Pikeville Junior Chef
Team competes in state competition
By Jessica Pearsen
Anna Wallace, Danielle Pridemore, Cahie Marcum, and Brianna Blackburn along with Pikeville High School Cooking Team Coach Kelly Scott made history last week. The Panthers represented the 15th region in the first-ever Kentucky Farm to School Junior Chef State Finals held at the state fair in Louisville. The competition is part of the Kentucky Department of Agriculture Farm to School initiative over-

The recipe was required to include five Kentucky Proud ingredients, so they easily adaptable to a high school cafeteria menu.

Ironing it out

On the Couch
Michelle Golf

Last week, I fixed cabin-
net shelves with contact paper.
Hey, this is a newswor-
day development. After all, it only took me nigh
on nine years to figure out that a long-forgotten
roll of the paper could add a little pizazz to the
shelves.
And, frankly, I’m proud of myself. As a new busy
growing up on the
Golf Estate, I
watched my mother
apply contact paper to
various surfaces. Her
patience amazed me and

Nancy M. Goss • 4-H EXTENSION AGENT
606/437-4246 • ngoss@setel.com

Pikeville 4-H’ers participate in Kentucky State Fair
What happens in August that is exciting to citizens of the commonwealth? It is time
for school to begin and the official Kentucky State Fair.

Phoebe the 15th region in the first-ever Kentucky Farm to School Junior Chefs competition held at the state fair in Louisville, Below, Kentucky Commissioner of Agriculture James Comer makes a special stop by the Gourmet Garden stage to meet the Pikeville High School team during the Kentucky State Fair in Louisville. He plans a visit to the school in the fall to learn more about their Kentucky Proud Farm to School greenhouse project. Pictured are, from left, Brianna Blackburn, Cahie Marcum, Danielle Pridemore, Anna Wallace, Comer, and team coach Kelly Scott.

Anna Wallace, Danielle Pridemore, Cahie Marcum, and Brianna Blackburn and Pikeville High School Cooking Team Coach Kelly Scott made history last week. The Panthers represented the 15th region in the first-ever Kentucky Farm to School Junior Chef State Finals held at the state fair in Louisville. The competition is part of the Kentucky Department of Agriculture Farm to School initiative over-

For Food Distribution specialists Bill Wickliffe and Tina Garland Louisville’s Sullivan University awarded up $70,000 in culinary scholarships for teams making it to the Final Four.

Phoebe’s team began the race to the Sweet Sixteen in March, when they developed an original recipe “Panther Burgoo.” The recipe was required to include five Kentucky Proud ingredients, so they easily adaptable to a high school cafeteria menu.

Above left, Pikeville Junior Chef team member Danielle Pridemore presents the final dish, Panther Burgoo to the Sullivan University chefs. Sullivan offered up $70,000 in schol-

The competition is part of the Kentucky Department of Agriculture Farm to School initiative over-

Nancy Maynard, 4-H Avian Bowl, blue, ribbon; second place and state champion.

Kayla Gauze, Watercolor Painting, blue

Jami Comer, commissioner of agriculture, stated, “I firmly believe that competi-
tional builds character and helps young peo-
ple learn how to get along. Competition

How to contact us for Everyday Living news, comments: Everyday Living Editor Nancy M. Goss • Phone: 606/437-4054; Fax: 437-4246 • E-mail: ngoss@setel.com

See FAIR, Page 3C

Photos for the News-Express by Joyce Phifer
See GOFF, Page 2C

The recipe was required to include five Kentucky Proud ingredients, so they easily adaptable to a high school cafeteria menu.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-
ing more than the paper, a pair of scissors and a pencil, I proceeded any effort to apply contact paper. Now when I open the cabinet to retrieve cleaning sup-
plies, I behold a pleasant sight and the proof of my labor.

The chore served as a head-scratching endeavor because I found a bottle of Old English and a can of Scrubbing Bubbles, both of which must have come with the house because I don’t use those products.

I also found an iron. When I discovered the iron hidden behind the dry-cleaner bag, I said, “Oh, yeah, you do have an iron.”

That’s right. I use my iron so infrequently that its existence has slipped my mind. If you think I’m exaggerating, consider this — I don’t own an ironing board.

Back in college, I learned that the trick to an ironing-free life involves hanging your freshly laundered clothes as soon as you pluck them from the dryer.

But armed with noth-

As the wife of a sportscaster, I follow the progress of many teams. Let me tell you, I have never been prouder of a mountain team than I am of Anna, Danielle, Brianna Black and Cailey Marcum, Pikeville High School’s Panther Cooking Team. I will never forget them.

WithWhitney, Monica, and Breathitt for embracing this new and exciting competition. Each team has a story. Wish I could tell them all. There is no one in Kentucky’s Farm to School Junior Chefs competition, only teenagers who dream of cooking up a brighter tomorrow.

Sisterly, Black and Cailey Marcum, Pikeville High School Juniors sample plates from the competition before taking the stage.

As the wife of a sportscaster, I follow the progress of many teams. Let me tell you, I have never been prouder of a mountain team than I am of Anna, Danielle, Brianna Black and Cailey Marcum, Pikeville High School’s Panther Cooking Team. I will never forget them.

Chef Matt Jamie of Bourbon Barrel Foods in Louisville shows Anna Wallace and Danielle Marcum how to cut carrots with a mandolin. Jamie opened up his newly-constructed demonstration kitchen for a final practice before their appearance at the Kentucky State Fair.

Chef Matt Jamie of Bourbon Barrel Foods in Louisville shows Anna Wallace and Danielle Marcum how to cut carrots with a mandolin. Jamie opened up his newly-constructed demonstration kitchen for a final practice before their appearance at the Kentucky State Fair.

As the wife of a sportscaster, I follow the progress of many teams. Let me tell you, I have never been prouder of a mountain team than I am of Anna, Danielle, Brianna Black and Cailey Marcum, Pikeville High School’s Panther Cooking Team. I will never forget them.

WithWhitney, Monica, and Breathitt for embracing this new and exciting competition. Each team has a story. Wish I could tell them all. There is no one in Kentucky’s Farm to School Junior Chefs competition, only teenagers who dream of cooking up a brighter tomorrow.

Sisterly, Black and CaileyMarcum, Pikeville High School Juniors sample plates from the competition before taking the stage.

As the wife of a sportscaster, I follow the progress of many teams. Let me tell you, I have never been prouder of a mountain team than I am of Anna, Danielle, Brianna Black and Cailey Marcum, Pikeville High School’s Panther Cooking Team. I will never forget them.

Chef Matt Jamie of Bourbon Barrel Foods in Louisville shows Anna Wallace and Danielle Marcum how to cut carrots with a mandolin. Jamie opened up his newly-constructed demonstration kitchen for a final practice before their appearance at the Kentucky State Fair.

As the wife of a sportscaster, I follow the progress of many teams. Let me tell you, I have never been prouder of a mountain team than I am of Anna, Danielle, Brianna Black and Cailey Marcum, Pikeville High School’s Panther Cooking Team. I will never forget them.

WithWhitney, Monica, and Breathitt for embracing this new and exciting competition. Each team has a story. Wish I could tell them all. There is no one in Kentucky’s Farm to School Junior Chefs competition, only teenagers who dream of cooking up a brighter tomorrow.

Sisterly, Black and CaileyMarcum, Pikeville High School Juniors sample plates from the competition before taking the stage.