



Paul Shane <pjshane@gmail.com>

## Connecting - June 13, 2019

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

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# Connecting

June 13, 2019

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Colleagues,

Please join me in offering condolences to our colleague **Claude Erbsen** ([Email](#)) on the death Wednesday of his wife Hedy.

He shares, "With immense sadness I am writing to report the loss of my beloved wife of almost 50 years, after a valiant battle against an aggressive and extremely rare cancer. I apologize for the use of

a mass email, but it's the quickest way to inform family and friends."

Her funeral service will take place at 11:30 a.m. Friday, June 14, at Riverside Chapel, Amsterdam Ave. at West 76th Street in New York City. In lieu of flowers, contributions in Hedy's memory may be made to the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center. The family will be at home to receive friends between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. Monday.



**Hedy Erbsen: 1947-2019**

We lead today's Connecting with a story from colleague **Linda Deutsch** on how she obtained the exclusive interview earlier this week with OJ Simpson on the 25<sup>th</sup>-year anniversary of the grisly killings that transformed him from Hall of Fame football hero to murder suspect.

Click [here](#) for a YouTube clip from NBC News.

In a telephone interview with Deutsch, the 71-year-old Simpson said from his home in Las Vegas that he is happy and healthy, plays golf nearly every day and stays in touch with his children. "Life is fine," he said, while declining to talk about June 12, 1994, the night his ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman were stabbed to death. Simpson was ultimately acquitted of the crime in what came to be known as "The Trial of the Century."

Linda is often asked whether she believes Simpson was guilty. Her response, "As for the eternal question, I always say I have no opinion. OJ has told me at least 100 times that he didn't do it. I asked him many times and he was adamant about it. I sat through every day of the criminal trial and I believe he was properly acquitted in Los Angeles because they did not prove him guilty. In the British system, there is a verdict called 'Not Proven,' which is the only thing I like about that system. It might have been the best verdict in the Los Angeles case. People seem to have trouble with the words, 'Not Guilty.'"

Finally, we offer a salute to our dads on Sunday - Father's Day - and Connecting would welcome your thoughts on the impact of your father on your life and your career. Today's issue gets us started with remembrances by colleagues **Bill Kaczor** and **Norm Abelson**. Share your own story today so it can run tomorrow morning.

Have a great day!

Paul

# Linda Deutsch tells how her exclusive interview with OJ Simpson came about



Linda Deutsch appearing on NBC's Today.

**Linda Deutsch** ([Email](#)) - Many years ago, when OJ Simpson was acquitted of murder, I received a call from the AP Los Angeles bureau saying that the most famous defendant in the world was trying to reach me. I was in New Jersey on vacation, visiting a childhood friend, when the call came. It was so astounding that at first the AP bureau didn't believe it.

The office secretary held up the phone and announced, "There's someone on the phone who thinks he's OJ Simpson and he wants to talk to Linda."

News editor Steve Loeper, took the phone, ascertained it was indeed Simpson and arranged for him to call me in New Jersey.

That call in 1995 was such a sensation-the first time Simpson had spoken to any reporter since his arrest - that it electrified the news report. I dictated a story about what he had said (mostly thanking me for being fair to him) and then, on orders from headquarters, I drove into New York where every TV station was looking for me. It

was the middle of the night when I arrived and by then, AP was setting up pre-dawn interviews for me with the Today Show, Good Morning America, and the CBS morning show. What I remember is a whirlwind of trips in limousines carrying me from one studio to another and ending late in the day with an appearance on the Larry King Show on CNN. It was dizzying.

It was also the beginning of a relationship with Simpson that has lasted until today. He soon saw me as his go-to reporter, the one he could comment to and not be misquoted. I knew that I could call him at any hour if there was something urgent and he would give me a quote.

Editor and Publisher once did a story on me and called OJ to ask why I was the one reporter he talked to. He said, "She never said she thought I didn't do it, but she also never said she thought I did it and that's why I talk to her."



**In this 2014 photo, AP special correspondent Linda Deutsch holds a copy of her book, "Verdict, The Chronicle of the O.J. Simpson Trial," at her home in Los Angeles. (AP Photo/Nick Ut)**

Over the years, I did many phone interviews with him. The most amusing was when I was in Florida covering the Gore-Bush vote recount. Ballots were being trucked along a highway and commentators were comparing it to the Bronco chase. I mused out loud, "Maybe I should call OJ for comment." My colleagues looked at me like I was a bit nuts. But OJ was living in Florida then. I dialed him up and, guess what. He gave me some great quotes which instantly became the lead on TV stations which announced that "OJ Simpson has decided to weigh in on the election story and talked to The Associated Press." (Not exactly, but hey, they mentioned the AP).

The most traumatic interview with Simpson was when word broke that he was a suspect in an armed robbery in Las Vegas. I called. He told me the same story he would tell in court. He said he did not have a gun and he was trying to get his own memorabilia back. But as we were speaking, he said, "I think the police are at the door to arrest me." That interview laid the groundwork for his defense at trial.

I spoke to him many times during the trial, but once he was in prison, our communications stopped for nine years. I would send him notes now and then and wrote that I'd like to talk to him when he got out. On the day of his last parole hearing, he saw my colleague Ken Ritter in the crowd of reporters and said, "Give my best to a special lady. I think you know of whom I speak." Everyone asked who and he said my name.

Last year, while in Las Vegas, I saw Simpson and implored him to give me a post-prison interview. He declined. He said he planned to never again speak of the criminal case in Los Angeles or the Las Vegas case that landed him behind bars. "If I never talk about that again, I will be very happy," he said.



**This Thursday, June 6, 2019, AP photo shows O.J. Simpson in his Las Vegas area home.**

And then, last week, (AP California news editor) Frank Baker called me from the AP bureau. He reminded me that the 25th anniversary of the deaths of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman was approaching and he asked if OJ might want to talk. I was doubtful, but said I'd try.

The conversation began with him complaining that members of the media were hounding his family and him and he didn't want to talk. I reminded him that if he talked to me, it would be all he had to say.

Everyone would have the story. Still, he declined to discuss the past. He

said he and his children were now living in "a no negative zone," that he liked living in Las Vegas and life was fine. He said his children were doing well and, "We don't want to go back and relive the worst day of our lives. I don't know why anyone would think we would want to."

I wrote a story. The next challenge was to get pictures. He was adamant that he did not want a photographer. I asked if he could send me some pictures. That was a challenge on which I collaborated with (AP LA photographer) Reed Saxon. After long discussions, OJ finally put me in touch with a friend of his who sent some photos. They were good enough to accompany the story. The AP's Krysta Fauria produced a video with me.

Since the story broke, I have been doing many TV and radio interviews. Limos picked me up at my house. It seemed a flash from the past.

Some people asked me why I wanted to do this story. I said that I had been reporting a living history of OJ Simpson for 25 years and this was a chance to add another chapter, perhaps a coda to his story. He's living a quiet life now and I don't expect to have to do many updates. But this story has surprised me before. If another story arises with his name on it, I'm sure he and I will be talking again.

## Connecting mailbox

## ***Life after the AP buyout 10 years later***

**John Gibbons** ([Email](#)) - I started working for the AP in June of 1965 at the 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue Shop in the New York "Traffic Department" as a stock clerk, working for C.H. McDonald. It was my first "real job" after graduating from high school. Later, under Virgil Bradshaw, I was made "Asset Control Manager", a title I held until I retired. Under Bradshaw, we moved to East Brunswick, NJ, in 1972. Somewhere during that time we became the "Communications Department". While in East Brunswick, my position was transferred to the Treasurer's Office. In 1982 we moved to Cranbury, NJ. That office, now with a much smaller staff, still exists.

Early in 2009, I decided to take an early retirement. I was 62, and worked for the AP for 40 years.

My wife and I decided to retire to Wilmington, North Carolina. We went to Wilmington and bought a house. On our way back to New Jersey, I called my friend, Don Deibler, told him about the house and jokingly asked him if the AP was going "to do" a package. I couldn't believe it when he told me there were rumors about it going around. The plan was for me to go home and tell the AP that I was taking an early retirement...that didn't happen.

Shortly after I got home, I received the letter saying I qualified for the package. I must have been one of the first to respond, and one of the first to leave. My last day on the job was June 30 - my 41<sup>st</sup> anniversary with the AP.

Retirement is great!! We live about 10 minutes from the beach and go there often. I also volunteer at Cape Fear River Watch, I'm active in church work, and feeding the homeless.

Both of my daughters have moved to North Carolina. It's good to have them and my grandchildren close!

Two neck procedures and two new knees later, I think I'm taller than ever - and loving retirement!

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## ***Why journalism? I needed a job***

**John Kuglin (Email)** - That's easy. I needed a job. I finished course work in the fall of 1962 to receive a BA in history the following spring at Colorado College in Colorado Springs. I returned to Chicago, where I lived with my parents, and couldn't find a job. I returned to Colorado Springs and turned down a job as a traveling salesman peddling school supplies. Then a friend, the wire editor at the Gazette-Telegraph, told me that the rival Free Press had just fired a reporter. The rest is history.

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## ***How do I tell her to make journalism a career?***

**Bob Daugherty (Email)** - Read Jim Spehar's article in Wednesday's CONNECTING and it fit with a conversation I am asked to have with a young woman who is interested in photojournalism when she enters college this fall. What the hell do I tell her about the wisdom of this decision given the state of journalism in general. Do I tell her how many unemployed photojournalists there are floating around? Do I tell her about her chances of even making journalism a career? Do I tell her that she might be hard pressed to make enough money to pay off her student loan (if any)? If I discourage her, it would leave me feeling like a traitor to a career that served me well for almost 50 years. I guess I'm left with asking her, "Why journalism."

## **A salute to our fathers**

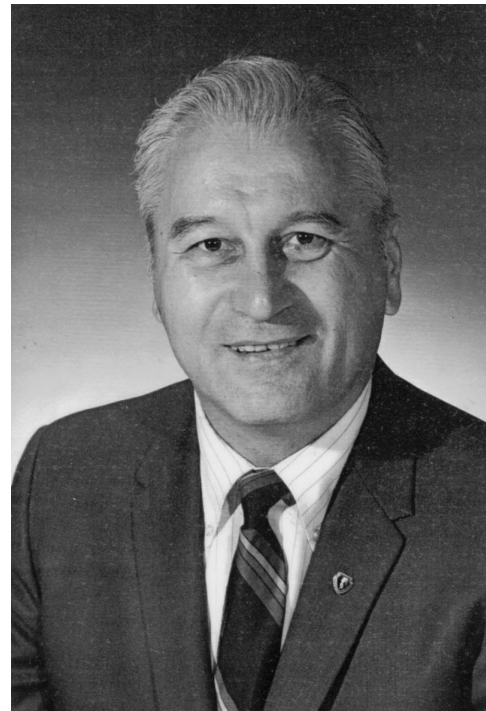
### ***How I got into journalism: I thank my father***

**Bill Kaczor (Email)** - Your question about how we got into journalism dovetails with the upcoming Father's Day remembrance in my case. As I now look back, my father, Stanley, influenced my career choice by example although I don't think I fully realize it at the time.

He was born in 1914 in Gary, Ind. His parents were Polish immigrants who returned to their homeland after World War I. That conflict had restored Poland to the map of Europe after it had been partitioned by Germany, Russia and Austria. My grandfather felt the freedom he had sought in America could once again be had in Poland, so back they went. As a young man there, my father trained as a printer. He and a

brother, both born in Gary and still U.S. citizens, returned to the United States in the late 1930's as war clouds loomed. They intended to later bring the rest of the family, including a younger brother and sister born in Poland, to America, but World War II prevented that from happening.

My father served in the Civilian Conservation Corps in Wyoming and then joined the Indiana National Guard shortly before Pearl Harbor. After winning promotion to technical sergeant as a medic, he was medically discharged due to a chronic ulcer before seeing any combat. The ulcer vexed him until a cure was found a few years before his death in 2003. After the Army, he worked for gas companies as a meter reader and then meter repairman in Gary and Chicago, where I mostly grew up, but he still managed to do some printing on the side. For a while he had a small press in the basement where he printed cards and other small jobs. As a small boy I often accompanied him to our church's print shop, where he volunteered his services.



**Stanley Kaczor**

Dad also was an avid reader of newspapers as well as a writer in his own right. He wrote poetry for his own enjoyment and a column in the bi-weekly, later monthly, newspaper put out by the Polish National Union, a fraternal benefit organization. While he spoke and read English, all of his writing, including an extensively researched book on our family's history, was all in Polish. He also became a leader in the fraternal organization, serving as director of a district that covered the Midwest and Florida. He continued writing his column about events in his district until shortly before his death in 2003.

So, I had been immersed in printing, writing and newspaper reading as a child. I started by reading the comics, moved on to sports and by the time I was in high school had graduated to the news and editorial pages. We mostly read The Chicago Daily News, which then was populated by such greats as Mike Royko, Keyes Beech, Georgie Ann Geyer and Peter Lisagore. I also had become an avid book-reader - mostly historic novels, war stories, science fiction and anything that offered lots of adventure.

Still, when I began high school I had ambitions of becoming a civil engineer. I had been fascinated by the surge of road building in the 1950s and enjoyed making things such as model ships and airplanes. Then, a couple things happened. The first was algebra. The second was the school newspaper. I was in a freshman honors English class when the newspaper adviser came by looking for volunteers. I'm not sure exactly why, but I signed up. Maybe it was all those visits to the print shop, or watching my father peck away at his column, or reading those many great stories in the Daily News, or my befuddlement with algebra.



Sadly, my choice had little to do with idealism. I had discovered I had a knack for writing when another teacher had (falsely) accused me of plagiarizing a history report. I also got a thrill out of seeing my name in print and being involved, although vicariously, in all the most important stuff going on at school.

The rest is, as the cliché goes, is history. I began covering sports in high school because most of the staff was female, and sports in the 1960s was still a male domain. I even took a typing class - I was the only boy - and eventually became the school paper's sports editor and then editor-in-chief. I minored in journalism, as no major then was offered, at Eastern Illinois University but served in various capacities at the campus newspaper including editor three different times. When not working at the school paper I found jobs at a couple local dailies. While in the Air Force I moonlighted for a couple papers in the Florida Panhandle then completed a master's at Medill before landing full-time jobs at the Pensacola News Journal, Gannett News Service and then, for 33 years, the AP.

It was a great career and I owe it at least in part to my father, Stanley W. Kaczor.

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## ***Searching for daddy***

**Norm Abelson (Email)** - Who was the real Harry Arnold Abelson? A strange question to ponder, perhaps, 115 years after my Daddy's birth, and more than four decades after his death.

But memory often surprises us. We never know when some misty picture might pop up and demand to be clarified. So I'll just grab hold, trying my best to perform an act of remembering. I'm not sure how Harry will emerge in this late-life search by his 88-year-old son to find the inner him. We'll see.

Why the search for Daddy rather than Mom? It may be because he was more distant, more of a mystery, while still a powerful presence that always got my attention and, occasionally, roused my anger or resentment. Also, thinking about Mom always makes me feel sad. A woman tied to her own apron strings, unable to exercise her fine talent for writing, always hoping I would take it up. She hid so much, repressed that which she did best. Perhaps her inside story will ask to be told by me later.

As with all of us, Daddy was full of contradictions, what-ifs and whys. We might as well start with his name. At birth he was Arnold Harry, but somewhere along the line he decided to switch; my mother once told me he didn't feel Arnold was very masculine-sounding. So he became Harry Arnold Abelson. I can to this day visualize his beautifully scripted signature in the new order.

Just how or whether that name change affected him, I don't know. But maybe it's a clue as to why I was given a quite masculine-sounding name (one I've never been crazy about), related to the Norse warrior class, and no middle name at all.



**Harry Arnold Abelson**

Daddy's outward mien was one of garrulousness, self-assurance, and a good guy to know if you needed a favor. He had a powerful voice, and, after taking an evening extension course, became a compelling public speaker. His laugh was loud and sure, his singing voice a resonant baritone. After a couple of Scotches, he was likely to lead the singing of old Yiddish folk songs at bar mitzvahs and weddings.

I can recall songs he sang to me when I was quite young, probably before I turned six. One, "Mighty Lak A Rose," which he sang to me at bedtime, began with the words: "Sleepy little fellow..." Another, as he lifted me up on his lap, started "Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy..."

Daddy also loved to whistle, a homely habit of many men in those days, which, sadly, has now all but disappeared.

Harry was striking to look at; some likened him to a young Humphrey Bogart. And maybe because of his early poverty and wearing rough-hewn manual-labor clothing, in later years he always dressed to the nines: Fine gabardine suits, white shirts with starched collars, classic ties, highly polished shoes, topped off with a pearl-gray fedora, always cocked at a jaunty angle. Daddy had his initials "HAA" everywhere. Embroidered on his shirts and handkerchiefs. Stamped in gold on all his luggage and other leather goods. Even his gold-colored keychain (which I still keep in my jewelry case) was made up of the letters in his name.

Women, as I look back from a grown man's perspective, seemed always attracted to him. Whether those attractions were ever acted upon by Daddy is something I can

only guess at. What is clear in my memory is that my mother was his true love, from their first meeting as 12-year-olds in the rock-strewn playground of Daniels Elementary School to his death more than 60 years later.

Harry's early life was not easy. When he was three, his mother died giving birth to his younger brother, my Uncle Sammy, who survived, and a twin sister, who didn't. He and Sam were sent to an orphanage in Providence, where they lived for some three years until their father re-married. His stepmother, Rose, my bubby, was an angel of a woman. A bright and caring Russian-Jewish immigrant, she was most probably the "victim" of an arranged marriage. I say victim because my Daddy's father, Frank, also an escapee from Tsarist anti-Semitism, was an ignorant and sometimes cruel man.

Forced to leave school after the eighth grade, as were many youngsters in those difficult times, Harry went to work as a laborer in a lock factory. Soon, probably at age 14, he ran away from home - and a mean, vindictive father. With a buddy, he traveled across the country on a beat-up motorcycle. In San Diego, looking older than his years, he joined the Navy, using an uncle's birth certificate. He spent eight years as a sailor, starting out shoveling coal below decks. Daddy was among the youngest World War I veterans to see action, in his case aboard a battleship fighting off the coast of France.

His upper body was a canvas of fading tattoos. A full-masted ship spread across his chest. On his left arm, a long list of the many countries he visited in an around-the-world peace cruise following World War I. Anchors and varied other naval depictions completed the gallery. As he grew socially and intellectually, Daddy came to view the tattoos as marks of shame, and always wore long-sleeved shirts, even at the shore.

He never stopped working his heart out to take care of the family.

His career spanned decades at the same firm - The Boston Ice Company. Starting as a shoveler on a coal truck, he moved to ice manufacturing plants, first handling the huge ice cakes, then to managing the units. Eventually he moved to the company's central office, retiring as a mid-level executive.

Along the way, he sought always to improve himself. For many years, he took one night course a week at Boston College. At his death, he was only a couple of courses away from a bachelor's degree.

He engaged in endless volunteer efforts to better the lives of others. And he and my mother devoted a huge part of their lives to protecting and caring for their other child, my late brother, Stephen.

Because of Stevie, who suffered from emotional and mental problems, Dad became a nationally recognized expert on and spokesperson for folks with such disabilities. He single-handedly was responsible for creating an educational and recreation center for kids like Stevie in our hometown.

He fought hard against the de-institutional movement, warning it would lead to badly run local "homes," poor treatment, and add to the problems of homelessness. He was so right. He testified at the state house and before Congress seeking new laws for more humane treatment for afflicted people.

And he wasn't above a bit of trickery to help them.

There was no air conditioning at the institution where my brother lived, and summer was unbearable for the residents. Requests to authorities were ignored. So my Dad scheduled a musical play by the residents, advertised it widely, and invited top Massachusetts officials, including the governor, to attend. Of course he scheduled it for a mid-summer day. The program was intentionally extensive, and before the show was half over, the bureaucrats were feeling the heat in more than one way. It wasn't long before air conditioning was installed.

He was the most authentic home-town guy I've ever known. After his Navy travels, he spent his remaining years living in and loving the same community, Malden. He was a part of it, and it was a part of him. When some of his friends improved their lot, they left for more affluent places. I can recall clearly his response: "As soon as these guys get 200 bucks in the bank, they become Republicans and move to some fancy town." His final act every night was to read, cover to cover, The Malden Evening News.

Harry was always a politically involved guy. He was an avid worker in Democratic campaigns, including the early Congressional races of John F. Kennedy and "Tip" O'Neill. He believed deeply in the institutions and practices of democracy. One morning I got a frenzied call from my mother. Dad had suffered a serious heart attack, and his survival was in doubt. I told her I would drive down immediately. No, she said, it was Election Day, and Dad insisted I vote first. Of course, I did.

I believe that after that illness he sensed he didn't have much time left.

So he set out to put some funds aside for my mother and brother. He obtained a realtor's license and, even though he was quite ill and slowing down, he worked to amass thousands of dollars from sales to leave for his family.

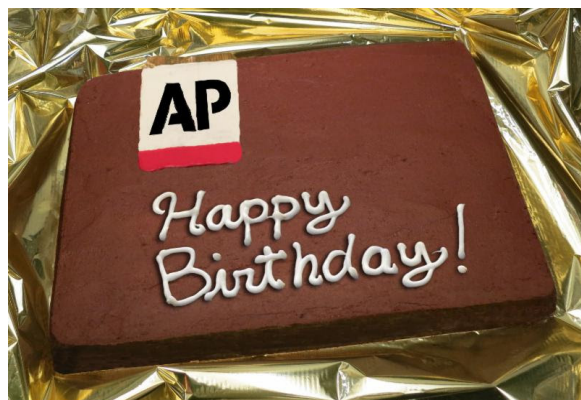
Hospitalized a few years later for a second heart attack, Dad, a lifelong smoker, was found also to have lung cancer. This time, it was clear, he would not survive. He had trouble sleeping in the hospital, so I sat alone with him nights during his last days. We didn't talk much, but I sensed he wanted me there with him at the end.

So have I found the inner Harry? I'm still not sure. Maybe he was there in plain sight all the time. As was once said of the screen great James Cagney: He was what he seemed to be.

But the search was worthwhile in any case. Because now this I do know: He was a good man who always did his best for others, sought to improve himself, and who deeply loved his family. Including me.

Daddy, I love you too.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



to

**Matt Sedensky - [msedensky@ap.org](mailto:msedensky@ap.org)**

**Dan Wakin - [wakin@nytimes.com](mailto:wakin@nytimes.com)**

**Jim Williams - [jim@jrw3.com](mailto:jim@jrw3.com)**

## Stories of interest

## ***Droidward and Botstein can't do it all, but AI-enhanced journalism offers a glimpse of the next knowledge economy*** (Nieman)

By **NICHOLAS DIAKOPOULOS**

Much as robots have transformed entire swaths of the manufacturing economy, artificial intelligence and automation are now changing information work, letting humans offload cognitive labor to computers. In journalism, for instance, data mining systems alert reporters to potential news stories, while newsbots offer new ways for audiences to explore information. Automated writing systems generate financial, sports and elections coverage.

A common question as these intelligent technologies infiltrate various industries is how work and labor will be affected. In this case, who - or what - will do journalism in this AI-enhanced and automated world, and how will they do it?

The evidence I've assembled in my new book *Automating the New: How Algorithms are Rewriting the Media* suggests that the future of AI-enabled journalism will still have plenty of people around. However, the jobs, roles, and tasks of those people will evolve and look a bit different. Human work will be hybridized - blended together with algorithms - to suit AI's capabilities and accommodate its limitations.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***The media has a big problem, Reuters Institute says: Who will pay for the news?***

By **Guy Faulconbridge**

LONDON (Reuters) - News organizations are being challenged by technology giants and unsettled by a broader lack of trust but they have a much deeper problem: most people don't want to pay for online news, the Reuters Institute found.

Swiftly accelerating mobile internet and smartphones have revolutionized the delivery of news and destroyed the business models of many news organizations over the past 20 years, leading to falling revenues, layoffs and takeovers.

The mass migration of advertising to U.S. technology giants such as Facebook, Google and Amazon has hammered revenues while more than half the world's population now has access to news via an internet connection.

But will people actually pay for news?

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

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## ***It's take your subscriber to lunch day*** (Poynter)

**By KRISTEN HARE**

Jim Patrick wants The Sacramento Bee to cover food the way he talks about it with his friends. He wants the best, most interesting and quirkiest food coverage.

That doesn't mean the Bee isn't covering James Beard winners or writing about high-end dining. But the approach is changing.

"I really feel like newspapers have been talking to the chattering class instead of to the masses when it comes to food coverage," Patrick said.

Today, you can read about The Sacramento Bee's sprint approach to reaching and better serving different communities over at Better News, and how sister paper The Fresno Bee had great success with shifting its food coverage during a recent sprint over at Poynter.

For Patrick, an editor in Sacramento, the shift means getting and keeping subscribers. And maybe taking them out to lunch.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***Newspapers' Embarrassing Lobbying Campaign*** (Politico)

**By JACK SHAFER**

The newspaper industry has crawled up Capitol Hill once again to beg for an antitrust exemption it thinks it needs in its fight with Google and Facebook for advertising dollars.

Currently, Google and Facebook collect 73 percent of all digital advertising. Members of the news industry believe that the two tech giants have exploited their dominance of the web to unfairly collect digital dollars that rightfully belong to the news organizations. The Journalism Competition and Preservation Act of 2019, introduced in the House in April, and its Senate version, would allow print and online news companies to cartelize into a united front against Google and Facebook. Washington Post media columnist Margaret Sullivan cheered the bill last week and other newspapers (Chicago Tribune, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Columbus Dispatch, and others) have editorialized in favor of the exemption. Under the new law, which would sunset in four years, the cartel could collectively withhold content from Google, Facebook and other sites and negotiate the terms under which the two tech giants could use their work. Anti-trust law currently prohibits such industrywide collusion.

Read more [here](#). Shared by John Hartzell, Kevin Walsh.

## **Today in History - June 13, 2019**





## By The Associated Press

Today is Thursday, June 13, the 164th day of 2019. There are 201 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On June 13, 1966, the Supreme Court ruled in *Miranda v. Arizona* that criminal suspects had to be informed of their constitutional right to consult with an attorney and to remain silent.

### On this date:

In 1842, Queen Victoria became the first British monarch to ride on a train, traveling from Slough Railway Station to Paddington in 25 minutes.

In 1927, aviation hero Charles Lindbergh was honored with a ticker-tape parade in New York City.

In 1935, James Braddock claimed the title of world heavyweight boxing champion from Max Baer in a 15-round fight in Queens, New York. "Becky Sharp," the first movie photographed in "three-strip" Technicolor, opened in New York.

In 1942, a four-man Nazi sabotage team arrived on Long Island, New York, three days before a second four-man team landed in Florida. (All eight men were arrested)

after two members of the first group defected.) President Franklin D. Roosevelt created the Office of Strategic Services and the Office of War Information.

In 1967, President Lyndon B. Johnson nominated Solicitor-General Thurgood Marshall to become the first black justice on the U.S. Supreme Court.

In 1977, James Earl Ray, the convicted assassin of civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr., was recaptured following his escape three days earlier from a Tennessee prison.

In 1978, the movie musical "Grease," starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, had its world premiere in New York.

In 1983, the U.S. space probe Pioneer 10, launched in 1972, became the first spacecraft to leave the solar system as it crossed the orbit of Neptune.

In 1993, Canada's Progressive Conservative Party chose Defense Minister Kim Campbell to succeed Brian Mulroney (muhl-ROO'-nee) as prime minister; she was the first woman to hold the post. Astronaut Donald K. "Deke" Slayton died in League City, Texas, at age 69.

In 1997, a jury voted unanimously to give Timothy McVeigh the death penalty for his role in the Oklahoma City bombing. The Chicago Bulls captured their fifth professional basketball championship in seven years with a 90-to-86 victory over the Utah Jazz in game six.

In 2005, A jury in Santa Maria, California, acquitted Michael Jackson of molesting a 13-year-old cancer survivor at his Neverland ranch. The Supreme Court warned prosecutors to use care in striking minorities from juries, siding with black murder defendants in Texas and California who contended their juries had been unfairly stacked with whites.

In 2008, Tim Russert, moderator of NBC's "Meet the Press," died suddenly while preparing for his weekly broadcast; he was 58. R. Kelly was acquitted of all charges in his child pornography trial in Chicago, ending a six-year ordeal for the R&B superstar.

Ten years ago: Opponents of Mahmoud Ahmadinejad (ah-muh-DEE'-neh-zahhd) clashed with police in the heart of Tehran after the Iranian president claimed a re-election victory. Hundreds gathered at a sprawling hillside cemetery in Los Angeles

to attend a funeral for David Carradine, more than a week after the 72-year-old actor was found hanging in a Bangkok hotel room.

Five years ago: The Internal Revenue Service told Congress it had lost a trove of emails to and from Lois Lerner, a central figure in the agency's tea party controversy, sparking outrage from congressional investigators. The Los Angeles Kings won the Stanley Cup for the second time in three years with a 3-2 victory over the New York Rangers in Game 5. Hall of Fame football coach Chuck Noll, 82, died in Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

One year ago: President Donald Trump declared that his summit with Kim Jong Un had ended any nuclear threat from North Korea, though the meeting had produced no details on how or when weapons might be eliminated or reduced. On the eve of the start of the World Cup in Russia, FIFA voters chose to award the 2026 World Cup to North America.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Bob McGrath is 87. Artist Christo is 84. Magician Siegfried (Siegfried & Roy) is 80. Actor Malcolm McDowell is 76. Former U.N. Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon is 75. Singer Dennis Locorriere is 70. Actor Richard Thomas is 68. Actor Jonathan Hogan is 68. Actor Stellan Skarsgard is 68. Comedian Tim Allen is 66. North Carolina Gov. Roy Cooper is 62. Actress Ally Sheedy is 57. TV anchor Hannah Storm is 57. Rock musician Paul deLisle (deh-LYL') (Smash Mouth) is 56. Actress Lisa Vidal is 54. Singer David Gray is 51. Rhythm and blues singer Deniece Pearson (Five Star) is 51. Rock musician Soren Rasted (Aqua) is 50. Actor Jamie Walters is 50. Singer-musician Rivers Cuomo (Weezer) is 49. Country singer Susan Haynes is 47. Actor Steve-O is 45. Country singer Jason Michael Carroll is 41. Actor Ethan Embry is 41. Actor Chris Evans is 38. Actress Sarah Schaub is 36. Singer Raz B is 34. Actress Kat Dennings is 33. Actress Ashley Olsen is 33. Actress Mary-Kate Olsen is 33. DJ/producer Gesaffelstein is 32. Actor Aaron Johnson is 29.

**Thought for Today: "There are no strangers here, only friends you have not yet met." - William Butler Yeats (1865-1939).**

## Connecting calendar



**June 20** - 25-Year Club Celebration, 5:30 - 8 p.m., AP headquarters, 200 Liberty Street, New York, NY. RSVP online [here](#). Any questions may be directed to [recognition@ap.org](mailto:recognition@ap.org)

**August 17** - Albany AP bureau reunion (including other upstate bureaus), 1-5 p.m., Marc and Carla Humbert residence on Tsatsawassa Lake, [68 Marginal Way, East Nassau, NY](#). Contact: Chris McKnight ([Email](#)).

## 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](mailto:paulstevens46@gmail.com)

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

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