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Colleagues,

Good Friday morning on this Sept. 10, 2021,

In a collaboration between The Associated Press and Sterling Publishing, a new book, **“September 11: The 9/11 Story, Aftermath and Legacy,”** looks at the 9/11 terrorist attacks as told through stories and photographs by journalists of the AP covering everything from the events of that tragic day and beyond.

The volume includes breaking news reports and in-depth investigative pieces from the AP archives, ranging from AP’s wall-to-wall reporting on Sept. 11, 2001; coverage of the rescue efforts and aftermath; the world’s reaction and subsequent U.S. military

operations; and the rebuilding of downtown New York.

“With this project, we set out to bring to life AP’s gripping coverage of that seismic day 20 years ago,” said AP Director of Programming **Peter Costanzo**. “September 11’ tells the many stories of 9/11—not only of the unprecedented horror of that morning, but also of the inspiring resilience and hope of the human spirit that followed.”

The book features a Foreword by actor **Robert De Niro**, an Introduction by **Ted Anthony**, a Preface by **Mark Mittelstadt** and an Afterword by **Richard Drew** – Also featured

throughout are reporter’s recollections contributed by the following:

Suzanne Plunkett, former AP Photographer; **Howie Rumberg**, Deputy Sports Editor; **Richard Pyle**, AP Correspondent (deceased); **Kathy Gannon**, AP News Director, Afghanistan and Pakistan; **Amir Shah**, AP Kabul Correspondent (retired); **Ted Anthony**, Director of New Storytelling and Innovation; **Karen Matthews**, AP New York City Bureau Reporter, and **Jennifer Peltz**, AP Newsperson.

[“September 11: The 9/11 Story, Aftermath and Legacy,”](#) is available now in hardcover and e-book wherever books are sold.

Today’s issue leads with more of your memories of 9/11, in advance of the 20th anniversary of the attacks on Saturday.

Have a great weekend – be safe, stay healthy!

Paul

Remembering where you were on 9/11

Norm Abelson ([Email](#)) - I had slept fitfully, and awoke as I did every day now to my new reality: that Dina, my wife of 47 years was gone. Her death, less than a month before after a long battle with Parkinson's disease, still filled my days with empty despair.



I knew I could not stand to be alone this day in the old Victorian house we had shared for so many years. It was a beautiful fall day in Concord, N.H. Perhaps I should travel one of the color-splashed foliage routes we had so often taken together. No...not without her.

I decided to visit my friend Roy. An environmentalist and author, he lived in a wooded area some 20 miles away. While he had known and admired Dina, he wasn't one to indulge in dredging up unhappy remembrances. That was fine with me - I wanted to keep my sadness for myself.

Roy hated television, so I was surprised upon entering his house to find him staring intently at his old black-and-white set. "Come here...look at this...the goddam buildings are exploding." At first I couldn't quite make out what was happening; maybe it was a movie. But then the incredulous words from the commentator, almost screaming out the news, forced me to fix my eyes on the awful scene.

Of course, I realized how horrible it all was. But there was no room in my heart at that moment for more sadness; the tears for 9/11 came later.

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Sibby Christensen (Email) - My 9/11 commute to work seemed routine at first. No heroics. But everything seemed to be running backward.

When the usual Manhattan-bound train pulled into the New Rochelle station, the doors opened with passengers jumping off the train, rushing up the overpass bridge to the northbound tracks to go back home. I went on into Grand Central Terminal, where a reverse commute was frantically under way. All trains would be locals, according to loudspeakers and message billboards, stopping at every station on the New Haven, Hudson and Central lines. Same confusion and palpable tension on the streets outside GCT, with foot and vehicular traffic just trying to go somewhere else.

Once at 50 Rock, a few of us watched and caught up with events on the TV in Norm Goldstein's office until we were told to vacate, in case Rockefeller Center was an additional terror target.

Staff at AP's newer headquarters downtown at 200 Liberty Street now have a daily reminder, a view just out the window showing the Oculus and those empty squares.

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Kristen de Groot (Email) - Sept. 11, 2001 was my second day off the overnight shift, back among actual other people on the subway and coffee carts on the jammed sidewalks and an office full of co-workers. "It's almost like I'm a normal person again," I told my husband the night before those day shifts resumed. Three months of working the 10 p.m. to 7:30 a.m. shift gives a person an odd, sometimes magical perspective on the city.

I was the online presence of The Associated Press in a department then dubbed "AP Digital," focused on updating stories for our big clients, Yahoo and AOL. It involved handcrafting a summary of the eight biggest stories every half hour, and

retransmitting breaking news from U.S., international, WDC, sports and financial lines to the online headline packages. There was a lot of downtime, and sometimes I'd watch TV or take my coffee break out on the patio that no one ever used in the daytime. It was like a top secret deck, right above the statue of Atlas at 45 Rockefeller Plaza. I'd gaze into the rose window of St. Patrick's Cathedral across the street, silent city sidewalks below. I swear I saw movement in that window some nights, someone looking at me from across Fifth Avenue.

I dubbed my return to the day shift "a return to the light" in an email invite for a cocktail celebration to take place later that week. Instead of leaving work at 7:30 a.m. I was arriving there at 7 a.m. That second morning, the Q train and I rumbled across the Manhattan Bridge from Brooklyn, as the Twin Towers blazed with pink and orange sunrise.

New shift, same duties. I was handling "tops" as we called it, the half hourly news summary. Lead with the big stories, end with a sports item at No. 7 and either an entertainment story or a wacky brite for No. 8. The morning was chugging along, three updates into my day, when my colleague Rob Jagodzinski who was working right across from me went to sit down at his desk and stopped, staring at the bank of TVs positioned unhelpfully right behind my head.

"What's going on at the Trade Center?" he asked, pointing to the TV broadcasting CNN.

Smoke was pouring out of one of the towers. I hadn't noticed. We had nothing on the wire. Managers started popping out of offices. It was a rule that AP Digital couldn't write anything that hadn't yet appeared on the national wires. We were supposed to wait for the GEN Desk to craft a few grafs about whatever was happening in the world. But as the minutes ticked on, and GEN hadn't sent anything yet, my managers Mark Cardwell and Suzanne Rowland told me to just update tops with what I was seeing on TV. Off I went, with the instructions to update the summary "as needed" and "as the situation changed."

Update with fire. Make that a plane crash. Update with second plane hits. Update with other planes hijacked. Update with Pentagon. Take out entertainment, sports and Wall Street items to make room for crash in Pennsylvania. Update with one tower collapsed. Make space for 9th item to add second tower collapsed. Feel hair on back of neck on end, anticipating another plane smashing through the drafty Rockefeller Center windows. After 12 hours, take a dinner break. Head across the plaza to the main AP offices at 50 Rock, to see if the cafeteria is still open. Get in an elevator with someone who doesn't work at the AP. At some point, an AP photographer gets on the elevator, with what looks like powder and drywall chunks in her hair. In my memory she's holding a contact sheet of images that include frames of orange flames shooting out of one of the Trade Center towers. The non-AP woman in the elevator tells her "Oh, hey. You have something in your hair."

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Beth Grace (Email) - I will always remember that Sept. 11 in the Albany bureau, watching the planes hit the towers on TV, deploying staff to the city, organizing the immediate search for major state government figures ("Oh, God. Where's the

Governor," someone shouted, racing for a phone); herding curious staffers from our host newspaper, the Times Union, into the room and telling them they were welcome to watch the TV but please stay silent and let us work; brainstorming how to tackle the biggest story of our lives.

I remember the drive home that night – and for night after night after that – past homes festooned with yellow ribbons. When you saw cars gathering in front of one, you knew that they had gotten the news they dreaded. I saw it often. I wept every time.

I remember jumping into the car a week later, my first day off since the attacks. I wanted to escape it all for a while, and I just drove. It was another gorgeous northeastern fall day, flags everywhere. I headed east into Vermont. So beautiful. My spirits lifted. But as I cleared the curve into Bennington, I saw the effigy. Osama Bin Laden hanging by his neck in the town square. I turned around and headed home. There would be no escape for any of us for months to come.

But another memory – a year later -- touches me every bit as much. On Sept. 11, 2012, I found myself in the lobby of the Warwick Hotel in Manhattan. I had attended meetings the day before at 50 Rock and decided to stay over and head back to Albany the next morning. There had been reports of possible retaliation on the anniversary. I have to admit, I was a little on edge.

I watched the televised ceremonies at Ground Zero that morning in my room, then headed downstairs. I handed my credit card to the desk clerk, did the necessary paperwork and turned to go.

And I saw them. Two slim white pillar candles at the end of the desk. Both were lit, tiny flames flickering.

So beautiful. So perfect. So so so sad. Tears came to my eyes.

As I struggled to compose myself, I glanced at the clerk behind the desk. For the first time, I noticed the hijab.

She was looking at me, blinking back tears.

We smiled sadly at each other.

"Be safe today and always," she whispered.

"You, too, my friend."

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Steve Graham (Email) - A friend and I, as well as our dogs, were on a grouse-hunting trip to north-central Montana and staying in a small motel in an equally small town whose name escapes me.

We walked into the breakfast room just in time to see an aircraft hitting the World Trade Center.

After watching the TV for a while, we figured we'd better head home to Oregon.

Northern Montana at that time was studded with active Minuteman missile silos, normally unmanned. As we passed each one, we saw a single armed military person guarding each one, presumably from Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls.

I wondered at the time how a single person could hold off a band of saboteurs, but presumably the guards were there to sound the alarm, if necessary. We didn't stop to ask.

All aircraft were supposed to be grounded, but we saw a lone crop duster flying at really low altitude. Presumably the pilot just wanted to get home under the radar, because the aircraft obviously was not spreading anything and quickly disappeared over the horizon.

There were no news stories about a crop duster being shot down, so I guess the pilot made it.

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Marc Humbert ([Email](#)) - On the morning of 9-11, Carla and I were on Day 2 of a one-week cruise to Alaska from Seattle. I was up early and had turned on the small TV in our room aboard the Norwegian Sky, a lovely white ship only two years old.

I had turned to a sports channel to check the Monday Night Football results. My favorite team, the New York Giants, had helped the Denver Broncos christen their brand-new stadium the night before.

As I checked the day's printed ship schedule, my wife woke up. "Look at the headline at the bottom of the screen," she said. The crawler read, "New York Under Attack!" CNN had live video. Smoke rose from one of the towers and then a plane flew into the frame and into the second tower. We watched the unfolding horror with the rest of the world. We saw the towers fall - the plume rising above the shining city. The bright blue sky turned to a grey storm.

For us, the fear hit quickly. Our 25-year-old daughter, a private detective, worked for a small agency in a building beside the Trade Center. She lived in Brooklyn and rode the subway into work. She could have been right there.



We began trying to call out using the ship's phone system. Communications were down. There was no calling out. We couldn't get through to her in New York or to her older brother in Vermont. I couldn't reach the AP in Albany or in New York City, or anywhere. The next six hours or so were the worst of our lives. We had no idea if our only daughter had survived. Finally, that afternoon, our son was able to get through to the ship. They connected us. His sister had gotten through to him. She was safe. They

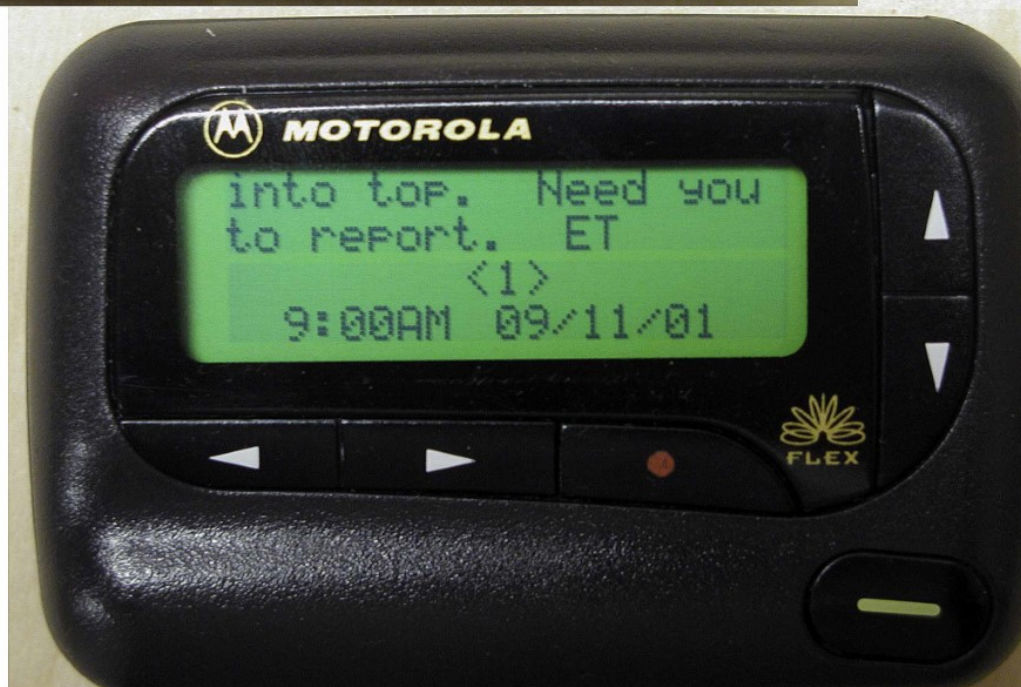
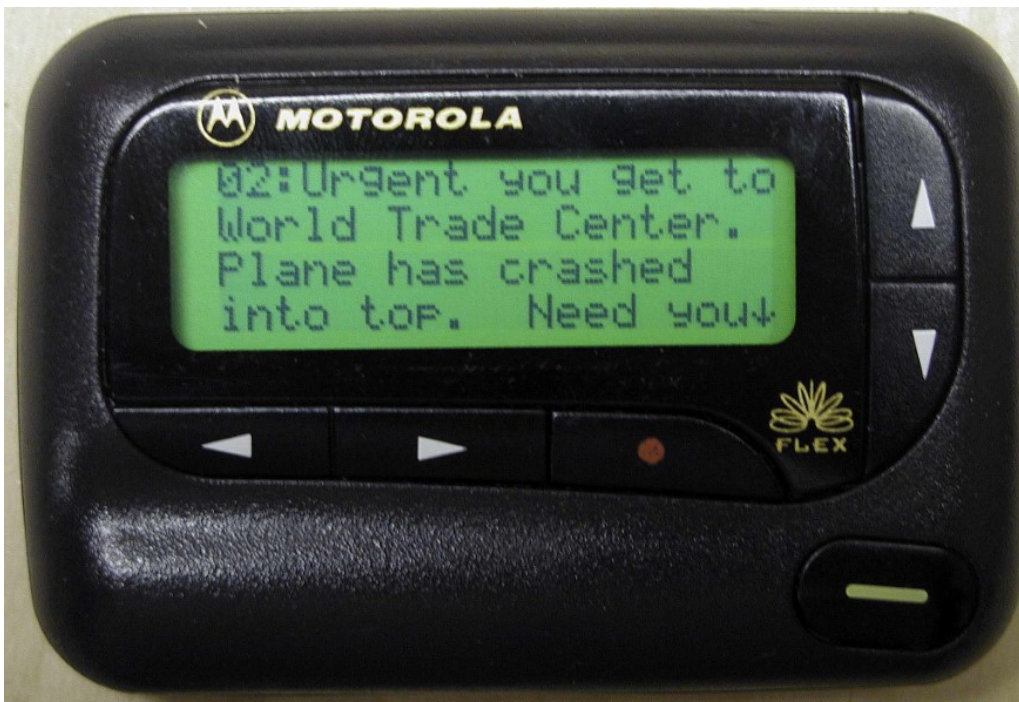
had been raised right - as loyal NY Giants fans. She was among those who was getting a late start into work that Tuesday morning. She was still at home when the first plane crashed into the tower.

We sailed into Juneau the next day. Carla quickly found a pay phone and was able to get through to our daughter. To hear her voice was wonderful. Tears and laughter, and relief.

Then, we found the AP office in Juneau. I was able to borrow a terminal and filed copy back to Albany about life aboard a cruise ship while back home the world as we knew it was gone.

And, as those of you who know Juneau already know, it is one of only two state capitals in the United States (Honolulu is the other) where the only way in or out is by sea or air. Air traffic was shut down nationwide. And, we were already on a ship. We boarded her and sailed on.

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Brad Kalbfeld (Email) - For me, 9/11 began with a get-it-out-of-the-way eye doctor appointment in Northern Virginia before taking the New York shuttle for a meeting at 50 Rock. As I got into the car to leave the doctor's office for the airport, I heard the first radio report that a commuter plane had hit the World Trade Center. My beeper (tells you how long ago it was!) started vibrating with a message from Ed Tobias, who thought I was already in New York, urging me to go to lower Manhattan to help cover the story. Almost immediately, WTOP, Washington's all-news station and an AP affiliate, reported the second plane. I called in: I was headed to the office.

I walked into an intensely busy but calm newsroom, and that is the 9/11 story I want to share.

The Broadcast News Center covered 9/11 in video, audio, graphics, and wire copy. We provided live video positions overlooking Ground Zero, the Pentagon, and the White House for clients from around the world. Our coverage appeared on what was then known as the Global Video Wire; the Broadcast and Washington Metro wires; on All News Radio, AP Network News, and our online audio soundbite services, SoundBank and Prime Cuts; and on our television graphics service, GraphicsBank.

When I arrived, I got a quick briefing from each desk. International Television Manager Denise Vance had dispatched two camera crews in New York. We also deployed two crews from Washington and one from Miami. Our unilateral video from New York included smoke pouring out of the towers, debris on the ground and people covered in soot, plus soundbites with witnesses and victims.

Assistant Managing Editor Wally Hinds briefed me about his decision to break format on All News Radio – an extremely important decision under intense time pressure. He supervised our on-air programming. The BNC news anchors did an incredible job of keeping listeners (on the air and on the web) informed of fast-breaking developments. Their work in the first 53 hours of the crisis – virtually all unscripted, relaying information as it came into the newsroom, often guiding the audience through live events as they developed on the air – won RTNDA's 2002 Edward R. Murrow Award for spot news coverage.

Assistant Managing Editor Ed Tobias was the glue that held the newsroom's audio and wire coverage together, coordinating the movement of reporters and providing hands-on direction of the supervisors.

Assistant Managing Editor Barbara Worth came in from vacation and assumed direction of the national and Washington Metro wires. World Editor Mike Hammer came in from vacation – on his own – to take the chief editing position of the national Broadcast wire. World Editor Pat Fergus, on vacation in North Carolina, jumped into her car and drove back to Washington to help cover the story.

From the time the story broke until the second tower collapsed, a period of about an hour and 50 minutes, we moved 16 NewsAlerts, 11 bulletins, two urgents, six tops and six separates.

AP GraphicsBank, under the direction of assistant managing editor Becky Krimstein, produced more than 40 images on the story -- graphics, maps, photos, and frame grabs from video -- on Sept. 11 alone.

The traffic for our web-delivered services (company-wide) was so intense that members couldn't reliably find or download material. It took a couple of hours to fix the external access issue, but we still had difficulty adding content from inside the AP network -- so we deployed staffers from home to access and update the content.

AP Radio reporter Dave Winslow watched the airplane crash into the Pentagon. He immediately went live on the radio network and we sent quotes to the Washington

desk for the wire. Based on Winslow's eyewitness report, we broke the fact that it was an airplane that hit the Pentagon.

Eugenio Hernandez, an APTN staffer, was on his way to work when he spotted the Pentagon attack. He immediately approached a couple of tourists and asked if he could borrow their digital video camera. He caught immediate reaction and fire billowing from the Pentagon.

Thelma LeBrecht was the only reporter in the triage area outside the Pentagon for the first several hours following the attack. That got us interviews with the people treating the victims and an up-close view of the damage.

Broadcast's New York regional reporter, Warren Levinson, was at the BNC for video training when the planes went into the WTC. He rented a car and drove to New York, where he got a change of clothes and went straight to Ground Zero. He was soon joined by our Miami regional reporter, Tony Winton, who had also been in D.C. for video training. Winton later got former president Bill Clinton on camera, confirming he had authorized the killing of Osama bin Laden in 1998.

Broadcast White House correspondent Mark Smith was with President Bush in Florida when the planes struck. Mark wasn't the radio pool reporter for the return trip to Washington, so while the president flew to various air bases across the country, he was able to do live reporting from Longboat Key, Fla. He, along with other network and agency reporters, ended up taking a 19-hour bus ride back to Washington. He was back in time to cover Bush's visit to Ground Zero later in the week.

Our Broadcast Services operation (known today as Global Media Services) leveraged our newsgathering infrastructure to serve video clients from around the world. Its revenues helped offset the high cost of live video coverage of the story. Serving clients on 9/11 was an extraordinarily complex operation: There was an overwhelming demand for services, there could be no conflicts in satellite windows, every service had to have an itemized record of what was done and when (so we could send an invoice), and it all had to run on time. Most important, it had to be coordinated with our news desks in Washington and London so they had transmission and editing facilities when they needed them.

We did a total of about 50 live shots per day from positions overlooking Ground Zero, the Pentagon, and the White House, as well as the New York APTN bureau and the BNC newsroom. The amazing team that handled this, under Denise's direction, included Broadcast Services Production Manager Chris Cowman, who supervised operation of the New York uplink truck; Commercial Productions Production Manager June Appell and New York Bureau Manager Roger Raiford, who supervised all of the work done from the New York bureau; and Broadcast Services Production Coordinator Gail Connor, who carried the main burden of scheduling the Pentagon truck, the live-shot position on the Chamber of Commerce building overlooking the White House, and the BNC live shots.

So, as shocking and frightening as the events of that day were, I ended it, as I drove home sometime long after dark, with a sense that we had all come together to cover it, and that we had a lot to be proud of.

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Sandy Kozel (Email) - A few days ago, a plane flew low over my condo building. My heart skipped a few beats – as it has done for the last 20 years whenever I'm in my living room and hear a loud engine overhead.

I had worked my overnight anchor shift at AP Radio in Washington on September 11, 2001... and turned on the 'Today' show to relax a bit before turning in. Seeing the coverage of a plane hitting that famous Big Apple building, I called a friend and colleague who was off that day – to tell her she was missing out on what would surely be a busy day at the BNC. Little did we know. She turned on her TV. As we were talking, we saw the second plane attack the World Trade Center.

Along with the rest of the world, we knew that it was no longer an accident. Osama bin Laden's name even made it into our then-shortened conversation. As I turned to calling relatives to tell them to pay attention to the news – the loudest airplane noise I had ever heard shook my condo. Neighbors on one side of the building later said that the plane was so low they were afraid our 10-story building would be hit. Seconds later -- a loud thud. I went out onto my balcony to see if there had been a car crash on the main street down the block. People in the apartment building across the street were doing the same thing. We live a mile west of the Pentagon.

I called the office, grabbed a tape recorder, and then headed toward the Pentagon. Where I ended up, police wouldn't let anyone, regardless of credentials, get closer than the now-demolished Navy Annex. But it was close enough to see the smoke and emergency vehicles racing past. Darkness in the midst of those otherwise strikingly clear blue skies. A bunch of reporters were standing on a grassy hill near an entrance to I-395, trying to file reports. But my lame cell phone – and others – weren't working. It was when a photographer from the video side of AP's Broadcast News Center arrived, that we told the shocking news that both towers in New York had fallen. At one point after that, Arlington police chased us down Columbia Pike, making us run further away from the Pentagon. They had gotten word that another plane was supposed to be heading toward Washington. A bit of a heart-stopper... tied to the plane that ended up in Pennsylvania.

I gathered tape from people who had been at the Pentagon and returned home to file. Then I was told to get some sleep because it would be a long night – many long nights, it turned out -- of extended anchor shifts. Sleeping was hard, not only because of the nightmare underway – but also because then there were then fighter jets flying overhead. Both scary and comforting.

Keeping emotions in check while on the job -- yes. But all these years later, a loud plane overhead remains a trigger – both physically and emotionally. And I do realize that my experience was nothing compared to those of the people who were in or near those buildings... who were trapped or who ran from them... or the brave first responders. I still pray for them as well as those who died.

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Carl P. Leubsdorf (Email) – column in The Dallas Morning News - It's been two decades since that horrific morning when an assault from the sky caused New York's

two iconic towers to erupt in flames and make an entire nation feel it was under attack.

The gas masks, the bottles of water, the wads of bills, and the other protective measures stockpiled in the ensuing weeks to prepare for the next emergency are mostly forgotten.

Though terrorists still strike – as they did in killing 13 U.S. service members and nearly 200 Afghans during the recent withdrawal from Afghanistan -- enhanced domestic security and alertness have kept the American homeland safe.

Still, 9-11 stands as one of those significant crossroads in U.S. history, a fearsome prelude for a series of 21st Century blows to our wellbeing, though its death toll of 3,000 pales alongside the pandemic that has killed more than 200 times that many Americans – and several million elsewhere.

For many of us who lived through it, it will always be one of those days vividly etched in memory – like when assassins gunned down John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

In Washington, it was a brilliantly sunny September morning. My wife, Susan Page, was on a plane to New York when I heard the first bulletins, creating some personal heart-stopping uncertainty until I realized the doomed planes were not from the two airlines that regularly flew the Washington-New York shuttle route. Subsequently, I learned her plane had landed safely in Baltimore.

In the initial hours, there was panic in many streets of downtown Washington, as thousands rushed to leave the city, jamming major roads out of town. As journalists do, we went to work, helping to publish the first “extra” edition of The Dallas Morning News since the attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan 20 years earlier.

Meanwhile, a third terrorist-commandeered craft hit the outer rings of the nearby Pentagon. A fourth was headed for the U.S. Capitol when its passengers courageously took control, forcing it to crash in a Pennsylvania field and saving democracy’s citadel at the cost of their lives.

Even the president, George W. Bush, conveyed a disconcerting initial sense of uncertainty. Told of the attacks while visiting a Florida classroom, he was taken airborne for safety, flying in Air Force One to two distant bases, before returning to Washington to take command.

Read more [here](#).

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Ed McCullough (Email) - The morning of 9/11 in New York already was early afternoon in Stockholm. After the first plane crashed into the WTC's north tower, all eyes in the bureau were tuned to TV screens. When the second plane veered toward the south tower, everyone realized in the instant before the inevitable second fireball: This was no accident.

The shock was palpable. Our job was gathering reaction from national leaders: political, military, religious. The best I recall was (paraphrase): I'm afraid what the U.S. might do (e.g., overreact, lash out blindly), but more afraid it will do nothing (e.g., fail to unite as a nation and government).

Then: We support the U.S. whatever it does.

I searched the Internet unsuccessfully to find that quote, which I believe was from then Swedish Prime Minister Goran Persson of the Social Democrats or his predecessor (and future foreign minister) Carl Bildt of the Moderate party. More importantly, neutral and non-aligned Sweden - never joined NATO, never swapped its currency (kronor) for the euro - immediately expressed support of the government of President Bush and the U.S.-led invasion of Afghanistan.

The juxtaposition of 9/11 2001 vs. the anniversary 20 years later is mind boggling.

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Robert Meyers (Email) - I think I've shared my 9/11 personal memories already on Connecting but briefly restating that I was day supervisor at the State Photo Center on that wonderfully clear September morning in Washington, D.C., and watching CNN when it went to a live picture of smoke coming out of the World Trade Center. I too assumed it was a small plane accident and checked in with Susan Plageman, day supervisor in NY Photos with a simple "wow" over the phone. I was on the phone with someone else when Fred Sweets standing behind me reacted to the second plane hitting the tower on live tv. I set my emotions aside and worked until the early hours of the next day with most of the photos coming through late in the afternoon/evening including the flag raising from the Bergen Record that became a postage stamp. Early Sept. 12, K Street was fortified with an APC and soldiers at every intersection around the office at 2021 K NW. I caught the last Orange Line Metro train to home in Vienna, Va., and walking through a parking lot with dozens of cars still parked there wondered how many might belong to people who were at the Pentagon since my daily commute was shared with many in military uniform. I kissed my children as they slept and was back at work before they woke up. The anniversaries of 9/11 produced many times the images of the actual day over the next 10 or more years.

What I haven't shared with Connecting is that Ken Waldie, the captain of my high school swim team whom I knew well but had not kept in touch with after graduation, was on the flight out of Boston that was the first to hit the World Trade Center. He was working for Raytheon and on his way to Los Angeles for meetings. Ken left a wife and three sons in Meuthen, Mass. Other members of our high school class formed a scholarship committee in 2002 and began to raise money to fund [a scholarship in Ken Waldie's honor](#). They held golf outings in August each year near our school in Bethel Park, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburgh, and annual class reunion fundraisers at the Jugoslav Club in Bethel Park, Pa., in October. I attended many of these fundraisers except when it conflicted with my daughter's birthday before she went off to college in England in 2009. The group wound up the scholarship fund this year, and the last fundraiser/class reunion coincided with our 45th in 2018. The amount of money raised was impressive and nearly 100 students given scholarships. Selection was based on attributes we admired in Ken Waldie. Leadership, Athleticism and Honor. Ken swam for the Naval

Academy, served in the U.S. Navy and retired as a lieutenant. I have visited his name in the memorial pool at the World Trade Center site in NYC.

Also a side note. 9/11/2001 was the 30th anniversary of the founding of Greenpeace, the environmental campaigning organization. This year will be its 50th anniversary of founding by two American expatriates and one Canadian in Vancouver, Canada, as the "Don't Make a Wave" committee protesting American nuclear weapons testing in Amchitka, Alaska, on the concern that a nuclear blast would cause a tidal wave that could destroy Vancouver. In 2001, Greenpeace USA had leased a large hall in lower Manhattan to hold a reception/event in honor of its founding. The Greenpeace ship Rainbow Warrior II was sailing along the south coast of Long Island when reports of the attacks on the World Trade Center were received in the ship's radio room and the crew observed the clouds of smoke rising from the scene. The ship changed course and Greenpeace abandoned plans for its celebration. The venue was used as a morgue for recovery operations.

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Bruce Nathan (Email) - I was on foot on my way to AP Headquarters from Grand Central Station when I saw a throng of anguished souls looking into a storefront window watching the televised report of an aircraft crashing into one of the World Trade Center's twin towers.

I picked up my pace arriving at the corner of 50th St. and Fifth Ave. to find AP longtime photographer Marty Lederhandler on the job.

Marty was photographing pedestrians in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral and documenting the plume of smoke clearly visible south down Fifth Ave.

Upon spotting me, Marty produced several rolls of film and asked me to rush them to the photo desk. Marty, whose 66-year AP career made him the longest-serving AP staffer, presumably was AP's last holdout against the advent of digital cameras.

I ran across Fifth Ave., but before I reached Rockefeller Plaza — a mere block away — the second tower was hit by another airplane.

In that moment any confusion about accidental tragedy or an enemy attack was dispelled.

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Rick Spratling (Email) - When the first plane hit the north tower I was in the middle of the George Washington Bridge, driving to an AP state meeting in New Jersey. I stopped in a breakdown lane on the GW and looked straight across the Hudson River at the burning tower. I was struck by the clarity of the colors - black and gray smoke against a flawless blue sky. My first reaction was to wonder why anyone would want to destroy such a lovely autumn day. By the time I reached Jersey the second plane had hit. Manhattan was sealed off and I spent two days working out of the Trenton bureau. When I made it back to Manhattan the first thing I noticed were squads of soldiers, armed with assault rifles, guarding street corners across the Upper West Side. I recall thinking that the New York I knew was changed forever.

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Chris Sullivan (Email) - Three September 11 reflections:

En route from Grand Central toward 50 Rock, I was crossing Fifth Avenue when I noticed some tourists pointing downtown – toward the World Trade Center, which had just been struck. The rest of the day was a cascade of events after I arrived at my desk in Newsfeatures: a meeting in the NYC bureau with a few editors when this appeared to be a local (though big) story; literally running, after the second tower was hit, back to my desk and calling our writers around the country to be ready for whatever reporting they might be needed for; later taking dictation, including an account (by an AP photographer?) of seeing people jumping or falling, prompting me to ask if he was sure, if he'd seen this directly, since I hadn't seen the surreal TV coverage yet. Sometime past midnight, after writing a PMs sidebar, I walked with another editor to an AP-rented apartment for a few hours' sleep before returning around 7 for another day of story conferences, assignments and editing, all of it just a blur 20 years later.

Late that second night, driving home from the Metro North station toward our house in Connecticut, I had NPR on the car radio, broadcasting a concert from London. After a moment of silence for the victims, the orchestra performed what the conductor called "America's music of mourning," Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings," relentlessly building to its crescendo, a keening cry of pain. I had to pull the car over, as it was the most overwhelming experience of music I've ever had.

A few days later, I caught an early train into Manhattan because I wanted to walk through the city toward Ground Zero before going in to work. (I just wanted to revisit a place where I'd been many times, including once years earlier, when a bunch of us from the general desk treated a colleague to breakfast at Windows on the World, the restaurant that seemed to float in the sky, to celebrate his moving off the overnight.) I described my walk in a note that day to my wife Lucy, telling about the strange stillness of the city, the makeshift candle shrines that people had set up on street corners, which grew thicker as I moved downtown, the patriotic or poetic quotations on pages that New Yorkers had taped to the iron fence railings around Washington Square, where a large American flag was also pinned up, and the increasingly acrid smell as I got closer to the site. Finally, I reached an intersection, somewhere around Canal Street, I think, where police stopped anyone without official business. Hazy smoke hung in the air, and you could see some rubble. As I told Lucy, I asked a cop if he could point to where exactly the towers had risen above the low buildings in front of us. He looked but said he couldn't say for sure now that there was only sky.

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Marc Wilson (Email) - I was 30,000 thousand feet in the air on a commercial airliner when the attacks occurred on September 11, 20 years ago.

"Something terrible has happened," the Air Tran pilot announced over the loud speaker. "But I can't tell you more."

Our plane was about halfway between Moline, Illinois, and Atlanta.

“Please stay in your seats until we land,” the pilot added. “When we land you likely won’t be able to take any of your personal items. Just leave the plane quickly but calmly. We will do everything we can to keep everyone safe.”

When we landed at Hartsfield – still not knowing what “terrible thing” had happened – we could see all the planes pulled away from the gates and parked on the tarmac far away from the terminals.

“We’ve been told that you can take your personal items and carry-on items with you,” the pilot said. “We can’t tell you anything else.”

The anxious passengers exited the plane calmly. When we got off the jet bridge, we all joined crowds looking at TVs inside the terminal.

There was video but no sound, and we couldn’t determine what was happening live and what was taped replays. To this day I don’t know if I saw the second tower attacked in real time or in replay.

Other passengers were also confused except to report that all flights had been canceled, including my connecting flight to Dallas.

Rumors of all sorts circulated, including war and nuclear bomb attacks.

I called home and Ginny confirmed that the World Trade Center and the Pentagon had been attacked.

Hartsfield was chaotic. I – and thousands of others – were stranded at one of the world’s busiest airports.

I called the Hilton Hotel reservation center and got a room at a new Hampton Inn 10 miles south of the airport. The hotel staff and courtesy van shuttle driver were amazingly helpful for a motel filled with stranded, stressed and baggage-less customers.

I was there three nights before Avis re-opened its rental desk. After a long wait in the line, I rented a car and drove 12 hours to home.

For hours after the 9-11 attack, Air Force One with President Bush aboard, was “the Only Plane in the Sky,” as memorialized by Garret M. Graff’s book.

I don’t know for certain, but my flight to Atlanta was perhaps the penultimate flight that terrible day.

Connecting mailbox

Start of a career

Volunteer army: mercenary monster

guest column

By DENNIS CONRAD

There were many victims of the Vietnam War, but no victim's demise had greater significance for the American people than that of the Selective Service System.

The much maligned Selective Service was officially replaced early this year by the All-Volunteer Force concept.

Realizing how disenchanted young people were with the draft and trying to turn the newly enfranchised eighteen-year-olds into their most ardent supporters, politicians of every political stripe had joined the bandwagon to eliminate the draft.

At the President's urging, Congress had passed high pay and bonus hikes to try to make military life attractive enough so that the desired manpower level

could be reached without a draft.

To people who become very indignant when filing their income tax returns, the cost of changing from the draft to the volunteer army should bring forth nothing less than complete outrage.

From fiscal year 1968, when the transition to the volunteer army began, to fiscal year 1974, the proportion of the defense budget devoted to manpower costs jumped from 42 to 56 percent.

At a time when our President is relentlessly impounding and vetoing badly needed funds for cleaning our air and water, for refurbishing our cities and for bringing dignity to our poor and elderly, it is a national tragedy that so many dollars are being mispent to create an army of mercenaries, especially when the

desirability of an all-volunteer Army is questionable.

Whatever else one might care to say about President Nixon, one has to credit him with being politically astute enough to realize that what dethroned Lyndon Johnson was his disrespect for the political clout of Middle America.

We now should realize that the support of the American people and their elected representatives was the cause of our continued involvement in Indochina, and not the draft. Congress could have cut off funds to finance the war, but it did not. The American people could have screamed for an immediate pull out, but a majority never did.

Instead of reacting with good sense to this nonsensical war of the last decade, we have created an expensive monster, a monster that just may make it easier instead of more difficult to send Americans to die in another Vietnam.

Without the draft, the military will no longer be as reflective of the nation as a

whole. The wages of the military have been raised substantially, true enough; but they still will not be attractive to the middle and upper class youth.

Any system which places an unnecessarily harsh burden on the poor and uneducated during time of war does not belong in a nation that calls itself a democracy. Any war that is worthwhile for a democracy to undertake should have broad support within the democracy and should be fought by

members belonging to each and every class.

The mercenary army is the kind of concept that could be the death blow to a democracy. An army of careerist soldiers dedicated to the slightest promotion would be just what an ambitious general would need for the successful overthrow of the government.

It is still not too late to return to the draft. That is, if there isn't a General MacArthur waiting in the wings.



Dennis Conrad (Email) - Herein, from 48 years ago and for your amusement, is my first contribution to the Independent Florida Alligator, the college newspaper circulated in Gainesville, Florida. It was published June 19, 1973, for the first issue of the summer quarter. That same year, Carl Hiaasen was a regular columnist. At least ONE of us went on to a successful career as a journalist. LOL.

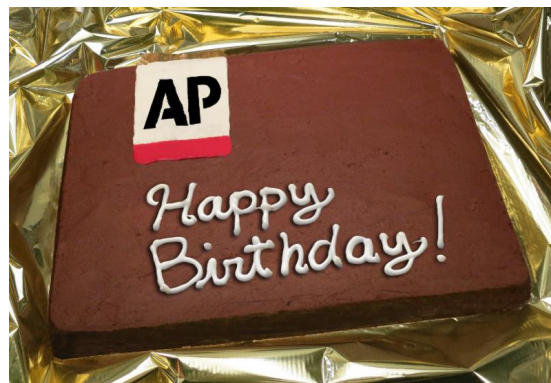
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Music after sunset



Chris Carola ([Email](#)) - I encountered some young people playing guitars just after sunset Sept. 7 on Horseneck Beach in Westport, Mass.

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



On Sunday to...

Dale Leach – daleleach21@gmail.com

Bill Vogrin - billvogrin@msn.com

More from AP's 9/11 book

INTRODUCTION: NOTES FROM A JUMBLED WORLD



By Ted Anthony, Director of New Storytelling and Newsroom Innovation, The Associated Press

Where were you the moment that everything changed?

I was in a restaurant in the Chinese capital, eating grilled shrimp tails.

I had just moved to China from New York, weeks after getting married, to take up my new posting as an international correspondent for The Associated Press. I was ready to focus on the politics and culture of the world's most populous society as it took its place in the community of nations.

The world, though, had other plans.

The cataclysm of Sept. 11, 2001, its name in those early days not yet shortened to our current "9/11," summoned an entire generation of journalists whose career trajectories and lives were knocked onto an entirely new course by the biggest story of our era: covering the attacks and their aftermath as the unthinkable products of violence and rage reverberated across a reeling planet.

* * *

For some of us, the coverage meant a chance at service, for others an unmatched professional opportunity. For many, like myself, it meant exposure to parts of the world we had never experienced firsthand and peoples we had never known.

For some journalists, the emotional toll of coming face to face with such death and destruction rippled out across the years. For still others, it meant unexpected endings, lives truncated tragically. Some of us died on a lonely road outside Jalalabad when a convoy of journalists en route to Kabul was ambushed in November 2001. One of us, Daniel Pearl of *The Wall Street Journal*, was kidnapped in January 2002 after being lured to an interview in Karachi, Pakistan's largest city, and brutally murdered shortly afterward.

As soon as it became clear that Afghanistan would be the focus, legions of us were sent in from all corners of the AP—from the Middle East and Africa, from Southeast Asia and the United States. The first stop for so many of us was Pakistan, the “control bureau” for Afghanistan. That was where our knowledgeable colleague Kathy Gannon—her vivid dispatches already the stuff of legend within AP—briefed us about what might come next and about the complex politics of both Afghanistan and Pakistan.

Suddenly, many of us were submerged in a sea of political subtlety that, frankly, we barely understood. We buried ourselves in books and recent articles and background interviews with diplomats. We said to ourselves: “Can we do this? Are we ready? Will we get this right? Will we survive?”

As the U.S. air war commenced and was completed, AP journalists converged on Afghanistan itself, coming in from Uzbekistan and Tajikistan and Iran, from Dubai and Islamabad, trying to see firsthand what the aftermath of 9/11 had wrought and what would take the place of the Taliban, overthrown by the United States after sheltering the attacks' mastermind, Osama bin Laden.

For many of the younger Western journalists among us, this all made for an almost unbelievable journalism experience. I remember having conversations with colleagues—people who, like me, had started our careers at small and medium-sized newspapers covering cops and municipal government, hoping to one day travel the world as correspondents. Now we were, and it was dizzying.

* * *

Together we set out to chronicle this era that was unfolding before us at top speed. The “scribblers” among us quickly learned the ways of photographers, and vice versa. Colleagues we had never met and knew only by their names on emails, we suddenly found ourselves living with. Stories were written to match photographs that had been taken. Late-night discussions over cheap cigarettes on dust-choked Kabul evenings begat story ideas that we'd rise at dawn to rush out and do. I believe that the “cross-format” journalism so common in the online news coverage of the 2020s—text and video and photography and audio working in lockstep to tell important stories—had roots in how journalists worked together so closely during those jumbled days when online journalism was first emerging.

And me? I walked the rutted streets of a refugee camp outside Kabul with a U.S. senator named Joe Biden, guarded by men with machine guns as we discussed foreign policy and talked to displaced Afghans. I visited a used book market in the Pakistani army's headquarters town and wrote about the divide between cultures as told by the publications for sale. I spent a day with Afghans who had repurposed hundreds of abandoned Soviet shipping containers into stores and apartments—an entire neighborhood of commerce, street by salvaged street—as they tried to rebuild their capital. I crossed the war-scarred Shomali Plain, my mouth dry as I passed burned-out hulks of vehicles and roadside signs that said, in English and Dari, “BEWARE OF MINES.”

I stood with Zalmay Horiakhail, one of Afghanistan's newest police officers, in a side alley as we dodged the sparks from soldering irons and watched a satellite dish, banned by the Taliban, being constructed out of a piece of salvaged sheet metal painted with Reddi-wip logos—waylaid, somehow, from its original destiny as a whipped-topping canister. “I'd be really interested in a good cop movie,” Officer Horiakhail told me.

As I wrote all of this down in my notebook over the weeks and months, I thought often of my mother, who, when I decided to pursue journalism as a profession out of college, told me: “You'll be getting paid to get an education every day.” I don't think she ever dreamed how right she'd be.

* * *

Almost two years after 9/11, as the Iraq invasion unfolded, U.S. Gen. Tommy Franks would famously say that embedded journalists there could see the story as if they were “looking through five, six hundred straws at one time.”

When he said that, I realized: For journalists, that's essentially what covering 9/11 and its aftermath was.

We each could see what was in our narrow field of vision. We all felt entirely immersed in it all. But even at the time, we knew that there were always countless vantage points that we or our colleagues weren't seeing or covering. And often, the story that appeared under one or two bylines contained the work of many people around the world, each contributing a few filaments of news or context.

No single vantage point—no single writer or photographer or video journalist—could have ever captured the story of 9/11, no matter how talented the journalist. The effort was more like crowdsourcing the story for the world. Together and apart, day by day, interview by interview, image by image, paragraph by paragraph, we created a mural of the biggest story we'd ever known.

And as the events in Afghanistan in recent weeks show dramatically, the mural is still being painted 20 years later.

An excerpt from “[September 11: The 9/11 Story, Aftermath and Legacy](#)” with permission from [The Associated Press](#).

EXCERPT: on Morning of 9/11, 'What's Happening to My City?'



FILE - People run from the collapse of World Trade Center Tower Tuesday, Sept. 11, 2001 in New York. On that day, Howie Rumberg, working the overnight in AP Sports, came up out of a subway and found himself in the middle of chaos. (AP Photo/Suzanne Plunkett) The Associated Press

FROM U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT

On Sept. 11, 2001, Associated Press writer Howie Rumberg came off the overnight shift and took the subway to lower Manhattan.

By HOWIE RUMBERG, Associated Press

The following account from Howie Rumberg, now deputy sports editor for The Associated Press, is excerpted from the book "September 11: The 9/11 Story, Aftermath and Legacy," an in-depth look at AP's coverage of 9/11 and the events that followed. On that day, Rumberg, working the overnight in AP Sports, came up out of a lower Manhattan subway and found himself in the middle of chaos.

Seventeen minutes. Twenty years later, unraveling the morning of Sept. 11, it feels like an eternity.

About 17 minutes passed between the time I stepped out of the subway station at Canal Street to rush-hour shouts of disbelief and horror seconds after American

Airlines flight 11 struck the north tower, and the shocking boom of United Airlines flight 175 crashing into the south tower as I stood one block north of the World Trade Center complex.

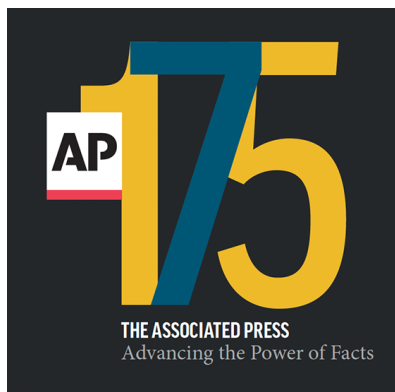
Just off an overnight shift in the AP Sports department, a night that began by catching a glimpse of Michael Jackson emerging from Madison Square Garden into a shower of flashing strobe lights from fans and photographers, all I could think of was sleep – until I saw the jagged, burning hole in Tower One.

The explanation seemed implausible: A plane had flown right into the building. It had just happened. I didn't even hear sirens yet, just the chorus of "Oh, my God!" from people instantly halted in their morning hustle.

I sprinted the 100 yards or so home, woke my girlfriend and breathlessly told her to look out the window. I then took her cell phone — I didn't even have one then — and called the office. Did they need help?

"Yes. Go!" I was told by a voice I didn't know.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Valerie Komor.



Celebrating AP's 175th

AP store for 175th, vintage merchandise



The AP has created a store with 175th anniversary merchandise available for purchase, as well as items branded with some of AP's most historic logos.

Click [here](#).

AP Through Time: A Photographic History



AP Through Time: A Photographic History” - created by Director of Corporate Archives, Valerie Komor, is a keepsake commemorating AP’s 175th year. Small in size (6 ¾ x 6 ¾ in.), it is organized chronologically in eight segments that trace the broad outlines of AP’s development from 1846 to the present: Beginnings, Evolution, New Century, Modernity, Expansion, One World, Speed, and Transformation. Click [here](#) to view and make an order.

AP at 175 video

This video celebrates the unique role AP has played since 1846.

Oops!

The embed code for this video is not valid.



Today in History - Sept. 10, 2021



By The Associated Press

Today is Friday, Sept. 10, the 253rd day of 2021. There are 112 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Sept. 10, 1963, 20 Black students entered Alabama public schools following a standoff between federal authorities and Gov. George C. Wallace.

On this date:

In 1608, John Smith was elected president of the Jamestown colony council in Virginia.

In 1813, an American naval force commanded by Oliver H. Perry defeated the British in the Battle of Lake Erie during the War of 1812. (Afterward, Perry sent the message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours.")

In 1919, New York City welcomed home Gen. John J. Pershing and 25,000 soldiers who'd served in the U.S. First Division during World War I.

In 1935, Sen. Huey P. Long died in Baton Rouge two days after being shot in the Louisiana state Capitol, allegedly by Dr. Carl Weiss.

In 1960, Hurricane Donna, a dangerous Category 4 storm eventually blamed for 364 deaths, struck the Florida Keys.

In 1962, the U.S. Supreme Court ordered the University of Mississippi to admit James Meredith, a Black student.

In 1984, a revival of the TV game show "Jeopardy!" hosted by Alex Trebek premiered in syndication.

In 1987, Pope John Paul II arrived in Miami, where he was welcomed by President Ronald Reagan and first lady Nancy Reagan as he began a 10-day tour of the United States.

In 1991, the Senate Judiciary Committee opened hearings on the nomination of Clarence Thomas to the U.S. Supreme Court.

In 1998, President Clinton met with members of his Cabinet to apologize, ask forgiveness and promise to improve as a person in the wake of the Monica Lewinsky scandal.

In 2005, Cadaver dogs and boatloads of forensic workers fanned out across New Orleans to collect the corpses left behind by Hurricane Katrina; cleanup crews towed away abandoned cars and even began readying a hotel for reopening.

In 2015, New York State approved gradually raising the minimum wage for fast-food workers to \$15 an hour — the first time any state had set the minimum that high.

Ten years ago: On the eve of the 10th anniversary of 9/11, former Presidents George W. Bush and Bill Clinton paid tribute to the 40 passengers and crew who fought back against their hijackers aboard Flight 93 during a ceremony dedicating the first phase of a memorial in Shanksville, Pennsylvania. A pair of NASA probes — named Grail-A and Grail-B — rocketed toward the moon on the first mission dedicated to measuring lunar gravity and determining what was inside Earth's orbiting companion. Oscar- and Emmy-winning actor Cliff Robertson died in Stony Brook, New York, a day after turning 88.

Five years ago: John Hinckley Jr., the man who tried to assassinate President Ronald Reagan in 1981, was released from a Washington mental hospital for good. Angelique Kerber won her first U.S. Open title and the second Grand Slam trophy of her breakthrough season, beating Karolina Pliskova 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

One year ago: Authorities in Oregon said more than 500,000 people statewide had been forced to leave their homes because of wildfires; the number represented more than 10% of the state's population. Houston's police chief said four officers had been terminated after an internal investigation determined they did not use reasonable force when they fired their weapons 21 times at a man who had been experiencing a mental health crisis, killing him in April after he was already injured and on the ground. Twitter said it would start labeling or removing misleading claims that were aimed at undermining public confidence in elections. Diana Rigg, a British actor whose career included roles in the 1960s spy series "The Avengers" and the fantasy juggernaut "Game of Thrones," died at the age of 82.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Philip Baker Hall is 90. Actor Greg Mullavey is 88. Jazz vibraphonist Roy Ayers is 81. Actor Tom Ligon is 81. Singer Danny Hutton (Three Dog Night) is 79. Singer Jose Feliciano is 76. Actor Judy Geeson is 73. Former Canadian first lady Margaret Trudeau is 73. Political commentator Bill O'Reilly is 72. Rock musician Joe Perry (Aerosmith) is 71. Country singer Rosie Flores is 71. Actor Amy Irving is 68. Sen. Cynthia Lummis, R-Wyo., is 67. Actor-director Clark Johnson is 67. Actor Kate Burton is 64. Movie director Chris Columbus is 63. Actor Colin Firth is 61. Rock singer-musician David Lowery (Cracker) is 61. Actor Sean O'Bryan is 58. Baseball Hall of

Famer Randy Johnson is 58. Actor Raymond Cruz is 57. Rock musician Stevie D. (Buckcherry) is 55. Rock singer-musician Miles Zuniga (Fastball) is 55. Actor Nina Repeta (NY'-nuh ruh-PEHT'-ah) is 54. Rapper Big Daddy Kane is 53. Movie director Guy Ritchie is 53. Actor Johnathon Schaech (shehk) is 52. Contemporary Christian singer Sara Groves is 49. Actor Ryan Phillippe (FIHL'-ih-pee) is 47. Actor Kyle Bornheimer is 46. Actor Jacob Young is 42. Rock musician Mikey Way (My Chemical Romance) is 41. Olympic bronze medal figure skater Timothy Goebel (GAY'-bul) is 41. Ballerina Misty Copeland is 39. MLB All-Star first-baseman Joey Votto (VAH'-toh) is 38. Rock musician Matthew Followill (Kings of Leon) is 37. Singer Ashley Monroe (Pistol Annies) is 35. MLB All-Star first-baseman Paul Goldschmidt is 34. Singer Sanjaya Malakar (san-JY'-uh MA'-luh-kar) ("American Idol") is 32. Actor Chandler Massey is 31. Actor Hannah Hodson is 30. Actor Gabriel Bateman is 17.

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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