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Colleagues,

Good Monday morning on this the 3rd day of August 2020,

Ninety-one days remain until Presidential Election Day 2020 – and The Associated Press was in the news covered by two major national media – CNN and The New York Times.

Sally Buzbee, executive editor of The Associated Press, told CNN's Brian Stelter on Reliable Sources on Sunday that the AP is preparing for the vote-counting to go "beyond election night." She said "we are completely non-partisan, and what we do is we report the facts, and that is why people can trust us."

Click [here](#) to view.

And Ben Smith, media critic for The New York Times, wrote a story Sunday headlined, [**"How the Media Could Get the Election Story Wrong."**](#)

Smith said he spoke last week to executives, TV hosts and election analysts across leading American newsrooms. In the story, he wrote, “There are some encouraging signs. CNN and The Associated Press, among others, have devoted far more reporting resources than usual to informing audiences just how elections work and to lowering their expectations of quick results... One of those he interviewed was **David Scott**, deputy managing editor of the AP.

(Thanks to Peg Coughlin, Scott Charton and Dennis Conrad for sharing the story.)

Here’s to a good week ahead – be safe and stay healthy.

Paul

Thanks to Andy Lippman for sharing Atticus with us

Denis Searles ([Email](#)) - Kudos to Andy Lippman on his recent memorial tribute to Atticus, “the dog of my retirement.” Most of us are too stricken at the death of a long-time pet to write a proper tribute. Lippman rose above that to share with us Atticus’ adventures from the tiny, frightened pup he adopted at the Glendale Humane Society to the spirited best friend across the years, the sad decline Time takes on us all, to the final good bye. Well done, Andy Lippman, and thanks for sharing Atticus with us.

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Paul Simon ([Email](#)) - Thanks to Andy for sharing his heartfelt memories of life with Atticus. For those of us with pets, it strikes so close to home. With all the good times of companionship lurks the specter of our eventual separation.

One of our four pets is a Border Collie who turned 17 a few months ago. Like Atticus, she has lost most vision and hearing and tends to get stuck in corners. Arthritis has made standing for long somewhat difficult. She still loves her (slow) walks, dinner time, and companionship. I hope for the strength to deal with her as humanely as possible when it is clear it is time.

Debbie and I have no children together. With my two kids out of the house since 2007, our dogs and cats are like close family. Andy went with “My Guy.” I’ll opt for “Loves Me Like a Rock.”

More of your stories about your first or favorite vehicle



Charles Hanley ([Email](#)) - A confirmed Manhattanite, I haven’t owned a car in 44 years. (Yes, a charmed life.) But I do look fondly back on my first, from my college years and first AP months, a two-toned, four-door, 1958 Ford Fairlane 500 hardtop, V-8, standard shift. And, lo and behold, just a few years ago, there it was, outside the Cuban capitol in Havana, looking gleamingly new. The proud owner and I agreed: “Un fabuloso carro.” Hmmm, could it be?

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Dave Lubeski ([Email](#)) - I've owned many cars through the years, but two stand out in my mind. First, a disclaimer. If I have photos of my favorites, I don't know where to begin to look for them, so I went to the internet and spent the

better part of an afternoon doing a google image search to find photos that matched the two cars.



Auto #1 - was my first and only custom-ordered car. I told the salesman what I wanted and when a car with those specifications could not be located by the dealership, it was ordered from the factory. I was 19 years old, a full time college student with a fulltime job in Texas when I took delivery of my 1966 Ford Fairlane 500 in January of 1966. The exterior color was a burnt orange called emberglo and the interior was black leather. It had a three-speed manual transmission (a three on the tree) with a 289 engine. A year after I purchased it, I got drafted. After basic training I was sent to Ft. Sam Houston in San Antonio and got a permit to keep it on post and drove it home to Houston on weekend passes, usually with about two or three buddies who looked forward to some of my mom's home cooking. I sold it just before I was shipped overseas.



Auto #2 - was my first convertible. When I had cars as a teenager, my mom refused to allow me to have a ragtop. To her they were death-mobiles. As a grown-up, married and gainfully employed, I first saw my 1971 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme convertible on the showroom floor and drove it home the same day. When I showed it to Mom I tried to convince her that there was nothing to worry about, but once on a cross country trip with her we traveled on a two-way undivided highway and at high speeds when we'd pass 18-wheelers traveling in the opposite direction, the wind current they caused made a whoop, whoop, whoop flapping sound on the convertible top. Mom was sure the roof was going to blow off of the car.

Of all my cars through the years, these are two that I wish I could own again.



Jeffrey Ulbrich ([Email](#)) - Back in the 1960s, after college, the army and an unsatisfactory stint in advertising, I went to Lyon, France to teach for a couple of years. At the end of the second year my French girlfriend Michelle and I decided we would benefit from a bit of adventurizing, so I went to London and purchased the above-pictured Triumph Daytona motorcycle. We loaded up and headed out, spending about six months wending our way east, eventually arriving in Calcutta and then onwarding to Perth in West Australia, where we finally ran out of money.

We spent a year working in Perth and then resumed our trip, crossing Australia from west to east. We caught a ship in Sydney and threaded our way through New Zealand, Fiji, Pago Pago and other islands, landing in Vancouver, Canada, then setting off across country to Texas where I ended up working for the Abilene Reporter-News. In more than 25,000 hard, dusty miles, we suffered only one broken cable and one flat tire. My only small regret was that we didn't take a ship back to France so we could boast we had gone around the world.

As you can imagine, after more than 50 years I no longer have that beautiful Triumph motorcycle. On the other hand, I did hang on to that lovely French girlfriend.

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Me and my Sprite, Highland Park, California, Spring 1968

Bruce Lowitt ([Email](#)) - I suspect more than a few of us have had more than one favorite car, each for its own reason. I am among them.

My third car was my first favorite, a brand-new 1967 Austin-Healey Sprite (and clearly the Sprite was beloved by others contributing here). I bought it for \$2,025 that March, a couple of months before leaving the Port Chester (N.Y.) Daily Item, my first newspaper job, for The AP in Los Angeles.

I drove it cross country in three days from my parents' house in Brooklyn, with books, records and other stuff in the shotgun seat, the floor well, behind the seats and in the trunk – every inch of available space. The last thing my father

said, totally serious, before I pulled away from the curb, was, “Don't pick up any hitchhikers.”

I played tag with various 18-wheelers through the mountains of New Mexico and Arizona; I'd pull away going uphill and they'd roar past me downhill. I had the Sprite for three years in California, keeping my New York vanity license plate for the first two, the better to ward off parking tickets, then drove it back in a more leisurely four days in May 1970 when I was promoted to NY Sports.

When I realized keeping it in Manhattan would be aggravating, what with alternate-side-of-the-street parking and all, I taught myself how to ride a motorcycle, sold the Sprite and bought a Honda CB500, which I rode until October 1977, when Arlene told me she was pregnant and didn't want to be a widow before I became a father.

When we got married in 1976 we moved into a garden apartment in Queens and bought our first car, a Ford Granada. I got press plates (NYP 157), Some neighbors thought it meant I was a cop. I didn't dissuade them of that, A year later we bought our first house, in Westchester County, and when I sold the motorcycle I bought our second car, a tiny stick-shift Mazda 323.

We bought the Granada (although I wanted a Chevy Monza) after a family friend convinced us it'd be a great family car. It was only when we went shopping for a baby stroller that I discovered the full-size spare tire was anchored in the middle of the trunk. I went ballistic, yelling we should sell the damned car because no “normal” stroller would fit. Arlene calmed me down and for something like four times the price we bought a collapsible stroller.

One other Granada story: just weeks after we bought it in 1976, the red light on the center console went on, indicating low fuel, even though the tank was close to full and the dashboard gauge's needle was leaning toward F. The dealer said the warranty didn't cover that. It'd cost a few hundred dollars to take apart the console and deal with the light. Don't bother, he said; it'll eventually burn out. When we sold it 10 years later the light was still on.

I have mostly been a ragtop and stick-shift guy and my two other favorites, both convertibles bought new, were a powder-blue 1996 Chevy Cavalier and a metallic blue 2005 Mini Cooper S.

I loved the Mini – it handled great, parked in spaces most other drivers passed on, and was powerful and roomy for its size. And being one of the earlier ones

in the Tampa Bay area, other Mini drivers and I would beep and wave when we crossed paths, the way early VW Bug drivers did a few generations ago.

But after about 70,000 miles, the Mini started experiencing mechanical problems and I traded it in for a 2013 Honda Fit Sport (with stick shift) because I was thinking of doing some part-time Ubering or Lyfting. I never did, but I still have the Fit. I just wish I had a can opener big enough to peel back the top.

When I purchased the Chevy, our other car was a 1993 Skylark, a dreadful car we bought from a close friend who had just become a Buick salesman (we were his first sale). When I brought the Cavalier home, our son Adam, soon to get his driver's license, made some disparaging remarks about the color and said he'd never be caught dead driving it. But the first time he had to drive it to some school function because Arlene had the other car, he came home and exclaimed, "Dad, this car is a chick magnet!" He never again drove the Skylark.

Preceding the Sprite in my life were my first car, a 1957 Triumph TR3 bought from one of my older brother's friends in August 1965, when I started at the Daily Item, and a 1961 Ford Consul Capri, a British import.

The guy who sold me the Triumph told me he'd given me half a tank of fuel. What a nice man. I couple of days later I filled the tank and the day after that I opened the trunk. Everything in it was floating in a few inches of gas. The tank was rusted through halfway up. What a nice man, indeed. A new tank cost another hundred and a few months later the alternator started to go, then the generator, then I sold it to a guy who bought it for parts.

I replaced it early in 1966 with the '61 Consul, the ugliest car I ever drove (you could look it up). But it ran well. Half a year later, while I was at a stop sign in downtown Greenwich, Conn., a woman, window shopping while driving, plowed into it, caving in the trunk. I wasn't hurt and her car was barely scratched.

She panicked, and I can still quote her. "My husband will kill me. Here. Take it," she said, pulling a fistful of tens and twenties out of her wallet. It was well over a hundred. No police? No insurance? No problem. When I got home I tied the trunk closed and it stayed that way until I traded in the Consul for the Sprite.

One more note: In 1986, shortly before we left New York for my job as National Sports Features Writer at the St. Petersburg (now Tampa Bay) Times, I called Mike Harris, then the AP Auto Racing Writer and colleague with whom I covered many Indianapolis 500s and other races, and still a good friend. We

had just unloaded the Granada and it was time to replace my nine-year-old Mazda 323 as well. I asked Mike if he had any connections with Indy teams that might help me get a good deal on two new cars.

Mike came through like a champ, putting me in touch with Bob Fendell, the head of public relations for Mazda's racing team, headquartered in south Jersey. After a phone call, Arlene and I drove down in the 323 and we drove back home in her new 939 and my new 626, both of which served us well.

Arlene's now driving a 2007 Toyota Camry Hybrid which, like my Fit, is still going strong. - but my next car (not a midlife crisis; I'm well beyond midlife) will be a Mazda Miata convertible, if I live that long.

Connecting mailbox

Arrival in Cyprus, on day Iraq invaded Kuwait



Walter Putnam with family, from left, Jonathan, Lauren, Christopher and Geni on trip to Egypt in 1993. (Apparently a watermark above the pyramids, Walter says, not a UFO.)

Walter Putnam ([Email](#)) – Thirty years ago today (Sunday), I arrived in Cyprus to begin assignment as a Middle East correspondent for The Associated Press. Upon getting in the car at Larnaca Airport, Nicosia bureau chief Nick Ludington informed me that early that morning Iraq invaded Kuwait.

The next two weeks were chaotic, looking for a home and taking care of immigration matters for a family of five between sleep and long shifts shuffling an incredible amount of information around the world as Iraq refused to budge.

Several weeks later, I was in Jordan covering effects of the crisis there when Geni and the kids moved into our house in Nicosia. Over the next year, I was in Jordan twice more, Syria, and Iraq two times as a story of global proportions continued to unfold.

I saw a lot, and learned a lot — probably more than is good — during my time in the Middle East. But more important are all the interesting, wonderful people I came to know, and the amazing things we saw in our life and travels there.

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The Bennett Boys of DC



Charlie Bennett ([Email](#)) – They called us the Bennett Boys of DC: from left, Ron Bennett, UPI; Wally Bennett, Time, and myself, with AP. I was fortunate to work with both of them. The only problem with having the same name happened once. Wally, Ron and I were on the same assignment. At that time someone met you at the airport to take your film and we were on our last stop before returning to D.C. There was a crowd there and we were looking for our drop. The three of us were scanning the crowd when we heard “Bennett “ so we began to rewind the film and stuff the envelopes, still not seeing the contact. This happened about three times. Wally McNamee of Newsweek had a big grin on his face; ended up he was the mysterious voice causing the confusion. Later he said he was testing our reflexes.

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Nancy Kassebaum in Japan



Kazuo Abiko ([Email](#)) - The photo of you (Paul Stevens) and Nancy Kassebaum in last Thursday's Connecting prompted me to send you the attached photo, taken June 27, 2002, when she spoke at the Foreign Correspondents' Club of Japan. As Club president, I moderated the event.

She was in Japan with her husband, Howard H. Baker, Jr., who served as U.S. ambassador to Japan from 2001 to 2005. As you would imagine, Nancy Kassebaum Baker enthralled the audience.

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A view of the old AP headquarters



Marty Steinberg ([Email](#)) - I had a wedding gig Saturday on the roof garden at 620 Fifth Ave. This was the view from the seventh floor.

Gerald F. McLaughlin, former AP Albany newsman and adviser to governors and senators, dies

Marc Humbert ([Email](#)) - On Friday night, former Albany AP writer Jerry McLaughlin's wonderful life came to an end. He died with his wife Marty by his side. Jerry was 84.

McLaughlin was a great friend and mentor to me and to a host of other young reporters who came to the state Capitol in Albany. He had a wonderful smile and a laugh that brought us all joy. His stories of days past were a marvelous reminder that while some things change, many more do not.

Before his death, Marty had asked me to prepare an obit on my old friend. "Not the typical funeral home version," she requested. With the help of former Albany AP colleagues Joel Stashenko and Bob Bellafiore the following remembrance of a life well-led was produced.

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By A Few of His AP Acolytes

ALBANY, N.Y. — As a seasoned observer you have likely deduced from the location of this article (on the obit page) that my soul and body have decided to part company.

Those who had the joy of knowing Gerald F. McLaughlin — as a friend or as a reporter and later an adviser to governors, state senators and a host of fledgling ink-stained wretches - suspect he might have started his obituary just that way. Jerry liked it when he made people smile and could share some wisdom, even while telling them news they might not want to hear.

This time that news is that McLaughlin died on July 31, 2020, at the Albany Medical Center after a battle against diabetes, assorted other ailments and just getting old. While he had tested positive for the coronavirus in April, he

remained symptom-free throughout. Jerry was 84.

Almost to the end, Jerry retained his sense of humor. Weeks after Shaker Place, the Albany County nursing home and rehabilitation center, where he had been living for since last fall, had closed its doors to all visitors, McLaughlin could laugh when asked about how life had changed there.

“Remember Albert Camus’ novel ‘The Plague?’ We’re living it out right here,” he reported to a friend via telephone.

McLaughlin, who became unresponsive at dinner on July 31 at Shaker Place, was taken to the medical center where he died a few hours later with his wife, Marty McLaughlin, by his side.



McLaughlin was born on June 6, 1936 (6-6-36 made it easy to remember) in Rutland, Vt., with printer’s ink in his blood. His mother, Helen Scanlon McLaughlin, was a star crime reporter and his father, Gerald Edward “Mac” McLaughlin, rose to be managing editor of the Rutland Herald newspaper. After a fight with the publisher, Mac packed up the family and moved to Springfield, Vt., where he and his wife took over four weekly newspapers serving the eastern part of the state.

After graduating from the College of the Holy Cross (1958) and Columbia University’s School of Journalism (1959), McLaughlin began his own career as a reporter at the Providence Journal and its sister publication, the Bulletin. He recently recalled his journalistic baptism at the Journal.

“Hey, Columbia, you couldn’t find a way to spell ‘accommodate’?” the old-school veteran editor bellowed. As McLaughlin reported: “The guys in the newsroom – a lot of Korean War vets – all applauded.”

Razzing aside, McLaughlin quickly established himself as an admired, street-smart news reporter, not an Ivy League J-school “journalist.” Hired away by The Associated Press in 1962, McLaughlin was sent to the Albany, N.Y.,

bureau where then-Republican Gov. Nelson Rockefeller was on his way to winning a second four-year term.

But for McLaughlin and the other AP staffers, it wasn't all glamour despite covering a charismatic billionaire governor and perennial presidential contender. There were late-night weekend shifts that included transmitting college basketball scores to member newspapers. It was then that a previously unknown upstate New York college began winning basketball games against other unfamiliar schools. The winning continued and eventually one sports editor suggested a story on the out-of-nowhere team might be in order.

McLaughlin was in a bind, as he'd impishly concocted the school as self-entertainment, and maybe a little gag on the higher ups. Wouldn't you know it, the team suddenly started losing, McLaughlin recalled. The interest in a story and the team's scores gradually faded. So did any mention on the AP wire of any such college, whose name has been lost to the ages. Jerry had killed his first story.

In 1968, McLaughlin was lured away from the AP by Rockefeller. The veteran reporter was put in charge of the public information office at the newly created state Pure Waters Authority. Two years later, he was reassigned to the governor's own press office, where his colleagues included the governor's speechwriter, the late Joseph Persico. Persico, who would later become Rockefeller's biographer and a best-selling author, and McLaughlin became life-long buddies.

When Rockefeller resigned in December 1973 to head the U.S. Commission on Critical Choices for America and prepare for a presidential run, McLaughlin became deputy press secretary for newly installed Gov. Malcolm Wilson who had been Rockefeller's lieutenant governor.

Less than a year later, Wilson had lost the governorship to Democrat Hugh Carey. McLaughlin was pondering his own future when state Sen. John Marchi, a Republican from Staten Island, got in touch.

"Mr. McLaughlin, how would you like to take a \$25,000 pay cut?" the senator inquired. Knowing the difference between something and nothing, McLaughlin embarked on the rest of his professional life.

In Marchi, McLaughlin found something of a kindred spirit – a scholarly figure who often likened the New York state Senate to ancient Rome's own august

body and who was fond of quoting Cicero and other classical orators during his own modern-day debates.

“Lots of people like to talk about ‘The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,’ but Dad had actually read it,” recalled son Michael McLaughlin.

Like Marchi, McLaughlin could stitch sentences together that sent lesser-read people to their encyclopedias. But, unlike his boss, McLaughlin could also, when necessary, speak in simple declarative sentences. It was a skill much appreciated by those who followed McLaughlin at the AP and who had to cover the senator.

“His job often required him to unpack for reporters Marchi’s lengthy orations on ancient Romans like Cicero or references to Thomas Aquinas ...even when the topic of the news conference was something as mundane as the world’s largest landfill (Fresh Kills on Staten Island), Staten Island’s possible secession from New York City or the preservation of wetlands,” said Robert Bellafiore, a former AP reporter who went on to serve as Republican Gov. George Pataki’s press secretary. “Then again, depending on the circumstances, he might just say: ‘I think the senator’s words speak for themselves.’”

During his time with Marchi, McLaughlin had also become a charter member the Legislative Correspondents Association’s elite softball team, making his mark as a sharp-fielding first baseman and clutch hitter. A Boston Red Sox baseball cap was never far from his side.

Marchi, after serving for many years as chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, retired in 2006. He died three years later. McLaughlin retired from the state Senate on Jan. 1, 2007.

In retirement, McLaughlin kept up his love affair with words, writing articles for the Springfield (Vt.) Reporter – his parents’ old paper. “He enjoyed the writing, and got a free newspaper,” his wife Marty remembered.

McLaughlin’s personal life was not always easy. Like his father, he suffered from alcoholism, a disease which almost cost him his marriage. As a recovering alcoholic, however, he reached out to other sufferers with his trademark wit and wisdom. Then, his beloved first wife Sandy died in 1989.

But McLaughlin found love again. In October 2007, he and Martha (Marty) Ann Kennedy were married. They had lived in the same neighborhood for years and had known each other slightly. But as Jerry got older, he began swimming regularly at the Jewish Community Center in Albany where Marty was a regular in the pool.

“When my husband died, Jerry asked me out. I am certainly glad that I accepted,” Marty recalled. “We were so lucky to find each other, and to find love again.”

Among the couple’s wedding presents was a one-year membership to the community center.

In addition to his second wife, McLaughlin is survived by a son, Michael (Geraldyn) McLaughlin and their twin sons, Zachary and Charles; and a daughter, Sarah (Jim Shuttleworth) McLaughlin. He is also survived by his stepchildren, Joseph Kennedy and his children, daughter Perry and son Brendan; and Carolyn Kennedy and her son, Thomas Delfield. Also surviving are numerous relatives in Vermont, New York, New Hampshire and California. The family said special thanks should go to McLaughlin’s cousin Frank Scanlon and his wife Joanne Smith of Latham, N.Y., and to the staff of Shaker Place.

The family requests that contributions be made in honor of Jerry to Covenant House or to the charity of one’s choice.

Editor’s Note: This remembrance of a life well led was written by former AP writers Marc Humbert, Joel Stashenko and Robert Bellafiore. They all had the honor of being mentored and befriended by Gerald F. McLaughlin.

Best of the Week

AP exclusive leads to release of migrant kids held in US hotels for deportation



Texas Civil Rights Project attorney Andy Udelsman writes a message to child detainees inside a Hampton Inn in McAllen, Texas, as protesters wave signs, July 23, 2020. JOEL MARTINEZ / THE MONITOR VIA AP

Earmarked for deportation, the immigrant children, some mere toddlers, were parked in nondescript hotels – out of sight and, the Trump administration thought, out of mind.

But not out of reach of an Associated Press exclusive.

With an investigation that sparked outrage and accusations of child abuse, Houston-based immigration reporter Nomaan Merchant blew open the secret of how the Trump administration held immigrant children as young as 1 year old in hotels, sometimes for weeks, despite federal anti-trafficking laws and court decisions that say kids should be cared for in tailor-made shelters with qualified caregivers. The administration has held children in hotels under an emergency declaration citing the coronavirus.

Merchant first got wind of the story from sources he's cultivated as a member of an AP team focusing on immigration issues and abuses. He then worked to unearth data to back up the tip of kids being held in hotels.

Read more [here](#) .

Best of the States

AP all-formats team delivers stunning coverage of Portland protests



AP Photo/Noah Berger

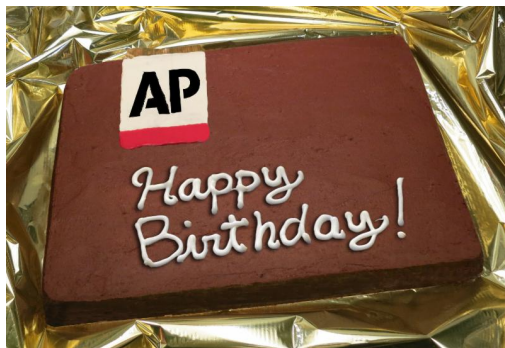
When more than 100 federal agents ramped up the U.S. government's presence at the federal courthouse in Portland, Oregon, they energized the racial injustice protest movement in the state's largest city and renewed the debate over the limits of federal policing powers. For more than a week, thousands of people turned out for nightly demonstrations that erupt in violence. Every night federal agents tear-gassed protesters – including the city's mayor on one night.

AP's all-formats coverage shined all week, keeping the cooperative ahead in both developments and searing images of clashes involving lasers, fires, homemade bombs and tear gas.

On Tuesday, Portland-based reporter Gillian Flaccus' spot enterprise story examining concerns by legal experts of federal overreach was an online hit. AP Managing Editor Brian Carovillano said of the piece: "It appeared in several widely-read morning newsletters and I saw it tweeted last night by the LA Times. It tackles some very weighty issues in a smart and accessible way and has just the right tone."

Read more [here](#).

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



Ben Curtis – bcurtis@ap.org

Jim Hood – jimhood44@gmail.com

Stories of interest

DHS official whose office compiled 'intelligence reports' on journalists and protesters has been removed from his job
(Washington Post)

By Shane Harris and Nick Miroff

A senior Department of Homeland Security official whose office compiled “intelligence reports” about journalists and protesters in Portland, Ore., has been removed from his job, according to people familiar with the matter.

Brian Murphy, the acting undersecretary for intelligence and analysis, was reassigned to a new position in the department’s management directorate, an administrative support office, the people said, speaking on the condition of anonymity to discuss a personnel matter.

Acting homeland security secretary Chad Wolf made the decision on Friday.

Murphy’s removal follows revelations in The Washington Post that the Office of Intelligence and Analysis (I & A) at DHS compiled Open Source Intelligence Reports about the work of two journalists who had published leaked department documents. In a separate intelligence report, the office also analyzed the communications of protesters in Portland.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Sibby Christensen, Michael Rubin.

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The Newsroom Where Politics Is Not About Men (The Cut)



By Angelina Chapin

When Errin Haines first heard about Breonna Taylor's death in mid-May, she knew the story deserved more attention. At the time, there was only local media coverage on how Louisville policemen had broken into Taylor's home while she lay in bed, fired more than 20 bullets, and killed her. The family's lawyer told Haines the tragedy needed a larger audience to spark the kind of national outrage over Ahmaud Arbery, the Black man who was shot by a former police officer in February while out on a run. She agreed but needed to convince her new editor.

The 42-year-old had recently left her job as the Associated Press' national writer on race to become the editor-at-large at the 19th*, a nonprofit newsroom that officially launched on Sunday. It's named after the 19th amendment, which gave women the right to vote 100 years ago, but the asterisk acknowledges that in practice, this privilege extended mostly to white women (the punctuation was Haines's idea.) When Haines pitches a story, her editor often asks: What is the asterisk? In other words, what's the larger inequality highlighted in this piece? One newsroom mantra goes "If content is king, context is queen."

Haines immediately saw how Taylor's gender was central to the story: Black women killed by police are often ignored, and Taylor's job as an EMT highlighted the ways in which women were disproportionately affected by the COVID-19 pandemic.

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

Today in History - August 3, 2020



By The Associated Press

Today is Monday, Aug. 3, the 216th day of 2020. There are 150 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On August 3, 1993, the Senate voted 96-to-three to confirm Supreme Court nominee Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

On this date:

In 1807, former Vice President Aaron Burr went on trial before a federal court in Richmond, Virginia, charged with treason. (He was acquitted less than a month later.)

In 1811, Elisha Otis, founder of the elevator company that still bears his name, was born in Halifax, Vt.

In 1863, the first thoroughbred horse races took place at the Saratoga Race Course in Saratoga Springs, New York.

In 1921, baseball commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis refused to reinstate the former Chicago White Sox players implicated in the “Black Sox” scandal, despite their acquittals in a jury trial.

In 1936, Jesse Owens of the United States won the first of his four gold medals at the Berlin Olympics as he took the 100-meter sprint.

In 1949, the National Basketball Association was formed as a merger of the Basketball Association of America and the National Basketball League.

In 1958, the nuclear-powered submarine USS Nautilus became the first vessel to cross the North Pole underwater.

In 1972, the U.S. Senate ratified the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union. (The U.S. unilaterally withdrew from the treaty in 2002.)

In 1981, U.S. air traffic controllers went on strike, despite a warning from President Ronald Reagan they would be fired, which they were.

In 1994, Arkansas carried out the nation’s first triple execution in 32 years. Stephen G. Breyer was sworn in as the Supreme Court’s newest justice in a private ceremony at Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist’s Vermont summer home.

In 2014, Israel withdrew most of its ground troops from the Gaza Strip in an apparent winding down of a nearly monthlong operation against Hamas that had left more than 1,800 Palestinians and more than 60 Israelis dead.

In 2018, Las Vegas police said they were closing their investigation into the Oct. 1 shooting that left 58 people dead at a country music festival without a definitive answer for why Stephen Paddock unleashed gunfire from a hotel suite onto the concert crowd.

Ten years ago: Engineers began pumping heavy drilling mud into the blown-out Gulf of Mexico oil well in an attempt to permanently plug the leak. A warehouse driver killed eight co-workers and himself in a shooting rampage at a Manchester, Connecticut, beer distributorship.

Five years ago: Seeking to clamp down on power plant emissions, President Barack Obama unveiled a federal plan that would attempt to slow global warming by dramatically shifting the way Americans get and use electricity; opponents denounced the proposal as an egregious federal overreach that would send power prices surging, and vowed lawsuits and legislation to try to stop it.

One year ago: A gunman opened fire at a Walmart store in El Paso, Texas, leaving 22 people dead; prosecutors said Patrick Crusius targeted Mexicans in hopes of scaring Latinos into leaving the U.S., and that he had outlined the plot in a screed published online shortly before the attack. (Crusius has pleaded not guilty to state murder charges; he also faces federal hate crime and gun charges.)

Today's Birthdays: Football Hall of Fame coach Marv Levy is 95. Singer Tony Bennett is 94. Actor Martin Sheen is 80. College and Pro Football Hall of Famer Lance Alworth is 80. Lifestyle guru Martha Stewart is 79. Singer Beverly Lee (The Shirelles) is 79. Rock musician B.B. Dickerson is 71. Movie director John Landis is 70. Actor JoMarie Payton is 70. Actor Jay North (TV: "Dennis the Menace") is 69. Hockey Hall-of-Famer Marcel Dionne is 69. Actor Philip Casnoff is 66. Actor John C. McGinley is 61. Rock singer-musician Lee Rocker (The Stray Cats) is 59. Actor Lisa Ann Walter is 59. Rock singer James Hetfield (Metallica) is 57. Rock singer-musician Ed Roland (Collective Soul) is 57. Actor Isaiah Washington is 57. Country musician Dean Sams (Lonestar) is 54. Rock musician Stephen Carpenter (Deftones) is 50. Hip-hop artist Spinderella (Salt-N-Pepa) is 49. Actor Brigid Brannagh is 48. Actor Michael Ealy is 47. Country musician Jimmy De Martini (Zac Brown Band) is 44. NFL quarterback Tom Brady is 43. Actor Evangeline (ee-VAN'-gel-eeen) Lilly is 41. Actor Mamie Gummer is 37. Olympic gold medal swimmer Ryan Lochte is 36.

Country singer Whitney Duncan is 36. Actor Jon Foster is 36. Actor Georgina Haig is 35. Singer Holly Arnstein (Dream) is 35. Actor Tanya Fischer is 35. Pop-rock musician Brent Kutzle (OneRepublic) is 35. Rapper D.R.A.M. is 32.

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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