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# Connecting - July 31, 2019

1 message

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# Connecting

July 31, 2019

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Colleagues,

Good Wednesday morning on this the 31st day of July 2019,

We bring sad news of the death of the daughter of our colleague **Hank Ackerman** and his wife **Mell - Vandy O'Brien**, who died last Saturday at the age of 48. Hank lovingly wrote her obituary and we bring it to you in today's Connecting.

He also shares this poem he wrote in her honor:

### **Say a Prayer for Vandy**

Say a prayer for Vandy,  
Help God her rest her soul

"Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

Make her time in Heaven to us all  
This Light,

This Little Light of mine,

Defined her world, her soul, her universe

Of friends with smiles and laughter and love and caring

Abounding all in technicolor like what you see  
When candlelight shines brightly in her room, and, so

If she died before she would wake, we pray,  
O Lord, her soul to take.

**Barry Sweet's** memories of the AP's first digital camera in Tuesday's edition prompted responses from several of you, about one of the most seminal changes in the world of news photography. Share your own experiences.

Got a favorite childhood memory to share? Our colleague **Norm Abelson** does - and it involves an accordion, the song "Lady of Spain" and what happened one summer day in New England when the Second World War came to an end.

Enjoy his blast from his past - and Connecting would welcome your own story.

Paul

**Caroline Vanderhoof Ackerman  
O'Brien:  
July 5, 1971 - July 27, 2019**



Caroline Vanderhoof Ackerman O'Brien, who during her journey from birth in Argentina to her motherhood and professional work in Atlanta, was a teacher, trainer, and human resources specialist, died Saturday, July 27 in Roswell, GA.

Known as Vandy throughout her life, she was 48.

"She was an unbelievable presence - just the fact that someone like her would exist in this world is beyond belief," a companion said this week.

"She was a gatherer of people," said another. "Her radiant smiles - super infectious way of bringing humor into every situation.," said a third. Joie de vivre was her description to a fourth. "A bright, happy presence." And, as in her youth, one "who could relate to everyone" regardless of language.

Vandy was born on July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1971 in the moment of the most extensive brownout in the history Buenos Aires, Argentina, a city of eight million. She was born under candlelight at the onset of the power outage. A UPI story of this unusual birth of an American abroad was published in scores of newspapers around the United States. Her parents, Henry S. Ackerman and Victoria Mell Ackerman, were in Buenos Aires

where Mr. Ackerman was studying on a Fulbright graduate fellowship. Vandy was proud of her Argentine citizenship.

Vandy lived in Argentina, Peru, Venezuela and, then, in the U.S., in Tallahassee, FL, New York City, Cleveland, New Orleans and Detroit before moving to Georgia. She attended kindergarten in Buenos Aires, early elementary school in Lima, Peru, and Caracas, Venezuela, and middle school in Shaker Heights, OH, and Trinity Episcopal School in New Orleans, LA, while pursuing high school years at Isidore Newman School in New Orleans and Grosse Pointe (MI) South High School, graduating in 1989.

Bilingual from her earliest days, Vandy entered Oxford College of Emory University, graduating with a degree in Latin American studies in 1993. For her charitable work along with friends, she was awarded one of the 1,000 Points of Light commendations under the Bush Administration. She worked for Siemens, Inc. in Atlanta, as a marketing assistant; at Paychex, as a roving trainer for system software. She taught mathematics and Spanish at Atlanta Country Day School where she met her husband-to-be, Matthew O'Brien. At Solution Builders, she was VP Human Resources, and voted one of Atlanta's 100 Top Women in Atlanta Business. For the past eight years, she was self-employed as a human resources manager working principally for Compass Chemical International Corp. and Italmatch USA in metropolitan Atlanta. She was active in the Oakhurst Neighborhood schools and other civic ventures in Decatur, Ga. She spent childhood summers and the last two weeks of her life in Montreat, N.C.

"She loved her children and her family fiercely. Her passion for beauty was unsurpassed," said Ashley Marratt, a childhood friend in Montreat and Atlanta. During her recent years, aside from her professional work, Vandy was a community spirit, mother and homemaker for her daughters.

Vandy and, Matt, her former husband, had two children. Lucey, 20, is a junior at Florida State University; Caroline (Nina), 15, is a sophomore at St. Pius X High School in Atlanta. Vandy is also survived by her parents, Henry S. Ackerman and Victoria Mell Ackerman; brother, Henry Cooper Ackerman, sister-in-law Nicky Ackerman and nephews, Douglas Laird Ackerman and Patrick Fynn Ackerman; and a niece, Jamie Schwartz, and two nephews, Jesse and Drew Schwartz, on Matt's side. She was nicknamed "Vandy" after her great-grandmother, Mabel Vanderhoof Ackerman (1885-1954), an artist of Dutch descent.

On the last day of her life, she had read in her daily reminder from The Power of Positive Thinking, "Put your trust in God, and then go calmly on your way."

Visitation (3:00 pm - 4:30 pm) and a memorial service (4:30 pm - 5:30 pm) will be held Thursday, August 1, at AS Turner and Sons Funeral Home, [2773 N. Decatur Road, Decatur, GA 30030](#). In lieu of flowers, family asks that donations be sent to DEAM (Decatur-area Assistance Ministry) through [www.deamdecatur.org](http://www.deamdecatur.org), an organization that is supported by Decatur and Avondale, GA churches, providing emergency food and volunteer support to local residents.

Hank Ackerman's email is - [ack1942@gmail.com](mailto:ack1942@gmail.com) - and address - [869 Whittier Rd, Grosse Pointe Park, MI 48230](#)

## Your memories of AP's introduction of NC2000 digital camera



**Mark Duncan (Email)** - In my 34 years as an AP photographer, one the most exciting/frustrating assignments revolved around the NC2000 digital camera.

Assigned to cover the Super Bowl in Atlanta in Jan. 1994, I was called to a breakfast meeting with VP Photos, Vin Alabiso, and photographers Rob Galbraith and Mark Humphrey a few days before the game.

During breakfast, Alabiso revealed we would be covering the game with prototypes of Kodak's NC2000, but were not to reveal this to our peers. Humphrey had picked up the cameras, which were digital backs bolted to a Nikon film camera, at Kodak's Rochester, NY, headquarters and hand-carried them to Atlanta. We had two days prior to the game to learn how to use them.

To carry out the subterfuge, we used black electrical tape to cover all the markings on the cameras and had the opportunity to shoot test images inside the Georgia Dome.

As NFL stadiums go, the lighting was average at best, challenging the high ISO performance of the new cameras. At some point it was decided to borrow three 300mm f/2 lenses from Nikon. The faster lens helped but it was a bit unwieldy at nearly 30 pounds.

The three cameras were deemed "Good; Better; Best" by Kodak engineers but we thought it should be "Good; Okay; Poor" after testing. I am convinced, I had "Poor".

On game day, we three deployed to cover the game with the rest of the AP photo crew shooting film. Film had to be carried by messengers from the field to the AP darkroom, processed, scanned and transmitted to New York for distribution to the members. For us digital dogs, LA ACOB/Photos Spencer Jones, sat in the corner of an end zone with a laptop he used to retrieve the images off our digital storage cards and caption and send to NY.

This gave us about a 30-minute head start over the photos coming off film.

Long story short, the Dallas Cowboys beat the Buffalo Bills and Rob Galbraith's perfect digital image of Dallas running back Emmitt Smith's touchdown run led the play.

A few days later, Alabiso and Kodak officials formally announced the joint development of the camera in New York. I'm not sure if this is true or not, but the story going around afterwards, was a representative of the New York Times commented that the Times would never use the camera because the quality did not meet their high standards.

Alabiso countered by holding up Monday's Times with Galbraith's digital photo of Smith's touchdown covering half of the front page.

These first halting steps into digital photography led to a revolution in news photography. Kodak continued developing the digital backs for both Nikon and Canon film cameras, and eventually, the camera makers developed their own strictly digital offerings. Digital photography eventually meant the demise of Kodak as the market for film plummeted.

Today, smartphone images are 1000% better than those NC2000 photos and technology has advanced to the point where photographers can send the images directly to editors over Ethernet or WiFi from the camera.

I am proud to have played a small part in this photographic revolution. If any of this narrative is a bit off, hopefully other Connecting readers can set the record straight. My first experience with the NC2000 was 25 years ago and, my memory ain't what it used to be.

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**Paul Shane** ([Email](#)) - Thank you, Barry Sweet, for your note on AP Photos' adaption of digital equipment with the NC2000 camera.

I missed knowing much about AP's transition to digital photography because I had already transferred out of the NY darkroom to MIS, but I'm eager to learn more about the era.

Someone should write a book about AP's photo digital transition and work to develop and test the technology. The book could talk about the technology, but also have anecdotes and chapters of real usage. How long did that period last, maybe 10 years or less? The book must be researched while AP witnesses are still around and have memories of back in the day.

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**Robert Meyers** ([Email](#)) - I remember the introduction of the NC2000 to photographers in the London bureau. The quality of the image was far inferior to film and most of the staff photographers continued to use film for many months after they were issued the NC2000. I remember photo bosses threatening to take away their Nikons if they didn't start using the NC2000. The low light noise problem was a

real issue, as was backlighting. Rick Feld of the Atlanta bureau was at the scene of a tornado disaster in Georgia early one morning. The rising sun behind the scene of destroyed buildings and shredded trees was a digital mess of blobs of light-colored tones in a concentric ring of nonsense. It was many years before direct digital quality matched film.

## Connecting mailbox

### ***Diana Heidgerd to retire in October after 36-year AP career***

**Diana Heidgerd** ([Email](#)) - I thought I'd share some good news - I'm retiring from AP, effective Thursday, Oct. 31, 2019, after more than 36 years with my favorite media organization.

It's been a pleasure to work with so many wonderful AP staffers and those of you who were part of Texas AP Broadcasters and other journalism endeavors. Thank you for your help over the years.

I was especially happy to see some of you in June at the AP anniversaries dinner in New York City!

So I've got three months to go, and I will treasure every moment. I'm very grateful to have had a career with AP and will look forward to starting the next part of my life with hubby Paul. We plan to stay in Dallas. I hope, down the road (after I get caught up on my sleep), to volunteer - through my church's ministries- and teach English as a second language. I think by now I have most of the AP Stylebook memorized!

Again, thanks for being part of my AP life. My last day with The Associated Press will be Oct. 31, 2019.

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***In Ilhan Omar's Somalia***



**Mort Rosenblum** ([Email](#)) - PARIS - Ilhan Omar might have been one of those hollow-eyed Somali kids at the edge of survival I saw back in the early 1990s, covering humanity's ugly underside for the Associated Press.

The world had ignored foreseeable famine. A warlord despot battled with murderous rivals, all demanding chunks of whatever was left to plunder. Heading inland from Mogadishu, I wrote:



"On the blacktop road to Baidoa, a sunbaked corpse lies in the center, the chest emptied by vultures. It might have been a bullet, a bus or hunger. In Somalia, no one stops to find out.

Read more [here](#).

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**Celebrating a birthday much more fun with grandkids**



**David Briscoe (Email)** - Celebrating 76 big years with the Hawaii half of the next generation. Nothing like the joy of Grandkid tending for my birthday in Hawaii. Dave is shown with Dylan, 4; Chesley, 6, and Malaya, 3.

## Stories of interest

***Is it time for "strategic silence" in news coverage of mass shootings?*** (Nieman)

**By JON MARCUS**

When a gunman killed 51 people and injured dozens more at two mosques in Christchurch, New Zealand in March, the official response was swift. Restrictions were imposed on military-style semiautomatic weapons and assault rifles, and on magazines and ammunition. The ban was made permanent by an all-but-unanimous vote in Parliament, followed by a \$136 million allocation to buy back semiautomatic firearms by December. And the prime minister, Jacinda Ardern, wore a hijab to console families of victims and other Muslims.

But it was another gesture that most caught the attention of a group of American activists and policymakers: Ardern proclaimed that she would never name the shooter, and a judge ordered that photos of his face, when he appeared in court, be blurred "to preserve any fair trial rights." They were, though some journalism outlets that complied with the order also published or posted images of the suspect in which his face was visible. When the accused returned to be formally charged with murder and terrorism - his trial will begin next year - some of New Zealand's major media organizations vowed "to the extent that is compatible with the principles of open justice, limit any coverage of statements that actively champion white supremacist or terrorist ideology."

Read more [here](#).

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## ***When local papers close, costs rise for local governments*** (CJR)

**By DERMOT MURPHY**

DURING THE PAST 15 YEARS, local newspaper circulation numbers dropped by roughly 30 percent, while the number of statehouse reporters covering local government issues dropped by 35 percent. Academic studies suggest that a lack of local media coverage is associated with less informed voters, lower voter turnouts, and less engaged local politicians. My colleagues and I, as finance professors, wondered whether a decline in local journalism would also lead to higher borrowing costs for local governments.

Local governments frequently borrow money to finance public works projects such as schools, hospitals, and roadways. Lenders demand higher interest rates if they think they are lending to a riskier borrower—that is, a borrower who is more likely to default on a loan. We suspected that if local media is not present to keep their government in check, then there would be a greater likelihood of mismanaged public funds and other government inefficiencies. As a result, governments lacking local media coverage would be perceived as riskier borrowers and forced to pay correspondingly higher interest rates on the funds they borrow for public works projects. The costs stemming from higher interest rates would ultimately be borne by local taxpayers.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Richard Chady.

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## ***The print reader in chief: Inside Trump's retro media diet*** (Politico)

By DANIEL LIPPMAN

He slams the mainstream media as dishonest liars. He calls journalists the "enemy of the people." He rages at the television hosts he watches during his "Executive Time." He hasn't held a traditional White House news conference for almost 10 months, preferring to go around the "fake news" filter he perceives as hopelessly biased and blast out 280-character proclamations on Twitter instead.

Yet there's one form of media President Donald Trump consumes to a voracious degree, despite the widespread assumption he's not much of a reader: the printed word. At a time when the newspaper industry has been hemorrhaging jobs - it has lost thousands nationwide since Trump was elected and nearly half of its total newsroom jobs since 2008, according to data from the Pew Research Center - Trump's ink-stained reading habits are striking.

They're also fundamental to understanding his presidency.

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

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## ***A Post photographer steps back in time to rekindle his love of sports*** (Washington Post)



**Daniel Loscalzo, 30, of Wantagh, N.Y., participated in the the National 19th Century Base Ball Festival in Gettysburg, Pa. He is with the Eckford Base Ball Club of Brooklyn. (Matt McClain/The Washington Post)**

**By Kenneth Dickerman and Matt McClain**

For 10 years, baseball enthusiasts from all over the country have gathered in Gettysburg, Pa., for the Gettysburg National 19th Century Base Ball Festival. At the event, members of clubs dedicated to preserving the way baseball was played in the 19th century show up draped in vintage garb for a day of competition, nostalgia and fun.

This year's festival was July 20 and 21, with 24 clubs competing in 47 games over two very hot days. Washington Post staff photographer Matt McClain drove over to Gettysburg to check out the action. McClain has been fascinated by American history and its reenactors for several years. He is also a sports fan, and he felt this would be a great opportunity to meld the two interests.

Here's what McClain had to say about covering this year's event and why it sparked his interest.

Read more [here](#).

## **The Final Word**

## **The Squeeze-Box Saga**





**Norm Abelson (Email)** - It was just another of the burdens placed upon my nine-year-old shoulders by what I then saw as my heartless and unthinking family.

I had begged for a Daisy hundred-shot repeater air rifle. Of course I got the old "you'll put your eye out" routine from my mother, but I hoped my father - already on a path to "make a man" of me - would prevail. (He did three years later, but the compromise with mother was that it had to be a "safer" single shot.) "Ma, it's my birthday," I had pleaded. "I'm gonna be nine. Besides, how am I gonna put my eye out? The BB comes out the other end."

"Maybe when you're older we'll talk again," she had responded, adding, in a voice edged with impatience, "and besides, what if you shoot your little brother?" I knew that any further reference to my three-year-old sibling would sink me like a rock, so I wandered off.

## Part I - The Opening Notes

On March 16, I awoke to my birthday with no feeling of joy, and few expectations. Already, two feet of light, pillowy snow had fallen overnight in eastern Massachusetts. Outside my house in Malden, V-shaped wooden plow blades, pulled forward by huge work-horses, sheared crooked paths along the sidewalks and streets. How I wished to be out in the snow! It was deep enough so that my best friend, Charlie, and I could have jumped safely from the second-floor front porch down onto my yard, where we would sink up to our armpits. Kids knew about such measurements.

But there wasn't a chance I could escape. The family was gathered in the parlor of our ground-floor flat on Stearns Street. My parents were there, of course, paying me an unusual and embarrassing amount of attention, along with my brother. Also, present were my mother's live-in parents, Grandma Sarah and Grandpa Aaron, and, of course, his "companion," Ida.

Always in attendance at our family affairs, Ida was making her presence obvious, her sandpaper voice and cackling laugh commanding attention. "Wait'll you see what you're getting, Normie," she croaked, loudly. "You're going to love it." I hated being called Normie. I hated her. Why did Grandpa like her, anyway? Why was she always around us? She wasn't pretty, like my mother. Her glasses were so thick her eyes resembled an owl's. And her teeth made a clicking sound when she ate.

I looked in the corner near the old horsehair sofa, the one that hurt the backs of my legs to sit on when I wore shorts. There I saw a large, irregular object, wrapped in cracked blue paper that obviously had been used before. And no other packages. Shit, that can't be an air rifle! Shit was a new word I had heard when Charlie's parents were arguing next door. I found I was using it more and more, to myself, of course.



"Sohn," Grandpa Aaron said, using the word he chose when he wanted to show affection to me. "We've got something very special for your birthday. I sent all the way to Italy to get it. It cost a lot of money. We know you're going to take very good care of it, and show your thanks by studying very hard. Happy birthday."

With that, my dad pulled out the package, and everyone yelled, "Open it! Open it!"

I knew from Grandpa's introduction I was going to hate the gift. Fighting off tears of disappointment and anger, I did, as usual, what I was told. The paper ripped easily, presenting an odd-shaped leatherette suitcase, with a handle, hinges, a lock and rounded top.

I undid the two clasps, slowly lifted the top, and there IT was...an accordion. It was full-sized with a piano keyboard for the left hand, 120 buttons for bass accompaniment for the right, and a bellows that seemed half as big as I was. I wanted to run, to get away from these bizarre people, who once again had substituted their wishes for my desires.

I had only ever seen and heard one other accordion: It was owned and played by Ida.

## **Part II - The Cadenza**

Alfred Sillari was an imposing man; he was over six feet tall, with a movie-star face, including a pencil-thin mustache like Clark Gable's. Mr. Sillari had in his youth been a street singer and accordionist in his native Italy. Now he was the highly accomplished accordion teacher at the Carl Fisher Music Studios in Boston. My grandfather's birthday purchase - for the huge amount in 1940 of \$300, paid off at \$5 a week - included a year of weekly lessons. I was about as thrilled with the situation as if I had been sentenced to a year at the state prison. Mr. Sillari, who took his work very seriously, was no happier with my increasingly futile attempts to master the instrument that was his first love. It seemed we both were stuck.

Every Saturday my mother and I would board the trolley and then transfer to the Boston Elevated Railway for the hour-long ride into "town," what we suburbanites called Boston. We'd exit at Essex Station and get to the music studios at 11 a.m. for my half-hour lesson. Not even the thought of corned beef sandwiches for lunch at the Essex Deli after could brighten the spirits of a kid who wondered why it couldn't at least have been a trumpet, or even a saxophone.

Once inside, I'd enter one of the small practice rooms lining the corridor at Carl Fisher, where my teacher was waiting. My mother would sit outside the room. The

lesson always began with a solo from Mr. Sillari. Next, he and I would attempt a duet of the song I had been assigned. Then I was to solo. Steps two and three were horrible even to my ears, so I can imagine how they struck the hapless teacher.

The solution for both of us came about slowly, seemingly without intention. Each week I would ask Mr. Sillari to play me something from his street performing days in Italy. He seemed happy to comply until, eventually, he was playing for just about the entire half-hour. No words were spoken about this new regime; the understanding was tacit. My mother was so happy with the sounds coming from the studio, some of which she assumed were from my playing, that she began upgrading our noontime meals, even taking me once to Pieroni's, the fancy Park Square restaurant, for lobster.

It was a sweet victory, but only one battle in a continuing war.

Mercifully, both for me and Mr. Sillari, the accordion lessons ended after a year. But my parents, mostly my mother, since my dad gave not a damn one way or the other, insisted I continue to practice and, worst of all, occasionally perform for visitors. It was disaster piled upon disaster. I hated to strap that heavy and awkward contraption onto my young body, and the awful noises that I squeezed out of it were a musical Chinese water torture for the trapped listeners.

There is a theory that if you put enough monkeys in front of enough canvasses with oil paints, one of them, by random happenstance, will produce a masterpiece. Well, during my five years in music hell, I did manage to master one song - that quintessential accordion piece, "Lady of Spain." Man, I played it to death, including the mandatory jiggling of the bellows to get the special effect that makes music from the squeeze-box sound vaguely pleasing. From then on, no matter what my mother asked me to play, the tortured audiences would get some version of "Lady of Spain."

### **Part III - The Coda**

It was a steaming hot day in August, with humidity to match, in Meredith Neck, New Hampshire. For the third year, our family was spending two weeks occupying a cottage at the cluster of summer cabins owned by the Harris family. It was idyllic. Viewed from across a vast hay field, the White Mountains rose in the distance, framed by a huge red barn on one side, and on the other a towering elm tree, from which hung a long, thick rope, with a rubber-tire attached, from which to swing. A long walk down a narrow winding path, with stops to pick blueberries from low bushes and chase garter snakes, brought one to gorgeous Lake Winnepesaukee, at more than 40 miles long, the largest in the state. Diving off the splintery wooden dock into the cool, clear water - especially when I had sneaked down alone early in the morning - was not something a 14-year-old kid would soon, or ever, forget.

I remember cousin Carol and I were rushing through breakfast one hot morning so we could get our bathing suits on, when we heard yelling across the yard. We couldn't make it out at first. My mother and Aunt Lily, Carol's mother, ran out to learn what was going on. We followed, and then I heard Barbara Harris's words: "It's over! It's on the radio! The Japanese have surrendered. The war is over!"

It was one of those seminal events, a day that those of us whose memories stretch back to 1945 will never forget. For me, however, the elation and memory were ruined forever by this sentence spoken by my mother: "Norman, everyone wants you to come out and play The Star Spangled Banner."

The accordion followed me everywhere, like a curse, even on vacation. Stuffed with the luggage into the trunk of my father's Mercury, it was a constant reminder of potential moments of anxiety and failure. Once we were in the cottage, the case would be put in a closet or under a bed and, with any luck, not pulled out until the trip home

But now it was V-J Day, someone had found a flag and stuck it in the ground, and about two dozen vacationers were gathered on the lawn waiting to sing The National Anthem.

I was in a total panic. My mother, with her memories of the sweet sounds coming from Mr. Sillari's studio, was certain I could perform nobly. I didn't have a clue how to play the song. Running away was no option, although I had considered it. I was trapped. There was nothing to do but open the case, now battered and cracked from wear, strap the damned machine to my back, and walk onto the lawn.

The people gathered around me in a circle. After a silence that seemed like a year, I began to play, and they began to sing. To this day, I have no memory of what came out of that awful box, but I am certain it must have sounded a lot like "Lady of Spain."

## Today in History - July 31, 2019



## By The Associated Press

Today is Wednesday, July 31, the 212th day of 2019. There are 153 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On July 31, 1954, Pakistan's K2 was conquered as two members of an Italian expedition, Achille Compagnoni (ah-KEE'-lay kohm-pahn-YOH'-nee) and Lino Lacedelli (LEE'-noh lah-chee-DEHL'-ee), reached the summit.

### On this date:

In 1715, a fleet of Spanish ships carrying gold, silver and jewelry sank during a hurricane off the east Florida coast; of some 2,500 crew members, more than 1,000 died.

In 1777, during the Revolutionary War, the Marquis de Lafayette, a 19-year-old French nobleman, was made a major-general in the American Continental Army.

In 1945, Pierre Laval, premier of the pro-Nazi Vichy government, surrendered to U.S. authorities in Austria; he was turned over to France, which later tried and executed him.

In 1961, IBM introduced its first Selectric typewriter with its distinctive "typeball."

In 1964, the American space probe Ranger 7 reached the moon, transmitting pictures back to Earth before impacting the lunar surface.

In 1970, "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" came to an end after nearly 14 years as co-anchor Chet Huntley signed off for the last time; the broadcast was renamed "NBC Nightly News."

In 1971, Apollo 15 crew members David Scott and James Irwin became the first astronauts to use a lunar rover on the surface of the moon.

In 1972, Democratic vice-presidential candidate Thomas Eagleton withdrew from the ticket with George McGovern following disclosures that Eagleton had once undergone psychiatric treatment.

In 1991, President George H.W. Bush and Soviet President Mikhail S. Gorbachev signed the Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty in Moscow.

In 1992, the former Soviet republic of Georgia was admitted to the United Nations as its 179th member. Thai Airways Flight 311, an Airbus A310, crashed while approaching Tribhuvan International Airport in Nepal; all 113 people aboard died.

In 2002, a bomb exploded inside a cafeteria at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, killing nine people, including five Americans.

In 2008, scientists reported the Phoenix spacecraft had confirmed the presence of frozen water in Martian soil.

Ten years ago: Three American tourists were arrested by Iran on suspicion of espionage while hiking along the Iraq-Iran border. (Shane Bauer and Josh Fattal were sentenced to eight years after being convicted on spy-related charges, but were released after more than two years; Sarah Shourd was released on health grounds after 14 months.) Space shuttle Endeavour and its seven astronauts returned to Earth, completing a long but successful construction job that boosted the size and power of the international space station.

Five years ago: The CIA's insistence that it did not spy on its Senate overseers collapsed with the release of a stark report by the agency's internal watchdog documenting improper computer surveillance and obstructionist behavior by CIA

officers. The death toll from the worst recorded Ebola outbreak in history surpassed 700 in West Africa.

One year ago: Jury selection began in the trial of Paul Manafort, President Donald Trump's former campaign chairman; he was accused of failing to report tens of millions of dollars in Ukrainian political consulting fees. (Manafort was sentenced to a total of seven and a-half years in prison after being convicted at trial in Virginia and pleading guilty in Washington to two conspiracy counts.) Actor Alan Alda revealed that he has Parkinson's disease, telling "CBS This Morning" that he'd been diagnosed three and a half years ago.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Don Murray is 90. Jazz composer-musician Kenny Burrell is 88. Actress France Nuyen is 80. Actress Susan Flannery is 80. Singer Lobo is 76. Actress Geraldine Chaplin is 75. Former movie studio executive Sherry Lansing is 75. Singer Gary Lewis is 74. Actor Lane Davies is 69. Actress Susan Wooldridge is 69. International Tennis Hall of Famer Evonne Goolagong Cawley is 68. Actor Barry Van Dyke is 68. Actor Alan Autry is 67. Jazz composer-musician Michael Wolff is 67. Actor James Read is 66. Actor Michael Biehn is 63. Rock singer-musician Daniel Ash (Love and Rockets) is 62. Actor Dirk Blocker is 62. Entrepreneur Mark Cuban is 61. Rock musician Bill Berry is 61. Actor Wally Kurth is 61. Actor Wesley Snipes is 57. Country singer Chad Brock is 56. Musician Fatboy Slim is 56. Rock musician Jim Corr is 55. Author J.K. Rowling (ROHL'-ing) is 54. Actor Dean Cain is 53. Actor Jim True-Frost is 53. Actor Ben Chaplin is 50. Actor Loren Dean is 50. Actress Eve Best is 48. Retired NFL quarterback Gus Frerotte is 48. Actress Annie Parisse (pah-REES') is 44. Actor Robert Telfer is 42. Country singer-musician Zac Brown is 41. Actor-producer-writer B.J. Novak is 40. Actor Eric Lively is 38. Country singer Blaire Stroud (3 of Hearts) is 36. Singer Shannon Curfman is 34. NHL center Evgeni Malkin is 33. Hip-hop artist Lil Uzi Vert is 25. Actor Reese Hartwig is 21. Actor Rico Rodriguez is 21.

**Thought for Today: "The art of life is to show your hand. There is no diplomacy like candor. You may lose by it now and then, but it will be a loss well gained if you do. Nothing is so boring as having to keep up a deception."**  
- E.V. Lucas, English author and critic (1868-1938).

## Connecting calendar



**August 6** - A scattering of ashes for former AP Concord and Indianapolis bureau chief **Dave Swearingen**, who died in 2018, will be held Tuesday, August 6, at 10:30 a.m. at Reid State Park, [375 Seguinland Road, Georgetown ME 04548](#). Those attending should meet at the Todd's Point Parking lot and will head over to Half Mile Beach. While there is no formal service, brief remarks will be made. Dave's son Tim can be reached at [timswearingen71@gmail.com](mailto:timswearingen71@gmail.com)

**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.

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