

BEYOND THE HILL

WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2000

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE JOHN S. AND JAMES L. KNIGHT
FOUNDATION FOR THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT
THAT INITIATED THE PICTURE EDITING
DIVISION OF THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS.
THIS BOOK IS A RESULT OF THAT SUPPORT.

The 2000 Mountain Workshops WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY



ADDITIONAL THANKS TO BOWLING GREEN AND
WARREN COUNTY IN SOUTH CENTRAL KENTUCKY.
THANKS FOR LETTING US SPEND TIME WITH YOU.

COVER PHOTO BY KATHLEEN FLYNN
ABOVE PHOTO BY ROBIN BUCKSON

Photo, this page • Whatever is the caption for this photo, in the essay at right?

PHOTO BY WHO TOOK THIS PHOTO?

Cover photo • At mid-morning, McKay Pelly plays on her high chair while her sister Croslin munches a pastry. They are the children of David and Esli Pelly, who operate a dairy farm and greenhouse in Smiths Grove.

PHOTO BY KATHLEEN FLYNN

Page 1 photo • Cautious curiosity marked this encounter between Kathleen Flynn, a Western Kentucky University senior, and a Warren County calf.

PHOTO BY ROBIN BUCKSON

Back cover photo • Bobby Perry, left, and David Hendricks talk about horse trading at Highland Stables and Farms.

PHOTO BY HAL GOULD

In its 23rd year the Mountain Workshop came home to Bowling Green, and like the city, the workshop in 2000 is bigger, busier and striving to stay true to its roots.

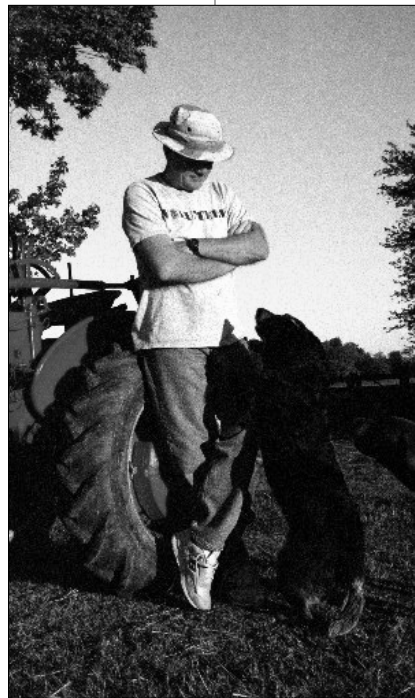
It began simply. In its first year (11) student photographers from Western Kentucky University fanned out to document the remaining one-room school houses in Kentucky and Tennessee. A year later the students chronicled Bowling Green's down-on-its-luck Main Street.

Over two decades, the workshop evolved into a project to document the lives of the people living in the rural towns of south-central Kentucky and north-central Tennessee, choosing a different town every year. It began attracting many of the country's best newspaper, magazine and freelance photojournalists as volunteer teachers, some of whom have come to treat it as a yearly reinvigoration of the creative soul.

While the workshop has grown, the core philosophy has stayed the same. It's about content, not technique.

It's about telling peoples' stories with honesty and empathy.

And for several dozen young photojournalists,



it's about meeting people and telling their stories during the course of one intense, eye-opening week.

The 2000 workshop departed from the usual journey to a small town and stayed in Bowling Green, which with a population of 50,000 makes it the biggest city in southern Kentucky. But the mission was the same, to tell stories about people from all walks of life.

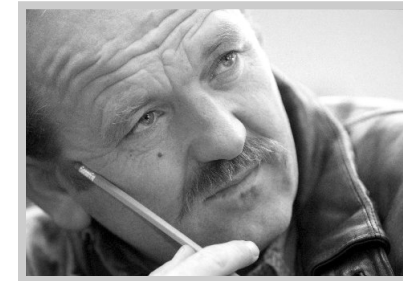
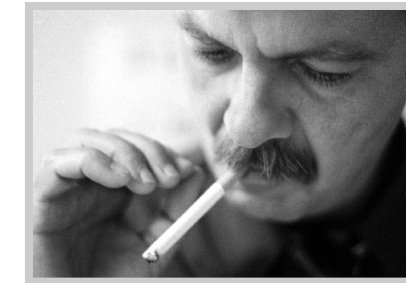
For six days (50) photographers and photo editing students, 11 photo and editing coaches, 20 support staff and 20 student lab assistants worked out of the Bowling Green's Army National Guard armory. It began at noon on a Sunday when slips of paper were drawn from a hat, providing the student photojournalists a name, a sketchy story idea and perhaps a phone number. Then they set out to meet the people whose names they had drawn and to persuade them that having a photographer around for the next few days would be a worthwhile thing.

For many photographers, the days began before daylight with trips to farms, homes or factories, and the days stretched into long nights with teaching sessions and critiques.

The result of that work is this book, distilled from thousands of photographs.

It is the creation of people who love what they do.

• Kurth Gustafsen
Where is this guy from?



PHOTOS BY: TOP ROW, FROM LEFT, CARISA MCCAIN, KATHLEEN FLYNN, SEAN PAYNE, JASON EASTERLY
SECOND ROW: TERRY MILLER, HAL GOULD, KRISTAL KINNUNEN, FRANK WEISE
THIRD ROW: KATHLEEN FLYNN, SHERMAN CARSON, STEVE CODINGTON, ATOYIA DEANS
BOTTOM ROW: DANA BOWLER, JEREMY LYVERSE, TERRY MILLER, HOBIE HILLER



Big Red marching band members Clarissa Priddy, left, Jillian Jackson and Eric Tisdale wait for band practice to start at Western Kentucky University. They were preparing for the homecoming weekend.

PHOTO BY FRANK WIESE



Department of Fisheries and Wildlife officer James Heady chats with Phil Sanson, left, and John Beach, both of Bowling Green, At Basil Griffith Park. "People do what they love out here," Heady says. He got his love of the outdoors from his step-grandfather, who taught him to hunt when he was ten years old.

PHOTO BY ROSS GORDON



Ashli Vannauker has been bringing her daughter, Claire, to Riley's Bakery since she was born three years ago. "My mom used to get my birthday cakes here when I was little, so I've been coming here as long as I can remember," Vannauker said. "Now, this is where we get her birthday cakes."

PHOTO BY JASON EASTERLY



A dunk attempt went awry after 9-year-old Kameron Cassity climbed up the goal post to hang on the rim. He was playing at his cousin's house in Woodburn.

PHOTO BY SEAN PAYNE



Ron Olsen and Ruthie Powell line dance at the Basil Griffin Park Educational Building in Bowling Green. “The advantage to the line dancing is you can go out anyplace and you don’t have to have a partner,” Powell said. They have been dancing together for almost three years. Olsen teaches line dancing and ballroom dancing at the center.

PHOTO BY TOM A. SMITH



Western Kentucky University students Staci Whitler, left, and Rebecca Whittaker burn off excess energy in the Bates-Runner dorm before studying. Whitler is a biology major and Whittaker is a theater major. Both are 19.

PHOTO BY DANA BOWLER



Brandon Cherry, foreground, tries to outrun his brother, Shawn Winfield. Brandon is 4 and Shawn is 6. The boys live in a mobile home park in Bowling Green.

PHOTO BY SHERMAN CARSON



Tyrisha Hudging, 11, (left) and Marcel Flournoy, 9, work on a Bible quiz given to them at a Wednesday night church service.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN MIANO



Farmer Joe Ballance, center, takes a lunch break at the Crossroads Diner.

PHOTO BY KINFÉ MOROTI



At his 54th birthday dinner, Command Sgt. Maj. Richard Bogle shares a secret with his 4-year-old grandson Blake. Bogle is attached to the Kentucky National Guard unit in Bowling Green.

PHOTO BY DAVID ELKINS



Race World employee Kyle Gott hangs out for a moment while straightening NASCAR flags at the go-kart track. Business was slow, so Gott kept busy doing anything he could.

PHOTO BY MJ McDONALD



Harry Hollins, left, and Dorise Maine work on the assembly line at the General Motors Corvette plant in Bowling Green. The 1 million-square-foot plant employs 1,050 workers.

PHOTO BY FRANK WIESE



A straw hat decorates the fence beside one of Esli Pelly's greenhouses at the Garden Patch in Smiths Grove.

PHOTO BY KATHLEEN FLYNN



These caps have a special meaning for Bennie Meredith, a 58-year-old Bowling Green man who has worked at Holley Performance Products Inc. for 35 years. They belonged to his father, who died earlier this year.

PHOTO BY AHMAD TERRY



Tonya Gross is deep in a conversation with M.C. Boucher and Jennifer Bell as she serves a customer at Clark's Drive-In, which has been a Bowling Green institution for 50 years. Boucher and his wife have owned it for the past 24 years.

PHOTO BY CARISA MCCAIN



Windows at the St. Joseph Church chapel in Bowling Green.

PHOTO BY BAC TO TRONG

THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS

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

Jack Corn joined Western's faculty in 1977 and conducted the Main Street Project, in which a group of Western photojournalism students documented a low-income area of Bowling Green and

produced an audio-visual show. The next year, the workshop became more formal, with photo editors from Kentucky newspapers volunteering their time and expertise to coach participants at a workshop at Land Between the Lakes.

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

The workshops' faculty and staff are among the top visual journalists in the world. This year, 50 shooters and 10 picture editors participated in the workshop. They were guided by 14 picture editing and shooting coaches; a professional support staff of 20 multimedia, sound, and writing professionals; several manufacturers' representatives; and a student assistant crew of more than 20. In all, 115 students and professionals came together to share experiences, ideas, skills and understanding of what the profession can be at its best.

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

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

The workshop is a XX-year labor of love on the part of the WKU faculty and an all-volunteer army of professional journalists with a passion for the profession and a willingness to give back to it. More than 200 of the world's best visual reporters, editors and managers have offered their expertise to more than 1,000 members of the visual journalism community.

Technological change is transforming our industry, but this workshop remains committed to documentary photojournalism education and the best ways of bringing the stories and lives of our subjects to light, whether it be through the printed page or new media.



Above • We need a real caption for this photo, above, of some workshop activity during the week the folks were working in Bowling Green.

PHOTO BY
ROBIN BUCKSON



CROSSING CULTURES
Dana R. Bowler
Joseph A. Garcia
PAGES 22-25



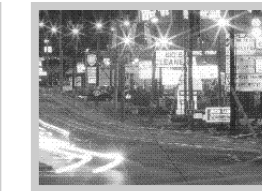
HEALING HEARTS
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LOOKING TO A LEADER
Denise Olds
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KEEPING UP WITH CORA
Frank Wiese
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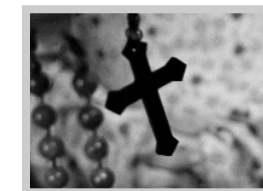
THE HOME STRETCH
Jason Easterly
Lisa Edmondson
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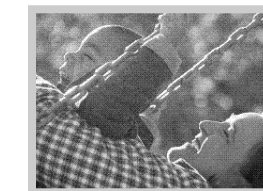
KING OF THE HILL
Rick Scibelli
Robyn Larsen



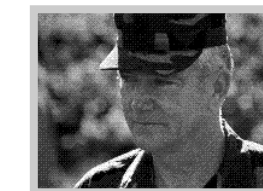
PRACTICING GOD'S WILL
Thomas Cordy
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FAMILY OF FAITH
Jennifer Sevcik
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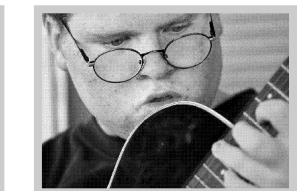
"I'VE GOT 20 KIDS..."
Nathaniel Corn
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David Elkins
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E. Jason Wambsgans
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BRENT'S WORLD
Jason Miccolo Johnson
Joseph A. Garcia
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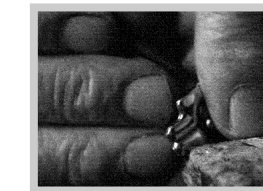
FOR THE LOVE OF CATS
Tom A. Smith
Gary D. Miller, Alex Horvath
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FACE TO FACE
Yuli Wu
Lisa Edmondson
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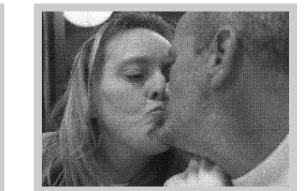
TRAPPED IN TIME
Krystal Kinnunen
Greg A. Cooper
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LIFE IN REPAIR
Nathan Berndt
Gary Dwight Miller
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FROM THE GROUND UP
Andrew Otto
Robyn Larsen
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THE BONDS OF LOVE
Dawn Majors
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"I NEVER GET USED TO IT"
Jaclyn McCabe
Andrew Johnston
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MAMA MARIE
Aaron Pennock
Joseph A. Garcia
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HEY, COACH WALLACE
Amanda Mauer
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DESPITE THE CHAOS
Atoyia Deans
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LIFE AND DEATH
Ross Gordon
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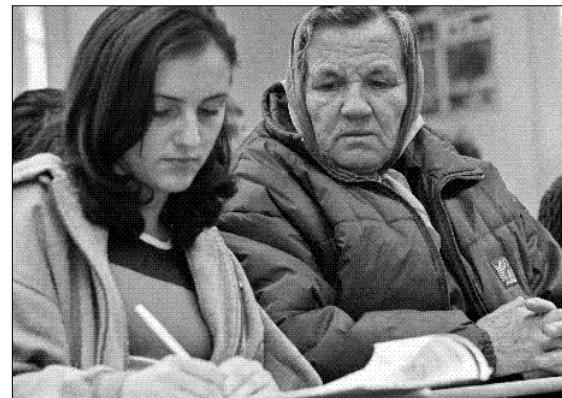


COUNTRY TO THE CORE
A photo essay on farming
by ten Workshop participants
PAGES 87-95



ABOVE • Linda Rolland, an English teacher with the Refugee Assistance Program, is amazed that the word *stomach* is the same in English as in Croatian. Rolland often gets Gorana Jokic to help because she knows more English more than others in the class

RIGHT • Most of the Jokic family will have three months of English classes before they can get a job or go to school. Gorana's 71-year-old grandmother, Sava, won't continue to take the class because the Refugee Assistance program doesn't provide English training for older people.



The American dream is all Gorana Jokic could think about while fleeing the war in Yugoslavia. And now that she's here, the 17-year-old Croatian refugee is ready to stay.

But Jokic's grandmother and parents don't see it that way. They view their stay here as temporary — a time to heal, and to let their country heal. Then they want to return to Croatia.

"My family is proud of our culture," Jokic said through a translator. "But I am ready to be American."

Five years ago, Jokic and her two brothers, parents and grandmother fled Croatia for Serbia with four other families. But every week or two, they had to move, scared for their lives. Finally, on Sept. 28, 2000, they were cleared to come to Bowling Green, where some of their cousins had been for a year and a half.

Jokic didn't waste any time trying to be American. When she heard Americans eat breakfast — Croatians typically eat just a large lunch and a light dinner — she started doing so, too.

Her 71-year-old grandmother, Sava, has no interest in learning English. But the rest study four hours a day, four days a week.

All three generations agree on one thing: They now feel safe.

"In Kentucky," Jokic says. "I don't have to worry about getting bombed or have to move from one city to the next, in fear."



ABOVE • Gorana Jokic, center, listens to her cousin, Anka Jokic, talk about life in Bowling Green. Her father Luka, left, wants the family to be Americanized, but wishes his daughter would slow down. "Americans move too fast for me," he said.



ABOVE • Gorana Jokic's 13-year-old brother, Dragan, keeps the family laughing.

"My family is proud of our culture. But I am ready to be an American."

•
Gorana Jokic



LEFT • "I can't believe Americans have so much," Gorana says. "We are lucky to be here." The Jokic family worked in the central market in their village in Croatia. When the war started, food became scarce.

BELOW • An English class was canceled so Gorana held a lesson in their living room with her parents Jeka and Luka, while the grandmother, Sava, watched TV.



Healing hearts

Photography by WENDI THOMPSON
Editing by ALEX HORVATH

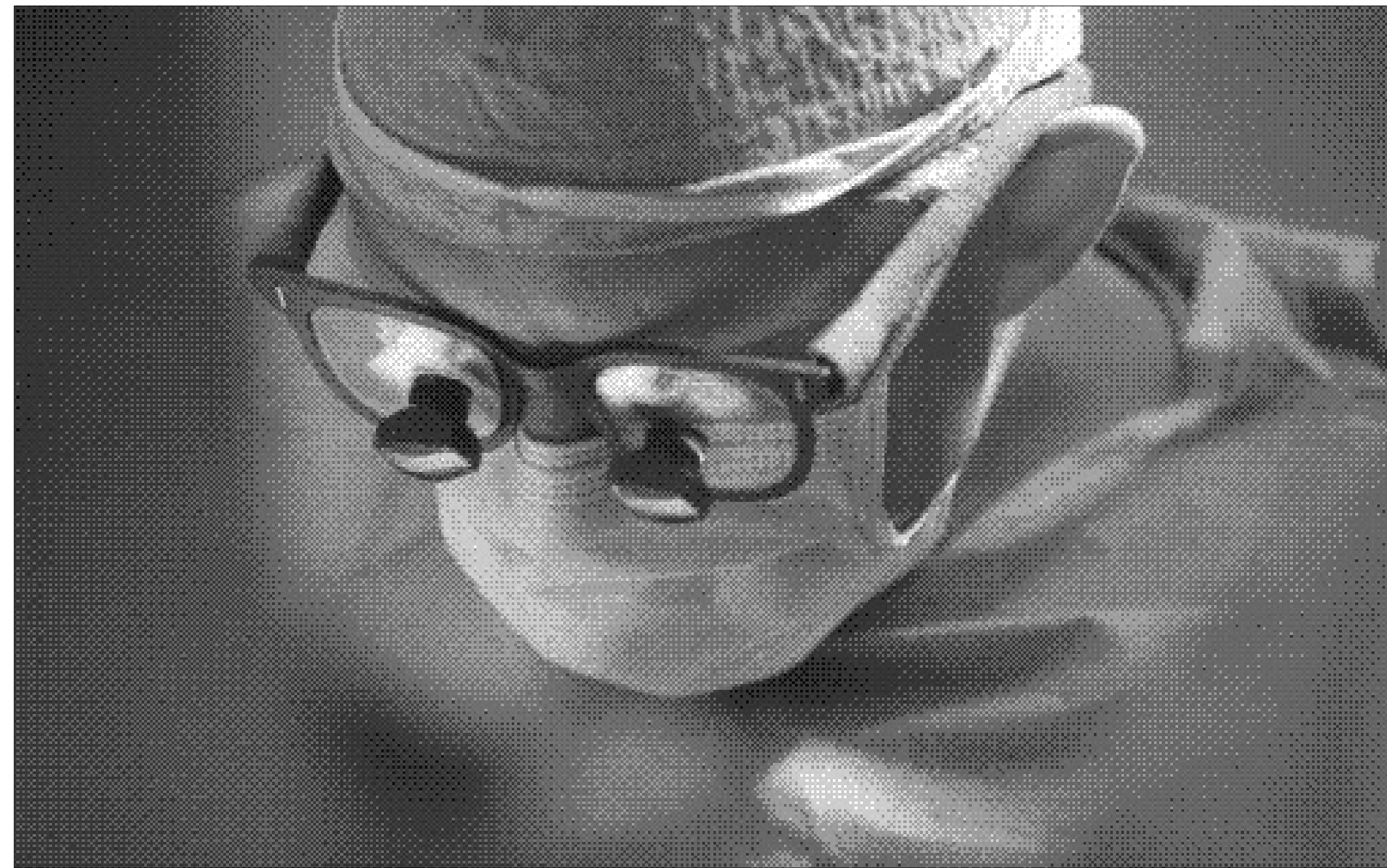
RIGHT • Dr. Paul Moore drains fluid from an inflammation in Maxine Hays as her daughter-in-law, nurse Lisa Hays, comforts her. The inflammation is a common side affect of open-heart surgery. Moore performed the surgery about six weeks before her visit.



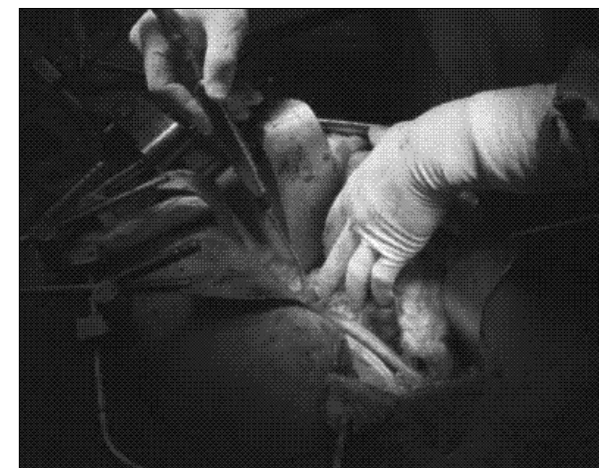
People trust Dr. Paul Moore with their lives every day. The 40-year-old cardiac surgeon and his partner perform more than 300 heart surgeries a year at The Heart Institute, part of The Medical Center in Bowling Green. In the 3-1/2 years since he and his family

moved from Augusta, Ga., Moore has touched many lives. His barber's girlfriend, for instance, immediately recognizes him. "I fixed her father's heart," he explains. At the hospital, a man he'd operated on stops Moore. Moore asks about his health and finds that his wife is in the hospital. "I'll check on her for you," Moore promises. Soon after, he checks her chart and reassures the

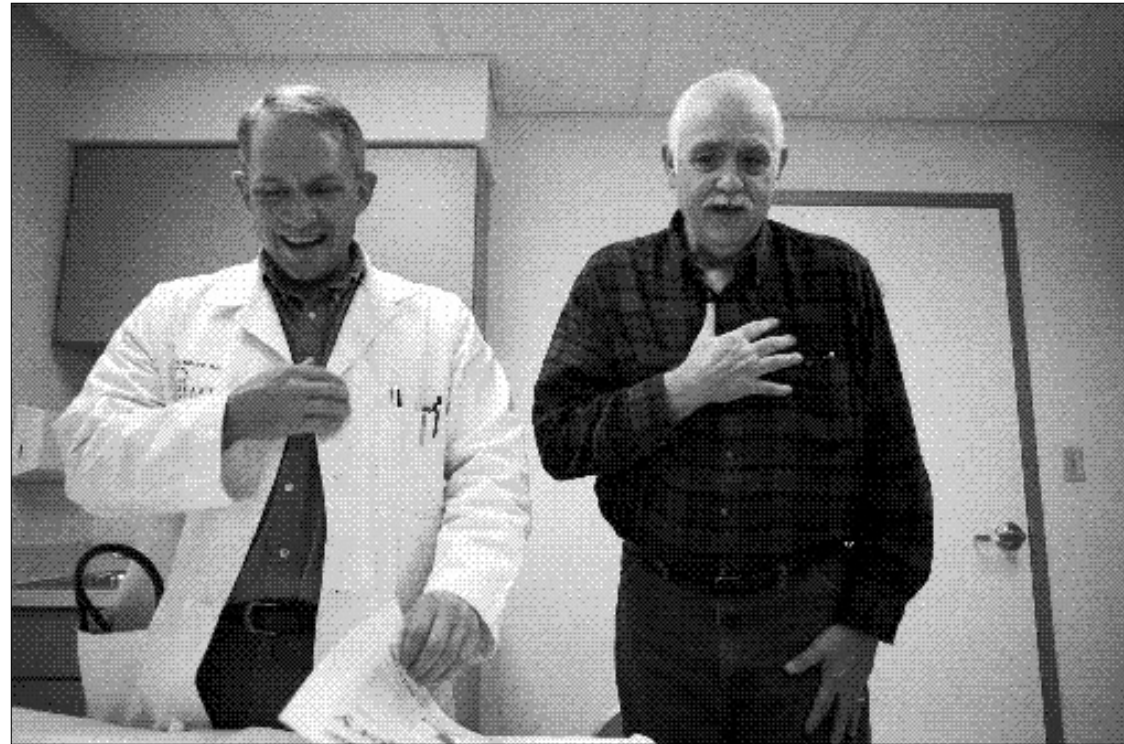
woman and her husband. But the next day, he checks on her again. "Most people think heart surgeons just do heart surgery," Moore says. "But they really do a lot of one-on-one patient care." Moore's pager beeps all the time — while he's putting up blinds at home, playing golf, celebrating his wife's birthday. He always answers. "I don't like to sit around," he says.



ABOVE • Moore wears magnifiers when he performs surgery. Here, he assists Dr. Michael Byrne perform surgery on an aortic aneurysm.

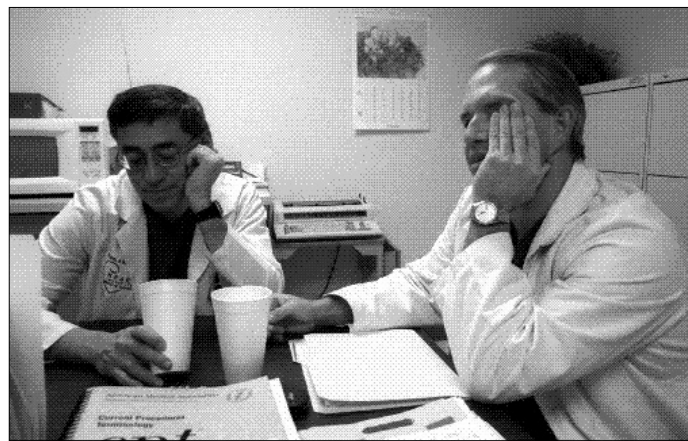


LEFT • Moore assists vascular surgeon and Byrne insert a device into a patient's aneurysm.



ABOVE • Moore, left, asks Richard Harvey, of Burkesville, Ky., to cough during a visit following Harvey's open heart surgery.

RIGHT • Vascular surgeon Dr. Michael Byrne, left, and Moore relax after a two-hour surgery.



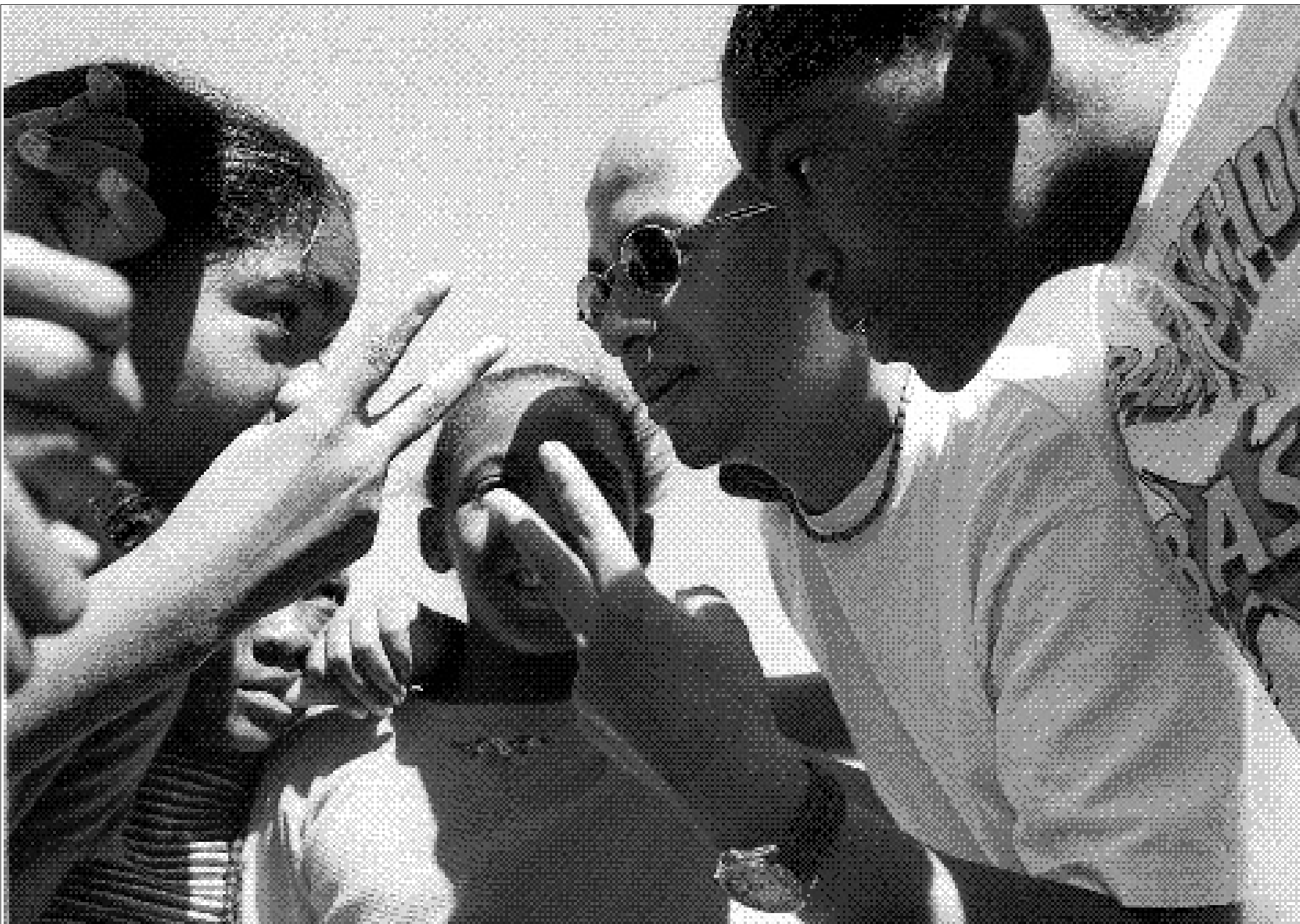
Most people think heart surgeons just do heart surgery, but they really do a lot of one-on-one patient care.

Dr. Paul Moore

LEFT • Eighty-year-old Syble Hennion, center, listens along with her sons David Hennion, far left, Ricky Hennion, and daughter Joy Earles as Moore explains why Syble needs heart surgery.

Looking to a leader

Photography by DENISE OLES
Editing by LLOYD YOUNG



Children swarm over Robert Rodarte as he emerges from the Parker-Bennett Community Center. Officially, Rodarte, 26, is the Bowling Green Housing Authority's youth sports coordinator. In reality, he is one of the best friends these children will ever have.

For three years he has organized football, swimming, soccer, baseball and basketball leagues for the kids.

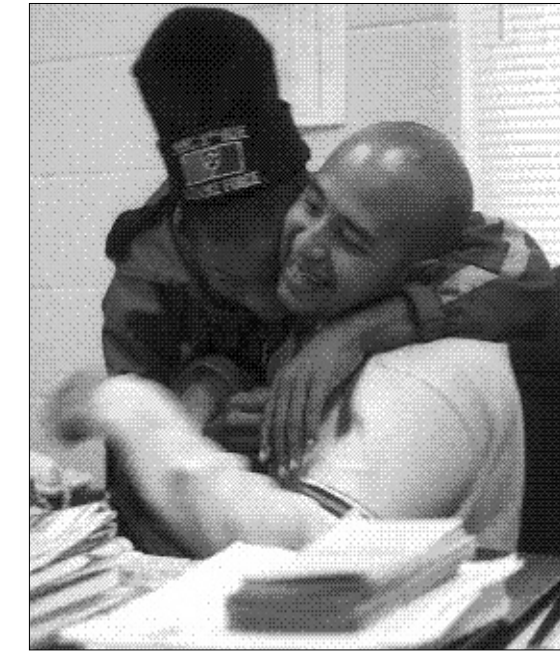
He is a role model and mentor for about 250 children.

He grew up poor in El Paso, Texas, and graduated from Western Kentucky University with a degree in sociology.

"Growing up ... I just didn't realize what I was capable of achieving," he said. "These kids are the same."

Rodarte spends much of his day with the children as he can.

"I sleep good at night," he said. "I feel like I found what I am supposed to be doing."



LEFT • Robert Carlos Fugate hugs Rodarte in his office.

BELOW • From left—Johnathan Kun, Pepsi Xaysana and Chen Kun walked with Rodarte as he tried to recruit them for a football team.



LEFT • Robert Rodarte, wearing sunglasses, starts a game at the Parker-Bennett Community Center. Rodarte mentors 250 children there.

Keeping up with Cora

Photography by FRANK WIESE
Editing by ANDREW JOHNSTON



At 72, Cora Jane Spiller drives her dark gray Buick to help a cancer patient. Then she coordinates a table at a luncheon for nursing home residents. Then she checks on a sick relative. She is a full time volunteer, and she's always on the run.

"If I have time I'll stop by the courthouse and pick up one of those handicapped stickers," she joked, passing a handicapped parking space on the way to the bank.

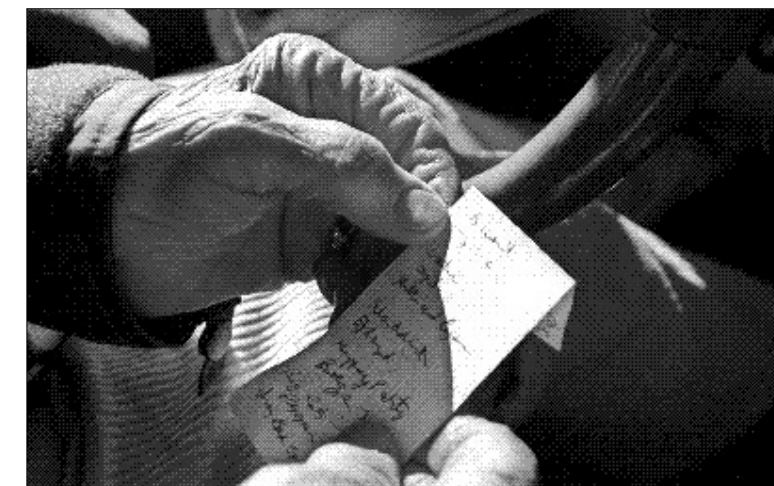
Born in Bowling Green, Spiller learned volunteering as the wife of a military officer. She volunteered while her children were growing up. Her husband, now retired, also volunteers. She said her speed and restlessness come from her mother, a journalist.

Her energy recently led to a traffic ticket after she grew tired of waiting for a red light.

"I am reliving my childhood," Spiller said. "Driving too fast and doing all the bad things now. I was a perfect child."

She serves on the board of directors for the local Salvation Army chapter, and for a long-term care patient's advocacy organization. She volunteers for the Cancer Society and picks up trash from her neighborhood roads.

"When you get to heaven, all you have is love and your good deeds – maybe that's the ticket," she said.



ABOVE • Cora Jane Spiller, 72, right, jokes with lung cancer patient Charlotte Hopkins, 76, as she brings her home from radiation treatment. Spiller volunteers as a driver for the local cancer society.

LEFT • Stopped at a red light, Spiller reads her to-do list.

FAR LEFT, FACING PAGE • Contemplating what to do next, Spiller looks over her family farm in Oakland.

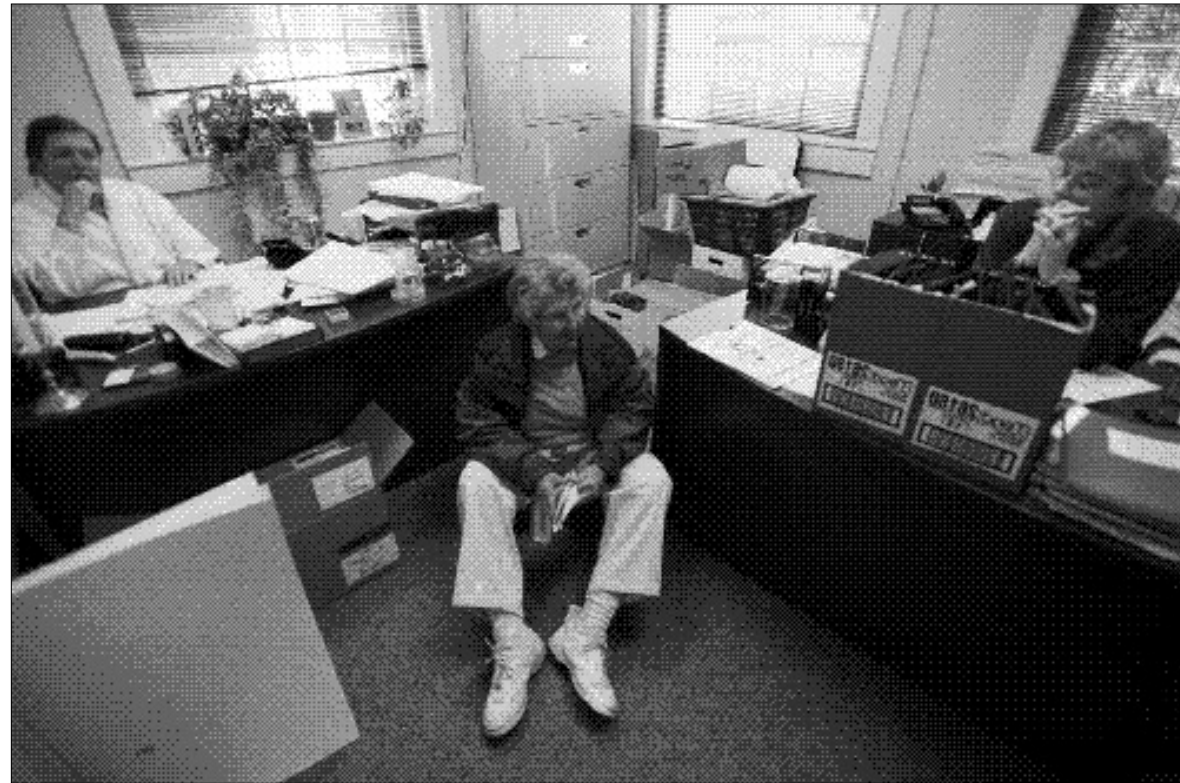
LEFT • During a brief moment of fatigue, Spiller, massages her forehead.



**I am reliving my childhood.
Driving too fast and doing
all the bad things now.
I was a perfect child.**

•
Cora Jane Spiller

BELOW • Spiller, center, coordinates a table setup for a luncheon for nursing home residents with patients' advocates Joanne Pearson, left, and Kathy Young.



RIGHT • Spiller cleans a light fixture in her kitchen.



The home stretch

Photography by JASON EASTERLY
Editing by LISA EDMONDSON



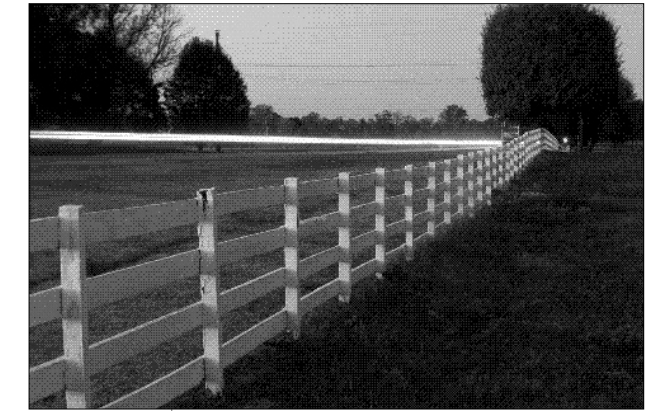
Highway 31W spans the length of Warren County, from Edmonson County in the north to Simpson County in the south. It starts and ends with farmland, with a few small businesses here and there.

It stretches about 35 miles, past rolling fields, and antebellum farm houses.

In Bowling Green, it's known as the Bypass, and it is intensely commercial. Pool halls. Bars. Ice cream shops. Car washes. Laundromats, garages, and fast-food outlets. McDonalds, Taco Bell, Burger King, Arby's, and two Wendy's.

But it's people, not places, that give 31W life. Families bring their children to diners on 31W. The children grow up, have kids of their own, and take them to eat on 31W.

31W is now a relic. The commercial center of town has moved east, toward I-65. 31W is a bypass that has been bypassed. "It was to where we couldn't get out there on the road before the interstate came through because of traffic," said Florence Massey, a small business owner on the north end of the county. "It's slower now than it has ever been."



ABOVE • Dusk on the 120-acre dairy farm of Robert and Debbie Fox in Woodburn on 31W South.

FAR LEFT, FACING PAGE • Before I-65 was built, 31W was the major artery between Louisville and Nashville. Now the traffic is mostly local.

BELOW • Lynn Bryant comes into Murray's Restaurant on the Bypass for coffee every morning around 8 a.m. "It's my second home," he said. "You meet many different, interesting people that come and go – so many different walks of life."





ABOVE • Waiting for a groundbreaking ceremony to begin, Western Kentucky University President Gary Ransdell spends the time making contacts and returning phone calls.

It's 6 p.m., and the president of Western Kentucky University is on his eleventh hour. But Dr. Gary Ransdell still has fuel in his tank.

"It's not a job. It's a pursuit," the 49-year-old says. "It's a passion."

It's a passion that often consumes up to 75 hours a week.

As he shuttles from meetings to public appearances, Ransdell says his biggest challenge is time management and being prepared.

This is Ransdell's third turn on "The Hill." He graduated from Western in 1973, got his master's degree in 1974 and took a job in admissions. He left for a Ph.D. at Indiana University, and returned as director of alumni affairs.

But to grow, he says, he had to leave again. He and his wife, Julie, who married during their senior year, moved to Dallas. He became Southern Methodist University's director of alumni affairs. Then he spent 11 years at Clemson University, rising to vice president of administration.

In 1997, he got another call from Western — this time for the top job. Now, he has to schedule time with his family. "If I have three or four hours you will probably find me at a double-header somewhere," he says. Both his sons play baseball, one at Western.

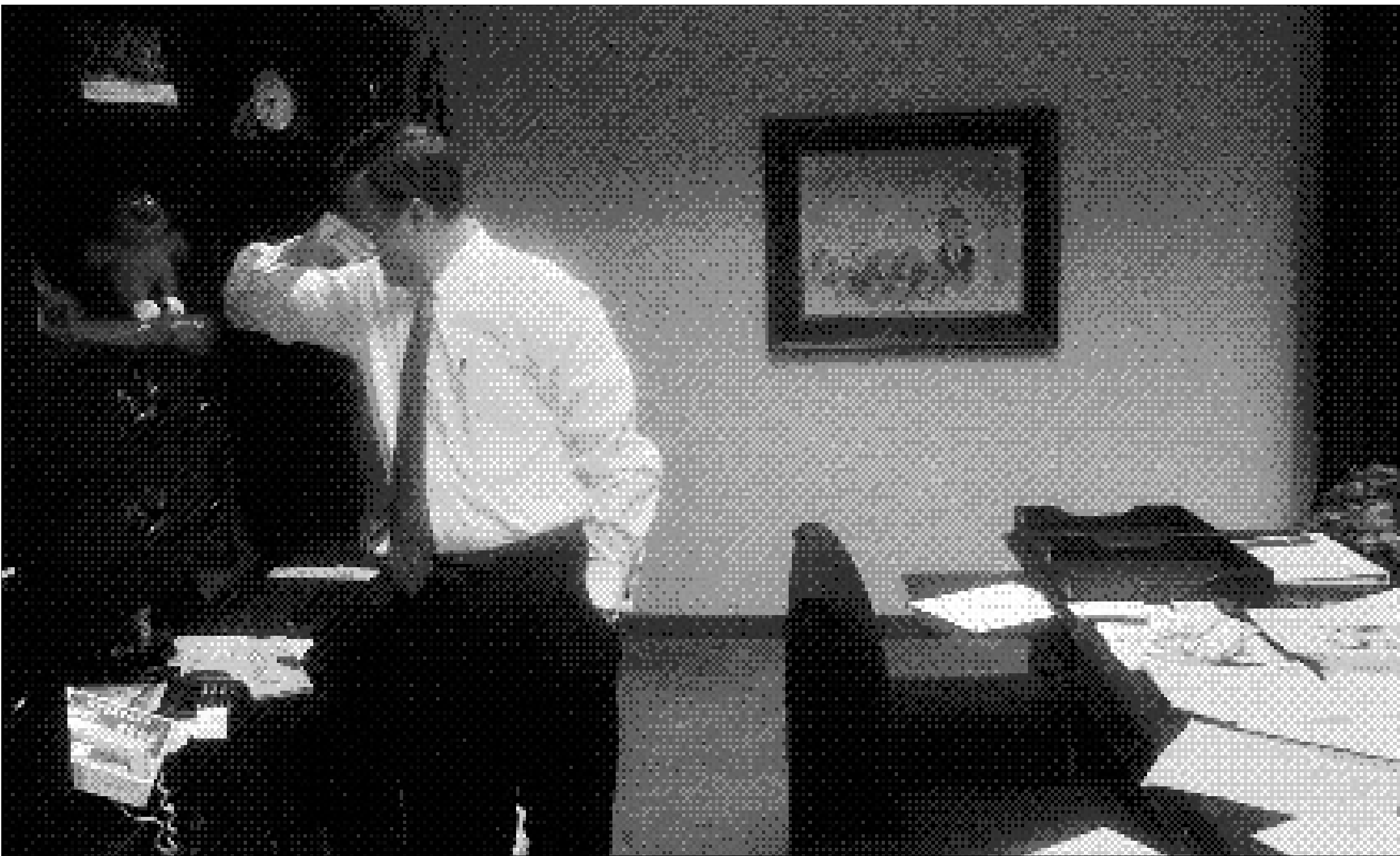
By 7 p.m. the president is driving home and he detours through campus "just to check things out."



ABOVE • Western freshmen Jill Robinson, right, and Jenny Wrenne wait for Ransdell to address their concerns regarding campus safety in a freshman seminar that Ransdell attends weekly.



LEFT • Ransdell's serious outer shell conceals a dry sense of humor as Peggy Haas, an instructor in the freshman seminar, can attest.



**It's not a job.
It's a pursuit.
It's a passion.**

•
Gary Ransdell

ABOVE RIGHT • After having some stitches removed, Dr. Gary Ransdell talks over issues regarding a recent minor surgery with Debbie Kondracki.

BELOW RIGHT • With little time for golf, fishing or other recreational activities, Ransdell enjoys his dogs Topper and Maggie (background), as well as two cats and a fish pond his back yard.

LEFT • Twelve-hour days and 75-hour weeks take their toll.



Practicing God's will

Photography by THOMAS CORDY
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • Connie Reagan knew at the age of 12 that she wanted to be a nurse. She did more than 1,500 hours of hospital volunteer work while in high school, and she worked there during college.

A busy day begins when Connie Reagan's red Mustang backs out of her parents' garage. The morning prayer has been said and it's 'go time' for this fledgling nurse.

Reagan, 26, has been a registered nurse at Greenview Medical Center in Bowling Green for just eight months, but other nurses say they rely on her energy, competence, and composure.

Those characteristics surfaced early. "When I was in nursing school, they

told me I was calm, she said. "There's no reason to get stressed out. That doesn't help the patients."

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Family of faith

Photography by JENNIFER SEVCIK
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RIGHT • Joe Murphy and his 3-year-old daughter, Megan, enjoy watching her siblings play soccer in their yard.



The Murphy children say “please” and “thank you” as they pass food around the breakfast tables. Tables, plural, because there are 10 Murphy children. Still in their pajamas, they sit and pray with their mother, Laurette, before eating. Their father, Joe, has already gone to work.

Joe was one of six children, and Laurette was one of 10. Both were Catholic, but neither practiced the religion. They met in a bar in New York where Joe waited tables. They dated, got married, and had Ryan, Reed and Kellen.

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They renewed their faith. They agreed that contraceptives take God out of the process of reproduction, and that He will allow a family to conceive only as many children as they can handle.

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After Joseph and Kevin were born, Laurette developed cervical cancer. Her cervix was removed, and doctors warned the Murphys that further pregnancies could cause medical problems. Then Katie, Mike, Annie, Megan and Jenna were born.

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Laurette home schools the seven older children.

“We don’t agree with the separation of church and state,” she says.

With 10 children aged 2 to 18, the Murphy home can get chaotic at times.

“Some days I feel like we’re doing good and others I just feel like we’re spinning to nowhere,” Laurette says. The children fight sometimes, and get along great at others.

Jenna likes to stick her gum on the wall. Annie likes to climb on the cabinets. All the girls, including Laurette, dance in the bedrooms. Megan prances around the television singing songs from musicals. All of the kids play with their pet hermit crabs.

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Although there’s chaos, everyone helps with chores, helps fix dinner. “Everybody has to help out or the whole system will crash,” Laurette says.

And with Joe and Laurette’s guidance, everyone is learning to put faith in God.

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ABOVE • Laurette Murphy, far right, helps 16-year-old Reed with his school work. The Murphy homes school their children to make sure they are taught “reading, writing, arithmetic and religion.”

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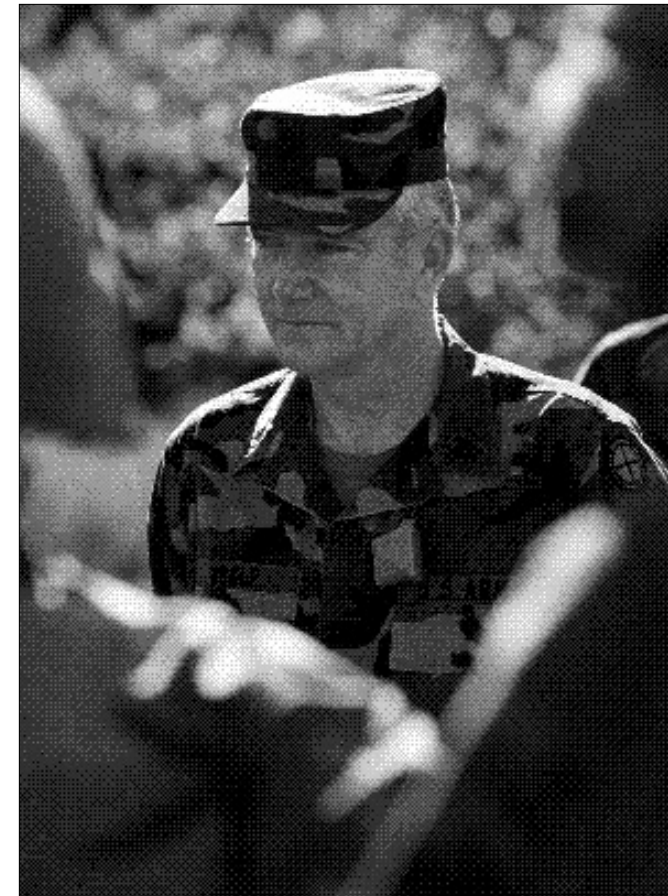
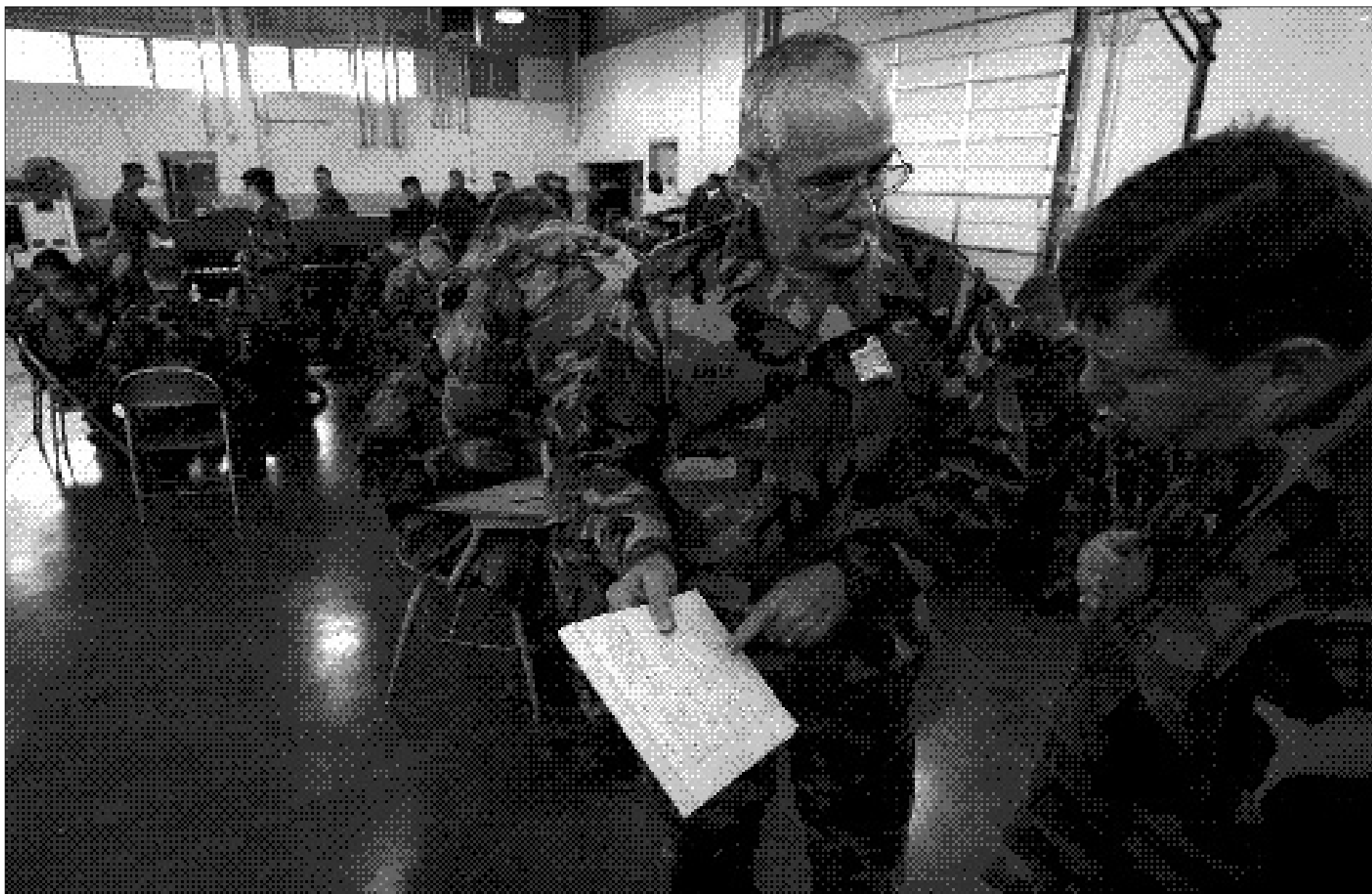
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• Command Sgt. Maj. Richard Bogle clears up some business at the National Guard Armory in Bowling Green after returning from a weekend of training on M-16 rifles and 9 mm handguns.



Richard Bogle is the fulcrum of many lives – from his guardsmen to his grandson. As one of the highest ranking noncommissioned officers in the Kentucky National Guard, Command Sgt. Maj. Bogle oversees more than 500 people. But to most, he's more than just a supervisor. He's looked to for strength, advice, inspiration—even camaraderie. Within minutes of showing up at an ROTC rappelling exercise, for instance, Bogle is flanked by four or five guardsmen. It's clear they just like hanging out with him.

"It's amazing to meet these guys," Bogle said. "I really enjoy working with them." Bogle is the center of his family too. His

oldest daughter Leslie and her husband and son, Blake, live next door, in the house to the North of his. His youngest daughter, Brooke, lives just to the South. They pop in all the time.

"Blake looks for any excuse to come over here," says Debi Bogle, his wife.

In 1999 Bogle was diagnosed with prostate cancer. He was floored at the outpouring of support. "You don't realize how many people you touch in life," Bogle said.

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Tom Jones' juggling act

Photography by E. JASON WAMBSGANS
Editing by JOSEPH A. GARCIA



Sometimes 21-year-old Tom Jones gets so tangled in his schedule he can't remember where he is supposed to be. "Did I schedule a practice this afternoon?" Jones asks, digging for a missing telephone number. But more than anything else, Jones knows he is where he wants to be.

Home in Bowling Green.

He was born and raised a block from Western's football stadium.

In 10th grade at Bowling Green High School, he tumbled for a redheaded cheerleader named Sarah. He also fell for the athleticism and precision of coed cheering.

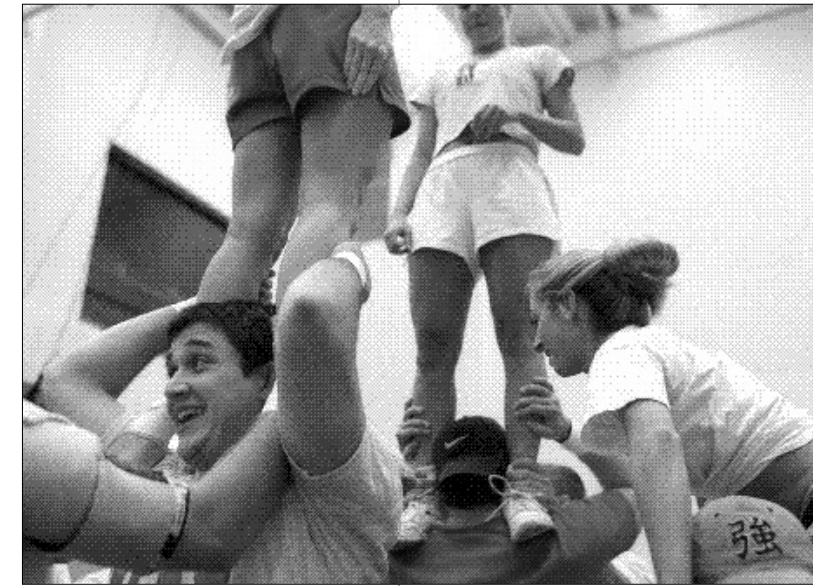
"This isn't little girls jumping around shaking pom poms," Jones said. "This is serious, crazy stuff." He got a

cheerleading scholarship at the University of Kentucky, but gave it up to return to Bowling Green and marry Sarah. A year later, daughter Kelsey was born.

Between classes and practice, he trains high school cheerleaders, teaches elementary school gymnastics classes, and works part-time at the Corvette plant.

"Yessir, it's a full-time circus," Jones says. "But life is real short. I want to try everything."

BELOW • Tom Jones is co-captain of the Western Kentucky University cheer team. "I can play football all day and not get this tired," he said. The other co-captain is his wife, Sarah.

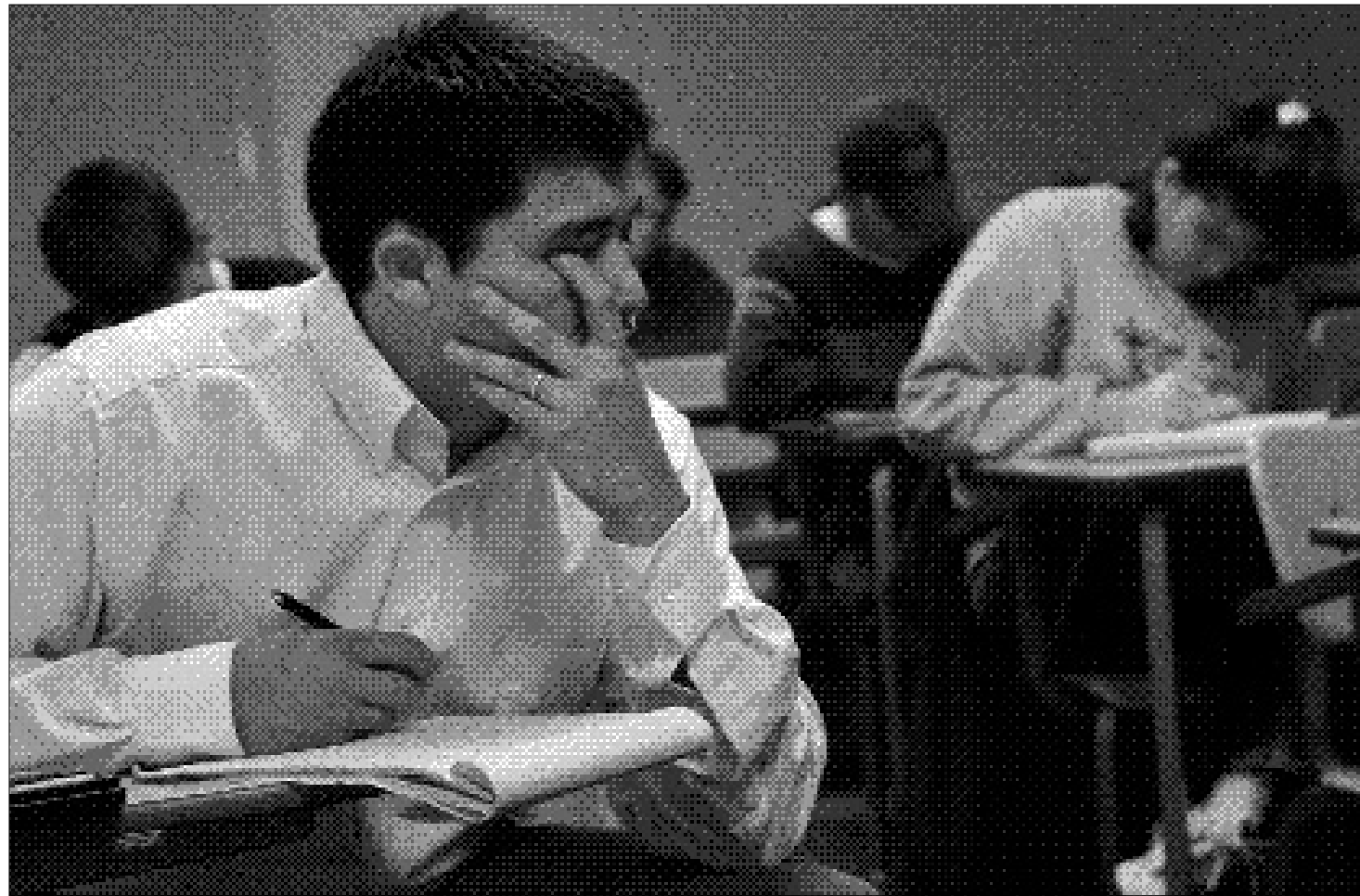


FAR LEFT, FACING PAGE

• Tom and Sarah Jones have already begun gymnastics training for their 10-month-old daughter, Kelsey.

**Yessir,
it's a full-time
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but life is
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I want to try
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•
Tom Jones



ABOVE • An early morning finance class proves tedious .



LEFT • Tom clowns after catching his wife, Sarah, at cheerleading practice.

RIGHT • Tom entertains tourists before a tour of the Corvette Plant as part of a work-study job.



BELOW • Rising early for class, Tom usually struggles to make it on time.



Healing hearts

Photography by WENDI THOMPSON
Editing by ALEX HORVATH

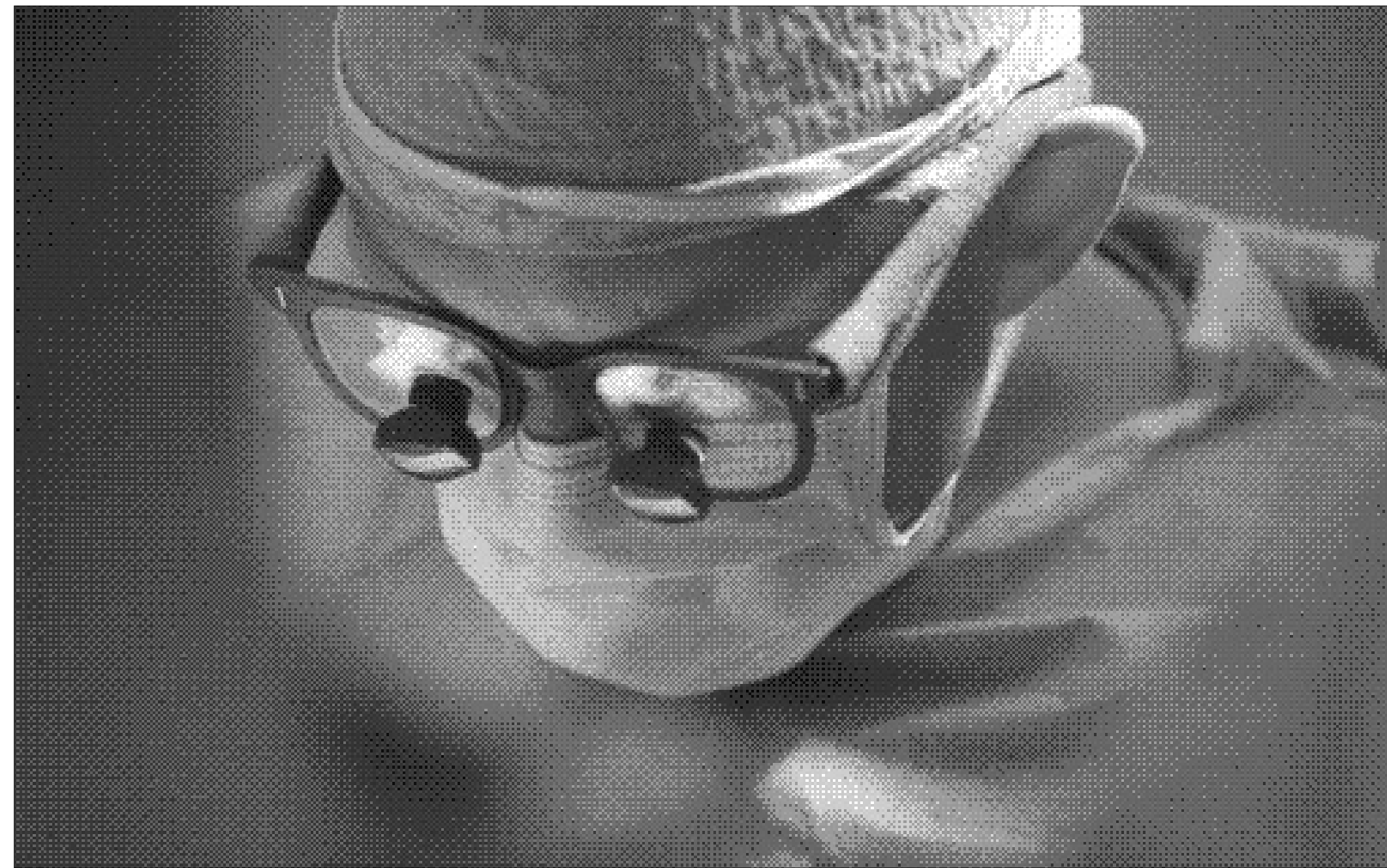
RIGHT • Dr. Paul Moore drains fluid from an inflammation in Maxine Hays as her daughter-in-law, nurse Lisa Hays, comforts her. The inflammation is a common side affect of open-heart surgery. Moore performed the surgery about six weeks before her visit.



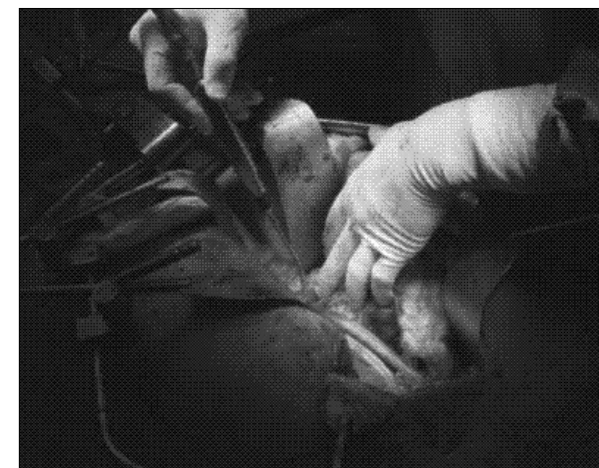
People trust Dr. Paul Moore with their lives every day. The 40-year-old cardiac surgeon and his partner perform more than 300 heart surgeries a year at The Heart Institute, part of The Medical Center in Bowling Green. In the 3-1/2 years since he and his family

moved from Augusta, Ga., Moore has touched many lives. His barber's girlfriend, for instance, immediately recognizes him. "I fixed her father's heart," he explains. At the hospital, a man he'd operated on stops Moore. Moore asks about his health and finds that his wife is in the hospital. "I'll check on her for you," Moore promises. Soon after, he checks her chart and reassures the

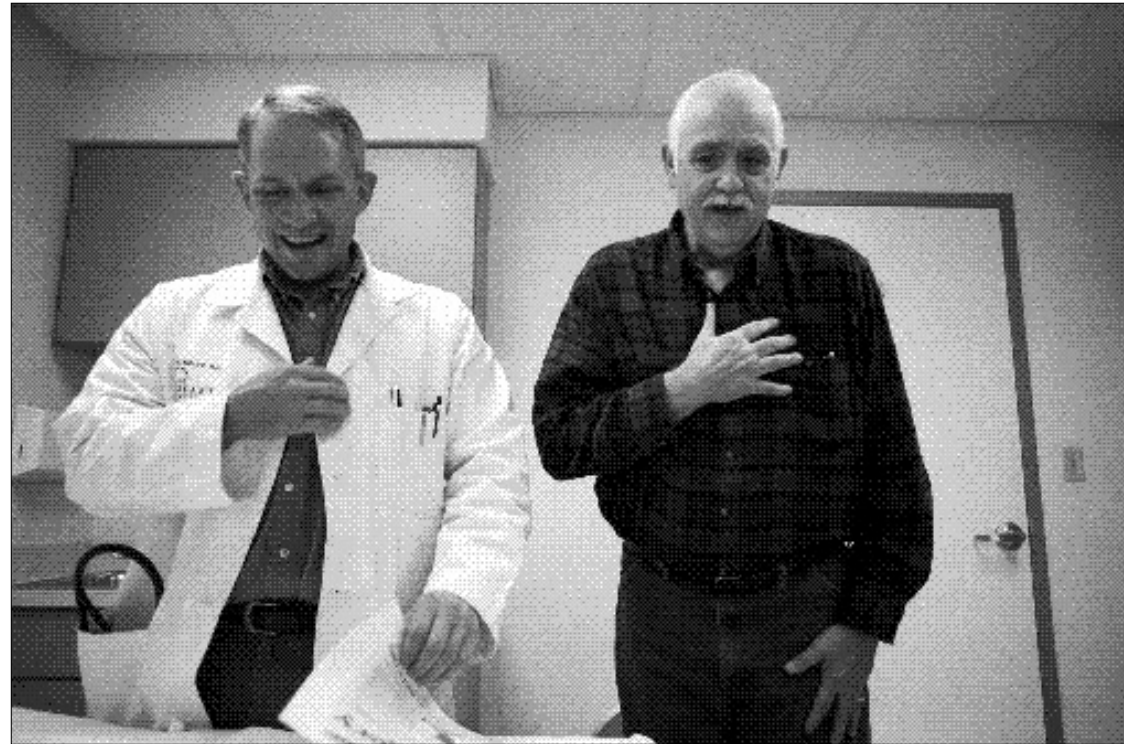
woman and her husband. But the next day, he checks on her again. "Most people think heart surgeons just do heart surgery," Moore says. "But they really do a lot of one-on-one patient care." Moore's pager beeps all the time — while he's putting up blinds at home, playing golf, celebrating his wife's birthday. He always answers. "I don't like to sit around," he says.



ABOVE • Moore wears magnifiers when he performs surgery. Here, he assists Dr. Michael Byrne perform surgery on an aortic aneurysm.

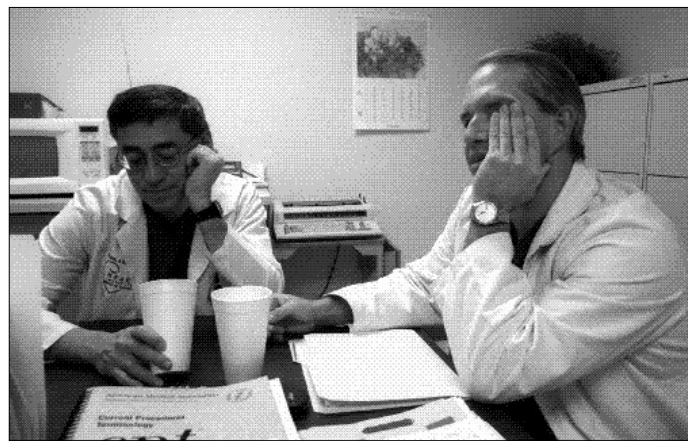


LEFT • Moore assists vascular surgeon and Byrne insert a device into a patient's aneurysm.



ABOVE • Moore, left, asks Richard Harvey, of Burkesville, Ky., to cough during a visit following Harvey's open heart surgery.

RIGHT • Vascular surgeon Dr. Michael Byrne, left, and Moore relax after a two-hour surgery.



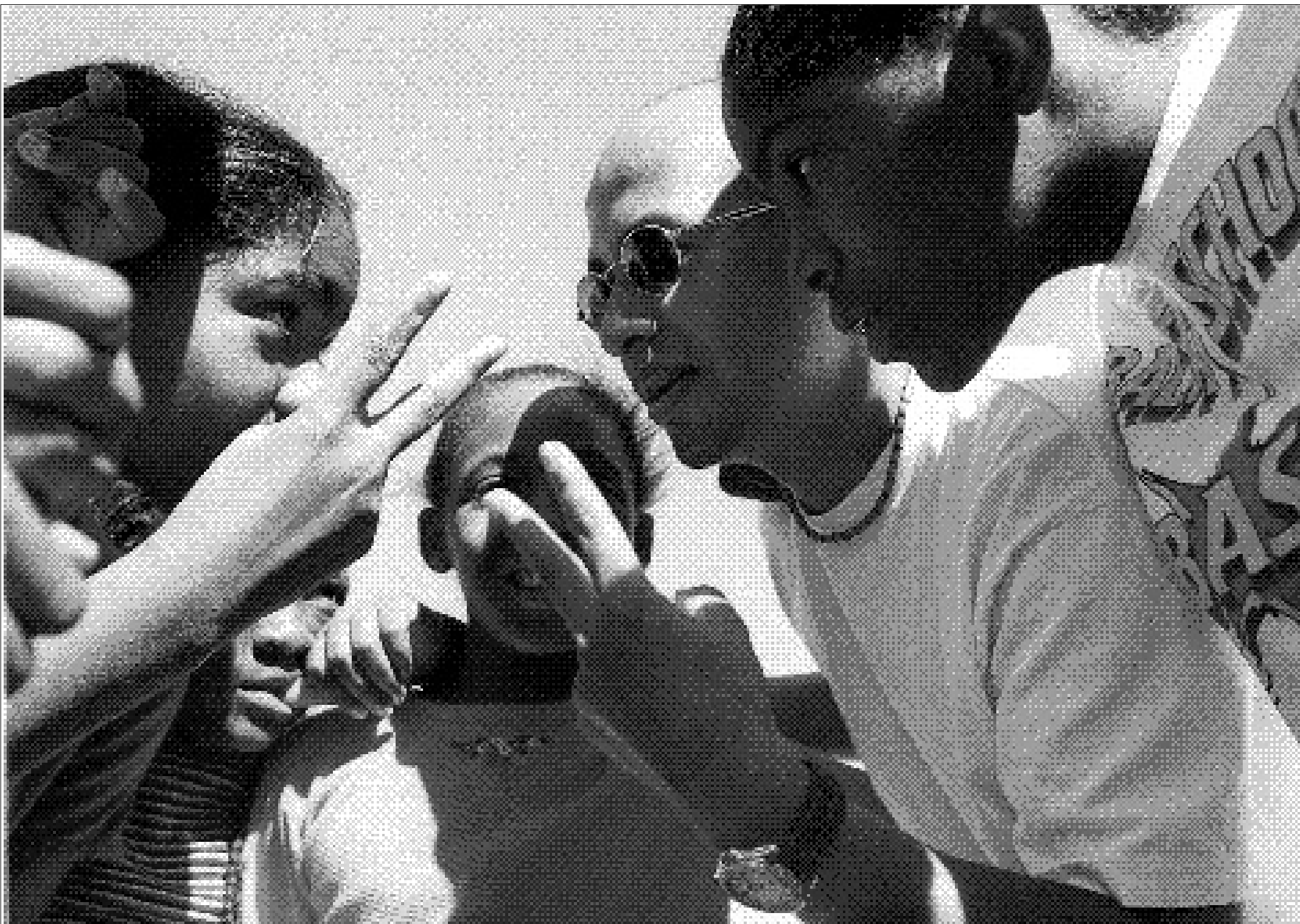
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Dr. Paul Moore

LEFT • Eighty-year-old Syble Hennion, center, listens along with her sons David Hennion, far left, Ricky Hennion, and daughter Joy Earles as Moore explains why Syble needs heart surgery.

Looking to a leader

Photography by DENISE OLES
Editing by LLOYD YOUNG



Children swarm over Robert Rodarte as he emerges from the Parker-Bennett Community Center. Officially, Rodarte, 26, is the Bowling Green Housing Authority's youth sports coordinator. In reality, he is one of the best friends these children will ever have.

For three years he has organized football, swimming, soccer, baseball and basketball leagues for the kids.

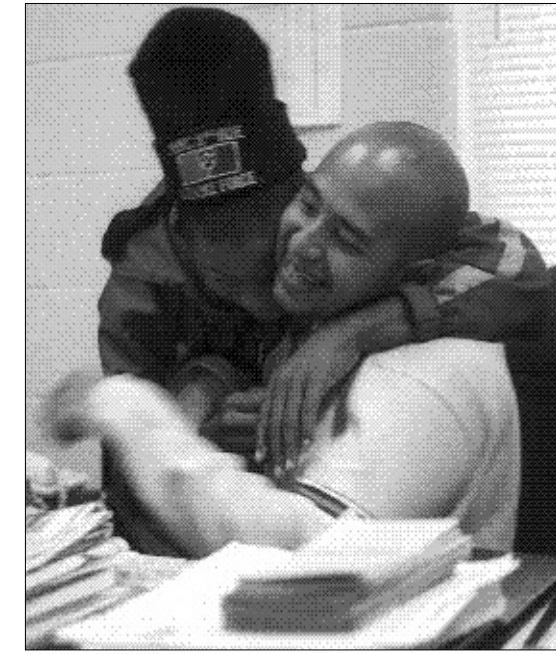
He is a role model and mentor for about 250 children.

He grew up poor in El Paso, Texas, and graduated from Western Kentucky University with a degree in sociology.

"Growing up ... I just didn't realize what I was capable of achieving," he said. "These kids are the same."

Rodarte spends much of his day with the children as he can.

"I sleep good at night," he said. "I feel like I found what I am supposed to be doing."



LEFT • Robert Carlos Fugate hugs Rodarte in his office.

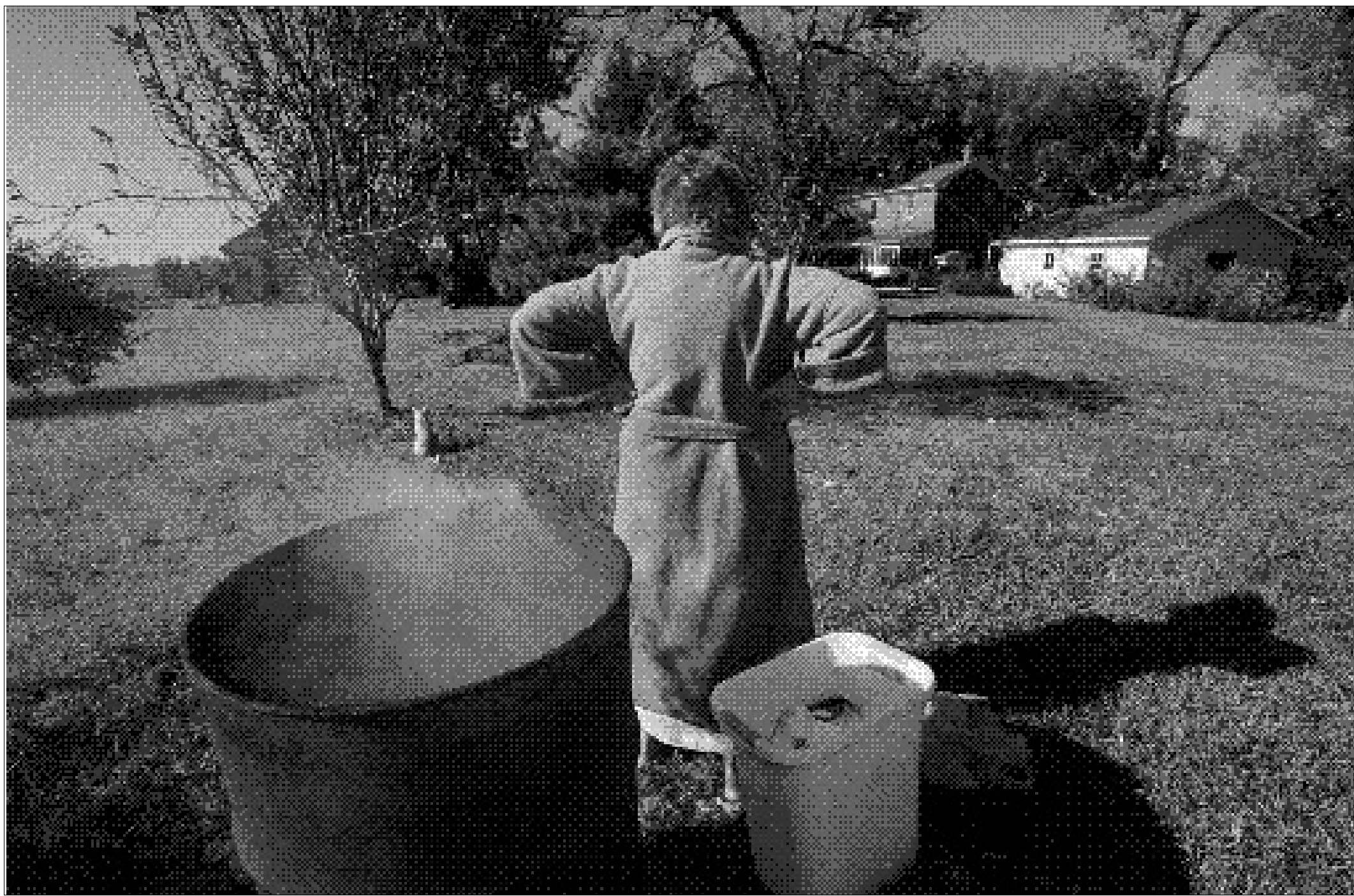
BELOW • From left—Johnathan Kun, Pepsi Xaysana and Chen Kun walked with Rodarte as he tried to recruit them for a football team.



LEFT • Robert Rodarte, wearing sunglasses, starts a game at the Parker-Bennett Community Center. Rodarte mentors 250 children there.

Keeping up with Cora

Photography by FRANK WIESE
Editing by ANDREW JOHNSTON



At 72, Cora Jane Spiller drives her dark gray Buick to help a cancer patient. Then she coordinates a table at a luncheon for nursing home residents. Then she checks on a sick relative. She is a full time volunteer, and she's always on the run.

"If I have time I'll stop by the courthouse and pick up one of those handicapped stickers," she joked, passing a handicapped parking space on the way to the bank.

Born in Bowling Green, Spiller learned volunteering as the wife of a military officer. She volunteered while her children were growing up. Her husband, now retired, also volunteers. She said her speed and restlessness come from her mother, a journalist.

Her energy recently led to a traffic ticket after she grew tired of waiting for a red light.

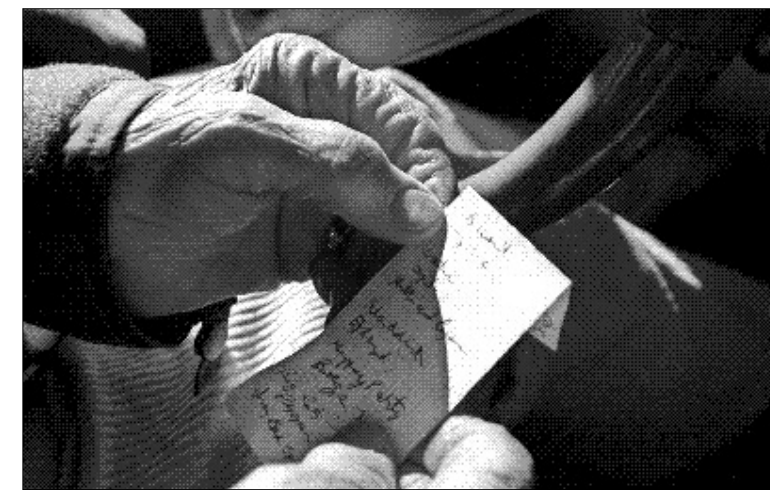
"I am reliving my childhood," Spiller said. "Driving too fast and doing all the bad things now. I was a perfect child."

She serves on the board of directors for the local Salvation Army chapter, and for a long-term care patient's advocacy organization. She volunteers for the Cancer Society and picks up trash from her neighborhood roads.

"When you get to heaven, all you have is love and your good deeds – maybe that's the ticket," she said.



ABOVE • Cora Jane Spiller, 72, right, jokes with lung cancer patient Charlotte Hopkins, 76, as she brings her home from radiation treatment. Spiller volunteers as a driver for the local cancer society.



LEFT • Stopped at a red light, Spiller reads her to-do list.

FAR LEFT, FACING PAGE • Contemplating what to do next, Spiller looks over her family farm in Oakland.

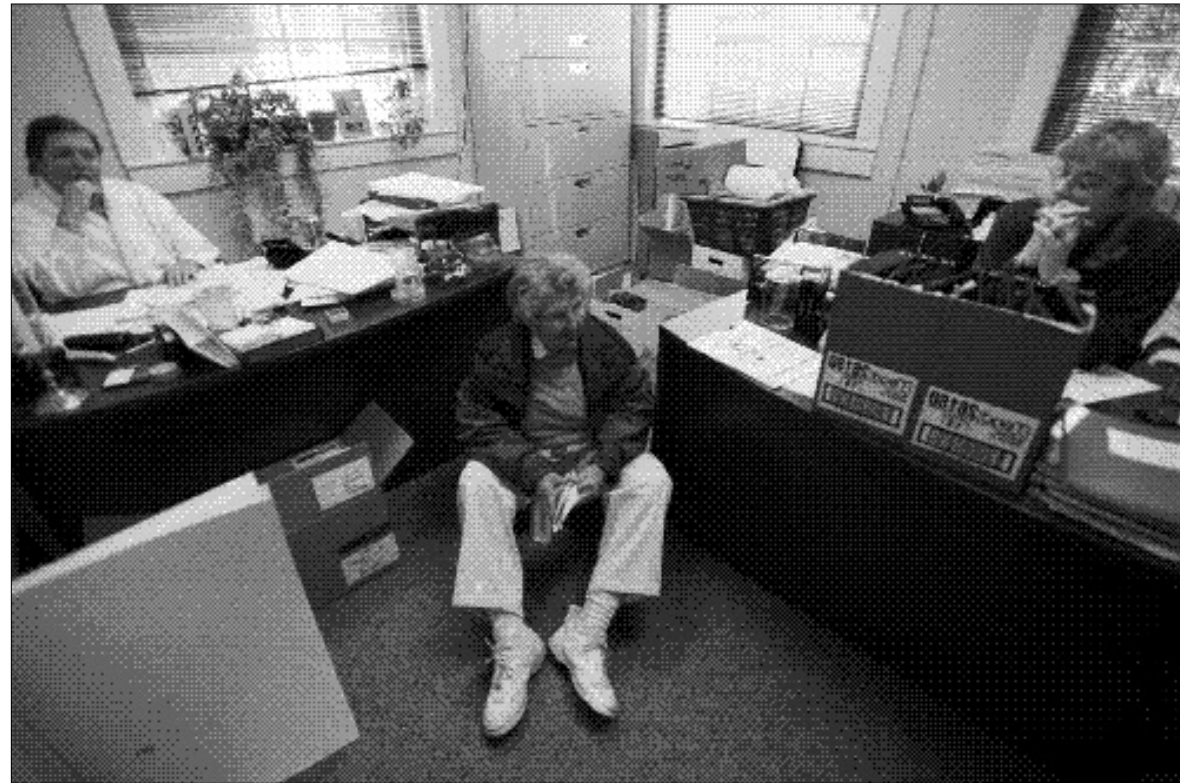
LEFT • During a brief moment of fatigue, Spiller, massages her forehead.



**I am reliving my childhood.
Driving too fast and doing
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•
Cora Jane Spiller

BELOW • Spiller, center, coordinates a table setup for a luncheon for nursing home residents with patients' advocates Joanne Pearson, left, and Kathy Young.



RIGHT • Spiller cleans a light fixture in her kitchen.



The home stretch

Photography by JASON EASTERLY
Editing by LISA EDMONDSON



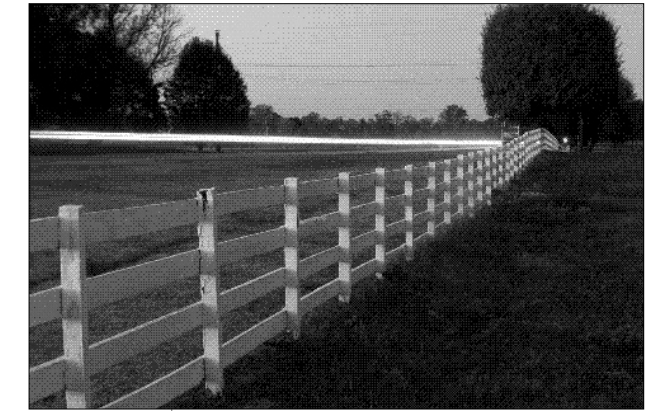
Highway 31W spans the length of Warren County, from Edmonson County in the north to Simpson County in the south. It starts and ends with farmland, with a few small businesses here and there.

It stretches about 35 miles, past rolling fields, and antebellum farm houses.

In Bowling Green, it's known as the Bypass, and it is intensely commercial. Pool halls. Bars. Ice cream shops. Car washes. Laundromats, garages, and fast-food outlets. McDonalds, Taco Bell, Burger King, Arby's, and two Wendy's.

But it's people, not places, that give 31W life. Families bring their children to diners on 31W. The children grow up, have kids of their own, and take them to eat on 31W.

31W is now a relic. The commercial center of town has moved east, toward I-65. 31W is a bypass that has been bypassed. "It was to where we couldn't get out there on the road before the interstate came through because of traffic," said Florence Massey, a small business owner on the north end of the county. "It's slower now than it has ever been."



ABOVE • Dusk on the 120-acre dairy farm of Robert and Debbie Fox in Woodburn on 31W South.

FAR LEFT, FACING PAGE • Before I-65 was built, 31W was the major artery between Louisville and Nashville. Now the traffic is mostly local.

BELOW • Lynn Bryant comes into Murray's Restaurant on the Bypass for coffee every morning around 8 a.m. "It's my second home," he said. "You meet many different, interesting people that come and go – so many different walks of life."





ABOVE • Waiting for a groundbreaking ceremony to begin, Western Kentucky University President Gary Ransdell spends the time making contacts and returning phone calls.

It's 6 p.m., and the president of Western Kentucky University is on his eleventh hour. But Dr. Gary Ransdell still has fuel in his tank.

"It's not a job. It's a pursuit," the 49-year-old says. "It's a passion."

It's a passion that often consumes up to 75 hours a week.

As he shuttles from meetings to public appearances, Ransdell says his biggest challenge is time management and being prepared.

This is Ransdell's third turn on "The Hill." He graduated from Western in 1973, got his master's degree in 1974 and took a job in admissions. He left for a Ph.D. at Indiana University, and returned as director of alumni affairs.

But to grow, he says, he had to leave again. He and his wife, Julie, who married during their senior year, moved to Dallas. He became Southern Methodist University's director of alumni affairs. Then he spent 11 years at Clemson University, rising to vice president of administration.

In 1997, he got another call from Western — this time for the top job. Now, he has to schedule time with his family. "If I have three or four hours you will probably find me at a double-header somewhere," he says. Both his sons play baseball, one at Western.

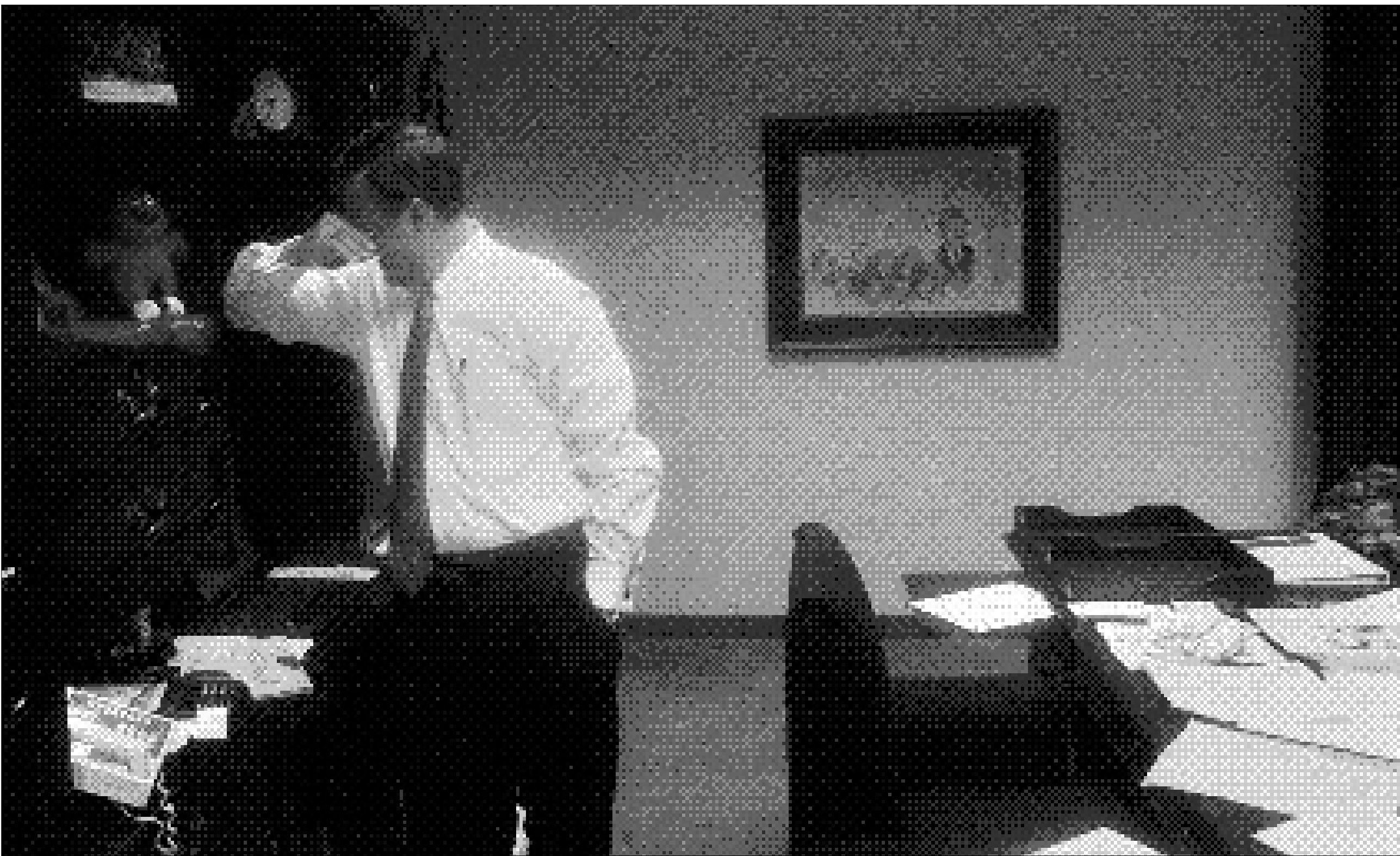
By 7 p.m. the president is driving home and he detours through campus "just to check things out."



ABOVE • Western freshmen Jill Robinson, right, and Jenny Wrenne wait for Ransdell to address their concerns regarding campus safety in a freshman seminar that Ransdell attends weekly.



LEFT • Ransdell's serious outer shell conceals a dry sense of humor as Peggy Haas, an instructor in the freshman seminar, can attest.



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•
Gary Ransdell

ABOVE RIGHT • After having some stitches removed, Dr. Gary Ransdell talks over issues regarding a recent minor surgery with Debbie Kondracki.

BELOW RIGHT • With little time for golf, fishing or other recreational activities, Ransdell enjoys his dogs Topper and Maggie (background), as well as two cats and a fish pond his back yard.

LEFT • Twelve-hour days and 75-hour weeks take their toll.



Practicing God's will

Photography by THOMAS CORDY
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • Connie Reagan knew at the age of 12 that she wanted to be a nurse. She did more than 1,500 hours of hospital volunteer work while in high school, and she worked there during college.

A busy day begins when Connie Reagan's red Mustang backs out of her parents' garage. The morning prayer has been said and it's 'go time' for this fledgling nurse.

Reagan, 26, has been a registered nurse at Greenview Medical Center in Bowling Green for just eight months, but other nurses say they rely on her energy, competence, and composure.

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told me I was calm, she said. "There's no reason to get stressed out. That doesn't help the patients."

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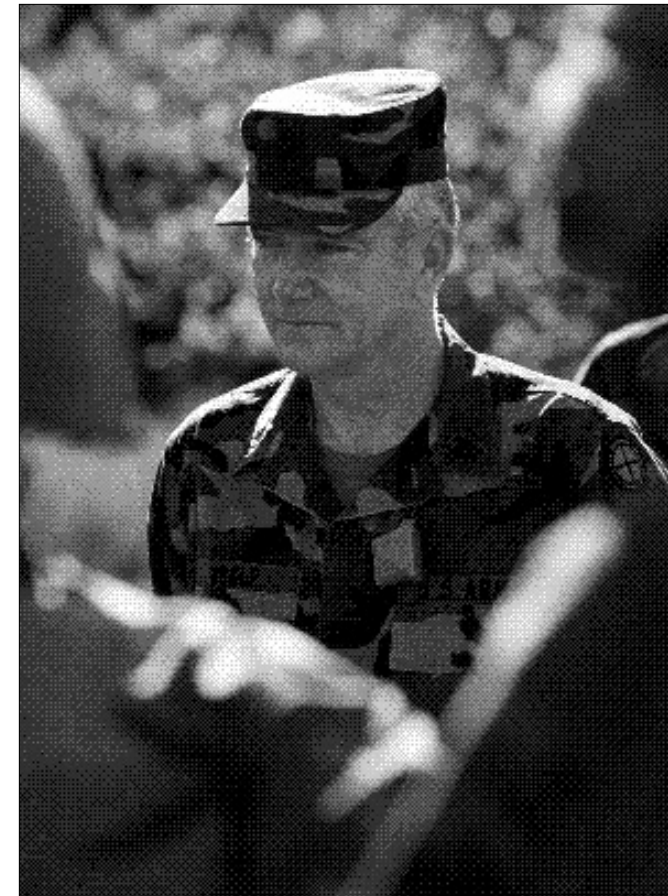
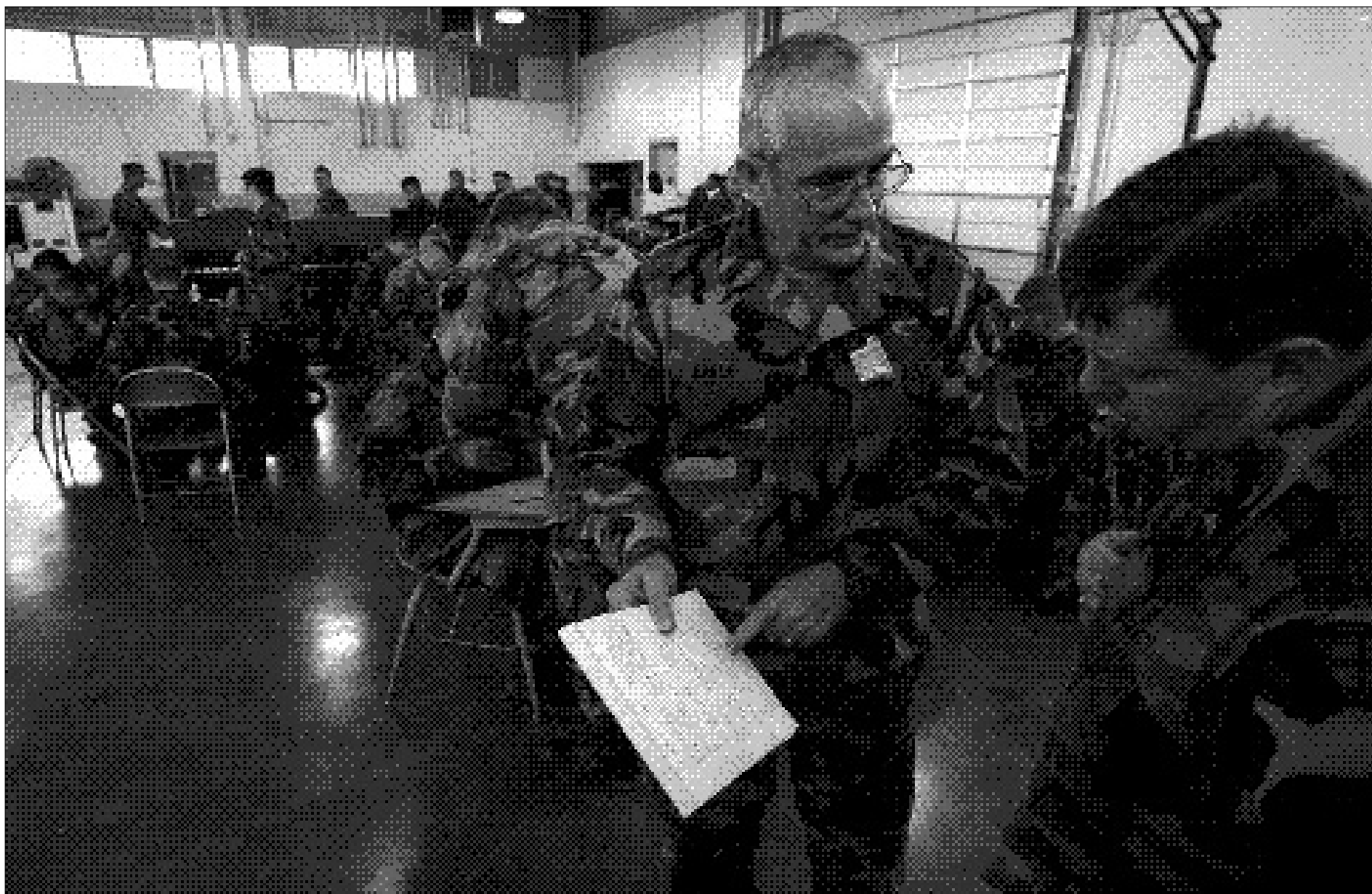
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Home in Bowling Green.

He was born and raised a block from Western's football stadium.

In 10th grade at Bowling Green High School, he tumbled for a redheaded cheerleader named Sarah. He also fell for the athleticism and precision of coed cheering.

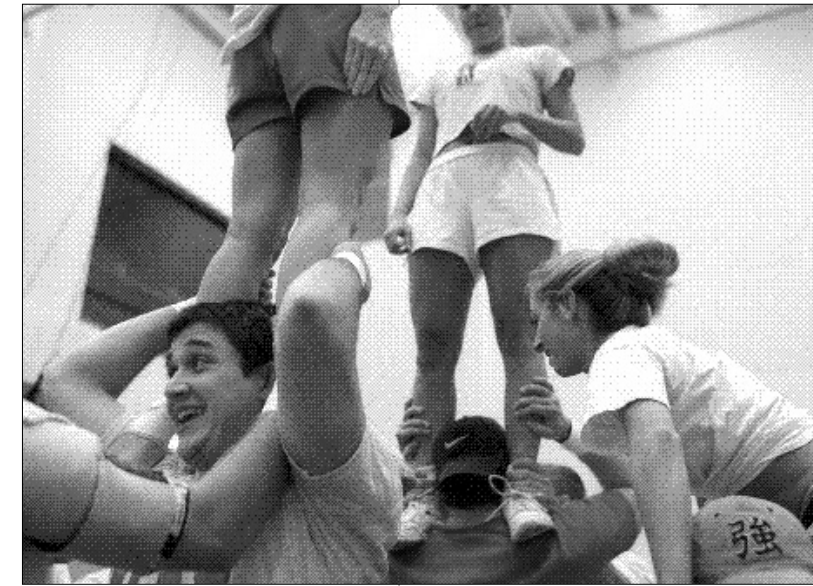
"This isn't little girls jumping around shaking pom poms," Jones said. "This is serious, crazy stuff."

He got a cheerleading scholarship at the University of Kentucky, but gave it up to return to Bowling Green and marry Sarah. A year later, daughter Kelsey was born.

Between classes and practice, he trains high school cheerleaders, teaches elementary school gymnastics classes, and works part-time at the Corvette plant.

"Yessir, it's a full-time circus," Jones says. "But life is real short. I want to try everything."

BELOW • Tom Jones is co-captain of the Western Kentucky University cheer team. "I can play football all day and not get this tired," he said. The other co-captain is his wife, Sarah.

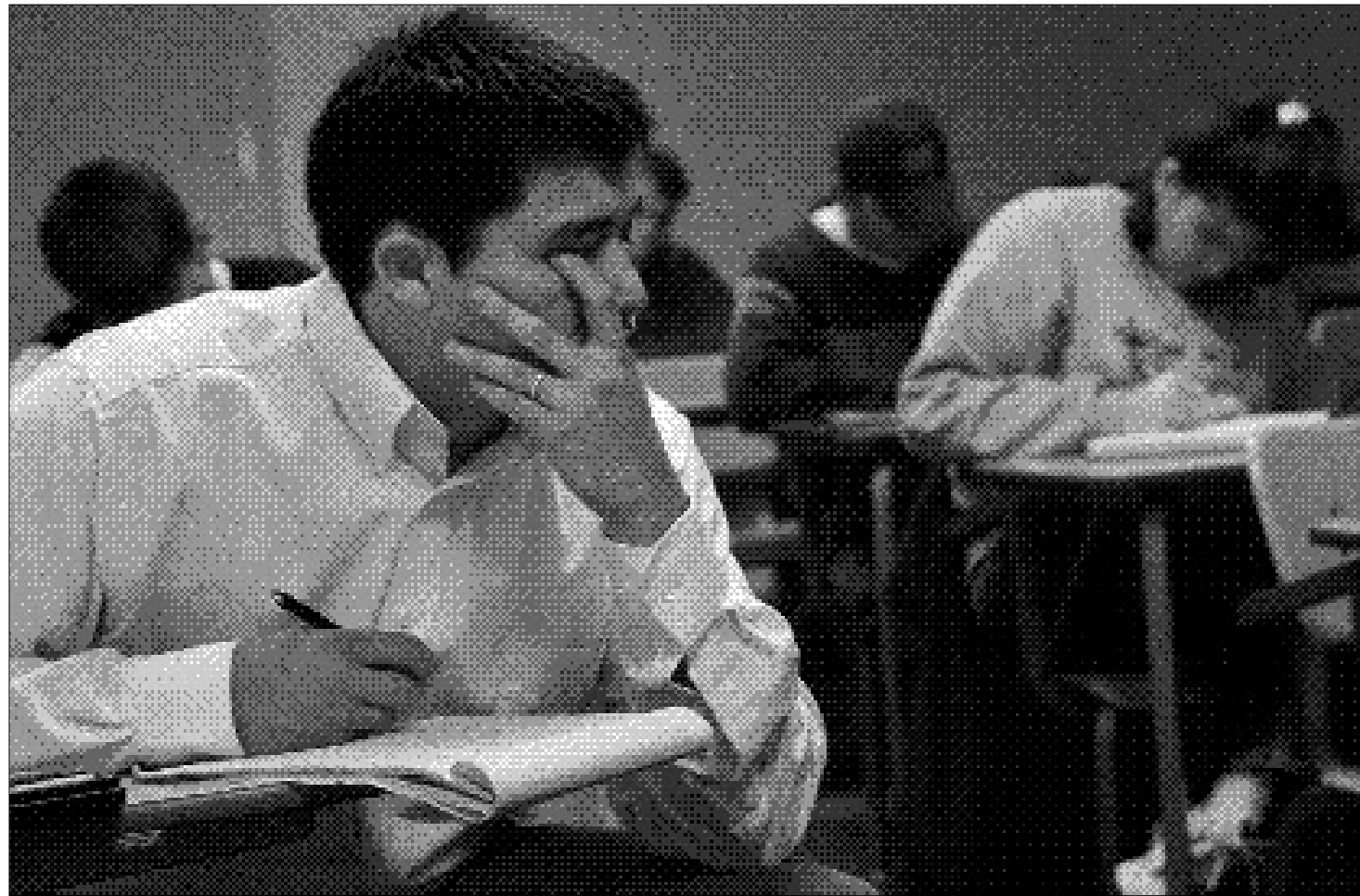


FAR LEFT, FACING PAGE

• Tom and Sarah Jones have already begun gymnastics training for their 10-month-old daughter, Kelsey.

**Yessir,
it's a full-time
circus,
but life is
real short.
I want to try
everything.**

•
Tom Jones



ABOVE • An early morning finance class proves tedious .

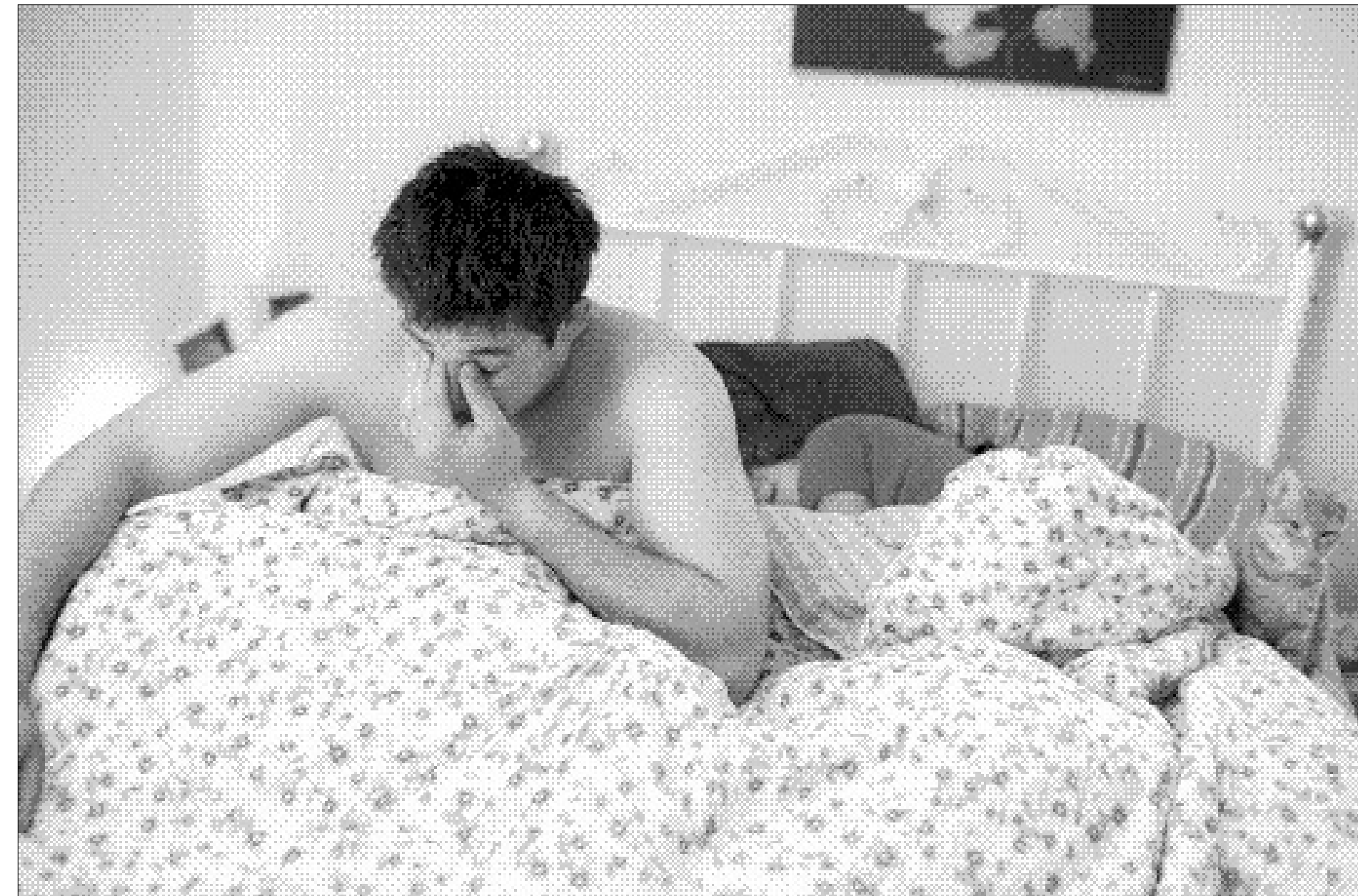


LEFT • Tom clowns after catching his wife, Sarah, at cheerleading practice.

RIGHT • Tom entertains tourists before a tour of the Corvette Plant as part of a work-study job.

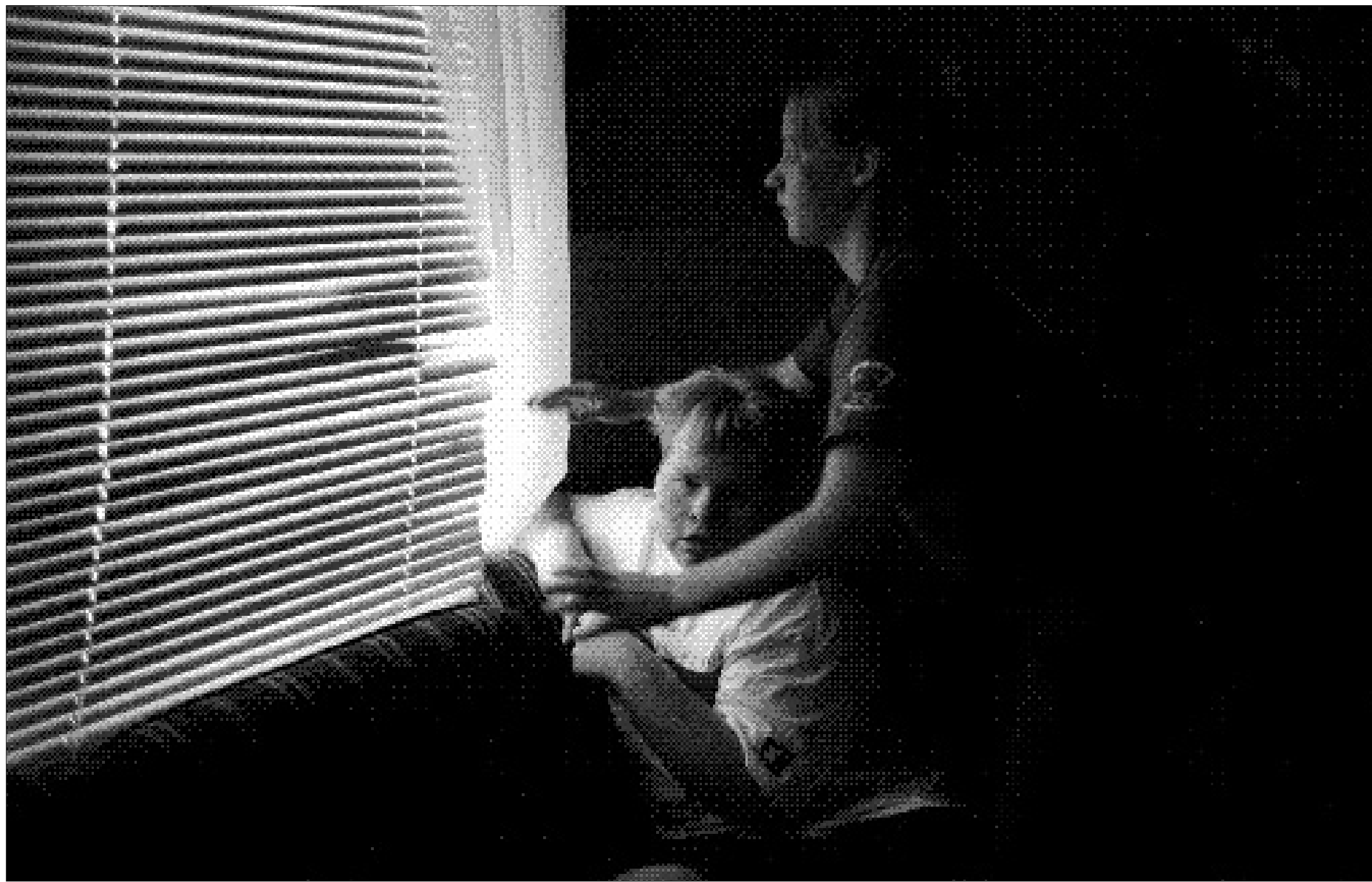


BELOW • Rising early for class, Tom usually struggles to make it on time.



Brent's world

Photography by JASON MICCOLO JOHNSON
Editing by JOSEPH A. GARCIA



Brent Whitson is drawn to circular things — clocks, CDs, pizza, Wheel of Fortune. The 14-year-old's world spins in search of focus. Brent, who is autistic, often points and stares, exclaiming in a hard-to-follow train of thought. Elderly men are "Granddad!" African-American males are "Bill Cosby!" It can leave the average observer bewildered — like hearing a record played backwards, then normally, then backwards again.

At other times Brent talks and acts like any other teenager. He dislikes doing chores, but loves food, music and going to the mall.

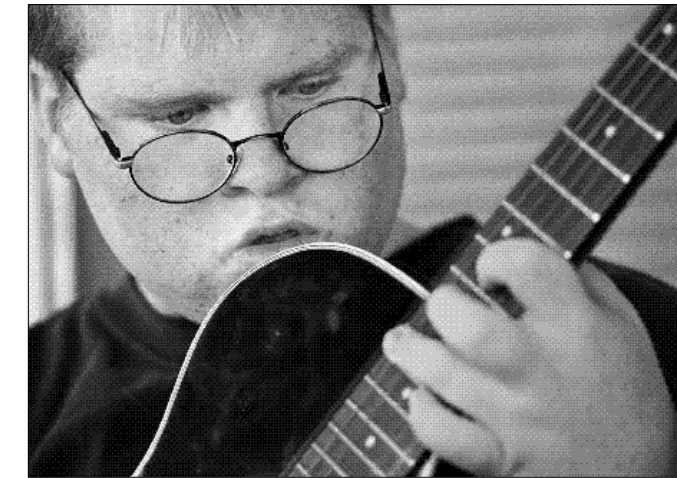
Brent's mom, Cindy, and his doctors have tried several combinations of drugs over the years — even taking him off everything a few months ago to see if that would help.

"It didn't," she said. "It made things worse, and he had trouble sleeping through the night and he was much more irritable."

Now, Brent is back on his medication and seeing a psychiatrist. The goal is to see Brent become as independent as possible, see him gain "the ability to stay on task and finish a project," said Jason Gregory, a family friend who is the co-owner of an afterschool facility for kids with mental and physical challenges.

"I'd just like to see Brent grow up and be able to live as other grown ups," Cindy said, and "keep him in the community around family and friends."

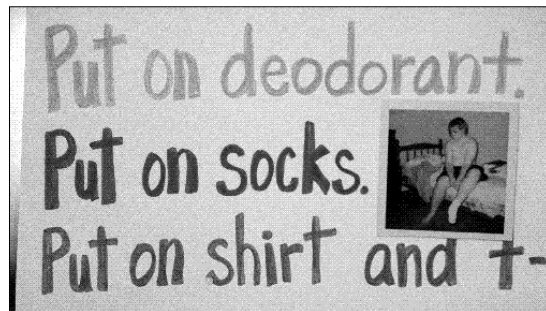
LEFT • Brent Whitson and sister Amanda peer out the picture window of the family home.



LEFT • Playing the guitar is one of Brent's great loves.

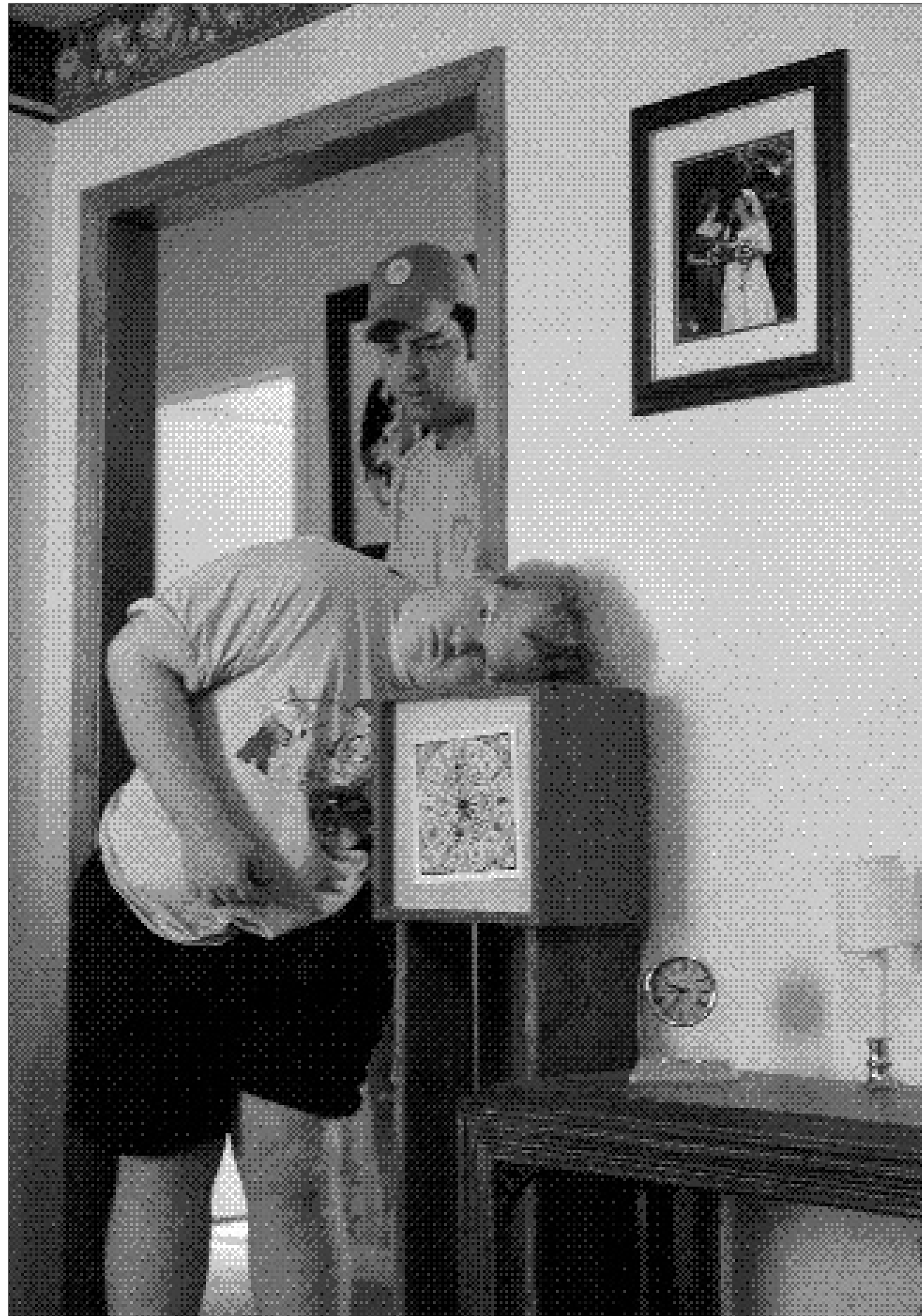
BELOW • Brent's mother, Cindy, is pleased that Brent can brush his teeth with little help.





ABOVE • A chart in Brent's room reminds him of his daily routine and includes instructional photos.

RIGHT • Brent listens for the sound of a clock in the living room of his home as caregiver Jason Gregory watches.



I'd just like to see Brent grow up and be able to live as other grownups.

Cindy Whitson, Brent's mom



LEFT • Brent gets a goodbye kiss from his mother before she goes to work.

ABOVE • Brent plays solitaire on the computer while his cat "Lucky" basks in the morning sun.



For the love of cats

Photography by TOM A. SMITH
Editing by GARY DWIGHT MILLER & ALEX HORVATH

RIGHT • Mishra, a Bengal tiger, walks the property that Herald Maxwell plans to develop a Lion and Leopard sanctuary.

BELOW • Lisa Boroughs has formed a bond with Judah, a 6-month-old lion cub. The cubs have daily contact with humans to prepare them for working with groups.



“You just don’t understand until you’ve been kissed by a tiger,” said Lisa Boroughs, a volunteer with

Project Noah.

The project began in 1995 when Herald Maxwell, a professional magician, was given two 3-month-old lion cubs to use in his show.

One of the cubs suffered from a calcium deficiency and had two broken legs.

He rehabilitated the cub, named her Sheba, and soon after Project Noah began. The tax-exempt educational facility and sanctuary is dedicated to educating people about conservation.

“I’m concerned with the disappearance of species from the planet,” Maxwell said. “When we have a chance to stop something from becoming extinct, we have an obligation to do so.”

Maxwell depends on community support to care for the animals and maintain the 70-acre property in Richardsville.

The sanctuary is home to two full-grown female lions, three lion cubs, a Bengal tiger and an African lynx. Eight house cats, two dogs, three

ostriches, four parrots, a snake and a frog also share the property.

A love of animals is a common bond for the volunteers.

“This is something I have always wanted to do,” Boroughs says. “My family thinks I’m crazy, but I love these animals.”

Maxwell wants to establish a place where children can learn about the animals, but he faces many challenges.

“We have got to get this land paid for,” he said. We have got to put a perimeter fence around, then we have



the buildings to do.”

Undaunted, he presses on.

“When you see these magnificent animals you become emotionally involved,” Maxwell said. “And if you’re involved and have a love for something you’re going to save it.”

ABOVE • Cats of all kinds are a constant presence around the sanctuary. Lisa Boroughs laughs at this kitten’s “lion-like” moment.

BELOW • After having her cage cleaned, Mishra has a bath.



Face to face

Photography by YULI WU
Editing by LISA EDMONDSON

You'll see him all over town, entertaining children, surprising people on their birthday and making people laugh.



ABOVE • These faces means Nick Wilkins has succeeded. "Children are so fun to entertain," he said.

RIGHT • Broadway the Clown perfects his face before heading out to Edmonson County for a birthday party magic show.

FAR RIGHT • Wilkins surprised a McDonald employee in Edmonson County after a magic show.

When you turn 6 in Bowling Green, Broadway the Clown is the guy to call. Hit 40 and it could be the grim reaper at your door.

Nick Wilkins is the man behind the clown, the reaper and a few dozen other characters.

The 44-year-old professional clown, magician and owner of Balloon-A-Gram gets called when someone's sick and needs cheering up, when there's a reason to celebrate, or when folks just need a good laugh.

Wilkins was born to entertain. His father was Wandie the Magician, who performed in Kentucky and surrounding states and brought his son into the act when Nick was 8. The show, called "It's Magic," eventually grew to a cast of 30.

Wilkins honed his magician's skills but became infatuated with clowns by the time he was 6. He began clowning for real when he was 16. He graduated from the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Clown College in Florida and went off to join the circus.

Eventually he returned to his home town of Bowling Green, and in 1981 he began Balloon-A-Gram.

You'll see him all over town, entertaining children, surprising people on their birthday and making people laugh. Wilkins isn't hard to spot.

He's the guy in the gorilla suit.



Trapped in time

Photography by KRYSTAL KINNUNEN
Editing by GREG A. COOPER

RIGHT • Earnece Walker, the owner of Bowling Green Shoeshine Parlor, shines Maybell Mansfield's shoes. Mansfield works next door at Kirby's Barber shop. "I come over all the time when it's not busy," Mansfield said.



BELOW • Gene and Elaine Rall of Chicago came to Bowling Green while visiting their son in Elizabethtown. "We stopped at the visitor's center and read about the fountain in the square," Elaine said. "How often do you see a structure from 1881 still standing,"



Early morning. October light streams between the trees, casting golden patterns on the ground. Water trickles in the fountain that gives Bowling Green's square its name. Birds chirp, squirrels chatter, leaves crunch underfoot. A busy day is about to begin. Nearby, a leafblower buzzes. A man in mask and goggles walks around the front of National City Bank, cleaning sidewalk and street. Leaves and debris swirl in the air.

"You should see this place after a busy night when the bars are full," says Jack Jameson, a cleaner for 14 years.

7:45 a.m. Suits and ties stream into the law firms. Blakey Hayes, Courtyard Cafe owner sets up chairs and tables for his breakfast crowd. Susan Hoechner, part owner of Barbara Stewart Interiors, unlocks the shop.

Midday. Children do cartwheels, run around statues and bushes. Grandparents try to keep up. Benches fill with people eating, reading, talking.

Charlotte Souders of Rockfield lifts her 16-month-old grandson, Garon Linhardt, to the fountain rail. He points, eyes wide, smiling and says, "See, see."

"I just wanted to be out in the sunshine and show him the fish," Souders says.

Late afternoon. Shoppers run last-minute errands; workers tidy their shops. The suits and ties leave the law firms. Servers put white linen on the tables at 440 Main.

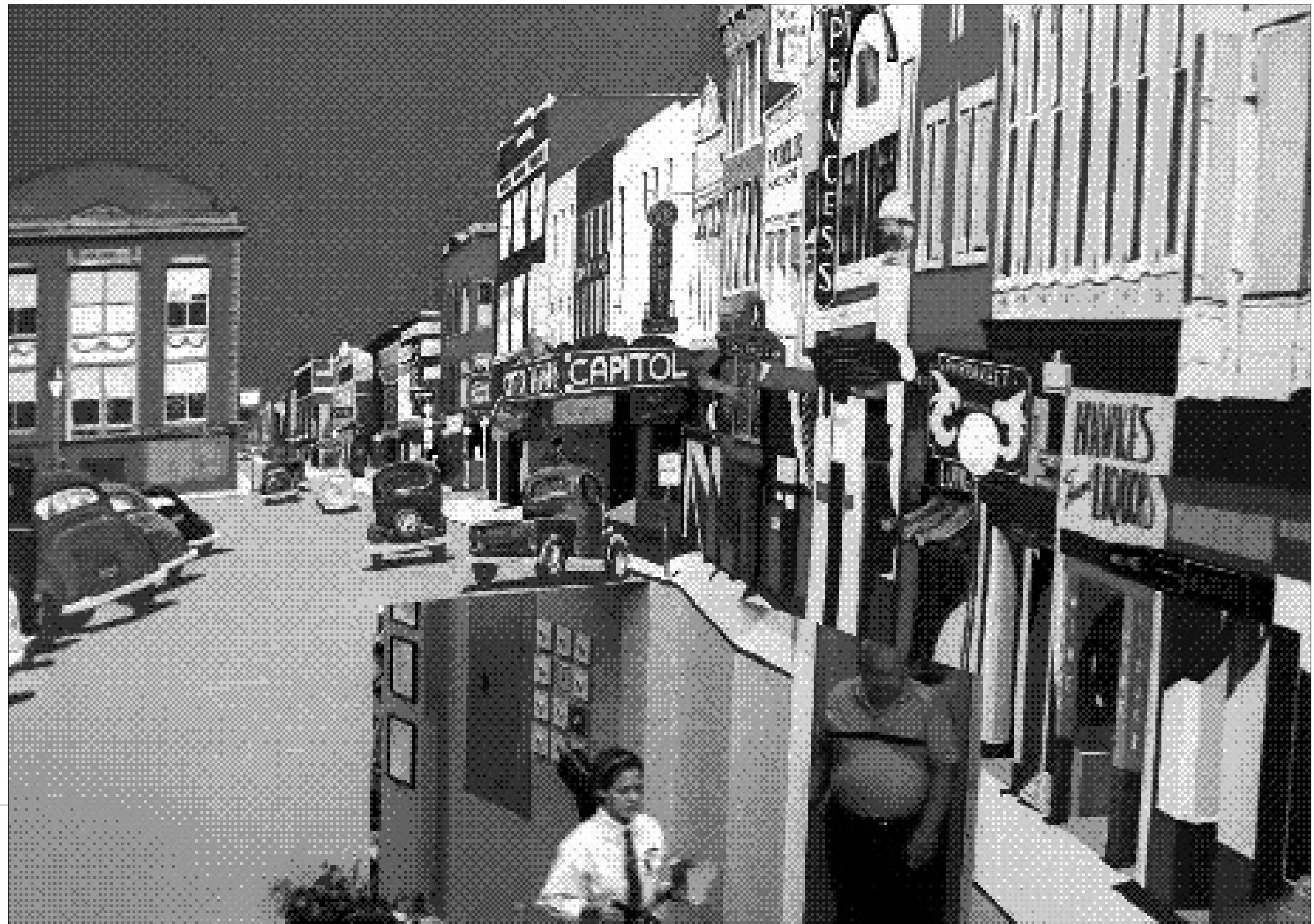
Sunset. Red neon glows on the Capital Arts marquee. Patrons drift in to watch "Prides Crossing," a production of the Fountain Square Players. Students gather in bars. Bone Pony, a bluegrass band, jams in Kelly Greens.

2 a.m. Bars close. Chairs scrape across floors. Bottles break.

3 a.m. Quiet descends. The square rests.

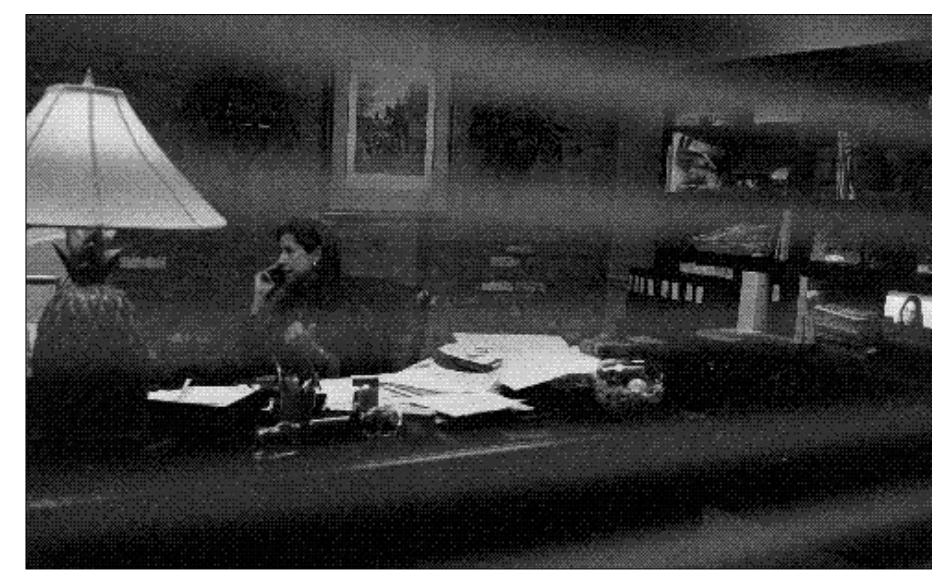
RIGHT • Illusion meets reality at Mariah's, a restaurant in downtown Bowling Green. The mural portrays Fountain Square in the 1930s.

At the bottom of this picture, a server and a customer emerge from adjoining doors in the corner of the room. Built in 1818, the original structure is the oldest in Bowling Green.





ABOVE RIGHT • Financial adviser Page Beard of Morgan Keegan talks to a client.



You should see this place after a busy night when the bars are full.”

•
Jack Jameson, street cleaner

BELOW RIGHT • Donna May unwinds at Three Brothers II Lounge, where drafts are \$1 and the pool tables are free on Monday nights.



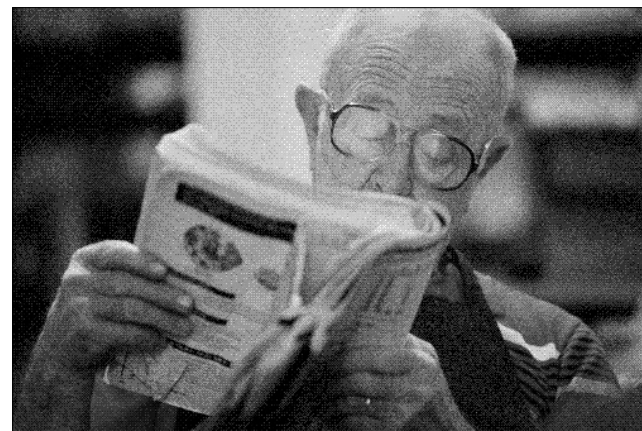
LEFT, FACING PAGE • In a walkway off Fountain Square, Cindi Burkett, her 4-year-old daughter, Hannah, and Hannah's teddy bear, Rainbow, discuss their growing family. "Rainbow is my brother and I'm about to have two brothers," Hannah said.

Life in repair

Photography by NATHAN BERNDT
Editing by GARY DWIGHT MILLER



ABOVE • A single fluorescent tube gives Dack Kingery all the light he needs to repair watches and jewelry.



RIGHT • Kingery often relies on catalog orders to get parts he can't stock.

Dack Kingery is 78 and he doesn't have to work every day. But he does. Monday through Friday, he arrives at his shop around 7 a.m.

"It's what I know," Kingery said.

Dack's Repair Shop has been at 902 State St., on Fountain Square, for 28 years. It's narrow – 10 feet wide by 35 feet long. It's spartan – display case, a work bench, a shelf, a chair. It's cluttered – old watch crystals, springs, gears, cases, bands, bracelets, and tools cover every surface.

He has been repairing watches, setting stones, resizing rings and replacing crystals for 52 years. He learned the craft after returning from World War II in the South Pacific.

He doesn't have the same dexterity he once had, but he says he can still do just about anything.

"If there's something that I can't fix, I'll wait until I can do a good job – sometimes two months," Kingery said.

Kingery doesn't worry much about money. Some customers are charged nothing for a wrist band adjustment. He'll charge just the cost of a battery to get an electric watch running again.

Most days, Dack closes his shop at 4 p.m. and goes home to relax.

Two or three nights a week he goes raccoon hunting, a tradition passed from his grandfathers. He has three coon dogs – Lady, a red tick; Rosco, a black and tan; and Fanny, a red bone – and beagle named Benji who is his "ride-along" dog.

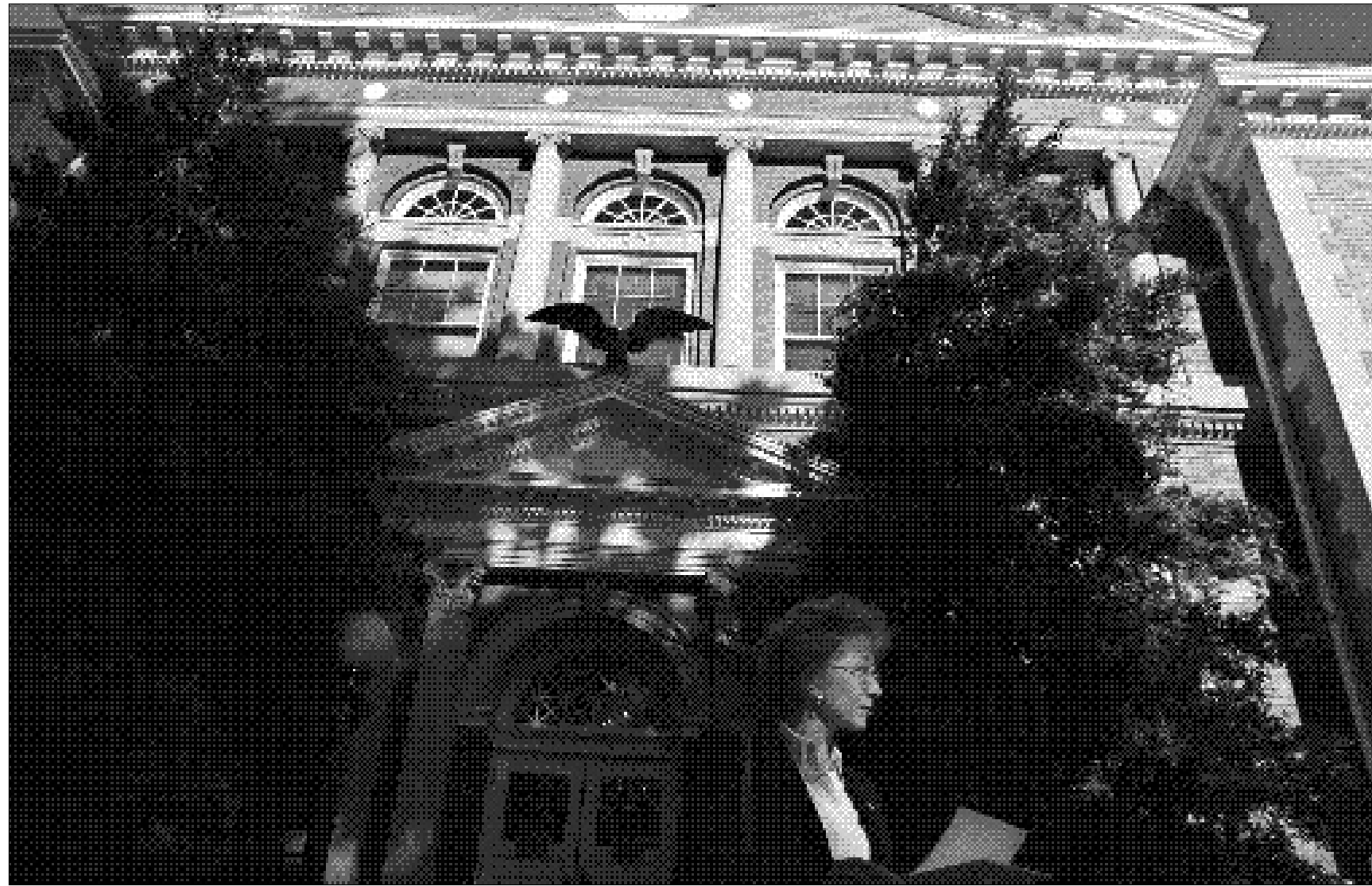
"The only thing I know anymore," Kingery says, "are watches, dogs, and diamonds."



ABOVE • Dack Kingery begins to shorten a wrist band by tapping out a pin. Kingery often does small jobs while customers wait.

From the ground up

Photography by ANDREW OTTO
Editing by ROBYN LARSEN



ABOVE • Bowling Green City Commissioner Sandy Jones reads mail from her box at City Hall. She's on her way to pick up voter registration cards.

Sandy Jones swears she's not a risk taker — her business and political life were meant to happen. With just \$500, she and a friend launched their own business in 1977. Handy Girls, which started as a “one desk and a telephone” operation that provided temporary secretaries for lawyers, has mushroomed into Quality Personnel with 30 full-time employees. The company, which Jones now owns by herself, places 700 to 1,000 temporary workers a week in light industrial jobs. Annual revenues run \$12 million to \$15 million. There are six regional offices.

“Now I have much more than I need in terms of time and money,” she says. “So I give both to things that need it.”

Jones won her first campaign for Bowling Green City Commission in November 1998. “Those first few months it was trial by fire,” Jones said. “It wasn't like anything I had ever experienced before.”

The pace remains hectic. “Sometimes I have a hard time keeping my feet on the ground,” she said.

Jones will become Bowling Green's mayor — she's the only candidate.

She says a quote by Millard Fuller, founder of Habitat for Humanity, sums up her vision: “A graceful town is a town where there are no dark corners and no forgotten people.”

“If I can weave that through my administration,” she says, “I will be very satisfied.”



LEFT • Sandy Jones is unopposed in the race for mayor of Bowling Green. “It's sort of like being an expectant mother,” Jones said.

BELOW • Jones and 84-year-old James Bailey talk after a forum for City Commission candidates. Bailey, from Alvaton, has lived in the Bowling Green area most of his life and says he knows politics.





Those first few months
it was **trial by fire**. It wasn't like
anything I had ever experienced before.



ABOVE • Jones and her husband, Martin, often work 60-hour weeks but try to meet often for lunch. They met in 1995 while serving on a committee for the Bowling Green Chamber of Commerce, and they were married in December of 1998.

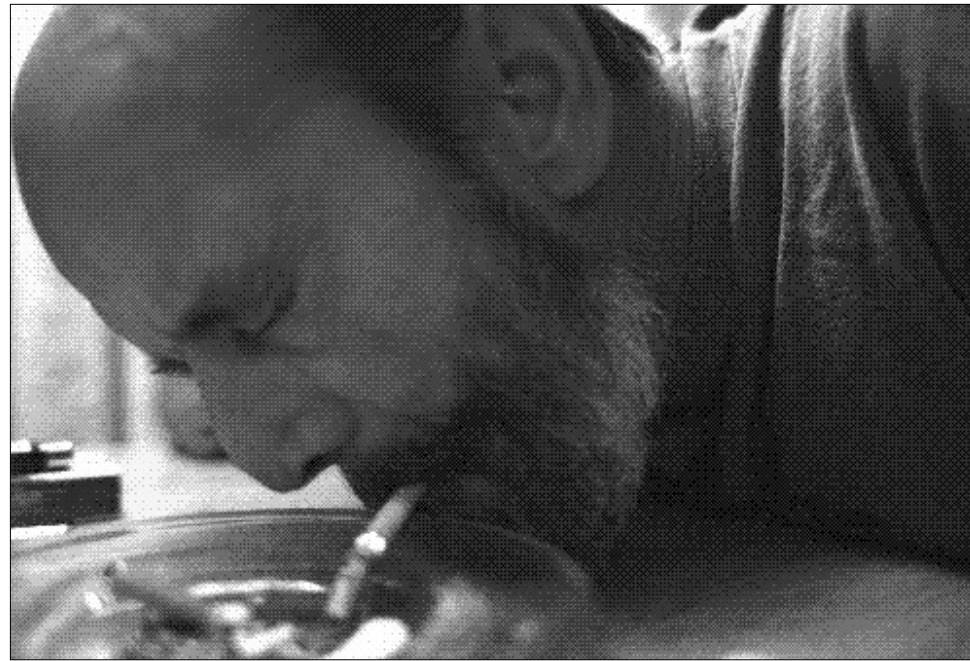
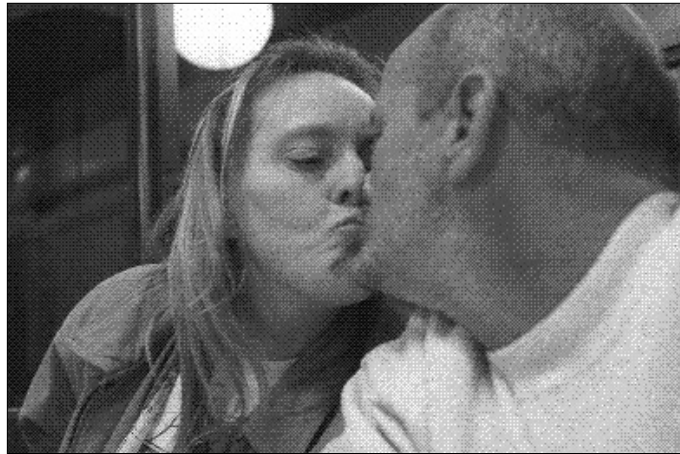
LEFT, FACING PAGE • Jones talks with landscapers about grass they're planting at her home. Jones and her husband, Martin, also want to install a pond. "We really don't need it, because we're not home enough," Jones said. "But it's one of those things to which you take a wild notion that you want."

The bonds of love

Photography by DAWN MAJORS
Editing by LLOYD YOUNG

RIGHT • Despite losing his limbs to a rare bacterial infection, Doug Cropper can do a lot for himself.

BELOW • Pam and Doug snuggle at the Waffle House.



As Pam Cropper watched her boyfriend waste away in the hospital, she remembered her promise to stay by his side no matter what.

Doug Cropper would survive, but he lost his hands

and feet to amputation.

Pam never wavered.

"It wasn't a question of do I or don't I," she said. "If God would just leave him, I'll be his hands and feet."

A rare bacterial infection brought on by a dog bite took Doug's hands and feet. But it strengthened Pam's devotion, and the couple were married on Valentine's Day.

Pam and Doug met five years earlier. Doug, a truck driver, had delivered a shipment to a bar called the Southern Comfort

in Atlanta. He was sitting with a group of truckers when a waitress approached. It was Pam. He took his first day off in three months, and they've been together ever since.

In the months after Doug lost his hands and feet, Pam pushed him not to feel sorry for himself.

She once had a friend with no hands, and any time Doug became frustrated and told her there was something he just couldn't do, she would say, teasingly, "well Patsy could do it."

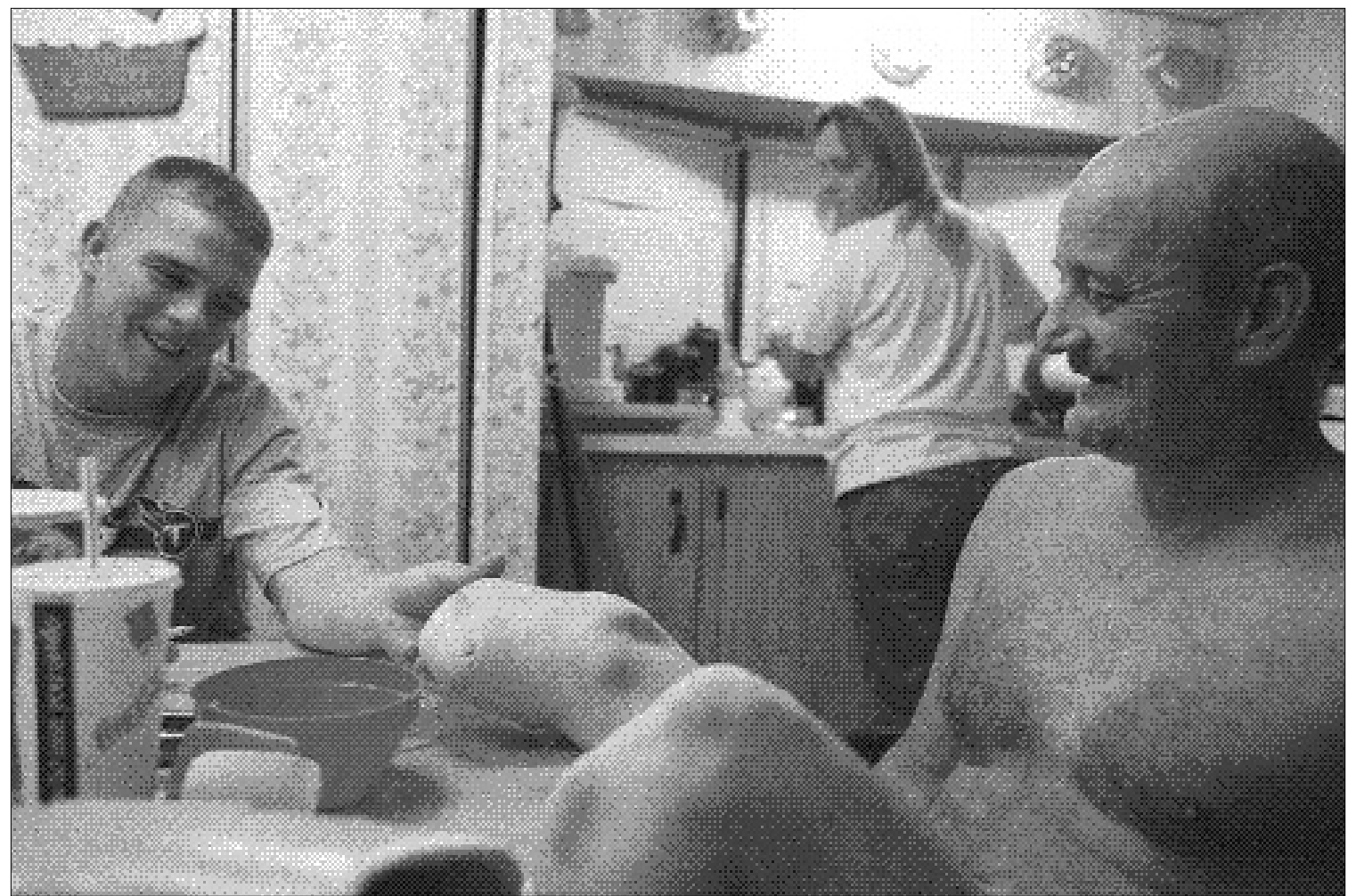
It made him angry, but Pam's pushing helped Doug recapture some of his spirit. It seemed to make all the difference.

Pam gives without making him feel like he's a burden. When she feeds him, it's as if they are one person. When he walks, she's at his side.

"I believe God put two souls together that day to save one," Doug says. "And that gave me the strength to see it through."



ABOVE • "It wasn't no question, if God would just leave him, I'll be his hands and feet," Pam Cropper said. Pam grooms Doug daily, doing everything he can't do for himself.

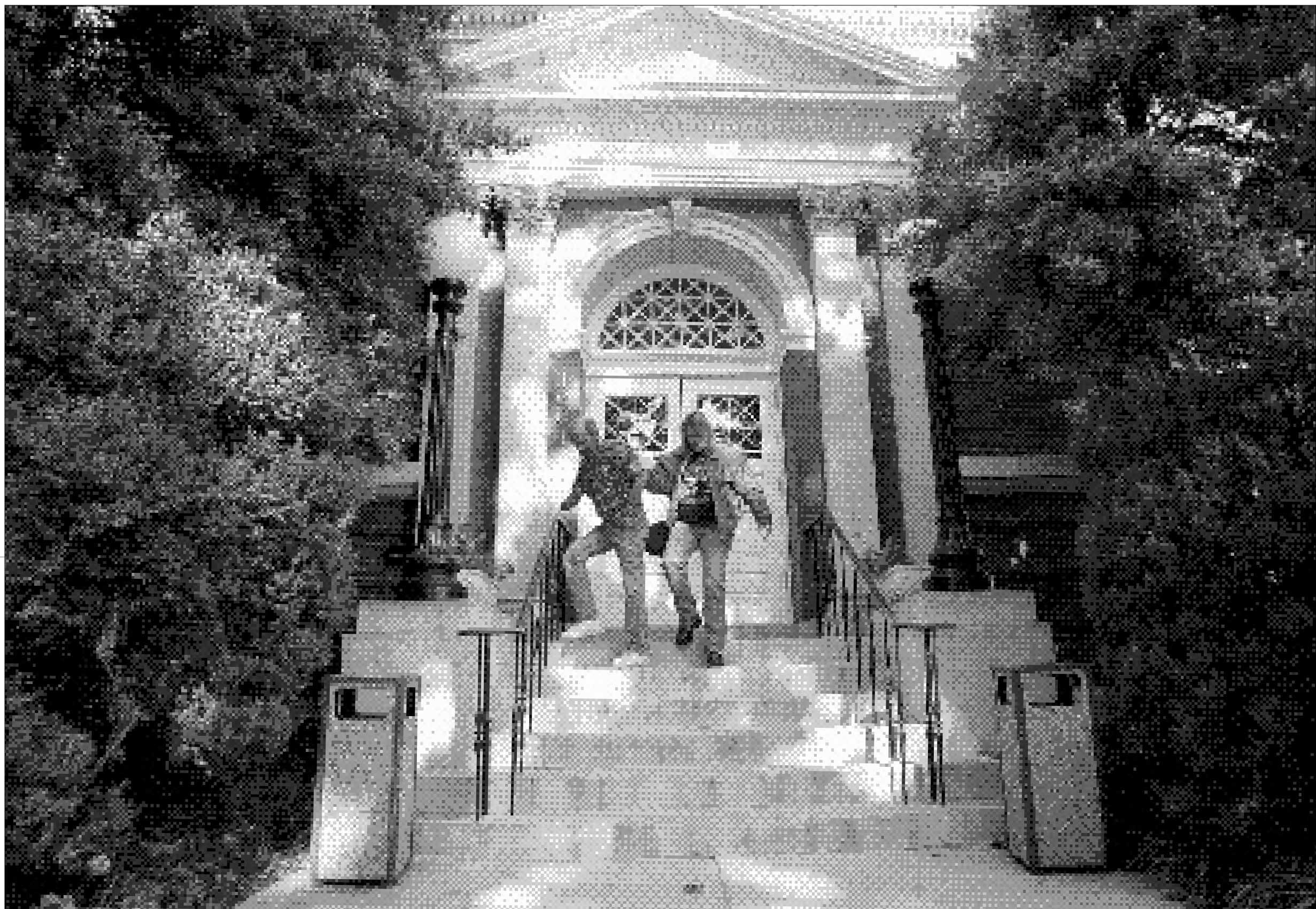


**I believe
God put
two souls
together
that day to
save one, and
that gave me
the strength
to see it
through.**

•
Doug Cropper

LEFT • Pam does the dishes while her son, Shane, teases Doug .

RIGHT • Pam helps Doug as they leave an office in Bowling Green.



“I never get used to it.”

Photography by JACLYN McCABE
Editing by ANDREW JOHNSTON



ABOVE • Euthanizing animals is part of Andy McDowell's job as an animal control officer. "You can make peace with the old, broken ones," he said. "The perfectly healthy ones, that's another thing."

Every weekday at the Warren County Humane Society six to eight cats and three or four dogs are euthanized. That's part of animal control officer Andy McDowell's job.

"I never get used to it. It always bothers me," he said on a day when he had to euthanize seven cats. "I've put down tens of thousands of animals. You get good at it, but it always gets to you."

Andy has been a deputy sheriff and Bowling Green's animal control officer for 10 years. He investigates cases of abuse and neglect and picks up strays.

He carries a gun because people feel strongly about animals and about once a week he has to shoot a dangerous dog.

At his home outside Bowling Green, McDowell keeps six beagles, two Boston terriers, a mixed bird dog and a cat. Most of his animals were adopted from the shelter. He takes good care of them. He doesn't respect people who don't.

At the overcrowded, underfunded shelter --- cats were killed last year, most within hours of being picked up. Dogs are held for five days. Last year, --- were killed.

Many people don't want to know that reality.

Andy lives with it every day.

"I've killed enough animals through euthanasia and gunshot to last me a lifetime," he said.

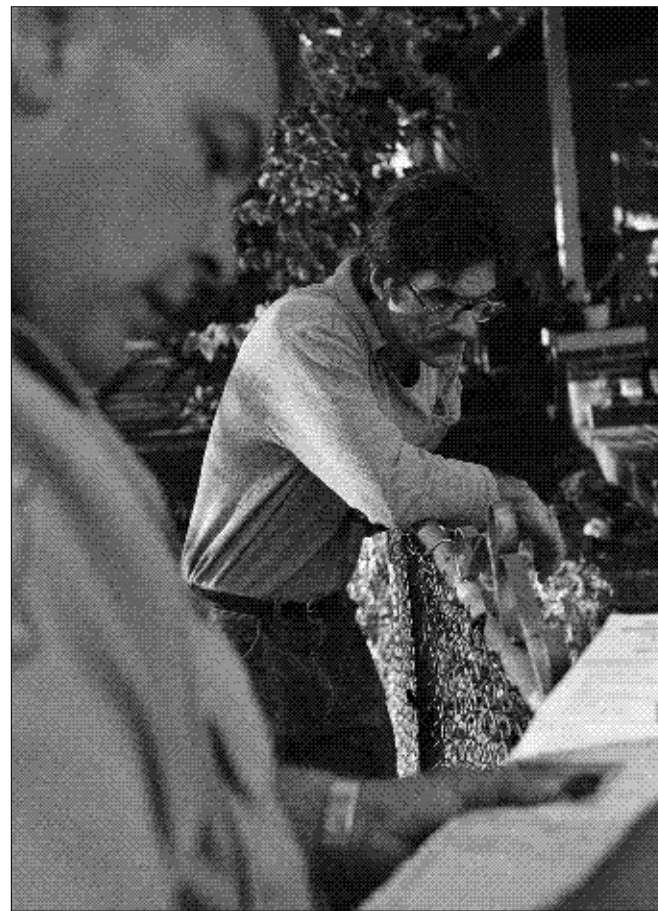


LEFT • McDowell picks up a reluctant and pregnant dog whose owner no longer wanted her. "I prefer it if people would accept responsibility and not just take on limited ownership," said McDowell. "This would help solve the problem."

BELOW • McDowell found five malnourished dogs in a back yard. No one was home, so he fed the dogs and left a warning on the door; later he cited the homeowner.



“I never get used to it.” | continued...



ABOVE • McDowell cited William Alford of Bowling Green after finding five malnourished dogs in a back yard on East 10th Street. Alford's mother had asked him to care for them while she was out of town. They had water, but no food.

RIGHT • McDowell introduces Peaches, the latest addition to his menagerie, to Spud, one of his other beagles. He owns six beagles, two Boston terriers, one bird dog and one cat. He's saved most of them from the shelter.



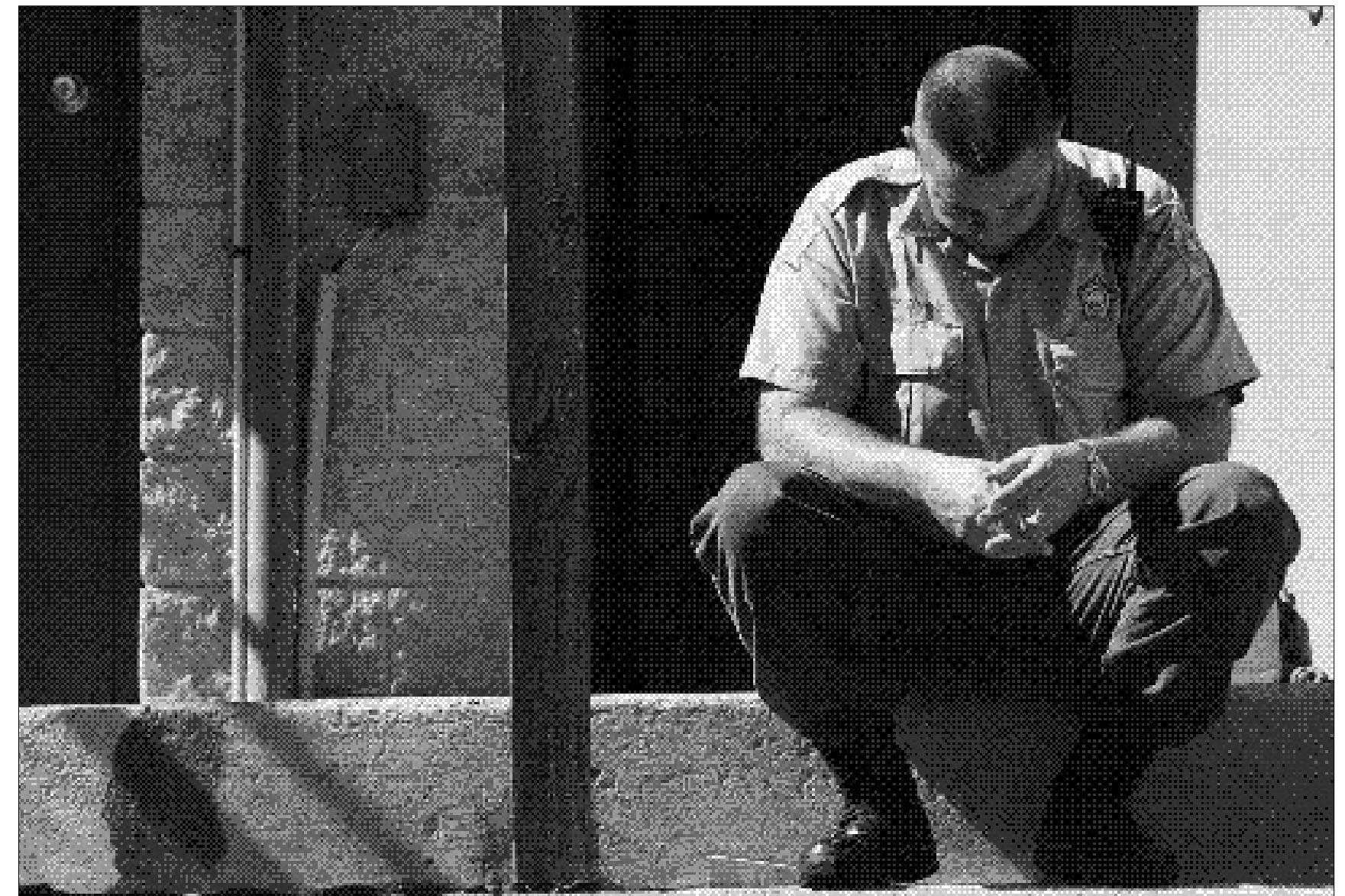
**It always bothers me.
I've put down tens
of thousands of animals.
You get good at it, but
it always gets to you.**

•
Andy McDowell



LEFT • County health environmentalist Katherine Herndon watches over quarantined dogs who have bitten people. She becomes close to some of the dogs and has trouble dealing with the euthanization.

BELOW • “I never get used to it,” McDowell said after euthanizing seven cats. “It always bothers me. If I put down tens of thousands of animals. That's enough to last a lifetime.”



Mama Marie

Photography by AARON PENNOCK
Editing by JOSEPH A. GARCIA



ABOVE • Marie Gipson talks to her 15-month-old great grandson, Tyson. Tyson's mother, Ebony, their cousin, Lachavis, and their aunt, Detra, live with Gipson.



ABOVE • Gipson sits in her favorite chair as her 12-year-old grand daughter, Lachavis, takes out the trash. Lachavis has lived with Gipson since her own mother died when she was 3.

Marie Gipson has raised 13 children — only five of them her own. Gipson raised two of her sister's children after the sister died. She took in three children from a close friend who died during labor. Two of her own daughters died, and she raised three of their children. Two of those granddaughters — one who now has her own son — still live with her. “If you be kind to other people,” she says, “other people be kind to you.”

Neighborhood children often stayed at Gipson's house to get away from abusive or neglectful parents. They dubbed her place “the shelter house,” and took to calling her “Mama Marie.”

Even her job involved helping children — for 16 years she was the cook for the Head Start day care program. Shortly after retiring, she joined their “foster grandparent” program. Two boys, 3-year-old Richard and 4-year-old Bobby, are her “grandkids.” But she also sits in on the classes every Monday through Thursday to help the teacher.

“You get to loving ‘em, you really do,” she said. “You get to the point where you can't wait for Monday to come back around.”

Between her age and her diabetes and arthritis, Gipson can't do as much as she used to. She lets her granddaughters do the main chores and the grocery shopping. And she keeps in touch with her friends over the phone.

“But it helps to know you can help,” she said. “It really does.”



ABOVE • Gipson often stays up and chats with friends or family until one or two in the morning.

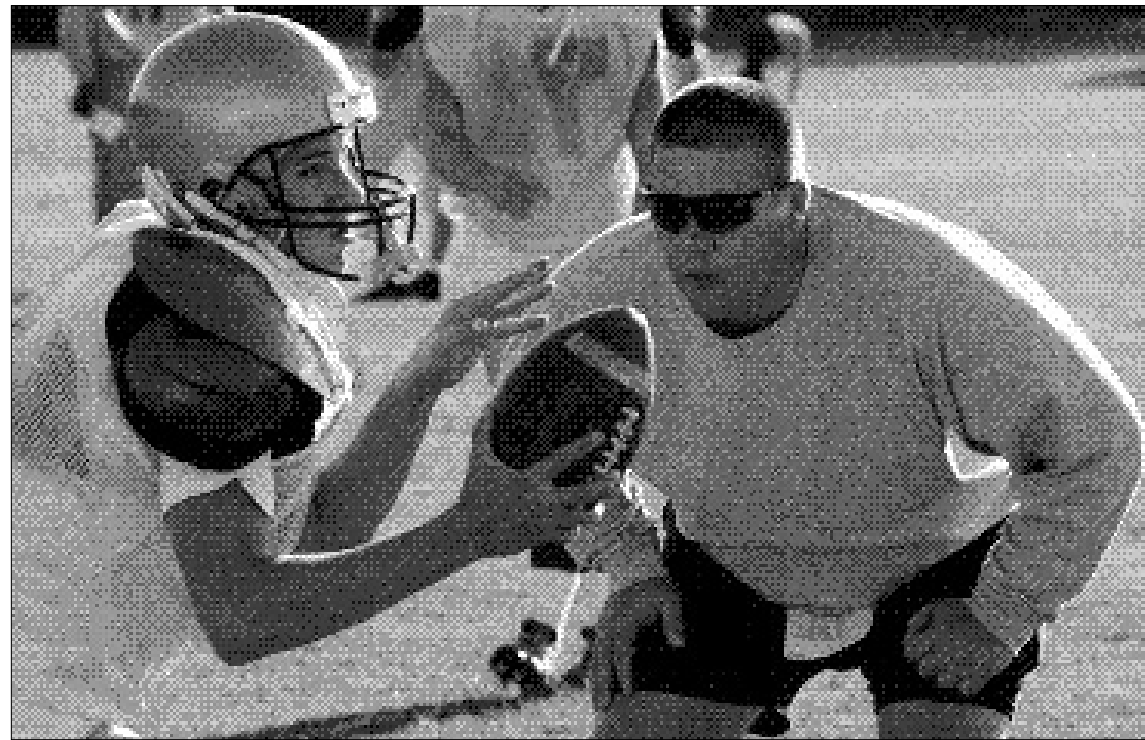
Hey, Coach Wallace

Photography by AMANDA MAUER
Editing by LISA EDMONDSON

RIGHT • As the intercession coordinator at Bowling Green High School, Coach Kevin Wallace takes care of any discipline problems. During this session he had only one such situation to deal with.



BELOW • Coach Kevin Wallace drills his football team, the Bowling Green High School Purples.



“Coach, how’s it goin’ man?”
“Coach Wallace, how are you?”
Everywhere he goes at Bowling Green High School, to students and teachers alike, Kevin Wallace is “Coach.”

Wallace, a native of Bowling Green, has been teaching and coaching football for 19 years, since the day he finished college at Western Kentucky University.

“I finished my student teaching on a Friday, was hired on a Monday night at a board meeting and went back to work on a Tuesday.”

He began coaching at his alma mater, Warren East High School, in 1982 and moved to Bowling Green High School in 1994, first as assistant coach and as head coach since 1996. The Bowling Green High School Purples won the state championship in 1995 and were runner up the year before. They were undefeated in the regular season for four straight years beginning in 1995.

In addition to his coaching duties, Wallace teaches U.S. history and drivers’ education, and he’s in charge of the intercession program for students with less than a C average. They get extra tutoring and the opportunity to raise their grades.

Though he puts a high priority on his family life, Coach Wallace worries that during football season his wife, Dana, sometimes feels like a single mom to their 3- and 10-year-old sons. He’s at school seven days a week for practice or to study game films.

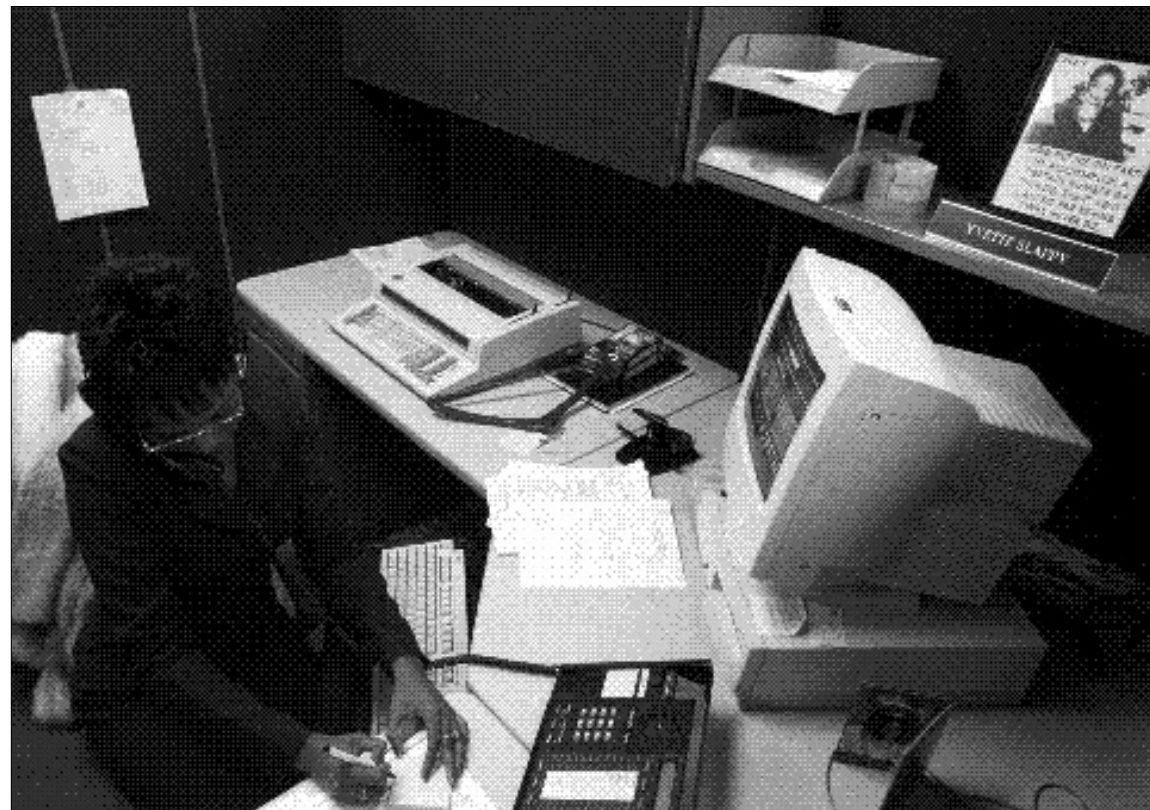
He’s grateful that she’s a teacher, too, and likes sports.



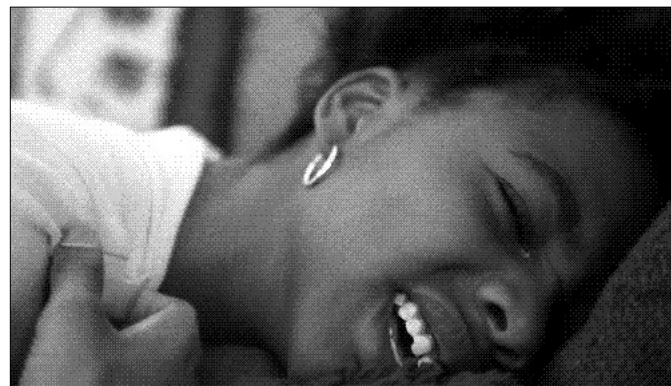
ABOVE • Cameron, 3, shows Wallace part of a Halloween costume while his wife, Dana, and son Ryan, 10, look on.

Despite the chaos

Photography by ATOYIA DEANS
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • Yvette Slappy is a clerk who assists Judge Margaret Ryan Huddleston at the Justice Center in Bowling Green.



RIGHT • Slappy's daughter, Alexis, suffers from a skin condition that causes blistering and rashes. She is unable to find relief from the itching it causes.

Yvette Slappy knows about perseverance. She's a 38-year-old single mother who works full time at the Justice Center, raises two children, and owns a home that she helped build through Habitat for Humanity. She is active in Jaycees and Community

Unity Day, an annual event that promotes religious tolerance. She is determined to put an end to discrimination.

"I want to give back to the community," Slappy said. "I could still be in public housing, but people stood behind me."

"It doesn't bother me to say I was on the system," she said, especially when she thinks about how far she has come and about the people who helped her. She gives back to her community, remembering how difficult it was to support her family.

She passes her ideals to her children. Her son, Robert Shobe, 10, is in the Boys Scouts and her daughter, Alexis, 12, is in the Girl Scouts.

Despite her accomplishments, Yvette Slappy cannot cook. This is one of her goals.

"I want to do my job, come home, and spend time with my family, and maybe learn how to cook one day so I can please my grandmother."

She has an even more personal goal – she wants share her life with someone and not be a single parent.

"With me almost 40 and not married, that is a goal," she said. And it's a goal that seems within reach. She is engaged to Barney Fugate, a soldier stationed at Fort Knox. They plan to marry in February 2001.

I want to do my job, come home, and spend time with my family, and maybe learn how to cook someday so I can please my grandmother.

•
Yvette Slappy



ABOVE • Alexis Slappy meditates while her mother tries to solve a problem during a hectic day.

Life and death

Photography by ROSS GORDON
Editing by ANDREW JOHNSTON

RIGHT • Warren County deputy coroner and funeral director Dwayne Lawrence remembers family and friends after the funeral of Mrs. Floy Childress at the Green River Union Cemetery. “Every stone tells a story,” Lawrence said.

It’s 2:08 a.m. Dwayne Lawrence sits in the coroner’s van and speaks softly into a cell phone. “I have some bad news. Are you alone? I’m the Warren County deputy coroner and I need to inform you that your husband has committed suicide tonight.”

He pauses and listens.

“Is there anything I can do for you or any questions I can answer at this point?”

Another pause. At the other end of the line a woman asks the inevitable question: Why?

It’s a question Lawrence can’t answer tonight. But he tries to be as honest and compassionate as he can.

It’s his job and that of three other deputy coroners to tell the families of Warren County that their father, mother, son or daughter has died.

“That’s as real as it gets,” Lawrence says, “especially when you know the family.”

When he’s not attending to his coroner’s duties, he’s a funeral director at J.C. Kirby & Sons funeral home, where he arranges funerals, sells caskets and does whatever else is needed.

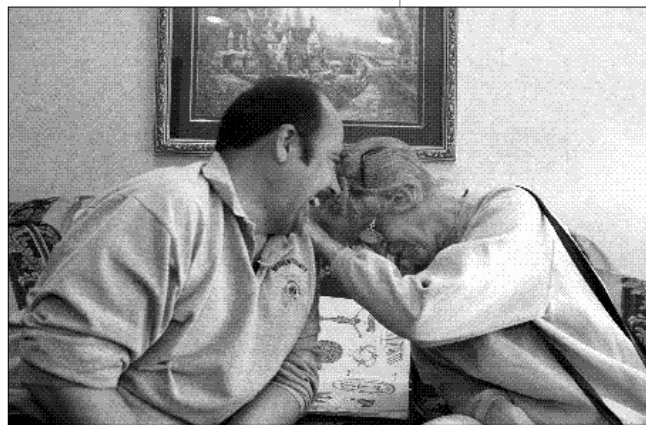
He believes in what he does and feels strongly about the service he provides for his community.

“If it wasn’t me,” he says, “it could be someone else who didn’t care.”

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ABOVE • Lawrence laughs with Emily Devore at J.C. Kirby & Sons funeral home.





Country to the core

Farming: a photo essay

Photography by STEPHEN CODDINGTON, JESSE EVANS, KATHLEEN FLYNN, HAL GOULD, JEREMY LYVERSE, JIM MICHALOWSKI, KINFÉ MOROTI & FRANK WIESE
Essay by HARRY ALLEN. Editing by GREG COOPER & ROBYN LARSEN

Warren County's heart is in Bowling Green, but its soul is in the country. It's in sweat-stained ball caps and worn overalls. It's in the flat fields of Smiths Grove and the hills around Hadley. It's in honeysuckle, tobacco, horses and hay. It's in dust and mud and rocks. It's in millions of seeds that have been pushed into the ground with a nod and a prayer. It's in small farms at the end of twisty gravel roads. It's in hamlets like Woodburn, Richardsville and Plano.

It's in places like the Rich Pond Market and Deli, where farmers gather for ham and eggs and coffee and fresh biscuits and fried chicken and catfish and barbeque.

And it's in people like Rhodes Hester, who runs the Rich Pond market.

Hester was born in Danville and came to Rich Pond 11 years ago. His deli is often packed with people who are more than just customers.

"Even though I didn't know a soul when I moved here, now you see all the friends I have around me," he said.

Hester is an entrepreneur, a farmer, an investor, a husband and a father. He grows alfalfa. He is developing a subdivision. He is a field representative for the conservation district. He takes care of a hyperactive Boxer named Duke.

"These folks down here are just good people," Hester said. "They're the salt of the earth."



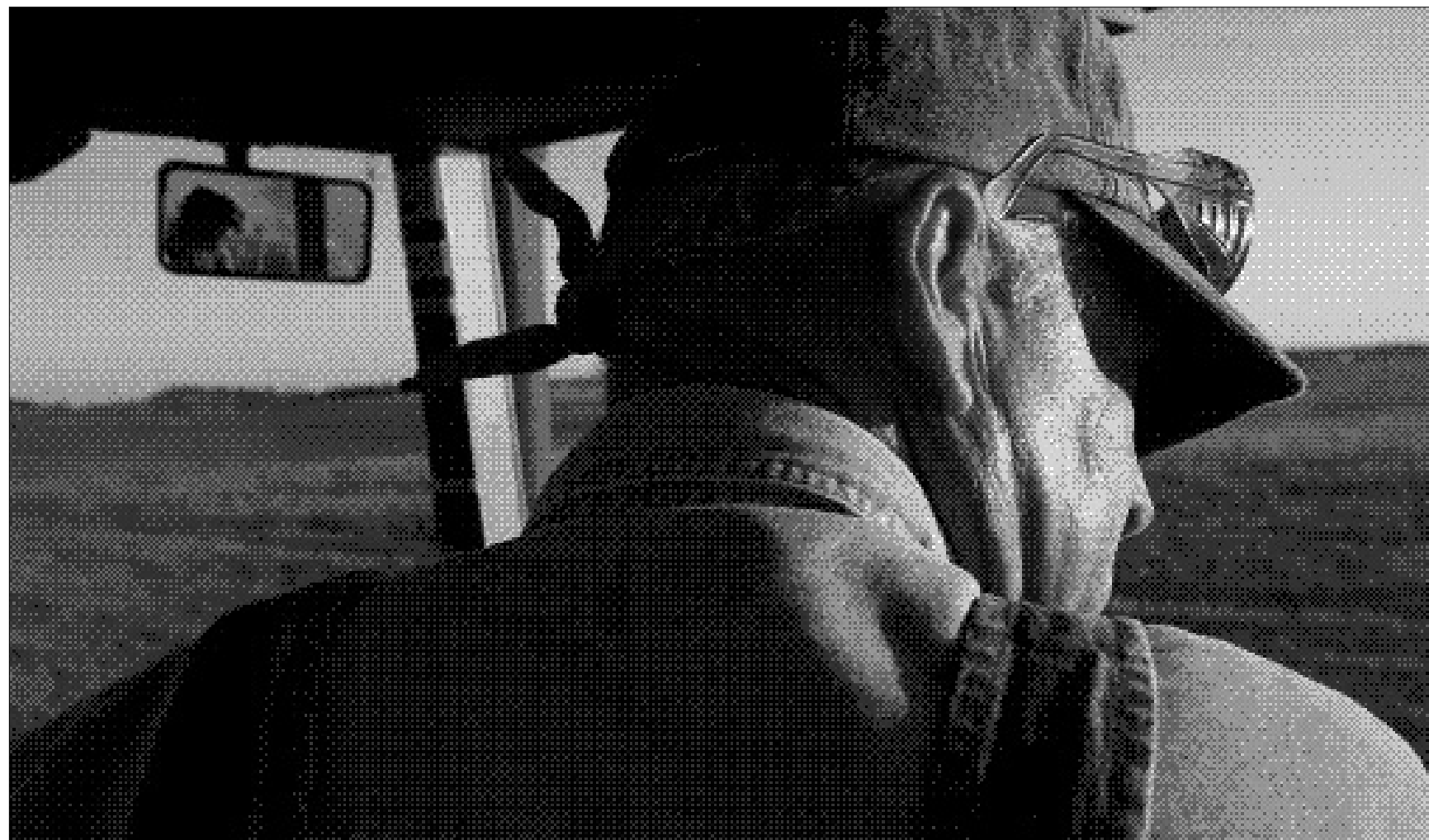
Hester isn't a typical Warren countian. No one is. Some have farmed the same land for generations, some are transplants from cities and some are new arrivals from other countries. But they all have one thing in common: hard work.

"We start early and work late," said Joe Neal Ballance, who grows wheat, corn, and soy beans on Three Oaks Farm south of Bowling Green. "You need a good work ethic in this business."

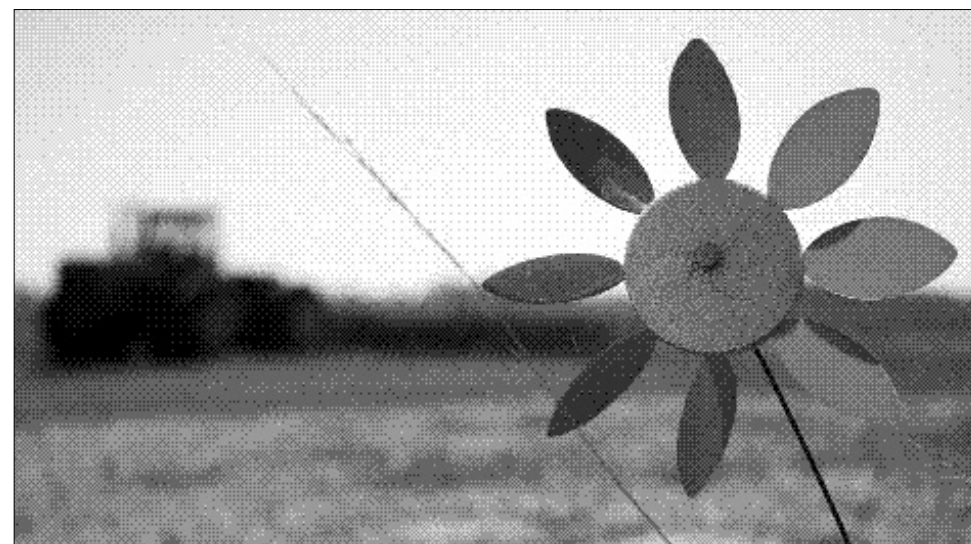
ABOVE • A transplanted "city girl" from Fort Thomas, Ky., Elsi Pelly is raising two daughters and running a greenhouse on the family's 310-acre dairy farm in Smiths Grove.

Photo by Kathleen Flynn

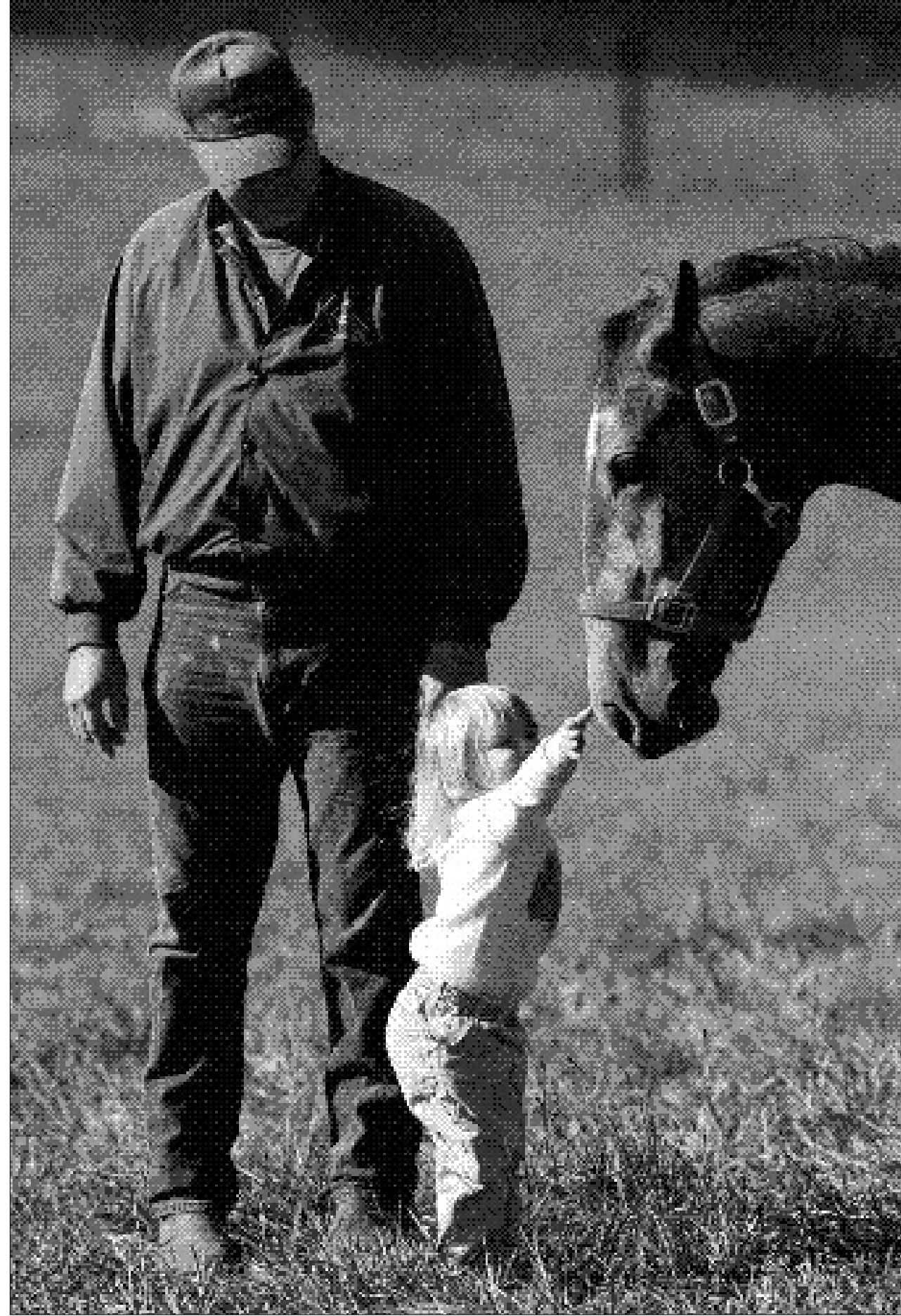
LEFT, FACING PAGE • Jose Cruz Guel of Juarez, Mexico, misses his family but can quadruple his pay here. This is his third season in Warren County. Photo by Stephen Coddington



ABOVE • Dale Tucker gets up before dawn every day to raise corn, soybean, wheat and cattle on his farm near Woodburn. "There ain't no 8 to 5 out here," he said. Photo by Jeremy Lyverse



RIGHT • A pinwheel decorates a little patch of Joe Neal Ballance's 6,700-acre farm in southern Warren County. Ballance uses cell phones, CB radios, and long-range walkie-talkies to keep in touch with the farm's 17 full-time workers. Photo by Kinfé Moroti



**These folks
down here
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good people.**

**They're
the salt
of the earth.**

•
Rhodes Hester

LEFT • Bobby Perry trains Tennessee Walking Horses at Highland Stables and Farm east of Bowling Green. His 2-year-old granddaughter, Savannah, got her first horse when she was 1. "There is always something that needs to be done," Perry said. "Horses need to be fed, stalls need to be cleaned out." His wife Susan, says they don't train horses for the money. "We do it because we love horses," she said. Photo by Hal Gould



LEFT, FACING PAGE • Nine-year-old Croslin Pelly warms herself in her mother's garden shop on their farm in Smith's Grove. "She has such freedom that she wouldn't have living in a city," said Elsi Perry, her mother. "It's made her a strong, independent little girl."

Photo by Kathleen Flynn



ABOVE • Dale Tucker clears a field after its first harvest. "The only way a young man could start farming today is if he was a heir," Tucker said. "There ain't no way a young man today could start from scratch. Ain't no way." His son Tom, 27, will take over his farm some day.

Photo by Jeremy Lyverse

LEFT • Rhodes Hester drives while Duke enjoys the ride. "He's just about all I got in this world," said Hester, who grows alfalfa and runs the Rich Pond Market and Deli.

Photo by Jesse Evans

**We start early and work late.
You need a good work ethic in this business.**

Joe Neal Ballance



ABOVE • Dr. Paul Graham, right, treats Sioux at Graham's office in Bowling Green. Although Graham concentrates on large animals the Weimaraner's owner, Bill Klaysteuber, went to him because his office was nearby. Graham's 2-year-old daughter, Rachel Kathryn, watches from a distance. Graham often drives his beat-up Ford pickup over 200 miles a day to treat farm animals.
Photo by Jim Michalowski



ABOVE • Eenie, Meenie and Miney follow Bob Spiller back to their enclosure on his farm near Oakland. Spiller's grandson named the geese. A fourth one, Mo, disappeared.
Photo by Frank Wiese

A couple of pictures of this group

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

1976 / ONE-ROOM SCHOOLS • 1977 / MAIN STREET • 1978 / LBL, KENTUCKY • 1979 / CLAIRFIELD, TENN. • 1980 / BURKESVILLE, KY. • 1981 / BURKESVILLE, KY.
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• 1988 / RUSSELL SPRINGS, KY. • 1989 / ALBANY, KY. • 1990 / MONTICELLO, KY. • 1991 / LAFAYETTE, TENN. • 1992 / COLUMBIA, KY. • 1993 / JAMESTOWN, TENN. • 1994 / GLASGOW, KY.
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Cast of Characters

All the folks who came to Warren County

And special thanks to these folks:

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- **Krystal Kinnunen**, *Andrew Otto*
The College Heights Herald

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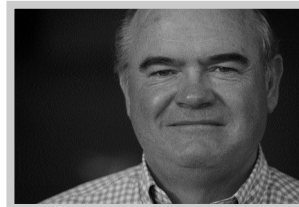
This year's workshop participants:

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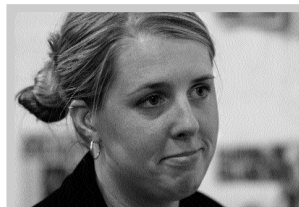
- **Nathan Berndt**, *University of Minnesota* • **Dana R. Bowler**, *freelance, Simi Valley, CA.*
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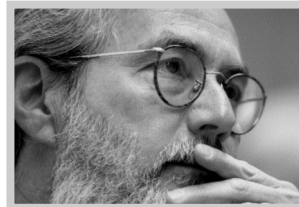
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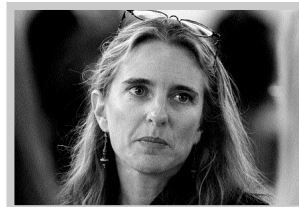
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Carrie Pratt, St. Petersburg Times



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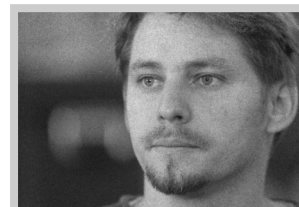
Susie Post, Freelance



Tim Broekema, The Kalamazoo Gazette



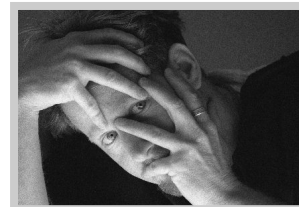
Kim Hughes, The Idaho Statesman



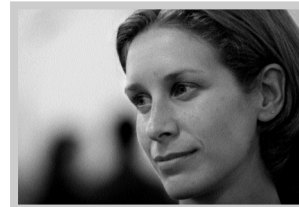
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- *Ventura County Star*
- *The Washington Post*

“To chase the light, to compose the frame, and to funnel every ounce of energy into capturing the moment...”

THE DECISION TO HOLD THE MOUNTAIN Workshops 2000 in Bowling Green generated a fair amount of skepticism. The town has a daily newspaper, and the public library has an entire shelf devoted to local history. What stories could possibly be found that hadn't already been told?

Plenty, it turns out. And even those previously told had never been documented with quite the same premium on perfection.

For 25 years students and working professionals have dropped into remote locales to document life in a small town while learning from some of America's best photojournalists and picture editors.

Bowling Green, with a population of 48,000, isn't exactly a small town by small-town Kentucky standards, but it was selected this year because of the swirl of events connected to homecoming at Western Kentucky University.

Forty-eight participants – 40 shooters and eight picture editors – signed up. Seventy volunteers from around the country joined forces to make the workshop a success. Some of them taught, some edited, some processed 400 rolls of film, some scanned film, some created and maintained a web site, and some produced a multimedia show.

The participants gathered on a Sunday noon at the National Guard Armory in Bowling Green to get their marching orders from program director Mike Morse. And then, from a hat held just above eye level, the shooters plucked a pencil-thin strip of paper containing their assignment, then froze in their tracks as it sank in.

Over the next four days, the seven photo coaches pushed and prodded their charges to focus the story, to chase the light, to compose the frame, and to funnel every ounce of energy into catching the moment. The shooters were given 10 rolls of film. They would be allowed only a few precious frames to tell their story.

Improvement came quickly, emerging before everyone's eyes at the nightly critique sessions. Distant, dark and cluttered frames began to lose the rough edges. By the second night, applause punctuated the critiques as the shooters displayed a newfound command. Their best images went

to the photo editors, who sorted through the best of the best to assemble this tribute to the workshop, and to the people of Bowling Green.

• *Harry Allen*
WKU Journalism professor



ABOVE • This cutline ought to make some reference to Mike Morse and all the years he directed the photojournalism program at WKU and how he retired from that position during this year's workshop.

Photo by Who took this photo?

“...A man from Kentucky sure is lucky
if he lives in Bowling Green...”



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2000