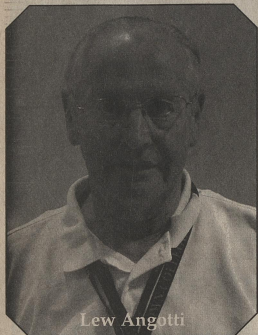


Boot Camp Beat

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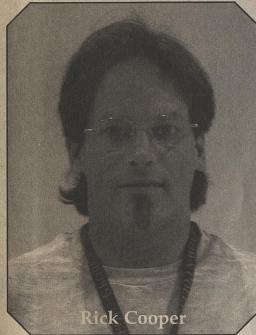
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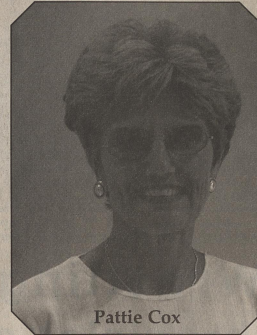
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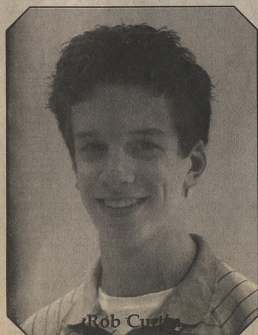
Erica Boggs



Rick Cooper



Pattie Cox



Rob Crichton



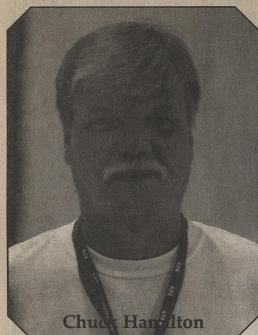
Jamie Dexter



Kim Logan



Peggy Fukunaga



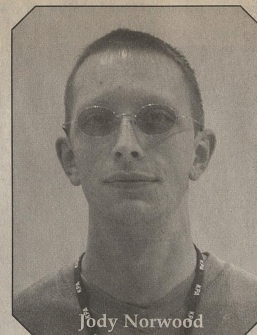
Chuck Hamilton



Jason Miller



Lee Noble



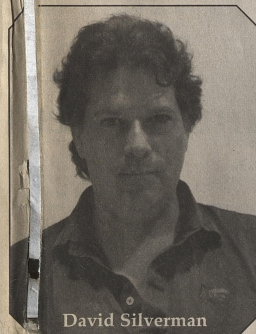
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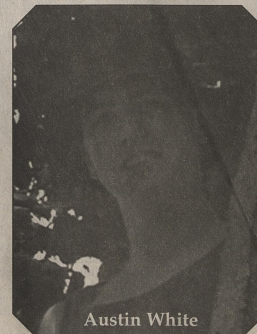
Ellen O'Day



Jenny Poole



David Silverman



Austin White

Cox enjoying the role of mother turned reporter

By JAMIE E. DEXTER
Picture a small-framed woman atop a motorcycle, leaning around corners and flying through the dust. The same woman also donned an air tank and goggles, conducting an exploration of marine life. Though she's had many interesting experiences, one stands out in her mind as the most important.

"My greatest joy in life is being a mother."

Cox is the mother of three children, all in their 20s, and the wife of newspaper owner Jim Cox of the Garrard Central Record in Lancaster. She is a writer there and came about her journalism career in an interesting way.

As a carrier at the Advocate-Messenger, a daily newspaper in Danville, Cox began her career in journalism. She started that, above all, she wanted to be a good mother to her children, so she became a carrier to provide income to her family.

"We lived paycheck to pay-

check, but we didn't care, it was more important to be with family than to have things."

After living "paycheck to paycheck" for a while, Cox decided that the family needed a larger income. She entered the office of her newspaper and asked if there was anything extra that she could do. The paper had just put in a new computer system, and it just so happened she had typing skills.

Cox then began as a full-time temporary typist, entering things into the computer, and soon, she knew how to work the system, which made her valuable to the company and gave her a chance to move up to circulation manager.

Then, Cox, decided it was time to work with her husband at the family newspaper, the Garrard Central Record, which is a small weekly. She went into the job with no journalism experience, and began her first story by simply taking notes and typing them up in a format that she saw in other newspaper articles.

Before she knew it, she was making a difference in her town. One her most memorable stories, which came to her in the middle of a series of storms that hit the area, was the highlight of her journalism career. She was wrapping up information on storm damage when she heard a call over the scanner about a man trapped underneath a log. It sounded as if they were cleaning up from the storm damage, so she thought it fit into the story.

Along with another reporter, she arrived on the scene to see the man trapped under the log. When her co-worker decided to take a picture, the man spotted them, as did the paramedics, and waved them off.

She later called the man at home and explained to him that she wasn't trying to invade his privacy, and that she just wanted to show the quick response of the medical teams in her hometown. He agreed that the story was important to their town, and Cox wrote it up. Months later,

she spotted the man and his family at the county fair.

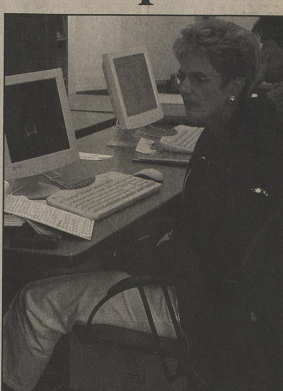
"They treated me like I was their best friend."

While she aspires to make her newspaper better for her town, Cox has always wanted to be a mother.

In her eyes, the most important aspect of motherhood is "raising your children with the values you care about and having the opportunity to teach them." For that reason, she took a circulation job so that she could be with her family, because she didn't want a babysitter to teach them about life; she wanted to teach them herself.

What's in the future for Pattie Cox?

"My next goal is to be a granny. When my children were born, I remember thinking, 'How can I be so in love with a little human being that I don't even know,' and I've heard that being a grandmother is like that. It's a feeling you can never forget."



Pattie Cox works on a story in the computer lab at Georgetown College during boot camp. Pattie and her husband own the Garrard Central Record.

'Wrestling' with success... Chronicles of a young wrestler

BY JAMIE E. DEXTER
The lights in the arena spin circular designs on the faces of the screaming crowd. Hard rock music blasts through the speakers, increasing the flow of adrenaline for the young wrestler waiting behind the curtain. The music hits its peak and he bursts out of the curtains, meeting a flurry of screams and chants.

That's where I pictured myself, in front of a crowd of fans, doing what I had always dreamed of doing—professional wrestling. Since I was a child, it was always one of the most intriguing shows to me. I would rent old Wrestlemania videos and close off the door to my room, grab a pillow and began executing devastating wrestling maneuvers on it.

When I came upon a small wrestling federation in Hardin called Old School Wrestling, I was more than a little surprised. I was not aware such things existed in my area. I sought out the trainer through the Internet. Boy Phillips, and asked him if I could train with him. He interviewed me about my passion for the sport, and I signed on for training that cost me \$20 every other weekend for an entire weekend of training.

Not bad, considering most wrestling instructors charge you upwards in the area of \$500-\$1,000 with no cash returns if you decide it's too much for you. My first day was probably the scariest. I remember driving my car, in the snow, to meet Phillips at the Hardin Community Building. I walked in and a short, stocky bald man approached me.

"Are you family?"

It was Phillips and he told me to help the rest of the trainees set up the ring. I helped with the heavy lifting, which was only heavy to me because I'm a wiry, weak individual.

After the ring was set up, it was time to start learning how to take bumps, or falls onto the mat. Phillips had me put my arms on my chest and fall back on the mat, which consisted of a layer of wood and very little padding. My back slammed onto the mat and it took my breath.

After several tries, I finally got it down, and it was time to move on to other things. The most memorable move came when the second trainer, Blue Lightning, bounced each of us off the ropes and chipped us to the mat. This being my first time, I instinctively put up my arms when he decided to chop me.

Evidently, there was an unwritten, unspoken rule about attempting to block

a chop. Blue Lightning backed me into the ropes, lifted my shirt over my head and began to lay into me with a malicious assault of chops, which left huge hand-shaped welts on my chest.

Even as weak as I am, I stuck with it, and through several more weeks I learned how to do moves off the top ropes, how to have a ring presence and most of all, how to get beaten fashionably. I was what most people would call a jobber. It was my job to get beaten as creatively and believably as possible, and eventually lay down for a three count.

Through pulled back muscles, bruises, cuts and headaches I stuck it out with a smile, but the final straw came when I had my first mock match against some of the most ruthless guys I had ever seen.

I was teamed up with my good friend, Draco, against a newcomer named Rossy and his band of Redneck accomplices. While Draco wrestled around with Rossy in the ring, I played the traditional face and reached out for the tag when he was in a tight spot. It was then one of the Rednecks decided to pull me off the apron, preventing me from tagging.

It didn't stop there, though. They were bad guys. They had to be tough on me, so one of them grabbed my arms and pulled them behind me, holding me so that the other could grab a metal rod sign. I saw "Speed Limit 35" on its way to meet my face, and I closed my eyes.

As the sign landed, it exploded off my skull with a loud, metallic scream. While my eyes were closed, the words "Speed Limit 35" were still flashing before my vision.

I fell to the ground, since metallic weapons are supposed to knock a wrestler out. I thought I was out of the game and out of harm's way until they picked me up again and landed a second blow to my head with the rod sign.

I fell to the ground and Rossy, the legal wrestler, pulls me in by my legs and pulls me to the nearest corner pole. He pulls, hard, on my legs, forcing me to straddle the pole. As you can guess, this is a low blow and is illegal, but the ref wasn't watching, of course.

He then began to punch me, furiously, in the head. He picked me up and threw me from one corner to the other. I knew what was coming—he was setting



Jamie Dexter goofs around with fellow boot camper Jody Norwood as he demonstrates some of his wrestling moves.

Grandfather's inspiration helps guide Dexter

By PATTIE COX
Sort of a shy kid, the quiet one who sat back and watched the other kids play, Jamie Dexter learned early on that he had a desire to become whatever he wanted to be from his grandfather. "He's my best friend in the world," he said.

"I got my inspiration for what I have been through in my life and what I hope to be through my grandfather," Dexter said. "He always told me, 'you can do it.'"

Dexter took his grandfather's words seriously, applying them to his life at an early age. Right out of Marshall County High School, again aided by the memory of his grandfather who instilled in him a good work ethic, he immediately went to work full time.

"I don't know how it happened honestly," he said. "My mother saw an ad for a paginator in the local newspaper." Dexter, who was 20 at the time, said she encouraged him to send in a resume. He thought they would never hire someone so young. He went to the interview and remembered the editor, Bobbie Foust, asking him to sit down at the computer and design a page on the computer.

Since technology was nothing new, having used a computer since kindergarten and thinking that maybe he might actually go into the field, he sat down and figured out the software he had never before encountered. Within about an hour and a half, he had accomplished the task.

Foust hired Dexter for the position, but she didn't

stop there. Dexter, who during high school served on the school newspaper staff as editorial and entertainment writer, had written many articles, which Foust read and liked. Seeing additional talent in the young man, she made him editor of the youth section.

"She allowed me to explore my own creativity," he said.

In his writings, Dexter attempts to show the reader that the county is full of intelligent, young minds who will be the future of their community. "I needed to show that the kids of our county can really make a difference," he said.

Foust then began to give him "more serious" assignments like covering city council meetings. Initially town leaders didn't take him seriously because of his age. Foust introduced him to government officials and called people to encourage them to take him seriously.

"She told them, 'he's going to do good things for this county,'" he said.

Dexter will continue his education at Murray State University once he receives his associate's degree from the community college. He hopes one day to go to a larger city newspaper like the Herald-Leader or to one of the Nashville publications and do entertainment writing and movie reviews.

"From the beginning I have always wanted to write entertainment and opinion stories, but I've grown to love news and features as well," Dexter said. "I have grown to love every aspect of journalism."

Murphy continues to embrace life at 82 years old

By PATTIE COX
Betty Murphy wooed the judges playing "Pop Goes The Weasel" on her violin in a most dramatic fashion, and then took them over the top tap-dancing with the ease of a 25-year-old.

Her performance during the Golden Girls Pageant in September 1996, at 75 years old, in Lancaster, describes eloquently this vibrant retired teacher and her recapt of successful aging.

Today, at 82 years old, she moves with ease, plays with her great-grandchildren on the floor, allowing them to crawl all over her and drives all over the country on excursions with her sister Mary Lou.

Murphy is a good example of how many seniors would like to experience life during their "Golden Years."

Experts say "that aging is more than the passage of time as it includes the manifestation of biological events over

a span of time," Barbara J. Malone wrote in her article, "How Old Are You?"

I have found that age is subjective and we are as old as we feel or think that we are. In fact, over the years I have become younger while my children have aged and now my oldest son and I have finally come to the point where we are the same age," Malone said.

In Murphy's travels with her sister, who is 84, they sometimes join senior citizen groups. "They love for me to go because I can entertain those 'old people,'" she said.

Murphy's love of life and ability to turn disappointments and problems into positives is reflected in a statement by her daughter, Donna Powell. "Her endless, positive attitude and outlook on life never varies. No matter what happens, she makes something positive come out of it."

Though devastated by the loss of her husband in 1991, she dealt with it just like everything else in her life. She picked herself up and went right on, because of her outlook on life. She often repeated the phrase, "The Lord won't put any more on you than you can stand," Powell said.

A 1995 Gallup Poll indicated that 76 percent of older persons today regard religion as highly important in their lives. Even when poor health prevents public religious participation many older persons compensate with activities such as frequent prayer, meditation, and Bible reading, according to Susan H. McFadden in her article published in the Center for Aging, Religion and Spirituality Newsletter.

Murphy is a 61-year member of the Presbyterian Church, 54 years at First Presbyterian Church in Lancaster. She taught Sunday

school for 15 years, served as Sunday School Superintendent for 13 years, was moderator for the Christian Education Committee for six years and on the Stewardship Committee in charge of missions for eight years. She co-authored Heritage Of Faith, with Jean Jonston, highlighting the 180-year history of the church in Lancaster.

Today Murphy continues to serve as an Elder. And every morning she reads her Bible verse for the day, her daughter said.

Quality of life hasn't diminished for Murphy today either. "When I wake up in the morning, I'm wide awake and feel good," she said. "Nothing hurts. That's what tickles me and certainly I count my blessings every day."

Murphy, who taught English and literature to sixth grade students for 30 years at Lancaster Elementary School in Garrard County, is a suc-

cess as a teacher and a "striking person" today because of her positive attitude. "She's a marvel," said Cindy Rogers, principal at Garrard Middle School where Murphy taught as a substitute for six years after retirement.

Always the joker and willing to take every opportunity available to her she accepted an invitation to entertain during a talent contest at the middle school. Rogers showcased her violin playing and tap-dancing skills, which received a perfect score of 10 from the three judges.

During that same period of her life, she dressed up in one of her granddaughter's basketball uniforms and put on a three-point shooting demonstration.

Murphy recalled people always telling her she was funny. Her daughter said, "When I was a little girl all my friends loved my mother because she was the only one who could stand on her head,

and dive off of the high diving board."

According to the Center on Aging Studies at the University of Missouri, Kansas City, people who age well are likely to perceive their circumstances as rewarding and positive. "Is the glass half full or half empty?" is often the phrase noted in reference to questioning one's positive or negative outlook.

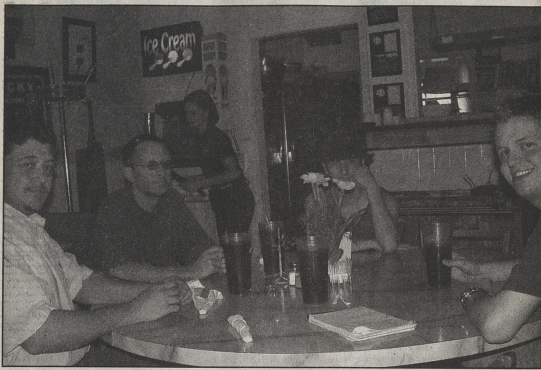
Eleanor Roosevelt said, "Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is mystery. Today is a gift."

Circumstances can play havoc with our lives. But our response to those circumstances may be the only real identifier of whether or not we have been successful in life. Murphy, embraces life with a smile on her face, a story to tell, a tune on her violin, a tap dance to entertain and a love for others.

There's no doubting her success.

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Homecooking, atmosphere keep customers at Fava's



Boot campers, including Jason Miller, Jody Norwood, Austin White and Jamie Dexter enjoy the atmosphere of Fava during their off time from classes.

By **CHUCK HAMILTON**

The atmosphere at the old restaurant is friendly, and the feeling that you have stepped back in time is immediate. The walls are adorned with numerous photographs of times gone by, along with shelves of antique kitchen utensils. The ceiling and tile floor are the originals from 1910, when Fava's was opened to the public as a confectionery.

Italian immigrants Louis "Louie" and Asunta "Susie" Bertolini Fava were the first owners and created mouth-watering ice creams that included fresh peaches and strawberries. Susie made sure that the homemade chocolate candies were available for the children. Other favorites were bins filled with fresh fruits that customers picked themselves.

Fava's, located at 159 E. Main St. in downtown Georgetown, which has retained its charm for 93 years, is now owned by Howard and Jeni Gruchow. The Fava family owned the restaurant until 1969, and since then several families have been operating the restaurant. Jeni's son, Jon, owned Fava's until he sold it

to his parents a year ago.

Jeni truly loves running the restaurant and says the most favorite aspect is the one-on-one relationship she feels with her customers. Numerous regulars patronize Fava's and even contribute to the decoration of the interior. One customer donated horse photos, while others have contributed coffee mugs from around the world. There is even a wall dedicated to local artists to display and sell their work.

Jeni, who is a New Orleans native, moved to Georgetown in 1989, and from the very first time she walked into Fava's she was intrigued with its charm. However at the time, "It never dawned on me that I would someday own Fava's." But after working at Cracker Barrel, and then managing the quaint restaurant for her son, she and her husband bought it last July. Jeni also bakes the delicious pies and sells her own cookbooks. She is considering offering mugs and T-shirts to the public in the near future. Visitors have mentioned that there is no souvenir shop in the downtown district, so Jeni hopes to fill that void.

People from all walks of life and professions frequent Fava's on a regular basis, including judges, attorneys, firefighters, policemen, store owners and students. Certainly, the friendly atmosphere is one reason, but the quality of the food is another.

Charlene Cheatham, a regular customer for "years and years," said it is a combination of the hometown atmosphere, the friendly service, and the fact that it is within walking distance of her job at Citizens Bank that has kept her coming to Fava's.

Waitress Paula Fraley, who has a business degree and previously worked at a real estate agency, said, "It is the best place in the world to work" and she feels comfortable being a part of the family.

Testimonials abound for Fava's. Jenny Poole, a Boot Camp participant, offered her opinion of the dessert made fresh daily by Jeni, "This is the best cherry pie I have ever had in my life." Comments are unanimous that the appeal of Fava's is felt by regulars and visitors alike. It is an institution in Georgetown and likely will be for years to come.

The dream of writing still possibility for Hamilton

By **LEWIS P. ANGOTTI**

Among a group of hopeful future journalists attending the 2003 Journalism Boot Camp sponsored by the Kentucky Press Association is Chuck Hamilton, a retired U.S. postal employee.

"I'm going to become a writer for a local newspaper," Hamilton said, explaining why he is attending the boot camp. He's done some writing and has been published. He had a letter to the editor published recently as a featured article for Father's Day in the Flemingsburg Gazette. It's about his son, Christopher, an Army MP guarding prisoners in Iraq.

Published June 20, the letter illustrates Hamilton's and son's love for family, country, University of Kentucky and the Cincinnati Reds.

"I never imagined a few years ago that we would be communicating with one another while he was in a combat zone," Hamilton wrote.

The letter continues, "Ever since that tragic day of 9-11-2001, we both knew that deployment was a distinct possibility. He is hop-

ing to be home to attend the fall semester at Northern Kentucky University. When he returns, he said, he will have many fascinating stories to share.

"I wish all of them a safe return home to their families as soon as possible. I am thankful for the many fine people here in Fleming County who have practically adopted Christopher. A prayer of gratitude is the least we can all do and especially for those families whose loved ones have paid the ultimate sacrifice."

Hamilton served in the Air Force from 1973 to 1976. His father, an Army veteran, recommended that branch of the military. "Father felt opportunities were becoming better in the Air Force than in the Army," Hamilton said.

Serving as a command and control specialist in command posts, he was stationed in Texas, Mississippi and South Carolina. With a glimmer in his eye and a smile he said that the most enjoyable assignment in the service was Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Living in different areas of the country taught him an understanding of people

of different cultures. This experience broadened during an 18-year period with the postal service which he joined after leaving the Air Force. "I met people from all walks of life," he said. This helped understanding people and their situations, he added.

He retired from the postal service in Louisville earlier this year. "For family reasons, I left the big city and moved to small town of Flemingsburg. People are friendlier and more laid back and I'm glad to be to be away from the rat race."

Hamilton loves music and sports. He also loves to travel and is a news buff. Additionally, Hamilton has had a dream to write that goes back to his public school days in the Cincinnati area. He grew up in Norwood, Ohio. His high school, now a middle school, is artistically beautiful with many concrete figures in the face of the building along with flower shaped concrete figures that have centers colored shades of red, green and blue.

Hamilton said it was pleasant to go to school there and the building was inspiring.

Barroom muralist turns wall into 'masterpiece'

By **LEWIS P. ANGOTTI**

A large blue mural titled "Rivertown" adorns the side of Historic Hoosier Theater in the small Ohio River city of Vevay, Ind. Completed in August 1998, "it took two summers to finish," said Joe Leatherbury, the artist.

The Vevay Historical Society commissioned the local resident who is known in the area for his art. He had an unusual start a little over 20 years ago.

Drinking a beer in a Montana bar, the owner asked if anyone knew someone who would paint a mural over his bar. "Being out of work, and even though I had never painted before, I took the job," said Leatherbury. "I raised my hand like in first grade."

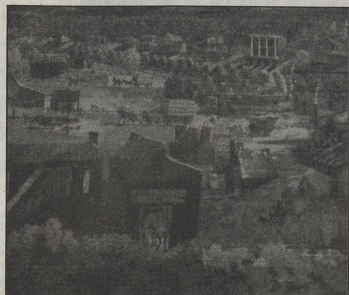
It was to be a picture of a buffalo. As an outfitter, Leatherbury had been leading hunting groups into the mountains and woods. His first mural was a success.

"I was then 35 years old. Word spread of my painting and competing bar owners wanted pleasant warm paintings over their bars to lure and keep satisfied patrons. "I became known as 'The Bar Mural Painter,'"

He then had to spend a lot of time in bars continuously looking for new painting jobs as well as completing the unfinished murals.

"I became concerned I was spending too much time in bars. I returned to Indiana," said Leatherbury a native of Vevay.

Pronounced Vee-Vee, the town was settled in 1813 and is one of oldest towns



Leatherbury's mural at the Hoosier Theater in Vevay depicts horses drawing wagons pulling loads of hay to the river front.

in Indiana. Now with a population of about 1,300, it was the first successful wine growing region in America.

The historical society owns the Hoosier Theater that features Leatherbury's work of art. It was built in 1837 and holds landmark status.

Leatherbury, describing some of the scenes of his Vevay mural, said, "Horses drawing wagons are shown pulling loads of hay to the river front. The hay is then loaded onto steamboats for shipping to other parts of the United States. Southern Indiana was a large producer and exporter of Timothy hay." The rest of the mural shows a view of the city of Vevay as it appeared at the turn of the century. The mural measures 60 feet high and 140 feet long.

Leatherbury paints mainly portraits now. He is currently painting a picture

of a river barge for a local manufacturing company. Many of his portraits are of people, but he mainly paints animals. His favorite subject is the horse.

"I'm training horses when I'm when not painting," Leatherbury said. He is available to train horses for others and will paint about any subject.

In fact, he will be doing another mural soon in Vevay. It will be on a fence 100 feet long and 8 feet high.

Leatherbury lives with his wife in Vevay and raises horses. When not painting, he trains horses.

Leatherbury cheerfully refers to himself as a "bar mural painter" though there are few bars being painted now.

He has a bachelor of science in secondary education with a history major from Cumberland College in Kentucky.

'News junkie' tries his hand at reporting

By **CHUCK HAMILTON**

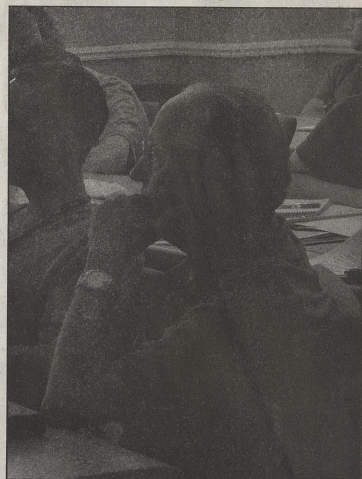
The son of educators, Lewis P. Angotti, who grew up in a small rural town near Pittsburgh, is in constant pursuit of learning and knowledge. After more than 25 years in the corporate world, he still enjoys learning about a variety of topics, and keeping up with current events.

Lew came to the Journalism Boot Camp to learn more about freelance writing and photojournalism. He is enjoying the experience. "This compares favorably with some of the best courses I have taken in the past."

Lew has more than 25 years' experience as both a mechanical engineer and a consultant, having begun his career after getting his bachelor's degree from the University of Pittsburgh. He then earned a master's degree from the Keller Graduate School of Management in Chicago.

He put his education to good use, working at several large corporations, including The General Electric Co., The Singer Co., Eltek Manufacturing Co. and Rockwell International. Lew has also served as a self-employed consultant for major executives. Among his many professional accomplishments, Lew directed four engineers in developing 50 new hydraulic and pneumatic control components for a \$500 million aircraft program. "I am a real problem solver," he said.

But Lew is not all work and no play. He has many varied interests, and said, "I am very intrigued by the process of rebuilding auto-



Lew Angotti listens closely during one of instructor Jim St. Clair's lectures during boot camp July 14-Aug. 1. Lew came to boot camp to quench his thirst for knowledge.

mobiles." Applying his engineering expertise to the hobby is the fun part of the rebuilding process, and his current project involves a couple of Cadillacs. Lew's other interests include photography, art, travel, music, the Pittsburgh Steelers, and his beloved Pitt Panthers.

When asked about his what he likes to watch, he said, "I am a news junkie," and he also enjoys the television show "Everybody Loves Raymond."

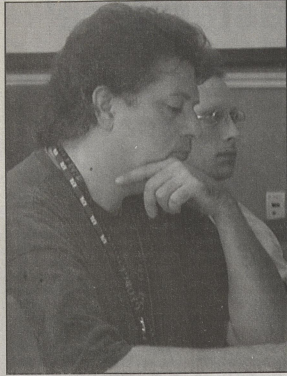
Lew and his wife currently reside in Carrollton and enjoy living in a small community after living in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Illinois. The family tradition of edu-

cation has been continued in his family. His son is a CPA in Washington, D.C. He is also the proud father of four daughters, who are in various fields. One owns an engineering firm in Virginia, one is patent attorney in New York, one has a doctorate in food science and lives in Minnesota, and one has a natural resource degree and lives in central Pennsylvania.

Lew has a love for education, and is always striving to learn more about a wide range of subjects.

He learned the importance of a well-rounded education at a young age, and has passed it on to the next generation.

For Silverman, it's not easy 'being green'



David Silverman takes notes in class during the third annual journalism boot camp. Silverman hopes to take what he earns in boot camp and apply it to his cause.

By LEE D. NOBLE
Since he was just a boy, playing with critters in the forest behind his backyard, David Silverman's career has been rooted by his concern for humanity, its relationships and its environment.
In a sophisticated, mellow tone, he boasts a diverse professional history in which he has done work with public policy, broadcasting, research and business. He is currently attending Boot Camp with hopes of making the contacts he needs to work on stories and community projects that highlight the connections between economic, environmental and social justice issues while encouraging sustainable practices.
After graduating from the University of Louisville with degrees in political science and biology, he pursued post-

graduate studies in international business, neurosciences, communications and social ecology in Europe and the United States.
He worked through most of the 1980s at various communications and consultant positions, mostly around Louisville and Washington, D.C.
Silverman has been engaged in work with a project called sustainable development. This is what he describes as "going green."
In other words, sustainable development attempts to shape economic, environmental, and fair current community planning will be for the community and its grandchildren.
"There is an Iroquois saying that says, 'Decisions which are made should take account to their effect on seven generations.' That really encompasses

the ideal of sustainable development," Silverman said.
"I've had the opportunity to be involved in some innovative policy and social change work over the years," he said. "Most of it has been enormously underfunded, and all the more remarkable as a result."
According to Silverman, leadership in the public and private sectors is critically important, and many corporate and government leaders still do not understand the advantages of sustainable development.
"The Reagan administration came around in the early 80s and destroyed the infrastructure for sustainable development in America," he said, reflecting on a time when he was working among a number of different projects that addressed similar issues.

Silverman's work with sustainability continues as he has advised numerous programs such as the Sustainable Communities Adviser Project, and the Adena Institute, a non-profit based in Louisville for which he is currently acting as executive director.
"In the past, I've written for science and technology policy projects, economic development journals, produced business news, community television and radio and created web and interactive media concerned with the arts, community relations and education," he said.
"I want people to be able to hold a mirror up to themselves and their community," Silverman said, "so they have a voice in the way development affects them."
For instance, last August in Louisville, the Adena Institute hosted

the Earth Charter to persuade members of the community, small businesses and civic groups to strive to be more earth conscious. It received a good response from local groups that were already involved with sustainability, but failed to plant a seed in the community.
However, by raising awareness within the community, he hopes that sustainability practices will become more common and that the community will be able to hold developers accountable not only to the money in the community, but also their effect on people who spend it.
By getting involved with small-market communications, Silverman said he looks forward to empowering communities to tell their own stories and telling stories that clearly show how even the smallest communities can go green.

Bookstore is a family affair for Georgetown sisters

By LEE D. NOBLE
As Kay Vincent sat in the cool, quaint Georgetown bookstore she owns with her sister, Barbara Hoffman, the midday sun shone hot on the floor of parked cars that crowded the traffic on Main Street just outside the windows.
At the moment, it would seem the town, with its supermarkets, shopping centers and interstate is passing her by. Yet people don't just pass by, according to Vincent, they usually manage to stop in to browse or at least say hello.
"We stay here, and stay vibrant, because the community supports us," Vincent said.
Around the country, with the big business machine churning, many small businesses are suffering, but

Bohannon's Books With a Past is thriving thanks to its owners' initiative and support from the community.
From 1991 to 1997, as chain stores and Internet book brokers gained in popularity, the percent of the retail adult book market that independent book stores like Bohannon's represented dropped from 32 to 17 percent, according to Bookweb.org.
In spite of discount bookstore chains and Internet booksellers, the sisters have been staying strong for six and a half years.
"I'm the retired educator opened Bohannon's—after their maiden name—with a shared love for books, Vincent admits her love for reading has grown since she began discerning the ins and outs of bookselling.

"There's always something new to learn," Vincent said, "People are always giving us suggestions or requesting new things."
"One day, this man came in with a big box of paperback and sat the genre fiction section isn't big enough and I didn't know it wasn't. Then he offered to give me any of the science fiction books in his box if I gave him store credit, so I did," Vincent said.
Learning small business techniques and local book interests isn't the only benefit she sees.
"First of all, the people I get to meet. Whether they're tourists or folks from town, it's great to have people just stop in and look around," she said, "plus we've got the regular customers who come in to buy or order books."

As she spoke, the friendly face of a Bohannon regular peeked through the door, smiling and said "Am I interrupting something?"
After the visitor left left, Vincent said that she was a stranger when she walked in to browse four years ago.
"Now we know her just as well as anybody."
That kind of familiarity with customers is what small businesses often try to provide when competing with bigger chains, but in the past it has made the sisters wary.
"Starting off we were a little too sensitive to our customers sometimes," she added. "There was a man who came in once and bought 15 books from us and we didn't see him again for a month. I saw him on the street one day and asked

him if we'd made him mad, and he just said, 'I bought 15 books, why don't you give me some time to read them?' and we laughed and were really relieved."
Building a good rapport with shoppers in the community led to unexpected success in other instances too.
Vincent said normally if they expect a chain store nearby is going to have a popular new book in stock, they wait and order it later because the chains can order at bulk rates and charge far less than the cover price.
However, the release of the latest Harry Potter book caused the sisters to rethink their ordering strategy. They ordered it anyway, held a book release party, and customers lined outside and bought every book.

"It was validating to have people come to us when they could just as easily have gone somewhere else," she said. "I think this community has made a commitment and said they want a bookstore."
But the community isn't the only factor in their success. Instead of trying to compete with Internet booksellers, the sisters have integrated them into their business. One of their part-time employees lists a number of their used books on popular online bookstores like eBay and Amazon.com, to supplement regular book sales.
Thus, Vincent said, by being outgoing and resourceful, "Our mom and pop, or sister and sister business, is doing well when a lot of other independent stores have closed."

How reporters, broadcasters get the news 'round the world'

By DAVID SILVERMAN
Despite the explosive growth of electronic news and information media in recent years, old-fashioned newspapers and wire services remain the primary source of news stories — but even they face a decline in depth reporting, said veteran journalist David Greer.
"In my opinion, newspapers and print journalists are the backbone of reporting in the world," Greer said, speaking to aspiring journalists at KPA's boot camp. As Greer sketched out what he describes as the "flow of news" in the world today, he explained that the vast majority of news heard or read in America is a "re-

write" of Associated Press wire service or local newspaper stories.
Greer believes in the power of newspapers. He should. As a professional journalist for over 30 years, Greer is now director of member services for the Kentucky Press Association, and an avid recruiter of new blood to the profession.
Greer and Indiana University Southeast journalism professor Jim Clain recently sketched out the history and structure of news in America for the students.
Small newspapers remain the standard point of entry to the career of news reporting, today more than ever, Greer said. When he got his start in

news reporting as a high school student in 1970, he was able to walk into a radio station in his hometown of Bardonia read from a page of Associated Press wire copy for 15 minutes and walk out the door with a job. He spent the next 15 years in broadcast news with eight different markets before moving into print journalism.
Today, he said, that sort of career opportunity would be unlikely. With the consolidation of media and the deregulation of broadcasting, news has been eliminated from radio.
Reading from the AP's wire service that first day on the job was no accident.

"Virtually all daily papers, about 16,000, are AP subscribers," Greer said. Most local news outlets simply take their news stories from the daily AP "bulletin" or list of top ten stories, ignoring over 95 percent of the stories available, St. Clair added.
That first job reading and rewriting AP and local news stories was typical, said Greer. Radio and TV reporters have always taken news articles from newspapers and wire services, often directly or rewritten without attribution, sometimes as beginning points for their own stories, he said.
"Television has smaller news staffs, and they depend on papers for stories and

story ideas," Greer said. "The broadcasters job is to rewrite newspaper stories. This is a sore spot. Newspaper reporters get upset" when their stories are used without attribution, Greer said, but there is little that can be done because copyright infringement is costly to litigate and often hard to prove. Even when broadcast media use newspaper sources, they rewrite the already shortened AP news rewrites to meet their marketing needs. The average radio story is eight lines long which is a 40 second reading. Radio listeners have a short attention span, so reporters rewrite newspapers for radio."
While local television

news organizations are fiercely competitive, they are understaffed compared to newspapers, so they often take their story leads from the print media, Greer said.
As a college student, Greer switched his major from broadcasting to journalism, "because print journalists took news seriously, but they weren't serious in radio." While he continued to work in radio for many years, when his station discontinued news coverage, he left radio and "stayed to work for my hometown newspaper, and I'm glad I did. It all worked out. The newspaper has a stable history and is serious about news," he said.

Lee strives to do the 'noble' thing in life, career

By DAVID SILVERMAN
It's one thing to notice how differences separate people. But Lee Noble is someone who not only notices but also feels those differences enough to examine his own life. As a result he has embarked on shaping a life as a journalist in which he might lend a hand, and a voice, to others.
Growing up in Anderson, Ind., population 60,000, Noble, 20, said he wasn't even aware of the comfortable middle class life he lived until well into high school. As the youngest of three children of an appraiser and college professor, Noble attended the Anderson-based Church of God, grew up on the well-to-do "North Side" of Anderson, and had little inkling of the disparities of wealth and privilege in his community, he said. It was only after Noble left his private Christian school and began attending public high school that he had a chance to see and meet what he called "normal kids."
"You can count on the fingers of one hand how many non-white kids there were in my Christian high school,"

Noble said, "But getting to know a diverse crowd changed how I thought."
Now a junior majoring in journalism and Spanish at Anderson University, Noble has built on that awareness through travel to Haiti and Bolivia, reflections on the death of a friend and his own writing, in which he characterizes his experience growing up as "the dark of white suburbia."
Haiti and Bolivia were eye-opening experiences for Noble, and helped guide his choice of writing and Spanish as college majors. Noble visited Haiti in the summer of his sophomore year in high school, traveling with a Missionary Group to help with Bible school at an orphanage and clinic.
In the summers of 2001 and 2002 he attended soccer camp at the Tabuchi Way Academy in Bolivia, one of the most difficult soccer camps in the world. His experiences overseas have made him "more compassionate for poor people and people in need" he said. The loss of a close personal friend, Stephen, has also deeply

changed the way he views the world and his role in it. He describes his friendship with Stephen as a "soul mate relation. We literally shared everything since childhood, grew up together." When Stephen died two summers ago from cancer, Noble, grieving, transferred from Wabash College to return to Anderson University. There he spent a season reconsidering his relation to God and his own life purpose, eventually settling back to Anderson University to continue his studies with a renewed commitment to help individuals and the community through his writing.
"I changed personally when Stephen died," said Noble "and my experiences in Haiti and Bolivia, even my changes in going to public high school, changed my behavior. I started to treat people a lot better."
Noble has embarked on a journalism career to provide a voice for the voiceless. "There are a lot of stories that get to be told. The ones that get ignored, the ones people are afraid of, the ones that make people cringe but are important."

In his own work as a staff writer with the campus weekly newspaper, The Andersonian, Noble has taken on writing assignments about after-school outreach programs for middle school students, the South African service of an Athletes in Action student from Anderson, and ongoing "beat" stories covering campus visitors and activities.
For now, Noble is focusing on honing the writer's craft. When the writing is going well, "I sit down and the writing just flows. It's learning to appreciate the significance of the lead sentence in an article," he said. "I'm trying to perfect or improve writing through what I do out of school." There are the usual distractions though, "girls, TV, sports, parties, anything that distracts you," but "I'm trying to maintain discipline, stay focused."
Noble is inspired by the work of former New York Times reporter Rick Bragg, who has covered hard news features such as murders in the United States, and stories of poverty and corruption in Haiti. Bragg's recent resigna-



Lee Noble read over his article in the computer lab at Georgetown College where he spent three weeks this summer honing his writing skills.

tion from the Times amid charges of plagiarism saddened Noble, but he admires the journalism Bragg has produced.
"He did a lot of reporting from Haiti about problems of government and poverty. There's not a lot it can do, but increasing awareness is a good start. Tragedy is a hard thing for people to listen to, but it needs to be addressed."
Noble continues to learn and write about his hometown of Anderson. Most recently, he said, he has been reading the local paper with an eye towards telling the

human stories behind the news.
"There was an Anderson city paper article that just said that a man was kicked out of his house due to a zoning problem," Noble said. "I tried to imagine it. No family, job, money. It doesn't seem fair that a guy should have to live on the street because of a zoning problem when his house is unoccupied in the neighborhood where he sleeps on the street."
That's the sort of story he wants to write, he said, "I just think a lot of people have stories that are worth telling."

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Homespun fibers just a 'Stone's Throw' away in Georgetown

By M. E. O'DAY

Spinning is one of the oldest and most basic crafts. Most historians agree that the practice of spinning fibers to form threads and yarn has been in existence for over 10,000 years. Very few spinners and weavers existed 20 years ago. In the last few years there has been a renewed interest in the art form. Beth Stone, owner of "Stone's Throw Artisans" in Georgetown, is helping keep it alive.

On Court Street, behind the Scott County Courthouse, the small shop, tucked into a corner, has been in business for only two years; the shop name is in big white letters painted on the large front window. Hand-strung beads, blown glass, woven and knitted items litter the front window.

"There are not a lot of us left," Stone said. "But every year more and more people discover the art form and want to learn. You can get books on the subject and there are several Web sites you can go to for information."

"What people make have a lot more heart than mass produced items. There is a lot of satisfaction in making something yourself."

The mother of two grown children, Stone is a

self-taught spinner, weaver and knitter. She became interested 20 years ago. "There was no one who could, or would, teach me," Stone said. "So I bought books and taught myself. It took almost a year before I really felt comfortable with my completed work."

Stone herself spins most of the yarn. She gets the wool from sheep raised on her farm. "I send some off to be done. It just depends on how much I have and how quickly I need to get it spun." The large colorful spools sit on shelves in the corner.

The first primitive spinners used rocks. Twisting fibers between the fingers for a desired length spun what is known as a leader thread. The length of fibers was tied around a rock and the rock rotated to spin the fibers as they played out between the spinners' fingers.

In later years spinners used sticks by rolling the fibers along the length of the stick in order to twist the fibers. One day a man hit upon the idea of combining the rock and the stick. Spinning was made a lot easier and was easily taught.

Until about 200 years ago, for nearly every home in this country and in all cultures around the world,

a spinning wheel was a necessity. Servants were kept busy from dawn to dusk twirling yarn. Young ladies were taught as part of their household duties. They twirled mostly wool to be used for clothing and household items.

With the explosion of the industrial and textile age, the need for spinning wheels declined and it became a lost art.

Machine knitting is a must in order to stock her shelves though she still spins the yarn.

"Using a machine helps keep costs down as handmade is more time consuming, therefore more expensive," she said. "But I do have both on hand at all times."

"I still keep to simple patterns," she said laughing. "The more complicated the pattern the more you have to count. I am not that great with math."

Stone also sticks to weaving and knitting because they take up less yarn than crocheting.

"With crocheting you are constantly looping your yarn. With the first two your piece is flatter and more compact, therefore you use less yarn."

Laughingly, she tells the story of sitting along side the road when her car was broken down. Having noth-

ing to do but wait, she picked up a rock and started spinning.

"It was different, not difficult, just different."

Also in stock are handmade baskets, candles and wood crafted items. On the walls are paintings by local artists. She has a small line of Southwest art. Forty percent of her stock is on consignment from local artisans.

"An artist in Paris, Ky., does the blown glass pieces and there is a lady in Lancaster, Ky., that does beautiful bead work. The rest are craftsmen from the local area."

She has a lot of repeat customers from local residents. Some are crafts people, some like to come back again and again to see the new beadwork and blown glass.

"Blown glass is a very popular gift. If they purchase something for one individual they will come back and purchase for another friend or family member."

The shop is open during August by appointment only. She is currently working at the shop, tending her farm and working a second job, while her husband recuperates from an accident.

"There is only so much of me to go around."

Winning 'popularity contest' isn't a goal for Fleischaker

By ERICIA BOGGS

Being unpopular is not a problem for Jon Fleischaker. As an advocate for truth and the public's right to know, he realizes that he has made and will continue to make enemies.

"When you're in this business you're not going to be popular. You're not in a personality contest," Fleischaker said at the 2003 KPA Journalism Boot Camp.

The Fleischaker speaks about is defending the media's rights as well as the rights of everyone to view information in official records, court documents and to attend meetings.

One person in particular he has not won a "popularity contest" with is Kentucky Supreme Court Judge William Cooper. He is "anti-media" and believes that the media are intrusive, snooty kids," Fleischaker said.

Cooper and Fleischaker have had many verbal sparring matches, which Fleischaker calls "pretty much fun" and adds that Cooper is "not going to change his opinion because of logic or law."

A graduate of Swarthmore College and the University of Pennsylvania law school, Fleischaker knew nothing about media law at the beginning of his career. When he returned home to Louisville, he was hired to represent the Bingham family who owned the Courier-Journal. He still represents the newspaper.

Finding that he "liked

reporters better than lawyers," Fleischaker decided to be their advocate.

In the mid-70s Fleischaker was involved in writing the open meetings law as well as actually writing the open records law. He calls his continuing advocacy activity a "labor of love."

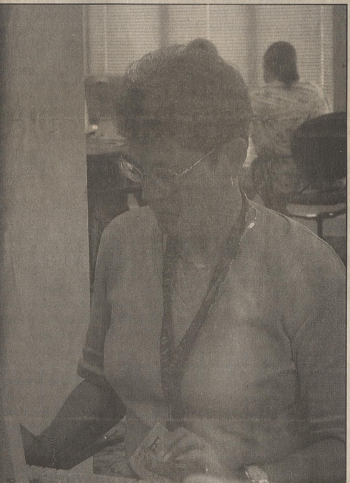
The open records law legalized requesting records that contain information in any form of public record. A written request may be required and the public agency that is contacted has to respond in three days by either denying and giving reasons for the denial or by actually providing the documents.

The open meetings law, which is not as broad as the records law, allows any citizen to attend meetings of a quorum of members of public agencies and governing bodies, even if the meetings are held "at the country club, the restaurant or the river. It's public," Fleischaker said.

Some sessions, such as strategy and collective bargaining sessions, can be closed; however, no decisions can be made at a closed session.

An agenda must be provided for regular meetings and the discussion must "stick to the agenda. If it's not on the agenda, it's illegal to talk about," Fleischaker said.

As an advocate for the media, he told aspiring reporters that although these laws are on the books, none of them "take the place of good reporting. Go report! Be fair and be accurate."



Ellen O'Day hopes that KPA's Boot Camp can help her reconnect with her first love, journalism.

O'Day learns to keep on truckin'

By ERICIA BOGGS

She may not have won \$1 million by outwitting, outlasting and outpacing others in a far away, forbidding location, but Ellen O'Day is indeed a survivor. Ellen's story is about beating the odds and rekindling a partnership with her "first love," journalism.

"I had to fight for my first breath," O'Day said as she sat in a quiet corner of the library during an interview at the KPA Journalism Boot Camp. Born in 1949 in Belleville, Ill., O'Day was premature, weighing 2 pounds, 3 ounces. "I looked like a bird who'd fallen out of nest," O'Day said.

At a time when the medical technology was not as advanced, she truly had to fight for survival. She was so small she was often carried around in a shoebox. When she came home from the hospital she could fit in her 6-foot-4-inch grandfather's palm without touching the heel or fingertip of his hand.

After spending about three months in a hospital incubator, she was taken to her

grandparents' home because her mom was ill. She lived there until she was 8, then her parents moved her to her aunt and uncle's. After living with them for a year, she went to live with her parents. During these years she spent time traveling with them and her four siblings to different states.

At 16, she returned to live with her aunt and uncle. Because of their love and devotion to her, she refers to them as being her true parents. Reflecting on her childhood, she said that it was not perfect, but "it wasn't as bad as it could have been."

In her teen years, O'Day admitted she was obnoxious, but she was also a class clown. After graduating from high school, she attended college and majored in journalism at Vincennes University for one year. She then "fell in lust" and got married. The marriage lasted for 10 1/2 years. "I grew up and he didn't," she said.

In 1974, O'Day answered a classified ad for the maintenance department of an air-

line. She was hired and has continued to work in aviation for 25 years. She currently schedules pilots and instructors for simulator training at ASIAR Air Cargo.

She married again in 1984. A few years into the marriage she went through a lot of difficulties. Her sister was "having problems," O'Day hated the job she had at the time and she and her husband were facing marital problems.

Her struggle for survival continues today due to difficulties with multiple sclerosis. When she was diagnosed with a mild case of relapsing-remitting MS in 1986, her doctor told her to do the best with what she had and not to let the MS keep her "locked up."

He knew she was experiencing stress over the unfortunate circumstances in her life and he told her she couldn't help her sister except for prayer and being there for her. He told her to quit her job if she hated it so much and to let her husband out of the marriage if that's what he wanted. He gave her lasting

instructions that she holds onto today, "Keep on truckin'."

Her survival has a great deal to do with her zealous attitude about life and her sense of humor. "If you can't laugh at yourself, you don't have any business laughing at anyone else," O'Day said.

At 53, she came to the boot camp as an independent, single woman who has had many heartaches and broken dreams, but she has come through them with a passion for living. She is excited about what the future holds for her in journalism. She could possibly use the techniques she learns at Boot Camp in her current job as well as go into some freelance writing.

O'Day describes herself as someone who does what needs to be done. Her independence and "stick-to-it-iveness" is summed up in "the best advice [she] ever received. If somebody asks you a question and you don't know the answer, don't just say, 'I don't know.' Say, 'I don't know, but I'll find out. And then go find out.'"

Boggs holds the key to opening life's doors

By M. E. O'DAY

When doors close for Erica Boggs, she opens windows.

Having learned to read by age 4, Erica was home schooled by her mother after the Christian school she attended, where her mother taught, was closed at the end of Erica's second year.

The youngest of three children, she was an "afterthought." Her sister Patricia was 18 when Erica was born. Her brother was 16. "I was raised as an only child with siblings. It was definitely unique."

Unique is also the way she spells her name. Her parents wanted something different so they ended her name the same way her sister's name was spelled, with "cia." But they still pronounce it erika. A petite girl, Erica has long, thick, brown hair, wears gold-rim glasses and has a beautiful smile.

She has three nieces and two nephews. Somewhere there are a set of twins, and a niece that "looks just like me." She likes to travel, read, is an avid sports fan and plays piano at her church,

along with being a member of a college choir. She has taken voice lessons and was recently part of a presentation of "Handel's Messiah."

The Frankfort native spent her childhood with various ideas and dreams of what she wanted to be when she grew up.

"I had a wonderful education," she said. "It was very flexible, but very structured. If we needed to go to the store, we did. We just studied at another time."

"My mother and I have become very, very close. She is my best friend. I owe my vision and direction in life to her."

With her flexible, structured schedule, Erica was able to go to places and events that most kids miss. She visited historical sites and attended various events with her mother in the Frankfort area to broaden her education.

It was at one of these events when she was 12 that she discovered what she really wanted to do when she grew up. On one of her educational outings, she and her mother attended a speech by

Ross Perot in Frankfort. They arrived early and were directly behind the cameramen and reporters there to cover the story.

"It was great watching them and talking to the CNN reporter. When I left I knew that I wanted to do what they did." Broadcasting became her goal. She was not an athlete but she loved watching sports and decided that she wanted to become a sports broadcaster. "Or I could be on ESPN. Or I could sit next to Matt Lauer every morning."

Erica felt that having been home schooled prepared her for college academically, though she was not ready on an emotional level.

Having played piano in her church for years, she began teaching piano to children and working at J.C. Penney. She worked for several years, saving her money and in 1999 made the decision that she wanted to further her education by studying broadcasting and started gathering information.

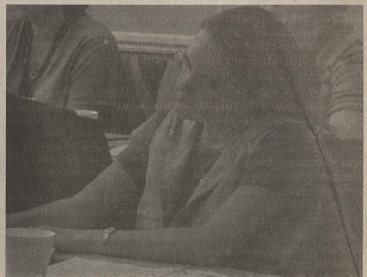
It was during this period that her minister and his wife took her along on a visit to the

Southern Seminary campus in Louisville. They drove around a circle drive that was tucked away at the back of the campus. "It took all of 20 seconds to make a complete circle."

"Boyce College consisted of one building, and I thought, 'Is this all there is to Boyce College?' I was not impressed." She could not bring herself to tell her minister that she could not go to Boyce because they "didn't have a broadcasting program."

Some time later, a group of friends planned to go to King's Island. At the last minute, several decided they couldn't go. The rest decided not to go and made other plans. Erica, who was now without anything to do, told her mother that they could "go to the Florence Mall, or ride over to Boyce College and check it out." They took the tour of Boyce. She has yet to make it to the Mall.

Now a senior in the Christian Ministry Counseling Program, Erica is in her third year as an ambassador, recruiting students for Boyce. "I like counseling and



Erica Boggs looks to boot camp to help with his long range plans in life, which might include being admissions recruiter for Boyce College.

helping people work through issues." She travels to career days and job fairs and has considered becoming an admissions recruiter.

For her, Journalism Boot Camp was a tie in with her education. "It will also help me in my recruiting and interviewing efforts."

For a girl who has only been west of the Mississippi

twice, and has never flown, an upcoming church mission to Russia will be a life-defining experience. Her eyes get bigger just talking about it. "I know I will have to fly," she said, while her hands are gripping the arms of her chair.

You never know what will happen when you choose to open a window.

Obstacles can't keep Egan from reaching her goals

By JACKIE KALI

Can anything stop Kim Egan? Slow her down, maybe; stop her, no way! Egan has faced many battles through her life including her daily battle with whatever multiple sclerosis decides to throw her way on any given day.

MS affects her in many different ways. The most debilitating is the extreme fatigue or lassitude. MS damage to nerve pathways hampers coordination and causes weakness, it can also impair one's ability to think, reason, concentrate or remember. She also can have numbness or paralysis from out of the blue and/or painful spasticity. Somehow the soft-spoken, community volunteer summoned the strength and determination to speak up for her daughter, Christine, and successfully managed to bring girls' sports out of the "back of the bus" through a recent, federal Title IX lawsuit.

"I tried everything,

speaking personally to school officials, writing letters, even filing grievances but all I ever got was a lot of unfulfilled promises. I think they thought I'd eventually get frustrated and just give up like most parents generally do," Egan said.

According to Title IX, a section of the 1972 federal education amendments, "no person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, or be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any education program receiving federal financial assistance."

It covers a wide range of gender equality issues, but initially it was to end discrimination against females in admission to male-dominated colleges and/or majors such as medicine, law and engineering.

Egan, who has two sons in addition to her daughter, gradually realized over the six years her daughter played high school softball that the

female athletes were being discriminated against. Under the guise of "tradition," females were generally the recipients of second-class status throughout elementary and secondary school years.

Egan extensively researched the law to help her daughter's Boone County high school softball team get a decent softball field, equitable to the boys' baseball field among other things.

The Egans — Pat, Kim's husband, Brad, 19, Randy, 16, Christine, 18 — were the first plaintiffs to refuse to ask for damages in a Title IX suit. "They [the lawyers] wanted to know what we wanted to ask for in damages. I said what is the value of a girl's self-esteem and confidence? It is priceless," Egan said becoming the first Title IX plaintiffs refusing to ask for damages and just a handful of those that have even challenged Title IX on the secondary school level.

"We simply wanted them to just comply with a 30-year-

old federal law," she said. "Believe me, I would have loved nothing more to look the other way and just go along with the status quo. But, since I wouldn't ever tolerate treating our sons better than our daughter at home, not to speak up about the inequities at the every place where they are receiving their education would have bordered on parental neglect."

After her family "ate, slept and drank" Title IX for over three years in addition to her own personal health struggles with MS, one may think Egan would be ready to bask in the glory of her victories and attend to her own health needs.

Instead, she said, "I didn't go looking for this, it is a mission that found me." She is in the process of starting a non-profit consulting company, E.D.G.E., Ensuring Diversity and Gender Equity whose mission is to provide a one-stop clearing house for school systems, attorneys, athletic directors, and female athletes

throughout out the country about gender issues and how to overcome them.

"Our lawsuit cost the school district approximately \$1.5 million to fight us. I think a much better use of the money would be for educators around the nation to invest a couple thousand educating how to come into compliance." Egan said. "Non-compliance should no longer be an option." Additionally, she is deploying a variety of media in support of her efforts to improve the lives of all women in Kentucky.

"I have learned the correlation between women being treated as second class citi-



Kim Egan is an advocate for Title IX and has created a non-profit consulting company to address the issue.

zens with domestic abuse, date rape, welfare dependency and many other negatives girls and women face. If we can empower girls and women to take control of their lives making better decisions, we will all have a better quality of life," said Egan.

Rebel with a cause

By KIM EGAN

Jim St. Clair "teaches" and "aspires" journalists. He goes to great lengths to cover the different areas of journalism all the while knowing quality reporting and writing is something that can't in reality be taught.

More a mentor than a teacher, he provides all the basic tools and information anyone needs to write a basic story for publication. With the minimal of writing skills, most anyone can put to paper the who, what, when, where and what. But, what the devilish part of St. Clair attempts to teach is the gift of uncovering the story within a story.

Take St. Clair, for example. Anyone could write a story covering the basic facts of his life like he is divorced, has one daughter named Jessica and is a college professor. But, he emphasizes, that quality journalists need to go further. They need to dig, read between the lines, observe the unspoken, do research and most importantly, be able to put others at ease to get the real story.

For instance, on the surface no one would probably picture this soft-spoken, silver-haired, gentle man with a dry sense of humor who deliberately chooses his words as he speaks is really a radical, once long-haired, war protester, who still reads Rolling Stone and is very out-spoken about freedom of speech and the right to dissent. In a recent interview with Kelley Curran, staff writer for The Horizon, the campus newspaper where he teaches, St. Clair was quoted as saying, "A fundamental right of our democracy is the right to speak out against our government, and that right shouldn't be forfeited during war."

A lifetime writer beginning with his first paid writing job covering local high school sports for \$5 per game plus mileage, to writing stories for the 18,000 men and women of the 1st Signal Brigade in Vietnam, St. Clair has experienced it all. He has been a freelancer, author, editor, reporter, helped start-up a statewide busi-

ness publication and taught journalism for 17 years at Indiana University. For the past three summers, St. Clair spent his summer breaks generously imparting knowledge and inspiration to grass root "wannabe" journalists stressing the importance of newspapers and the written word.

"Skepticism is a good thing," St. Clair said. The importance of journalists nourishing a healthy skepticism seems to be a prime motivator for him ever since last three and a half decades since he left Vietnam and his own government's heavy censorship. Enlisting in the Army and believing in the war effort, he led after a 14-month tour of Vietnam opposing the war.

He said the best part about it was getting back, feeling liberated and getting into a position for open and honest reporting.

So every summer St. Clair takes everyday hometown folks who have a spark of interest in writing and feeds it into a smoldering fire of knowledge and enthusiasm.

Kali looks to heal through book

By KIM EGAN

Jackie Kali walks into the room and instantly one senses a woman of tremendous confidence, courage and self-assurance. A freelance writer, in the process of writing a book, her inspiration and courage began at only 2 years of age when she slid, hurt and dazed, down the living room wall where she had been thrown by her father.

Kali grew up in a family that had a dark side of mental illness and alcoholism that was kept well hidden to the outside world.

Even her brother Johnny's death at four months old was officially listed on his death certificate as congestive heart failure. The fact that the CHF was brought on by being severely beaten was just another dim episode in a growing list of dark family secrets.

Though she said her father died from "a bad attitude" at only 61. In reality, she said, he slowly withered away in a urine-stained, overcrowded, "home" after a lifetime of misdiagnosis, intolerable prescription drugs and, the common everyday practice of self-medicating by abusing alcohol.

Fortunately today, with better scientific researching and understanding of mental illnesses and the psychosis and schizophrenia that can

often accompany depression, bipolar disorder, manic-depressive episodes and other mental problems, the medical community has developed some drugs that may be effective.

Unfortunately there is still a certain stigma attached to those who suffer from mental illness and fear being labeled "crazy" or "mad."

It's for this reason that many who are afflicted still suffer because society reluctance to consider mental illness a legitimate health concern. These same sufferers would inevitably seek treatment for other illnesses like heartburn or migraine headaches.

"I'm not embarrassed to tell the truth about it," Kali said as she promptly quotes Albert Einstein emphasizing each word, "Insanity is doing the same thing over and over and expecting a different result." If that is indeed the case, then this inquisitive world traveler and researcher lives by Einstein's thoughts as she spends her adulthood searching for a uncommon alternatives.

And, Kali's determined to make a difference. Her book, whose working title is, "How Losing My Mind Saved My Soul," will be a candid story reflecting her own personal struggles through a hazy maze of medications and

even hospitalization. It will also include a compilation of interviews of approaches and treatments, predominantly focusing on holistic and alternative medicine, she can glean from others who have found their own paths to self-healing.

Just as penicillin or chemotherapy won't cure the precise illness in different patients, Kali's book will be a bridge of hope for those that haven't found relief from traditional medicine.

Kali recognizes a need and place for brain-chemistry altering prescription drugs. "Without them I wouldn't be here today," she said. But she found that they only work for acute onset of symptoms.

Her path to wellness includes "new age" therapies which are really ancient practices from various world cultures such as yoga, Reiki, (pronounced Ray-Key) a method of natural healing, meditation and maximizing nutrition. Faith and prayer also play a major role in her whole body holistic approach.

If rituals and traditions from other cultures routinely practiced all throughout history, like acupuncture and meditation, can help relieve the anguish of mental illness, then Kali will have certainly turned a curse into a blessing.

Kathy is taking a 'chance' attending KPA's boot camp

By JODY NORWOOD

Kathy Chance has made a life looking out for other people using humor and a unique outlook on life.

Chance has spent over 20 years helping children as a guidance counselor and a teacher, armed with a fast wit, independence and a master's in elementary guidance counseling.

A desire to help children led Chance to the life of teaching. But after 15 years in the classroom, she realized there

were other ways to guide her students besides through books in the classroom.

"I knew I always wanted to go on to counseling," Chance said. She continued her education and completed her master's work from Eastern Kentucky University, but remained in the classroom teaching for six more years.

After becoming a counselor in the Gallatin County school system, she used humor to open up with stu-

dents. "Humor helped me through some tough situations. There's not an area of life that a little laughter can't make better," Chance said. "Children can relate through humor."

Recently Chance began a new search, looking for another niche in life. After resigning from her counseling position, Chance has begun to pursue an interest in journalism. Growing up listening to the Cincinnati Reds games on the radio, Chance studied

communications in college hoping to be a commentator for the Reds.

In an effort to expand her writing skills and learn the basics of journalism, Chance has taken part in the 2003 Kentucky Press Association's journalism boot camp.

Common person journalism, stories about average people, is the approach Chance plans to take in her new career. "People who seem ordinary but have done the extraordinary," she said.

Features and profiles of the regular person are not the only thing Chance would like to cover. Chance keeps up with editorials and political coverage also and could see herself covering more traditional news stories.

An ability to place herself in someone else's shoes helped Chance during her years as a teacher and a counselor. That empathy fits well into the role she wants to pursue in journalism.

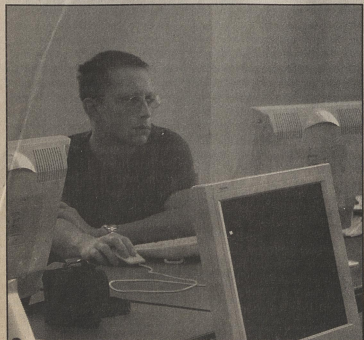
"Reasons are understand-

able, but you can't make excuses for things," said Chance, who has maintained that mantra through life.

Growing up in a farming family in Dry Ridge, Chance learned from her parents not to underestimate anyone based on their background. That line of thinking carried over into her classroom.

"A person's background doesn't mean they can't be successful in life," Chance said. "My dad taught me to show everyone respect."

Norwood finds 'doing what you like' leads him to journalism



Jody Norwood takes advantage of lab time to work on some of his assignments for class. He is a reporter at the Herald Ledger in Eddyville.

By KATHY CHANCE Reporter Jody Norwood, a studious, soft-spoken reporter for the Herald Ledger in the small Western Kentucky town of Eddyville, appears to be anything but a risk-taker. In reality he loves a good adventure and doesn't hesitate to explore the world around him.

As a teenager he ventured from his small hometown in Marshall County to experience his first taste of big city life. Alone and undaunted, he purchased an airline ticket, threw together the bare essentials, and took off to see Chicago. Being 17 and a novice traveler didn't deter him.

His trip to Chicago led him to realize that small towns and open spaces were more to his liking. After

attending Paducah Community College and then Murray State, Norwood opted to explore a career in journalism. Since childhood he had always enjoyed writing so being a reporter seemed a logical choice.

At the age of 22, Norwood landed a job as a reporter for the Herald Ledger in Lyon County. In two years he has interviewed a wide variety of people from all walks of life, including the governor and prisoners housed at the Kentucky State Penitentiary. The beauty he encountered when he penned a story about a prison art program at the Eddyville facility particularly struck Norwood.

"To see such beauty coming from the imagination of

hardened criminals was a surprise," Norwood said.

When asked to recount an interview that stands out in his mind is the story of Stacy Beans. He met Beans while she was in his town clerking with a local judge. She had been a student at Paducah's Heath High School when Michael Carneal opened fire, killing three students and injuring five others. She had been friends with some of the victims and was shaken badly by the event. While at law school in Virginia she experienced another school shooting, this time being one of the injured. Surviving two school shootings was tough, but Beans persevered. Norwood was struck by her resilience.

As for the future Norwood hopes to still be

reporting the news, possibly in another small town. Somewhere in Wyoming is a possibility. Since childhood he has loved the great outdoors. Fishing, camping and hiking are all activities high on his list of fun things to do. He loves that he can be a journalist anywhere he goes.

For now Norwood also finds time around his busy work schedule to do two things that he thinks might be genetic. From his maternal grandfather he inherited the love of flying and is working towards his pilot's license. And while on the ground he enjoys working on another mode of transportation, classic cars. He and his dad are restoring a classic '69 Camaro.

"Doing what you like to do is important," he said.

Horsing around

Local photographer's work featured in hit movie

By JENNY POOLE

Universal Studios went in search of artists for its film and television productions, and in New York found a perfect fit for the movie "Seabiscuit" in a Scott County equine photographer. John S. Hockensmith was showing his portfolio of horses at the New York Art Expo last year at the Jacob Javits Center, when Trisha Chaves of Universal Studios approached him.

"Seabiscuit" based on Laura Hillenbrand's best-selling book, "Seabiscuit: An American Legend," is a classic story about a crooked-legged colt and a crippled jockey who inspired the nation during the Great Depression.

The film includes impressive shots of extras in Kentucky and key scenes of Keeneland. Over 3,500 local extras were in the grandstands for filming at the Lexington race track.

Currently "Seabiscuit" is the number three at the box office and has grossed \$26.4 million in its first five days.

Chaves wasn't specifically looking for an artist for "Seabiscuit," but then saw Hockensmith's work displayed at his small booth. "I walked by his booth and saw his work, made the connection and it clicked."

Hockensmith is no stranger to equine photography. He has been commissioned by such organizations as Kentucky Horse Park, University of Kentucky and Calumet Farms. He has photographed the Rolex three-day event, Breeders' Cup and the Kentucky Derby for which he annually creates an official art print.

At 13 his father gave him a manual Pentax camera and he fell in love with photography. Later he had a small darkroom where he could see his photos come to life. "I would be developing prints and when the image appeared it was just like magic," Hockensmith said.

Hockensmith continued to use his camera but explored other art forms and studied art at Georgetown College. "I wanted to

be a painter. I tried painting with my right hand and being left-handed my thoughts became much different."

While still experimenting with other forms of abstract expressionism he began his career as a public relations photographer for the state of Kentucky in 1974. He continued to hone his skills with news and photo assignments for the Georgetown News-Graphic and other publications. Then in 1978 he opened a gallery and frame shop in Georgetown.

The frame shop then evolved into photography studio when Hockensmith realized he wanted to use photography as his art form.

"Behind the camera, I feel expressive and compelled. I live to chase the moment that has yet to happen. Passion defines my art," Hockensmith said.

Even though Hockensmith grew up in the heart of the Bluegrass he ignored the horse as a subject for 20 years. It wasn't until 1994 when Midway College asked him to create an art print to promote its equine program that he began to study the horse as art.

By perfecting his skills in abstract and other art forms before photographing horses helped him to focus on the horse as art and not just pictures of horses, Hockensmith believes. "In Kentucky, the horse was an obvious resource that I ignored in search of an elusive artistic goal. My abstract expressionist background lends a different view to the equine world," Hockensmith said.

It was not only the quality of the art that Hockensmith produced but also the high quality of his printing that drew the interest of Universal Studios. Hockensmith uses sophisticated equipment to print onto canvas, watercolor paper and archival photographic paper.

Universal Studios chose Hockensmith to license and produce the "Seabiscuit" cinematography, or still photos from the movie, in exclusive fine art edition. He received images from Universal stu-



John S. Hockensmith poses in front of a collection of his work including his photographs from the movie "Seabiscuit."

dios and selected three images he felt spoke to the audience that he used to produce fine art prints.

Hockensmith Photographic at first glance looks like any studio where you would have your family portrait taken but just to "stage left" is an artist's workshop.

Organized chaos is taking place as people are preparing Hockensmith portfolios and prints to be sent to buyers, museums and collectors. The walls are covered with large abstract and realistic prints depicting unique and rare horses. Vast stacks of pictures lie about helter skelter.

So much is going on it's understandable that Hockensmith was unable to attend when invited to the "Seabiscuit" premiere in California on July 22. He did however attend both the Lexington and Georgetown premieres.

The "Seabiscuit" display is prominent in one studio room, complete with lighting. Hockensmith pointed out movie extras in one of the photos. "Those are Lexington extras in the background," said Hockensmith as he pointed to the print. "I love it when people say 'hey that's me!'"

It is evident that Hockensmith takes much pride in the care and

quality of the print. He shows off his art like a father with his babies. His craftsmanship certainly got the attention of Universal Studios. "I think it's great and it looks wonderful. He [Hockensmith] put forth a lot of effort and interest," Chaves said. "Even the cherry frame is beautiful."

Three prints were produced: "Seabiscuit at the Finish Line" and "Seabiscuit in Stall" which come in 20x24 prints. "Seabiscuit an American Legend," is available in a 36x20 printed on photographic paper or a 48x24 canvas print.

Hockensmith and Universal Studios are preparing to present the "Seabiscuit an American Legend" print to "Seabiscuit" filmmaker Kathleen Kennedy. Also, Hockensmith is currently creating museum editions prints for a one-man show at the International Museum of the Horse in Lexington. The show is scheduled to open in spring of 2004.

Prints can be purchased at Hockensmith Photographic in historic downtown Georgetown. In Lexington at the Keeneland Shop, Fayette Gallery and the Kentucky Horse Park Gift Shop. The prints are also available at the Kentucky Derby Museum in Louisville.

Telling a story in Stanton

By RICK COOPER

Jenny Poole is having a great time. She is roaming the streets of Stanton looking for a victim. Not actually a victim but a story. Her assignment is to interview people of interest. She prefers random individuals. Interesting people. Common people. Everyone.

"They all have interesting stories to tell," she said. Stories rich and often moving. Her love of life, places and people shines through her eyes and is evident in her smile.

Jenny was born in Cincinnati but did not stay there long. She was off to Clay City for high school, Winchester for college then back to Cincinnati where she taught preschool. It's also where she met her husband David. They have a son, Alex who is her "greatest achievement, raising a good kid."

In 1999, the family moved to Stanton, in the heart of the Daniel Boone National Forest. "One night I got to eat pizza under the stars on top of natural bridge. Only I forgot a flashlight." She was glad to make it down.

Guy Hatfield was glad Poole made it down too. He runs the Clay City Times where Jenny is the office manager and a reporter. She is also in the process of learning layout and design. She has come to Boot Camp because of her desire to learn and develop her writing skills.

Jenny can still remember the fear and discomfort that came with her first story. "My first byline got immediate positive feedback." Now, she hopes to improve the paper. When asked about reader reaction she responded, "I worry more about liking it myself than I do about other people liking me."

Now she hopes to improve the paper. Oh, and to have fun all the time.

Adventurer starts a new journey

By JENNY POOLE

Like many animals in the forest, Rick Cooper, outdoor adventurer, is a solitary creature. Born and raised in Louisville where he works eight months a year as a stagehand, Cooper uses every opportunity to escape the city and commune with nature.

During the winter months Cooper travels to Snowshoe, W.Va., where he teaches children how to ski. Being outdoors is what makes him happy.

"We've become so comfortable that the water runs and the lights come on that people think those things are directly related to happiness," Cooper said.

Cooper said that he is a "dedicated single" and doesn't think that he will ever get married, however he misses having someone to share the

beautiful landscapes he travels to see. "I took a vacation by myself to visit national parks out west and it would've been cooler if someone was there to share it with."

Cooper is currently giving up a motorcycle trip to Yosemite National Park to take part in Journalism Boot Camp at Georgetown College. He hopes that the camp will help him move away from the theater. "When you work in the theater you need a theater to work in, journalists can work anywhere and the only tools I need are these," he said pointing to his pen and notebook.

The journalism camp was an opportunity for Cooper to experience more group interaction while learning skills that may help him move away from the city. "I don't

reach out of the box that often," Cooper said. He looks at opportunity like drawing straws and said that the camp was "the longest straw in the cup."

Cooper is hoping that the camp will broaden his horizons and help him to be more comfortable in strange situations. He is far more at ease in the woods and actually puts himself on the edge. Once he went looking for a grizzly bear, which he describes as his most memorable outdoor adventure.

"I was standing there in hellish weather trying to catch a glimpse of a grizzly bear," Cooper said, recalling being in Glacier National Park at Logan Pass in a total whiteout blizzard.

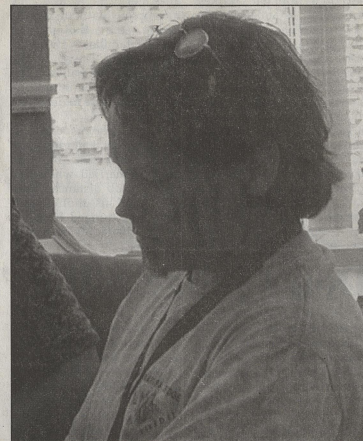
Besides seeing the camp as a way of helping him become more social, Cooper believes it can further his

goal of making a difference. "I want to save the world, make a difference and influence people to make their own right decisions," Cooper said.

Society has turned into a "me first society," Cooper believes, because people have wiped out their concern for others. "Basic courtesy. People just don't think about how other folks are impacted by their decisions, even if it's just cutting someone off in traffic," Cooper said.

Motorcycling, mountain bike riding, white water rafting, skiing, hiking and camping are ways that Cooper spends his free time. "I like to do anything outdoors, I'm an outdoor adventurer."

Journalism is Cooper's tool to get him away from the city doing something he enjoys to make a difference in the world.



Rick Cooper, a self-proclaimed outdoor adventurer, is hoping to use boot camp as a way of helping him obtain a job combining writing and the outdoors.

Ward Hall is still one Georgetown's beautiful landmarks

By RICK COOPER

Though Junius Ward is long departed, his creation, Ward Hall, still remains and so do the stories about the mansion, lovingly told by Frances Susong Jenkens, the grand dame of Ward Hall.

The Jenkens family purchased the Georgetown home and 156 acres in the mid-1990s and Frances has been there ever since. She "has done it all" over the years, caring for the place with pride, dedication and sheer willpower. With the exception of one friend, a local Boy Scout leader, Jenkens said, "Nobody has helped me mentally, physically or emotionally."

At 82, Jenkens is a striking woman with bright blue eyes and a full head of platinum hair. Apparently hard

work and a passion for life have kept her young; she represents all one can hope for in their later years. She is spry, intelligent, and as they say, "sharp as a tack."

She has repaired and painted the roof, fixed, cleaned, polished and preserved the interior, and who knows what else.

Asked how she has managed to keep up with Ward Hall for so long, she said, "When the ox is in the ditch and no one is interested in helping you, the job has to be done, you can learn to do anything to get that ox out of the ditch."

Examples of Jenkens' grit are plentiful. For instance, a helper holds her ankles while Jenkens stands on the windowsill in order to wash the windows on the upper

floors. She continued this practice through her 80s. "I had to do what I had to do," she said. However, asked about sticking around for a couple more years, she replied, "I'm not ready to walk (away). I'm ready to run!"

Jenkins hopes Georgetown College will buy the place because they will "do the right thing" with Ward Hall, she said.

At first sight the house doesn't look so big because it is far from the road, mature trees and rolling, green fields surround it. As you near the square, red brick-Greek revival home, its 40-foot stone columns, limestone cornice, window and doorframes make the mansion an impressive sight.

One architectural historian said that Ward Hall, completed in 1855, was "the most fabulous house in central Kentucky." It has a stone porch running the length of the house, 12-foot triple windows and stone pilasters. The cast iron crowns for the columns and pilasters are done in an intricate Grecian leaf pattern.

Naturally, the interior is just as impressive. The door, which was etched Tiffany glass panes, leads into a wide hall, originally 69 feet long. The elliptical staircase, one of two known to exist, winds its way to the third floor. It was built using a formula that architecturally mimics the ratio of the perfect human form.

Orient rugs, hand-rubbed walnut trim and ornate plas-

ter crown molding are examples of the lavish detail. Most of the hardware and fixtures are Sheffield silver, including chandeliers that feature Tiffany globes etched with scenes from the Iliad and the Odyssey. There are 10 fireplaces, each with a mantel of marble and many plant stands that are marble as well. H.V. Johnson, a nephew of Junius Ward, called Ward Hall "the finest place in Kentucky at the time, a veritable palace surrounded by a fairy garden."

Ward was known locally as a prominent cattle breeder, horseman and part owner of the thoroughbred "Lexington." He used Ward Hall as a summer home, traveling each September to his cotton plantation in Mississippi and returning in

May. He was one of the wealthiest men in Kentucky, but was nearly wiped out by the Civil War.

He acquired his land, which was rumored to stretch "all the way to Keeneland," after his father's death. A significant amount of central Kentucky, including the Ward Estate, was purchased previously from one of the founding fathers, Patrick Henry.

Later, Ward Hall was offered to Kentucky legislature for use as the capitol and on another occasion was renamed Glaston, by V.K. Glass. The mansion is protected by The National Register of Historic places, and Jenkens noted, "Nobody can bulldoze Ward Hall."

The legend of Tent Girl lives on in Georgetown

By JASON L. MILLER
THE LEGEND
Julie, a life-long friend and art student at Georgetown College, had a knack for waiting for lulls in conversation and delivering random tidbits.

It was a simple sentence, very nonchalant, that had enough left out to hook all of us immediately. "There is a tombstone in Georgetown Cemetery that has a face on it and her eyes glow at night."

Julie, though a brilliant artist, is not the best storyteller. But we took the bait, and with the proper amount of coaxing, she continued with the story of "Tent Girl."

In the back right corner of Georgetown Cemetery is a grave marked with a tombstone that reads, "TENT GIRL. FOUND MAY 17, 1968 ON U.S. HIGHWAY 25 N. DIED ABOUT APRIL 26-MAY 3, 1968. AGE ABOUT 16-19 YEARS. HEIGHT FIVE FEET ONE INCH. WEIGHT 110-115 LBS. REDDISH BROWN HAIR. UNIDENTIFIED." Above the inscription is an etching of the girl's face, taken from police sketches.

The account on the tombstone leaves out that she was found stuffed into a tent bag, nude except for a cloth diaper wrapped around her head.

Julie had never been to the grave at night, but the word around the campfire was that the eyes of the etching were known to glow at nighttime. There were variations on this, of course, some insisting it was only on full moon nights, or on Halloween. The ones

who told Julie about it, had also never visited the cemetery at night. Their stories always began with "so-and-so heard from so-and-so that."

For me, the curiosity was too much to bear. And seeing that I never developed a healthy sense of fear, I have made three attempts to catch the glowing stare of Tent Girl. So far, I have yet to see it.

But the real story is one that has garnered national attention, featured on television programs like "Unsolved Mysteries" and "48 Hours." There are entire web sites devoted to Tent Girl, most of which carry a 1969 article as printed in *Master Detective Magazine*.

It all ends 30 years later, when the Internet and DNA technologies helped crack open the murder of Barbara Ann Hackmann Taylor, a.k.a. Tent Girl.

THE STORY
It started on the morning of May 17, 1968, in Eagle Creek, 13 miles north of Georgetown. Wilbur Riddle stumbled upon a green canvas bag, tightly strung up with cord. The bag was near a fence, just off U.S. Highway 25.

Riddle had been searching for glass insulators left behind by phone company workers, intending to paint and sell them as novelty items. Instead he found the beginning of a 30-year murder mystery.

He only needed to get a whiff of what was in the bag to know what was in there.

Immediately, he ran to the nearest phone to call the county sheriff, Bobby Vance. The girl had been dead for weeks, badly decomposed and naked. She was in the fetal position, her hand balled up in a fist. Autopsy revealed that she most likely was knocked unconscious and stuffed in the bag to die by asphyxiation.

The ensuing investigation turned up virtually nothing. Due to the condition of the body, officials were able to obtain only one usable fingerprint. The sheriff commissioned Harold Musser, a patrolman and sketch artist from the Covington police department, to come up with a composite.

"Tent Girl," as dubbed by a reporter for the *Kentucky Post* and *Times Star*, now had a face. Her portrait was published statewide. While the police received countless leads, none of them turned out to be useful.

The problem with Tent Girl was her classic features. She looked like any girl you might see in the neighborhood. There were no tattoos or piercings, no identifiable marks. It also didn't help that no one seem to miss her.

The body was buried in Georgetown Cemetery, the tombstone donated in 1972.

Investigators thought they had a break when another girl was found in Pennsylvania at around the same time period, April of 1968. The girl, later to be identified as Candace Clothier, was found in a creek under identical circum-

stances—stuffed in a canvas bag, nude except for panties. She was the same height and weight, the same estimated age. Like Tent Girl, she had short hair, and instead of a cloth diaper, had a wool sweater wrapped around her head.

Though the girl was identified, police found no leads to the killer.

The citizens of Georgetown took Tent Girl in as their own, and decorate her grave to this day.

It wasn't until 1998, when Todd Matthews, the son-in-law of Wilbur Riddle, found the missing piece to the puzzle. Matthews had set up a Web site called the DoE Network, which teamed up with another organization named EDAN, Everybody Deserves a Name. Matthews was committed to finding out the identity of the Tent Girl, posting the famed sketch on the site.

A woman in Arkansas, Rosemary Westbrook, recognized Tent Girl as her sister.

The body was exhumed post haste. Police found that DNA taken from the pulp of Tent Girl's tooth matched the DNA from Westbrook.

Westbrook revealed that her sister, Barbara "Bobbie" Ann Hackmann, left their Illinois home at 16, when she married Earl Taylor, a carnival worker and truck driver.

The two moved to Lexington, and had three children. Bobbie worked as a waitress. She was actually 24 when she died.

According to John Farris,



This stone marks the burial site of Barbara "Bobbie" Ann Hackmann who is known to residents in Georgetown as Tent Girl. Legend has it that the eyes on the tombstone glow at night.

the last detective assigned to the case of Tent Girl, Bobbie Ann's daughter last saw her mother driving away with Taylor. They had told the little girl they were just going for a ride.

Taylor told everyone that Bobbie had "run off with another man," and thus never reported her missing. Bobbie was estranged from her family, who did not even know the pair were in Kentucky.

The three children were adopted out to Earl's family.

The Scott County Sheriff's Department has since closed the case, stating that it was

most likely Earl Taylor who killed her. An arrest was never made because Taylor died of cancer in 1987.

Some speculate that Taylor also killed Candace Clothier due to the similarity of the murders. Further investigation has shown that there was a carnival nearby.

Westbrook and her sisters, Jan Daigle of Placerville, Calif., and Marie Copeland of Arundell, Maine, opted to leave Tent Girl buried in Georgetown because of the love shown to her by the people of Georgetown for previous 30 years.

Rob Curtin: The All-American Boy

By JASON MILLER
It is difficult to refrain from cliché when describing a 17-year-old like Rob Curtin. He is apple pie and baseball—almost straight from the cover of "The Saturday Evening Post." Norman Rockwell would have loved him.

Rob is the famed "boy next door," toting his hockey equipment to and from the car.

His girlfriend, Meredith, is a model. On Rob's right hand is a gold, antique-finished ring—a reward for being on the winning side of a state hockey championship. A little too large for his hand, this ring replaces his Trinity High class ring. Rob's class ring, of course, is now an addition to Meredith's jewelry collection—angora wrapped to fit her slight finger.

"I think I might be [in love with her]. All right, I

am," he said. He looked up and grinned, slightly flushed and added, "I've got a good feeling about this one." Rob and Meredith have been dating a month.

This is beginning to sound like an episode of "Happy Days." And it could be, if you add a modern twist. Saying that Rob is all-American would be incomplete without demolishing the thought of nuclear families. These are the "Happy Days" of the Millennial Generation. The newest Richie Cunninghams of America have to deal with divorce.

Rob's parents divorced when he was 9 and his older sister, Emily, was 14. His father remarried when Rob was 9. Rob distanced himself from his mother and remains estranged from her today. His father, he said, is his hero.

"My dad's a strong man who has been through a lot. And he's kept his values through all of it. He's a good father."

Despite the personal turmoil of his childhood, Rob is remarkably resilient.

He is the assistant captain of his hockey team, and sings baritone in an all-male chorus that won a national title at Disney World in 2001.

He reads. He stays out of trouble. He plays video games with his friends before grabbing a turkey and Swiss sandwich from Arby's.

All around, he's a good kid.

Though Rob doesn't feel he is good enough for professional hockey, the sport, at present, is his greatest joy aside from Meredith.

"A clean sheet of ice, a bucket full of pucks, an

empty net, and nobody else in the rink. Yeah, that's what makes me happy."

An Orangemen fan, Syracuse University is in his future plans. Among Rob's choices of major will be English and journalism.

Ideally, Rob would like to be a sports writer. Like most aspiring writers, he harbors fears regarding the likelihood of success.

"My biggest fear is that I won't be successful and end up being a bum, living off my parents."

Rob is also terrified of heights.

All in all, John-Robert Curtin III, is the picture of what grown-ups expect from a teenage boy. The American dream all but sings from the recesses of his blue eyes, complete with glints of hope for a life yet to unfold. His "Happy Days" are just beginning.

Cafeteria food doesn't leave bitter taste in the mouths of all boot campers

By ROB CURTIN

Adults are spoiled. They can buy anything they want, when they want it, no matter how they want it. And when they don't get their way, they whine.

Oh sure, call me a hypocrite; tell me that I do just the same. And I do. You would just think that adults would outgrow it, right? Well, a lot of times, they don't.

My main example for this article is food. Adults say we're picky eaters. However, when adults who are out of school are in a cafeteria-like environment again, they get whiny. Adults can go anywhere they want to for lunch, generally, and get whatever they want. Kids, however, usually have to eat on our respective campuses. So, we learn to love the school food.

And most of it isn't bad. But when adults are exposed to it, they complain. "It makes me sick just looking at it," said Jamie Dexter, a 21-year-old reporter with the *Benton Tribune-Courier*. He was referring to a piece of fried chicken (which was actually quite tasty) that was being served in the Georgetown College cafeteria.

The presentation is just bad. The food has no color left, and the smell is nauseating, like a food potpourri.

And this is the norm. Among campers at the Kentucky Press Association's third annual Journalism Boot Camp at Georgetown College, most don't like the food being served.

"I sucks," says Pattie Cox, the owner of the Garrard-Central Record. "The spaghetti is overcooked, the sauce has no taste, the salads have no real greens with the lettuce being brown and wilted. It just sucks."

David Silverman, a freelance writer, offered a more scientific view as to why he thinks the food is bad. "The food is not local, it's not organic, and its packaged and industrialized in some far off city, so it has to be preserved and shipped here."

A general consensus among the people at camp who don't like the food brought about many of the same responses: the food is bland, there is no variety, and the cooks should be drawn and quartered.

However, the food fans said quite the opposite. "There is enough variety here, and the food isn't where they want to for lunch, generally, and get whatever they want. Kids, however, usually have to eat on our respective campuses. So, we learn to love the school food."

Lee Noble, a student attending Anderson University in Indiana, said he enjoys the food because "there's a better variety, and it's not just pizza and hot dogs every day. Also our food is prepared fresh, and is separate from the other cafeteria food."

"It's what it should be for what it is," said Peggy Fukunaga, a CPA in a prior career. "It's good enough, but the nutrition could be better, and it wouldn't hurt for them to add a soup to the menu every day."

When asked why he liked the food here, Rick Cooper said, "I like the vegetables they have, not so much red meat, and most importantly, it's free!"

Overall, the camp was a split decision on the issue. Everyone could agree on one thing however: the cookies.

As for this reporter, also a student, I have enjoyed the food at Georgetown College, and think that the catering service has done a fantastic job feeding the masses.

But would it kill them to set out some Pepto Bismol or Immodium A.D. every once in a while?

Don't judge Miller's book by his cover

By ROB CURTIN

Looking across the Formica table at Jason Miller, calmly sipping his iced coffee and enjoying the mid-afternoon sunshine, one is reminded of an age-old adage: don't judge a book by its cover.

Even from just mild conversation with Jason, one starts to get a sense that he is more than what he seems on the surface. One gets a sense that he isn't what he appears to be, and that his quest in life isn't just a cheap thrill or two.

Jason Lee Miller was born Dec. 14, 1976. His mother, Judy, and father, Danny, divorced when Jason was 6 months old. He saw his father two days a week, but mainly he lived with his mother, a teacher, in a modest and quiet elderly neighborhood in Ashland. Because she worked a lot, Jason was basically in day care from birth to kindergarten. This, however, gave him the chance to interact with other kids his age.

When he was 6, his mother remarried to David Nichols, and Jason soon learned to love and respect his stepfather as equally as he did his real father.

Because not many children his age lived in his neighborhood, he spent the majority of

his free time in his room. His childhood hero was Indiana Jones, and so he got his start in prose by writing "The Adventures of Indiana Jones." He also collected Matchbox and Hot Wheels cars, and would set up "Jason's Used Car Lot."

Jason also had some dislikes during childhood that might seem unusual. He did not care for arts and crafts, as well as coloring. He said it is "because there were too many rules involved. They drew the picture for you, and you had to color within those lines."

He always had a fascination with language, and soon became bored in school. In the third grade, he took a test and was sent into the students Talented In Need of Growth program. Jason would attend program once a week to work on higher math and sometimes ad campaigns.

Through most of school, Jason played a variety of sports. In elementary school, he played baseball as a pitcher. He had a mean fastball, and on his first pitch in his first game, he hit a kid in the head, putting him in shock. The rest of the game, though, he calmed down, and went on to get 12 strikeouts and one hit through five innings.

In fifth grade, he tried out for his school's basketball team. He was overweight at the time and almost quit because of the rigorous workout. But his mother encouraged him to stick with it, and his hard work earned him a spot on the team. Continuous workouts led to him losing weight, and by the end of the season, he was a starting forward. He played until he got into high school, where he wasn't tall enough to be forward.

But along with athletic endeavors, he was also quite active off the field. He sang in the choir, competed on the academic team, was the president of his youth group and volunteered at various places.

When Jason went to college, he decided to major in communications at the University of Kentucky. However, he changed his major five times, to history, journalism, pre-law, advertising and political science.

Deciding that school wasn't right for him at the time, Jason decided to take a few years off.

He waited tables for two years while deciding what to do with the rest of his life. During this time, he kept writing, something people had always told him he was good at. He went back to UK

to finish his degree in communications, and while doing so, wrote a weekly column for the *Kentucky Kernel*, the campus newspaper.

Jason has also always been a bit of a romantic. He has searched his whole life for that one girl who will be his soul mate. His friends have called him a bit of a womanizer at times because it seems he moves from girl to girl on a whim, but this is just his search for true love. He has started to write poetry, as well, which stems from this quest. He calls it "Letting Go of Marilyn," and it's about letting go of the ideal woman inside our heads, and realizing that no one will ever meet that standard.

His two greatest fears also deal with the people he loves. The first is that, if he were to meet his soul mate and marry her, that she would die young, and he wouldn't get to spend his life with her. The second is if they have children together, that his children will die before him.

Jason was asked what would make him blissfully happy. "A warm summer evening, spent on a porch swing, with a violent thunderstorm," was his reply. That showed Jason was far from the party animal seemed to be.

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Kentucky native navigates life's bumpy roads

By PEGGY FUKUNAGA

Natalie Volk is usually a quiet person but as she describes her favorite campsite along Elkhorn Creek, in Franklin County, her brown eyes widen, her short arms grandly sweep outward like a queen surveying her dominion.

It is "in the middle of the woods, on the edge of the creek. There is a five-foot embankment perfect for fishing," she said. "In the morning," she said in a lower-pitched voice, "as the sun is coming up and the fog is settling over the pasture, the dew sparkles. Sometimes you can see deer in the field."

To get to the site, Natalie and her family have to drive down a dirt road with deep

ruts. "My old 1998 Plymouth Neon bottomed-out a couple times," Natalie said. "I'm following my dad's four-wheel drive pick-up truck and I scrape," she said.

When describing the final leg of the trip, she speaks quickly, waving her arms like an anxious child pulling into a Holiday Inn with a pool. Inevitably, her parents had to pull over and direct her Neon around the holes in the road. In Natalie's 22 years, her parents have helped her navigate much bumpier passages.

At 19, Natalie was diagnosed with Cushing's disease after suffering with the symptoms for over six years. She is a poster child for this rare disease with her 4-foot-9

-inch frame, pale round face and child-like limbs, hands and feet.

Cushing's disease is an endocrine disorder characterized by the overproduction of the hormone, cortisol. It is often the result of a tumor on the pituitary gland or adrenal glands, although, it has also been connected to cancer or tumors elsewhere in the body.

According to the Pituitary Network Association and the National Institute of Health, the symptoms are: changes in body weight distribution including weight gain in face, neck and back of neck; changes in skin sensitivity including easy bruising, and stretch marks; hair growth on face, neck, chest and

abdomen; slower rates of overall growth in children and adolescents; loss of muscle, weakness and fatigue; menstrual disorders; hypertension; diabetes; and depression with wide mood swings.

It was these last symptoms that made Natalie's adolescence like a trip on a defunct amusement park ride. When she became angry, she flew into a rage, and when she was sad, she was hard to console.

Natalie high-school years were dominated by hospital visits and school absences. She went to a series of doctors looking for answers including general practitioners, an infectious disease specialist, a gastroenterologist, a

urologist, a psychologist and a psychiatrist. "Nobody could figure it out," she said.

In her junior year, Natalie was called to the office and counseled for bulimia because she often vomited after lunch. This is also a rare symptom of Cushings. It was just one of the ways her body seemed to be betraying her. In addition, her schoolmates taunted her because she was overweight and short.

"My reality was harsh," she said. "I tried to escape it anyway I could." She often skipped and partied to avoid the painful pecking order of her high school.

Once school officials confronted her after skipping school the day of her prom, Natalie flew into a rage. Her com-

ments so concerned school officials that the post-Columbine hysteria that two days after the incident, she was escorted off campus. The next day, her medical records were published in the local newspaper.

It was that experience and a desire to educate people about her disease that led Natalie to the Kentucky Press Association Journalism Boot Camp. "I want to get my feet wet and see if [journalism] fits," she said.

She has had surgery to remove a tumor from her pituitary gland and radiation therapy. She is optimistic about her future. "You can't go through life without a sense of humor," she said. "When I look back, I had to have it."

Fukunaga follows the yellow brick road

By JASON L. MILLER

Peggy Fukunaga doesn't have braided pigtails or a dog named Toto. She doesn't look remotely like Dorothy. In fact, when she was Dorothy's age, she was closer to a tomboy version of Huckleberry Finn—creek swimming, tale telling and all. But her story is the sort that requires one to travel far from Kansas, over the rainbow to "Oz," if you will, and back again. For once she left Texas, that is where her story begins.

When Peggy's family, consisting of no less than 10, moved from Wisconsin to Baytown, a suburb of Houston, all 6-year-old Peggy Ertiger could think was, "This looks like where I'm from only much hotter."

There were no cowboys, horses or tumbleweeds. There was, however, a very disappointed Peggy. Her disenchantment with Texas continued through her teens. Tense race relations, drug dealings and poverty dominated her world.

"I couldn't leave fast enough," she said.

Peggy made the necessary arrangements for an early graduation and made off for college in October 1978. Parental demands for practicality and Peggy's desire to not return home drove this story-telling Huck Finn to a degree in accounting.

"It was the dumbest thing I could have done," she said.

Dumb, maybe, but it was a fast track to corporate success. Again graduating ahead of time, this time from the University of Houston, Peggy landed a job with the accounting firm, Arthur Andersen and Co.—no small feat for a freshly graduated female.

She moved quickly up the corporate ladder, working next for Anderson,

Clayton and Co., and finally for Mobil Chemical in northern California.

This is not a story of upward mobility. It is the story of a girl returning to her roots at the height of corporate success.

At 35, Peggy took a severance package and left her practical self behind.

"I didn't like working for corporate America." This is quite the epiphany at age 35—and risky. The breaking point for Peggy was being part of a re-engineering team at Mobil. Her job was to find ways to cut millions of dollars in costs. Peggy knew this was code for plant shutdowns and layoffs.

With the encouragement of her husband, Dan, Peggy opted for other routes. First, there was culinary school, which, once she finished, didn't "pan" out.

Peggy found herself in school again at Indiana University Southeast, this time seeking a master's of liberal studies in Spanish and journalism. The bilingual raconteur may emerge yet.

Her love of Hispanic culture, which has its roots from her childhood in Texas, has led Peggy to some interesting voyages. She backpacked across Costa Rica, a 245-mile trek, at the age of 38. In Guatemala, she studied Spanish at an Antigua language school.



Peggy Fukunaga uses some of the interviewing skills she learned at boot camp to track down one of her sources for a story she wrote for class. Fukunaga has had some of her stories published in the Georgetown News-Graphic.

Peggy's most dramatic jaunt was to Buenos Aires. During a semester's worth of studying the language, culture and literature of Argentina, she experienced one of the most turbulent times in the country's history. The poverty level went from 30 percent to 50 percent while the presidency changed hands five times. This was all in less than six months' time.

"You would see entire families digging through the trash."

Her experiences in Central and South America have moved Peggy to concentrate her efforts on media outlets for Hispanics living in the states. Her thesis will be a Hispanic screenplay, which mirrors her future aspirations of writing for Hispanic motion pictures.

"I really do feel like Dorothy," she said. "Whirled away and then returning to where I came from."

And what did Dorothy, er, Peggy learn from her trip over the rainbow?

"Enjoy life. Do stuff. Do what you want to do."

White hopes to combine love of video games into career

By JODY NORWOOD

Patrick Austin White's diversity of interests recently led him to the 2003 Kentucky Press Association's journalism boot camp. After completing his first year of college at Murray State University, White, came to the camp to pursue his interest in writing. "I came to learn knowledge of what journalism actually is," White said.

"I beat Mario when I was 2, but didn't talk until I was 3," White said of his first video game. "Games were just something I've always done." White said games have helped to control his

attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. "I lose interest in things quickly," White said.

After considering his interest in gaming, White opted to learn more about developing games and enrolled in college to learn video game design. Murray State was an in-state school where he thought he would be able to learn coding, the process of creating games.

After discovering coding wasn't as easy as he thought it was, White decided to look at other aspects of the gaming industry. "I'd like to do animation and music," White said.

Orchestrating scores for games isn't White's only musical interest. For three years White was the drummer for "Absolute Zero," a band he helped form during his sophomore year of high school in Hardin County. Although the group replaced him while he was away at college, he still performs with them when he returns home.

After considering writing for gaming magazines, White decided to pursue writing, another of his interests. He came to the boot camp to learn reporting and writing skills. White said he would like to continue learning about games, music, and his interest in writing.

The art of interviewing

By PEGGY FUKUNAGA

Who would ever guess that journalist, Monica Richardson, with her dimples and brilliant smile, would ever have trouble getting information from anyone, but she claims she has learned her interview lessons the hard way.

Richardson, the community news editor for the Lexington Herald-Leader, described times when the tape recorder didn't work, her source responded with one syllable answers and she had to track down people for "just one more question."

Richardson has cultivated her assertiveness over the years. While covering the Kentucky General Assembly, she noticed that her questions were not answered during the press conferences. "I was not being heard," she said. "I needed to be rude."

This was hard for the reserved Richardson, who acknowledges she is "quiet." On the other hand, as a tall, black female, she always assumed she would be hard to miss.

With over 10 years on the job, she has honed her interviewing technique. She shared some tricks of the trade with the students of the Kentucky Press Association's 2003 Journalism Boot Camp.

Richardson categorized interviews in four ways: the face-to-face or planned interview; the spot interview; the nasty group interview; and the phone interview. For each situation, she has specific advice.

The face-to-face interview is preferable because there is time for planning but it "never goes as planned," she said. She recommended doing research in advance. "Don't pretend to know everything but don't be a dummy either."

Allow extra time for getting to the interview, she said. First, set ground rules before beginning the interview such as, telling her which comments are unquotable or "off-the-record," before they are said. Then, start with light conversation and easy questions and build to the tougher issues.

In all situations, it is important to survey the scene whether it is an office, meeting or crime scene. These observations will make the interview more personal and relaxed as well as providing color and detail for the article.

Generally, she asks about photographs or interesting things on the desk. "They are a little tense" but "We're all human. I'm not going to bite them."

"Let your questions come naturally," she said by planning the order of the interview but staying flexible. "Let them talk."

Richardson cautioned that the interview doesn't end when the notebook is closed and the pen is capped. "Many times the best quote was at the end of the interview when I was on the way to the door. Trust me, it is going to happen."

site of a natural disaster or impromptu press conference. Richardson recommends taking advantage of the drive to prepare.

"Think ahead," she said. "Remember 'the who, what, when, how and why' questions."

In addition, she stresses that, "all interviews are not just about the questions. Remember to interview the scene." Once the Herald-Leader sent an intern to a crime scene. He called back and said, "You won't believe this: the neighbors are sitting in lawn chairs watching." It is unusual details like this that give life to a story, she said.

With this type of story it is critical to get cell phone numbers of as many people on the scene as possible. As the story develops, you will want to call them to get updates.

Persistence is critical to reporting, Richardson said. "You've called him three times," she said. Yes, "you can call again." When she tells her editors that she can't reach someone, they always say, "try again."

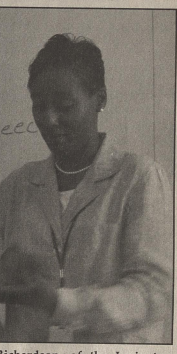
Occasionally she has arrived at an interview location expecting one person but encountered a "nasty group." Often, everyone talks at once. A tape recorder can be helpful but remember extra tapes and batteries. And, always take good notes. She also recommended identifying the leader of the group and talk directly to him or her.

In addition, it is best to identify each person by physical characteristics in your notes. Then, you can use a key to these descriptions when writing your story. For instance, the woman in the red shirt will become Sally Doe, the executive vice president of marketing.

While Richardson prefers a face-to-face meeting, she acknowledged that sometimes the best option alternative is a phone interview. As for e-mail interviews, she said, "I don't do them. I want to hear a voice." In all interview situations, she honors the off-the-record comments and does not use them in her story.

Frequently, the source "can tell you who you can talk to on-the-record," she said. "Your job is to get it on-the-record, now that you've got it." She also warned students to be prepared for what they might encounter on an interview. While interviewing sources for a story on welfare recipients, Richardson got first-hand

view of the poverty when she went to the home in eastern Kentucky. "Fleas were bouncing off the carpet, the dog was rubbing up against my leg and the woman was blowing cigarette smoke in my face," she said. "There was no air conditioning. I wasn't comfortable. I was literally sitting on the edge of



Monica Richardson, of the Lexington Herald-Leader speaks to the students at boot camp about interviewing skills

the sofa." Richardson said she couldn't be "dainty Monica" in this situation. "I needed to see that house. It was important to the story," she said. "I knew it was bad but — wow, I felt blessed when I returned."

Richardson knew from an early that age she wanted to be a journalist. "I'm tall but I can't play basketball," she said. During summers growing-up in Washington D.C. and Charlottesville, Va. she skipped sports camps and instead went to writing workshops.

In 1992, she graduated from Old Dominion University with a degree in English with an emphasis in journalism hoping to teach. After graduating, she did substitute at her old high school but she ended up with a familiar student in one of her classes. "I had my brother in one of my classes. He started telling me what I should and shouldn't wear."

Shortly after, she started her journalism career at a small newspaper, the Culpeper Star-Exponent that was published six days a week. "I did it all," she said. After eight months of taking pictures, laying out pages, checking the wire stories, she was anxious to do more writing.

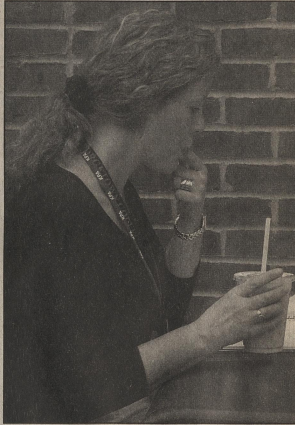
Richardson moved on to The Charlottesville Observer. As a general assignment reporter with this weekly publication, she could take more time with stories. She found a niche at the newspaper covering education.

However, she missed the pace of a daily newspaper. In 1994, she found a position as a general assignment reporter at the Florida Times-Union in Jacksonville. During her five years at the Times-Union, Richardson covered everything and anything.

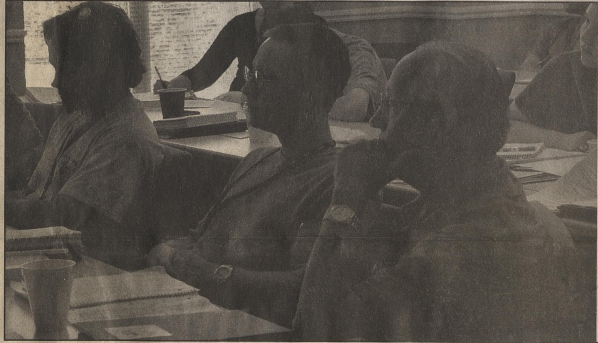
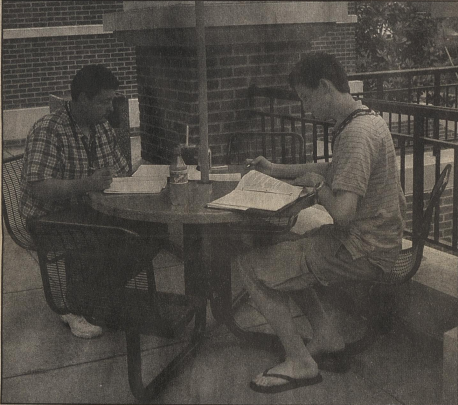
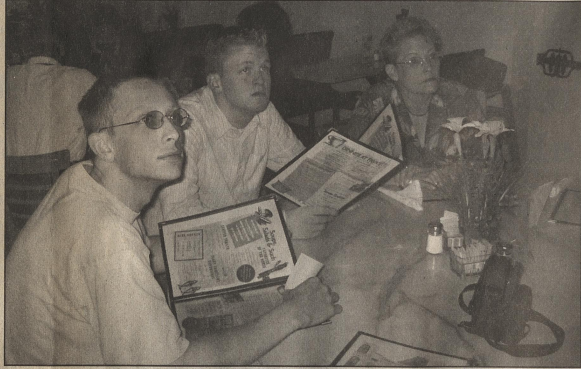
After five years in Florida, she was ready for the increased opportunities offered by the newspaper chain, Knight Ridder. With the Lexington Herald-Leader, she has been a bureau reporter in Richmond, Ky., covering Madison and the neighboring counties and the reporter assigned to Frankfort to cover state social service issues before becoming the communities news editor.



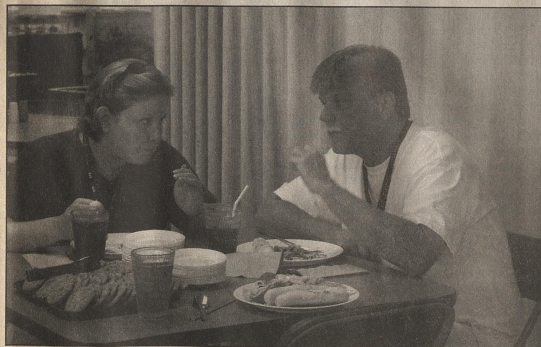
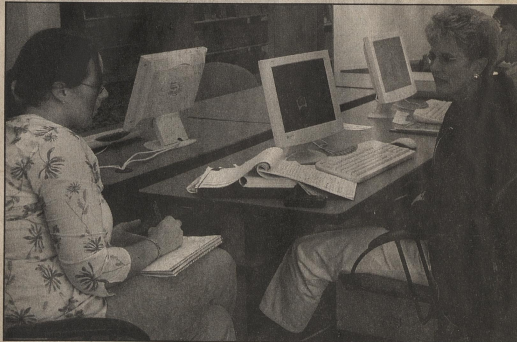
Above: This year's Boot Camp recruits included, front row, from left: Erica Boggs, Jamie Dexter, Jenny Poole, Chuck Hamilton, Jason Miller, Ellen O'Day; back row: Lew Angotti, Kim Egan, Pattie Cox, David Silverman, Instructor Jim St. Clair, Peggy Fukunaga, Lee Noble, Rob Curtin, Rick Cooper, Austin White and Jody Norwood. Right: Peggy Fukunaga takes a taste test of her iced coffee before being her interview for a class assignment.



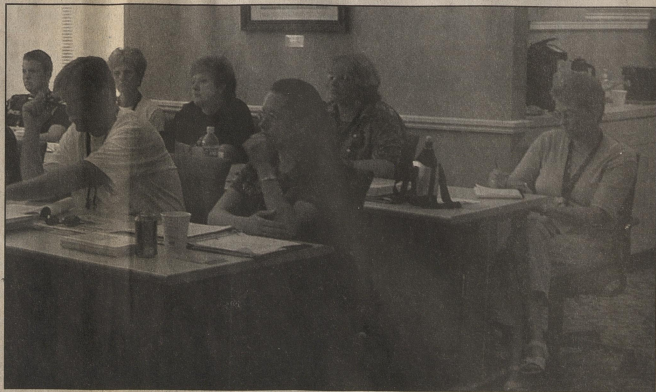
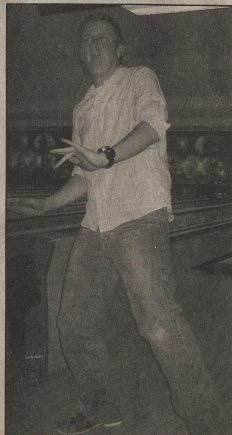
Left: Kim Egan and Chuck Hamilton take a break from classroom work to sit on the patio outside the library and discuss the day's events. Below: Lee Norwood, Jamie Dexter and Ellen O'Day watch the news on the television at Fava's as they enjoy dinner after class one day.



Above: Rick Cooper, Jody Norwood and Lew Angotti listen closely during class instruction. Classes were held in the Ensor Library on campus at Georgetown College. Below: Jenny Poole and Chuck Hamilton have a serious discussion over lunch at the cafeteria. This year boot campers were treated to their own private dining room for lunch.



Above: Courtney Hodges, a reporter with the News-Graphic, interviews Boot Camper Pattie Cox about her experiences at camp. Pattie and her husband own The Central Record in Garrard County. Right: Jamie Dexter does a little dance after his frame of bowling when a group of the campers spent a night of relaxation at Cosmic Bowl in Georgetown.



The class got a chance to practice their new interviewing skills in a mock interview with instructor Jim St. Clair. Interviewing skills was just one of the lessons on the agenda during the three-week course