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Connecting February 10, 2021

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Colleagues,

Good Wednesday morning on this the 10th day of February 2021,

Fifty years ago today, a Huey helicopter was shot down over the Ho Chi Minh Trail and four highly respected Vietnam War combat photographers were killed: **Henri Huet** of the AP, **Larry Burrows** of Life magazine, **Kent Potter** of UPI, and **Keisaburo Shimamoto**, a freelancer for Newsweek magazine.

Veteran UPI combat photographer **Joe Galloway**, a Connecting colleague, called it “the saddest day in the entire war.”

Yesterday’s Connecting brought you a [blog](#) from AP Images that highlighted some of the finest work of Huet, whom Saigon bureau chief **Richard Pyle** said “was in many ways the heart and soul of the AP’s Saigon bureau.”

Today’s issue brings you more memories of Huet – as well as a touching piece by colleague **Tad Bartimus** on how Burrows impacted her goal as a 17 year old to cover the Vietnam War.

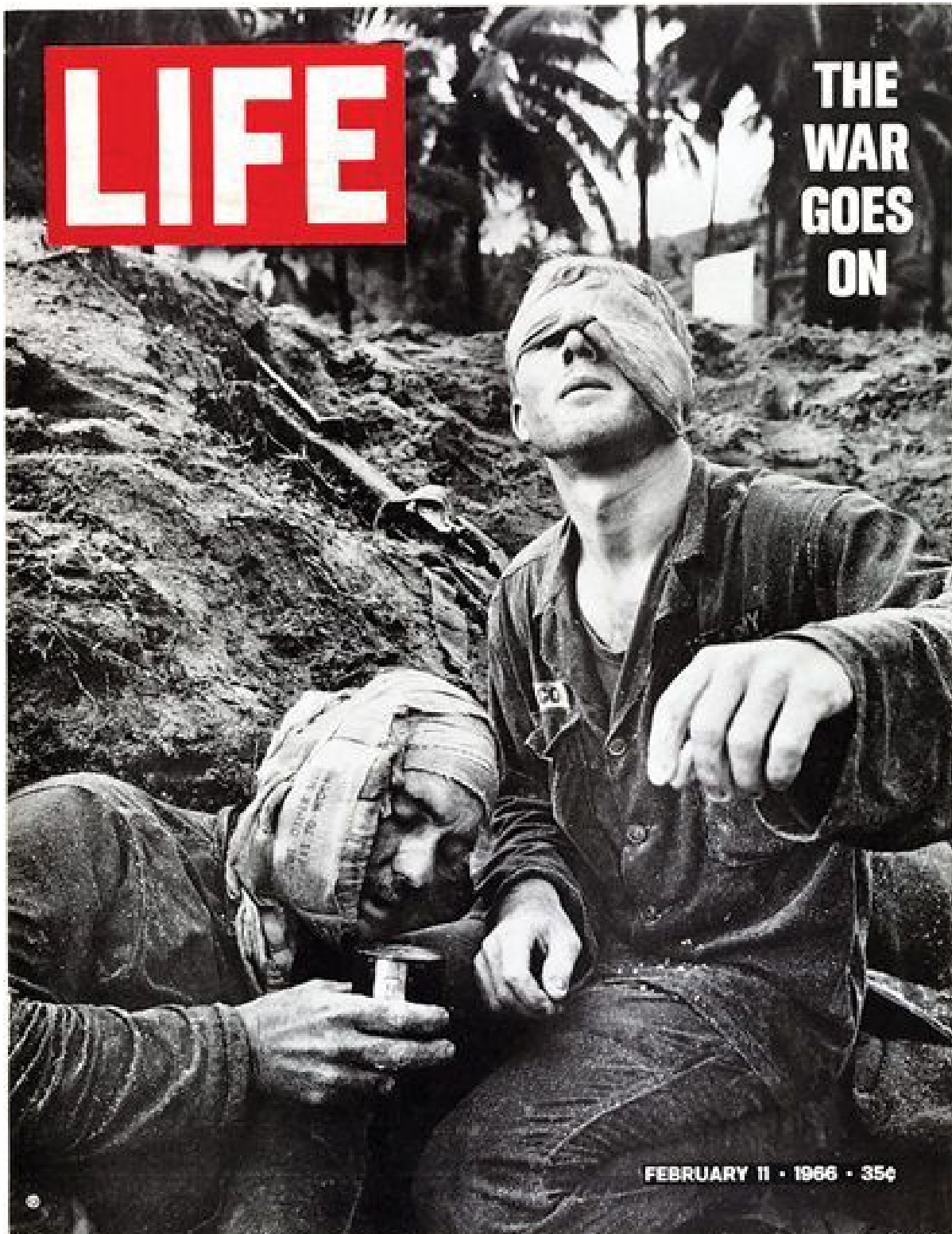
And the thank you in today's issue from colleague **Linda Deutsch** to the AP principals involved in the Henri Huet blog - **Valerie Komor** and **Chuck Zoeller** - is echoed by us all. Linda called it "the most moving thing ever posted in Connecting." Valerie is at vkomor@ap.org and Chuck at czoeller@ap.org

First up, however, is a recent story by **Bill Lohmann** in the Richmond Times-Dispatch focusing on Army medic Tommie Cole who was pictured in one of Huet's most striking photos and the efforts to find out what happened to him. The AP at one time worked hard to do so but to no avail. Got your own ideas on how he can be found?

Have a good day – be safe, stay healthy.

Paul

Where is Tommie Cole - the medic and Richmonder once featured on the cover of Life magazine?



By Bill Lohmann
Richmond Times-Dispatch

A few years ago, Clay Mountcastle's father, Jack, a Vietnam veteran, showed him a copy of a 1966 issue of Life Magazine — a once wildly popular weekly publication — that he had saved. It featured a cover photograph of a young Army medic in Vietnam, a bandage covering his eyes, tending to a wounded comrade.

The headline read: "The War Goes On."

Besides the fact it was a most compelling, even haunting, image, the photo hit close to home: The medic was Richmonder Thomas (also known as Tommie) Cole, whose fleeting moment of fame — the picture by eminent Associated Press photographer Henri Huet also was published in newspapers around the country, including the Times-Dispatch — cast him in the spotlight briefly and then he was gone. His whereabouts after the war have been a mystery.

Clay Mountcastle, director of the Virginia War Memorial, got caught up in the mystery, poking around the Internet, seeking clues to what became of Cole. Despite coming up dry, Mountcastle hasn't given up.

On Thursday, Feb. 11 — the 55th anniversary of the Life cover featuring Cole — Mountcastle is hosting a VWM Livestream program: "Where's Tommie Cole?"

The online-only program is free and open to the public, though [registration is required](#).

Read more [here](#). Shared by Doug Daniel.

Thanks for the memories of Henri Huet

Linda Deutsch ([Email](#)) - The story and photo album created by AP's brilliant chief archivist Valerie Komor in tribute to AP photographer Henri Huet may be the most moving thing ever posted in "Connecting." I found myself in tears as I viewed Huet's astounding array of Vietnam War photos which I had never seen before this. I certainly knew about Henri and the disastrous crash that took his life and the lives of other outstanding combat photographers. Richard Pyle had told me about it long ago and I knew it was the greatest tragedy ever to afflict the AP's legendary Saigon Bureau. When he and Horst Faas went to Vietnam to seek out the remains decades later, it was a measure of the bond that still existed between this band of AP brothers.

But not until I saw these photos did I truly understand the enormity of the loss. Many had told me how beloved Henri was for his sweet personality and his loyal friendship. They spoke of his talent as a photographer. But now I see it was more than talent. He put his very soul into each picture. And he was recording the story of the tragedy of the Vietnam War until he drew his last breath.

How wonderful that now his story has been told through those photos. Thank you, Valerie and Chuck Zoeller (who gathered the photos) and all who had a hand in this amazing presentation. And to Peter Arnett, who rescued the invaluable files of the Saigon Bureau, we are indebted forever.

May Henri Rest In Peace.

That photo of Henri



Photo by Michael Putzel

Michael Putzel (Email) - Henri Huet is best remembered, certainly, for his photographs of war, but only one photograph of him is widely recognized. It is a

portrait of the photojournalist at work—and just happened to capture him shortly before he was killed.

The current issue of a new French magazine explores the familiar photo of Henri as “one of the rare portraits of the French photojournalist, taken in 1970 aboard an American Navy aircraft carrier.”

Thierry Valletoux, the writer of the article in *La Revue* Like, imagines his telling Henri about the image, now more than 50 years later. “The second I saw you, I was seized by a strange sentiment: as if one who has known you forever,” Valletoux wrote. “Like an air of *déjà vu*.” He added the photo captures “all the canons of an ideal war photographer, square jaw, frank smile, penetrating look, cameras hung high around the neck, ready to shoot.”

In truth, as Valletoux noted, the original negative shows Henri was wearing two Leicas on his chest. The AP cropped one of them out for the “head shot” it sent round the world the day he was killed. That edited photo has become the most recognizable image of the famed photographer, who sought great pictures but not the limelight.

The portrait of Henri was shot while he and I were aboard a U.S. Navy ship in the South China Sea. Horst Faas, the chief of photos in Saigon, sent a message asking for a fresh headshot of Henri to accompany a packet of his photos that were being submitted by New York headquarters for an award. I don’t remember what the award was or whether Henri received it. It was a few weeks before he and I were sent to cover the Lam Son 719 invasion of Laos, where he was killed 50 years ago today.

We went out on the deck of the ship, and I shot several frames with a Navy aircraft behind him for background. Of course, I also wanted to show him working, so I made sure I captured the Leica 35mm cameras that he always wore. We called the Leica his “necktie.” He had a second hanging below the first, but it rarely appears because that original file photo that rests in archives does not show it.

Because of its subject and his enduring stature, that photo is by far the most widely published picture I have ever taken. It still hangs in the War Remnants Museum in Ho Chi Minh City and is preserved in the Journalists Memorial maintained by the Freedom Forum in the United States, as well as museums in France.

I think Henri’s smile captured in the photo makes it an excellent reflection of the man. Henri was a particular favorite of everyone on the AP staff in Vietnam, in part because he never let his ego show. He was always willing to help younger members of the staff, give them pointers about how to function during combat and share observations of various military commanders and their units.

He was also quite private about his personal life. None of us knew, until decades later, that he was in love with a Belgian woman and wore a religious medallion with her name, “Cecile,” engraved on it. More than 25 years after the helicopter was shot down, when the crash site was located, that medallion helped prove that the military search team had found the aircraft and the remains it was looking for.

Best war buddies: Henri Huet and Ed White



AP CORRESPONDENT AND DESK EDITOR EDWIN WHITE (right) with Henri Huet in Danang, 1967. White was the closest in the Saigon bureau to Huet and was on assignment with him when the photographer was wounded in 1967.

Peter Arnett (Email) - I remember the late Henri Huet as a consummate auteur, with a distinctive style that contrasted with his colleagues. Henri was soft spoken and private in an AP Saigon Bureau that featured at the height of the war a roster of famous and less famous staffers and hangers-on working in an often-raucous environment as the war reached its peak. A visiting observer described in a memoir of that time that the AP was winning success in Vietnam with a bureau that featured a "dirty dozen of rogues, roués, and hard corps professionals". Henri was none of these. He let his pictures do the talking.

Henri's closest pal in the bureau was the equally soft-spoken Edwin (Ed) White, whose main task was managing the desk but who could also write a fine story when allowed out in the field. White often debriefed Henri for the stories that accompanied his extraordinary photographs. He was closer to Henri's age and experience, with a sympathetic personality, and they would socialize together. White eventually joined Huet in an assignment covering the battle of Con Thien, a US Marine base just south of the DMZ with North Vietnam.



THE WOUNDED HENRI HUET at Con Thien looking very much like the wounded soldiers he'd been photographing during the war.

In October 1967, the Con Thien firebase was frequently under fire from Communist guns from across the nearby border and had become a big story. Henri and White were among a score of journalists who braved the trip, some of whom were wounded in the shellfire, including Henri. After medical treatment at a U.S. field hospital and a few weeks convalescence, he returned to covering the war. By now Henri's commitment to war coverage and his rapport with the soldiers he covered, both American and Vietnamese, had become widely known. He was welcomed by the

troops, with his fluency in three languages - English, French and Vietnamese - and his experience in early Vietnam wars, along with the extra cigarettes and candy he would hand out. He was fearless, staying with units for weeks on end and sending out his film via helicopter and obliging military officials.



EARLY IN THE WAR Henri Huet would join Peter Arnett in road trips to cover unannounced military engagements in battle areas in the southern Vietnam war zone . They would use Arnett's 1960 Karmann Ghia sedan to seek out the action. This 1965 picture shows Arnett with his wife Nina at the wheel of the car and her sister Myriam behind.

Henri Huet's unsurpassed knowledge of Vietnam, gained in his years in the French Army and in living in Saigon, made him a valuable asset in the war's early years, and a wise companion on the trips I made into the countryside to ferret out significant war actions. The climax to the increasingly violent 1964 came a year's end at the Catholic village of Binh Gia west of Saigon which was overrun by two communist Vietcong battalions. Horst Faas had managed to ride in with Vietnamese marine reinforcements and had flown out with his dramatic photographs. But the battle was still raging in Binh Gia, so Henri and I gassed up the Karmann Ghia and began driving west, zipping around military vehicles and horse carts and people on foot until we saw the first wounded soldiers being treated on the highway.



HENRI HUET TOOK THIS photograph of U.S. Marine advisor Lieutenant Phil Brady describing the battle in a rubber plantation rubber plantation at the Catholic community of Binh Gia Gia on January 2, 1965.

We arrived at Binh Gia to hear the sound of distant fighting and to see the collection of bodies of South Vietnamese marines gunned down in an overnight battle in the neighboring rubber plantation. Rows of marine bodies were lying in the blistering sun, banana leaves thrown loosely over them. We stumbled over a wounded Vietnamese ranger hiding in the brush with bullets in his legs. He had been there since his ranger battalion had been destroyed three days earlier. We joined three U.S. Marine lieutenants sprawled listlessly beside a field radio. One of them, Phil Brady, was talking into the speaker. "How many did you say? OK. Sixty seven." He turned to us, "That's how many we have of our dead that is. We got the bodies of the four Americans, too."



HENRI HUET was in town for the farewell party in Saigon for the Arnett family late in 1970. At far right George Esper next to Henri. At far left Mike Putzel next to Eve Sharbutt with Arnett at the center. A few months later Richard Pyle messaged Arnett in New York with the tragic news that Henri had been killed in Laos.

To end this little ride down a sad memory lane, I would like to quote from the memoirs of one of the early women journalists in Vietnam, Liz Trotta, a correspondent for NBC News in 1968. In her book, "Fighting for Air: In the Trenches with television news," she writes about working in the NBC bureau next to the AP office, and of befriending Henri.

"Henri Huet was born in Vietnam to a Vietnamese mother and French father. He served in the French Army and had vivid memories of Dien Bien Phu. Often, on days out of the field, he would bring sandwiches over to my desk for lunch and delight me with tales of his many dangerous missions."

Inspired by encouragement of Larry Burrows



Photo of Larry Burrows by John Schneider, 1966



Reaching Out: the wounded Marine Gunnery Sgt. Jeremiah Purdie (center, with bandaged head) reached toward a stricken comrade after a fierce firefight south of the DMZ, Vietnam, October 1966. Larry Burrows; Life Pictures/Getty Images

Tad Bartimus (Email) - I did not know Henri but Larry Burrows was (except for Keith Fuller) the single most influential person who helped me get to Vietnam. I had followed his work in LIFE magazine from the early days of American involvement in Vietnam because my father was an Air Force pilot I suspected was flying cargo and troops in and out of the war zone (he confirmed this after his retirement). Already a news junkie in high school, I decided at 17 I wanted to go to Vietnam to cover my generation's big story.

I met Burrows when he came to the University of Missouri-Columbia to receive an honor medal for his work from the School of Journalism in 1968. To accept the award, he'd flown straight through from Saigon to Columbia, Mo., and would be in town just 24 hours before heading back to the war.

By then Larry Burrows was my hero, along with reporter Marguerite "Maggie" Higgins. When I found out he was coming I begged J-School Dean Earl English to assign me as his driver and guide. English agreed, changing my life.

I met the VIP guest at the airport, took him where he needed to go and got him back in time to catch his plane to begin his return to Vietnam. I cannot remember much of those 24 hours except for mental "snapshots" that remain as vivid as if they'd happened yesterday.

Mr. Burrows -- "call me Larry" -- looked worn out. I thought it was from his long flight, but during talks in the car I learned exhaustion was normal for the Pulitzer Prize-winning photographer who spent most of his working nights in the jungle, wrapped up in a rubber poncho "in the bloody rain."

He was courteous and kind to this star-struck college junior dreaming of reporting from Vietnam but not one whit qualified to be there. Between official events -- visiting the J-School, addressing students, touring the photo lab, meeting University VIPs and delivering a moving speech (wearing a wrinkled suit jacket with elan) -- he patiently answered my questions about Vietnam.

After the dinner he invited me and some J-School students -- mostly photojournalism majors -- back to his hotel room and fielded questions well past midnight. We quietly left after realizing the guest of honor had fallen asleep in his dinner clothes.

Before he drifted off, I asked Larry if he would mentor me in Vietnam if I got there. I still see his half-smile as he studied my face. "No," he finally said. "I won't help you if you come over on your own, running around without experience and getting killed."

Seeing I was crushed, he added caveats. If I got my journalism degree, a few years' professional experience, and a newspaper or magazine sent me to Saigon on staff he promised to introduce me around and help if he could.

Larry Burrows' encouragement inspired me every day after that -- through graduation in January '69; an AP internship in Topeka ("What? You're sending me to Kansas!!?" I complained to Keith Fuller. "I want to go to Vietnam!" He counseled patience). Next came a three-year reporting growth spurt in Miami AP, working all shifts, including a

year on the overnight, covering airline hijackings, murders, the Legislature, horse racing, the Miami Dolphins, Cuban refugees, the Mob, Nixon's vacation White House, Miss Universe contests, the Daytona 500.

In early May 1973 Fuller appeared in MH bureau chief Reid Miller's office, called me in and handed me a green credit card. "What's this?" I asked. Fuller said I was driving General Manager Wes Gallagher nuts with quarterly letters about going to Vietnam "so he's sending you. This is an international air travel card. Buy a first class ticket to Saigon and be there in a week."

I sold my '66 Mustang to an office pal for \$100 and had an around-the-world ticket in my purse by sundown. Two days later I said goodbye to a bemused boyfriend and flew to San Francisco for a quick reunion with my parents flying in from Kansas City.

I landed in Saigon May 8, 1973. My battered Samsonite given to me for high school graduation carried three short notes I'd received from Larry after his trip to Missouri. On the tarmac at Ton Son Nhut Airport, I offered a prayer of gratitude to him, sad I could never thank him in person.



Larry, Henri Huet of AP, Kent Potter of UPI and Keisaburo Shimamoto of Newsweek, Vietnamese military photographer Sgt. Tu Vu, two pilots and a crew chief, died on February 10, 1971 when their helicopter was hit by enemy fire and crashed during Operation Lam Son 719 in Laos. When I arrived at AP Saigon a framed photo of Henri hung on the wall behind my desk, a daily reminder of the terrible loss of four veteran newsmen who died doing their jobs.

In their comprehensive, gripping book *LOST OVER LAOS*, published by Da Capo Press in 2003, journalists Richard Pyle and Horst Faas, old colleagues of the photographers, finally were able to detail what happened. More than 27 years after their friends died, Pyle and Faas made an arduous trip to Laos, to Site 2062, being excavated by members of the Joint Task Force-Full Accounting office, the Hawaii-based Pentagon agency charged with searching for American MIAs in Indochina. Kent Potter, an American citizen, was classified as missing, so the remote and heavily overgrown mountain site qualified for investigation by the Joint Task Force team. Pieces of metal found by the JTF experts, including a few that appeared to come from a camera, along with bits of weather-aged blank celluloid film, convinced Pyle and Faas they were where their friends died.

They left behind a copy of *REQUIEM*, a book by Faas and Tim Page documenting the work of photographers killed in Vietnam and Indochina. The Joint Task Force team buried it when the official investigation of Site 2062 ended. If the underground tomb is discovered in the future, finders will see this inscription in the book:

In Memory of our friends and colleagues

Larry Burrows

Henri Huet

Kent Potter

Keisaburo Shimamoto

Tu Vu

and the South Vietnamese soldiers

who died together at Site 2062

10 February 1971

For Tim Page, Horst Faas, and Richard Pyle

We thank the men and women of JTF-FA

Detachment 3 for their efforts

To recover their remains.

If I had never met Larry Burrows I doubt I would have made it to Vietnam, given the resistance within AP to send me. Larry's encouragement kept me pushing forward until I succeeded. Vietnam was the defining experience of my life and gave me precious friends, including Horst Faas, Richard Pyle, Nick Ut, and Larry's son Russell Burrows and his wife Bobbi.

Memories of a fateful day – and filing the story of tragedy



The rifles, boots and helmets of the casualties in the war. AP/Henri Huet

Michael Putzel (Email) - This reminiscence was included in the book *Henri Huet: J'étais Photographe de Guerre au Vietnam* by Horst Faas and H  l  ne G  douin. Published in French in 2006, the book includes a collection of photographs by Huet, one of four news photographers killed when their helicopter was shot down over Laos on February 10, 1971—50 years ago. A fifth photographer was aboard the helicopter and died with the others. He was Tu Vu, a South Vietnamese army (ARVN) combat photographer, who was one of the AP bureau's many photo stringers.

By Michael Putzel
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I went looking for Henri to give him a message. It was February 10, 1971, in the mountainous northwestern corner of what was then South Vietnam. We were both covering the U.S.-backed South Vietnamese invasion of Laos to cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail, but we had been with separate units when the operation kicked off, and we hadn't seen each other in a couple of days. I liked working with Henri when I got the chance. He had a quiet, gentle streak that instilled confidence in those of us more than a decade younger with only a fraction of his experience covering combat. In our world, he was legend, but he didn't lord it over us.

After dawn, I hitched a ride aboard the first Army helicopter I could find flying out to Khe Sanh, the just re-opened combat base in the mountains where U.S. and South Vietnamese forces had set up their forward headquarters. The weather was chilly— even cold for the tropics—and the gray sky drained the color from the hilly jungle. I found Henri on high ground near the South Vietnamese "TOC," the sandbag-fortified tactical operations center where he and several other photographers had been told they would be in the first group of journalists permitted to witness the offensive inside Laos. It wasn't Henri's kind of assignment; he preferred going out with small combat units, where the interaction was more personal and where he so often captured the faces of war. This group was to accompany the operation's commanding general and his top staff, a "press trip" less likely to encounter actual combat or produce dramatic photos. But up until then, no news photographers or correspondents had been permitted to cross the border, and Henri liked to be first.

The night before I had managed to get a phone call through to the AP's Saigon bureau, and the photo desk told me that if I saw Henri I should remind him his South Vietnamese visa was about to expire and that he should return to Saigon to take care of it. The bureaucracy required all foreign journalists to renew their visas every three months, and to do that, we had to leave the country, apply for a new visa at a consulate abroad and wait about a week to get back into the country. It was a nuisance—but also an opportunity to take a few days off from the war. Most of us looked forward to the chance for some rest, good food and the conveniences of a modern capital anywhere but Vietnam. I told Henri I'd take his seat on the chopper and cover for both news and photos in order for him to return to take care of his paperwork. It was a futile gesture. He wasn't about to abandon one of the biggest military operations of the war to fly home to tend to some technicality. He looked at me and smiled, the crow's feet by his eyes crinkling, lending his smile a familiar warmth. We both knew the bureaucrats would give him and the AP trouble if he overstayed his visa, but problems like that eventually got resolved, perhaps with the help of a couple cartons of American cigarettes or a few rolls of Kodak film. Henri was determined to keep his seat, and we parted before the flight took off. I left him

outside the headquarters below the helicopter landing zone, standing around with the other photographers who were planning to go on the mission. I headed back to the U.S. side of the base to do some reporting on the progress of the operation.

A couple hours later, I was walking past an American unit's makeshift temporary headquarters and overheard a voice on a radio saying in English through heavy static something about "helicopters down." That was enough to alert me to trouble, but I didn't know at first that it involved Henri. An officer emerged from the sandbagged bunker and gave me another tidbit. Two Huey helicopters apparently had been shot down. It wasn't immediately clear whether they were U.S. or South Vietnamese, but in the course of the next few minutes I was able to gather enough information to be horrified at the prospect that I had lost my friends. I was a reporter working the story, but I also remember a pit in my stomach, a rushing anxiety—and a sense of urgency to tell the AP what I knew. There was no way to call Saigon from Khe Sanh; there weren't any phones. I had to get back to Camp Red Devil, a U.S. base about 25 miles away that had better communications and was serving as a press center for the journalists covering the Laos operation. By the time I found a helicopter going that way and persuaded its pilot to take me, I knew I was carrying terrible news. The details came later. An American chopper pilot and cavalry troop commander, Major Jim Newman, and his co-pilot had watched helplessly from a distance as a string of olive drab Huey helicopters flew, apparently lost, over a known and charted North Vietnamese antiaircraft gun position a few miles inside Laos. The skilled gunners on the ground below fired on the first and third choppers in the string. Henri and his companions were aboard the first aircraft, which took a direct hit, exploded in flames and fell a few thousand feet in a fireball, smashing into a mountainside. Newman later flew me over the crash site surreptitiously to show me no one could have survived the shoot-down.

"Red Devil, get me MAC-V!" "MAC-V, get me Tiger!" Fighting the phone system in Vietnam was part of a correspondent's life. We had to know the relay points, claim military priorities we probably weren't entitled to and shout like soldiers to be heard over the waves of static that drowned our voices. It could take hours, and then the connection might be lost in a moment. When the bureau answered 500 miles to the south, I bellowed for Richard Pyle, the chief of bureau. He picked up the phone, and I started to dictate, slowly and clearly. I had no idea how long the connection would last.

"A VNAF helicopter...has been shot down in Laos.... All aboard are missing and feared dead.... They include...four civilian news photographers. They are...Henri Huet of AP..." Pyle, a consummate professional, choked in horror as he pounded the keys of his aging typewriter, then barked for silence in the office to enable him to capture every word. I gave the other names: Larry Burrows of Life magazine, Kent Potter of United Press International, Keisaburo Shimamoto of Newsweek. One other photographer, Sergeant Tu Vu of the South Vietnamese army, was also aboard. He had aspired to shoot for the AP if he ever got out of the army and sometimes slipped me rolls of film that he shot on operations no Westerners got to see. Two senior South Vietnamese officers and a four-man flight crew went down with them. I didn't know at the time that one of the officers was carrying the plans and communications codes for the whole operation, a potentially devastating loss if the documents fell into the hands of the North Vietnamese.

I told Pyle everything I had learned about the crash, still a sketchy report that left many questions unanswered. Then I went in search of colleagues from the other news organizations that had people on the flight. At the military briefing for the press that afternoon, a local version of what were known in Saigon as the “Five O’Clock Follies,” I asked an officer for a few minutes to tell my fellow correspondents what we knew of the crash that had claimed Henri and the others. By that time we knew they weren’t coming back.

Henri had stowed his gear, a rucksack with some spare fatigues and a shaving kit, in a bunkroom known as a “hootch” that had been set aside as sleeping quarters for the press. There were no cameras or valuables; he had all his photo equipment with him. I collected what was left behind and made arrangements for someone to carry it back to the bureau in Saigon. For some reason, Henri had not taken his “boonie hat,” a floppy, wide-brimmed military cap he frequently wore in the field. He had stuck a flêchette, an inch-long, sharpened blue steel dart, in the cotton hatband for decoration. Flêchettes, since banned, were packed in artillery shells and fired only at point-blank range when a unit was about to be overrun. They testified to close-quarter combat. I kept the hat and wore it in Henri’s memory until it blew off my head into the sea from a sailboat in February 1974, almost three years to the day after his death.

‘The saddest day in the entire war’

Joe Galloway ([Email](#)) - Henri Huet was one of the best shooters in Vietnam; a kind, funny, gentle man who was a fine friend and a great companion in a foxhole or a watering hole. I mourn his loss to this day, along with Larry Burrows, Kent Potter and K. Shimamoto in that Huey helicopter shoot down over Laos. The saddest day in the entire war.

Love token comes home from Vietnam War



Cecile Blumental, born Schrouben, friend of Henri Huet, left, Russell Burrows, 2nd left, Helene Gedouin, the niece through marriage to Henri Huet, 2nd right, and former Chief of Bureau of Saigon, Richard Pyle, right, look at the Cecile Blumental birth medallion at the 'Henri Huet, Vietnam' exhibition at the Maison Europeenne de la Photographie, MEP in Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 8, 2011. The exhibition commemorates AP Photographer Henri Huet work during the Vietnam war before he perished when his helicopter was shot down over Laos. The Exhibition ends on April 10, 2011. (AP Photo/Michel Euler)(/ AP)

JAMEY KEATEN

The Associated Press

(Moved in February 2011)

It was a love token worn through the blood-drenched rice paddies and jungles of the Vietnam War.

For Henri Huet, the Virgin Mary medallion was his one constant link to Cecile, the woman he loved. The celebrated Associated Press photographer carried it in his pocket or hung it around his neck. It was engraved for her baptism and when he left for the war, she gave it to him.

On assignment, the military helicopter Huet was riding in got shot down over Laos. Huet was killed. The medallion the size of a penny disappeared into the thickness of a bamboo forest, where it slept for nearly three decades.

This past week, the gold medallion was again in the hands of Cecile, the culmination of an extraordinary journey that took it across epochs and continents - and whose mystery was unlocked by a long-lost trove of letters.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Peggy Walsh.

Associated Press team wins 2021 Selden Ring Award for series on exploitation and abuse in the palm oil industry



In a photo from the “Fruits of Labor” series by Associated Press reporters Margie Mason and Robin McDowell, a female worker walks with a pesticide sprayer on her back at a palm oil plantation in Sumatra, Indonesia. Photo by: AP Photo/Binsar Bakkara

Communication and Marketing Staff
University of Southern California, Annenberg School for Communication and Journalism

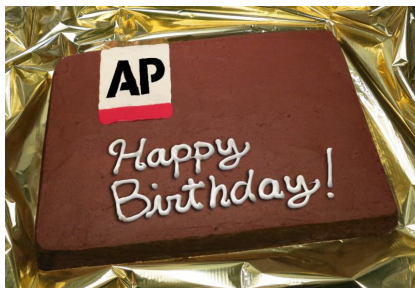
Beginning in 2018, Associated Press investigative reporters Margie Mason and Robin McDowell relentlessly examined the working conditions on palm oil plantations in Indonesia and Malaysia. The result is a searing exposé that reveals shocking abuses against some of the world’s most vulnerable laborers — and then connects that mistreatment directly to a byproduct found in roughly half the items for sale in American supermarkets.

“There’s never been a big spotlight placed on the labor issues of this \$65-billion industry — and the problems are endemic,” McDowell said. “Companies have been able to ignore them because they’re hard to investigate and not something most journalists will want to invest the time into.”

For their project, “Fruits of Labor,” Mason and McDowell have earned the 2021 Selden Ring Award for Investigative Reporting. The annual award, one of the foremost honors in investigative journalism, has been presented by the USC Annenberg School of Journalism for 32 years. The \$50,000 prize honors investigative journalism that informs the public about major problems and corruption and yields concrete results.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Mark Mittelstadt.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



Del Brinkman - del.brinkman@comcast.net

Welcome to Connecting



Bill Lohmann - Bill.Lohmann@gmail.com

Stories of interest

Joe Biden read a newspaper on Air Force One. Why should you care? Because a newspaper a day keeps the crazy at bay (Toronto Star)



President Joe Biden steps off Air Force One at New Castle Airport in New Castle, Del., Friday, Feb. 5, 2021. Biden is spending the weekend at his home in Delaware. (AP Photo/Patrick Semansky)

By Vinay Menon

During his first flight on Air Force One, Joe Biden read a newspaper.

I know what you're thinking: Yeah? And? Was he also wearing shoes? Did he sip from an Evian bottle? What other ho-hum tidbits do you plan to dissect today?

I take your point. And I reject it faster than Dale Moss ditched Clare Crawley.

In wire photos that moved on Friday night, Biden is frozen in time, deboarding Air Force One at New Castle Air National Guard Base in Delaware. He has on a blue mask to protect against the virus, a trench coat to protect against the polar vortex and, in his left hand, a thick bundle of newsprint to protect against ignorance.

An image hasn't brought me this much joy since Twiggy the Water-skiing Squirrel.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Steve Hendren.

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NFL writer Terez Paylor of Yahoo dies unexpectedly at age 37 (AP)

KANSAS CITY, Mo. (AP) — Terez Paylor, the popular NFL writer and Pro Football Hall of Fame voter whose career took him from the Kansas City Star to Yahoo Sports, died unexpectedly at his home early Tuesday. He was 37.

Yahoo Sports announced his death in a statement. No cause was given.

Paylor joined the Star after graduating from Howard University in 2006, covering everything from preps to arena football to Sporting Kansas City of Major League Soccer. He also covered the University of Missouri before taking over the Chiefs beat in 2013, and he would spend the next seven-plus years covering his beloved NFL.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Kia Breaux.

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Green chosen as next executive editor (Press Democrat)

A veteran journalist who led his Kentucky newsroom to a 2020 Pulitzer Prize has been named executive editor of The Press Democrat and chief content officer of its parent company, Sonoma Media Investments.

Richard A. Green, an Ohio native whose journalism career started as a high school sophomore, will oversee coverage and staff at the 163-year-old daily newspaper and six other SMI publications.

As editor of The Courier Journal in Louisville, Green guided the newsroom to the Pulitzer Prize for Breaking News for the staff's coverage of more than 650 eleventh-hour pardons and commutations issued by outgoing Kentucky Gov. Matt Bevin in December 2019.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Marty Thompson.

Today in History - Feb. 10, 2021



By The Associated Press

Today is Wednesday, Feb. 10, the 41st day of 2021. There are 324 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Feb. 10, 1967, the 25th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, dealing with presidential disability and succession, was ratified as Minnesota and Nevada adopted it.

On this date:

In 1763, Britain, Spain and France signed the Treaty of Paris, ending the Seven Years' War (also known as the French and Indian War in North America).

In 1840, Britain's Queen Victoria married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg (KOH'-borg) and Gotha (GAH'-thuh).

In 1933, the first singing telegram was introduced by the Postal Telegram Co. in New York.

In 1936, Nazi Germany's Reichstag passed a law investing the Gestapo secret police with absolute authority, exempt from any legal review.

In 1959, a major tornado tore through the St. Louis area, killing 21 people and causing heavy damage.

In 1962, the Soviet Union exchanged captured American U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers for Rudolf Abel, a Soviet spy held by the United States.

In 1992, boxer Mike Tyson was convicted in Indianapolis of raping Desiree Washington, a Miss Black America contestant. (Tyson served three years in prison.) "Roots" author Alex Haley died in Seattle at age 70.

In 1997, a civil jury heaped \$25 million in punitive damages on O.J. Simpson for the slayings of his ex-wife and her friend, on top of \$8.5 million in compensatory damages awarded earlier.

In 2005, Britain's Prince Charles announced he would marry his divorced lover, Camilla Parker Bowles, in April. North Korea boasted publicly for the first time that it possessed nuclear weapons.

In 2006, Dr. Norman Shumway, who performed the first successful U.S. heart transplant, died in Palo Alto, California, at age 83.

In 2014, former film star and diplomat Shirley Temple Black, 85, died at her home near San Francisco.

In 2015, the parents of Kayla Jean Mueller and U.S. officials confirmed the death of the 26-year-old aid worker who had been held captive by the Islamic State group (IS said Mueller had been killed in a Jordanian airstrike). NBC announced it was

suspending Brian Williams as “Nightly News” anchor and managing editor for six months without pay for misleading the public about his experiences covering the Iraq War. Jon Stewart announced he would step down as host of “The Daily Show” on Comedy Central later in the year.

Ten years ago: Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak refused to step down or leave the country and instead handed his powers to his vice president, stunning protesters in central Cairo who waved their shoes in contempt and shouted, “Leave, leave, leave.” (Mubarak resigned the next day.)

Five years ago: Senate Democrats and Republicans united behind tougher sanctions on North Korea for violating international law by pursuing nuclear weapons. President Barack Obama took a nostalgic trip to the Illinois capital of Springfield where he launched his national political career nine years earlier. For the 15th time, officials denied parole for Sirhan Sirhan, the assassin of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. Former Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis, 84, died in Prescott, Arizona.

One year ago: U.S. health officials confirmed the first case of the novel coronavirus among the hundreds of people who’d been evacuated from China to military bases in the United States; it was among the 13 confirmed cases in the U.S. Britain declared the new coronavirus a “serious and imminent threat to public health” and said people with the virus could now be forcibly quarantined. U.S. prosecutors charged four members of the Chinese military with breaking into the computer networks of the Equifax credit reporting agency and stealing the personal information of tens of millions of Americans.

Today’s Birthdays: Opera singer Leontyne Price is 94. Actor Robert Wagner is 91. Rock musician Don Wilson (The Ventures) is 88. Singer Roberta Flack is 84. Singer Jimmy Merchant (Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers) is 81. Rock musician Bob Spalding (The Ventures) is 74. Olympic gold-medal swimmer Mark Spitz is 71. Walt Disney Co. executive Robert Iger is 70. Rock musician and composer Cory Lerios (Pablo Cruise) is 70. World Golf Hall of Famer Greg Norman is 66. Actor Kathleen Beller is 65. Country singer Lionel Cartwright is 61. Movie director Alexander Payne is 60. ABC News correspondent George Stephanopoulos is 60. Political commentator Glenn Beck is 57. Actor Laura Dern is 54. Writer-producer-director Vince Gilligan (TV: “Breaking Bad”) is 54. Country singer Dude Mowrey is 49. Actor Jason Olive is 49. Actor Elizabeth Banks is 47. Actor Julia Pace Mitchell is 43. Reggaeton singer Don Omar is 43. Actor Uzo Aduba is 40. Actor Stephanie Beatriz is 40. Actor Max Brown is 40. Actor Barry Sloane is 40. Rock singer Eric Dill is 39. Actor Trevante Rhodes is 31. Actor Emma Roberts is 30. Actor Makenzie Vega is 27. Actor Chloe Grace Moretz is 24. Actor Yara Shahidi is 21.

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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