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Connecting - October 30, 2017

1 message

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Mon, Oct 30, 2017 at 8:58 AM

Reply-To: paulstevens46@gmail.com

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Connecting

October 30, 2017

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Colleagues,

Good Monday morning!

We bring you the sad news of the death of former AP photographer **Red McLendon**, who worked in the Los Angeles, Detroit and Las Vegas bureaus for 22 years after distinguished service with the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War.

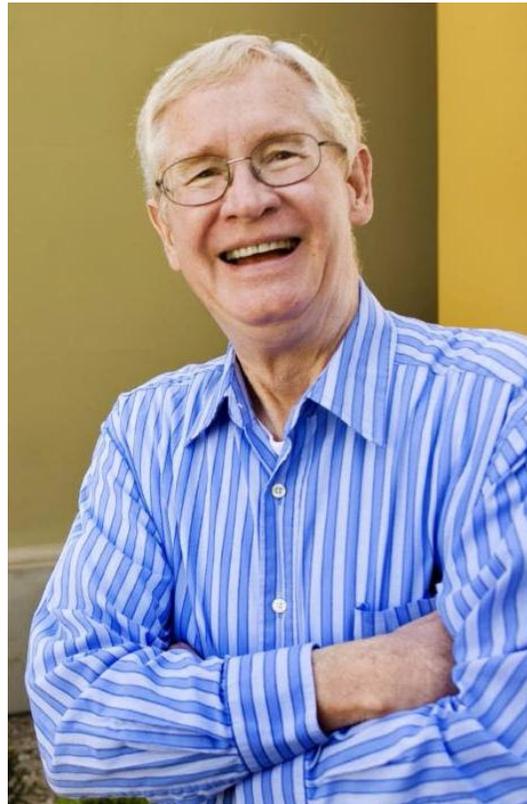
His funeral service will be held at noon Thursday in Las Vegas after a viewing the night before. See more detail in the story below.

If you would like to send condolences to his wife Dianne, you can do so by emailing Connecting colleague **Doug Pizac** at doug@pizac.com

A reminder from Friday's edition that Connecting is preparing its **annual listing of books written by Connecting colleagues**. If you have written a book in the past year, send along a 250-word description along with a photo of the book jacket and a current headshot. Please send them to me by the end of the week.

Thanks, and here's to a great week ahead and on Wednesday, to the start of November.

Paul



Service for former AP photographer Red McLendon to be held Thursday in Nevada

Lennox "Red" McLendon, a 22-year staff photographer for The Associated Press in Los Angeles, Detroit and Las Vegas and a Navy veteran of the Vietnam War, died Tuesday, October 24, in Las Vegas. He was 74.

His viewing will be Wednesday, Nov. 1 from 4-6 p.m. at Kraft-Sussman Funeral Services, [3975 S. Durango Drive, Suite 104, Las Vegas, NV](#). The service will be held at noon on Thursday, Nov. 2 at Southern Nevada Veterans Memorial Cemetery, [1900 Veterans Memorial Drive, Boulder City, NV](#).

A career photojournalist, Red served meritoriously with the U.S. Navy in Vietnam, traveling extensively throughout the region and voluntarily exposing himself to hostile fire to document naval actions during the war. Red was awarded the Navy Achievement Medal with Combat "V" and recognized by the Commander of U.S. Naval Forces in Vietnam for his valor and for "informing the American public of the Command's mission through his widely-published superb photographs. McLendon's professionalism and devotion to duty under arduous living and working

conditions and frequent enemy rocket and mortar attacks were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service." He served in the Navy from 1962 to 1970.

Prior to Vietnam, he taught photography in the Navy and was selected to attend the military's prestigious photojournalism program at the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University where he later returned as a civilian to earn both bachelor's and master's degrees.

After finishing his master's degree at Syracuse; he accepted the position of chief photographer for the Marietta Daily Journal, a group of newspapers based in Atlanta, and during his two years there, 1974-76, he began stringing for the AP. It was during that time that he met Spencer Jones, regional photo editor in the AP's Atlanta bureau.



Red was hired as a staff photographer in the Los Angeles bureau in 1976, joining Spencer who was regional photo editor there; was promoted to chief photographer for the Detroit bureau in 1989, and opened AP's first photo bureau in Las Vegas in 1994.

During his career with The Associated Press, Red traveled the globe covering everything from foreign civil insurrections to the Olympics, several U.S. presidents and the Pope. His domestic coverage included Hollywood, hard news (earthquakes, fires), and sports of every kind. He was named AP Photographer of the Year in 1990, and throughout his career received numerous professional awards for his photography, including recognition from Sports Illustrated as one of the "Top Four" sports photographers worldwide.

After retiring from AP in 1998, Red continued his battle with PTSD and many physical conditions that resulted from exposure to Agent Orange. As in war, he bravely fought the effects of diabetes, heart disease and Parkinson's until they finally claimed his life.

He is survived by his wife Dianne. They were married for 49 years.

If you cannot attend the services but would like to relay condolences, please email Doug Pizac at doug@pizac.com and he will deliver them. Thanks to Doug for the photos above.

Your memories of Red McLendon...



The AP crew posed with the Oscar statue in the photo deadline room after the Academy Awards in 1987 or 1988. Left to right is Red, Doug Pizac, Doug's wife Betty who was an AP photo editor, Nick Ut, ACOB Spencer Jones, photo editor Herb Hemming and Paul Sakuma from the San Francisco bureau. Red and Paul are wearing strobe reflectors as hats.

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Doug Pizac ([Email](#)) - Red was my friend, colleague and mentor to me. But he is now in a better place and at peace, no longer having to suffer from the ravages of Parkinson's. Red took me under his wing when I began stringing for AP in 1977, showing me the ropes of wire service photography and simple, direct caption writing which lead me to my 30-plus-year career with AP. From him I learned how to appreciate history being made by photographing it as it happened. There is no catching up later; you have to be there to witness it yourself with your camera at the ready and you only get a single chance to record it. One of the things I fondly remember is what others jokingly said about him -- he had the sharpest elbows in the industry. During crowded photo shoots few dared to stand next to him and try to get in front for fear of getting a jab in the rib cage. He protected his space for the best shot to put on the wire. His humor brought smiles, sometimes at your

expense, accompanied with his friendly smile, laugh and Southern accent. I miss you pal, and always will.

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Spencer Jones (Email) - I brought Red McLendon to Los Angeles in the mid-70s following work for me as a stringer in Atlanta.

He was outstanding in every assignment, from sports to politics to space shuttle landings at Edwards AFB in the Mojave Desert north of Los Angeles. Red was instrumental in coverage of all the awards shows, music, television and Academy Awards.

He didn't like to lose and would do his homework to avoid it. He transferred to Las Vegas after I moved into Cranberry on electronic darkroom and digital camera technology.

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Andy Lippman (Email) - Red was one of those photographers in the AP tradition of always wanting to be on the scene of a big story, and always displaying the knowledge that came with experience.

He could be as fiery as his red hair, but he had a wonderful laugh that could light up a room.

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Steve Loeper (Email) - From my perspective on the busy LA news desk, what I remember most about our departed photo colleague is this red-toned whirl of energy and enthusiasm who never hesitated to get in our faces about print stuff - in a good way. As I recall, his perseverance in pitching story-photo packages got him some well-deserved bylines back in the day and also provided inspiration for other shooters interested in writing.

Connecting mailbox

Sharing a memory for Terry Anderson's birthday



Neal Ulevich ([Email](#)) - shared this message and photo with Terry Anderson, on his 70th birthday last Friday:

Best wishes at the midpoint (let us hope so) of a long and fruitful existence. I made the attached snap in the late 70s, AP in the old bureau at Yurakucho, Tokyo.

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Trick or treat at the White House



President Donald Trump greets children dressed in their Halloween costumes in the Oval Office on Oct. 27. The White House invited members of the media to visit the president with their kids and to trick-or-treat. Pablo Martinez Monsivais/ AP Photo

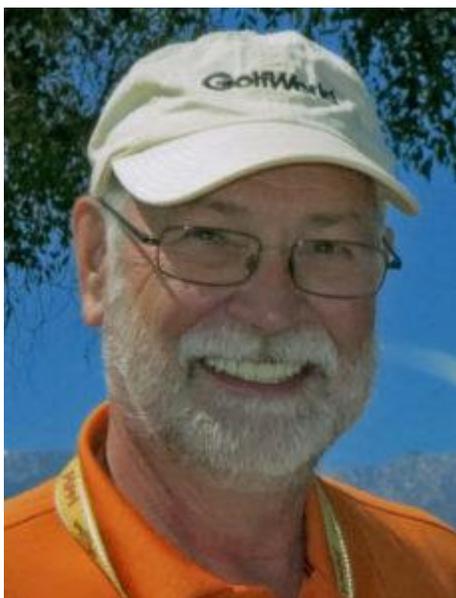
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Used to play for the Cubbies, Mersch: Remembering when journalism had more than 140 characters

By RON SIRAK

When The Associated Press hired me in June 1980 to work the baseball desk Deputy Sports Editor Sam Boyle told me to call dayshift supervisor Dick Joyce for my schedule. That was my first encounter with a breed of individual mostly extinct in journalism - for better or worse.

Dickie was a 6-foot-5, 250-pound teddy bear in rumpled attire that resembled a pile of laundry strewn across an unmade bed. He spoke in a low voice, almost a mumble, and always had a twinkle in his eye, except when they were



Ron Sirak

bloodshot on the morning after the night before. His half-smile made you feel he knew a joke you were not in on. And, for some reason, he called everyone "mersch."

His way of saying my name - Sirak - was to call me Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego every time he saw me. When I reached Dickie he told me I'd work 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. and my days off would vary with the baseball schedule. He said to report Tuesday, paused for a second, then asked: "Ever work on a computer?" When I said I hadn't, he replied: "Better make that Monday, mersch."

My job was called "baseball dictationist." This was before laptops and a five-person team in the AP New York headquarters was hired to take in game stories and box scores. The writers called in the eighth inning and dictated a story and then hoped nothing in the game changed.

Read more [here](#). Ron worked 18 years for the AP including service as AP golf writer.

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Remembering the old Volkswagen vans

Robert Meyers (Email) - My father bought a used VW Van around 1965 (in folo to story in last Friday's Connecting). With eight children to transport it must have made sense, but how do eight children fit into the big boxy interior. I remember only one bench seat in the back and one in the front but mostly kids piled in the middle. We took it on ski trips from Pittsburgh up to Lauren Mountain and Seven Springs in Western Pennsylvania and I remember to this day how cold it was. Dad kept the body somehow sealed with putty in those days of steel cars and salty roads when winters brought a lot of snow and ice. My father was a sports enthusiast so putty season was in the doldrums of November when it was too cold for tennis or golf and too warm for skiing and skating. He always drafted me into the job because "I had the touch." I remember my hands numb with cold smoothing rapidly hardening (or freezing) putty over rusty holes in the body of the VW van. It was never pretty. My Dad put myself and three younger siblings into the van and drove to Montreal for Expo 67. He made me knock on a farmhouse door in Quebec to ask directions one night. No one answered so I went in the unlocked door and found a family in the kitchen in a scene from Van Gogh's "Potato Eaters." They didn't speak English and I'd never heard French before but there were hand gestures. On the way

home, I was sitting in front of my father and steering on the highway while he dozed off. I remember the van changing lanes in a gust of wind on a long bridge without me turning the wheel. That was terrifying.

Fast forward to the 90s, I was living in London with my wife and two young children. Mary Jane wanted to do an exchange and live in Paris for a while. I arranged for sabbatical since I had been with AP for 10 years by then but it really turned out to be several weeks without pay as I had accrued a lot of vacation time that carried over year to year. Mary Jane wanted to get a camper van to explore France on the weekends and the many French holidays so we found a guy in north London who restored them and bought a 1972 Dormobile conversion. The children loved the pop up top with two fold-down bunks. The cook stove folded under the passenger seat, cooler, cupboard, table, benches and bed were well thought out and convenient, but the additional weight did not improve the steering experience and strained the air-cooled engine. I felt like I needed Jesus as my wing man on every trip. We ended up driving to San Sebastian, Spain, for the All Souls Weekend. In France, you could legally overnight anywhere and it was magic parking in front of Chartres Cathedral, next to the Atlantic Ocean in the Gironde, and other beautiful places. On the way back there was a trucker's strike and they were blocking both lanes of the highway for 20 miles, but we crawled along the shoulder of the four-lane all the way to the border and got back into France. After only a year, the engine needed to be replaced, and after only a few hundred miles, the valve sleeves in that engine needed done again. I was glad to see it drive off when we sold it. Electric drive might be a huge improvement over air-cooled.

AND...

Jeff Williams (Email) - What's not to love about a Volkswagen Bug? Cheap, reliable (sort of) and lasts forever. I never had a new one, but oldies were goodies. In college I once fell asleep at the wheel heading for a summer job and woke up in time to see I was headed directly at a telephone pole. I corrected in time to slam sideways into the pole. The collision caved in the passenger side and knocked the Bug back over the highway, landing on its side. I climbed out the broken door window, passing motorists helped me push it upright, and I drove off. Try that with a Buick.

In Indonesia in 1966, the so-called "Year of Living Dangerously" I also had a VW Bug. Driving to the hill town of Bogor one day the Bug just stopped. I was alone in the middle of a jungle. I waited and about 20 minutes later a man mysteriously appeared from the trees with tools wrapped in a rag. He made the fine little car run again and then just as mysteriously disappeared. Anyone (but me) could fix a Bug engine.

In Jakarta I lived next to General Suharto, soon to become strongman/President of Indonesia. He had heavy security around the area and a tank parked in my driveway at night. In the morning I would honk, the tank would fire up and let me

out. But the crew, bored with the assignment, would sometimes swivel the turret and lower the cannon to my windshield. High hilarity in the tank. The Bug never wavered. I capitalize Bug in its honor.

(T. Jeff Williams was AP correspondent in Indonesia 1966-68.)

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On the day JFK died, those five dimes came in handy

Joseph Carter ([Email](#)) - During President John F. Kennedy's November, 1963 campaign swing through Texas, I was overnight editor for the southwest division of United Press International, a news service that was showing early pangs of failure. Yet, most staffers were determined to vigorously compete with the more formidable Associated Press.

At 10 p.m., November 21, I took charge of the desk as the Kennedy entourage settled into Fort Worth taking dictation, writing-editing follow-up, late-breaking news while preparing fresh leads for early newspaper editions and broadcasts for Friday. Merriman Smith, dean of the White House correspondents and UPI's whiskered Presidential reporter, dictated fiercely. Throughout the night, along with superb rewrite staffer Leo Welter, we churned out copy under Smith's by-line until relief arrived at 6 a.m. Most of the night, as we sent copy to the New York desk, we lacked a telegrapher so we "punched" or key-boarded our multiple stories along with Texas high school football scores.

Somehow during that night I found time to dispatch my own signed "Texas politics/with JFK" sidebar that I never saw published. Events of November 22 consumed all newsprint.

Division news chief and UPI veteran Jack Fallon earlier had assigned me to working PAID overtime (a wire service rule) to assist or "back-up" Merriman Smith. Somehow I received press credentials for both Fort Worth and Dallas along with an engraved invitation to a luncheon featuring Kennedy. It was complete with my "Joe Carter" name hand-written in the document. I donated these originals to the Newseum in Washington, D. C. but kept photocopies.

Because travelling to Fort Worth before the Presidential party would fly to Dallas was impossible, Welter and I shared breakfast. While paying the tab, I sought and

received five dimes--each the price of a pay telephone call in those pre-cellular days. Welter headed home and I drove my car to Love Field wearing my "Dallas" Press badge and wielding five dimes.

At the airport, using a dime, I telephoned Fallon to report the instant that Air Force One touched down: 11:38 a.m. A follow-up plane carried the regular White House press corps. Merriman Smith emerged from Air Force One and handed me a draft news item reporting JFK had telephoned John Nance Garner, the former Vice President of Texas who allegedly had said the office he held under President Franklin D. Roosevelt " wasn't worth a bucket of warm spit" or some other excrement that also is warm. My memory fades on that point.

I lacked handy access to a telephone to dictate Smith's short sidebar--saving a dime. Instead, I nudged as close as possible to President and Mrs. Kennedy as the handsome couple walked along the fence line and he shook some hands. I waited for an angry right-wing Texan to offer an insult or assault. I was relieved that the reception was positive as Dallas was rife with conservative opposition to the New Frontier.

Quickly, I joined the press corps to mount a chartered bus that followed the open-top White House limousine by about a dozen cars loaded with agents, VIPs, Vice President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson and a press pool car. Along the road, the caravan abruptly stopped on JFK 's orders to shake a few hands. Then the motorcade restarted and a White House staffer used the bus microphone to assure us about the stoppage.

Thousands lined Main Street in downtown Dallas as we approached Dealey Plaza, made a right turn then travelled a half block to begin---at 12:34 p.m.-- a hard left turn onto Stemmons Expressway. These nearly 54 years later, the three unmistakable sounds I heard in those few seconds still call regurgitate. As an ex-Army infantryman, I recognized gunfire and later learned that the ex-Marine Texan who fired those shots and I had earned the same scores as riflemen.

The bus roared to the Trade Mart where I bounded off and called the Dallas desk describing what I had witnessed by eye and ear including the fact I had seen a motorcycle cop jump from his bike and race up a "green grassy knoll" during the seconds following the shots. Days later, I returned to the site and found the grass was brown from autumn frost. Why had I said "green"? I remembered then that the bus had green tinted windows. Otherwise, my own many reviews of my work seemed to reflect truth as time has proved to me and most citizens.

At Parkland Hospital, I commandeered a pay telephone by investing a dime. Fallon, understanding the limited communications source, dispatched cub reporter Wilborn Hampton to monopolize the coveted line while I attended Kilduff's news conference where he officially announced the death. I also happened to peek

through a window when bloodied Jackie Kennedy was walking behind the bronze coffin. She joined the corpse in an ambulance and departed Parkland.

After Kilduff said, according to my scribbled notes, "President Kennedy died at approximately one o'clock Central Standard Time of a gunshot wound to the brain." That was all I needed. I raced down a hallway, grabbed the phone from Hampton and read from my notes to Fallon. Out went a flash, bulletin and follow-up story.

Shortly afterwards the press corps returned to Love Field where pool reporter Sid Davis of Westinghouse Radio emerged from Air Force One and briefed us on the inauguration of President Johnson. I ran to the terminal, saw a black lady preparing to place a call and I shouted: "I need that phone." She was courteous. Then, I discovered, I somehow had spent all of my dimes. I asked for hers, she handed one to me, and listened in disbelief as I recited Davis' report from notes scribbled on rough copy paper. I thanked her; had no way to repay her, and drove toward home. UPI had the essence of the inauguration of the 36th President because of Davis, a begged telephone and dime plus me.

Hours later, Merriman Smith handed off his own version of the oath taking that he witnessed while aboard the plane then Smith rode to Andrews Air Force base. Most papers and newscasts already knew and had reported or gone to press because of the immediate on-the-spot reporting largely by AP and UPI. Most of the other members of the press corps naturally followed Davis to the press plane and flew to Washington. Before 5 p.m. that was the full disclosure story. One President dead. Another President had taken office. All this had been said on evening newscasts and had been set in type by thousands of newspapers worldwide.

Certainly, there was much more. Oswald kills policemen J. D. Tippett. Oswald arrested and denies the facts. Rifle found at Oswald's work place, Jack Ruby later kills Oswald. Hours of reporting, international police investigations, a special committee review and dozens of books and many, many theories and lies.

Details of that day--and beyond--I wrote in a 2013 \$1 Amazon.com eBook upon the 50th anniversary of the assassination. Not many readers.

Hours, days, weeks and months were consumed by hard nose reporting by hard-nosed investigative reporters not only UPI, but AP and Reuters, all major newspapers including Tass, magazines and networks. Each was reading each other's reports.

On the Dallas overnight desk, if the Associated Press published a new angle or fact about the assassination a "95" message from a snoopy UPI bureau somewhere on Planet Earth would arrive with the word "Rox reporting..." something UPI failed

to report. I was expected to follow-up; seek out the sources, and attempt to do a later-breaking version if possible.

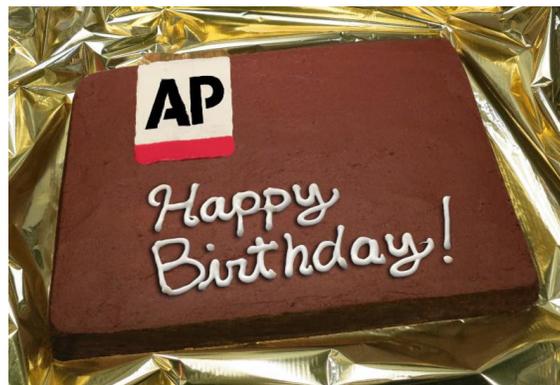
Most annoying was debunking pure lies that were hard to disprove then and now. Most media reported verified information. The AP stories all seemed highly credible and verified.

Nights alone with the able Leo Welter, we scrambled against competition to keep the public informed. While we never met with counterparts at the AP, years later I read in "Connecting" a detailed rendition about the events at the AP bureau of Dallas. It was honest, most interesting and exciting.

Months working the base story and studying Oswald, I earned a tough opinion that even the mafia, communists, rogue nations and rigid right wingers had too much class to plot with a guy like Oswald. He was a befuddled Texas kid reared by an outrageous Mother who happened to land a low-paying job in a dirty strategic spot and bought a cheap rifle. Yes, doubters, Oswald lone and accidentally had a chance to fire three easy, fatal shots. I believe that most newsmen of all stripes concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in murdering John Fitzgerald Kennedy and wounding Governor John Connally. The majority of media told that truth but, unfortunately, some of the cynical public have doubts.

Joseph H. Carter, Sr., [616 Night Hawk Drive, Norman, Oklahoma 73072](#), Author of "I Heard JFK's Death Shots."

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Carl Manning - clminmo@aol.com

Stories of interest

'When these guys leave, we're still here': A four-man local newspaper braces for white nationalists and the national media (Washington Post)

White nationalists demonstrate in Charlottesville on Aug. 12. The Tennessee towns of Shelbyville and Murfreesboro are expected to be the sites of similar demonstrations Oct. 28. (Steve Helber/AP)

By **CALLUM BORCHERS**

Terry Corrigan, editor of the Shelbyville (Tenn.) Times-Gazette, had a talk with the local police this week.

His town of about 21,000 people is the site of a planned white nationalist demonstration Saturday, as is nearby Murfreesboro, which means journalists from major news outlets will parachute in to cover the latest scene in a disturbing drama that escalated into violence two months ago in Charlottesville.

"I've been through this before, where CNN and all the networks come in," Corrigan said, recalling his experience covering the Rodeo-Chediski Wildfire at a small newspaper in Arizona in 2002. "The thing that really irritated us the most was the police were really enamored of the television. They were taking them places they wouldn't take us, so we had to ra

Read more [here](#). Shared by Mike Holmes.

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Bill gets 'good news' in a relative universe (St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

By **BILL McCLELLAN**

A couple of weeks ago, I ran into a friend I haven't seen in a while.

"You look good," he said. There was a questioning, almost accusatory, note in his voice.

I'm used to that. In September 2015, I was diagnosed with a relatively rare and often lethal cancer - cholangiocarcinoma. Cancer of the bile ducts. My cancer had manifested itself with an inoperable tumor in my liver, inoperable because it encased the hepatic artery. I wrote about it. I said it was like being in a Woody Allen movie. Dark humor, much angst.

People responded with a generosity of spirit that overwhelmed me. Readers who liked me said nice things about me. My constant critics remained largely silent. The St. Louis Press Club gave me a Lifetime Achievement award. I felt like Tom Sawyer at his own funeral.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Scott Charton.

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30: Plainview Herald Editor Doug McDonough retiring



By **SKIP LEON**

Doug McDonough got involved in journalism as a sophomore at Plainview High School because another student told him it provided opportunities to get out of class and was an easy way to get a good grade.

So, looking for an easy 'A' and a chance to do some interesting things, Doug chose journalism as his second alternate elective, if he didn't get his first two elective choices, band and woodworking shop, and his first alternate choice, typing.

Now, nearly a half-century later, and after 41 years working at the Plainview Herald in a variety of jobs, Doug will ride off into the West Texas sunset having left a lasting legacy in his hometown. His last day at The Herald will be Tuesday.

Doug's story is a classic tale of a hometown boy who went away to college and returned home to make a significant and lasting contribution to the town where he was born and raised, the town he loves. Doug's name is synonymous with The Plainview Herald and, in some ways, the city of Plainview, Texas.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Sylvia Wingfield, who noted: "Doug's West Texas territory always has interesting news - from blizzards and tornadoes to wild crime and significant agribusiness. He's always been ready to share with other AP members. And his cheerful professionalism has made many friends. He'll be missed!"

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Ready for Trump TV? Inside Sinclair Broadcasting's Plot to Take Over Your Local News (Mother Jones)

By **ANDY KROLL**

One evening in July, David Smith, the executive chairman of Sinclair Broadcast Group, strolled into the newsroom at WJLA, the ABC affiliate for Washington, DC, and the crown jewel of his company's 193-station empire. Smith lacks the name recognition of Rupert Murdoch or the late Roger Ailes. But his company—with holdings concentrated in midsize markets like Tulsa, Flint, and Boise—owns more television stations than any other broadcaster in the country, reaching 2 out of every 5 American homes.

Station staffers thought it odd to see Smith, one of four brothers who control Sinclair, aimlessly show up at this evening hour. According to a source familiar with the newsroom, he assured them that he wouldn't be staying long; he was just killing time until a dinner appointment. Before he left, he confided that he was headed to the White House, to dine with President Donald Trump himself.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Richard Chady.

The Final Word

What golf teaches us about advertising

By **John Foust**

Raleigh, NC

I love golf, but I'm a terrible golfer. I'm the only golfer I know who has lost someone else's golf ball. On a best-ball round, I mistakenly hit the wrong ball - directly into a lake.



John Foust

Regardless of skill level, golf holds plenty of lessons for the business of selling and creating advertising. Let's take a look:

1. Club selection matters. Each club has a specific purpose. Drive with a driver, hit long approach shots with a fairway wood, chip with a wedge, putt with a putter.

In advertising, there are tactics for different marketing situations. Image ads are designed to build brand identities and response ads are used to generate immediate results.

2. Pre-contact is important. A golf swing starts with lining up the shot, having the right stance and grip, then taking a proper backswing.

Any experienced sales person will tell you to prepare in advance for an appointment. Learn your prospect's marketing objectives, study their previous ad campaigns, and research their competitors' advertising.

3. Follow-through is equally important. A swing doesn't end after contact. And neither does a sales conversation. When you return to the office, there are "thank you" emails, additional facts and figures to research, and campaign recommendations to develop.

4. Every hole has a goal. And every ad campaign has an objective. At the completion of a particular marketing effort, your client wants to generate x-results. Along the way, there are interim goals, such as weekly and monthly targets.

5. Every hole has hazards. Obstacles are part of the game. There are bunkers, creeks, and out-of-bounds areas. Some are visible from a distance, but others seem to appear out of nowhere.

In advertising, there are sales objections, high-maintenance clients, fickle target markets and challenging deadlines.

6. Play it where it lies. You will make some shots from level ground, where the ball sits nicely on top of the grass. But others you will have to hit from tall weeds or sand or behind a tree.

Whatever the lie, concentrate on the goal and choose the right club.

7. Grain and dew affect putting. The surface of the green can be compared to market conditions which are beyond your control. Read and respond to those conditions correctly, and you're on the way to a successful campaign. Read them incorrectly, and the ball will veer off course.

8. Close doesn't count. A score can't be counted until the ball is in the hole. Likewise, a publication can't build its business on sales that are almost made.

9. Divots should be repaired. It's important to keep client relationships in order. If something goes wrong - in a conversation or in a campaign - take immediate steps to put things back on track.

10. A tournament can be won by one stroke. It's crucial to pay attention to details, because little things make a difference. A sales conversation can turn quickly on one perceptive question. A typographical error can make or break a marketing proposal. And one word can determine the success of a headline.

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Today in History - October 30, 2017



By The Associated Press

Today is Monday, Oct. 30, the 303rd day of 2017. There are 62 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Oct. 30, 1944, the Martha Graham ballet "Appalachian Spring," with music by Aaron Copland, premiered at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., with Graham in a leading role.

On this date:

In 1735 (New Style calendar), the second president of the United States, John Adams, was born in Braintree, Massachusetts.

In 1864, Helena, Montana, was founded.

In 1921, the silent film classic "The Sheik," starring Rudolph Valentino, premiered in Los Angeles.

In 1938, the radio play "The War of the Worlds," starring Orson Welles, aired on CBS.

In 1945, the U.S. government announced the end of shoe rationing, effective at midnight.

In 1953, Gen. George C. Marshall was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Dr. Albert Schweitzer received the Peace Prize for 1952.

In 1961, the Soviet Union tested a hydrogen bomb, the "Tsar Bomba," with a force estimated at about 50 megatons. The Soviet Party Congress unanimously approved a resolution ordering the removal of Josef Stalin's body from Lenin's tomb.

In 1974, Muhammad Ali knocked out George Foreman in the eighth round of a 15-round bout in Kinshasa, Zaire (zah-EER'), known as the "Rumble in the Jungle," to regain his world heavyweight title.

In 1975, the New York Daily News ran the headline "Ford to City: Drop Dead" a day after President Gerald R. Ford said he would veto any proposed federal bailout of New York City.

In 1985, schoolteacher-astronaut Christa McAuliffe witnessed the launch of the space shuttle Challenger, the same craft that carried her and six other crew members to their deaths in Jan. 1986.

In 1997, a jury in Cambridge, Massachusetts, convicted British au pair Louise Woodward of second-degree murder in the death of eight-month-old Matthew Eappen. (The judge, Hiller B. Zobel, later reduced the verdict to manslaughter and set Woodward free.)

In 2002, Jam Master Jay (Jason Mizell), a rapper with the hip-hop group Run-DMC, was killed in a shooting in New York; was 37.

Ten years ago: Barack Obama and John Edwards sharply challenged Hillary Rodham Clinton on her candor, consistency and judgment in a televised Democratic presidential debate in Philadelphia; Clinton largely shrugged off the remarks and defended her positions. Singer-actor Robert Goulet died at a Los Angeles hospital at age 73.

Five years ago: A weakening Superstorm Sandy inched inland across Pennsylvania, leaving behind it a dazed, inundated New York City, a waterlogged Atlantic Coast and a moonscape of disarray and debris; the New York Stock Exchange was closed for a second day from weather, the first time that had

happened since the Great Blizzard of 1888. The Walt Disney Co. announced that it would buy Lucasfilm Ltd. for \$4.05 billion, paving the way for a new "Star Wars" trilogy.

One year ago: The third powerful earthquake to hit Italy in two months spared human life but struck at the nation's cultural identity, destroying a Benedictine cathedral, a medieval tower and other beloved landmarks. The Chicago Cubs held off Cleveland 3-2 in Game 5 of the World Series, cutting the Indians' lead to 3-2.

Today's Birthdays: Movie director Claude Lelouch is 80. Rock singer Grace Slick is 78. Songwriter Eddie Holland is 78. Rhythm-and-blues singer Otis Williams (The Temptations) is 76. Actress Joanna Shimkus is 74. Actor Henry Winkler is 72. Broadcast journalist Andrea Mitchell is 71. Rock musician Chris Slade (Asia) is 71. Country/rock musician Timothy B. Schmit (The Eagles) is 70. Actor Leon Rippy is 68. Actor Harry Hamlin is 66. Actor Charles Martin Smith is 64. Country singer T. Graham Brown is 63. Actor Kevin Pollak is 60. Rock singer-musician Jerry De Borg (Jesus Jones) is 57. Actor Michael Beach is 54. Rock singer-musician Gavin Rossdale (Bush) is 52. Actor Jack Plotnick is 49. Comedian Ben Bailey is 47. Actor Billy Brown is 47. Actress Nia Long is 47. Country singer Kassadey Osborn (SHeDAISY) (sh-DAY'-zee) is 41. Actor Gael Garcia Bernal is 39. Actor Matthew Morrison is 39. Business executive and presidential adviser Ivanka Trump is 36. Actress Fiona Dourif is 36. Actor Shaun Sipos (SEE'-pohs) is 36. Actress Janel (juh-NEHL') Parrish is 29. Actor Tequan Richmond is 25.

Thought for Today: "We lie loudest when we lie to ourselves." - Eric Hoffer, American philosopher (1902-1983).

Got a story or photos 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:

- **Second chapters** - You finished a great career. Now tell us about your second (and third and fourth?) chapters of life.
- **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.

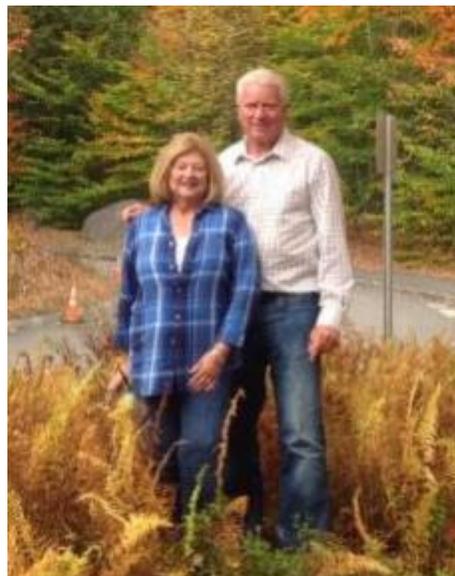
- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.

- **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.

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



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