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## Connecting - August 05, 2015

1 message

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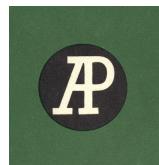
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Wed, Aug 5, 2015 at 9:30 AM

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# Connecting

## August 5, 2015

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Colleagues,

Good Wednesday morning!

An AP story from Mexico City earlier this week, on the slaying of photojournalist Ruben Espinosa along with four women in the capital, included:

"(Prosecutor Rodolfo Rios Garza) did not identify the other victims, only giving their ages as 18, 29, 32 and 40. All were shot in the head with a 9 mm weapon. He said they are focusing on the crime as a femicide, though they have not discarded other motives."

Referring to it, Connecting colleague **Larry McDermott** wrote to say, "Some time ago I realized that those who write our news have somehow been given a pass to invent words. Still, I groaned aloud when I came upon 'feminicide' in this AP story. It might be interesting to invite everyone to contribute invented words they have found in news stories, along with their source."

Connecting welcomes your contributions. And Ye Olde Connecting Editor "unfound" "feminicide" in the AP Stylebook.

Today, we lead with a fascinating, 60 years ago, look-back from **Gene Herrick**, on the Emmitt Till trial that was one of the most significant events in the civil rights movement. And Gene, and the AP, were there. His story and the photos he took are fascinating.

Paul

## Behind the scene of the Emmitt Till trial

By **GENE HERRICK**

Little did Emmitt Till realize the outcome of his vacation trip from Chicago to Mississippi. Little did the 14-year-old black youngster realize that his color was not honored in the same way in the North and the Deep South.



Little did that child know that his life would end brutally in an old barn, and his burial would be in a muddy Tallahatchie River.

It was August, 1955.

The slaying and the revealing trial was the mirror of racism in the South. It revealed the conflict of human emotions, and long-held customs and beliefs. "Good-ole Boy Justice," where Christianity and customs clash, where bias and prejudices are the game-of-the-day. The time and place represented "White is right, Black is wrong." It was a time when

segregation was still in full force.

Emmitt Till's life, and death, became a focal point of a dramatic trial which found two white men brought to trial and charged with the youngster's death because of a reported whistle at the men's wives.

Two white men charged with the death of a black person - in Mississippi - unheard of. This slaying and trial also was the springboard of the nation's integration battles, the Passive Resistance movement of the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and the many segregation/integration legal battles, including Selma, Alabama, and Clinton, Tennessee, and Little Rock, Arkansas.

I had returned to the Memphis bureau, and the Deep South after a stint as an AP War Correspondent in the Korean War (UN Police Action, as it was lovingly referred to), helping out in the Seattle bureau handling war photo copy and being the AP photographer, and a six-month assignment in Milwaukee. The Memphis post had a large geographical territory. I had been assigned there before the war.

Sumner, Mississippi, was the seat of government for Tallahatchie County. That's where the trial was held. Till was killed in that county, and dumped in the river named for it. Sumner is about 70 miles from Memphis, and in the Mississippi River Delta, but not near the picturesque magnolia trees just north of there near Oxford. Arrangements had been made to set up our photo processing and transmitting operation at the Clarksdale Press Register, about 20 miles from Sumner.

Background: Emmitt Till, and a cousin, Curtis Jones, visited his great-uncle, Mose Wright, who lived in a tenant house in Money, MS., about 20 miles from Sumner. Testimony said the two boys borrowed a car, and with some other Mississippi cousins, drove to a small rural crossroads grocery store to buy candy. It was reported to have been said that he would "Show them how he could make out with white women." He is supposed to have whistled, or said something, to the two white women running the store. The women were wives of two half-brothers, J.W. Milam, and Roy Bryant, both of whom were truck drivers and on the road that evening. It was reported that the men returned home later that night, went to Mose Wright's tenant house, and, with a pistol and flashlight in hand, asked, "Where is that N.... boy?" Wright knew better than resist. They took Till from his bed and left. A source said Till was beaten with a .45 caliber gun in a Milam family barn. Reportedly, there were two other men there, but never identified, nor arrested. "They then put him back in the truck and took him to the Tallahatchie River where they had him undress and then shot him. They tied a cotton gin fan around his neck with barbed wire in order to "weigh his body down." A youth, a few days later, found the body in the river.

Milam and Bryant were arrested and charged in the killing, a rarity in the south at that time. My snooping around and my instincts told me there were others connected to the killing, but it never came out in the trial, and no one else was arrested, or charged. Milam and Bryant were both found not guilty.

For me, this was the greatest and most interesting trial I have covered. The behind-the-scenes events were striking, and interesting. Following are my recollections of some of the goings-on:

In the beginning, while I was doing some investigating and news-gathering, I interviewed the sheriff about the case. I asked him about the reported bullet hole in Till's head. The sheriff said there wasn't any bullet hole. I again reminded him about the reports. He replied, "There wasn't no bullet hole, but there was a little hole there. I took a stick and tried to push it into the hole, but it didn't go all the way through." Forensics at its best.



The trial was held in the Tallahatchie County Courthouse courtroom. The building was two stories high, and the courtroom was upstairs. The courtroom was comparatively small, but took up the whole floor. There were some 100 journalists covering the trial, most were Yankees. They were assigned a large press table against one wall inside the court railing. Spectators were on the other side. The press table for black reporters was segregated and outside the railing and against the opposite wall. The trial judge, Curtis Swango, a less than middle aged man, presided over the trial that almost everyone knew the outcome. He tried his very best.

The court, and press table, were so crowded that one time New York reporter Murray Kempton was seen holding his shoes and tippy-toeing across the top of the press table on his way to a phone or the bathroom. There was much laughter from the gallery.

The building had four entrances, one on each side, thus creating four hallways an X on the ground floor. There were newly installed payphones, and dedicated phones lining the sides of the walls. They were used by the horde of journalists covering the trial, the majority of which were reporters from "Up North." During a recess, and at other special times, the reporters would rush downstairs and grab their phones, much to the delight and awe of local folks lining the halls observing a "Made in Hollywood" spectacular. One appreciated event was when famous journalist Jimmy Kilgallen, dashing from the courtroom and grabbing his phone, and shouting, "This is Kilgallen, 'gimme' the city desk." The local spectators ate it up. A couple of times, during lunch break, a few of us would go across the street to a local bar and sandwich place. They had three pool tables there, with bleachers against the wall. We would have a beer, play pool, and discuss the trial, but not reveal anything pertinent. Locals would fill the bleachers and stare in awe at this big event.

AP photographer Hal Valentine came up from New Orleans to help out. Usually, when two are assigned to a story like this, one would shoot the pictures one day, while the other did the messenger, processing and transmitting chores, and then rotate the next day. Before the trial, I had done a lot of investigating, and knew about most of the witnesses to appear, and what they would probably testify to. First thing in the morning, I would go to

the room where the day's witnesses would gather and wait to testify. At the start of each day, I would go in, take various posed pictures of each for later processing and transmission when they had testified. After the first day, Hal said that I had this trial locked up and knew far more than he did, so every day after that I covered the trial and Hal would grab the early film and go to Clarksdale. He would print the pictures, watch the newswire for the appropriate story, write the caption, and transmit the picture, hours before the opposition.

Much of the time, I sat right in front of the two defendants, who sat at a table with their attorneys. Behind them sat some other men, two of which I felt were part of the killing of Till. I would look at them, and they would stare back. I think we all knew what the other was thinking. It was a haunting feeling for me. However, J. W. Milam and I developed some kind of a connection. In the very beginning, I told him my standby phrase, "I'm with The Associated Press, and we do not take sides. I am here to cover this story. I am not with you, nor am I against you." He liked that. In fact, he would not let anyone interview him, or take his picture, unless I said the person was okay!



*Bryant, attorney and Milam*

One day, during the trial, I casually said to one of the defense attorneys, that I thought it would be a good idea, and a great story, if I could take some pictures of Milam, and Bryant, and their families. The attorney immediately said for me to meet, at noon, in his offices across the street. Arriving I found the men, and their wives, and children. I shot a lot of pictures of them romping with the kids. I guess the attorney just slipped them out of the courthouse. No other media knew about this, until it was too late.

The jury was something else. They lounged in their seats, and it is reported some of them were seen drinking beer. I cannot confirm this.

In the middle of the trial, I found out that Till's mother was to attend that day. The judge's bench sat on a platform about three feet in the air, and with three steps going up. The courtroom was so crowded that often I sat on those stairs, just inches away from the judge's feet. Before the trial started that day, I asked the judge what his action would be when Mrs. Till entered the back of the courtroom and a mass of journalists ran to interview and take pictures of her. The judge responded that he would find them all in contempt of court and throw them in jail. Delicately, I reminded the judge that it would not be good press if he had arrested some 100 journalists and threw them all in jail. And, besides that, the jail was tiny and wouldn't hold all of them. "I don't want to go to jail, your honor," I said. The judge replied that that is what he would do. As I said, he was a good judge, and a nice guy. I suggested to him, that to prevent all hell breaking out, and the mass jailing, that when Mrs. Till entered the courtroom, it would be prudent that he bang his gavel and call a recess.

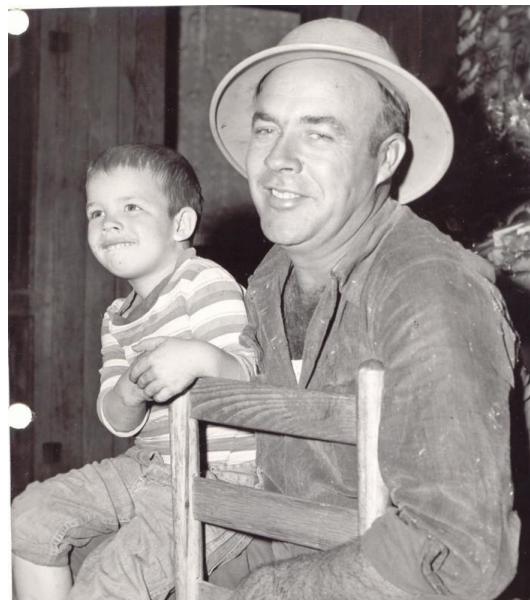
A couple of hours later, Mrs. Till entered the swinging doors. Sitting next to him, I half arose, turned and looked at him. He stared at me, looked straight ahead, stood up, banged his gavel, and called a recess. Thus, I, and the others, didn't go to jail.

Prior to the trial that day, I was talking with the prosecutor and the sheriff near the bench. Part of the conversation concerned Emmitt Till and his death, and body disposal into the river. "You know, that boy must have been crazy. Can you imagine him trying to swim across the Tallahatchie River with a cotton gin fan tied around his neck?" What can one say to that. I asked if they had a plan when Mrs. Till entered the courtroom. Apparently, neither had given it a thought. One of them said, "I think we should slap her black ass with a subpoena" The other agreed. The sheriff went directly to the court clerk's cage in the courtroom, and got issued a subpoena. I asked the sheriff to not serve it until I gave him the go-ahead.

After Mrs. Till had been interviewed and photographed, she went to the table for the black press, which was segregated outside the railing, and up against a wall, where the spectators were. There was a large window above them, with a wide sill. Just as the court was about to resume, and things had quieted down, I climbed up onto the window sill overlooking the press table and Mrs. Till. At that moment, I gave a sign to the sheriff to present Mrs. Till with the subpoena. It was an exclusive picture for AP.

One night, a group of "Yankee" reporters were invited to the plantation of a local white landowner who wanted to impress them with southern hospitality. Of course, the Till situation was the main item of their discussion. In describing how congenial and loving the local whites were in their relationship with the black folks, he told them, "But, you've got to understand, we "L U V S our N..ars!" Later that evening, the reporters that were at the home, spent time together bent over in laughter at the ambivalence of the comment. The next day, during the trial, many of the reporters silently mouthed the white man's endearing comment. The press corps silently laughed. There were curious looks from others in the courtroom.

After the verdict had been read, and the courthouse had cleared., I tried to find defendant Milam to get a follow-up picture. He had vanished. I drove all over the county looking for him. Finally I found him in a convenience store along a highway. I went in, and looking behind the shelves, I found Milam and his son sitting backward on a chair. (Photo at right.) I shared with him that I had looked under every rock in the county trying to find him. "Had he been interviewed or had his picture taken by any other journalists," I asked. "No," he replied. "Have you seen any other journalists this afternoon?" I asked. "Yep," he said. "How come they didn't talk with you?" I asked. "Guess they didn't recognize me," He answered. I took some pictures, said



goodbye, and thanks, and headed for Clarksdale the transmitter. Another beat for AP.

A couple of months later I ran into Milam again. It was at a trial for a friend of his, who had had an argument with a black man at a filling station, drove home and got his gun, drove back to the station, and shot, and killed the man. I was in back of the courtroom, near the door, awaiting the jury verdict. Someone came in, hit me up against my shoulder, and said, "What are you doing here?" I told him I wanted to get a picture of him and the defendant after the verdict. Milam said no; I said yes. I took the picture of the two. Moments later, Milam asked me to go with him and get a bottle of whiskey and have a drink. I told him I had to get back to the hotel, where I had a darkroom and the Wirephoto transmitter at the ready. He insisted. I turned to a very young AP reporter there from Baton Rouge. I gave the money for the bottle of hooch (bootleg) to the reporter, and asked him to go along with Milam and get the bottle and return to the hotel room. Accompanying Milam was a relative, who, I suspected, was a part of the Till killing. The man was "Riding 'Shotgun'" for Milam, since he was barred from carrying a gun. I could see the man's gun at his waist, and under his loose shirt. The reporter damned near died at the thought of being in that company.

On their return, we all had a drink together while I transmitted the picture. During those moments, Milam was standing around, while the AP reporter, absolutely scared silly, sat on a couch with the man with the gun. A little after the Till trial, Look Magazine carried a story quoting Milam with having confessed to the Till killing. Supposedly, Milam received a \$1,000 for the story. I had heard it was \$10,000. It was also rumored that some of that money was used in the defense of the young man now on trial. During our elbow-bending, I asked Milam if it was true, according to the Look Magazine story, that he did, in fact, kill Emmitt Till? Milam smiled and said, "You know, you can't believe everything you read." I'll never forget the look of fear on the face of the young AP reporter, who probably wet himself. The piercing eyes of the man with the gun was unforgettable.

We all "Kissed" goodbye, and went our separate ways, and never to cross paths again.

What a trial; what an experience. Thank you, AP, for the opportunity to be a part of so much of the history of the times. Memories live on.

## Connecting mailbox

### *Hoosier legends*

**Jack Limpert** - Enjoyed your nice words about Walt Tabak on his 91st birthday. His longevity and reputation in Indiana made me think of Jep Cadou. In the 1960s, when I was with UPI in Minneapolis, St. Louis, and Detroit, I kept hearing about the legendary Jep Cadou in Indiana. Jep would have been about 25 years older than Walt but suspect they must have known each other. What is it about Indiana that produces men like those two?

## **A special moment in the theater**

**Ruth Gersh** - In the "what do I do when I'm not working for AP" department:

I do (non-performing) theater work, mostly as a stage manager, permanently with a non-profit children's theater and here and there as I can fit in other gigs around nights, weekends and vacations.

And a play I'm stage managing at the moment just got a review in and was chosen as a critics' pick in the New York Times. Just so happy for everyone involved, can't help but share it.

Click [here](#) for the review, which begins:

Abel Green arrives out of breath from running for the train.

It is the 1910s, and he is an actor hopping a boxcar on his way to a minstrel show. But performing is something he's done since long before he ever was paid for it.

"See, all Negroes are actors by necessity," he tells us conversationally, getting dressed out of the suitcase he's brought along. "The script is passed down generation to generation. The Negroes who know they lines tend to live longer than the Negroes that don't, generally speaking, as it pertains to dealing with white folks."

America's constricting racial framework is ever-present in Howard L. Craft's century-spanning "Freight: The Five Incarnations of Abel Green," at Here, yet this rich and thoughtful solo play is most concerned with a more intimate self-examination: how to be good to one another within black culture, when the larger culture rewards complicity.

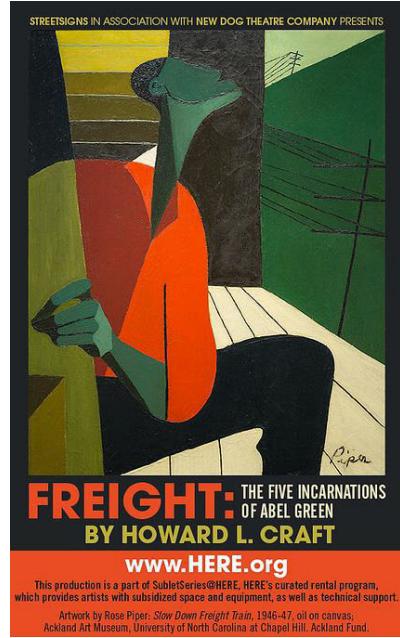
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## **Times have changed**

**Michael Feldman** - Times have changed. I am in my office in Philadelphia circa 1974. My overhead phone rings. The man on the line starts yelling at me full of the F words. The complaint was about coverage in Los Angeles . I recognize the voice it was Ted Majeski the executive photo editor in NY. When he was finish I told him, it was me in Philly, There was a pause, then he yelled at me and used a expression that was about my ethnic origins.

Love the man but times have changed.

(Michael worked for UPI from 1969 to 1985.)



## *The Concord gang*



**Adolphe Bernotas** - These are some of the AP expats and retirees of the Concord Gang from three states, gathered Aug. 4 for our more-or-less monthly lunches in Concord.

Clockwise (beginning with the guy in long-sleeve shirt) Jon Kellogg, Mike Recht, Christina Van Horn, Norma Love, Katharine Webster, Cathy Wolff, Joe Magruder, David Tirrell-Wysocki and Adolphe Bernotas. The self-effacing photographer was Anne Saunders. All these ex-staffers served with AP in Concord; plus Boston, West Virginia, New York, Hartford, Chicago, Miami, Los Angeles, St. Louis; and probably in other bureaus.

## **Five Years After Quake, Haitians Turn Ruins to Homes**



AP

***In this June 29, 2015 photo, electrician Jimmy Bellefleur, 35, sits on his bed in the room his family occupies inside an abandoned, earthquake damaged government office building in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Before the quake, his family lived in two rented rooms, but the building was destroyed, Bellefleur said, and they lived on the streets for more than a year before finding their current home. "I don't have the means to leave," he said. (AP Photo/Rebecca Blackwell)***

Compared to some of his neighbors, Jimmy Bellefleur is not doing badly. The electrician has turned abandoned government office space into a one-room home for his wife and their two daughters.

He covered the open window with a plastic tarp and installed a simple door with a lock. It's a small bit of security for his family, who live as squatters on the upper floor of a building damaged in Haiti's 2010 earthquake.

Officials say most of the 1.5 million people homeless after the magnitude 7.0 quake that destroyed much of the capital and surrounding areas have now found shelter, with about 65,000 living in some 66 encampments, according to the International Organization of Migration.

Yet there are thousands of homeless like Bellefleur who go uncounted in abandoned buildings or hidden tent camps. Some are people who received rent subsidies from non-governmental groups that have since run out.

In downtown Port-au-Prince, there are people getting by the best they can in the ruins of a luxury hotel, under tarps and in a windowless trailer on the grounds of the destroyed national theater. Others are in buildings classified as too dangerous to enter.

The iconic Iron Market, which collapsed in the quake, was restored after the disaster. But around it stretch avenues lined with street stalls masking abandoned, crumbled buildings.

During the day, hairdressers and manicurists work inside the garbage-strewn structures, which are missing walls and, in some cases, entire facades. At night, the shells of the more intact buildings are home to people like Bellefleur and his family. Because he is an electrician, he managed to rig up electricity. But they have no water and much of the structure is exposed to the elements.

Before the quake, they lived in two rented rooms in the Carrefour-Feuilles district, near downtown. But the building was destroyed, he says, and they lived on the streets for more than a year.

"I don't like the children here. It's very open. There is no security," he says.

But he has no better alternative. "I don't have the means to leave," he says. And, he notes, "There are a lot of people who live worse than we do."

His work enables him to buy food and acquire relative luxuries such as a double bed and the used televisions and fans that he has brought back to life.

Bellefleur's neighbors in the building include an elderly carpenter, a computer hardware repairman, a man earning a pittance by recycling bottles, and several unemployed young people.



*In this June 26, 2015 photo, a young woman shares a cracker with a kitten in a post-earthquake tent camp that residents are hoping to turn into a permanent neighborhood in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. (AP Photo/Rebecca Blackwell)*

Zarmor Sendi lost her home in the quake and was later evicted from a camp. She now lives alone in a former bathroom too small to lie down in. At night, she pulls her meager

bedding into one of the open front rooms to sleep.

Near the airport, six families live in the offices of a former shipping company. Johnly Clif Gaspard is there with his mother and two younger siblings.

Despite his mother's full-time job in a button factory and Gaspard's talent for making motorized toys from salvaged materials, the family can't afford to pay rent. After the quake, they lived in a tent camp until being offered a one-year rent subsidy to leave. When that ended, they were forced to scramble again and ended up in a space that had been abandoned before the quake.

Reginald Guillaume, who lives in one of the remaining camps in the capital, says he also was offered the rent subsidy, but refused.

"The government offered me 20,000 gourdes (\$345), but I said no. It's not enough."

He estimates about 10 families who did take the money moved back into the ravine-side camp once the money ran out. Like other camp residents, they remain in limbo, legally not allowed to build on the land, but without the means to leave.

Click [here](#) for a link to the AP Images site to view more photos.

## Welcome to Connecting



Fred Carlson ([Email](#))

Kevin Dale ([Email](#))

Katharine Webster ([Email](#))

## Stories of interest

## **"It's like seeing your grandpa in a nightclub": The New York Times' challenge in building a digital brand (Nieman)**

Max Pfennighaus is executive creative director of brand and marketing at The New York Times; he was previously in a similar role at NPR. In those roles, he's helped steward two of the preeminent brands in journalism, each of which has had its struggles moving from its traditional medium (print, radio) to digital.

This morning, he went on a riff on Twitter about the challenges of that transition - and of targeting a new audience while keeping your old one. (Especially if, as is true for both the Times and NPR, the old one is still paying the bills.) Here it is, lightly translated from Twittese (and swapping in one word I suspect he miswrote):

Click [here](#) to read more.

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## **Things Have Gone From Sad to Worse at the San Francisco Media Company (San Francisco Magazine)**

Friday was a wretched day for the San Francisco Media Company. The parent organization of SF Weekly and the San Francisco Examiner parted ways with three editorial employees (two of whom, Jessica Kwong\* and Giselle Velazquez, are on the Examiner's ubiquitous BART ads), in anticipation of today's debut of new, alarmingly thin Examiners.



But, for SF Weekly, it was even worse. According to multiple staff members, Glenn Zuehls, the publisher of the Weekly and Examiner, unleashed a vicious tirade in which he reiterated his much-stated belief that there is no separation between the alt-weekly newspaper's advertising and editorial departments. He bypassed Michael Howerton and Mark Kemp—the company's vice president of editorial operations and SF Weekly's editor, respectively—and directly assigned an article to an SF Weekly writer. The task: Craft a fawning story to appease an indignant advertiser in two weeks' time, and then put it on the cover of SF Weekly.

At issue was this short, humorous story in the paper's current edition, a light tale of counting cards whilst surrounded by elderly drunks at a blackjack table at Graton Casino in Rohnert Park. This little yuk, it seems, spurred Graton to pull some \$68,496 worth of ads. And that prompted Zuehls to offer up an SF Weekly cover story as a make-good, as it's known in the publishing trade.

Click [here](#) to read more. Shared by Doug Pizac.

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### **In the news industry, diversity is lowest at smaller outlets (Pew)**

The past two years have seen Dean Baquet become the first black executive editor of The New York Times and Lester Holt become the first black solo anchor of a weeknight network news program. But minorities are still underrepresented at U.S. news organizations, especially when it comes to the places that would-be journalists traditionally try to break into the business: smaller local TV and newspaper outlets.

Although minorities (including black, Hispanic, Asian American, Native American and multiracial populations) make up over a third of the U.S. adult population (35%), they make up only 22% of the local television news workforce, according to a study by the Radio Television Digital News Association. The figure is even lower for daily newspapers, where only 13% of newsroom employees are minorities, according to an annual survey of newsroom employment by the American Society of News Editors (ASNE). These figures have changed little over the past two decades.

Click [here](#) to read more.

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### **Official: Iran to partially allow BBC to report for a week (AP)**

TEHRAN, Iran (AP) - An Iranian government official said Tuesday the Islamic Republic will allow some BBC journalists to report there for a week's time, loosening restrictions on a news organization often vilified in local media amid signs of warming diplomatic ties to Britain.

The BBC said it had no word from the Iranian government on the decision, though one of its international correspondents has said she recently spent a day in Tehran. It also comes as Iran and world powers reached a permanent deal over its contested nuclear program.

Islamic Culture and Guidance Ministry spokesman Hossein Nooshabadi told The Associated Press that a team of BBC journalists will be allowed to report. He said the BBC's Persian-language service was still banned there.

Click [here](#) to read more.

## **The Final Word**



This is a picture from the Curiosity Rover on Mars showing Earth from the Perspective of Mars. You are literally looking at your home from the Perspective of another planet. That's Serious Wonder. Link: [www.seriouswonder.com](http://www.seriouswonder.com)

## Today in History - August 5, 2015

By The Associated Press

Today is Wednesday, August 5, the 217th day of 2015. There are 148 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On August 5, 1965, during the Vietnam War, "The CBS Evening News" sparked controversy as it aired a report by correspondent Morley Safer showing a group of U.S. Marines torching huts in the village of Cam Ne, considered a Viet Cong stronghold, using flamethrowers and Zippo cigarette lighters.

### On this date:

In 1864, during the Civil War, Union Adm. David G. Farragut led his fleet to victory in the

Battle of Mobile Bay, Alabama.

In 1884, the cornerstone for the Statue of Liberty's pedestal was laid on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor.

In 1914, what's believed to be the first electric traffic light system was installed in Cleveland, Ohio, at the intersection of East 105th Street and Euclid Avenue. Montenegro declared war on Austria-Hungary at the start of World War I.

In 1924, the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie" by Harold Gray made its debut.

In 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt established the National Labor Board, which was later replaced with the National Labor Relations Board.

In 1953, Operation Big Switch began as remaining prisoners taken during the Korean War were exchanged at Panmunjom.

In 1957, the teenage dance show "American Bandstand," hosted by Dick Clark, made its network debut on ABC-TV.

In 1962, actress **Marilyn Monroe**, 36, was found dead in her Los Angeles home; her death was ruled a probable suicide from "acute barbiturate poisoning." South African anti-apartheid activist Nelson Mandela was arrested; it was the beginning of 27 years of imprisonment.

In 1969, the U.S. space probe Mariner 7 flew by Mars, sending back photographs and scientific data.

In 1974, the White House released transcripts of subpoenaed tape recordings showing that President Richard Nixon and his chief of staff, H.R. Haldeman, had discussed a plan in June 1972 to use the CIA to thwart the FBI's Watergate investigation; revelation of the tape sparked Nixon's resignation.

In 1984, actor **Richard Burton** died in Geneva, Switzerland, at age 58.

In 1994, a three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington chose Kenneth W. Starr to take over the Whitewater investigation from Robert Fiske.

Ten years ago: British Prime Minister Tony Blair announced new deportation measures against people who fostered hatred and advocated violence. The NCAA announced it would shut American Indian nicknames and images out of postseason tournaments. Hunter Kelly, whose battle with a nervous system disease inspired fundraising crusade by his father, Football Hall of Famer Jim Kelly, died in Orchard Park, New York, at age eight.

Five years ago: The Senate confirmed Elena Kagan, 63-37, as the Supreme Court's 112th justice and the fourth woman in its history. BP finished pumping cement into the blown Deepwater Horizon oil well in the Gulf of Mexico. Thirty-three workers were trapped in a copper mine in northern Chile after a tunnel caved in (all were rescued after being entombed for 69 days). Ten members of a Christian medical team from the International Assistance Mission were gunned down in Afghanistan by unknown attackers.

One year ago: U.S. Maj. Gen. Harold Greene was shot to death near Kabul in one of the bloodiest insider attacks in the long Afghanistan war; the gunman, dressed as an Afghan soldier, turned on allied troops, wounding about 15, including a German general and two Afghan generals. American aid worker Nancy Writebol, infected with Ebola while in Liberia, arrived in Atlanta, joining Dr. Kent Brantly, a fellow patient being given an experimental treatment. (Both recovered.) Actress Marilyn Burns, 65, best known as the heroine of the 1974 horror classic "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre," was found dead at her home in Houston. Former U.S. Surgeon General Jesse Steinfeld, 87, died in Pomona, California. The **San Antonio Spurs** hired WNBA star Becky Hammon as an assistant coach, making her the first woman to join an NBA coaching staff.

Today's Birthdays: Actor John Saxon is 79. College Football Hall of Famer and former NFL player Roman Gabriel is 75. Country songwriter Bobby Braddock is 75. Actress Loni Anderson is 70. Actress Erika Slezak is 69. Rock singer Rick Derringer is 68. Actress Holly Palance is 65. Singer Samantha Sang is 62. Actress-singer Maureen McCormick is 59. Rock musician Pat Smear is 56. Author David Baldacci is 55. Actress Tawney Kitaen is 54. Actress Janet McTeer is 54. Country musician Mark O'Connor is 54. Basketball Hall-of-Famer Patrick Ewing is 53. Actor Jonathan Silverman is 49. Country singer Terri Clark is 47. Retired MLB All-Star John Olerud is 47. Rock musician Eicca Toppinen (EYE'-kah TAH'-pihn-nehn) (Apocalyptica) is 40. Actor Jesse Williams (TV: "Grey's Anatomy") is 35. Actor Brendon Ryan Barrett is 29.

**Thought for Today:** "If everyone is thinking alike, then somebody isn't thinking." - Gen. George S. Patton (1885-1945).

## Got a story 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:

- **My most unusual story** - tell us about an unusual, off the wall story that you covered.
- **"My boo boos - 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.
- **Life after AP** for those of you who have moved on to another job or profession.

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

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