

REPORTER'S DESK

By Jason Marvin | jmarvin@pricecountyreview.com

So long, farewell

Normally I don't even bother with writing a column if I can't think of anything funny to say, but sadly, this one will have to be the exception.

My heart is heavy, as Tuesday, Aug. 7, will be my last day here at the Price County Review.



You may remember back to January of 2017 when I first started here. We ran a little introductory article about me, in which I explained I had just returned home after earning an engineering degree. It's been a long time coming, but I finally locked down an engineering job in Alabama.

You may also remember back to my column just a couple of weeks ago, where I declared my love for Wisconsin above all other U.S. states and essentially found a way — sometimes grasping at straws — to disparage the other 49. Alabama was lumped in with all the other states south of the 37th parallel, where I believed the absence of winter causes one to take the beautiful weather for granted.

My comments, however, aside from being jokes, were the “cons” side of a pros and cons list, where ultimately, the “pros” of moving to Alabama turned out to be far heavier, including the presence of my wife's family and a good-paying job that I worked very hard to obtain.

Of course, I am excited for a new adventure, but at the same time I dread leaving my beloved home so far behind. I love it here, from the natural beauty, to the people, to the peace, but I simply can't have the quality of life I desire on a journalist's wage in a rural market.

That said, I have to tip my hat to all the journalists out there, and particularly those here at home. No one gets into this business to get rich. People become reporters to make sure their neighbors stay connected to the world, to hold their public figures accountable, or to simply make you smile and feel more a part of this human experience. It isn't always fun or easy.

Every week you must become an instant expert in this, that, or the other thing; you have to cast aside your own biases and convey the most objective version of the truth you can gather; you are forced to find ways to connect with a plethora of personalities on short order; and, since there's not always room to print a person's every word, you must look to intangibles, like context, to tell a story the right way.

It's hard work, indeed, and there are so many like me across this great nation who put in that work for you, each and every day — people who ride in the torn bucket seats of their rusty '90s-model cars to each interview, watching the roadway through cracked windshields, and periodically glancing at odometers that may well have tallied a trip to the moon.

I only wish I were as noble or selfless as them. Admittedly, my time here as a reporter was little more than a means for me to pay my bills, but I did my very best to convey a certain passion in my writing congruent with the way that you, the reader, feel about your dear community.

But that part was my genuine love for this place shining through. A piece of my heart will always beat for Price County, forever my home.

Some of you have offered kind words about my work, whether written, emailed, or spoken at the grocery store, and though words have been my business this last year and a half, I have none to describe the depths of my gratitude. For those of you who hated my work, well, I'm leaving now, so you're welcome.

You can bet I'll be back someday, but as the immortal Jimi Hendrix once sang, “If I don't meet you no more in this world, then I'll meet you in the next one ... And don't be late.”