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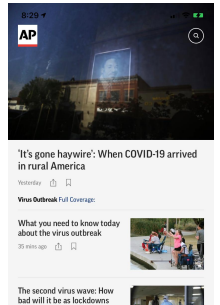
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Connecting May 13, 2020

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Colleagues,

Good Wednesday morning on this the 13th day of May 2020,

Little did I know in my call Tuesday for your stories of finding Silver Linings in the Covid-19 pandemic would result in a recipe for martinis.

But our colleague **Shirley Christian** delivered just that – in a tale she shares from her time on the New York World Services Desk involving subways and a day supervisor named **Leo Branham**. How our Pulitzer Prize-winning colleague (1981, International Reporting, at The Miami Herald) got that recipe makes for an intriguing story and leads today's Connecting.

CONNECTING WOULD LIKE TO KNOW : What do you miss the most about your life before Covid-19? And...What new things have you been doing – hobbies, favorite activities, etc. - since the pandemic began? I look forward to hearing from you.

In today's Final Word, we bring you the beautiful story that arose from tragedy - from our colleague **Charles Richards** who tells of a time 71 years ago when his brother Don, at the age of 22 months, got his hand caught in a job press at his dad's weekly newspaper in West Texas and lost three and a half fingers.

Charles and Don are third-generation newsmen, both journalism majors at Texas Tech, where they were the only brothers ever to both be selected as editor of the student publication. Both ran the Linotype for their dad's weekly newspapers.

The lessons learned from the accident are wonderfully told by Charles.

Colleague **Marc Humbert** ([Email](#)) noted that in Tuesday's Connecting, three of the four "Stories of Interest" were authored by his former Albany colleague **David Bauder** (AP's media writer). Marc notes: "Not surprising. As we are reminded on an almost daily basis, the guy is good. No, make that great. The AP's media coverage has long been considered the gold standard. That's in large part to Bauder's work."



AP GROUND GAME : The Trump administration shelved a document created by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention with step-by-step advice to local authorities on how and when to reopen restaurants and other public places during the still-raging coronavirus outbreak. Host Ralph Russo speaks to the AP reporters who delivered this scoop, medical writer Mike Stobbe and investigative reporter Jason Dearen.

Listen [here](#) .

Finally, our colleague **Tom Kent** wrote a piece for Poynter on whether reporters should let their sources look over a story or fact check their stories - before publication. Got a thought on that or an experience to share? Send it along.

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy.

Paul

Branham Martinis and the Subway to Queens



Leo Branham of Moberly, Mo., of the Associated Press staff, was somewhere with the Atlantic fleet when, for four days running, German dive bombers and submarines attacked a United Nations' convoy carrying war supplies to Russia. He wrote that some of the bombers dove as low as 50 feet before releasing their bombs. Branham en route to Iceland in February 1942. (AP Photo, courtesy of AP Corporate Archives)

Shirley Christian ([Email](#)) - After these many weeks of quarantine the moment may have arrived to tell a story of my earliest days on the New York World Services Desk in 1969, and to offer Leo Branham's martini recipe.

In the midst of the Guild strike that January, I moved into my first New York apartment near 73rd and Central Park West. It was a seemingly perfect location for getting to 50 Rockefeller Plaza: Take the local subway at 72nd and CPW, change at Columbus Circle, then get off beneath 50 Rock and take the escalator upstairs to the office. Easy for most people, but I somehow managed to repeatedly get on the wrong subway when I changed -- one that didn't stop until it got to Queens.

So I was regularly late for my 3 or 3:30 p.m. shift. Leo was the day supervisor, and he grew more and more exasperated every time I explained that I had taken the wrong train. I was the first female newswoman in the department since Flora Lewis in the waning days of World War II, and while Leo didn't seem to object to my presence, he did call me Honey Child, which I forgave because I knew his wife had been an accomplished newspaper reporter in New York going back to the Thirties.

Leo was just a couple of years from being forced, kicking and screaming, into retirement at 65, but I gradually learned that he had a history worth telling. A one-time college boxer at the University of Missouri, he still had an athletic build and rolled his sleeves up high every day as if he expected to get into a match with someone over something. He didn't walk at a steady pace like most grey-haired men, but almost ran.

Leo had been one of many men sent out to cover World War II for The AP, and that produced one of the best stories I was told about Leo. He was sent from New York to Iceland to replace Drew Middleton, who would later depart The AP for The NYTimes. As the story went: When Leo landed in Iceland, Middleton was at the airport on his way to the Continent; he told Leo he could take over the same apartment in town and collected a month's rent from Leo.

In town, Leo went charging up the stairs of the apartment, opened the door, and was greeted by a rather large army captain who had also paid Middleton a month's rent. I never heard where Leo found lodging, but he did get the final word with Middleton. Some months later, Leo was in London waiting to board a bus to take journalists somewhere when he spotted Middleton already seated in the back of the bus. Leo fought his way into the bus and back to Middleton, pulled him off the bus and punched him. So I was told.

Years later, in the mid-1980s, I had lunch with Middleton in Central America when he was about to retire from The Times, so I asked him about the story,

and he seemed unable to recall it. But my version comes, as The Times likes to say, from "multiple sources."

However, returning to 1969, the day did finally come when I found the right subway and arrived at work on time. Leo was positively effusive about it and said, "Honey Child, in return, I'm going to give you my secret martini recipe." So he sat down at a typewriter and typed out the following on one of those bright yellow half-books we used for memos:

5 jiggers of good gin
1 1/2 jiggers of very dry vermouth (Nolly Pratt)
two jiggers of water (yes, water)
One teaspoon full of juice from olive jar
Dash of salt
One olive in cocktail glass

This produces about four drinks. When he gave it to me, he confided that the real secret was the water. If you were entertaining people and someone seemed to be drinking too much, then you just added more water to his glass and he wouldn't know the difference.

Should journalists let sources look over stories before publication?

By Thomas Kent
For Poynter.org

Journalists traditionally have a one-way relationship with sources. Whether it is a CEO speaking on the record or a nervous whistleblower with a confidential tip, our approach tends to be the same: We take the information, publish the story and deal later with whatever the source thinks of what we wrote.

This practice makes a lot of sense in investigative reporting when we interview powerful people for a story that may put them in a bad light. Giving them advance word of what we plan to write gives them opportunity to hide the evidence — or even get out ahead of us by denouncing our story before it's published.

But the vast majority of our interviews are not adversarial situations. People we interview are often helping us out. Our relationship with them is a cooperative one. Being human, we sometimes misinterpret what they tell us. Our interviewees, also being human, can overstate a case or leave out an important qualification.

Certainly there is nothing wrong with calling sources back to clarify a point we're unclear on. We also might read back to a chemist how we plan to describe a complicated chain reaction she told us about.

But what about doing more than that? Might we read back quotes we're not doubtful about, just to make sure one more time that they're correct? In the interest of avoiding a correction later, what about letting the source review background information she gave us — how many meals the project distributes per day, what year the group traveled to Hong Kong?

Read more [here](#). Tom Kent, a Connecting colleague, worked for the AP for more than four decades, serving as Moscow bureau chief, international editor, deputy managing editor and standards editor.

Don't turn away, 'love them a little bit more'

Anyone who really knows longtime AP writer **Anita Snow** ([Email](#)) has also known about her younger brother Jimmy, who lived for decades with paranoid schizophrenia. Anita wrote a personal essay for the AP about her relationship with Jimmy back in 1992 and has been working on a family memoir that focuses on him.

Jimmy died in hospice from congestive heart failure last week after a daylong visit with Anita and their sister Rebecca. He was 60.



Here is Jimmy's life story by Anita, who asks us not to turn away from loved ones who suffer from mental illness and other disabilities and "love them a little bit more." Click [here](#) to read.

More of your memories of George Zucker

Robert Glass ([Email](#)) - I started out as a police reporter for the Nashville Banner, sadly now gone the way of so many other papers. At the time, the Banner, Tennessean, UPI and AP all worked under the same roof. After a couple of years at the Banner, I decided to try out for one of the wires. My letter to UPI drew zero response, but George (Zucker), AP bureau chief at the time, invited me for a beer with the late Chris French, the state news editor. We met at a Holiday Inn bar a block or two up Broadway. The wires knew better than to openly recruit staff from the Banner or Tennessean, so George slyly suggested that if I ever happened to find myself in New York, I might drop by and put in an application. Expense be hanged, I flew to New York a few days later and got the job.

-0-

John Liotta ([Email](#)) - This is just to echo Dave Tomlin's observation of George's linguistic skills.

At a key juncture in the old AP-UPI wars George managed a slew of key signings which had just about locked up the whole state of Pennsylvania. In a letter to Jim Mangan enumerating the latest signings, he remarked "this leaves us only with the hardcore recalcitrants". Of course, I had to refer to my Miriam-Webster to figure out what the hell he was talking about but the phrase always stuck. Thank you, George, for the lesson!

A family that served its country proudly

Dave Lubeski ([Email](#)) - In response to the Connecting request for WWII memories - direct or indirect, I offer mine. I wasn't born until 15 months after Germany's surrender, but I grew up aware that my father and my uncle had been in the thick of it in Europe. They came home to lead normal lives as part of the generation that dealt with the conflict that would always be a part of them.

My father (right) was a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps and lived in a tent in an olive grove near Foggia, Italy. He was flying missions as a bombardier in a B-17 when the war ended. I discovered in his military papers after he died that he had been awarded the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross.



My dad's best friend during his time in Italy was Jim McGarry, one of his tent mates in Foggia. Jim, a B-17 pilot who had been a newspaper columnist in Schenectady, New York, wrote a book about their experiences more than 50 years later.

Jim's son, the late Greg McGarry, who worked for the AP in the Albany bureau at the time, sent me a copy of the book. (Jim McGarry worked for General Electric and was transferred to St. Louis for a brief time in the 50s. I knew Greg then, when we were kids). Many times I've read the book about their missions and their life in the olive grove.

While my dad was in the air, my uncle Jack Hanna (mom's brother) was on the ground. He earned his combat infantry badge in the Ardennes, fighting in the Battle of the Bulge and was one of the few soldiers who saw Hitler's Eagle's Nest at the war's end. When growing up I only knew that Uncle Jack was a soldier in Europe during WWII. When his son sent me some of his military papers for a Veteran's Day tribute I was doing a few years ago, it was the first time I learned the extent of his participation in the war effort.

My dad and my uncle had known each other and were friends long before the war. Uncle Jack had introduced my dad to his sister (my mom). After V-E day they got to come home and be part of the same family. I never heard either of them talk to each other about their war experiences.

Uncle Jack got married and fathered four children. He worked for the railroad in St. Louis and later in Roanoke, Virginia. He died at age 79 from Alzheimer's complications.

My dad was our baseball coach and scout master when my brother and I were active in sports and scouting. Alzheimer's also took him from us at the age of 84. Towards the end of his life he didn't recognize us and had lost his ability to speak.

One night I got a phone call from a doctor who had examined him, wanting to know if my dad had anything to do with the airline industry. I was puzzled by that question until the doctor described hand signals my dad made while trying to communicate. He had locked his thumbs together and made a waving gesture (flying). He then put his hands together as if in prayer and opened them with palms down (bomb bay doors opening).

Almost 60 years after V-E Day, with his memory devastated and his life coming to an end, he still remembered what he did in the war.

AP global investigations editor Ron Nixon joins board of Institute for Nonprofit News

The Board of Directors of the Institute for Nonprofit News is pleased to announce that veteran journalist Ron Nixon has joined as a director. Nixon is global investigations editor for The Associated Press, leading AP investigative teams around the world, and is also co-founder of the Ida B. Wells Society, a professional association for investigative reporters of color.

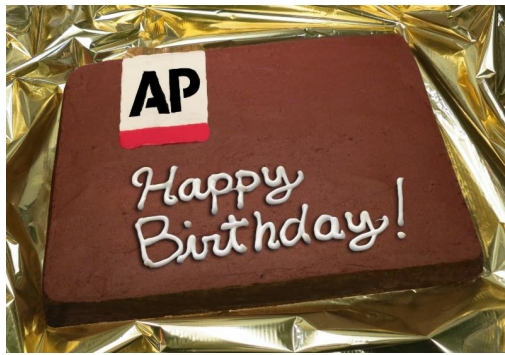
“Ron Nixon is one of the most talented and thoughtful journalists I have known,” says Laura Frank, Chair of INN’s Board of Directors. “I’m thrilled Ron is joining the INN board of directors. Strengthening quality journalism has never been more important. He’s arriving just at the right time.”



Nixon joined AP in 2019 and guided coverage of the war in Yemen, edited a major investigation of opioid sales in China and contributed to news coverage disclosing that close associates of President Donald Trump sought profits in the Ukraine while trying to dig up dirt on the president’s rivals.

Read more [here](#) .

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



to

Tricia English - triciaenglish3@yahoo.com

The Final Word

14 Pennies



Don Richards, as an adult, holding 14 pennies in the palm of his hand, as family gardener Grover Miller talked him into doing seven decades ago.

Charles Richards ([Email](#)) - It was 71 years ago on May 7, 1949, in my dad's weekly newspaper office that my little brother, Donny -- 22 months old at the time -- got his right hand caught in a printing press, resulting in the amputation of three and a half fingers.

My 11-year-old sister, Mary Beth, three years older than me, was baby-sitting Donny while our mother was working that Saturday morning in her beauty shop only 20 feet or so away on the other side of a partition in a front corner of the Aspermont Star weekly newspaper.

I was in the second grade. Like any other Saturday, I was playing with friends on the courthouse square a block away, in Aspermont, Texas, a town of fewer than a thousand people in ranching country about 90 miles southeast of Lubbock.

My father, Afton Richards, was printing business envelopes on one of his commercial job presses – a press commonly known as a hand-fed “snapper” press.

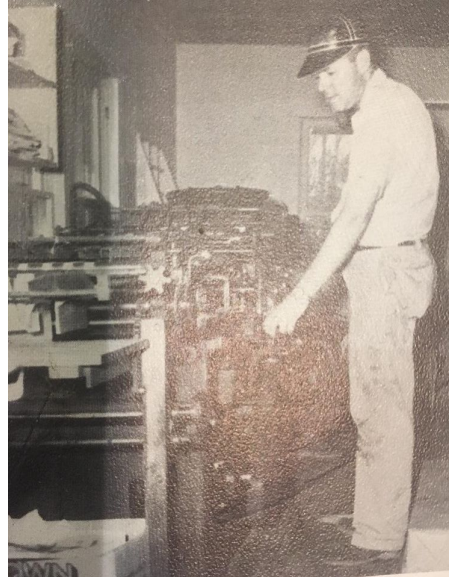
Mary Beth had come into the office with my brother only minutes earlier. They were standing several feet from where our father was feeding envelopes into the press one at a time. My little brother picked up a short piece of wood and was playing with it, turning it over in his hand.

Just as my father turned away to box the printed envelopes and get more, my sister turned briefly to get a drink of water.

While my father was in the process of getting a new batch of envelopes, Donny walked over to the press, fascinated by its turning iron cogwheel gears. He placed the piece of wood into the gears – which grabbed his hand and crushed the bones in all four fingers.

Mary Beth screamed for her mother, and my father quickly began wrapping his hand tightly in shop towels.

There was no hospital in the tiny community, and no ambulance; my parents rushed him to the small clinic three blocks away where he had been born. He received stabilizing treatment, but the clinic was without resources to deal with his mangled fingers.



My father, with my mother trying to calm Donny, drove 31 miles to the hospital in Stamford. This was in the days before power steering, so my dad had to drive left-handed only while keeping pressure



with his right hand around my little brother's right wrist to slow the heavy bleeding.

Donny was in the hospital three days before the doctor fully amputated the middle three fingers and the upper two-thirds of his little finger.

The whole family felt guilty.

"I felt guilty for working. All we knew to do was shelter you, to do everything for you," my mother told him in later years.

My sister told Donny she felt guilty. The babysitter who canceled that day felt guilty. Our dad told Donny that he changed his prayers for his children because he felt guilty.

"He told me he previously prayed for God to look after us whenever he couldn't be around to protect us," Donny said. "After the accident, he said he prayed that the Lord would watch his children even when he was standing right next to them."

I was mesmerized nightly as my parents unwrapped his hand, cleaned it, dressed it, and re-wrapped the gauze. I still remember it vividly.

"We coddled you after that," my mother told my brother. "We totally protected you, did everything for you, and excused you for everything."

My mother worried that the accident would impact him socially and psychologically and make him insecure for life.

Enter Glover Miller, who lived one-half block away from the newspaper office with his wife. There were not many black families in Aspermont, but everyone knew and liked him. He took care of our yard, among a number of others in the community.

Every time I saw him working in our yard, I would run up to him and say, “Hi, Mr. Glover!” He was like a grandfather to me. I can remember several times going to his house and knocking on the door. He always invited me in, and I ate with them several times.



My sister recalls, “He was one of the kindest men I have ever known, in my entire life.”

Meanwhile, my mother kept finding pennies in my brother’s pockets. When she asked Donny where he got them, he just shrugged his shoulders.

“I just knew you were stealing them. I felt even more guilty that this apparently had developed as the result of the accident. My response was to coddle you more, and not let you think you had to worry,” she told him years later.

What she didn’t know at the time was that it was Glover Miller who kept giving pennies to my brother.

“I have a very vivid memory of Mr. Miller – still one of the strongest memories of my very young childhood,” says Don (as he prefers to be called now -- Don Richards).

“I was allowed to leave the beauty shop or the newspaper office on my own, but only to stay on the same downtown sidewalk in the same block. Everyone in Aspermont knew each other, and the people downtown watched over all the children,” Don said.

“It was just a few doors down (from the newspaper office), in front of the hotel, that I would meet Mr. Miller. Not every day, but on periodic occasions, he would greet me with his happy ‘Hello.’ He would see me with my right hand stuck deep inside my pocket.”

Mr. Miller told him, “I will give you as many pennies as you can hold in your hand.”

Don stuck out his good left hand.

“No, not that hand, the other hand,” Mr. Miller told him.

He then sheepishly held out his right hand, palm up.

Mr. Miller then would start stacking pennies in his hand.

“As many as you can hold in that hand, you can keep,” he said.

Don says he could hold only two or three at first, “but I started returning to that corner on a frequent basis, looking for that kindly gentleman so I could go for more. As I got better at working my thumb and stub-nosed little finger, I was able to hold more and more pennies in my hand.”

Mr. Miller was constantly encouraging him to add another penny to his prior level of attainment.

“I remember him laughing and saying, 'You are doing so good with that hand you are going to send me to the poor house!' ”

But Mr. Miller always had a pocket full of pennies the next time they met, pushing him toward a new limit. Over a few months, he got up to 14 pennies using only his thumb and stump of his little finger as leverage.

“It took a while, and a lot of encouragement from him, but I remember being really excited to make it to 14 pennies. It’s something I’ve never forgotten.”

Then, my mother, suspicious of where her little boy was getting the pennies, stuck her head out of the beauty shop one day and watched him walk down to the corner where he met up with Mr. Miller.

She watched as her little boy held out his hand and Mr. Miller started giving him pennies.

She walked up, relieved in a sense, but also curious. She told her gardener she was afraid her little boy had been stealing the pennies from someone. He then gave HER some advice.

“Mrs. Richards, don’t let him be embarrassed and ashamed of that hand. You got to teach him all the things he can do with that hand,” he told her. “Teach him to use it every day. Teach him to be proud of what he can do with his little hand. Make him learn all the things he can do so that other people will be amazed at what he can do. Don’t ever let him be embarrassed to use it.”

It was a wake-up call for her.

“He shocked me with that so simple advice. I don’t believe he had a formal education, but he had done more teaching you, in short visits on the street corner, than I had done in the months since your accident. He taught me a lot about life,” she said to Don, years later.

It was like a message from heaven, she said, and totally changed the family’s attitude about the accident.

“We had all known Mr. Miller for years, but I knew right then that God had sent him as an angel with a message just for me.”

From that day, she began making her son do things on his own. There would be no more coddling.

“She worked with me to teach me how to hold my glass of milk with my hand. She taught me to hold a knife and fork to cut my food, and worked with me to learn how to button my shirt and tie my shoes, and to do all those little things in daily life that require both sets of fingers,” Don said.

Our dad also got involved.

After watching his son awkwardly reaching up to shake hands with his full left hand, he practiced with him, “showing me how to grasp another person’s right hand, using my finger stub so that I could give a firm ‘right’ hand of fellowship,” Don said.

“Most people will be reluctant to shake your hand, but don’t you be reluctant to shake theirs,” my dad told him.

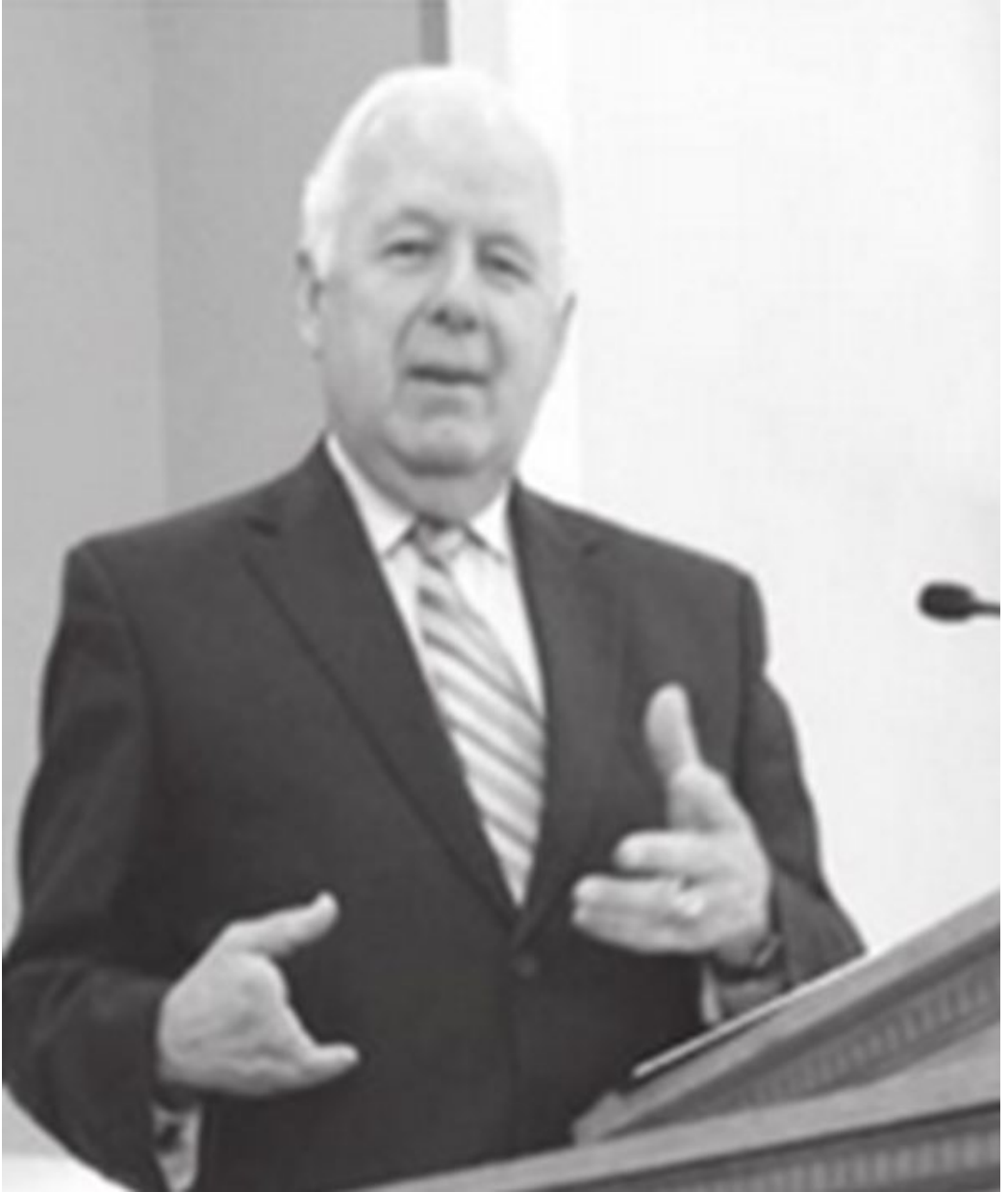
As the years went by, it never even occurred to us that he was handicapped. Whatever other boys did, so did he. He played basketball, football, baseball, golf, and whatever came along.

Truthfully, I seldom remembered he was missing all those fingers. Once, he remarked that he wore his wedding ring on his right hand, and somebody replied, "Your right hand? Why?" Then, we remembered -- he doesn't have any fingers on his right hand. It was a joke.

He learned to set type on a now extinct Linotype that newspapers once used back in the "hot type" days before offset and then computerization. After high school, he worked for the Lubbock Avalanche-Journal part-time as a union typesetter to help pay his college expenses at Texas Tech, where he was a journalism major and eventually editor of the student newspaper.

He was a reporter for the Abilene Reporter-News, followed by stints at several weekly and semi-weekly newspapers -- serving publisher of a couple of them. Then he went to Washington as press secretary for Congressman Kent Hance during the Reagan administration.

He came back to Texas to attend law school at Texas Tech, earning his law degree in 1984, and immediately ran for Congress. He won the 1984 Democratic nomination to replace Hance, but lost in the General Election when Republican candidates everywhere were swept into office on President Reagan's coat tails.



As an attorney with the law firm Richards, Elder & Green in Lubbock, Texas, he has nearly 37 years of experience practicing public utility law, media law and administrative law.

He has represented more than 40 local exchange carriers before the Texas Legislature and Public Utility Commission and has served as general counsel to Texas Statewide Telephone Cooperative, Inc. for 35 years. For the past seven years, he was also chief counsel for the National Telecommunications

Cooperative Association (NTCA), the voice of rural communications nationwide.

He also serves as an adjunct professor at the Texas Tech University School of Law and as an adviser to the Freedom of Information Foundation of Texas. He is a former president of the Panhandle Press Association in Texas and was inducted three years ago into its Hall of Fame.

Today in History - May 13, 2020



By The Associated Press

Today is Wednesday, May 13, the 134th day of 2020. There are 232 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On May 13, 1940, in his first speech as British prime minister, Winston Churchill told Parliament, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

On this date:

In 1568, forces loyal to Mary, Queen of Scots were defeated by troops under her half-brother and Regent of Scotland, the Earl of Moray, in the Battle of Langside, thwarting Mary's attempt to regain power almost a year after she was forced to abdicate.

In 1607, English colonists arrived by ship at the site of what became the Jamestown settlement in Virginia (the colonists went ashore the next day).

In 1914, heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis was born in Lafayette, Alabama.

In 1916, one of Yiddish literature's most famous authors, Sholem Aleichem, died in New York at age 57.

In 1917, three shepherd children reported seeing a vision of the Virgin Mary near Fatima, Portugal; it was the first of six such apparitions that the children claimed to have witnessed.

In 1918, the first U.S. airmail stamp, costing 24 cents and featuring a picture of a Curtiss JN-4 biplane, was publicly issued. (On some of the stamps, the "Jenny" was printed upside-down, making them collector's items.)

In 1958, Vice President Richard Nixon and his wife, Pat, were spat upon and their limousine battered by rocks thrown by anti-U.S. demonstrators in Caracas, Venezuela.

In 1972, 118 people died after fire broke out at the Sennichi Department Store in Osaka, Japan.

In 1981, Pope John Paul II was shot and seriously wounded in St. Peter's Square by Turkish assailant Mehmet Ali Agca (MEH'-met AH'-lee AH'-juh).

In 1985, a confrontation between Philadelphia authorities and the radical group MOVE ended as police dropped a bomb onto the group's row house, igniting a fire that killed 11 people and destroyed 61 homes.

In 1992, the Falun Gong movement had its beginnings in the northeastern Chinese city of Changchun.

In 1994, President Bill Clinton nominated federal appeals Judge Stephen G. Breyer to the U.S. Supreme Court to replace retiring Justice Harry A. Blackmun; Breyer went on to win Senate confirmation.

Ten years ago: Three Pakistani men who authorities say supplied funds to would-be Times Square bomber Faisal Shahzad (FY'-sul shah-ZAHD') were arrested in a series of raids in New England. President Barack Obama met with police officers who responded to the attempted car-bombing, greeting them at the New York Police Department's high-tech Real Time Crime Center.

Five years ago: The House voted 338-88 to end the National Security Agency's bulk collection of Americans' phone records and replace it with a system to search the data held by telephone companies on a case-by-case basis. (The measure was passed by the Senate and signed into law by President Barack Obama.) Prosecutors and defense attorneys made their final appeals to the jury that would decide the fate of Dzhokhar Tsarnaev (joh-HAHR' tsahr-NEYE'-ehv) as jurors began deliberating whether the Boston Marathon bomber should get life in prison or the death penalty. (The jury voted unanimously for death.)

One year ago: Sending Wall Street into a slide, China announced higher tariffs on \$60 billion in U.S. goods in retaliation for President Donald Trump's latest penalties on Chinese products; the Dow industrials finished more than 600 points lower. Doris Day, the sunny blond actress and singer who starred in comedic roles opposite Rock Hudson and Cary Grant in the 1950s and 1960s, died at her California home at the age of 97. Actress Felicity Huffman pleaded guilty in the college admissions bribery scheme; she admitted paying an admissions consultant \$15,000 to have a proctor correct her older daughter's answers on the SAT. (Huffman would serve 12 days of a two-week prison sentence.)

Today's Birthdays: Actor Buck Taylor is 82. Actor Harvey Keitel is 81. Author Charles Baxter is 73. Actress Zoe Wanamaker is 72. Actor Franklyn Ajaye is 71. Singer Stevie Wonder is 70. Former Ohio Gov. John Kasich (KAY'-sikh) is 68. Actress Leslie Winston is 64. Producer-writer Alan Ball is 63. Basketball Hall of Famer Dennis Rodman is 59. "Late Show" host Stephen Colbert (kohl-BEHR') is 56. Rock musician John Richardson (The Gin Blossoms) is 56. Actor Tom Verica is 56. Singer Darius Rucker (Hootie and the Blowfish) is 54. Actress Susan Floyd is 52. Contemporary Christian musician Andy Williams (Casting Crowns) is 48. Actor Brian Geraghty is 45. Actress Samantha Morton is 43. Sen. Tom Cotton, R-Ark., is 43. Former NBA player Mike Bibby is 42. Rock musician Mickey Madden (Maroon 5) is 41. Actor Iwan Rheon is 35. Actress-writer-director Lena Dunham is 34. Actor Robert Pattinson is 34. Actress Candice Accola King is 33. Actor Hunter Parrish is 33. Folk-rock musician Wylie Gelber (Dawes) is 32. NHL defenseman P.K. Subban is 32. Actress Debby Ryan is 27.

Thought for Today: “To want to be the cleverest of all is the biggest folly.” [-] Sholem Aleichem (1859-1916).

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.



Paul Stevens
Editor, Connecting newsletter
paulstevens46@gmail.com

