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Connecting
September 13, 2021

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Colleagues,

Good Monday morning on this Sept. 13, 2021,

The Kansas City AP family was saddened by news of the death of longtime administrative assistant **Carolyn Andrews Schenker**.

Carolyn was hired by CoB **Fred Moen** in 1978 and worked in the KX bureau for the next 29 years before her retirement. Conscientious and always willing to go the extra mile, and someone who cared about the people she worked with, Carolyn is remembered fondly by all of us who worked with her over those years. My thanks to former staffer **Melinda Smith**, Carolyn's guardian angel over her lifetime, for writing her obituary and sharing.

The 20th anniversary of the 9/11 terrorist attacks has prompted memories from many Connecting colleagues whose stories have graced the last few issues. Today is no exception. Some remarkable stories that need to be told.

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy!

Paul

Carolyn Andrews Schenker, AP admin assistant in Kansas City for three decades, dies at 84

Carolyn Jean Andrews Schenker, 84, passed away on Sept. 9, 2021, at Northland Rehabilitation and Health Care in Kansas City, Missouri.

Carolyn was born on Sept. 25, 1936, the youngest child of Leonard Earl and Mary Marie Andrews. Although a lifelong Kansas City area resident, Carolyn also lived briefly in Los Angeles during the '60s. There, she worked as a secretary at an advertising agency and would later talk of her wonderful coworkers and the fun they had together. It was also there that she met her husband, Barrie (Victorio) Schenker, a flamenco dancer and choreographer.

After Carolyn returned from Los Angeles, she began working in 1978 as an administrative assistant for the Kansas City Bureau of the Associated Press. She retired from the AP in 2007.

"Carolyn was proud to be part of our team in Kansas and Missouri," said Paul Stevens, retired Kansas City bureau chief and Midwest regional vice president. "One of her most important roles, back in the day when bureaus handled their own checking accounts, was to make prompt payments to staffers for their expenses and to pay news and photo stringers as well as the many vendors hired by the bureau. She also tracked the many forms in hard copy in those days before computerization made all our lives easier.

"Carolyn was a major cog in our operation, behind the scenes, but with a presence very much felt."

Among the bureau chiefs she also worked with were Beth Grace, Randy Picht and Kia Breaux - and among the assistant chiefs were Mercer Bailey, Eva Parziale, Fran Richardson Mears, Cliff Schiappa and Peg Coughlin.

Carolyn had a big, vibrant personality. She loved to laugh and had a unique and fun sense of humor. She was a hard worker and a loyal and compassionate friend, who liked to encourage those dear to her with cards and handwritten notes. For years, she also kept and cared for her ailing sister, Virginia Andrews. However, Carolyn's true and driving passion was her devotion to her beloved son, Victor (Vic) Schenker. Both were avid Royals, Chiefs and Seahawks fans and never missed watching the games together on TV. They also enjoyed working jigsaw puzzles and the day-to-day spending time with and looking after one another. They were not only mother and son, but also best friends. Carolyn loved the arts, especially flamenco dance. She also loved cats and often told cute stories about the ones she had owned. She enjoyed reading, doing needlepoint and gardening and found beauty and meaning in the little things. She was so appreciative of the time she had on the phone with friends and cared about every detail of their lives. She will be greatly missed.

Carolyn was preceded in death by her parents, her sister, and her brother, Arthur Andrews.

She is survived by her son, of the home.

The family will commemorate Carolyn's passing privately; however, condolences may be sent in care of Victor Schenker to Passantino Brothers Funeral Home, 2117 Independence Boulevard, Kansas City, Missouri 64124.

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Dorothy Downton (Email) - For some people, the challenges of life do not weigh heavy, and seem to be just opportunities to be taken. For the rest of us, including Carolyn Andrews Schenker, most days seemed to present a difficulty that must be dealt with. How we deal with the problems found in our everyday existence gives others a view of our real character and outlook.

I first met Carolyn Andrews Schenker when I joined The Associated Press as the Administrative Assistant in the Detroit Bureau in May 1995. At that time Carolyn was the Administrative Assistant in the Kansas City Bureau. I quickly found she was always willing to answer any questions I might have, and she also made me feel comfortable in asking. She had a very unique sense of humor which I appreciated. No matter what problem we were discussing, we were able to end up with a positive resolution.

Even after she retired in 2007, we continued frequent communication and maintained our friendship until the day she died. She will surely be missed by anyone who took the time to know her. I have many fond memories of my dear friend Carolyn, and may God rest her soul.

EXCERPT: On 9/11, reporting from Taliban-controlled Kabul



FILE - Associated Press Islamabad bureau chief Kathy Gannon reports from the basement of the AP house in Kabul, Afghanistan, during a night of heavy bombing on Oct. 26. 2001. On Sept. 11, 2001, Gannon, reporting in the Afghan capital, received a call from her boss that changed her world forever. (AP Photo/Dimitri Messinis)

By KATHY GANNON

The following account from Kathy Gannon, now news director for Afghanistan and Pakistan 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, Gannon, reporting in the Afghan capital, received a call from her boss that changed her world forever.

In the late afternoon of Sept. 11, 2001, I received a phone call from New York, where it was morning. It was Sally Jacobsen, my boss and the AP's international editor. A plane had hit one of the World Trade Center towers, she told me. It might be an accident, but ...

Before she could finish her thought, a second plane flew into the second tower. She hung up.

I was in Kabul, the Afghan capital, where six Christian aid workers, including two young American women, were in jail, arrested by the Taliban for proselytizing. Two days earlier, two suicide bombers had killed Ahmad Shah Masood, who had been fighting the Taliban since they ousted his government in 1996.

In Taliban-run Afghanistan, there were no televisions. They had been outlawed along with music. Radios were the only source of news. Thirty minutes after that call from New York, my Afghan colleague Amir Shah came into our small office on the second floor of the AP house. Another plane had smashed into the Pentagon. What was going on? It had become clear that the first thoughts by AP editors in New York were correct: This was terrorism. And al-Qaida leader Osama bin Laden, who had been living in Afghanistan since May 1996, even before the Taliban took power, was the mastermind.

It seemed just minutes later when Amir Shah said a fourth plane had, unbelievably, crashed into a field. Without a television, with only a crackly broadcast spitting out the most horrific of news, we didn't know what to think. Amir was worried. Was bin Laden behind the attacks? If he was, Amir was sure of one thing: "Afghanistan will be set on fire."

It wasn't until we stopped at the United Nations Guest House where the American parents of the two imprisoned Christian charity workers were staying that I saw the horrifying images of the planes slamming into the towers.

Read more [here](#).

Memories of where you were on 9/11

Wendy Davis Beard (Email) - I am a former NYer now living in London who worked at AP Photos/50 Rock right out of Uni, as everyone in the UK calls college). I was already resettled in Australia with my husband when 9/11 happened. It was one of many world events I felt strangely removed from. I knew how the photo library prepared obituary files of the rich famous and and powerful (often decades before their demise). How would AP prepare and deal with something like this? The answer I assume was by calling upon an incredible professional staff ready to complete this assignment like any other, only more so!

Yesterday, when I read the reflection by Dan Day on the day and got to: "Churches stayed open longer so people could drop in to pray, as I did at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York and as our family did at our home parish in Summit. I fought tears as we sang "God Bless America."

I found myself crying reading this. I remember my AP colleague and friend Brian Horton writing that the bells of St. Patrick's were constantly ringing post 9/11 to mark yet another funeral, usually of a NYC fire fighter. Back In Sydney, we had a guest for dinner when my husband's Welsh mother called to tell us to turn on the TV, I was heartened that knowing the city as we do, we could reassure our dinner guest a British-Australian artist who had never been to America, there was very little probability his daughter - a twenty-something artist who was visiting NY independently at the time - would be in that area that early in the morning. (After AP I had spent a short time working at Dow Jones downtown in the shadow of the World Trade Center. I had met my Dad a few times for breakfast at Windows on the World restaurant.) Years later in Sydney, I would meet a senior Windows of the World manager, broken by survivor's guilt, having agreed to let a waiter who worked dinner

on September 10th and was scheduled to work breakfast - sleep over in the restaurant, never imagining it was not a safe alternative to commuting back and forth to his home. I just hope he wasn't the unidentified jumper in Richard Drew's amazing falling man photo. Our friend, a blood relation to the author of the gentle Winnie the Pooh books, first volunteered at the churches aiding the local community of ground zero and then escaped to Australia to put some distance between himself and his demons.

Immediately after 9/11 happened, stunned Australians treated me like Americans were reportedly treated after JFK was shot - with sympathy and kindness, often apologising whilst squeezing my arm as I noticed flags on the Anzak bridge (named for those Australian and New Zealand soldiers who didn't survive the first World War).

I think I felt survivor's guilt when my friends in NY told me post 9/11 how they quickly sorted out possible escape routes planned to rescue their children away from NY in case of another attack. My sister in law caught the last train out of NY that day to CT where my brother and their young twin boys waited. On our first return trip to America after 9/11 we travelled to ground zero with my family from Cape Cod and CT passing a commuter parking lot with cars still unclaimed by those who did not survive the attack on (an eerie calm and thick dust possibly some blown from the twin towers covered the tableaux. As soon as we reached ground zero, I began chronicling the collage-like tributes with photos of many missing persons and killed family members on flimsy paper like head stones taped to the security fencing encircling the hallowed ground; some seemed to express irrational hope against hope someone would respond and reveal this person had miraculously survived, but had been inexplicably hiding out since. After being there I could better comprehend the overall picture of young adult fatalities. A glaring absence of both children and teenagers on one end of the spectrum to no older seniors retirees on the other side.

I have never written about 9/11 before, but I have been thinking about a book opening on that day and set in the epicenter of that day's cataclysmic events - now more historical fiction rather than reportage. Another news story I experienced second hand but with great empathy for those effected, were the catastrophic bush fires across Australia a couple years ago. The only crisis we haven't missed is the current pandemic as being a global phenomenon. There is really no way to escape its spread, except to minimise our exposure by migrating from London to the British countryside. I feel more connected to both the daily news and the AP of course by regularly reading both "Connecting" and the AP daily news roundup.

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Adolphe Bernotas (Email) - I was working nights at the Associated Press the week of 9/11 and that Tuesday was up early enough to turn on the local ABC channel. When the news of the Twin Towers assault broke, I immediately headed to the Concord bureau. As I listened to the car radio, I remembered that two years earlier I had taken a cousin visiting from Lithuania to the Windows on the World restaurant atop the North Tower. I also anticipated New Hampshire stories to chase - many of the passengers and crews on those planes lived in the state north of Boston and Logan Airport. (I had a good source, a retired pilot who years earlier helped on a story of the Lockerbie Pan Am 103 bombing.)

I had arranged to be in New York for our union's Executive Committee meeting that Friday. The meeting was canceled, but despite reports that it would be difficult to enter the city three days after the towers had been hit, my wife and I drove into Manhattan with no problem. We lived close enough to the city and wanted to witness history, as horrid as it was. We also had planned to visit her New Jersey relatives and had tickets to the New York City Ballet.

In Manhattan, we saw columns of smoke and dust whenever we looked south, and more clearly and dramatically from New Jersey as we drove to Somerset County. (I knew the World Trade Center area well. In the mid-1960s I commuted from Manhattan by the Liberty Street Ferry, Hudson Tubes (PATH), or the Jersey Central trains to the Jersey Journal and Bayonne Times.)

Of course the ballet, too, was canceled, so we walked for miles around midtown; among the locals, the supposed indifferent New York affect was gone; people in the streets and clerks in the stores and restaurants were atypically somber and polite. The feeling was patriotic. My wife bought and wore a stars-and-stripes scarf; I came home with a necktie picturing the Statue of Liberty. We walked past fences on which photographs had been posted by loved ones hoping those pictured had survived or had been rescued.

Serendipitously on Sunday morning, I did "rescue" a young man in a strange land.

As we were ready to leave the hotel to drive home, a sister phoned from Connecticut. A college-age relative had spent the summer working at a South Carolina resort to take back dollars to Kaunas, Lithuania, city of my birth. On his first trip to the United States, bewildered by a New York in crisis, he was stranded on his way home at JFK Airport; all flights canceled.

I gave my sister instructions on how our cousin should navigate to our hotel. A resourceful young guy, he managed well (became a politician). We dropped him off in Connecticut where he stayed with family many days until flights to Europe resumed.

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Evelyn Dalton (Email) - Rob and I were in Las Vegas the morning of September 11, 2001, still asleep when my mom in Iowa called to say "Turn on the TV! We're at war!" Flights were grounded and Hertz wasn't answering the phone, so we drove our rental car 540 miles home to California.

I'd been training for the annual New York City Marathon scheduled for less than two months later, November 4 that year. After much deliberation, the city and organizers decided to proceed with the race as planned. Rob and I were hesitant to go. I called the person whose advice I trust — friend and former AP colleague Ed Tobias — to ask whether he thought it would be safe. "Get on the plane," he said. So we did.

The 26.2-mile course was lined with spectators dressed in red, white and blue, waving flags, cheering, clapping, crying. Clusters of firefighters and police officers were cheering us runners, too; we cheered and clapped back. An emotional day. Ed was right: Going to New York was the right thing to do.

Since then, when Rob and I have had to weigh the risk vs. reward on myriad decisions, we remember Ed's advice: "Get on the plane." So we do.

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Ralph Gage (Email) - At the Lawrence, Kan., Journal-World we were having a management meeting, in the ground-level conference room on the north end of our facility. Its only window looked out on an alley. It was through that alley that ink trucks brought in Flint Ink from Kansas City, Mo., and the railroad tracks in the alley facilitated delivery of newsprint, by rail and by truck.

Our owner, Dolph C. Simons Jr., who like his then-deceased father had been a director of the Associated Press, came into the room and shared with us the fact that airliners had crashed into the towers in New York City.

Dolph, a former Marine, instinctively knew the country was under attack and wanted us to put out an "Extra." We gathered a press crew and did so, printing a few thousand copies using AP stories and photos. They were distributed free in the downtown area of Lawrence.

It was the last "Extra" of the Journal-World.

After I learned that another plane had crashed into the Pentagon, I checked with a neighbor whose son, a Navy captain, worked there. She had heard from him-- he was not injured.

That evening, I returned to the office and conferred with John Taylor, then our news editor, about the front page for the next morning's newspaper, emphasizing that it would be something that would be referred to over the years to come. (That edition carried a first-person story from the husband of one of Dolph Jr.'s daughters detailing his escape from one of the towers where he worked.)

Taylor did well, and the image of that page was displayed with others in the Newseum in Washington, D.C. until its doors were closed.

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Dave Lubeski (Email) - Thank you, Brad Kabfeld, for putting AP's Broadcast News Center in the mix with all the other "here's how good we did" submissions on AP's coverage of 9/11 (Brad was the deputy director and managing editor of the BNC on 9/11, by the way. The equivalent of bureau chief for all video, audio, graphics, and wire copy). In my 35 years there (as sports director) I witnessed the controlled chaos of the newsroom professionals many times over on major news stories. (I even participated in a few - like the San Francisco World Series earthquake or the Atlanta Olympics bombing), but there was never a day like September 11th, 2001, and the pros rose to the occasion. I'm proud to have been a part of the AP's Broadcast News Center.

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Dan Perry and Paisley Dodds interview Tony Blair, 2005. (Dan Perry photo)

Dan Perry (Email) - *blog in The Times of Israel* - Many are the people who ask what went wrong after 9/11. Why, after the swift decimation of Al Qaeda and the rare moment of national unity and world support, did so many things go so wrong for America? One possible answer is the invasion of Iraq.

The Iraq War was launched in 2003 on the premise that Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction and the implication that this placed his despotic regime in league with Al Qaeda and on the hook for 9/11. The premise was wrong, the implication was unfounded, and the intelligence wheeled out to support it was embarrassingly ginned up.

I was offered rare insight into the thinking that led to this in an interview with Tony Blair in June 2005, when, as London-based Europe-Africa Editor of the Associated Press, I interviewed the British PM together with our local bureau chief, the indomitable Paisley Dodds.

As he met us on the terrace overlooking the pleasant back garden of iconic Number 10, Blair was already bleeding support because of his strong backing of the Iraq War; but he had just won a third term nonetheless, and the war was not yet viewed as quite the unforgiveable travesty that so dogs his reputation at home today.

Read more [here](#).

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Jim Spehar ([Email](#)) – *column in Sunday's Grand Junction (CO) Daily Sentinel* - Some topics demand a columnist's attention no matter what else is happening. The 20th anniversary of the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and the heroics aboard United Flight 93 that prevented a third attack targeting our nation's capital, among them.

For the past week, you've once again seen, heard and read about 9/11. Cable channel documentaries, news stories recounting where folks were on that tragic day, memories of survivors, of those lost and their families, stories about first responders ...all that and more.

On past anniversaries I've recounted my own recollections of first learning about the attacks, daylong worries about a niece attending college in New York City, a near miss by a nephew slated to interview at Cantor Fitzgerald, the loss of a couple of family friends who worked in the towers at that firm, and helping organize local memorial gatherings in the years immediately following 9/11.

I did feel some obligation this week to do that again, accompanied by worries about repeating myself after 18 years of commentary on these and other pages. A 20th anniversary is, after all, a signature event no matter what we're commemorating. And, though I haven't done anniversary columns every year since Sept. 11, 2001, I feared seeming disrespectful of the nearly 3,000 who died in the attacks.

Other suitable topics were obvious.

A rudderless Mesa County Clerk and Records Office, with the elected clerk AWOL for a month now and her suspended deputy facing felony and misdemeanor charges. Local and national election fraud true believers still unable to provide substantive documentation of wrongdoing. Hometown docs and other medical professionals offering public counterpoint to the handful of anti-vax colleagues protesting the idea that individual rights might also be accompanied by ethical responsibilities to those

they care for. A school district and college (and this newspaper) seemingly pleased that there've been "only" 91 (62 in District 51 and 29 at Colorado Mesa University as I write) students and a handful of staff members with new COVID infections that might have been prevented by more sensible mask and vaccination policies.

Then it struck me.

In the intervening 20 years, we've managed as Americans to discard post-9/11 unity, the feeling that we're all in this together, that we need to care for and about one another. We've seen and helped our public discourse degenerate into blame games, blatant partisanship that hampers public decision-making, over-reliance on "facts" obtained solely from sources slanted toward personal biases, and the idea that fact-checking and truth are somehow "fake news."

All powered by a phenomenon still taking baby steps as towers crumbled, a portion of the Pentagon burned and passengers and crew died in rural Pennsylvania. As I once read in a USA Today commentary: "Lies, of course, are not new either. But social media can turn a breeze into a hurricane."

Let's recall 9/11/01.

George W. Bush was reading to kids in a Florida elementary school when an aide whispered news of the first attack. He was known back then as "Shrub," a derogatory term distinguishing him unfavorably from the first President Bush, his father. Criticized initially for looking just as shocked and confused as the rest of us, Bush rose to the occasion to guide a nation and the world through the aftermath of horrors. He's now remembered honorably for that leadership, 20 years of subsequent Middle East conflicts aside. Former prosecutor Rudy Giuliani became "America's Mayor" via quick decisions and actions. His legacy will more likely revolve around recent political buffoonery.

To help reassure a frightened nation, members of Congress, Republican and Democrat, sang an a cappella rendition of "God Bless America." Think that would happen today? The answer may be the conduct of some members of Congress in the aftermath of the Jan. 6 siege of the Capitol, "Stop the Steal" machinations and attacks on voting rights following losses in the 2020 elections.

On the 20th anniversary of tragedy, while considering how we've devolved as a society since Sept. 11, 2001, I'm reminded of something I heard my late friend Ed Quillen say when he was a Denver Post columnist.

"We need to develop a political culture of neighbors who need to get along," Ed cautioned, "rather than a culture of interest groups that need to be confrontational."

Too naïve in today's world? Perhaps. But vitally necessary.

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Ed Tobias ([Email](#)) - Thanks to Brad Kalbfeld for his excellent rundown (in Friday's Connecting) of AP Broadcast's activities on Sept. 11th. I'm afraid that many of my

memories are buried in the blur of our nonstop reporting that day, even of sending that pager message that I need Brad (my boss) to get to the WTC ASAP.

I do, however, remember a critical decision that was made early in our coverage, and not by a news manager. In my effort to move as many of our radio reporters to NYC as possible I included National Security Correspondent Thelma LeBrecht. Thelma was an experienced spot news reporter and a natural choice. But, as I was about to send her out the door George Mayo, our Chief Engineer, said “wait, Ed. Don’t send Thelma. What if they hit the Pentagon?”

Less than 15 minutes later they did.

(George and his engineering team also worked tirelessly to help us bring audio and video feeds into the BNC and to keep our stressed equipment running while also arranging feeds of our audio products to a rush of new clients who suddenly wanted the AP Radio Network on their stations.)

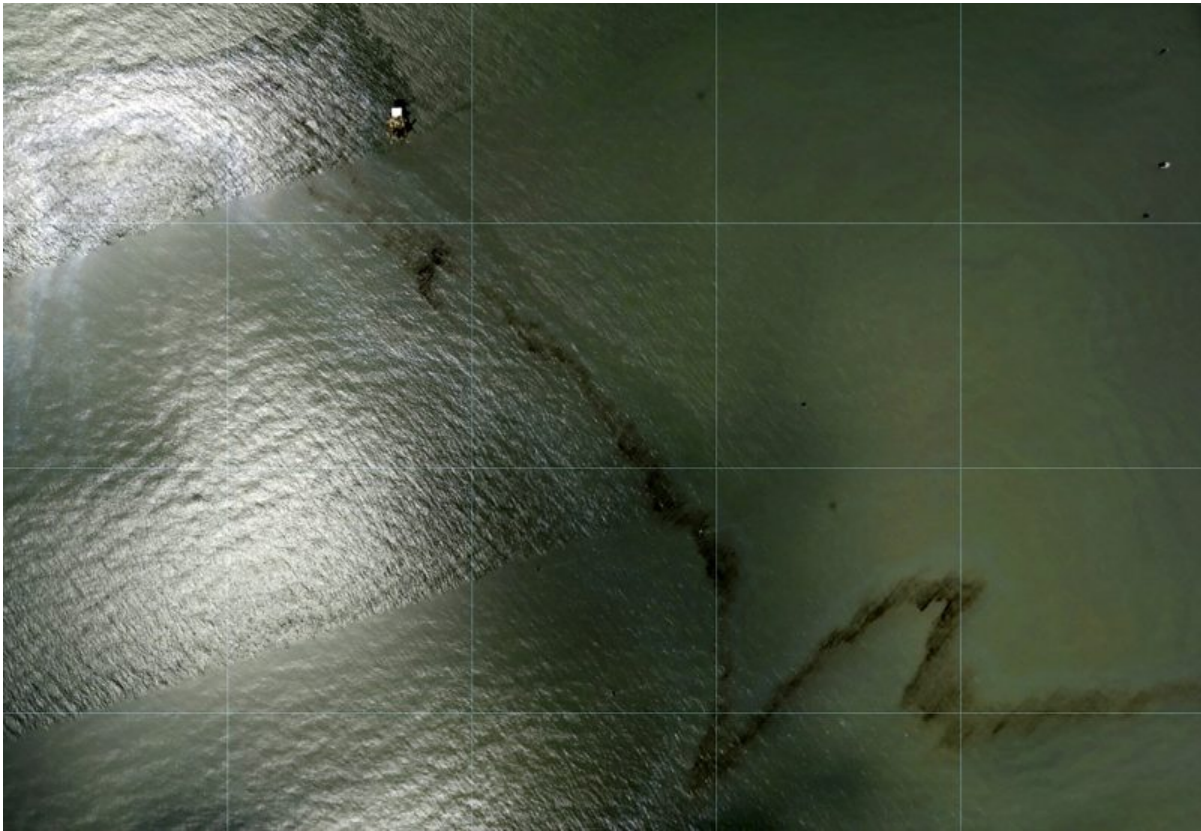
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Paul Stevens - Linda and I remember our first trip to New York City, from our Air Force home base in Virginia, in 1971 when the World Trade Center was in the final stages of completion. I took this photo from our Circle Line boat tour of Manhattan. Three decades later...gone. And now we remember...

Beat of the Week

Resourceful post-hurricane reporting yields exclusives on Louisiana oil spills



NOAA via AP

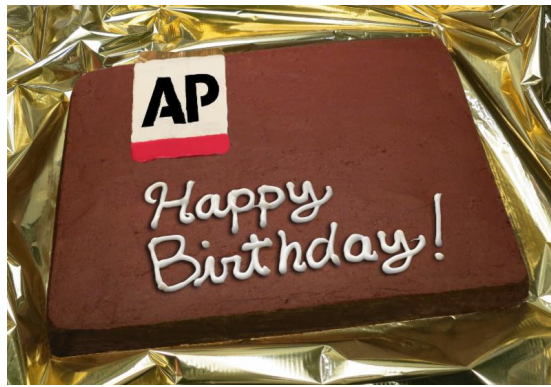
As Hurricane Ida slammed into Louisiana — launching strong AP coverage that would stretch from the Gulf Coast to the Northeast — Washington-based investigative reporter Michael Biesecker began contacting federal and state officials asking about damage to petrochemical facilities. In the chaos following the storm, environmental regulators kept telling him they had no confirmed reports of oil or chemical spills along the coast.

Biesecker has covered more than a dozen hurricanes, and knew from experience that aircraft from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration would be doing overflights of the hardest-hit areas for an aerial survey as soon as the clouds cleared.

When the first batch of that imagery was posted to a NOAA website late Tuesday, he began scrolling through the thousands of composite photos, looking for flooded facilities and the tell-tale rainbow sheen that indicates leaking contamination. He quickly found a worrying miles-long oil slick spreading in the Gulf of Mexico about 2 miles off Port Fourchon, the region's main oil and gas port. He found more sheen in the water coming from a massive oil refinery along the Mississippi River.

Read more [here](#).

Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



C.J. Jackson - henrycjackson@gmail.com

Carol Riha – criha@aol.com

Stories of interest

The Falling Man - An unforgettable story.



RICHARD DREW/AP

**By Tom Junod
Esquire Magazine**

Do you remember this photograph? In the United States, people have taken pains to banish it from the record of September 11, 2001. The story behind it, though, and the search for the man pictured in it, are our most intimate connection to the horror of that day.

In the picture, he departs from this earth like an arrow. Although he has not chosen his fate, he appears to have, in his last instants of life, embraced it. If he were not

falling, he might very well be flying. He appears relaxed, hurtling through the air. He appears comfortable in the grip of unimaginable motion. He does not appear intimidated by gravity's divine suction or by what awaits him. His arms are by his side, only slightly outriggered. His left leg is bent at the knee, almost casually. His white shirt, or jacket, or frock, is billowing free of his black pants. His black high-tops are still on his feet. In all the other pictures, the people who did what he did—who jumped—appear to be struggling against horrific discrepancies of scale. They are made puny by the backdrop of the towers, which loom like colossi, and then by the event itself. Some of them are shirtless; their shoes fly off as they flail and fall; they look confused, as though trying to swim down the side of a mountain. The man in the picture, by contrast, is perfectly vertical, and so is in accord with the lines of the buildings behind him. He splits them, bisects them: Everything to the left of him in the picture is the North Tower; everything to the right, the South. Though oblivious to the geometric balance he has achieved, he is the essential element in the creation of a new flag, a banner composed entirely of steel bars shining in the sun. Some people who look at the picture see stoicism, willpower, a portrait of resignation; others see something else—something discordant and therefore terrible: freedom. There is something almost rebellious in the man's posture, as though once faced with the inevitability of death, he decided to get on with it; as though he were a missile, a spear, bent on attaining his own end. He is, fifteen seconds past 9:41 a.m. EST, the moment the picture is taken, in the clutches of pure physics, accelerating at a rate of thirty-two feet per second squared. He will soon be traveling at upwards of 150 miles per hour, and he is upside down. In the picture, he is frozen; in his life outside the frame, he drops and keeps dropping until he disappears.

The photographer is no stranger to history; he knows it is something that happens later. In the actual moment history is made, it is usually made in terror and confusion, and so it is up to people like him—paid witnesses—to have the presence of mind to attend to its manufacture. The photographer has that presence of mind and has had it since he was a young man. When he was twenty-one years old, he was standing right behind Bobby Kennedy when Bobby Kennedy was shot in the head. His jacket was spattered with Kennedy's blood, but he jumped on a table and shot pictures of Kennedy's open and ebbing eyes, and then of Ethel Kennedy crouching over her husband and begging photographers—begging him—not to take pictures.

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

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Media outlets recall country's unity after Sept. 11 attacks (AP)



Screens display a video of former President George W. Bush speaking during an event to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, Saturday, Sept. 11, 2021, in Springfield, Va. (AP Photo/Luis M. Alvarez)

By DAVID BAUDER

NEW YORK (AP) — Many of the media outlets that explore the country’s differences, pausing Saturday to mark the 20th anniversary of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, recalled almost wistfully the sense of common purpose that united Americans in the aftermath of that day.

Television news networks offered wall-to-wall coverage of remembrances in New York, Washington and Shanksville, Pennsylvania, that were attended by four presidents.

“One should savor these moments of unity this morning — feel how good that feels,” said Fox News Channel anchor Dana Perino, shortly after Bruce Springsteen sang “I’ll See You in My Dreams” at New York’s World Trade Center memorial.

Normally Fox, CNN and MSNBC spend hours on political warfare, most notably this week Fox’s heated response to President Joe Biden’s latest COVID-fighting plan.

Perino was one of two ex-press aides to former President George W. Bush to anchor news coverage Saturday; MSNBC’s Nicolle Wallace was the other. The networks carried live their former boss’ speech in Shanksville. Bush and Vice President Kamala Harris both called for that long-dissipated spirit of unity to return.

Read more [here](#).

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HOW STUDENTS IN 12 COUNTRIES ARE TAUGHT ABOUT 9/11 (New York Times)

BY DAMIEN CAVE AND YOUSUR AL-HLOU

For those born after Sept. 11, 2001, there are no memories of that dark day to shape their views. There is only education — formal, and informal.

With the terrorist attack and the wars that followed having entered the realm of history, we sought to understand how these events are being taught. What is stressed? What is overlooked?

We examined textbooks from all over and talked with educators. But mostly we wanted to hear directly from young people, and so we interviewed students born after the attacks in 12 countries.

Their voices offered only a hint of the diversity of instruction on Sept. 11 worldwide, but their impressions and experiences were striking.

From Moscow to Manhattan, from Karachi to Caracas, from Berlin to Baghdad, students have come away with very different perspectives on terrorism, Islam, war and American power.

If there is a consensus, it can be found in what students told us their education has been missing: depth.

They want to know more.

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

The Final Word

Bruce Lowitt - Contributed by Rabbi Matthew Berger of Temple Ahavat Shalom, Palm Harbor, Fla., (rabbiberger@ahavatshalom.org), who noted: What a great story about the strength of the human spirit. Shabbat shalom and shana tova to you all. Rabbi Matt.

A true story of the good side of people. Be sure to read to the end !!

It is almost 20 years since 9/11 and here is a wonderful story about that terrible day.

Jerry Brown Delta Flight 15... (true story)

Here is an amazing story from a flight attendant on Delta Flight 15, written following 9-11:

On the morning of Tuesday, September 11, we were about 5 hours out of Frankfurt, flying over the North Atlantic.

All of a sudden the curtains parted and I was told to go to the cockpit, immediately, to see the captain. As soon as I got there I noticed that the crew had that "All Business" look on their faces. The captain handed me a printed message. It was from Delta's main office in Atlanta and simply read, "All airways over the Continental United States are closed to commercial air traffic. Land ASAP at the nearest airport. Advise your destination."

No one said a word about what this could mean. We knew it was a serious situation and we needed to find terra firma quickly. The captain determined that the nearest airport was 400 miles behind us in Gander, Newfoundland.

He requested approval for a route change from the Canadian traffic controller and approval was granted immediately -- no questions asked.

We found out later, of course, why there was no hesitation in approving our request.

While the flight crew prepared the airplane for landing, another message arrived from Atlanta telling us about some terrorist activity in the New York area. A few minutes later word came in about the hijackings.

We decided to LIE to the passengers while we were still in the air. We told them the plane had a simple instrument problem and that we needed to land at the nearest airport in Gander, Newfoundland, to have it checked out.

We promised to give more information after landing in Gander. There was much grumbling among the passengers, but that's nothing new! Forty minutes later, we landed in Gander. Local time at Gander was 12:30 PM!...that's 11:00 AM EST.

There were already about 20 other airplanes on the ground from all over the world that had taken this detour on their way to the U.S.

After we parked on the ramp, the captain made the following announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, you must be wondering if all these airplanes around us have the same instrument problem as we have. The reality is that we are here for another reason." Then he went on to explain the little bit we knew about the situation in the U.S. There were loud gasps and stares of disbelief. The captain informed passengers that Ground Control in Gander told us to stay put.

The Canadian Government was in charge of our situation and no one was allowed to get off the aircraft. No one on the ground was allowed to come near any of the air crafts. Only airport police would come around periodically, look us over and go on to the next airplane. In the next hour or so more planes landed and Gander ended up with 53 airplanes from all over the world, 27 of which were U.S. commercial jets.

Meanwhile, bits of news started to come in over the aircraft radio and for the first time we learned that airplanes were flown into the World Trade Center in New York and into the Pentagon in D.C. People were trying to use their cell phones, but were unable to connect due to a different cell system in Canada. Some did get through, but were only able to get to the Canadian operator who would tell them that the lines to the U.S. were either blocked or jammed.

Sometime in the evening the news filtered to us that the World Trade Center buildings had collapsed and that a fourth hijacking had resulted in a crash. By now the passengers were emotionally and physically exhausted, not to mention frightened, but everyone stayed amazingly calm. We had only to look out the window at the 52 other stranded aircraft to realize that we were not the only ones in this predicament.

We had been told earlier that they would be allowing people off the planes one plane at a time. At 6 P.M., Gander airport told us that our turn to deplane would be 11 am the next morning. Passengers were not happy, but they simply resigned themselves to this news without much noise and started to prepare themselves to spend the night on the airplane.

Gander had promised us medical attention, if needed, water, and lavatory servicing. And they were true to their word. Fortunately, we had no medical situations to worry about. We did have a young lady who was 33 weeks into her pregnancy. We took REALLY good care of her. The night passed without incident despite the uncomfortable sleeping arrangements.

About 10:30 on the morning of the 12th, a convoy of school buses showed up. We got off the plane and were taken to the terminal where we went through Immigration and Customs and then had to register with the Red Cross.

After that, we (the crew) were separated from the passengers and were taken in vans to a small hotel. We had no idea where our passengers were going. We learned from the Red Cross that the town of Gander has a population of 10,400 people and they had about 10,500 passengers to take care of from all the airplanes that were forced into Gander! We were told to just relax at the hotel and we would be contacted when the U.S. airports opened again, but not to expect that call for a while.

We found out the total scope of the terror back home only after getting to our hotel and turning on the TV, 24 hours after it all started.

Meanwhile, we had lots of time on our hands and found that the people of Gander were extremely friendly. They started calling us the "plane people." We enjoyed their hospitality, explored the town of Gander and ended up having a pretty good time.

Two days later, we got that call and were taken back to the Gander airport. Back on the plane, we were reunited with the passengers and found out what they had been doing for the past two days. What we found out was incredible.

Gander and all the surrounding communities (within about a 75 Kilometer radius) had closed all high schools, meeting halls, lodges, and any other large gathering places. They converted all these facilities to mass lodging areas for all the stranded travelers. Some had cots set up, some had mats with sleeping bags and pillows set up.

ALL the high school students were required to volunteer their time to take care of the "guests." Our 218 passengers ended up in a town called Lewisporte, about 45 kilometers from Gander where they were put up in a high school. If any women wanted to be in a women-only facility, that was arranged. Families were kept together. All the elderly passengers were taken to private homes.

Remember that young pregnant lady? She was put up in a private home right across the street from a 24-hour Urgent Care facility. There was a dentist on call and both male and female nurses remained with the crowd for the duration.

Phone calls and e-mails to the U.S. and around the world were available to everyone once a day. During the day, passengers were offered "Excursion" trips. Some people went on boat cruises of the lakes and harbors. Some went for hikes in the local forests. Local bakeries stayed open to make fresh bread for the guests.

Food was prepared by all the residents and brought to the schools. People were driven to restaurants of their choice and offered wonderful meals. Everyone was given tokens for local laundry mats to wash their clothes, since luggage was still on the aircraft. In other words, every single need was met for those stranded travelers.

Passengers were crying while telling us these stories. Finally, when they were told that U.S. airports had reopened, they were delivered to the airport right on time and without a single passenger missing or late. The local Red Cross had all the information about the whereabouts of each and every passenger and knew which plane they needed to be on and when all the planes were leaving. They coordinated everything beautifully.

It was absolutely incredible.

When passengers came on board, it was like they had been on a cruise. Everyone knew each other by name. They were swapping stories of their stay, impressing each other with who had the better time. Our flight back to Atlanta looked like a chartered party flight. The crew just stayed out of their way. It was mind-boggling.

Passengers had totally bonded and were calling each other by their first names, exchanging phone numbers, addresses, and email addresses.

And then a very unusual thing happened.

One of our passengers approached me and asked if he could make an announcement over the PA system. We never, ever allow that. But this time was different. I said "of course" and handed him the mike. He picked up the PA and reminded everyone about what they had just gone through in the last few days. He reminded them of the hospitality they had received at the hands of total strangers. He continued by saying that he would like to do something in return for the good folks of Lewisporte.

"He said he was going to set up a Trust Fund under the name of DELTA 15 (our flight number). The purpose of the trust fund is to provide college scholarships for the high school students of Lewisporte.

He asked for donations of any amount from his fellow travelers. When the paper with donations got back to us with the amounts, names, phone numbers and addresses, the total was for more than \$14,000!

"The gentleman, a MD from Virginia, promised to match the donations and to start the administrative work on the scholarship. He also said that he would forward this

proposal to Delta Corporate and ask them to donate as well.

As I write this account, the trust fund is at more than \$1.5 million and has assisted 134 students in their college education.

"I just wanted to share this story because we need good stories right now. It gives me a little bit of hope to know that some people in a faraway place were kind to some strangers who literally dropped in on them.

It reminds me how much good there is in the world."

"In spite of all the rotten things we see going on in today's world this story confirms that there are still a lot of good people in the world and when things get bad, they will come forward.



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. 13, 2021



By The Associated Press

Today is Monday, Sept. 13, the 256th day of 2021. There are 109 days left in the year.

Today's Highlight in History:

On Sept. 13, 1971, a four-day inmates' rebellion at the Attica Correctional Facility in western New York ended as police and guards stormed the prison; the ordeal and final assault claimed the lives of 32 inmates and 11 hostages.

On this date:

In 1788, the Congress of the Confederation authorized the first national election, and declared New York City the temporary national capital.

In 1814, during the War of 1812, British naval forces began bombarding Fort McHenry in Baltimore but were driven back by American defenders in a battle that lasted until the following morning.

In 1959, Elvis Presley first met his future wife, 14-year-old Priscilla Beaulieu, while stationed in West Germany with the U.S. Army. (They married in 1967, but divorced in 1973.)

In 1962, Mississippi Gov. Ross Barnett rejected the U.S. Supreme Court's order for the University of Mississippi to admit James Meredith, a Black student, declaring in a televised address, "We will not drink from the cup of genocide."

In 1970, the first New York City Marathon was held; winner Gary Muhrcke finished the 26.2-mile run, which took place entirely inside Central Park, in 2:31:38.

In 1990, the combination police-courtroom drama "Law & Order" premiered on NBC.

In 1993, at the White House, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and PLO chairman Yasser Arafat shook hands after signing an accord granting limited Palestinian autonomy.

In 1996, rapper Tupac Shakur died at a Las Vegas hospital six days after he was wounded in a drive-by shooting; he was 25.

In 1997, funeral services were held in Calcutta, India, for Nobel peace laureate Mother Teresa.

In 1998, former Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace died in Montgomery at age 79.

In 2001, two days after the 9/11 terror attacks, the first few jetliners returned to the nation's skies, but several major airports remained closed and others opened only briefly. President George W. Bush visited injured Pentagon workers and said he would carry the nation's prayers to New York.

In 2010, Rafael Nadal won his first U.S. Open title to complete a career Grand Slam, beating Novak Djokovic 6-4, 5-7, 6-4, 6-2.

Ten years ago: Teams of insurgents firing rocket-propelled grenades and automatic weapons struck at the U.S. Embassy, NATO headquarters and other buildings in the heart of Afghanistan's capital, Kabul.

Five years ago: Republican presidential nominee Donald Trump rolled out a plan aimed at making child care more affordable, guaranteeing new mothers six weeks of paid maternity leave and suggesting new incentives for employees to provide their workers child care during a speech in Aston, Pennsylvania. Former Israeli President Shimon Peres, 93, suffered a major stroke (he died 15 days later).

One year ago: In open defiance of state regulations and his own administration's pandemic health guidelines, President Donald Trump hosted his first indoor rally since June, telling a packed, nearly mask-less crowd in Henderson, Nevada, that the nation was "making the last turn" in defeating the virus. Dominic Thiem became the first man in 71 years to win the U.S. Open after dropping the first two sets of the final; Thiem earned his first Grand Slam title with a 2-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 7-6 (6) comeback victory against Alexander Zverev.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Barbara Bain is 90. Actor Eileen Fulton (TV: "As the World Turns") is 88. Actor Joe E. Tata is 85. Rock singer David Clayton-Thomas (Blood, Sweat & Tears) is 80. Actor Jacqueline Bisset is 77. Singer Peter Cetera is 77. Actor Christine Eubank is 71. Actor Jean Smart is 70. Singer Randy Jones (The Village People) is 69. Record producer Don Was is 69. Actor Isaiah Whitlock Jr. is 67. Actor-comedian Geri Jewell is 65. Country singer Bobbie Cryner is 60. Rock singer-musician Dave Mustaine (Megadeth) is 60. Radio-TV personality Tavis Smiley is 57. Rock musician Zak Starkey is 56. Actor/comedian Jeff Ross is 56. Actor Louis Mandylor is 55. Olympic gold medal runner Michael Johnson is 54. Rock musician Steve Perkins is 54. Actor Roger Howarth is 53. Actor Dominic Fumusa is 52. Actor Louise Lombard is 51. Former tennis player Goran Ivanisevic (ee-van-EE'-seh-vihch) is 50. Country singer Aaron Benward (Blue County) is 48. Country musician Joe Don Rooney (Rascal Flatts) is 46. Actor Scott Vickaryous is 46. Singer Fiona Apple is 44. Contemporary Christian musician Hector Cervantes (Casting Crowns) is 41. Actor Ben Savage is 41. Rock singer Niall Horan (One Direction) is 28. Actor Mitch Holleman is 26. Actor Lili Reinhart (TV: "Riverdale") is 25.

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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