

# At A Glanz ... Hating Utica



Richie G.  
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*So as I detailed last month, I've been missing my TV reporter days. A week ago or so, I searched the archives and found an old video of one of my favorite reports from Utica and put it on youtube - <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2nyClgeaQ2g>. I mentioned how I struggled when I went live, but didn't go into the deets as the kids of today would say. So here they are:*

I hated Utica. Much like Dwight and Michael Scott of the hit TV show The Office threatened to do years later, I wanted to burn Utica to the ground while I was there. I got the gig and started December 2, 2002. I was so excited to be on air and on a news team. My first day was fine but my 2nd day was the tell-tale sign. They sent me on two stories by myself and I had to navigate the town by myself, since I was the shooter, reporter, editor and driver. Then they sent me to a third story and finally a fire broke out and I had to go to a fourth story.

I got back, had to learn the computer system to write my stories, the editing system to edit them, all in very little time. We had three shows, 5:00, 5:30, and 6:00. It was very close to 5, and I was in the editing bay when someone came running to me and told me I was going live in literally one minute. I asked what story and they told me it was a fifth story and handed me a script. I was dumbfounded. Why would they give me a brand new story that I had no idea what it was about. But whatever, all I would do is read it off the teleprompter and I ran in the newsroom without ever looking at the script.

Unfortunately, they made me stand as far away from the teleprompter as humanly possible, and I had to strain to read it. I messed up several times, mispronounced Oneida county and made so many mistakes I apologized on air. To this day I take zero blame for it. If I didn't have lazer eye surgery I would never have been able to read any of the script, and they had no idea my eyesight was so good. But this was Utica, asking me to do more than I can handle.

It didn't get much better after that. Some of my co-workers liked me as a guy, but hated me as a reporter, because quite frankly I just sucked going live. Many of my screwups would have made it on youtube if it existed. I was just miserable.

The breaking point was coming and it was only a matter of time before I snapped. One day I did a story, I don't even remember what it was about. But I remember finding only one woman who would do the story if I plugged her business. Now if you want a commercial, you have to pay for it. But there are ways to help each other out. So I told her I could font her business under her name when the graphics came up. It was journalistically ethical because it made sense in the story. She asked me if I promised I would font her that way and I did.

But I wasn't the only one who sucked...so did our technical people. I mean we were market 186 for a reason. So of course they forget to font her and now I'm upset. I gave this woman my word. So I ask when they run the story again at the 11 p.m. News to please, please, please font her! And then I started getting lectures about ethics from the sports guy and the 18-year-old director. Boom Goes the Dynamite?? Not quite, but I went off. I had a 30-minute talk with the sports guy and told him I know what I'm doing and just because I suck live doesn't mean I don't know what I'm doing. I mean the actual stories I reported on were fine, the editing was great and I was proud of my work. I just sucked live. But no one could see past that.

Mount Glanzer exploding next month.