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Connecting August 28, 2020

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Part of AP Katrina team: Charlotte Porter, Dan Sewell and Kent Prince

Colleagues,

Good Friday morning on this the 28th day of August 2020,

Fifteen years ago tomorrow, Hurricane Katrina made landfall in Louisiana as a Category 3 hurricane and left behind widespread flooding, with millions homeless and damages estimated at an estimated \$160 billion. At least 1,800 lives were lost in what ranks as not only the costliest-ever U.S. hurricanes, but as the most expensive natural disaster in the country's history, according to NOAA. Although New Orleans initially believed it had been spared the worst, the hurricane's record storm surge overwhelmed levees and other flood control measures, eventually submerging 80 percent of the city.

On Thursday, Hurricane Laura, a Category 4 hurricane, barreled across Louisiana, shearing off roofs, killing at least six people and maintaining

ferocious strength while carving a destructive path hundreds of miles inland. While it did not sustain the damage that had been predicted, Laura left a trail of demolished buildings, entire neighborhoods left in ruins and more than 875,000 people without power. Louisiana Gov. John Bel Edwards called Laura the most powerful hurricane to strike Louisiana.

Today's Connecting brings you a 15-year look-back at AP's coverage of Katrina – with accounts by three colleagues heavily involved in that coverage – New Orleans bureau chief **Charlotte Porter**, news editor **Kent Prince** and Cincinnati correspondent **Dan Sewell** who parachuted in to assist.

Several of our colleagues who covered Katrina are no longer with us - Montgomery-based photographer **Dave Martin**, veteran New Orleans newswoman **Mary Foster** and former New Orleans bureau chief **Mike McQueen** (who before joining AP New Orleans covered its aftermath as part of a Knight Ridder-team of editors.)

If you were involved in Katrina – or Laura – coverage, we would welcome your own story.

Have a great weekend – be safe, stay healthy.

Paul

15 Years Ago: AP covers Hurricane Katrina



AP Photo/David Phillip

Kent Prince ([Email](#)) - As I write this, two storms are headed into the Gulf and aimed at New Orleans — a couple of days too early to nail the Katrina anniversary but, with the coronavirus, it's enough to carry a lede. Brings back memories, not that we can forget. Every week there's another headline in the Times-Pic/Advocate about levees, pumps, and storm drains, as well as FEMA money.

Looking back under these circumstances, it's hard to revisit what happened 15 years ago. When Katrina came ashore, our evac bureau, set up well inland, was out of commission almost immediately; rain blew backward through the a.c. ducts and poured down on the desks and computers. Our portable generator was useless, satellite phones couldn't penetrate the cloud cover. With no NRL, staffers in the street improvised, and when the cell phones worked, they dealt directly with the general desk.

NY was quick to the rescue. The Baton Rouge Advocate gave us space, and local techs, working with astonishing speed, set up an entire bureau, with ring-

down phones and computer connections to 50 Rock. The surprising support is what I usually tell people who ask about it: in addition to flying in an office, NY provided personal help: food, lodging, even money for clothes. Having grown up in an AP where we had to fill out little receipts for every long-distance phone call, this was indeed largesse.



One thing sticks out from Day 2: Mary Foster, (left), who had connived her way into the Super Dome, called with the puzzling report that water was rising in the streets outside. That memory sparks synapses to conjure up others: Kevin McGill's daily updates on the unburied body at the intersection, Adam Nossiter's house a crash pad; Brett Martel being told by the police chief that

he was hereby conscripted for immediate duty. (Brett ignored the "order" and it evaporated as the chief talked himself down, but it remains one of those untold stories that show the raw mania afoot in the city.) And Snowball; I remember telling Foster to please not tell me what she was dictating, about the little boy who wasn't allowed to take his doggie on the evacuation bus. I knew what that story would do, and it did. I even got one call from Australia from a guy who said he would personally pay whatever was necessary to get that boy back together with his dog. And, for what it's worth, we never did learn what happened to Snowball, although we tried.

Too many memories to recount. I'm leaving out all the parachute help, all the support, and the anecdotes that would take more words than this whole Connecting edition — the roachwood motel (with the guards carrying their long guns in shopping baskets and the rain flooding Janet McConnaughey's room over and over again), the Waffle House test, the Danziger shootings, the Blackwater guards, Mayor Nagin's cranes in the sky....

Looking back, I'm surprised how bad memories crowd in on the good: A young, inexperienced staffer abandoned out there by a veteran photographer who told him to find his own pirogue back. A Big Foot parachute editor whose first story had to be killed. The impossibility of clearing up false leads and inaccurate reports (even the police chief believed his men were attacked by ravenous mobs in the convention center). In-house problems, too: disputes between HR and the techs over housing and supplies, orders from the NY desk that Katrina Fatigue meant they were reducing to one story a day; they hadn't noticed we already had five on the A-wire that day and a sixth in the works, and it was only 10 a.m.....

My wife's book club recently read *The Yellow House*, last year's National Book Award winner which is more than just another Katrina memoir. The author, Sara Broom, follows one of the many story lines that we didn't get covered on the wire despite all the heroic efforts to report it all. And as I write this, Vacaville, where some of the Broom family found themselves relocated, is aflame in the northern California woods. Wonder if they've lost it all again.

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The late AP photographer Dave Martin, facing camera, and other photographers take flood photos from the rooftops of flooded homes outside New Orleans.

Charlotte Porter ([Email](#)) - I want to express my deepest gratitude to Howard Gros, and all the brilliant technicians who came in from across the South to keep us up and running; to Bill Haber and Dave Martin, two of the best shooters of floods ever, who led the amazing photo coverage; to Kent Prince and Kevin McGill and each and every news person, spouse, friend, and parent who chipped in with astonishing prose or laundry duty or care

packages of cookies; and especially to Mary Foster, who stuck it out in the unspeakable conditions in the Superdome and kept going through the death of her dog not long after she got back home.

And I'm leaving out all the strong and able staffers in Mississippi, whom we left on their own as we struggled with the horrors in Louisiana.

Each and every single one of them was a blessing, personally and professionally. It took courage just to get up every morning. They were awesome and I don't expect ever to be in the presence of a finer group of human beings.

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This photo shows photographer Rick Bowmer kneeling and after individual standing at far left, the late photographer Dave Martin,

Dan Sewell ([Email](#)) - “Parachuting In,” or being sent to a breaking news story in another state or country, was very familiar for me after years covering the Caribbean and the South. But when I got the call to go help cover Hurricane Katrina, it had been several years since the last one. I had returned to The AP less than two months earlier after working as a suburban editor for The Cincinnati Enquirer and instead of the old adrenaline, I felt anxious, worried, and unprepared flying south from Ohio.

As it turned out, there was good reason to feel all those things.

I landed in Memphis, rented a car and drove to Jackson, Mississippi, to help cover the hard-hit coast there. But it soon became obvious we needed more bodies in New Orleans, so three days later I drove south again. I spent about 10 days in New Orleans that time, then rotated back in for another 10 days or so at the end of September/early October.

Some memory snapshots on varied topics:

BEDS: Finding a place to sleep was a nightly challenge. In Jackson, the late, great correspondent Ron Harrist invited new arrivals to his home. I got one of his kids' rooms. South Editor Michael Giarrusso later scored rooms in a bed & breakfast. In New Orleans, though, we had only an RV at first. Twenty people might be there, most sleeping sitting up (the driver's seat was prized). We also slept in cars. One of the first responders, regional writer Allen Breed, told me about a Holiday Inn where the staff and, importantly, security guards, had stayed on and were letting reporters stay. No power, no air conditioning, and soggy carpets, but better than a car. That only lasted a couple nights before all hotel workers were ordered to evacuate.

BOATS AND BODIES: It wasn't unusual to see a dead body. One was left unclaimed for days in an intersection. Someone arranged a rowboat for us to use in the city in the first few days. Being the biggest, I was drafted to row. I got hot and tired very quickly, but the TV camera guys aboard insisted they had to have video of a body. Finally, we spotted a lone man floating face down. The camera guys were happy. Poor man.

A couple days later, the late, great photographer Dave Martin arranged a trip to Chalmette aboard a New Orleans photographer's fishing boat. That time, we

came close to an alligator. I don't like being in small boats with big alligators around.

CELEBRITIES: Those first days, it seemed Anderson Cooper was everywhere, doing stand-ups for CNN. I saw Sean Penn, helping with relief efforts. I wanted to say a Jeff Spicoli-like, "Aloha, Mr. Hand." But he didn't look like he was in the mood.

On a connecting flight from Atlanta through Nashville my second trip in, I sat next to a young man wearing tight blue jeans, cowboy boots and wrist bands. He told me he finally had his first CD out on a small label. Should have asked him for a signed CD. Ten years later, I paid \$100 to see Jason Aldean in concert.

COLLEAGUES: A highlight of such big stories is getting to meet a lot of AP people, the stars and the future stars and the hard-working, knowledgeable locals. New Orleans had one of my favor COB-news editor teams to work with in Charlotte Porter and Kent Prince. But there were also many talented editors, in New York and on the ground such as Sarah Nordgen, who helped direct a cast of characters that included two of The AP's best sports columnists, Jim Litke and Tim Dahlberg, who added writing talent, cynicism and humor to the team.

COMMUNICATIONS: Huge problem. Cellphones are of little use after such devastation. The AP shipped in satellite phones. But you don't just pick up the receiver and dial. You have to get a satellite connection. Luckily, some of the techs called into New Orleans could show us how to use the bulky phones. But we still had issues. Often, several of us would show up at the same event, such as a mayor press conference.

DANGER: Probably the most dangerous time was my first night in New Orleans. It was Saturday and I had the bright idea to do a story about the city's first post-Katrina Saturday night. Photographer Rick Bowmer went with me. We found an open-air bar that had become a rescue center for storm survivors. Some were drinking their way through their shock. Others needed First Aid for cuts and nails. A man who had been an Army medic was doing triage, and a couple guys foraged for medical supplies from an abandoned Walgreen's.

Driving in the dark was treacherous, with debris, overturned cars and broken glass around nearly every corner. Suddenly a spotlight flashed on us. I jumped out of the car and a New Orleans police officer yelled: "Stop, or I will shoot!" I had done a story years earlier about thuggish cops in that department, so he

didn't need to tell me twice. I identified myself in the glare. He barked: "There's a curfew, and we will shoot. Go tell all your little reporter friends!" I did.

FOOD: At the RV, when in a hurry, some of us ate right out of the cans. Yuck. Advice: when you see a chance to eat, take it. Red Cross has sandwiches? Take one. Dominos donated a truckload of pizzas? Grab a slice or two. And then there was my hero: restaurateur Alex Patout, who cooked up a kettle of jambalaya out on the sidewalk and ladled it onto paper plates for free.

KINDNESS: Disasters can bring out the worst in people: looters, hoarders, price gougers. But acts of kindness abound. A man busy repairing tires patched one of my mine and then insisted I take a Gatorade. And in the best of Southern hospitality, a couple I was interviewing who had generator power invited me to use their bathroom. A real bathroom, not a Port-a-Potty!

STRIPPING: No, this isn't a Bourbon Street story. When I got home from my first tour, my wife Vickii told me go into the garage and strip. Not for the good reason. Then, put all my clothes into a trash bag. A nurse, she then had me go to a Passport Health office and get rounds of shots and vaccinations. That's probably why I've very rarely been sick the last 15 years.

Connecting mailbox

Nancy Benac: Whatever she touches, she makes better

Marc Humburt ([Email](#)) - What a delight to open up Thursday's Connecting and see that Nancy Benac had won a Gramling. Those of us who covered politics for the AP know how important she was and is to the mothership. Whether writing her own stories or editing stuff sent in from those of us out in the field or organizing how stories would be covered, Nancy has always been the steady hand, the pro, the protector and the mentor. What she touches, she makes better.



When I won a Gramling in 2001 for the coverage of Hillary Clinton's historic run for the Senate in 2000, much of the credit really belonged to two bureau chiefs

- Sam Boyle in New York City and Sandy Johnson in Washington - and to Nancy. For me, the trio meant great ideas, great editing and great at having your back.

Congrats, Nancy. Much deserved.

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Connecting series: Your pets and what they mean to you during pandemic



Linda Sargent (Email) - Suki and Shug are the CalicoDuo, the resident supervisors of WFH copy editing and life in general here. They are 5-year-old registered Persian sisters we pretty much inherited a couple of years ago. The best friend of my husband's cousin died and her will stipulated that her daughter-in-law had to find the girls a home together. Sally thought of us and the rest his history.

The Duo went from living the first 3 1/2 years of their lives in one large room, where they were quite content, to having the run of a two-story house and are extremely happy with that. They have quite the following on my Facebook wall and on Instagram (CalicoDuo), in part because of their expressions and the way they just nonchalantly sit. (No, Suki is not mad. She does has a somber face.)

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Lou Holtz' honesty

Mark Mittelstadt (Email) - I do not know Lou Holtz personally or whether he is honest and trustworthy. I do think it's a bit unfair for Dennis Conrad to suggest that because of Holtz's backdoor expression of interest in the Florida coaching job 42 years ago, he cannot be trusted in support of President Trump.

In 40-plus years of following college and professional sports I do not ever recall a high-profile coach publicly confirming "Yes, I'm pursuing the coaching vacancy at (school/team/program)" — much less informing their current players — before the ink is dry on their new contract. The candidate who would be so "honest" publicly about their intentions likely would quickly become a former candidate; their name would be yanked immediately.

Now most expressions of interest in coaching jobs or expected openings are handled secretly through well-paid agents, not friendly tennis-playing reporters.

While coaches at the professional and collegiate levels generally are highly compensated and held in some esteem, I do not envy them not being able to be candid with current players, with whom they likely have developed a bond, when it's time to move on.

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An AP sighting at GWU



Steven Herman ([Email](#)) - Spotted this Thursday inside GWU media school where Kamala Harris spoke.

My fine four-wheeled friends

Cecilia White ([Email](#)) - I have so enjoyed seeing so many of Connecting's contributors' first and/or favorite cars over the past several weeks. Some great vehicles and stories. Thought I'd finally put myself into gear and recall my own 3 1/2 cars over 40+ years of driving (the half? I shared my sister's great 1970 BMW 2002, as well).



• "IGOR": In 1971, with fresh driver's licenses in hand, my sister and I bought a \$275.00 1960 VW Bug that we named, for some ridiculous reason, "Igor." It was dark blue and we painted a "sun roof" on it -- literally. A big yellow sun on the top.



Looked like a Hippie car. Igor had little power, with a wee 36-hp engine. It was generally cheaper to just pop in another engine block when a repair was needed, which we did a few times. We still have several throughout bearing 'candleholders' from him. An acrid smell of battery fluid permeated the car, as the battery was situated under the back seat. Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. found that out when he hitched a ride from a speaking engagement in Orange County, Calif., back to the Beverly Hills Hotel one evening (incredibly, the organizers had forgotten to arrange transportation for him!). He was no doubt accustomed to far more comfortable, elegant rides than smelly, bumpy little Igor provided, but Schlesinger was exceedingly gracious about the transport nonetheless., Sadly, a Beverly Hills doctor running a red light in a Cadillac centerpunched Igor in 1973, causing his premature 'death' and, very nearly mine. We got \$20 for Igor's scrap metal after the accident, and I lost a year to a broken femur and other injuries.

• "VOLVO": Swearing that I would never get attached to another car after Igor's demise (a useless pledge for a sentimental animist), I bought a used 1968 Volvo 144-S after my year of rehab - steadfastly refusing to name it. Best laid plans "Volvo" ended up being a love of my life (well, four-wheeled, at least).



He was a beautiful big Swede, dark green, 4-speed, with the slightly lower roofline of a 144-S. A solid, no-nonsense classic, Volvo was the car of my AP/Los Angeles years, and of my freelance photography assignments before that. I really loved that car. For such a spartan vehicles devoid of bells and whistles, Volvo was quite comfortable, for sleeping, at least. Fully reclining seats, which came in handy when I spent months, off and on, at Camp Pendleton after the Fall of Saigon, photographing refugees. Each morning, there would be a tap on the window from a young Marine, but older than I at 22, cheerfully offering, "Coffee, Ma'am?" We had so many great miles, years and experiences together - 40, in fact! (Volvo was garaged in 'retirement' for several years, so I simultaneously had (and have) the Honda shown below).

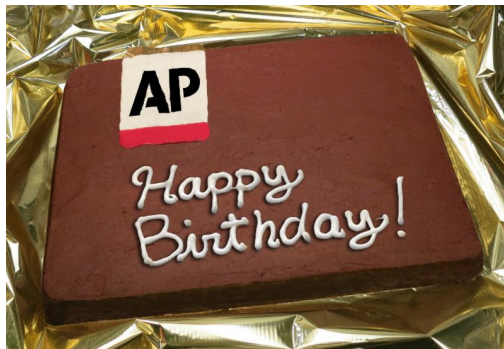
• "MAINOUMI": Named for the smallest Japanese sumo

wrestler to have survived playing with the big boys, our wee 1989 Honda Civic is absolutely the "ICHIBAN" car that we've ever had or driven. He's a stunning azure blue 31-year-old who still acts like a spring chicken! Bare bones -- no a/c, radio or any



other distractions, which we love about it. Just a feisty driving machine. Mechanics marvel at it, and a week rarely passes without someone wanting to buy it, but it's not for sale! We will never own a better car but, sadly, the dreaded car cancer - rust - is prematurely dooming our beloved Mainoumi. He could easily make 40 years without the developing undercarriage rust but, alas, it looks as though we will have to be grateful for 26 years wonderful years together. Now comes the sucky task of finding another used car (with manual transmission, no less; not easy in this country). It's going to be one hell of an act to follow, for while sumo's Mainoumi only made it to the rank of komusubi due to his size, our Mainoumi is, without doubt, a Yokozuna!

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Rick Cooper - rick55cooper@gmail.com

Randy Evans - revans2810@aol.com

Michael Harper - mharper@mopress.com

Larry Heinzerling - lheinzerling@gmail.com

On Saturday to...

Barry Bedlan - bbedlan@ap.org

Jeff Rowe - jfrowe@rocketmail.com

On Sunday to...

Kristi Chew - kachew1@aol.com

Stories of interest

‘The West Wing’: Aaron Sorkin & Cast Reunite For HBO Max Special Ahead Of U.S. Presidential Election (Deadline)



By PETER WHITE

Aaron Sorkin is getting The West Wing gang back together for the first time in 17 years with a special for HBO Max.

Martin Sheen, Rob Lowe, Dulé Hill, Allison Janney, Janel Moloney, Richard Schiff and Bradley Whitford are reuniting with Sorkin and Thomas Schlamme for A West Wing Special to Benefit When We All Vote.

The special will feature a theatrical performance of Hartsfield's Landing, an episode from the NBC drama's third season that featured Sheen's President Barlet playing chess against Sam (Rob Lowe) and Toby (Richard Schiff), while the Chinese are playing war games in the Taiwan Strait and Josh (Bradley Whitford) is nervous about the 42 votes in a remote New Hampshire town's election, which always predict the winner of that state's primary.

Read more [here](#).

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Courier Journal editor says remote work caused screwup on Breonna Taylor story

(Washington Post)

Opinion by Erik Wemple
Media critic

There was a provocative comment about Breonna Taylor in an article posted early Tuesday morning by the Louisville Courier Journal. The story's headline read, "LMPD report details Breonna Taylor's ties to alleged drug dealer before her death." The scoop, courtesy of reporter Andrew Wolfson, sought to explain why plainclothes officers with the Louisville Metro Police Department (LMPD) executed a "no knock" warrant on March 13 at Taylor's apartment.

Taylor, a 26-year-old Black emergency medical technician, was shot and killed by police officers during the raid.

The report secured by Wolfson outlined "multiple links" between Taylor and a target of an LMPD narcotics investigation, according to the story. To add context to the situation, Wolfson quoted a law enforcement official who said, "Breonna Taylor did not deserve to die no matter what her role in all this. But criminal activity always has consequences."

The latter sentence doesn't appear in the current version of the Courier Journal's story.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Larry Blasko.

Today in History - August 28, 2020



By The Associated Press

Today is Friday, Aug. 28, the 241st day of 2020. There are 125 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On August 28, 1963, more than 200,000 people listened as the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his “I Have a Dream” speech in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C.

On this date:

In 1917, ten suffragists demanding that President Woodrow Wilson support a constitutional amendment guaranteeing women the right to vote were arrested as they picketed outside the White House.

In 1944, during World War II, German forces in Toulon and Marseille (mahr-SAY'), France, surrendered to Allied troops.

In 1955, Emmett Till, a Black teen from Chicago, was abducted from his uncle's home in Money, Mississippi, by two white men after he had supposedly whistled at a white woman; he was found brutally slain three days later.

In 1964, two days of race-related rioting erupted in North Philadelphia over a false rumor that white police officers had beaten to death a pregnant Black woman.

In 1968, police and anti-war demonstrators clashed in the streets of Chicago as the Democratic National Convention nominated Hubert H. Humphrey for president.

In 1996, Democrats nominated President Bill Clinton for a second term at their national convention in Chicago. The troubled 15-year marriage of Britain's Prince Charles and Princess Diana officially ended with the issuing of a divorce decree.

In 2005, New Orleans Mayor Ray Nagin (NAY'-gin) ordered everyone in the city to evacuate after Hurricane Katrina grew to a monster storm.

In 2009, the Los Angeles County coroner's office announced that Michael Jackson's death was a homicide caused primarily by the powerful anesthetic propofol (PROH'-puh-fahl) and another sedative, lorazepam (lor-AZ'-uh-pam).

In 2013, a military jury sentenced Maj. Nidal Hasan to death for the 2009 shooting rampage at Fort Hood that claimed 13 lives. On the 50th anniversary of Martin Luther King Jr.'s "I Have a Dream" speech at the Lincoln Memorial, President Barack Obama stood on the same steps as he challenged new generations to seize the cause of racial equality.

In 2014, comedian Joan Rivers was rushed to New York's Mount Sinai Hospital after she suffered cardiac arrest at a doctor's office where she'd gone for a routine outpatient procedure (Rivers died a week later at age 81).

In 2017, floodwaters reached the rooflines of single-story homes as Hurricane Harvey poured rain on the Houston area for a fourth consecutive day; thousands of people had been rescued from the flooding.

In 2018, a white former police officer, Roy Oliver, was convicted of murder for fatally shooting an unarmed Black 15-year-old boy, Jordan Edwards, while firing into a car packed with teenagers in suburban Dallas; Oliver was sentenced the following day to 15 years in prison.

Ten years ago: Conservative commentator Glenn Beck and former Alaska Gov. Sarah Palin headlined a “Restoring Honor” rally attended by tens of thousands in Washington. U.S. and Afghan forces repelled attackers wearing American uniforms and suicide vests in a pair of simultaneous assaults before dawn on NATO bases near the Pakistan border. A gunman in Lake Havasu City, Arizona, shot and killed the mother of his two children, the woman’s boyfriend and three other people before fleeing with the children to Rancho Cucamonga, California, where he killed himself (the children were unharmed).

Five years ago: President Barack Obama compared tensions between the U.S. and Israel over the Iranian nuclear deal to a family feud, and said in a webcast with Jewish Americans that he expected quick improvements in ties between the longtime allies once the accord was implemented. A jury in Concord, New Hampshire, acquitted Owen Labrie, a prep school graduate, of rape but convicted him of committing lesser sex offenses against a 15-year-old freshman girl in a case that exposed a tradition in which seniors competed to see how many younger students they could have sex with.

One year ago: New York Sen. Kirsten Gillibrand dropped out of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination; the campaign collapsed amid low polling and major fundraising struggles. Hurricane Dorian strengthened as it moved toward the U.S. Southeast coast; the storm left little damage in its wake in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. British Prime Minister Boris Johnson maneuvered to give his political opponents less time to block a chaotic no-deal Brexit, winning Queen Elizabeth’s approval to suspend Parliament. (Britain’s highest court later ruled that Johnson broke the law by suspending Parliament.)

Today’s Birthdays: Actor Sonny Shroyer is 85. Actor Marla Adams is 82. Actor Ken Jenkins is 80. Former Defense Secretary William S. Cohen is 80. Actor David Soul is 77. Former MLB manager and player Lou Piniella (pihn-EHL’-uh) is 77. Actor Barbara Bach is 74. Actor Debra Mooney is 73. Singer Wayne Osmond (The Osmonds) is 69. Actor Daniel Stern is 63. Olympic gold medal figure skater Scott Hamilton is 62. Actor John Allen Nelson is 61. Actor Emma Samms is 60. Actor Jennifer Coolidge is 59. Movie director David Fincher is 58. Actor Amanda Tapping is 55. Country singer Shania (shah-NY’-uh) Twain is 55. Actor Billy Boyd is 52. Actor Jack Black is 51. Actor Jason Priestley is 51. Actor Daniel Goddard (TV: “The Young and the Restless”) is 49. Olympic

gold medal swimmer Janet Evans is 49. Actor J. August Richards is 47. Rock singer-musician Max Collins (Eve 6) is 42. Actor Carly Pope is 40. Country singer Jake Owen is 39. Country singer LeAnn Rimes is 38. Actor Kelly Thiebaud is 38. Actor Alfonso Herrera is 37. Actor Sarah Roemer is 36. Actor Armie Hammer is 34. Rock singer Florence Welch (Florence and the Machine) is 34. Actor Shalita Grant is 32. Country-pop singer Cassadee Pope (TV: "The Voice") is 31. Actor Katie Findlay is 30. Actor/singer Samuel Larsen is 29. Actor Kyle Massey is 29. Actor Quvenzhané (kwuh-VEHN'-zhah-nay) Wallis is 17. Reality TV star Alana Thompson, AKA "Honey Boo Boo," is 15.

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

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