

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC CENTENNIAL

With or without his glasses on, Charles Kelly of *The Arizona Republic* is hardly Clark Kent of *The Daily Planet*.

Kelly, a reporter for 19 years, is not faster than a speeding bullet. Nor has he ever leapt a tall building with a single bound.

But he can do what Superman has never done: write a front-page news story on deadline in 60 minutes or less.

Daily newspapers, as Kelly well knows, are run by the clock. Reporters live and die by deadlines. And although Kelly spent 3½ hours gathering information for a recent front-page story on the opening day of the Iceberg Phoenix Grand Prix, he left himself only one hour to write it because he



had yet another article to write.

Although Kelly has spent the past 18 years as a reporter at *The Republic* perfecting his writing skills, what he doesn't know is how much time and how many steps are needed to turn his hourlong

creation into a black-and-white finished product, a product that will find its way to subscribers' doorsteps by the next morning. Accompanying Kelly to the Grand Prix was award-winning photographer Michael Ging.

The following is a chronology of the who, what, where, when, why — and mostly, how — of Kelly's front-page story, which appeared March 10, 1990, in *The Republic*.

PAPER ROUTE: STEPS TO THE READER

Story by LINDA HELSER/Photos by SUZANNE STARR

9:10 AM

Friday, March 9: Kelly arrives in the news room on the third floor of *The Arizona Republic/The Phoenix Gazette* building at 120 E. Van Buren St. in downtown Phoenix. Should Kelly ever forget how important time is, eight large clocks set for different time zones around the world are mounted on one news-room wall.

Computerized word processors, which are called video-display terminals, VDTs or "tubes," dot the large, unpartitioned room. In 1979, the VDTs replaced the manual typewriters that Kelly had grown accustomed to using.

"With the old typewriters, we used copy paper and made triplicate copies of our stories," he said. "Then we glued the pages together."

To illustrate to editors just how hard they had been working, reporters have been known to stretch their finished stories halfway across the news-room floor.

"And to make a correction in your story," Kelly said, "you had to retype the correction, cut your story apart and paste in the retyped portion."

Like most reporters, Kelly resisted when the tubes, which were specifically designed for newspapers, invaded the scene.

"Initially, the tubes were intimidating, but after I learned how to use them, it was so much easier," he said.



Kelly fails in his first attempt at getting an interview about the Grand Prix. It turns out that the woman he has approached for a comment says she's "deaf as a post." Kelly and Ging plug on toward the time-trials crowd.

10:10 AM

After briefly conferring, Kelly and Ging leave the building together. One portion of the Grand Prix raceway is only a few blocks away, at Second and Washington streets.

Scarcely outside the building, Kelly spots a woman in a lilac sweat suit who is walking with her terrier-poodle pup. He asks her how she feels about the horrendous noise created by the Formula One race cars.

"I'm deaf as a post," she responds after reading Kelly's lips. "This is a hearing-ear dog."

Kelly, a mild-mannered Nebraskan, now realizes how difficult his job will be today.

"With all the noise, it's hard to hear and tough to quote people," he says after scribbling in his notebook.



Cheryl Rosensweig, 33, is thrilled to be interviewed by Kelly: "You mean I'll be in the newspapers?"

anyone who appears interesting, slaking his or her hand and asking questions.

One woman, who realizes that Kelly and Ging must be a news team, stops Ging and tells him she has just spotted Paul Newman in some bleachers at Third and Washington streets.

"You should go get a picture of him," she says. Obediently, the newsmen set out to find the movie star. "Someone said he went in there," another woman tells Kelly as she points toward a trailer where two race cars are parked under a big white awning. While a crowd gathers around Kelly and he is asked questions about the alleged sighting of the star.

"Who is that guy giving autographs?" she asks as Kelly takes notes. "Is he someone important?"

Because Kelly, 44, is sensitive to the sun, he applied a sun block before leaving home. Now the solution is melting, burning his eyes and making them tear.

"I hate these damn outdoor events," he gumbles as he wipes at his eyes.

Cheryl Rosensweig, a 33-year-old nurse's aide, is almost as thrilled to be interviewed by Kelly and photographed by Ging as she is with the possibility of catching a glimpse of Newman.

"You mean I'll be in the newspapers?" she asks.

11:15 AM

Bored with the Newman chase, Kelly stops at the Plaza Municipal Building on Washington Street and asks city employee Betty Verdugo how she manages to get her work done with all the noise.

"Huh? What? I can't hear you," she says, faking a profound hearing loss due to the even more profound racket just outside her door.

11:30 AM

Kelly moves on to what race promoters are calling Fun Village. Barren of race fans and people to interview, he settles for writing down prices for overpriced race-day paraphernalia, including tote bags, scarves, T-shirts and sweats emblazoned with the Ferrari logo.

Moving farther west, Kelly and Ging see a man on the other side of the race track hanging out of a seventh-floor office window in the Luhrs Building. He is surrounded by bunches of green balloons, flags and banners that are fastened with duct tape to the outside of the building. One banner commands, "Go Newman."

The man, later identified as attorney Kevin Kane, has one of the best vantage points of the raceway as he props sofa cushions on the ledge of his office window. Ging's concern is finding a way to cross barricaded Jefferson Street so that he can reach the colorful attorney and photograph him from inside the building.

11:50 AM

Kelly and Ging reach the Luhrs Building after following street-crossing instructions from a city worker. When they open the door to Kane's office, his secretary, Donna Porter, greets them. Because Ging wants to get a picture of Kane hanging out of his window, he sets the adjustments on his camera and wraps the strap around his wrist. Then the 6-foot-6 photographer crawls as far as possible out the adjoining seventh-floor window and extends his long arm with the camera attached to it. He shoots without focusing. Kane returns the favor by taking a picture of Kelly and Ging.

"We'll put this in *The Arizona Bar Journal*," he says. Ging politely points out that Kane has forgotten to remove the lens cap from his camera.

12:20 PM

Because Kelly and Ging are hungry, they stop at a corner hot-dog stand. Kelly asks for the most quotable person ordering hot dogs, and two men simultaneously point to a third.

"So what are you looking for at the races?" Kelly asks him.

"Girls," he replies.

12:50 PM

Squatting on the sidewalk while munching his hot dog, Kelly declares that he has enough material for a story.

12:55 PM

Kelly and Ging can't resist making one more pass at the trailer where Newman had been spotted earlier. By the time they get there, fans are stacked eight to 10 deep around the trailer. ATSP-TV (Channel 10) news team is there. While it waits, Ging gets a call on his cellular phone. Judy Tell informs him that he is a finalist for the Arizona Press Club's photographer of the year.



The search for Paul Newman pays off when he walks into the crowd's view. But Newman's appearance was not close enough for Kelly and Ging. This photo by Tom Story was taken at the Grand Prix course.

1:10 PM

Suddenly, Newman comes from between two trucks and swiftly walks in plain view of the crowd. Debra Stark, an urban planner for Phoenix who is on her lunch break, declares, "My day has been made. Thank God I saw him."

She is so excited about catching a glimpse of the silver-haired star that she can't spell her first name for Kelly. "Debraa," she blurts out.

1:15 PM

Kelly starts his walk back to the newspaper. "I've had it," he says.

1:30 PM

Back at his desk, Kelly starts flipping through his notebook, and within five minutes, he's writing on his computer. "Noise: The keening shriek of high-powered engines slashing at the cars like chain saws ripping through pine..." While other reporters who sit near him talk about babies and volleyball, Kelly is totally absorbed in his work.



Kelly confers with Stephanie Hudson about a story on the Iceberg Phoenix Grand Prix. "I want a 15-inch story to run tomorrow on the reaction of the crowd, the noise, what the weather's like, that kind of thing," she says.

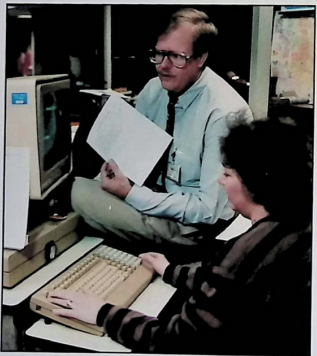
9:45 AM

While Kelly is enjoying his traditional morning glass of iced tea, Assistant City Editor Stephanie Hudson arrives. Hudson, who assigns stories to general-assignment reporters such as Kelly, tells him that she'd like him to do a story today on the time trials of the Grand Prix.

"I want about a 15-inch story to run tomorrow on the reaction of the crowd, the noise, what the weather's like, that kind of thing," she says.

For identification purposes, Kelly's story will be "slugged," or labeled, "Trials," but the computer system will call the story No. 12134.

A desk away, Judy Tell, who gives *Republic* photographers their assignments, is telling photographer Michael Ging that she wants him to shoot color photos to accompany Kelly's story.



One desk away from the Hudson-Kelly conference, Judy Tell tells Ging that she wants color pictures for use on Page A1. In pursuit of just the right shot, Ging will go so far as to crawl out a seventh-story window.