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## Connecting August 05, 2020

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Colleagues,

Good Wednesday morning on this the 5<sup>th</sup> day of August 2020,

**“The coronavirus saved us. This is our AP office this morning.”**

That’s a tweet with the above photo from **Dalal Mawad**, a senior Middle East and North Africa video producer at The Associated Press, in the aftermath from Beirut of the massive explosion at the port that killed at least 100 people and wounded thousands.

Click [here](#) for the latest AP story. (Shared by Lou Boccardi, Scott Charton)

No shady bistro in lower Manhattan for this AP reunion, thanks to the coronavirus pandemic. But two of our Connecting colleagues, **Joyce Rosenberg** and **Jim Hood**, promise the next best thing for a reunion of New York Radio Desk staffers – great conversations, poignant memories shared. Even by Zoom.

They explain and tell you how to sign up in today’s lead story.

We also bring you thoughtful essays involving race by two of our colleagues, **Julie Davey** and **Gene Herrick**.

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

Paul

# ***NY Radio Rides Again***



**Jim Hood** ([Email](#)) – Earlier this year, before Zoom and the novel coronavirus upended civilization, Joyce Rosenberg and I plotted to stage a reunion of NY Radio Desk staffers, partly to mark Joyce's retirement after 40 years at the AP and partly just for the hell of it.

We set out to find a shady bistro in lower Manhattan as our venue. But then, like a bat out of Wuhan, the dread virus and video conferencing plagues hit. In selfless acts of heroism, Joyce put off her retirement and I vowed not to cross the Verrazano Narrows until told by a source more trustworthy than the White House that it was safe to do so.

Since then, we have watched from the sidelines as the AP Radio Sports Department establishes a beachhead on Facebook and New Orleans bureau staffers past and present take to Zoom to pay homage to Kent Prince, Bill Crider and other legendary swamp-dwelling scribes and mentors.



No longer content to stand idly by as others squander precious bits and bytes, we hereby announce a Zoom reunion of New York AP Radio Desk staffers and hangers-on, to be convened on an autumnal Sunday in September, at a time acceptable to all. Refreshments and a light snack will not be provided.

Please RSVP to [jimhood44@gmail.com](mailto:jimhood44@gmail.com) to be inscribed on the invitation list and specify the September Sunday when this event should occur.

A bit of history for those too young to have been there or too old to remember it: The AP Broadcast Wire (a/k/a the Radio Wire) was since its inception written and edited in New York, wedged in its later years between Sports and World Services. In 1983, staffers were rounded up, dragged aboard the Eastern Airlines Shuttle and flown to Washington, D.C., where they were subsumed into the AP Radio Network dungeon, henceforth known as the AP Broadcast News Center (BNC to its friends).

Joyce was among those left behind to figuratively wave good-bye (or perhaps use other hand gestures) as their former sinecure lifted off.

This social event of the Millennium is open to anyone who worked in any capacity on the NY Radio Desk, as well as to anyone who ever passed by on their way to the 50 Rock elevators or the “cafeteria,” as well as spouses, partners, offspring, therapy dogs and home healthcare aides. All grudges, grievances and weapons must be checked at the door.

## Stories of interest

### ***‘Flag Project’ on display at AP’s former headquarters***



From now through August 16th, a new art exhibit called the "Flag Project" will be displayed at Rockefeller Center. The flagpoles that surround the famous Rockefeller Center ice rink will feature 193 unique flags designed by a variety of artists, in place of the usual world flags. The designs, including those by artists such as Jeff Koons and fashion designer Christian Siriano, are intended to honor the resiliency of New Yorkers during this pandemic. Click [here](#).

(From New York Gov. Andrew M. Cuomo's Coronavirus Update. Shared by Lou Boccardi)

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## ***'Who Rescued Who?'***

**Mark Mittelstadt** ([Email](#)) - What a moving tribute Andy Lippmann wrote to his beloved friend. Pets become so ingrained in our lives, giving and receiving unlimited love, that it's difficult when the time comes to say good-bye. Andy did a wonderful thing taking in a dog that had had more rough patches than any animal should have to survive. I once saw a paw-shaped sticker on the back of a car that read "Who Rescued Who?" It's certainly true.



I'm guessing Andy knew that day was coming but shed a tear just the same. I know I did -- a lot -- when we bid farewell to three previous dogs.

We are left to savor the memories.

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## ***Error spotted, thanks to necktie***

**Bob Daugherty** ([Email](#)) - The year-old SpaceX image mistakenly reminded me a photo of President George H.W. Bush I edited at a debate with Bill Clinton at university somewhere in South Carolina. We were using a camera tethered remotely. The debate began and bang, there was nice image of Bush.

I immediately turned it over to the caption writer/filer and it was sent quickly. Within a few minutes more images popped into the Leafdesk. It was apparent that Bush had changed neckties. Turns out, the first image had been left in the server from a debate a few days before. We killed the image minutes after it moved. Don't recall how we did on the play, but recall we won the play in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch with the days old image. Not quite the vintage of the SpaceX image. I suppose the statute of limitations has expired. I confess.

## More stories of your first or favorite vehicle



**Bob Burns** ([Email](#)) - Noticing a number of colleagues recalling their beloved VW Beetles, I feel compelled to share an admittedly poor-quality photo of the "Bug" that carried me on the last leg of my trip in December 1977 from Seattle, where I had just graduated from the University of Washington, to Jefferson City, Missouri, where I was to begin my AP career.

I say “last leg” of my trip because I started it in a little green Fiat, a honey of a car that gave out on me rather catastrophically in the midst of an evening blizzard in the Blue Mountains of northeast Oregon on day one of my journey. I managed to nurse the wounded Fiat into the town of La Grande, Oregon. The next morning a gas station guy took one look and declared it a total loss. He talked me into trading it straight up for his lightly battered blue Beetle, and I continued my way east.

The Bug lacked amenities like a radio, but the heater was sufficient to get me safely the rest of the way to Missouri via Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas. A few months later the car died, seemingly of exhaustion, on a highway in St. Louis. I had to pay \$50 to have it hauled away, a total loss. I never owned another VW.





**Lee Mitgang** ([Email](#)) - My biggest automotive “thrills” came from what was far and away my worst car: a 1980 Fiat Brava. Unlike the attached Google image, the color of ours was what the manufacturer dubbed “salvia green” or as my wife Gina and I came to call it unaffectionately, saliva green.

How we came to own this crime against technology is complicated. That year, Gina and I toured the Amalfi peninsula in a rented stick shift Brava. It felt daring and fun, like trading in my usual charcoal gray Brooks Brothers wardrobe for a snappy Italian-cut suit. When we returned to the States, I decided to please my Italian-American bride and splurge \$8,000 on a new Brava. Consumer Reports and Car and Driver be damned with their jingoistic warnings about this make and model. Never mind that we saw so few on U.S.

roads. We happily drove our stylish little beauty off the New Jersey dealer's lot to the strains of "Take Me Back to Sorrento."

I soon noticed my little Brava lacked that head-snapping zip we'd experienced navigating the Amalfi Drive's hairpin turns. It wasn't long before I learned exactly why: the version sold in America, unlike the Italian model we fell in love with, had a catalytic converter and other EPA-compliant engine modifications. A resulting culture war was raging under the hood between America's emissions regs and this car's noncompliant Italian engineering, as heretical a mismatch as Cheez Whiz on a Neapolitan pizza. The resulting performance was so bad that even on gentle hills we started to chant "I think I can, I think I can" as the car whined and slowed to a near crawl and other cars blew by.

After seven years came the aforementioned "thrills." Our Brava developed an inexplicable and seemingly incurable habit of stalling out at highway speeds with an accompanying loss of power steering and brakes.

These car misadventures were an occasional lunch topic with AP friends, including the late Bob Barr who had actually squeezed his 6-foot plus frame into our Fiat once or twice and knew its ugly history. When I told him one day that I was going to ditch the @\$!% Fiat, he asked what I wanted for it. I told him I'd never sell it to an enemy, much less a work colleague and friend. For some reason, he persisted and I let him have it with warnings and no guarantees for two hundred bucks.

Bob Barr turned out to be the Fiat whisperer. Under his ownership for the next several years, it inexplicably became a flawless road performer and gave him the pleasure my wife and I never had from it.

## What Would Dr. King Say?



**Errik T. Williams is shown speaking at my retirement party from Fullerton College.**

***By Julie Davey ([Email](#))***

***Professor Emeritus, Journalism, Fullerton College***

The Black Student Union (BSU) had a major presence on Fullerton College's campus. Many gatherings took place, some protests and almost every weekday, African American students stood together and talked out in the quad.

At first glance, the large group of about 50 called attention to itself, but after a while, students on the campus of 22,000 saw other big groups of Asian students always hanging out in one of the large patio areas, almost all of them smoking. Latinos as a group also were often together on the large quadrangle area, sometimes with Mariachi music playing while students danced or sang along. Many other students, mostly white, daily monitored the Campus Crusade table, asking everyone who passed by, including me several times a day, "Have you accepted Christ as your personal savior?"

There were also official ethnic clubs that routinely met and had been approved by the Associated Student Government. It became obvious that students needed to be of a certain race to join.

I always agreed with Dr. Martin Luther King's dream of being judged by the content of one's character rather than the color of one's skin. But at FC, there didn't seem to be any complaints. During my 18 years of teaching there, it seemed many parts of the campus had become unofficially designated areas for singular groups. Most were seeking new members.

One of my Black students on the campus newspaper was constantly being stopped and asked to join the BSU. When he not only declined but also informed them he was not an African America and also did not believe in "ethnic clubs," he was challenged and loudly confronted.

A particular day when I was in my journalism classroom teaching, some students on the campus newspaper rushed in yelling, "The BSU has Erikk surrounded and are screaming at him out on the quad." I was shocked.

Anyone who looked at Erikk would probably have assumed he was, indeed, an African American. He had very dark skin, black hair and very brown eyes. But, if anyone would have asked what his ethnic background was, "Erikk T. Williams" as he preferred to be called would be happy to tell them, "I am a Seminole!" The "T" stood for Tustenuggee, his Seminole Indian name.

He did not like being pre-judged and then criticized for being himself.

"It's not easy being green," he would jokingly say or sing to make his point. Nobody laughed or got his point.

The day he was surrounded on campus, I went outside just as the crowd was breaking up and motioned to Erikk to follow me back to my office and explain what had happened. He told me he'd been harassed for about 15 minutes while he was cursed at and called names.

That same afternoon, Erikk T. decided he was going to officially oppose the idea of ethnic clubs on campus, but his position, I learned later, would be something nobody else could have conceived, nobody but him. He left the journalism classroom and went to the Dean of Students office in a nearby

building and asked for the paperwork on how to start a new campus club. He received the application.

He then asked for a copy of the BSU's club application which had been submitted and approved years prior. Taking the BSU paperwork and changing only one word throughout its several pages, the word "Black" and replacing it with the word "White," he submitted what was an application to form for the new White Student Union club.

The staff at the office blinked as they examined his application, he told me later, and did a double-take on why an obviously Black student would choose to start the White Student Union. Was it a joke?

That submitted application probably made the rounds and might have even ended up on the college president's desk. Whatever route it took, it was ultimately approved. How could it be refused? Even a first-year law student might have to agree. In a few days, Erik checked back and the club was now official.

The following day, when the campus newspaper I advised was published, there was a news story about the new "club" on campus with its new name. I read Erik's T's story with his byline on it and my hair seemed to begin instantly turning grey. Ask anyone who has supervised a campus newspaper.

Immediately, it seemed, BSU students who read the story met out on the quad and decided it must be "skinheads" and "Nazi students" who had made the evil, racist application. Lots of anger, yelling and pointing at the article. In the story was the announcement that the club's first meeting would be at 3 p.m. that day in a meeting room where clubs often assembled.

And exactly at that time, with campus newspaper reporters and photographers covering the meeting, along with angry BSU students, Asians and Hispanics crowded in to voice their opinions on the blatant racism that had come to Fullerton College's campus.

Mostly, they wanted to know who had filed the application. Tension was high when Erik walked through the door smiling and welcoming one and all to the first meeting of the new club.

People who had never seen him before were speechless. Was this a joke? Was it a put-down on the BSU, Mecha (Hispanic club) or some of the



Asian associations? People were yelling over one another and finally, Erik T. stood at the podium. held up his hands to quiet them, and stated, quite simply "White is colorless. White is non-ethnic. I think a club with those characteristics is valid." He walked out.

Stunned, no one even argued with him. They merely left and filled the Dean's office to sign petitions, against the WSU, and all of which were denied. The White Student Union is still on the "books" at Fullerton College. No members have ever joined nor have any other meetings taken place.

Erik T. Williams is a Hollywood actor and writer. He acted in the 2009 Star Trek movie. He had made his point and as far as I know that was his sole mission.

Like Erik, I also once found people who looked like me who thought I was a member of their club too.

It happened in the mid-1960s in Selma, Alabama , when I was driving alone from Texas to Washington, D.C., and arrived to find all the hotels and motels had "no vacancy" signs, although there were no cars in any of the parking lots. I had driven almost 1,000 miles from Laredo and was exhausted.

My husband, then an Air Force officer who was on temporary duty for three months at the Pentagon, had been flown there and I was driving our car with household items in it. After seeing all the places to stay were closed, I drove to the Air Force base, explained my plight, and was given a room in the Visiting Officers' Quarters.

I got up early and headed out to find breakfast. But now, all the Selma restaurants had signs "**Private Club, Members Only.**"

I stopped to get gasoline (those were the days when service stations did that task for drivers) and the young white man filling up my car seemed surprised at my question, "What's happening here? No motels are open, no places to eat! Everything says, 'members only'? Huh?"

Clearly, I was hungry and dismayed.

The young white man sidled up to me, elbowing me in the ribs as he winked, "Oh, it's okay, **you're** a member!"

I got back into my car to drive, ironically, to the city where Dr. King gave his famous speech, leaving Selma with a heavy heart and an empty stomach.

**Previous versions published in *Community College News* and *Black Issues in Higher Education*, both in 2004.**

# Do Black Lives Matter?

**Gene Herrick ([Email](#))** - From the beginning of time, mankind has had its differences with people, and groups, who didn't believe the way they did. Gentile against Jew; Arabian against Jew; Confucius against Buddhism, white man against all other races, and, few peoples of the world liking the Black race.

As a white boy, born and raised in basically white Ohio, I grew up sharing life with Black children and adults. The first was with a Black girl in 4th grade. At recess, she gave me an apple, and said: "Here Gene, hold this apple and at the same time hold your tongue, and say, I have a big red apple." I was embarrassed, but we all laughed. She was great. Another time in Middle School, we had a pickup basketball game. It was race mixed. I was very small for my age, but I would reach between the legs on one of the Black kids and knock the ball free. We laughed. Later, I got knocked down, the Black player reached down, picked me up, swatted me on the rear, and we continued the game. I had no problems with Black people, up North, or in Dixie.

However, has civilization really changed? I think not.

Today we have the Black people of this country, and others, rising up to declare their equality amongst mankind. There have been many sparkplugs of energy to change this, but the battle to renew the effort has re-sparked with the recent police strangling death of George Floyd in Minneapolis, Minnesota. His death sparked huge demonstrations, by many races, in many cities across the country.

However, this was not the first time that Black people have struggled for equalization with their fellowman. For this country, and according to historians, it started in 1619 with the forced importation of Black people from Angola, Africa. It is reported "Some 20 Negroes landed at Port Comfort in the English settlement that would become Virginia." The rest of the history is pretty well known. Most Southern states welcomed the Blacks as slaves, and treated

them, in most cases, less than human. History has reported on their slave treatment as horrible. Killing a Black slave was not a crime. I know. I worked in the South in the early and middle 1950's. As an Associated Press photographer, I covered many racially related stories, including Black people in Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi, and Alabama. Some of my experiences included covering all-white college football. I covered the murder trial of Emmitt Till (1955) in Mississippi, where two white men reportedly killed a 14-year-old Black boy from Chicago. Surprisingly, two white men were arrested and tried for the murder. However, they were not convicted – no one expected them to be. Black people in the South were seldom referred to people of color as black. The “N” word was generally used by uneducated white people, while the cultured society usually used the word “Colored.”

I had two white men in Mississippi tell me that the Black people were dumb, and ignorant, because their skulls were much thicker than the white man's. Thus, the Blacks were totally dumb and ignorant, not worthy of being treated as humans. Many times I have been in the cotton fields taking pictures of the beaten-down black people “Chopping” cotton (weeding), and later “Priming” cotton (Picking). Temperatures were high, and the sun was bright. It was hot. They got paid by the pound of cotton picked. Not much for working from sun up to sun down.

Shortly after I arrived in the South, I quickly realized the inequality between Black and white people. I found a quiet spot, closed my eyes, and visualized that I was a Black slave, living in squander, and daily treated like an animal. I visualized for some time how they felt, how they survived the humiliation, and horrible treatment by their slave masters. After a while, I changed my visionary to being a white person among the slaves. This exercise was invaluable to me in understanding what I was dealing with.



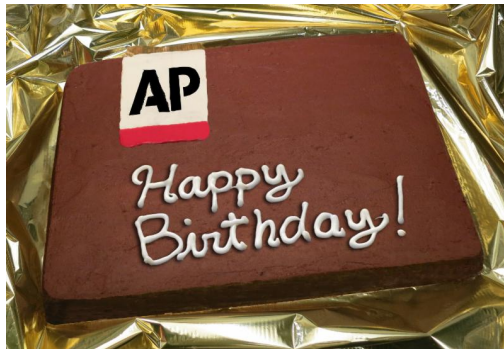
In 1956 I covered Autherine Lucy, a Black young woman, being kicked out of the University of Alabama. From there, I went to Montgomery, Ala., to cover a Black woman, Rosa Parks, being removed from a city bus. I took the picture of her being fingerprinted in jail. At the same time, a young Black preacher had arrived in town. After responding to the Rosa Parks story, this young man, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. rose to the occasion and became the leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the first real national movement for the rights of Black people everywhere In America, and around the world. I took the picture of Dr. King being kissed on the cheek by his wife, Coretta. Dr. King later received the Nobel Peace Prize. Covering Dr. King was a once in a lifetime experience. One could tell he was a coming leader, and had the voice to go with it. He traveled extensively urging the world to love each other, regardless of color, religion, politics, or whatever. Also, to be accepting of the Black people on earth, and recognize them as no different as any other race of peoples.

The country did not treat Dr. King well. He had many scares, and was, in 1968, assassinated in Memphis, TN. I covered that story as well.

In connection with the killing of George Floyd recently, it is often asked, “I wonder what Dr. King would do and say if he were still alive. Based on my many experiences with Dr. King, I have written that I feel King would have gone to Minneapolis as fast as he could. He would, in my opinion, taken to the streets in support of the mass demonstrations. I think he would have gone to the various officials and gathered them together in search of solutions to myriad of peoples concerning race and equality. The battle for equality rather drifted into the background after Dr. King’s assassination, but with the advent of Floyd’s seemingly uncalled for death, I truly believe Dr. King would have picked up the mantle, and continue to lead the nation, and the world, into the dream of mankind – Peace, love, understanding, and acceptance of all mankind for each other.

However, politics in this country doesn’t seem to be on the same page. Do Black lives matter?

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



to

Dawn Kitchell - [dawnkitchell@gmail.com](mailto:dawnkitchell@gmail.com)

James Rowley - [rowleyjim9@gmail.com](mailto:rowleyjim9@gmail.com)

## Stories of interest



# ***What helped Ed Yong write the sentence of the year?*** (Poynter)

By Roy Peter Clark

Surely the most maligned mark of punctuation among journalists is the semicolon. They fear it, avoid it, doubt their ability to use it correctly. It seems stodgy, archaic and academic, traits they are determined to avoid. Instead they use the dash — promiscuously.

But the semicolon has its fans. I am one of them. I devote a chapter to it in my book “The Glamour of Grammar,” where I offer the metaphor of the “swinging gate”: “That’s how I see the semicolon in my own writing, as a gate that stands between two thoughts, a barrier that forces separation but invites you to pass through to the other side.”

(I thought a chapter on the semicolon was ambitious until I ran into Cecelia Watson’s book “Semicolon: The Past, Present, and Future of a Misunderstood Mark.”)

Read more [here](#).

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## ***Bankruptcy judge approves the sale of McClatchy to hedge fund Chatham Asset Management*** (McClatchy News)

By KEVIN G. HALL

A federal bankruptcy judge approved the \$312 million sale of McClatchy Co. on Tuesday, officially clearing the way for the nation’s second largest local news company to exit bankruptcy under the leadership of the hedge fund that had been its largest lender.

Judge Michael E. Wiles approved a sale order in a hearing that became all but a formality after McClatchy, Chatham Asset Management and less-protected creditors announced a compromise Monday to keep the sale on track.

In another key development Tuesday, the Pension Benefit Guaranty Corporation, the federal agency that takes over pension plans from distressed companies, told the judge that it will assume McClatchy's plan.

Chatham, which manages \$4.4 billion in assets from its New Jersey home base, will continue to operate all 30 of McClatchy's news organizations and will transfer most senior management and all employees to the new company.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Scott Charton.

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## ***Mexican journalist Pablo Morrugares shot dead in Iguala*** (BBC)

A Mexican journalist has been killed by gunmen who stormed the restaurant where he was having dinner in the city of Iguala.

Paulo Morrugares had been assigned a bodyguard after he and his wife survived a similar attack in 2016.

His bodyguard was also shot dead.

Mr Morrugares was the editor of PM Noticias, an online publication focusing on crime and police news in central Guerrero state, one of Mexico's most violent areas.

Pressure group Reporters Without Borders says he is the fourth journalist to be killed in Mexico this year while the Federation of Latin American Journalists puts the figure at seven.

Read more [here](#).

# The Final Word

## *Stet!, the Hot New Language Game* (New Yorker)

By Mary Norris

Nerdsday fell on a Tuesday this year, and I invited a friend over for a doubleheader: a round of Stet!, the new language game based on “Dreyer’s English,” followed by an episode of Mark Allen’s “That Word Chat,” a homespun Zoom talk show for editors, lexicographers, linguists, and others of the inky tribe. My friend was Merrill Perlman, who writes the column “Language Corner” for the Columbia Journalism Review, where her biographical note says that she has “managed copy desks across the newsroom at the New York Times.” Although retired from full-time journalism, she continues to teach and serves on the board of aces: The Society for Editing. Her cell phone beeped intermittently all afternoon, a unique tone for each news outlet. “That’s the Times,” she’d say, or “That’s the Washington Post,” or “That’s CNN.” She outnerded me from the start.

Nitpickers by profession, we ran into a problem right away. The instructions for Stet! suggest that you “play with three or more players” (is that redundant?), and we had been unable, during the pandemic, to scare up a third nerd. The game of Stet! comprises two packs of cards with sentences on them, fifty of them Grammar cards with indisputable errors (dangling modifiers, stinking apostrophes, and homonyms, like horde/hoard and reign/rein) and fifty of them Style cards, on which the sentences are correct but pedestrian, and the object is to improve the sentence without rewriting it. There are trick cards with no mistakes on them. You might suspect that there is something wrong with (spoiler alert) “Jackson Pollock” or “asafetida” or “farmers market,” but these are red herrings. If you believe that the sentence is perfect just as it is, you shout “Stet!,” the proofreading term for “leave it alone” (from the Latin for “let it stand”), which is used by copy editors to protect an author’s prose and by authors to protect their prose from copy editors.

Read more [here](#).

## Today in History - August 5, 2020



## By The Associated Press

Today is Wednesday, Aug. 5, the 218th day of 2020. There are 148 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On August 5, 1974, the White House released transcripts of subpoenaed tape recordings showing that President Richard Nixon and his chief of staff, H.R. Haldeman, had discussed a plan in June 1972 to use the CIA to thwart the FBI's Watergate investigation; revelation of the tape sparked Nixon's resignation.

### On this date:

In 1864, during the Civil War, Union Adm. David G. Farragut led his fleet to victory in the Battle of Mobile Bay, Alabama.

In 1914, what's believed to be the first electric traffic light system was installed in Cleveland, Ohio, at the intersection of East 105th Street and Euclid Avenue.

In 1936, Jesse Owens of the United States won the 200-meter dash at the Berlin Olympics, collecting the third of his four gold medals.

In 1953, Operation Big Switch began as remaining prisoners taken during the Korean War were exchanged at Panmunjom.

In 1961, the amusement park Six Flags Over Texas had its official grand opening day in Arlington.

In 1962, movie star Marilyn Monroe, 36, was found dead in her Los Angeles home; her death was ruled a probable suicide from “acute barbiturate poisoning.” South African anti-apartheid activist Nelson Mandela was arrested on charges of leaving the country without a passport and inciting workers to strike; it was the beginning of 27 years of imprisonment.

In 1964, U.S. Navy pilot Everett Alvarez Jr. became the first American flier to be shot down and captured by North Vietnam; he was held prisoner until February 1973.

In 1966, the Beatles’ “Revolver” album was released in the United Kingdom on the Parlophone label; it was released in the United States three days later by Capitol Records. (Songs included “Eleanor Rigby” and “Yellow Submarine,” which were also issued as a double A-side single on Aug. 5 and 8.)

In 1981, the federal government began firing air traffic controllers who had gone out on strike.

In 1984, actor Richard Burton died in Geneva, Switzerland, at age 58.

In 1991, Democratic congressional leaders formally launched an investigation into whether the 1980 Reagan-Bush campaign had secretly conspired with Iran to delay release of American hostages until after the presidential election, thereby preventing an “October surprise” that supposedly would have benefited President Jimmy Carter. (A task force later concluded there was “no credible evidence” of such a deal.)

In 2002, the coral-encrusted gun turret of the Civil War ironclad USS Monitor was raised from the floor of the Atlantic, nearly 140 years after the historic warship sank during a storm.

Ten years ago: The Senate confirmed Elena Kagan, 63-37, as the Supreme Court’s 112th justice and the fourth woman in its history. BP finished pumping cement into the blown Deepwater Horizon oil well in the Gulf of Mexico. Thirty-three workers were trapped in a copper mine in northern Chile after a tunnel caved in (all were rescued after being entombed for 69 days). Ten members of a Christian medical team from the International Assistance Mission were gunned down in Afghanistan by unknown attackers.



Five years ago: In a speech at American University in Washington, President Barack Obama assailed critics of his Iran nuclear deal as “selling a fantasy” to the American people, warning Congress that blocking the accord would damage the nation’s credibility and increase the likelihood of more war in the Middle East. Actor Jennifer Aniston secretly married actor-director Justin Theroux at their home in Bel Air, California.

One year ago: In the wake of deadly shootings in Texas and Ohio, President Donald Trump called for bipartisan solutions to gun violence and said he wanted legislation providing “strong background checks” for gun users. The online message board 8chan was effectively knocked offline after two companies cut off technical services; the gunman responsible for a mass shooting in El Paso, Texas had been linked to the site. The Trump administration froze all Venezuelan government assets in a dramatic escalation of tensions with Nicolas Maduro. Cesar Sayoc, a Florida amateur body builder who had sent pipe bombs to prominent Democrats and CNN, was sentenced to 20 years in prison by a judge who concluded that the bombs were not designed to explode. The U.S. Treasury Department labeled China a currency manipulator after China pushed down the value of its yuan in an escalating trade conflict with the United States. Toni Morrison, the first Black woman to receive the Nobel literature prize, died at 88 in New York; her novels included “Beloved,” and “The Bluest Eye.”

Today’s Birthdays: College Football Hall of Famer and former NFL player Roman Gabriel is 80. Country songwriter Bobby Braddock is 80. Actor Loni Anderson is 75. Actor Erika Slezak is 74. Rock singer Rick Derringer is 73. Actor Holly Palance is 70. Pop singer Samantha Sang is 69. Rock musician Eddie Ojeda (Twisted Sister) is 65. Actor-singer Maureen McCormick is 64. Rock musician Pat Smear is 61. Author David Baldacci is 60. Actor Tawney Kitaen is 59. Actor Janet McTeer is 59. Country musician Mark O’Connor is 59. Basketball Hall of Famer Patrick Ewing is 58. Actor Mark Strong is 57. Director-screenwriter James Gunn is 54. Actor Jonathan Silverman is 54. Country singer Terri Clark is 52. Actor Stephanie Szostak is 49. Retired MLB All-Star John Olerud is 52. Rock musician Eicca Toppinen (EYE’-kah TAH’-pihn-nehn) (Apocalyptica) is 45. Actor Jesse Williams is 40. Actor Brendon Ryan Barrett is 34. Actor Meegan Warner (TV: “TURN: Washington’s Spies”) is 29. Actor/singer Olivia Holt is 23. Actor Albert Tsai is 16. Actor Devin Trey Campbell is 12.

## 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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