



From the President



Ed Byers

I am excited about this October 14 program we have at Nighttown- “How the Media Covered the Arrest of Russo and Dimora.” Registration info is on page 4.

Check out that panel. This is one you will not want to miss!

How easily this issue of The Byliner could have become “The Don Bean edition.”

In case you somehow haven’t heard, the colorful former PD reporter and Press Club Hall of Famer died of pneumonia last month at the age of 82.

Don Bean loved his Press Club. He faithfully attended the annual Hall of Fame reunions at Nighttown and I don’t ever recall him missing a Hall of Fame induction banquet.

Matter of fact, Don was the very first to call me the morning after last year’s Hall of Fame induction ceremonies. I picked up the phone and the voice was loud and unmistakable. “Hey Byers! That was the best %*#! Hall of Fame banquet I ever attended! You guys out-did yourselves this year!”

That was the thing about Don. His zest for life was huge and his heart was even bigger. Quick with a hearty laugh and a firm handshake, you couldn’t help but notice that Don was in the house. He never simply “entered” the room – Don exploded into the room. Former co-worker and fellow Hall of Famer Mike Roberts shares with us some personal thoughts about his friend, Don Bean on this page.

Hall of Famer and past Press Club president, **Dan Coughlin’s** new book hits the stores this month. “Crazy, With the Papers to Prove it,” is a wonderful read. **Jane Lassar** at Gray & Co.

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2010 Press Club Hall of Fame Inductee Videos To Be Produced by BB Sound and Light Ltd.

Owned and operated by long-time Cleveland radio and TV Newsmen Bob Becker and his wife Luanne of Lakewood, BB Sound and Light Ltd. will produce The Press Club of Cleveland’s Hall of Fame inductee video presentations for 2010.

Bob and Luanne are Emmy-Award winning producers and their film and video work have been celebrated and recognized locally, regionally and nationally.

“I am very excited to be partnering with the Press Club and look forward to this as a long-term relationship,” said Becker. “I have deep respect for the Press Club because I have been a member and proud to say that several Press Club Excellence in Journalism awards hang on my wall.”



“Bob rocks,” said Press Club Board Member Howard Fencil, Assistant News Director at WKYC-TV 3. “Bob and LuAnn do top-notch work. I had the privilege of producing segments for Bob on a couple of

his WVIZ Cleveland documentaries, and worked with him in news at WKYC in the 1980s---he’s a consummate pro.”

You can check out credentials and achievements on BB Sound and Light Ltd.’s Website:

http://www.bbsoundandlight.com/bbsoundandlight/Bob_Becker.html

Bean brought the kind of joy that you lived for in a business that had so little of it.



By Michael D. Roberts

It was odd. My first reaction on learning of Don Bean’s death was one of profound loss, my second was of those hot and loathsome nights during those summers in the 1960s when the streets were mean, frightening and deadly. Cleveland was rife with riots and murder, the east side of town violent and resentful in the wake of civil rights.

I associate those times with Bean because it was he, probably more than any other single reporter, who endured those nights, sorting through the mayhem with a detachment and precision that readers never knew or understood. Half the time the city desk, didn’t either.

Those of us who worked with him understood, though, and were both glad and lucky he was there. In those days Bean was number two on the police beat

behind the fearsome Bob Tidyman.

Life on the police beat is fondly recalled by many these days, but the truth is it was a despairing place, a single room in the back of the then-central police station. The building reeked with sweat, urine and a peculiar odor that was either an antiseptic or adrenalin. The décor was dirty and cynical.

The work went against the very grain of decency. Barging in on a recently made widow and asking for a picture of the deceased, who has died in some violent

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(L-R) Don Bean, Doris O’Donnell, John Tidyman, Brent Larkin

Save the Date to Meet the Greats

October 27, 2010

The Press Club of Cleveland inducts its Class of 2010 into the Journalism Hall of Fame.

Ceremony and dinner to be held at Tri-C Corporate College East.

Individual tickets \$80.

Contacting the Press Club at 440-899-1222 for more information and table prices.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

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sent me an advance copy and I couldn't put it down. More with Danny and his new book on page this page.

It's hard to believe that the big **Hall of Fame** show is less than a month away. Remember, we are moving it to the east side this year, Tri-C Corporate College East. You have until the 10th to get in at the early-bird rate of \$65. After that, the price jumps. We have a great class of inductees this year. They will be joining some very elite company. I hope to see you there.

It's a shame Don Bean won't be there.

You know, I have often wondered what it would be like to read your own obit. Don knows. He wrote his. You can read it, all 4000 words, right here:

<http://obitsohio.blogspot.com/2010/09/don-beans-self-penned-obituary.html>

Dan Coughlin's new book: "Crazy, With the Papers to Prove it."

(Gray and Co.)

Long time Cleveland sports media personality and former Press Club President discusses his new book, "Crazy, With the Papers to Prove it," with The Byliner.

Byliner: Dan, That's a catchy title and arguably accurate!

Coughlin: Hey, don't jump to conclusions! The "Crazy" part refers to the subject matter -- the screwballs and eccentrics that I knew and covered. The "Papers" are the newspapers I wrote for, mostly The Plain Dealer.

Byliner: Who inspired you to write this?

Coughlin: Over the years, a lot of people



Hearing Between the Lines

Laurie Mitchell | Certified Personnel Consultant

Last week, I had an arresting experience while very confidentially referencing a candidate with her ex-colleagues. In this retained search, there were three finalist candidates interviewing for a director-level position at a large out-of-town company.

One self-eliminated after deciding that her heart simply wasn't in making the switch from marketing durable consumer products to marketing medical products.

The second candidate hails from a small southern town and has 20 years' experience in medical marketing, talks the talk, lives and breathes the subject matter, and, for valid personal reasons, was keen to relocate far away and start a new life. She had wowed the interviewers with the depth and breadth of her expertise, her enviable interpersonal skills, and the amount of research she had done on their company's challenges and opportunities. Her 24 carat references were astounding: every one of the executives and peers I spoke with praised her abilities to the high heavens, and bemoaned the fact that they no longer had the privilege of working with, and learning from, her.

Originally, I thought that my third candidate would be the hometown favorite as she had previously worked

for my client's main competitor, had internalized the competitive issues well, and required no relocation. The first reference I called was someone I utterly trusted and respected: I had placed him and he had later hired staff through me. He spoke to the candidate's collegiality, her fresh approach and keen insight, and what fun she was to have on the team.

The second reference now works for my client's ad agency and had managed this candidate at a prior employer. He noted that her skill level was sophomore and unsophisticated, and that she had been demoted and didn't earn what she claimed to have earned. The third reference who works at the same ad agency related a gossipy tale which evidenced the candidate's poor judgment, and which I didn't believe for a second.

So, what was my take away from all this? Obviously, the ad agency didn't want this third candidate on their client's staff. My client in this situation, the hiring VP, understood all the nuances but is committed to retaining the agency relationship. My warm and wonderful southern candidate is in the process of moving north to the land of snow and intrigue where she will thrive.

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urged me to write a book about my adventures. Finally when my wife Maddy and children joined the bandwagon, I figured that meant I had their permission. I must say that Maddy was very patient with me for the better part of a year. Things take a long time when you don't have a daily deadline.

Byliner: We can only wonder, how many stories were left OUT of the book?

Coughlin: I had a rule when writing this book. Don't embarrass anybody. When I sat down with Doug Dieken to refresh my memory about all the eccentric things he

did, we took a legal pad and drew a vertical line down the middle. "On" the record was on the left. "Off" the record was on the right. Well, we used up all the space on the right side of the first page and had nothing written on the left. So I turned to a second page and drew a vertical line down the middle.

Byliner: Some people call you the King of all Cleveland media having done radio, TV and newspaper.

Coughlin: Maybe the clown prince. Be-

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DAN COUGHLIN FROM PAGE 2

ing the king turned out badly for LeBron. I recall the story about the lion, the king of beasts, who brought down a mighty bull elephant, killed it and ate it. He was so proud of his conquest that he began roaring. A hunter followed the sound, came upon the lion and shot it. The moral of the story is, when you're full of bull, shut up, even if you are the king.

Byliner: You jumped from The PD to The Press just a couple of months before Joe Cole pulled the plug and shut down the paper. How did that feel?

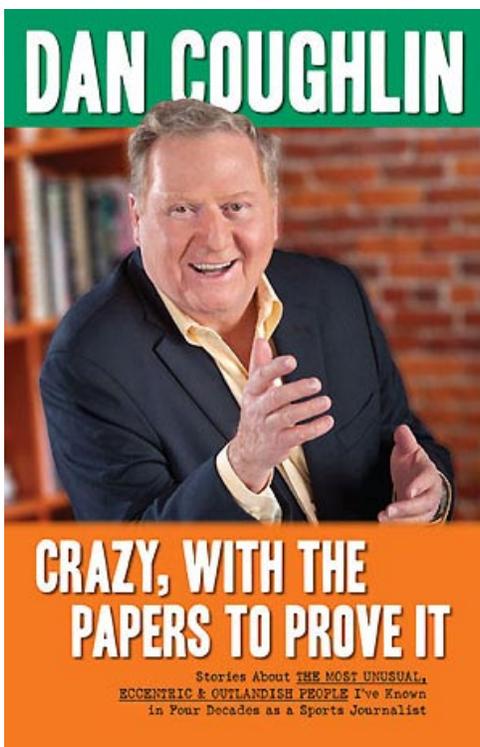
Coughlin: Everyone knew The Press was not stable, but I never thought it would go down ten weeks after I signed on. For that era, The Press made a significant commitment to me. Maddy and I were having children regularly and we needed a bigger house. Joe Cole put us in a four bedroom house on Lake Ave. in Lakewood. Actually, it was The Plain Dealer's money that kept coming for three years. The Press Liquidation Fund sent me a check each month from the money The Plain Dealer paid for it.

Byliner: You have been blessed with a lot of wonderful things in your career and lifetime.

Coughlin: I am the luckiest guy on the face of the earth. Look at the box score. Too young for Korea, too old for Viet Nam. Discharged from the peacetime Army on a Thursday. Interviewed at The Plain Dealer the following Thursday. Enjoyed the glory days at The PD when we caught The Press in circulation for the first time and became the biggest paper in Ohio. The Press closed on a Thursday. The next Thursday WHK radio called and so did Channel 8's "PM Magazine." I enjoyed the glorious quarter-century when Fox 8 was the ratings leader. After taking the Fox 8 buyout last year, they invited me back on Friday nights to cover high school football, absolutely the most enjoyable thing we do. My three sons have jobs and my daughter is a professional student. My wife can make a mean apple pie -- when she's in the mood.

Byliner: Is there any ONE highlight to your career?

Coughlin: It's so hard to pick a highlight from 45 years. Every day was like going to Cedar Point -- 18 years at The Plain Dealer and 25 years at Fox 8. Sadly, my ten weeks at The Cleveland Press was barely



long enough to find the men's room and the pay window. But for one moment, I'll pick the U.S. hockey team's victory over the Soviets in the 1980 Olympics. A close second was a fist fight with a bartender at the 7:30 Club on Short Vincent in 1976 when he pulled out a whip and I defended myself with a chair. It was over a cat. It was a great night. That chapter might be my inspiration for Volume II.

Byliner: Is there any one particular sports figure you would like to go back and punch in the face?

Coughlin: Albert Belle was the biggest sphincter I ever met. If I weren't afraid of going to jail, I would smash him in the face with a baseball bat. Thank God a hip injury forced him out of the game. Because of that I will never face the dilemma of voting for him for the Hall of Fame.

Byliner: Press Club veterans remember your days as President of The Press Club of Cleveland.

Coughlin: I almost put The Press Club out of business in the early 1980s when I was president. I hope no one holds a grudge, although Harriett Peters probably does. Every project I advanced lost money, including that stupid race horse. We held a membership drive to pay his feed bill. But that's a story for another day.

Byliner: OK. We'll hold you to it.

The Press Club of Cleveland

"Serving and honoring communications professionals since 1887."

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ARE YOU
Linked in to The
Press Club?

Entry-level position at Sun Newspapers

Sun Newspapers is looking for an entry-level reporter for Medina County and southwest Cuyahoga County. Candidates must have a journalism degree or equivalent experience, a passion for community journalism and a willingness to connect with readers on the local level. Interested candidates should contact Executive Editor Linda Kinsey at lkkinsey@sunnews.com. No phone calls, please.

Assignment Editor - WJW FOX 8

WJW Fox 8 is looking for an outstanding Assignment Editor who will be responsible for the daily operation of the assignment desk in Cleveland's largest multi-media newsroom. This job requires excellent news judgment and communication skills, attention to detail, and exceptional organizational skills that will be applied to our three platforms; mobile, web and broadcast. Submit resume and references via email or US Mail at: Attn: Human Resources fox8.jobs@fox8.com WJW 5800 S. Marginal Road Cleveland, OH 4410

Breaking News

How the Media Covered the Arrests of Russo & Dimora

Rumors, game plans, stakeouts, videos, multiple web platforms, get the story, keep a lid on the adrenaline rush – and beat the competition.



Marvin Fong/The Plain Dealer

So, what was it like for editors and reporters on the desks and in the field before, during and after the recent Cuyahoga County corruption scandal indictments and arrests? We'll find out when a distinguished group of journalists takes the Nighttown stage to tell us the back-story.

Panelists include....

The Plain Dealer: Susan Goldberg, Chris Quinn & Marvin Fong
cleveland.com: Denise Polverine
WEWS-TV: Ron Reagan
WKYC-TV: Tom Meyer
U.S. Atty's Office: Mike Tobin
FOX8: Bill Sheil
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www.crisiscommunications.com

Where: Nighttown, 12387 Cedar Road, Cleveland Heights, at the top of Cedar Hill
When: Thursday, October 14. 7:30 am Continental Breakfast, 8-9:30 am Program
Cost: \$15 Press Club members and students \$30 non-members
Question? Call the Press Club at (440) 899-1222 Reservations required.

DON BEAN FROM PAGE 1

manner only hours before, was not a natural act. It was hard and painful.

It was a job with bad hours, bad pay and bad stories. Maybe the scariest part of the job when you were young was fear of failure. My first newspaper job was in Ashtabula and when the city editor learned I was going to The Plain Dealer, he warned me about the police beat and said it had broken him.

A frail and ascetic person, he spoke of how difficult and unrewarding the police beat was, and how his experience there had literally frightened him into quitting. Bob Tidyman could do that, but not Bean.

So it was with trepidation that I took my place on the beat, reporting at 6 p.m., bewildered by what lay ahead. I remember meeting Bean and thinking here was Rumpelstiltskin himself, baggy pants, and glasses half way down his nose, a benign smile and a voice as loud as a drum.

I remember him calling from a phone booth, surrounded by a hostile crowd during the Hough Riots, and being outrageously loud to an editor who asked him to get the middle initial of "Butchy" who was trashing about somewhere amidst the street violence. He confided to me later that editors were idiots.

He was, as we all say, a man of great humor who delighted in exploiting the naïveté of those around him with pranks for which he was well known. I never dwelled on the pranks, even though I was once victimized, as much as I did on Bean's methods and feel for the city. Bean was patient with the insecurities and inequities among those he mentored on the beat. He lent confidence, and we all wanted to be as good as he was.

I always thought part of the prankster in him was a teaching technique to alert one to the vicissitudes of the work. In those days, the paper was hiring a number of young people just out of college, and we would show up in our tweeds and rep ties and take our place in the squalor of the beat, ready for anything, but knowing nothing.

We had one fellow who had just graduated from Princeton, who dressed very well, and washed his hands often. He worried about germs on the phones. He hated to call rounds and disliked even more the treachous ascension to the homicide bureau where the detectives were particu-

larly hostile and harassing.

One night Bean and I went across Payne Avenue to one of the bars, a string of dives that were stunning in their depravity. Over a beer--- Bean was still drinking in those days---he confided that he did not think the Princeton guy was going to make it. I nodded.

"And you know, you might not make it either," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked somewhat stunned.

"You have to show more effort," he said. "For instance, you've got to be able to break stories, stories like the one we are facing right now."

Bean explained that the city desk wanted a story on Lt. Et Al, the only Jewish officer on the police force, and they wanted it for a feature for the Jewish holidays. Bean told me who to see to locate the officer.

Needless to say, it was a set up and I spent the good part of the night making a fool of myself going from department to department looking for Lt. Et Al.

"You just missed him, he was here a minute ago," they said at the booking desk. I missed him at the scientific investigative unit who said he was over in traffic where I dutifully inquired only to learn he was now in a zone car and I could reach him through police radio.

I was mortified when it dawned on me I had been had. But it taught me that you needed to hone an inner sense of skepticism if you were to survive on the beat or even the business. The kid from Princeton quit a few days later.

Bean was never truly appreciated by the newspaper. I learned that later when I became city editor, a tenuous and terrible job that turned over like a calendar. The specter of The Cleveland Press haunted us daily and there was real competition on all the beats, especially when it came to crime.

In those days, before murder in the city became as routine as a weather report, a killing in the suburbs was the delight of the desk. I no longer recall all of them, they seem to blend into one story where the neighbors bray about what nice people the killers were.

I remember most those nights on deadline, with a murder in Parma or Garfield Heights and an arrest imminent, and Bean



on the phone with the suspect's name, beating the competition, as a copy boy made books of carbon and copy paper while Bob Daniels wrote perfectly and furiously on rewrite. Bean brought the kind of joy that you lived for in a business that had so little of it.

In a way, Bean was too good. The soul of a daily newspaper lives for tomorrow. Although it takes many people to put out a paper, only a handful have the ability to produce day after day. Editors on city-side lived day to day, fearing the competition, and wanted reporters who could do the same. Bean was that.

When I was at the paper, Bean wanted to be promoted to the desk. I didn't dare tell him that doing so would be a waste. There was no one who could replace him on the street when the night got late, deadline loomed and the city desk fidgeted over a breaking story.

When he called the desk on one of those nights, there was no salutation, only a gruff, "Bean."

"Who?" I would say, recalling Lt. Et Al.

"Bean, damn it," he would respond.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"F....you Roberts," he would conclude.

I would give a lot to have one of those nights back. A hot summer evening in the old city room with the air conditioning failing, the cigarette smoke hanging low, the coffee sour, the tension of deadline mounting and the desk anxious for Bean's call on the big story.

You see, in a sense Don Bean was the spirit of why we were there and what we were doing. When the phone rings late on a hot summer's night, I'll always wonder whether it's him.

The Press Club of Cleveland's 2010 Journalism Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony & Dinner

Wednesday, October, 27 at Corporate College East
440 Richmond Road, Warrensville Heights, OH 44128

Join us in honoring



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Individual tickets for The Press Club of Cleveland's Journalism Hall of Fame inductions are \$80 each. Tables of 8 are available at \$520, tables of 10 are available at \$650.

Information/Tickets: 440-899-1222

www.PressClubCleveland.com

"Serving and honoring communications professionals since 1887."

Join the Press Club of Cleveland

For 120 years, the Press Club of Cleveland has provided a place for journalists, public relations, corporate communications and advertising professionals to gather and exchange ideas. The Press Club of Cleveland strives to promote excellence in journalism, educate future professionals and maintain a history of journalism in Cleveland.

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There is a \$10 initiation fee for all new members. Dues are payable annually.

**Questions? Call Lynn Bracic –
440-899-1222 or visit our site at
www.pressclubcleveland.com.**

Make checks payable to the Press Club of Cleveland, 28022 Osborn Road, Cleveland, OH 44140