

Green, Scott

From: Paul and Linda Stevens <stevenspl@live.com>
Sent: Tuesday, January 07, 2014 9:21 AM
To: 'Paul and Linda Stevens'
Subject: CONNECTING: AP mobile App; Honoring Dave Martin in Montgomery and Pasadena; Man found by photo; FAA and drones; Surviving 2014; Web app Relay; Embracing network; Nieman week in review; Chi-beria; Remembering Don Beman

Colleagues,

The AP Mobile news app earned lead mention in PBS Mediashift's Top News Apps to Watch in 2014.

The story said: "Isn't it great to use a news app and actually get original, well-sourced news? While other apps on this list are news aggregators, this app is one of the few that provides original news content. While this app works with both Android and iOS, it's probably optimized best for a smartphone. The app lets users swipe through screens offering Top News, Sports and other trending topics such as the Syria Civil War or the Year in Review. This app is a necessity for the serious news consumer."

<http://www.pbs.org/mediashift/2014/01/top-news-apps-to-watch-in-2014/>

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From Montgomery to Pasadena, AP photographer **Dave Martin** was eulogized on Monday: In Montgomery, at a memorial gathering in his honor. In Pasadena, at the Rose Bowl where Florida State defeated Auburn in the national championship game.

And Charles Dean of the Alabama Media Group and The Birmingham News wrote this wonderful remembrance:

Dave Martin: For three decades his camera connected Alabamians to each other and the world (Mark Mittelstadt shared)

http://blog.al.com/wire/2014/01/dave_martin_for_three_decades.html



Mickey Welsh took the attached photo of the Rose Bowl scoreboard prior to the start of the game,



and he and his colleagues at the Montgomery Advertiser produced a wonderful montage of photos on Facebook of the memorial service. One is attached.

Welcome to the newest members of Connecting - **John Raess** and **Michelle Morgante**.

Paul

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Published AP photo reunites Nicholas Simmons, missing NY man, with family (Susan Clark)

<http://www.newsday.com/news/nation/published-photo-reunites-nicholas-simmons-missing-ny-man-with-family-1.6738625>

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FAA on drone recordings by journalists: 'There is no gray area'

<http://www.poynter.org/latest-news/mediawire/235239/faa-on-drone-recordings-by-journalists-there-is-no-gray-area/>

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Surviving 2014

<http://www.mondaynote.com/2014/01/05/surviving-2014/>

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Web app Relay makes multimedia reporting presentable during breaking news (Mark Mittelstadt)

<http://www.poynter.org/latest-news/media-lab/mobile-media/234369/web-app-relay-makes-multimedia-reporting-presentable-during-breaking-news/>

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Why news orgs should embrace the network

<http://www.mondaynote.com/2014/01/05/surviving-2014/>

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Nieman week in review: New York Times backs Snowden, and journalists' personal brands break away

<http://www.niemanlab.org/2014/01/this-week-in-review-the-nyt-backs-snowden-and-journalists-personal-brands-break-away/>

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Chi-beria': Newspaper front pages note record cold in Midwest (Bob Daugherty)

<http://www.poynter.org/latest-news/mediawire/235167/chi-beria-newspaper-front-pages-note-record-cold-in-midwest/>

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Remembering Don Beman

And finally, Ted Anthony wrote to say: "This got away from me in my inbox, but sharing it now in case you wanted to use it. Dick Jones is a great guy — he does story-based PR for smaller colleges and universities and ran his own firm for many years (Dick Jones Communications) before selling it to one of his associates, Scott Willyerd, and staying on as a consultant. He started his journalism career in Central PA. Don Beman, you may recall, was the wonderful state editor in AP Philadelphia for many years who died in 2012." The letter to Ted was from last September, but for many of us who knew Don, I thought you would enjoy.

Ted,

Don Beman, a man I never met, changed my life. I tried to tell him that in an e-mail toward the end of his life. Kind of. Sort of. Ineffectively.

Don Beman was the state editor for The Associated Press in Pennsylvania for about a decade beginning in 1982. I was assistant manager of the News Bureau in Penn State University's Department of Public Information that year and my career was in trouble.

I got crossways with my boss over a number of issues. One of them, though probably not the biggest one, was news judgment. All of us in the Penn State News Bureau were required to produce eight major stories per month—on top of doing routine stuff such as promotion, appointment and retirement stories, items about trustee meetings, announcements from the president's office, and the like.

What was a major story? Ah, there was the rub. To my boss it primarily meant stories on interesting research produced by the Penn State faculty and sometimes advice from learned professors on how to do this or that. I was good at writing those kinds of stories. And he was quite right, as far as it went. Those were major stories. But I had a way of finding stories in other places; we differed as to whether they counted as "major."

Once, for a retirement story on an aged lady in the Office of Physical Plant, I learned that she was the "last of the house mothers." Penn State at one time had house mothers in all of the fraternities, even those off campus. With the decline of "in loco parentis," that requirement was ended and the house mothers were shifted to other duties. One by one, they retired. This lady was the last one. I pumped her for tales of fraternity life in the days of house mothers and she had some good ones.

"It's a retirement story," my boss said. "We'll put it in *Intercom*."

"It's a major story," I said. "I think the wires might be interested." He disagreed. AP ran the story (this was actually pre-Don Beman) and it wound up on the "A" wire. Major papers picked it up.

Around the office I developed something of a reputation as a guy who could find feature stories in odd places that wound up getting national media attention. There were a number of stories, and encounters with my boss, similar to the one just described.

Many of the stories I pitched to Don Beman. I soon realized that his news judgment and mine were similar. He didn't accept everything I sent him, of course. No editor does. But I could tell that he paid attention to what I sent. We spoke on the phone and corresponded via snail mail which is how the world worked in the early 1980s.

It is not always a good idea to prove your boss wrong. After four years of sterling appraisals in the annual employment reviews, my last-year evaluations turned sharply negative. My boss was clear. I would

get no raise. I would not be promoted to News Bureau Manager should that post ever open. I was plateaued. We had issues besides the disagreement over news judgment. That was only part of it. But the sum of the whole thing was that I was screwed as long as he was boss. And I thought he would be boss for a long time.

So I began looking for other jobs. Finally I found one as director of public relations at the University of Scranton, a Jesuit school that I had never heard of until my job search. My success in pitching stories to Don Beman gave me confidence that I did have good news judgment. I did know my craft. I was right, by God, and I would go somewhere else and prove it.

But I really harbored doubts. Was my success in pitching stories to the national media due to the fact that the stories came from Penn State, a nationally known institution? Would editors look down their noses at stories from a small school that had never even tried for visibility beyond the Lackawanna Valley?

These doubts were dispelled when I got to Scranton, found a few stories, and started to pitch them. Don Beman didn't care where the stories came from. He only cared about good stories. And I was careful only to send him good stories. The folks at Scranton were thrilled to be noticed by the national media for the first time.

Over time, the pressures of running a two-person PR shop at Scranton began to wear on me. I was able to spend less and less of my time finding good stories and pitching them to national media as "other duties as assigned" became a larger part of my job description. After four years I left. And after the briefest of interludes at Notre Dame (a story for another time), I opened Dick Jones Communications in 1987 to help colleges and universities with national media relations.

Had not Don Beman been so receptive to so many of the pitches I sent him—both at Penn State and Scranton—I would never have done this. His affirmation of my news judgment was probably the single biggest factor in developing the courage to strike out on my own. And for a few years I continued to pitch stories to him on behalf of my client schools.

But we never met. I was in Philadelphia once and stopped in to the AP offices but he was out.

Don told me a couple of times on the phone that he was thinking of chucking it all at the AP and going back home to Minnesota to run a weekly newspaper. I tried to warn him against that move. I had been a weekly newspaper owner for three years before I went to work at Penn State. The romance of small town weekly newspapering faded quickly. Long hours. I found weekly newspapering to be a race between journalism and factory work—and factory work always won.

Then one day he was gone. I found out later that he did go back to Canby, Minnesota to publish and edit the weekly newspaper there. I hope he enjoyed it. He was there a long time and his obituary indicates that he was well-connected with the community.

A couple of years ago I mentioned his name in a conversation with you and you said, "He's very ill. Stage-four lung cancer." So I sent him an e-mail, wished him a recovery and hinted somewhat obliquely at the role he had played in my career. He replied after a few days. Yes, he remembered me, he said. It was a polite, short note.

I was thinking about him yesterday for some reason, looked him up on Google and found his obit from May 2012.

We never know what kind of impact we are going to have on someone's life. Clichés are clichés for a good reason.

Dick