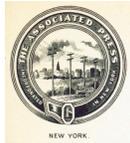

From: Paul Stevens [stevenspl@live.com]
Sent: Monday, June 16, 2014 9:51 AM
To: stevenspl@live.com
Subject: Connecting - June 16, 2014

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Connecting

June 16, 2014

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Colleagues,

Good morning, and here's to a great week!

Remembering our fathers

More Father's Day memories were shared by two Connecting colleagues, with several more to come this week. The holiday may have been Sunday but the love and memories are never ending.

[Peggy Walsh](#) - On this Father's Day, nearly 15 years after my dad died, he's with me every day, sitting on my shoulder, giving me advice. I remember things he told me. I quote him often and benefit every day from something he taught me.

I remember his integrity. He often joked that if one of us was arrested we could expect to see it on the front page because there were no favors for children of editors or publishers. At 16, I thought he could get me tickets to see the Dave Clark Five. He told me to pitch the paper on letting me write a story. It was my first byline. I spent summers working in the paper's morgue (later called the library), the women's section and the AP.



My first real impression of his job was the Kennedy assassination. We had moved to Phoenix from Dallas three years before. I still remember sitting with him watching TV on the Sunday Oswald was shot. He was telling me who was who in the picture and just before the shooting he said "that's Jack Ruby" (who frequently hung around the Times Herald and the police station). When Ruby shot, my dad jumped up, called the paper (he'd been working for several days straight) and started telling them what he knew.

It was while working summers at AP in 1974 when Barry Goldwater told The Phoenix Gazette that Richard Nixon would resign. As we typed the bulletin for the A wire, I was hooked. I decided to quit teaching and try to get a job with the AP. Dad pointed me in the right direction and told me I was on my own to prove I could do the job.

It was no surprise that Kevin and I ended up in journalism. Kevin, first with the Gannett paper in Guam and still with AP. Me at AP for 15 years and then with The New York Times. Mom was a reporter during World War II and Dad met her at the paper. Now 92, she was not only the love of his life, she was his career counselor and biggest asset. Both were proud of their one non-journalist offspring, Tim, who

became a lawyer. We often joked he could get us out of jail!

Dad counseled me through many things. As a one-time president of APME, he knew many AP people and hundreds of editors. At conventions and membership visits, there were many times I was asked "Are you Mason Walsh's daughter?" I'll never forget the first time someone asked Dad if he was Peggy Walsh's father. He loved sharing it with me.

As I sit here writing, my dad is on my shoulder saying "wrap it up Suzybelle" (a nickname he gave me in childhood).

So I'll do that by saying how lucky I am to be his daughter and how what he taught me about journalism and life lives on in me.

(Photo of Peggy and her father was taken in 1998, seven months before he died. Her dad, Mason Walsh, was former publisher of The Arizona Republic and The Phoenix Gazette. His son Kevin, Peggy's brother, is AP's regional director-West based in Portland.

Bob Meyers - My Dad had a long career as a high school math teacher, but with 8'children he often had three jobs.



Having grown up on a farm and trained as a seaplane mechanic in the U.S. Navy during WWII, he was always fixing things on the car and house. But those jobs were secondary to sporting activities. He and my mother met on a blind tennis date and summers were spent at the tennis courts. We kids could come along, play if there was an empty court or amuse ourselves nearby. The only rule was you couldn't interrupt their game unless there was blood flowing from your body.

Winter was ski season and Dad was sponsor of the ski club so some of us would be on the school buses heading to the Laurel Mountains in southwestern Pennsylvania on Friday nights and Saturday mornings throughout the winter. We just had to be back in time to board the bus and had money enough for a hot dog and a hot chocolate.

We celebrated my father's 90th in February with a hundred guests who know him from golf, tennis, church and "pickle ball" an indoor doubles game he took up when serving overhand became impossible for him.

A few days later on vacation in Georgia, he fell off his bike, but no serious injuries.

Yesterday as it rained, I remember my father sitting in a folding lawn chair in the garage looking out on a summer storm in the backyard with the basketball hoop, volleyball and badminton net that got a lot of use. The table was always ready for ping pong in the basement. He is always one active guy.

Former AP newsman Jim Hatton dies at 73

[Denis Gray](#) shared news on the death of **Jim Hatton**, who worked for the AP as a newsman in the United States, India, Philippines and briefly, with Denis, in Bangkok. Hatton retired in 1999 in Hawaii.

Denis asked his Connecting colleagues if they could help him locate an email address for **Phil Brown**, ex-AP Beijing and AP news editor in Tokyo who retired in 1998 to pass along the news of Hatton's death. Please drop Denis or me a note if you can help.

Here is Hatton's obituary:

James (Jim) W. Hatton, 73, Kansas City, MO, died Sunday, May 25, 2014. There will be a family graveside service on Thursday, June 5, at North Lawn Cemetery, Ft Dodge, IA. Jim was born on February 25, 1941, to Thomas Douglas and Virgie Irene Hatton in Ft. Dodge, IA. After service in the U.S. Army, he received his Bachelor's in English and Master's in journalism from Southern Illinois University. He started his career in journalism with the Southern Illinoisan newspaper before moving to the Cincinnati Inquirer. From there he joined the Associated Press and became a foreign correspondent in India and the Philippines, with a short assignment in New York. After leaving the AP he joined Stars and Stripes in Japan for two years and ended his career with Reuters in Singapore before retiring in 2000. After retiring, he lived in Hawaii before moving to Kansas City, MO, to be closer to family. He spent his retirement years by traveling throughout the world. He is survived by his sister-in-law, Lois Hatton of De Soto, KS, nephew, Doug Hatton of Baldwin City, KS, nieces Heather Hunley of Littleton, CO, and Ginger Hatton of Dillon, CO, and 1 grandnephew and 2 grandnieces. Online condolences may be sent at rumsey-yost.com

News of the AP

The reporter O.J. talks to:

From Manson to the Simpson case, AP's Linda Deutsch has chronicled LA's most sensational trials

His lawyers told him to keep his mouth shut, but that only seemed to make O.J.

Simpson want to talk more.



It was November 1995, a month after the Pro Football Hall of Famer had been found not guilty of the savage murders of his ex-wife Nicole and her friend Ronald Goldman.

In theory, Simpson was a free man, back at his mansion on Rockingham Drive in west Los Angeles after 15 months in an isolated 9-foot by 7-foot cell at the county jail with its

sliver of a window and thick concrete walls. Now he could wander through rooms at whim, go out to dinner and even leave town if he wanted to.

The only thing Simpson shouldn't do, his lawyers advised, was talk to the media. It was risky, since he was still the subject of a wrongful-death lawsuit filed by the Brown and Goldman families. There was also another incentive for staying quiet: He could eventually sell his story - an appealing prospect to Simpson, who was unemployed and on the hook for millions of dollars in legal fees.

But the truth was, Simpson was still a prisoner, even if he wasn't locked up. Once swarmed by adoring fans when he went out in public, he was now tainted by notoriety - tracked by the accusing eyes of people who believed he had gotten away with murder. All he wanted was for the world to see him as the old O.J., "the Juice." He was consumed by how the public viewed him, and suddenly, the temptation to talk, to give his side of it all, was too much to resist.

So on a random Thursday afternoon, Simpson picked up the phone and cold-called **Linda Deutsch**, a longtime Associated Press reporter who had spent nearly every day of the previous year sitting a few feet away from him in court faithfully chronicling the twists and turns of his double-murder case.

He could have called on any of the many celebrity journalists who were swarming the case, like Geraldo Rivera or Dominick Dunne, who wrote a monthly diary of the trial for Vanity Fair. Instead Simpson turned to Deutsch, a stalwart wire reporter who had been a fixture of the monolithic Los Angeles County Courthouse for three decades, covering every notable trial from Charles Manson to the Menendez brothers.

Click [here](#) to read the rest of the story. Shared by Paul Colford.

Stories of interest

[Eric Cantor's Defeat Exposed a Beltway Journalism Blind Spot](#) (Latrice Davis/Facebook)

It's now clear why the primary defeat of the House majority leader, Eric Cantor, came so completely out of the blue last week: Beltway blindness that put a focus on fund-raising, power-brokering and partisan back-and-forth created a reality distortion field that obscured the will of the people.

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[Life, After](#)

An accident in February cost the TV reporter Miles O'Brien his left arm. He soon discovered that every movement, no matter how small, requires rethinking.

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[Chelsea Manning on the U.S. Military and Media Freedom](#)

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kan. - WHEN I chose to disclose classified information in 2010, I did so out of a love for my country and a sense of duty to others. I'm now serving a sentence of 35 years in prison for these unauthorized disclosures. I understand that my actions violated the law

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[Tears and fears at The Inky](#)

The new owner of The Philadelphia Inquirer, H.F. "Gerry" Lenfest, wasn't back yet from his vacation in Vienna and Berlin. While Lenfest was away, leaders of the Newspaper Guild of Greater Philadelphia, which represents approximately 500 of the newspaper's 1,800 employees, were trying to talk Drew Katz, son of the late Lewis Katz, out of his announced intention of selling his father's \$16 million stake in the company to Lenfest.

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[What if Quality Journalism Isn't?](#)

By now you have probably already read the leaked Innovation Report from The New York Times. And if you haven't, you should. It provides a great overview of the challenges and thinking that are happening in the industry, not just for The New York Times, but for every newspaper and magazine.

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[A Paper Boat Navigating a Digital Sea](#)

It's Wednesday morning and 39 editors have filed in to the 10 a.m. meeting in The Times's third-floor conference room, some carrying laptops and smartphones, others with pens and notepads. The meeting, which until recently concentrated on the printed newspaper, now emphasizes a different discussion: journalism on the digital platforms of The Times. There was praise for headlines that had contained the right words - both "Eric" and "Cantor," in this case - to maximize online search results; a query about whether a story would be accompanied by a video; and talk about how to give a political package more weight on the home page.

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['How do we fit that wide photo on page one? Oh, I know!' \(Bob Daugherty\)](#)

SOON. VERY SOON.
To eager shoppers, the luxury mall taking shape at University Parkway and I-75 looks about ready for business. But there's "open," and "almost there."

HOT HOUSING, COOL REALITY
Key real estate indicator finds new market siding — thanks to a short supply of facebook, vacant new homes

BRAZIL TIP IN THE CLIP
The 2014 World Cup is under way, and the excitement is palpable. The U.S. national team is in Brazil, and the fans are cheering. The U.S. national team is in Brazil, and the fans are cheering.

NO ONE, not even those who cared the most, would say that Melissa Stoddard was easy to love.

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Paul Stevens
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stevenspl@live.com

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