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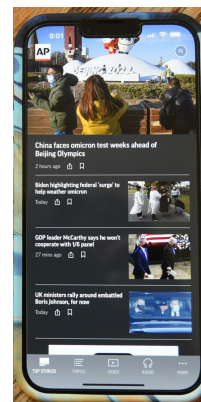
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# Connecting

August 25, 2022

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Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning on this Aug. 25, 2022,

Connecting's call for your experiences in being called to serve on a jury resonated with our readers.

I think you'll find the responses a delight to read. Even, I hope, to the point of prompting you to share your own experiences.

One of the responses resonated with the AP in me (after all, you can't spell Paul without AP!):

When **Karren Mills** was a newswoman in the AP's Minneapolis bureau, she was called for jury duty. Any issue with her being a journalist? None whatsoever, and when she told an attorney during voir dire that she was an AP reporter, he said there was no one better suited to consider facts and give an unbiased opinion. The attorney for the other side agreed.

Before presenting your jury stories, today's issue leads with a medical update from our colleague **Claudia DiMartino**, former AP New York journalist, who underwent a lung transplant seven years ago. She's a favorite of many of us and she is in our prayers to be able to return home from the hospital soon.

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy!

Paul

## 'To infinity and beyond'

**Claudia DiMartino** - Ye Olde Editor heard that I was in the hospital for several weeks and asked for an update.

Well, Gilda Radner or as many of us know her, RoseAnne Roseannadanna from SNL fame would say: "It's always something."

So, what's keeping Claudia DiMartino in the hospital since early July? My seven-year left-lung transplant suddenly had a serious lack of oxygen. In the ER, on a long line, a doctor saw the extreme swelling in my body recognizing what was close to a fatal problem from failing kidneys. All the drugs I take to protect my lungs have eaten away my kidneys. I just started three days a week of dialysis. It takes about 3 hours; is painless; and makes me feel better.

I have little memory of what happened, but I was sedated and placed on a ventilator for three days to stabilize. The procedure also wipes out motor skills, so I was as limp as a rag doll. I've been making good progress regaining the use of my body, until I came up anemic and needed 3 liters of blood and was diagnosed with a bleeding ulcer.

I'm happy to say these conditions are well on their way out the door. I'm back on track getting up from a sitting position with just a little help. Once up I can stay standing or shuffling for a good walk to the nurses' station and back to my room at North Shore University Hospital in Manhasset, New York.



Your comments on Facebook, notes and cards and most of all thoughts and prayers have been a great boon to my attitude and everyone knows how important that is to recovery.

I'm not looking for the road home. I'm planning my happy and productive future with my sweetheart. "To infinity and beyond!"

Thank you.

## Your experiences with jury duty



**Dorothy Abernathy** - I served on a jury for a personal injury trial while I was working for AP. It was a great experience. The trial lasted one day. The plaintiff was injured at work. He needed time off to heal, and he had some medical bills. He was fully recovered by this point. The jurors agreed that the man was entitled to something. But we were split on the amount. Half of us (including me) thought we should award him enough to make up for his losses and to pay his medical and legal bills. The other half thought we should give him a massive award. The side wanting to limit the award made the point that exorbitant awards cause insurance costs to increase. These jurors said they were willing to remain in the jury room until the other side came around. Within an hour, the other side agreed.

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**Dennis Conrad** - I have been called to report for jury duty only once. It was about 40 years ago for a trial of a man facing a marijuana-related charge in Alachua County, Florida, while I was the county government reporter for the Gainesville Sun. The defendant's attorney was Don Reid, a former well-known radio reporter and stringer for various newspapers. I was doubtful that I would get on the jury, and I didn't make it for whatever reason. I do recall that I and other prospective jurors were asked by Reid if we had ever been to a University of Florida football game and smelled marijuana in the stands of Florida Field. I had never smoked anything - not even

tobacco or bananas - but I had to say I smelled what I believed to be pot among the Gator fans.

As for other journalists I knew during my career, at least two I can recall actually served on juries. One was the late Clif Cormier, a retired Marine captain who was my city editor at the Sun and who for months was called upon to travel to Tallahassee as a member of a federal grand jury . The other was Ed Johnson, who, as Sun executive editor, served not only on a jury but also as its chosen foreman. But perhaps my best jury story involves my late mother who tried to escape being part of a jury pool being used one day in the 1970s for the Orange County (Orlando, Florida) Circuit Court. My mother, then around 60, explained in her heavily accented broken English (a New Jersey native of Polish immigrant parents, she wound up growing up in Poland before WWII) that she was not adequate for the task, that she was afraid she would not understand the goings on of the courtroom. The judge apparently found her plea laughable and kept her available as a juror. While not getting to hear an actual case, Mom did get a certificate for waiting to be called. I think the "thank you" letter was signed "Judge Bernard C. Muszynski." I am sure his English was perfect.

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[Rick Cooper](#) - I have never had the opportunity to serve on a jury but this may be the reason why.

When I was in the Army during my deployment to Vietnam I received a summons for jury duty sent to my parents' house which my father dutifully forwarded to me with the admonition "You need to take care of this without delay."

The summons carried the dire warning, failure to appear for jury duty could subject me to arrest and penalty.

Being earnest in my effort to comply I took the summons to my commanding officer, the division's head Intelligence officer and said, "Colonel, I'm going to need to go back stateside to answer this summons otherwise they will arrest me." He just said, "Lieutenant, just take that to the Sergeant Major and ask him to handle it."

I have no idea what the guy with all the stripes on his sleeve did but it has been 52 years and residence in several states, but I haven't received another call for jury duty since.

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[Tom Fenton](#) - Couldn't help but bite on your jury duty request. In the early 90s, several years after I left AP to begin a new career as a newspaper publisher in El Paso, I was summoned for a civil case.

When they got to me during voir dire, the defense attorney tried mightily to root out any prejudices.

The questioning went something like this:

"Do you know the defendant?"

“No”

“Do you know the plaintiff?”

“No”

“Do you know any of the plaintiff’s attorneys?”

“No”

“Do you have anything against awarding damages when there is wrongdoing?”

“No”

“Have you ever been sued...”

At this point District Court Judge Sam Paxon interrupted and said, “Counselor, don’t you know who this man is? He is the publisher of the El Paso Times. He’s been sued by everybody in town!”

I was dismissed.

On a side note, Sam was a friend and part of my Tuesday morning breakfast group – especially around election time. I had never been in his courtroom; so, I was curious to see how he ran it.

I was not disappointed. He started off by saying, “Folks, this is not California and this case is not going to drag out. Counselor, you may proceed with alacrity!”

Only in Texas. But at least he didn’t say, “Somebody get a rope!”

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**Bill Hendrick** - As for jury duty, in 40+ years in Cobb County (a major Atlanta suburb), I've been ordered to jury duty four times. Twice I was selected (if that's the right word) for a jury, and once I was jury foreman. Both cases were for assault. Both lasted about a week. On the second it turned out I was an alternate (they don't announce this until after the trial) and was annoyed I didn't get to vote. I had a strong opinion and felt I'd wasted my time. I was summoned again just last week but since I'm over 70 I requested and was granted permanent exemption. Though it's a duty, I don't like being ordered...smacks of the draft. And most of the time people who are summoned just sit in a big room doing nothing so they can be seen by people facing trial. I was told the full jury room is left open to encourage people to cop a plea because they see potential jurors. Each time I've been called I told 'em I was a reporter for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution and nobody cared (to my surprise). I don't know of anyone who's been “excused” due to being a journalist. I covered a couple of week-long murder trials when I was a rookie with The AP. They were interesting but excruciatingly tedious and may be a reason I chose to specialize after I left The AP and had beats ranging from health to science to business. I never covered another trial and only two or three times was involved in police/legal stories.

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**Gene Herrick** - I have only been called to jury duty one time, and then was immediately dismissed because I had been a journalist, and periodically wrote small pieces for a county newspaper.

I've covered a lot of trials in my newspaper days, but never served on a jury. The judge, a friend of mine, figured that having been a journalist that I may have more information on the subject than would the jury be told.

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**Jim Hood** - When I was called for jury duty in Fairfax County, Va., a few decades ago, I strode confidently into the courthouse fully expecting to be immediately expelled when I said that I was a former AP functionary and my wife was an ex-NYC prosecutor.

As the day wore on, the 60 or so of us who had been penned up initially dwindled down to a mere handful. At that point, a new court official strode in, smiled and said: "Congratulations, we have taken care of the easy cases and we are now forming a jury for a serious felony trial expected to last at least a week. It is a very unpleasant case, so we hope you all enjoy it."

Surely, I thought, I'll be thrown out when we get to voir dire and the lawyers have a go at us. My lawyer friends and lawyer wife had urged me to simply say that I would either always or never (my choice) trust everything the police said but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

So there we sat in the jury box as the trial began. The defendant was accused of stalking, kidnapping, repeatedly raping and abusing a bank teller in her home. I knew that it was one of a series of somewhat celebrated cases but no one had asked me about that. I soon learned none of the other jurors knew about the series and I didn't tell them, since we had been cautioned against discussing the case until deliberations began.

While no one had cared about my journalism background during jury selection, the judge was certainly aware of it and scowled at me frequently as he issued warnings to the jurors not to talk to any reporters. He also stressed that he was constantly on guard against any journalistic incursions into the halls of justice in general and his courtroom in particular.

The trial went along more or less as expected. Guilt was pretty definitely established through DNA evidence presented in the longest and most boring fashion imaginable by an endless procession of experts.

The victim came to testify and turned out to be a tiny Asian woman who was pushed into the courtroom in a wheelchair and helped into the witness stand. She wept and wrung her hands as she recounted her ordeal and the jurors wept as they listened. (I was reminded of a wheelchair-using friend who won a large settlement in Los Angeles after a car accident. No one had asked her if her paralysis was the result of the accident. It wasn't.)

The victim had not seen her assailant because she was blindfolded but she described him as a medium-sized Black man. This was odd since the defendant, although medium-sized, was downright pale.

On about the fifth day of the trial, a hushed argument broke out at the bench as the opposing lawyers argued fiercely with the judge about something. Trial was recessed for several hours. When it resumed, a large woman in a drab gray uniform took the stand, the patches on her shirt covered with masking tape.

Her identity was established, and she testified that she was employed by the Commonwealth of Virginia. Nothing further.

Had she, the prosecutor asked, ever seen the defendant before.

“Yes,” she said, she had seen him while acting in her “official capacity,” which she was instructed not to disclose. (She had “prison matron” written on her forehead in invisible ink).

And had she, the prosecutor continued, ever had occasion to ask the defendant his racial identity.

“He said he was Black,” she testified. The courtroom erupted and a Black family that had been present throughout the trial began wailing and sobbing. The defendant, who had been neatly dressed up until this point, tore off his tie and threw it on the floor. Court was adjourned for the day.

The next day saw closing arguments and we began deliberations. The defendant did not testify so we didn’t hear him speak but witnesses said he had a “Black accent.”

He faced three or four felony counts, as I recall, and we found him guilty of all of them. We then returned to court for sentencing arguments. The defendant did not testify but several of his family members did, describing him basically as a good family man with a few unfortunate habits.

In Virginia, the jury decides the sentence, although as I understand it the judge is not bound to accept its recommendation. A few jurors wanted to impose the death penalty, which was not on the table. It took a long time to talk them out of doing it anyway.

One juror said she doubted the defendant, who was about 60, would be dangerous if he got out of prison after 10 years or so. She looked at me. “You’re about 60, right? You look pretty harmless.” I thought I might have just been insulted but let it pass.

Tempers grew short. I suggested we impose the maximum sentence on each count (life) and also the maximum fine of \$100,000 on each count.

This would, I explained to my fellow jurors, ensure that the defendant would be too broke to hire a decent lawyer to appeal the case. (The public defender had basically phoned in the defense). One juror who displayed Unitarian tendencies felt that we

were being too harsh. A Black woman juror slammed the table and said she had heard enough.

“I’m a nurse and I take care of rape victims all the time. This man’s no good to anybody and if we don’t lock him up, God will judge us for it,” she said. We voted again and agreed on the maximum penalties.

By the time we finished, it was mid-evening but the courtroom was full although the ever-vigilant judge said he hadn’t seen any reporters. (This is not unusual since Northern Virginia, with three times the population of D.C., is more or less invisible in local news coverage).

His Honor said it was hard for him to impose such a harsh verdict but he did so anyway, I noticed. He thanked us for our service and said he had instructed the court officers to escort us to our cars so that unknown assailants would not tar and feather us.

As we stumbled into the darkened parking garage, there was no trace of court officers, angry family members or anyone else and nothing was ever heard about it again. I followed the serial assault case on my own and learned that there had been further convictions of the defendant, not that anyone would ever know it from reading the local press.

The next day, my daughter, who was then about 10 I suppose, said she thought I should serve on juries more often. “It’s a good job for you. You shouldn’t just work at home all the time,” she informed me. My response is not repeatable in polite company.

I’ve never written about this before, since the judge took our notes away and cautioned us not to reveal anything to anybody about anything. It’s a pretty good yarn though, complete with the Perry Mason-style racial twist. I sometimes think of the defendant and his family, who seemed truly anguished by the verdict, and hope we did the right thing.

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**Bill Kaczor** - I not only served on a jury, I wrote a first-person account of how it went in November 1980, about 10 months after I was hired by The Associated Press. It was a civil case in state Circuit Court in Tallahassee. The plaintiffs were a teenager and his mother. Robert Loudamy, was 14 when he broke his neck after jumping off a rope swing into shallow water three years before the trial. It left him paralyzed from the neck down except for enough motion in his arms and fingers to operate a motorized wheelchair. Robert and his mother, who became his full-time caretaker, sued the state of Florida because the accident happened when he attended an environmental camp at a state forest while being supervised by two counselors, Backed up by a Florida State University swimming coach who testified as an expert witness, their lawyer argued the state was at fault for allowing such a dangerous activity. The state's lawyers pinned the blame on Robert, contending he disobeyed a counselor's instructions by failing to let go of the rope until it had swung back over shallow water. Here's how I led off the story:



"In his opening remarks one of the lawyers jokingly warned our six-member jury that the case we were about to decide would be nothing like Perry Mason. It sounded trite, but it was more true than I had expected despite some experience in covering trials and appeal courts."

I went on to note that Mason won cases by exposing witnesses who told lies and "smoking gun" evidence. Then I wrote: "But what happens when there is no 'smoking gun' and all the witnesses are telling the truth?"

The other jurors were a semi-retired auto dealership manager, a cabinetmaker, an ice cream parlor clerk, a college student and an unemployed store clerk, Two were women. Two were Black. They elected me as their foreman, I suspect it was because I was the only one in a coat and tie.

I reported that our verdict was a compromise. First, we decided Robert was 65 percent to blame and the state 35 percent at fault. I had asked each juror to suggest a split. They ranged from 90-10 in favor of the state to 70-30 in favor of Robert. My recollection is I leaned most heavily in Robert's favor, but the other jurors were much less sympathetic. "We had been instructed to base our decision on the evidence, but there wasn't any evidence on how much common sense a 14-year-old boy should have," I wrote. The average of the proposed splits was 63-39, but after some haggling settled on 65-35. We next decided how much he should receive for "pain and suffering," lost wages and other damages. One thing that weighed against Robert was his intelligence. He was a top student so we reasoned that he could use that intelligence to earn a living despite his handicap.

When we turned to deciding how much his mother should be compensated, one of the women said she should get nothing because it was her duty to take care of her child. The juror relented after admitting she wouldn't give up her career to devote the rest of her life to taking care of a paralyzed family member. We also added expenses for future medical treatment and hiring other people to help take care of him in a verdict totaling \$1.5 million against the state. I ended my story: "I left the courtroom confident justice had been done as best we could do it but wishing my next trial would be a Perry Mason rerun."

That, though, was not the end of the story. Florida law then limited verdicts against the state to no more than \$50,000 per person. Robert and his mother each received that amount. To get the rest they had to seek passage of a claims bill in the state Legislature, which also has the power to change the amount of the verdict. Lawmakers the following passed their claims bill, but for only \$499,770 in addition to the \$100,000 already paid out -- less than half of our verdict. I might have been allowed on the jury, but I had to recuse myself from AP's coverage of the claims bill.

I hadn't thought much about my juror experience until getting this Connecting assignment, so I did a Google search for Robert. Sadly, the first thing that turned up was his brief obituary. Robert died in Tampa at the age of 41 on Nov. 13, 2004, almost exactly 24 years after the trial. The obituary did little more than list his survivors (parents, stepparents and two sisters) except for this sentence: "He was known for his generous heart, many friends and love of music." It did not indicate an occupation or how he died, but I have to believe his injuries were at least a contributing factor. I also found a brief newspaper article published a year and two days after my trial story

saying that Robert had graduated from high school in Tavares, Florida, and planned to study business and computer science at a community college with help from his state settlement. The only other thing I found was a report that indicated he was part owner of a CB radio shop that apparently went out of business in 1990.

As for my hope that my next trial would be more like a Perry Mason rerun, that wish was fulfilled many times over, but only in my capacity as a reporter. I was called for jury duty three more times but never selected. I was eliminated from a federal court trial in Pensacola after telling the judge that I knew a state legislator and a prominent lawyer who were listed as potential witnesses. I narrowly avoided a lengthy civil trial involving Walmart in Tallahassee that I really wanted to avoid because it was in the midst of a legislative session. The Walmart lawyer seemed to like me, but I was excused only after noting I was a staunch union member and took a dim view of anti-union Walmart, although I admitted to shopping there. The final jury summons came after I was retired and ready and willing, but I was excused before jury selection began.

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**Karren Mills** - I was summoned four times and served on two juries, one as the foreperson. When, while working in Minneapolis, I said I was an AP reporter. The response from an attorney questioning jury candidates was that there was no one better suited to consider facts and give an unbiased opinion. The other two times I sat in the jury pool room but wasn't called for questioning. After retirement I was called for a federal jury once but was living in Texas during the winter so was excused due to expense of flying me back and forth between Texas and Minnesota.

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**Mark Mittelstadt** - New York business writer Steve Rosenfeld toiled in Des Moines for a few years and always had advice when a bureau colleague was called for jury duty: if you make it to the stand for voir dire, look around and ask where the "guilty party" sits.

I never had a chance to find out whether Steve's tip actually worked (and wouldn't have.) I received seven or eight jury summonses during my career but based on my assigned pool number and the court's needs usually avoided having to go to the courthouse.

I twice had to report to Mercer County Court in Trenton. The first time a court clerk was doing initial screening when I arrived. I explained I worked for The Associated Press and was getting ready for an upcoming election. That was enough and I was dismissed.

The procedure changed the next time. It was the 1990s and I was knee-deep preparing for another election in about two weeks. The clerk instructed me to proceed to a small courtroom where the judge would meet with approximately a dozen other individuals seeking dismissal.

The judge called us each to the stand, swore us to tell the truth and asked why we couldn't serve. I was surprised at a couple of the excuses that worked: pre-paid golfing

vacation with co-workers to Florida; family reunion.

When it came my turn, I told him I was the Associated Press chief of bureau for New Jersey. I was busy building the database and programming vote-counting terminals in the bureau for the election. "Thank you for your service," the judge said. "You're fulfilling your civic duty. You're dismissed."

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**Linda Sargent** - I have now served on two juries. One was a capital murder trial about six years ago and the second was a civil trial this summer. I knew from my earlier experience that I was extremely likely to be seated for this summer's trial because they have a seating order for voir dire and I was on the front row just as I had been years earlier. No idea why.

Since I took early retirement in 2009 and was now editing at an ad agency, there was no opportunity to say that I had written stories about the death the young man was accused of or that I had spent years taking dictation from Mike Graczyk about executions in Texas.

The death penalty was not on the table for this trial, so the only sentencing possibility for a conviction was life in prison without parole. Many of the questions for the potential jurors dealt with whether we would have any problem following the letter of the law, which included the possibility of finding someone guilty even if they weren't directly responsible for the murder. A lot of people were dismissed for a variety of reasons, some for their staunch support of the death penalty and others for their opposition to life without parole. They never asked me a question so I assumed I wouldn't be chosen. Wrong.

The young man was accused along with his uncle of killing a man in a robbery in the middle of the night as the man came home from work, a fast-food bag in his hand. If I remember correctly, he had stopped to get breakfast for his daughter so she would have something to eat before school.

You would expect a capital murder trial to take days, but this one went quickly. The prosecution put on its case, but the defense called no witnesses. It was spread out over three days, including jury selection.

Our jury, which had a good cross-section of the community, convicted the young man in less than two hours. The prosecution came back to talk to us afterward. And we learned why the defense didn't call anyone. It would have opened up the case to a lot more damning detail. The uncle, who had played high school basketball with former Miami Heat star Chris Bosh, had been convicted already in the stabbing death of a woman. And the uncle and nephew were arrested by police as they stalked yet another potential victim. Prosecutors weren't able to present any of that to the jury.

After conviction, it was time for the victim's family to deliver statements in the sentencing portion. Jurors aren't required to go back into the courtroom, but I felt that it was only right to go back in for this. Two of us did.

It was strange to be leaving the courthouse a short time later and have the daughter of the slain man shout out and run up and hug me.

Why did I think I might not be chosen? I was hoping some of my answers to the lengthy juror questionnaire would keep me off the jury. I said I liked to watch all kinds of crime dramas. When asked who were the three people I most despised, one of them was Ted Cruz. Those were just two of the questions I can remember.

I am sad to say I don't remember the young man's name. I didn't think I would forget it and I shouldn't have. I looked at the newspaper for days after the trial and never saw a story about the case. I could find the story about the uncle's conviction but not the nephew.

This summer's case was a civil trial in which an elderly woman was suing because she had been rear-ended by a man at an intersection. Deciding how much to award someone is definitely hard to figure out.

Again, the plaintiff's attorneys visited with us afterward. In this case, they asked what they could have done to get a different outcome.

I think the conversations with the attorneys after the fact are enlightening. It makes you wish jurors could ask questions at trial.

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**Deborah Shelton** - I've served on a jury twice--once in Chicago in the 1990s and once in St. Louis in 2003, where I was elected jury foreperson. The attorneys on both sides, in both cases, didn't seem to care in the least that I was a journalist at the time. I almost got seated on a third jury, but the case was settled as we waited for the trial to start. I was excused another time, but my profession didn't seem to be the issue.

Many people do everything they can to get out of jury duty, but I saw it as a privilege and an eye-opening experience to see the justice system at work up close, both its strengths and its shortcomings.

## How the AP, USA Today, and Northeastern built a database of mass killings that tracks more than shootings

By SARAH SCIRE  
Nieman Lab

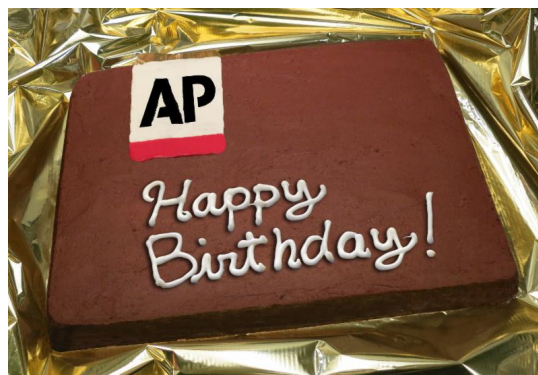
Public mass shootings — ones that unfold in elementary schools, supermarkets, and parades — tend to receive the most media attention but a new database compiled by the Associated Press, USA Today, and Northeastern University reveals mass killings are far more likely to take place in private homes than in public spaces.

“A guy who kills his wife and children and sometimes kills himself is the most common type of mass killing,” said James Fox, a professor of criminology, law, and public policy at Northeastern University who worked on the database. But “although it is relatively easy to acquire information about the most high profile cases given the amount of press coverage, press briefings by law enforcement, and sometimes even reports from ad hoc investigations, most mass killings receive rather little coverage.”

The newly public Mass Killings Database is one of the most comprehensive datasets assembled on the topic. It tracks all U.S. homicides since 2006 where four or more people — not including the offender — were killed. Each incident has dozens of data fields including location and detailed information about the offender (name, age, race, sex, and any previous criminal record), victims (including cause of death and relationship to the assailant), and weapon (including, if applicable, gun type, model, manufacturer, and caliber). The collaborative project has been underway since 2018 and revives an earlier iteration of the database launched by USA Today in 2012.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Terry Wallace.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



[Reid Miller](#)

## Stories of interest

***Tim Page, Gonzo Photographer of the Vietnam War, Is Dead at 78*** (New York Times)



**Tim Page in 2009. He was one of the most vivid personalities in a corps of photographers whose images helped shape the course of the Vietnam War. Credit...Barat Ali Batoor**

**By Seth Mydans**

Tim Page, one of the pre-eminent photographers of the Vietnam War, known as much for his larger-than-life personality as for his intense and powerful combat photographs, died on Wednesday at his home in New South Wales, Australia. He was 78.

His death, from liver cancer, was confirmed by his longtime partner, Marianne Harris.

A freelancer and a free spirit whose Vietnam pictures appeared in publications around the world in the 1960s, Mr. Page was seriously wounded four times, most severely when a piece of shrapnel took a chunk out of his brain and sent him into months of recovery and rehabilitation.

Mr. Page was one of the most vivid personalities among a corps of Vietnam photographers whose images helped shape the course of the war. He was a model for the crazed, stoned photographer played by Dennis Hopper in Francis Ford Coppola's "Apocalypse Now."

Michael Herr, in his book "Dispatches" (1977), called him the most extravagant of the "wiggled-out crazies" in Vietnam and noted that he "liked to augment his field gear with freak paraphernalia, scarves and beads."

When a publisher asked him if he would write a book that took the glamour out of war, Mr. Herr wrote, Mr. Page exclaimed, "Take the glamour out of war! I mean, how the bloody hell can you do that?"

He went on: "It's like trying to take the glamour out of sex, trying to take the glamour out of the Rolling Stones. I mean, you know that it can't be done."

Read more [here](#). Shared by Claudia DiMartino, Chris Connell, Sibby Christensen.

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## ***Kobe Bryant widow awarded \$16M in trial over crash photos*** (AP)

By ANDREW DALTON

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Kobe Bryant's widow was awarded \$16 million as part of a \$31 million jury verdict Wednesday against Los Angeles County for deputies and firefighters sharing grisly photos of the NBA star, his 13-year-old daughter and other victims killed in a 2020 helicopter crash.

The nine jurors unanimously agreed with Vanessa Bryant and her attorneys that the photos invaded her privacy and caused emotional distress. She cried quietly as it was read.

The jury deliberated 4 1/2 hours before reaching the verdict on Kobe Bryant Day, which is celebrated in LA on Aug. 24 because it represents his jersey numbers — 8 and 24 — and is the day after his birthday. He would have turned 44 on Tuesday.

After the verdict, Vanessa Bryant posted a photo on Instagram of herself with her husband and daughter.

“All for you!” the caption read. “I love you! JUSTICE for Kobe and Gigi!”

An attorney for the county declined comment on the verdict outside the courtroom.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***In Court, She’s Always Judging You*** (New York Times)

**By Ruth La Ferla**

“She wore a black-and-white power suit, double-breasted and very graphic, with big lapels outlined in white. You could say she was making a statement.”

Elizabeth Williams could have been describing an uptown matron smartly turned out for lunch at Sant Ambroeus. But the subject was Gloria Allred, the women’s rights lawyer, whose image she captured in June as Ms. Allred stood in a federal courtroom in Manhattan awaiting sentencing of the singer R. Kelly for racketeering and sex trafficking.

Ms. Williams is a courtroom artist with a canny eye for style. A former fashion illustrator, she is tasked with rendering charged portraits of accused killers, mob chieftains, white collar criminals, sex offenders and, as often, their alleged victims, with a measure of fidelity and journalistic flair.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Sibby Christensen, who noted this AP mention in 11th graf: Ms. Williams’s particular vision is built on a fusion of instinct and experience. Her clients, most often The Associated Press and CNBC, count on her, she knows, to convey the urgency, pageantry and intermittent shocks of live theater.

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## ***Kevin Harlan reflects on Len Dawson’s pioneering work as a TV and radio broadcaster*** (Kansas City Star)

**BY PETE GRATHOFF**

Kevin Harlan is a two-time National Sportscaster of the Year who has called NFL games for nearly four decades, and he traces the start of his football broadcasting career to a Mizzou spring game in 1985.

After graduating from the University of Kansas in 1982, Harlan was hired as the voice of the Kansas City Kings. But he also kept a job he’d held since his days at KU, producing a three-hour Chiefs radio pregame show for KCMO radio. In 1985, the Kings announced their plans to relocate to Sacramento and Wayne Larrivee, the radio voice of the Chiefs, moved to Chicago to call Bears games. The Chiefs were considering Harlan for their job, but first they wanted to hear him work a football game.



So they asked him to call that Mizzou spring game, which was held at Arrowhead Stadium. To Harlan's surprise, Len Dawson joined him on the test broadcast. "Somehow they coerced Leonard into doing the taped broadcast with me on Saturday afternoon in the spring," Harlan recalled. "And so he was in the booth when I walked in. And he said, 'Let's make this work. I'm excited. This will be great.' He's always up and very positive. So we did the first half of the Missouri spring football game at Arrowhead into a tape machine that they had with engineers in back.

Read more [here](#).

## Today in History – Aug. 25, 2022



By The Associated Press

**Today is Thursday, Aug. 25, the 237th day of 2022. There are 128 days left in the year.**

### **Today's Highlight in History:**

On Aug. 25, 2018, Sen. John McCain of Arizona, who had spent years as a prisoner of war in Vietnam before a 35-year political career that took him to the Republican presidential nomination, died at the age of 81 after battling brain cancer for more than a year.

### **On this date:**

In 1718, hundreds of French colonists arrived in Louisiana, with some settling in present-day New Orleans.

In 1875, Capt. Matthew Webb became the first person to swim across the English Channel, getting from Dover, England, to Calais (ka-LAY'), France, in 22 hours.

In 1928, an expedition led by Richard E. Byrd set sail from Hoboken, N.J., on its journey to Antarctica.

In 1944, during World War II, Paris was liberated by Allied forces after four years of Nazi occupation.

In 1958, the game show "Concentration" premiered on NBC-TV.

In 1980, the Broadway musical "42nd Street" opened. (Producer David Merrick stunned the cast and audience during the curtain call by announcing that the show's director, Gower Champion, had died earlier that day.)

In 1981, the U.S. spacecraft Voyager 2 came within 63,000 miles of Saturn's cloud cover, sending back pictures of and data about the ringed planet.

In 1985, Samantha Smith, 13, the schoolgirl whose letter to Yuri V. Andropov resulted in her famous peace tour of the Soviet Union, died with her father in an airliner crash in Auburn, Maine, that also killed four other passengers and two crew members.

In 2001, R&B singer Aaliyah (ah-LEE'-yah) was killed with eight others in a plane crash in the Bahamas; she was 22.

In 2009, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, the liberal lion of the U.S. Senate, died at age 77 in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, after a battle with a brain tumor.

In 2014, a funeral was held in St. Louis for Michael Brown, the Black 18-year-old who was shot to death by a police officer in suburban Ferguson.

In 2020, two people were shot to death and a third was wounded as 17-year-old Kyle Rittenhouse opened fire with an AR-15-style rifle during a third night of protests in Kenosha, Wisconsin, over the police shooting of a Black man, Jacob Blake. (Rittenhouse, who was taken into custody in Illinois the next day, said he was defending himself after the three men attacked him as he tried to protect businesses from protesters; he was acquitted on all charges, including homicide.)

Ten years ago: Neil Armstrong, 82, who commanded the historic Apollo 11 lunar landing and was the first man to set foot on the moon in July 1969, died in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Five years ago: Hurricane Harvey, the fiercest hurricane to hit the U.S. in more than a decade, made landfall near Corpus Christi, Texas, with 130 mph sustained winds; the storm would deliver five days of rain totaling close to 52 inches, the heaviest tropical downpour that had ever been recorded in the continental U.S. The hurricane left at least 68 people dead and caused an estimated \$125 billion in damage in Texas. President Donald Trump pardoned former Arizona sheriff Joe Arpaio, who had been convicted of a misdemeanor contempt-of-court charge for defying a judge's orders that he stop conducting immigration patrols; the 85-year-old retired lawman had faced the prospect of jail time at his sentencing in October.

One year ago: Secretary of State Antony Blinken said about 4,500 Americans had been evacuated so far from Afghanistan; officials believed there were about 6,000 Americans wanting to leave when the U.S. airlift began in mid-August. The U.S. Embassy in Kabul issued a security alert warning American citizens to stay away from three specific gates at the airport in Kabul. (There would be a deadly suicide bomb attack at the airport the following day.) Texas Gov. Greg Abbott issued an executive

order banning any state or local mandates requiring people to be vaccinated against COVID-19; the move came as Texas reported the most COVID-19 patients in its hospitals since the pandemic began. Defense Secretary Lloyd Austin said in a memo that military troops must immediately start getting the COVID-19 vaccine. A man who was angered by state-ordered coronavirus restrictions was sentenced to just over six years in prison for planning to kidnap Michigan Gov. Gretchen Whitmer; Ty Garbin was among six men charged in federal court, but was the first to plead guilty.

Today's Birthdays: Actor Tom Skerritt is 89. Jazz musician Wayne Shorter is 89. Movie director Hugh Hudson is 86. Author Frederick Forsyth is 84. Movie director John Badham is 83. Filmmaker Marshall Brickman is 83. R&B singer Walter Williams (The O'Jays) is 79. Actor Anthony Heald is 78. Rock singer-actor Gene Simmons is 73. Actor John Savage is 73. Author Martin Amis (AY'-mihs) is 73. Country singer-musician Henry Paul (Outlaws; Blackhawk) is 73. Rock singer Rob Halford is 71. Rock musician Geoff Downes (Asia) is 70. Rock singer Elvis Costello is 68. Movie director Tim Burton is 64. Actor Christian LeBlanc is 64. Actor Ashley Crow is 62. Actor Ally Walker is 61. Country singer Cyrus (AKA Billy Ray Cyrus) is 61. Actor Joanne Whalley is 61. Rock musician Vivian Campbell (Def Leppard) is 60. Actor Blair Underwood is 58. Actor Robert Maschio is 56. Rap DJ Terminator X (Public Enemy) is 56. Alternative country singer Jeff Tweedy (Wilco) is 55. Actor David Alan Basche (BAYSH) is 54. Television chef Rachael Ray is 54. Actor Cameron Mathison is 53. Country singer Jo Dee Messina is 52. Model Claudia Schiffer is 52. Country singer Brice Long is 51. Actor Nathan Page is 51. Actor-writer-director Ben Falcone is 49. Actor Eric Millegan is 48. Actor Alexander Skarsgard is 46. Actor Jonathan Togo is 45. Actor Kel Mitchell is 44. Actor Rachel Bilson is 41. Actor Blake Lively is 35. Actor Josh Flitter is 28.

## Got a story or photos to share?

Connecting is a daily newsletter published Monday through Friday that focuses on retired and former Associated Press employees, present-day employees, and news industry and journalism school colleagues. It began in 2013 and past issues can be found by clicking Connecting Archive in the masthead. Its author, Paul Stevens, retired from the AP in 2009 after a 36-year career as a newsman in Albany and St. Louis, correspondent in Wichita, chief of bureau in Albuquerque, Indianapolis and Kansas City, and Midwest vice president based in Kansas City.

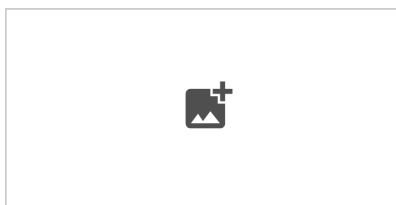
Got a story to share? A favorite memory of your AP days? Don't keep them to yourself. Share with your colleagues by sending to Ye Olde Connecting Editor. And don't forget to include photos!

Here are some suggestions:



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

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