



CHARLES SNOWDEN PROGRAM
for EXCELLENCE
in JOURNALISM



2017 CLASS OF SNOWDEN JOURNALISM INTERNS
Impressions, Lessons, and Reflections

Charles Snowden Program for Excellence in Journalism

The University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication works closely with media organizations throughout Oregon. Each media partner invests in its own Snowden intern by creating a supportive learning environment in its newsroom and paying half of the intern's stipend. The Charles Snowden Program for Excellence in Journalism endowment covers all remaining costs.

During the 10-week program, Snowden interns learn what it takes to work in a professional setting. Whether they're covering beats ranging from sports to City Hall, taking photos, shooting video, or recording audio, students produce exceptional work that is often featured on front pages, websites, and radio broadcasts and picked up by the Associated Press.

In 1998, the family of Charles and Julie Snowden initiated the program in Charles's memory. Charles had served as an editor at the *Oregonian* and the *Oregon Journal*. Since its inception, 254 students from 15 Oregon colleges have been awarded internships at 26 news organizations around the state. The program is open to student journalists at all Oregon colleges and universities. An average of 80 percent of Snowden interns gain full-time employment in news media after completing their university degrees.

2017 Snowden Interns

Kaylee Domzalski	University of Oregon	Oregon Public Broadcasting
Andy Tsubasa Field	University of Oregon	<i>Roseburg News-Review</i>
August Frank	University of Oregon	<i>Eugene Register-Guard</i>
Rhianna Gelhart	University of Oregon	<i>Eugene Register-Guard</i>
Isaac Gibson	University of Oregon	<i>Baker City Herald</i>
Emily Goodykoontz	Linn-Benton CC and University of Oregon	<i>Forest Grove News-Times</i> and <i>Hillsboro Tribune</i>
Cooper Green	University of Oregon	<i>Salem Statesman Journal</i>
Aliya Hall	University of Oregon	<i>Salem Capital Press</i>
Angelina Hess	University of Oregon	<i>1859 Magazine/Statehood Media</i>
Clara Howell	Pacific University	<i>Gresham Outlook</i>
Hannah Jones	Southern Oregon University	<i>McMinnville News-Register</i>
Derek Maiolo	University of Oregon	<i>Eugene Register-Guard</i>
Franziska Monahan	University of Oregon	KLCC 89.7 FM
Kaelia Neal	Linfield College	<i>Daily Astorian</i>
Trần Nguyễn	University of Oregon	<i>Medford Mail Tribune</i>
Emily Olson	University of Oregon	<i>Pendleton East Oregonian</i>
Rachel Rippetoe	University of Portland	<i>Eugene Register-Guard</i>
Hannah Steinkopf-Frank	University of Oregon	<i>Klamath Falls Herald and News</i>



Kaylee Domzalski

University of Oregon
Oregon Public Broadcasting

Kaylee approached the internship as a true job. The sophistication she demonstrated in developing work relationships and finding opportunities to contribute was impressive. She is definitely ready for a full-time professional position.

I've been impressed by Kaylee's motivation and confidence in tackling video production. She's a quick study and self-motivated learner when technical questions arise. Her instincts for visual storytelling are strong. She will take on any assignment and is a fearless and exceptional photographer. She gets what she wants when she shoots.

—Jan Boyd, Director of Digital Strategy and Community Engagement, OPB

Walking into Oregon Public Broadcasting (OPB) on my first day as a Snowden intern, I was ready to apply the strong foundation of technical skills and storytelling techniques that I learned at the SOJC and that shaped the way I approach journalism. I was so excited that, in my first meeting with one of the digital team's video producers, I pitched a long-form research explainer video on the history of Chinatown.

I thought it would be challenging but easily doable during the first half of my internship. Instead, it took me almost the entire 10 weeks, working with talented and caring journalists within the different cogs of OPB's newsroom, just to put together a rough cut.

OPB challenged me in many ways.

I had to not only prioritize digital content for my stories, but tell those stories across different digital platforms. Going out in the field, I had to think of story angles that would resonate not only with Portland, but with OPB's statewide audience. Photo stories, usually accompanied by words and the occasional audio interview for a short radio story, were under a tight turnaround.

The pressure was always on, and that motivated me to step out of my comfort zone, turning around in one day projects like a video from the Estacada Timber Festival and photos from the Pickathon Music Festival.

The SOJC taught me that new technology is changing the way we tell stories. OPB allowed me to think about how to evolve with that new technology and tell stories on platforms people are already using. I was able to truly think about content on a digital-first desk and prioritize digital content because it's become so far-reaching.

When my time with OPB ended, I began using my new skills in digital media working on a Northwest Stories project in Vietnam. Though I'll miss working at OPB, I know I'm better prepared for a changing news media landscape.

Since I was a kid, I've never taken gossip, or idle chatter, very seriously. Studying journalism made me block it out. But during my stint at *The News-Review*, I used this kind of talk as a way to generate story ideas.

Once I went on a casual tour of downtown with a woman who worked for a business advocacy nonprofit. She told me the rumors around town, such as talk of a secret tunnel starting at a historic hotel, in the owner's office, and leading out to downtown. Although I discovered the tunnel didn't exist and learned the so-called hotel owner actually owned my newspaper (his office was adjacent to my desk), listening to her allowed me to come away with five ideas that I turned into stories.

I think that happened because the woman envisioned a bright future for the heart of Douglas County, one where its businesses would prosper and tourists would visit from around the world.

I did gather stories of hope about people who were taking on projects to return life to the quiet, often empty, city central. But I also came away with an understanding about the many small problems that got in the way of solving the town's many issues. As a result, I was able to tell stories in a beat-like fashion and engage an audience interested in efforts to improve downtown Roseburg.

I also made ethical decisions during my time at *The News-Review*. While the Douglas County Fair was being set up, I decided to pursue a story about the carnival company that the fair had hired, which was facing a lawsuit after an incident where a family got injured falling off a Ferris wheel. This was difficult because the Ferris wheel used in Roseburg was different, and it wasn't yet decided how the event had occurred. But my editor told me we needed to inform the community of the company's record and look into what the fair was doing to keep Douglas County festival-goers safe. Not doing that, he said, would mean that the newspaper failed to do its job.

I am very grateful to have had the opportunity to work for *The News-Review* and report on stories in Roseburg, Oregon. With two terms remaining in my journalism education, I have never been more excited to begin adopting new techniques I learned on the job.



Andy Tsubasa Field

University of Oregon
Roseburg News-Review

With 40 minutes left on his last day, I could see Andy Field on the phone, pushing to get one more story in before the end. This didn't surprise me after working with him for 10 weeks. Despite the unenviable task of commuting two hours each day for his internship, Andy remained earnest and relentless during his time here. At the end of the day, Andy listened to coaching and sought to learn from more experienced journalists around him. Those character traits can only help to serve him in the future.

—Mike Henneke, News Editor, Roseburg News-Review



August Frank

University of Oregon
Eugene Register-Guard

I challenged August Frank to come up with his own ideas this summer, and he succeeded beyond my expectations. He is alone as our only Snowden intern to travel out of the state on assignment. He proposed and then pursued a multimedia project on a local dog rescue organization that brings dogs to Oregon for adoption from Los Angeles each week. He is a tireless worker, prolific idea generator, and versatile photographer capable of shooting a wide variety of assignments. I have no doubt he will find his way in this challenging career of photojournalism. I very much enjoyed working with him this summer.

—Chris Pietsch, Director of Photography and Multimedia,
Eugene Register-Guard

When *The Register-Guard* sent me out on assignment to Dexter Lake for dragon boat races, I found myself sitting on the banks, waiting for the races to begin. I watched swallows swooping down near the lake's surface, and my eyes landed on a spot where a feather floated atop the water. I focused my camera there and waited. I snapped a few frames and ended up with picture of a swallow flying by and its mirrored reflection in the water.

I thought it was a fine picture, and it was later used for the city/region cover. About a week later, I received an email from a subscriber telling me how much they had been enjoying my photography in the paper, citing the swallow as well as several others that they particularly loved.

I am usually very critical of my own work and about what I consider to be a good photo, and I had never thought of the photos the person cited as anything but fine photos. They were not of anything too remarkable, not like the photos from protests in Charlottesville.

But in reading the email, I realized the importance of our role as journalists and was reminded of whom we serve: the community.

This summer I experienced many aspects of newspaper journalism: competition, breaking news, features. I went out shooting on a day I had no assignments and came back with a sunset picture of a heron snatching up its dinner. I had the high of finding a little-known event and coming back with a photo of an exploring kid, complete with butterfly net and broken arm. I had the low of getting a name wrong, and I learned from it.

I was given some fake eclipse glasses with instructions to take a photo of them in the studio, and instead I took them outside and turned them into a front-page image.

The Snowden internship has given me the knowledge to be able to continue in this industry. Most important, it has reminded me of the importance of serving the community. Sometimes, a great photo doesn't need to be one of a tragedy. Sometimes all it needs to be is a swallow trying to eat a feather.

I knew going into this internship that it would be my first experience of really doing journalism 24/7 in the real world. Day in and day out. With no chance for do-overs or extensions.

Not that the University of Oregon didn't show me exactly what I would be facing. My professors did an outstanding job of getting me into the field and working under extreme deadline pressure, of pushing me to work under not-so-ideal conditions so that I would not be overwhelmed when I hit a speed bump. But the truth is there is no experience like the real thing.

I love what I do. The hours spent editing and triple-checking caption information. Camping in a dirt lot in Madras for four days with no running water in 100-degree weather to capture the Great American Eclipse. I could go on forever.

One thing I love about being a journalist is getting to learn a little bit about different walks of life. In my short time at *The Register-Guard*,

I got to get my Eugene Pro Rodeo on one weekend and my Oregon Country Fair the next. I was able to learn tai chi in the middle of downtown Eugene and hike up Spencer Butte with Miss Oregon (which also taught me how much more time I need to dedicate to the gym).

More important, I apprenticed under exemplary mentors and professionals. Experience is how we learn, and getting to hear about others' experiences can sometimes save us some of the legwork. My mentors at *The Register-Guard* took the time to share not only their wisdom on focus, awareness, and discipline, but also their passion for journalism. And they taught the importance of being able to truly care about others and their stories—which, to me, is what journalism is all about.

All I can do now is continue to work hard and put every aspect of this invaluable adventure to good use down the road. I want to eventually give back to journalism because it has already given so much to me.



Rhianna Gelhart

University of Oregon
Eugene Register-Guard

Rhianna is a passionate photojournalist who works hard every day to improve her reporting skills and photography. My fondest memory of the summer will be the four days we spent in Madras covering the total solar eclipse. Living in a tent in difficult conditions, she produced images daily for print and online, which brought the scene home for our readers from one of the most popular destinations for eclipse viewing in the state of Oregon. The package became a major component of our coverage in the days leading up to the event. On the day of the eclipse, she worked rapidly to produce images as watchers reacted during the two minutes of totality and contributed greatly to one of the best special sections that the paper has produced in many years. I look forward to following her career.

—Chris Pietsch, Director of Photography and Multimedia,
Eugene Register-Guard



Isaac Gibson

University of Oregon
Baker City Herald

Within his first week at the Baker City Herald, Isaac was creating a problem for me—and it's the sort of problem any editor would love to be burdened with. He was finishing assigned stories so quickly that I was scrambling to find new ones. But Isaac contributed much more than mere quantity—his work was also of the high quality that I've come to expect from Snowden interns. And the Herald was not the only beneficiary of his efforts. In mid-August Isaac spent several days traveling around the area writing stories for a high school football preview section that the Herald co-produces with its sister paper, the Observer in La Grande. My counterpart there speaks as highly of Isaac's work as I do.

—Jayson Jacoby, Editor, Baker City Herald

It pains me to write this reflection on my time at the *Baker City Herald* because I do not want this time to end. On my first day of work, I knew my job was going to be a challenge. I came in as someone who did not look, act, or dress like a local, and I was dropped into a tight-knit community with a distrust of media to an extent. I knew that I was going to have to work to make a name for myself to get people to trust me. Though the work was difficult, when the day was over, I felt satisfied when I got back home and took my shoes off, knowing that I was doing something important.

There is only so much a classroom and a couple of unpublished reporting assignments can teach you about being a journalist, and I have learned more about the craft in these 10 weeks than I have in a year of school. This includes figuring out what questions to ask the county commissioner after a meeting is over and never being afraid to ask them. And making sure to get all the meticulous details right, even at the risk of looking uninformed. This cannot be stressed enough, and it can be hard to understand this until you are tight on deadline, sitting in front of a blank screen trying to write a story about a powerline that has been in the process of being built for the past 10 years.

But along with learning the fundamentals of being a community reporter, I made discoveries that further deepened my understanding of the importance of journalism.

In this profession, you come across life. Every person you meet has a story to tell. The nice lady who smiles and waves at every stranger while she tends to her garden has never been 100 miles outside of Baker City and seems like she could not be happier. But once you get to know her, you learn she tends to her garden to keep herself distracted from memories of her husband, who died a few years ago. And that man who lives in the shack, wary of anyone who crosses by, had to abandon his family when they refused to leave their country, which is being run by a dictator.

Being a community reporter means that you have to be the medium that connects those unnoticed voices to the rest of the community. And sometimes it just means that you are the person willing to listen.

“I’m a journalist.”

The words still feel foreign in my mouth. But they tumble out, regardless—explaining why I’m juggling a notebook, camera, backpack, and pen.

“I’m a journalist.”

Each time I speak those words, they waver less. I find myself more comfortable in them, like boots I’m slowly breaking in, sure to take me down new paths. And I have a clearer idea of what those words encompass—a duty to integrity, community, history, truth. I owe it to my time as a Snowden intern at the *Forest Grove News-Times* and *Hillsboro Tribune*. I owe it to my editors, who’ve patiently watched me find my way and set exacting expectations, who let me plunge in with everything I had.

I discovered a new power—a contribution I could make toward the documentation and the unfolding of a place’s history. The everyday stories matter.

Community journalism isn’t the slow crafting of sentences into a great literary piece, and it isn’t just stringing words together in a rush to hit a deadline (though quality and speed are key).

It’s listening to people. It’s opening yourself to their truths and sometimes setting aside your own. It’s throwing yourself into a subject you know nothing about and coming out the other side with something at least interesting—if not profound—to communicate.

Go into someone’s home. Stay awhile. Sit on their back porch at dusk while their cows snort and graze in the field below. See their eyes crinkle while they tell you a story.

Once I was sitting in a coffee shop, listening to a couple lay open their experiences as foster parents in Washington County. They entrusted me with their story, and I held it with shaking fingers, honored and terrified I couldn’t give them what they needed—some sort of justice.

It hit me, then—this was it. I couldn’t give them justice, but I could make their voices be known. I began to investigate the local foster system, fact-checking tangles of personal stories against cryptic child welfare data. The deeper I looked, the further the story unfurled.

Community journalism isn’t just about feel-good features or town event coverage and community meetings. Community journalism is doing just this—listening to a perspective from somebody unexpected and following leads like signs in the sky, signs you find only if you’re paying close attention. It’s holding somebody’s story in your hands, reaching for the truth of it, and offering it to the world.



Emily Goodykoontz

Linn-Benton CC & University of Oregon

Forest Grove News-Times
Hillsboro Tribune

There is no way to overestimate the contributions Emily has made to our newsroom this summer. The depth and feeling of her stories have boosted the News-Times and Hillsboro Tribune to new levels of journalistic excellence, and her hardworking yet fun-loving demeanor has enhanced our team camaraderie. As a person and a reporter, she has an empathetic heart and a curious mind—a combination that gives her the one-two punch skill set she needs to pursue any area of the communications profession she chooses.

—Nancy Townsley, Managing Editor,
Forest Grove News-Times and the Hillsboro Tribune



Cooper Green

University of Oregon
Salem Statesman Journal

Cooper arrived here already a mature and confident journalist. But it was his insatiable curiosity and versatility that made him stand out from previous interns. He effectively worked with two different editors, producing a broad sweep of stories, from a teenager training sheep for the state fair to a large commercial fire to political campaign finance. For the solar eclipse, he arrived at Baskett Slough National Wildlife refuge before 5:00 a.m. to be one of the few allowed to witness, and describe for readers, how the birds went silent as darkness swept across the wetlands. His journalistic range from fun to emotional to serious will serve him well.

—Bruce Hammond, News Content Strategist,
Salem Statesman Journal

At least every other week this summer at the *Statesman Journal*, I wrote a story that really mattered to at least one person, enough that they would tell me so. Being at a local paper provided that opportunity.

For example, in early August, I wrote about a local high school student in Independence who was running a theater camp for dozens of young children. At a glance, this story probably isn't going to bring about any grand change, hold anyone accountable, or win any awards. But by the next day, the girl's father had written me to tell me that he was on the brink of tears because I had "captured his daughter's heart and soul."

That felt better than just about any award I could've won.

Although the *Statesman Journal* is owned by a major corporation (Gannett), the editor still gets phone calls in her office when the paper doesn't show up at a doorstep on a Sunday morning. The paper isn't designed in Oregon

(Gannett centralizes design somewhere in the Midwest), but the stories are reported by local reporters who are embedded in the community.

In 10 weeks, I had a chance to familiarize myself with a local newsroom. And I also came to better understand the business pressures that such newsrooms can face. That wasn't what I saw day to day. But I did gain an awareness of how that structure can allow a paper to continue serving a community when it may not be able to otherwise.

When I told my dad that I was a 2017 Snowden intern working at the *Capital Press*, the "West's Weekly Agricultural Publication," it seemed like he was more excited about the publication I was working for than the fact I received an internship.

After my first week at the newspaper, I could see why.

I had known that agriculture is an important aspect of the Oregon economy, but it wasn't until I started writing stories for and about farmers that it dawned on me exactly how important.

That said, it did take a couple stories for me to get used to my audience.

My first story was on grass seed growers deciding not to field burn during the eclipse. The managing editor's edits and suggestions for restructuring reminded me that our readers were farmers and producers. I had to approach the piece from an angle that mattered to them.

I eventually got the hang of it, writing stories about the changes in the food processing industry, kosher certification, technological advancements in agricultural teaching, lab-cultured meat, and toxic weeds and grasses.

The story that stuck with me the most is one for which I was most recognized by sources: a piece on the discovery of a blue-green algae bloom in Southern Oregon that killed 32 cattle.

I learned while writing how devastating this was not only for the rancher who lost his animals, but potentially for others in the community. The algae could have had disastrous effects if no one was warned about it. It meant a lot to me that in sharing this story, I helped other ranchers keep their animals safe.

That experience sparked my interest in scientific stories, especially within agriculture. I started to see larger issues in the world from the angle of agriculture, and I understood the impact of each connection.

Now when I tell people about my internship, I'm more like my dad—excited not only about having one, but about where I had one: at the *Capital Press*.



Aliya Hall

University of Oregon
Salem Capital Press

It's been a pleasure to have Aliya in the Capital Press newsroom. She was regularly the first reporter at her desk each morning. Always enthusiastic and in good humor, she displays a work ethic that any employer will appreciate. She quickly became an integral part of our organization.

Aliya came prepared with a handful of story ideas she had already researched. Her family's connection to agriculture certainly was a plus, but she was also able to draw on her own interests to develop compelling story ideas. She was an active participant in our daily story conferences.

It seems sometimes that the 10 weeks fly by all too quickly. That is certainly the case this year. Aliya will be missed.

—Joe Beach, Editor and Publisher, Capital Press



Angelina Hess

University of Oregon
1859 Magazine/Statehood Media

This marks our second year with the Snowden intern program and two years of great returns. We chose Angelina Hess for her video portfolio and experience. As soon as she walked in, we told her to get out (of the office). We sent her off on her own to places of intense and rugged beauty to create video for a partnership with Airstream. She brought back professional-quality video and a sense of exploration and collaboration with our team. We are lucky indeed!

—Kevin Max, Chief Content Officer,
1859 Magazine/Statehood Media

In late July, I sat on a step tier overlooking the evening flow of Seattle traffic as it moved along Elliott Bay, my camera perched next to me capturing the scene below.

Lost in thought, I wasn't aware that a young man also enraptured by the intricate chaos of the city had walked over to me.

"Are you taking a long-exposure photo?" he asked. I responded that I was actually getting footage of Seattle to compile into a travel video for the magazine I worked for. His eyes lit up as he launched into conversation about how much fun it must be to have a job that requires visiting beautiful places and spending time creatively.

I couldn't have agreed more.

This summer, I became a video production intern for *1859 Magazine* and Statehood Media. During my first phone conversation with Kevin Max, Statehood editor, he explained what I would be tasked with. "So, I'm looking at a whiteboard right now," he said, "and it's filled with over 25 locations in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho."

These were locations where Statehood Media planned to travel via the staff Airstream "Flying Cloud" in a partnership with Airstream NW.

The plan was to hit the dusty back roads to childhood camping destinations in the Pacific Northwest while simultaneously seeking out the best eateries and playtime havens, glamping style. And I was going to get to make videos of it.

This meant that I spent my 10 weeks as an intern driving, shooting video, and basking in travel. I revisited places I had once been and spent days in locations I hadn't yet. As I watched the sun set along the Painted Hills of John Day, the peak of Mt. St. Helens, and the inlets of Hood River, I found myself astounded that this was my job. It never felt like work.

I am beyond grateful for my time in Bend with a staff that works so diligently, innovatively, and cohesively. Despite my car problems, a missed Greyhound or two, and even a concussion, they were there for me every step of the way.

The encouragement and trust I was shown during my time with *1859 Magazine* motivated me. If this was any reflection of what I can look forward to in my future work, I can't wait to get started.

Watching bulky men throw 90-pound rocks and run across a log with chainsaws wouldn't have been my typical Saturday before I started working as a reporter with the *Gresham Outlook*. But attending events like this soon became the quirks I loved about the communities I covered.

Three newspapers operate out of the *Gresham Outlook's* office, including *Estacada News* and the *Sandy Post*. I had the luxury of experiencing all three. I judged parade floats with my co-workers in Sandy, I tasted beer and wine with the locals in Estacada—yes, there were other unique vendors there, too—and I met with a woman to talk about her 100 years of life in Gresham. This is community news: immersing yourself in these cities to learn what matters to the people there. I learned to embrace the people and events that are a part of it. What is important to them has become important to me.

I had coffee with a man who has roller-skated in national competitions. I met a husband and wife who started a free-trade women's clothing boutique that helps struggling workers in underdeveloped countries. I met with a woman and her children who get seeds from a seed library to live sustainably. They, like other sources, went out of their way to express

their appreciation and thankfulness for being spotlighted. Newspapers and coverage matter to people. What we as journalists do matters. I've learned—especially important in today's society—never to forget that.

I could not have done this work without the amazing staff I was placed with—more like a family I was accepted into.

I never thought I would find that in the newsroom—and boy, does that make a difference. Early on when I was struggling with ledes, the publisher pulled me into his office and made me role-play a "neighbor across the fence" scenario to show me how to put the most interesting news forward. I knew then I would value my time at the *Gresham Outlook*.

My fellow reporters and editors helped me to improve my craft. Their support, advice, and constructive criticism helped me grow as a person both in and outside of the newsroom.

Everything I absorbed and the firsts I experienced—covering breaking news and events; writing features, anniversary and death notices, and news briefs; and photographing events—are things I will carry with me. I'll apply the valuable skills I honed during this program wherever I go.



Clara Howell

Pacific University
Gresham Outlook

Clara Howell came to us well prepared as a journalism student. And she left us well prepared to step into the profession as a news reporter. I especially appreciate her eagerness to improve herself and the quality of her writing. I have no doubts that Clara can go as far as she wants with a career in journalism.

—Steve Brown, Publisher and Executive Editor,
Gresham Outlook



Hannah Jones

Southern Oregon University
McMinnville News-Register

Hannah has the kind of drive and determination it takes to chase news in today's increasingly inhospitable climate. And she manages to have fun doing it. I have yet to see any set of circumstances either impede her mission or dim her mood.

—Steve Bagwell, Managing Editor,
McMinnville News-Register

The first few days of my internship felt like I was learning how to be a journalist again. I was in a city I had never been to, tasked with making connections with community members in the short time I had.

The first story I covered was a city council meeting in the small town of Carlton, and I wrote that night about how desperately the town needed to improve its roads. A few weeks later, residents brought my story up to their representatives because they wondered when they would see the money from a major transportation bill. This was incredibly gratifying. My stories were promoting discussions among residents about the issue, discussions that wouldn't otherwise have happened.

That's why I want to be a journalist. I feel like I can spark a bigger change than I could if I were sitting on that council. I can bring issues to people's attention, issues they weren't aware of before, and incite a response.

No, I didn't get to report on a drug bust or a major lawsuit. The closest I got to hard breaking news was a dog accidentally digging up a capsule full of heroin in his family's backyard. However, I learned there is a lot more to journalism than unusual stories that got the most likes on Facebook.

I learned that if the story didn't interest you initially, you weren't trying hard enough. There was always a way to make festival articles more enticing, for instance. Because in the end, it was never about the festival. It was about the people who had enjoyed it when they were kids and could now watch their grandchildren compete in the same frog-jumping contest.

That's how I found the rest of my stories. At Turkey Rama, I met a high school robotics coach who transformed her house into a workshop for the team. At an event in Carlton, I met representatives from Unidos, a group that advocates for Latino families, who connected me with an individual in the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) program.

The last article I published was about that person coming to the United States at age 1, the opportunities he received through DACA, and President Trump's decision to cut the program. I connected a national issue to the McMinnville community.

After my 10 weeks were up, I felt like I had a place there and a purpose. The experiences I had every day reinforced my belief that journalism is my calling.

My editor at *The Register-Guard* told me that I was going to be an arts and culture writer for the newspaper, but she didn't mention that I would be *the* arts and culture writer. Except for the occasional freelancer, yours truly wrote all of the content for the weekly Arts section, including info briefs for Entertainment.

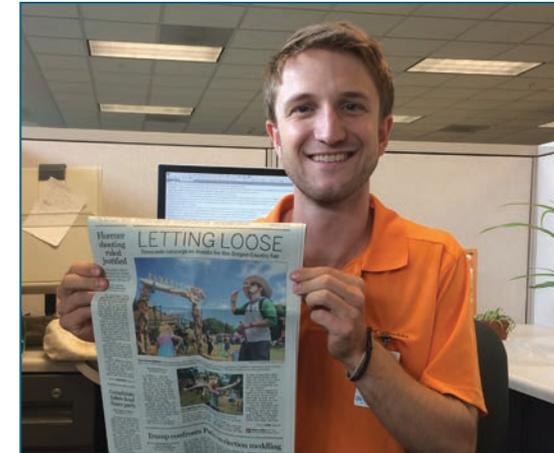
Being an arts and culture reporter has its perks. I had lived in Eugene for the previous three years, but as a university student I had limited my bubble to the goings-on around campus. The need to stay in the know about all of the local concerts and plays encouraged me to check out events I wouldn't otherwise know about. Case in point, I attended my first hardcore metal concert in July. It was too loud for me, but with earplugs I would go again.

Every day brought new and exciting interviews with musicians, actors, and even a world-renowned spray painter who barely spoke English—the subject of my first article. While my roommates worked summer jobs that left them physically exhausted or took classes that filled their days with solitary studying, I came home with stories to tell. I went to concerts, perused art shows, and took a canoe trip in July for a profile story on an environmental

historian. Sure, the hours could be long—I had a couple of 12-hour days—but the work was so rewarding that I either didn't mind or didn't notice.

Writing the news every day also made me realize how important journalism is to communities. Professors teach how influential news can be to the public—agenda setting, priming, media framing, the list goes on into abstraction. But working at a daily newspaper gave me a very real sense of why the work we do matters. The artists whose work I featured in articles or the locals I profiled and introduced to thousands had such a deep appreciation for newspaper exposure.

That brings me to the greatest takeaway from this summer: I want to be a journalist. It's not just a dream anymore or a far-away degree. It's a job that can support me and that I love. I can't express how much of a relief it is to have something that brings me so much joy and that helps people in return. Sure, the media gets more than its fair share of criticism from the general public, but there are still good stories out there that need to be told by reporters who can tell them well. I want to be among them.



Derek Maiolo

University of Oregon
Eugene Register-Guard

Derek demonstrated his journalistic dexterity during his internship. He smoothly transitioned from an interview for a lead Sunday Features story to covering breaking news to writing tedious Arts briefs in one shift. He took a comprehensive approach to interviewing his subjects: For a story about an author who wrote a book about the Long Tom River, Derek kayaked the river with him, drawing out details that can't be gathered with a phone interview. Derek showed a conscientious attitude when dealing with his sources. I found that I could give him a broad profile assignment, and Derek would weave a well-structured, detailed feature story. It was a pleasure working with him and editing his work.

—Michelle Maxwell, Features Editor, *Eugene Register-Guard*



Franziska Monahan

University of Oregon
KLCC 89.7 FM

Franziska has been a huge asset to the KLCC news department during her time here. She produced numerous stories during her Snowden internship covering a wide range of topics, including wildfires, political rallies, and the total solar eclipse on August 21. Franziska also produced an excellent long-form feature on how the federal travel bans have affected international students at the University of Oregon. And she delivered live, professional, on-air newscasts on KLCC. Franziska was always receptive to critique of her work, and she incorporated it constructively and effectively. She has a passion for public radio journalism and a great work ethic. I have no doubt we'll be hearing a lot more from Franziska in the future.

—Rachael McDonald, News Director, KLCC

When I began at KLCC as a volunteer reporter last October, I almost had second thoughts about whether or not I should be doing radio. When my scripts were edited, nearly every sentence I wrote was wrong, and when I voiced my pieces, they never turned out the way they had sounded in my head. Even the voicemails I left for sources were lousy.

I had known upon entering my first professional radio experience that there was a lot I didn't know yet. I just didn't realize how much.

I continued to learn about reporting and writing for radio from the passionate, thoughtful, and generally incredible staff at KLCC throughout my last year of school and this summer as a Snowden intern.

Through Snowden, I got to do almost everything there is to do as a reporter at KLCC. I covered stories near and dear to the KLCC community, such as the Oregon Country Fair. I reported both from the office and in the field on topics including political rallies, the Great American Eclipse, and innovations in cow manure management. I hosted live on-air newscasts multiple days a week.

But the most enlightening experiences I had were when I got to directly interact with community members and hear what KLCC meant to them as listeners.

On any given day, 80,000 people in the Eugene area tune their radios or other listening devices to KLCC to hear one or more of three things: music shows, syndicated NPR programming, and local news. I was always disheartened by the fact that local news takes up the smallest amount of airtime among those categories.

However, when interacting with listeners, I was surprised at how hungry they are for more local news—that despite our constant jokes about radio being a dying medium, people still rely on our newscasts throughout the day to stay in touch with and informed about their community.

When audio journalists talk about the role radio plays in listeners' lives, they agree: Radio is among the most intimate forms of journalism because people come to think of their local hosts and reporters almost as close friends. At KLCC, this is reality. Its reporters are truly there for their listeners every day, whether it's at home, in their cars, or as a quiet whisper through their headphones. I entered my time at KLCC unsure of my place in public radio. I left knowing it is in the lives of the listeners in my community as their trusted and comforting companion.

When I was informed that I had the chance to write about the Portland Timbers, I was elated, as my career goal is to become a sports journalist. The Timbers traveled to cities near Astoria to visit children and hold a soccer clinic, giving me the chance to talk to three professional soccer players. Because I'm a big sports fan, the experience was right up my alley. But I was surprised to find that I learned more about what it takes to be a journalist when I wrote about the historic community events in Astoria and other cities in Clatsop County.

Interning at *The Daily Astorian* made me realize I am not a one-dimensional writer. It turns out I like writing about all topics, not just sports. I enjoyed every single story I wrote during my internship. The writing was not always easy, and I struggled with being satisfied with the work I did. However, the genuine people I met and the incredible events I attended made my experience amazing.

I never knew what the small city along the Columbia River would have in store for me. I wrote stories about a man who unknowingly left behind 10,000 pieces of art when he

died, Miss Oregon 2017, Newfoundland dogs during the celebration of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, a woman who belly dances for nonprofit organizations, and a band that got back together after being broken up for more than 30 years.

There's only one word to describe my experience—incredible. I enjoyed how I never knew what event I would cover. I loved talking to people and learning what they were passionate about. Living in Astoria made me appreciate what a small community means. Everyone was kind to me and did what they could to help me succeed, and that is what people in this community do for each other. I truly felt this in my newsroom and from the public.

Before starting my internship, I was nervous about living in a small community that I knew nothing about. I was also worried about whether my writing would live up to my editors' expectations. Luckily, it didn't take long to find my place in Astoria and in the newsroom. I never anticipated that *The Daily Astorian* would feel like home.



Kaelia Neal

Linfield College
The Daily Astorian

Kaelia may have been shy at first, but she dove headlong into every assignment thrown her way. Whether the story was about a fundraiser for a child with brain cancer or the reunion of a long-lost local band, she tackled each one with seriousness and care. Kaelia wants to get the story right. This was clear in both the thoroughness of her process and the polish of her product. It was a pleasure to work with her.

—Erick Bengel, Features Editor, The Daily Astorian



Trân Nguyễn

University of Oregon
Medford Mail Tribune

Trân has been a great help to the newsroom—so much so that we're keeping her on for another few months. She's pursued everything from city council meetings to a lengthy investigation of a local senior care facility, a story she came up with on her own. She's eager to learn, easy to work with, and a thorough reporter with a good eye for detail and organization—another great example of the quality of interns who come out of the Snowden program.

—Cathy Noah, Editor, Medford Mail Tribune

I drove the narrow, windy road up Highway 66 to a small town 30 minutes from Ashland, Oregon. A small, one-story, red building stood, isolated, amid the hills and trees of Southern Oregon.

Inside, 16 kids ranging from ages 4 to 10 huddled in a circle. One was helping her mom, who was demonstrating a machine that connects with a trach in the little girl's neck to help with her breathing. Her schoolmates let out some "oohs" and "ahhs" when their hands felt the air pressure from the machine.

Pinehurst School District has only one school. The superintendent is also the school board's chairman; the school's foundation treasurer becomes a nurse if a kid falls from the slide. Its whole staff is made up of parents and grandparents. This year, the school has 16 children enrolled.

Despite all odds, Pinehurst rang its bell for the 109th first day of school this September. The school superintendent told me Ashland School District could absorb Pinehurst easily, but they will keep soldiering on because its community needs it.

That's how I feel about community journalism. It is truly a public service. It's not about the views or the shares or the high-profile story—community reporters are the ones who paint the background details in the big picture. The work can be unrelenting and unglamorous, but just like Pinehurst, it serves a purpose, and it serves a community.

During my internship at the *Mail Tribune*, I wrote about a neuropsychiatrist crowned as Ms. Oregon Senior, a country music festival that drew a crowd larger than the population of the town it was located in, delivery weed in a recently dry city, and a girl who brought her whole family together with a pig. Some of them left me smiling fondly, while some made me want to pull my hair out. But I wouldn't do it any differently. The Snowden internship has given me a taste of community journalism. I think I dig it.

They were drenched in dust and suffocating my toes, but it wasn't until the woman looked down that I realized my black oxford loafers were totally inappropriate footwear.

When I left my apartment that morning, I had no idea I'd be reporting from a 96-acre dirt lot, the future home of the county fair.

The fair is a big deal in Pendleton, and reporting on it is one of the best ways to understand the values of the community. Admittedly, the *East Oregonian* editor was right to throw me into it, but at the time, I felt completely lost. My Southern California upbringing meant the terms *FFA*, *mutton-bustin'*, and *cattle-dressing* were as foreign as Greek.

And yet there I was, standing in the middle of the fairgrounds on a 100-degree day, interviewing the fair director. I was failing to think of the right questions to ask when she looked down at my shoes and politely said, "So I see you're not from around here."

The perfectionist in me panicked, feeling like I'd already failed my reporting assignment—and my editor and the paper and the community. But as I drove back to the office, it dawned on me that I'd missed a great opportunity.

The next morning, I marched into my editor's office with a smile and a confession: I was totally new, and I'd need her help to identify what was important about this year's fair.

"And look," I said, kicking my leg above her desk to reveal an old red tennis shoe. "I brought proper footwear."

Needless to say, the story turned out fine. And while I spent the summer reporting on heavier topics—the failing health of local senior centers, a controversial city council decision, a group of at-risk teenagers who commandeered a gas station parking lot—I couldn't stop thinking about what I learned from a story on the county fair.

Being a good community journalist takes a certain balance of confidence and humility. It's more than just reporting with accuracy, writing clean copy, and thinking strategically. Sometimes it requires you to travel a thousand miles from home, armed only with the belief that what you know matters. Often, it requires you to admit you know nothing and then work tirelessly to figure it out.

Either way, it requires you to put aside your own discomfort and do what's necessary to serve your community. Even if that means changing your shoes, getting out there, and listening.



Emily Olson

University of Oregon
Pendleton East Oregonian

Emily has an innate interest in the people around her and is dedicated to understanding them and meeting their needs through journalism. As fundamental as that sounds, it is missing from a lot of what we do in the media. She put hours of effort into making connections with both sources and readers, and the work that developed from it was in-depth and meaningful. She will be able to take that drive out into any corner of the field and restore peoples' trust in the profession.

—Daniel Wattenburger, Managing Editor,
Pendleton East Oregonian



Rachel Rippetoe

University of Portland
Eugene Register-Guard

For 10 weeks in the spring and summer of 2017, Rachel worked as the night and Sunday reporter. From the first day to the last, she proved herself an energetic "shoe-leather" reporter who knew the importance of meeting sources in person, of being on the scene of breaking news, and of filling in the relevant details. She engaged readers with bright writing. She needed no prompting to follow up on stories. Rachel wrote more than 50 bylined stories in her short time with us, including hard news, features, and a test of skill I call the "silk purse" assignment. I am pleased to have been her editor, and I look forward to following her career.

—Theresa Novak, Team Editor, Eugene Register-Guard

During the last few weeks of my internship at *The Register-Guard*, I debated how to leave a letter in the mailbox of an alleged meth dealer, investigated dead animal carcasses, and listened to a woman cry as she told me about the day she lost her baby.

As a news and business intern, I wasn't rewriting press releases. Whether it was a house fire, a Sunday event, or walking into the home of a stranger, I was almost always in the thick of it.

I also began to understand the importance of community journalism. In a recent piece in the *Columbia Journalism Review*, reporter Julia Dahl said something about sources that struck a chord with me: "You have tremendous power over their lives, but no access to the real details of their humanity."

I had access, loads of it.

I sat in the home of a family whose son had a lifesaving skull surgery. His mother teared up as she told me how hard it was to come up with the money to save him. I got an up-close look at his white lightning bolt scar as he and his siblings ran around with squirt guns and planned to later make pigs in the blanket.

I went door to door down a street on which a homicide had occurred, knocking and hoping that the residents had known the victim or alleged shooter. I left little notes ripped out of my reporter's notebook outside their doors.

I sat across a picnic table from a woman who lives in a home that's 64 square feet. Before then, she had lived out of her car. She showed me around Opportunity Village, a community for those who can't afford housing. She spoke with utter positivity about her life and the direction it was headed as she showed me the flower beds she and her neighbors had planted together and the spaces they shared. I left feeling like I had stepped into another world.

I interviewed U.S. senators at rallies. I ran to the front line of large protests. I held a baby goat. Four of my stories got picked up by the Associated Press. I was shocked that anyone would trust me to write all the things that I did.

I racked up more clips this summer than I had ever anticipated, but it was the experience behind reporting each one that made it worthwhile.

Good stories sneak up on you. They tap you on the shoulder from behind while you're looking somewhere else. But only if you're there to listen. Community journalism puts you there with open ears. And thank God for that.

Earlier this summer, as I was disheartened learning about growing mistrust in media and reading tweets about "fake news," I received a pink, glittery thank-you letter from the jury coordinator at the Klamath County court. I had written a story about how the jury process works and the importance of jury duty. It was not a big story, but the coordinator was so thankful, she mailed me a physical note. Jurors not turning up to court is a significant issue in Klamath County, and she believed my article would encourage more people to fulfill their civic duty.

The purpose of this anecdote is not to brag—for every kind message I received about a story, I also got a harsh one—but to highlight what I learned about the importance of local news while interning at the *Herald and News*. Although I have reported from major cities around the world, I never realized the significance my work could have until I lived in rural Southern Oregon.

Most of what I knew about Klamath Falls came from urban Oregonians who talked about the town being "backwards" with nothing going on. From my first week at the newspaper, though, I learned there was a wide variety of diverse local stories waiting to be covered. Many of them carried national importance.

I wrote about the local algae that is harvested and sold internationally, about a cancer patient whose blog reaches hundreds of thousands of people, and about a proposed pipeline that, if approved, could be the country's next Standing Rock.

I also learned the impact my articles could have. Writing a negative food review could severely affect a restaurant, and when the accomplishments of "unsung heroes" were recognized by the paper, those people felt so much gratitude.

In addition, during a time of political and cultural division, I was moved when unlikely allies found common ground. For example, I reported on how conservation groups and the local hunting association are working together to shift away from using lead bullets, which have been shown to have detrimental health impacts on wildlife.

I believe it is through these difficult dialogues and unexpected connections that different groups will be able to work together. This fall, I'm excited to continue covering issues important to rural America at the progressive publication *In These Times*. I know that my Snowden internship experience will stay with me through my career.



Hannah Steinkopf-Frank

University of Oregon
Klamath Falls Herald and News

Hannah Steinkopf-Frank has a knack for really digging in and researching an issue, which makes her reporting compelling to our readers. Two examples stand out: one on a young Klamath Falls woman who is suffering from a rare form of cancer and is resigned to her fate, and the other on the annual toxic algae blooms that pervade our Southern Oregon lakes in the summertime. Both were well written and inspired lots of comments from readers. She kept our social media buzzing as well. Hannah will do well in any market—rural or metropolitan—as she has the drive reporters need to look for the story behind the story. She was a pleasure to have in our newsroom.

—Gerry O'Brien, Editor, Klamath Falls Herald and News

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