



Paul Shane <pjshane@gmail.com>

Connecting -- June 01, 2018

1 message

Paul Stevens <paulstevens46@gmail.com>

Fri, Jun 1, 2018 at 9:09 AM

Reply-To: paulstevens46@gmail.com

To: pjshane@gmail.com

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Connecting

June 01, 2018

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Colleagues,

Good Friday morning - and here's to the new month of June 2018. (June, she'll change her tune...in restless walks she'll prowl the night." Listen on [Here](#)

The AP Family.

It's a description we've all heard about the news cooperative where we worked or where some of us still work. Certainly not perfect, but there's a bond among us in this unique company charged with reporting news from all over the globe for the past 172 years.

For me, nowhere is this feeling of family more evident than in the posts and memories from all of you over hundreds of issues of Connecting that have been produced daily over the past six years.

Our colleague **David Sedeno** has worked as an AP journalist and executive, and now is executive editor of The Texas Catholic in Dallas. His story of the AP family he experienced while working for AP and how it is intertwined with his own family leads today's edition.



Bauer with German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard

Today's issue also brings news of the death of **Harald Paul Bauer**, a decorated pilot in two wars who went on to a 30-year career as a journalist and news executive with the AP and UPI. He died May 22 at the age of 90. He worked for the AP in Frankfurt, Germany, from 1952-53 and in Albany and New York City from 1953 until he joined UPI in about 1973.

A celebration of his life is scheduled for Saturday, June 23, at the Estrella Warbirds Museum, Paso Robles, California. If you would like to send a note of condolence to his wife Margi, her email is - baumarg@att.net

Have a great weekend!

Paul

A father, a Father and the AP family



Father Richard Rex Hays, CM, Mary and Andrew Brain, and Father Brendan Rolling, OSB, on May 26, 2018 at Our Lady of Perpetual Help-Redemptorist Church, Kansas City, Mo.

David Sedeno ([Email](#)) - From the moment I joined The Associated Press, I was told about the great AP family and I have I learned to appreciate that reality as days and years go by.

On Jan. 16, 1984, I joined The Associated Press Dallas bureau as a temporary newsman after COB John Lumpkin recruited me out of Angelo State University and the *San Angelo Standard-Times*. Also joining me for their own first day at the AP

were Carlos Osorio, a photographer who came over from *The Dallas Morning News*; Carol Cirulli, an editorial assistant just out of the University of Texas at Austin; and Richard Rex Hays, an office assistant who ripped wire and supported our editorial needs.

The story of our relationships is a lengthy one.

I later became the godfather to Margaret, the first daughter of Carlos and Jennifer Dixon, who had replaced me as Harlingen correspondent when I became San Antonio correspondent in 1986.

Carol Cirulli, who later moved to the *San Antonio Light*, became best friends with a young marketing and public relations executive named Ellen Sterner, months before I had even met Ellen, my future wife. Rex Hays, meanwhile, had converted to Catholicism, joined the Congregation of the Mission, better known as the Vincentians, and entered the seminary.

On May 27, 1989, Carol was there as a bridesmaid and Carlos and Rex were there as a groomsman and an usher as Ellen and I took our vows at St. Joseph Catholic Church in downtown San Antonio. There too were about two dozen other AP colleagues from around the country, and John Lumpkin gathered all of them for a photo with me, a classic black and white that still sits on my desk.

Within a few weeks, I had been promoted to San Diego correspondent and on Dec. 8, 1990, our first daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born. Among the first people to hold her was Los Angeles COB Andy Lippman.

A few months later, I was appointed Dallas ACOB, and on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1991, Rex, the seminarian, arranged for Mary's baptism at a Dallas parish where he was assigned. Carol Cirulli was there again, this time as the godmother to Mary. A year later, Deacon Rex Hays' first baptism would be for my son David Joseph.

In 1993, Ellen and I were there when Father Rex himself was ordained a Catholic priest and we organized his reception at Holy Trinity Catholic Church in Dallas; in 1995, now Father Rex Hays baptized my son Patrick, who, yes, was born on St. Patrick's Day of that year.

This past weekend, Saturday, May 26, 2018, my daughter got married in Kansas City, Mo., my wife's hometown and where my daughter has been living and working the past four years.

As I walked Mary up the aisle of Our Lady of Perpetual Help-Redemptorist Church, the same beautiful French Gothic church where she was a flower girl for one of her aunts 25 years earlier-I tried to hold back tears. She soon would be married to the love of her life and that was emotional.



Ellen, Mary and David

But as I looked up at the altar, someone else was waiting for her. Twenty-nine years after own wedding, Father Rex, the one-time office assistant at the AP, was up there for my daughter, too, as he would concelebrate the Mass of Holy Matrimony for her and her fiancé, Andrew Brain. It was a beautiful ceremony.

There is photo - one of many, of course - taken at the altar after the wedding (see above). This one is special to me. It shows Father Rex, my daughter, her husband and Father Brendan Rolling, OSB, a Benedictine monk, former chaplain at Benedictine College - my daughter's alma mater - and now a national chaplain of the Fellowship of Catholic University Students, FOCUS, and also a great friend.

I will place that one photo in a frame next to the one where a much younger Rex Hays is holding my daughter after her baptism 27 years earlier. Nearby will be photos of Father Rex holding my sons after he had baptized them.

This past weekend's celebration just goes to show that no matter the miles and years that separate any of us from those first days working together at the AP - as we have seen through countless stories here - we will always be family.

And we will always be there for each other.

Harald Bauer, former AP and UPI newsman and 30-year video licensing exec, dies at 90

Harald Paul Bauer, a decorated pilot in two wars who went on to a 30-year career as an award winning journalist and news executive, passed away on May 22. He was 90 years old.

A resident of Atascadero, California, he is survived by his wife Margi Bauer, three sons from his first marriage, three grandchildren and his sister.

In a life filled with extraordinary events one of the most remarkable was the fact that Hal served first for Germany in World War II and later with the United States in the Korean War.

Born in Berlin of Walter Bauer, a German surgeon and Lottka Hughes his American mother, Hal was a dual national from birth.



He was conscripted into the Luftwaffe at age 17 and was shot down by American forces as he transported new planes to the German front lines. Bauer was captured by U.S. troops and after recovering from his wounds, he went on to help them as a civilian assistant to the U.S. Military Government of Bavaria mainly tracking the activity of Russian forces in the area.



Hal on phone, shown with unidentified colleague, at AP headquarters at 50 Rock.

After the war he studied political economy in Munich and Hamburg and then began his career in journalism. He worked for the English-language edition of the German newspaper Die Welt. While there, Hal won a coveted Fulbright Fellowship and went to study journalism at the University of Kentucky.

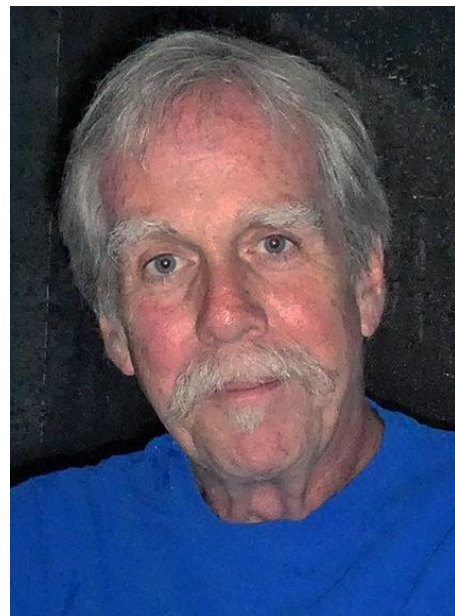
Before he returned to Europe, Hal was hired by the Associated Press to work in its Frankfurt Bureau where he served between 1952 and 1953 and later as an editor on A.P.'s world services desk in New York.

Read more [here](#). Click on [this link](#) to hear Hal's presentation at an air museum in Torrance, California, about four years ago.

Celebrating a birthday today evokes memories of a good career

Dennis Whitehead ([Email](#)) - On the occasion of my birthday today, I dropped Paul a note and he asked that I follow up with a bit more.

Starting with a cold call to Harry Cabluck in the Columbus bureau as an Ohio University student looking to cover the 1977-78 coal strike in pictures, I was up and running as Harry wasted little time telling me not to tell him about it, just show him the pictures. I'd pull up to a small-town post office for tips to potential feature stories on striking miners. Finding a coal-mining grandmother decorating her Christmas tree, she would be interviewed by Diane Duston or John Gonzalez by phone. There were no grannies in raids on wildcat, non-union mines and on a bus trip to Washington, DC where miners occupied the UMW headquarters. I went in with the miners while John Duricka stood outside, turning to his UPI colleague with trepidation, "I'm not going in there, are you?" We ended up with page one exclusives. Along the way, my VW was baptized with fire at a UMW regional meeting, leading Harry to christen me with the moniker, "Torch."



I also had the great opportunity of working with Toby Massey and Bob Daugherty on big stories, such as the cooling tower collapse in West Virginia, as well as the Kentucky Derby when the great crew from Chicago ran the show. I, too, spent what felt like an eternity hanging in the basket over the Indy 500 where a three-picture combo of a crash was my highlight. I'll take the derby any day!

After graduation, I went to the picture desk in New York and then transferred to LA, but it took my friend, Gee Medina, to drag me into his car for the drive to the airport as I didn't want to leave New York. My instincts were right as LA was not a great fit for this kid from

Ohio and, after less than a year, I left the AP to embark upon a freelance life in Washington, DC. The goal in freelancing was to be both writer and photographer, but quickly learned that photographers made more money for less work, so I was a photographer!

I've always regretted leaving the AP as it is such a great family, one where friends remain so forever whether working together or not. In spite of my foolish decision to leave, Hal Buell has been a true friend through the years. I feel blessed from working with the true professionals and being friends with just plain terrific people from my brief time with the AP.

As photojournalism waned and being an impatient soul, I tried my hand at filmmaking and then video. Eventually, I moved into documentaries and it was one of those docs that led me to writing most-time.

Nonfiction, in my case history and much of it in the World War II era, is a tough row to hoe. I can't share the earlier enthusiasm for self-publishing, but I keep hacking away. There are two books so far - *The Day Before the War* (CreateSpace ISBN-13: 978-1500815431) about the events of August 31, 1939 along the German-Polish frontier that ignited WWII in Europe, and *Love and Sacrifice: A World War Brings Double Tragedy to an American Family* (Kindle ASIN: B00PURY9KK and ISBN 9780986348884), the stories of an American military family through the first half of the 20th century, culminating in the combat deaths of the father and a son in WWII Europe.

Given today's dearth of nonfiction print outlets for long-form stories, I'm now trying Medium.com with a couple of stemwinders. *Shell Shock* is the first foray in two parts. This is the story of the twin Cromwell sisters, born into New York's Gilded Age, who volunteered with the American Red Cross in the First World War. Having witnessed some of the worst combat in the war, the twins jumped overboard from the ship bringing them home. The link to *Shell Shock* is <https://medium.com/@denniswhitehead/shell-shock-part-one-ded417a0db0d>

Next up will be *A Missing Star* about an American woman working in intelligence starting with the OSS in WWII into the nascent CIA for which she was working at the time of her 1948 death, but the agency refused to acknowledge her service and sacrifice. It should be posted to Medium in the next day or two.

Then, I'll switch gears to a murder story, *Murder on Vacation Lane*, recounting brutal strangulation/beheading murder not far from my home to help build my true crime creds to help sell a book on the Cincinnati Strangler.

And, maybe I'll come across a photo job or two to pay the bills.

(A sad Los Angeles note that former AP photo stringer in LA, Glenn Capers, a good pal recently passed away. Glenn had become a very successful street photographer.)

Connecting mailbox

Drawn to the experience of Matt Curry

Jim Bagby (Email) - I'm still chuckling from "The Right Dalai Lama." Whatta recurring joy it is to be Connected!

But as a Presbyterian, I was immediately drawn to the experience of Matt Curry (Thursday's Connecting). After retiring in 2007, we found we got much more active in our church. First it was simple things: "Oh, you'll love helping with Vacation Bible School, and it's only a week." Then Joann was "volunteered" for the nursery, and I became a deacon. From there is was a logical step (they told me) to move up to the session, and sure enough I became an elder.

That included chairing the Worship Committee, writing the monthly article for the church newsletter and occasionally something for the web site. It was a good outlet - but a mistake to let it be known that could tell one pronoun from another in a world where the talking heads would rather die than say "me" on the air ("So be sure to contact Bonita or I if you like our show" from the news folks, or from the sports booth "The only choice he had was to hit he or the tight end!")

So Matt is right that there are always deadlines. I have to prepare prayers, as a liturgist, but so far have not had to face a sermon. And the big news is usually an upcoming pancake breakfast or rummage sale. But because people are involved, it's always interesting.

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Matt Curry's journey

Sylvia Wingfield (Email) - Thanks to Matt Curry for his great piece on journalism and ministry.

We worked together for his first year at AP. Part of that time I was temporary Texas news editor, and Matt's experience and good nature were invaluable.

The Fort Worth "downtown" tornado was one of our wilder stories. There was major damage to high-rise buildings and around four storm-related deaths in a city that seldom gets hit.

I lived there, but the late afternoon storm struck before I left the Dallas bureau. I stayed overnight to help supervise the story along with night editor Christy Lemire. (She's now a nationally known movie critic).

Matt, who had worked at papers in Wichita Falls and Amarillo -Texas' tornado alley - was one of a team who went to the scene. He phoned in great stuff, and I still wish we had used more of it in the final story.

I'm glad I now get to enjoy his pastoral "reporting" on Facebook and Twitter.

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Bob Fuss was top-notch reporter with boundless energy and ready smile

Brian Bland ([Email](#)) - Let me join in the praise of retired UPI and CBS radio news reporter Bob Fuss. I was privileged to know him and work stories with him here in L.A and on the road. He was a top-notch reporter with boundless energy and a ready smile. My last too-brief visit with Bob was five years ago in D.C.while paying a call on AP Radio's Jerry Bodlander at the Capitol.

Life can certainly seem unfair when such a dynamic, inspiring, talented guy is taken by an awful disease, and at an age no longer considered very old. We should keep Bob Fuss in mind when we experience what we consider the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. We should also remember his work, which embodied the highest standards of news reporting.

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A favorite story of gadfly Jim Becker

Hal Bock (Email) - What a delight to see Jim Becker's byline in Connecting, He is one of my AP heroes from my earliest days in the sports department.

Becker was a gadfly. A very funny man who was sent out to watch the miserable Mets one afternoon and, after some awful blunders by the first baseman, gave Marv Throneberry the nickname Marvelous Marv.

My favorite Becker story, though, occurred when he, Joe Reichler, Jack Hand, Will Grimsley and Murray Rose (what an All-Star team of sports writers) decided that copy was not being read carefully by the desk. Becker had the remedy.

He was given a handout about the AAU holding tryouts for the 1964 Olympic Swim team in La Jolla, California. Becker wrote it straight except, after naming the venue, he added, ``the town where I first got laid."

I was a rookie and they put me in charge of keeping that off the wire. I stationed myself behind the wire filer (who shall remain anonymous here) and watched Becker's copy progress from his typewriter (remember typewriters?) to the desk and the to the filer who stamped it with a number and went back to the NY Times crossword.

The copy had now passed two checkpoints intact and I was very nervous, prepared to throw myself across the transmitter and give up my body if necessary to protect us. The teletype operator picked up the copy put it on his easel and started making tape. Let me tell you, young Hal Bock was sweating.

The operators, often saved us and this one tried, sitting straight up and asking the editor about the content he was reading. The filer, working on 12 across, never looked up and said ``per copy." That's when I lost it and put my hand on the transmitter before it could be turned on. I shouted ``Stop!! Read it!!"

Becker was in hysterics at that point. I, however, was not but I did have the satisfaction of knowing I had saved the day.

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Dag Hammarskjold's mysterious death

Charles Richards ([Email](#)) - Several times in 1966, when Lyndon Johnson was president, it was my assignment -- sometimes late at night -- as a UPI newsman to drive the 65 miles from Austin to the LBJ Ranch and wait on the side of U.S. 290 until Air Force One flew in and landed safely on the ranch's air strip.

I would note the exact time, then drive two more miles to the unincorporated community of Stonewall and call UPI/New York to report "Wheels Down!" at the LBJ Ranch airport. AP and UPI each had a trailer (behind Stonewall's only service station) with a telephone and bed that served as a makeshift bureau.

With UPI, and I assume the AP, it was mandatory to have someone on the ground whenever Air Force took off or landed, to verify that the president's plane had taken off and landed safely.

I was told this policy was instituted after someone -- perhaps AP or UPI -- reported erroneously on Sept. 17, 1962, that UN General Secretary Dag Hammarskjold had arrived in Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) to negotiate a cease-fire during the Congo Crisis.

Actually, the Douglas DC-3 airplane carrying Hammarskjold and his entourage had crashed, killing all 17 aboard (possibly shot down by another plane).

That was more than 55 years ago. It would be interesting to revisit what happened and its impact on future coverage.

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Exhibition Expands Larry Burrows' Legacy of Extraordinary Wartime Photography



An injured Marine tries to help a fellow soldier in "Reaching Out" (Mutter Ridge, Nui Cay Tri, October 5, 1966). | Image courtesy of Laurence Miller Gallery & The Larry Burrows Collection

By NORMAN BORDEN

Chelsea Now

In the pantheon of outstanding war photographers, Larry Burrows easily ranks as one of its bravest. A native Londoner, he dropped out of school at age 16 and got a job in the darkroom of LIFE Magazine's London bureau. After becoming a staff photographer for LIFE (covering conflicts in the Middle East and Africa, among other assignments), Burrows went to Vietnam in 1962 - and the rest is literally history. For the next nine years, until his death when the helicopter he was in with three fellow photojournalists was shot down over Laos in 1971, Burrows produced a series of searing, memorable long-form photo essays. His work brought home the humanity and inhumanity of the Vietnam War and, for that matter, all wars, as no other photographer ever did.

By pioneering the use of color film in war photography, his pictures had more impact and mood. He stayed with GIs on the front lines during firefights, hitched rides on helicopters going into combat, and could spend days trying to capture a single image as part of a photo essay. Rather than depending on a chance incident, he was willing to wait until the right moment. This wasn't typical wartime photojournalism - but it brought him enormous respect from his peers and many honors, including two Robert Capa Gold Medal awards from the Overseas Press Club. Just last year, many of his photographs were used in Ken Burns' documentary, "Vietnam."

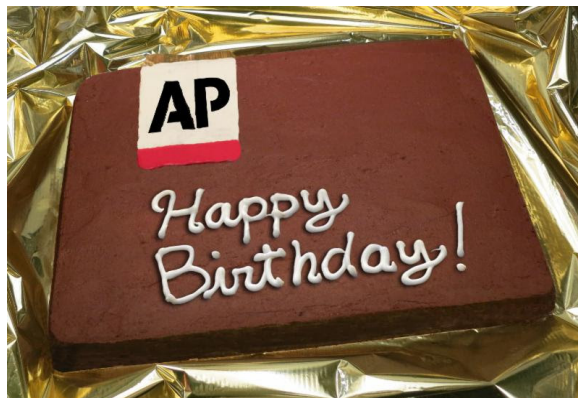
Read more [here](#). Shared by Neal Ulevich, who wrote: Note the famed image "Reaching Out" by Larry Burrows made during the battle for Mutter's Ridge in 1966. All the more remarkable for one of the combatants: A young Marine officer named Robert Mueller. His story, including Vietnam service at Mutter's Ridge, is told in a [Wired Magazine piece](#) this month.

AP Photo of the Day



Karthik Nemmani, 14, from McKinney, Texas, watches as confetti falls after winning the Scripps National Spelling Bee in Oxon Hill, Md., on May 31. | Jacquelyn Martin/AP Photo

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Rob Kozloff - rmkozloff@att.net

Jim Fitzgerald - jimfitz1@optonline.net

Jerry Jackson - gsjackson43@gmail.com

Dennis Whitehead - dennis@mmimedia.com

On Saturday to...

Catey Terry - terryc@missouri.edu

On Sunday to...

Steve Elliott - elliott602az@gmail.com

Kathy Gannon - kgannon@ap.org

Rick Spratling - rjspratling@comcast.net

Welcome to Connecting



Kim Johnson Flodin - kjohnson@ap.org

Stories of interest

The Hidden Costs of Losing Your City's Newspaper (City Lab)



The newsroom of the Philadelphia Inquirer, in 2009, when the owners filed for bankruptcy. Joseph Kaczmarek/AP

By **KRISTON CAPPS**

When local newspapers shut their doors, communities lose out. People and their stories can't find coverage. Politicos take liberties when it's nobody's job to hold them accountable. What the public doesn't know winds up hurting them. The city feels poorer, politically and culturally.

According to a new working paper, local news deserts lose out financially, too. Cities where newspapers closed up shop saw increases in government costs as a result of the lack of scrutiny over local deals, say researchers who tracked the decline of local news outlets between 1996 and 2015.

Disruptions in local news coverage are soon followed by higher long-term borrowing costs for cities. Costs for bonds can rise as much as 11 basis points after the closure of a local newspaper—a finding that can't be attributed to other underlying economic conditions, the authors say. Those civic watchdogs make a difference to the bottom line.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Mark Mittelstadt, Mike Holmes.

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Canon shutter 80-year history of film cameras (The Japan News)

Canon announced Wednesday it would end sales of its EOS-1v, the last remaining model of film camera that the company has sold in Japan. The company's film cameras, which symbolize Canon's old-time roots, will come to the end of their 80-year history.

As the sales of film cameras have been on a decline due to the spread of digital cameras, the company stopped the production of the EOS-1v in 2010 and currently is shipping its remaining stock.



The company said it will continue to accept repair orders and other customer inquiries until Oct. 31, 2025, even after finishing selling the product.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Paul Shane.

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Art Hoppe Tells Some Stories About How Dick Tuck Made Politics More Fun (Jack Limpert Blog)

By JACK LIMPERT

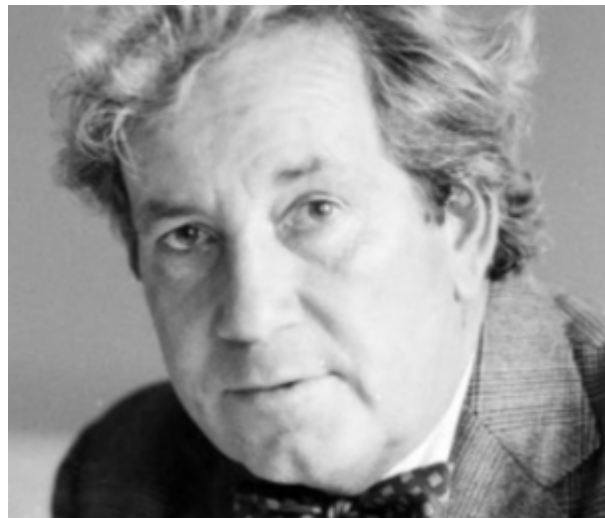
Political prankster Dick Tuck died on Memorial Day at age 94. Obits in the New York Times and Washington Post tell a few of the Tuck stories—here are more from a 1974 Washingtonian piece written by one of Tuck's pals, the great San Francisco Chronicle columnist Art Hoppe. The title of the piece: "Will the Real Tricky Dick Please Stand Up? It's Dick Tuck!"

Ah, Dick Tuck! There is a name to conjure legends with—tales to be told over and over whenever Democrats gather around marble fireplaces in homes stretching from Georgetown to Beverly Hills. Nothing brightens their years out of power like telling Tuck stories.

"I remember when Nixon visited LA's Chinatown in '62," someone will begin.

"These three little Chinese kids

appeared carrying signs saying 'Welcome Mr. Nixon' in English with a line in Chinese at the bottom. Like any politician, Nixon beamed, held forth his arms and suffered the little children to come unto him. The television cameras were grinding away when up rushed the Chinese Republican elders, crying, 'No! No! No!' It turned out that the line in Chinese said, 'What about the Hughes loan?'"



And, while everyone's still laughing, someone adds: "But the really funny thing about it is that afterward Tuck produced a bill from the sign painter made out to Herb Klein."

Read more [here](#).

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How a political satire puppet show unsettled the Kenyan elite (Nieman)

By LOI AWAT AND KING MURIUKI

KING MURIUKI: As you can see, we're clearly over the top. The environment in which we work is very conservative. But satire is an important and often untouchable tool, where conversations that are deemed too sensitive or controversial should happen.

Our main avenue for broadcast is television, but we get too much government interference. As many of you might know, the Kenyan government doesn't have a good track record of freedom of its press. There was a media blackout earlier this year. We do also have problems of self-censorship from broadcasters, who find our content too touchy for many of their audience.

But if we do not offend most of the time, we assume we are not effective when it comes to our satire. That's kind of our motto.

Read more [here](#).

Today in History - June 1, 2018



By The Associated Press

Today is Friday, June 1, the 152nd day of 2018. There are 213 days left in the year.

Today's Highlights in History:

On June 1, 1968, the cult British television series "The Prisoner," starring Patrick McGoohan as an ex-secret agent who finds himself trapped in a sinister, Orwellian village, had its American premiere on CBS. Author-lecturer Helen Keller, who earned a college degree despite being blind and deaf almost her entire life, died in Westport, Connecticut, at age 87.

On this date:

In 1533, Anne Boleyn, the second wife of King Henry VIII, was crowned as Queen Consort of England.

In 1792, Kentucky became the 15th state.

In 1796, Tennessee became the 16th state.

In 1813, the mortally wounded commander of the USS Chesapeake, Capt. James Lawrence, gave the order, "Don't give up the ship" during a losing battle with the British frigate HMS Shannon in the War of 1812.

In 1868, James Buchanan, the 15th president of the United States, died near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, at age 77.

In 1927, Lizzie Borden, accused but acquitted of the 1892 ax murders of her father, Andrew, and her stepmother, Abby, died in Fall River, Massachusetts, at age 66.

In 1943, a civilian flight from Portugal to England was shot down by Germany during World War II, killing all 17 people aboard, including actor Leslie Howard.

In 1958, Charles de Gaulle became premier of France, marking the beginning of the end of the Fourth Republic.

In 1977, the Soviet Union formally charged Jewish human rights activist Anatoly Shcharansky with treason. (Shcharansky was imprisoned, then released in 1986; he's now known as Natan Sharansky.)

In 1980, Cable News Network made its debut.

In 1997, Betty Shabazz, the widow of Malcolm X, was severely burned in a fire set by her 12-year-old grandson in her Yonkers, New York, apartment (she died three weeks later). The Chicago Tribune published a pretend commencement speech by columnist Mary Schmich (shmeech) which urged graduates to, among other things, "wear sunscreen" (the essay ended up being wrongly attributed online to author Kurt Vonnegut).

In 2009, Air France Flight 447, an Airbus A330 carrying 228 people from Rio de Janeiro to Paris, crashed into the Atlantic Ocean with the loss of everyone on board.

Ten years ago: Democrat Hillary Rodham Clinton won a lopsided, but largely symbolic, victory in Puerto Rico's presidential primary. Fire ripped through a back lot at Universal Studios. At least eight people suffocated at an overcrowded stadium in Monrovia during a soccer match between host Liberia and Gambia. NASA's Phoenix Mars Lander took its first practice scoop of Martian soil. Fashion designer Yves Saint Laurent died in Paris at age 71.

Five years ago: In a scene reminiscent of the Arab Spring, thousands of people flooded Istanbul's main square after a crackdown on an anti-government protest turned city streets into a battlefield clouded by tear gas.

One year ago: President Donald Trump declared he was pulling the U.S. from the landmark Paris climate agreement. A gunman described by police as a heavily indebted gambler stormed a crowded casino in the Philippine capital and torched gambling tables, creating a choking level of smoke that killed at least 37 people. Ananya Vinay, a 12-year-old from Fresno, California, won the 90th Scripps National Spelling Bee by correctly spelling "marocain," a type of dress fabric of ribbed crepe.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Richard Erdman is 93. Singer Pat Boone is 84. Actor-writer-director Peter Masterson is 84. Actor Morgan Freeman is 81. Actor Rene Auberjonois (oh-behr-juh-NWAH') is 78. Opera singer Frederica von Stade is 73. Actor Brian Cox is 72. Rock musician Ronnie Wood is 71. Actor Jonathan Pryce is 71. Actress Gemma Craven is 68. Actor John M. Jackson (TV: "NCIS: Los Angeles") is 68. Blues-rock musician Tom Principato is 66. Country singer Ronnie Dunn is 65. Actress Lisa Hartman Black is 62. Actor Tom Irwin is 62. Singer-musician Alan Wilder is 59. Rock musician Simon Gallup (The Cure) is 58. Country musician Richard Comeaux (River Road) is 57. Actor-comedian Mark Curry is 57. Actor-singer Jason Donovan is 50. Actress Teri Polo is 49. Basketball player-turned-coach Tony Bennett is 49. Actor Rick Gomez is 46. Model-actress Heidi Klum is 45. Singer Alanis Morissette is 44. Actress Sarah Wayne Callies is 41. Comedian Link Neal (Rhett & Link) is 40. TV personality Damien Fahey is 38. Pop singer-songwriter Brandi Carlile is 37. Actor Johnny Pemberton is 37. Actress-writer Amy Schumer is 37. Tennis player Justine Henin is 36. Actor Taylor Handley is 34. Actress Willow Shields is 18.

Thought for Today: "To be nobody-but-yourself - in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else - means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight; and never stop fighting." - E.E. Cummings, American poet, (1894-1962).

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

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