

Loose Cannons , Old Wood and WI-FI

Ken Gigliotti , staff photographer, agnostic speller , boat rocking & loose cannon retires after 35 years at the Winnipeg Free Press .

Injuries , many surgeries , chronic pain (back and both knees, front abdominal) , cancer lite (beaten) crushing back and neck pain has caught up preventing me from going on . The last two years, the worst time of my life .

I have given all I have , I have nothing more to give .Ok, ok don't be sooo happy a person is leaving.

In the end it is all about the passing of parking spots and spare parts and holiday lists . I have also benefited .

Kenny G ,not to be confused with Wayne Glowacki but I always took it as compliment .

I came into the Winnipeg Free Press super newsroom in 1979 .It was a lively large and gritty place , a very few reporters still had flasks in the desks , the days of the spirited editors were not quite over . The Wild

West newsroom was still in fashion .Brian C and I had to physically stop one editor from punching out another reporter in that newsroom . In those days HR meant a Hard Right to the chin.

The trends established over the last three decades are irreversible .Paraphrasing the words of an incorrigible digital entrepreneur , things will just go on until a digital tipping point is reached , the business will “pivot” then flourish .

The way things look are the only real indicators of the future. This realized knowledge is an advantage over competitors instead of the current mindset of fatalism and manifest destiny. As in sports there is time on the clock .News is valuable and anti fragile. The worse it get the more people want it.

This future will be like rushing out of a fire , you take your family , a few pictures , maybe a wallet and just leave everything else.

Everything , technological , in this business has always changed .From 1979 on we experienced , B&W ,to colour , film to digital , still to video. Now there is a push to multi media and personal brand. It

is all good , rejoice , rejoice , you have no choice. (quote from a song Neil Young I think)

The speed of change can no longer be Google fallowed at a leadership level . The technology needs to be commissioned to our local needs , designed from original ideas and constructed . Digital engineering is always about the next thing , we default by our culture to lagging information .WE fallow what others have already done . We know things already known .

When I started ...oh geez... Back in the dayyyy,

The newsroom was so big we had two softball teams.

Circulation was only a third more than today . This was before the DEAL . Two papers nearly equal in size with different views of reality locked horns in a battle to the DEATH . It was very scary .

So what's new. The newspaper business has been in a life and death battle since the invention of radio.

Water flowed in the darkroom , cigarette smoke the filled newsroom ,rattling bones ,bad hair , crumpled

suits and blue jeans , laughter , swearing , scanner chatter, noise and action ,low wages, rotary phones ringing , piles of old papers ,a word processor for a computer ,film cameras ,black soot around ceiling air vents , flesh coloured walls ,What colour did he just say ? It's flesh , oh. Dangling lit cigarettes hung precariously on full ashtrays , but never a fire .Marion L smiling like a cheshire cat . Frank T spinning ,rocketing takeoff up the spiral staircase rifling to the composing room and cork screwing back down again , A lively exciting aggressive place any day of the week , day and night.One of the best places to be .

A night rim editor Bob M. chased a guy down a back alley in the dark after he stole the WFP Code of Ethics off the wall of the fourth floor reception . Bob got the prize back . It was our flag. It can never be like that again .

It was mostly macho sh/t but it was contagious .There were two definite realities ,one above the banner and another below. Surprisingly little hype but lots of torque (in post production) , and there were specialists for that. There was so much noise . Reporters scratched their heads after reading their own stories in the paper. And law suits.

The real life and death fight was going on in street boxes. There was daily battle for hearts and minds as the Wpg Tribune was spending its way to a deadly game of head-on circulation chicken .People actually bought both papers to see those unpredictable responses in print.

WE always seem to seek body parts , today it is eyes .We really seek quarters , always have .

The Free Press matched punch for punch . If they had 10 pages of sports we would have 12 .Free Classified , helicopters for the flood, no problem. Bushels of money just pitched into the fire . There would only be one winner.

It was a car wreak everyday with a junk , debris and smoke along the fiery trail of broken and burning parts .

Law suits were a badge of honour .(until it went too far) Fights in the press room , no one ever wanted to know the name of a circulation manager , thousands of kid carriers to manage , it was bedlam .

Those were good days to be young . The Trib , it was waiting for us every morning.

I once took a picture , a head shot of a dog that bit a Tribune carrier and was now sentenced to death . The dogs headshot appeared on the front page with story . That's a dog bite story on the front page , real local .

Thirty years later, really no one wants to be THAT local.

It was in retaliation for a Trib story and picture of a FP truck involved in a truck pedestrian incident.

There was the great age gap , one generation was completely taking over from another .Things could be swervy and reckless with an anything goes approach.

The WFP had four of the best investigative reporters all on the outside of that .Today ,they could have been a classic rock band . Rock solid in any era . The Free Press had many great writers over the decades but these four were something else , a smart , squared away unselfish combination . They were just “reporters” , rising wages brought the term “journalist” and “personal brand” would come much later .It is all a natural progression to what comes next.

Reporting in this chaos had a purity and a humility that would be hard to find in today's culture of media billboards and Tv ads .

The Core , a good name for a 1980 band . On bass Cecil Rosner serious and analytical , drums Andy Blicq with one foot in the door and ear to the ground , and John Sullivan a rockstar hybrid ,lead singer on electric guitar , some say he may have been the fifth Beatle .On keyboard free spirit Ingeborg Boyens could have been Margo's Goodhand's twin sister separated at birth.

All four had a great love and commitment to Manitoba .

Ingeborg Boyens in a class by herself , should have been a city editor .Three of the four lost to headquarters for all the worst of reasons .All four stayed .

They were a formidable combination .John Sullivan showed this kid from Thunder Bay the power of a big city newspaper .We fallowed a local politician into a nursing home during an election campaign stop. He had a story that would close the place down .

I got pictures , sneaking into a restricted areas photographing safety concerns . My heart nearly stopped when healthcare aid walked in . I had cupboard doors open , taking pictures , the person walked in , saw me , then left , I thought that maybe I was invisible .The story broke on the next day, (FEB.7 1980) the place closed down and eventually BULLDOZED . It was a big and scary story with a happy ending .

On July 17 1981 Andy and I spent 16 hours on the fishing boat Lady Roberta fallowing swimmer Kevin Lilley's 16 hour double crossing of Lake Winnipeg .Lilley had trained in a pool , the rolling waves were giving him problems in the early going . Severe back pain was setting in on the swimmer . His coach was telling me he would have to stop the attempt .

I was a poor swimmer , the only thing I learned at swimming lessons was “not to run around the pool” . I noticed Kevin was swimming with his head out of the water ,this was something I was told not to do. I guess I didn't want to get my hair wet. I told his coach about my observation , he corrected the problem and Kevin Lilley set a record that has never been broken.

Andy Blicq and I covered an environmental disaster Aug. 16 1980 at Oak Lake where hot weather in the drought stricken marsh lead to the formation of a naturally forming botulism and killed 10,000 ducks . We traveled in airboats as volunteers cleaned up the mess . Andy was right in there with them getting his hands dirty waste deep in muck , he also swam with Kevin Lilley on his record breaking day . We later worked together on the book People of the Interlake .(a regional best seller) Rolled 7's every time .

Reporters back then knew the intrinsic value of words and pictures and how they enhanced the reader experience. This understanding made the transition to Television a natural progression . The web demands are the same , the newspaper business cannot underestimate nor miss this .

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Should be read while listening to Norwegian Wood in one ear and Quinn the Eskimo in the other. (Apple does not have a device for this:) Followers Conformity now a virtue.

The loose cannon crashed from gunwale to gunwale and fore to aft causing such pitching and rocking of that old pirate Man-o-War finally broke through the aging rigging.

That big loose cannon rolled into the sea nearly running over the admirals brand new boots. Laughing like crazy bastards ,members of the crew rushed to broken rail, ready to dive into sea.

The iron gun lay visible ,in the deep clear warm Caribbean over 20 fathoms deep. The crew stopped , looking into the emerald sea realizing it wasn't such a bad place .

Mermaids and stingrays circling the cannon like angels above the white sandy bottom .Not a bad place considering the storm clouds and battle that lay ahead .

The WFP Man-of- War , located at century old 300 Carleton St. in downtown Winnipeg. Constructed , compact , from the finest wood ,plaster and brick strung vertically , as tall as masts and sail . Clearly in the business of business .

Elegant , functional , comfortable (a reporter was said to have lived in a stairwell)handcrafted , seemingly ageless marble .The ship's edges were worn smooth, the crew performed difficult tasks daily, sailing in rough water and stormy seas efficiently and effortlessly as it does today . The tall ship housed CP , The report on Farming and CKRC .The garage regularly replaced engines and kept a the large fleet of small vessels going . There was a deal with an joining rents-a-car company , if we needed a car we would get what was left on the lot for the lowest price . I have a picture of myself driving a Lincoln Town Car on assignment, sweet.

Every human vice in play .

Three Hundred had its own onsite company doctor , cabinet maker , and ancient painter who never stopped painting (till he died) .

She had a deep hull going down several floors of sub basement . An elderly elegant former boxer named Jimmy , always “ dressed to the nines” occupied a very cool open space office in the curved arch of front door window. He was just there , a tribute to greatness , every building should be so lucky .

Three Hundred , more real and more colour than a Demerol dream.

Thirteen fifty five Mountain Ave. a long , heavy wide , massive flat top architecture ,like an aircraft carrier with photographers and occasionally reporters ,small planes taking off into the wind , a delicate touch and go , repeated , extending and projecting it's power .Radiating outward and returning sending high energy short bursts of information in every direction. Educated , professional .

Situated in Inkster Industrial Park , the newest building , offset press , solid brick , built to last , functional , exceeding the highest standards and innovative for its time .It has been called a palace but inside has the festive feeling of a shopping mall . It is in truly in the business of selling.

She was perused by a sharp eyed grand armada, a peaceful ,youngish ,educated , world wide network of information vegans with wi-fi .They just wanted to be friends with no BS.

That likeable , blood thirsty ,old &wily wild bunch of carnivore pirates, headed fast in full sail into the deep , grey vastness . The course made directly into the sun

in one direction , pursued by its flame red rays from the other .

“Forget that loose cannon” ,commanded the brave admiral, “the old gun was in a far better place. IF we should all find ourselves there after the smoke clears ,you will know you are in heaven .” (kind of like the opening of Gladiator, the movie :)

The captain threw back the canvas revealing the brand new , the latest, a“Paladin pivot” perhaps with Ronin reporting .A sans newsroom , without infrastructure ,assignment meetings held in public places ,the Cafe ,Harvest ,under the Osborne Bell Tower , Dufferin and Powers , RRC , Starbucks , Millennium Library , Siloam Temple .

The emptiness trend , a moving trend is against the old newsroom model. It all sat in a wooden crates just waiting take the place of the lost cannon.

The cannons range , a hundred yards . The newest thing ,lightyears at light speed in every direction .

“Things are going to be different now”, he said . The crew grabbed wrenches ,crow bars blocks and tackle and connected software interfaces as the wood and sail spirit ship moved further and further from the old iron gun.

With to new rules of engagement they would pick spots of their own choosing.

As a younger gun , he attended the Ryerson photography program and was only one of three high school graduates from 125 accepted. A total of 800 applied to the program . (two left on the most bizarre first day ,one called to apprenticeship in Hollywood by an uncle , the other's girlfriend was pregnant , he headed to parts unknown)

This iron gun was newly minted , first installed 35 years ago. His back fractured and repaired less than two years before . He arrived on the spring day crest of the 1979 Red River Flood . The new six column format was replacing an aging one hundred year old nine column page.

He was actually hired by Toronto Star designer Keith Branscombe who created the new face of the WFP's chain of papers that included the Globe & Mail . Branscombe busy with the daily details of the new format took only a few minutes to view the young

photographers portfolio . His recommendation would have life long effects on this new hire.

The young shooter had only a collection of photographs ,a lucky long leather coat and a big dream . Seeing the appropriate amount of sorrow and sports and after giving a friendly smile of encouragement he was gone . In a big newsroom ,with new presses in the future , big pictures were a “new thing”.

No one would care the young photographer was a poor reader and could not spell till 35 years later . There was no shortage of good spellers back then.

Today spelling , a next to last uncrossed line in the sand , a clutching reflex , a power source and inspiration for a million emails .A single visible outward sign of passion and humour .That relentless humour gauntlet when trying to flee the space ,still a strong beating heart .

Rightly , Everyone a hero of their own story . Everyone mocked reporters who can't write , photographers who can't spell and copy editors that

couldn't write stories or photograph . Laughter and joy meshed , wheels and cogs, moving in interlocking circles to the multi layered final product .

Everyone a hero in their own story ,damned right ,a local inside news story in microcosm . Funny thing , there would be no them without us , nor us without them . This chain of jobs is an unequal mixed bag of specialized skills, today cut too fine.

He could not spell, but he and those like him could race toward places others would race away from , he could find a way through flood and fire , breath smoke , diesel exhaust , duck exploding debris ,evade and advance , seeing , violent death's pale calm face at any time , sit uncomfortably , twisted in a car in the freezing cold to send the great and the mundane to that warm comfortable place , bending time like Einstein could only theorize , always rushing , always juggling the last thing , this thing and the next thing , serving too many masters ,working in out dated chaotic systems . The answer , always “ on it ” .And then,racing off again.(Maybe a rambling run-on sentence to some but a complete thought reproduced , streaming heat and electric impulses radiating from one brain quadrant to another ,continuous rage and

process , whole feelings and form to brain stem and action in a micro second)

And ,also his SpellCheck disillusioned, spirit broken with over use it , inexplicably began joining words anduncorrecting others after long deliberation with no explanation from the 2rd floor IT. Just another worn out thing that didn't work.

Everyone a hero in their own story. The only question back , will you publish these images ?With never a clear answer as it begins over and over again. One of the best jobs in Canada still .

“Innovation without execution is hallucination.” says Walter Isaaccson on the CNN's Fareed Zakaria on Innovation, SEE THIS OR READ IT Nov. 30 2014 read the CNN FZ page Transcript or replay the show from iTunes. The show is all about innovation. Good ideas and most importantly collaboration .Everyone needs to “buy in” from the front door to the penthouse. One person in a dark office cannot

succeed alone .Every digital problem solved , an attitude in Silicon Valley .

All that we were , will not fit into the next latest carry-on .

With enlightened managers everyone gets a chance to be great , if it ends, it ends with our boots on and standing.

Good fortune and glory fallowed , strapped kneeling and facing backwards over the front seat of an open cockpit of a Pitts Special aerobatic plane he photographed it's mate flipping smoothly upside down so close he could touch the helmeted head of the pilot above . Skirting every rule of flying but oh what a rush . He nearly fell out during a banked turn for home.(still in Merlin)

Coming across a blackening sky , as high deafening winds fanned the most unusual grass fire the city has ever seen. He waded into the high grass to get in front of firefighters . IT was like an eclipse of the sun in daylight , disoriented by the heavy, black billowing

smoke and nearly surrounded by fire in the five foot grass. Where was he? The smoke cleared for a few seconds revealing the oil storage tank farm of the decommissioned St. Boniface oil refinery .The refinery was gone , sent to China , but the giant empty tanks remained .God only knew what residue they contained .

The momentary clearing saw him looking straight up ,like seeing God .The wonderment , those huge tanks , it was like being in a row boat in the path of a cargo ship , at sea in fog .

He realized the grass and soil now on fire had been coated over years with a byproduct of refined oil . Maybe these empty tanks were going to explode . He thought for sure he was done. In that case the reporter sitting in the car would be waiting a long while .

Other things that exploded , a city ambulance exploded at a major warehouse fire on Dufferin Ave . at Arlington St. I could see the momentary flash in he corner of my eye . IT just blew up about 30 yards away. The warehouse had been fully engulfed in flames ,and out of control . The ambulance stood by ,

it just had its gas tank filled on that hot summer day. Crowds of people numbering in the thousands gathered for the raging fire many on the Arlington Bridge.

The explosion of the paramedic rig caused a panicked stampede . Ambulance pieces flew over my head in secondary explosions of oxygen tanks . I was running towards it , it was like a salmon trying to swim upstream . Fighting and jostling with the crowd seemed counter intuitive . I see myself doing a hand over hand sidewinder crawl , with the camera leading and head high through this rush hour of fear. I got a picture just before the ambulance disappeared in thick black smoke .

I was never afraid with a camera in my hand.

A bunch of used ambulances were bought from Saskatchewan , they were known to explode on hot days after refueling on occasion .

While covering an hours old gas leak , I was standing in the middle of a taped off Portage Ave when the two story , half a block long building containing a bank , a restaurant and something else , completely exploded

sideways onto the street. It was the area where firefighters and myself were walking a few minutes earlier.

The glass , bricks and steel blew across all 8 lanes of the closed street . The building now flat .

The CBC cameraman beside me was on the ground taking cover . I remember starting to go down but became fascinated by the sound . I did not know what happened , my back was to the blast but shielded by the MTS building , only 25 yards away . I was listening and following the sound of the explosion in wonderment as it reverberated in a semi circle around me. The sound was followed by another sound , the rattle of shaking glass of apartment buildings ringing the explosion site . That sound, the sound of the glass rattling after the blast ,I'll never forget it.

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Things you live with. Woken up in the middle of the night from a dead sleep by an explosion that rocked our house. I thought a semi had hit it, by its force . I ran down stairs thinking the concussion originated from our basement. Coming back up I saw through the open front door , the yellow flame reflecting on

my wife face as she watched the raging fire across the street at the burning gas station .

Real fear for our children .

My wife got our two young children up and we began evacuating while I was frantically trying to call 911 .So focused on the call , I did not recall until seeing the story days later , that through my window I saw the badly burned garage owner being pulled from the fire by a stranger .

My wife and I were both worried the gas pumps would explode . We got the kids out to safety , I grabbed a camera and shot a few picture all the while thinking this place was going to blow at anytime . The fire department was just arriving to a raging fifty foot flame . I got a picture then retreated to safety . We never used the picture.

Had the best time riding in a very slow motor boat with Free Press legend , gentle , respectful , humble ,northern reporter Bob Lowery on a 1980 something Journey to Churchill I will always remember (except for the date) . Former Inuit whalers in small boats began a rodeo round up of beluga whales in the

mouth of the icy cold Churchill River. The whales were captured and transported by jet to the Vancouver Aquarium . They herded the whales to shallow water with small power boats ,like an open range cowboy cutting and hogtying cattle .

An Inuit cowboy jumped off the motor boat bow onto the back of the selected Beluga , wrapping a lasso noose around it slipping it down to its tail . Then held the whale till the aquarium people inspected it. One of the Inuit lost a tooth after being hit by the tail. A truly Manitoba moment . Not lost in irony , as this happened in the beginning over 30 years ago and the polar bear rescue at the end .

Spent a the most precious hour in a hotel room, spellbound with an uncommonly silent and beaming Scott Taylor listening to stories told by retired , legendary, Montreal Canadien captain , winner of ten Stanley Cups ,Jean Beliveau . Scott and I just looked at each other , it was like being in story heaven , or more like story time in kindergarten . I don't think Scott ever asked a question. Great players are always great , that star quality never leaves them. He should have been a Governor General.

An other hour doing the same in 1979 with youthful optimistic ,energetic and dying Col. Harland Sanders , 89 years old but not retired from dreaming . Sanders started selling Kentucky Fried chicken from small stand during the Depression when he conceived his franchise idea . He was driven to create one more restaurant chain, a breakfast place with a specially cured ham , before he was done .He embodied a sense of the genuine human qualities of a busy life well lived. He died in 1980 of cancer.

Another motel room in another time , Aldo and I spent the day hiring sex trade workers with Free Press money . Another scary , tense day , and the best way to get the story about the current state of the high end business that had recently turned violent .We also learned the business was run almost exclusively by women and essentially managed by city police.

Both of us had to call our wives to say we would be late coming home because ... “ your doing , What ?, Where?”. also when the workers found out the Free Press was giving away money , for no work , there

seemed no end to those who wanted to speak to the media.

Another time with Aldo . A woman with her two small children were trapped in the second floor of her house , the first floor fully involved in raging flame . A man across the street saw the fire and the woman through his window . He runs over , yells to the lady to drop the kids down , he caught the kids without injury , the lady jumps and he breaks her fall but she breaks her ankle .

I get the picture of him carrying her away from the fire just missing the rescue .

ANYwayyyy . Aldos story calls the guy the hero , a radio story called the woman the hero . I ask him the next day , “who is the real hero” . He says without blinking , “the hero is the one WE talk to”

Andy Blicq and I teamed up again to produce a regional best selling book People of the Interlake , filled with Manitoba Moments .

Got pictures, when reporter Jack L ordered a male stripper in police uniform to perform a very nearly “full monty” in the crowded newsroom going away party for the female cop reporter L. P. at 300. How times have changed .

I have channeled the spirits of Cora Hind and John Wesley Dafoe in separate Holiday emails and drove a bicycle around the newsroom to cheer Jon up as he pined for the advanced office practices of Silicon Valley he saw in a documentary .All at 1355

There was the experience of Trudeaumania in TBay with John A. While waiting to follow the famous PM , Pierre Elliott Trudeau's security motorcade, the last car of the group stalled . John A and I waited for as long as we could for the car to start then and took off in our newspaper staff car in hot pursuit . The last stalled RCMP car finally joined the group trapping us in the high speed motorcade race across town. With lights and sirens blaring ,cars and trucks pulled over , traffic lights magically changed in our favour .The driver of that last car never took his eyes off me as seen through my rear view mirror all the while

grinding his teeth THE WHOLE WAY .That ride was exhilarating . The RCMP had no presence in Thunder Bay so they had to use rental cars that stalled .

For Me ,tied for first , Jean Chretien was the most fun and photogenic of all politicians along with Gary Doer .They both just enjoyed being themselves in those moments in history .Honest and fun loving a good combination for any leader .

I sailed into a Lake Superior storm with film maker Richard Leiterman fallowing a 730 ft. long, 35 ft wide Great Lakes gain carrier V.W Scully made up to look like the Edmond Fitzgerald (to the dismay of the crew seeing that name on the bow) The film about the sinking was never made but it was a heck of a trip as icy , grey waves crashed over the bow of our fallowing camera equipped ice breaker the Alexander Henry.

The a couple of years before I was grain handler , I worked myself up to grain sampler on the boat at a Sask.Pool 4 terminal elevator in Thunder Bay .

It was the day the Fitzgerald sank . It was a serious ,hushed quiet , disbelieving day as the Fitzgerald was one of the most modern ships on the lake. I had never seen men like these so shocked .

I did see those same men load 1million bushels of grain in eight hours just because someone said it couldn't be done . Government inspectors just looked the other way . It was just one of those dark ,grey TBay November days , God wasn't even paying attention .The two unions , stevedores and grain handlers were “all go” .

Again , It was just male macho sh/t, but it was contagious .One last great act on the last day .

Singleness of purpose and a tough guy spirit , on one day ,one big group action from the receiving car shed to the dock . Filling and emptying bins , cleaning and shipping like a Swiss watch .

Normally we shipped 100,000 bushels and hour on a good day .It was the end of the season , the deed was accomplished with a sense of exhaustion and everyone went home on time , as the big laker just sailed away .

(switching to third person for dramatic effect ,first line sounds like a phrase from Dispatches :)

He became an unsubscribed survivor of inside the box thinking . He already knew what was inside the box and saw no evidence it was working. It was filled with negativism , correctness now a heavy burden , anglo saxon remorse ,wrapped in fatalism wrapped in eternal hope , feeling itself was a positive solution.

He tried to think his way to a brighter day but ended up rolling off the deck , safe at the bottom of the sea.

Others now come with bright eyed skills and optimism and ties that only reach forward not knowing or caring about the past .The next generation begins to take over completely from the last. Things will be done differently .

Seeing his share ,We see our Share .

He had been to the funerals of the righteous and the unlucky , walked with the dammed who wore handcuffs , he

**photographed little kids sliding down hills
, and shot the breeze with the mayor .**

**I've been to store openings , and gang
shootings , endless news conferences ,
and sports practices and games . I've
been to the WRONG PLACE just minutes
after the WRONG TIME , and tried not to
interfere with the trail of evidence .**

**I have witnessed unimaginable joy , and
asked people to relive unspeakable
sadness . There have been pictures that
tear down and pictures that build up ,
pictures of people doing heroic things and
some of my photographs have put people
at risk.**

**Without taking a single picture , began a
process that eventually led to the rescue
of seven polar bears from a Mexican
circus .**

I drove and video recorded the same stormy , dangerous, dark Perimeter Hwy our readers take during the normal course of their commute. In my 35th year I created a video document that may save lives and lead to future lighting of these most dangerous roads in bad weather conditions. It got nearly 30,000 views .

I have done this all without breaking any speed or parking by-laws . Most photographers I know , would consider this a pretty good life . An interesting life because we brought our readers something they didn't expect , or something they didn't think they needed to know .

This cranky loose cannon gave everything it had , and he has no more to give . He tried to give good advice to baffled fast track new comers. They found the real life business of journalism confounding and

just wanted to get to the good stuff and bypass the other stuff .The advice , you have to do the other stuff all the time , before you can do the great stuff every once and awhile . That may change .

It could only be about how it went and about how it overcame , than about how it aged , physically broke and ended . AND , It did go great .

I think I will miss the chance of danger and exploding sh/t and running righteously in the wrong direction the most .

Thanks for 35 years . ken gigliotti WFP staff photographer (ret.) 30