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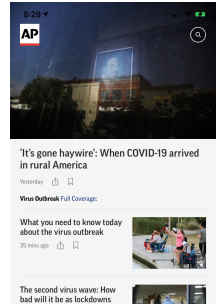
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Connecting May 14, 2020

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Teletype



Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning on this the 14th day of May 2020,

Remember the days working at the AP when your initials were all-important? Mine, for Paul H. Stevens, was phs.

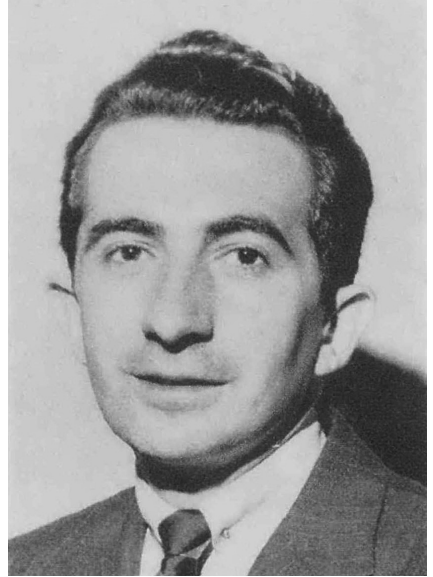
I recall that those initials were used on the message wire, at the end of a story you wrote or edited, and on photos you captioned. Your initials were unique to you in the AP. Some were two letters - like longtime Kansas City news editor **Kent Zimmerman** - kz (he still uses the initials deep into retirement). Other like mine were three letters.

All this came to mind when I received an email Wednesday from ldb – aka, **Louis D. Boccardi** ([Email](#)), president and CEO of The Associated Press from 1985 until his retirement in 2003. Lou (pictured in one of

his first AP file photos, from 1967) wrote of our lead item in Wednesday's edition:

Shirley Christian's reminiscence about Leo Branham brought to mind the first time I became aware of him.

I had been working for the AP for about half an hour on Day One in July, 1967 when Sam Blackman, the general news editor (read "executive editor") came to me and asked what initials I wanted to be known by. The question was puzzling. He knew my name. But I answered my new boss, "LB".



"Can't do that," Sam said. "We already have one. Do you have a middle name?" I said "Yes, Donald, but I never use it." "Well, here at AP you'll be LDB," Sam said. And so I was. For the record, Leo Branham never called me "Honey Child" or gave me his martini recipe. I have to think that today he'd still be offering martini recipes to newly arrived staffers but would omit the "Honey Child".

So now, after working with and knowing Lou for all these years, I have finally learned what the "d" in "ldb" stands for and that Leo Branham (lb) was responsible. Got a favorite memory of using your initials – a practice I'm told continues to this day? Send it along. (Thanks to AP Corporate Archives for the photo.)

Charles Richards ' story in Wednesday's Connecting on his brother's injury of his hand in a printing press and how he recovered from it got high praise – including notes from colleagues **Jim Bagby** that called it "One of the best reasons to love Connecting!" and from **Hal Bock** , who said it "was some of the most compelling reading I've seen in some time."

AP GROUND GAME : What conditions should be in place as U.S. states seek to reopen? How much risk should we be willing to accept amid this pandemic? "Ground Game" host Ralph Russo discusses these topics and more with Dr. Tom Inglesby, Director of the Center for Health Security of the Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health.



Listen [here](#) .

Here's to a great day – with my wish that you be safe and healthy.

Paul

Life in this era of coronavirus

Mike Harris ([Email](#)) - I have always thought my career was special. After all, how many people truly love going to work every day like I did for more than 40 years?

Finally, I realized this lockdown was the opportunity I've been waiting for. For years, especially since I retired from the AP in 2009, I've been telling myself it was time to write down my personal and career history so that my grandkids and future generations of our family would have a peek into who Papa Harris actually was.

So I began putting my recollections onto my laptop and turned the writing into a personal blog. I've been publishing two posts a week and thoroughly enjoying the effort. In fact, it seems like every story I tell reminds me of even more stories.

This project is very fulfilling during an otherwise difficult and frustrating time.

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Mark Mittelstadt ([Email](#)) - I miss refereeing youth and adult amateur soccer because of the virus.

A few years north of 60 and on the periphery of a couple risk factors, I had informed an adult soccer league exactly two months ago I was going to take a break in order to avoid close contact with players and spectators and risking infection. The very next day the league canceled its games for the immediate future; all of Arizona soccer shut down the day afterwards. (How about that for power?)

Now my time is spent cleaning the shed and the garage and getting to home repairs and improvements I had been putting off.

On a more ominous note, Mary and I miss feeling good about the future for our two sons. Our oldest is married to a woman in Guatemala. They completed the more than year-and-a-half process and got visas early this spring for her and her young son to come to the United States. Just as COVID-19 was turning into a pandemic, travel was restricted and international flights were canceled. While we were eager weeks ago to welcome his family to Tucson, we're deeply worried whether she'll be able to get here, not even when. We're also concerned that our son will not be able to travel there to see them. The virus is spreading rapidly in Guatemala, and the country has far fewer facilities and resources to deal with it. Further complicating matters is that she lives in a remote village three hours outside of Guatemala City with only a few area doctors or clinics.

Our youngest son and his partner are back in Oxford, England, wondering what their futures hold. She was halfway through an internship teaching classes and doing research at Harvard Law School when the virus hit. Harvard shut down, sending students and faculty home. Her work was going well; successful completion of the internship likely meant a position at the school. Harvard already had expressed interest, plus she had feelers from a very large global internet company for a significant position. The virus has caused both Harvard and the internet company to reassess their staffing levels and now both prospects have disappeared. She and our son managed to make it back just before England closed the doors on international flights. They are both continuing to work from home for the university's Oxford Internet Institute.

Today was a career first for me



The Air Force Thunderbirds fly over the Texas Capitol during a tribute flight for healthcare workers at Austin area hospitals Wednesday, May 13, 2020. (AP Photo/Harry Cabluck)

Charles Arbogast ([Email](#)) – For those of you who will recognize the name, I edited and moved FREELANCER Harry Cabluck's photo of the Thunderbirds flying over Austin Wednesday. He gets stringer beer tonight. Stringer beer comes from a long-standing tradition that at the Cabluck home after an event we would socialize with Harry and Ellen's, Mark Duncan, Amy Sancetta and a host of other from time to time. The good beer was for staffers, member or AP staffers. Stringers could only have the cheap beer. After the dust settled on moving Harry's contribution and I relayed the overwhelming comments on my Facebook page to his photo, reading to him over the phone he reminded me of the time he met my father before an Ohio State football game. Harry told my father, "one day I will be working for him," pointing to me. That was the icing on the cake for Harry to remember that.

Connecting mailbox

Should journalists let sources look over stories before publication – in many cases, yes

Michael Doan ([Email](#)) - Regarding Thomas Kent's article in Wednesday's Connecting: "Should journalists let sources look over stories before publication?" my answer is: In many cases, yes.

In retirement, I have written numerous articles about cultural nonprofits and small-town businesses, such as restaurants or nightclubs, for newspapers or websites. The articles are going to be generally quite positive, whether I am connected with the organization or not. I don't see a problem with running them by the source ahead of time.

When I covered technology for a for-profit news company, I would often run articles by the source before publishing them. I am no techno-wizard, and I needed to know if my explanation was off base. I would certainly not do that with a story about politics or government.

Recently, I was paid (a pittance) for an article about an arts organization. The editor did not want me to run it past the organization. I did call to make sure I got quotes right, but the group forgot to tell me about a change in concert dates, and some of the dates were published wrong. What would be the harm of letting them see the article first?

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Hugh Mulligan recalled from Shirley Christian's martini/Branham piece

Tom Fenton ([Email](#)) - Piling on Shirley Christian's great martini/Branham piece (in Wednesday's Connecting), I am reminded of the late Hugh Mulligan's take on martinis: "So many abominations have been committed in the name of a dry martini that I carry a little vial of vermouth and perform the delicate ritual myself." In truth I suspect he just whispered "vermouth" over the wide stem glass. In hopscotching around Mexico in a chartered jet while pursuing Pope John, Mulligan also informed us that the destination countdown clock on the bulkhead indicated "time left to drink."

Wish I could have spent more time with him. His humor lightened a heavy workload.

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An early press pass



Brent Kallestad ([Email](#)) - I went through scores of ID's from everything between Super Bows and national political conventions and this is the only one I've found so far with a photo. And this comes a few years after our discovery of the then Diana Jensen in radio.

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George Zucker hired array of talent

Rich Kirkpatrick ([Email](#)) - One comment about George Zucker, who passed away last week. During my 16 years as Harrisburg correspondent, he hired an incredible array of talent for the bureau. One was John Daniszewski, who became AP's International Editor. Other hires George sent me went on to serve AP in China, Japan, Mexico, the White House (for Bloomberg News), ABC News in New York, the Washington Post, USA Today, AP-Washington and capitol correspondents in Sacramento, Juneau, and Springfield, Ill. George was an unbelievable boss. He also excelled in getting the Pennsylvania AP staff to always think about ways of getting on the AAA wire, which we did quite a bit.

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Remembering AP Des Moines photographer Bob Jarboe





Ric Brack ([Email](#)) - Here are a couple of photos from a wonderful set that Doug Wells, who was then a staff photographer on the Trib side of the Register & Tribune, shared in a Des Moines Register newsroom alumni Facebook group. They're from the day of the final edition of the Des Moines Tribune in September 1982.

Sharing because spotted among all the R&T folks is Bob Jarboe, then an AP shooter in Des Moines. In the top photo, that's Jarboe holding a Trib hot off the press after they were delivered to the fourth-floor newsroom. Directly behind him is Diane Graham, who was a Tribune reporter and later managing editor; then Sue Caba, Tribune reporter; Aaron "Chick" Klein (in hat), Tribune copy editor; Jim Lawless, Register and Tribune markets editor who was an influence on me during my time on the biz/farm desk.

The second photo is from the composing room down on the third floor. From left is Publisher Gary Gerlach, Associate Editor Drake Mabry, Tribune city desk editor Mark Haينه, and Jarboe .

Stevie's world





Top photo at young age: Stephen Abelson (L), Norman Abelson (R) as youngsters at home, Malden MA. Second photo (older) Stephen and brother Norman at Steve's Waltham MA residence.

Norm Abelson ([Email](#)) - *I was much moved by Anita Snow's loving memorial to her mentally challenged brother, Jimmy, in Tuesday's Connecting. I also felt a deep kinship with her. Here is my brother' story:*

It's still hard to believe. Stephen's not around, and he won't be any more. He was a presence in my life since I was a 6½-year-old kid. But for four years now, my only sibling no longer inhabits this world.

Lord, how I miss him.

When I was a young and awfully stupid guy, Steve seemed to me pretty much only the total of his problems. And, God knows, he had more than his share of those. He seemed to suffer from a combination of a sort of autism and messed up brain wiring.

As a teenager, I was embarrassed by my brother's behavior, and consequently felt guilty because I was embarrassed. It was pretty much all about me. But as

I grew up, and that took quite a while, I began to look at him not as a collection of his differences and deficiencies, but rather by his abilities and accomplishments, his generosity and loving kindness. As a matter of fact, viewed in that manner, Stephen came closer to reaching his full potential than I have mine. What's more he had a much stronger impact upon my life, and taught me more than I had imagined. All the while showering me with his love.

My feelings about him now are no longer about embarrassment, but all about admiration. Of course, many of his pluses - his courage, sense of humor, charm and, yes, intelligence - were hidden in his early years by his frustration at his inability to articulate them. But as time went by, with loving care from our parents, and more sophisticated medical applications, the real Stephen emerged.

Living an institutional life for nearly 50 of his 76 years, scorned by society, more than once bullied and physically abused by staff, and set upon by anti-Semitic ignoramuses, Stephen Lewis Abelson nevertheless built himself a world. He forged friendships with other residents, with staff, with volunteers, with clergy. He spent nearly 30 years happily and productively working in the Fernald State School greenhouse, gently handling the plants and flowers he loved. He became a mainstay of that place, forging long-time relationships, and graciously helping those fellow workers less physically or mentally able. As one of the institution's long-time staff people, Maria, (who became Steve's close friend) put it in a letter to me after his death:

"I loved going to the greenhouse; he was always ready to sing a song for me. I was so very blessed to have had Stephen in my life; he brought me many smiles. He really had a way of getting right into your heart. I hope it gives you some comfort to know how loved he was."

At the close of each work day, he set out on his path - making stops along the way. A conversation with a nurse friend at this building. Getting a cup of coffee from a staff person at another. Close to seven nights a week would find Steve at the institution's Activities Center, doing projects and listening to and singing his favorite songs.

And how he loved music. Always there was a record-player in his room. For many years he was an enthusiastic member of the Fernald Chorus, and later the bell ringers. I well remember him in a cowboy costume, belting out a solo at the Fernald Auditorium in a rendition of "Oklahoma!"

Over the years, he met and corresponded with a batch of entertainers and musicians, notably becoming friends with Betty Johnson, a well-known singer

of the day. I recently came upon an autographed menu signed to Steve from Jimmy Durante. And he was stuck on Nancy Sinatra. Was there a single musician who performed at Fernald who didn't know that if Steve was in the audience, playing Nancy's theme, "These Boots Are Made For Walking," was an absolute necessity? Maybe even twice.

Another dear friend of Stephen's, Fran, spent her career at Fernald, working with the celebrations and activities of the residents. After Steve's death, recalling the many occasions she had shared with him, she wrote:

"Stephen was a special part of the Fernald family. We had lots of fun together singing in the Fernald Chorus, doing plays, ceramics and music and barbecues (his favorite)... He was a special friend who always asked about my family, and was enthusiastic to kiss my daughter on the forehead when she was a baby. I am happy to have spent almost 34 wonderful years at Fernald, and have known my friend, Stephen, for the entire time..."

The more I consider it, the more it becomes clear that Stephen, through dint of his own efforts, fashioned a full and meaningful life for himself. That lesson on making the best of a difficult situation, was one of many taught to me by Steve. It reminded me of one of Eleanor Roosevelt's favorite sayings: Don't curse the darkness; light one small candle.

Steve also believed in enhancing the lives of those around him. As an example, very early in his residence at Fernald, he made a friend who was wheelchair bound. For many years after, a common sight was Steve pushing Eliot around the campus, whether on a blistering hot summer day or in the rain or snow. Eliot, certainly entitled because of his lot, was often grumpy, and at times could be heard yelling oaths at Steve who, undeterred, just kept pushing.

A lesson in caring for those less well off, with no thought of credit. A lesson in not feeling sorry for oneself, but instead giving love and aid to others.

Religion was always very important to my brother. Thanks to the efforts of our Dad, Steve received instruction in Judaism at an early age. He learned enough to be a Bar Mitzvah. Many years later, at my family Seders, Steve would recite the blessing over the wine. But he hardly restricted himself to one religion. He named himself "the first ecumenical Jew." Over his years at Fernald, he was a familiar face at all religious services - Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. He made friends with all of the clergy, and was especially fond of Father Marquardt, after whom was named the nursing home where Steve later was to spend his final years. Another person who was part of his life was Richard

Cardinal Cushing of Boston, whom Steve would converse with on the cardinal's frequent visits at Fernald.

Yet another lesson from Steve about joining together with the other, blind to differences, prejudice, bias and hatred.

He was always proud of his American heritage. When introducing himself, he would say "My name is Stephen Abelson. I come from Malden, Massachusetts, and I'm a Democrat." He proudly sang the national anthem at our Fourth of July celebrations. He read political news reports and watched television debates, becoming familiar with the candidates. With rare exceptions, usually because of illness, Stephen never, ever, missed casting his vote. Local elections, primaries, state and national elections - Steve was an enthusiastic participant. On election days, he always called to ask me, "Have you voted yet, Norm?"

A lesson in good citizenship.

In the family tradition, Steve was also a heck of a public speaker. At any event, from weddings to funerals, he would take his turn at the dais. I particularly recall his moving words in the chapel at our father's funeral, and 25 years later at the post-funeral luncheon we had after our mother's death. He deeply loved his parents, and they spent a good portion of their lives as his anchors, protecting him and improving the quality of his life.

Another of Steve's great enthusiasms was as a fire buff. I can't remember a time in his life when fire engines, fire stations and firefighters didn't fascinate him. Perhaps it began the first time he ever heard a siren wailing. Maybe it was because at our home he had a clear view of the Ashland Street Fire Station out of our kitchen window. Whatever the reason, his enthusiasm ran deep. It included the ability to name the manufacturer and year of any engine he caught a glimpse of.

His friends, from his early years, and later on his many visits home to Malden, included a near battalion of firefighters, including "Sky" Cronin, a captain who lived up the street. Steve, in his lifetime, visited many dozens of stations and sat or rode in probably a hundred engines. Fire Prevention Week was high on his calendar of important life events, and always signaled a round of firehouse visits. His collection of books, miniature fire engines, posters and other ephemera was second to none.

When his beloved Malden Fire Department purchased its first bucket engine, Steve, along with Mayor Walter Kelleher, was the first to ride the bucket to its full height, as he said, “up to the sky.” The last gift we brought to his nursing home was a statuette of a firefighter manning a hose with one hand, and with a child he rescued in the other. Steve loved it because it represented two things he cared a lot about: firefighters and babies. It’s now kept in my home.

A lesson in going “all in” with an interest you care about .

He never had the opportunity to have a family of his own, although over the years he had a few wonderful relationships. It was moving to see Steve with his lady friends; he treated them with such kind affection and deep respect. And when there was a baby in the room, Steve would ask if he could hold the infant, then softly talk or croon to them. Always he would ask permission to kiss them on the “keppie,” or forehead.

Another example of caring and tenderness and respect.

After our mother’s death in 2000, I inherited the responsibility to be my brother’s anchor. Magdalene and I had many wonderful visits with him at Fernald. As soon as he spotted us, we would get a beautiful welcoming smile. And he so enjoyed coming to our home in Maine, spending idle days at the seaside, and riding the Ferris wheel and bumper cars at Old Orchard Beach.

My loss is great and multi-dimensional without Stephen. What I hadn’t realized was how much I depended upon him as my anchor. He was my last link to the early years, the only one with whom I could discuss memories about Great Grandpa Isaac, Grandpa Aaron, my first best friend, Charlie Perry, and so much more we had shared in our youth.

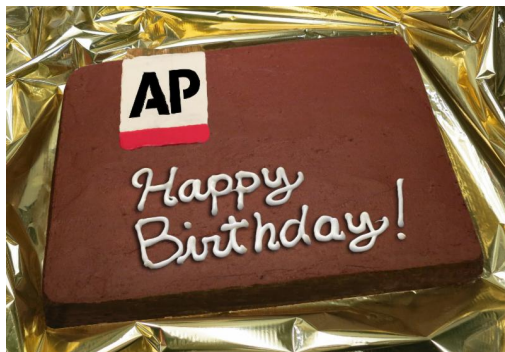
As a teenager, I was often his baby sitter and companion. Sometimes we’d stay up late and listen to scary programs like “Lights Out” on the radio. In later years, we would often perform two-man sing-alongs of the oldies we both loved. For years I tried to catch him in just one song to which he did not know every word of the lyrics; I never succeeded.

My final moments with Steve were during the final moments of his life, assuring him, over and over, he soon would be reunited with all his loved ones.

Stephen believed fully in heaven. He knew in his heart he would be re-united with his parents, other family and friends - and with his beloved dog, Salty. If indeed he was right in his belief, this gentle, loving man, who never hurt a soul

and who brightened the lives of so many others, my Stevie will be sitting there smiling - at the right hand of God.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



to

Brian Carovillano - bcarovillano@ap.org

Charles Richards – charlesarichards@sbcglobal.net

Welcome to Connecting



Rich Kirkpatrick - richard.kirkpatrick@verizon.net

Story of interest

Investigative journalism, long criticized for a lack of diversity, has made significant developments since March (Poynter)



From left to right: Mark J. Rochester, editor-in-chief of Type Investigations; Wendi C. Thomas, founder and editor of MLK50: Justice Through Journalism; Ron Nixon, global investigations editor for the Associated Press (photo composite)

By Mark J. Rochester

There's been little in the news lately besides coverage of the COVID-19 pandemic — and rightly so, as it is likely to be one of the defining episodes of our lifetimes — but around the time most of us were learning what “PPE” meant, there were several milestones emerging in our industry.

Over the course of just a few weeks, there were a handful of significant developments in diversifying investigative journalism — a specialized reporting area long criticized for its lack of diversity. Just as the mysterious disease was about to manifest itself disproportionately in several urban areas of the country, journalists of color were being announced as taking the helm of investigative

news operations or claiming some of the most prestigious investigative journalism awards in the business.

Starting in mid-March:

The Associated Press appointed African American journalist Ron Nixon as its global investigations editor;

MLK50: Justice Through Journalism founder and editor Wendi C. Thomas won two of the most prestigious investigative journalism awards in the nation — the \$50,000 Selden Ring award and tied for the top award from Investigative Reporters & Editors;

Manny Garcia took the helm of the new investigative reporting initiative launched by ProPublica and the Texas Tribune, a nonprofit newsroom focusing on Texas politics and public policy matters.

Read more [here](#) .

The Final Word



Spotted in Tom Jones' Poynter Report: a sweet tweet provided by Idaho Statesman editor Christina Lords. At a time when journalists regularly get criticized, this is welcome. Lords posted a photo of a sign that showed up anonymously outside the paper's office.

Today in History - May 14, 2020



By The Associated Press

Today is Thursday, May 14, the 135th day of 2020. There are 231 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On May 14, 1940, the Netherlands surrendered to invading German forces during World War II.

On this date:

In 1643, Louis XIV became King of France at age 4 upon the death of his father, Louis XIII.

In 1796, English physician Edward Jenner inoculated 8-year-old James Phipps against smallpox by using cowpox matter.

In 1804, the Lewis and Clark expedition to explore the Louisiana Territory as well as the Pacific Northwest left camp near present-day Hartford, Illinois.

In 1863, Union forces defeated the Confederates in the Battle of Jackson, Mississippi.

In 1948, according to the current-era calendar, the independent state of Israel was proclaimed in Tel Aviv by David Ben-Gurion, who became its first prime

minister; U.S. President Harry S. Truman immediately recognized the new nation.

In 1955, representatives from eight Communist bloc countries, including the Soviet Union, signed the Warsaw Pact in Poland. (The Pact was dissolved in 1991.)

In 1961, Freedom Riders were attacked by violent mobs in Anniston and Birmingham, Alabama.

In 1968, John Lennon and Paul McCartney held a news conference in New York to announce the creation of the Beatles' latest business venture, Apple Corps.

In 1998, singer-actor Frank Sinatra died at a Los Angeles hospital at age 82. The hit sitcom "Seinfeld" aired its final episode after nine years on NBC.

In 2001, the Supreme Court ruled 8-0 that there is no exception in federal law for people to use marijuana for medical purposes.

In 2003, more than 100 immigrants were abandoned in a locked trailer at a Texas truck stop; 19 of them died. (Truck driver Tyrone Williams was later sentenced to nearly 34 years in prison for his role in the deaths; of the 13 others indicted in the case, two had charges against them dismissed, one who cooperated with prosecutors was sentenced to the three days in jail and the others were given sentences ranging from 14 months to 23 years.)

In 2008, the Interior Department declared the polar bear a threatened species because of the loss of Arctic sea ice. Justine Henin (EH'-nen), 25, became the first woman to retire from tennis while atop the WTA rankings.

Ten years ago: President Barack Obama heatedly condemned what he called a "ridiculous spectacle" of oil executives shifting blame for the BP oil spill in congressional hearings and denounced a "cozy relationship" between their companies and the federal government. Space shuttle Atlantis thundered away on what turned out to be its next-to-last voyage into orbit. NBC canceled the long-running police/courtroom drama "Law & Order" after 20 seasons on the air.

Five years ago: President Barack Obama, at a Camp David summit, assured Arab allies they were safe from the threat of an empowered Iran, pledging an

“ironclad commitment” to the Sunni governments of the Persian Gulf. B.B. King, 89, the “King of the Blues,” died in Las Vegas. Award-winning poet Franz Wright, 62, died in Waltham, Massachusetts.

One year ago: Former Rep. Anthony Weiner left a New York City halfway house after completing his prison sentence for illicit online contact with a 15-year-old girl. Comedy actor Tim Conway, winner of four Emmy Awards on “The Carol Burnett Show” after earlier starring aboard “McHale’s Navy,” died in Los Angeles; he was 85. The New Orleans Pelicans bucked long odds to win the NBA draft lottery, giving the team the right to draft former Duke star Zion Williamson. Montana gov. Steve Bullock announced that he was seeking the Democratic presidential nomination. (He would end his campaign in December, becoming the third Western governor to fail to gain momentum.)

Today’s Birthdays: Photo-realist artist Richard Estes is 88. Actress Dame Sian Phillips is 87. Former Sen. Byron Dorgan, D-N.D., is 78. Movie producer George Lucas is 76. Guitarist Gene Cornish is 76. Actress Meg Foster is 72. Movie director Robert Zemeckis is 69. Rock singer David Byrne is 68. Actor Tim Roth is 59. Rock singer Ian Astbury (The Cult) is 58. Rock musician C.C. (aka Cecil) DeWille is 58. Actor Danny Huston is 58. Rock musician Mike Inez (Alice In Chains) is 54. Fabrice Morvan (ex-Milli Vanilli) is 54. Rhythm-and-blues singer Raphael Saadiq is 54. Actress Cate Blanchett is 51. Singer Danny Wood (New Kids on the Block) is 51. Movie writer-director Sofia Coppola (KOH’-pah-lah) is 49. Former Homeland Security Secretary Kirstjen Nielsen is 48. Actor Gabriel Mann is 48. Singer Natalie Appleton (All Saints) is 47. Singer Shanice is 47. Actress Carla Jimenez is 46. Rock musician Henry Garza (Los Lonely Boys) is 42. Alt-country musician-singer Ketch Secor is 42. Rock singer-musician Dan Auerbach is 41. Rock musician Mike Retondo (Plain White T’s) is 39. Actress Amber Tamblyn is 37. Facebook co-founder Mark Zuckerberg is 36. Actress Lina Esco is 35. Retired NFL player Rob Gronkowski is 31. Actress Miranda Cosgrove is 27.

Thought for Today: “Silence cannot hide anything [-] which is more than you can say for words.” [-] From the play “The Ghost Sonata” by Swedish author-playwright August Strindberg (born 1849, died this date in 1912).

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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