



Paul Shane <pjshane@gmail.com>

Connecting - November 08, 2019

1 message

Paul Stevens <paulstevens46@gmail.com>

Fri, Nov 8, 2019 at 8:27 AM

Reply-To: paulstevens46@gmail.com

To: pjshane@gmail.com

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Connecting

November 08, 2019

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Colleagues,

Good Friday morning on this the 8th day of November 2019,

How should we honor veterans who lost their lives in service to their country?

On the eve of Veterans Day 2019, that's a question posed to you Thursday by Connecting - and the first responses are in:

From colleague **Hal Spencer** ([Email](#)) - with the U.S. Marine Corps from 1966-68 and a Vietnam veteran. He wrote: "I think Veterans Day is a great way to honor those who lost their lives. But we could do more at this moment in our history. We could give way more help to the many living veterans of Mideast wars (and their families) amid their high suicide rate. Let's honor the living too."

From colleague **Gerald (Jerry) Jackson** ([Email](#)), USNR, combination of 28 years active duty and Naval Reserves: "My recommendation for continuing to honor our veterans is to encourage our school systems to have Veterans Day programs so our youth will be more aware of the many sacrifices made by the many generations of Americans who have served in our military and fought for this country. I have attended and appreciated some of these programs, which reinforced my longtime affiliation with our military."

I look forward to hearing from other colleagues, whether you're a veteran or not.

Have a great weekend!

Paul

Thanks to Our Veterans

Gene Herrick ([Email](#)) - Something that we do once a year should be done every day, and that is honor this country's military veterans.

Sacrificing one's life for a period of time - war and peace - is the ultimate sacrifice for our country.

There have been wars, and veterans, almost from the beginning of time. The U.S. has had its share of both. In our hearts, all veterans are heroes, with millions sacrificing their lives to preserve the honor and freedom of our country.

Lest we forget, we also honor the millions of families who have sacrificed a loved one to the tragedies of war, and battled to function while their loved one was almost daily facing the enemy onslaught of bullets, and facing, close-up the spear of death, or serious wounding.

The heroes, who have given their lives, lie in cemeteries around the world; some in burial places of beautiful tribute, others in trenches where they died in inglorious battle, and others whose bodies no longer existed. Former President Franklin D. Roosevelt said it best, "War Is Hell."

As a war correspondent at the beginning of the 1950 Korean War (Conflict as the politicians labeled it), I witnessed, first-hand, the brutality of war, and the inhumanity of it all.

I've seen soldiers shot, or bombed, and the suffering that went with it. I've seen their buddies come to their aid under thunderous conditions. I've seen the bodies of those great American soldiers who took their last bullet. I've also seen the same with British troops, who fought alongside our troops, and in a land of primitiveness, mountains, dusty, rainy, and freezing temperatures.

As a photojournalist, I went from the southernmost town in South Korea, to the northern-most town in North Korea - from blasting heat and rain, to snow and temperatures of 20-below zero all of the time.

I also visited and worked from the decks of many U.S. Navy ships in the Sea of Japan. The leaders, and crews of our floating military, are a stalwart group. It takes a certain kind of person to serve on a ship, especially in a war zone. I always felt like a sitting duck, but our sailors and officers faced life - and death- face-on.

The Air Force also has pilots and crews, especially in a war zone like Korea, and are a brave bunch of our American fighting forces. In Korea, the jet fighter pilots fought a tremendous battle of bombing and strafing the enemy. They flew so fast, that they had to be guided by American pilots flying little Piper Cub spotter planes. The little planes would dive down, and then pull away so that the speeding jets could drop their bombs on the enemy. It was a very dangerous job. I personally knew many of the pilots of the little planes. Often I would spend the night with a unit of the 17th Regiment, of the 7th Division. They would fly me to the front every day, drop me off on a narrow dirt road, and then go and do their spotting for the fighter planes. They would rendezvous later, and then fly back to headquarters for the night.

During my time there, I took hundreds, and hundreds of battlefront pictures. I went to the front lines every day and covered our young men doing their patriotic job; fighting an unseen enemy which was cagy and very dangerous. I came close to losing my life as well. Two pictures come to mind that seem symbolic - one was at

the Nakdong River in South Korea which showed two wounded American GI's, both lying on stretchers in a jeep, and holding hands to comfort each other. I was emotionally moved to see this. It had been a bad bombing from enemy artillery across the river. The other was a picture I took of six American soldiers, dressed in heavy winter clothing, standing in the frozen Yalu River, waving their rifles in the air with Russia and Manchuria on the other side. It was at least 20-below zero.

Speaking of irony, some five years after my return from the war, I was assigned to cover a PGA golf tournament in Oklahoma. I stopped for a bite to eat at a roadside diner there. The waitress and I talked for awhile, and she said, "My brother fought in the Korean War." I said, "Is that right." She responded, "Yes, and I even have a picture of him at the Yalu River." I responded, "Was he one of six soldiers standing in the river waving their guns with Manchuria in the background?" With a look of dismay, she responded, "Why, yes, how did you know." I responded, "I took the picture." We were both chilled by the moment and memory.

Earlier, I covered the National American Legion Convention in St. Louis. There were thousands of former GI's there for a whole week. One day, they held their parade. I needed to take pictures of specific groups for home-town newspapers. The parade temperature was 100 degrees, and the groups passed by for 10 hours! That was not one of my favorite stories to cover.

To this day, when I see a veteran wearing a military cap, I stop for a little conversation, and sometimes share memories of a war. Our hair may be grey, but our memories and honor glow on. There is a brotherhood of those who have been in battle, and a visible honor for having done so.

I have found that our veterans are honorable, proud, and very sensitive in honoring their fallen brotherhood of battlefield buddies. I have also found that if you have never experienced the emotions of battle, and to-the-death comradeship of military life, you may not understand the deep being of the human soul in battle,

Yes, Military Veterans of our old mother United States, yes, man and woman, yes even those who are not citizens, we, the humble and thankfully, honor you for what you have given and devoted to the longevity and pride of our country of freedom,

THANK YOU!!!

Connecting mailbox

Advice before going abroad: Stay no more than two years and record every interview

Michelle Morgante ([Email](#)) - Wishing to contribute a memory to the thread started by Kevin Noblet about advice for reporters before they went abroad.

Before I was posted to the LatAm desk in Mexico City in 1997, I went on a "tour" that had me sit down with various editors at HQ and in Washington. They were fairly routine conversations with general advice. It was my final sit-down, with Jose "Pepe" Abreu of the LPA desk, that I remember most of all. First, he advised me to stay in Mexico for no more than two years because, after that, I'd "go local" and wouldn't see stories the way I did as a newcomer. Most importantly, however, he told me to record every interview I did, particularly with government officials, and to keep the tapes. Because, if I got something wrong, or couldn't prove that I was right, he said, "it's going to be your fingernails, and not mine."

I followed his advice. I recorded everything and kept the tapes. I had a box filled with them for years until 2015 when, upon leaving Mexico following a second stint on the desk, my family's moving container was ransacked and we lost everything, including the tapes.

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Working for Al Neuharth

Arnold Zeitlin ([Email](#)) - Bill Kaczor's note (in Thursday's Connecting) reminded me that as director of the Freedom Forum Asia center in Hong Kong in the late 90s, I worked for Al Neuharth, who then held no official position with the Freedom Forum but was its founder. On one occasion, I accompanied him on a visit to Beijing, where we met the president of the Chinese-government Xinhua news agency, with whom Al had done Freedom Forum business. At dinner, the Xinhua president lamented what he said was the terribly biased anti-China news coverage by American correspondents. Al heartily agreed with him until across the table he saw my angry expression. Al then said, "Of course, not the Associated Press where Arnold worked."

Al's visits to Asia were carefully choreographed, down to the brand of booze stored in his hotel room fridge. Another requirement for the hotel room was bananas without spots.

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In Berlin after The Wall opened up

Steve Graham ([Email](#)) - Back in 1989 when the Berlin Wall opened up, we had a separate East Germany office in the East Berlin press center. (the Press Center was right behind a construction project that never seemed to get any closer to completion in the 4-5 years I visited East Berlin).

The chaos that resulted from the opening of The Wall (I capitalize it because it definitely was treated as a proper noun in West Germany) gave us a chance to upgrade the communications equipment in East Berlin.

Frankfurt COC Hubert Kessler organized a cross-wall trip carrying illicit cell phones (the Germans call them "Handys") and other stuff to our East Berlin office. (Obviously the West German Handys worked just fine across the wall) I went along in case they needed somebody from the four-power occupiers to (hopefully) run interference while staying out of jail.

It all went smoothly except that although Germans previously barred from crossing either way were now flooding across the border at Alexander Platz, the East Germans required me to go over to checkpoint Charlie, the traditional crossing for four-power citizens.

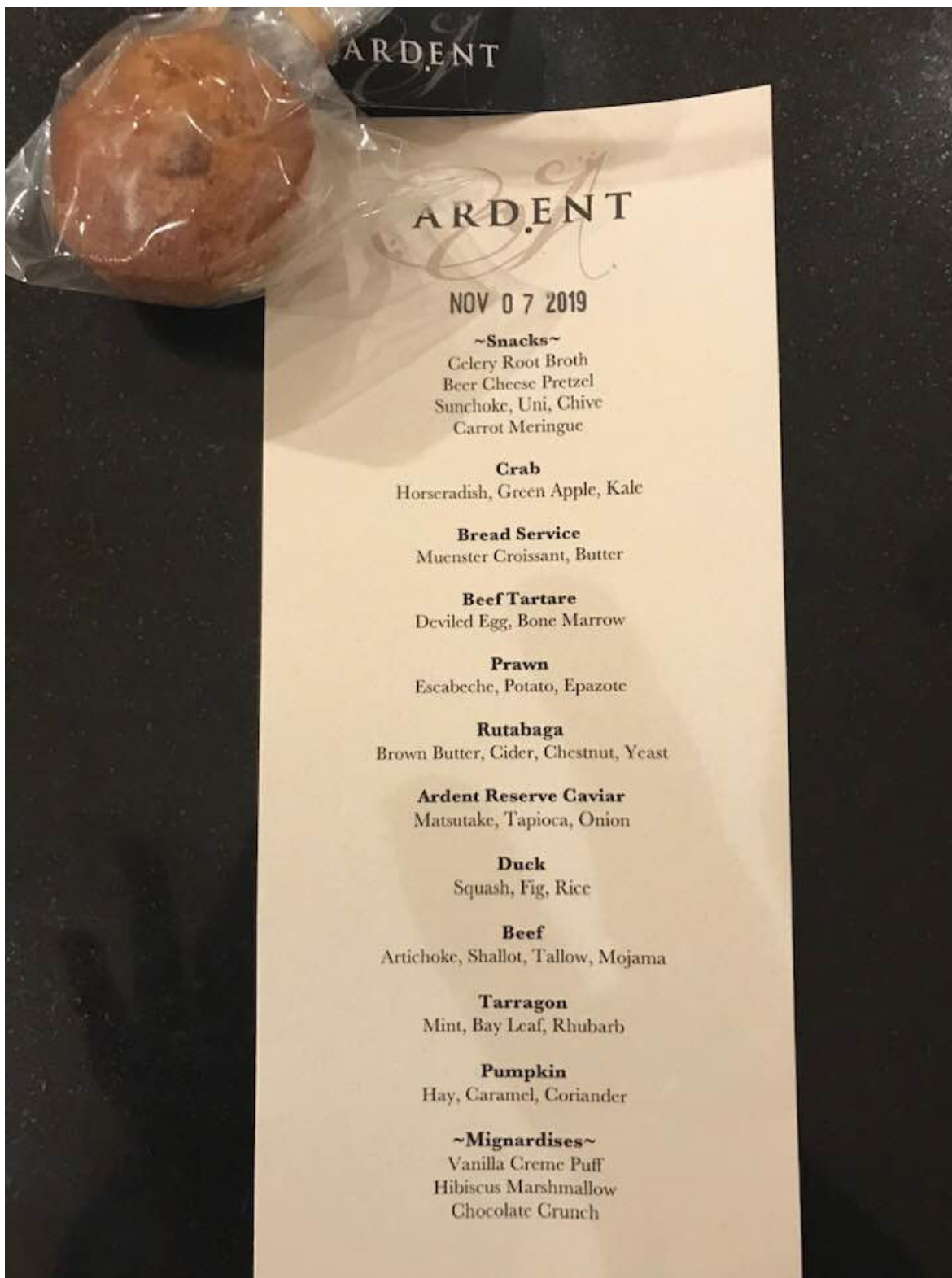
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David Ammons and the UW hall of fame

Bob Burns ([Email](#)) - Noting the story (in Thursday's Connecting) on David Ammons being inducted into the University of Washington Department of Communications Hall of Fame. As all who have worked with and known Dave can attest, he is a national treasure. I first met Dave in the winter of 1975-76 while interning at the AP Olympia bureau. It was a hugely lucky moment for me. At the time, I was a University of Washington journalism student with an interest in news reporting but with very little experience at it. The three months I spent in Olympia opened my eyes to what it means to be a news professional. Dave, along with the Olympia correspondent, John White, became my inspirations. By watching Dave cover state government with grace and even-handedness, I learned how fast, fair, creative news reporting is done. I have never seen anyone do it better, even after 40-plus years with the AP across the United States and around the world.

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Celebrating a birthday then (21) and now (65)



Betsy Brenner ([Email](#)) - A recent Connecting birthday celebrant - When I turned 21, I stayed out drinking all night (and my scores on the GMAT the next morning confirmed it.) Now celebrating 65, I stayed out eating: 12 courses at Ardent - Milwaukee's top restaurant according to Journal Sentinel critic Carol Deptolla. Still searching for the explanation of much of what we ate (yeast shavings? Kale essence? Rutabaga broth), But it was delicious. And unlike 1975, I'll be home and in bed by 9:15...

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'Where did he put his wife in his bag of items?'

Gene Herrick ([Email](#)) - In responding to Charlie Hanley's offering in Thursday's Connecting, re "A War Correspondent's Kit," I have two questions: One, what in the hell war did this correspondent go to? Also, where did he put his wife in his bag of items?

Hanley and I both covered the Korean War, and we had to "Scrounge" everything. Besides that, there was no way in the world to carry all of that "Stuff."

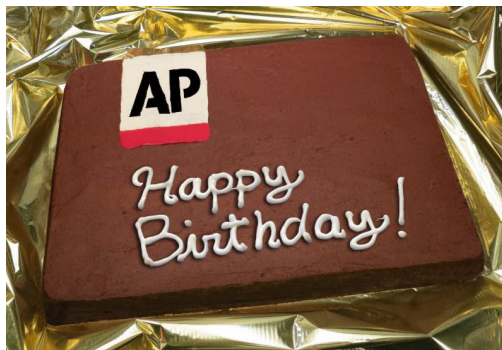
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Connecting sky shot - Sylacauga, Alabama



Lee Perryman ([Email](#)) - This is a shot of one of my two AM towers - an unusual (by today's standards) 209' solid monopole raised in 1947 in Sylacauga, Ala. The photo was grabbed with an iPhone 11 at 8:04 p.m. CT Wednesday night, just as I was leaving to take a late (seriously) lunch break. It's one of eight towers in my nine-signal radio network.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



to

Mike Gugliotto - mgugliotto@yahoo.com

Paul Webster - pdwebster@windstream.net

On Sunday to...

Tim Curran - kcurran106@gmail.com

Eva Parziale - eparziale@ap.org

Stories of interest

***One Year After Surviving a Mass Shooting, the
Capital Gazette Journalists Refuse to Be
Silenced*** (Time)



Capital Gazette reporter Rachael Pacella photographed at the US Naval Academy in Annapolis, October 8, 2019. Moises Saman-Magnum Photos for TIME

By **SEAN GREGORY**

Rachael Pacella had been doing better. No longer did any little sound-the buzz of a cell phone, a door opening-cause her, to twitch. She wasn't freezing in crosswalks.

The therapy and medication helped. So did a pottery class. Anything to take her mind off that day.

Then Pacella retraumatized herself. In February, she testified before a state legislative committee in support of a bill that would regulate rifles and shotguns. It was an unusual situation for an environment reporter, but then Pacella works for the Capital newspaper of Annapolis, Md. She related how on June 28, 2018, she was in the newspaper's office, heard a pop and saw a glass door shatter. How she crouched under her desk. How she made a run for it, but slipped and slammed her face into a door. The shooter had barricaded that exit, so Pacella, 28, hid between two filing cabinets. She tried to control her heavy breathing. She hoped the shooter wouldn't notice the blood from her forehead, streaked on a partition above her hiding spot. The shots were getting closer. Pacella whimpered. Dear God, she thought. What if he heard me? She clamped her hand over her mouth.

Pacella told the lawmakers how everything fell silent until the police escorted her, and colleagues who had also survived, out of the building and into a life that will never be the same. "They instructed us to keep our eyes forward," she said, "and step over Wendi's body."

Read more [here](#).

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How this Pulitzer-winning California paper covered the Kincade Fire (Poynter)



A truck sits burned at [11640 Hwy128 east](#) of Chalk Hill Rd during the Kincade fire near Calistoga on Tuesday, October 29, 2019. (BETH SCHLANKER/ The Press Democrat)

By Kristen Hare

On the day the fire first started in Sonoma County, California, Kent Porter was at the top of Fountaingrove Parkway clocking the speed of the wind.

"Area wind readings this morning ramping up out of the NE," tweeted Porter, a veteran photojournalist at The Press Democrat in Santa Rosa.

Standing there, watching the readings, a sinking feeling settled into Porter's gut.

Heavy winds this time of year normally don't lead to good things.

This time, they led to the Kincade Fire.

Read more [here](#).

The Final Word

Marcus Eliason ([Email](#)) - I thought you might want to run this story that I wrote as the communist regimes of Eastern Europe were collapsing. The 30th anniversary of the opening of the Berlin Wall is Nov. 9, which I DIDN'T cover. The end of the Iron Curtain unfolded more gradually and I made my trip in early January. The story was published in late January 1990. Photographer Diether Endlicher accompanied me.

Journey Along the Iron Curtain - A 43-Year Fault Line Is Gone

By **MARCUS ELIASON**, Associated Press Writer

LUTZMANNSBURG, Austria - One crisp evening, as Eastern Europe was becoming free, an old man named Johan Pavtits sat near the Hungarian border fence and remembered a December day in 1948.

That was when the barbed wire went up between Lutzmannsburg in Austria and Zsira in Hungary, and soldiers came from the Hungarian hinterland. They knew little of the bonds that had tied the two villages for generations. Innocently they asked a farmer for the loan of his pliers so they could tighten the wires in what would come to be known as the Iron Curtain.

"The world ended here. But it was only half a world. The other half was over there," said Pavtits, gesturing with his callused laborer's hand at the lights coming on in Zsira, 300 yards east.

"And now the barbed wire is being taken away, and the world is whole again."

The world is whole again - it was a refrain heard constantly by an Associated Press reporter and photographer on a journey from Travemuende, the West German port where the Iron Curtain begins with watchtowers and high fences, to Trieste, the Italian port where it ends in a rusty, shin-high rail.

The most vivid image of the Cold War was in collapse: border walls piled in useless slabs; the barbed wire from uprooted Czechoslovak fences coiled by the roadside; deserted, padlocked watchtowers.

Countryside once quiet, divided and remote now was alive with traffic jams of East German day-trippers coming west, with tearful villagers surging through fences to meet neighbors for the first time, with a ferry boat making its first crossing of the Elbe River in 44 years, and with East and West German border guards who once glared at each other now chatting as though they always had been friends.

It was a time of pure euphoria, when people everywhere welcomed each other with open arms, and the politicians and armies along the Iron Curtain suddenly became mere onlookers.

The Iron Curtain, the image popularized by Sir Winston Churchill in a speech March 5, 1946, at Westminster College in Fulton, Mo. ("an iron curtain has descended across the continent"), now would need an epitaph.

ON THE BALTIC: The Iron Curtain begins without preamble - a string of buoys in the Baltic Sea and then a row of border posts marching ashore at the Priwall Peninsula, at the West German port of Travemuende.

Here, just weeks after East Germany opened its borders, is a sense of what the Iron Curtain was: freedom up to the border markers, with strollers braving the icy December wind; then barbed wire and watchtowers looming forbiddingly out of the fog.

Then, six miles south, comes the first sign of change: the quiet checkpoint of Schlutup buzzing with Trabants, the smoky little East German cars that have become the most immediate symbol of the new freedoms.

New holes were constantly opening in the 871-mile chain of walls, fence and watchtowers of the German-German border.

AT HITZACKER, 50 MILES SOUTH OF LUEBECK: A ferry toots its horn, the last passengers scramble aboard and it chugs off on a six-minute voyage to the East German bank of the Elbe River. Michael Brese, 31, is skippering the first service across the Elbe since April 1945, when his grandfather's ferry was sunk by American artillery.

As soon as he had heard the border was opening, he says, he sent leaflets to the East German village across the river: "Be at the fence on Nov. 18; we're coming to fetch you."

In the past, such audacity would certainly have gotten him arrested.

Now he finds hundreds of East Germans waiting for him, pressing against the fence, shouting, "Open the gate!" The East German guards refuse, but they soon cave in. So many cheering, weeping people clamber aboard that the ferry is briefly grounded.

"When we were children we used to fish in the river and we would gaze across, hoping to see maybe a face in a window, or someone walking," he says.

"We had a saying: 'The Elbe has only one bank.' Well, now it has two banks again."

Brese has punched his own, personal hole in the Iron Curtain.

ZICHERIE AND BOECKWITZ: Before the Iron Curtain descended between them, the 700 villagers shared a school, dairy and fire brigade. But then, Zicherie became a tourist attraction where Westerners could stand and stare at the lost eastern portion of the Fatherland.

Now the wall is open. A man from Zicherie walks through, presents a glossy calendar to the East German guards in Boeckwitz, and returns beaming with pride at his contribution to German brotherhood.

"Everything we teach here has suddenly become history," says Birgit Neyhaus, who works at Zicherie's Political Education Center where West Germans can learn about East Germany. One recent day, she says, the unthinkable happened: an East German teacher showed up to ask her whether he could bring in his class to learn about West Germany.

PHILIPPSTHAL, IN HESSEN STATE: As American soldiers patrol, bulldozers open a new crossing. Two GIs walk up, looking for pieces of the Iron Curtain as souvenirs. The East German guards are uncooperative and the GIs leave empty-handed.

An American patrol ambles up to the 650-year-old bridge linking Philippsthal to Vacha. The soldiers gaze at the crowds walking over the bridge past an ugly gray watchtower. The Philippsthal people pay no attention, but across the way, the East Germans, never having seen "the enemy," seem fascinated.

Things have changed:

-Horst Badura, the Philippsthal town councilor, exults: "We used to be Siberia; now we're the middle of Germany."

-Christian Schlenczek, a Hessen forester, no longer has to wait six weeks for permission from East Germany to fell a dying tree near the border fence.

SUNDAY IN AUTENHAUSEN IN BAVARIA: At 10:15 a.m., a gate in the old border fence opens and people are reunited with neighboring Lindenau.

Hundreds surge through, led by a brass band.

An East German border guard, poised to stamp passports, is washed aside in the flow.

"Forget it," his commander tells him. "This is hopeless."

The two villages look remarkably alike: half-timbered houses, narrow lanes, farm smells. But for 35 years they saw nothing of each other except their respective church steeples, a mile apart.

LINDENAU, EAST GERMANY: Herbert Angermueller, 65, who was born here, is back for the first time since 1944.

Each time he starts a sentence, he interrupts himself with a gasp or a cry: the old smithy, his old bedroom window, the fountain whose splashing sang him to sleep as a boy. And there, in a doorway - could it be? He bursts into tears and falls into the arms of Augusta Beyer, 83, his next-door neighbor all those years ago.

BRATISLAVA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA: This city of 500,000 lies right on the Iron Curtain but now it seems as if it had just experienced a liberating explosion.

Posters and political cartoons adorn every wall and shop window. A building displaying a hammer and sickle of communism is festooned with 25 protest banners.

"WE ARE WITH YOU" - on an unfinished highway bridge.

"RETURN SMREKOVICU TO THE PEOPLE" - in a sporting goods shop, referring to a government ski chalet.

Schoolgirls copy slogans into their exercise books and chuckle at a cartoon of ousted Communist Party boss Milos Jakes. In a cultural center, crowds listen to a troupe playing Slovak folk music, while children watch Tom and Jerry cartoons on TV and munch corn on the cob sold by a cheerful street vendor.

For the first time in 20 years the newspapers contain real news, and long lines form to buy them.

Until a few days earlier, residents of Bratislava's high-rise apartments could only look across the Danube into Austria and into the eyes of freedom. Vienna is just an hour's drive away, but to go there people had to have official permission, fill in reams of forms and leave behind a close relative to guarantee their return. Now they just go off in the car; visa requirements for Austrians and Czechoslovakians were abolished in time for Christmas.

NORTH OF BRATISLAVA: Whole stretches of fence lie uprooted in messy coils by the roadside. A man clambers down to the Morava River, a Danube tributary that was off-limits for 20 years, and casts his line to fish.

Michal Stolar and three friends collect Christmas trees on a hillside. Two days earlier they were among 6,000 Austrians and Czechoslovaks who formed a 4 1/2-mile human chain across the border to celebrate the opening of the fence.

Stolar, a 30-year-old geologist, knows his Iron Curtain intimately: "A fence two meters (6 feet, 6 inches) high, then a strip with flares that went off when they were stepped on, then a second fence, 2.80 meters (nine feet) high. ... There were 187 strands of wire in each fence. Altogether enough wire to circle the earth 1 1/2 times."

But three months earlier, a Czechoslovak doctor had outwitted the Iron Curtain. He escaped over it on a motorized hang-glider.

Ten miles to the north, a watchtower stands abandoned next to a German World War II bunker. Across the road, Josef Zapletal, 56, is repairing a fence on the collective farm where he has worked for 25 years since the Communists confiscated his private farm.

The windows in the watchtower are broken. Zapletal says they were smashed by the guards, celebrating the death of their patch of the Iron Curtain.

HEGYESHALOM CHECKPOINT ON THE HUNGARIAN BORDER: Guards wave lines of cars through and the duty free shop is doing brisk business. Crossing this border used to take hours, as cars were searched for Bibles, Western magazines and hidden escapees.

Along the roads, signs offer tourists rooms for rent, churches and shops are open, a picture of Christ is tacked to a tree, and little is left to suggest that this had once been one of the toughest communist countries in Europe.

LUTZMANNSBURG, AUSTRIA: Heinz Ritter is a 50-year-old schoolteacher and local historian whose scrapbooks and photos now are helping nearby Hungarian scholars fill the blanks created by communist censorship.

"They have the same problem that my generation had after Hitler: to find out what was true, what really happened," Ritter says.

"You can't flee history."

In Ritter's father's diary, the entry for Dec. 14, 1948, records the departure of Lazslo Kobor, Lutzmannsburg's handyman. Kobor returned to his village of Zsira, 300 yards away in Hungary. Then the fence went up, and he didn't come back for 41 years. Now 60, he is back in Lutzmannsburg, mowing lawns and painting window frames.

TRIESTE: In Winston Churchill's description, this Italian port on the Adriatic was the southern end of the Iron Curtain.

Trieste became a Cold War flashpoint when Yugoslavia claimed it after World War II. But the dispute was settled in 1954, Yugoslavia left the Soviet bloc, and the frontier at Trieste is largely unfenced. Thousands of Yugoslavs travel to Trieste to work or shop, while Triestinis own summer houses on Yugoslavia's Istrian Peninsula.

Europe's ideological divide finishes at Muggia, the Venetian quarter of Trieste.

An Italian customs officer is puzzled by visitors coming now looking for the place where the Iron Curtain ends.

"Iron Curtain?" he says. "There's no Iron Curtain here."

And so it is, all the way from the Adriatic to the Baltic.

Today in History - November 8, 2019



By The Associated Press

Today is Friday, Nov. 8, the 312th day of 2019. There are 53 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Nov. 8, 2000, a statewide recount began in Florida, which emerged as critical in deciding the winner of the 2000 presidential election. Earlier that day, Vice President Al Gore had telephoned Texas Gov. George W. Bush to concede, but called back about an hour later to retract his concession.

On this date:

On Nov. 8, 1861, during the Civil War, the USS San Jacinto intercepted a British mail steamer, the Trent, and detained a pair of Confederate diplomats who were enroute to Europe to seek support for the Southern cause. (Although the Trent Affair strained relations between the United States and Britain, the matter was quietly resolved with the release of the diplomats the following January.)

In 1864, President Abraham Lincoln won re-election as he defeated Democratic challenger George B. McClellan.

In 1923, Adolf Hitler launched his first attempt at seizing power in Germany with a failed coup in Munich that came to be known as the "Beer-Hall Putsch."

In 1950, during the Korean War, the first jet-plane battle took place as U.S. Air Force Lt. Russell J. Brown shot down a North Korean MiG-15.

In 1960, Massachusetts Sen. John F. Kennedy defeated Vice President Richard M. Nixon for the presidency.

In 1972, the premium cable TV network HBO (Home Box Office) made its debut with a showing of the movie "Sometimes a Great Notion."

In 1974, a federal judge in Cleveland dismissed charges against eight Ohio National Guardsmen accused of violating the civil rights of students who were killed or wounded in the 1970 Kent State shootings.

In 1987, 11 people were killed when an Irish Republican Army bomb exploded as crowds gathered in Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, for a ceremony honoring Britain's war dead.

In 1994, midterm elections resulted in Republicans winning a majority in the Senate while at the same time gaining control of the House for the first time in 40 years.

In 2002, the U.N. Security Council unanimously approved Resolution 1441, aimed at forcing Saddam Hussein to disarm or face "serious consequences." President George W. Bush said the new resolution presented the Iraqi regime "with a final test."

In 2004, after a decade, the U.S. dollar was eliminated from circulation in Cuba.

In 2016, Republican Donald Trump was elected America's 45th president, defeating Democrat Hillary Clinton in an astonishing victory for a celebrity businessman and political novice. Republicans kept their majorities in the Senate and House.

Ten years ago: The embattled president of Afghanistan, Hamid Karzai, pledged there would be no place for corrupt officials in his new administration, as demanded by the U.S and its international partners.

Five years ago: President Barack Obama introduced his choice for U.S. attorney general, Brooklyn federal prosecutor Loretta Lynch, to succeed Eric Holder. Two Americans held by North Korea, Matthew Miller of Bakersfield, California, and Kenneth Bae of Lynnwood, Washington, were released into the custody of James Clapper, the director of U.S. national intelligence.

One year ago: Tens of thousands of people fled a fast-moving wildfire in Northern California that would become the state's deadliest ever, killing 86 people; authorities said the community of Paradise had been nearly destroyed by the flames. In a Supreme Court ceremony attended by President Donald Trump and new acting Attorney General Matthew Whitaker, the court welcomed new Justice Brett Kavanaugh, who had joined the high court the previous month. The Christie's auction house said a wheelchair used by physicist Stephen Hawking had sold at auction for nearly \$400,000, with proceeds going to two charities.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Norman Lloyd is 105. Actor Alain Delon is 84. Singer-actress Bonnie Bramlett is 75. Singer Bonnie Raitt is 70. TV personality Mary Hart is 69. Former Playboy Enterprises chairman and chief executive Christie Hefner is 67. Actress Alfre Woodard is 67. Singer-songwriter Rickie Lee Jones is 65. Nobel Prize-winning author Kazuo Ishiguro is 65. Rock musician Pearl Thompson (The Cure) is 62. Singer-actor Leif Garrett is 58. Chef and TV personality Gordon Ramsay is 53. Actress Courtney Thorne-Smith is 52. Actress Parker Posey is 51. Rock musician Jimmy Chaney is 50. Actress Roxana Zal is 50. Singer Diana King is 49. Actor Gonzalo Menendez is 48. Rock musician Scott Devendorf (The National) is 47. Actress Gretchen Mol is 46. ABC News anchor David Muir is 46. Actor Matthew Rhys is 45. Actress Tara Reid is 44. Country singer Bucky Covington is 42. Actress Dania Ramirez is 40. Actress Azura Skye is 38. Actor Chris Rankin is 36. TV personality Jack Osbourne is 34. Actress Jessica Lowndes is 31. R&B singer SZA is 30. New York Yankees outfielder and designated hitter Giancarlo Stanton is 30. Singer-actor Riker Lynch is 28. Country singer Lauren Alaina is 25. Actor Van Crosby (TV: "Splitting Up Together") is 17.

Thought for Today: "Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of traveling." [-] Margaret Lee Runbeck, American author (1905-1956).

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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