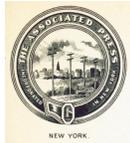


**From:** Paul Stevens [stevenspl@live.com]  
**Sent:** Monday, August 11, 2014 9:13 AM  
**To:** stevenspl@live.com  
**Subject:** Connecting - August 11, 2014

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# Connecting

August 11, 2014

Click [here](#) for sound of the Teletype



Colleagues,

Good morning - and here's to a great week ahead for us all!

You'll see a lot of supermoon photos in Monday's media, traditional and social, and the photo above by AP's **Alastair Grant** - the supermoon appearing behind the Angel of Peace sculpture in London on Sunday - will rank among the best. The phenomenon, which scientists call a "perigee moon," occurs when the moon is near the horizon and appears larger and brighter than other full moons.

Click [here](#) for more information.

Connecting's mailbox filled up over the weekend. Thanks for thinking of your colleagues with your remembrances and observations. They have a most appreciative audience.

And welcome to our newest members of Connecting: John Gaps III, Nick Tatro and Jacquelyn Martin.

Paul

## Tiger Woods: "I hope he finds his way back"

Connecting colleague [Ed Staats](#) writes:

Rarely do we see inside the head of journalists and learn how they practice their craft. As a result the public has little knowledge of how real journalism functions and thus often hold the profession in very low regard. Here is a masterful... and revealing column by a longtime friend, **Michael Clevenger**, photojournalist for The Courier-Journal in Louisville.

Interestingly, to my knowledge this has not been published, other than on Michael's Facebook page, for his friends. I am proud to share it here, so you will know more about this thoughtful and highly competent photojournalist.



Michael has worked at the newspaper for several decades. I was in his newspaper building for 18 of those years, overseeing The Associated Press operation in Kentucky. Michael was a close friend and colleague of our AP staff photographer, **Ed Reinke**, for many years. (Reinke died just a few years ago after a tragic fall from a photographers' perch while covering an auto race at the Kentucky Speedway.) During those years, and beyond, scores of Michael's photographs were carried nationwide, and even worldwide, to AP members and customers.

In addition to his family, Michael has a variety of interests. On weekends he races sports cars. For a quarterly magazine published by the newspaper, Michael shoots

high-fashion photos that are competitive with the finest work you will see nationally. I hope you enjoy reading about Tiger Woods, and seeing excellent photos of him, while getting acquainted with Michael Clevenger:

**By Michael Clevenger**  
**The Courier-Journal, Louisville**

I remember when one of our C-J sports columnists moved on to greener pastures. In his last column he talked about some of the truths about journalists and sports columnists. I still remember that column. In it he talked about how, even though you were there to cover an event with a neutral eye, you still hoped that the player who hit his first five shots would hit their next five shots.



I've always kinda felt that way about what I was covering. I always hoped that the legendary athletes would deliver a legendary performance. A performance so dominating and complete that the images it would create would burn deep into our collective memories. So many people love to see the most

talented and skilled among us fail or be humbled. I guess to some of us that makes the superhuman among us seem a little more . . . well, human. I've always felt differently. I always hoped that they would jump higher and run faster when my camera was trained on them and run set a new record or benchmark or personal best when my shutter fired. The mood when that happens at any event always sets the tone.

Today my job was to cover the legendary Tiger Woods at the PGA Championship at Valhalla. Woods won the last outing of the PGA Championship in playoff holes back in 2000. He was already making his mark back then. I remember reading an article during that era wondering if there was a need to make courses tougher, more "Tiger Proof".

Tiger is legendary. I was hoping for a legendary performance.

It didn't happen. Tiger exited the PGA Championship without making the cut. Not even close.

From the first tee shot to the time he walked off of the 18th green, I witnessed a man at odds with . . . something. Struggling. Trying to find his way. Trying to find something.

Drives into the crowd. Putts that wouldn't fall. Sand traps. Woods couldn't find momentum. He couldn't find his game. He was anything but legendary.

What I saw through my lens was not the same Tiger Woods I've seen in the past. He was far from dominating and far from legendary. What I saw was a man at odds with himself and a man who seemed to be at odds with the very game that made him that legend. I saw him smile exactly twice. Once joking around with Padraig Harrington before the first tee shot. The next on the 18th hole when Harrington's caddy scolded people for walking on the sidewalk close to the course. Woods shot a look to his caddy and they smiled.

But for most of the day I saw a very uncomfortable Tiger Woods. On more than one occasion I saw him near tears and trying to compose himself. He was in unfamiliar territory. The fans, however, were completely supportive, and even generous in their support of he and Phil Mickelson (they seemed to forget about Padraig Harrington even though he was hitting some spectacular putts).

I know that Tiger has some back issues and is struggling with his game and I know that he withdrew from his last tournament. I was hoping that he would come to Louisville and play like the old Tiger. The Tiger that seemed to redefine the game.

The Tiger that I saw today looked uncomfortable in the very arena that he used to own. I hope he finds his way back. I hope I can see him again one day turn in a legendary performance in my hometown.

## **Strangers on a train: New comic thriller 'The Commuter'**

Connecting colleague [Sally Jacobsen](#), deputy managing editor at the AP New York, shares this review of her husband Patrick Oster's first novel in The News Journal of White Plains, New York:

If you've ever been on a crowded Metro-North train, you know the rules. Don't make eye contact. Don't talk to the stranger sitting next to you or, even worse, trail him when the train doors open.

Especially if that stranger has a secret that could draw you into tangled a web of intrigue.

That's the premise behind Patrick Oster's new novel, "The Commuter."



The 245-page comic thriller, published this month by Perseus Books Group and available on Amazon.com, tells the story of Barnaby Gilbert, a laid-off office worker and avid birder who spends his newfound free time tracking the clandestine (and criminal) lives of his fellow riders.

In writing the "The Commuter," Oster, 69, a managing editor at Bloomberg News, drew on his experiences of riding the 6:19 a.m. train from Croton-Harmon to Grand Central each morning.

Click [here](#) to read more.

## Connecting mailbox

### **Nixon resignation memory: "It worked"**

[Larry Knutson](#) - It was all over. The bulletins had moved. The former president had said what he had to say, boarded a helicopter and disappeared into the haze.

The next morning, or so I remember it, a small group of us gathered in the offices of Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. Scott had been in the delegation that had gone to the White House to tell President Nixon there was no longer any way he could avoid impeachment by the House and conviction by the Senate.

Scott greeted us holding a letter in his hand. It was typed under his official letterhead and addressed to James Madison, the architect of the U.S. Constitution.

From memory, the letter read:

The Hon. James Madison  
Montpelier, Virginia

Dear Mr. Madison.

It Worked.

Sincerely,

Hugh Scott  
Senate Republican Leader

### **The Tate murders trump plans to greet Nixon on California homecoming**

[Linda Deutsch](#) - Reading the more serious remembrances on Connecting, particularly Richard Pyle's Aug. 9 post (on the resignation of President Nixon), I have been

reflecting on my own Aug. 9 involvements. The date has always been a well of memories for me.

Oddly enough, for me the date involved more than one big story for me over a period of five years.

On Aug. 9, 1969, I was assigned to be at Orange County Airport to "touch down" the plane of President Richard Nixon who was coming to California to visit the new Western White House in San Clemente. In those days, we always had a reporter on site to make sure the President landed safely.

That morning, I called the bureau and reported that Nixon had landed.

The person who answered the phone sounded distressed. "Forget about the President," he said. "There's been a mass murder here and it's the biggest story in the country. Get in here as fast as you can."

Yes, that was the day that Sharon Tate and four others were slain in one of the most gruesome cult murders ever, one that resonates even now. On that day, the name Manson had not been written yet. I rushed to the office and began working, taking reports from those who had gone to the home on Cielo Drive. By midnight, I was still in the office when the City News wire jumped to life with a report that two more bodies had been found across town in a similar gruesome scene. The slayings of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca added to the headlines and ended a day I will never forget. Months later, Manson and his followers were arrested and I was launched into a story that would stay with me forever. This Aug. 9 is the 45th anniversary and I'm still writing about it.

In subsequent years, I frequently went to the Western White House to cover Nixon, assisting our Washington reporters. I covered the "Watergate West" court cases including the Pentagon Papers trial.

On Aug. 9, 1974, when word came that Nixon was resigning, I was dispatched to Nixon's home town of Whittier to get reaction. There were many of us reporters wandering the streets trying to interview people. We were not exactly welcome. Nixon was a local hero and we kept encountering people in tears. I talked to one woman who raged against the media and said she couldn't understand why Nixon was being run out of office.

"Didn't you listen to the tapes?" I asked her. "I don't care about them," she said, "because you made them up."

### **Static photo ops in the White House**

[Charles Bennett](#) - There were certain static photo ops in the Oval Office where you tried to be in a certain spot for the photo. If the president was sitting with a head of state or if he was sitting at his desk, you had a spot for every occasion.

President Nixon's carpet was the seal of POTUS and my position was the third star from the left. I was not alone with this fetish because the other shooters had theirs. On our first photo call with President Ford we burst into the office and confusion met our eyes. The CARPET had been changed and that threw our timing off; after exchanging "what the hell" looks we settled in and sought more land/carpet marks for future pictures.

A historic but confusing time.

### **A bordello on Joe McGowan's paper route**

[Joe McGowan](#) - When I entered the 7th grade in Rock Springs, WY, I combined two paper routes, giving me 150 customers. The circulation manager told me the first delivery was just around the corner from the office of the Daily Rocket-Miner. He told me to go down the alley and leave the paper up on a second floor landing of an outside wooden stairs. On the first Saturday, I went to collect and went up the stairs to the back door. A plump black lady answered and very politely invited me in, paid me and gave me a nice tip and treated me to ice cream and cookies.

While I was enjoying the sweets, several attractive young women, dressed in flimsy sort of nightgowns came into the kitchen. I wondered about all that and in time found I was serving one of Rock Springs' bordellos! The forbidden front door was on the street across from the Rock Springs railroad station.

I carried papers until I finished 8th grade and then was hired as the newspaper's sports writer. I was in the 9th grade and had not taken touch typing. So if there was a really late high school game, I went to the office and dictated the story to the society writer so we could meet press deadline. I wrote sports for two years and then my folks moved to Cheyenne and I was hired as sports writer for the morning tabloid Wyoming Eagle until I left for Laramie to enter the university of Wyo. During my college years, I was sports editor of the Laramie Morning Bulletin.

### **Good carriers do not get "kicks"**

[Jim Bagby](#) - Yes, I was a paperboy for the Norman (Okla.) Transcript. That came after starting my working career as a Safeway sacker for 75 cents per hour - which did not include the stocking and cleanup time after the store closed at 9 p.m., often at least another hour of the hardest labor of the day. Then in and for four years into my sophomore year of high school, I strapped paper bags onto the handle bars of my bike and threw the afternoon/Sunday morning Transcript onto the front porch. Driveways and front yards were NOT good enough, even though we often had to dodge the empty glass bottles set out for the milk man.

I began with Route 1, near downtown, which was handy in that I had to ride only a short distance from the office after collecting and tri-folding my 50 papers. But 50 customers don't make you much money; if I were lucky after collecting my route at

the end of each week and paying my bill on Saturday, I might make \$10 a month. But after about a year there, I must have shown promise, because I was promoted to Route 45, which had about 150 subscribers - many of them "prepaids." That meant they paid annually, so I didn't have to collect and my bill was lower. I cleared \$40-50 a month there. The challenge was the Thursday and Sunday papers that were big enough we had to fold them long-ways, which jammed two paper bags full and created a lot of weight swinging from the handlebars. That made a lot of difference when one was pedaling in rain or, worse, snow. And that route had no sidewalks; the papers were thrown from the street, over a considerable expanse of yard to the house. My arm and aim developed by necessity.

But weather was not my worst enemy - it was papers that did not get to the porch, or were not found. That normally brought with the next day's bundle of papers a bright red notice: a customer complaint, more commonly called a "kick." If I cross the river Styx, I expect to see that notice pinned on the boatman: "Kicks cost you a dime - good carriers do not get kicks." The amount was added to your bill. But that was not the worst part. No, that was the disappointed look from my father, who was the city editor and AP award-winning writer for the Transcript. He did not want his product failing to reach its appointed rounds.



## Welcome to Connecting

[John Gaps III](#) - AP photojournalist for nine years, snapping photos of combat, famine, the Olympic Games and the fall of the Berlin Wall for the AP. Wounded by sniper fire in 1994 in the Occupied Gaza Strip.

[Nick Tatro](#) - retired AP journalist with more than four decades as a reporter, foreign correspondent, editor and manager. Deputy International Editor from 1999 to 2009.

[Jacquelyn Martin](#) - Washington AP bureau photojournalist with eight years in the AP.

## Stories of interest

[Sharyl Attkinson: We've 'Gone Backwards' Since Days of Woodward and Bernstein](#)

(Latrice Davis)



On *This Week Not with George Stephanopoulos*, former CBS investigative reporter **Sharyl Attkinson** said that journalists today were more hindered, and politicians more emboldened, than they were in the days of Woodward and Bernstein.

"I think that we've gone backwards since that time when we really felt empowered as journalists," Attkinson said.

"I'd like to think of what would happen today during a Nixon-type scandal. Nixon would basically refuse to turn over tapes to Congress, his aides would refuse to testify to Congress or would take the fifth or lie to Congress today. Woodward and Bernstein would be controversialized on social media by special political interests."

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### [Print Is Down, and Now Out](#)

A year ago last week, it seemed as if print newspapers might be on the verge of a comeback, or at least on the brink of, well, survival.

[Jeff Bezos](#), an avatar of digital innovation as the founder of Amazon, came out of nowhere and plunked down \$250 million for The Washington Post. His vote of confidence in the future of print and serious news was seen by some - [including me](#) - as a sign that an era of "optimism or potential" for the industry was getting underway.

Turns out, not so much - quite the opposite, really. The Washington Post seems fine, but recently, in just over a week, three of the biggest players in American newspapers - [Gannett](#), [Tribune Company](#) and [E. W. Scripps](#), companies built on print franchises that expanded into television - dumped those properties like yesterday's news in a series of spinoffs.

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### [How the New York Times is learning lessons about digital storytelling and audience engagement as The Great War resonates through a century](#)

The New York Times is experimenting with cutting edge 21st digital storytelling to explore the legacies of The Great War, which began in earnest 100 year ago this week. And it's learning valuable lessons about contemporary journalism in the process.

The ability of history to repeat and reverberate across decades revealed itself in the project built around an interactive map that allows users to explore the geopolitical

impacts of World War 1.

The Great War - a 100 year legacy of World War 1, which was anchored at The New York Times Paris Bureau, is the product of inter-continental and cross-disciplinary collaboration.

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### [Harper's Publisher Standing Firm in His Defense of Print and Paywall](#)

When John R. MacArthur, the publisher of Harper's Magazine and a zealous promoter of the virtues of print journalism, sits down at his desk to write, he has three options - a typewriter, an ancient beige PC and a modern Apple desktop computer.



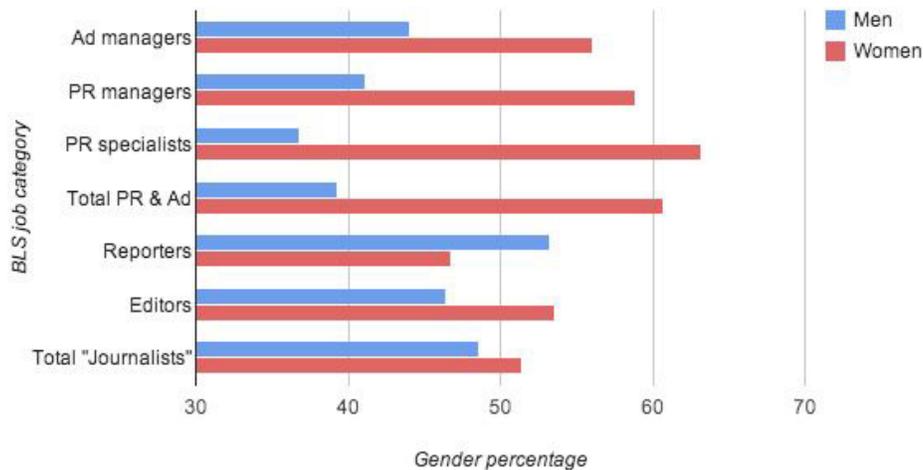
To correspond with literary friends like William T. Vollmann and Robert A. Caro, who enjoy the feel of thick paper and embossed type, he chooses the typewriter, bought at Tytell on Fulton Street in Manhattan decades ago.

He composes articles on the PC, loaded with WordPerfect software because he feels Microsoft Word argues with him. He saves them on a 3.5-inch floppy disk. Only for email, a modern necessity that contrasts with the wood-and-leather bookishness of his corner office overlooking Broadway in Greenwich Village, does he turn to the Mac.

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### [Why Are There So Many Women in Public Relations?](#)

About a decade ago, Adriana Sol was helping design ads in Miami Beach when she realized the advertising trade's nit-pickiness was slowly draining her energy.



"Everything was in the details," she told me recently. Every conversation seemed to involve "having the clients tell me that their logo needed to be a quarter of a shade less green."

She wanted something with more freedom and creativity. In 2005, she applied for a public relations position with Max Borges, a tech-focused agency, and got the job. Within three weeks, she was flown to a music industry trade show in New York. She wrangled a bunch of media attention for the show, including a major spot on VH1. Her early success and the fun of the event itself-Lisa Loeb held a songwriting seminar-made Sol feel like she had arrived. A few years later, she co-founded Vine Communications, her own firm in Miami.

**[Chapman Pincher, Fleet St. Scoop Specialist, Dies at 100](#)** (Lindel Hutson)



Chapman Pincher was ballyhooed by his own newspaper, The London Daily Express, as the world's greatest reporter, and he introduced himself as such. He insinuated himself into the murky world of spy chiefs, generals, politicians and royalty by taking them to lunch at a fine French restaurant, say, or joining them for pheasant hunting and salmon fishing.

His reward was 40 years of scoops about double agents, secret weapons and the inner workings of governments. In 1966, not bothering to wait four more years, his paper called him its reporter of the decade. His best tributes came perhaps from his enemies.

"Can nothing be done to suppress or get rid of Pincher?" Prime Minister Harold Macmillan wrote to his defense minister in 1959.

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### What the media gets wrong about hackers

"They call themselves Anonymous. They are hackers on steroids, treating the Web like a real-life video game. Sacking websites, invading MySpace accounts, disrupting innocent people's lives-and if you fight back, watch out. Phil Shuman tracks down the hacker games in this Fox 11 investigation."

This now-infamous news segment from 2007 (as you may have guessed from the MySpace reference) wasn't the first time that I realized most news media couldn't be trusted to report about hacking, but it was one of the funniest. Here was a very serious anchor on a respectable news outlet blathering on about exploding yellow vans and gay porn, even trying to explain "lulz" to his viewers. It wasn't hard-hitting reporting-it was comedy gold.

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### Ending it: 6 of 1, Half Dozen of The Chronicle

On Sept. 2, 2014, The Ann Arbor Chronicle will observe the sixth anniversary of its launch.

That's also the last day on which we'll publish regular new reports.

The website will remain live, with its archives freely accessible at least until the end of 2014, possibly longer.

-0-

### Newspaperman Bill McIlwain dies at 88 (George Arfield)

Former Sarasota Herald-Tribune executive editor Bill McIlwain, who edited some of the nation's greatest newspapers, died Friday in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, at age 88.

From 1982 to 1984, McIlwain was founding editor of the New York City edition of Newsday. He came to the Herald-Tribune in 1984, and retired from the executive editor post in 1990. He also edited The Toronto Star, Bergen Record, Boston Herald-American, Washington-Star and the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette.

In the 1960s, McIlwain and other Newsday staffers collaborated on "Naked Came the Stranger," a spoof of sex-soaked novels of the period such as "Valley of the Dolls." Published in 1969 under the pen name "Penelope Ashe," the hoax-novel spent 13 weeks on The New York Times best-seller list.

In later years, McIlwain acted as a mentor and coach to a number of young reporters.

"He was quick with the sincere compliment, singling out people for their good work and praising them in public," said Wilmington StarNews public safety editor Jim Ware.

William Franklin McIlwain Jr. was born Dec. 15, 1925, on a farm near Lancaster, S.C., the son of William F. McIlwain and Docia Higgins McIlwain. The family moved to Wilmington when McIlwain was in the sixth grade.

At New Hanover High school, he played varsity baseball and football. While still a senior, he was hired as sports editor for what was then the Wilmington Morning Star. McIlwain worked briefly at the North Carolina Shipbuilding Co. before wartime service in the U.S. Marines. After World War II, he entered what was then Wake Forest College, graduating in 1949 with an English degree.

He would later collaborate on the book "Legends of Baptist Hollow," a collection of campus tales from the days when the college was still in Wake Forest, North Carolina. Later, in 1970 and 1971, McIlwain would spend a year as writer-in-residence at Wake Forest University.

After graduation, McIlwain went on to reporting jobs at the Jacksonville Journal in Florida, the Charlotte (North Carolina) Observer and the Twin City Sentinel in Winston-Salem.

"I covered an awful lot of stills being busted," McIlwain recalled of his Winston-Salem years. "Of course, people up there were always cordial to me."

In 1954, he joined the staff of the Long Island newspaper Newsday, beginning as chief copy editor and advancing to city editor, managing editor and editor in chief.

In 1958, McIlwain was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University. While there, he wrote "The Glass Rooster," a novel published in 1960 about the coming of the civil rights era to a small Southern town.

In 1972, Random House published "A Farewell to Alcohol," McIlwain's frank account of his struggles with alcoholism. A best seller, the book was condensed by Reader's Digest.

In 2007, McIlwain released his memoir "Dancing Naked With the Rolling Stones." While keeping a mostly lighthearted tone, he also admitted that his struggles with liquor had not ended with "A Farewell to Alcohol" and discussed the failure of his marriages.

He also wrote extensively for national magazines, including Esquire and The Atlantic Monthly. In 1973 Harper's published "Last Walk on Bald Head Island," an account of a

trip McIlwain took there with his son shortly before development began.

In 2004, McIlwain was inducted into the N.C. Journalism Hall of Fame.

He retired to Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina, in 1990. There he indulged his passion for doubles tennis and developed his trademark habit of wearing colorful bandanas on his head.

"I started wearing them on the court, and then I had them on all the time, and I kind of liked them," McIlwain recalled in 2007. "Then my grandchildren started getting them for me in all these different colors, so by now I'd feel kind of strange without one.

"I don't wear neckties, so I guess it's my necktie substitute."

Survivors include son, William F. McIlwain III, daughters Eleanor Dalton McIlwain of Seattle and Nancy McIlwain Stevens of Boulder, Colo., five grandchildren and a sister, Isabelle Jewell of Wilmington.

Ben Steelman writes for the Wilmington Star News.

Paul Stevens

Connecting newsletter

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