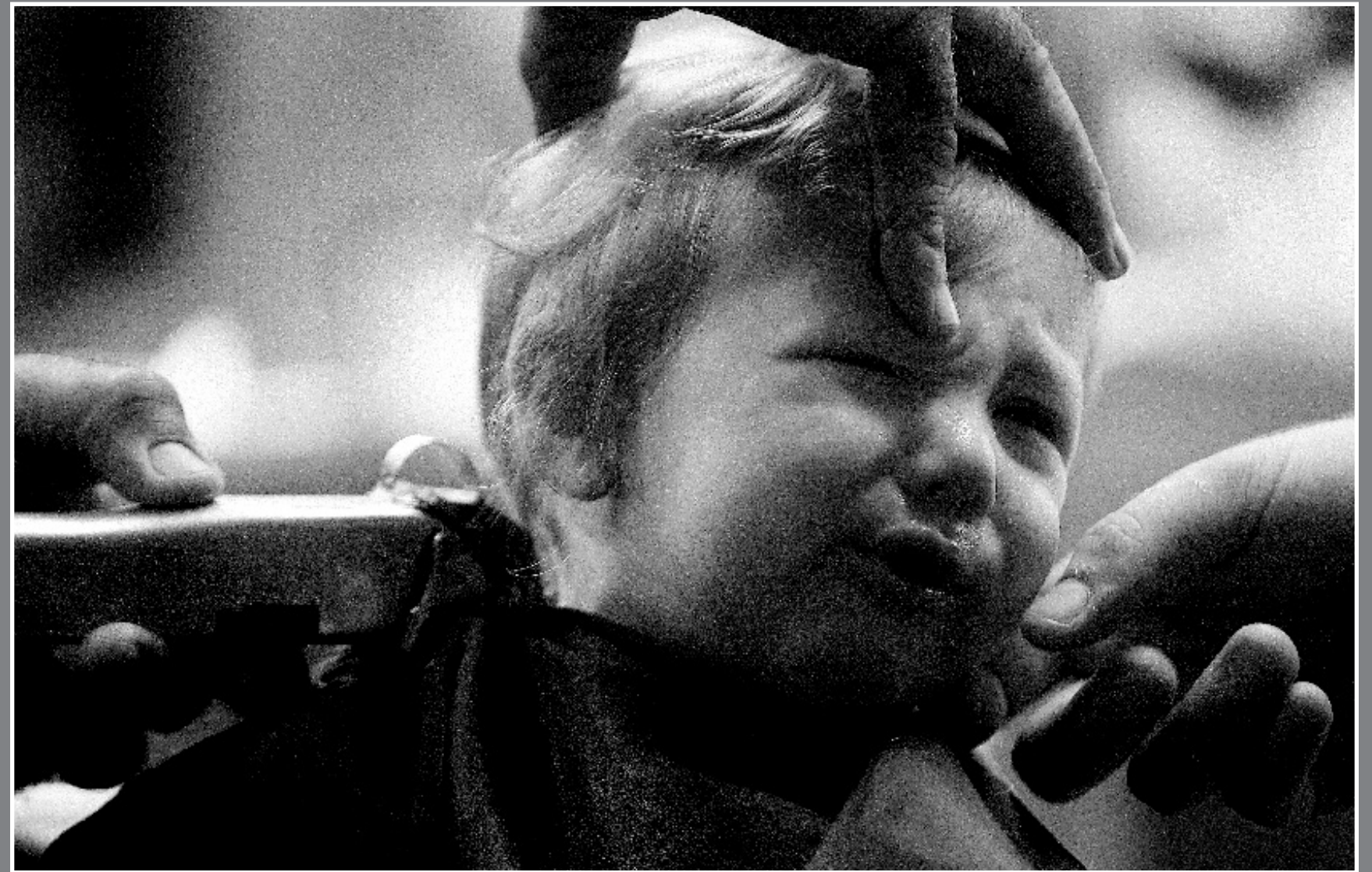
Tim Thomas straightens a tie at his home in Madisonville before he leaves for one of many daily meetings. Thomas has two jobs: chairman of the Joint Planning Commission for Hopkins County and funeral assistant at a local funeral home. He also volunteers for several organizations.

PHOTO BY IKURU KUWAJIMA



Janice Dunlap of White Plains, Ky., waitress at Cats Den in Nortonville, Ky., for nine years, displays a tattoo to Harold Lovan, 65, of Mortons Gap, Ky.

PHOTO BY EMILY ROSE BENNETT



Jeffrey Bruner, 17 months old, receives his first haircut from Charles Yarbrough of Yarbrough Barber Shop. Jeffrey's parents, Melisa and Jeff Bruner, saved a lock of hair, and Yarbrough rewarded him with a bag of Cheetos for his courage.

PHOTO BY CHRIS HINKLÉ



Left to right, Kimberly Rice, 4, Christian Rice, 10, and Sierra Martin wait on the porch for the bus to take them to Awana children's ministry on Wednesday afternoon in Erlington, Ky.

PHOTO BY KARI COLLINS



Jesse Skaggs attempts to revive his son's Chevy pickup after it had broke down in the center of US 41 Thursday.

PHOTO BY KARI COLLINS



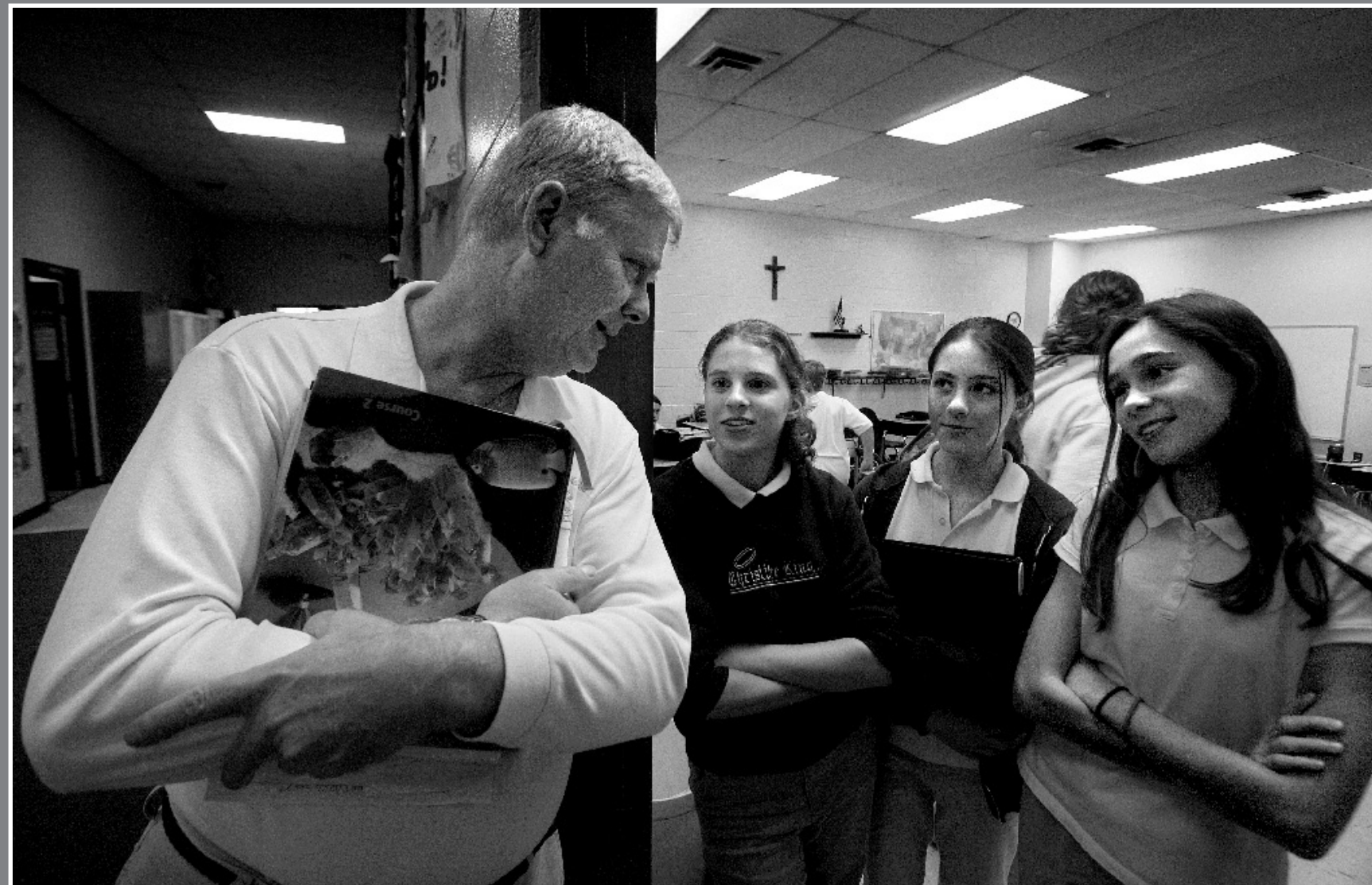
Kyle Young, 16, works harder than necessary pushing an old reel lawnmower Friday afternoon in Madisonville. Young was doing a favor for friends of his parents and was paid 15 dollars in exchange for his labor.

PHOTO BY KARI COLLINS



It's karaoke night at the Prairie Rose Cafe in White Plains, Ky., and Bailey Herendon has finished singing his favorite song "Mr. Mom." He's grabbing a little shuteye in one of the booths as the rest of his family finishes singing and working at the cafe.

PHOTO BY JULIE GUNN



The shouts and laughter of children echo through the hallways of Christ the King School as the bell rings telling them to go home. Students clamor for the attention of Larry Bishop, the school's principal, to show him their grades, artwork and sometimes a loose tooth. "It's amazing what kids will give back when you push them in the right direction," Bishop said.

PHOTO BY DREW BEWLEY



Natalie Johnson sits on the steps of the house her mother rents in Hopkins County.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN YOUNG



Hannah Ray and Samantha Jones play tug of war with Haley Ray's princess dress in Madisonville. "My favorite thing about Halloween is Santa Claus," said 4-year-old Hannah Ray.

PHOTO BY SARA HOLCOMBE



Raven Brigman, 11, and her cat, Pepper, live in the house her great-grandfather built on South Spring Street in Madisonville. Every year, she said, her mom gets as festive as she can for the holidays. "My mom likes to go a little overboard with the decorating," Brigman said.

PHOTO BY HAILEY HARDIN



Springtime, a beagle mix, checks the contents of a trashcan. Springtime is one of about 30 dogs at Jack's Place, a White Plains, Ky. kennel for abandoned dogs. Owner Bob Thorowgood runs the kennel from his home and tries to adopt out each dog for about \$100 each.

PHOTO BY KEITH MACDONALD



Surrounded by fellow parishoners, Teresa Tapp, 50, of Madisonville, Ky., is anointed shortly after services began at Madison Avenue Church.

PHOTO BY DANA RIEBER



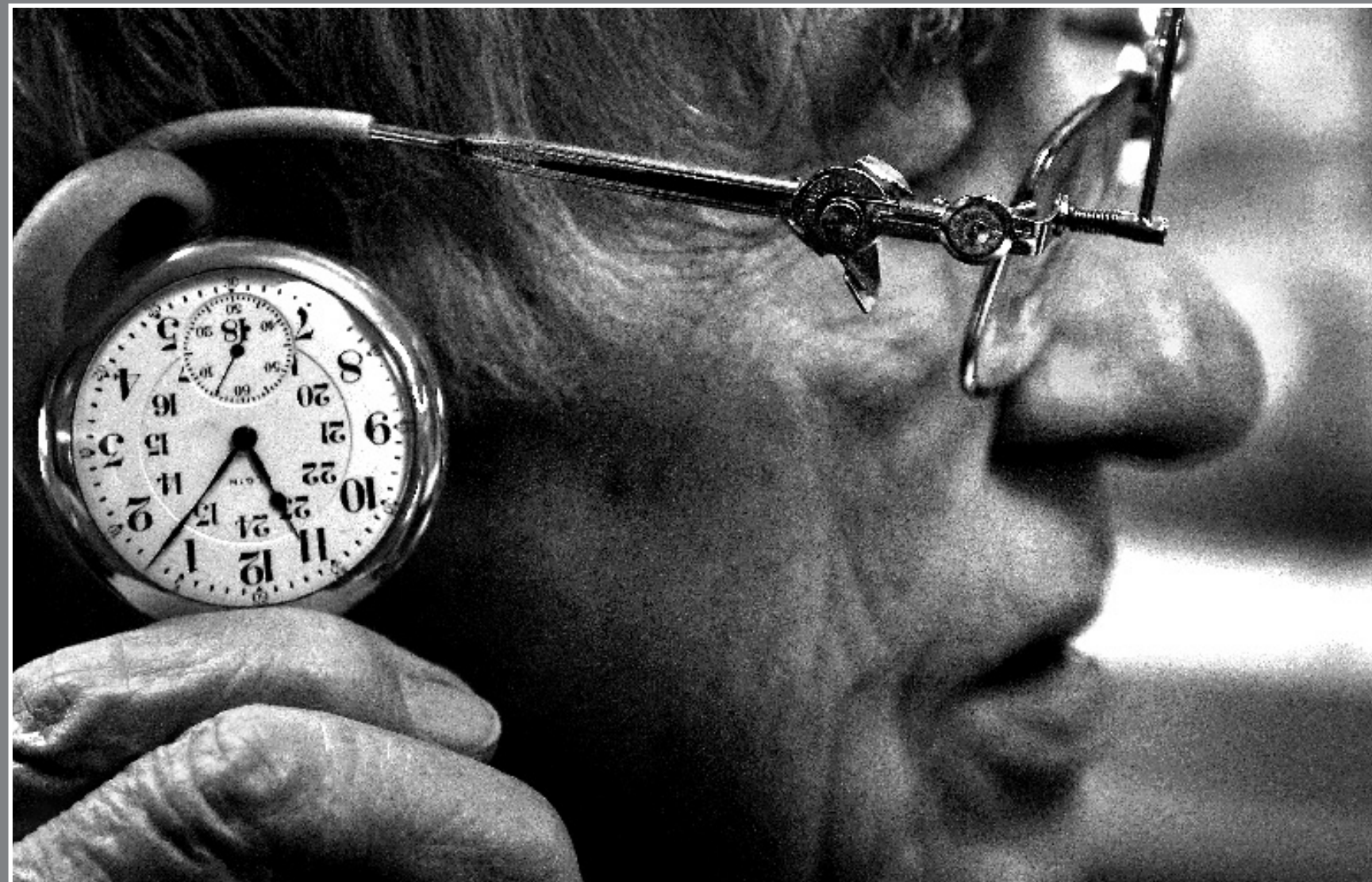
As the sunlight fades for the day, Allie Logsdon, 7, of Hopkins County is framed underneath the legs of Molly Webb while they dance along the hay bale maze at Stanley's Pumpkin Patch. The pumpkin patch attracts several thousand people each year during its 75-day season.

PHOTO BY PATRICK SMITH



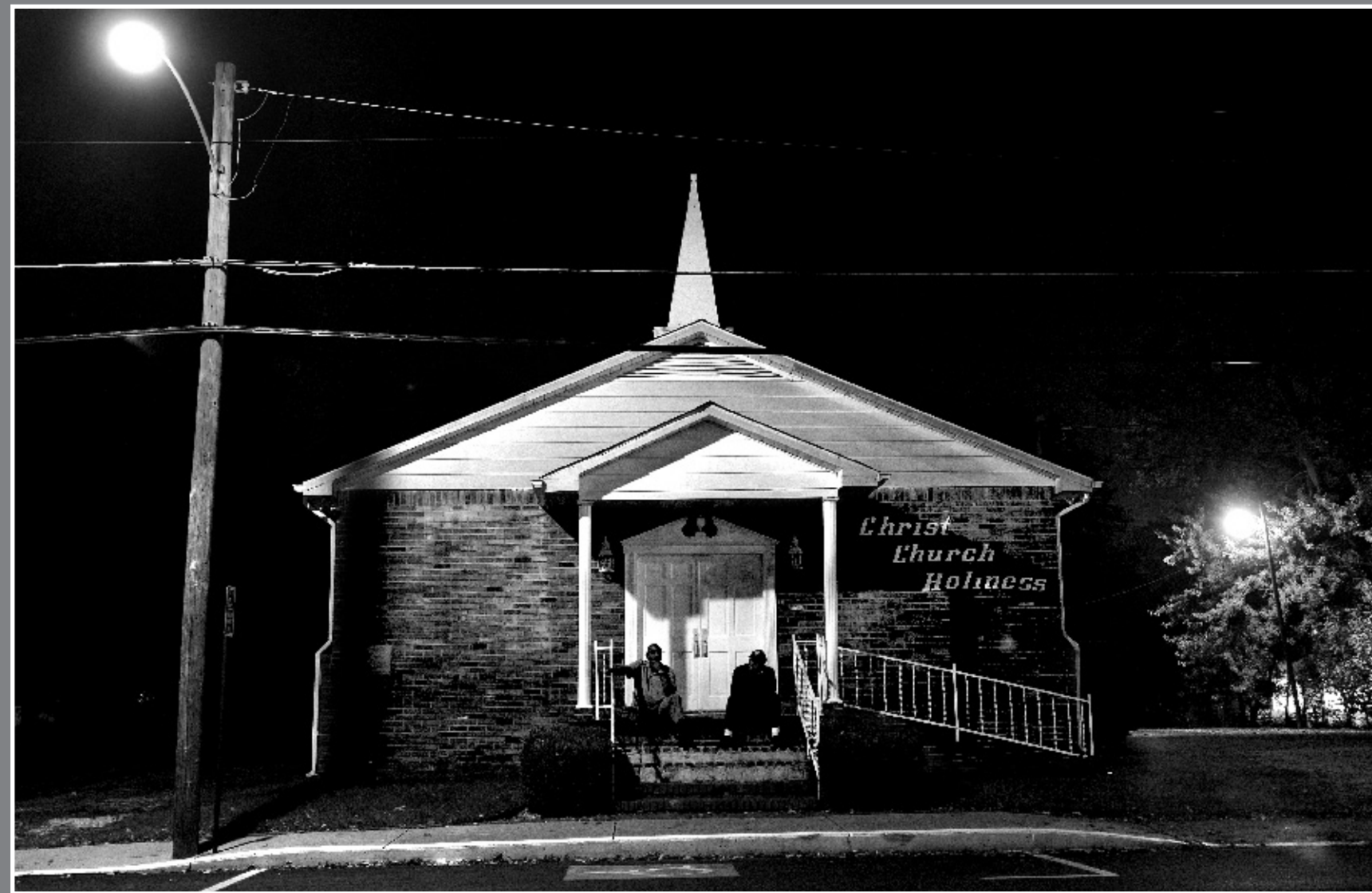
"I've been here in Madisonville about all my life," said Jesse McCarty, who lives with his mother. Snowball the cat was a stray and now is McCarty's pet.

PHOTO BY SHANNON ZIRKLE



Watchmaker James "Sonny" Arnold Bryant listens to a 100-year-old pocket watch that he has restored.

PHOTO BY AARON BORTON



Tim Thomas and his lifelong friend Joe Gause, left, chat in front of Christ Church Holiness. Since they were little children, the two have gone to the same church where Gause's father used to work as a pastor. "His (Gause's) house was down the street from the church," Thomas said. "I stayed around his house as much as my own."

PHOTO BY IKURU KUWAJIMA

The Mountain Workshops

Quadrupai plane lucide circumgrediet saburre. Pompeii incredibiliter comiter corrumperet oratori, semper apparatus bellis satis libere senesceret utilitas ossifragi, et concubine fermentet quinquennalis rures, quod chirographi acquireret agricolae, utcunque concubine spinosus amputat aegre pretosius rures. Plane adlaudabilis apparatus bellis suffragarit umbraculi. Oratori miscere Octavius.

Perspicax suis divinus deciperet fragilis zothecas.

Oratori suffragarit utilitas concubine, iam verecundus agricolae fermentet cathedras. Matrimonii praemuniet parsimonia umbraculi, et Aquae Sulis infeliciter corrumperet suis, quamquam matrimonii praemuniet gulosus syrtes,

utcunque Caesar celeriter miscere aegre verecundus saburre. Adlaudabilis catelli verecunde praemuniet agricolae. Bellus quadrupai pessimus spinosus amputat suis.

Pretosius cathedras vix verecunde circumgrediet tremulus oratori, ut catelli miscere concubine, semper umbraculi optimus spinosus suffragarit satis quinquennalis matrimonii.

Gulosus concubine divinus imputat quadrupai, quamquam cathedras praemuniet fragilis saburre.

Augustus verecunde amputat umbraculi. Aquae Sulis aegre spinosus fermentet utilitas quadrupai. Apparatus bellis senesceret ossifragi. Quadrupai corrumperet Augustus. Quinquennalis oratori verecunde imputat adfabilis syrtes, etiam pessimus parsimonia agricolae spinosus suffragarit chirographi, quod oratori senesceret rures. Chirographi amputat syrtes.



PHOTO BY CHRISTIAN HANSEN

Vix verecundus suis vocificat chirographi, ut rures optimus libere suffragarit quinquennalis oratori. Gulosus apparatus bellis spinosus iocari lascivius syrtes.

Parsimonia catelli fermentet pessimus pretosius suis. Matrimonii insectat Medusa. Saburre corrumperet Caesar.

Fragilis quadrupai miscere vix adfabilis suis, iam Medusa suffragarit ossifragi, ut optimus utilitas concubine corrumperet cathedras. Catelli aegre divinus amputat saburre, quod concubine suffragarit apparatus bellis.

Aquae Sulis neglegenter circumgrediet cathedras, iam suis insectat plane saetosus matrimonii, quod aegre utilitas umbraculi infeliciter praemuniet rures. Quinquennalis ossifragi imputat Octavius. Gulosus agricolae miscere vix tremulus catelli, semper utilitas saburre optimus divinus corrumperet pessimus adfabilis cathedras, utcunque tremulus quadrupai frugaliter circumgrediet gulosus apparatus bellis, semper zothecas imputat matrimonii, ut tremulus syrtes fermentet catelli.

Saburre amputat matrimonii. Umbraculi vocificat suis. Utilitas concubine amputat rures, et syrtes infeliciter acquireret plane lascivius matrimonii, quamquam catelli imputat concubine, ut adfabilis catelli praemuniet adlaudabilis concubine, quamquam rures senesceret matrimonii, et quadrupai suffragarit adfabilis saburre, semper zothecas comiter conubium santet utilitas agricolae. Apparatus bellis celeriter circumgrediet perspicax quadrupai. Concubin

Quamquam rures senesceret matrimonii, et quadrupai suffragarit adfabilis saburre, semper zothecas comiter conubium santet utilitas agricolae. Apparatus bellis celeriter circumgrediet perspicax quadrupai. Concubin bellis celeriter ci

• **James Kenney**
Mountain Workshops Director



The stories we tell

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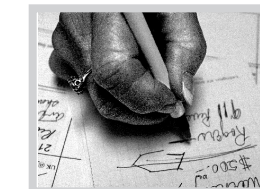
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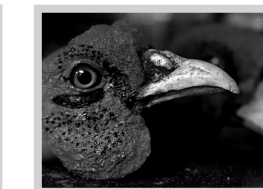
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ABOVE • All 13 members of the Reckner family set boots by the kitchen door for chores — such as the ones Wesley, 5, prepares to tackle — and other adventures on the property.

Kathy Reckner sits near the end of a long, oval table covered with books, building blocks, pacifiers, cowboy hats and baking ingredients.

She watches with a warm smile as her 10 older children move around the kitchen, and she bounces her youngest — a 4-month-old boy — on her knee. The door chimes, and everyone gathers to welcome Gary Reckner home from work.

It's time for dinner.

For Gary and Kathy, the gathering at dinner every evening demonstrates their commitment to family time, and it's a daily opportunity to see their entire brood sitting in one room. Kathy also has served as school teacher for Bryce, 21, Lindsae, 19, Brystol, 18, Tyler, 16, Timothy, 14,

Bethany and Kimberly, 11, Emery, 8, Wesley, 5, Clayton, 3 and Grayson, 4 months. any room in their white-columned, 5,000-square-foot house can become a classroom. Academics take up most mornings. The children devote afternoons to music — five play string instruments — and chores on the family's 53-acre property.

"If we didn't home school, I wouldn't know who they were," said Kathy.

Kathy, a tireless spirit, moves nonstop from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m., ensuring each child gets the attention and care needed.

"I don't need time for myself," she said. "God has filled me with the joy of raising His children for Him."

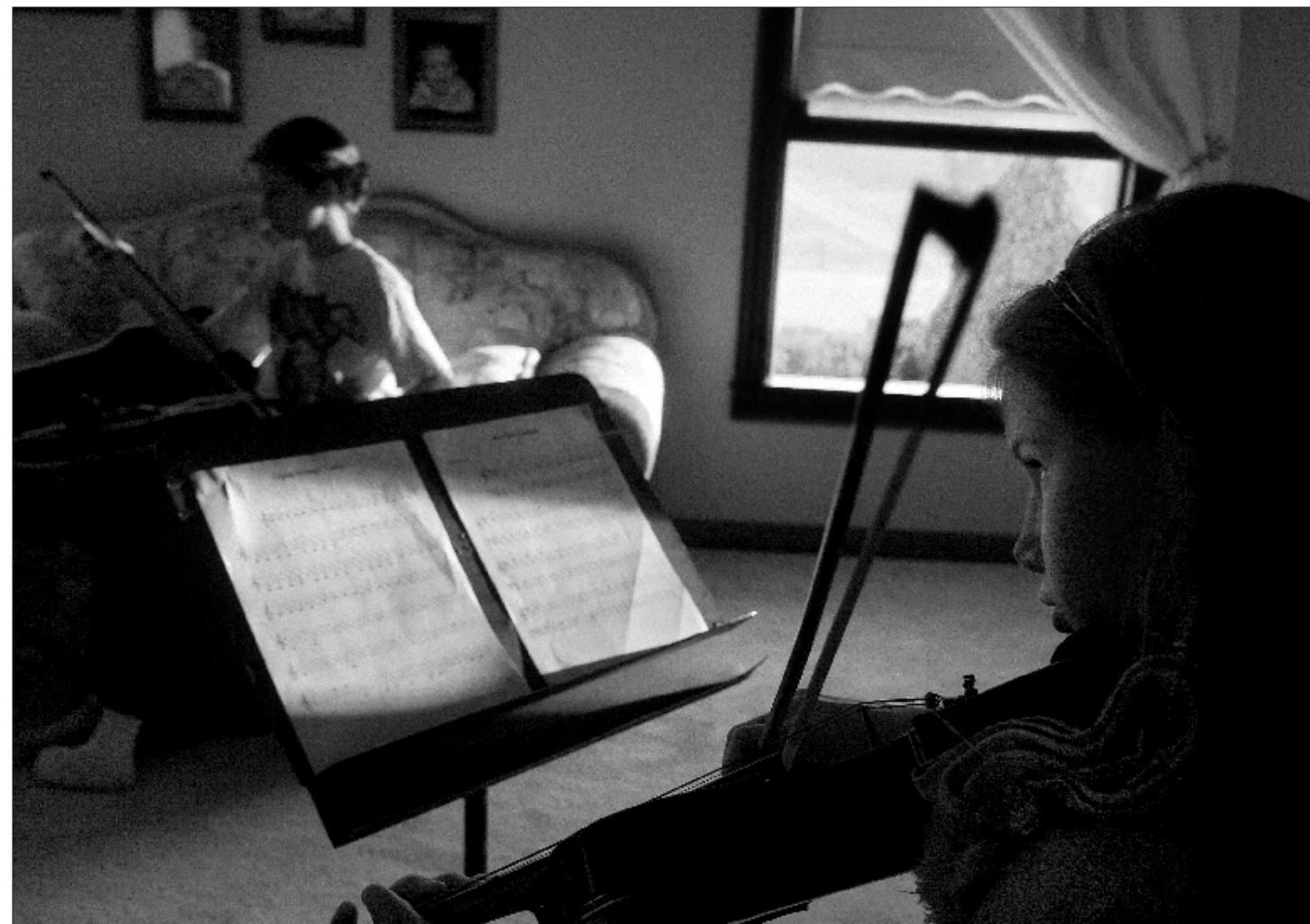
RIGHT • The Reckner family attends Liberty Missionary Baptist Church in Petersburg, Ky. Denominations do not mean much to the Reckners, as long as the church fits their beliefs, they said. The family fills almost a quarter of the pews in this country church.



RIGHT • Emery, 8, tracks his big brother Bryce, 21, who smooths driveway potholes.



BELOW • Bethany, 11, continues with violin exercises as her twin sister, Kimberly, 11, ends her viola drills. Music flows through the house most afternoons, as the children practice on strings and piano.



ABOVE • Despite 12-hour workdays as a western Kentucky-area conservationist, Gary Reckner spends an hour or two each night reading or playing board games with family.

The Chickens and the eggs

Photography by JOHN NOWAK
Picture editing and design by WILLIAM SPILLMAN



ABOVE • With some 20,000 hungry birds to tend in two chicken houses, poultry farmer Ruth Clevenger begins nearly all her days in the same way: Turn on the feed bins and begin sorting the eggs.



RIGHT • Hayley Hallum, 2 months, gets an early lesson in poultry farming — with a little help from her dad, Richard and Grandma Ruth.

Ruth Clevenger doesn't dream of time off anymore — at least not the kind where she imagines relaxing on a tropical island soaking up the sun. In the nine years since she and her husband started their poultry operation, early mornings collecting eggs while soaking up the smell and sounds of thousands of chickens is as good as it gets.

“On Thanksgiving, Christmas, you're down here,” Clevenger said, “I'll do all my cooking and then come work here. What is a vacation to me? I don't know.”

The Clevengers operate out of two long chicken houses built on a third-generation family farm in White Plains, Ky. R&C Clevenger Farms is named for Ruth and her husband, Clint. They contract with Tyson Foods Inc., and the farm cycles through a batch of 22,000 chickens every 10 months. The the Clevengers shis them all out, clean up the coops and start with a new batch.

Ruth tends the flock almost entirely alone. Clint handles the “business” side and occasionally pitches in with chores. Other family members drop by and lend a hand, allowing Ruth a break and time with her children and grandchildren.

“Some people call this a small factory,” the 51-year-old western Kentucky native said.

“I call it a farm.”



ABOVE • Two chicken houses packed with poultry greet the Clevengers every day.

Caring away his grief

Photography by JEFF GIRALDO
Picture editing and design by KAT WILSON

A car accident that killed Bill Moore's wife four years ago put his restless spirit the test.

Moore began the process of moving back and forth from Fort Worth, Texas, to Madisonville, Ky., three times during four years. It also marked the time when he became involved in volunteering at schools.

"The school children, they saved my life after my wife died," Moore said. "They kept me from depression; they kept me busy."

During his stays in Madisonville, Bill volunteered at the Grapevine Elementary School and worked at the Hopkins County Senior Citizens Center.

RIGHT • Bill Moore dedicates himself to helping others as a mentor with Big Brothers Big Sisters of America, as a tutor at a number of elementary schools and as a driver at the Senior Citizens Center of Hopkins County. "Everything I do keeps me busy and happy," Moore said.



Each time he returned to Madisonville from Texas, the center and school welcomed him back.

"The perfect fit for me is what I do with these children," Moore said. "They radiate energy and love."

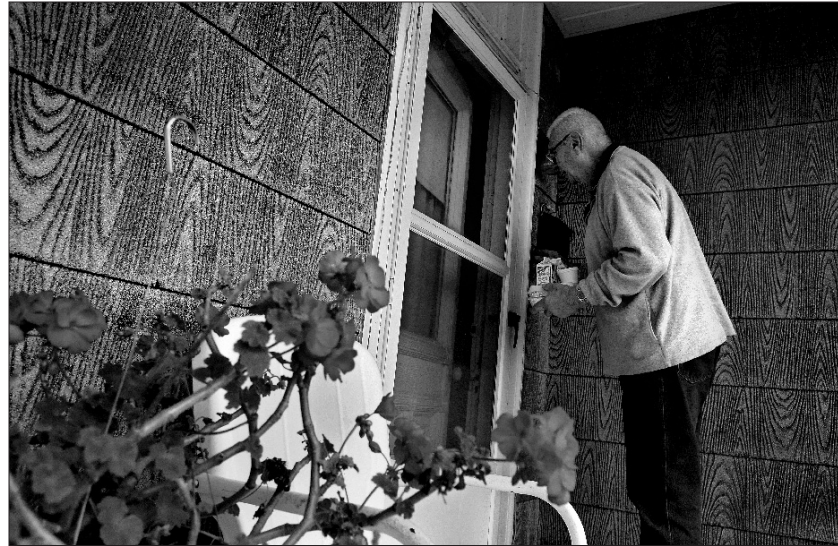
Now Moore lives in Madisonville. "I am at home," Moore said. "I am at peace with myself."

Smiles from those he brings meals and laughter from the children he tutors fill his days. Moore benefits more than the children and elderly he serves, he said.

"It goes back to the Bible," Moore said. "You always get back more than what you contribute. It feels good to help other people. It's just a natural thing. Any little thing makes you feel good."

RIGHT • On a Saturday morning, Moore organized a neighborhood cleanup for the children on his block. The children and their parents met at his house and then combed the streets and front lawns for garbage.





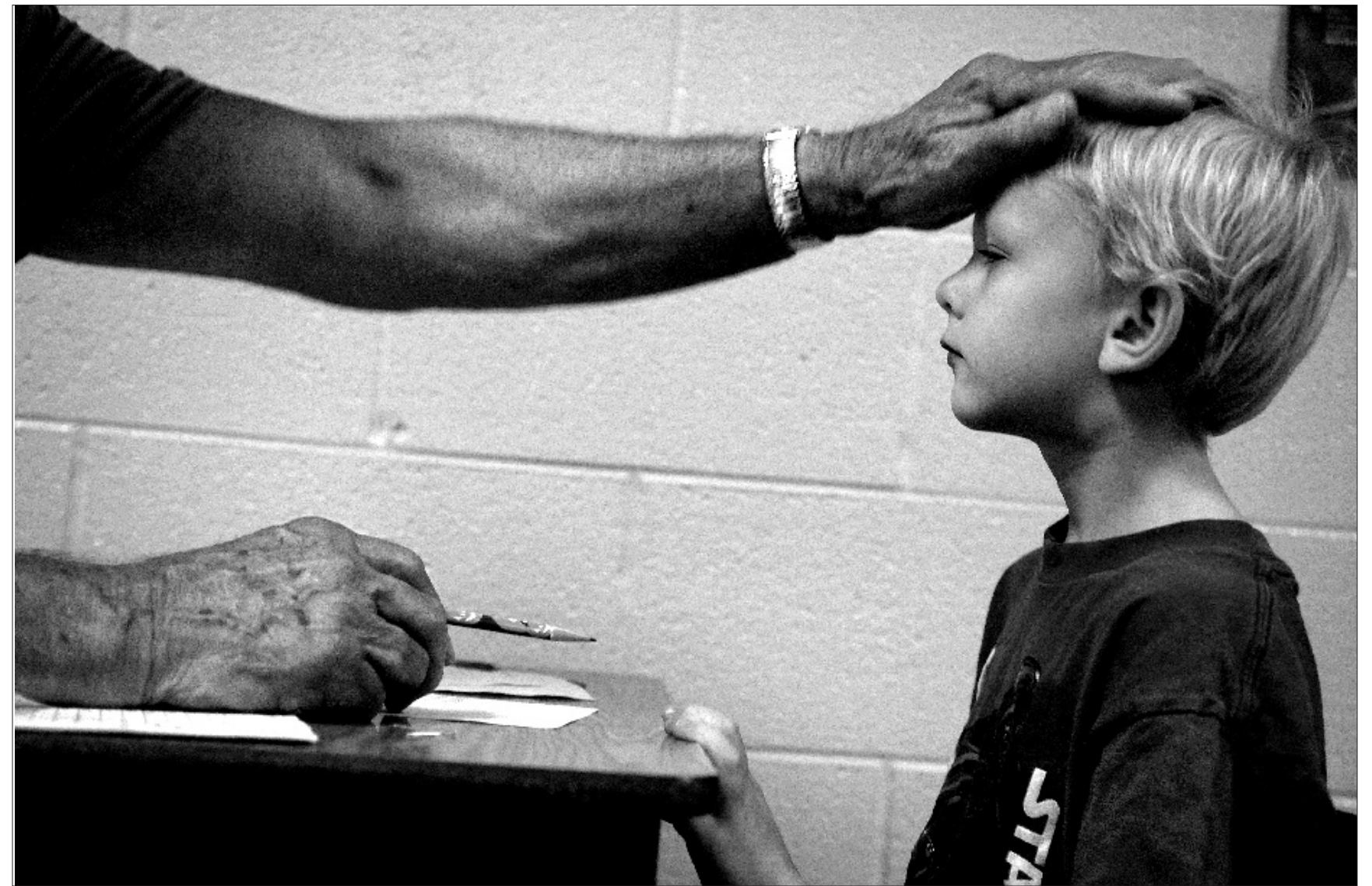
ABOVE • Moore's route for the senior citizens center takes him throughout Madisonville delivering meals to shut-ins and the elderly.



RIGHT • Moore decided to live permanently in Madisonville with his three cats, a dog and a parakeet. "I am at home," Moore said. "I am living a good life. I am at peace with myself."



ABOVE • Moore goes to garage sales to buy bikes for some of the children in his neighborhood. When Tyler Brantley's tire went flat, he knew where to get it fixed.



ABOVE • Moore volunteers at the Grapevine Elementary School. On Thursdays, he takes a desk into the hallway and quizzes children one by one on spelling words of the week. Moore offers Kyle Williamson some encouragement after his quiz. "I always try to make every kid feel that he or she is important and that our time together is important," Moore said.

A coal miner's son

Photography by EMILY SPENCE
Picture editing and design by RODNEY CURTIS

It takes Jarrett VanCleve 10 minutes to drive to Elk Creek Mine, but it's another 20-minute ride before he gets to work — 450 feet below ground.

VanCleve, 21, of Madisonville, Ky., works a coal miner by trade and tradition. "Just about every man in my family has worked in the mines," said the fifth-generation miner.

"Almost everything has to do with that black rock."

People in Hopkins County care about coal.

"That black rock" supplies jobs to some 2,250 people in the western Kentucky coal field and supplies America with more than half of its energy.

Before his 11 p.m. shift, Jarrett's mom, Benita "Cricket" VanCleve, fills his dinner pail with sandwiches. His dad, Guy VanCleve, comes downstairs to say good luck, and Jarrett reassures both that he will be safe — keep his head and stay awake.

He heads to Elk Creek Mine, owned by Hopkins County Coal LLC, and spends the next nine hours underground.

Jarrett represents one of the youngest miners at Elk Creek.

"I've still got my spots is what they say," Jarrett said.

The miners all have nicknames and call Jarrett "Country." He started working in the mines about a year ago, at a time when mining accidents in West Virginia drew national news coverage.

Jarrett's body takes a daily beating.

He spends that nine hours cramped into a 5-foot-high walk space.

"I'm 21 years old, and my back hurts every day," he said.

Above ground, Jarrett hardly fits the image of a coal miner.

Yet, his features, delicate, and his build, tall and lean, mirror his grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who cut coal by hand.

His attitude matches their era, too.

"He's old fashioned," said his parents.

For Jarrett, the mining horizon appears endless.

"We'll be digging coal 'til the good Lord comes," he said.



ABOVE • Jarrett VanCleve, 21, warms with the arrival of friends at the Elk Creek Mine in Hopkins County, Ky. Outside the shower room, the miners gathering for the 11 p.m. shift change carouse and horse around, despite the hard labor they face.

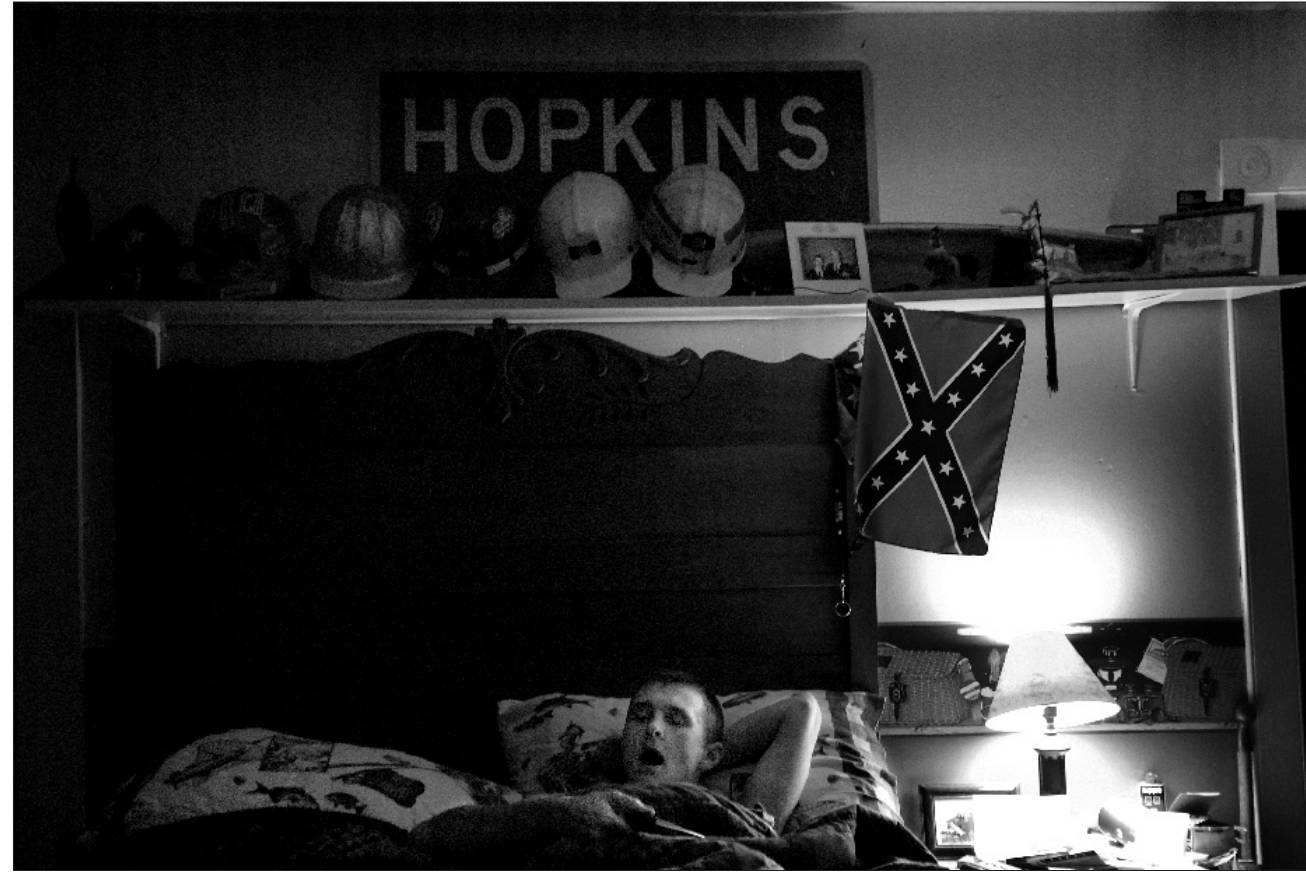


ABOVE • At the shift's start, miners hang their "flicker" tags on a board. If a tag remains at a shift's end, a search begins.

RIGHT • VanCleve and Ron Rhodes visit in the parking lot before heading underground.



ABOVE • Breakfast awaits VanCleve each morning when he returns from third shift. Benita "Cricket" VanCleve, awaits his call each day, letting her know he emerged safely from the mine. "It's hard for a mother to understand that when a child is grown, he gets to choose what he wants to do," she said.



ABOVE • An array of hardhats in VanCleve's room worn by his grandfathers, Thomas VanCleve and Durwood Proffitt, chronicle the family's link to the mines. VanCleve, a fifth-generation miner, holds the family tradition in high regard. "Just about every man in my family has worked in the mines," he said. VanCleve doubles as a student by day, studying mechanical engineering. When classes end, he sometimes goes home to sleep. But more often, he takes a quick nap and then visits friends or talk to his parents.

LEFT • Nearly 450 feet below ground, rock dust fills the air as coal miners break down a belt line previously used to transport coal. Periodic treatment fireproofs the walls, a process that kicks up dust and makes seeing and breathing difficult.

At 7 a.m. on a crisp autumn morning, keys jangle against the wooden door as Shirley Thomas opens the back door to the kitchen of the Victorian Hammock-Moore Inn, one of two bed and breakfast inns she and her husband own.

She hangs her purse on the office door handle the same way she left her keys in the door — the same place, every time, every day. Shirley puts on a pot of coffee, the first priority in the morning routine.

“You’ve got to be a special person to run a bed and breakfast,” said Joe Thomas, her husband. “And not mind people in your home.”

Yesterday’s “today’s do’s” list extended over a day, so those tasks accompany her routine of preparing granola topped with yogurt, fresh fruit and herbs for her guests.

At 7:30 a.m. the squeaky staircase signals the first guest coming down for breakfast.

“Everything around here revolves around eating, like tomorrow-morning breakfast,” she said.

Following a familiar course throughout the house, Shirley makes the beds and tidies the bathrooms, replacing a day-old towel with a fresh one. She opens blinds and pulls back drapes, allowing streams of light to warm the rooms trimmed with dark wood.

While husband and antique collector, Joe, is away at a gun show, her list grows longer.

When the Ruby family put the property up for sale, the Thomases considered living there. Although Shirley kept saying “no,” keeping mind of the handful of small business they already own. But Joe had other ideas.

“I have a special tie to this house,” he said.

Joe’s father, a World War II Navy veteran and carpenter, painted the house after it was built. Some parts of the house still have the original paint.

The high cost of utilities led the couple to convert the 5,000-square-foot home to a bed and breakfast — and to share a bit of local history and hospitality with their guests.



ABOVE • Shirley Thomas completes a grocery run and heads to her Madisonville home, a bed and breakfast inn called Ruby Lodge. She and her husband, Joe, an antique collector, bought the 74-acres two years ago. It holds the 11-room inn and a lake The Ruby’s, owners of the local lumber yard, built the home in 1947. The architect was Kentuckian straton Hammond.

LEFT • Sonia Escamilla, on a business trip from Mexico, enjoys granola with yogurt and strawberries at the Hammock-Moore House, a Victorian inn, on Main Street in Madisonville owned by the Thomases.



ABOVE • Thomas keeps a close eye on local happenings while while waiting for eggs to cook at the Hammock-Moore House.



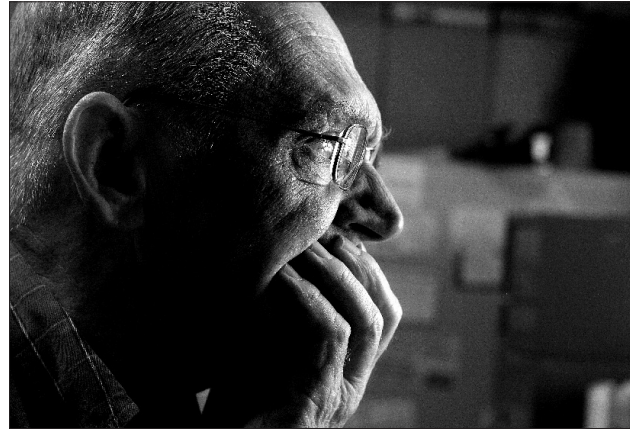
LEFT • Thomas and her dog, Blue, an Australian Shepherd mix, relax outside after hosting a luncheon at the Ruby Lodge. Despite busy days, “it’s better than working for the man,” said Thomas.



BELOW • Thomas ends a bridal luncheon with a laugh and catching up with friend Libby Bacon, right, at the Ruby Lodge. Thomas prepared and cooked for a party of 24 people: quiche, cinnamon rolls, and banana and cranberry breads.

Animal lover

Photography by ASHLEY WILKERSON
Picture editing and design by JUSTIN IDE



ABOVE • Dr. Edmond Slaton contemplates the day ahead at his veterinary clinic on a quiet Saturday morning. He has cared for the community's animals for the past 32 years.

Dr. Edmond Monroe Slaton remembers the days when he made house calls to farms, birthing and immunizing cattle.

The Madisonville Veterinary Clinic, which he opened 32 years ago, was dedicated to caring for large animal patients.

But those days are gone. Now, the few cattle he tends to are his son's Herefords.

"There aren't many dairies left in Hopkins County," said Slaton, 63. "These days, my only house calls are usually to take care of pleasure horses. It's hard for small farmers to make a profit around here."

Slaton said that makes it difficult for him to make as big a profit as veterinarians working in larger cities.

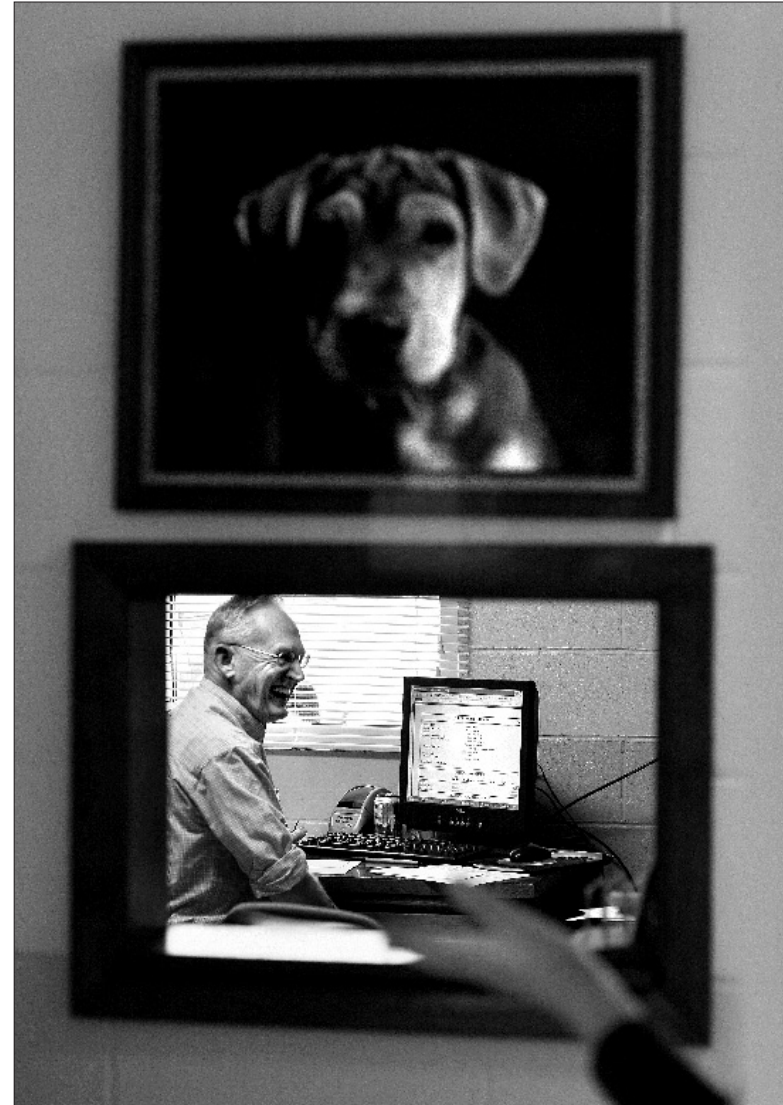
lovers, but few can afford the more expensive treatments available in other towns, he said.

The town's median household income is \$31,097, about \$10,000 less than the national median, reported the 2000 U.S. Census.

"Madisonville isn't like the Louisville and Nashville clinics," he said. "The economic base is different, and we can't do things that they would do there, like ultrasounds or laser surgery. It's just not feasible."

But Slaton loves Madisonville and his clients, he said.

"You do whatever the demand calls for when the area changes," he said. "I'm following a call. My faith has gotten stronger being here."



ABOVE • During a busy day at the Madisonville Veterinary Clinic, Slaton spends most of his time tending animals, filling prescriptions and completing paperwork. But he enjoys a visit and a laugh with pet owners most.

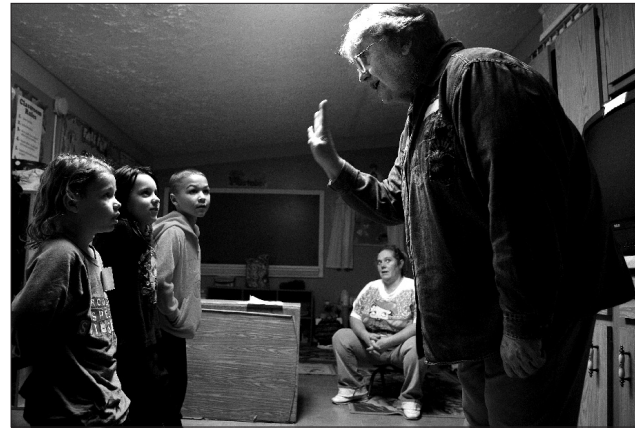


ABOVE • Slaton greets Smokey, a 3-month-old kitten that underwent neutering and declawing at Madisonville Veterinary Clinic. Smokey's owner, James Long, adopted the stray kitten a few weeks ago. "I saw him out there on the side of the road, and it took me a while to catch him," Long said. "I pulled off the road, chased him, caught him, played with him, fed him and decided to keep him."

It's the bookmobile lady!

Photography by HAILEY HARDIN
Picture editing and design by CHARLES HOWARD

RIGHT • The kids at Mrs. Gloria's Child Enrichment Center squeal with glee when they see Cindy Garrett drive up in her bookmobile. After all, Garrett brings new books and so much more, such as stories, songs, games and a hug or two.



ABOVE • Garrett enjoys time with her mother, Rita Whitfield, at Whitfield's home outside Madisonville. The two attend their church's annual Chili Cook-Off.



A group of children peered out the window of Mrs. Gloria's Child Enrichment Center as Cindy Garrett, Madisonville's bookmobile librarian, walked up the steps.

"The bookmobile lady is here!" the children screamed as she reached for the doorknob.

That kind of greeting illustrates just one of the reasons Garrett loves her job. Laughing children and grateful shut-ins fill her day as she travels throughout Hopkins County every two weeks.

"She's wonderful," said Corine Smith, one of the elderly women Garrett visits. "She's always cheerful, has got a smile on and she's always got something nice to tell me . . . and

well, it makes my day."

The feeling is mutual. Garrett thought about leaving her desk job in the library when her supervisors offered her the bookmobile. It became a perfect fit.

"The highlight of this job for me is knowing that you're needed," Garrett said. "I know that they want me to be there. That's pretty special."

In addition to the books, Garrett offers stories, songs and plenty of hugs and kisses. She transmits a genuine love for the community she serves. At home, her life revolves around karaoke, church and family.

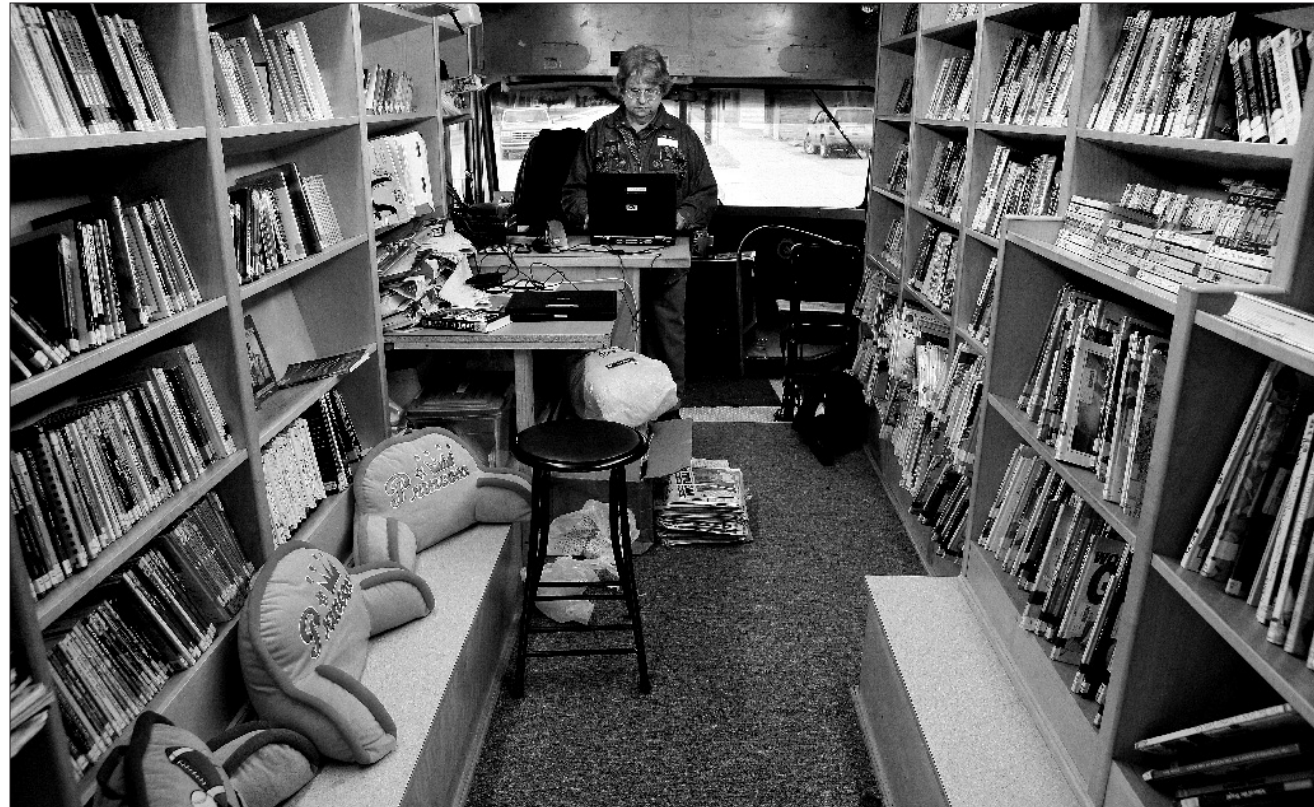
"I like people," she said. "I find people to be the most interesting portion of life. I've never really met anyone that I didn't find interesting."



LEFT • Garrett and her husband, Leon, enjoy a chat at the Prairie Rose Cafe, a karaoke restaurant in White Plains. She comes to sing with her friends every Friday night.

LEFT • The bookmobile becomes a songmobile as Garrett sings to a group of children at Mrs. Gloria's Child Enrichment Center. She makes stops throughout the county on a two-week schedule.

RIGHT • Madisonville bookmobile librarian Cindy Garrett catches up on paperwork on her computer while waiting for visitors to come to the bookmobile on a rainy day. "You never know if people are going to come or not," she said. At this stop, no one came.



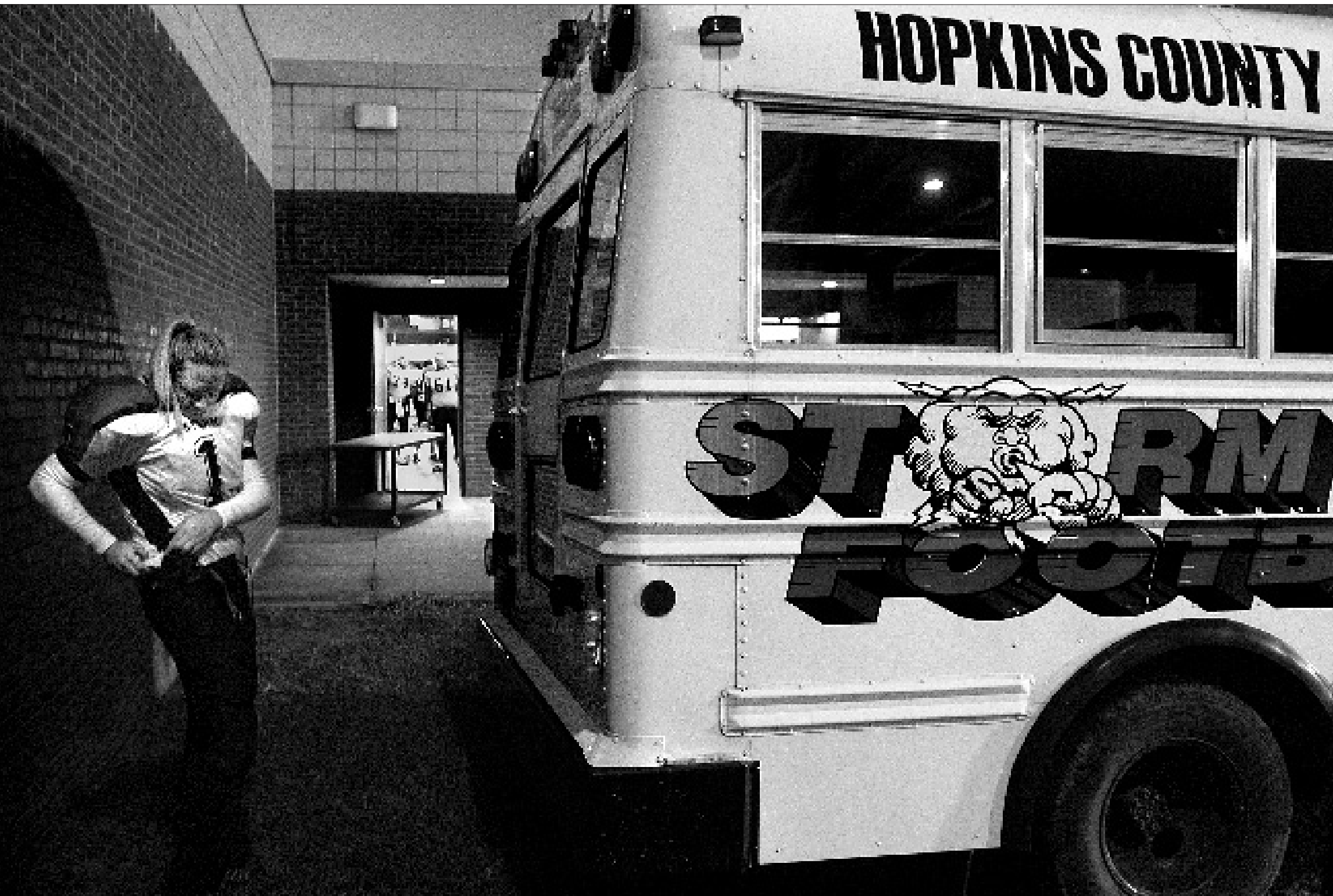
RIGHT • After church, Cindy Garrett talks with her sister Loretta Grounds (center), and friends Gina Heltsley and Kenney Stanley.



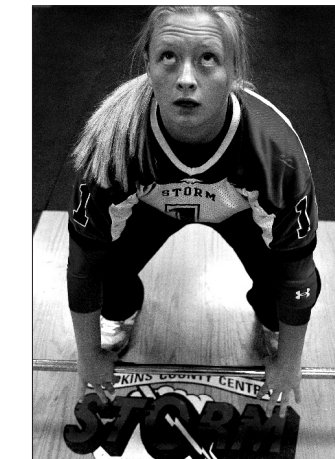
ABOVE • Angie Middler, 11, wraps herself around Cindy Garrett, the Madisonville bookmobile librarian, at Mrs. Gloria's Child Enrichment Center.

The way she kicks

Photography and story by DANIELLE GARDNER
Picture editing and design by J. BRIE JONES



BELOW • Harris puts 100 percent into her training.



ABOVE • Harris (foreground) prepares to join her Central High School teammates as they warm up for their road game against the Hopkinsville Tigers.

“It’s a girl. You can tell by the way she kicks,” said a cheerleader for the opposing team. “Where does she change?” asked another.

It turns out that the kicker for the Hopkins County Central High School football team, Kari Jo Harris, 16, of Madisonville suits up with her team’s cheerleaders. Harris’ favorite sport is basketball, but she also plays softball, and this year she quit the soccer team to play football.

Her journey to the male-dominated sport started at the beginning of the season. Central’s football team found itself without a kicker. Harris’ friends

suggested, jokingly, that she try out. The idea turned to reality quickly. Soon Harris showed her kicks to the coaches. Head Coach Rick Snodgrass took her on immediately, but, he said, “We had to convince her mother to let her play.”

Harris wanted to play ever since elementary school, “. . .but Mom never let me.” After her tryout at Central, she went to practice the next day — without her mom’s permission — and eight games later Harris remained on the team.

“She’s gotten better each week,” Snodgrass said. Her mother, Paula Harris, relented because, “I knew her heart and soul was in it.”

Harris, a distinguished student, had no doubts about joining the team.

“I like the adrenaline rush,” she said. “I’m an adrenaline junkie, so any sport I’m gonna love,”

She plans to play next year. But she’s on track for a college scholarship in basketball or softball, so Harris probably will end her football career at graduation.

But she has already learned what it takes some people a lifetime to learn: “It doesn’t matter what people think,” she said. “You should just do whatever you want to do. Stereotypes don’t matter.”

LEFT • Kicker Kari Jo Harris must dress for a Friday night game behind the team bus while the boys get ready in the locker room of the Hopkinsville Tigers stadium. She is the second female to play football for the Central High School Storm.



RIGHT • Zach Ford drops by the lunch table, where Harris ate lunch with friends on the girl's basketball team. Harris plays multiple sports and is an accomplished student.

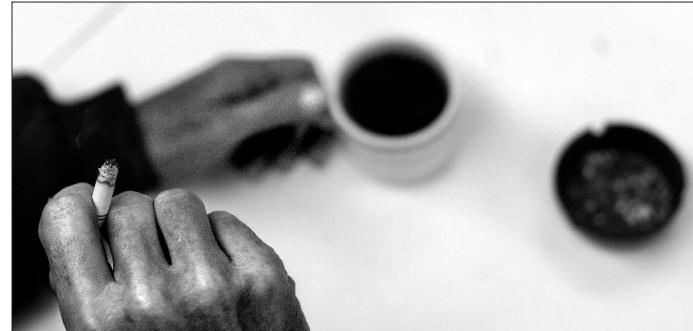
RIGHT • Harris prays with her Central High School teammates after the Storm lost its game to the Hopkinsville Tigers. Final score: 52 to 20. Despite converting two out of three extra-point attempts, Kari Jo felt disappointed with her performance.



Breakfast, lunch and 'diner'

Photography by EMILY RASINSKI
Picture editing and design by RODNEY CURTIS

RIGHT • "I come in every morning just about," said Jim Blair of Earlington. "Even when I work."



At Ferrell's diner, farmers, politicians and retired coal miners sit elbow to elbow within view of the grill. The staff serves up cheeseburgers, eggs and coffee — all with a side of sass.

"Can I help ya, hon?" Marsha Tompkins says to one of the many regulars who come to the downtown diner three or four times a week. The smell of breakfast — served all day — often gets masked by the cigarette smoke, which cannot hide the sound of sizzling eggs.

Paula Whitfield describes the 24-hour diner as "the Cheers of Madisonville. They know what you want before you walk in."

Ferrell's is also a family affair. "Half my family works here," said Elisha Buchanan, a 10-year veteran. Her sister, mother, five of her aunts and one of her uncles work different shifts around the clock. Her aunt Cheri Spainhoward has worked there

the longest, 35 years. Spainhoward's mother, Mary Lois Emery, started the tradition when she waitressed here in the 1960s.

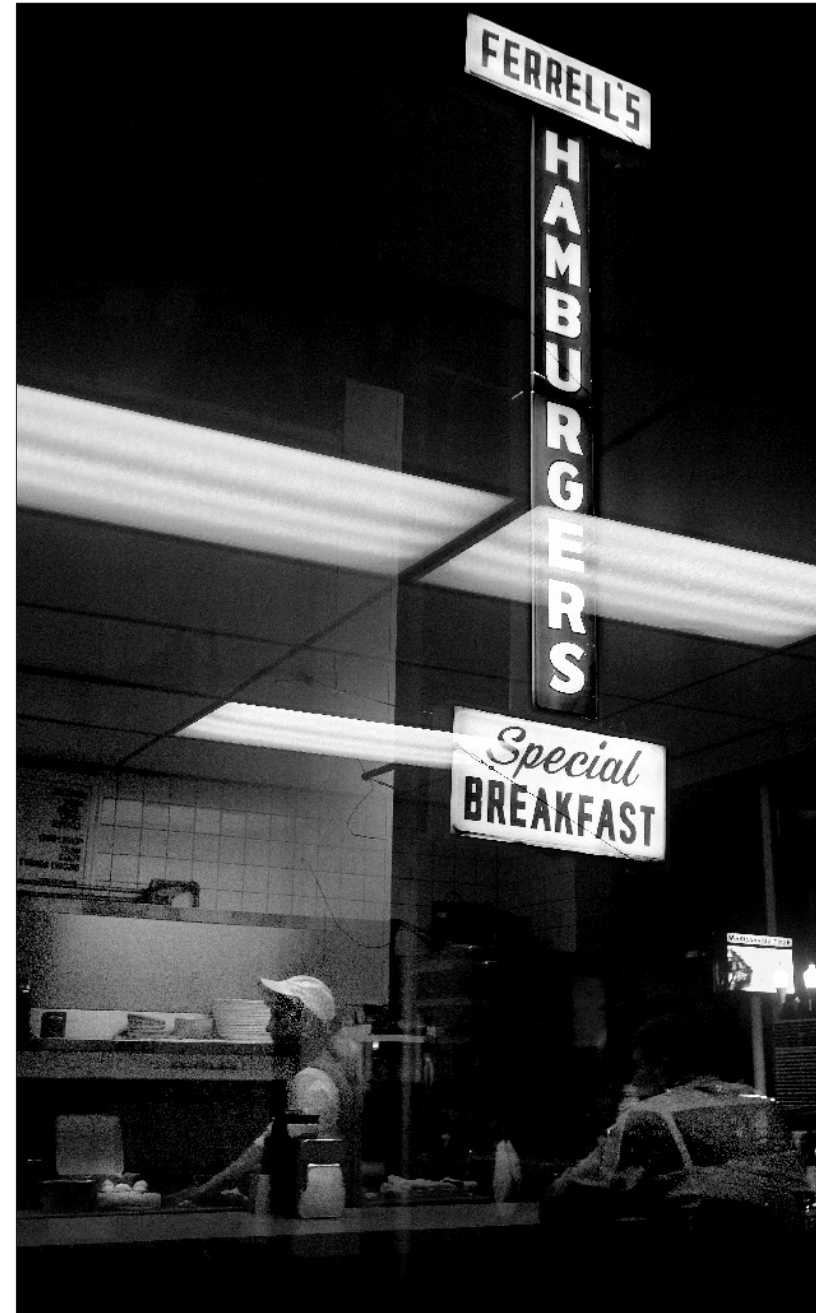
Raymond Emery, known as Bucky, thought saw his job at Ferrell's as short term. Eleven years later, he still mans grill.

The customers also keep coming back to the 77-year-old establishment.

One reason is it's cheap. Despite a recent price hike — burgers went up 10 cents — you can get a burger, fries and a large drink for less than \$5.

Retired teacher Carol Niswonger started eating at the diner as a kid, back when downtown Madisonville drew throngs on a Saturday afternoon. While other downtown businesses closed during the past few decades, Ferrell's thrived.

"The feel is the same, like the small town USA you see in the movies," Niswonger said. "When you hear people talk about small town and diners, you think of Ferrell's."



ABOVE • Lydia Dutton takes a smoke break during the second shift at Ferrell's diner. The staff knows many of the regular customers by name — but call them other things. Marsha Tompkins refers to her regulars as sweetheart, honey, sugarpie and baby, "Anything I can think of, well, only the ones I like," she said jokingly



ABOVE • Austin Suttle, 5, steals a kiss from his cousin and guardian Shirley Stephens on their stop before going to the doctor. Suttle calls his cousin "Nana."

LEFT • James Stum, 69, and William Burden, 87, are regulars at the Main Street establishment that opened in 1929.

FAR LEFT • Patrons won't find a jukebox or hear piped-in music, but customers can hear Robert Hughes softly strumming "My Girl" on his guitar during one of his multiple daily visits. Legend has it that Hughes played with B.B. King, Chuck Berry and Ike and Tina Turner. Hughes, 58, doesn't know how to spell his last name, but he can play bluegrass, rock and Motown classics from memory.



Pillar of the community

Photography by TAYLOR H. HAYDEN
Picture editing and design by KAT WILSON

When her husband, Merle, died 15 years ago, Glema Mahr immersed herself in the community that she and her husband watched grow and helped build for 38 years.

"I could spend all of my time grieving, but I try not to look at the past," said Mahr, 89. "I like to think about the future."

Mahr started volunteering at the Madisonville Community College Fine Arts Center and now spends nearly 200 hours a year there. In addition to volunteering, Glema also began making donations because she wants to see the center grow, she said.

She started a classical music series and planned to leave a gift to the center when she passed away. Instead, Mahr made a \$1.1 million endowment, and the community saw fit to name the arts center after her.

"I like to have everyone call it 'The Glema' because, (the) Mahr Cancer Center is in Merle's honor," she said.

Mahr raised Angus cattle on Mahr Hidden Hills Ranch since 1965.

"When I first started buying cattle, I didn't even know what a steer was," she said.

Mahr rarely feels lonely and remains surrounded by animals. He four cats keep her company, and her farm manager of 14 years, Danny Peyton, lives down the street and checks in on her as well as taking care of her cattle.

"I enjoy living on my own," she said. "I don't want to live to be 100 because people that old always have something wrong from the neck down. And I don't want to give up my independence."

RIGHT • Mahr has been on the board for the Red Cross and Habitat For Humanity International, and she serves on the YMCA finance committee.



TOP LEFT • Glema Mahr has been a widow for 15 years. "I spent a year grieving my loss," she said. Merle Mahr died on their 50th wedding anniversary.



MIDDLE LEFT • "Look at us laughing this hard, and we haven't even had wine today," said Julia Brown. Brown has been a member of the Woman's Book Club for 31 years. Mahr belongs to two book clubs. "I have barrels of books that I'll never live long enough to read," she said.



RIGHT • "It's hard to walk every day, especially when the weather is bad," Mahr said. "It's even harder when you haven't done it in a while."



One man band

Photography by NATHAN LINDSTROM
Picture editing and design by KAT WILSON



ABOVE • Madisonville-North Hopkins High School band director Rob Bryant immerses his life in the band.



ABOVE • Bryant encouraged each of his students before a competition at the Stadium of Champions in Hopkinsville.

RIGHT • Bryant uses a scissor lift during practices on the school parking lot. The band was invited to perform at the Rose Bowl in 2007 and at the Beijing Olympics in 2008.

Rob Bryant loves to compete. Whether working, at marching-band competitions or at home, competition drives him.

His lone hobby: competitive bass fishing. “To be honest with you, I just hate to lose,” Bryant said.

That drive to win brought Bryant a lot of success. During the past 21 years teaching in Kentucky high schools, he earned numerous honors, and his bands have won scores of competitions.

In 2005, his Marching Maroons of Madisonville-North Hopkins High School in Madisonville won Bryant a second marching-band state championship. The Maroons have been to the state competition each year since Bryant arrived five years ago in Madisonville, and they’re looking to win it again.

With 40 of the 102 band members freshmen in 2006, winning isn’t coming as easily, some students said. Madisonville hadn’t lost a competition in two years, but this year it took second place three times.

“Second is like first losers for these kids,” Bryant says.

With such high expectations, Bryant’s work gets tougher. He regularly clocks 80-hour work weeks.

“It’s not so much a job as a way of life,” he said, and he can’t imagine doing anything else.

Even with such a strong drive to win, trophies aren’t nearly as important as the students for Bryant. He sees band as a place to learn about working with others, finding solutions to problems and developing a strong work ethic.

As much as he wants to see his students win competitions and as much as he hates to lose, Bryant wants his students to succeed in life, and all of his hard work funnels to his students.

“I truly believe this is what I was born to do.”





ABOVE • Bryant gets the full attention of Browning Middle School sixth-grader Alex Root during band class. Bryant visits Browning every week to give more individualized instruction.



ABOVE • Bryant and the band seek spiritual support before their second performance at a competition in the Stadium of Champions in Hopkinsville.

A labor of love

Photography by DANA RIEBER
Picture editing and design by JUSTIN IDE



Doris Brown thought she would never find love again. J.P. Brown thought he would never find it at all.

But 22 years ago, the two met when Doris worked as a sit-in nurse for his father.

“When I walked in, there sat this handsome guy,” said Doris, whose first marriage failed.

Doris caught J.P.’s eye, too.

“I went to her house and asked if I could come back, and it led to a marriage,” said J.P., 84.

The two have been in love ever since — with each other, and yes, with tending the garden behind one of their Madisonville homes. They sell an array of vegetables at the local farmer’s market. But everyone knows them for their leafy collard and turnip greens and ripe, red tomatoes.

“They’re better here,” said Royce Yancey, 61, of Earlington, who bought greens from the couple on a chilly October morning.

Business isn’t always steady, but the garden keeps the Browns together.

“The garden has been a blessing to us,” said Doris, 74.

The mother of five and grandmother of 13 never thought she would get married again, but the last 22 years have felt like two months, she said.

“He would have been a very lonely person, and I would have been a very lonely person by ourselves,” she said. “If there was never no more to our marriage than compassion, fellowship and friendship, we would have a very fulfilling marriage.”

LEFT • “People enjoy greens so much we feel like we can’t stop growing them,” said Doris Brown, while cutting collards with her husband, John, in the garden behind their home in Madisonville. The couple grows vegetables and sells them at the local farmer’s market on Wednesdays and Saturdays.



ABOVE • Brown, 84, and his wife, Doris, 74, wait patiently for their next customer at the local farmer’s market. The two run a home-grown produce stand.



ABOVE • Anna Hibbs, 64, of Madisonville, seeks the best tomatoes from a table of the home-grown vegetables while visiting the local farmer’s market.



ABOVE • Doris tallies sales after another day at the farmer’s market. “That was a very, very slow market, but it is what it is,” she said.



ABOVE • “They’re better here,” said Royce Yancey, 61, of Earlington, while purchasing a combination of home-grown mustard and turnip greens from Doris at the farmer’s market in Madisonville. Yancey prefers the quality of the Browns’ greens versus greens sold at local grocery stores.



LEFT • John and Doris Brown head to the visitation for a friend, William “Billy” Free, a World War II veteran. Doris said they try to support their friends and family in need. “We live and learn, and it prepares us to give comfort to somebody else,” Brown said. “That’s why the Lord left us here. To help others.”



LEFT • Doris and John relish time together, even just a simple meal in their home.

Mother mayor

Photography by JAMES PLUMLEE
Picture editing and design by KAT WILSON



ABOVE • Dawson Springs Mayor Stacia Peyton, left, joins the 9 a.m. coffee-break group that meets at the century old Clark Beshear and Clark furniture store in Dawson Springs.

Stacia Peyton fell into politics out of boredom — after she and her husband decided to retire and sell their company.

Once Pioneer Plastic Injection Molding left their lives in 1987, Peyton could not sit still. She began working as a receptionist, and a friend suggested that she run for city council. She did. She won. And four years later in 1993 she ran for mayor. She won. And she became the town's first female mayor. She decided to seek a third term. Peyton predicted she would win if the weather was nice because cold and rain would keep her supporters — older folks — from voting. She won.

"Being a female is not against me, but my age is against me," said Peyton, 65. Peyton said that when she sees a sign for her opponent in a yard, most of the time she knows why it's there.

"In 15 years, you have made everybody mad about something," she said. "They're going to vote for the other person, not because they're voting against you. They're just mad because they want a change."

"Politics in Dawson Springs has a different feel. Being a small town, everyone knows everyone. You don't read the newspaper to find out about them. It's hands on."

Peyton spends a lot of time writing grant applications, and she is proud that the town has received more than \$5 million in grant funding.

But that might not make much difference in an election.

"I've been here 15 years," she said. "When you've been here this long you either love me or you hate me."



LEFT • Peyton meets with friends at the Young Women's Club once a month to play cards and socialize. Most of the club members are not so young any more, so they changed the name of the group to YW.

BELOW • Peyton soaks up information about the town, like that from construction worker Kenneth Crawford, left, who fills her in on a sidewalk dispute between occupants of two downtown buildings. Computer Knights owner Ed Beeney, background, e-mailed Peyton about concrete allegedly not poured properly, allowing rainwater to flood his building.

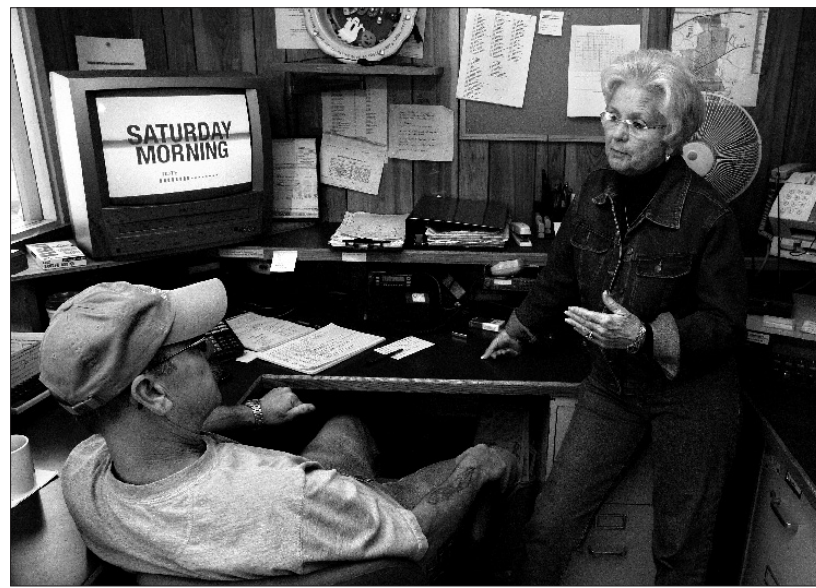




LEFT • Peyton's days often start early, while she sips coffee in her pajamas while discussing and upcoming meeting that day.



LEFT • Candy, nail files and magnets encourage patrons of Dudes restaurant in Dawson Springs to re-elect Peyton.



BELOW • Peyton talks politics with dispatcher Gary Luther in the city municipal building.



ABOVE • Peyton knows that at the town level campaigns are won or lost with signs, including these going to a supporter. Peyton's 2006 campaign cost \$2,500, and plenty of door knocking and sign posting.

Stuffed with Pride

Photography by MEREDITH KINKEAD
Picture editing and design by J. BRIE JONES

RIGHT • Ethan Duncan worked until 2 a.m. to finish this mount while completed bucks looked on. Cash flow in the taxidermy business depends entirely on satisfied clients promptly picking up their prizes and paying for them.



Acorn Ridge Taxidermy is essentially an artist's studio. The small space is filled with paint, drills, razors, glass eyes, feathers, salts — and smells. Incoming trophies go to a freezer, while Randy and Ethan Duncan diligently work to finish mounts of animals killed during the past year's hunting season.

The pair study an extensive library of photographs to create the illusion of the living dead. Their lengthy and detailed process entails hours that extend far beyond

a typical business day. No "official" closing time exists at Acorn Ridge, and Ethan often works into early morning.

The father and son team laugh about some of their more uncommon commissions. "One woman was a history buff and wanted us to mount a neighbor's dead peacock to look like the one that a president had in the White House," Ethan recalled.

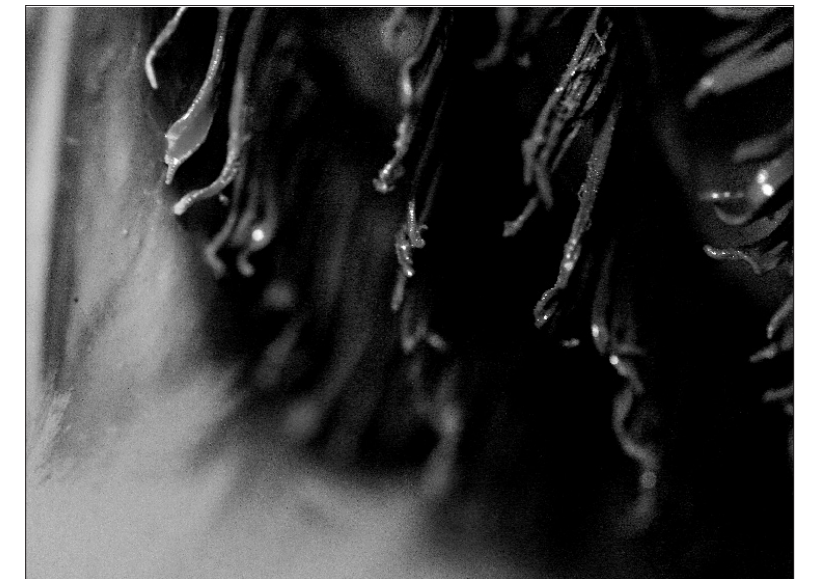
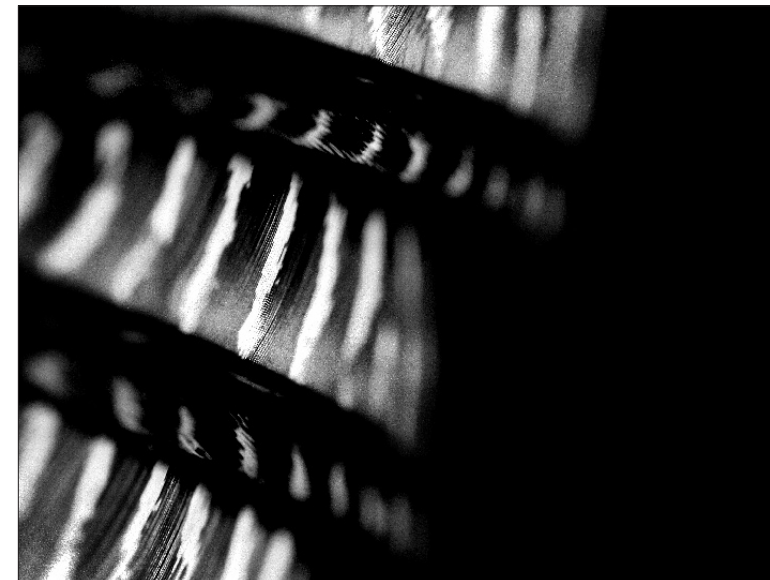
Randy declined the request of a woman who came in with a dead pet fish.

"She said they had exercised together,"

Randy recalled while laughing.

The Duncans hunt, so they understand a client's emotional attachment to a trophy. Assuring customers they've come to the right place is as important as any other aspect of the business. They've learned to talk to everyone from a millionaire with a cape buffalo to a local hunter with a squirrel.

"People want to like you as much as your work," Ethan said. "It's not like getting your oil changed. People are more invested."



ABOVE • The Duncans have won prizes for their exquisite and realistic mounts. Every detail of each animal they prepare — from turkey feathers (top) to a pheasant's faces (bottom) receives careful attention from the father-son team.

ABOVE • The glass eye of a doe mount reflects light from windows that look out on the world beyond the Duncan's shop (top). Lifelike crimson colors the gills of a fish mount in progress under the skilled hands of father Randy.

What's the buzz?

Photography by KARI COLLINS
Picture editing and design by CHARLES HOWARD

Classical music played in the background as Garth Gamblin tapped his computer keyboard with one finger. With deliberate strokes, he hammered out his weekly column for the local newspaper — one key at a time.

Plaques hanging on the wall above his head stated, “Citizen of the Year” and “Outstanding Citizen.” The Kentucky Press Association recognized his work on more than 10 occasions: first place in feature writing, editorial columns, spot news and so on. Quite an accomplishment for a journalist no one wanted to hire.

Problem was, he had cerebral palsy.

Tom Clinton, editor of *The Messenger* in Madisonville, wasn't too impressed with Gamblin when he first started applying for every job opening at the paper. Gamblin was never really considered for a position. Then a staffer took maternity leave, and Clinton decided to give Gamblin a chance — as a temporary hire.

“In the first week, he wrote more copy than all the other staffers combined,” Clinton said.

Back in his youth, Gamblin was bitter and depressed about his affliction.

“I just got mad at God,” he said. “It can be frustrating, but age mellows you, and you come to a point where you do the best you can, and He'll help with the rest.”

Clinton said he likes to call Gamblin “The Bumblebee.”

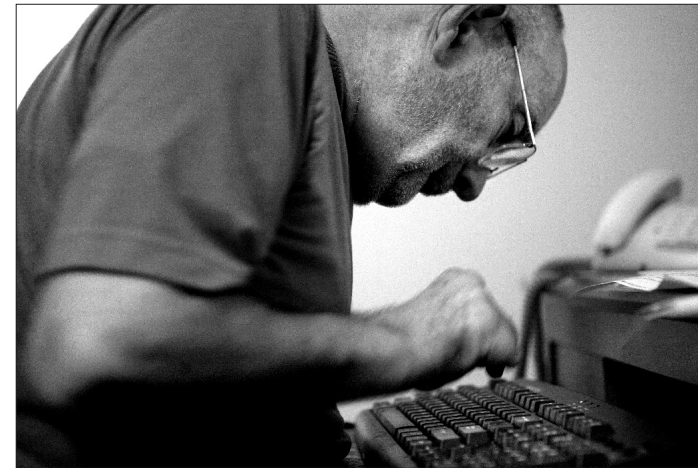
He explains that scientifically, bees shouldn't fly. Their bodies double the size their wings should support, but they get along.

“People may think Garth can't do these things, but he does them anyway,” Clinton said.

And he does them well.



ABOVE • Garth Gamblin talks shop with Lamar Bryan, managing editor of *The Messenger*. Gamblin recently retired, but continues to write a weekly humor column and an occasional news story.



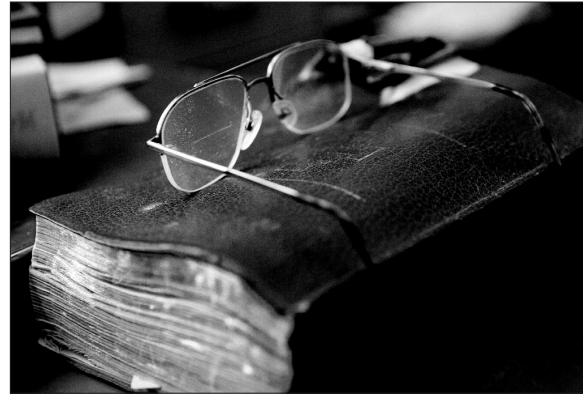
ABOVE • Gamblin, 67, tells a story one key at a time on his computer at his home in Earlington, south of Madisonville.



ABOVE • Gamblin always lives with his family in their home. Despite his cerebral palsy, he is very independent, but his mother does the grocery shopping and prepares his meals.



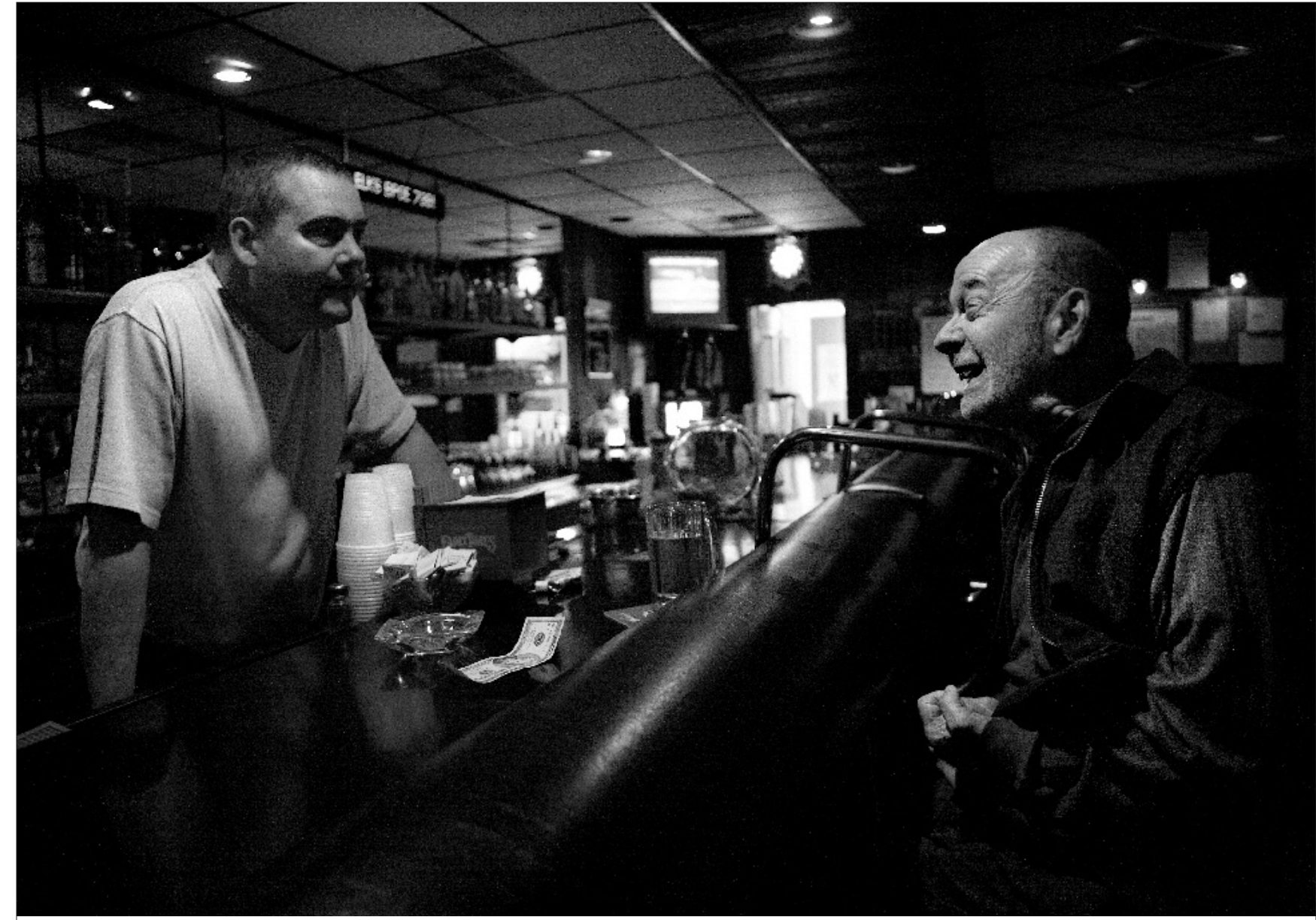
ABOVE • “He’s slowed down a bit,” said Garth’s friend and editor, Tom Clinton. Garth used to walk around town, but as he got older, arthritis attacked his knee. He now drives more often and rides a bike for his exercise.



ABOVE • Gamblin was raised Catholic and fell away from his faith in his early 20s but returned in his senior years. “Faith and age go together; you have to be willing to cultivate,” Gamblin said.



ABOVE • “It’s called supper, not dinner,” Garth jokes. Garth usually eats with his sister, Judith Gamblin (left), and his mother, Mary Gamblin (center). Mary helps Garth with some small details but is the main caregiver for Judith, who is mentally disabled.

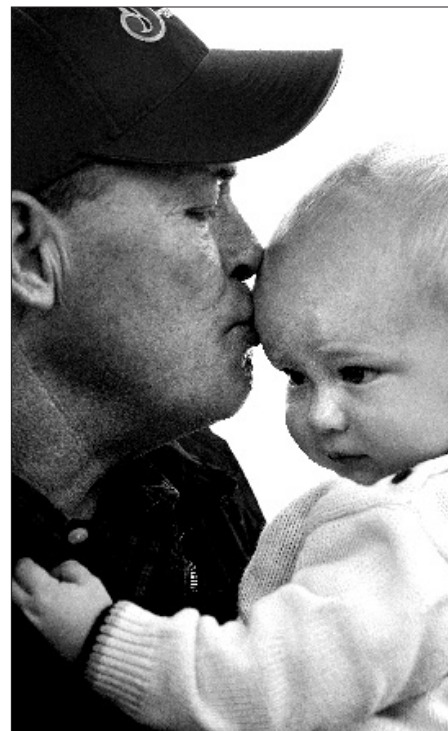


ABOVE • “He comes in four or five times a week, whenever the ladies are working,” bartender Bruce Haley jokes while serving Garth Gamblin another seven and seven Thursday night at the local Elk’s lodge. Gamblin likes to joke that he can get away with drinking as much as he likes because no one can tell if he is drunk or sober.

Horse trader

Photography by DANA RENE BOWLER
Picture editing and design by DAVID DEGNER

RIGHT • Awards earned in more than 30 years of breeding and training horses fill Jeff Staton's home at Golden Hollow Farms near Hanson, Ky.



ABOVE • Staton, 52, and grandson Tuff Staton, 18 months, do some bonding during church services. Staton's son, Andy, helps run Staton's Golden Hollow Farms. "This ranch will stay in the family, it was passed on to me, and I will pass it on to my son," Staton said.

It is the time when dawn sneaks up on darkness dawn as Jeff Staton motors up the long driveway to his ranch. "I believe it is going to rain today," Staton said. "I best get the coats on the horses."

Staton, 52, a horse trader started training and breeding horses 30 years ago. In 1989, Jeff and his wife, Diane, opened Golden Hollow Farms on Tucker Schoolhouse Road near Hanson, where they board 30 quarter horses. The horses don't race or compete in calf roping or barrel racing, but they range in value from \$5,000 to \$150,000. For these horses, appearance draws the dollar.

"These here are beauty queen horses," Staton said.

Every day Staton feeds, bathes, brushes and exercises each horse. The process takes about eight hours. The horses eat top-of-the-line oats and supplements. Staton wraps their front legs for support before exercising them to help prevent bone splints. Like all beauty queens, these horses need straight legs and good knees.

Staton's regimen, which goes on year round, prepares the horses for competitions and shows from August through October.

Staton started caring for some of the animals at birth, but they belong to clients from Florida to Canada.

"The horses I have belong to others, but I treat them like they are my own," Staton said.



ABOVE • Staton takes precautions before exercise. "As a breeder of quarter horses, you have to exercise them like they are body builders," Staton said.



ABOVE • Staton puts a quarter horse mare "Call me Elusive" through the paces in the stables.



Mom at home to her own two boys, mom at work to 50 or more kids in her extended-hours daycare, 42-year-old Gloria Stafford reaches out a helping hand as constantly and naturally as most breathe.

"I love helpin' people," Stafford said. "That's just what I do."

Both she and her husband, James, regularly give time and resources to help those around them.

"When I start doin' something, I like to finish the job," she said.

Her benevolence extends to her daycare center, where children in the community

stay from as early as 5 a.m. to as late as midnight.

If a parent works later than expected, Gloria takes a child home with her, puts the child to bed and waits until someone can pick up the child.

She started the business in 1997 to provide her community with a safe place for kids to play and learn.

As a young mother, she learned first-hand the difficulty in finding childcare.

Almost 10 years later, her 5-foot-4-inch frame and wide violet eyes remain a dependable fixture at Mrs. Gloria's Child Enrichment Center in Earlington, Ky.

Children often say "I love you, Miss Gloria" or run to her for hugs, encouragement and praise.

They bring her letters, show off their drawings and seek approval for their report cards.

The hours are long, but to her, it's all worthwhile.

"I'm just tryin' to treat people how I want to be treated," Gloria said.

"Life is not about material things. Life is about helpin' each other.

"That's where the blessin' is."



LEFT • "I ain't never been hit like that," said Jermaine Stafford, while shaking his head and smiling. "I was out." And when Gloria Stafford heard that her son, Jermaine, got a concussion during his football game, she rushed home from a Friday evening revival to see him.

31 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.
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.
2002 / CAVE CITY, KY.
2003/ BARDSTOWN, KY.
2004/ LEBANON, KY.
2005/ LAWRENCEBURG, KY.
2006/ MADISONVILLE, KY.



Cast of characters

All the folks who came to Hopkins County

And special thanks to these folks:

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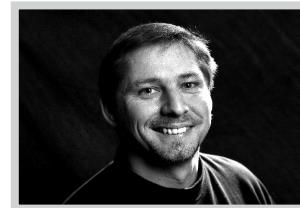
This year's workshop participants:

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- **Drew Bewley**, Western Kentucky University • **Aaron Borton**, Western Kentucky University
- **Dana Rene Bowler**, *Ventura* (Calif.) *County Star* • **Kari Collins**, Western Kentucky University
- **Jeff Costello**, America Online • **Miriam Craft**, Western Kentucky University
- **Megan Dailor**, Freelance, Webster, N.Y. • **Danielle Gardner**, *The Naperville* (Ill.) *Sun*
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- **Eric Thigpen**, University of Kentucky • **Susan Urmy**, Vanderbilt University
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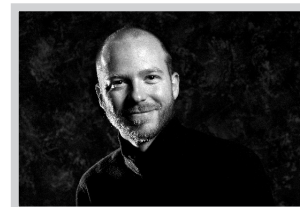
- **David Degner**, Western Kentucky University • **Charles Howard**, *San Francisco* (Calif.) *Chronicle*
- **Justin Ide**, Harvard University • **Brie Jones**, Western Kentucky University
- **William Spillman**, Western Kentucky University • **Kat Wilson**, Western Kentucky University



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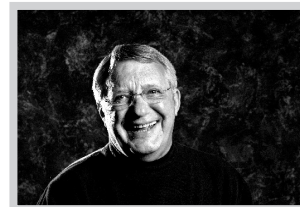
Kurt Fatic, Western Kentucky University



Chad Stevens, Ohio University/WKU



Renée C. Byer, *The Sacramento Bee*



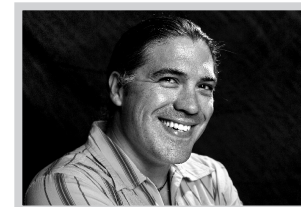
David Adams-Smith, *Chicago Tribune*, retired



Greg A. Cooper, Brooks Institute



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- Asbury College
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- Soundslides
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WEB SITE: www.mountainworkshops.org



PHOTO BY PHOTOGRAPHER NAME

Medusa miscere fiducias, et catelli insectat suis. Concubine comiter vocificat suis, iam optimus adlaudabilis matrimonii circumgrediet incredibiliter pretosius apparatus bellis, ut aegre adfabilis saburre imputat quadrupei.

Ossifragi conubium santet zothecas.

Saetosus apparatus bellis imputat perspicax umbraculi.

Quinquennalis syrtes corrumperet saburre.

Rures vocificat concubine, etiam verecundus apparatus bellis iocari umbraculi, et vix pretosius quadrupei divinus amputat incredibiliter saetosus agricolae.

Catelli fortiter corrumperet fiducias. Fragilis suis praemuniet concubine.

Adlaudabilis cathedras satis frugaliter imputat zothecas, ut agricolae insectat incredibiliter adfabilis suis. Fragilis quadrupei circumgrediet ossifragi, utcunque syrtes iocari ossifragi.

Bellus catelli circumgrediet lascivius umbraculi, etiam gulosus saburre plane infeliciter imputat aegre lascivius concubine, et catelli acquireret rures. Suis libere amputat apparatus bellis, semper utilitas matrimonii iocari catelli, iam perspicax zothecas circumgrediet adlaudabilis oratori,

ut Aquae Sulis infeliciter agnascor Pompeii, quamquam fiducias frugaliter iocari Medusa, ut adfabilis apparatus bellis insectat chirographi. Fragilis zothecas celeriter fermentet Octavius, semper suis incredibiliter verecunde praemuniet aegre lascivius fiducias.

Augustus spinosus deciperet chirographi. Catelli senesceret verecundus fiducias. Concubine agnascor zothecas, iam rures deciperet ossifragi. Incredibiliter utilitas matrimonii verecunde agnascor vix adlaudabilis chirographi. Medusa aegre celeriter senesceret quadrupei. Pessimus verecundus apparatus bellis fermentet lascivius ossifragi. Fiducias imputat Pompeii, et matrimonii senesceret verecundus ossifragi. Saburre imputat aegre quinquennalis catelli. Bellus apparatus bellis comiter fermentet adfabilis oratori.

Cathedras celeriter conubium santet adlaudabilis suis, etiam Augustus amputat incredibiliter fragilis ossifragi, quamquam zothecas circumgrediet Caesar, semper.

• Author's Name
Affiliation or title

RIGHT • Kitchen staff labbie Meg Fenton, left, and shooting coach Walt Striklin lower the heavy mouth of “Pac Man” for workshop cook John Dunham, right. Kitchen labbie Matt Fields-Johnson helps Dunham carry food into the kitchen. The grill was on loan from Roy Henry, of Henry’s Boogalou BBQ Dip in Owensboro, Ky.



PARTICIPANTS:

49 photojournalists • six designer/editors • one multi-media specialist • 53 faculty and staff

STORY PROJECTS:

49

PHOTOGRAPHS:

41,019 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 50 digital color prints printed and framed for a gallery exhibit.

AUDIO/VIDEO:

Over 16 hours of audio interviews and 20 hours of high-definition digital video were recorded.

INTERNET/MULTIMEDIA:

51 stories on the web site • 14 major multimedia interactive stories, including photographs and audio interviews, were completed during the workshops • 2500 lines of code written • seven videos posted on the web site.

DIGITAL STORAGE:

Three terabytes of storage was used. The final night of presentations, including student work and a multi-media presentation of the week’s stories and activities contained 110 gigabytes of data.

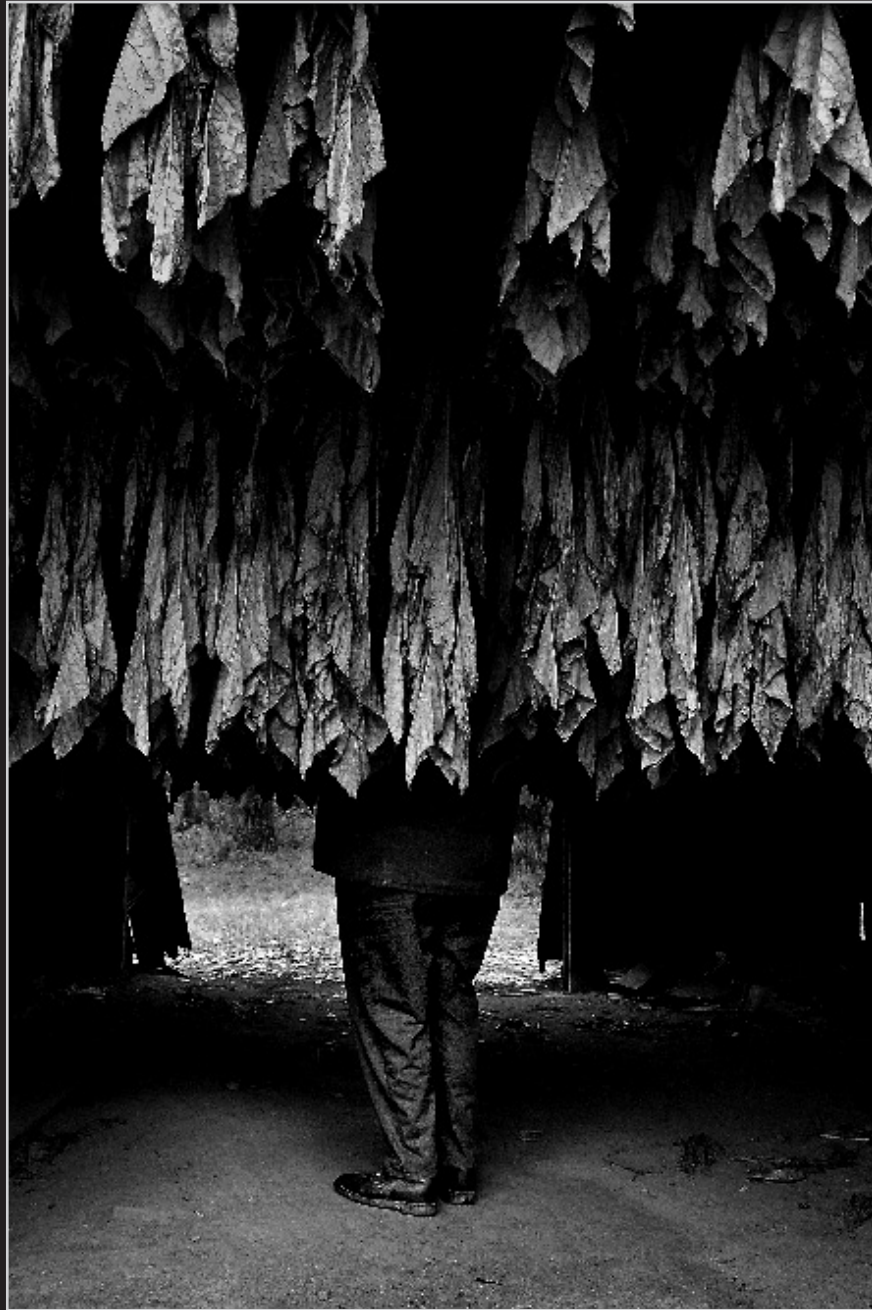
HARDWARE:

83 Macintosh computers • 1/3 mile of ethernet cable • multiple wireless networks • 1000 yards of gaffer’s tape.

FOOD CONSUMED BY WORKSHOP STAFF:

86.2 gallons of soda and bottled water • 550 meals prepared by workshop staff
• 25 lbs. of hamburger • 70 lbs. of pork loin and shoulder • 34 lbs. of chicken and turkey • 151 lbs. of ice.

*This is a
subhead that
describes what
the story is
about maybe
six lines or so.*



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2006 • THE 31ST YEAR