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To: stevenspl@live.com
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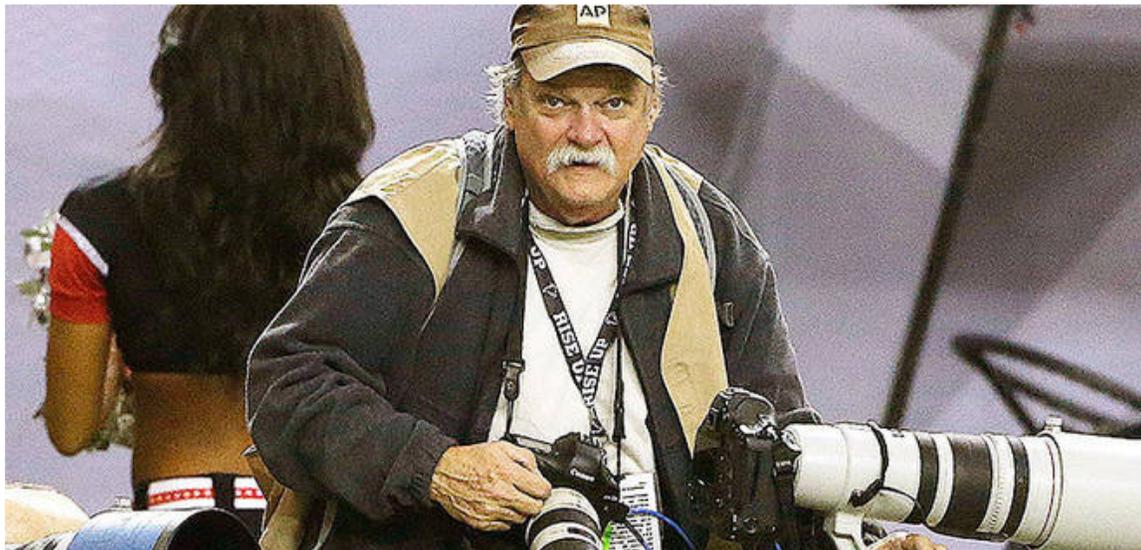
Connecting

July 1, 2014

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Remembering Dave Martin



Colleagues,

A celebration of the life of AP photographer **Dave Martin** will be held Saturday, July 12, in New Orleans.

Connecting colleague [Bill Haber](#) said a Crawfish Seafood lunch will be held at Audubon Park (St. Charles, across from Tulane) from noon until 5 p.m., and then activities move to a party at Molly's at the Market in the French Quarter (1107 Decatur Street) on Saturday night from 8 p.m. until ????. Thus far, more than 80 people from all over the country have committed to attending. Bill notes, "It should be a great gathering of people who cared deeply about Dave."

For more details, contact Bill at wfhaber@aol.com or by phone, 985-590-9108. Bill will share a story and photos from both events with Connecting.

Dave, longtime Associated Press photographer based in Montgomery, died of a heart attack after collapsing on the Georgia Dome field after the Chick-fil-A Bowl on New Year's Day 2014. He began his photo career at the Lakeland Ledger in Lakeland, Fla., in 1982 before joining the AP as a staff photographer in Montgomery in 1983. In 2004, Dave was named the AP's regional photo editor for the South.

Dave was at nearly every major news event in the South over the past 30 years, taking memorable images during Hurricane Katrina, the Gulf oil spill and the tornadoes that sliced through Alabama in 2011. He also traveled around the world for the AP, covering Super Bowls, Olympics, Ryder Cups and other sporting events, as well as political conventions, and conflicts in Afghanistan, Haiti and Iraq.

Known as "Mullet" to his many friends and colleagues, Dave built strong working relationships with AP member photographers and editors around the region, particularly those in Alabama.

Connecting delivery

The Connecting editor is on the road for a couple days this week, so there will be no newsletter on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. Please continue to send me your submissions and I will use them Thursday morning, and early next week.

Connecting mailbox

Violin is a fiddle

Joe Edwards, longtime AP Nashville music reporter, advised Connecting that in Monday's photo of the Beef Jerks band, the fiddle was misidentified as a violin. If anyone would know, it would be Joe - one of AP's finest during his 44-year career.

Paul Caluori, who was playing the instrument, was typically kind to Ye Olde Music Challenged Connecting editor. He said he had been playing it for more than 40 years and "I'm pretty comfortable calling it that! And an electric one at that. Truth is, the distinction is just a matter of playing style and I doubt that could be discerned from the picture, except for my form...which is that of a classical violinist."

Sharing some workplace pranks

[Kent Zimmerman](#)- You may have already received a report on this one from someone else who might have been involved in the prank that went awry in the Kansas City Bureau:

Broadcast Editor **Jim Bagby** had a beloved heavy gauge pica pole that he used to rip copy at his desk for many years. An enterprising colleague, who will remain anonymous, "kidnapped" said pica pole one day when Bagby was not in the bureau and started it on a worldwide journey. The little device made stops in Sweden, the Middle East, Rome (Ga.) and elsewhere before ending up in California during one of the political conventions. At each destination, the visit would be memorialized with a picture sent back to the Kansas City Bureau to let Bagby know his pica pole was still on tour. At that last stop, it was stuck in a sandy beach and photographed before it was carried away by a wave never to be seen again.

[Bob Daugherty](#)- I'll share a couple of cheap pranks that Washington photographers suffered.

In the day when photographers carried large camera bags filled with various gadgets we would occasionally slip a brick or a piece of lead or metal in the bottom of the bag. The unsuspecting photographer toted his weighty bag on assignments usually all day.

Another prank was a shocker. We all used strobes that had a 510 volt dry cell battery. When the battery became too weak it was swapped out for a new one. We would then solder two nearly invisible copper wires to the plus and minus terminals, wrap them around the battery and place them in someone's mail box. When handled across the two wires there was plenty of juice left in the batteries to give one a healthy shock.

On a rainy afternoon I got about a pint of perforator confetti from the communications department and poured in a staffer's umbrella. When he departed for the subway he opened the umbrella as he left the building. The little dots stuck to him to the guffaws of passersby.

Marc Wilson's "Hero Street USA" book honored

Connecting colleague [Marc Wilson](#) shares the following:

LAS VEGAS - The International Latino Book Awards has, for the third time, honored a book about Hero Street U.S.A. in Silvis, Ill.

Moira Bailey was honored with a second place for her translation of Hero Street U.S.A. from English to Spanish. The award was announced Saturday, June 28, at an awards ceremony held in Las Vegas in conjunction with the American Library Association's annual convention.

"The nation's librarians are committed to helping improve diversity in reading, so these awards should help us spread the word throughout the country," said Kirk Whistler, director of Latino Literacy Now, organizer of the book awards.

The same organization honored Hero Street U.S.A., authored by former AP newsman Marc Wilson, as the best history/political book in 2010.

The Spanish-language version of the same book was honored with a first place in 2013 by the International Latino Book Awards.

Ms. Bailey, a resident of Mexico City, translated the book, which was published in Mexico by the University of Guanajuato. The English-language version was published by the University of Oklahoma Press. The book tells the story of eight Mexican-American men from one street who were killed in action in World War II.

The eight heroes are Tony Pompa, who was killed when his bomber was shot down over Italy; Frank Pompa, who was killed in battle while building the Burma Road; Willie Sandoval, who died trying to reach the "bridge too far" in Belgium; Claro Solis, who was killed during the Battle of the Bulge; Peter Masias, who was killed parachuting into Germany; Joseph Sandoval, who was killed in the last days of World War II in Europe; Joe Gomez, who died in a firefight in Korea; and Johnny Mu~nos, who was killed in Korea when his foxhole was bombed. Heroes Frank and Joe Sandoval are brothers.

Richard Pyle: A Mystery Letter

After I was named AP bureau chief in Saigon in 1970, one of the first pieces of mail landing on my desk was a letter marked "personal" from then-General Manager Wes Gallagher in New York.

Nothing remarkable in that, but given Gallagher's reputation as the gruff, gimlet-eyed man of few words, you never knew. Any such missive from 50 Rock had to be approached with trepidation.

So after warily circling the envelope a few times, I opened it. Inside was a letter addressed not just to me, but to all AP bureau chiefs, foreign and domestic, who were supposed to share its content with member publishers and editors. While I don't recall the exact words, it cited journalistic standards and practices that AP bureaus and staffers were expected to follow.

Nothing remarkable in that, either - until I got to a sentence that stopped me in my tracks. It said (paraphrasing here) that "the Associated Press never sacrifices speed for accuracy."

What? That doesn't seem right, I said to myself. Or does it? Let me read that again. And again. And again. Was I reading it wrong? Was I missing something?

I remember putting the letter down, letting it languish, and picking it up again. Nothing had changed. To make sure I wasn't delusional, I asked George Esper, Michael Putzel and other bureau colleagues to read the letter separately and tell me what it said. All concurred that whoever wrote the letter had reversed the words "speed" and "accuracy," and whoever proof-read it failed to notice.

We agreed that AP should be alerted, and of course it fell to me to give WG the bad news. I have no memory of what I wrote - or of his reply, except that it was a long time coming, and terse. even for Gallagher. Nor do I have any idea of what happened. The oddest part of this episode was that I have never met another AP bureau chief, nor anyone at 50 Rock, who ever saw or heard of this letter.



Connecting wishes Happy Birthday

to

[Jeff McMurray](#)

Stories of interest

[My two days inside the Obama bubble](#) (Brian Horton)



From St. Paul Pioneer Press photographer Ben Garvin's blog, Flash Garvin:

I've photographed the president many times, but have never been in the traveling pool (except for VP Biden). When he came for a visit this past Thursday and Friday I had the chance both days. Fun! Being in the pool means the photos we take should be made available to other outlets should they request them. It also means much better access.

Anyway, I thought I'd share what the experience was like. Before we met Air Force One at the airport we had to go through a number of security clearances, sniffley dogs, super beefy Secret Service folks, etc. Four local journalists were allowed in the traveling press pool (two from the the Strib and the excellent Bill Salisbury and I from the Pioneer Press). I quickly learned photographers were permitted to tweet photos live but writers had to first file official pool reports to the White House, THEN tweet or post stories. It's a weird restriction considering I was able to tweet stuff right away that was sorta

newsworthy (the president went to Matt's Bar!).



As we were waiting for Air Force One to land the airport was entirely silent. No traffic in any direction. In the silence I nervously switched lenses and but was unable to reattach my wide angle. Oh no! My lens was malfunctioning and the president was landing in 2 minutes! So frustrating and nerve racking. I tried and tried to no avail. So I packed up the lens

and had only my super long 400mm.

I photographed the president coming off the plane, greeting the Governor and other folks, but then Obama walked quickly over to a group of supporters to shake hands. We were brought in really close, way too close for a long lens. iPhone to the rescue! I made some images of him greeting people, etc., and then were whisked off to join the president's traveling press (wire services, NYT's, LA Times, etc). The fish eye photo above was also with my iPhone with an added Olliclip lens.

Click the headline to read on.

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Investigating Powerful Institutions: Inside and Out (An outsider's perspective)

Matt Apuzzo is a reporter for The New York Times in Washington, where he focuses on criminal justice and national security. He spent 11 years as a correspondent and investigative reporter with the AP. Apuzzo, Adam Goldman, Chris Hawley and Eileen Sullivan of The Associated Press won the 2012 Pulitzer Prize for Investigative Reporting for their months-long series outlining the New York Police Department's surveillance of minority and particularly Muslim neighborhoods since the 9/11 terror attacks. The following was presented at the 2014 IRE Conference in San Francisco.



Read: Read everything that's been written. Do a Nexis search for your organization, going back at least five years. If you're looking into a large organization - Pfizer, the CIA, General Electric - narrow your search with keywords: *Pfizer and sales representatives. CIA and Russia. General Electric and medical devices.* Select every story that is even remotely relevant. Sort chronologically. Save it to a PDF. Put it in on all your devices and read it whenever you have a moment - on the subway, before bed, while you're on hold, while you're having coffee. As you read, write down all the names you come across. This is the public history of your organization.

Meet: You have your starting list of people. Now think broadly about others who have information that can help you. If you're covering a company, for instance, you don't just want the usual suspects - the flacks and the executives. You need to think about the organization as a network of people who have some stake in the company. There lawyers, inside and outside. Worker bees and midlevel managers. Retirees. Shippers. Contractors. Union organizers. Analysts. Politicians. Economic development officials. Whistleblowers. Competitors. Suppliers. Regulators. Lobbyists. Even if you don't know who these people are, add the job titles to your list of names.

If you're a beat reporter trying to understand an organization, your Rolodex isn't close to complete until you've got sources throughout this network. If you're investigating a

specific aspect of an organization, you can focus your inquiry more quickly on relevant areas.

Finding people is easier now than ever before. LinkedIn and Facebook graph search are two great places to start. Surprisingly Google Plus is not bad either. Even though nobody uses it, Google has made signing up basically mandatory for any Google user, and many people fill out their profiles.

When it comes to finding people, the difference between success and failure is often the willingness to be rejected. Banish the thoughts "She won't talk to me," or "He'll never meet with me" from your brains. This is not a junior high school dance. You will not be shamed Monday morning if you put yourself out there and get turned down.

Pick up the phone. Send an email. Write a letter. Go to their homes unannounced. Each has its advantages and disadvantages. But consider this: You would never tell a stranger about what an idiot your boss is while you're sitting in the middle of your office, talking on the phone.

In your meetings with people, listen for ways information moves through your organization. Look for pockets of power and influence beyond the front office. How do you do that? By asking who makes decisions, who controls the budget, whose opinion matters. As you work through your list of people, ask for suggestions on whom to talk to next. Ask if you can use their name. Better yet, ask if they'll set something up for you.

For publicly traded companies, analysts are fantastic source of information and it's incredible how terribly journalists use them. Analysts get paid to understand organizations. They have exclusive access to executives and documents. Reporters should care less about what analysts know and more about how they know it. Can they pull up their notes, or a recording, from that old analyst call with the CEO? Yes. Do they know which regulators have become particularly cozy with management? Absolutely. Do they know who really calls the shots, what the feds are looking for with that subpoena or how the company has managed to get around the new accounting regulations? For sure.

Documents: Generally, there are two kinds of documents. Revelatory documents and roadmap documents. The key email, the internal report, the explosive audit: These are revelatory documents. They are the backbone of many a great story and many a great IRE panel (so much so that I won't spend a ton of time here on all the great ways to find those documents). But as a strategy, always be thinking: Where would it be written down, who would have it, and what would that document be called? Everything is written down somewhere.

Roadmap documents are much less sexy, but just as important. Phone directories. Organizational charts. Annual reports. Legal opinions. Flow charts. Policy documents. (Even better, drafts of policy documents!). Look for places where your organization intersects with the government, and you'll find public records there. Is it regulated? Does it have to file paperwork with the government? Does it receive state or federal

money? Does it try to influence the government? Are its facilities inspected, its real properties taxed? What does it own? Does it invent things and seek patents?

One of my favorite sources of roadmap documents is lawsuits, because of all the discovery documents - depositions, emails, etc. - that comes with them. Even if they aren't at all related to what I'm investigating, they give me access points and help me understand the culture. I also love divorce records and bankruptcy records.

The people you will meet on your journey: There are many types of people, of course, but the most helpful often fit into one (or more) of these categories. Recognizing them can help you understand how they are using you and what they can offer.

The scorned lover: He loved this organization and, in the end, it didn't love him back or didn't live up to his ideals. Often he's using you to settle scores or ease his conscience. But whistleblowers often fit here too.

The only guy with half a brain: Everyone else is an idiot. His brilliance is unappreciated. He likes your attention because obviously you see how smart he is. He knows what the problems are and why they exist. He's using you to show the world how smart he is, or just as an ego boost.

The charmer: She's talking to you because she thinks she's smart enough to manipulate your reporting. She's often got juicy tips. She's using you to off her rivals, advance her career, or keep you from looking too closely at her own issues.

The suicide bomber: He's in trouble. He's using you to take the organization down with him.

The archivist: She is actually also a member of one of the previous categories. But she has the added benefit of having kept a home office as a shrine to her career and the organization. She won't tell you right off the bat, but if she's mentioning documents and emails and reports as she talks, it's a good sign that she keeps copies. She's using you for one of the aforementioned reasons.

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[New York Times Reporter Apologizes To Iraqi Journalists After 'Bribe' Tweets](#)

NEW YORK -- New York Times foreign correspondent Rod Nordland apologized to Iraqi journalists on Monday after claiming in a series of tweets this past weekend that an Iraqi army official had given cash payments to members of the press. Nordland stood by his allegation that several Iraqi journalists accepted envelopes with cash following Saturday's news conference with army spokesman Lt. Gen. Qassim Atta. But in a statement, Nordland emphasized that he didn't intend to lump all Iraqi journalists together.

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Why I Left 60 Minutes

Charles Lewis for Politico Magazine:

Ernest Hemingway famously said that "the most essential gift for a good writer is a built-in, shock-proof shit detector. This is the writer's radar and all great writers have had it." He was talking about the novelist, I suppose. But his dictum applies to the investigative journalist, in spades. It is the born reporter who insistently, even masochistically, clings to the notion that things are not what they outwardly seem and pursues the hidden truth in any situation even when other people prefer to ignore it. For most people this simply is not normal human activity.

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Supreme Court Declines to Review Case Over Ads on Public TV

A law restricting advertising on public television will remain in place after the Supreme Court refused to review a case in which a San Francisco station challenged its FCC fine for airing messages from a bevy of commercial sponsors. Minority Television Project, the license holder for public television station KMTP-TV in San Francisco, sought to overturn lower court rulings that upheld a 1981 law that restricts public stations from airing ads for commercial products or political candidates. The station also said that the court should reconsider a 1969 Supreme Court decision that allowed the government to place some restrictions on broadcast content, arguing that the media landscape had changed so much in the last 45 years. It contended that it didn't make sense that stations had limits on First Amendment protections while other media do not.

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New NPR Chief, Jarl Mohn, Vows to Foster Diversity

Photo Jarl Mohn, center, who will become chief executive of NPR this week, with A Martínez, left, and Alex Cohen. Credit Image by J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times

When Jarl Mohn takes the helm as NPR's chief executive on Tuesday, he will call on lessons learned from public radio in Los Angeles to address what he says is one of NPR's most pressing priorities: increasing its reach into communities of color. Mr. Mohn, who was named to the NPR post on May 9, was chosen in part because of the strong record of diversity at Southern California Public Radio, parent of the Los Angeles station KPCC, where until recently he was the board chairman.

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Timberwolves owner closes Star Tribune purchase

Minnesota Timberwolves owner and printing company billionaire Glen Taylor

completed his purchase of the Star Tribune on Monday, the newspaper said. Terms were not disclosed, but Taylor has put the purchase price at around \$100 million, the Star Tribune (<http://strib.mn/1jD0zaL>) reported.

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Village Voice staffers' demands include better pay *and* decent coffee (Bob Daugherty)

From the Village Voice union:

Hi other reporters,

This is a press release. It can be attributed to the Village Voice Bargaining Unit. (We all stood around a keyboard and took turns pecking at the keys.)

Village Voice union members, represented by UAW Local 2110, will hold a one-hour demonstration TODAY, Monday, June 30, from noon to 1 o'clock in front of our offices at 80 Maiden Lane. We'll be the people in orange t-shirts.

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What It's Like To Get Laid (Off)

Phil Villarreal, posted Friday, June 27:

I lost my job of 17 years today. I must have left it under my bed, or maybe it fell out of my pants pocket when I was using the bathroom.

The Arizona Daily Star, which plucked me out of the crib (or out of college as an 18-year-old freshman sportswriter -- can't quite recall) and later gave me the greatest job I ever had -- 8 glorious years as a movie critic -- eliminated my regional reporter position.



This wasn't the way I'd pictured leaving. I fantasized that one day I'd be scooped up by a giant magazine or newspaper, back when such things existed, and give a tearful farewell speech that everyone in the newsroom hoped ended soon so they could cut up my goodbye cake and get back to work.

Instead, there were no tears or cake. Just as I was about to head off to lunch, I got a single-ring call on my desk phone. That's usually a sign of trouble. An editor was maybe calling me from across the room about a problem in one of my stories, or possibly an angry caller had been transferred over. I expected urgency on the other end of the line, but instead was greeted by a calm, soothing voice of an HR director, asking if I could stop by her office.

I instinctively grabbed my phone, fearing the worst. As I lumbered downstairs, I sorted through my mental files, wondering if I had done anything controversial that would merit a verbal rap on the fist. Coming up empty, I shoved the fears out of the way, hoping that HR was calling everyone down one by one to give them a rundown about some new policy change or handbook adjustment. I had worried about layoffs for many of the past several years, but strangely had slipped into a comfort zone, assuming that my job was as safe as any, and that the herd had been thinned out as much as possible for the time being.

As soon as I stepped into the office and saw a higher-up waiting for me, I knew what was going on. Like my cancer-stricken dog, Goose, when he felt the piercing of the vet's life-ending syringe in his neck, I accepted my fate with solemn dignity. Or apathy? I was told I'd be paid for the remainder of the day, receive a last paycheck and lose my benefits at midnight. They asked me to hand over my badge and lanyard and told me they'd box up all the junk in my desk for me and ship it home. The upshot, encased in kindness, was that I'd never be allowed to go anywhere near my desk again. Just like that, it was no longer my desk, but just a desk.

I was handed a two-page contract that offered me a severance check in return for my signature. To get my hands on that money I would have signed a sworn affidavit accepting responsibility for the Kennedy assassination, the Hindenburg disaster and New Coke, so I didn't much care about the specifics. Still, I read every word, signed two copies and was escorted to the parking lot by a tiny little security guard who surprised me by not selling me Girl Scout cookies afterward.

So off I drove, jobless for the first time in forever. I'd need to sort through my career prospects and contacts, see about rolling over my 401(k) (into my wallet!), check if I could somehow get Obamacare before my insurance card turned into a pumpkin at midnight, change all my social media passwords that my old computer remembered and, most urgently, finally get that lunch.

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