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Connecting November 19, 2020

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Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning on this the 19th day of November 2020,

First responses arrived for a new Connecting series that takes a visual look at your home office space – including those of you still at work who have been doing so from home during the COVID-19 pandemic.

I look forward to hearing from you with a photo of your office space – and ask that you be included in the photo.

More of you responded with your stories of facing danger while covering the news. Some captivating stories – and if you have yet to share your own, please send it along.

NOSTALGIC FOR A TELETYPE PRINTER? - Retired Birmingham technician **Dee Haynes** has an M20 teletype printer with the AP logo on the cover that was removed from the

Birmingham bureau available to anyone that would like to have it. He only wants shipping costs and a donation to the Alabama Historical Radio Society (<https://alhrs.org/> . Dee's email address is - k4hfx1@gmail.com if you are interested.

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy.

Paul

New Connecting series: **A look at your home office**



Chris Bacey ([Email](#)) - Looks kind of messy, but I know where everything is, including my AP stylebooks. (Chris, of Union, NJ, is a former AP NY Sports/GenDesk/Buro newsman.)



Larry Blasko ([Email](#)) - Here's my corner in the basement of our Libertyville, IL home. It's where I read, write and play with electronic toys. (Photo by Helen Blasko)



Tom Eblen ([Email](#)) - When I bought my circa 1907 house in Lexington, one of its selling points was a great home office. The room's centerpiece is a partner's desk made about 125 years ago in the Norfolk & Western Railroad's cabinet shops for the

company's headquarters in Roanoke, Virginia. I bought it in Roanoke 35 years ago and have moved it to four different homes; no easy task. The side chair, known as a "Kentucky Pen chair", was made about 1850 in the old Kentucky State Penitentiary, which had one of the nation's first prison industries. The painting is by a local artist and friend, John Lackey. What you can't see in the photo are my reading chair and lots of overflowing bookshelves. (Tom Eblen is retired from the Lexington Herald-Leader, where he was the managing editor and later a columnist. He was an AP newsman in Louisville and Nashville and correspondent in Knoxville in the 1980s before joining The Atlanta Journal-Constitution.)



Bill Kole (Email) - I have a comfy setup here in Warwick, R.I. The guitars come in handy for periodic mind-clearing "blues breaks," and our two golden retrievers, not pictured, visit regularly between Zoom calls for a quick pat on the head. (Photo by Terry Kole)

Connecting series:

**Your experiences with receiving threats
while on the job**

***'The revolution has many arms. And many ways to
deal with its enemies.'***

Steve Hindy (Email) - As a rookie correspondent in Beirut in 1979, I vaguely recall a story about a Palestinian claim to have downed an Israeli jet in the mountains east of the city. AP's main lead writer in Beirut, Farouk Nassar, had high-level Palestinian sources who cast doubt on the claim. No wreckage was found.

I was summoned to a meeting with Bassam Abu-Sharif, spokesman for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a leftist organization led by Dr George Habbash.

Bassam was a sophisticated player in the Palestinian world and he spoke English fluently. He had been with the PFLP during their years of hijackings and attacks on Israelis.

He bore scars from an Israeli letter bomb that exploded in his hands in 1972 in Beirut. The Mossad had mailed him a booby-trapped copy of the memoir of Che Guevarra. He was missing fingers and his face was marked by shrapnel wounds. He was blind in one eye and deaf in one ear.

It was a sunny day but we met in his dimly lit office on the war-battered Corniche Mazraa in Beirut. I arrived on time and had to wait for "Ustaz (professor) Bassam" in an office with young chain-smoking Palestinians carrying pistols and AK47s.

Bassam was not happy with the AP story which was under my byline. He asked me to reveal my sources and I refused. He then asked me why I had sought a posting in Lebanon. He recognized my last name, Hindy, as an Arabic name and I recounted the story of my father's father immigrating from Syria in the 1890s. I told him I had no relatives in Lebanon that I knew of. I had come to Beirut because I wanted to cover a war.

It was an engaging and friendly conversation. I almost forgot whom I was talking to. But then, at an unexpected moment, Bassam's voice became deadly serious and he informed me that I should be very careful when reporting on the Palestinian revolution.

"The revolution has many arms," he said. "And many ways to deal with its enemies."

I considered his words and assured him I was no enemy of any of the myriad factions of the conflict in Lebanon. But his threat was clear.

Was I frightened? Yes. Shortly after I arrived in Beirut, a German journalist working on a book about PFLP cofounder Wadi Haddad was assassinated by two gunmen in front of his wife and baby as they exited their car at the apartment building next to mine. From my balcony, I looked down on a big puddle of blood that stayed there for a day.

Back at the AP Bureau, Farouk told me not to worry: Bassam knew our story was solid and he would never harm an American reporter.

I never saw Bassam face-to-face again after that. In the late '80s, long after I returned to the United States, he left the PFLP and became Yasser Arafat's spokesman. He played a role in developing the Oslo Accords. He co-wrote a book, "Best of Enemies," with a Mossad officer.

In my five and a half years in the Middle East I wrote many stories after that were not well-received by the Palestinians but that was the only time I ever felt threatened by any official.

Covering racial unrest in Detroit as new AP reporter

Larry Paladino (Email) - In May 1968 when I was still on probation as a new AP reporter in Detroit, Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated. It was about a year after major racial unrest in the city with mass casualties and the 101st Airborne Division being called out to help quell the violence. The news editor, Kit Kincaid, called me at home and said, "On your way to work, drive down 12th Street and see what's happening because Martin Luther King just got shot." Well, OK, 12th Street was a pretty tough area and if there was going to be any demonstrations that's probably where they'd be, so I got into my brand new 1964 1/2 Mustang that I had saved up for when I was in Vietnam and headed to the area. A police armored personnel carrier blocked 12th Street at West Grand Boulevard. I flashed my press card but they said you can't go down there. So I simply went around the corner, drove through an alley, got on 12th Street and started to drive --- right into mobs of demonstrators looking to take their anger over the killing out on whomever they could.

Suddenly, from both sides of the street, bricks, stones, rocks, boards were being thrown at my car. My driver's side window was open and a brick just missed my head and torn the inside fabric of the roof. I closed the window and in no time people running in front of my car were heaving bricks and stones at the windshield, to the point it was all spiderwebbed and there was just a little corner I could look out to see so as not to run someone over. I sure didn't want to stop. I wound my way through a block of this treatment and suddenly the retail area became a quiet residential area and I headed back to the bureau.

My antenna was busted off. I had giant pock marks in my doors and fenders. The vinyl top was all chewed up. And the back window was totally smashed. I parked in front of the Detroit Free Press building across the street from our office. When I got out of the car and slammed the door, the back window caved in (and eventually when I sold the car there were still shards of glass in the seat and on the floor). I went up to the office and told everyone what happened. In unison they went to the window and saw my car and they burst out laughing. The bureau chief, Clem Brossier, asked, "Well, did you get any quotes?" The answer was no and so Jim Norman agreed to go back with me in his car and Kincaid told us to park at his apartment on Grand Boulevard.

So Jim and I WALKED down 12th Street to where my car got it. There was a cab in the middle of the street on fire. We just took out our notebooks and started asking people questions. They were very cooperative. But at some point a young boy tugged my sleeve and said, "Maybe you should leave now." I looked around and the group around us was growing larger and I told Jim let's go. He said, wait I need more, and I said look around. He did and we said, "Thank you for your help." And we started walking away. About half a block later rocks and sticks were zooming past our heads and we took off running. We got to a phone booth but the phone was out of order. We got back to the bureau and I wrote my first ever AP byline -- when Billy Simons on the desk rewrote.

As for my totaled car, Brossier said he'd call the insurance company to make sure they wouldn't raise my rates and let them pay for it. I had been in major combat in Vietnam only to come home and be lucky to escape without harm from a "normal" job.

Threatened in New Orleans



Cincinnati correspondent Dan Sewell, on assignment in Louisiana covering Hurricane Katrina's aftermath in 2005, with Katrina Joint Task Force Cmdr. Lt. Gen. Russel Honore.

Dan Sewell ([Email](#)) – After Hurricane Katrina hit the South's Gulf Coast in August 2005, I was initially dispatched from Cincinnati to Jackson, Mississippi, to help cover damage there. After a few days, it became clear New Orleans needed more help because of the widespread flooding, so I drove on down.

I was concerned about the near-anarchy conditions I was driving into and decided to get myself over it, I proposed a story of New Orleans at night. What was going on in the French Quarter, on Bourbon Street, areas that would normally be teeming with late-night revelers?

The late Dave Martin had photographer Rick Bowmer, in from Portland, Oregon, go with me. We found a fascinating place - a 24-hour bar that had become a gathering spot for people with nowhere to go. A former Army medic was providing First Aid, and scavengers raided Walgreen's for bandages, compresses, antiseptics, et al, to help him. Other people were just drinking their way into numbness.

After that, we were driving around and I saw a group of police officers in a mini-post. I jumped out of the car and walked toward them. A spotlight came on and an officer said, "Stop, or I will shoot!" I held up my ID and told him I was just doing a story.

One barked back: "We're under curfew and anyone unknown we see is subject to being shot. Now go back and tell all your little reporter friends that."

It wasn't the right time to bring it up, but I had done a story in New Orleans several years earlier about police thuggery and drug-related murders carried out by the city's police.

So I followed orders....

Doing a photo layout on Herb Score

Bob Daugherty ([Email](#)) - I was prompted by fascinating stories of sports stars and their reaction to writers' questions. I was reminded of a photo assignment I received back when I started with the AP in Indianapolis. A Cleveland pitcher had been hit in the eye with a line drive, but he was not just a pitcher. It was Herb Score, a star pitcher. He had undergone therapy and was sent to the Indianapolis Indians to make a comeback. I was to do a photo layout, hopefully including family. I arrived at the ball park early and cautiously introduced myself to Herb, who was sitting alone in the dugout. Told him of my mission. His, reaction, no problem. I covered the game and Herb invited me to his home the next afternoon to grill burgers and dogs with his family, with pictures. Over the years, I encountered many other baseball players. Pete Rose, Johnny Bench, Reggie Smith. A couple of others were Rollie Fingers, who was more interested in my cameras. I agreed to show him the ins and outs of shooters if he would show me his sinker or something else that slipped my mind. And finally, the Reds' Joe Morgan who ran onto the field before a series game, spotted Happy Chandler in the stands, and ran up to kiss the back of his hand.

I the case of Score, I wondered how the hell someone who had his career totally interrupted could keep a civil disposition.

What AP accomplishes on election night amazes

(Editor's note: Connecting colleague Steve Wolgast, who holds the Knight Chair in the William Allen White School of Journalism at the University of Kansas, worked as an elections stringer for the Associated Press on Nov. 3. [This](#) is a story published in the Kansas Publisher.)

Steve Wolgast (Email) - It's election night. You're watching the clock, watching TV, and watching your screen for an update, expecting a state or two to be called within a few minutes of the minute hand crossing 12.

At some point, sooner or later, the Associated Press makes the call and you get the news out.

That's how I experienced those Tuesdays in November in newsrooms over 20-some years, relying on AP reporting to get us through the night.

Yet in all those races in all those years, I never had a notion of how much went into the work The AP managed on election night.

This year I found out when I helped report the vote tallies we all saw on Google and on TV, heard on the radio and from Alexa, and which you saw as bulletins in your wire feeds. One of more than 300 stringers that night, I worked remotely — in my basement bureau — to play a small part in getting election results from all 3,141 counties across the country.



The efforts on that night are a marvel of speed, efficiency, and attention to detail. Here's how it goes.

A stringer gets an assignment from an editor in either Spokane, Wash., or New York to call clerks in a handful of counties. When she has results from a county, she calls them in to a data entry stringer. That person types them into the AP vote tracking software, and within 30 seconds the results are on their way to AP clients everywhere.

I was part of a third group of stringers who had the assignment of "web scraping" results from county clerks' web sites. My job: collect and post votes from four counties in South Carolina, seven in Wisconsin, and five in Idaho. When East Coast polls closed at 6 p.m. Topeka time, I was raring to go.

But I wasn't born ready. Before election day dawned, all the stringers had gone through three days of training, learning how to use AP's software, getting signed up with the correct Slack channels, and testing our internet phones. On the Saturday before the election we logged in for an hours-long dress rehearsal, when another set of stringers, the ones calling county offices, called AP phones to report practice results.

On election night my daughter made club sandwiches, and in between bites I watched Slack conversations and news sites as 6 o'clock drew nearer. I was set for my South Carolina counties to rush their results online, giving me a big batch of numbers to upload before leaving me to chill until Wisconsin's polls closed at 7.

That's what I went in expecting, anyway. It turns out that county clerks update their sites with varying degrees of urgency. Some counties posted a partial vote count and updated it regularly. Some counties waited to count all ballots, posting results only once, hours after the polls had closed.

Then there are a few counties whose sites didn't even acknowledge the election. The most recent update from Green Lake County, Wisconsin, announced county offices would be closed due to the new coronavirus — dated May 20. Green Lake had uploaded no web results by 2 a.m., when I signed off.

Clerks who posted their tallies, on the other hand, kept us busy. Most counties displayed their vote totals the typical way: this many for Biden and that many for Trump and the same for other contests. Yet one county listed results by precinct instead. I had to click on a map of precincts to call up the votes from each, write down the numbers, go back to the map, and find another precinct to review. Then add them up myself, double-checking my work before uploading it.

I was amazed that while some states' races were called by the networks within minutes of their polls closing, here I was reckoning sums manually to get them out. Messages on Slack from similarly surprised stringers showed I wasn't the only one counting counties' votes.

Thankfully, AP's software worked easily. The staff had loaded it with every race in every county, down to ballot questions, and included the name and phone number of the AP stringer assigned to each election office, and each official's name, phone and fax numbers.

With national attention on just a few races, we spent the night in top-of-the-ticket mode, entering results only for federal races and any governor's race.

So it went for the night. Lots of waiting, then — an update! — back to scraping that data.

By 3 a.m. Eastern and midnight Pacific, I was ready to call it a day. Other stringers had volunteered to keep working for another six hours — until 9 a.m. Eastern, when a few others signed up to resume.

What the night showed me was the commitment of AP to collect complete election results. Even for states that had been called before all polling places had reported their results, the stringers continued to contact counties and update data. The goal was a real-time report of actual numbers from everywhere.

You know now that the vote counting went on for days, with The AP continuing to update them as North Carolina and Georgia and remained undecided.

When I turned on my computer on Friday morning, Nov. 6, a Slack message from Spokane asked stringers to reply if they could help chase outstanding ballots in North Carolina. I was free so put up my virtual hand, and was assigned five counties in a state whose outcome would not be called by The AP for another week.

I called each county and spoke to all five county clerks, asking for the number of uncounted provisional and mail-in ballots. Each was helpful, speaking with gracious Southern manners, giving me the exact numbers and telling me when they would make their final canvass.

As I was uploading my last county's report — this time to a Google spreadsheet — a Slack message indicated we were done with North Carolina. Next The AP needed stringers to make calls in Georgia.

I needed to get back to my day job, so I said good-bye. And then, like everyone else, waited another day for the election to be called.

Farewell to a friend – Ron Bennett





From Robert Kennedy's primary election night – one upstairs at the Ambassador Hotel that I took of Ron and RFK, another as he made his speech, Ron right behind him. (Photos by David Kennerly)

David Kennerly ([Email](#)) - My old pal Ron Bennett passed away Tuesday. We were colleagues, roommates, friends, and like brothers. Ron and I go back to the days of working for the Lake Oswego Review in Oregon in 1965. I was still in high school when I met him. In 1966 Ron was a staff photographer on the Oregon Journal and had to report for six months active duty in the Air Force Reserves. He suggested that I apply for the job while he was away, and after sweating out a very intense interview, I was hired to fill in for him. When Ron returned the Journal kept me on, so we worked together and even became roommates for awhile. Those days are a bit of a blur!

In late 1967 I went to work for United Press International in Los Angeles, and in early '68 was able to return the favor to Ron, and told him about an opening in UPI's L.A. photo bureau. He got it. On June 4th of 1968 we were both at the Ambassador Hotel with Sen. Robert Kennedy who won the California Primary that night. We went upstairs to RFK's suite and took photos, and I made one of him and the senator. It was

after midnight when Kennedy declared victory in the ballroom of the hotel. I was on the press riser, and Ron was near RFK where he gave his speech. Ron followed him off the podium and into the kitchen where the assassin Sirhan Sirhan was waiting for the senator to pass by. He reached out holding a .22 caliber pistol and shot Kennedy. In the chaos that ensued, Ron made a series of incredible images, among them one of Sen. Kennedy on the floor clutching rosary beads, and another of Sirhan being captured by former NFL football player Rosie Grier. Ron's series of photos told the whole horrifying story. I believe Ron would have won the 1969 Pulitzer Prize for Spot News Photography if it hadn't been for another dramatic picture of a shooting, the Eddie Adams photo, "Saigon Execution."

Ron and I ended up in Washington, D.C. at the same time in the mid-70's when I got back from Vietnam. I was with Time by then, and Ron with UPI. When I became President Ford's White House photographer, Ron and I shared many rides on Air Force One.

I last talked to Ron a few weeks ago. He was fighting the good fight against another bout of cancer. He was upbeat, as usual but suffering mightily. We discussed many of the good times we'd had together, and I'm so happy we had that chat. But this fight would be his last, and yesterday he lost the battle. My love goes out to Ron's family and friends, they were with him all the way. He will be missed, but his unparalleled record of history, along with the fond memories we have, will always be with us.

Adieu, Ron, you were a great one.

AP investigation:

Rape, abuses in palm oil fields linked to top beauty brands



A female worker sprays herbicide in a palm oil plantation in Sumatra, Indonesia, on Saturday, Sept. 8, 2018. Many women are hired by subcontractors on a day-to-day basis without benefits, performing the same jobs for the same companies for years and even decades. They often work without pay to help their husbands meet otherwise impossible daily quotas. (AP Photo/Binsar Bakkara)

By MARGIE MASON and ROBIN McDOWELL

SUMATRA, Indonesia (AP) — With his hand clamped tightly over her mouth, she could not scream, the 16-year-old girl recalls — and no one was around to hear her anyway. She describes how her boss raped her amid the tall trees on an Indonesian palm oil plantation that feeds into some of the world's best-known cosmetic brands. He then put an ax to her throat and warned her: Do not tell.

At another plantation, a woman named Ola complains of fevers, coughing and nose bleeds after years of spraying dangerous pesticides with no protective gear. Making just \$2 a day, with no health benefits, she can't afford to see a doctor.

Hundreds of miles away, Ita, a young wife, mourns the two babies she lost in the third trimester. She regularly lugged loads several times her weight throughout both pregnancies, fearing she would be fired if she did not.

These are the invisible women of the palm oil industry, among the millions of daughters, mothers and grandmothers who toil on vast plantations across Indonesia and neighboring Malaysia, which together produce 85 percent of the world's most versatile vegetable oil.

Palm oil is found in everything from potato chips and pills to pet food, and also ends up in the supply chains of some of the biggest names in the \$530 billion beauty business, including L'Oréal, Unilever, Procter & Gamble, Avon and Johnson & Johnson, helping women around the world feel pampered and beautiful.

The Associated Press conducted the first comprehensive investigation focusing on the brutal treatment of women in the production of palm oil, including the hidden scourge of sexual abuse, ranging from verbal harassment and threats to rape. It's part of a larger in-depth look at the industry that exposed widespread abuses in the two countries, including human trafficking, child labor and outright slavery.

Read more [here](#).

Welcome to Connecting



Hoyt Harwell - Hharwell6447@charter.net

Story of interest

CNN's John King: 'I'm Addicted' to the Magic Wall
(Intelligencer)



CNN Photo

By Dan Hyman

As Election Day turned into Election Week, John King kept working. CNN's chief national correspondent pulled successive 12-to-14-hour on-air shifts, working into the early hours of the morning, perpetually flanked by his beloved "Magic Wall" of state voting data, zooming in and out of counties as the hours and days dragged on. That is, before his and other networks finally projected Joe Biden the winner nearly five days later. King has been here before: This was the ninth presidential election he's covered — his early ones were as a political correspondent for the Associated Press before he landed at CNN in 1997.

"The adrenaline kicks in when you're on television," he tells me from his spare Washington, D.C., office — box of Clorox wipes, hand-sanitizer pump, one randomly placed football — when we Zoom one week postelection. "I'm not a big sleeper anyway. Normally I do about five hours a night, and this past week I've been averaging in the ballpark of three." Many viewers found King's professorial, almost robotic presence a calming one; others, creating memes and TikToks and tweets in his honor, not to mention Saturday Night Live parodying him, found King's unwavering lack of emotion straight up athletic. As for King? He's just happy CNN let him go home every night.

Read more [here](#).

The Final Word

An obit writer's worst fear – and the day AP prematurely wrote of Bob Hope's death

Marty Steinberg ([Email](#)) - This is an obit writer's worst fear.

French radio station publishes obituaries of people still alive after 'major bug'

From Euronews: A French radio station has apologised after publishing the obituaries of several prominent and alive people. Obituaries for Pele, Clint Eastwood, and Queen Elizabeth II were prematurely live on the website of Radio France Internationale (RFI) on Monday. RFI said in a statement that a "technical problem" led to the erroneous publications.

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It brought back bad memories of when AP jumped the gun on Bob Hope in 1998. Someone had sent the canned obit to datastream instead of a message wire. It got read in Congress.

GRAVE ERROR: WORD OF HOPE'S DEATH GREATLY EXAGGERATED

By Howard Kurtz, Washington Post: Some folks were a bit too quick to thank Bob Hope for the memories. A screw-up by the Associated Press, a premature announcement by the House majority leader and a knee-jerk bulletin by Reuters combined yesterday to tell the world that the 95-year-old entertainer was dead. Hope's daughter, Linda, had to hop on the phone to assure journalists that her father is very much alive in North Hollywood.

Today in History - Nov. 19, 2020



By The Associated Press

Today is Thursday, Nov. 19, the 324th day of 2020. There are 42 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Nov. 19, 1863, President Abraham Lincoln dedicated a national cemetery at the site of the Civil War battlefield of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania.

On this date:

In 1600, King Charles I of England was born in Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland.

In 1850, Alfred Tennyson was invested as Britain's poet laureate.

In 1919, the Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles (vehr-SY') by a vote of 55 in favor, 39 against, short of the two-thirds majority needed for ratification.

In 1942, during World War II, Russian forces launched their winter offensive against the Germans along the Don front.

In 1959, Ford Motor Co. announced it was halting production of the unpopular Edsel.

In 1969, Apollo 12 astronauts Charles Conrad and Alan Bean made the second manned landing on the moon.

In 1977, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat became the first Arab leader to visit Israel.

In 1985, President Ronald Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail S. Gorbachev met for the first time as they began their summit in Geneva.

In 1995, Polish President Lech Walesa (vah-WEN'-sah) was defeated in his bid for re-election.

In 1996, 14 people were killed when a commuter plane collided with a private plane at an airport in Quincy, Illinois. The United States vetoed U.N. Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali's bid for a second term.

In 1997, Iowa seamstress Bobbi McCaughey (mihk-KOY') gave birth to the world's first set of surviving septuplets, four boys and three girls.

In 2017, Charles Manson, the hippie cult leader behind the gruesome murders of actor Sharon Tate and six others in Los Angeles in 1969, died in a California hospital at the age of 83 after nearly a half-century in prison.

Ten years ago: President Barack Obama, attending a NATO summit in Lisbon, Portugal, won an agreement to build a missile shield over Europe, a victory that risked further aggravating Russia. Twenty-nine miners were killed by a methane explosion in a southern New Zealand coal mine.

Five years ago: A study by the Pew Research Center found that more Mexicans were leaving than moving into the United States, reversing the flow of a half-century of mass migration. Marcus Ray Johnson, convicted of killing Angela Sizemore, a woman he'd met at a Georgia nightclub, was put to death after losing a last-minute round of appeals. Bryce Harper, 23, became the youngest unanimous MVP winner in baseball history, capturing the NL award despite his Washington Nationals missing the playoffs; Josh Donaldson took the AL MVP, earning the honor after helping boost the Toronto Blue Jays back into the postseason for the first time since 1993.

One year ago: Lt. Col. Alexander Vindman, a career Army officer on President Donald Trump's National Security Council, testified about what he said was a clearly "improper" phone call in which Trump sought Ukrainian investigations of U.S. Democrats; Republicans responded by questioning Vindman's loyalty to the United States. Two jail guards who were supposed to be monitoring Jeffrey Epstein the night he killed himself were indicted on charges of falsifying prison records; prosecutors said the guards had been sleeping and browsing the internet instead of watching Epstein. (The guards are awaiting trial.) GateHouse completed its \$1.1 billion takeover of Gannett, the publisher of USA Today. The Taliban freed American Kevin King and an Australian man, Timothy Weeks, who'd been held hostage since 2016, in exchange for three top Taliban figures.

Today's Birthdays: Talk show host Larry King is 87. Talk show host Dick Cavett is 84. Broadcasting and sports mogul Ted Turner is 82. Former Sen. Tom Harkin, D-Iowa, is 81. Former Health and Human Services Secretary Tommy G. Thompson is 79. Fashion designer Calvin Klein is 78. Sportscaster Ahmad Rashad is 71. Actor Robert Beltran is 67. Actor Kathleen Quinlan is 66. Actor Glynnis O'Connor is 65. Broadcast journalist Ann Curry is 64. Former NASA astronaut Eileen Collins is 64. Actor Allison Janney is 61. Rock musician Matt Sorum (Guns N' Roses, Velvet Revolver) is 60. Actor Meg Ryan is 59. Actor-director Jodie Foster is 58. Actor Terry Farrell is 57. TV chef Rocco DiSpirito is 54. Actor Jason Scott Lee is 54. Olympic gold medal runner Gail Devers is 54. Actor Erika Alexander is 51. Rock musician Travis McNabb is 51. Singer Tony Rich is 49. Actor Sandrine Holt is 48. Country singer Billy Currington is 47. Dancer-choreographer Savion Glover is 47. Rhythm-and-blues singer Tamika Scott (Xscape) is 45. Rhythm-and-blues singer Lil' Mo is 43. Olympic gold medal gymnast Kerri Strug is 43. Actor Reid Scott is 43. Movie director Barry Jenkins (Film: "Moonlight") is 41. Actor Katherine Kelly is 41. Actor Adam Driver is 37. Country singer Cam is 36. Actor Samantha Futerman is 33. NHL forward Patrick Kane is 32. Rapper Tyga is 31.

Got a story or photos to share?

Got a story to share? A favorite memory of your AP days? Don't keep them to yourself. Share with your colleagues by sending to Ye

Olde Connecting Editor. And don't forget to include photos!

Here are some suggestions:

- **Second chapters** - You finished a great career. Now tell us about your second (and third and fourth?) chapters of life.

- **Spousal support** - How your spouse helped in supporting your work during your AP career.

- **My most unusual story** - tell us about an unusual, off the wall story that you covered.

- **"A silly mistake that you make"**- a chance to 'fess up with a memorable mistake in your journalistic career.

- **Multigenerational AP families** - profiles of families whose service spanned two or more generations.

- **Volunteering** - benefit your colleagues by sharing volunteer stories - with ideas on such work they can do themselves.

- **First job** - How did you get your first job in journalism?

- **Connecting "selfies"** - a word and photo self-profile of you and your career, and what you are doing today. Both for new members and those who have been with us a while.

- **Most unusual** place a story assignment took you.

Paul Stevens

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