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Connecting

July 23, 2020

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Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning on this the 23rd day of July 2020,

A new autobiography being released this week by former CIA operative **Barry Broman**, titled **[RISK TAKER, SPY MAKER, Tales of a CIA case officer](#)**, offers some intriguing anecdotes about his youthful dalliance with news photography working with AP staffers in Southeast Asia and in Chicago and New York in the 1960s, and accompanying AP correspondents and photographers during combat operations on his first CIA foreign assignment during the 1970s Cambodian war.

Our colleague **Peter Arnett** has the review and some recollections that he shares with Connecting in today's issue. You'll find it an intriguing read.

Journalists and spies: "The professions are not that far apart. We all are looking for sources and information," Broman wrote.



Broman (shown at right with his wife BJ at their home in Kirkland, Washington) has remained busy since he left the CIA. At the end of 2018 he co-founded Green Bean Asia, a specialty coffee company; this summer he is publishing a photo essay on his Marine infantry company in Vietnam in the Marine Corps History journal, and he is writing a novel, his first work of fiction, dealing with the recruitment of a Russian diplomat in Paris in 1982.

Here's to a great day – be safe, stay healthy.

Paul

A CIA guy and the AP An international career of drama and adventure began as part-time AP stringer in Bangkok



Barry Broman (right) chews on rat meat with a pal, AP Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer Neal Ulevich, during a rat-killing fair at Nonthaburi, Thailand, in 1976. "Tasted like chicken," Broman recalled. Author's collection.

Peter Arnett ([Email](#)) - Barry Broman was an 18-year-old American student with an interest in news photography and on sabbatical from the University of Chicago in 1962, when he strolled into the AP office at Bangkok's 103 Patpong Road to ask bureau chief Tony Escoda for a job. Broman remembers having little to offer, "with no marketable skills and a sheaf of clippings from the Daily Illini." But that was enough for Escoda, the lone AP Bangkok staffer who was always looking for inexpensive temporary help; he'd hired me as a stringer for a couple of years in the late '50s. As Broman wrote in his autobiography "RISK TAKER SPY MAKER, Tales of a CIA case officer", which will be published by Casemate Books this week, "Tony asked me one question, 'Can you start tomorrow?' and I said yes."

So began the teenage Broman's first paying job, as a part time AP news photographer at \$10 a day, in the exotically enticing world of Southeast Asia and later in Chicago and New York. And it was the beginning of his international career of drama and adventure that took him to Vietnam as a platoon leader in the U.S. Marine Corps in the late 1960s, and to 25 years as an undercover case officer in the Central Intelligence Agency recruiting people to spy against their own countries. In his tell-all (or as much as he is permitted to tell) book, Broman describes his adventures with the brio and attention to detail that you'd expect from a master of the spy trade. And the AP and its staffers he meets along the way come off pretty well.

In Bangkok, Escoda put Broman in charge of the darkroom. He writes, "It was essentially a closet and had electricity but no air conditioning. Daytime temperatures exceeded 100 Fahrenheit. To cool my chemicals for developing and printing photos, I would have a block of ice delivered in the morning. It sat in a metal basin with an electric fan behind it to lower the room temperature. When I needed chemicals cooled, I would chip ice off the block and drop it into the developer. When the temperature hit 70 degrees, I would take out the ice and put in the film. Wet negatives would still be wet two days later if left alone, so I dried them with a ladies electric hair dryer."

Broman wrote, "This was truly starting at the bottom. The good news was that Tony was a great guy who hated dealing with photos. In short order, he put me in charge of photos, including the administrative details of dealing with Tokyo photos from where all AP Asian photos were managed. I fell under the command of Harold 'Hal' Buell, the Asian photo editor, who became a mentor and lifelong friend. Hal also 'gave the bride away' at my wedding in 1968. He appreciated having someone in Bangkok with initiative who loved taking photos for the AP. I was not a staff employee but a 'stringer', paid only when working. I was delighted. I had a job. I could stay in Bangkok for a whole year."



AP Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer Horst Faas (right) with Barry Broman at a village destroyed by the Khmer Rouge along Route 4 in Cambodia in 1974. Faas had taken Broman under his wing in Thailand a decade earlier when the future CIA operative was a photo stringer for the AP. Authors collection

Broman's AP life soon changed when the senior AP photographer in Southeast Asia, Horst Faas, came to town from Saigon. Broman wrote, "The first time I met Horst he was appalled at the meager day rate the AP was paying me. He had a short chat with Tony and my salary was raised 300 percent. Horst informed me that whenever he was in town I was automatically on the clock to assist him. He became a mentor to me, and among many other things, taught me how to prepare an expense account, a critical skill for any journalist, print or photo."

Primarily teaming up with Faas during his sabbatical year in Bangkok, Broman was to see the good, the bad and the ugly of the news business. At ringside with Faas and Kuala Lumpur AP correspondent Karsten Prager, at the 1963 world title flyweight fight between Thailand's Pone Kingpetch and Japan's Fighting Harada, Karsten felt someone touching his feet. "We started checking and found a UPI staffer with a knife in his hand, his intention to cut our phone lines because his own was broken. He was sent back minus his knife, and we took the play 12 to 1 in Tokyo dailies the next morning." In June that year he was with Horst and myself covering Southeast East Asian Treaty Organization military exercises at Lopburi. Broman wrote, "One evening the assembled foreign press, about seven of us, were drinking at an open bar and someone suggested a contest: the best story "lead" ever to make the wire. The UPI correspondent won this one with his published lead on a story he wrote covering Charlie Chaplin's paternity suit some years before: 'Charlie Chaplin walked out of Los Angeles Superior Court today acquitted in his paternity suit, smiling and cocksure.'"

Later that year Faas introduced Broman to dangerous war coverage, when he was required to carry the Bangkok bureau radio photo machine to Saigon during the Buddhist crisis. "In those days a transmitter weighed more than 60 pounds and was very delicate. I bought two seats for my Air Vietnam flight, one for me and one for the bulky transmitter in the first-class seat next to mine. Normally AP staffers don't travel first class and radiophoto machines do, so I was in luck. Horst was on hand at Tan Son Nhut airport with a jeep to carry me and the transmitter into town."

Horst promised to take the teenage Broman outside town to see the war, and eventually on an early morning they drove east through the jungle alongside the Saigon river to photograph the U.S. Navy escort carrier, the Card, that was due in Saigon that afternoon with a cargo of helicopters. Broman wrote: "Horst assured me that there were no main force Viet Cong units in the area, but we should keep our eyes open. He promised we would be back in Saigon by dark. He stopped the jeep in sight of the river next to an old French Army watchtower. The twisted, rusted metal suggested it had taken a direct hit some years before. Then we waited for the carrier to come up river. Horst thought we would have a better angle shooting from the tower. Because I weighed approximately half of Horst's weight, I was elected to photograph from the tower. Horst showed me how to operate his Leica with the 400mm lens and sent me up. I gingerly climbed the tower. From this angle, about 25 feet above the rice paddies, I had an excellent view. Finally, the escort carrier came into view and I began snapping photos. From my perspective it looked as if the carrier, with helicopters on the flight deck, was passing through the rice fields as the river was obscured. Suddenly, there was a loud sound of metal hitting metal very close to me. I leaned down and asked Horst what it was. "Probably just a sniper," he said. "They aren't very good shots so don't worry. But I did worry, and, feeling we had enough photos, I moved down the ladder faster than when I had climbed went up. The ride back to Saigon was without incident."



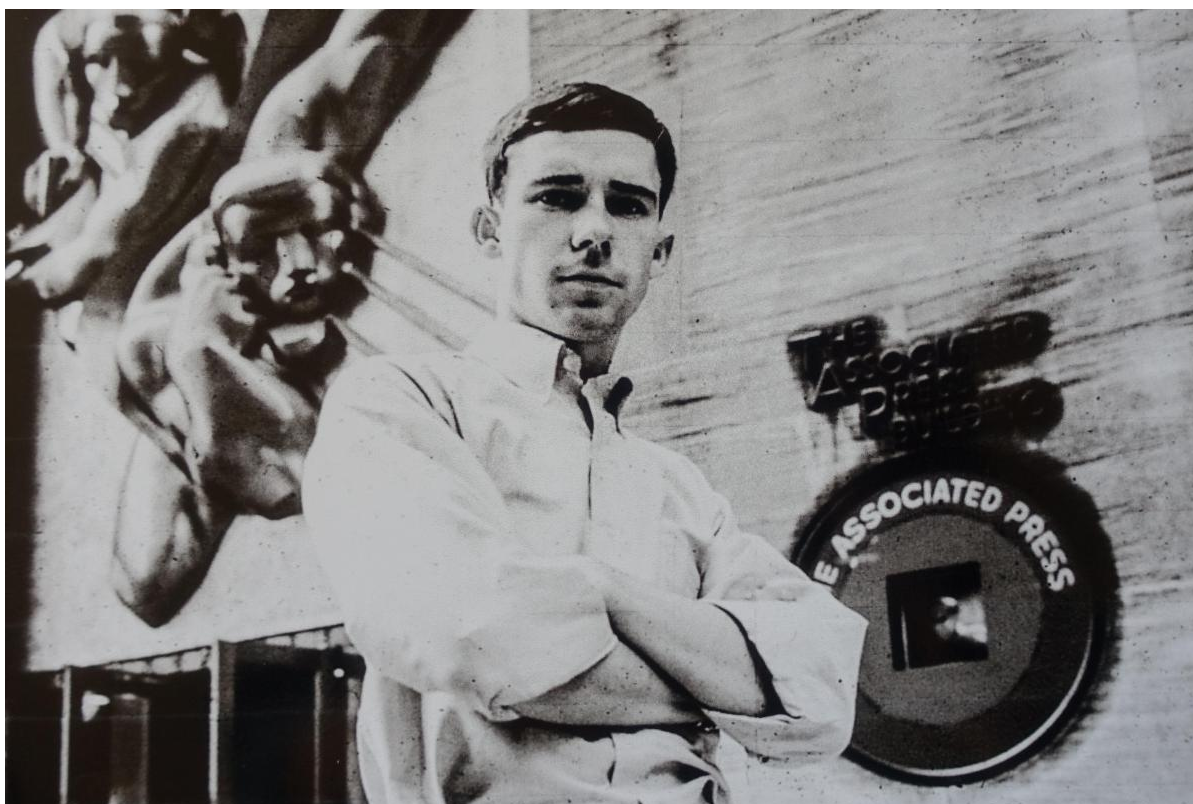
BARRY BROMAN on AP photo assignment in New York in 1966, covering the visit of the previous year's Miss Universe, Apasara Hongsakula from Thailand, left. He was a summer intern on the Foreign Photo desk. Authors collection

As he prepared to return to the U.S. in the fall of 1963, Broman reflected on his sabbatical year. "My career with the AP was going well. I had been given raises, foreign assignments, and considerable responsibility. Tony, a Filipino who graduated from Yale and Columbia, asked if I was interested in a career in journalism. I said I wasn't sure. He lent me his battered copy of the book, 'Kansas City Milkman', a gritty

account of the downside of working for a wire service. In it the author, Reynolds Packer, a former UPI correspondent, described the low pay, long hours and rampant alcoholism associated with the profession. I read the book but wasn't ready to give up on the AP."

Broman chose the University of Washington on his return to college, and in the summers worked for the AP, thanks to Hal Buell who had left his job in Tokyo to become the deputy director of AP photos in New York. In Chicago, Broman wrote, "I worked for a seasoned redheaded photo editor, Fred Wright, affectionately known to his colleagues as 'Red Fright'. The two senior photographers, Harry Hall and Paul Cannon, took me under their wings. Harry, I was told, was the only newsman in Chicago who could call Mayor Richard Daley by his first name. They went way back together. Harry would take me to his favorite watering hole after work and introduced me as 'his boss.' No one ever checked my ID. I was 20 years old but looked younger."

Broman spent the summers of 1966 and 1967 in New York as a photo editor at AP headquarters at Rockefeller Center. He wrote, "I was being groomed for a career as a photo editor. One summer I worked on the Foreign Photo desk under Jack Bodkin, sending and receiving photos from our overseas offices. It was a high-pressure job with little time to make decisions on which photos to accept and which to reject. But Jack made it look easy. Photographer Bob Peterson was in New York at that time working on contract with LIFE Magazine. He would drop by the AP at lunchtime and suggest a Japanese lunch with Hal and me. Hal was number two in AP photos. We would disappear while other photo editors watched jealously. They knew I had worked for Hal while in Bangkok. They also knew Hal was grooming me for a career with AP, most likely including a shot at becoming the Asia Photo Editor based in Tokyo. I was told that my initials BMB were said to stand for Buell's My Buddy.



BARRY BROMAN AT 50 ROCK, 1966. As a protege of AP deputy photo director Hal Buell, he was and working his summers in New York, and enlarging his circle of AP acquaintances. This photo was taken by Eddie Adams. Author's collection

In 1967, Broman joined the U.S. Marine Corps and was commissioned as a second lieutenant after graduating from the University of Washington. The Corps deferred his going into service to get a master's degree in Southeast Asian studies. At the end of January 1969, he went to war, assigned to the 5th Marine Regiment located at the An Hoa Combat Base south of Danang, the closest allied base to the mountains astride the Vietnam-Laos border. He joined the 2nd battalion as a platoon leader of a unit at half-strength because it had been worn down in heavy fighting. "Everyone had a 'bush name', Broman wrote. "My predecessor was 'Batman', the platoon sergeant was 'Robin.' I became 'Kiwi' - a flightless bird.

To make the work of enemy snipers more difficult officers never wore their insignias. Some carried M-16 rifles instead of .45 pistols. There was no saluting 'sirs.' We were just a bunch of Marines looking for trouble." Broman's chapter on his war year is the most gripping in his books. And he didn't forget about the AP and his buddy Hal Buell. He wrote, "While patrolling in The Arizona (Marine name for the battle area) one day, I noticed a CH-46 helicopter approaching. It was trailing a long Simmons rig ladder. On the ladder were eight Marines about 200 feet in the air moving about 90 miles an hour, heading east. They were Recon Marines returning from the mountains after a mission. I grabbed my Nikon F and snapped a few pictures as they flew overhead going home. A few weeks later I was in Danang on company business and had the black and white film processed. The pictures looked good so I clipped a negative and sent it to Hal Buell, deputy chief of AP photos in New York. Weeks past and I received a thick envelope in the mail. It contained several clippings from American newspapers including the New York Times. Each picture had my photo accompanying reporting from Vietnam that day. The St Louis Post-Dispatch ran the picture eight columns wide on the front page. With the clippings, Hal sent me a note thanking me for the photo, and a check for \$15, the standard rate apparently for a stringer in Vietnam. He also said he owed me a dinner, which I collected some years later.



While with his platoon in Vietnam in 1969, Barry Broman looked up and saw a U.S. Marine eight-man combat patrol returning from a mission while hanging from a rig under a helicopter. He took a picture and eventually sent it to New York photos, where it was distributed to members and recieved big play. Author's collection.

Broman's early romance with photojournalism did not survive his growing maturity as a combat officer in the Marine Corps or the resistance of his father, a civil engineer with the U.S. Air Force. Broman wrote that his father was lukewarm about his being a photojournalist and barely tolerated his joining the Marine Corps, but that he

positively loved his son going into the Central Intelligence Agency. "My only concern was his ability to keep it a secret. If all went well, I would be under cover for my entire career."

In June, 1971, he began his career in the CIA, and won assignment to the Directorate of Operations, home of the Clandestine Services, a small percentage of the Agency's 20,000 employees charged with conducting espionage and sometimes covert military action authorized by the president. Broman wrote, "Clandestine service case officers are not spies; they recruit and 'run' agents for the Directorate of Intelligence who are the actual spies." He spent months on an operational training course at the "large and rather elegant training facility in Virginia known as the Farm. It had an airfield and state-of-the-art facilities. Instruction focused on everything; teaching espionage, weapons familiarization, and parachute jumping. It was the best training I had ever received. Being a Case Officer is not a job for the timid. It sometimes requires you to put your life on the line, but more often involves putting the lives of your agents on the line. Most often, when spies are caught, they are executed. Both case officers and the agents they run lead dangerous lives. I sleep better at night knowing that not one of the dozens of agents I recruited or handled were ever caught. Moreover, I was never identified committing espionage. The ensuing "flap" can damage U.S. relations with that country. Part of the reason I was never caught was the training at the farm."



AP Correspondent Matt Franjola , who was often in the field with Barry Broman, poses in a damaged Peugeot 404 automobile hit by artillery shrapnel in the fighting for the town of Oudong, a former capital of Cambodia west of Phnom Penh, 1974. Author's collection

Broman's first foreign assignment for the CIA was the Cambodian war. He flew into Phnom Penh in 1973 to find a country in chaos. He wrote, "In the decade since I worked briefly for the AP in Cambodia, the foreign media coverage had grown

substantially. In 1963 the AP had had one lone reporter in Phnom Penh, a stringer named Seng Meakley. A nice fellow who had helped me with my photo assignments in Cambodia, he was known as 'Meakley who files weekly'. Cambodia was very much off the front burner for news. By 1973, dozens of journalists, photographers and cameramen had arrived to cover the war. The major wire services - The Associated Press, United Press International, Reuters and Agence France Press - had offices in Phnom Penh. I was in regular contact with the men of the AP, my alma mater, led by bureau chief Matt Franzola. Although Franz, as he was known, had never seen action in the military, he had seen more action in Vietnam and Laos than most military officers I knew. Franz had joined the peace corps out of Cortland State University, New York, where he majored in physical education and became an all-American lacrosse player. He was trained in the Thai language and left the Peace Corps to be a teacher in Southeast Asia. Franz wasn't a wordsmith like other AP staffers such as Peter Arnett, Dick Blystone or Denis Gray but he got his facts right and got the story out, usually before the opposition. I often went out to the front with Franz where he dressed in a bush jacket and sported a big-game hunters field hat. He was larger-than-life as he zipped around battlefields in his jeep, an acquisition of obscure origins. Tall, good-looking and infected with a sense of mission and a sense of humor, it was inevitable he would become known as Captain America. A bachelor and a lady's man he could pitch the woo in Thai, Lao Vietnamese or Cambodian. And English if pressed. He disdained French, the language of the Cambodian government, as a colonial language and always conducted interviews at the front in Khmer."

As a CIA case officer, Barry Broman was unique in his willingness to fraternize with journalists in Cambodia, particularly the AP crowd. He wrote. "Most CIA officers avoid the press like the plague, and with good reason. The spy business makes for good copy, and journalists are always looking for a story. But having worked as a journalist myself, I like hanging around foreign correspondents. The professions are not that far apart. We all are looking for sources and information. It is CIA policy not to recruit journalists working for American media. But most of the rest are fair game. Over the years I recruited a number of foreign journalists, but that was after Cambodia. While we don't recruit American journalists, we are allowed to listen to them when they want to volunteer important information."

I was one of the foreign correspondents who knew Barry from his Bangkok and Cambodia years, and much later after that. In a way he recruited us all with his charm and enduring friendship. Did we know that he worked for the CIA? I never asked, and it didn't matter anyway. He was doing his job just as we were doing ours.

Connecting mailbox

A darts tournament kindles memory of longtime AP St. Louis staffer Ed Schafer

Jim Salter ([Email](#)) - Ed Schafer was a longtime AP reporter in St. Louis, known affectionately as "Easy Ed" for his unflappable demeanor, even in the most stressful of

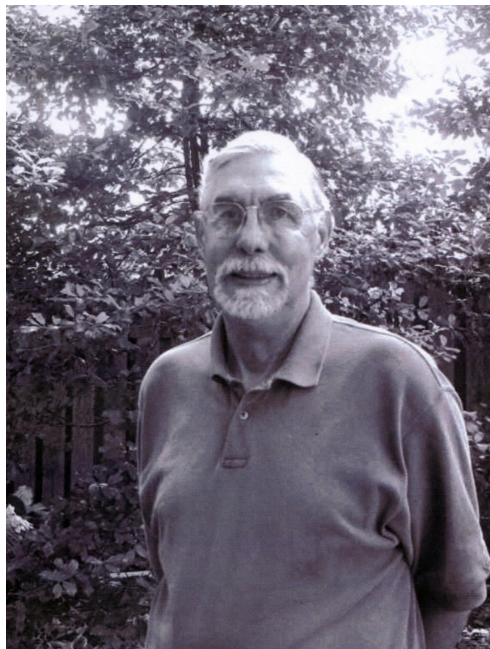
times. He retired in 1999. When he died at age 71 10 years ago, we lost one of the most colorful and interesting characters I've had the pleasure of knowing.

Ed was an old-school reporter who could handle any assignment. As his direct supervisor for his last couple of years with AP, he could be maddening because I'd hear him on the phone laughing, telling stories and seemingly without a care in the world.

"Ed, I kinda need that story ... now," I said more than once.

"It's done," he'd say. It always was, and it was always perfect.

So when I received an email recently about an upcoming darts tournament at Blueberry Hill, a St. Louis restaurant and bar famous because Chuck Berry played monthly concerts right up until his death, I couldn't help but laugh. The darts tournament has become a mega-event, with a \$10,000 purse, and it was Ed who started darts at Blueberry Hill in the first place.



I interviewed Blueberry Hill Joe Edwards a few years ago and he told the story: Before Ed gave up drinking, he was a frequent customer in the early 1970s (he lived just a couple of blocks away). He had asked Joe to put in a dart board. Joe didn't want to, so over the course of several days Ed asked other patrons, one at a time, to mention to Joe how much they'd like to play darts. Joe thought there was a groundswell of interest in darts so he complied, only to have Ed later admit to his scheme.

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Salute to a new grad



Robert Reid ([Email](#)) - Granddaughter Brooke Reid, summa cum laude graduate of Fisher's High School in suburban Indianapolis. With, from left, wife Jane, son Brian Reid, Brooke, yours truly and grandson/brother of the graduate Max Reid. Taken July 11.

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My unusual coverage story



Bruce Lowitt ([Email](#)) - A year and a half after joining the Port Chester (N.Y.) Daily Item in Westchester County, my first newspaper job, and two months before leaving to join The AP in Los Angeles, I was assigned the 1967 Groundhog Day story. I was 24, the youngest writer on the staff, and got the assignments everyone groaned about.

Thinking outside the box, as I tended - then and now - to do, I went to the Bruce Museum (no relation) in neighboring Greenwich, Conn., borrowed their stuffed groundhog and "interviewed" him. The story and photo ran on the front page (with a jump inside; it was as long as it was silly) and the editor, enjoying the gag, wrote the outline which began: "Phineas G. Hog, left, ..."

Regrettably, in 1998, after a 99-year run, the Port Chester Daily Item ceased publication, merged with another nine Gannett newspapers under the banner of the Journal News In New York's lower Hudson Valley. The Daily Item site is now part of a Costco parking lot. (sigh)

Things We Depend on in Old Age

Gene Herrick ([Email](#)) - When one is a child, thinking about old age was a non-sequitur. Only the old folks were old, and that's all that I recognized. Getting there was a thing I never considered.

My youth was full of adventure, travel and learning. As an early retired AP photographer, after 28 years, (Early retirement because of bureau conflict, a retirement I did not want, and every days wish I was back in the saddle) – I changed professions and went into the field of Developmental Disabilities.

I had great successes, including serving on many non-profit community boards of directors, one of which I serve now at just a few days short of age 94. I am also an inductee in the Virginia Communications Hall of Fame.

Now that I am in the decrepit age, my activity level has slowed dramatically. My calendar no longer lists appointments to be a guest at someone's country club, No whing-dings following a president, or being active in press clubs, or press reception areas at major league games. Now the only things on my calendar are appointments for various doctors, appointments for surgery, or body monitoring equipment. I call the doctors by their first names. I no longer take long trips, except going to the doctor or pharmacy!

However, and the real reason for writing this missive, is to relate something that has happened in my life in the past five years. Despite the aging problems, every weekday, I awaken in anticipation of 9 A.M. Why then you might ask? That is the time an on-line newsletter arrives in my e-mail box. It is called "Connecting," and that is exactly what it does. Connecting, founded, directed, edited and loved by Mr. Paul Stevens, a veteran AP newsman and Chief of Bureaus.

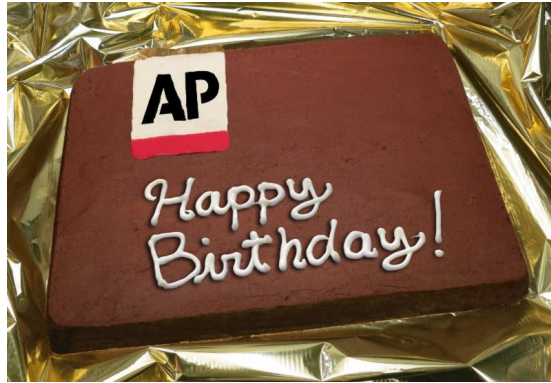
I don't think Paul realizes what a fantastic service he provides. It does so many wonderful things for my aging life. First and foremost, I get to see stories and pictures from a few of my remaining old compatriots. I have re-established communication with some of them, plus some I've never worked with. That is exciting. Connecting has also given me the opportunity to share some of my AP work experiences, most of which are so old and antiquated that Paul and the gang, seem to find interesting and weird.

So I send my forever thanks, respect, and honor to Mr. Paul Stevens for giving this ole dude a new and exciting window on this old man's life. I now have something

productive to do. Aging is much sweeter now.

I also want to thank Kitty Hylton, my loving mate for some 20 years. She is precious, and the other person to give my life a good outlook.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



To

Hank Ackerman - ack1942@gmail.com

Welcome to Connecting



Jonathan Lemire - jlemire@ap.org

Stories of interest

No, a reporter didn't call Kayleigh McEnany a 'lying bch,' but Fox ran with it anyway***

By Oliver Darcy, CNN Business

New York - No, a reporter didn't call White House Press Secretary Kayleigh McEnany a "lying b***ch" at Tuesday's White House press briefing.

This is a story that illustrates how quick some factions of the country are to jump to conclusions in order to vilify members of the press.

On Tuesday, some Twitter users accused Al Jazeera's Kimberly Halkett of muttering on a hot mic that McEnany is a "lying b***ch." That simply wasn't true. As Halkett wrote in a tweet, she actually told McEnany, after an exchange, "Okay, you don't want to engage."

Read more [here](#) . Shared by Dennis Conrad.

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Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard announces fellows in the class of 2020-2021

Cambridge, Mass. – In a period of unprecedented challenges for journalism, Harvard University's Nieman Foundation has selected an innovative and distinguished group of journalists for its 2020-21 fellowship class and has created new visiting fellowships to address racial justice and public health.

Nieman, a center for internationally recognized journalism fellowships, publications and programs, has selected 16 Nieman Fellows for its 83rd class, including investigative reporters, science journalists, editors, television and radio producers, a critic, a columnist and newsroom executives working across all media platforms.

Due to Harvard campus restrictions related to the COVID-19 pandemic, the academic-year fellows will begin their fall studies online. The university and Nieman are preparing classes and programming that utilize Harvard's vast academic and creative resources and take advantage of the interactive capabilities of distance learning.

In addition, Nieman will offer remote visiting fellowships this coming year in support of projects that address racial justice and public health in the U.S., dual challenges underscored by the growing anti-racism movement and the global coronavirus pandemic.

Read more [here](#).

Today in History - July 23, 2020



By The Associated Press

Today is Thursday, July 23, the 205th day of 2020. There are 161 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On July 23, 1829, William Austin Burt received a patent for his "typographer," a forerunner of the typewriter.

On this date:

In 1885, Ulysses S. Grant, the 18th president of the United States, died in Mount McGregor, New York, at age 63.

In 1914, Austria-Hungary presented a list of demands to Serbia following the killing of Archduke Franz Ferdinand by a Serb assassin; Serbia's refusal to agree to the entire ultimatum led to the outbreak of World War I.

In 1948, American pioneer filmmaker D.W. Griffith died in Los Angeles at age 73.

In 1967, five days of deadly rioting erupted in Detroit as an early morning police raid on an unlicensed bar resulted in a confrontation with local residents that escalated into violence that spread into other parts of the city; 43 people, mostly Blacks, were killed.

In 1982, actor Vic Morrow and two child actors, 7-year-old Myca Dinh Le and 6-year-old Renee Shin-Yi Chen, were killed when a helicopter crashed on top of them during

filming of a Vietnam War scene for "Twilight Zone: The Movie." (Director John Landis and four associates were later acquitted of manslaughter charges.)

In 1983, an Air Canada Boeing 767 ran out of fuel while flying from Montreal to Edmonton; the pilots were able to glide the jetliner to a safe emergency landing in Gimli, Manitoba. (The near-disaster occurred because the fuel had been erroneously measured in pounds instead of kilograms at a time when Canada was converting to the metric system.)

In 1997, the search for Andrew Cunanan (koo-NAN'-an), the suspected killer of designer Gianni Versace (JAH'-nee vur-SAH'-chee) and others, ended as police found his body on a houseboat in Miami Beach, an apparent suicide.

In 1999, space shuttle Columbia blasted off with the world's most powerful X-ray telescope and Eileen Collins, the first woman to command a U.S. space flight.

In 2003, a new audiotape purported to be from toppled dictator Saddam Hussein called on Iraqis to resist the U.S. occupation. Massachusetts' attorney general issued a report saying clergy members and others in the Boston Archdiocese probably had sexually abused more than 1,000 people over a period of six decades.

In 2006, Tiger Woods became the first player since Tom Watson in 1982-83 to win consecutive British Open titles.

In 2011, singer Amy Winehouse, 27, was found dead in her London home from accidental alcohol poisoning.

In 2017, a tractor trailer was found in a Walmart parking lot in San Antonio, Texas, crammed with dozens of immigrants; ten died and many more were treated at a hospital for dehydration and heat stroke. (The driver, James Bradley Jr., was sentenced to life in prison after pleading guilty to transporting the immigrants resulting in death.)

Ten years ago: The Office of Management and Budget predicted the budget deficit would reach a record \$1.47 trillion in the current fiscal year. (The actual figure for fiscal 2010 turned out to be \$1.29 trillion.) Ford Motor Co. said it had made \$2.6 billion from April through June 2010, its fifth straight quarterly profit. Daniel Schorr, longtime journalist with stints at CBS, CNN and NPR, died in Washington at age 93.

Five years ago: Secretary of State John Kerry told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee it was "fantasy plain and simple" to claim that President Barack Obama had failed to insist on enough restraints on Iran's nuclear program before agreeing to lift economic sanctions. Republican presidential candidate Donald Trump paid a visit to the Mexico border, where he predicted Hispanics would love him, adding, "They already do." A gunman opened fire in a Lafayette, Louisiana, theater during a screening of the film "Trainwreck," killing two people and wounding nine before fatally shooting himself.

One year ago: Boris Johnson won the contest to lead Britain's governing Conservative Party, putting him in line to become the country's prime minister the following day. Former defense industry lobbyist Mark Esper won Senate confirmation and was sworn in as secretary of defense, succeeding Jim Mattis. (The Pentagon had gone seven months without a confirmed leader, the longest such period in its history.) The Senate gave final legislative approval to a measure ensuring that a victims' compensation fund related to the Sept. 11 attacks would never run out of money.

Today's Birthdays: Concert pianist Leon Fleisher (FLY'-shur) is 92. Retired Supreme Court Justice Anthony M. Kennedy is 84. Actor Ronny Cox is 82. Actor Larry Manetti is 77. Rock singer David Essex is 73. Singer-songwriter John Hall is 72. Actress Belinda Montgomery is 70. Rock musician Blair Thornton (Bachman Turner Overdrive) is 70. Actress-writer Lydia Cornell is 67. Actor Woody Harrelson is 59. Rock musician Martin Gore (Depeche Mode) is 59. Actor Eriq La Salle is 58. Rock musician Yuval Gabay is 57. Rock musician Slash is 55. Actor Juan Pope is 53. Model-actress Stephanie Seymour is 52. Actress Charisma Carpenter is 50. Rhythm-and-blues singer Sam Watters is 50. Country singer Alison Krauss is 49. Rhythm-and-blues singer Dalvin DeGrate is 49. Rock musician Chad Gracey (Live) is 49. Actor-comedian Marlon Wayans is 48. Country singer Shannon Brown is 47. Actress Kathryn Hahn is 47. Retired MLB All-Star Nomar Garciaparra (NOH'-mar gar-CEE'-ah-par-rah) is 47. Former White House intern Monica Lewinsky is 47. Actress Stephanie March is 46. Actor Shane McRae is 43. Country musician David Pichette is 43. Rhythm-and-blues singer Michelle Williams is 40. Actor Paul Wesley is 38. Actress Krysta Rodriguez is 36. Actor Daniel Radcliffe is 31. Country musician Neil Perry is 30. Actress Lili Simmons is 27. Country singer Danielle Bradbery (TV: "The Voice") is 24.

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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