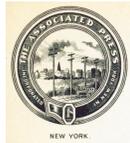

From: stevenspl@live.com on behalf of Paul Stevens [stevenspl@live.com]
Sent: Monday, March 17, 2014 10:16 AM
To: stevenspl@live.com
Subject: CONNECTING - March 17, 2014

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Connecting

March 17, 2014



Colleagues,

Happy St. Patrick's Day - here's to a great week.

Click [here](#) for a National Geographic story on facts, myths and traditions of the holiday, illustrated by several AP photos.

Embarrassing moments at work - Part I

Is there a statute of limitations on doing something dumb?

Well, if there is, then a bunch of us on Connecting are in real trouble by responding to the call initiated by **Bob Daugherty** for our most

embarrassing moment in the workplace.

We are off to a good start with these, listed alphabetically by contributor and not by degree of embarrassment. Feel free to send yours along, to stevenspl@live.com

Harry Cabluck:

There's a lot more to be told after 40 years of miscues. Thankfully there were multiples-more successes.

During the early space program, only photographers for Life Magazine were able to make family photos in the privacy of astronaut homes. Any other photos for publication were those that could be made in public. Such was difficult during a space shot, because family members usually kept a low profile during missions. A photo of an astronaut's wife putting out the American flag on the front porch was about the best that might be expected.

The young AP photo stringer was covering the home of Astronaut Jim McDivitt, commander of Apollo 9, a 10-day earth orbital flight launched March 3, 1969.

Mrs. McDivitt, followed by the family dog, came out front to talk with a neighbor, giving opportunity for something different Mrs. McDivitt smilingly gave caption information, calling the pooch a, "rare, wire-haired terrier."

The gullible photo stringer wrote it that way on the film bag. The picture (not bad) moved on the wire with "rare, wire-haired terrier" in the caption.

Months later, Dallas photo editor Dave Taylor delivered courtesy prints to the McDivitts. Reading the caption on that photo gave Mrs. McDivitt a great laugh, some discomfort to Taylor, and, later, a raised eyebrow to the stringer for not recognizing a mongrel when he sees one.

A caption correction has yet to be moved.

Carl Leubsdorf:

In 1972, while covering politics for the AP, I was invited to speak to AP editors convention in Columbus, Ohio, on that year's presidential election.

The one thing I wanted to avoid was a prediction that would later look stupid. As I neared my conclusion, I quoted David Broder of the

Washington post on the wisdom of avoiding predictions, then said yhere were only two things that were certain about the 1972 campaign; that Senator Muskie would be the Democratic nominee and it would be a close election.

George McGovern , of course, was the nominee and President Nixon carried 49 states against him.

That may be why the Ohio AP never invited me back!

Margy McCay:

In March, 1979, I'd just become eastern Iowa correspondent and was covering the NCAA wrestling championships in Iowa City. The University of Iowa was (and remains) a wrestling powerhouse, winning the national title 23 times since 1975. The Hawkeyes were coached during the years I covered eastern Iowa (briefly from Davenport and later from Iowa City -- but that's another story) by Olympic gold medalist Dan Gable.

When the 167-pound match ended, I scrambled through the crowd to interview Michigan's Mark Churella, who'd just pinned Iowa's Mike DeAnna for the national title. Churella was top-seeded, but DeAnna'd beat him just two weeks before at the Big Ten Championships.

Churella seemed a bit uncomfortable and subdued, but I got some good quotes about his take on the match and ended by offering my congratulations. He sounded totally exasperated when he blurted, "Lady, I just lost!"

Yes, I'd just interviewed DeAnna. What can I say? I'd never met either wrestler, both of whom were, of course, the same size, had the same dark hair and eyes and were similarly attired in white headgear, dark shoes and dark singlets (Iowa's were black/gold, Michigan's *very dark* blue/maize).

Ah, well. Everybody had quotes from the winner (including me, after I recovered), but nobody else "bothered" to talk to the loser.

Charlie Monzella:

For those of us who started with the AP when typewriters were our tools of the trade, we know that teletype operators often saved our butts when we wrote things we had no intention of putting on paper. Most teletype operators were excellent at doing their jobs. Some were better than others. One day in Huntington, WV, I wrote a story about a man who committed suicide. My copy read he "went into the bathroom

and shot himself to death." In punching the story for the radio wire, the teletype operator inadvertently hit an "i" instead of an "o" in "shot." As soon as the story hit the wire, the telephone started ringing with member newscasters laughing their heads off. We filed a quick "Bulletin Kill" and, in those days, we had to write an explanation to AP headquarters about what happened. As a result, the AP decided against writing about suicides, unless the person was well known.

Doug Pizac:

In 1989 I was sent to San Francisco for the earthquake. On the last night before going home I was assigned to cover the Exotic Erotic Ball because they were donating part of the proceeds to earthquake charities and AP was doing a story.

The gala was very dark so I had to use a flash. People were dressed in all sorts of costumes and some without any except for a mask and a whip. Over 90% of what was there couldn't run in a family newspaper so I had to be very careful. Afterwards in the San Fran bureau I had veteran Sal Veder help edit my take.

There was a buxom woman in a fairy tale costume but she had a vibrator tucked in her cleavage. There were two men wearing hard hats with the Oakland bridge connecting them and cars dangling but that would be in bad taste. There was a man wearing a headdress of a woman's body part I won't mention. And so on. Sal and I settled on a bearded man in a corset, tootoo and fish-net stockings as it was a touch racy yet not over the top.

I loaded the color negative into an original Leafax portable scanner with the 4-inch screen, toned it, cropped it, captioned it and sent it to a photo editor in the L.A. bureau where it was looked at on a 21-inch monitor. It then went out onto the wire nationally. The next morning as I was heading to the airport I got a call from Hal Buell who congratulated me on my earthquake coverage which was followed by the question on why on earth would I move the picture I did last night. An editor in the Bible Belt called to complain -- not about the man in the tootoo, but what was in the background. One of the properties of the Leafax was that it could scan thin negative detail very well. Behind the man about 2-3 stops underexposed was another man who was wearing a rubber penis on his nose. It was just black on the Leafax screen. I never saw it; Sal never saw it; the editor never saw it; but it showed up very clear in one of the b/w color separations.

Paul Stevens:

While working in the AP St. Louis bureau, I was assigned to cover the

baseball Cardinals' game against the Los Angeles Dodgers since our regular sports writer, Paul LeBar, had another assignment. It was one of the first games in which I got to solo.

During the game, the Dodgers' Bill Buckner was the star with the game-winning hit, so after the game ended and I had filed my story, I went down to the Dodgers locker room to interview Buckner. I asked someone in the locker room where Buckner was sitting and they pointed me to a guy at a locker in the corner. So I went up to him and introduced myself and started interviewing him about his game-winning hit. We were five minutes or so into the interview, talking about the hit and his career, when I heard some snickering in the background and about that time, a UPI St. Louis reporter tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Uh, Paul, that isn't Bill Buckner, that's Willie Crawford." They got me!

It seemed the entire locker room burst into laughter, Crawford leading the charge, and he pointed me over to Buckner, who gave me the quotes I needed, before I headed out the door with tail between legs. Rookie that I was, I didn't realize until afterward that Buckner is white, Crawford is black. And I guess that prank had to be why 10 years later, Buckner became best remembered for his disastrous fielding error in the 1986 World Series against the Mets.

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Death of Bob Thomas

Those who would like to drop a note of condolence to the family of Bob Thomas on his death this past Friday morning can do so with this address:

The Thomas Family
16509 Adlon Rd.
Encino, CA 91436

Here are a few more comments about Bob:

Adolphe Bernatos: Besides being an AP treasure, Bob Thomas was a treasure for the Wire Service Guild (now the News Media Guild). Bob was among the seven founders of the Guild when it was organized at AP. The seven signed a statement urging co-staffers to support the vote for the union and said they did so as career AP people who saw it in the staff's best interests. Lyle Price, a former Los Angeles-AP staffer and former president of the union, recalls that Thomas always did his AP columns a few days in advance. After the 1969 eight-day AP strike, which Thomas honored, AP upped his advance time to eight days. Lyle

recalls him as a "very good writer and a very decent human being."

Doug Pizac: I illustrated many of Bob's stories over the course of 15 years I worked with him and every interview was a wonderful experience. While covering today's celebrities is hit and run many times with interviews being kept on topic and photo shoots lasting 30 seconds, I was captivated at how stars opened up with Bob and discussed personal things that had nothing to do with the story at hand. He taught me a great deal on how to not just respect people, but to treat them as fellow human beings because it is through that which they reveal themselves. And with that wisdom I was, and am, able to make subjects relax for my pictures and let me capture their inner selves. His knowledge and being on a personal basis with huge Hollywood stars will never be matched.

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Photography a contact sport?

Who says photography isn't a contact sport? Kansas City staff photographer **Orlin Wagner** would argue that after an incident Thursday at the Big 12 men's basketball tournament at the Sprint Center in Kansas City. He writes:

The rumor is the NBA requires the arenas to secure the floor during breaks. For some reason the Sprint Center, which is trying to land an NBA team, wants to take it to the max. At every break, six red coated security people run onto the floor to take up positions on the free throw line and the three-point line. These ushers are comical.

At the last NCAA tournament, ushers would even jump over photographers and their equipment to get to their position. During the ISU-KU game, both coaches were chewing on the referees, especially at timeouts. I was on (Kansas) Coach (Bill) Self, during one of these exchanges, with my biggest camera when one of the ushers ran into me.

I received about a 3/4 inch cut over my right eye when my head was driven into the camera view finder. I never saw it coming. The usher did say he was sorry as he ran past me at another timeout. Also the Big 12 photo manager, watching that end of the floor, provided me with a towel and band-aids. He also inquired about calling for medical aid. I thanked him, but I wanted to continue shooting. This morning I'm okay. The cut is closed and the area around my right eye is sore. Wish I could say "you should see the other guy"!

Saying goodbye to Satch

By Jeff McMurray

New Connecting member **Jeff McMurray**, an AP editor on the Central Desk in Chicago, just lost a beloved friend, his cat, and wrote about the loss very touchingly in a Facebook post:

When I went to the Washington, D.C., animal shelter about a decade ago, my search was focused on finding a quiet little kitten - preferably an orange one (since everyone knows orange kittens are the nicest). There was only one such animal in the shelter, and she hissed at me and ...bit my fingers upon our first - and last - meeting. No deal. Determined to shop around, I was about to leave when one of the workers asked if I'd met Danny Boy - a gray and white adult cat (around 4 years old) who weighed a metric ton and never stopped talking (in fact, it was his verbosity that landed him behind bars in the first place). He was so far off from what I'd envisioned as my next pet, I was very skeptical approaching the cage - and even more so as he squawked incessantly as I pulled him out. But within seconds, he fell asleep on my lap, purring just as loudly as he had squawked. Other prospective adoptive parents at the shelter told me what I already know: "You have to take him home!"

I renamed Danny Boy as "Satch" (after Satchel Paige and Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong - two prominent figures featured in the Kansas City jazz and Negro League baseball museums), and he soon lived up to the Satchmo name, delivering every thought more as a musical riff than a meow. He lived with me for



about a year in D.C., five years in Lexington, then more than three years in Chicago, and he also made two road trips to Kansas City for Christmas - the latest this winter. The amazing thing was, while he would talk your ear off at home, he never complained about traveling - no matter the distance. He was willing to go where life took him, and for the most part, he lived well. That was particularly the case at my current apartment, owned by cat lovers and featuring a fenced-in backyard catering to a feline's every need.

Satch died yesterday completely unexpectedly. When I left in the morning he was in his usual window perch, but when I returned home, I found him unresponsive on the bathroom floor - one of his typical sleeping spots. Don't know how it happened or why, but as you can imagine, it was a rough night. I know many have paralleled the loss of a pet to the loss of a close human friend. While I'm not sure it's a completely fair comparison, there certainly are lessons about life and loss that you can learn from an animal.

There's no secret formula for choosing a friend. If age, color, weight or personality type were deal-breakers, Satch and I never would have had these 10 great years together. I'd like to believe he'd say the same thing about me - and no doubt frequently did.



Dudley welcomes to Connecting:

Steve Fox - worked 10 years in AP's Los Angeles bureau, alongside Bob Thomas.

Jeff McMurray - Worked in six AP bureaus, starting with Louisville in 1998, followed by Tallahassee, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. (as the Georgia-Alabama regional reporter), Lexington, Ky. (as the one-person correspondent covering news and sports) and Chicago, since 2010 where he is an editor on the Central Desk (including duties coordinating legislative and political reporting from the region). Native of Independence, Mo., and a 1997 graduate of the University of Missouri with degrees in journalism and political science.

Michael Rubin - worked in AP's Los Angeles bureau from 1967-1977.

Jeff Wilson - retired AP Los Angeles newsman.



Connecting wishes a Happy Birthday

to

Carl Leubsdorf

Gary Clark

Stories of interest...

Reuters Responds to Accusations Leveled at the Agency in the NY Times Lens Blog (Bob Daugherty)

-0-

Crimea's information war (Latrice Davis)

-0-

Dorian S. Nakamoto hires lawyer to 'clear his name' of bitcoin claim

-0-

Festival brings 13 plays including 'Rupert' to DC

-0-

When public officials skirt open meetings laws, what can we do?

-0-

Undercover TV Reports on School Security Raise Ethical Questions

-0-

UCD student paper stops publishing amid fee controversy (Bob Daugherty)

-0-

Colorado newspaper's 'weather graphic' explained: A kid drew it

-0-

US Government Is Finally Giving Up Control of the Internet

-0-

LAT fires investigative reporter after disclosure of 'inappropriate relationship' with source

-0-

Taking Photos Without Permission is Now Illegal in Hungary, Photographers Outraged

-0-

Man Known As Kissing Sailor From One Of History's Most Iconic Pictures Has Died

(Bill Beecham)

-0-

People who die can be virtually immortal in social media

Paul Stevens
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stevenspl@live.com

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