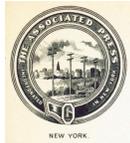


From: Paul Stevens [stevenspl@live.com]
Sent: Friday, September 12, 2014 9:38 AM
To: stevenspl@live.com
Subject: Connecting - September 12, 2014

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Connecting

September 12, 2014

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Colleagues,

Good Friday morning.

Here are some stories of interest, including personal remembrances submitted by several of you of the terrorist attacks of 9/11.

The photo above, by AP photographer Mark Lennihan, shows the Tribute of Light rising behind the Brooklyn Bridge and buildings adjacent to the World Trade Center complex on Wednesday, Sept. 10. The tribute, an art installation of 88 searchlights aiming skyward in two columns, is a remembrance of the attacks.

Many of you, like me, worked far from the actual sites of the attacks, but they impacted our states and all our nation like nothing I experienced in my AP career. The photo I included from The Garden City (Kansas) Telegram, below, of passengers of a grounded airliner being offloaded by local fire truck ladders, exemplified to me how members and AP staff elsewhere came together to tell the story of the impact of the attacks.

Paul

On a Day Devoted to Past Events, Focus on New Terror Link

WASHINGTON - The morning after committing the nation to an expanded military campaign against Islamist terrorism, President Obama honored the victims of the Sept. 11, 2001, attacks as the White House argued that he had the right to wage his new fight under the same legal authority he used to hunt down Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda.



On a day suffused with memories of four hijacked planes and the war they ignited, the president's new mission seemed less a break from the past than the continuation of a long national struggle.

The Islamic State in Iraq and Syria, the administration said, was formerly the Iraqi affiliate of Al Qaeda, and has maintained ties with Al Qaeda even after its very public falling-out with Qaeda leaders. It uses brutal tactics that are out of the Qaeda playbook, and is viewed, even by some members of Al Qaeda, as the legitimate heir to Bin Laden's legacy.

Click [here](#) to read more. (Photo above by Stephen Crowley, The New York Times)

Memories of 9/11

[Ralph Gage](#) - Executives and owners were meeting in our (Lawrence KS Journal-World) conference room on other issues when it became clear that something extraordinary was happening. Dolph C. Simons Jr., our editor and publisher, said we should get out an "Extra," which we did. It was free, on the streets. I can't recall the press run figure.

Then we went to press the next morning with the regular edition (and our coverage eventually included a first-person account from a relative of the owners who escaped the Towers.)

We had just moved our converged operations into our current News Center location. That night I conferred in my office (in the "old" building) with John Taylor about our front page for the following day. As part of the News Center décor, we had J-W front pages from historic events of the past. John and I agreed our front page from this momentous occasion would forever determine whether we measured up. John got it right, and I was moved years later when touring the Newseum to see it displayed there. It's on the second row, eighth in from the right, on the attached photo.



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[Mike Holmes](#) - My memory of the day is very local.

The minute reports said Air Force One had lifted off from Florida for a destination unknown, I guessed it had to be headed to Omaha, where I was CoB at the time. Why? Because Offutt Air Force Base was the longtime home of the Strategic Air Command (now the Strategic Command), and it had the communications facilities and underground bunkers that were built for a nuclear war. Where else would they take the president in such an emergency?

On that hunch, I sent one of our news staffers, Margery Beck, to the base. By the time she arrived, the gates already were closed and MPs were turning traffic back.

But we did see Air Force One approaching for a landing. I called the Washington bureau, told them I was the Omaha COB and needed to know if we had a reporter on Bush's plane.

I can't remember whom I spoke with, but I do remember her answer, one that reflected the chaos of that day: "We think so."

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[William Kaczor](#) - I was the Pensacola correspondent on Sept. 11, 2001, but on temporary duty in Tallahassee covering a regular meeting of Florida's governor, then Jeb Bush, and the state's independently elected Cabinet. It was being held at an office building outside the Capitol because the panel's regular meeting room was being renovated. Bush's brother, President George W. Bush, also was in the state but hundreds of miles away visiting an elementary school in southwest Florida.

The meeting started about 9 a.m. and shortly after it began, the governor went to a side room to take a phone call obviously concerning the terrorist attacks. The meeting was called off a few minutes later and the Capitol (a 22-floor high-rise) was evacuated and closed as precaution. I was immediately sent back to Pensacola to cover the response by the many military bases that dot the Florida Panhandle. They include Tyndall Air Force Base, which is headquarters for the 1st Air Force. It is the NORAD unit responsible for protecting the lower 48 states and comprised almost entirely of Air National Guard members.

On Sept. 25, I interviewed Maj. Gen. Larry Arnold, 1st Air Force commander. Arnold said NORAD was unable to prevent the attack because it was focused on outside threats. Events occurring within the U.S. borders, such as the hijackings, were considered law enforcement rather than military issues. That changed on Sept. 11.

"Overnight then we had the resources to be able to respond to this sort of event," Arnold said. Two days after the interview, Arnold and his counterparts in Alaska and Hawaii were given authority to order threatening commercial airlines shot down if their immediate superiors or the president couldn't be contacted in time.

When the identities of the terrorists were released I was sent on a wild goose chase to check out individuals with Panhandle addresses, who had the same names as some of the suspects. The names apparently are as common in Arabic countries as Joe Smith and Charlie Brown are here. The Panhandle residents turned out to be military personnel from Saudi Arabia and other Middle Eastern nations, who had been training at U.S. bases, and had nothing to do with the attacks.

Over the next few weeks I wrote about the various assets and actions that "Fortress

Florida" was contributing to the fight against terrorism. They included various deployments, a Navy mine sweeping exercise in the Gulf of Mexico and a massive new bunker-busting bomb developed at Eglin Air Force Base. I covered a speech by the Marine Corps commandant urging the construction of more troop-carrying ships and a ceremony at Hurlburt Field, headquarters for the Air Force Special Operation Command, to present a Purple Heart to the first Air Force member injured in Afghanistan. He was a combat controller identified only by his first name, Michael, for security reasons.

The most memorable story, though, was about the brother of Maj. Don Arias, the public affairs officer for the 1st Air Force and a former New York City firefighter. His younger brother, Adam, was a stockbroker who worked in the second tower of the World Trade Center. Don called his brother after the first tower was hit. Adam, 37, told him that bodies were flying through the air from the stricken tower. "I said that's no accident, get out of there. Go home," Don recalled telling his brother.

That was the last time they spoke to each other. Adam's body was found in the rubble eight days later with a group of dead firefighters. Don said he apparently got out of the building but returned because witnesses said they saw him on the street helping firefighters direct people away from the structure.

As a postscript, I previously had interviewed Gen. Arnold in January 2000. At that time he said it wasn't a matter of if but when terrorists or a rogue nation would try to attack the U.S. from the air. He said it could be a small plane or even a cruise missile carrying biological or chemical weapons.

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[Robert Meyers](#) - On Sept. 11, 2001, I was day supervisor at the State Photo Center in Washington. It was a superb morning with clean, crisp air and deep blue sky. I was watching as CNN switched their coverage to New York and a small plume of smoke coming out of the WTC tower. I picked up the phone and called Susan Plageman who was NY Photo Supervisor and said only "Wow!" She said "Yep."

Kermit Johnson, Bob Daugherty and Fred Sweets were in the room as the urgency began to build. I was on the phone with someone when they showed video of the second plane hitting the tower. I said I thought it must be new video of the impact when I realized there was smoke still billowing out of the other tower. Bill Waugh came in to work and we started getting a lot of phone calls as well as routine pictures from other stories. It was the calm before a huge storm of images that were filed through our desk. New York phone lines were jammed so we got a lot of calls and images coming in from there. I heard from photographer whose studio overlooked the WTC and had film of both impacts. I urged him to get to 50 Rock.

Tom Horan whose shift started at 2 p.m. called and asked if he should come in to work early. I didn't see the point as there wasn't a lot of work to do until later, but suggested he go from home in Alexandria to the Pentagon. I had heard reports that the bridges and roads were completely jammed. Since he was close perhaps he would get to the

Pentagon first. He found a high vantage point and got pictures of the collapsed wall and flames but he was shooting film.

He went back to Alexandria and got help from our colleagues Paul and Carolyn Alers who were on their day off to develop and scan the film and send in the photos. There were so many false reports, a car bomb at the State Department, another plane on the way to the White House or the Capitol. I heard about a plane crash in Pennsylvania, it wasn't clear if it was related, but called Pittsburgh to confirm they had sent a staff photographer out there. They had.

The afternoon and evening were a blur of phone calls and incredible images. We worked mostly in silence with an occasional outburst of surprise when a picture like the three firefighters raising a flag amid the smoking ruins from the Bergen Record. There were reaction photos from politicians and leaders from all over the country. Traffic chaos as National Guard troops evacuated LAX and Chicago airports and everywhere else.

Images of shock, fear and of people reaching out to strangers for help and support. I know we got food in and kept on working. I stayed until 2 a.m. and caught the last Metro train out of DC. As I left the K Street office there were APCs on each corner in Washington. When I walked through the parking lot at Vienna Metro Station, I wondered how many of the cars left in the lot were those of people who died at the Pentagon, the people in uniform that I saw on the train every day.

I got home and kissed my sleeping children, hugged my wife close and was back in the office at 8 a.m.

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[Martha Raffaele](#) - I was heading toward the Pennsylvania Turnpike en route to my shift in the Harrisburg, Pa., bureau, where my primary beat was state education policy, when I heard the news on the radio that the twin towers had been hit. I thought, man, they're going to be busy on the General Desk today. About nine months earlier, I had transferred from GEN, where I'd been an editor for about a year, after my husband became editor of the Lebanon Daily News in Lebanon, Pa.

Little did I know that in a few short hours, I would be back on the turnpike, heading west. At first, my boss, Pete Jackson, told me they needed me in the Pittsburgh bureau to help desk the story. I lived 45 minutes east of the bureau, so there was no going home to pick up so much as a change of clothes. More than an hour into my trip, my crappy "dumb" cell phone rang. It was Pete, telling me they needed me to help Pittsburgh correspondent Todd Spangler at the scene in Shanksville ("where in God's name is THAT?", I thought) instead.

I arrived around mid-afternoon, and very much at loose ends, not knowing the area and not even knowing how to pick Todd out of a lineup ("He has an aquiline nose," Pete said). There was no driving by the crash site -- the nearest roads were blocked off, and the authorities had arranged to shuttle reporters and photographers by school bus out to

view what was basically a large area of scorched earth. And it seemed that Todd and whichever photog we had on scene already had that covered. I tried to find as many neighbors as I could to interview about what they saw or heard and called in quotes to the Philly bureau. To be perfectly blunt, while I got some halfway decent quotes, I felt pretty useless overall. It was a lot of time waiting around for not a lot to happen, and it's not like I had any great connections to get a scoop. After a long and frustrating day, I spent the night at a Holiday Inn crawling with state police, with marching orders to get to the command post at daybreak to see what was going on.

The next day was just as frustrating in terms of being able to do any meaningful reporting. The scant briefings at the command post didn't seem to advance the story much from my perspective. But by virtue of being the boots on the ground in Shanksville, I earned more glory than I truly deserved in getting the byline on a story that was more likely broken by someone in Washington about the passengers learning about the other terrorist strikes through cell phone calls with their loved ones and deciding to do something about it. Needless to say, I was grateful to be relieved by another Harrisburg colleague by the end of the day and sent back home. My husband still like to bring up my "big story" every once in a while, but I don't feel any less of a fraud about it.

Click [here](#) for one link.

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[Paul Stevens](#) - I was Kansas City chief of bureau at the time of 9/11 and while the attacks were half a country away from my Missouri-Kansas territory, I always will recall the photo that the Garden City (Kansas) Telegram offered on the LaserPhoto network from the Garden City airport. See photo below.

The FAA grounded all commercial air traffic shortly after the attacks that day and air traffic controllers cleared the skies of more than 5,000 aircraft in less than 90 minutes. Some were directed to the Garden City Airport. It was not equipped with jetways or portable stairways for large commercial airliners so the Garden City fire department dispatched a ladder truck, and passengers got off their airplane via the ladder.



[Richard Pyle](#) - Over these past years, I have stood many times on the roof deck of our Brooklyn brownstone overlooking New York harbor - where on 9/11 my wife Brenda and I watched the unbelievable drama unfold - trying to comprehend how two skyscrapers that once ruled the horizon as the twin towers did could simply disappear, and with time now blurring memory, to recall exactly where they fit into the skyline of lower Manhattan.

For all their dominating presence, the trade center towers never won the hearts of New Yorkers the way the elegant Empire State and Chrysler buildings did a generation earlier. But from our vantage point, exactly two miles away, they were endlessly interesting.

With binoculars, we could see tourists walking around on the south tower's observation deck. And there were occasions when thunderstorms, stalking across New Jersey on crooked legs of lightning, would unleash bolts that hit the 35-story television aerial atop the north tower.

Many nights, with a sky filled with the lights of commercial jets coming and going at New York's three major airports, I wondered what it would be like if one crashed into the World Trade Center. I imagined calling the AP bureau and trying to explain to a disbelieving editor what I was seeing. But I never seriously expected it would happen, especially as an act of terrorism. Having covered the truck bomb attack on the trade center in 1993, I should have known better.

When the first Boeing 767 jetliner, American Airlines Flight 11, hit the north side of No. 1 World Trade Center at 8:46:26 a.m. on Sept. 11, 2001, most people assumed it was an accident. That changed 17 minutes later, when United Airlines Flight 175, another Boeing 767, roared up the harbor at less than 1,000 feet, and slammed into the south side of No. 2 World Trade, at 9:03 a.m.

The gigantic orange fireball, booming like thunder across the water, erased any doubt. This was no freak accident but a purposeful act of indescribable barbarity, an act of war.

As the aircraft sliced through the south tower around the 80th floor, wreckage of building, contents and aircraft shot out the other sides, falling in a fiery arc to the streets below. Some debris was catapulted as far as four blocks to the north. And it was indicative of our times that events nobody could have imagined or anticipated were caught on camera by a small army of people- amateurs and professionals - who happened to be nearby, or got there in a hurry.

While it was true that no image, video or still, could measure up to seeing the real thing, the presence of all those cameras was crucially important. It would have been impossible to describe 9/11 to people who had not at least seen it on television.

For Americans of a certain age, it was reminiscent of the 1963 assassination of President Kennedy in that life as we knew it had suddenly, abruptly changed. No one could yet say exactly how, but everyone knew things would never be the same.

People in the city that Tuesday also remember what a beautiful morning it was- early fall, cool and crisp under a deep azure sky. At the moment of first impact I was walking my dog, unaware anything had happened until I heard Brenda calling me to hurry up, a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center. About four minutes had passed when I got to the roof.

Brown smoke and flames were belching from the north tower. The wind was carrying the smoke across the harbor and directly over south Brooklyn. There was an acrid smell, and thousands of pieces of paper drifted like a huge school of silver fish in the bright sun, falling on trees, buildings and streets.

Neighbors were gathering on other rooftops, among them Mark Phillips, a freelance photographer who lived close by. And I was on the phone, making that oft-imagined call to the AP New York bureau, describing what my colleagues there already could see for themselves on television.

I asked for Barbara Woike, one of the photo editors. "Mark Phillips is on his rooftop shooting pictures," I told her. "Tell him we want them," she replied. I yelled across the 80-yard distance: "Hey, Mark! AP wants your pictures!" In minutes he was downstairs transmitting from his laptop. Barbara recalls that the first photos that moved on the AP photo circuit that day were Mark's (including one that would cause him no end of grief from religious crackpots who insisted that smoke pouring from the north tower showed the "face of Satan").

"Running toward danger" became the litany (and a book title) for the press that day, and dozens of photojournalists, especially, experienced never-to-be forgotten moments covering the story. One photo freelancer, Bill Biggart, was killed, as were a police department cameraman and six TV technicians working in the north tower. Numerous others had harrowing escapes, most notably David Handschuh, of the New York Daily News. Fleeing on foot from the collapsing south tower, he was caught in a wave of moving debris and buried under the rubble with a smashed leg, and expecting he might perish until miraculously rescued by cops, firefighters and paramedics.

Richard Drew of AP was on a "Fashion Week" assignment, photographing pregnant models in Bryant Park, when he got the call to rush downtown. He reached the trade center in time to witness, and catch on film, some of the people jumping from the north tower, making the unspeakable choice of death by sudden impact rather than by fire. Among his photos was the seminal image of the "Falling Man" - an unknown figure, framed against the smoke and the building's vertical mullions as he plunged head-first to his death a thousand feet below.

Marty Lederhandler, who had joined AP in the 1930s, led an Army photo team ashore at Utah Beach on D-Day and now, at age 83, was recovering from hip replacement surgery, showed up with what Woike calls a "gigantic long lens."

Ever New York-savvy, he limped across 50th street to the GE building and took the elevator to the Rainbow Room on the 65th floor. The famous restaurant was closed but Marty got into the bar, unlimbered his long lens and through the plate glass window shot 9/11's most poetic image: the twin towers ablaze in the far distance, and in the foreground, the Empire State Building - soon to be again the city's tallest- a steadfast sentry standing guard over its wounded domain.

Everyone within a few miles of the World Trade Center that morning had a story to tell. They were pieces of a ten-thousand-part mosaic. At the center, the people jumping 90 stories, at the outer edge, people lined up 12 or more deep at pay phones in a city where communications had broken down.

In days to follow, posters of the missing covered walls and lamp-posts in the brave hope that personal details such as height and hair color would help bring back someone buried under seven stories of debris. Sincere as they were, the candles, letters and flowers outside the city's firehouses could not do justice to 100 fire trucks and 343 firefighters obliterated in less than an hour.

My first task as a reporter was to get to the scene. I made it to the subway, and soon realized that most of the Manhattan-bound passengers were unaware of anything having happened, until the conductor announced that due to an "emergency," service was being suspended at the last stop in Brooklyn.

Fortunately we were near the Brooklyn Bridge, which suddenly had become the only way to get to Manhattan. I found myself with two companions- Ann, a young Newsweek magazine employee who was carrying a camera, and Mike, a big demolition worker. Not knowing what to expect, we headed across the bridge on foot. We were soon like salmon swimming upstream against a crush of people coming the other way - thousands of them, scared, stunned, angry, crying. Covered with gray ash, they looked as if they'd aged 30 years in five minutes. Maybe some of them had.

On the bridge, we learned the south tower had fallen at 9:50 a.m. - while I was on the train - but the smoke from that collapse was still so thick that one couldn't see it was no longer standing. We also learned then that the Pentagon had been hit by a hijacked

jetliner.

The north tower still stood but just as we reached the halfway point, it suddenly caved in, falling straight down, right before our eyes. The sound was not loud, but a hollow rumble, like a rock slide combined with breaking glass. It lasted all of 10 seconds, and as the 110-story skyscraper with its 35-story TV tower vanished in billowing dust and smoke, there was a vast, collective moan, pierced by cries, on the bridge. Some people panicked and tried to run through the crowd ahead. It was, as one of my colleagues said, "like a Godzilla movie."

Ann, the Newsweek girl, was suddenly overcome with fear. "I can't go on," she said. She wasn't a reporter, but I told her she might be the only Newsweek person at the scene with a camera and the magazine would be desperate for her pictures. Momentarily, she wavered - then headed back to Brooklyn. I have often wondered whether she later came to regret her lost opportunity.

The truth was that no one knew what was ahead. But Mike the demolition man, a Marine veteran of Vietnam, was determined to continue. He had a hard hat, goggles, mask and a canvas satchel of tools. I asked why he was making this trip. He said, "I just want to go over there and maybe I can help some people."

Mike was worried that we'd be stopped by police at the end of the bridge. I showed him my NYPD press pass and said that with all that gear, he could pretend to be a photographer. In the end it didn't matter. Nobody was there, throwing up barricades.

Surreal hardly begins to describe the scene. The streets around City Hall were nearly deserted. No pedestrians, no cars. It was a strange, yellowish darkness, nuclear winter, a volcanic eruption, the end of the world. The air was filled with dust and several inches of gray powder covered everything. All sound was muffled, as if by a winter snowstorm.

On Broadway, a group of cops stood in military ranks like soldiers, awaiting deployment orders. And from nowhere, like some kind of apparition, came a man pushing a cart with bottles of Poland Spring water. "Would you like some water?" he asked. Mike and I both said yes, and he handed us each a bottle, waved off our offer to pay, and trundled away. To this day I'm not sure I didn't just imagine that guy.

A block further on toward the trade center we found a working phone booth. While talking to an editor at AP, I turned around, and Mike was gone. I didn't know what became of him, but he had his own mission. I had to assume he knew what he was doing - and that he would survive.

One can't adequately describe the effect of a place as familiar as the trade center suddenly becoming a scene from another planet. The wide plaza itself was 16 acres of utter destruction, smoking and strangely quiet. Human figures were vague shapes moving about the fringes of the physical chaos, as if reality had not yet gained a foothold. I saw nobody I recognized as a fellow journalist. Unknown to me then, some of my colleagues had been forced to run for their lives.

My instructions by phone had been to get to police headquarters, but No. 1 Police Plaza was surrounded by cops in riot gear, with automatic weapons and orders to admit no one. A senior officer suggested I head for the police academy, 20-some blocks to the north, where Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, having escaped from the trade center himself, was setting up a fallback command post.

It was a trek through a paralyzed city. Stores were closing, streets were eerily empty of vehicle traffic, but filled with a vast army of people walking, the only way to get home. Cell phones did not work and every public phone had a line of people waiting. A Franciscan priest in brown cassock was acting as a pedestrian traffic cop, directing people toward the East River bridges.

Hospitals had activated emergency outdoor triage centers to handle casualties. As it turned out, there were very few_ people had got away unscathed or they died. Doctors in blue scrubs stood on the sidewalks, looking for ambulances that never came.

At the command center, we first learned the estimate of missing - more than 300 firefighters and dozens of city and Port Authority police. I called AP and dictated a story from my notes. My editors clarified reports I had heard only in brief snatches of street talk - more planes had been hijacked, one had crashed in Pennsylvania, possibly shot down.

Like most disasters, this one was full of such rumors, along with ironic touches and curious coincidences.

As a young newspaper reporter in Michigan in the late 1950's I had become acquainted with a promising Japanese-American architect named Minoru Yamasaki, who was designing schools and other buildings in the Detroit area. Years later he was chosen over more prominent architects to create the new World Trade Center, and it was his design for the world's tallest buildings that was tested on 9/11. Yamasaki had built them to withstand the impact of a Boeing 707, the biggest commercial aircraft of the day, and to collapse straight downward rather than topple to the side and take out several blocks of Manhattan.

Among the thousands of pieces of paper that floated across to Brooklyn, our next door neighbor found on his sidewalk a one-page letter from an insurance company. Dated 13 April 2001 and scorched along the edges, it itemized \$3 million worth of jewelry owned by Randolph A. Hearst and Veronica Hearst - the late father and stepmother of Patricia Hearst. I still marvel that within that blizzard of papers and documents from the towers, you could randomly come across one with a recognizable name on it.

(Excerpted from a personal account of 9/11 for News Photographer, the magazine of the National Press Photographers Association, that ran as the cover article in the August 2011 issue.)

Six ways of looking at Sept. 11

This YouTube video, flagged by a reader, shows six simultaneous news broadcasts of the first 15 minutes of the September 11 attacks. The slow transition from the frivolous and ephemeral to the grave and indelible is quite something. Almost art.

Click [here](#) to view.

9/11: The Photographs That Moved Them Most



On September 11, 2001, photography editors across the world, overcome with a deluge of devastating imagery, faced the daunting task of selecting photos that would go on to define a catastrophe like no other. A decade later, TIME asked a wide variety of the industry's leading photo editors, photographers, authors, educators, and bloggers to tell us which image moved them most-and why.

Some couldn't choose one single image. **Vin Alabiso**, head of photography at the Associated Press on September 11, 2001, said, "Of the thousands of images that were captured, I thought only a handful would truly resonate with me. I was wrong. As a document of a day filled with horror and heroism, the collective work of so many professionals and amateurs leaves its own indelible mark on our memory."

Click [here](#) to continue reading.

AP to be represented by Salter, Stevens on Ferguson panel

The Missouri Press Association has assembled a panel of journalists and the superintendent of the Missouri State Highway Patrol for a presentation on "The News from Ferguson, Missouri: What Lessons Can Be Learned?" as part of its annual convention program on Sept. 26 in Columbia.

Freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of information, the rights of property owners, and law enforcement's duty to maintain order: all of those interests came into sharp view and even sharper conflict amid the protests that followed the fatal shooting Aug. 9 by a white police officer, Darren Wilson, of an unarmed black man, Michael Brown, on the streets of Ferguson, bringing the focus of the nation and the world on events that followed - and continue to this day.

Panelists at the MPA's 148th Annual Convention will discuss the lessons from Ferguson, a northwest St. Louis suburb, and the way forward for all concerned. The panelists will provide opening comments about their personal experiences of the days and nights of unrest in Ferguson, and then answer questions from journalists in the audience.

Members of the panel are:

- Paul Stevens, former Associated Press bureau chief in Kansas City, who will serve as moderator.
- Colonel Ron Replege, Missouri State Highway Patrol superintendent.
- John Eligon, New York Times correspondent, Kansas City.
- David Carson, St. Louis Post-Dispatch photographer.
- Kenya Vaughn, St. Louis American reporter and website editor.
- Lawrence Bryant, St. Louis American photographer.
- Jim Salter, Associated Press correspondent, St. Louis.

The panel session is scheduled 9:00 to 10:30 a.m. Friday, Sept. 26, at the Holiday Inn Executive Center in Columbia. The session is open to members of the Missouri Press Association, credentialed news media, and to persons registered in advance. For registration information, contact 573-449-4167.

The Missouri Press Association, founded in 1867 and headquartered in Columbia, is the statewide trade association for more than 275 newspapers.

Welcome to Connecting



[Karen Testa](#) - AP East Regional Editor, Philadelphia

[Jenn Poggi](#) - I was a picture editor at AP in New York from 1994-1998. While I've remained in touch with many of my former colleagues, I would love to receive more news items about AP and the people who made the company great.

[Andrew Katell](#) - AP, 1980-1994

[Jim Limbach](#) - I retired from AP Radio in 2009.

[Dena Sattler](#) - editor and publisher, The Garden City (KS) Telegram

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

[Dale Leach](#)

Stories of interest

['What we'd done in Iraq had been fairly useless' - ex-Reuters bureau chief in Iraq](#)

(Jeff Williams)

Reuters covered the day-to-day bloodshed and killing, but we failed to give the proper context that would allow readers to understand what was going on, said the former head of the Reuters bureau in Iraq, Andrew MacGregor Marshall.

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[Dean Baquet talks the Times](#)

New York Times executive editor Dean Baquet spoke with media columnist David Carr last week about all manner of topics, including his succession of Jill Abramson, the stress of sending reporters into war zones, and the paper's relationship with the Obama administration. The Times has posted the videos to the site, and they're very much worth the watch.

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[Refocusing on revenue: How The Lens is dealing with budget shortfalls in New Orleans](#)

The Lens has reduced staff and altered coverage plans after a donor and foundation cut funding for the local news nonprofit.



Most students in New Orleans now attend charter schools after the widespread damage caused to the city from Hurricane Katrina. That presents a challenge for most news organizations because there are more than 40 different boards governing the different charter schools. The nonprofit news site The Lens saw it as an opportunity, making these boards a focus of its coverage with the Charter School Reporting Corps, which it launched in 2011.

But as the new school year starts, The Lens' education coverage is changing. Earlier this

summer the site announced that it was putting the Charter School Reporting Corps "on hiatus" due to unexpected funding shortages. The site has also laid off three employees since December, and now says it's no longer going to dedicate a reporter to covering the state government beat. They've also eliminated a popular daily email newsletter that rounded up news affecting New Orleans

AP Best of the States

Nothing is more important to Maine's identity than lobster. It's the anchor of a billion-dollar-a-year industry for the three states and two Canadian provinces that border the Gulf of Maine. Should anything threaten that industry, the region could be in big trouble, both economically and culturally.

Patrick Whittle joined the bureau in Portland, Maine, in March and has run with the critical fisheries beat. As part of his regular source-building, he made a visit recently to the Gulf of Maine Research Institute and heard a statistic that sounded like hyperbole, like a convenient sound bite, like something that couldn't possibly be true: Because of global warming, the Gulf of Maine is heating up faster than 99 percent of the world's oceans.

He took the scientist's data, which hadn't yet been published or reported in any media, and set about asking the logical next questions: How is the warming manifesting itself and what might the impact on fisheries be?

He made contact with a scientist who studies lobster populations and set up a visit with photographer Bob Bukaty, who shot stills and video as the woman spoke about how her favorite spots to find baby lobsters are more often than not under water these days. That's because the warmer waters are less dense, leading to a rise in sea level in the Gulf.

Whittle began realizing what he had: A story that demonstrated for readers that not only is global warming real, it's already unfolding in very tangible and harmful ways.

He realized, though, that he needed to make the story scientifically airtight. Armed with guidance and questions from science reporter Seth Borenstein and Assistant East Editor Jeff McMillan, he reached out to other scientists doing related research to get their take and run the incredible conclusion by them.

All agreed: Something was wrong in the Gulf of Maine, and the 99 percent figure was accurate. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, which received the scientist's report, concurred.

Meanwhile, producers at the Broadcast News Center realized the potential for an online video package but needed additional material, including a scientist on camera talking about the research. Text/video hybrid reporter Holly Ramer traveled to the coast from her base Concord, New Hampshire, to get the needed shots. (<http://bit.ly/1gHti3m>)

The story, slugged Maine Without Lobster, (<http://bit.ly/WVIK2x>) got quick notice from influential circles, garnering retweets from several universities _ among them MIT and Yale _ and climate research entities. It also earned newspaper play in the region around

the Gulf.

For careful reporting on a touchy and complex issue, for reaching out across formats and desks, for demonstrating the benefits of source-building and for taking a startling statistic and building it into a story that brought home the frightening effects of climate change, Whittle wins this week's \$300 Best of the States prize.

Paul Stevens
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