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# Connecting - October 08, 2019

1 message

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# Connecting

October 08, 2019

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Colleagues,

Good Tuesday morning on this the 8<sup>th</sup> day of October 2019,

**Charlie Cole** was an American photojournalist, one of the five photographers who captured the iconic image of the Tank Man during the Tiananmen Square protests of 1989. Cole died at his home in Bali on September 5, 2019.

Charlie's uncle, Stacy Cole, 86, of Fremont, California, composed a eulogy that he will deliver in Houston this Friday, October 11, at a memorial service conducted by Charlie's father, 91-year-old retired Air Force Colonel Newton V. Cole. Stacy shares it through our colleague **Joe Galloway**.

More tales of your work as a newspaper carrier are in today's issue - and the Wall Street Journal is even getting in on the act with a review of a new book about newsboys who turned out to be famous.

I look forward to your contributions.

Paul

## A eulogy for photographer Charlie Cole



**Charlie Cole (photo from his father)**

**Joe Galloway (Email)** - Stacy Cole, Charlie Cole's uncle, wrote a sweet and brilliant eulogy for his nephew who died much too young at age 64 in Bali. Stacy's email is: [historicole@comcast.net](mailto:historicole@comcast.net)

## By STACY COLE

John Donne, that great preacher/poet sermonizing in 1626, said that "the world is a great Volume, and man the Index of that Booke."

Of all the men I have known, Charlie best fits the description of an Index of that great Volume.

One of the hazards of age is that we outlive those we love. One by one they leave us, and if we have not cultivated the art of making new friends, we will in time find ourselves alone. For many of us the time and effort required for this task is daunting. There are lines that must be crossed, zones of comfort to be expanded. Charlie never ceased to find and nurture friends, keeping old ones close and opening himself up to new ones. He knew that the greatest of all treasures was the affection of the men and women in his life and he gave that his full attention.

One of Charlie's most remarkable attributes was his active imagination, for it is through that medium that our lives take shape. It pictures beauty, success and desired results. On the other hand, it brings into focus ugliness, distress, and failure. Each of us must choose how our imagination is to serve us. Charlie had seen it all in quantities beyond the experience of most of us, but he used it as a path to learning and to growth. If character is the diploma that God gives us in life, Charlie was PhD worthy in that regard.

Some men are capable of rising out of their own lives. They stand on the same ground as their friends and colleagues, but they somehow transcend them. The respect and affection that Charlie received from all who encountered him along his chosen path is a testimonial to the quality of the man. The poet of long ago might well have been writing of him when he wrote that "there are two worlds: the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and our imagination." The professional Charlie was superior in the first, and the private, personal Charlie was a blessing to everyone who knew him because he exemplified the second.

There is a time for all things, a time to celebrate the sacrifices and achievements of the one we honor with our presence here, and a time for grief in their departure from us, an absence keenly felt and as deeply mourned. And now that the time of departure is at hand, we must go our separate ways. He is dead and we yet live. This is the place where memories gather, where the living join hands with the dead

and both bear witness to all those present and to the future that a life lived to its fullest is no small thing.

Life is rarely lived as fully and as splendidly as it is when shadowed by risk, and Charlie was an extraordinary man, living in extraordinary times, and sharing his life experiences with his countrymen, but more than that, with people throughout the world, and the life he led was one of long stretches of monotony punctuated by danger. One of the many things I learned from him was the value of patience, particularly his example of patient suffering, which in itself is one of the most precious lessons to an impatient world.

He magnified his enjoyments, the better to share them with others, and reduced his displeasures and discomforts, which like his pain he kept private. My many conversations with him convinced me that he anchored himself in the values of his Christian faith, and there he remained secure amidst the stormy passions of the troubled and dangerous world that he knew so intimately.

At times when I least expect it, his well-remembered face comes upon me like a new thought, and I cannot help but dwell upon it at some length - the gentle, inquisitive expression of the eyes, the brow furrowed in thought, the smile so quick in arrival and so slow in departure, and always I have the sense that behind it all was an extraordinary depth of understanding and of sympathy.

Surely death must be proud to take a man like this. But not even death has the power to break the tenuous thread which binds us one to the other. There is poetry there, and beauty as old as the world. The sound of his voice, like a familiar echo from some ancient place, still falls gently on my ears, the long echo that memory gives. A man's life cannot be silent; living is speaking, dying too is speaking.

Charlie has taken root in my memory, and those roots run as deep as recollection itself. As in life he shared so much, so, too, in death. I shall have no memory of my own death. I shall always remember his.

There is a Hebrew legend that says that "whenever the shelves in the Library of Heaven were entirely full, and a new, worthy book appeared, all the books in the celestial collection pressed themselves closer together and made room."

I can hear, however faintly, the rustle in the celestial library, as the call goes down the line of volumes there, "Make room, make room, the Index has arrived. Welcome home, Charlie Cole."

# Tales of yore of carrying newspapers

## Tale of Two Routes and 'Kiver to Kiver'

**Jim Bagby (Email)** - Growing up as one of six kids, a paper route marked a rite of passage when I reached junior high. No more allowance: become employed AND responsible for my own expenses. What a double-edged sword that was: I could pay my own dime for the movies, if I had one left after buying clothes, shoes and necessities. Haircuts were a quarter, but suddenly the ones mom provided for free didn't seem so bad.

This was the late '50s, and my first deliveries for the Norman (Okla.) Transcript were on Route 1 -- about 50 papers, in an area of several blocks just off downtown. Except for Thursdays and Sundays, I could fold the paper of an average 12 pages in a triangle about the size of a man's hand and get them all in one canvas bag, with the straps wrapped around my bike handlebars. It didn't take much practice to ride the sidewalks and throw all the chicken-wing folds onto porches - as required.

The bigger challenge was collecting 25 cents per week from my mostly cooperative customers, to meet my Saturday morning bill of about \$10. Sometimes I went back two or three times before I found enough folks at home to just meet the tab, with payment due at the circulation office by noon. Then it was more riding and doorbell ringing to earn my salary - which was minimal.

Oh, yeah, if someone had missed a delivery, with your bill came a BRIGHT RED card that said "Kicks cost you a dime. Good carriers do not get kicks!" The dime penalty, for me, was not the worst part. My dad was city editor of the Transcript and it pained him no end if he learned that someone got the paper late or not at all. Normally, someone in circulation drove out to provide a replacement.

Apparently I got few kicks, because in less than a year, I was promoted to Route 45. It was closer to our home on the west side of town and had just over 150 customers. Even better, more than half of those paid annually - so I didn't have to collect from them! The layout of the route was basically four long north-south streets, side by side; on a good day I could throw it in less than 30 minutes. I'd have one paper bag on each handlebar, and my thighs to this day are out of proportion to the rest of my body from pumping my Schwinn up and down those streets, the weight of those bags swinging in the ceaseless Oklahoma wind. (Well, that's not true: it frequently dies in August when the temperature hits 110).

Full disclosure: on a recent trip back to Norman to see family, I drove my car back over that route, and those four "long" streets are about a block and half. But when it's a cold, driving rain, and you're trying to get a soggy paper to the porch, avoiding milk bottles and glass storm doors, the way does seem longer. And let's not talk about peddling in snow. Or having to fold the larger Thursday and Sunday papers the long way - probably an average then of 32 to 40 pages - then stacking them so the stacks fit into rows in the paper bags (I know other carriers who've written can identify). Now the weight from the handlebars had more than doubled.

But my collections, depending on how steady the customer base was, saw my income grow to about \$50 per month. I had visions of retiring as a paper boy, especially in the good weather. I kept good ol' Route 45 until my sophomore year of high school, when a job that would help me buy a car became more practical.

One memory to share: the newspaper once ran a readership survey, listing virtually every regular feature published daily. Readers were asked to check one of three response columns - "Do you read this [a] sometimes [b] always [c] never" and mail in the result. To encourage participation, carriers were offered some nice prizes to go out and collect the surveys from deadline-shy customers. That brought me to the porch of a kindly and very senior lady who sometimes gave me cookies at Christmas. When I asked if she had completed her survey, she went to find it.

"Oh my yes," she enthused. "I read everything, kiver to kiver." And with that, she took her big pencil and ran it down every column - sometimes, always, never.

## A tribute-in-bronze to newsboys

**Charles Hanley** ([Email](#)) - I was a 13-year-old milkman's assistant in Brooklyn who never rose to the ranks to paperboys. But I thought Connectors who aren't already familiar with it might enjoy seeing this 124-year-old tribute-in-bronze to a dying breed that graces a roadway in the Berkshires of Western Mass. Click [here](#).

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## 'Crying the News' Review: Street-Corner Capitalists

*By Edward Kosner, Wall Street Journal*

Thomas Edison was one. So were Harry Houdini, Herbert Hoover, W.C. Fields, Walt Disney, Benjamin Franklin, Jackie Robinson, Walter Winchell, Thomas Wolfe, Jack London, Knute Rockne, Harry Truman, John Wayne, Warren Buffett and many more familiar names. Besides being illustrious Americans, these men shared a calling-growing up, they were newsboys, delivering newspapers to subscribers or, more colorfully, hawking them on the streets for a couple of pennies, real money in those days.

In their time, newsboys (girls were rare) were American icons-symbols of unflagging industry and tattered, barefoot, shivering objects of pity. They had their own argot and better news judgment than many editors, because they had to size up the appeal of every edition to determine how many copies to buy from the publisher. Some used hawking as a cover for picking pockets, but most were as honest as they could afford to be. Even the most scrupulous could gose trade by juicing the news they peddled: "McKinley dead!" (not just shot).

These waifs, urchins, street Arabs, ragamuffins, gamins, juvenile delinquents and guttersnipes, as they were called, now have their Boswell in Vincent DiGirolamo, a former reporter and documentary filmmaker who teaches history at the City University of New York. His "Crying the News: A History of America's Newsboys" is an encyclopedic account of these heralds of the golden age of newspapers in America. They were essential contributors to the newspaper economy and ink-smudged secondhand witnesses to history.

The author has done prodigious research, and it's hard to imagine what, if any of it, he has left out. Did you know that Sandy Fowler, a 9-year-old newsboy, was run over in Salt Lake City in June 1904? You do now. Mr. DiGirolamo is a fluent writer, however, and "Crying the News" is really a social history of the American press from the 19th century to World War II. Its 566 pages have their share of interesting nuggets and observations.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Bobbie Seril. Click [here](#) for Amazon link to the book.

## Connecting mailbox

### *An AP sighting*



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**Steve Graham (Email)** - I dunno how they can trademark "AP," however.

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## ***Bonus points for editing***



**Ed Williams** ([Email](#)) - Bonus points to former (Auburn University) student Terry Patilla for spotting this sign in downtown Birmingham...and editing it!

## **Emily Swanson named AP director of public opinion research**

**By Patrick Maks**

Deputy Managing Editor for Operations David Scott announced on Monday that polling editor Emily Swanson will be AP's new director of public opinion research. Here is his memo to staff:

I'm excited to announce today that Emily Swanson is taking on a new role at AP as director of public opinion research.

This new position, and Emily's promotion to it, is part of AP's ongoing and increasing commitment to using the best of data journalism and social science practice to understand America, its people and the choices they make about how they live their lives. That includes our work at the AP-NORC Center for Public Affairs Research and our groundbreaking AP VoteCast election survey, which sets the new standard for understanding the electorate and the forces shaping the American democracy.

Emily joined AP five years ago as a news survey specialist, and a short time later, became our resident expert and sole in-house resource on polls and surveys. In that time, she's written and reported on the results of dozens of AP and AP-NORC surveys - including work in the 2016 campaign that illustrated clear divides among voters and striking opinions about then-GOP nominee Donald Trump.



**Emily Swanson**

In the wake of the 2016 election, Emily rewrote the AP Stylebook's guidance on polls and surveys. In 2018, she joined the AP decision team, working alongside decision editor Stephen Ohlemacher to make the race calls that form the core of AP's election night report.

Over the past few years, Emily also worked closely with AP's partners at NORC at the University of Chicago to develop AP VoteCast, replacing the archaic science of exit polling with a modern and innovative method of understanding who votes and why. The development of VoteCast ensures the decision desk and our newsroom, as well as our election service customers, will have all the information they need to confidently tell the story of Election Day for years to come.

In her new role, Emily will continue to be based in Washington and report to me, collaborating as always with Washington Bureau Chief Julie Pace and the Washington bureau, as well as Data Science and News Applications Editor Troy Thibodeaux and the data journalism team. She will oversee the polls and surveys team: Ohlemacher, reporter Hannah Fingerhut and our soon-to-be-hired data visualization developer. Stephen will continue to serve as head of the decision desk, directing the team of race callers and decision analysts who tell the world every election night who will next lead the nation.

Click [here](#) for a link to this story.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Susanna Loof - [susanna.loof@gmail.com](mailto:susanna.loof@gmail.com)

Bud Weydert - [third\\_of-ten@hotmail.com](mailto:third_of-ten@hotmail.com)

## Stories of interest

***The View From Here: Mourning a 'death' in the Maine journalism family*** (Portland Press Herald)

By GREG KESICH

Journalism is an "ism," meaning that it's a doctrine, a practice, a way of looking at the world.

Its adherents are trained to ask a lot of questions and verify the answers, often by asking more questions of someone else. The facts are assembled and reported to the world, not always to the delight of the people who appear in the stories.

The people drawn to this work make absurd sacrifices of their time and talent, knowing that they are going to infuriate as many people as they please. When I first started as a reporter, I thought other reporters were my enemies. But I soon realized that we were all part of a big, dysfunctional family.

And in Maine, the family is in mourning.

The owner of the Biddeford Journal Tribune announced last week that it will shut down production after a 135-year run. The daily newspaper - an evening paper until two years ago - could not stay ahead of losses in circulation and advertising revenue.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Clarke Canfield.

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## ***12 local newsrooms, seven states, one big problem: How an INN collaboration is nationalizing the rural healthcare crisis*** (Nieman)

By CHRISTINE SCHMIDT

When a rural hospital closes, according to a new study of California's healthcare system, the chance of dying in a time-sensitive situation like a heart attack or stroke increases by nearly 6 percent.

On average over the past 15 years, 10 rural hospitals have closed each year in the United States. Half of the rural hospitals that remain expect to lose more money this year.

These are some of the numbers behind the crisis of providing healthcare to people living and working away from major cities - but the faces of those people matter too. They include Jessica Sheridan, a new mother in Iowa Falls who had planned to give birth at the hospital five minutes away until its labor and delivery unit closed two months before her due date; Kristina Protasiewicz, president of a Michigan hospital's nurses' union who works alongside other healthcare workers at the short-staffed hospital as an operating room nurse; and Jim Servais, an 81-year-old farmer in Wisconsin who had to rely on the healthcare provided by his wife's job to get his knees replaced. And the news organizations that know those people - and those stats, and the crisis - best are the local reporters trying to bring attention to it.

Read more [here](#).

# The Final Word

## ***Stop Me if You've Heard This One: A Robot and a Team of Irish Scientists Walk Into a Senior Living Home*** (Time)



Residents at Knollwood Military Retirement Community in Washington, D.C. gather around Stevie after Bingo night. Greg Kahn for TIME

**By Corinne Purtill**

It's karaoke-rehearsal time at Knollwood Military Retirement Community, a 300-bed facility tucked away in a leafy corner of northwest Washington, D.C.

Knollwood resident and retired U.S. Army Colonel Phil Soriano, 86, has hosted the facility's semi-monthly singalongs since their debut during a boozy snowstorm happy hour in 2016. For the late August 2019 show, he'll share emcee duties with a special

guest: Stevie, a petite and personable figure who's been living at Knollwood for the last six weeks.

Soriano wants to sing the crowd-pleasing hit "YMCA" while Stevie leads the crowd through the song's signature dance moves. But Stevie is a robot, and this is harder than it sounds.

"We could try to make him dance," says Niamh Donnelly, the robot's lead AI engineer, though she sounds dubious. She enters commands on a laptop. In response, Stevie stretches its peg-like arms. A grin flashes on its LED-screen face. "It would be very helpful if he had elbows," says Conor McGinn, an assistant professor at Trinity College Dublin and Stevie's lead engineer. "It was just a thought," Soriano says. "What matters is what Stevie's comfortable with."

Read more [here](#).

## Today in History - October 8, 2019



**By The Associated Press**

Today is Tuesday, Oct. 8, the 281st day of 2019. There are 84 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On Oct. 8, 1998, the House triggered an open-ended impeachment inquiry against President Bill Clinton in a momentous 258-176 vote; 31 Democrats joined majority Republicans in opening the way for nationally televised impeachment hearings.

**On this date:**

In 1871, the Great Chicago Fire erupted; fires also broke out in Peshtigo, Wisconsin, and in several communities in Michigan.

In 1934, Bruno Hauptmann was indicted by a grand jury in New Jersey for murder in the death of the kidnapped son of Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

In 1944, "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," starring Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, made its debut on C-B-S Radio.

In 1945, President Harry S. Truman told a press conference in Tiptonville, Tennessee, that the secret scientific knowledge behind the atomic bomb would be shared only with Britain and Canada.

In 1956, Don Larsen pitched the only perfect game in a World Series to date as the New York Yankees beat the Brooklyn Dodgers in Game 5, 2-0.

In 1982, all labor organizations in Poland, including Solidarity, were banned.

In 1985, the hijackers of the Italian cruise ship Achille Lauro (ah-KEE'-leh LOW'-roh) killed American passenger Leon Klinghoffer, who was in a wheelchair, and threw his body overboard.

In 1997, Scientists reported the Mars Pathfinder had yielded what could be the strongest evidence yet that Mars might once have been hospitable to life.

In 2002, A federal judge approved President George W. Bush's request to reopen West Coast ports, ending a 10-day labor lockout that was costing the U.S. economy an estimated \$1 to \$2 billion a day.

In 2004, thirty-four people, most of them Israelis, were killed when suicide bombers blew up the Taba Hilton Hotel in Egypt.

In 2005, a magnitude 7.6 earthquake flattened villages on the Pakistan-India border, killing an estimated 86,000 people.

In 2017, Harvey Weinstein was fired from The Weinstein Company amid allegations that he was responsible for decades of sexual harassment against actresses and employees. Vice President Mike Pence left the 49ers-Colts game in Indianapolis after about a dozen San Francisco players took a knee during the national anthem.

Ten years ago: An Arizona sweat lodge ceremony turned deadly as some participants became ill and collapsed inside the 415-square-foot structure; three died. (Motivational speaker James Arthur Ray, who'd led the ceremony, was convicted in 2011 of three counts of negligent homicide and served 20 months in prison.) A powerful car bomb exploded outside the Indian Embassy in Kabul, killing 17 people. Romanian-born German writer Herta Mueller won the Nobel Prize in literature.

Five years ago: President Barack Obama told top military commanders at the Pentagon that he was confident the U.S. would keep making progress in its fight against the Islamic State group. Thomas Eric Duncan, a Liberian man who was the first person diagnosed with Ebola in the United States, died at Texas Health Presbyterian Hospital Dallas 10 days after being admitted. U.S. researchers Eric Betzig and William Moerner and German scientist Stefan Hell were named recipients of the Nobel Prize for chemistry for giving optical microscopes much sharper vision than was thought possible.

One year ago: President Donald Trump said he had no plans to fire Deputy Attorney General Rod Rosenstein. The Nobel Prize in economics was awarded to American researchers William Nordhaus of Yale University and Paul Romer of New York University; Nordhaus was honored for his work on the economics of climate change, and Romer had produced research showing how governments can advance innovation. The New York Yankees lost by the largest margin in the team's long post-season history, 16-1, to the Boston Red Sox; Boston's Brock Holt became the first player ever to hit a single, double, triple and home run in the same post-season game. New Orleans Saints quarterback Drew Brees became the NFL's all-time leader in yards passing during a 43-19 win over the Washington Redskins.

Today's Birthdays: Entertainment reporter Rona Barrett is 83. Actor Paul Hogan is 80. Rhythm-and-blues singer Fred Cash (The Impressions) is 79. Civil rights activist Rev. Jesse Jackson is 78. Comedian Chevy Chase is 76. Author R.L. Stine is 76. Actor Dale Dye is 75. Country singer Susan Raye is 75. TV personality Sarah Purcell is 71. Rhythm-and-blues singer Airrion Love (The Stylistics) is 70. Actress Sigourney Weaver is 70. Rhythm-and-blues singer Robert "Kool" Bell (Kool & the Gang) is 69. Producer-director Edward Zwick is 67. Country singer-musician Ricky Lee Phelps is 66. Actor Michael Dudikoff is 65. Comedian Darrell Hammond is 64. Actress Stephanie Zimbalist is 63. Rock musician Mitch Marine is 58. Actress Kim Wayans is 58. Rock singer Steve Perry (Cherry Poppin' Daddies) is 56. Actor Ian Hart is 55. Gospel/rhythm-and-blues singer CeCe Winans is 55. Rock musician C.J. Ramone (The Ramones) is 54. Actress-producer Karyn Parsons is 53. Singer-producer Teddy Riley is 53. Actress Emily Procter is 51. Actor Dylan Neal is 50.



Actor-screenwriter Matt Damon is 49. Actor-comedian Robert Kelly is 49. The mayor of London, Sadiq Khan, is 49. Actor Martin Henderson is 45. Actress Kristanna Loken is 40. Rhythm-and-blues singer Byron Reeder (Mista) is 40. Rock-soul singer-musician Noelle Scaggs (Fitz and the Tantrums) is 40. Actor Nick Cannon is 39. Actor J.R. Ramirez is 39. Actor Max Crumm is 34. Singer-songwriter-producer Bruno Mars is 34. Actor Angus T. Jones is 26. Actress Molly Quinn is 26. Actress/singer Bella Thorne is 22.

**Thought for Today: "Don't let yesterday use up too much of today." - Will Rogers, American humorist (1879-1935).**

## 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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