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Connecting - August 10, 2016

1 message

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Wed, Aug 10, 2016 at 8:50 AM

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Connecting

August 10, 2016

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Colleagues,

Good Wednesday morning!

PA-PER!!! PA-PER!!!

In Tuesday's Connecting **Paul Stevens** asked whether readers had ever been a newspaper carrier. Wow, have you! Several colleagues shared their stories of shouldering heavy bags of newsprint and delivering them on their assigned routes, often in the heat of summer or



the bitter cold of a Midwest winter, and they lead today's issue. See if you don't recognize many shared experiences. I know I did.



But first we begin with sad news of the death a week ago of **Somkiat Sudmee**, retired Hong Kong technology manager, at the age of 66 following a long illness.

Markus Kreutz, who alerted Connecting to the death, shared the following: "Somkiat, as he was known to everyone, for decades was widely considered to be the technology wizard in Asia. If you ever visited or worked in Asia, you were without doubt benefiting from his services or the infrastructure he helped build and maintain.



Somkiat Sudmee

"He was a unique, unforgettable character, extremely inventive, meticulous and passionate in his work. He was much admired and respected throughout the global AP community.

"At the Buddhist traditional funeral rites, held past Sunday in his home Nonthaburi district of Bangkok, Thailand, a number of his AP former colleagues were present, some traveling from far, to show respect for their long-time colleague, teacher and friend. At the ceremony, his two daughters recalled the life and personality of their beloved father and noted the fact that he was often away on AP assignments and they were missing him, especially when they were growing up. But we were also told that they got to know a number of their father's AP colleagues from a young age and thus understood how many friends he had in the AP."

To leave a personal message to the family: parnsudmee@gmail.com.

Meanwhile, it was reported that loved ones will gather Thursday in the Atlanta area to remember the life of veteran AP editor **Carol Druga**. Druga, affectionately known as "Droogs," died a week ago Monday at age 50 from an infection suffered while being treated for cancer (Aug. 2 Connecting).

The evening will begin at 7 p.m. EDT at Steinbeck's, her "favorite spot for a cold one," according to a note from friend Janelle Cogan. Details of the event have been posted on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/events/1740370826207666/>, where you can also leave notes of remembrance. A gathering also is planned in Pittsburgh, where she was a fan of the Steelers. No date or place has been set.

Paul returns to the Connecting editor's desk Thursday. Send contributions to him at paulstevens46@gmail.com.

-- *Mark Mittelstadt*

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Connecting mailbox

What we learned as newspaper carriers

Bill Schiffmann _ You asked for paper route stories. I have one that still haunts me, olfactorily, to this day.

When I turned 15, my dad gently suggested that my freeloading days were over and I needed to find something to do that paid actual money, since I obviously wasn't wasting time on homework and the allowance fairy was running out of patience.

I had a friend who delivered Sunday papers from a van with the entrepreneur who owned the route, a rather fragrant chap known only as Willie, and he needed a second runner.

While Willie had a powerful aversion to soap and water, he was customer-focused. After too many complaints about papers landing in the shrubs or something the dog left behind, we were charged with dropping the papers on the porch of each customer starting at around 4 a.m. At the end of our delivery day, usually around 6:30 a.m., he paid us in coins. I think our pay was \$4. Not much now, but in 1960 it kept me and Bobby Gordon in after-school cherry cokes and French fries.

As for life lessons, it basically taught me two things -- to not ask friends for help with employment and there was no future for me in the newspaper delivery game. While I had no plans at the time to work in journalism, I think I realized even then that it was a better idea to write the news with people who bathed than to drag the news through the New Jersey snow long before the crack of dawn with someone who didn't. The rest, as they say, is history.

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Gene Herrick _ I became a newspaper carrier when I was nine years old, after my father died in 1934 in New York, and my mother and I moved to West Jefferson, Ohio.

We then moved to Columbus, where I continued as a carrier with the most interesting route anyone could have. We lived with my father's parents in their little restaurant just one short block from the Ohio State Penitentiary, a huge, ugly, and scary facility harboring the state's worst criminals.

I picked up my bundle of the afternoon Columbus Dispatch right at the front door of the prison, and then I helped the driver carry the bundles of newspapers through many huge clanging iron barred doors. I made a life decision right then -- I did not ever want to do anything that would make this place my home away from home.

However, it was the beginning of a huge learning curve in which I started observing people right where they are in life. I can look back now and realize my experiences on this newspaper route were the foundation of my inner being and objectivity, and I think it gave me insight values to be a good journalist - 28 with the wonderful Associated Press.



A 1952 U.S. Postage stamp recognized "the important service rendered their communities and their nation by America's NEWSPAPERBOYS." The bag reads "Busy Boys -- Better Boys."

My route included a dairy processing plant, a root beer bottling works, the penitentiary garage for honor prisoners who went to the prison's farms to grow crops, my doctor's office, a burial casket factory, a paint manufacturer, a mattress factory, a truck trailer company, a real lumber yard, a farm equipment factory, a filling station, a junk dealer's warehouse, the city water works, the city asphalt plant, a high-class Mafia operated nightclub, and the A&P grocery bakery, and incoming products facility.

I learned many insights from the penitentiary experience. The guards liked me, and often asked me to join a public tour of the pen (at no cost). I have sat in the big horrible-looking electric chair about three times. The prisoner trustees also liked me, and often repaired my bicycle and wagon. Many times there were no guards on site. Those men were murderers, bank robbers and I don't know what else. I was never afraid. It was interesting that I became acquainted with prisoners who were sorry and repentant for whatever it was that they were incarcerated.

Interestingly, I sometimes watch MSNBC late at night and view their series on the nation's prisons. I especially observe the current prisoners, who, in my opinion, are some of the scariest of the scariest. I would certainly be afraid today. My feeling, and observation of these men and women, is that repentance is not part of their equation.

I had only 13 customers on my route. The Dispatch offered us a big live turkey if we increased the subscriptions by a certain number. The daily issue cost was one cent! My newspaper route offered absolutely no prospect for new customers. My prisoner friends came to the rescue. A number of them signed up so that I could get a turkey. One day they asked if I had gotten my turkey. I replied yes, I got it last night. My "new" customers then canceled their subscriptions. They had made it possible for me to get a turkey. Another giant lesson I learned for my future life. That newspaper route taught me more about life than any school could do.

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Robert Kimball _ I delivered the Newark Evening News in Millburn, N.J., from 1962

to 1965. Amazing that it was just 65 cents a week and only 48 cents without the Sunday paper. One major hassle: trying to find someone to do a credible fill-in job when my family left town.

The Newark News was gone by the early 70s, with people apparently watching Cronkite and Huntley-Brinkley in the evenings, not reading the paper.

Of course the strike of 1971-72 didn't help the paper either.

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Peter Leabo _ I guess that I could claim that my career in the news business began when I was a carrier for The Eagle in Bryan-College Station, Texas, in the early 70s. At the time, it seemed like the perfect job for a 13-year-old looking to make a mint before entering high school. I even managed to get a "double route," which was about 100 papers daily and nearly 120 on Sundays. I was going to retire rich before my Junior-Senior prom.

The assistant circulation manager took me on the route one day and said, "throw this one, not that one, this one, this one, skip that one, that one is Sunday only, etc., etc." He gave me a huge collection book and turned me (and my photographic memory of the route) loose. Yep, I was already picking out my first new stereo.

I managed to jury-rig my bicycle with 5 baskets (I was sure that would impress the girls!) to carry the daily load, however Sunday mornings required two trips. The daily afternoon papers usually arrived about 3:00 p.m. and they were folded, rubber-banded (bagged in the event of rain -- yes, I learned a lot about weather forecasting too), loaded, and delivered by about 5:30 p.m.

Afternoons were generally uneventful except for pedaling what I'm sure looked more like a gypsy wagon through the brutal Texas afternoon heat and an occasional thunderstorm. Sunday mornings were far more interesting with the 3:00 a.m. alarm. It's amazing what you see -- or don't see -- at 4:00 a.m. On one fateful Sunday morning, I had just reloaded all five baskets and was barreling out to resume my route when an armadillo bolted from the bushes right into my front wheel (there's a reason that their natural habitat is dead on the highway). I went flying and so did every paper -- instant yard sale. Though I was bloodied and scraped, I propped my bike against a tree, reloaded all the papers and resumed the route. I did take solace in knowing that my 5-speed Schwinn gypsy wagon probably fared a lot better than the damned armadillo.

My only real problem was trying to figure out why I ran out of papers every day and had to buy more (argh). Then it came time for collection: Ring ... Ring ... not home. Ring ... "No, I really need to speak to one of your parents." Ring ... ring ... "I'm sorry, can you come back when I have my check book?" Ring ... ring ... "No, I never ordered The Eagle." After more than a week of collection work, I was nearing the break-even point. That stereo was looking more like a transistor radio -- and there

were few girls following me on my bike.

I called the circulation department and asked them to give me a list of the addresses of the subscribers. I correlated that to the houses I was delivering. Funny, it bore little resemblance to what the assistant circulation manager showed me that day. Never trust circulation managers.

The second month collection process was a bit smoother -- I actually made \$11. But the delinquent customers were beginning to pile up. (Odd how she never had a check book when I showed up.)

When it came time for the third month collections (about a week after the second month collections process was stopped), I got smart. I got a rubber stamp made with my address and bought a box of envelopes. I typed a letter that explained that I was improving the collection process and making it easier to pay by mailing the payment to me. I also said that if payment was not received within two weeks, I would stop throwing the paper until the payment was made. I made 120 copies and included the letter and an envelope in each Sunday morning paper.

On Monday, I got a call from the assistant circulation manager telling me that I couldn't make the customers pay for a stamp and I didn't have the authority to stop throwing papers just because they were behind in paying. What a stupid way to do business, I thought. And though the song hadn't been written yet, the words, "take this job and shove it," were racing through my mind.

By Tuesday, my first venture into the exciting world of the news business had come to an abrupt end. There would not even be a transistor radio, and I was clearly going to have to employ other means to impress the girls.

Footnote: Four years later in the spring of my senior year in high school, I took my first full-time job in the news business: an evening-shift darkroom technician and part-time photographer for, yes, you guessed it: The Eagle. The circulation manager and his assistant were still there and still remembered me. There was a remark about hoping that I was better at this job than I was as a carrier. And, they were still there four years later when I was hired as a staff photographer by the Associated Press in Dallas.

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Steve Anderson _ My job was delivering the Minneapolis Star -- a p.m. -- after school, and also the Minneapolis Tribune on Sunday mornings. (I guess the Trib boys were given that one day off out of consideration for their early-morning travails.)

We weren't known as paper carriers -- we were paperboys. My first route covered an area on Dupont and Emerson avenues that, being closer to Lake Harriet, was more upscale than our family's humble bungalow on Bryant. Thus I became familiar with

socioeconomic strata. But the customers I dealt with when I went "collecting" every other Saturday were generally polite and friendly. Not so their dogs. I acquired the paperboy skill of throwing a wire cutter (used to clip the wires that bound the bundles of newspapers) to bean a threatening dog on the head.

My clearest image of those long-ago days concerns Sunday mornings in winter, in Minnesota. I rose at 5:15, went out with my sled to pick up my 100 or so thick, heavy Sunday papers, and trudged off through the frigid darkness to the route. The streetlights threw entrancing reflections off the icy pavement.

I learned much about work, responsibility, etc. I also learned about the world: I would read or at least scan the front pages, with their headlines about 'K' (Khrushchev) and Castro and missiles and JFK. Quite an education for an 11-year-old.

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Dennis Anderson _ On early Sunday mornings when I was in college I delivered the Chicago Sun-Times and Tribune. This was in the early 1980s, when a Sunday Chicago newspaper could be as much as four inches thick, even bigger during the holidays. It was a good workout.

My route included the Glenview Naval Air Station. I drove a white unmarked cargo van into the base every Sunday morning with just a wink and a wave to the armed guards at the front gate. I was never stopped on my way into the base. Imagine being able to do that today. I'd deliver stacks of papers to the PX, as well as individual papers to about a dozen apartments on base and the beautiful mansions where the officers lived.

One Sunday morning in October 1983, the newspapers were held up so the Sun-Times and Tribune could include the breaking news of the bombings of the American barracks in Beirut. That morning I anticipated it being difficult to get into the base. But that wasn't the case.

I'm glad I had the opportunity to deliver my hometown newspapers. It gave me an appreciation of what it takes to get the news to people who rely on you.

Did you deliver newspapers? What life lessons, if any, did you learn as a result? Share them with Connecting.

The floss/no floss string continues

Chris Connell _ Don't mess with flossers, eh?

Reminds me of the line that **Howard Simons**, the Washington Post's managing editor during Watergate, had when he got a terminal diagnosis while serving as the Nieman curator at Harvard. When friends asked how bad it was, he replied, "Let me

put it this way: I'm not flossing anymore."

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Peggy Andersen _ As for **Malcolm Barr** (Monday Connecting), the only thing better than flossing is a Waterpik -- but flossing is cheaper. So he's a flosser with better equipment. My great grandfather had perfect teeth and gums and never owned a toothbrush. He used a toothpick and a washcloth. Whatever works.

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Old equipment and 1984 Olympics -- the Trash 100 throw?

Hal Bock _ Noting the discussion of the 1984 Olympics and the photo of oldtime equipment in Tuesday's Connecting, I was issued a computer called Radio Shack 100 for the '84 Olympics. It had a small flat screen and as we sat in the press box at the LA Coliseum for track and field, the sun shining on the screen created a black spot that slowly got larger, covering my copy. I thought about turning that tiny computer into a discus. Talk about Revenge of the Nerds.



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A State of 'transparency and democracy?'

Associated Press State Department reporter **Matt Lee**, known for his occasionally caustic grilling of department spokesmen, is gaining social media and talk radio attention this week for giving his own view of what goes on inside the briefing room.

Deputy spokesman **Mark Toner** opened last Thursday's briefing by welcoming a group of interns. "Good to see you in this exercise in transparency and democracy," he said, bursting into laughter along with many of the journalists in the room.

"Is that what it is?" Lee asked. "I thought it was an exercise in spin and obfuscation."

Toner eventually regained his composure. "Sorry, I didn't mean to break out in laughter," he said.

During the briefing, Toner deflected questions about the reported transfer of \$400 million from the U.S. government to Iran on the same day in January that four Americans were released from Tehran. "[The] bottom line is that we generally make a practice of not commenting publicly on the details of these kinds of transactions such as settlement payments," Toner said. "We don't normally even identify the

parties involved, and that's just due to the confidential nature of these transactions."

The spokesman refused to confirm reported details surrounding the transaction, prompting one reporter to comment, "Well, let me just make the point that that doesn't seem very transparent."

Lee has been a thorn in the side to a string of State Department representatives, including **Jen Psaki**, **Marie Harf**, Toner and current spokesman **John Kirby**. In March, Lee got so fed up that he walked out of a briefing when Kirby refused to answer repeated questions seeking to confirm the number of U.S. citizens injured in a terrorist attack in Brussels.



State Department spokesman Mark Toner laughs after calling briefing "exercise in transparency and democracy"

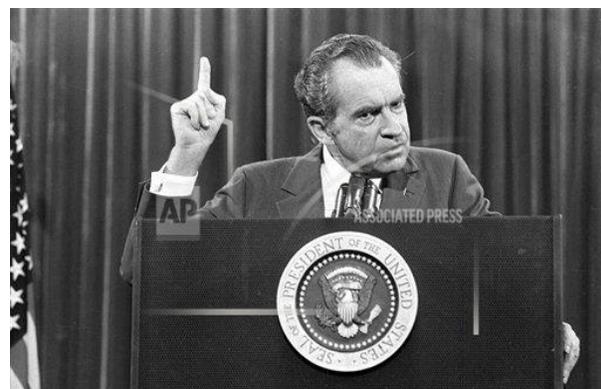
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Why we ask to see candidates' tax returns

(New York Times)

Lost in the debate over Donald J. Trump's refusal to release his tax returns is the story of where the custom of disclosure comes from - and why it can be so valuable as a measure of character. It's a tale of presidential tax shenanigans, political scandal and one of the most famous quotations in American history: Richard M. Nixon's "I am not a crook."

The story begins in July 1969, when Congress eliminated a provision of the tax code that had allowed a sitting or former president to donate his papers to a



President Nixon declares during 1973 Associated Press Managing Editors conference in Orlando "I am not a crook."

public or nonprofit archive in exchange for a very large tax deduction. Congress's rationale was that a president's papers already belonged to the public.

In his taxes for 1969, President Nixon indicated that four months before Congress acted, he had donated more than 1,000 boxes of documents to the National Archives. He claimed a deduction of more than \$500,000.

Read full story [here](#).

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Stories of interest

Judge: Glenn Beck must identify sources on Boston Marathon bombing

(Politico)

A looming First Amendment showdown drew closer Tuesday as a federal judge ordered conservative media host Glenn Beck to identify at least two confidential sources in connection with a defamation lawsuit stemming from Beck's reporting on the Boston Marathon bombing. The suit was filed by Saudi Arabian student Abdulrahman Alharbi, who was injured at the scene of the deadly bombings. Beck continued to link the Saudi national to the attacks even after U.S. officials said publicly he'd been cleared. U.S. District Court Judge Patti Saris ruled that Beck must disclose the names of two Department of Homeland Security employees who allegedly gave a Beck producer information backing up the radio and TV host's claim that Alharbi was the "money man" behind the attack.

Read full story [here](#).

Jim Fall, longtime news executive and newspaper editor, dies

(Maryville, Mo., Daily Forum)

James "Jim" Randolph Fall, Jr. -- father, husband, grandfather, friend, newspaperman, sports fan, fisherman, golfer - the former mayor of Maryville who served as the executive editor of the Maryville Daily Forum and who was a lifelong advocate for community journalism, died Tuesday at Mosaic Hospital in St. Joseph. He was 79. The cause of death was a severe stroke. In 1975 Jim and his wife, Jan, purchased the Albany (Missouri) Ledger, which was awarded three General Excellence awards by the Missouri Press Association between 1975 and 1982, with Jim as publisher, editor, reporter, photographer and layout artist.



Jim Fall

Relocating to Helena, Mont., Fall because executive director of the Montana Newspaper Association, where he served from 1995 until his retirement in 2004.

Read full [obituary](#).

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Newspaper Association of America dings John Oliver for journalism assessment

(Poynter)

When John Oliver skewered the economic realities of local journalism Sunday night, there was at least one person who wasn't laughing: David Chavern, the president and CEO of the Newspaper Association of America. The nonprofit (which represents nearly 2,000 newspapers in the U.S. and Canada) published a curt rebuttal Monday to the "Last Week Tonight" host, who spent nearly 20 minutes picking apart the financial woes afflicting newspapers this weekend. In particular, Chavern and the association took issue with Oliver's mockery of companies like Tronc (formerly Tribune Publishing) that he says "are just trying to figure it out."

Read full [story](#).

How not to respond to John Oliver's ode to local newspapers

(Washington Post)

John Oliver's 19-minute riff about what's become of local newspapers made me laugh. Parts of it also made me want to cry. But it did not make me want to complain -- even for one second -- about the comedian's acerbic commentary on journalism in his "Last Week Tonight" show Sunday on HBO. Because the whole Oliver piece was a pitch-perfect ode to how important newspapers are to their communities, and how troubling it is that they are fading. But being ticked off at Oliver was indeed the reaction of David Chavern, the president and CEO of the Virginia-based Newspaper Association of America.

Read Washington Post [story](#).

The Final Word

Dance like no one is watching;
email like it may one day be read
aloud in a deposition.

Shared by **Peggy Walsh** and **Teri Hayt**.

Today in History - August 10, 2016



By The Associated Press

Today is Wednesday, Aug. 10, the 223rd day of 2016. There are 143 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Aug. 10, 1846, President James K. Polk signed a measure establishing the Smithsonian Institution.

On this date:

In 1792, during the French Revolution, mobs in Paris attacked the Tuileries (TWEE'-luh-reez) Palace, where King Louis XVI resided. (The king was later arrested, put on trial for treason, and executed.)

In 1821, Missouri became the 24th state.

In 1814, Henri Nestle, founder of the food and beverage company bearing his name, was born in Frankfurt, Germany.

In 1874, Herbert Clark Hoover, the 31st president of the United States, was born in West Branch, Iowa.

In 1921, Franklin D. Roosevelt was stricken with polio at his summer home on the Canadian island of Campobello.

In 1949, the National Military Establishment was renamed the Department of Defense.

In 1969, Leno and Rosemary LaBianca were murdered in their Los Angeles home by members of Charles Manson's cult, one day after actress Sharon Tate and four other people had been slain.

In 1975, television personality David Frost announced he had purchased the exclusive rights to interview former President Richard Nixon.

In 1988, President Ronald Reagan signed a measure providing \$20,000 payments to still-living Japanese-Americans who'd been interned by their government during World War II.

In 1991, nine Buddhists were found slain at their temple outside Phoenix, Arizona. (Two teen-agers were later arrested; Alessandro Garcia was sentenced to life in prison, while Jonathan Doody received 281 years.)

In 1993, Ruth Bader Ginsburg was sworn in as the second female justice on the U.S. Supreme Court.

In 1995, Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols were charged with 11 counts in the Oklahoma City bombing (McVeigh was convicted of murder and executed; Nichols was convicted of conspiracy and involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to life in prison). Norma McCorvey, "Jane Roe" of the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion, announced she had joined the anti-abortion group Operation Rescue.

Ten years ago: British authorities announced they had thwarted a terrorist plot to simultaneously blow up 10 aircraft heading to the U.S. using explosives smuggled in

hand luggage. A suicide bomber blew himself up among pilgrims outside Iraq's holiest Shiite shrine in Najaf, killing 35 people. Saomai (sow-my), the most powerful typhoon to hit China in five decades, slammed into the country's southeastern coast; it ultimately killed more than 440 people.

Five years ago: Marine Corps Gen. John Allen, the top American commander in Afghanistan, said international forces had slain the Taliban insurgents responsible for shooting down a U.S. helicopter, killing 30 Americans and seven Afghan commandos. Country singer-musician Billy Grammer, 85, died in Benton, Illinois.

One year ago: A draft of a secret study obtained by The Associated Press found that air traffic controllers' work schedules often led to chronic fatigue, making them less alert and endangering the safety of the country's air traffic system. A power plant operator in southern Japan restarted a nuclear reactor, the first to begin operating under new safety requirements following the Fukushima disaster.

Today's Birthdays: Actress Rhonda Fleming is 93. Singer Ronnie Spector is 73. Actor James Reynolds is 70. Rock singer-musician Ian Anderson (Jethro Tull) is 69. Country musician Gene Johnson (Diamond Rio) is 67. Singer Patti Austin is 66. Actor Daniel Hugh Kelly is 64. Folk singer-songwriter Sam Baker is 62. Actress Rosanna Arquette is 57. Actor Antonio Banderas is 56. Rock musician Jon Farriss (INXS) is 55. Singer Julia Fordham is 54. Journalist-blogger Andrew Sullivan is 53. Actor Chris Caldovino is 53. Singer Neneh Cherry is 52. Singer Aaron Hall is 52. Boxer Riddick Bowe is 49. Actor Sean Blakemore is 49. Rhythm-and-blues singer Lorraine Pearson (Five Star) is 49. Singer-producer Michael Bivins is 48. Actor-writer Justin Theroux is 45. Actress Angie Harmon is 44. Country singer Jennifer Hanson is 43. Actor-turned-lawyer Craig Kirkwood is 42. Actress JoAnna Garcia Swisher is 37. Singer Cary Ann Hearst (Shovels & Rope) is 37. Rhythm-and-blues singer Nikki Bratcher (Divine) is 36. Actor Aaron Staton is 36. Actor Ryan Eggold is 32. Actor Charley Koontz is 29. Actor Lucas Till is 26. Reality TV star Kylie Jenner is 19.

Thought for Today: "About the time we can make the ends meet, somebody moves the ends." - President Herbert Hoover (1874-1964).

Got a story to share?



Got a story to share? A favorite memory of your AP days? Don't keep them to yourself. Share with your colleagues by sending to Ye Olde Connecting Editor. And don't forget to include photos!

Here are some suggestions:



- **Spousal support** - How your spouse helped in supporting your work during your AP career.

- **My most unusual story** - tell us about an unusual, off the wall story that you covered.

- **"A silly mistake that you make"** - a chance to 'fess up with a memorable mistake in your journalistic career.

- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.

- **Volunteering** - benefit your colleagues by sharing volunteer stories - with ideas on such work they can do themselves.

- **First job** - How did you get your first job in journalism?

- **Connecting "selfies"** - a word and photo self-profile of you and your career, and what you are doing today. Both for new members and those who have been with us a while.

- **Life after AP** for those of you who have moved on to another job or profession.

- **Most unusual** place a story assignment took you.

Paul Stevens

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