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# Connecting -- May 31, 2018

1 message

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Thu, May 31, 2018 at 9:13 AM

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# Connecting

May 31, 2018

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Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning!

How often does one get the chance to return to work at the hometown newspaper?

That's what is happening for **Kelly Kissel**, a 34-year AP veteran and longtime news editor in Little Rock (now supervisory correspondent), who will be leaving The Associated Press to become metro editor of The Advocate in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Today's Connecting brings you the story.

We also present to you in today's issue the delightfully written story by a Dallas AP newsman who left journalism to become a Presbyterian pastor. Said **Matt Curry**, "As a minister, I try to speak up for and reach out to 'the least of these (Matt. 25:40).' The opportunity to speak for those who have no voice was what initially drew me to journalism."

The tale of the two Dalai Lamas was told so well in the AP Cleartime of June 1986 that 32 years later, it was rekindled in the memory of colleague **Marcus Eliason**. Some research by **Francesca Pitaro** in Corporate Archives unveiled the issue - and we present it today in The Final Word.

Have a great day!

Paul

## Kelly Kissel ending 34-year AP career to join his hometown newspaper in Baton Rouge

**Kelly Kissel** ([Email](#)), AP's Arkansas supervisory correspondent in Little Rock and a longtime AP news editor, has been named the new metro editor of The Advocate in Baton Rouge, Louisiana - his hometown newspaper.

Managing Editor Fred Kalmbach said in a staff note that he will begin work June 25 at the Advocate. His note said: "Kelly - an LSU grad who grew up in Baton Rouge - has run both the Little Rock and Oklahoma City newsrooms for the AP, leading coverage of major political and breaking news stories. Before he took on the news editor role, he was an AP reporter in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Mississippi."

Kissel worked in the paper's marketing department in 1983 as he was wrapping up his studies at LSU and rewrote news stories for the Advocate's cable channel, which ran text of stories on full screens.

Kissel started his 34-year AP career as a temporary staffer in New Orleans in 1984, hired by CoB Hank Ackerman, a week before he graduated from LSU.

"Less than two months in," Kissel recalled for Connecting, "working the July 4 day desk alone, I cut 300 words from an 800-word story Hank had dictated from a Honduras exhibit at that year's World's Fair. Hank and I had a nice talk the next day. (He had a nice talk. I had a nice listen.)"



Kissel moved to Jackson, Mississippi, for another temporary job and then got his first permanent position in Charleston, West Virginia. From there he moved on to correspondent in State College, Pennsylvania, and Little Rock as news editor in 1994 - "with coal strikes, the usual rural Pennsylvania mayhem and that beautiful mix of Whitewater and Paula Jones. My parents said they knew I had 'made it' when they saw me in the NBC Nightly News b-roll of Kenneth Starr," Kissel recalled.

During his 23-year Little Rock news editor tenure, he also assumed news editor responsibilities for Oklahoma from 2009 to 2017, when because of attrition, he moved to Little Rock supervisory correspondent.

"I absolutely love the AP for giving me a shot and giving me the tools and a staff to make a career out of this - even as the staff shrinks. It certainly doesn't feel like 34 years, but the calendar doesn't lie."

Being a jockey was his first dream job, Kissel said, "but I was too tall by eighth grade and too heavy by 12th grade. Journalism became my true love, starting with the time in the newsroom at the TV station where my mom worked. I always wanted to work for the wire but being city editor of your hometown paper is a pretty good job, too, if you can get it. And I just did."

# The path from AP newsman to Presbyterian pastor shorter than people imagine



By Matt Curry ([Email](#))

When people learn I am a former AP newsman, they ask how I went from journalism to what they assume would be a completely unrelated second career as pastor of a Presbyterian Church.

I tell them that it is a shorter path than they imagine:

I still talk to people during the best and worst times of their lives. Instead of writing a story for others to read, I help them find where God's story and theirs intersect.

I continue to face deadlines, though none are as severe as a "deadline every minute."

I am always working on that one big piece for Sunday - the sermon. The best sermons boil down to good storytelling.

As a minister, I try to speak up for and reach out to "the least of these (Matt. 25:40)." The opportunity to speak for those who have no voice was what initially drew me to journalism.

I have delivered eulogies while presiding over 27 memorial services since August 2012. My ability to commemorate a life was shaped in large part by writing obituaries for The AP.

I began at the Dallas Bureau of The Associated Press in the fall of 1999 and left in June 2012 after accepting a call as pastor of Central Presbyterian Church of Waxahachie, Texas. My wife, Kerry, and I love the church, community and our rural lifestyle on 2 acres outside of town, half an hour south of Dallas. We have two teenagers. My 18-year-old son Jaron graduated from high school last weekend. My daughter Emma, 15, has finished her freshman year.

In some ways, our country lives are much slower-paced; in other ways not. My wife's free-lance writing business has taken off, unencumbered by our rural location. As the only full-time employee of a church with more than 200 members, some days can make me recall the nonstop, varying demands of the night supervisor shift.

I came gradually to my decision to enter the ministry, prompted by questions about how my beliefs impacted the way I wanted to live the rest of my life. I went to my AP bosses with a job-share proposal. They accepted and stuck with me while I attended seminary, beginning in 2008. I also served as a ministry intern and as a hospital chaplain while holding down weekend and overnight shifts at the bureau. I received my Master's of Divinity from Brite Divinity School on the campus of TCU in spring 2011.

I am grateful for my close to 13 years with The AP and will always appreciate then-ACoB Rod Richardson for taking a chance on someone whose career up until then was spent at small- to medium sized papers. I miss being with some of the best people I have ever known. I also miss the excitement of Election Night and the fun of chasing weekend sports scores.

One of the first big stories I was involved in was an F3 tornado that touched down March 2000 in Fort Worth, damaging downtown skyscrapers and killing two people. My son was a month old then. I got the call while driving home after my day shift, so I turned my car toward Fort Worth. I got into the damaged area before the authorities cordoned it off and called in updates until the next morning, when I found a way out of the city and went home to sleep. I was back at the office that afternoon, read the tornado coverage on the wire and found a sentence or two that I had phoned in.



**Matt with Linda Ball, his job share partner, at his going-away party at the Dallas bureau.**

I remember long nights at the bureau after the Texas A&M bonfire collapse in November 1999. I helped out with coverage of the Andrea Yates murder trial in 2002 in Houston, where I was called before the judge on behalf of a print reporter who had been barred from a day's testimony. A bailiff mistakenly identified her as having a pager that went off during the trial and kicked her out. The pager belonged to the TV reporter who was sitting next to me.

I drove all over East Texas and dictated updates after the Columbia shuttle broke apart over Texas in 2003. I can still picture the image of pieces as large as car doors along the road and people gathered around them. I wrote many stories about religion and music and got to interview Willie Nelson nine times, which, for some, covers both areas. I wish I could have translated more of Willie's oddball humor and personal warmth into those stories, but I have come to realize that I am a better pastor than I was a writer.

Most of my writing now is spent on crafting the weekly sermon. Some days find me writing a column for the local newspaper, but more often for the church newsletter or the weekly email blast. The big story this past week was a silent auction to benefit mission trips and a barbecue lunch after Sunday's service. I am fine with that.

## Connecting mailbox

## ***Mike Graczyk - the consummate professional***

**Mike Holmes** ([Email](#)) - As correspondent in Austin, where Texas' highest courts and the state pardons & parole board are located, I worked closely with my Houston colleague, Mike Graczyk, on a couple hundred death row cases over nearly 20 years. He always was the consummate professional - accurate, objective, fast and totally unflappable.

The state's highest criminal court, the Court of Criminal Appeals, would hand down opinions on Wednesday mornings. Coincidentally, that was usually Mike's day to visit the prison to do death row interviews. Mike was my first call when a death penalty conviction was upheld or overturned.

One week, three convictions were reversed, and Mike delivered that news to the row. The inmates proclaimed him Death Row Man of the Week. I'm not sure that "honor" ever made his resume.

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## ***Admires Graczyk's perseverance after witnessing 400 executions***

**Randy Evans** ([Email](#)) - I enjoyed Wednesday's Connecting and the coverage of Mike Graczyk's coming retirement.

I remember talking years ago to one of the Des Moines Register reporters who worked for me at the time. About 25 years earlier, he had worked out of our news office in the Quad Cities and was sent down to Fort Madison to cover one of the last executions at the state penitentiary before Iowa abolished the death penalty.

That experience left a lasting impression on him. So I marvel at Mike's ability to persevere after witnessing 400 executions.

I paused when I read Mike's comment about the AP chief of bureau who "went out on a limb" and made him news editor in Michigan. The phrase started me thinking about people who went out on a limb for me at various points in my career.

I think about David Witke, the managing editor of the Register in 1974, who persuaded the Register's editor, Michael Gartner, that they should hire a kid from weekly newspaper in southern Iowa for a reporting job at the Register. But most of all, I think about Gary Spurgeon, who devoted 49 years of his life to publishing the weekly newspaper in my hometown of Bloomfield. He went out on a limb and saw something in me that he thought was worth nourishing.

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## ***Congratulations to Mike Graczyk for 45 years that meant so much***

**Sylvia Wingfield (Email)** - Mike got to Texas in time for \$3 billion Hurricane Alicia. There were many more hurricanes and floods, two Space Shuttle disasters, the Waco siege, the horrific dragging death of a black man, three Bush presidential campaigns... Not to mention Mike's unique contribution, covering the Texas death penalty with fairness and empathy. None of us will forget the condemned inmate who sang "Silent Night" in the death chamber.

Or Mike's unfailing support of co-workers in a tough, rewarding job.

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## ***One of greatest post-game questions in history of sports***

**Bruce Lowitt (Email)** - In John Willis' story about hearing Bob Prince's broadcast of a Harvey Haddix-pitched game (Listening to radio one stormy night, May 29), he mentioned that Haddix got the win in relief in Game 7 of the 1960 World Series when Bill Mazeroski of the hit the home run to beat the Yankees 10-9 in the bottom of the ninth inning. He didn't mention who gave it up.

That reminded me (and probably most writers who covered baseball during the latter half of the twentieth century) of one of the greatest post-game questions in the history of sports. I like to think if it as the greatest - if not the first - chipmunk question.



A bit of background: The late Stan Isaacs was covering that game for Newsday. Isaacs was one of a group of young sports writers who called themselves Chipmunks, a label they wore proudly after Jimmy Cannon, a veteran New York Journal-American sports columnist, heard them chattering away in the Yankees' clubhouse and grouched, "You sound like a goddamn lot of chipmunks!"

Isaacs, as he wrote in his final column in 1992, subscribed to Joseph Pulitzer's belief that it was a newspaper's job to "inform and enlighten" its readers, which may be what prompted the question.

It was Ralph Terry who threw the home-run pitch to Mazeroski and the Yankees' 24-year-old right-hander was delayed before speaking to the writers in the clubhouse after the game. He apologized, explaining he'd been on the phone with his wife, who'd been feeding their baby.

"Breast or bottle?" Isaacs asked.

As Casey Stengel often told writers when he managed the Yankees, and later the Mets - and as James Thurber wrote as the title for a Saturday Evening Post story in 1941, "You could look it up."

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## ***What's a Protestant?***

**Joe McKnight** ([Email](#)) - Nicole Phillip's roundup on stereotyping in Wednesday's "Connecting" reminded me of a time when I was misidentified. For background, I am a full-fledged WASP born in rural south Alabama who grew up at Selma, AL. My southern accent is not a speech impediment; I've just never had reason to change it.

During my time as AP correspondent at Wichita, KS, 1963-67, I was invited by a good AP member to be guest on a radio talk show. I showed up at the proper time, was introduced to listeners and opened my remarks with some brief background on my AP career.

My host asked for questions and the phone rang immediately. First question by the first caller was: "What race are you, white or Negro?"

The caller obviously referred to my southern accent and I told him that I was a White Anglo Saxon Protestant. Then the caller asked, "What's a Protestant?"

The call-in show was off to a good start.

## AP Stylebook update: Multiple emoji are emoji

By TAYLOR BLATCHFORD, Poynter

What's the plural of emoji, and how should they be quoted in news stories? Guidance for emoji (yes, that's the plural usage) and a new entry on marijuana are among 200 new and updated entries to the 2018 Associated Press Stylebook, released Wednesday.

Here's the entry for emoji:

"A symbol, such as a cartoon face, hand gesture, animal or other object, that might be used instead of a word or as an illustration in text messages or on social media. See emoticon."

The quotations in the news entry includes guidelines for quoting emoji, GIFs and other imagery:

Read more [here](#). Shared by Bob Daugherty.

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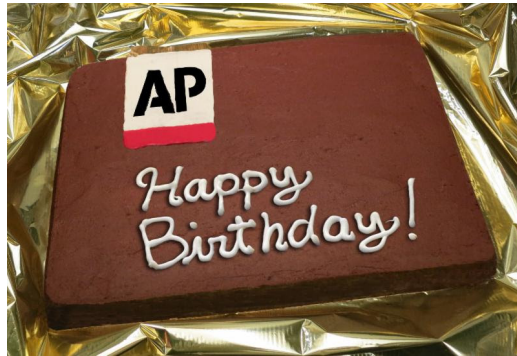
### ***The 2018 AP Stylebook debuts today (Wednesday)***

Today we launch the spiral-bound 2018 AP Stylebook, with about 200 new and updated entries and a new chapter on covering polls and surveys.

Order yours by clicking [here](#).



## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Kerry Huggard - [khuggard@ap.org](mailto:khuggard@ap.org)

## Welcome to Connecting



Kim Johnson Flodin - [kjohnson@ap.org](mailto:kjohnson@ap.org)

## Stories of interest

## **'Slain' Russian journalist turns up alive at news conference**



**Russian journalist Arkady Babchenko, right, and Vasily Gritsak, head of the Ukrainian Security Service speaks to the media during a news conference at the Ukrainian Security Service on Wednesday, May 30, 2018. Babchenko turned up at a news conference in the Ukrainian capital Wednesday less than 24 hours after police reported he had been shot and killed at his Kiev apartment building. The country's security services said Babchenko's death was faked to foil a plot to take his life. (AP Photo/Efrem Lukatsky)**

**By DMYTRO VLASOV and NATALIYA VASILYEVA**

KIEV, Ukraine (AP) - To the gasps, whoops and applause of stunned colleagues, Russian journalist Arkady Babchenko walked into a news conference Wednesday, less than a day after police in the Ukrainian capital said he had been assassinated.

Authorities said his death had been staged to foil a plot on his life by Moscow's security services and one arrest was made. Russia denounced the faked killing as an outlandish attempt at defamation by its neighbor and foe.

Even Babchenko's wife was unaware of the deception, and the 41-year-old Kremlin critic who fled to Ukraine 15 months ago apologized to her "for the hell she had to

go through in the past two days. There was no choice there, either."

Neither Babchenko nor Ukrainian Security Service chief Vasyl Gritsak gave details of the sting operation or how they made his wife believe he was dead.

Kiev Police Chief Andriy Krushchenko had announced Babchenko's death Tuesday, saying the journalist's wife found him bleeding at their apartment building in Kiev but that he died en route to the hospital. Lawmaker Anton Gerashchenko, an adviser to the interior minister, said the assailant had waited on a staircase in the building and shot Babchenko in the back as he was going to buy bread.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Adolphe Bernotas, Mark Mittelstadt, Claude Erbsen.

**AND...**

## ***Nothing justifies faking journalist's murder in Kiev, RSF says***

Reporters Without Borders (RSF) condemns the distressing simulation of Russian exile journalist Arkady Babchenko's murder, which was done with the aim of unmasking those who wanted to kill him, the Security Service of Ukraine (SBU) claimed today.

A day after he was reportedly gunned down at the entrance to his Kiev apartment building, Babchenko was very much alive when he appeared at a press conference organized by the SBU today in Kiev.

He said he was told a month ago that Russia's Federal Security Service (FSB) was planning to kill him and he had no choice but to cooperate in the SBU's simulation of his death. He apologized to members of his family who were not in the know.

Read more [here](#).

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# ***Letter From the Publisher: Delivery woes undermine our commitment to service***

**BY LISA DESISTO**

**Portland Maine Press Herald**

I hope you're reading these words on Sunday morning. I hope your paper was delivered on time. But recently, we're been struggling with consistent delivery.

It pains me to write those words. We're disappointing many of our home-delivery subscribers. We aren't living up to our on-time delivery promise - a paper at your home by 6 a.m. Monday through Saturday and by 7:30 a.m. on Sundays - and it's incredibly frustrating to us. We take pride in providing exceptional journalism as well as exceptional customer service, and we're falling down on the latter part.

It's essentially a labor problem. We are experiencing the most acute shortage of newspaper carriers we can recall. The unemployment rate in Maine is at its lowest since 1957. Employers across the state - especially in southern Maine - are having trouble finding workers. The pain we are experiencing in trying to fill open positions is no different from what other companies are feeling. But our challenge has become obvious to many of our customers.

Read more [here](#).

## **The Final Word**

**Marcus Eliason** ([Email](#)) - If anyone ever runs a funniest-AP-yarn competition, the tale of the two Dalai Lamas will definitely get my vote. This year I plowed through my scrapbooks in a fruitless effort to dig up the version I first read more than 30 years ago in Cleartime. Fortunately, the Cleartime issues are stored at AP HQ in NY, where archivist Francesca Pitaro tracked it down (quite a feat, given that I couldn't even remember in which *decade* it appeared).

# The Right Dalai Lama Is The Best Dalai Lama

*Or How Fate Intervenes To Save the Day For Our Side*

## AP CLEAR TIME

June 1986

A NEWSLETTER FOR AP RETIREES

ISSUE NO. 165

### The Right Dalai Lama Is The Best Dalai Lama

#### Duchess of Windsor Remembered Edward's Journey To Obscurity As A Dog Walker

By GODFREY ANDERSON

News of the Duchess of Windsor's recent death triggered a flash-back on the flickering TV screen of my mind. I saw the London office of 1936 — bureau chief Frank King, even then gray-haired, with his black "Anthony Eden" fedora set at a jaunty angle, his tightly rolled umbrella, English style, always hanging on his arm. He was in and out of the office (then on Hind Court off Fleet Street) a dozen times a day, sandwiching his visits between mysterious undercover meetings with nameless sources about the pending abdication crisis. He barked us a few orders, pounded out some cautionary memos and was gone again.

Further reflection dredged up these personal memories of that period:

#### A Name At Last

TAKE ONE: The name was out: Mrs. Simpson. And who the hell was Mrs. Simpson anyway? It rang no bells among the tea-cups in Cheltenham or Bath. For months past the American press had been filled with talk of King Edward VIII's romance with a twice-divorced woman from Baltimore. But Fleet Street, obeying some presumably self-imposed ban against mentioning any unpleasantness where royalty was concerned, kept the name tightly

continued on page 4



Strictly  
Personal

Ever wonder how **Spika Claassen** got his nickname. From Sarasota, FL., he confesses: "In 1924 I was a member of the Iowa Frosh Cross Country team, all 6-7 and 139 pounds of me. I twisted my right ankle early in the week when we newcomers were to meet the varsity. They were already Big Ten champs. The trainer wrapped the ankle and finished with the comment: 'My Gawd, you are built like a spike, all legs and no head.' And the name stuck." Currently Spike is battling cancer and has already lost 38-40 pounds since Jan. 1. And to complicate matters his charming wife, **Esther**, is virtually immobile because of hardening of the arteries near the ankle.

Another pony reader is heard from: **Basil C. Raffety** of the Baylor University Department of Journalism writes: "I both copied and read a pony, which I was told was the last one in the country. During the years I was at Carroll, Iowa, I copied the pony whenever the stenographer we had trained for the job was not available. Newton, Perry, Carroll and Missouri Valley, Iowa, were on the circuit. Eventually all but Missouri Valley went over to abbreviated printer service.

continued on page 8

#### Or How Fate Intervenes To Save The Day For Our Side

By JIM BECKER

At a dinner here for some visiting correspondent the other night, a guy told me the Dalai Lama story. In great detail, most of it wrong.

"And then the AP man said this, or that, or did this, or did that," he kept on saying, and from time to time I would interrupt to point out that I was the AP man he was talking about, but it didn't do any good. He wouldn't listen.

#### Now He Tells It

That's the fourth time someone has told the Dalai Lama story to me. In addition, I've read it in three different books written by foreign correspondents, and I think that it's time I told it myself, and Clear-time, it seems to me, is the best place to do it, because it may have the only audience left that will understand what I mean when I talk about radiophotos and cables and other tools of the trade in the distant past.

(You remember cables: They were the orders that were launched from New York after four-martini lunches and landed, if you were in the Far East, at 2 a.m. precisely. Radiophotos took about 20 minutes each to dispatch, and could be sent only over capricious "circuits" between places that had the cumbersome sending equipment, which in Asia was not many, to other places that had the temperamental receiving machinery.)

continued on page 2

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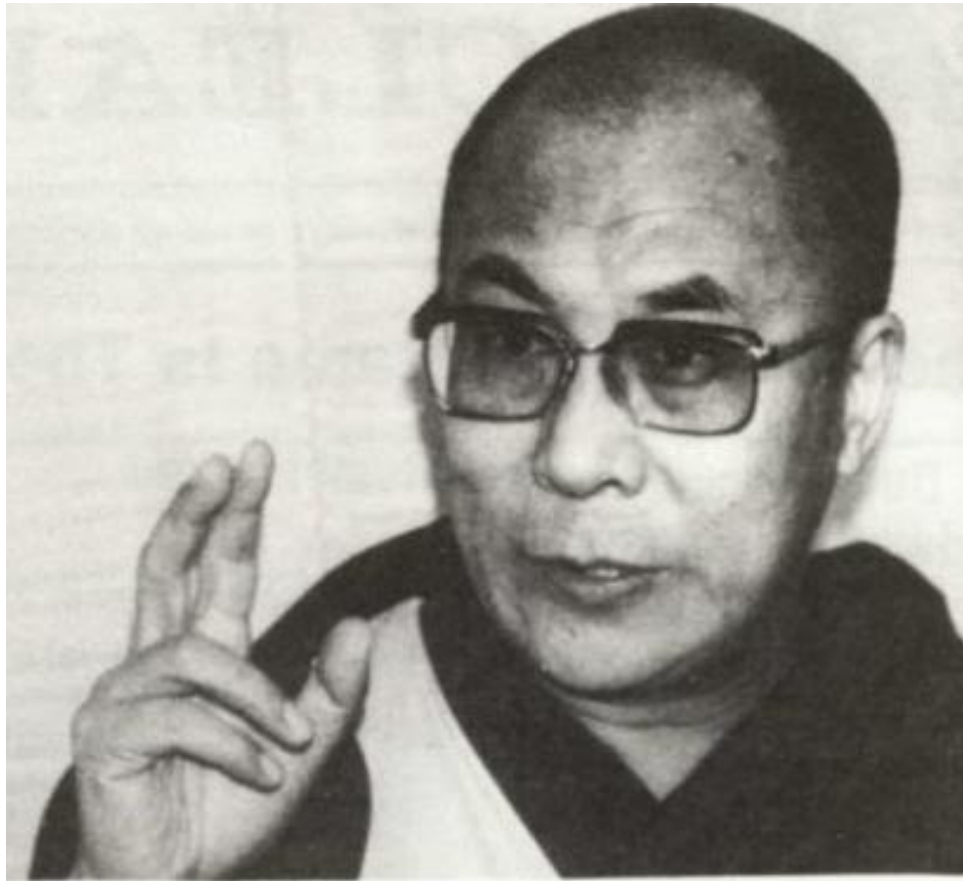
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Now cast your minds back to 1959. What were then called Chinese Communists had just marched into Tibet with an eye to taking the Dalai Lama into protective custody. Possibly through his supernatural connections, the Dalai Lama got wind of this and decided to flee the country. On foot, which was the only way in or out of Tibet in those days. (Maybe it still is.)





Here is the genuine, non-hirsute Dalai Lama.

### **A Mysterious Figure**

- The Dalai Lama headed south, for India. He was a mysterious creature, a god-king, and the object of considerable curiosity. I believe he has since been on the Johnny Carson show about 11 times, but in the days of which I speak hardly any Westerners had ever seen him. Easterners either.

The time he picked to flee was, as I recall, one of those periods in which nothing was happening anywhere - which was true of the entire Eisenhower presidency and I wish it would come back - and almost every correspondent who owned his own trench coat was sent to India to cover the story, me among them.

Nehru was prime minister. (His daughter, Mrs. Gandhi, was his hostess, by the way. Shy, retiring lady in those days.)

### **Stringent Ground Rules**

- Nehru was playing footsie at the time with the Chinese - two years later they invaded his country for his pains - and he was trying to soft-pedal the fact that he was granting political asylum to the Dalai Lama, so he laid down some stringent ground rules on coverage.

We could not interview or photograph the Dalai Lama until he reached a town in northeast India called Tezpur, which had the first airstrip that the god-king and his entourage would reach. The interview would be pooled (it was a one-telephone town), which left photos as the only opportunity for enterprise.

The news organizations were allowed to charter two airplanes to get their photos out. We went in with one of the networks and some specials. UPI was in the group in the second plane.

I set up headquarters in Calcutta, the launching point for the only radiophoto circuit in that part of India. The cable office there could send one radiophoto every 20 minutes to London, if the atmospherics cooperated.

### **Buys Dark Room**

To facilitate matters, I bought a dark room near the cable office. (I sold it later, at a small loss, the exact extent of which was a subject of heated debate between me and the Treasurer's office for several years.)

I hired a car and a human chain of Indian boys to hurl at our airplane when it landed so our photographer (the late Dennis Royle from London) could follow it to the fast car and thence to the AP darkroom and thence to the office where we would dispatch the first radiophotos to the waiting world, well ahead of UPI.

The man running the UPI operation was a fellow whom I shall call Ernie as that was his name, a charming rogue and a delightful golfing/drinking companion but one whose knowledge of the tonsorial habits of god-kings was, luckily, nil.

This was my rival in the race to get the first radiophoto of the Dalai Lama to the outside world.

All arrangements made, I waited. There were stories to cover. The day before the Dalai Lama was due in Tezpur, for instance, the Indian Air Force was flying over what was then East Pakistan taking photographs of military installations and the like, and the Pakistanis shot the plane down. They also announced that they were going to shoot down the next plane that came over.

Then the Dalai Lama's parade walked into Tezpur, flags flying, prayer-wheels spinning. The Dalai Lama was propped up on a platform, and supplied with a microphone and an Indian interpreter. He answered questions while the cameramen busied themselves.

### **The Rush Is On**

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Then the rush was on. The two planes, I am told, taxied down the runway wingtip to wingtip, and bolted into the air.

"Calcutta," ordered our photographer to the pilot, "and don't spare the horsepower." Or words to that effect. Similar instructions presumably were issued in the other craft.

If you will look at a map, you will see that the shortest route from Tezpur to Calcutta lies directly over hostile territory.

On that fact, the AP's best-laid plans began to go a-gley. Also kaputt. Our pilot reminded his passengers that people were shooting down airplanes on the suggested route, and he was going to go the long way around. The pilot of the plane the UPI was on went the straight route, and unfortunately was not shot down.

### UPI Well Ahead

When I met Royle at the airport, the opposition photos had long since landed. We sped to town, did the necessary in our darkroom and I rushed to the cable office with three sopping wet prints hung over my arm to dry.

I discovered that the UPI had three photos on file ahead of me despite having had to use one of those dinky portable photo kits. I tried bribery to jump the queue. I tried threats. I threatened suicide. Nothing would budge the man behind the counter. We stayed fourth, fifth and sixth.

Soon the rockets began landing. All URGENT. Everything connected with this story went URGENT at about two bucks a word.

URGENT BECKER UPI DALAI LAMA PHOTO ROLLING. HOW OURS PLEASE  
APPHO LONDON

That was the first one.

The second one was similar, but longer. The third was similar but more frantic. The fourth, acknowledging the fact that our first Dalai Lama photo was rolling, was both longer and more frantic.

I had been around long enough to know that APPHO LONDON wanted no excuses about chicken pilots, they wanted photos.

And when they finally got one, they launched this message:

URGENT BECKER OUR DALAI LAMA SHORN. UPI'S DALAI LAMA FULL  
HAIRD. CLARIFY URGENTLY APPHO LONDON

### The Sun Comes Out

At which point the birds began to sing in the trees outside and the sun came out from behind the clouds and life was good and life was whole because I had seen the photos of the Dalai Lama, and I knew the UPI man, and I guessed right away what had happened.

Fate, in its mysterious way, had organized a chicken pilot for me, but at the same time it had given me as a rival probably the only man in all journalism who didn't know what the Dalai Lama looked like.

He had, of course, sent three radiophotos of the Indian interpreter, a husky chap with a splendid head of hair. The interpreter, after all, was the one standing behind the microphone at the interview. And to get a good image, the UPI man had ordered his photographer to crop out the insignificant little man with the saffron robe and the shorn head standing alongside.

While I was reasoning all this out, another cable landed:

URGENT BECKER UPI HAS SENT THREE RADIOPHOTOS OF THE WRONG  
DALAI LAMA AND BEEN FORCED TO KILL THEM ALL OVER THE WORLD.  
REGARDS. APPHO LONDON.

Regards indeed. Whereupon I sat down and wrote the cable that will be the title of my book as soon as someone pays me a whopping advance (at least \$25,000, I should think) for it:

URGENT APPHO LONDON THE RIGHT DALAI LAMA IS THE BEST DALAI LAMA  
REGARDS BECKER

## Today in History - May 31, 2018



## By The Associated Press

Today is Thursday, May 31, the 151st day of 2018. There are 214 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On May 31, 1921, a race riot erupted in Tulsa, Oklahoma, as white mobs began looting and leveling the affluent black district of Greenwood over reports a black man had assaulted a white woman in an elevator; hundreds are believed to have died.

### On this date:

In 1578, the Christian catacombs of ancient Rome were accidentally discovered by workers digging in a vineyard along the Via Salaria.

In 1669, English diarist Samuel Pepys (peeps) wrote the final entry of his journal, blaming his failing eyesight for his inability to continue.

In 1790, President George Washington signed into law the first U.S. copyright act.

In 1889, some 2,200 people in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, perished when the South Fork Dam collapsed, sending 20 million tons of water rushing through the town.

In 1916, during World War I, British and German fleets fought the naval Battle of Jutland off Denmark; there was no clear-cut victor, although the British suffered heavier losses.

In 1935, movie studio 20th Century Fox was created through a merger of the Fox Film Corp. and Twentieth Century Pictures.

In 1949, former State Department official and accused spy Alger Hiss went on trial in New York, charged with perjury (the jury deadlocked, but Hiss was convicted in a second trial).

In 1962, former Nazi official Adolf Eichmann was hanged in Israel a few minutes before midnight for his role in the Holocaust.

In 1977, the Trans-Alaska oil pipeline, three years in the making despite objections from environmentalists and Alaska Natives, was completed. (The first oil began flowing through the pipeline 20 days later.)

In 1985, 88 people were killed, more than 1,000 injured, when 41 tornadoes swept through parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and Ontario, Canada, during an 8-hour period.

In 1994, the United States announced it was no longer aiming long-range nuclear missiles at targets in the former Soviet Union.

In 2005, breaking a silence of 30 years, former FBI official W. Mark Felt stepped forward as "Deep Throat," the secret Washington Post source during the Watergate scandal.

Ten years ago: Space shuttle Discovery and a crew of seven blasted into orbit, carrying a giant Japanese lab addition to the international space station.

Five years ago: A tornado in the Oklahoma City metro area claimed eight lives, including those of storm chasers Tim Samaras, his son, Paul, and Carl Young; 13 people died in flash flooding. Four firefighters searching for people in a blazing Houston motel and restaurant were killed when part of the structure collapsed. Actress Jean Stapleton, who played Archie Bunker's far better half, the sweetly naive Edith, in TV's groundbreaking 1970s comedy "All in the Family," died in New York at age 90.

One year ago: President Donald Trump welcomed Vietnamese Prime Minister Nguyen Xuan Phuc (nuh-WEE'-ihn SOO'-an FOOK) to the White House for talks focusing on the American trade deficit. A suicide attacker struck the fortified heart of the Afghan capital Kabul with a massive truck bomb that killed more than 150 people. CBS announced that Scott Pelley was being removed as anchor of "The CBS Evening News" after six years.

Today's Birthdays: Actor-director Clint Eastwood is 88. Singer Peter Yarrow is 80. Humanitarian Terry Waite is 79. Singer-musician Augie Meyers is 78. Actress Sharon Gless is 75. Football Hall of Famer Joe Namath is 75. Broadcast journalist/commentator Bernard Goldberg is 73. Actor Tom Berenger is 68. Actor Gregory Harrison is 68. Actor Kyle Secor is 61. Actress Roma Maffia (ma-FEE'-uh) is 60. Comedian Chris Elliott is 58. Actress Lea Thompson is 57. Singer Corey Hart is 56. Actor Hugh Dillon is 55. Rapper DMC is 54. Actress Brooke Shields is 53. Country musician Ed Adkins (The Derailers) is 51. TV host Phil Keoghan is 51. Jazz musician Christian McBride is 46. Actress Archie Panjabi is 46. Actress Merle Dandridge (TV: "Greenleaf") is 43. Actor Colin Farrell is 42. Rock musician Scott Klopfenstein (Reel Big Fish) is 41. Actor Eric Christian Olsen is 41. Rock musician Andy Hurley (Fall Out Boy) is 38. Country singer Casey James (TV: "American Idol") is 36. Actor Jonathan Tucker is 36. Rapper Waka Flocka Flame is 32. Actor Curtis Williams Jr. is 31. Pop singer Normani Hamilton (Fifth Harmony) is 22.

***Thought for Today: "The genius of the United States is not best or most in its executives or legislatures, nor in its ambassadors or authors or colleges, or churches, or parlors, nor even in its newspapers or inventors, but always most in the common people." - Walt Whitman, American poet and essayist (born this date in 1819, died in 1892).***

## 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.



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