



Paul Shane <pjshane@gmail.com>

Connecting - April 20, 2018

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

Fri, Apr 20, 2018 at 9:08 AM

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Connecting

April 20, 2018

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Colleagues,

Good Friday morning!

Connecting membership climbed over the 1,300 mark this week and it's great to be welcoming our new members - most all of whom hear about our newsletter by word of mouth. So thank you for putting that word out.

As Ye Olde Connecting Editor, I continue to marvel over the wonderful repository of journalists in our midst who have covered some of the greatest stories of our times and who contribute those stories and photos to us all. The material is archived by AP Corporate Archives to share with present and future generations.

Sheila McCarthy Gardner ([Email](#)) was among many colleagues who were pleased to read about the 45-year AP anniversary of **Evelyn Colucci-Calvert** in Thursday's issue.

"She was warm and welcoming when I was transferred to the old 'personnel' department in the late 1970s from Newark," Sheila said, "and again so helpful many decades later when I was attempting to navigate the benefits office on behalf of two family members. I will always be grateful for her kindness."

We lead today's issue with more of your memories of the year 1968 - from a half-century later. Your own memories would be welcomed.

Have a great weekend!

Paul





Henry Bradsher's bomb-damaged Volkswagen, taken the next morning by the Moscow bureau's photographer, Vasily Gritsan.

Henry Bradsher ([Email](#)) - "File your claim," the person from the Soviet state insurance company told AP's Moscow bureau secretary-translator in late January 1968.

"Oh, does that mean you've gotten the police report?"

"File your claim," the person repeated and hung up.

So Ingosstrakh, the company that foreigners were forced to use, had decided to pay for bomb damage to the Volkswagen Beetle that my wife used to run around Moscow. For weeks it had insisted that it could not pay without a police report on the car's having been bombed.

This made 1968 one of my more memorable years, including the murder of a young minister whom I'd covered during his Montgomery bus boycott in 1956, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Tet offensive in Vietnam, from whose jungles I later reported.

The car bombing followed many signs that Soviet authorities in the depths of the Cold War had become unhappy with my work. After years of being invited as bureau

chief to all the big Kremlin receptions, I was ignored for celebrations on November 7, 1967, of the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. When I asked about this, the foreign ministry's press department gave no answer - but began sending reception invitations to Mike Johnson, my designated stand-in when I was out of Moscow.

Perhaps the reason was that I had had the temerity to write for that anniversary a long series of articles evaluating half a century of Soviet developments in many fields. This was the kind of articles that in earlier years had not been written by correspondents until after they left Moscow. I had pulled no punches on reporting failures and bad things along with accomplishments and good things. And I had been blunt in other reporting, analyzing between the lines of Soviet propaganda and backgrounding skimpy announcements.

Monica and our sons, 2 and 3 years old, had gone on Christmas night 1967 to dinner with another family. On return to our building, where our thoroughly-bugged apartment was across the hall from the bureau, the illuminated parking lot within view of our KGB monitor's sentry box was full. So I parked in the dark on the packed snow around the side of the building.

The bomb exploded soon after under the front right side of the Volkswagen. Perhaps it was intended to touch off the front gas tank, but the office driver had filled it recently so that it remained intact but displaced. The right fender was knocked off and the passenger compartment penetrated.

This seemed pretty clearly to be a message to me. When he returned to work a few days later, Wes Gallagher asked if I wanted to leave Moscow. No, I told him, I didn't intend to be intimidated. I had the previous October, before the Soviet began shunning me, told him that I intended to apply for a Nieman fellowship at Harvard for the autumn of 1968. If I failed to get it (but I did get it), I'd said, I wanted to stay in the fascinating and challenging Moscow assignment.

Things went on downhill. I was refused permission to travel outside Moscow - going elsewhere in the USSR required a virtual visa - and then denounced in the government newspaper Izvestiya. But I continued writing things as I saw them until leaving in August.

So far as we knew, there never was a police report on the car bombing. Presumably, this was because some part of the Soviet state, KGB or other element, had been responsible. The ordinary police would have been told not to inquire into responsibility.

Ingosstrakh paid to have imported parts used to repair the Volkswagen at the American embassy's garage. Monica and the boys continued to use it. When I left, I

sold it to an African diplomat, who knew its history.

1968 was just one of many excitingly stimulating years as a journalist. Now days among the adult education courses that I teach in retirement is one on "The Soviet Century: from Tsar Nicolas II to Tsar Putin." During that century, Western correspondents who reported on 1970s Soviet dissidents suffered smashed windshields and slashed tires. But mine was the only case of a foreigner's property being bombed.

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Darrell Condon (Email) - 1968 started with a set of (Marine Corps) orders for a move from Washington, DC to El Toro, California. Carol and I set off with baby Carmella in the back seat and headed for Iowa. We pooled our money and bought each other a bathroom scales for Christmas. We had those scales, a tool box and our clothes as the only baggage. We stopped in Fort Dodge (Iowa) to see by folks, Colorado to visit Carol's brother. Stockton to visit Carol's folks and San Jose to see my brother on the way west. We rented an apartment in Costa Mesa for the summer about three blocks from my sister who had moved there in the fall. I had orders for Viet Nam with VMFA-334. Martin Luther King was shot. Around the first of May Carol announced she was pregnant with baby number two. Carmella turned one year old in June. Bobby Kennedy was shot. I delivered Carol and Carmella to Omaha in September to live with Carol's sister while I was gone. I flew half way around the world to the sunny beaches of Viet Nam. In December of 68 I moved from Da Nang to Chu Lai. On December 26th 1968 the Navy notified me I had a "Son born December 20, St Joseph Hospital Omaha, 7 lbs, 8 oz". (Postscript: I finally met my son in October 1969.)



Nothing else happened in 1968.

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Mike Harris (Email) - 1968 was definitely an auspicious year for me.

I set the table in 1967 by graduating from the University of Wisconsin and doing my six months of active duty in the Army Reserve before beginning work as a reporter at the Rockford, Ill., Morning Star and Register-Republic, my first full-time newspaper job. As 1968 dawned, the managing editor at the paper called me into his office and said that there was an opening in sports and that, since he had promised to let me know when that happened, it was mine if I wanted it. But he also told me he was very pleased with my work on the news side and would be happy if I continued learning that part of the trade. I initially agreed to stay in news but, after a restless night, I walked back into his office and asked for that job in sports. He wasn't surprised.

It was everything I had hoped for. Those Friday and Saturday nights of high school football and basketball, covering Green Bay Packer games in Milwaukee, spending a week back in my hometown of Madison, Wis., covering the state high school basketball tournament - Rockford's first edition was circulated in Southern Wisconsin - and generally learning how to be a sports writer. It was a wonderful year.



And, oh yeah, I got married, too. Like Paul and Linda Stevens, Judy and I will be celebrating our 50th anniversary this year.

We had been engaged for more than a year while Judy finished her degree at the UW. Most of my off-days until we tied the knot on July 3, 1968, were spent driving that 60 miles to or from Madison and spending as much time as possible with my future bride. Since my parents still lived in Madison and had an extra bedroom, that made it easy and cheap. I was making \$125 a week at the time, so cheap was a necessity, especially while trying to fulfill my future father-in-law's request that I have at least \$2,500 saved up by the time I married his daughter.

After returning from our honeymoon, we lived in a tiny apartment near the center of Rockford, a five-minute walk from the office. For the first month or so, Judy - who was learning to cook - brought dinner to the office, where we ate together at a huge conference table while the other writers snickered or glared. It was a bit embarrassing, but we were newlyweds. That dinner hour came to an end when the weather got too cold and wintry for the nightly walk to the office.

One of my favorite memories is taking Judy to a high school football game with me on a cold autumn night. She was not allowed in the press box, so I sat in the front row and we held hands through the open window when I wasn't taking notes. I did buy her a hot chocolate. That was just the first time she proved to be a real trooper about my work. It has happened often in the years since.

We both remember 1968 fondly, although it is a distant memory now.

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Gene Herrick ([Email](#)) - The year 1968 had its highs and lows for me.

While working the photo desk in Chicago AP, I was kept busy as one of the monitors for the Midwest Wirephoto network, plus working the regular photo desk. Early in the evening on April 4, the hotline phone between the New York photo desk, and the Chicago photo desk rang. The voice said, "Gene, Martin Luther King has just been assassinated in Memphis. You used to work there, so get down there as quickly as you can."

Suddenly memories raced through my head. King dead; how could it be? I quickly had flashbacks of those early days in 1956 when Rosa Parks was kicked off the Montgomery, AL. public bus, and almost immediately a young unknown preacher, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., started his non-violent crusade to change the scene in the Civil Rights Movement. I was there as an Associated Press photographer. I remember those days well.

How ironic that I should return to Memphis where I had been stationed. That evening, I got an immediate flight to Memphis, with Chicago AP photographer Charlie Knoblock following on the next flight. So very much happened during those 12 eventful years. King's movement, and his outstanding oratory and leadership, focused on the treatment of black people, and others in the minority class.

It was a great time for a journalist, and I feel honored to have been a part of that era.

Another momentous event happened in 1968. I got divorced from my first wife of some 20 years, and received custody of my two little boys. Unable to handle the problem in the Chicago area, New York was kind enough to transfer me to Columbus, Ohio, bureau. I took early retirement in 1971.

Yes, 1968 was an eventful year for me.

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Brent Kallestad ([Email](#)) - After 19 months in the Pacific on the Pearl Harbor-based USS Charles Berry (DE-1035) I returned to the mainland (as a Shellback) in early February 1968 to attend the Department of Defense Information School (DINFOS).

It was the beginning of quite a year for me in a career sense, graduating from both the Basic Journalism and Broadcast Specialist courses at Fort Benjamin Harrison an Army Post in Indianapolis

While there, LBJ announced he would not seek re-election, Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy were assassinated.

Upon completing the DINFOS courses, I was assigned to NAS Jacksonville (Fla.) as part of the public relations staff for Adm. Robert J. Stroh, the Navy's Gray Eagle (senior aviator) where my duties largely involved speech writing and accompanying the admiral to civic functions.

Shortly after arriving in Jacksonville in mid-July, I landed a part-time role at the Florida Times-Union sports department in my off-duty hours that soon turned into what amounted to full-time hours. Former AP staffer and longtime St. Pete Times columnist Hubert Mizell was among my colleagues there. My final assignment for the T-U was covering the 1970 Indianapolis 500 which resulted in a week's worth of top-of-the page bylined pieces in its sports section.

T-U Sports Editor Bill Kastelz was one of my references when I applied to AP in 1972 through Minneapolis COB Ben Brown, who knew Kastelz from his days working in sports information as a student at Florida State.

I could go on at length about the incredible news events that continued through 1968, but for a young man born in another historic year (1945), it really catapulted my career opportunities.

Unforgettable is so many ways.

(Ed's Note: You become a Shellback after a rather ancient initiation when crossing the Equator at sea.)

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Dick Lipsey (Email) - In 1968 I was a graduate student at Michigan State and grad assistant/writing coach for freshmen language/literature students in a residential college there.

The elephant in the room was the Vietnam War, and though I had a student deferment it was difficult to make plans with my military status unresolved. I received occasional letters from a friend in Vietnam who had dropped out and enlisted in the Army. A guy I had known casually - a poet and opponent of the war -- had joined the Marines and sent occasional letters detailing his experiences and impressions to a campus alternative newspaper. He had been killed in action about a year earlier. My dad was a career Marine and veteran of World War Two and the Korean War. In all, it was a difficult time to be lounging around campus with no particular goals.



That fall my girlfriend, Lynne, took a leap of faith. We got engaged and I dropped out and enlisted in the Army. I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, for basic training, where I came down with pneumonia and spent most of the 1968 Christmas holidays in the post hospital. But 1969 was better. I finished basic and then engineering AIT at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, followed by infantry OCS at Fort Benning. Lynne and I got married after OCS and will celebrate our 49th anniversary this year.

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Cecilia White (Email) - I certainly have many memories of 1968, as anyone of our generation surely does. Mine are less personal, more news- and globally related. It was one helluva of a news year. For me though, personally, 1968 was the year of my beloved, beautiful dark green Volvo 144-S. It shared many photo assignments when I was still shooting, including the Vietnamese refugee story at Camp Pendleton in California following the fall of Saigon in 1975 (I slept in it on

base). I really loved that Volvo and only two years ago finally, wistfully, bid farewell to it as it headed to the shredder.

Tet Offensive, Prague, MLK, Jr., RFK, black power, Civil Rights Act and my Volvo.

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Brian Horton (Email) - Turning to the throwback machine, this was quite a week of memories of my senior year in high school. It was 50 years ago that I was a copy boy at the Indianapolis Star and a soon-to-graduate senior at Warren Central on the east side of Indianapolis.

On Thursday evening, April 4, I was working an evening shift. Normally on Thursday nights, it was busy in the newsroom because the early Sunday sections - Real Estate, Lifestyle, Garden, etc. - were being put together and run on the presses ahead of that night's daily editions. There were corrections to take up to the composing room, copies of the various sections to be fetched from the pressroom, etc.

But, for some reason, there were more of us copy boys than we needed that night and I volunteered to go with one of the Star photographers (I think it was John Starkey, Jr.) to cover the Robert Kennedy rally on the city's north side. Kennedy was campaigning for the Indiana presidential primary, which would take place in June on the same day as the California primary.

I took the Star's Corvair staff car, which was equipped with a two-way radio, to meet up with Starkey and I'd bring film from the first couple of minutes back for edition while he stayed for the rest of the rally.

Kennedy was running late, as he often did, so no one thought anything of it at the park, which was packed. There were no smartphones or any other way to be "plugged in" in those days so we waited and watched as Kennedy's motorcade finally arrived. Moments before, I heard some talk among one of the TV crews that something had happened to Martin Luther King in Memphis but I didn't catch all of it and then Kennedy took the stage, a flat-bed trailer pulled up at one edge of the park.

I learned from him, as the couple of thousand people in the park did, that King had been killed.

Kennedy walked up to the microphone and said, "I have bad news for you, for all of our fellow citizens, and people who love peace all over the world, and that is that Martin Luther King was shot and killed tonight. Martin Luther King dedicated his life

to love and to justice for his fellow human beings, and he died because of that effort."

There was a loud gasp from the predominantly African-American crowd.

"For those of you who are black," he said, "and are tempted to be filled with hatred and distrust at the injustice of such an act, against all white people, I can only say that I feel in my own heart the same kind of feeling. I had a member of my family killed, but he was killed by a white man. But we have to make an effort in the United States, we have to make an effort to understand, to go beyond these rather difficult times."

He called on the crowd to go home and pray for the country and for King's family.

The rally was cut short and Starkey ended up heading back himself and I drove back, too. What an amazing night. I felt honored to have been an eyewitness to the scene and to have heard him speak, so obviously from his heart. Two months later, he would be fatally gunned down in the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

Two days later, on Saturday, April 6, I was getting some things together at home on the east side of Indianapolis. Some buddies and I were going to celebrate our last spring break in high school with a trip. We hadn't put a lot of planning in to it and weren't sure where we were going but knew it would be a great trip.

While I was putting stuff in the car, my dad came out and told me the office had called and he was going in right away, which was odd as my dad in those years was the night layout man and wouldn't be going in until late that afternoon to put together the Sunday paper.

He told me my old hometown, Richmond, Ind., where I had grown up (and where my dad had been the Star's Eastern Indiana bureau chief for several years before we moved to Indianapolis), had suffered a massive explosion in the downtown area and dozens were dead and even more injured. A spring Saturday morning would have meant the stores were crowded with shoppers.

I asked him what I should do and he didn't hesitate. "Go there and find the Star reporter and introduce him to the people he needs to talk to."

They were sending a couple of the young reporters to the scene and my dad would coordinate coverage from the desk in Indianapolis. But they didn't know the lay of the land like my dad and he wanted me to help them out.

I headed to Richmond, talking my way past roadblocks around the city and dropping the car a couple of blocks from the center of the explosion. That was a real jarring moment for me as I came up to that intersection. The building, Marting Arms, where my dad had his office on the second floor when he was based in Richmond, was a smoldering hole in the ground. It had been ground zero when, they think, an errant shot from a hunter zeroing in his scope on the sporting goods -store's underground range, somehow hit a long-forgotten gas main.

The resulting explosion followed the main up the street in a tunnel that held utilities, exploding over and over and collapsing a total of five buildings.

I found one of the Star's reporters and introduced him to the Richmond mayor, pointed out the fire chief and told him where city hall was so he could find a payphone in the lobby. I knew it was there because my dad had used that same phone many times.

I interviewed members of the high school football team who had come to the scene and were acting as a unit, going through the rubble under the direction of fire officials.

After working all day and far in to the evening, I realized I didn't have a place to say so I crawled up into the hose bay of a fire truck and promptly went to sleep for the night.

The next day, only one of the Star's reporters stayed and I did more reporting. I just kept working and calling stuff in, figuring at some point they would ask what the hell I was doing there. Though I wasn't serious about being a photographer in those days, I did shoot a roll of film that Sunday afternoon and put it on the bus to Indianapolis just like I had done with my dad's film when I was a kid on my bike.

I ended up being there a week (they eventually said I should get a motel room), wrote obits on all 41 victims, and picked up a byline on a story I did on what the plans were for the city moving forward.

I got home a week after the explosion and was back in school on the first day after spring break ended. Nobody knew where I'd been and my stories certainly weren't as full of fun as their tales of spring break!

Bo Connor, the city editor, and the managing editor, Bob Early, both gave me attaboys on my first night back in the newsroom, then reality returned and someone on the copy desk complained that I hadn't gotten their coffee order right! Talk about raining on my parade!

Ten days I'll never forget.

A few months later, I was working on Election Night. The paper had been put to bed and my dad was the last desk person around. He was marking up the late edition, indicating which stories hadn't made the early state editions the night before so they could be held over. I was waiting for him to catch a ride home.

All at once, the bells on the AP and UPI teletypes in one corner of the newsroom all began ringing at once. I'd never heard that. My dad looked up and told me to go over and see what was up, thinking that it probably had something to do with the results out of the California primary, which was also that night.

I watched as the machines, operating at 66 words a minute, seemed to type out the story on letter at a time - Robert Kennedy had been shot in Los Angeles.

I yelled over to my dad to tell him what was happening and he immediately called up to the composing room to try to grab a couple of printers and Linotype operators before they all got out the door for the night.

He sent me down the back stairs and across the alley to the all-night bar where many members of the copy desk staff would gather after work. I ran in the door and yelled, "my dad says he needs some help," or something like that.

Drinks were set down and within a few moments there was a full staff back in the newsroom to remake the front page to catch as many papers as they could as the presses continued to churn out the next morning's edition.

The start to quite a summer of news.

Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand remembers Richard Blystone

Richard Blystone, 1937-2018, RIP

The Foreign Correspondents' Club of Thailand expresses its deepest condolences to the family and many colleagues and friends of Richard Blystone, the club's president in 1975, who has died in London aged 81 of cardiac failure following a stroke.

A New Yorker, Blystone joined the Associated Press in Atlanta in 1965, and moved on to its headquarters in New York before being assigned to AP's Saigon bureau in

1970 to cover the Vietnam War. He became AP bureau chief in Bangkok in 1973. After two years subsequently in New York as an Edward R. Murrow Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, he moved to London, where in 1980 he became one of the first journalists to join CNN before it even went to air.

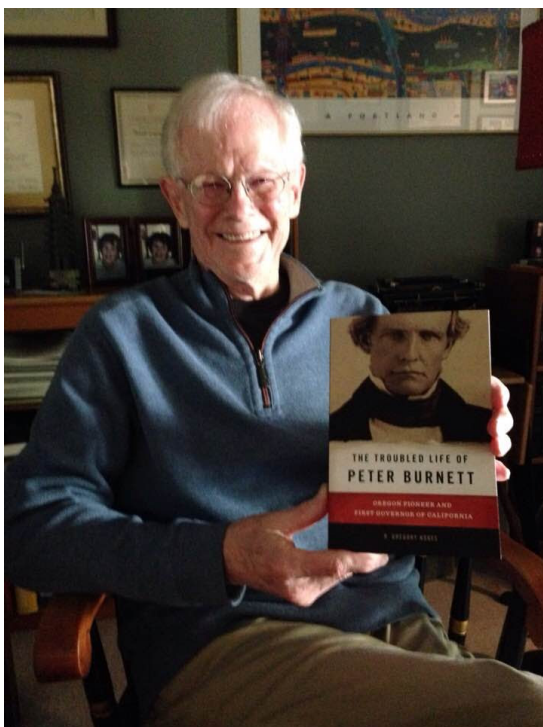
Blystone went on to cover the Iran-Iraq war, Lebanon, and other conflagrations in the Middle East, the collapse of the Soviet Union, Somalia, Haiti, Northern Ireland, the Balkan wars, and NATO's bombing of Kosovo. He retired from CNN as senior correspondent for Europe, Africa, and the Middle East in 2001.

"If the narrative of news had a poet laureate, it was this man," Blystone's CNN colleague Christiane Amanpour eulogised.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Denis Gray, Claude Erbsen.

Connecting mailbox

Nokes' newest book chronicles troubled life of early leader in American West



Greg Nokes ([Email](#)) is out with his new book, "The Troubled Life of Peter Burnett: Oregon Pioneer and First Governor of California," published by Oregon State University Press. The Tennessee-born Burnett had probably the most impressive resume of any earlier leader in the American West. A self-taught attorney, he represented Mormon leader Joseph Smith after the Mormon war in Missouri, led the first major wagon train to Oregon in 1843, was a judge and legislator in both Oregon and California, helped establish the city of Sacramento, and was overwhelmingly elected California's first governor. Yet he was a racist who sought to establish the West as an all-white enclave and proved an embarrassment to those who

once supported him. He resigned as governor before his term had ended. ([Click here](#) for Amazon link.)

This is Greg's third book since retiring from journalism. He has also written "Massacred for Gold: The Chinese in Hells Canyon" in 2009, now in its fourth printing, and "Breaking Chains: Slavery on Trial in the Oregon Territory," a finalist for the 2014 Oregon Book Award for non-fiction.

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Gracie guards the beer!



Ed Williams ([Email](#)) - Gracie is my miniature schnauzer who celebrated her eighth birthday in March. I don't think Gracie is spoiled but she surely is loved. Thanks to Facebook and our yearly Christmas card, Gracie is well known. One Sunday at the communion rail my pastor whispered to me, "How is Gracie?"

Thanks to Gracie I try to live up to these words: "My goal in life is to try to be the kind of person that my dog already thinks I am."

Before dawn, the streak of a missile across Damascus' sky



By **HASSAN AMMAR**

DAMASCUS, Syria (AP) - It was not an explosion that woke us up, but a call from a friend in Damascus to alert us: The strikes had begun. It was just after 4 a.m. Saturday. I rushed out of my hotel room up to The Associated Press' office a few floors above.

By the time I got there, anti-aircraft guns were at work, their tracers dotting the night sky over the Syrian capital. Our office, facing east, provided an almost theatrical view. To the left was the mountain overlooking Damascus from which Syrian air defenses were firing. Straight in front of us was the orange glow from fires on the city outskirts where the airstrikes carried out by the United States, Britain and France had hit.

I was already all set up. Days earlier, I had put my camera in place on its tripod out on the balcony, hooked to a remote control so I could operate it from inside.



The surface-to-air missiles began to fire. This was the shot I had planned for. My first picture was no good - it was out of the frame. But the second captured the moment: The streak of the missile, drawn out in the long exposure, lanced up into the night, another one further behind it.

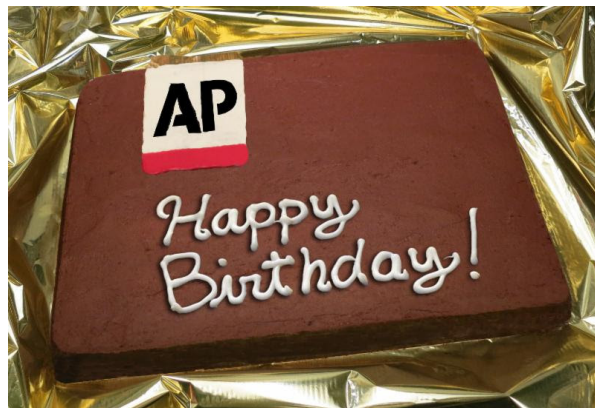
Read more [here](#). Shared by Bryan Baldwin.

Connecting sky shot - Frankfurt



A motor boat speeds over the river Main with the buildings of the banking district in background after sun set in Frankfurt, Germany, Thursday, April 19, 2018. (AP Photo/Michael Probst)

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Ron Thompson - rmthomfla@aol.com

George Zucker - glzucker@aol.com

On Saturday to...

Marty Steinberg - Marcello.steinberg@gmail.com

On Sunday to...

Bob Reid - rreid47@gmail.com

Stories of interest

How to Stay on Top of Breaking News (New York Times)



By Jonah Engel Bromwich

How do New York Times journalists use technology in their jobs and in their personal lives? Jonah Bromwich, a breaking news reporter for The Times in New York, discussed the tech he's using.

You cover breaking and trending news with an extremely quick turnaround. What are some of the tech tools you rely on to stay on top of the news and file stories quickly and accurately?

It's true! I use a couple of surfacing tools, most prominently Dataminr. Basically what it does is provide us with a continuously updating feed of tweets that have breaking news in them.

For example, we could become aware of a story that we want to monitor (and possibly cover) when a tweet from a local Houston reporter says something like, "Gunshots fired in Harris County Institute of the Forensic Sciences." And then seconds later, another one from a different account says, "Whoa im in Houston and I think i just heard fireworks or maybe gunfire???"

After a couple more tweets like that I might call the Harris County sheriff or the Houston police or whoever else makes sense. They're often tweets that we might not otherwise have seen, because they come from, for example, a cloud computing consultant in Houston who has 43 followers on Twitter. I wouldn't see that on Twitter for hours, but Dataminr would bring it to my attention right away.

I also use Twitter and Reddit for trending stories. And there are certain aggregator sites that people swear by. I've been using Hvper recently, thanks to a recommendation from my editor. And I still sometimes web surf like an old, using an RSS reader (Feedly).

Read more [here](#).

From Nieman Reports: Reinventing local TV news might require going over the top

By ERYN CARLSON AND SARA MORRISON

When the Rev. Billy Graham died in February, Raleigh-based WRAL-TV provided expansive coverage of the famed evangelist's life and legacy. That was no surprise since, after all, the pastor was a North Carolina native, and - though his funeral was held in his hometown of Charlotte, more than 150 miles away - generations of Raleigh-area residents had watched Graham's global crusades, which WRAL broadcast beginning in the 1970s, on their home television sets.

In addition to reporting the news of Graham's death, the station produced a 30-minute special, "Remembering Billy Graham." It aired the day of his funeral, which was livestreamed on the WRAL website, Facebook, and their mobile news app as well as broadcast live on television, pre-empting the noon newscast.

Those interested in even more coverage of Graham could have turned to WRAL's over-the-top (OTT) apps, available for Roku, Amazon Fire, Apple TV, and Chromecast. Any apps or online services such as Netflix, YouTube, and Skype, which bypass distribution via a telecommunications provider qualify as OTT. Shelly Leslie, general manager of audience development at Capitol Broadcasting, says the station added 35 pieces of Graham-related content - including clips of the motorcade bringing the preacher's body to the cemetery in Charlotte - to the OTT apps. "We blew out regular content on the 'watch now' section of our OTT apps," says Leslie, who was previously WRAL's creative director. "We're constantly experimenting with different content there and seeing what people want to watch."

Read more [here](#).

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Study shows TV employment exceeding newspapers

NEW YORK (AP) - For what is believed to be the first time, the number of journalists working in local television newsrooms exceeds that of people in newspaper offices.

The Radio Television Digital News Association estimates the local TV news employment at 27,100 journalists this year, down 500 from 2017. While the American Society of News Editors has stopped keeping count of newspaper employment, consultant Ken Doctor estimates it at 25,000 or slightly below.

It was only back in 2000 that the newspaper employment more than doubled that of TV news operations. The news editors estimated some 56,200 reporters and editors worked at newspapers that year. TV had 24,100 people working.

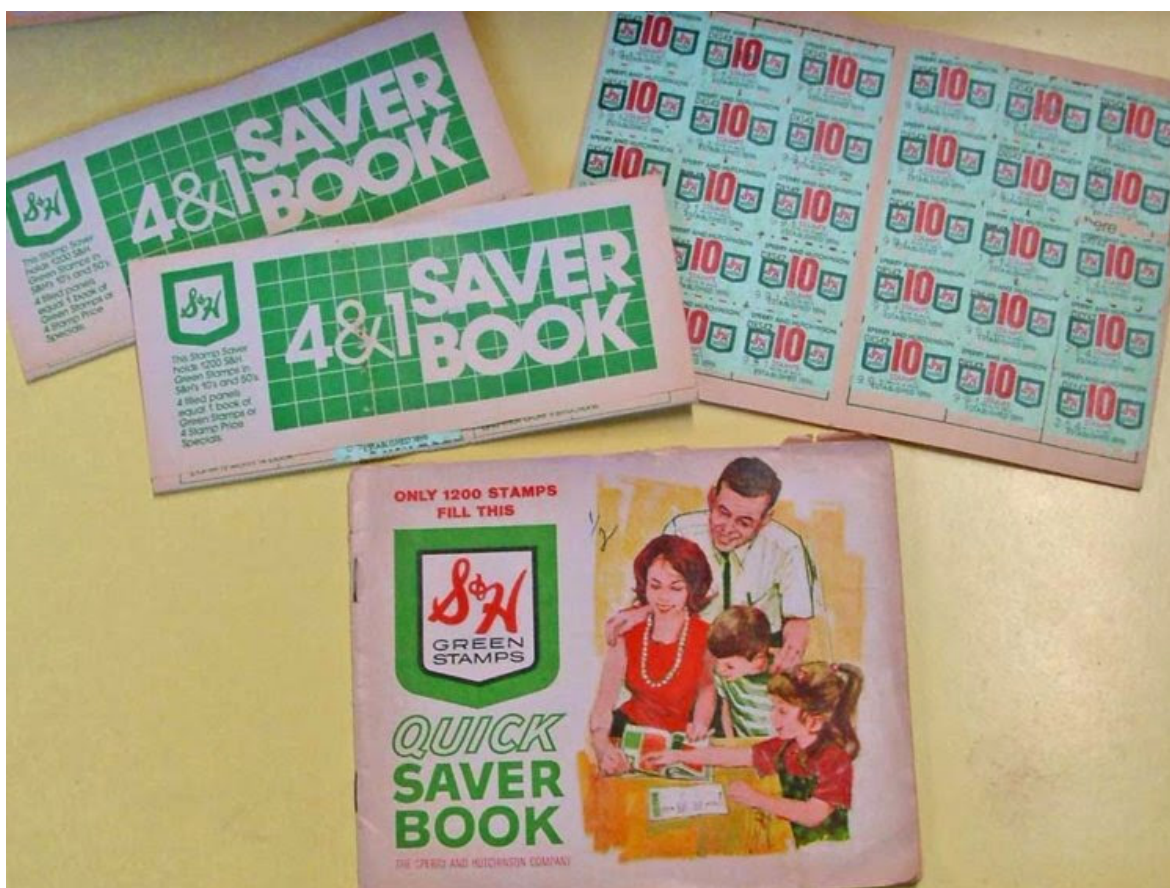
The RTDNA said in a report Thursday that people who can do multimedia jobs are in demand at the TV stations.

[Click here](#) for link to this story. Shared by Scott Charton.

The Final Word

23 things most millennials have never heard of

(Business Insider)





By MARK ABADI

You can bet most millennials have heard of Snapchat, emojis, AirPods, and Drake.

But sea monkeys, Brownie cameras, milk chutes, and Ricky Nelson?

Not so much.

The Pew Research Center defines millennials as those who are between 21 and 37 years old in 2018, on the cusp of Generation X (and including the youngest "Xennials") and followed by Generation Z. They're the largest generation so far, and they influence everything from fashion trends to office layouts.

But they don't know everything.

Below, find 23 things that for many people are fond memories - but for millennials, they're almost unheard of.

Read more [here](#).

Today in History - April 20, 2018



By The Associated Press

Today is Friday, April 20, the 110th day of 2018. There are 255 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On April 20, 1898, the United States moved closer to war with Spain as President William McKinley signed a congressional resolution passed the day before recognizing Cuban independence and authorizing U.S. military intervention to achieve that goal.

On this date:

In 1792, France declared war on Austria, marking the start of the French Revolutionary Wars.

In 1889, Adolf Hitler was born in Braunau am Inn, Austria.

In 1914, the Ludlow Massacre took place when the Colorado National Guard opened fire on a tent colony of striking miners; about 20 (accounts vary) strikers, women and children died.

In 1938, "Olympia," Leni Riefenstahl's documentary about the 1936 Berlin Olympic games, was first shown in Nazi Germany.

In 1948, United Auto Workers president Walter P. Reuther was shot and seriously wounded at his home in Detroit.

In 1968, Pierre Elliott Trudeau was sworn in as prime minister of Canada.

In 1972, Apollo 16's lunar module, carrying astronauts John W. Young and Charles M. Duke Jr., landed on the moon.

In 1977, the U.S. Supreme Court, in *Wooley v. Maynard*, ruled 6-3 that car owners could refuse to display state mottoes on license plates, such as New Hampshire's "Live Free or Die."

In 1978, a Korean Air Lines Boeing 707 crash-landed in northwestern Russia after being fired on by a Soviet interceptor after entering Soviet airspace; two passengers were killed.

In 1988, gunmen who had hijacked a Kuwait Airways jumbo jet were allowed safe passage out of Algeria under an agreement that freed the remaining 31 hostages and ended a 15-day siege in which two passengers were slain.

In 1999, the Columbine High School massacre took place in Colorado as two students shot and killed 12 classmates and one teacher before taking their own lives.

In 2010, an explosion on the Deepwater Horizon oil platform, leased by BP, killed 11 workers and caused a blow-out that began spewing an estimated 200 million gallons of crude into the Gulf of Mexico. (The well was finally capped nearly three months later.)

Ten years ago: Pope Benedict XVI celebrated his final Mass in the United States before a full house in Yankee Stadium, blessing his enormous U.S. flock and telling Americans to use their freedoms wisely. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice

mocked anti-American cleric Muqtada al-Sadr (mook-TAH'-duh ahl SAH'-dur) as a coward during a visit to Iraq. Danica Patrick became the first female winner in IndyCar history, capturing the Indy Japan 300.

Five years ago: A magnitude 7 earthquake struck the steep hills of China's southwestern Sichuan province, leaving nearly 200 people dead. On or about this date, movie musical star Deanna Durbin, 91, died near Paris.

One year ago: Arkansas overcame a flurry of court challenges that derailed three other executions, putting to death an inmate for the first time in nearly a dozen years. A 15-year-old Tennessee girl was rescued near a cabin in a remote part of northern California, more than a month after her 50-year-old teacher allegedly kidnapped her and set off a nationwide manhunt. In Paris, a gunman fatally shot a police officer on the Champs-Elysees just days before the French presidential vote; the gunman was killed by police. Cuba Gooding Sr., who sang the 1972 hit "Everybody Plays the Fool," died in the Woodland Hills section of Los Angeles; he was 72.

Today's Birthdays: Retired Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens is 98. Actor Leslie Phillips is 94. Sen. Pat Roberts, R-Kan., is 82. Actor George Takei is 81. Singer Johnny Tillotson is 80. Actor Ryan O'Neal is 77. Bluegrass singer-musician Doyle Lawson (Quicksilver) is 74. Actress Judith O'Dea is 73. Rock musician Craig Frost (Grand Funk; Bob Seger's Silver Bullet Band) is 70. Actor Gregory Itzin (iht-zihn) is 70. Actress Jessica Lange is 69. Actress Veronica Cartwright is 69. Actor Clint Howard is 59. Actor Crispin Glover is 54. Actor Andy Serkis is 54. Olympic silver medal figure skater Rosalynn Sumners is 54. Actor William deVry is 50. Country singer Wade Hayes is 49. Actor Shemar Moore is 48. Actress Carmen Electra is 46. Reggae singer Stephen Marley is 46. Rock musician Marty Crandall is 43. Actor Joey Lawrence is 42. Country musician Clay Cook (Zac Brown Band) is 40. Actor Clayne Crawford is 40. Actor Tim Jo is 34. Actor Carlos Valdes (TV: "The Flash") is 29.

Thought for Today: "History is the autobiography of a madman." - Alexander Herzen, Russian author (1812-1870).

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.

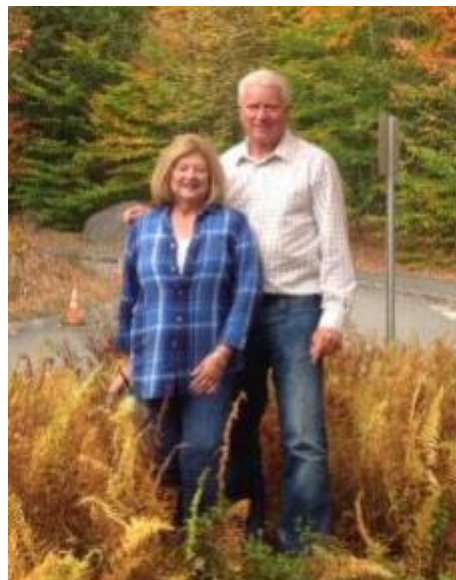
- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.

- **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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