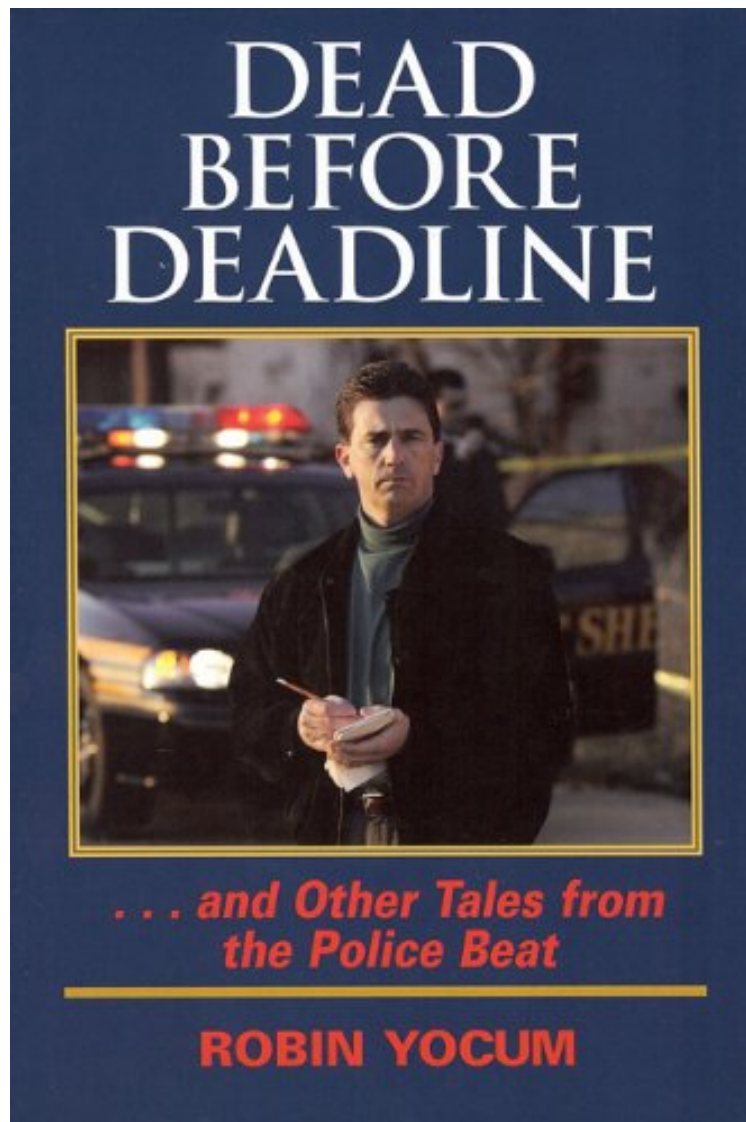


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Dead Before Deadline: ...And Other Tales from the Police Beat (Ohio History and Culture (Hardcover))

Robin Yocum

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Robin Yocum : Dead Before Deadline: ...And Other Tales from the Police Beat (Ohio History and Culture (Hardcover)) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dead Before Deadline: ...And Other Tales from the Police Beat (Ohio History and Culture (Hardcover)):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. It's like looking into my own pastBy MadManMoonGrowing up in

Columbus, I remember many of the tales in Robin's book. They were tragic news stories that captured the city's attention. It's interesting to go back and relive some of these incidents with the addition of Robin's behind-the-scenes information. Some of these stories overlapped with my own neighborhood and some have overlapped with places I've become familiar with in my adult life. Great book. I really enjoyed it. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Must-read! By CPT America Such a great book filled with interesting stories about a journalist working in his community's police beat. This is an excellent read! 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Dead Before Deadline By harmony Enjoyable read. I had no idea what went into gathering information for reporting a story or the frequent cajoling required to get the facts. Animosities among reporters determined to have their story in ahead of the others often met with amusing and interesting methods. The stories, though mostly interesting, ranged from comedic to sadly depressing. Yocum's writing style held my interest and assures a bright future in the literary world.

During the four-plus years that Robin Yocum was the police reporter for the Columbus Dispatch, he covered more than 1,000 deaths. Some were flukes; some were deserved. He interviewed decorated cops and transvestites, pimps, prostitutes, and pushers, killers, and child molesters. He went on drug, porn, and moonshine raids. He waded through cornfields looking for missing planes and children, a county landfill in a vain search for child pornography, through a squalid home with knee-high trash and a flooded basement where a family of ducks had taken up residence. He ruined so many slacks and shoes that he began wearing Sansabelt and cowboy boots because he needed something he could hose off at the end of his shift. Dead Before Deadline...and Other Tales from the Police Beat chronicles Yocum's years on the police beat for the Dispatch. The tales are sometimes sad, and sometimes funny, and sometimes in odd combination of both. Yocum takes the reader into the life behind the pyline and into the gritty world of crime reporting. It is not a rehash of old headlines, but Yocum explores his interactions with people who made headlines for all the wrong reasons. He tells of a prison interview with a 17-year-old who had murdered both parents; recounts the words of a mother who lost her son to senseless violence; and details a grieving father's plan to kill his former son-in-law. The police beat is not without its humor, and Yocum captures the personalities of the oddball set of characters. Yocum has woven together these vignettes into a compelling book that will fascinate and enthrall readers.

From the Inside Flap From May 1981 through August 1985, I was police reporter for the Columbus Dispatch. The police beat is considered by most reporters to be the most distasteful job on the paper. You continually deal with death, every seamy element of society, and cops who view you as being only slightly above criminals in social status. As the night police reporter, I was responsible for covering all law enforcement agencies, fire departments, and the Ohio State Highway Patrol in Franklin and the contiguous counties. If someone called 911 for something other than a loud party or a grease fire, it was my job to know about it. Consequently, I spent a lot of time in neighborhoods that I would otherwise avoid. Suffice it to say that when the police get a "shots fired" call at 1:45 A.M., it is rarely in the high-rent district. There were times when I had to go home and shower in the middle of my shift. There were other nights when I stood in my backyard and turned the hose on my boots and pants before going inside. Nancy Nall, one of our general assignment reporters, once said, "If I had your job, I'd die of trash exposure." In nearly every story, someone was maimed or dead. I covered murders, suicides, murder-suicides, fires, automobile accidents, motorcycle accidents, drownings, plane crashes, railroad crossing accidents, pedestrian-car fatalities, pedestrian-train fatalities, parachuting deaths, electrocutions, construction accidents, auto-erotic asphyxiation. Some were flukes, some were deserved. From the Back Cover One man shot and killed a buddy in an argument over the amount of wine sipped from the bottle of MD 20/20 they were sharing. Another was impaled on the front loading tong of a garbage truck, and then run over by the estranged husband of the woman whom the impaled was dating. (He lived.) A Denison University coed was riding in the back seat of her father's car--on their way to a Parents' Weekend dinner--when a stray bullet from a drug battle a block away went through the open window of the car, under her uplifted arm, and hit her in the lung, killing her almost instantly. A narcotics officer was shot in the back of the head at pointblank range with a .22-caliber handgun during a botched drug raid; he was released from the hospital a few days later. A nine-month-old used a bucket of dirty mop water to pull himself up and then fell forward and drowned. A young man walked up to the police information desk with three inches of bailing wire sticking out of his forehead. He had drilled a hole through his skin to the skull and attempted to insert the wire in an effort to find his brain, which he believed had been stolen by aliens. I was once in the middle of an interview with the husband of a murder victim when I thought, "You son-of-a-bitch; you killed her." I was in the middle of an interview with a father of a teenage girl who had been murdered when I thought, "You son-of-a-bitch; you killed her." In both cases, no one was ever charged. In both cases, I know in my heart that I was right. The police beat was at times sad, morbid, and funny. It was sometimes pathetic, often ridiculous. And it was intriguing beyond words. About the Author Robin Yocum joined the Columbus Dispatch as a reporter in 1980. He worked at the paper for eleven years, spending four years on the police beat, followed by a post as senior reporter on the investigative desk. Yocum has a bachelor's degree in journalism from Bowling Green State University.