

## Connecting - August 25, 2015

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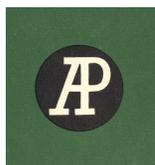
**Paul Stevens** <stevenspl@live.com>

Tue, Aug 25, 2015 at 8:28 AM

Reply-To: stevenspl@live.com

To: pjshane@gmail.com

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# Connecting

August 25, 2015

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Colleagues,

Good Tuesday morning!

The historic re-opening of the U.S. Embassy in Havana on Aug. 14 sparked memories by one of our Connecting colleagues, **Richard Pyle**, of a visit to Cuba that he and Washington AP photographer **Charles Tasnadi** made in 1977, accompanying Sen. Frank Church, D-Idaho, then the second-ranking member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on a ground-breaking trip to meet with Cuban president Fidel Castro, and then returning three weeks later to cover the initial result. (Tasnadi died five years later.)

We lead today's Connecting with Richard's rich recollections:

**By Richard Pyle (Email)**

In his recent speech at the restoration of full U.S.-Cuban diplomatic relations and raising of the Stars and Stripes over the reopened U.S. embassy in Havana, Secretary of State John Kerry made only passing mention, if that, to the events that had most directly led to this historic breakthrough.

Less knowledgeable TV viewers might even have assumed that Kerry was the first American diplomat to set foot in Cuba after more than a half century of mutual alienation.

In fact, there had been many quasi-official and informal contacts over the years, and 14 different mid-level State Department officers had served as U.S. "counselor of mission" at the embassy building on Havana's Malecon seaside highway in the 38 years since a low-level "US interests section" was reinstated there on Aug. 31, 1977.

During those years, it remained under the flag of Switzerland, the designated custodian of U.S. diplomatic matters in Cuba, while in Washington, DC, the former Cuban embassy was similarly represented by the Czech government.

The history is weighted with special memories for some journalists who covered the events in the late 1970s that would eventually lead to the United States and Cuba patching up their long-running quarrel.



***Guests line up outside the former U.S. Embassy in Havana as the building reopened as the U. S. Interests Section in Cuba, Sept. 1, 1977. The embassy officially closed in 1961. (AP Photo/Charles Tasnadi)***

I was one of those in August 1977, first accompanying Sen. Frank Church, D-Idaho, then the second-ranking member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on a groundbreaking trip to meet with Cuban president Fidel Castro, and then returning three weeks later to cover the initial result.

That history receives curiously little attention in published source material on the Internet. One has to dig deep to find anything definitive about how it all came about, or what resulted. Which means relying mainly on my own imperfect memory as AP's man in the pool of Capitol Hill reporters who covered the Church mission.

One of the Senate's youngest members, Frank Church was also a maverick - a liberal Democrat in an ultra-conservative state who seemed to thrive on controversy. His testy relationships included first-term President Jimmy Carter, who nonetheless approved Church's Cuban venture.

In the second week of August 1977, about a dozen reporters whose beat included foreign affairs joined a media pool to cover the story. I was among them, along with AP's Washington-based photographer Charles Tasnadi, who had visited Cuba before and was well-acquainted with Castro.

Flying into Havana's Jose Marti airport on the Air Force 707 that reportedly had been Henry Kissinger's "shuttle diplomacy" favorite, we were formally received by Cuban officials.

Driving into the city gave us a first look at the time-capsule country that Cuba had become in the five-decade diplomatic deep-freeze. The traffic consisted almost entirely of American-made cars dating back as far as World War II. A few of us even had a contest to identify the oldest (or oddest) car we saw. I vaguely recall the winner being a late 1940s-vintage Hudson. (TV images of Havana today suggest that little has changed, car-wise, and even that old bucket might still be on the road, a testimonial to Cubans' skills as make-do mechanics. )

We were booked into the Riviera, the hotel built by American gangster Meyer Lansky in 1957, just two years before Castro's revolution forced him and other Mafia hoodlums out of Cuba.

After two hours of nervous waiting there for a call from Castro's headquarters, there was visible relief among Church's group when it came and we headed off to the presidential palace.

Somebody had said around that time that the three most recognizable people on the



***Guests line up in the lobby of the former U.S. Embassy in Havana as the building reopened as the U. S. Interests Section in Cuba, Sept. 1, 1977. The embassy officially closed in 1961. In the foreground, Carmen Hollady, wife of a U.S. official, holds her daughter Simone. (AP***

planet were boxer Muhammad Ali, Israeli military hero Moshe Dayan and Fidel Castro.

*Photo/Charles Tasnadi)*

It would have been hard to disagree with any of those, but somehow nothing compared with walking into a room and encountering Fidel Castro, looking exactly like every picture you'd ever seen of him, in green military uniform, with long cigar jutting from his bearded face.

All of us, press included, stood in a line to be personally introduced to Castro, who seemed genuinely interested in who we were. At his side was a female "simultaneous translator" who looked like an El Greco portrait and shifted so rapidly and deftly between Spanish and English that I wondered later - if he sneezed, would she do the same?

We had no idea what came next, but Castro and Church apparently agreed there was no better way to break the ice than to jointly summon the ghost of Ernest Hemingway, who had famously lived, caroused and worked in Cuba for years, and committed suicide in 1961 in Church's home state of Idaho.

Soon our press jitney was tooling the 15 miles to Finca La Vigia, the author's seaside villa, while Castro took the senator and his wife on a more circuitous route in his personal jeep. Caught in a brief rainstorm while waiting on Hemingway's porch, we were grateful when Castro finally showed up with the key to the front door.

The house, unoccupied for several years, was still a virtual Hemingway museum, and El Presidente knew a lot about the mounted hunting trophies and other artifacts. In the adjoining bedroom was a bookcase containing many of the writer's own books ("property of E. Hemingway" was inscribed in one chosen at random) and a typewriter on a table was identified by someone as the one he had used to write "The Old Man and the Sea."

Next to the house was a tower-like outbuilding which, it was explained, was built by Hemingway's fourth and last wife, Mary, as a private retreat where he could write undisturbed, but which he seldom used for that. The large room at the top of stairs was used instead to store fishing gear, and on one wall were photos of Ernest and friends posing with their catches.



As we stood nearby, discreetly taking notes, Church pointed to one of the framed photos.

Church: Mr President, is that a blue marlin, like the one in 'The Old Man and the Sea'?

Castro: Yes, a blue marlin. You may know, senator, that someone in Hollywood wants to make another movie of that book, but the marlin is endangered in Cuba and we must decide whether to give them permission to catch one.

Church: Well, maybe they could just use a mechanical marlin, like the shark in `Jaws.'

Castro (grabbing Church's arm): Senator! How did they make that giant ape for `King Kong?'

In a story written later, I described them as engaging in ``a moveable feast of conversation that ranged from the rainfall in Idaho to the shark in Jaws.''

Day 2 of the trip began early, as we learned Castro and Church would drive across Cuba to the south coast and retire to a private location on an offshore island for their talks. En route was a planned stop at the Bay of Pigs museum.

About an hour out of Havana, our motorcade suddenly halted on the two-lane road, and after a few minutes delay, several of us walked forward to see what was going on.

We found Castro and several aides standing in the road, in animated conversation with an irate farmer. It emerged that the lead vehicle, ahead of Castro's, had hit and killed one of the farmer's animals (a goat) and he was demanding payment. After listening to his lament, Fidel told an aide to pay the man, and our journey resumed.



**Castro and Church**

The route south took us through a government-run alligator farm, then to the Bahia de Cochinos museum. At the entrance was a pedestal displaying a battered engine and propeller from one of the B-26 bombers shot down by Castro's forces in the CIA-run invasion fiasco of April 1961.

Once again, Fidel became our tour guide, walking through the museum while recalling, with some fervor, the botched attempt by JFK's administration to overthrow his regime and praising the dead martyrs of the revolution whose portraits were on display.

That was the last we saw of Castro and Church until their return to Havana.

On Day 5, it was time for us to leave for Washington, and on return to my room to collect my gear, I was surprised to find a box of Cohiba cigars - known to be Fidel's special brand - two bottles of Havana Club (light and dark) rum, and a record of ``Afro-Cuban rhythms." The card in the box read ``Fidel Castro Ruz.''

As AP does not allow staffers to accept gifts, I faced a serious dilemma, and finally resolved it the diplomatic way - with compromise. I kept the cigars and left the rest for the chambermaid.

We were already at the airport, preparing to leave, when Castro himself arrived to see us off. At a brief news conference, he and Church described their talks, respectively, as

``very productive" and ``important."

The key agreements were Cuba's consent to allow about 80 to 100 Americans living in Cuba or the US to take their Cuban families to the States, and the upgrading of the long-closed U.S. embassy to a U.S. ``interests section" directed by a mid-level American diplomat while remaining under Swiss jurisdiction.

The Cubans for the first time had provided telephones for the media pool reporters to file stories to the States, and our flight was being held briefly while I finished dictating the story to the AP in Washington.

Finally, as I ran for the aircraft, I saw Fidel Castro coming the other way. He had gone aboard the plane himself to say goodbye (and possibly, a colleague suggested, to see what the inside of it looked like).

I thanked Castro for Cuba's hospitality, and he said, in English, that I would be welcome to come back any time. I took that to mean any of us who had shared the adventure.

It was probably then that I realized I was seeing Fidel Castro bareheaded for the first time. It wasn't until I got aboard the plane that I learned the reason. A female member of the media pool was happily posing in Castro's green military cap.

Given the choice of souvenirs, I still would have stayed with the Cohibas.

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The agreement restoring a limited US diplomatic presence was realized three weeks later, when on Aug. 31, 1977, a U.S. State Department aircraft landed at Jose Marti airport and Lyle Lane, a veteran U.S. diplomat in Peru, stepped onto Cuban ground as the new ``Chief of the US Interests Section" in the former embassy.

(I had arrived the day before, on an AP-chartered flight from Opa-Locka, Florida. Tasnadi later came by different means).

As if the Almighty had decided this occasion merited a special dramatic touch, a brief but spectacular electrical storm hit the airport just as the plane was landing, and a lightning bolt blew a hole in the tarmac as it taxied toward the terminal.

Incredible as that seemed, diplomat Lane was unfazed, and after an otherwise rather perfunctory diplomatic welcome, the small US entourage headed for the city. Only a few journalists were on hand, and we quickly joined the motorcade.

Fidel Castro was nowhere to be seen this time, said to be busy with matters elsewhere as aides handled the tricky aspects of the Americans' official return to Cuba.

Their destination was the old embassy, which still flew the Swiss flag and looked a bit dog-eared despite a recent spruce-up effort. Dark smirches across the front still marked where the words ``Embassy of the United States" had been removed years before.

There to greet the new U.S. envoy were two or three Cubans and one American, all eager to apply for U.S. visas. However, Lane's first priority was to inspect his new domain.

We all trooped up to the fourth floor where an office had been freshly painted and refurbished. A flagstaff beside the desk held the Stars and Stripes, which a member of the advance party admitted was the outdated 49-star flag, "the only one we could find."

Here's the lede on the original story, as found in archives. Asterisks (\*) indicate revised wordage to restore details excised by an anonymous AP desk editor::

By RICHARD PYLE  
Associated Press Writer

HAVANA (AP) \_ The United States' new man in Havana got his first look at the long-closed American embassy Wednesday and found himself on a nostalgia trip through a treasure trove of 1950s memorabilia.

In the basement, stacked where it was left 16 years ago, was an official portrait of the late President Dwight D. Eisenhower, the man who broke relations with Fidel Castro's Communist regime.

In the dusty old snackbar were ancient, non-functioning soft drink dispensers. One bore the legend:

"Coca-Cola in bottles, 5 cents."

In yet another storeroom was the head of a bronze eagle, salvaged by someone after being ripped by anti-American demonstrators from the top of the seafront monument to victims of the battleship Maine.

And in his own freshly painted, fourth-floor office, diplomat Lyle Lane found an American flag with 49 stars. A new, updated one is on the way, aides said.

"Everything is a period piece," Lane exclaimed as he explored the seven-story building floor by floor, pausing finally on a rooftop porch to gaze out across the Caribbean,

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(Postscript: In 2013, an intact bronze eagle was restored by Cuban officials to the top of its still-standing base on the Malecon.)

## Connecting mailbox

*He never forgot John Reid's graciousness*

**Kevin Walsh** - I enjoyed reading the profile on John Reid.

My first contact with John was as a newly-minted news editor in Baltimore in 1990. The bureau was undergoing a lot of changes under an ambitious new bureau chief, Linda Stowell.

As others who worked for Linda will remember, she was a big promoter of her people. That included getting face time with key individuals across all AP departments. One of those "must see" people was John Reid, AP's communications/technology chief who also had a strong background in news and broadcast.

It was a stressful time for me. New job. New bureau chief. A costly move for my family to a part of the country we'd never lived in. My first visit to headquarters and my first experience training on the General Desk. As luck would have it, a strict budget hold down was imposed on the eve of my arrival. Virtually all of my lunch meetings were cancelled.

John was the exception. I can't remember whether he paid for our lunch out of pocket or disregarded the prohibition against business lunches with staff. What I do remember is that this senior executive took time out of his busy schedule to take a very green (and somewhat frightened) new manager out to lunch. John also handed me a modem for my personal computer at that lunch, something that was difficult for a news editor to get in those days and expensive to buy.

I've never forgotten John's graciousness during that first headquarters visit or the efforts he and Patti made to interact with me and my wife, Lisa, at various AP meetings over the years.

We admire their spirit of adventure and share their love of travel.

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## ***John Brewer among 'finest journalists I ever met'***

**Robert Weller** - John Brewer was among the finest journalists, and best people to work with, I ever met.

From the day he covered the Manson case, the same day the bodies were found, he showed a gift. As I recall he was sent to Manila to help with coverage of the collapse of Vietnam.

When he became Seattle COB, and I was put in charge of covering the Alaska pipeline, John could always be counted on for help. And personally, he made sure I got credit for what he called, I think, "the man-killing hours" I worked.

It was a great loss for AP when the New York Times lured him away.

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**Paul Stevens** - To this day, John Brewer and I share the story on how I almost got the chance to work for him when he was Seattle chief of bureau.

I was working as AP's Wichita correspondent when the Spokane correspondence came open. It was in the days before job postings, and somehow John got my name and explored with my bureau chief, Fred Moen in Kansas City, the possibility of bringing me to the Northwest to work for him.

At the time, Fred was in the middle of a campaign to return Kansas newspapers in the Harris group from UPI to AP and didn't want any staff changes that might impact the news report. So Spokane went to someone else. A year later, I became Albuquerque chief of bureau. And eventually, Fred signed the Harris papers back into AP membership.

John had a great career with the AP, the New York Times News Service and the Peninsula (Washington) Daily News, from which he will retire in October, and I wish my friend and Connecting colleague all the best. He mentored many people during his career in journalism, including me - from afar.

## Hurricane Katrina 10-year anniversary week

**Mike Holmes** - I'd like to nominate Charlotte Porter's wonderful mood piece on Katrina for reprint this week. I found this version online. It was a really nice writing job amid all the chaos she and the bureau were dealing with. (Charlotte is now energy markets/weather editor at Bloomberg News, and a Connecting colleague.)

**By Charlotte Porter**  
**The Associated Press**

updated 8/31/2005 3:59:27 AM ET

*EDITOR'S NOTE - Charlotte Porter is the AP bureau chief in New Orleans. She wrote this story with the help of her staff.*

NEW ORLEANS - There's a whole new meaning today to that old Louis Armstrong favorite, "Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans?"

We know all too well.

As we write this, we don't know if our homes are standing, what has happened to many of our friends or what is left of our city. Should we write its obituary, or just a love letter to a city that despite poverty and decay, despite corruption and decadence, was always so vital and carefree?

They didn't call it "the City that Care Forgot" for nothing.

We have loved it for its insouciance, for the giant live oaks lining majestic St. Charles Avenue, for the funky shops along Magazine Street, for the music and scents that drifted from every bar and restaurant in the French Quarter, for the ferns that sprouted from the sides of neglected old buildings.



We have loved it for Mardi Gras, both the raucous revelry of the French Quarter and the more sedate but still crazy parades that wound along St. Charles, past City Hall, onto Canal Street.

We have loved it for JazzFest, for the tens of thousands drawn to the Fairgrounds each spring for jazz, zydeco, African and Cajun tunes, bowls of saucy crawfish Monica and ice cold beer.

We have loved it for the alligators and barred owls that prowl swamplands, some of them within the city limits.

We have loved it for its coffee, so rich and dark that anything else seems like tinted water. For cafe au lait, tan and sweet, and beignets that get powdered sugar all over you as you watch the tourists wander past.

We have loved it for its language, strange and different, sort of Brooklyn with a drawl. Waiters ask if we want "erstes" - raw, of course. People don't shop for food, they "make groceries." We walk on banquettes, not sidewalks, and drive down broad streets divided by "neutral ground," not medians. The store clerks call you "hon" and "dawlin'" and tell you, "I saw you on the television - right up next to the pope!"

We have loved it for the Saints, even though they never win - and even though we covered our faces with brown paper bags when being a fan was too embarrassing.

We have loved it for the police who took pictures of women flashing their breasts on Bourbon Street, or dressed in drag to prowl for Halloween drug sales in the Quarter, hauling up their skirts to pull handcuffs out of their pants pockets.

We have loved it for the drunks, the nut cases, the punks, the vampire wannabes drawn by the Gothic romance of Anne Rice.

We've even loved it for the warning we gave visitors: If someone bets he knows where you got them shoes, don't take the bet; they're on your feet.

We used to give that warning. We may not need to for a while.

Click [here](#) for a link to this story.

# Talk Story, Write Story helps financially disadvantaged children write their way into college

(Reynolds Journalism Institute fellow **Tad Bartimus**, a former AP journalist, is piloting a version that that newspapers can introduce to local communities. Here is how she describes her project at the institute, based in Columbia, Missouri)

## TALK STORY, WRITE STORY, SIBLING SUCCESS STORY



Talk Story, Write Story is a two-verb, one-noun description of all human communication. Talk came first, writing followed, turning all of us into storytellers regardless of the delivery system.

Talk Story, Write Story is also my writing program, which didn't have a label for its first five years. I started calling it that as a shorthand explanation of what I was doing with Native Hawaiian kids whose aboriginal culture is grounded in oral stories passed down from generation to generation. White missionaries created a written Hawaiian language in the 1830s, so conversations with these students, as well as Native Alaskans with a similar history, are usually in straightforward subject-verb-object narratives. In other

words, perfect declarative sentences.

Talk Story, Write Story describes cost-free, one-on-one writing workshops that organically evolved to help financially disadvantaged high school students showcase their heritage, personalities, skills and goals through personal essays. The program started nearly 20 years ago when an English teacher in my 80-percent Native Hawaiian community on Maui asked me to help a young man with his junior class essay. If he didn't complete the assignment he was in danger of flunking the class. Reluctantly, he sat with me on a bench under a vast Monkeypod tree outside his classroom, talking through the story he wanted to tell, then writing it on a yellow legal pad. He passed the class, I submitted his story to a writing competition, and he won first prize.

More students asked for help. Some wanted to go to college. Because 70 percent of the kids at our school qualify for free lunch, and many for free breakfast, the best way those talented, smart kids could achieve higher education was through scholarships. Talk Story, Write Story gave them a better chance to go to college and earn money to pay for it by writing their way in.

Years passed, my hair turned white and my thumbs developed tendonitis from typing. But the kids, and parents on their behalf, kept coming: more than 200 in my hometown, then nearly 50 in Alaska when I was asked to take the program there. Kids of Native Hawaiian, Native Alaskan, Hispanic, Caucasian and Asian heritage worked tirelessly through Talk

Story, Write Story earning nearly \$6 million in college scholarship awards, including 18 Gates Millennium Scholarships ([www.gmsp.org](http://www.gmsp.org)).

This academic year I will use my fellowship with the Donald W. Reynolds Journalism Institute to partner with the Columbia (Mo.) Daily Tribune to create a template to introduce Talk Story, Write Story into more communities via sponsoring local newspapers. Through RJI's and the Tribune's sponsorship, I hope to recruit and train enough volunteer mentors to work one-on-one with the financially disadvantaged local high school seniors who qualify for the program. Together, our goal is to provide the opportunity and support these worthy students need to talk and then write their way into higher education.

Tad Bartimus

Tad Bartimus is a 2015-2016 residential fellow at the Donald W. Reynolds Journalism Institute. She is the founder of Journalism and Women Symposium (JAWS), a former nationally syndicated columnist and the first female Associated Press special correspondent. Reach Bartimus by email at [hanagirl@aol.com](mailto:hanagirl@aol.com)

Click [here](#) for a link to this story.

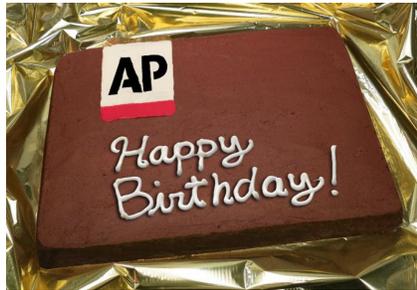


In the photo above:

Three siblings from Hana, Hawaii - coached and mentored by Tad Bartimus - are Gates Millennium Scholars. Hau'oli Kahaleuahi, left, is a senior at Seattle University majoring in strategic communications with a specialty in marine conservation. Her brother, Joseph "Tevi" Kahaleuahi, graduated in May with a degree in natural resources biodiversity and forest ecosystems from Oregon State University. He plans to pursue a master's degree in

the forestry field. Their sister, Lipoa Kahaleuahi, right, earned a Bachelor of Arts in Global Studies from the University of California at Santa Barbara, and a master's in teaching from Chaminade University in Honolulu. While at Chaminade, she was a teacher in the Teach for American program on the Big Island of Hawaii. How they spent their summer: Hau'oli was an intern at the Marine Conservation Institute in Seattle, Tevi interned to be a master arborist in Oregon forests, and Lipoa worked with young Māori students in New Zealand. The Gates scholarship program provides recipients with up to 10 years of funds to pursue their education.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

**Joe McKnight - 90 years young! ([Email](#))**

**Reid Miller ([Email](#))**

## Welcome to Connecting



**Nancy Day ([Email](#))**

**Tammalene Mitman ([Email](#))**

# Stories of interest

**Beyond the Breach** (ESPN the Magazine)



*Shack Brown, youth football coach, fled New Orleans in the wake of Katrina -- then returned a year later to form a league in the projects. William Widmer for ESPN*

**By WRIGHT THOMPSON**  
**ESPN, The Magazine**

With the air conditioner off for filming, the only noise in Steve Gleason's home is the breathing machine that keeps him alive. That's as good a place as any to start a Katrina story, with the wires and plugs and tubes strapped to the back of his wheelchair, a life-support apparatus doing the heavy lifting for one of the most fervently alive people the city has ever known. The city has known its share. New Orleans treasures hyperlocal folk heroes: Soulja Slim, the king of the street rappers before the storm, shot at least three times in the face and once in the chest, dead in his black Reeboks; Trombone Shorty, who closed out this year's Jazz Fest instead of Elton John or Lenny Kravitz; Chris Rose, the Pulitzer Prize-winning newspaper columnist who wrote the best stories about the storm until his life unraveled and he found himself waiting tables. Gleason is that kind of hero. In the team's first night back in the Superdome after the storm, he stretched out his arms and blocked a punt in the opening series of a Monday Night Football game. There is a 9-foot statue of him outside the Dome now, but the actual Steve Gleason is paralyzed, four years into an ALS diagnosis. Most people don't make it past five.

"OK, I'm rolling," the camerawoman says.

Gleason uses his eyes and an interactive tablet to highlight the first sentence of the text, one of a series of love letters to the city that a local nonprofit asked influential citizens to write on the 10th anniversary of the storm. Since he can no longer use the muscles in his

mouth, he speaks through a computerized voice, his humanity blunted by a droning, syllable-centric machine. Nothing works but his eyes.

"Dear New Orleans," he begins, and when he finishes reading the letter, one of his assistants, Lauren, wipes Gleason's eyes and nose with a towel.

"I cry every time I read it," he says.

Lauren stays strong in front of Steve but when she gets around the corner into the kitchen, she falls apart, slipping into a bedroom to be alone. It's an ugly thing to watch someone fight a battle he cannot win. Living, then, is in the fighting. "No White Flags," it says on the Team Gleason foundation's T-shirts and wristbands.

Dear New Orleans.

No white flags.

Click [here](#) to read more.

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**Smear'd by Iran's State-Run Media: A Journal Reporter's Story** (Wall Street Journal)

**By FARNAZ FASSIHI**

Two Wednesday mornings ago, I got an email from a journalist friend in Tehran. The conservative Iranian newspaper Kayhan has targeted you, he warned.

I poured a cup of coffee, sat at my kitchen table in New York and googled my name in Persian. I had returned to the U.S. in 2014 after 11 years covering the Middle East for The Wall Street Journal from bases in Baghdad and Beirut.

As page after page of Iranian news reports popped up, I gasped. The articles claimed that I was an American spy. My heart raced. "Who was the liaison between Washington and the seditious movement?" asked the story in Kayhan, which included a twisted account of my career. Kayhan is owned by the Iranian government, and its editor in chief, Hossein Shariatmadari, is an adviser to Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei.

Click [here](#) to read more.

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**'Terry' Egger named publisher of Philadelphia Media Network** (Philly.com)

The parent company of The Inquirer, the Philadelphia Daily News, and Philly.com named a new publisher Monday - Terrance C.Z. "Terry" Egger, an industry veteran who previously

led the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Egger, 57, takes over Oct. 1 at the region's largest news company, which has fought to keep its journalism strong while battling steep slides in circulation and advertising revenue.



"There are big challenges ahead," Egger said in an interview.

Editors who served under him described Egger as inspirational, smart, and driven - an upbeat leader who remembers people's names.

Egger said that in Philadelphia, he would bring urgency to the task of maximizing revenue - "every extra dollar you can bring in" - while protecting the central journalistic mission of the news entities.

Click [here](#) to read more.

## The 'Finale Werd'

## HOW TO WRITE GOOD

1. Avoid Alliteration. Always.
2. Prepositions are not words to end sentences with.
3. Avoid cliches like the plague. They're old hat.
4. Comparisons are as bad as cliches.
5. Be more or less specific.
6. Writes should never generalize.
- Seven: Be consistent!
8. Don't be redundant; don't use more words than necessary; it's highly superfluous.
9. Who needs rhetorical questions?
10. Exaggeration is a billion times worse than understatement.

Shared by Larry Hamlin

# Today in History - August 25, 2015

By The Associated Press

Today is Tuesday, August 25, the 237th day of 2015. There are 128 days left in the year.

### **Today's Highlight in History:**

On August 25, 1985, Samantha Smith, 13, the schoolgirl whose letter to Yuri V. Andropov resulted in her famous peace tour of the Soviet Union, died with her father, Arthur, and six other people in a commuter plane crash in Auburn, Maine.

### **On this date:**

In 1718, hundreds of French colonists arrived in Louisiana, with some settling in present-day New Orleans.

In 1825, Uruguay declared independence from Brazil.

In 1916, the National Park Service was established within the Department of the Interior.

In 1921, the United States signed a peace treaty with Germany.

In 1944, during World War II, Paris was liberated by Allied forces after four years of Nazi occupation. Romania declared war on former ally Germany.

In 1958, President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed a measure providing pensions for former U.S. presidents and their widows.

In 1965, former baseball player-turned-doctor Archibald "Moonlight" Graham, who'd briefly played in only one major league game (for the New York Giants), died in Chisholm, Minnesota, at age 87.

In 1975, the Bruce Springsteen album "Born to Run" was released by Columbia Records.

In 1980, the Broadway musical "42nd Street" opened. (Producer David Merrick stunned the cast and audience during the curtain call by announcing that the show's director, Gower Champion, had died earlier that day.)

In 1981, the U.S. spacecraft Voyager 2 came within 63,000 miles of Saturn's cloud cover, sending back pictures of and data about the ringed planet.

In 1989, Voyager 2 made its closest approach to Neptune, its final planetary target.

In 2009, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, the liberal lion of the U.S. Senate, died at age 77 in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, after a battle with a brain tumor.

Ten years ago: Hurricane Katrina hit Florida with 80 mph winds and headed into the Gulf of Mexico. The base closing commission voted to shut down the Army's historic Walter Reed hospital and move much of its staff and services to the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland. The Miss America pageant announced it was leaving Atlantic City, New Jersey, its home for 84 years. (The pageant ended up moving to Las Vegas, but moved back to Atlantic City in 2013.)

Five years ago: North Korea welcomed Jimmy Carter back to Pyongyang as the former U.S. president arrived to bring home Aijalon Mahli Gomes (EYE'-jah-lahn MAH'-lee gohms), an American jailed in the communist country since January 2010 for entering the country illegally from China.

One year ago: A funeral was held in St. Louis for Michael Brown, the unarmed 18-year-old shot to death by a police officer in suburban Ferguson on August 9. At the Emmy Awards, ABC's "Modern Family" won best comedy series for the fifth time, while the final season of AMC's "Breaking Bad" captured the top drama award and a trio of acting honors for its stars, including Bryan Cranston.

Today's Birthdays: Game show host Monty Hall is 94. Actor **Sean Connery** is 85. Actor Page Johnson is 85. TV personality **Regis Philbin** is 84. Actor Tom Skerritt is 82. Jazz musician Wayne Shorter is 82. Movie director Hugh Hudson is 79. Author Frederick Forsyth is 77. Actor David Canary is 77. Movie director John Badham is 76. Filmmaker Marshall Brickman is 76. Georgia Gov. Nathan Deal is 73. Rhythm-and-blues singer Walter Williams (The O'Jays) is 72. Actor Anthony Heald is 71. Rock musician Danny Smythe is 67. Rock singer-actor Gene Simmons is 66. Actor John Savage is 66. Country singer-musician Henry Paul (Outlaws; Blackhawk) is 66. Rock singer Rob Halford is 64. Rock musician Geoff Downes (Asia) is 63. Rock singer Elvis Costello is 61. Movie director Tim Burton is 57. Actor Christian LeBlanc is 57. Actress Ashley Crow is 55. Actress Ally Walker is 54. Country singer Billy Ray Cyrus is 54. Actress Joanne Whalley is 54. Rock musician Vivian Campbell (Def Leppard) is 53. Actor Blair Underwood is 51. Actor Robert Maschio is 49. Rap DJ Terminator X (Public Enemy) is 49. Alternative country singer Jeff Tweedy (Wilco) is 48. Actor David Alan Basche (BAYSH) is 47. Television chef **Rachael Ray** is 47. Actor Cameron Mathison is 46. Country singer Jo Dee Messina is 45. Model Claudia Schiffer is 45. Country singer Brice Long is 44. Actor Eric Millegan is 41. Actor Jonathan Togo is 38. Actor Kel Mitchell is 37. Actress Rachel Bilson is 34. Actress Blake Lively is 28. Actor Josh Flitter is 21.

***Thought for Today: "Tradition is what you resort to when you don't have the time or the money to do it right." - Kurt Herbert Adler, Austrian-born conductor (1905-1988).***

## 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:

- **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.
- **"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.

**Paul Stevens**

**Editor**

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