



Paul Shane <pjshane@gmail.com>

Connecting -- July 17, 2018

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

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Sue Manning - 'den mother' of AP's LA bureau - dies at 71



Sue Manning (below right) with her good friend and former AP colleague Rachel Ambrose at Gene Autry Museum in Los Angeles. The photo by Susan Helm, another close friend, was taken a week ago.

Colleagues,

Good Tuesday morning!

A shining light in the AP constellation of really good people - **Sue Manning** - has been extinguished - although it will remain forever in the memories of those who worked with her over four decades.

Our Connecting colleague died Monday at the age of 71 - two years after her retirement from the AP's Los Angeles bureau, where she worked for most of her 38 years with the AP and where she was loved deeply by her colleagues.

Sue was a great editor and writer, but her humanity and personality are what her friends and colleagues remember most.

Veteran LA newsman **John Rogers** recalled the day he walked into the LA bureau: "One of the first people to welcome me was Sue Manning, who immediately treated

me as an old friend because, well, that's just how she treated everybody. She'd already sent me a card welcoming me to my new job."

Juliet Williams, Northern California news editor in the San Francisco bureau, noted in announcing to AP colleagues the news of Sue's death: "...the AP was Sue's family and she treated everyone just that way. No one ever had a birthday, or gave birth, without Sue circulating cards for everyone to sign and making sure there was cake to eat. She was a constant chronicler of events, compiling large photo albums of bureau activities. Those of us who came in from other bureaus to cover election nights remember her capturing photos of us like we were the newsmakers."

Today's issue includes news on the stellar performance of AP White House reporter **Jonathan Lemire** at the news conference Monday in Helsinki by Presidents Trump of the United States and Putin of Russia.

And we bring comment in followup to the move of The Kansas City Star out of the building it called home - from AP staffers who worked in our bureau that was located there for more than 60 of the Star building's 107 years.

Paul

AP editor Sue Manning dies; gave world LA's biggest stories



This 2016 photo shows Sue Manning, an editor in the Los Angeles bureau of The Associated Press during a game at Los Angeles Dodger Stadium. (AP Photo/Damian Dovarganes)

By ANDREW DALTON

LOS ANGELES (AP) - Sue Manning, an editor in the Los Angeles bureau of The Associated Press who for decades coordinated coverage of some of the nation's biggest news including the Los Angeles riots, the Northridge earthquake, the death of Michael Jackson and the O.J. Simpson saga, has died, her family said Monday. She was 71.

Police officers summoned by family members who couldn't reach her found Manning dead on Sunday at her home in Glendale, California, her brother Daniel Manning told the AP. She appeared to have died in her sleep. The cause of death was not immediately known, and an autopsy was planned.

Few knew her byline, which rarely appeared, but millions read the news she assigned, coordinated, edited, rewrote and flashed to the globe.

"So much of the crazy, tragic, extraordinary news the world devoured about Los Angeles for so many years was written - fast and with style - by Sue behind the scenes," said Sally Buzbee, AP's executive editor who worked in Los Angeles in the early 1990s. "She was the rock - and the kind warm soul - of the place."

Manning was a magnet for major news from the beginning of her AP career, covering the 1980 eruption of Mount St. Helens, covered in ash as she sent dispatches from the scene.

She moved to the AP's bureau in Los Angeles shortly before the 1984 Olympics put the region in the world's spotlight and quickly rose to the essential and influential seat of supervising editor, acting as the newsroom's decisive anchor at a time when few women had media leadership positions.

"She was part of a growing group of women in critical roles at The Associated Press, and her influence was felt in how she helped drive coverage," said AP Television Writer Lynn Elber, who became a reporter in the LA bureau shortly after Manning's arrival. "Sue approached that position as someone who was consistently calm and steady and decisive in a way that made everyone who worked under her feel fortunate."

Her desk was the starting point and the end point for news in a region where it always seemed to be breaking.

"Sue was the linchpin of AP's coverage of some of the biggest domestic stories of the '80s and '90s, directing reporters in the field, taking dictation, and pulling the various threads together into a coherent, constantly updated story," said George Garties, who worked as a reporter with Manning and later as assistant bureau chief. "She was often the actual uncredited writer of stories the world saw about Southern California: earthquakes, wildfires, and of course O.J. Simpson, from the Bronco chase through two trials."

John Antczak, an AP editor who worked next to Manning for decades, called her a "classic newsroom leader" who was "quick to clear the decks and get everybody rolling when something really big happened."

Manning was among the most beloved figures at the AP, a sister, mother and mentor figure to dozens of reporters and editors who passed through her newsroom.

Sometimes called the "den mother" of the LA bureau, she served as its historian, photographer, scrapbooker and party planner, never failing to remember a birthday or to acknowledge births, deaths, anniversaries and milestones in her colleagues' lives.

"If she missed your birthday, she was genuinely sad," said Andy Lippman, Manning's bureau chief for much of her tenure, who said he got marshmallow Peeps from her every birthday for five years after saying once that he was a fan. "The AP was her family and she relished not only working, but sharing happy and sad moments with everyone she worked with."

She was a devoted fan of the Los Angeles Dodgers, and organized bureau trips to games and an annual weenie roast for opening day.

"Some say Dodger Stadium is aging - albeit gracefully. But to fans, age has only added to its beauty," Manning wrote in a first-person AP story in 1998 on the team and the stadium she loved to visit that sits just a mile and a half from the newsroom. "At the top of that perfect hill, sun setting, batter digging in, pitcher winding up, peanut shells crunching underfoot, mustard dripping from a hot dog, organ cranking up, you know what baseball should feel like, smell like and taste like."

She was also a lover of Las Vegas, country music and animals. She moved from her supervisor's chair to become AP's pets columnist for the last seven years of her career.



This 2016 photo shows Los Angeles Dodgers broadcaster Vin Scully and Sue Manning sharing a moment in the press box at Dodger Stadium.

The eldest of four children, Manning was born in Topeka, Kansas, on Feb. 11, 1947. Shortly after her birth, her family moved to California, where she would live in various cities for most of the rest of her life, though she considered the city of Chino her home, her brother said.

Manning's father, a U.S. Marine, died when she was 10 years old. Her sister, Melinda, died in 2010. She is survived by her brother Daniel and another sister, Connie.

Manning graduated from Cal Poly, Pomona, where she worked at the school's newspaper the Poly Post, then got her first journalism job nearby at the Ontario Daily Report.

In the late 1970s she got her first AP job in Spokane, Washington, the beginning of a 38-year career with the news organization that included a brief stint in Seattle before

her permanent move to Los Angeles.

Colleagues poured out tributes to her at her 2016 retirement.

"This woman who made the AP her life has been our heart and soul in so many ways," AP Special Correspondent Linda Deutsch wrote in a tribute to Manning at the time, "the smile that kept us from tears when we covered those hard stories, the joyous spirit that loved the news as much as we did."

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

Your memories of Sue Manning



From left: Rachel Ambrose, Sue and Susan Helm on July 4 at Universal Studios.

Rachel Eberle Ambrose ([Email](#)) - RIP to my dear friend and colleague Sue Manning. We worked those big stories together, she for print and me for broadcast. I spent last Tuesday with her at the Autry Western Heritage Museum. We were going to do something outside but it was hot and the Autry has great AC. Then we sat down and planned and made reservations for further outings. I'm still in shock but I

know Sue will be directing my calendar from above and managing to document somehow. She helped my son plan my birthday party in December. She put herself on the planning committee as soon as she knew something was in the works. The big bonus was the HUGE photo book she put together. I will cherish it always, along with Sue's friendship and scholarship.

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Linda Deutsch (Email) - When Sue retired, it was like seeing a future where "The Wizard Of Oz" had no Dorothy - or Toto. She went through many figurative tornadoes with us, sending us out to cover the toughest stories ever and brought us back safely to discover, "There's no place like home."

She was a talented writer and one of the best assignment editors ever, inspiring reporters to go the extra mile. With her soft voice and wry sense of humor, she made work seem like fun. I once said that if she had called me at home and announced she needed a quick story because the world was about to end, I would have dictated a quick lead before running for cover. I couldn't disappoint Sue.

This woman who made the AP her life has been our heart and soul in so many ways, the smile that kept us from tears when we covered those hard stories, the joyous spirit that loved the news as much as we did.

Like Dorothy, she was sort of a country girl who wandered through different worlds and lived many lives at the AP. She was Sue, the party girl, who was ready to organize a celebration for every holiday and milestone event. If it was your birthday or you were getting married, you could count on Sue to set up the party. She was always ready to organize adventures such as the time she took me to my first visit to Dodger Stadium and photographed me enjoying my first Dodger Dog. When the AP celebrated my various anniversaries, Sue provided decorations centering on my hero, Elvis, and compiled amazing videos of my career highlights set to Elvis music.

On the extracurricular side, there was also Gambler Sue, a devotee of Las Vegas who was there with me at a wedding of former AP bureau chief Bob Macy's son. And she was the center of her own loving family.

Late in her career, the AP decided to take Sue off the desk and assign her to a new position as AP pet writer. A lot of us thought this was crazy, but not Sue. As a lover of animals, she grabbed the opportunity and wrote some of the most touching and most published AP stories about dogs, cats and other pets who made their mark in the world because of her. That's where Toto comes in. I'm sure he was her inspiration.

When I retired, Sue said she was considering it but she was still ambivalent. "I'm not going to leave the best job I've ever had," she said of her pet beat. But then the AP decided it for her. They eliminated the pet specialty for unknown reasons. Sue's dream job no longer existed. And so she moved on to a new life that included animals, family, a host of friends and a lot of parties. She deserved no less.



Sue loved going to the race track. Any kind of gambling, actually. Rachel Ambrose took this on May 11 at Santa Anita racetrack in Arcadia, Ca. Left to right: Sue Manning and friends Carolyn Fox and Eileen Cimorell.

We who were her friends are comforted by the fact that she was living a great new chapter of her story in retirement. Those who followed her on Facebook saw a lively lady who, unhampered by her need to use an electric scooter to get around, visited museums, entertainment venues, toured Universal Studios and went to the races at Santa Anita Park. She hesitated to retire, thinking she would have nothing to do. But it turned out better than she expected. She found a pal in fellow AP retiree Rachel Ambrose, who was always willing to go out in search of adventures. Just last Tuesday, they posted pictures from a visit to the Gene Autry Museum. Her smile is ever present in all of those pictures. I am sad that her joyful retirement didn't last longer. She leaves a legacy of great journalism, great friends and family and important work in the protection of animals. Happy trails, dear friend.

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Andy Lippman ([Email](#)) - Sue Manning loved many things.

She loved the AP and just being part of a story. The AP was her family and she relished not only working, but sharing happy and sad moments with everyone she worked with over the years.

She worked tirelessly as day supervisor during the 1990s covering big story after big story-including the Rodney King riots; the Northridge earthquake and all of the O.J. Simpson coverage. I was her boss and she would often be told to leave and then go out one door and in another.

Sue had severe rheumatoid arthritis, but it never seemed to conquer that smile, or keep her from enjoying life. On her electric scooter she always tried, and mostly succeeded in sharing life with her friends.

Longtime friend and colleague Lynn Elber remembers her both as a hard worker, but as demanding editor. She wanted her colleagues not only to look good, but also wanted them to be good.

Sue wrote a column about animals during the last years of her AP career, and she found her bliss writing well-received columns about animals-famous and anonymous.

One of her friends described Sue as the "den mother" of the LA bureau. She documented every Dodger Dog Day and holiday party, every birthday celebration and every departure and every new baby.

Pictures were posted in a bureau book, and later were found online. If they weren't online, Sue found a way to post pictures on greeting cards, tee-shirts and guest towels.

If she missed your birthday, Sue was genuinely sad- just that she might have hurt your feelings. In my case, I mentioned once that I enjoyed the marshmallow Peeps candy that she sent me. I got Peeps for five years.

The Dodgers, the Lakers and Las Vegas electronic poker were her hobbies and her joys. When she talked about the Dodgers, it was as if she was talking about her family.

One of her best retirement presents was when LA sports writer Beth Harris arranged for Sue to meet longtime announcer Vin Scully.

Sue's smile was as bright as a Jumbotron when he put his arm around her.

Her career can be measured by stories and years. Her life is measured by friends and those she touched over a lifetime.

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Steve Loeper (Email) - Sue Manning was a valued colleague and treasured friend. We worked together on the LA news desk for more than a decade, I as news editor and she as day supervisor, and I'm torn here as to what I'll remember most about the Spirit of Sue. Should it be her immense professionalism or her incredible kindness? Well, with Sue, there was really no separating the two - a rarity in this

pressurized business. She would typically take the brunt of breaking news with cool command while her caring side remained on full display.

I remember how Sue was in the midst of some urgent O.J. Simpson copy yet also made sure that one of her famous staff birthday cards continued its journey around the office for all to sign. Yes, Sue would custom-make birthday cards for co-workers -- faithfully, year after year, and everybody was expected to sign them, too.

I remember times when I was unable to get into the office from my exurban home because of some element of the Southern California disaster cycle and Sue was always there to compel me not to worry while she skillfully ran the story. When she was sitting in for me during a vacation and big news broke, it was Sue who insisted I should turn off my computer and enjoy the time off. It didn't always work but I appreciated the thought, as I did so many things about Sue. Every day.

Sue's dedication and conscientiousness on the desk were simply unreal, as evidenced by the legendary 12-hour shifts she regularly worked, despite our best efforts to pry her loose - and that was on routine days.

When she finally unplugged, the Spirit of Sue continued as she arranged celebrations for staffer anniversaries or other occasions. Like when I returned from a honeymoon one morning to find my desk festooned with balloons, banners, streamers and even some old wire copy - all organized by Sue, who as I recall, was supposed to be off that day.

Then there were the photos. Through the years, Sue was always snapping away at bureau functions and eventually developed AP/LA's version of Wide World Photos. So when folks celebrated some sort of milestone, she would pull an array of pictures from her archive to illustrate the memories. Some shots could be a bit compromising but all were a lot of fun. And Sue would often reproduce the photos and include them in commemorative albums and other gifts for colleagues.

I speak from experience on that one. Sue rendered me speechless last year when she arranged to have photos of me spanning decades appear everywhere at my retirement party - on the walls, on the video, in an album, and on a host of novelty gift items such as posters, placemats, coasters and notepads.

Who does that? Well, Sue did that, and with a genuine kindness, caring and love that I'll sorely miss and always remember. OK, I admit it - I'll always remember those qualities the most about Sue. I'm only human and she was so much more. May the Spirit of Sue live on.

(AP) Journalist bravely confronts Donald Trump and Vladimir Putin



AP's Jonathan Lemire asking question. Photo by New York Times/Doug Mills

By Julia Corderoy, [news.com.au](https://www.news.com.au)

AS THE world was left retrieving their jaws from the floor following US President Donald Trump's extraordinarily spineless display alongside Russian President Vladimir Putin, an unlikely hero was born.

Mr Trump spent much of his European tour this month flexing his muscles and throwing around threats - publicly chastising the European Union, blasting Germany, and attacking British prime minister Theresa May's leadership style - but when it came to his much-anticipated summit with Russian dictator Mr Putin, he cowered in the corner.

At a time when the world really needed Mr Trump, as the leader of the free world, to stand up to his controversial counterpart, he couldn't say one critical word about Russia on any of the issues that have brought relations between Washington and Moscow to a post-Cold War low.

#TreasonSummit is now trending on Twitter, with people crying that the meeting between the two world leaders was "the most astonishing display of weakness and submission" from an American President ever.

But luckily for us, we had Jonathan Lemire. The White House correspondent for the Associated Press became the hero we all needed when he boldly went where Mr Trump would not.

At the joint press conference following Mr Trump and Mr Putin's two-hour closed-door meeting in the Finnish capital, Helsinki, Lemire bluntly asked the US president whether he believed the Russian dictator over his own US intelligence officials.

The entire US intelligence community has concluded that Russia meddled in the 2016 election but Mr Putin has vehemently denied the allegations.

"Who do you believe?" Lemire asked Mr Trump.

"Would you now, with the whole world watching, tell President Putin, would you denounce what happened in 2016, and would you warn him to never do it again?"

Mr Trump cowardly dodged the question without denouncing Russia, or even hinting that there was any misconduct.

"I will say this, I don't see any reason why it would be [Russia]," he replied, before quickly trying to defer to the Democratic National Committee's server that was hacked.

"What happened to Hillary Clinton's emails?" he said, adding that Mr Putin was "extremely strong and powerful in his denial today."

But Lemire didn't stop there. The brave journalist then asked Mr Putin - who is known for silencing the media and suppressing free speech - if he had any compromising material on Donald Trump.

Mr Putin was not amused.

"It's hard to imagine greater nonsense," he scoffed. "Please get this rubbish out of your heads."

But while neither president seemed to appreciate Lemire, commentators on social media erupted with praise and admiration for the reporter, calling him "incredibly brave", a "hero" and "fearless".

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

Connecting mailbox

Marcia Chambers, 1940-2018

By **PAUL BASS**

New Haven Independent

Marcia Chambers, a barrier-breaking New York Times reporter who combined keen instinct with deep intellect and who went on to found and edit the online Branford Eagle, died Friday night at Smilow Cancer Hospital.

She was 78 years old.

Marcia wrote millions of words over a 49-year career. She published those words online, in print newspapers and magazines, in a book about sex discrimination in American golf.



She published three other words on a pay phone in New York in the early 1970s. Those words summed up the competitive drive that animated her reporting.

At the time, she covered courts for the Associated Press. As Marcia told the story, she would end up covering cases alongside a reporter from the United Press International, a rival wire service. When court finished, they would phone in their stories. Marcia would race out to a pay phone, call in her story, then, before the UPI

reporter showed up to do the same, write a note that she left by the phone. It read, "Out of Order."

Read more [here](#). Shared by Howard Goldberg.

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Partying on to mark wedding of Harry and Megan



Mary Pennybacker ([Email](#)) - A friend suggested we should have a party the day of the Royal wedding of Prince Harry and Megan Markle, and bring food for a English tea, and dress up with Fascinators or hats. I still had a fascinator from my daughter's wedding in 2009 that my sister had sent from England, so I was all set. We held it in Friday's Creek Winery in Owings, Maryland, which is in Calvert County.

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Remembering AP's Dave Goldberg



Tom Jory (Email) - My daughter, Samantha, remembers our old friend and AP colleague Dave Goldberg, while on a visit with her family to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio. Dave, who covered the NFL for a quarter-century, was honored posthumously for his work by pro football writers in 2015. I was invited by Dave's brother, Lenny, to attend the ceremony in Canton. Dave and I came to the

General Desk, him from Chicago and me from Columbus, at about the same time in the mid-'70s, and became fast friends, initially on our shared interest in sports. Colleagues on the desk were (mostly bemused) witness to our constant dialogue, to the point that Jerry Yale, long-time slot man on the desk, when someone asked Dave his favorite sport, interjected, "Anything that moves." Sammie, of course, knew Dave well, both from her visits to AP and as a bystander at home to the long phone conversations I had with Dave during Mets' and other games. Sammie and her family were on their way to Lansing, Michigan, where our grand-daughter, Annika, who just finished her sophomore year in high school, is enrolled in a summer program at Michigan State.

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The All-Star Game returns to the nation's capital for the fifth time

Larry Margasak ([Email](#)) - All-Star Games of years past that were played in Washington were full of history: the historic arrival of a president, the effective end of a great pitcher's career, a media campaign to pack the starting lineup, the first all-star Most Valuable Player award, and an announced starting pitcher who missed the start of the game because of his teeth.

As baseball fans prepare for the 89th All-Star Game, in the nation's capital on July 17, 2018, many will be unaware of the history made the first time the game was played in Washington. The historic moment arrived even before the first pitch was thrown in Griffith Stadium on July 7, 1937, by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The All-Star Game, including FDR's arrival to the stadium, was filmed by a Washington Senators player, Jimmie DeShong, whose family donated the video to the Pennsylvania State Archives.

Read more [here](#).

Memories of working in AP's bureau when it was located in the now-vacated Kansas City Star building

Harry Dunphy (Email) - When I first walked into the large, open-plan editorial offices of The Kansas City Star on Jan. 1, 1959, staffers were gathered around the clattering bank of printers of AP and other news services as reports came in of Fidel Castro taking over in Cuba.

Like Steve Paul (see Monday's Connecting), my first paying newspaper job was a clerk on the sports desk, thanks to a neighbor for whom I sometimes babysat, Joe McGuff, The Star's baseball writer, who along with (the Rev.) Ernest Mehl, was instrumental in bringing the Athletics and big-time baseball to Kansas City. McGuff later became editor and is a member of Baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

I answered the phone, stripped the AP wire next to my desk and handed the stories to different editors on the night side led by the late Dick Wade.

Eventually I started taking Kansas and Missouri high school basketball scores on Friday night and small college game stories on Saturday nights. Later I became involved in copy editing and headline writing.

In those days, The Star's headlines were called black scares, one column-seized, with a 12 or 12 1/2 letter count placing a premium on the use of 'i's and 'l' s and resisting 'm's and 'w' s. One baseball headline I remember writing is:

Hill Ills Chill

Tribe Flag Hopes

I also got to know city-side editors and reporters, appreciating the skills of rewrite men using the bank of phones in the middle of the newsroom. Casey Jones, then the assignment editor, became a good friend and mentor. Among other things Casey played a role in making the reporters sound classier. Thus, the byline of education writer Pat Doyle became Patricia Jansen Doyle.

I came in early on Saturday afternoons to help produce the out-final in which we tried to get Missouri and Kansas football scores into the last afternoon edition. Roy Roberts, the editor, would come over to sports from his corner desk and ask me how KU was doing.

I also got to meet other daysiders like the business editor C.W. Guswelle and humor writer Bill Vaughn whose desks were near sports, and Landon Laird, the culture and entertainment editor.

A favorite greasy spoon in the neighborhood was Ed's Lunch. There were also a couple of bars in the area, including one where some of the editors and writers hung out with Truman Capote, who was then researching "In Cold Blood." I could not join them being underage.

My desk was along the route many AP staffers passed on their way to the composing room to pick up galley proofs. Among them was a young Harry Rosenthal, who made a name for himself covering Harry Truman's retirement in Independence, Mo. Harry was nearing the end of a long, distinguished career when I arrived in the Washington bureau in 1996. Others included Butch Hayes, the night wire filer, and Skipper Patrick, the sports writer.

My constant exposure to AP staffers and news copy was having an effect on my thinking of possibly joining the agency. So I began visiting the noisy AP office in the third floor where I seem to recall in desk had a green tobacco tin above it that was part of sending the AP report to small Missouri newspapers in Morse code.

I was also learning AP jargon, "soonest" "effortoring matcher" and "uppick."

My Star earnings put me through Rockhurst College where I was also co-editor of the student newspaper, "the Hawk," along with Phil Morris who later became editor Southern Living magazine.

When I graduated from Rockhurst in 1962 I became a member of The Star's staff and had my first byline as "A Member of the Star's Staff." I also had a talk with AP COB Frank Gorrie about a job but he said the agency did not like to take staff away from members.

I had been writing for the sports desk quite a bit, including covering Rockhurst basketball but got no byline credit.

In between my junior and senior years, I had saved enough money to buy a car and was looking at a 1955 Chevy Bel-Air, but Casey Jones convinced me to use the money for a trip to Europe, visiting the major capitals and getting my first taste for life abroad.

So after graduating and working on the desk for a few months, I applied to the Peace Corps and in 1962 was a member of the first group of volunteers to Ivory Coast where I became fluent in French. Had I stayed at The Star, I might have eventually become rich by purchasing employee stock as some other members of the staff did, decisions that paid off handsomely when Capital Cities bought the newspapers.

Years later when I was COB in Moscow, The Star's agriculture writer Rays Morgan visited on a reporting trip and I asked him if he was a millionaire. He replied: "I'm suitably wealthy."

(An aside. In Rockhurst High School, my Latin teacher Rev. Mario Puricelli, S.J., from St. Louis, had a standard put-down for the city at the other end of the state: "Kansas City culture-Agriculture.")

Another visitor to Moscow was Laura Hockaday, The Star's society editor who wrote about the Kansas City connections of me and Joe Galloway, the UPI bureau manager in the Moscow.

Laura later came to Paris when I was COB and wrote a piece on how me and our young family were getting along. She and I became good friends and stayed in touch over the years inviting me to Star reunions she organized at the Kansas City Country Club. I am so sorry she is now gone.

My brother Steve, who 'inherited' my sports desk job, attended one of these reunions. Another brother John also did a stint on the sports desk. Both went on to newspaper careers, Steve at the Seattle Times and John at the Orange County Register.

At the reunion I attended, sports desk staffers Tom Sands and Sid Boardman warmly praised the success I achieved in my AP career.

I still have a copy of "Stylebook of The Kansas City Star." I'll close with a quote from Page 3 which mentions former staffer Ernest Hemingway telling a biographer of the wisdom of this entry:

"Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English, striving for smoothness. Be positive, not negative.

And on Page 47, Let's not use win as a noun. As in "the A's registered their fifth win of the year."

("Kansas City Star, that's what I are, no thanks Omaha, thanks a lot."-Merle Haggard)

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Jim Bagby (Email) - Even after we left, I always took out-of-town visitors by 1729 to show off where we used to work, where Hemingway once was a cub and the impressive landscaping around the fountain on the south. Someone told me the AP had been in the Star Building more than 70 years, but I have nothing to confirm that.

Easily one of my favorite memories was the 1980 parade when the Royals won the American League that went down Grand Avenue, right under our third-story windows. The staff gathered armfuls of punching bank tape and flung it out the window at the victorious Royals, some of whom had celebrated to the point of barely being able to ride in their convertibles and open-air vehicles, let alone walk along with other merry-makers. The AP staff might well have been responsible for at least one fire that erupted from the paper that jammed under the manifolds!

The AP newsroom had an elevator to Grand Ave. on the northwest corner that was shared by our folks and Star personnel. The latter included a certain female Star staffer who showed up about 7 a.m. daily, when overnight editor Wes Cook and I were generally the only ones on duty. Her arrival was accompanied by an overpowering cloud of perfume that trailed her like a fog as she crossed our newsroom en route to somewhere else on the third floor. Those were the early '70s when smoking was common, and both of us would light up immediately in an effort to cover up that lingering, tear-inducing scent.

One more elevator story: before I became broadcast editor in 1974, I worked nights, overnights, days and weekends, as did most staffers other than the filing editors. A typical crew on a Sunday day trick would be a reporter, a broadcaster, a filing editor, one puncher and someone in communications, primarily to answer trouble calls. The techs' office was back by the elevator. The tech on that day was an easy-going, likeable fellow whose normal routine was to put his feet up with a cup of coffee and the Sunday paper in front of the TV, right across from the elevator, and watch football.

Suddenly in early afternoon the elevator opened and COC Herb Mundt appeared, for whatever reason. The tech sprang to his feet and hollered "Dammit, Herb, I work my tail off all day and the first time I take a break, you show up!"

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Cliff Schiappa (Email) - I've so many memories of my 3 1/2 years at 1729 Grand on the staff of The Kansas City Times, or as it was known in an italicized sub-flag "The Morning Kansas City Star." My first day of work was September 2, 1980, and it was all hands on deck for a visit by President Jimmy Carter, but since I was the new

kid on the block, I was assigned the installation of Christmas lights on the Country Club Plaza. I actually stepped inside the building three years earlier when I interviewed with KX photo staffer John Filo to be AP's mid-Missouri photo stringer while attending the University of Missouri in Columbia. (Apparently that interview went well).

It was an interesting newsroom setup-- the newspapers were very competitive, yet we shared workspace. Those on the A.M. Times staff sat in blue-upholstered chairs and those on the P.M. Star staff had pumpkin-colored chairs. Times photo editor Joe Coleman sat directly opposite Star photo editor Carol Greenwalt, and they would whisper into the phone so the other couldn't hear of coverage plans. Yet we shared radio frequencies, so secrets were soon out of the bag when communicating with photographers out on the street. Photo darkrooms were small, able to accommodate one, possibly two, photographers. I shared mine with Star photographer Rick Solberg and we tried to not tip our hand as to what we were covering while prints were soaking in fixer or in the community print washer.

I was hired to be a staff photographer and weekend photo editor, and it was just a couple months into my new job during the Sunday desk shift that I had my first introduction to Publisher Jim Hale. City Editor Bob Carrol approached me and said "Jim Hale's on the phone for you." It went like this:

Cliff: Hello, Times Photo Desk

Jim (in high pitched, agitated Texas twang): What's your name?

Cliff: Cliff Schiappa

Jim: What's your job?

Cliff: I'm the Sunday photo editor

Jim: Why don't we have a photographer at the American Royal Grand Champion steer auction?

Cliff: Um, uh, I'll see if we have someone available

Jim: (extremely agitated) It's not a question of iiiif, it's a question of whennnnn! Now I want to see a photographer down here nowwww!

Cliff: Yes Mr. Hale.

I quickly found photographer Fred Blocher who gave this New Yorker a quick primer on the American Royal and steer auctions, and then he scurried down to make a picture of the steer and the winning bidder, who I seem to remember was none other than Publisher Jim Hale who donated the prized animal to a food kitchen.

The Star newsroom had pneumatic tubes crisscrossing the ceiling to facilitate page dummies getting up to the composing room one floor up and in the opposite corner

of the building. The tubes also went to the photo department and Times staffer (now with Atlanta Journal-Constitution) John Spink realized he could throw his blood-curdling scream from the photo darkroom down into the newsroom. His favorite bellow into the tubes was "My Balls! They're on FIRE!!!" This from the son of the Director of the Kansas City Fire Department!

On August 11, 1983, I was working the night photo desk when I took a call from the neighbor across the street from my parents' home on Long Island. As soon as he said his name, I knew it was not a good call. He told me that my dad, who had been battling kidney cancer for the past year, had just passed away. I didn't know what to do or how to react, but I did know it was 10pm and the presses rolled at midnight, so I continued sizing photos, writing captions, working with fellow editors and composing room staff. When I got home, I called my friend, Star reporter Robin Mackey, whose father, sports columnist Dick Mackey, had passed away a few years earlier. I then broke down as the grief of my dad's death rolled over me.

AME/Photos Marty Petty called an urgent all-staff meeting to find out who had been drinking beer in the photo studio after a number of empty cans were found in the trash. It turns out there was no consumption, rather, the brewskis were part of a photo illustration that was shot the previous day.

During my tenure in the early 80's, 1729 Grand had advertising on the first floor; mailroom on one mezzanine; newsroom on two; composing on two mezzanines; and the morgue, cafeteria, AP bureau, and publisher's office on three. But it was the basement and sub-basement that offered a great lesson in how a newspaper was printed. In the sub-basement, huge paper rolls were transported on steel tracks from a separate storage building through a tunnel under Grand Avenue into place at the bottom of the four different lines of presses. The paper was threaded up to the basement level where pressmen installed printing plates, adjusted ink flow and unleashed the hugely powerful presses that could be felt rumbling throughout the building. An incredible sensory experience was to stand right next to the presses as they were running full speed. Prior to the new press pavilion opening in 2006, the 60-plus-year-old presses at the Star, and possibly the Buffalo (NY) News, were kept running with the help of a machinist in Indiana who hand crafted replacement parts. (I welcome Connecting colleague Randy Waters to clarify my memory on all things press-related)

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Brad Martin (Email) - Talk about symbolism. At the same time as The Kansas City Star was ceasing functions in the building where I first started my AP career in 1968, the majority of AP's production computer systems in Kansas City was shipped east to new AP bureau hosting sites in Washington DC, New York and Cranbury, NJ. The existing Kansas City AP bureau and Technical Center moved to its present location in the spring of 1984 and the lease runs out next April.

As for the Kansas City Star building, I knew its four floors inside and out prior to our move to this building (formerly known as the Riss Trucking building) eight blocks to the south. As a copy boy and later as a technician and bureau mover, I had many tasks that required me to get all over that building and its various annexes. From the editorial area where I delivered and picked up copy for editors, press room where I retrieved multiple additions of each of the papers (the Times being the AM's edition, Star the PM's edition and the 3 or 4 versions of each published daily), the roof where later as a technician we installed several satellite dishes, the machinery shop to get help fixing things, making things or jury-rigging things around the office to the carpenter's shop across the street where we housed all the different equipment used by AP's CTS (Carrier Transmission Systems) office for bureau moves. I still remember all the items that were stored on that second floor across the street, where our equipment was continually covered by sawdust from the carpenter's work. I had to breathe it for days at a time while I got a shipment of bays and equipment ready for shipment for another bureau move.

In the true tradition of a newspaper plant there was a smell that never left the building no matter where you were; newsprint, ink, smoke, glue, oil, grease, chemicals and a million other odors that became the smell I wore home each day for the 14 years prior to moving out. I remember the parking meters out on Grand Avenue that required me to get downstairs from the 3rd floor AP office every two hours to plug with coins (young copyboys did NOT get parking spaces in those days). I remember the old bar whose name escapes me that was two steps out the back stairwell of the Star, where AP'ers and newspaper staff gathered after work to do and say whatever it was they did and said (young copyboys were too young to get into bars in those days). I also remember the Pub across the street after the little bar closed that took over where the other left off, where everyone still gathered and cartoon pictures of Star/Times/AP employees done by KC Star artist Buck Martin were hung with pride on all the walls.

I remember sitting in the Star cafeteria eating my sack lunch or using the Automat machines to eat their terrible sandwiches or other detestable fare when working nights and the lunchroom was closed, going out in front of the building on hot summer nights and sitting by the fountains, probably smoking a cigarette (not that you couldn't smoke in the building, because you could back then and did!).

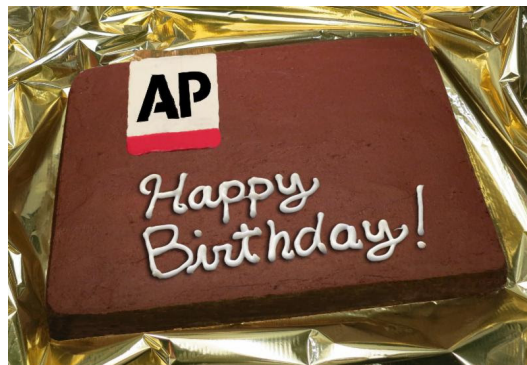
I remember opening the windows in the AP office and sitting on the ledge as parades or events passed by, the air tubes that went all over the building delivering notes and copy to everyone under the sun and the big vats of copy glue I used to have to go and replenish. I remember having to go down to the editorial room to change paper in the K300 or D611 photo machines and the datafaxes and blades in our offices.

I vividly remember the people of the Times/Star just as I do those at AP. They were one in the same to me back in those days, the KC papers and AP.

I talked with their employees as much as I did AP staff, even socialized together on occasion.

I still remember those smells today and while not terribly offensive I was happy to be divested of them on a regular basis. As a technician for AP they were never that far away, but they do provide me with memories of my youth and exuberance for life, of a day long since changed forever in all regards and of the many people who helped comprise a significant part of my life. Seeing that building practically every day since we moved kept those memories up close and personal. Hopefully the façade changes will not be too drastic but I probably won't be downtown much in the not-too-distant future, so the memories will just have to stay stored somewhere in my grey matter.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Carolyn Lessard - clessard@ap.org

Stories of interest

CJR Special Report: Photojournalism's moment of reckoning

By KRISTEN CHICK

When Vox revealed in late January that Patrick Witty left National Geographic, where he was deputy director of photography, after an investigation for sexual

harassment, an issue that's long been discussed in private was catapulted into the open: Photojournalism has a sexual harassment problem.

In interviews with more than 50 people, in a CJR investigation spanning more than five months, photojournalists described behavior from editors and colleagues that ranged from assault to unwanted advances to comments on their appearance or bodies when they were trying to work. And now, as the #MeToo moment has prompted change across a range of industries-from Hollywood to broadcasting to the arts-photojournalists are calling for their own moment of reckoning.

Women interviewed by CJR say two well-known photographers-Antonin Kratochvil and Christian Rodriguez-engaged in serial harassment and that VII, a prestigious collective, and the Eddie Adams Workshop ignored complaints of harassment.

Many women in the industry say the behavior is so common that they have long considered it simply one of the realities of working as a woman in the profession. They say the problem is rooted in a number of factors: The field has historically been male-dominated with a culture that glorifies macho, hyper-masculine behavior; there is an increasing reliance on freelancers, which affects accountability; workshops and other events for young photographers are often exploited by older, established photojournalists.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Susana Hayward, Doug Pizac.

In the story, this reference to the AP:

Women now fill top positions in photography departments at major publications like National Geographic, The New York Times, Time, and The Washington Post. But the field is still far from level. About 85 percent of applications to the World Press Photo Awards-among the industry's highest honors-have come from men in recent years. A recent internal report from the Associated Press looking at its own photo department shows that just 14 percent of AP photographers are women-19 percent in the US, and 11 percent internationally. Women Photograph, an initiative started by freelance documentary photographer Daniella Zalcmann last year to elevate the voices of women visual journalists, tallied the gender of the A1 lead photo bylines at eight international publications throughout 2017. At The Wall Street Journal, just 6.2 percent of the photos that appeared on A1 in 2017 were shot by women, the lowest of the papers they tracked. The highest was the San Francisco Chronicle, where 23.4 percent of the A1 photos published in 2017 were shot by women.

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Correcting monumental injustices: Slowly but surely, our public spaces are getting the statues that women deserve (NY Daily News)



Alice in Wonderland sculpture in Central Park on Wednesday, Apr. 30, 2014 in New York, N.Y. (James Keivom / New York Daily News)

By LYNN SHERR

It's a monumental mistake that's taken centuries to fix. But with the same #MeToo outrage that's made assaults on women's bodies intolerable, a growing movement is now demanding that more women's bodies be put on display - in our parks and squares and assembly halls.

I'm talking, of course, about statues to honor the rich female heritage of our nation, a legacy that's been virtually invisible in our public spaces. This Thursday, thanks to the advocacy of volunteers from the Statue Fund, New York City helps fill that void by revealing the winning design for a monument honoring suffrage giants Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, along with other activists who worked tirelessly to get women the right to vote.

When it's completed and unveiled in 2020, 100 years after the 19th Amendment to the Constitution was ratified, it will be the first statue of real women in Central Park.

Wait, you say. You've seen female figures in Central Park. Like the charming sculpture of Alice in Wonderland? Sorry, but she's fictional. Mother Goose? Love her prose, but she's a bird. And yes, all those graceful angels and magical sprites? Wistful and illusory.

Read more [here](#).

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Farewell to a Newspaper Office: The L.A. Times Sports Desk Bids Adieu (The Ringer)

By **BRYAN CURTIS**

In its final weeks downtown, the Los Angeles Times newsroom felt like a long-held army post that was about to bivouac somewhere else. There were orange pieces of paper stuck to the walls that said, "Fill your trash can every night." Someone printed out a picture of the paper's new owner, health care entrepreneur Patrick Soon-Shiong; put him in a Superman outfit; and had him flying over a rendering of the new Times headquarters in El Segundo.

One afternoon, Angel Rodriguez, the sports editor, showed me around. He pointed to a bank of executive offices that were empty. They belonged to two top editors, Davan Maharaj and Megan Garvey, who were fired in a purge last August.

"That was Kim Murphy," Rodriguez said, pointing at another empty office. "A Pulitzer Prize winner. She took a job with The New York Times before the sale was announced. It's all these vestiges of what was."

The Los Angeles Times was leaving its 83-year-old headquarters for reasons that will feel familiar to the staffs of the Chicago Tribune and The Dallas Morning News. In 2016, during the period of wild mismanagement by the Tribune Company (and its rebranded spinoff, Tronc), the Times Building was sold to a Canadian development company. This spring, when Soon-Shiong agreed to buy the Times, he found the development company wanted to increase the paper's rent by \$1 million a month.

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

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Hockey writers vote for MVP - and the gloves come off (CJR)

By RYAN BELL

ON AN OTHERWISE PEACEFUL NIGHT in the National Hockey League, a fight broke out on Twitter. Fans of the Colorado Avalanche attacked Mike Chambers, hockey writer for The Denver Post and president of the Colorado chapter of the Professional Hockey Writers Association (PHWA), for not granting membership to the writers of a popular local sports website, BSN Denver.

While a hockey writer can do his or her job without being a member of the PHWA, membership does have some nice benefits. With a PHWA card, it's easier to get a season press pass to a writer's home arena, instead of applying on a game-by-game basis. It helps get them into visiting arenas. And members benefit from the PHWA's agreement with the NHL Players' Association guaranteeing sports writers access to the players. Not that players always cooperate, with a goalie once even attacking a reporter for The Buffalo News over something he wrote. "Every team has (players) who wouldn't pour their beer on a burning hockey writer," wrote Marc Spector, the PHWA's now-president, for Sportsnet.

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

Today in History - July 17, 2018



By The Associated Press

Today is Tuesday, July 17, the 198th day of 2018. There are 167 days left in the year.

Today's Highlights in History:

On July 17, 1944, during World War II, 320 men, two-thirds of them African-Americans, were killed when a pair of ammunition ships exploded at the Port Chicago Naval Magazine in California.

On this date:

In 1821, Spain ceded Florida to the United States.

In 1918, Russia's Czar Nicholas II and his family were executed by the Bolsheviks.

In 1936, the Spanish Civil War began as right-wing army generals launched a coup attempt against the Second Spanish Republic.

In 1938, aviator Douglas Corrigan took off from New York, saying he was headed for California; he ended up in Ireland, supposedly by accident, earning the nickname "Wrong Way Corrigan."

In 1954, the two-day inaugural Newport Jazz Festival, billed as "The First American Jazz Festival," opened in Rhode Island; among the performers the first night was Billie Holiday, who died in New York on this date in 1959 at age 44.

In 1955, Disneyland had its opening day in Anaheim, California.

In 1967, jazz composer-musician John Coltrane died in Long Island, New York, at age 40.

In 1975, an Apollo spaceship docked with a Soyuz spacecraft in orbit in the first superpower link-up of its kind.

In 1981, 114 people were killed when a pair of suspended walkways above the lobby of the Kansas City Hyatt Regency Hotel collapsed during a tea dance.

In 1996, TWA Flight 800, a Europe-bound Boeing 747, exploded and crashed off Long Island, New York, shortly after departing John F. Kennedy International Airport, killing all 230 people on board.

In 1997, Woolworth Corp. announced it was closing its 400 remaining five-and-dime stores across the country, ending 117 years in business.

In 2014, all 298 passengers and crew aboard Malaysia Airlines Flight 17 were killed when the Boeing 777 was shot down over rebel-held eastern Ukraine.

Ten years ago: The FDA lifted its salmonella warning on tomatoes amid signs the record outbreak, while not over, might finally be slowing. President George W. Bush and Iraqi Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki (NOO'-ree ahl-MAHL'-ih-kee) held a secure video conference during which they agreed to set a "general time horizon" for bringing more U.S. troops home from the Iraq war.

Five years ago: In a heated House Judiciary Committee hearing on domestic spying, members of Congress said they'd never intended to allow the National Security Agency to build a database of every phone call in America, while top Obama administration officials countered that the once-secret program was legal and necessary to keep America safe.

One year ago: The latest Republican effort to repeal and replace "Obamacare" was dealt a fatal blow in the Senate when two more Republican senators announced

their opposition to the measure. A white former Texas police officer, Roy Oliver, was indicted on a murder charge in the April shooting death of 15-year-old Jordan Edwards, who was in a car with four other black teens. A Georgia jury said CSX Transportation should pay \$3.9 million to the family of a movie worker killed on a railroad trestle in 2014 during the filming of a movie about musician Gregg Allman. Former House Speaker Dennis Hastert was released from a federal prison in Minnesota where he had served a little over a year for a banking conviction related to a child-sex-abuse scandal.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Donald Sutherland is 83. Actress-singer Diahann Carroll is 83. Rock musician Spencer Davis is 79. Sportscaster Verne Lundquist is 78. Comedian Tim Brooke-Taylor is 78. Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, is 71. Rock musician Terry "Geezer" Butler is 69. Actress Lucie Arnaz is 67. Actor David Hasselhoff is 66. Rock musician Fran Smith Jr. (The Hooters) is 66. German Chancellor Angela Merkel (AHN'-geh-lah MEHR'-kuhl) is 64. Television producer Mark Burnett is 58. Actress Nancy Giles is 58. Singer Regina Belle is 55. Rock musician Kim Shattuck is 55. Country singer Craig Morgan is 54. Rock musician Lou Barlow is 52. Contemporary Christian singer Susan Ashton is 51. Actor Andre Royo is 50. Actress Bitty Schram is 50. Actor Jason Clarke is 49. Movie director F. Gary Gray is 49. Singer JC (PM Dawn) is 47. Rapper Sole' is 45. Country singer Luke Bryan is 42. Actor Eric Winter is 42. Hockey player Marc Savard is 41. Actor Mike Vogel is 39. Actor Tom Cullen is 33. Actor Brando Eaton is 32. Rhythm-and-blues singer Jeremih (jehr-uh-MY') is 31. Actress Summer Bishil (BIHSH'-ihl) is 30. Actress Billie Lourd is 26. Actor Leo Howard is 21.

Thought for Today: "Dreams have as much influence as actions." - Stephane Mallarme (stay-FAN' ma-lar-MAY'), French essayist and poet (1842-1898).

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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