



Paul Shane <pjshane@gmail.com>

Connecting - April 19, 2018

Paul Stevens <paulstevens46@gmail.com>
Reply-To: paulstevens46@gmail.com
To: pjshane@gmail.com

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Connecting

April 19, 2018

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Evelyn Colucci-Calvert, center, with colleagues from Human Resources and Corporate Communications at New York headquarters during a recent celebration of her 45th year with the AP. From left, Vicki Cogliano, Ronnie Klar, Lauren Easton, Francesca Pitaro, Tommy Browne, Valerie Komor, Nicole Timme, Kristi McNair and Senior Vice President Jessica Bruce.

Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning!

Please join me in congratulating **Evelyn Colucci-Calvert** on her 45th anniversary with The Associated Press.

Evelyn is the Human Resources administrative manager of retirement plans and one of the key go-to people in New York Headquarters for AP retirees around the globe.

Said her HR colleague **Susan Gilkey**: "Evelyn has been with AP continuously as of April 16, 2018 for 45 years. Over that period, AP has had five presidents and headquarters moved multiple times. Evelyn assisted countless people start their pension in a caring thoughtful manner throughout the years. AP



Evelyn (left) with Sue Gilkey

colleagues from that year, 50 years later.

and numerous retirees appreciate Evelyn's kind assistance!"

Amen to that.

Evelyn's email: eccalvert@ap.org

We begin our series today on the monumental news year of 1968 - fraught with joy and sadness on front pages and top-of-broadcasts throughout the year. Connecting has drilled down to seek the personal memories of our

I think you'll enjoy them, and I hope they will spur you to contribute your own.

Today's issue also brings more great memories of our colleague **Richard Blystone**. If you would like to send a card to Richard's wife Helle, the postal address is: The Turret, [2 Hurlingham Road, London SW6 3QY](#), United Kingdom.

Have a great day!

Paul

1968 - your personal memories of the most eventful year in our history



Bill Hancock (Email) - Nicki and I got married in 1968, so that became our signature event of the year. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. Being the son of a newspaper man, I read everything I could get my hands on in those days, but I'm embarrassed to say that Tet, Apollo 8, the Pueblo, John Carlos and Tommy Smith, and even the assassinations took a back seat to cute little Nicki Perry. And she still lives at my house, 50 years later. (Well, to be accurate, I live at HER house.)

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Ron Harrist (Email) - I joined the Jackson AP staff in '68 and one year later we were trying to report on Hurricane Camille after it smushed the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Also, those were interesting times in Mississippi.

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Bill Schiffmann (Email) - I haven't thought about the '60s for a while, but 1968 was a wonderful year for me.

I had enlisted in the Air Force in 1965 and was sent to Monterey to learn Chinese. After I graduated and completed radio school, the Joint Chiefs in their wisdom shipped me to Howard AFB in Panama in 1968. Sans transportation and with a new wife at home in California, it was a dull life. I asked my commander to allow me to bring my wife down and

live on the economy, i.e., in Panama City. It was forbidden for someone of my lowly rank to live off-base, so I needed help getting off the floor when he said yes.

I bought a decrepit VW Beetle with a coat of finely waxed rust and an engine still providing about 10 of its original 30-something horsepower. I brought her to our palatial apartment, one room and a kitchen. There were no screens; we used a fan to blow the mosquitoes away. I couldn't get our car registered on base, so I bought a motorcycle to ride to work. We dressed lightly since every ride offered an 80 percent chance of a tropical downpour.

My wife got a job teaching English and through that job we met our new best friends, a group of folks working at Armed Forces Radio. In addition to the latest music, they kept us up to date on the news via a little black and white TV one of them owned. We watched riots and other disasters, along with news from Viet Nam. It was a time of national angst, but isolated by distance and a beautiful country, we were detached observers. Late in the year, I learned that a high school friend had been killed in Nam.

The detachment ended there.

We eventually moved to a fifth-floor apartment nearby. We were the only Americans. We bought a cat, which promptly fell asleep on the balcony and rolled off. We figured she was a goner. I walked behind the building to retrieve the body, wading through a stream which was only nominally water, and found the cat wedged between two branches of a tree, unscathed. We also shared our digs with roughly half a million roaches. I hadn't been aware of how many colors they came in. Live and learn.

One night we came home from dinner out and saw a thick black stripe running up the side of the building, apparently from our apartment door, which faced into a courtyard. The stripe was an army of ants, maybe two feet wide, marching in and out. One ant had found the cat's food dish on the floor and got all his buddies assembled in the two hours we'd been away.

We explored the jungle, partied with the AFR bunch, sampled the local cerveza and made friends with our Panamanian neighbors. Journalism turned up after my discharge in 1969, and the AP became my future in 1973 in Fresno, the start of a 31-year career. Kind of a cliché, but to us it was a magical time.

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Paul Stevens ([Email](#)) - College graduation, wedding and U.S. Air Force. All in a matter of six weeks in June and July of 1968.

Three of the biggest events of my life took place during this period - easily topped by my marriage at Corpus Christi Church in Fort Dodge, Iowa, to Linda Saul on June 15. We met in college when she was a nursing student and I was pursuing a journalism degree. Our first date was Homecoming 1965 and Linda was elected homecoming queen.

Eight days before our wedding, on June 7, I graduated from the University of Iowa with a journalism degree. (My first taste of AP came there, stringing Iowa sports for the Des Moines bureau,)

And on July 22, I boarded a plane for San Antonio with other U.S. Air Force recruits for the start of basic training at Lackland AFB and a four-year career that began with assignment to Little Rock AFB where I edited the base newspaper, the Air Scoop, and then to Langley AFB in Newport News, Virginia, where I edited the Tactical Air Command news service.



Moving to Little Rock was our first exposure to living in the South and while we were always Yankees to our native Arkansan friends, we developed great friendships after finding a furnished two-bedroom apartment (\$125 a month) across Markham Street from the University of Arkansas Medical Center where Linda worked in the pediatric ICU and I commuted to the base in Jacksonville.

Four years later, 21 July 1972, we left Virginia for graduate school at the University of Kansas and 13 months later, I was hired into the AP in Albany, New York, by Chief of Bureau Ed Staats and my 36-year AP career began.

1968 was the start of it all.

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Mike Tharp (Email) - I spent half of 1968 in Wales. I was in grad school at Cardiff University on a Rotary Foundation Fellowship. There, this Topeka altar boy discovered the three Bs: Beatles, beer and birds (not the kind with feathers). I was the only Yank on campus. When British students got pissed off about the U.S. in Vietnam, I was the only American within hailing distance. And some of them hailed me. Courteously, for the most part. Their vigorous opposition to the war made me think. So did the riots in France that May. One Parisian later described them as "a social revolution, not a political one." I was undergoing both.

In August, after hitchhiking from Malmo to Milan, I returned to the U.S. and started law school at the University of Notre Dame. I had a scholarship. I also had a 1-A draft status, which meant I was ripe for military induction. Back then, the only grad school deferments were for med or dental school. You could enlist - but not after you got a draft notice. All semester long--between torts and contracts and criminal law - I thought of getting drafted. Not by the NBA. I took my pre-induction physical in Chicago, an Upton Sinclair meat market. I passed. My options: get drafted; go to jail; go to Canada or Sweden (friends in both places said I could stay with them).

On Jan. 13, 1969, in a basement room in Kansas City's Union Station, I took one step forward with my left foot. I was now in the Army.

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Bill Kaczor (Email) - The year 1968 was the most transformative and memorable for me personally as well for much of the rest of the world. I graduated from college, got married and began work on a master's degree that was interrupted when I enlisted in the Air Force one step ahead of the draft board. Along the way I had some most interesting experiences. I think of it as my Forrest Gump year.

When 1968 began, I was a student at Eastern Illinois University, where I majored in political science and minored in journalism. I had just quit my part-time job as night editor of a local newspaper, the Coles County Daily Times, to again become editor of the student newspaper. I had previously served as editor of the Eastern News for the last quarter of my sophomore year. I agreed to return under the condition that the campus paper be expand from weekly to semi-weekly publication. It has since gone daily and Eastern has established a journalism school.

My appointment for the winter and spring quarters came after the previous editor, James (not the spy) Bond, resigned over what he said was a dispute over a never-published editorial that he had written calling for the university president to resign. Staff members, though, had complained that Bond, who also ran unsuccessfully for study body president, was not doing his job. As a result a co-editor was appointed, but he graduated at the end of 1967.

At our graduation in May, Judy Kallal and I shocked our parents by announcing our engagement, and we set a Dec. 28 wedding date. We had met three years earlier in a journalism class and worked together on the Eastern News. Judy also was co-editor of the university's 1968 yearbook and was in charge of a special campus history section celebrating the



book's 50th anniversary. I also was the yearbook's sports editor and did some photography. One of my yearbook pictures was of former Student Body President Jim Edgar with his newborn child. Edgar went on to a career in politics and eventually was elected governor of Illinois.

Judy and Bill

In the meantime, I had been called in to take a physical for the draft. I then visited my draft board in Chicago to see if I could get any information about my chances of being called up. The clerk told me that their orders were to take 1968 college graduates first because graduate deferments just had been ended. I immediately crossed the street to a recruiting office shared by the Army and Air Force. The Army recruiter told me I'd just be "cannon fodder" if I made it through Officer Candidate School. He advised me to go across the hall and talk to the Air Force. I did just that, getting a deferred enlistment until after our wedding date.

Around the same time I had been accepted as a graduate student by the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University. It was a bit of a surprise because my grade point average wasn't the best (thank you, German, physics, chemistry, botany and English literature). In fact it was too low for the University of Illinois just up the road from Eastern. Northwestern, though, seemed to put more stock in my journalism background including professional work. I submitted glowing letters of recommendation including one from the editor of the Journal Gazette in Mattoon, Ill., just a few miles from Eastern. I had worked there as a reporter during the summer of 1966 and then as sports editor while also going to school for about the next six months. Only after I arrived on the NU campus for the summer quarter did I find out that Medill's dean at that time, Ira "Bill" Cole, had been born and raised in Mattoon. I never asked him whether that had anything to do with my acceptance, but I'm sure it didn't hurt.

I commuted from my parents' home on Chicago's southwest side to the Evansville campus, which took about an hour each way, in my red 1967 Mustang. One assignment was to write a magazine article. I'm not sure how I got the idea, but I interviewed Laura Fermi, widow of the renowned physicist Enrico Fermi, for an article on how Chicago helped clean up its air pollution by banning coal-burning for home heating. She had been a leader in the anti-coal movement. I never got the article published, but I'd always been star-struck by great scientists such as her husband so the interview was something I've always cherished.

Another memorable experience from the summer of '68 was a demonstration conducted by Northwestern's Political Science Department. Eastern Europe was in turmoil at the time. The political scientists created a mock crisis scenario, setting up tables, one for each major country including the United States and Soviet Union, in a large hall. Students represented various aspects of each nation such as their legislative and executive branches of government, business community and the general public. Journalism grad students were enlisted to represent the news media in each country. We were responsible for letting the rest of our little world know what was going on in our respective countries. I was West Germany's press. Our mock crisis ended with the Soviets invading Czechoslovakia to quash a freedom movement known as the Prague Spring. The whole thing was videotaped for

possible broadcast on public television, but I don't think it ever aired because a week or two later the real Soviets invaded the real Czechoslovakia.

Our final exam for the summer session was to "cover" the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. We couldn't get into the convention hall but did get press credentials for the hotels where the various state delegations were headquartered. I was assigned the Maryland delegation based at the Conrad Hilton. The delegates were in a good mood because they knew they would be rid of their Republican governor, GOP vice presidential nominee Spiro Agnew, no matter who won in the election. I got to hear several of the Democratic candidates, including eventual nominee Hubert Humphrey, when they came by to make their pitches to the delegation. One of my frequent contacts was delegation chairman Marvin Mandel, then speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates. Mandel became governor after Agnew was elected vice president. Our paths nearly crossed again in 1980-81. Mandel was an inmate at the federal prison camp in the Florida Panhandle on Eglin Air Force Base, where I had spent most of my enlistment. . Mandel had been convicted of mail fraud and racketeering in a scheme to fix horse racing dates. I was just starting my AP career in Tallahassee and made frequent forays into my old stomping grounds mainly to gather material for feature stories.

My daytime excursions to downtown Chicago turned out to be uneventful as the anti-war demonstrations and rioting that marred the convention took place at night or were kept clear of the hotels during daylight hours. The vomit-like smell of stink bombs, though, was still in the air. Police as well as National Guard troops and vehicles were everywhere. One concern for Chicagoans was whether the Bears would be able to field a team at the start of the season because so many of the football players were guardsmen. It was well known that one way to beat the draft and avoid Vietnam was to the join the National Guard. It seemed professional athletes had little trouble obtaining the usually hard-to-get guard positions.

I put my graduate studies on hold after the summer quarter so I could return to work at the Daily Times. I hoped to earn some money for what I knew would be hard financial times ahead in the service as a newlywed. Judy and I got married in a little Roman Catholic church near her family's farm about halfway between Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis. It was December and, of course, there was snow and ice. I rode to church with one of my college friends. His car slid and rear-ended another car at slow speed. No damage done, but we barely made it on time. We had a reception in the church basement and then headed for Chicago, where my parents had organized a second much-bigger reception with all the traditional Polish trappings.

The drive to Chicago on icy I-55 was slow and treacherous especially in a Mustang. Somewhere north of Springfield about 100 yards ahead of us a gust of wind caught a stake truck carrying a load of tarpaulins and flipped it on its side. We pulled over, I opened the cab door and helped the driver get out. He was shaken but apparently uninjured. It was very late when we finally got to our hotel across the street from Midway Airport in my old neighborhood. We got sandwiches from the only place still open - Arby's.

Thankfully, the Polish reception the next day went off without a hitch. Everyone had a great time and we ended 1968 on the road again. We headed for our honeymoon in sunny Florida not knowing that's where we would spend nearly all of the rest of our lives.

Connecting mailbox

More of your memories of Richard Blystone

Harry Dunphy ([Email](#)) - My remembrance is a personal one. Claude Erbsen and Michael Putzel have done a far better job than I could in telling his story, especially Claude.

I arrived in NY in late 1969 to work on the overnight with the demanding and cantankerous editor Harris Jackson. Although not a stranger to NY, I had a few Peace Corps friends, but I really did not know anybody or where to hang out.

Richard and Helle invited me to their Christmas lunch or dinner and made sure I had a good time. We also got together later in London for some occasion. And whenever he came to Paris, he always checked in with me.

On the overnight in the late 60s, he told me, clad in jeans and a polo shirt, you did not wear a jacket, shirt and tie to come to work, although a few may remember Harris Jackson showing up for work after the opera in a dinner jacket and un-tied bow tie.

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Denis Gray ([Email](#)) - A truly wonderful man and reporter. We were together in Cambodia, then in Bangkok and a number of times after he left the AP, the last time a few years ago at his lovely home in London. As Carl (Robinson) said, the greatest thing he did in his working life was save Chhay Born Lay and his family.

But my favorite Blystone moment was watching one of his reports from Tel Aviv from Gulf War I. Saddam was sending some SCUDS flying around the region and a number of hotshot TV reporters were staging incredibly macho heroics in face of these normally wayward missiles. A CNN person in Atlanta was interviewing him live and trying her best to get him to stage some of the same antics -- "Dick aren't you worried for your safety?" etc. etc. With his trademark slow drawl and slightly

sardonic smile, he replied, "It's a mighty big sky Helen (or whatever her name was) and a pretty small missile."

Typical of Bly's sense of humor, perspective and telling things like they are.

RIP my friend.

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Jurate Kazickas ([Email](#)) - Dick was the best.

He was such fun to be around with the driest wit and the occasional silly streak.

When he joined "the mod squad" we would often walk home together from Rockefeller Center to the east 80s, talking about love and life and our dreams but mostly laughing.

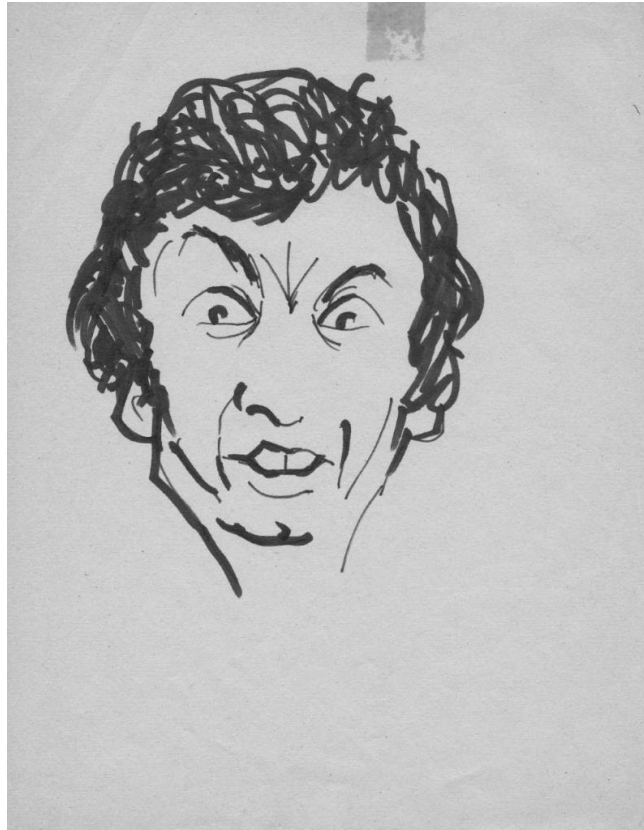
We did not overlap in Vietnam but years later I had lunch with him a few times in London. He liked to gripe about CNN over several glasses of wine (or was it scotch? Or port? He did become a bit of an Anglophile) but I got the sense he enjoyed being a TV star.

I had not seen him in a very long while. Makes me sad we never had a chance to share some more stories and fun.

When Lynn Sherr and I did our series of "Liberated Woman Calendars", we asked Dick to improvise some scenes from a day in the life of a "House Spouse" for the 1972 edition. He went all out. One image showed his tie caught in a vacuum cleaner. (See above)

My sincere condolences to Helle, whom he adored, and to his family.

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Carl Robinson (Email) - Richard Blystone collected several cartoons drawn by our late colleague and my good friend and ex-Saigon Bureau Chief Richard Pyle and here's the one he drew of Bly.

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Michael Sniffen (Email) - Dick Blystone served a short stint on the New York General Desk while I was there, and we were both there the week that a prototype of AP's first desktop computer arrived for some early testing with live editors before a decision was made to install them in AP newsrooms.

Like the rest of us, Dick was skeptical that this device was going to improve our work life, so he was determined to test its mettle when he sat down for his first half-hour session with the trainer. But the session didn't last that long. A large fellow with equally large hands and fingers, Dick began banging away but didn't finish typing a paragraph before half a dozen keys flew off the keyboard.

We were all proud of Dick and no one was more pleased than he to have exposed a weakness in the machine. (Though I'm quite certain the developers saw it as a flaw in the editors.)

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From CNN:

Richard Blystone: the poet laureate of network news

By NIC ROBERTSON

(CNN) From the killing fields in Cambodia to the burning oil fields of Kuwait -- if the narrative of news had a poet laureate, it was Richard Blystone.

Richard passed away earlier this week, aged 81.

A giant of his generation, he was humble, witty and serious. Warm with his colleagues, tough on tyrants.

Blystone had an unrivaled talent for cutting to the truth in poignant prose that his mellifluous tones could lift and lay over his audience with the lightest of touches.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Myron Belkind.

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Some thoughts on Trump and Mainstream Media impartiality

Chuck McFadden ([Email](#)) - Here are a few thoughts I had after reading Warren Lerude's piece in Tuesday's Connecting.

There has been a good deal of agonizing over the past year or so about how impartial the Mainstream Media are in coverage of the Trump Administration. Even The AP has been drawn into the maelstrom.

Here's the problem. If you cover the actions of the President, you can't help but come off as biased. Baldfaced, factual, unbiased coverage - just the facts - make coverage seem biased because of the facts - facts - you're reporting.

An unbiased report on Trump's boasting about grabbing female genitals, the sometimes-dizzying changes in policy, the constant turnover of high-ranking members of the Administration, the indictments - those are simply facts. The people need and deserve to know about them. While some may argue that the choice of which facts to report leaves room for baleful bias, the above-listed facts all demand attention. There are many others. They are significant. Trump's most enthusiastic supporters believe it's nasty to call attention to such things. Nope. It's the responsibility of those ink-stained wretches. And if some think the MSM is biased because they report the facts, well, facts are stubborn things, as someone once memorably said.

The President isn't being screwed by MSM reporters. He's being reported on.

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Connecting sky shot - Santa Monica Pier



Steve Loeper ([Email](#)) - Gathering storm from the Santa Monica Pier. Taken March 21 with an aging and battered AP-issue iPhone6, which I was allowed to make my own upon its retirement - and my own - a year ago this week.

Dennis Gale inducted into South Dakota Rock and Roll Music Association Hall of Fame



Dennis Gale ([Email](#)) - My stress reliever while working at the AP was a Fender Stratocaster. And it helped land me in our state's rock and roll hall of fame.

When I started my AP career in Sioux Falls late in 1980, my boss, Sandy Johnson, knew she was getting a reporter who happened to be a guitar player. I took guitar lessons for two years starting in 1960 and have been playing in weekend bands since 1964. It's just part of who I am.

Sandy thought we could work the AP schedule around my weekend bar gigs. But after several months I had to give up the music for a few years. It wasn't until the late '80s, (when I became Sioux Falls news editor and could make out the work schedules) that I resumed my musical foray.



Dennis with granddaughters Alivia Gale, left, and Brooklyn Gale.

During my nearly 29 years in the company, I met other AP folks who kept up their musical chops, and we agreed it's a great stress reliever. Nothing lets off steam like ripping a loud guitar solo to a classic rock song.

In 1997 I left an R&B horn band and joined a trio called Mogen's Heroes. I've been with the band ever since, and on Saturday, our band was inducted into the South Dakota Rock and Roll Music Association Hall of Fame. The

induction ceremony included a half-hour concert by our band and music from five other inducted groups from South Dakota and beyond.

I'd love to say throngs of fans flocked to the venue, but the ceremony coincided with more than 13 inches of snow and 50-mph winds in Sioux Falls. Still, the show went on.

Karen and I have two adult sons, and both attended the event, along with one of our daughters-in-law and two of our four grandchildren. It was loads of fun, and I greatly appreciated the honor.

And any remaining stress is gone.

Associated Press revises poll standards

By **STEVEN SHEPARD, Politico**

After successive presidential contests in which the polling industry and the media have come under harsh scrutiny for their election-year practices, The Associated Press is rolling out updated standards for how reporters should cover polls.

The updated guidelines appear in a new chapter in the AP Stylebook - which forms the backbone of the standards used not just by the AP, but by the majority of news organizations around the country.

"A good pre-election poll can provide solid insight into what voters are thinking. In the heat of a campaign, that's why they are so often intoxicating for journalists, for campaign staffers and, yes, for candidates, too," said David Scott, AP's deputy managing editor for operations. "But the 2016 election was a reminder that polls aren't perfect. They're unquestionably a piece of the story, but never the whole story."

The new Stylebook chapter is the latest effort from pollsters and journalists to improve coverage of survey data. In 2016, the coverage of pre-election polling suggested Hillary Clinton was a heavier favorite in the presidential race than the final surveys should have, especially at the state level.

Read more [here](#).

[Click here](#) for the AP news release.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

John Dorfman - jdorfman@dorfmanvalue.com

Welcome to Connecting



Donniel Jackson - ddjackson@ap.org

Ronnie Klar - rklar@ap.org

Mary Murray - maryfmurray@comcast.net

Doug Winter - nu7195@comcast.net

Story of interest

Truth Goggles are back! And ready for the next era of fact-checking (Nieman)

By CHRISTINE SCHMIDT

The Truth Goggles are back - though now they're more like prescription contact lenses.

It's not the name of a funky band of journalists, at least not one with musical instruments. Dan Schultz, Ted Han, and Carolyn Rugar are part of the Bad Idea Factory's crew for reprising Schultz's MIT Media Lab 2011 graduate thesis project:

Truth Goggles, which aimed to help readers isolate suspicious claims in news articles and determining their truthfulness or truthiness. But now they're switching it up.

"We want to figure out how to get partisan readers to engage with content: How do we package credible content in a pill that partisan readers are going to be willing to swallow? And that's partisan of all types - that's the key," Schultz said. "How do we use technology to help people think about their audience, in the same way that political advertisers really have weaponized? Journalists have not - but why not? Why can't we use the Cambridge Analytica [method] for good, to help people actually know good things? It's easier to trigger people's defenses than to navigate their defenses...Algorithmically there's a lot of information about people; can we use that to make credible experiences instead of manipulative experiences?"

Read more [here](#).

Today in History - April 19, 2018



By The Associated Press

Today is Thursday, April 19, the 109th day of 2018. There are 256 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On April 19, 1993, the 51-day siege at the Branch Davidian compound near Waco, Texas, ended as fire destroyed the structure after federal agents began smashing their way in; about 80 people, including two dozen children and sect leader David Koresh, were killed.

On this date:

In 1775, the American Revolutionary War began with the battles of Lexington and Concord.

In 1893, the Oscar Wilde play "A Woman of No Importance" opened at the Haymarket Theatre in London.

In 1897, the first Boston Marathon was held; winner John J. McDermott ran the course in two hours, 55 minutes and 10 seconds.

In 1935, the Universal Pictures horror film "Bride of Frankenstein," starring Boris Karloff with Elsa Lanchester in the title role, had its world premiere in San Francisco.

In 1943, during World War II, tens of thousands of Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto began a valiant but ultimately futile battle against Nazi forces.

In 1945, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical "Carousel" opened on Broadway.

In 1951, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, relieved of his Far East command by President Harry S. Truman, bade farewell in an address to Congress in which he quoted a line from a ballad: "Old soldiers never die; they just fade away."

In 1966, Bobbi Gibb, 23, became the first woman to run the Boston Marathon at a time when only men were allowed to participate. (Gibb jumped into the middle of the pack after the sound of the starting pistol and finished in 3:21:40.)

In 1977, the Supreme Court, in *Ingraham v. Wright*, ruled 5-4 that even severe spanking of schoolchildren by faculty members did not violate the Eighth Amendment ban against cruel and unusual punishment.

In 1989, 47 sailors were killed when a gun turret exploded aboard the USS Iowa in the Caribbean. (The Navy initially suspected that a dead crew member had deliberately sparked the blast, but later said there was no proof of that.)

In 1995, a truck bomb destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, killing 168 people. (Bomber Timothy McVeigh, who prosecutors said had planned the attack as revenge for the Waco siege of two years earlier, was convicted of federal murder charges and executed in 2001.)

In 2005, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger of Germany was elected pope in the first conclave of the new millennium; he took the name Benedict XVI.

Ten years ago: President George W. Bush wrapped up two days of talks at Camp David with South Korean President Lee Myung-bak. A Russian capsule carrying South Korea's first astronaut (Yi So-yeon) touched down 260 miles off target in northern Kazakhstan after hurtling through the atmosphere in a bone-jarring descent from the international space station.

Five years ago: Dzhokhar Tsarnaev (joh-HAHR' tsahr-NEYE'-ehv), a 19-year-old college student wanted in the Boston Marathon bombings, was taken into custody after a manhunt that had left the city virtually paralyzed; his older brother and alleged accomplice, 26-year-old Tamerlan (TAM'-ehr-luhn), was killed earlier in a furious attempt to escape police. Newspaper publisher Al Neuharth, 89, died in Coco Beach, Florida. Children's author E.L. Konigsburg, 83, died in Falls Church, Virginia.

One year ago: Fox News Channel's parent company fired Bill O'Reilly following an investigation into harassment allegations, bringing a stunning end to cable news' most popular program. Former New England Patriots tight end Aaron Hernandez, 27, who was serving a life sentence for a 2013 murder, hanged himself in his cell in a maximum-security prison in Massachusetts five days after being acquitted of murder charges in the shooting deaths of two men in Boston in 2012.

Today's Birthdays: Actress Elinor Donahue is 81. Rock musician Alan Price (The Animals) is 76. Actor Tim Curry is 72. Pop singer Mark "Flo" Volman (The Turtles; Flo and Eddie) is 71. Actor Tony Plana is 66. Former tennis player Sue Barker is 62. Motorsports Hall of Famer Al Unser Jr. is 56. Actor Tom Wood is 55. Recording executive Suge Knight is 53. Singer-songwriter Dar Williams is 51. Actress Kim Hawthorne (TV: "Greenleaf") is 50. Actress Ashley Judd is 50. Singer Bekka Bramlett is 50. Latin pop singer Luis Miguel is 48. Actress Jennifer Esposito is 46. Actress Jennifer Taylor is 46. Jazz singer Madeleine Peyroux (PAY'-roo) is 44. Actor James Franco is 40. Actress Kate Hudson is 39. Actor Hayden Christensen is 37. Actress Catalina Sandino Moreno is 37. Actress-comedian Ali Wong is 36. Actress Kelen Coleman is 34. Actor Zack Conroy is 33. Roots rock musician Steve Johnson (Alabama Shakes) is 33. Actor Courtland Mead is 31. Tennis player Maria Sharapova is 31.

Thought for Today: "The charm, one might say the genius of memory, is that it is choosy, chancy and temperamental: it rejects the edifying cathedral and

indelibly photographs the small boy outside, chewing a hunk of melon in the dust." - Elizabeth Bowen, Irish-born author (1899-1973).

Got a story or photos to share?

Got a story to share? A favorite memory of your AP days? Don't keep them to yourself. Share with your colleagues by sending to Ye Olde Connecting Editor. And don't forget to include photos!

Here are some suggestions:

- **Second chapters** - You finished a great career. Now tell us about your second (and third and fourth?) chapters of life.

- **Spousal support** - How your spouse helped in supporting your work during your AP career.

- **My most unusual story** - tell us about an unusual, off the wall story that you covered.

- **"A silly mistake that you make"** - a chance to 'fess up with a memorable mistake in your journalistic career.

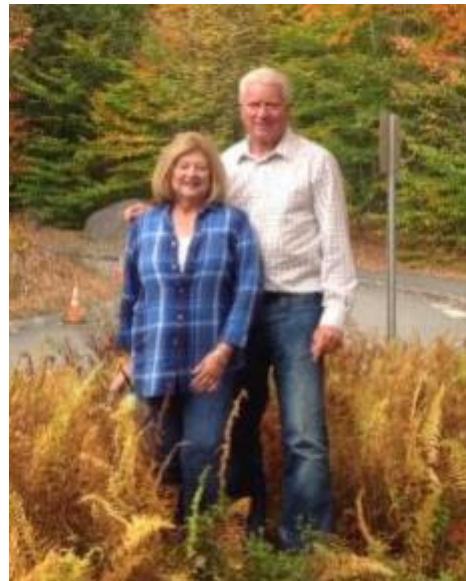
- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.

- **Volunteering** - benefit your colleagues by sharing volunteer stories - with ideas on such work they can do themselves.

- **First job** - How did you get your first job in journalism?

- **Connecting "selfies"** - a word and photo self-profile of you and your career, and what you are doing today. Both for new members and those who have been with us a while.

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



Paul Stevens
 Editor, Connecting newsletter
paulstevens46@gmail.com

Connecting newsletter, [14719 W 79th Ter, Lenexa, KS 66215](#)

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