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**Sent:** Saturday, July 12, 2014 9:56 AM  
**To:** stevenspl@live.com  
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# Connecting

July 12, 2014

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Colleagues,

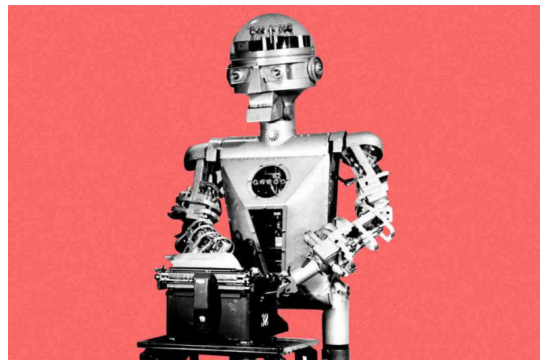
Good morning!

Leading off with a great read from New York Magazine based on AP's recent announcement that it will use software to produce robot-written corporate earnings reports.

## **Robots Are Invading the News Business, and It's Great for Journalists**

**By Kevin Roose**  
**New York Magazine**

Earlier this week, one of my business-beat colleagues got assigned to recap the quarterly earnings of Alcoa, the giant metals company, for the Associated Press. The reporter's story began: "Alcoa Inc. (AA) on Tuesday reported a second-quarter profit of \$138 million,



reversing a year-ago loss, and the results beat analysts' expectation. The company reported strong results in its engineered-products business, which makes parts for industrial customers, while looking to cut costs in its aluminum-smelting segment."

It may not have been the most artful start to a story, but it got the point across, with just enough background information for a casual reader to make sense of it. Not bad. The most impressive part, though, was how long the story took to produce: less than a second.

That impossible-sounding deadline was possible because the AP's story wasn't written by a person at all. It was the product of a piece of software - a robot, really - created by a Durham, North Carolina-based company called Automated Insights. The AP announced last month that it would use Automated Insights' software, called Wordsmith, to produce up to 4,440 robot-written corporate-earnings reports per quarter, more than ten times the number its human reporters currently produce. When Alcoa's earnings report hit the wire that day, the data was instantly compiled by a firm called Zacks Investment Research and passed through the AP's proprietary algorithm, which pulled out key numbers and phrases and matched them against other contextual information. In milliseconds, the software produced a full story written in AP style, indistinguishable from one made with human hands. In short order, the story appeared on many AP member sites, including NPR, Hawaii News Now, and KAIT8. (According to an Automated Insights spokesman, human AP employees were involved in editing and adding to the Alcoa story after the fact, but the AP has said that in the future, the process for many stories will be fully automated.)

By this point, we're no longer surprised when machines replace human workers in auto factories or electronics-manufacturing plants. That's the norm. But we hoity-toity journalists had long assumed that our jobs were safe from automation. (We're knowledge workers, after all.) So when the AP announced its new automated workforce, you could hear the panic spread to old-line news desks across the nation. Unplug the printers, Bob! The robots are coming!

I'm not an alarmist, though. In fact, I welcome our new robot colleagues. Not only am I not scared of losing my job to a piece of software, I think the introduction of automated reporting is the best thing to happen to journalists in a long time.

For one thing, humans still have the talent edge. At the moment, the software created by Automated Insights is only capable of generating certain types of news stories - namely, short stories that use single-source data as an input, and whose output follows a regular pattern. The software's algorithms comb data feeds for facts and key trends, and combine them with historical data and other contextual information to

form narrative sentences. Currently, Automated Insight's software is being used to write fantasy-football recaps for Yahoo Sports and internal sales reports for Fortune 500 companies, create real-estate listings, and do other, similar types of simple reporting. The Los Angeles Times has even built automated earthquake-reporting software, which was put to the test earlier this year.

Robot-generated stories aren't all fill-in-the-blank jobs; the more advanced algorithms use things like perspective, tone, and humor to tailor a story to its audience. A robot recapping a basketball game, for example, might be able to produce two versions of a story using the same data: one upbeat story that reads as if a fan of the winning team had written it; and another glum version written from the loser's perspective.

But these robots, as sophisticated as they are, can't approach the full creativity of a human writer. They can't contextualize Emmy snubs like Matt Zoller Seitz, assail opponents of Obamacare like Jonathan Chait, or collect summer-camp sex stories like Maureen O'Connor. My colleagues' jobs (and mine, knock wood) are too complex for today's artificial intelligence to handle; they require human skills like picking up the phone, piecing together data points from multiple sources, and drawing original, evidence-based conclusions.

The stories that today's robots can write are, frankly, the kinds of stories that humans hate writing anyway. I should know; at my last job at the New York Times, I was occasionally called on to write quick recaps of corporate earnings, much like the ones the AP's robots now write. It was a miserable early-morning task that consisted of pulling numbers off a press release, copying them into a pre-written outline, affixing a headline, and publishing as quickly as possible so that traders would know whether to buy or sell. The stories were inevitably excruciatingly dull, and frankly, a robot probably could have done better with them. (The bot could at least have given some spark to a sentence like "BlackRock, the asset management giant, reported a fourth-quarter profit of \$555 million, down 16 percent from a year ago.")

If the Times had used an earnings-story robot rather than passing the task to cub reporters, I could have spent my mornings working on stories that required actual human intelligence - profiles, trend pieces, voice-driven analysis. This is exactly why I'm not worried about the coming of the robot-reporters: rather than putting us out of work, it might free us up to do more of the kinds of work we actually like.

Robbie Allen, the CEO of Automated Insights and a former Cisco engineer, agrees. "The publishing industry at large is facing lots of challenges with its business model, and new things have to be tried out," he told me in an interview this week. But he insisted that "new things" doesn't just mean

mass layoffs. "I'm not worried for reporters at all," he said. "Our technology simulates what a data analyst does. It doesn't simulate what a reporter does all that well."

What a robot can do, Allen said, is churn out stories at a superhuman pace. Last year, Wordsmith, the company's software, produced 300 million stories - more than every other media outlet in the world combined. This year, Wordsmith is expected to work even harder - producing more than a billion stories. Few of these will be gripping reads. Most will be sports recaps, personalized financial reports, or other commodified, just-the-facts types of news. But together, they'll make up the biggest feat of news production in the history of the world. More isn't necessarily better, of course, but there's something to knowing that whatever obscure sports team you're following, whichever esoteric stock you're curious about, there will be a full, readable report waiting for you, instantly, at every turn.

"Most of our implementations have not been replacing what already exists," Allen said. "You can't find reporters who are willing to write ten thousand fantasy football recaps a week."

Ken Doctor, an independent analyst who studies the news industry, told me this week that the rise of robot reporting is a product of the times - both technologically and in terms of the troubled economics of the news industry, which has led media organizations to search for ways to reduce their costs. "The robots are just another tool of new journalism," he said. In the future, Doctor predicts, robots won't just be reporters' competitors. They'll collaborate with us by preparing data-dense paragraphs that we can then supplement with our own analysis, producing a hybrid story that's better than our human efforts alone.

"Journalism is becoming a more highly skilled job," Doctor said. "Simply showing up, in the Woody Allen sense - being able to read a press release or interview a single person, and write up a story that is understandable in 750 words - that's not going to be enough. The optimistic part of this is that we'd use computers to do the basic work of organizing facts, and that the judgment and analysis, the interpretation, the experience is brought to it by humans."

Robot assistance may even spur human reporters to do our jobs better. With software producing the equivalent of old-school "clip files" for us, we'll essentially have full-time research assistants. The information in our stories will be more accurate, since it will come directly from data feeds and not from human copying and pasting, and we'll have to issue fewer corrections for messing things up. Plus, with our nuts-and-bolts reporting out of the way, we'll be able to focus on the kinds of stories that educate and entertain readers in a deep way, rather than just dragging simple information from Point A to Point B. Perhaps we'll even start sprucing up

our basic news stories, just to prove to readers that they're not written with automated help. ("Could a robot have made a Beyoncé reference like this?")

I'm not trying to be overly flip. The world needs earnings reports and sports recaps, and right now, it's someone's job to write them. The automation of news will, in all certainty, reduce the need for human reporters, especially at the local and regional levels, where funding is sparse. And as the technology behind content-creating robots gets more sophisticated, their reach will extend to other types of news. TV recaps, aggregated blog posts, sports analysis, political campaign coverage, BuzzFeed listicles - all of these could, conceivably, be automated, and the humans currently producing them could be cut out of the picture. The robots could even make inroads into PR and communications; according to Allen, several political organizers, including some former Obama campaign staffers, have already reached out to Automated Insights about using Wordsmith to create personalized voter outreach emails.

But even in the worst-case scenario, the rise of automated reporting is much, much less dangerous for the career prospects of journalists than the basic economic difficulties that are already facing the news business - the migration of print content online, the dry-up of advertising revenue, et cetera. That's reassuring on some level, and terrifying on another. But the upshot is that the robot revolution isn't something for most writers to fear. If anything, it will only make our jobs easier and more fun. We should be celebrating the rise of machines that can supplement and assist us in our jobs, while doing the most banal parts of our workloads for us.

After all, if we wanted to do something mindless and repetitive with our lives, we'd have become robots.

### **Prominent editor, activist John Seigenthaler dies at 86**



NASHVILLE, Tenn. - John Seigenthaler, a legendary Tennessee journalist,

intimate confidante to two near-presidents and fierce advocate for racial equality, died Friday. He was 86. Seigenthaler passed away peacefully at home, surrounded by family. "We celebrate his life - his devotion to social justice, his advocacy of human rights, and his enduring loyalty to friends and family," said his son, John Michael Seigenthaler. "He was proud of his hometown, Nashville, and grateful for the opportunity to share his energy and passion with this community."

Click [here](#) for the rest of the USA Today story.

Connecting colleague **Lou Boccardi**, former AP president and CEO, recalled Seigenthaler as "an extraordinary man. There's always wariness about connections between politics and journalism, but John rose in both worlds, esteemed as an editor and, at other moments, an esteemed activist on issues at the center of American life. It may be that in an age of internet-enabled hyper-scrutiny, that kind of a role is impossible. But in another day, at another time, John made it work and won universal respect as he did so.

## Connecting mailbox

### Landing in Tel Aviv amid missile attacks

[Marcus Eliason](#) - retired as an AP correspondent for more than 45 years, part of them in Israel, including during the 1991 Gulf War in which Iraqi missiles hit the country, currently is holidaying in Israel with his wife (shown with Marcus in a recent photo) and daughter and filed this report:



Less than 24 hours after Eva and I landed in Tel Aviv, we experienced our first missile attack. The sirens whooped and howled (flashback to Gulf War !!) and a half minute or so later I looked out of the window and saw two finely etched white trails knifing across a cloudless sky. Seconds later we heard two booms. (As best as I could later figure, what I saw in the sky were interceptors fired by the Iron Dome anti-missile system.)

We're with our daughter Avital in a third-floor apartment in central Tel Aviv and I think that only with instant reflexes would we have had any chance of getting to the ground-floor bomb shelter.

There have been other attacks overnight and this morning. One of them hit a gas station at Ashdod, a port city about 20 miles south of Tel Aviv. Shortly before this morning's attack we were watching the wrecked vehicles being

hauled away. Initial reports spoke of several injured. So I guess we're lucky today.

Now we're heading out to do a little sightseeing. Friday is a great day in Tel Aviv and the weather is very hot and just perfect.

## Summer fun

[Pete Leabo](#), retired AP photojournalist, is enjoying the water as this photo demonstrates.



He writes:

Ok, so it's only 58 degrees ... but the water is FLAT!!! The first ski of the season on Long Lake in northern Wisconsin feels so great! Working remotely for IBM, I can work from anywhere with a phone and internet connection, including our summer cabin on the shore of Long Lake. When done with conference calls and emails, there's always time for a quick ski to clear the mind. I spend 1-2 months each summer at our rustic family retreat in the north woods of Wisconsin. In fact, I've been spending summer vacation in at the cabin in Wisconsin for 58 years ... and I'm only 57. (Special thanks to Bob Leland, my best friend since Jr. HS in Texas, for the photo. As a childhood friend, Bob came with our family to Wisconsin. Now he brings his family to vacation in the same place we spent our summers.)

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The look on Washington newswoman [Libby Quaid](#)'s face says it all.





She is shown here teaching Music Together, an early childhood music program, on Capitol Hill. Her daughter is part of the group of the young musicians.

## Connecting mailbox

### The many faces - and spellings - of Joy

[Joy Stilley](#) - When I was features editor at Newsfeatures I got a lot of mail, much of it so humorously misaddressed to me that I started a collection. Most were from PR people who apparently had called the AP switchboard to ask the name of the features editor, then either misheard the answer or couldn't read their own writing. Thus Joy Stilley often became Joyce Dilley, Joyce Tilley or, sometimes, Joyce Silly.

Among my souvenirs: Joy Stiles, Joy Stilling; Joy Stikly; Joy Spilley; Joy Stillen, Joyce Ftilley; Ms. Joyce Joy; Joynce Stulley; Joy Stillyer; Joy Scilley; Joyse Illey; Joy Stillway; Joy Stillney; Joy Stilleu; Joy Stillui; Joy Stetley; Joy Stitley ;Joyce Stileey; Joyce Hilley; Joy Schiller; Joy Stilby; Joyce Stilli; Joy Stitney; Joyce Sulley; Joy Stolley; Joy Swilley; Joy Slilley; Joy Stieley; Joy Dealy; Joyce Stillry.

Sometimes the last name was correct but Joy became Julie Stilley, Eve Stilley, Ivy Stilley, June Stilley, Joan Stilley, Jody Stilley, Voy Stilley, Lay Stilley, Joh Stilley, Sou Stilley, Jot Stilley, Joey Stilley, Pat Stilley, Jill Stilley,



Jane Stilley.

Some were addressed to MR. Stilley: Jay, Joe, George, Jon, Guy. A few were less than flattering, including one to Mr. Dog Stilley, Joy Stillyey, Joy Syillez, Joy Stilloey, Ms. Kpu Shlley; Joy Stillery; Joyce Stillink; Joyce Silley and Ms. Jolly Stilley. So I was happy to find an envelope addressed to Joy St.Illey.

And finally, my name was right but the address was News Teachers Department.

## **Al and Lou**

[Charlotte Porter](#) was among several who wrote to say that Al Pacino (right) should get the role of Lou Boccardi in a planned movie "Truth" in which Robert Redford will play former CBS journalist Dan Rather in the film about the controversy surrounding Rather's 2004 report that former President George W. Bush received special treatment while in the National Guard.



She writes: Seems to me that when the overnight crew in NY was casting "The General Desk Movie," we picked Al Pacino as LDB. Bruce Dern for Bill Ahearn, though I thought John Glover was a better choice. Wish I could remember who was tapped for Marty Sutphin. And I'm keeping mum on the rest.

## **Norm Clarke reminiscing on a memorable birthday**

[Norm Clarke](#) wrote to say that he was "reminiscing, again, on Facebook this week. This time about my Hemingway-esqe adventure on my 36th birthday on July 8, 1978." Here goes:

I was in Pamplona, Spain on July 8, 1978, a Cincinnati AP staffer celebrating my 36th birthday and channeling Hemingway (in lifestyle not skill). It was a riot. Literally. That night during the 6 p.m. bullfight, after our 8 a.m. run (with three students from Duke University), all hell broke loose.

It started with drunks pelting some policemen with seat cushions. The cops in turn, and in classic overreaction, started tossing tear gas into the crowd of 10,000. And the riot was on.

I was just arriving at the bullring with my movie camera so I shot footage of the ensuing chaos until I was nearly shot. Should have listened to people who warned us Americans to never point a camera at the Guardia Civil.

They were firing from the bullring concourses into the crowd gathered in a plaza in front of the venue. I was under the impression they were shooting rubber bullets into an angry crowd that was chatting "assassins" in Spanish and throwing rocks at the soldiers. Then I saw bloody protesters being carried away and I questioned whether live ammunition was being used.

This wasn't college kids celebrating spring. This was pure rage, on both sides. It quickly escalated, with cop cars overturned and burning. I saw cops with handguns taking cover behind one of their cars. This went on for maybe two hours, when, suddenly, there was a heavy volley of gunfire and screaming and a roar. Military or police reinforcements had arrived and they were dispersing the big crowd in the plaza.

And where was I when the charge came? Moments before I had the bright idea of climbing a metal pole in the middle of the plaza, with the movie camera around my neck. As I reached a point where I could drape myself over a street sign, I didn't even get the camera pulled up when the counter-attack erupted. I slid down the pole like it was greased and sprinted like hell, since i was now the closest target to many of the cops. The crowd scattered.

As i ran down a sidewalk toward the river, a whooshing sound went past my right ear. It was a tear gas canister and it landed in front of me, billowing white smoke as we ran past it. Missed my head by inches.

Pamplona was pitch black that night. No streetlights, no lights in the packed bars. Just an occasional police rocket that illuminated the famed cobblestoned streets amid sporadic gunfire. While wandering the streets about 3 am I came around a corner and realized i had walked into a large, very quiet crowd. Several hundred.

In the dim light they were watching someone climbing up the facade of a huge stone building. Then I saw figures in many windows. It was a police station and the climber was nearing one of the windows where police waited with machine guns. I got the hell out of there. Had enough adventure for one night. A day later the headlines in the Paris Herald Tribune reported several killed and many injured in the Pamplona riots. I felt like I had lived out a chapter in a Hemingway book.

Here's the postscript: When I returned from Europe several days later, I stayed over in New York to say hello to some AP colleagues. I told a bunch of 'em the harrowing Pamplona story.

Next thing I know I get called into an executive office (Lou Boccardi's, I believe) and he said "I hear you have some footage of the Pamplona riots." They wanted to develop the shooting scenes I had taken with the movie camera. I had no idea what I had on film but I knew people were killed.

Someone asked if I would be willing to go on NBC's "Today" show the next morning. I agreed and was in the greenroom at the appointed time. NBC's handlers told me they had a guest going on before me and I might be bumped to the next day. Would I be willing to stay in New York City another day? Sit tight and let's see how it goes, they said.

I was sitting there, nervous as hell, but not as nervous as a guy who came in and sat about 10 feet away from me. Just the two of us. No chit chat. He was a chain-smoking fiend. He was there to promote the movie, "Animal House."

He went on the show and was hilarious. Hungover, I think, but hilarious. I was now beyond nervous, knowing i had to follow that act.

I was incredibly relieved when a Today show rep informed me they ran out of time. Could I come back the next day? I declined. I was ready to go home to Montana for a few days.

As for my greenroom companion, I'll always regret I didn't walk over and introduce myself to the great John Belushi.

### **Final word on the Pica Pole Prank**

[Cliff Schiappa](#) - Okay. Stop the waterboarding, I confess. It was I who last saw Jim Bagby's Pica Pole.

Weary from its world travels, the pole needed to re-connect with its domestic roots. So I took custody of the pole and photographed it in different locales, including tied to a railroad track in Charlottesville, VA (ransom money never arrived) and finally on the west coast in Santa Monica, CA where the pole went for a dip in the Pacific Ocean. I must admit the wave was bigger than I expected. The final photograph shows it firmly planted in the sand, surrounded by water rushing out from the shore. Suddenly the pica pole lost its grip and was submerged and swept out to sea. I reached frantically to save it, (making sure not to get my camera wet in the process), but alas, my grip must have been short by only a mere 72 or 144 points.

I feel so much better to get this off my chest, at least now everyone knows where to direct the metal detectors.

### **Pranks by Pizac**

The prank stories continue, these two from [Doug Pizac](#):

Here are two I pulled with one of them backfiring on me.

I had a haircut before going into work the day of my 50th birthday, and decided to have some fun. I had the cutter style my hair into a Mohawk but with spikes that were tipped with gold sprinkles for a punk look. When I arrived to work the newsroom became silent whereupon Salt Lake City COB Bill Beecham called me into his office. I explained to him that this was my way of getting my mid-life crisis done and over with in one day. He grinned and ordered me to stay at my desk doing paperwork all day and send stringers to any jobs that came up so I wouldn't be seen.

In 1995 I was sent to Grand Teton National Park to help cover President Clinton's family vacation with Hillary and Chelsea. UPI also sent a photographer with a brand new Mac laptop that he had never used before. He had brought his wife too as it was also their wedding anniversary later that week, along with their teenage daughter. The Mac came with a shortcut installed by his buro to start the film scan and open it in Photoshop. With the help of his daughter I reprogrammed the startup macro so that every time he would do a scan a negative his daughter's voice would say "It's not sharp daddy" while filing in the same room with the rest of the White House press corps. This went on for two days before I confessed and reset his machine. To make up for the embarrassment I caused him, on the last night we happened to be at the same restaurant where he and his wife were celebrating their anniversary and I told their waiter to bring them a bottle of champagne but charge it to me. Unbeknownst to me he had already special ordered a good bottle of Dom Perignon. My prank cost me \$200.

### **Scoring a beat in Chicago**

#### **Marc Wilson**

Mike Holmes story of beating a UPI reporter on a story reminds me of a beat I scored over a UPI reporter in Chicago in 1978:

U.S. Judge Julius J. Hoffman presided over a bench trial to determine if Chicago man, Frank Walus, was actually a former notorious German Gestapo collaborator. If Hoffman decided Walus was a former Gestapo agent in disguise, Walus would be stripped of his citizenship and deported, and possibly tried in Israel as a war criminal.

The trial last a several weeks, and was a regular A Wire budget story. AP, UPI, the Chicago Tribune and the Sun-Times regularly staffed the trial. We sat at a press table near Walus and his attorney.

During the case more than a dozen witnesses implicated Walus in the murders of nearly two dozen Polish civilians, including young children, and the deaths of Jews in the Polish towns of Częstochowa and Kielce during

World War II. Walus was dubbed the "Beast of Kielce."

Hoffman (who was famous for presiding over the notorious Chicago Seven conspiracy trial) clearly sympathized with the federal attorney handling the Walus case. He granted the government virtually every request, and denied the defense attorney's every motion.

The government rested its case almost immediately after a lunch recess. Walus attorney stood up to begin his case, then suddenly shouted: "Your honor, I demand a recess!"

Hoffman threw his head back, and said, "Granted."

Walus attorney turned to the press table and said, "That bastard! He's fought me every step of the way, and now that I start my case, he falls asleep!"

Then realizing what he'd done, Walus attorney added: "That's off the record!"

I raced back to the nearby Chicago bureau, wrote a story about Hoffman falling asleep during the trial, which the general desk moved as a urgent lead. The story topped the broadcast wire for several hours.

When I returned to the courtroom a couple hours later, the UPI reporter was furious.

"That was off the record!" he shouted into my face. "I just got my butt chewed out royally."

"That's not how 'off the record' works," the Tribune reporter said. "The source has to say 'off the record' in advance, and we have to agree. That didn't happen." The Sun-Times reported nodded agreement.

Then I doubled down on the beat.

After the trial was over, I called Hoffman's office, hoping to reach his clerk and get some early notification when Hoffman released his ruling. But instead of reaching a clerk, the 82-year-old Hoffman answered the phone.

"Judge Hoffman," he answered in a squeaky voice.

Surprised at getting the judge, I identified myself and asked if there was any way I could get a call when he issued his ruling.

"I'll make myself a note," he said.

Several weeks later, I got a call in the bureau.

"Marc, this is Judge Hoffman. I just issued my ruling."

Hoffman ruled against Walus, and stripped him of his citizenship and ordered him deported.

The AP had the story, including a quote from Hoffman, nearly two hours ahead of UPI.

(Several years later, a federal appeals court overturned Hoffman's ruling. The U.S. Justice department ultimately apologized to Walus, and paid \$34,000 toward his defense costs.)

## Stories of interest

### [This Week in Review: Facebook and online control, and educating stronger data journalists](#)

This week's essential reads: The key pieces this week are NYU's Jay Rosen (in an article and an interview) on Facebook's legitimacy and control, journalism professor Alberto Cairo on solving data journalism's current crisis, and Cornell's Tarleton Gillespie on algorithms, journalism, news judgment, and personalization.

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### [How 160,000 intercepted communications led to our latest NSA story](#) (Bill Beecham)

By Barton Gellman: Last weekend, The Washington Post published a story I wrote with Julie Tate and Ashkan Soltani about National Security Agency surveillance that sweeps in the conversations of people who are not foreign "targets." The story, based on 160,000 intercepted communications I received from former NSA contractor Edward Snowden, has provoked a lot of questions, objections, and, I think, misunderstandings.

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### [Amnesty International launches a new site to help journalists verify YouTube videos](#) (Latrice Davis/Facebook)

You can hear gunshots in the background of this shaky amateur YouTube video. There's black smoke rising out of what looks to be a mosque; the narrator speaks in Arabic; the video's description says the video was shot

in the suburbs of Damascus, Syria.

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### How reporters used data covering the World Cup

With the 2014 World Cup set to end on Sunday, this week's edition of Data Darts and Laurels will focus on how journalists used data to explain everything from what's going on in the games to fan behavior.

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### Getting the Scoop, but Not Necessarily the Story

By being the first to report on Friday that LeBron James is returning to the Cleveland Cavaliers, Sports Illustrated beat a journalistic pack that included 15 on-air people at ESPN.

Yet armed with the biggest news of the day, the magazine presented it as a 952-word statement on its website from the King, not a full-blown news story with context and breadth.

James got the byline for his first-person account (or was it an open letter, an essay or a news release?), while Lee Jenkins, a top writer for the magazine who got the scoop, received an "as told to" credit.

News value aside, the approach cast Sports Illustrated more as a public-relations ally of James than as the strong journalistic standard-bearer it has been for decades.

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## **And finally...**

Home: Here's how the Plain Dealer will say hello to LeBron James (Bob Daugherty)

The Cleveland Plain Dealer front page for this morning. As Connecting colleague Max Thomson wryly notes, "Finally, our long national nightmare is over."



SATURDAY, JULY 12, 2014

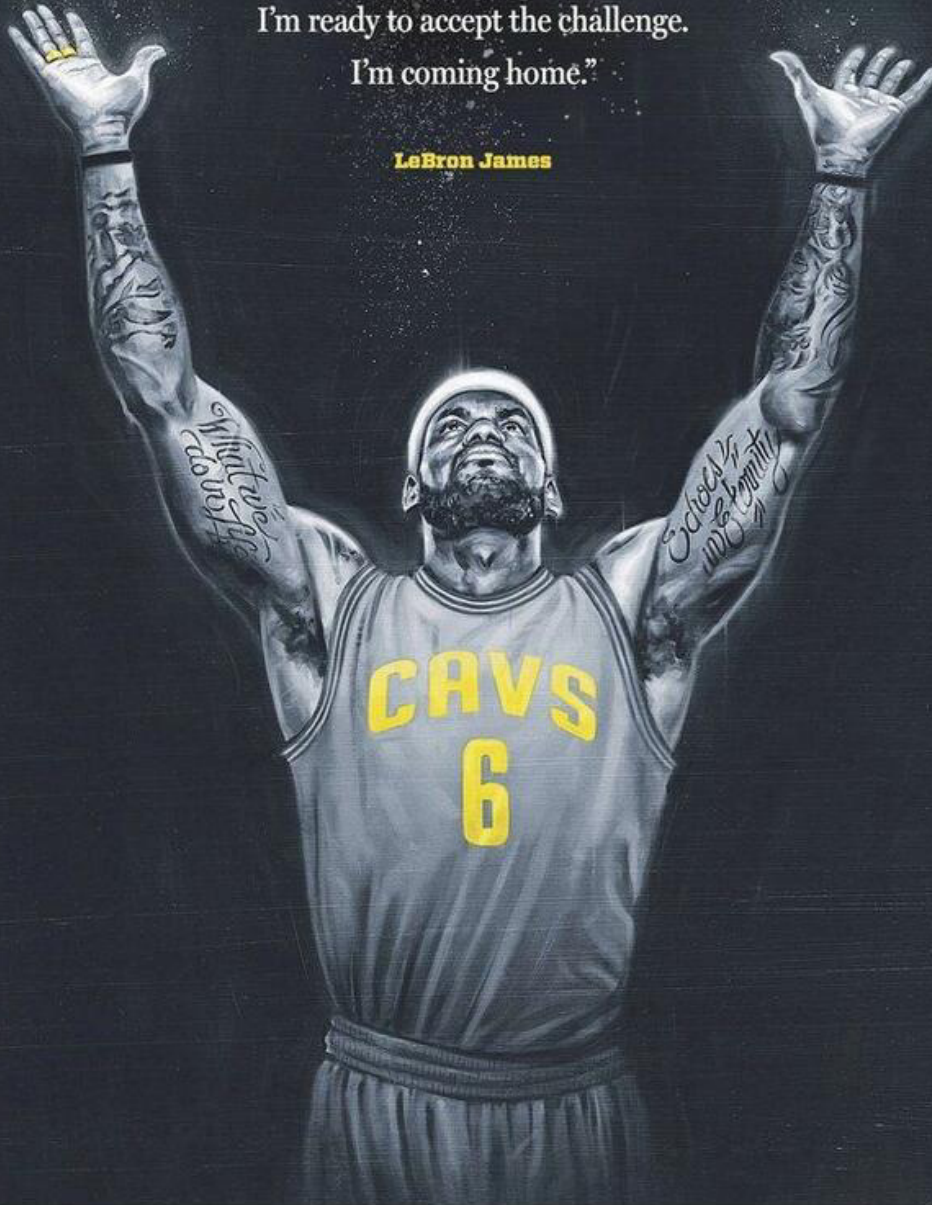
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# Home

"In Northeast Ohio, nothing is given.  
Everything is earned. You work for what you have.  
I'm ready to accept the challenge.  
I'm coming home."

**LeBron James**



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