



# Missing my Reporting Days

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I don't miss the pay, but God do I miss the work. Jealousy is not becoming, but I'm a pretty jealous guy.

And after Hurricane Irene, I have to say, I'm really missing my days as a TV reporter. From 1996-2006 I worked in the television industry. I was a reporter, camera man, director, teacher and editor. While at the time I may have been annoyed at some of my assignments, I would love to go back in time and do it all over again.

I did plenty of snow stories, but never actually worked a hurricane. While others mock the reporters standing in 3 feet of water, I always wish it was me. And I always defend the reporters to the mockers, because what better way of showing how serious the storm is then by standing in a middle of the street with water above your knees?

There is a video of News 12 reporter Erin Colton standing on sand when a surge of water sweeps her off her feet (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6iRNJJB3piM>). Some may empathize with her, others may laugh, but I was impressed. When she fell, she could have avoided getting totally soaked if she used two hands to break her fall. But instead, she only used one, so she could hold the microphone above the water. She even had the wherewithal to switch hands as her momentum made her fall further, so the microphone would stay dry.

As someone that has twice let an expensive camera fall, I appreciated the effort, and hope her bosses appreciated it as well.

I'm lucky there was no such thing as youtube when I reported. I worked at WUTR-WABC Utica from Dec. 2002-August of 2003. It was by far the hardest job of my life. I was what is known as a one-man-band, meaning I had to shoot all the video myself. I also edited my own stories. I also would shoot and report on 2-3 other stories for the day, so by the time 5 or 6 p.m. rolled around, I was at the end of the line. And that's when you have to be at your best. I wasn't. Hey Dave...totally forgot, hope it's not too late.

For the first 6 months at Utica, I screwed up literally almost every live shot. It was horrible. Finally the last month I just said screw it and stopped caring so much. If I messed up, I messed up. After all, you're sorta expected to when you work in Utica. That's the minor leagues of TV reporting. But the funny thing was I started to kick ass. I nailed almost all of my live shots and was really improving. Everyone noticed. Unfortunately, we all got laid off August 1, 2003, and I never went live again.

Getting laid off was actually a pretty funny story. We had a 21-year-old reporter named Sarah. She was crying, wiping her tears away on my t-shirt. She looked up at me and said, "You're happy aren't you?" I couldn't hide my smile. I was holding this small ball, which showed the world's globe. I smiled and said, "It's a big world out there." I was just so freaking happy to be leaving Utica.

Little did I realize then, I'd grow to miss it.