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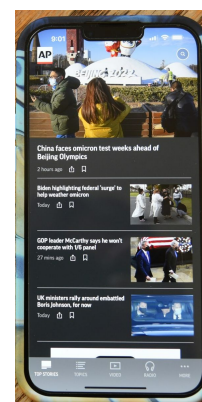
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Connecting

Sept. 2, 2022

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Colleagues,

Good Friday morning on this Sept. 2, 2022:

Ye Olde Tal/Fall Editor was busted out of the hospital Thursday by wife Nurse Linda, who will be supervising his broken hip recovery from the comfort of their home. He notes it was a "neighborhood event" returning to home base. Wishing both of them well.

Meantime, AP's management team says it has no immediate plans to require a third in-office day for the remainder of the year and will drop its vaccine requirement in the U.S.

Be well,

[Peg](#)





Friends and neighbors welcoming home a very happy Paul after his hospital stay following a broken hip last weekend.

AP's management team updates hybrid work plans

First, we have no plans to require a third in-office day on a regular basis in 2022, though we will continue to evaluate business needs and may add a third day in 2023.

We have been impressed by many of our teams around the world who regularly work more than two days in the office because of projects, breaking news or other work. This is what hybrid and flexibility are all about.

Beginning Oct. 4, we are lifting our vaccine requirement in the U.S., as cities and states move away from vaccine and other virus-related requirements. Where law requires us to mandate vaccines, including in New York City, the requirement remains. We will continue to monitor pandemic conditions and make changes as necessary, and as always, we strongly encourage all staff to be vaccinated and boosted if applicable. As a reminder, anyone who is feeling unwell should stay home. Staff are also welcome to wear masks in the office, and many colleagues do.

Also, effective Oct. 4, any temporary accommodations granted in relation to the virus will end. If you have been working under one of these accommodations, we look forward to welcoming you back next month.

Connecting mailbox

Tipping a frustrating membership target

[Peggy Walsh](#) - The lead item in Today in History for Sept. 1 brought back memories of a big local story and an attempt to convince a paper to become an AP member.

On Sept. 1, 1983, 269 people were killed when a Korean Air Lines Boeing 747 was shot down by a Soviet jet fighter after the airliner entered Soviet airspace.

One of those on board was Rep. Larry McDonald, who represented what was then the 7th Congressional district in Georgia. The area included Cobb County, just north of Atlanta, whose county seat is Marietta.

The Marietta Daily Journal had long been the most frustrating membership target for many AP bureau chiefs.

McDonald, a conservative Democrat, was elected chairman of the John Birch Society shortly before his death. The story of how he ended up on that plane is worth reading on Wikipedia.

When we got word that he was on the plane I called the editor at the Daily Journal. It was the first he'd heard of it, and he was very grateful.

The bureau chief at the time, Carl Bell, planned to use the tip to convince the Journal to sign with AP.

Apparently the owners weren't swayed. The Journal still wasn't a member when I left Atlanta to become assistant bureau chief in Los Angeles in 1985.

I'm not sure the MDJ, as it's known, ever became a member, but we tried!

Remembering Tim Page

Bob Meyers - I remember Tim Page coming regularly to the AP Photo office on Norwich Street in London in the early 1990s as he worked with Horst Faas on their project: "Requiem" a book and photo exhibition on the 100s of photographers who were killed during the Vietnam War. He ambled in with a pronounced limp and brought a whiff of cannabis smoke with him, provoking raised eyebrows and some mirth from the photo editing and wire room staff more used to pub culture.

Their labor of love unfolded over many months in Horst's private office with lunches together at Horst's favorite, the Golf Club at St. Bride's.

I had transferred to the State Photo Center in Washington, and in early 1998 the photo project opened at the Newseum in Rosslyn, Va. The opening was a huge gathering and carried on to the Saigon Restaurant in Georgetown, whose host had welcomed Horst and Tim et all to her restaurant on Old Saigon.

I wish I could have sat in on the exchange of stories and thoughts in the compilation of their amazing project, but the demands of working on the international desk did not allow for wandering off.

Shooting the Milky Way

Patrick Casey - Retired AP photographer and former New York colleague Brian Horton and my wife, Zhang Wanli, just a few days ago coincidentally photographed the Milky Way from the U.S and China only hours apart. Brian shot his photo (with the house in the frame) in Woodstock, Vt., while Wanli took her image in the Gobi Desert.





Connecting series

Medical miracles, memories

[Doug Tucker](#) - My death was only a breath away.

Would have been a tough break for a 5-year-old.

But emergency room doctors said my life almost ended the night I dropped a bottle of “Real Kill” insecticide and did a belly flop onto the jagged shards of broken glass.

Would have been a tough break for a 5-year-old.

Gushing blood from my midsection, I ran screaming into the house. My mom, who learned to be cool under fire while serving in combat areas as an Army nurse, grabbed a couple of towels and pressed them to my bleeding belly. We took off for the hospital, my grandfather at the wheel.

“Hurry, pop! Hurry!” I remember her yelling. I also remember lying in her lap saying, “I’m gonna die. I’m gonna die.”

“No you’re not! No you’re not! Faster, pop!”

Traffic was heavy on a Saturday night and I’m sure grandpa was breaking just about every traffic law in the book when a police car, like an arriving guardian angel, pulled us over.

I remember mom jumping out with me in her arms and running toward the black-and-white patrol car just as two cops were getting out.

"He's cut open his abdomen. Please help us get to the hospital!"

The next thing I remember is lying on her lap in the backseat as the police car, siren screaming, raced to the hospital.

I was losing lots of blood. Would grandpa have made the hospital in time on his own? No way to know.

Until I awakened the next morning to see mom in the bed next to me, there is only one memory. Bells. I saw millions of bells. I heard the ringing of millions of bells.

Later on, mom said the doctors told her something that almost caused her to lose her famous professional cool. If I had inhaled when I fell, the glass would have sliced into my lungs. I would have died on the spot.

I came that close to ending my life at the age of 5.

I've always had an appreciation for how lucky I was, of course. Nevertheless, I rarely thought about my Real Kill misadventure throughout the shank of my life, usually just when someone saw me for the first time with my shirt off and exclaimed, "How'd you get those scars?"

But now in my sunset years I often reflect. I would have missed so very, very much if I had taken that fatal breath. And if not for the heroic action of mom, grandpa, the emergency room staffers and those heaven-sent Oklahoma City cops.

I would never have stolen a kiss, won a fight, walked a dog or loved a child. I wouldn't know how wonderful homemade bread smells coming out of the oven in a snug country kitchen on a snowy winter night.

I wouldn't have seen Elvis in Vegas or held the dice for almost an hour at Caesars (cq) Palace. I would not have sunk that birdie putt on No. 18 to win a high school golf tournament. Some other lucky kid would have gotten to play a round with my boyhood idol Arnold Palmer. Not me.

By the same token, a crooked lawyer would not have cheated me out of the money my godmother's will specified I should get. Neither would I have tasted the bitterness we feel when a detestable boss treats us unfairly.

But petty stuff, all that. Life happens to us all. So what?

I would not have teared up with love and pride when my lovely Phyllis came walking toward me on that sunny August afternoon in her white wedding dress. Amid the beauty of our hosts' gaily decorated yard. With family and friends there to share the moment.

I recently watched a report from Ukraine. There was a picture of a dead boy with a wooden door covering his lifeless body. Only his hands and feet were visible.

They said he was 5.

Did he see the bells? Did he hear the bells?

I am more grateful today for my life than I think I have ever been.

-0-

Jerry Harkavy - As a dog person who recuperated from an orthopedic injury, I feel Paul's pain. He would empathize with my experience last year on a sunny Saturday, the day before Easter Sunday.

I was walking Greta, one of our three Cardigan Welsh Corgis, at Fort Williams Park in Cape Elizabeth, Maine, a mile or two from our house. We had gone from the off-leash dog park toward Portland Head Light, which was filled with tourists. While dodging the post-pandemic crowds, I tripped on an irregular slab of granite near the lighthouse and fell flat onto the pavement. Greta, who was then on her leash, was so spooked that she bolted before anyone could nab her. Friends from the dog park and the local dog community combed the area for hours, well into the night, but she was nowhere to be found.

Meanwhile, the pain in my knee was getting worse. My wife insisted that I go into the ER the next morning, where I learned that I had fractured my right kneecap. I was given a full-length immobilizing brace for my leg and a referral to an orthopedist. My biggest concern was for Greta. I feared that she might have been hit by a car or scooped up by someone looking to appropriate a pandemic pet. Perhaps the biggest worry was that she was hunkered down in the woods and her leash got snagged on brush, making her easy prey for a coyote, fisher cat or other predator known to frequent the area.

More than 48 hours later, my wife had all but given up hope. I was somewhat more optimistic, but perhaps that was self-deception. But Monday afternoon we got the phone call that answered our prayers. A woman who was working from home because of the pandemic happened to look out her window onto a busy road and spotted a small dog on a leash with no one on the other end. She was able to stop traffic, which enabled a good Samaritan to grab the leash, put Greta in his car and take her to the Police Department. The dispatcher phoned us and we picked her up.

After several visits to the bone doc, x-rays indicated that I wouldn't need surgery, but the immobilizer had to remain in place for the better part of two months. Aside from some cuts on her pads, Greta showed no visible signs of injury and has recovered from PTSD related to her ordeal. A visit to the dog spa for a good grooming had her looking no worse for wear.

My recovery has gone smoothly. I learned that the best time to show up at the Emergency Room might be Easter Sunday. Unlike a weekend night when it's awash in victims of car crashes and bar fights, I was the lone customer.

If anything, the injury has made me more cautious as I approach my 80th birthday. I've spent decades hiking in the White Mountains, but a freak accident within a mile or two of my house has given me second thoughts about climbing 4,000-footers in the Whites.

Here's hoping that Paul's recovery goes as well as mine.

Jury duty calls

Chris Connell - The reach and influence of *Connecting* apparently extends to the courthouse in my hometown of Alexandria., Va. What just arrived in the mail for the first time in years but a questionnaire prior to summoning me for jury duty. I guess they are now convinced journalists are fair game to weigh innocence and guilt.

-0-

Linda Deutsch - This story might be called, "The case of the unlikely juror." Yes, my friends and colleagues, I was a juror, in fact a jury foreperson, although I was one of the most well known trial reporters in Los Angeles. When my summons arrived, I was sure I would report for duty and quickly be rejected from the jury pool. I was in for a surprise and an experience which informed my understanding of the court system in ways I could not have predicted.

I don't know the date, probably the 1980s. The LA courts were then divided between municipal and superior courts. I was called to muni court which meant this would likely be a short trial unlike the big criminal cases I was used to covering. It turned out I was right about that but it was not as short as I thought it would be.

As we prospective jurors filed into the jury box we saw the prosecutor at one table and a public defender on the other side with the defendant, a skinny, shivering young black man wearing his jail uniform. That was my first hint that this was not a big trial. Usually, the defendant was allowed to wear civilian clothes to court. His lawyer either wasn't aware of this or thought it was not worth the trouble in such a small case. He was charged with a misdemeanor, possession of drug paraphernalia — specifically a tiny piece of glass that we were told was a cocaine pipe.

Jury selection began with individual questioning. I would find out later that both lawyers were handling their first court cases. When my turn arrived one of them asked if I knew anyone in law enforcement. I answered that as a reporter I knew the police chief, the district attorney, the state attorney general and many defense attorneys. Would they bounce me? No way, They just wanted to know if I could be fair. I said I could. I was seated as a juror.

The trial would last less than two hours. Deliberations took two days.

There was only one witness, a ruddy-faced police officer who claimed he had seen the defendant throw a cocaine pipe into some bushes and arrested him about two blocks from the site of the alleged crime. He did not have the pipe nor was there evidence to link him to the item which was found outside a known drug hangout.

The officer testified with a great air of authority that he saw the defendant throw it away. He knew this, he said, because he had been trained in the science of seeing sun glinting off glass. The defense cross-examination showed that this officer had made similar claims in the past.

After final arguments, we went to the jury room. The judge advised us to choose a foreperson for our talks. By then, everyone knew my job and we had barely sat down when they told me, "O.K. you're the foreperson." I had them go around the table and

offer opinions. It turned out to be a highly educated jury including a foreign service officer who had agreed to serve because she knew it would be a short trial. Most of them agreed our defendant was caught in a trap. But there was a glitch. One male juror announced that he had been a Marine and he knew about seeing glass in sunlight. He also trusted police officers. I suggested we take a vote. The tally was nine to three with the majority voting not guilty. It became obvious that two jurors were followers and had attached themselves to the former Marine, voting however he thought was right. We talked some more, took another vote, but there was no movement. I spoke about important elements of the law including possession. The three outliers remained steadfast.

I was distressed, thinking, "This is going to be a disgrace. I'm going to have a hung jury in a misdemeanor case." At that point, the clerk stepped in and said it was time to go home. We could resume the next day.

That night I wrote my own final arguments, hoping to lead the group to a unanimous verdict. In the morning, we entered the jury room and I took out my notes. But before I could speak the ex Marine interrupted.

"I'm going to save you a lot of time," he said. "I went home last night and tried to watch Monday Night Football. But I couldn't concentrate. I kept thinking about this little guy and what you said. I decided there's not enough evidence."

I called for another vote. The two followers went along with him and we had a unanimous verdict. We trooped back into court and I announced our decision: "Not Guilty." The defendant, looked at me with tears in his eyes and mouthed the words: "Thank You." I found out later he had a spotless record and conviction would have turned his life in a bad direction.

The judge commended us for our work and said if any juror wanted to meet with her she would be glad to see us in her chambers. Of course, I had to talk to her.

"Your honor," I said, "You knew who I was. Why did you allow me to remain on the jury? Her answer surprised me.

"I always hope that reporters who cover trials will have a full understanding of the process," she said, "and the only way you can get that is by seeing it from the inside out. The one place you will never go as a reporter is inside the jury room. I'm glad you had that experience. "

During my nearly half century with the AP, I received other jury summons but I was never again chosen to serve. I never forgot my jury experience and often thought of it when I questioned jurors about their deliberations.

Remembering radio, tech visits

[David Herron](#) - The sad news of AP Radio's demise brings back so many memories. Servicing radio/TV stations and newspapers throughout the PacNW and Alaska was truly a dream for this Technician and the field work and response time was critical. You also had better have what's needed WITH you.

During my overnight shift in Seattle, I sometimes received calls from broadcast customers with technical issues, but more often it was a request to resend an AP News Brief, NewsMinute or a NWS weather product. These resends were needed because the original copy got garbled somewhere in transmission and so the printed hardcopy came in incomplete.

One early morning, I received a phone call from KGMI, an Oldies rock station out of Bellingham, WA. I knew the DJ (Dan) from talking with him over the phone during a few previous requests that spanned many months. Dan had that baritone voice that was unmistakable.

Well, this particular call came in about 1am and DJ Dan had a printer problem. The print was failing and dropping characters, making the read of our AP Broadcast wire report difficult to read.

Within minutes, I was off on the two-hour drive up to Bellingham and as usual for the PacNW, it was a rainy night.

After arriving, Dan met me at the door and escorted me into the broadcast studio where the AP printer was located. The printer was always located close by for easy "rip and read".

I quickly determined that the print head cable had failed and so I changed it out. After confirming clean copy, Dan offered me a cup of coffee and he and I chatted for a bit while I checked other things over. He had to break away a couple times and go 'live' between flipping records, but we enjoyed a short chat. One of my greatest pleasures when working at a radio or TV station was getting to see a piece of the inner workings of the station. Early on and before AP, I had designs to work in Broadcast radio and secured a FCC General Radio Telephone License in case the opportunity ever presented itself. Well, THAT didn't happen. ...

So, back at KGMI... I had to get back to Seattle and DJ Dan thanked me for making the trip up.

As routine on return trips like this, I would dial into the radio station and listen. It was a way for me to snag a glowing sense of accomplishment in knowing that another customer was taken care of.

Just a few minutes out of town and southbound on I-5 back to Seattle, I heard Dan come on the radio to read the latest weather report. To my surprise, he also chimed in saying, "I want to thank AP Technician, Dave, for driving in from Seattle to fix our printer problem."

While it was the only time that I had this happen, it was a nice, personal acknowledgment that I was in the right place and doing what I loved.

Great times. RIP AP Radio wire.

-0-

[Joe Galu](#) - I started at a radio outpost, where the union contracts did not require that telegraphers punch our copy -- 1968.

I worked Broadcast a lot and learned to ask if the machine was humming. "Turn it off, and turn it back on a few times, and see if it works. Oil the hell out of it, and we'll get a tech there in the morning." (I usually worked evenings). ...

Another favorite was "It's typing all 'K's'/. "Did you have a paper jam recently?" They were always amazed that we knew that. There were instructions about a straightened paper clip or an emery board to pull out a shred of paper.

Some guys asked, "Is that my job?" and I would say, "No, but if you want a machine that works tonight, you can get it working by xxxx."

When we got rid of those rebuilt pre-WWII printers, we had fewer problems.



Soviet Union President Mikhail Gorbachev toasts with a small glass of lemon-flavored vodka at a going-away party for his staff on Dec. 26, 1991, the day after his nationally televised address in which he announced his resignation as president, in Moscow. Associated Press correspondent Brian Friedman, at back center with glasses known in his career as a teetotaler and for his anti-alcohol campaigns, Gorbachev said with a twinkle in his eye, "You think I can't do it? Now I can afford to!" (AP Photo/Alexander Zemlianichenko)

Covering Gorbachev: AP remembers his wit, wisdom, warmth

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

When news hit that Mikhail Gorbachev had died at age 91, Associated Press journalists around the world began sharing their “Gorby” stories from covering the last Soviet leader or interviewing him in Russia or abroad in the three decades that followed. They remember his temper and sense of humor, his sharp intellect even in his later years, when he was willing to talk at length about his hopes and his regrets.

That is if you could follow his long, rambling sentences in his southern Russian accent and his annoying tendency to refer to himself in the third person. For some of them, though, it was the warmth of an aging Gorbachev that they remember. The shared tea, the arm around the shoulder. Gorbachev was a man who changed the world, and the AP was there.

Read more [here](#).

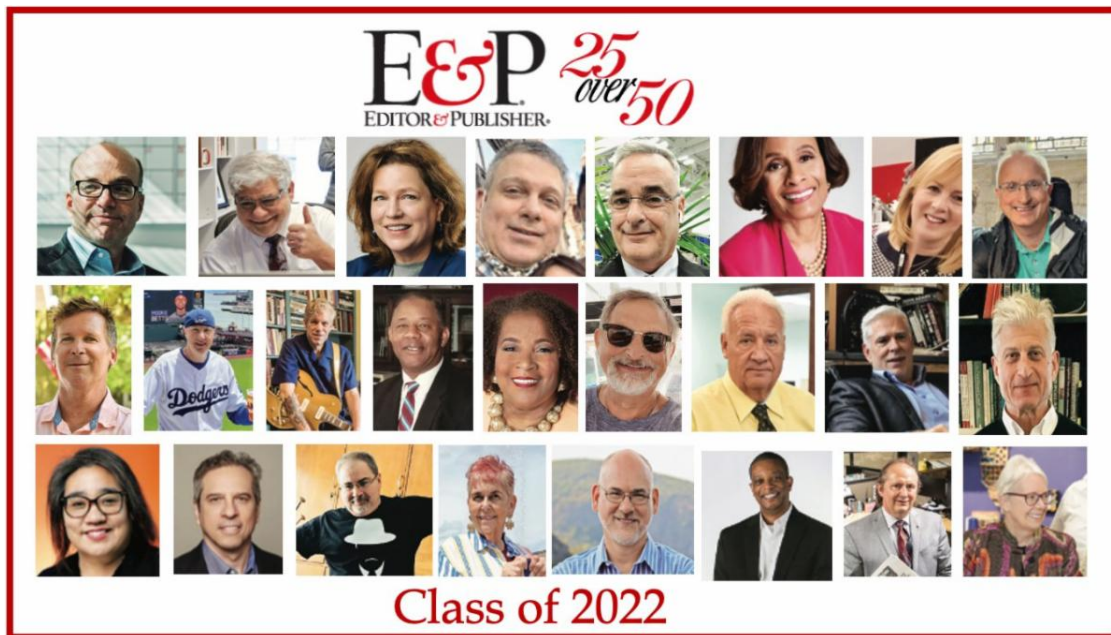
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Stories of interest

E&P’s 25 Over 50

A growing class of honorees

committed to innovation in our industry



By ROBIN BLINDER
Editor & Publisher

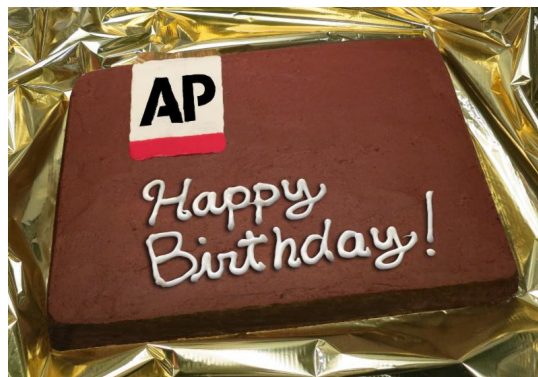
The 2022 class of “Over 50” grew this year by 10. Earlier this year, we committed to the industry to “cast a wider net” or publicize our salutes intentionally across the

industry to give more opportunities for recognition. We did that, and you answered. We had a great response, with so many deserving candidates this year that we decided to expand our “15 Over 50” to “25 Over 50.”

The 25 news media professionals you’ll meet were nominated for their strong work ethic, transformational mindsets, commitment to journalistic and publishing excellence, and their ability to lead during challenging times. They are optimistic about the future and proud to be part of guiding the next generation forward. We know their passion for this industry will shine through their profiles.

Read more [here](#).

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



[Mary Junck](#)

On Monday to

[Tad Bartimus](#)

[Jim McElroy](#)

[Mark Woolsey](#)

Today in History – Sept. 2, 2022



Today is Friday, Sept. 2, the 245th day of 2022. There are 120 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Sept. 2, 1945, Japan formally surrendered in ceremonies aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay, ending World War II.

On this date:

In 1789, the United States Treasury Department was established.

In 1864, during the Civil War, Union Gen. William T. Sherman's forces occupied Atlanta.

In 1935, a Labor Day hurricane slammed into the Florida Keys, claiming more than 400 lives.

In 1958, President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the National Defense Education Act, which provided aid to public and private education to promote learning in such fields as math and science.

In 1963, Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace prevented the integration of Tuskegee High School by encircling the building with state troopers.

In 1964, one of America's most decorated military heroes of World War I, Medal of Honor recipient Alvin C. York, died in Nashville at age 76.

In 1969, in what some regard as the birth of the Internet, two connected computers at the University of California, Los Angeles, passed test data through a 15-foot cable.

In 1998, a Swissair MD-11 jetliner crashed off Nova Scotia, killing all 229 people aboard.

In 2005, a National Guard convoy packed with food, water and medicine rolled into New Orleans four days after Hurricane Katrina.

In 2008, Republicans assailed Barack Obama as the most liberal, least experienced White House nominee in history at their convention in St. Paul, Minnesota, and enthusiastically extolled their own man, John McCain, as ready to lead the nation.

In 2018, Sen. John McCain was laid to rest on a grassy hill at the U.S. Naval Academy, after a horse-drawn caisson carrying the senator's casket led a procession of mourners from the academy's chapel to its cemetery.

In 2019, a fire swept a boat carrying recreational scuba divers that was anchored near an island off the Southern California coast; the captain and four other crew members were

able to escape the flames, but 34 people who were trapped below died.

Ten years ago: Campaigning his way toward the Democratic National Convention, President Barack Obama slapped a “Romney doesn’t care” label on his rival’s health-care views and said Republicans wanted to repeal new protections for millions without offering a plan of their own.

Five years ago: President Donald Trump visited with survivors of Hurricane Harvey, touring a Houston shelter housing hundreds of displaced people and meeting with emergency responders in Lake Charles, Louisiana; it was Trump’s second visit to the region in the wake of the storm. Astronaut Peggy Whitson returned to Earth after 288 days on the International Space Station; the trip gave Whitson a total of 665 days in space, a record for any American and any woman worldwide.

One year ago: A divided Supreme Court allowed a Texas law that banned most abortions to remain in effect; it prohibited abortions once medical professionals could detect cardiac activity, usually around six weeks and before most women know they’re pregnant. (The law allowed private citizens to sue providers and anyone involved in facilitating an abortion.) House Democrats promoted Republican Liz Cheney to vice chairwoman of a committee investigating the Jan. 6 Capitol insurrection, even as some Republicans threatened to oust her from the GOP conference for taking part in the probe. Virginia’s Supreme Court ruled that the state could remove a statue of Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee from a prominent spot in the state’s capital city, Richmond, which was also the Confederate capital. (The statue was cut into pieces and hauled away days later.) Former Georgia prosecutor Jackie Johnson was indicted on misconduct charges alleging she used her position to shield the men who killed Ahmaud Arbery from being charged immediately after the shootings.

Today’s Birthdays: Former Sen. Alan K. Simpson, R-Wyo., is 91. Former United States Olympic Committee Chairman Peter Ueberroth is 85. Singer Jimmy Clanton is 84. R&B singer Rosalind Ashford (Martha & the Vandellas) is 79. Pro and College Football Hall of Famer Terry Bradshaw is 74. Basketball Hall of Famer Nate Archibald is 74. Actor Mark Harmon is 71. Former Sen. Jim DeMint, R-S.C., is 71. International Tennis Hall of Famer Jimmy Connors is 70. Actor Linda Purl is 67. Rock musician Jerry Augustyniak (10,000 Maniacs) is 64. Country musician Paul Deakin (The Mavericks) is 63. Pro Football Hall of Famer Eric Dickerson is 62. Actor Keanu Reeves is 58. International Boxing Hall of Famer Lennox Lewis is 57. Actor Salma Hayek is 56. Actor Tuc Watkins is 56. Actor Kristen Cloke is 54. Actor Cynthia Watros is 54. R&B singer K-Ci is 53. Actor-comedian Katt Williams is 49. Actor Nicholas Pinnock is 49. Actor Michael Lombardi is 48. Actor Tiffany Hines is 45. Rock musician Sam Rivers (Limp Bizkit) is 45. Actor Jonathan Kite is 43. Actor Joshua Henry is 38. Actor Allison Miller is 37. Rock musician Spencer Smith is 35. Electronic music DJ/producer Zedd is 33.

Got a story or photos to share?

Connecting is a daily newsletter published Monday through Friday that focuses on retired and former Associated Press employees, present-day employees, and news industry and journalism school colleagues. It began in 2013 and past issues can be found by clicking Connecting Archive in the masthead. Its author, Paul Stevens, retired from the AP in 2009 after a 36-year career as a newsman in Albany and St. Louis, correspondent in Wichita, chief of

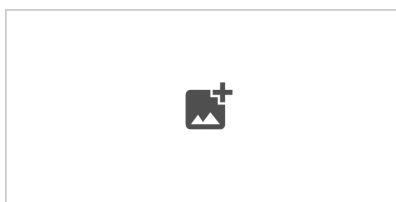
bureau in Albuquerque, Indianapolis and Kansas City, and Midwest vice president based in Kansas City.

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:

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

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