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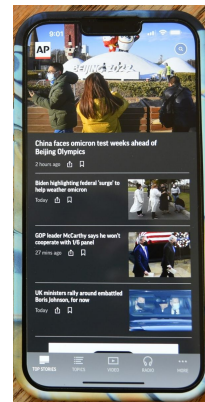
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# Connecting

Oct. 24, 2022

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Kudos to our own *Campbell*  
Brian Horton,  
Indiana University's newest  
Distinguished Alumnus!  
Congratulations, Brian!

Colleagues,

Good Monday morning on this Oct. 24, 2022,

Very few people I know are as talented and well-liked as our colleague **Brian Horton**.

This past Friday night in Bloomington, Ind., that love was on full display as AP colleagues and friends of the retired AP photo editor and photographer were on hand when Brian was honored by his alma mater with the Indiana University Distinguished Alumni Award.

We bring you comments from his colleagues in today's Connecting, along with the cartoon above that was created by **Jenny Campbell**, a syndicated cartoonist who is the partner of retired AP photographer **Amy Sancetta**. **Brian Horton's email – [hortonmail@gmail.com](mailto:hortonmail@gmail.com)**

Today's issue also brings you more wonderfully told stories in two popular Connecting series – expense accounts and your "dream" car. Feel free to contribute your own story.

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy!

Paul

## A night in Indiana to recognize one of AP's finest: Brian Horton



AP staff - current and retired - who gathered Friday night in Bloomington to honor Brian Horton as he was named a Distinguished Alumni of the Indiana University Media School. Back row, from left: retired staff photographer Amy Sancetta, retired ACOB/Midwest photo editor and photographer Cliff Schiappa, retired staff photographers Mark Duncan and Rob Kozloff, current staff photographers Mike Conroy and Charles Arbogast. Front row, from left: retired staff photo editor Claudia Counts, retired staff photographer Chuck Robinson, AP freelancer Mary Ann Carter, Brian Horton, and retired photo editor Jenn Poggi.



**And this group shot: first row, from left, John R. Fulton, Ward Beckham, Carol Hunter, Chuck Robinson, Mary Ann Carter, Nancy Lewis, Laura Kozloff. Paula Conroy and Jenn Poggi. Row two, Chuck Troyer, Claudia Counts, Jenny Campbell, Amy Sancetta, Cliff Schiappa, Mark Duncan, myself, Rob Kozloff, Michael Conroy, Bob Dillon and Charles Rex Arbogast.**

**Amy Sancetta** - On Friday evening, Brian Horton was honored by the Media School of Indiana University with its Distinguished Alumni Award. The award honors former students who have become leaders in journalism and related fields.

Over his 38-year career, Brian (Class of '72) was a vital advocate for journalism, helping the AP and the industry transform from black & white to color photography, from analog to digital photography, and in multimedia storytelling. Brian generously shared his knowledge and talents with hundreds of young photojournalists, helping them achieve their goals as well.

In his acceptance speech, Brian spent time honoring his family, friends and colleagues. In particular, he mentioned the encouragement, support and education by his father (a newspaperman himself), his IU professor Will Counts (a fellow recipient of the Distinguished Alumni Award and the father of former AP photo editor Claudia Counts), former AP executive photo editor Hal Buell, former AP photographer and editor Harry Cabluck, and his late wife Marilyn Dillon.

Friends, family and fellow photojournalists from around the country came to Bloomington to celebrate Brian and this much-deserved accolade.

It was “a career and life highlight for me,” Brian said in a Facebook post. “A big turnout of family, friends (as far back as high school and college) and former AP colleagues were part of the evening for me. Lots of catching up, laughter, many stories (some true!) and a few tears for me thinking of those who couldn't be there. Never imagined I would ever receive an honor like this.”



Other honorees were Renee Ferguson, TV journalist and investigative reporter; Michael J. Hayes, COO of Hearst Television; Marcia Parker, VP of philanthropic partnerships for the New York Times, and Vernon Williams, communication and community engagement strategist of IUPUI. Click [here](#) for further biographical information on each.

## Colleagues remember Brian Horton

**Charlie Arbogast** - My career in The AP owes a much to Harry Cabluck and Brian Horton. In the early 80's, at Harry's going away party in Columbus, he was transferring to the Dallas bureau with Brian replacing him in Columbus. Harry pulled me aside and said he had taught me a good percentage of what it takes to be an AP photographer, and Brian will teach you the rest. Brian has continued to be a constant source for me in my professional and personal life. He has always been a fair and honest man, even when it would hurt. That kind of integrity is hard to find these days in a world where people angle to gain power and hold onto it. Brian's accomplishments are many and I am glad I was there to witness them. This honor from Indiana University Friday evening and seeing the people who were there in his support and know those who wanted to be there, reminds one of a great Biblical passage: You will know them by their fruit (that they bear.) Brian Horton has nurtured so many like me. He has borne much fruit.

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**Harry Cabluck** - Many of Brian Horton's efforts were performed for the first time by him... and for The Associated Press.

Early in his collegiate career he was summer relief in Chicago where, in a demeaning manner, he was called "college boy," by a senior staffer. Hired before finishing college, he was assigned staffer in Philadelphia. Reductions sent him to Cincinnati. From there promoted to Columbus. Then to New York.

He cultivated his talents in each bureau.

In Cincinnati he found photographic freedom and demonstrated initiative, producing materials to promote The AP. While in Columbus, furthering his photography and promoting The AP, he became one of a handful of photo staffers able to produce analog run of press three-color separations delivered to member newspapers. In New York, he supervised and greatly contributed to digital photo collection and distribution seen in today's AP photo report. He produced a White Paper that aided members' use of ROP color in the pre-digital days. An adjunct in New Jersey, his books can now be found in classrooms.

Once called "college boy," who did not finish the curriculum, who educated himself and others, helped explode digitized spot news photography, he certainly deserves honors from the University.

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Mark Duncan - Last Friday I was thrilled to be able to attend the Indiana University Media School Distinguished Alumni Award ceremony in Bloomington to see Brian Horton receive his award.

Despite Brian's success as a photographer, photo editor and multimedia guru for the Associated Press, I think his legacy has to be all the young photographers he touched and made better, myself included.

I memory serves (and it gets harder as one gets older) I first met Brian in Cincinnati when asked by Columbus photo editor Barry Thumma to help cover Game 3 of the 1976 National League championship between the Philadelphia Phillies and Cincinnati Reds. My task was to shoot one (and only one) roll of color transparency film so Harry Cabluck could make the three separations and transmit a color project after the game.

Afterwards, Brian started asking me to help cover important Reds' games, including Pete Rose's 3,000th hit and his consecutive game hitting streak. He apparently felt comfortable enough to assign me to cover a few Reds' games solo when he wasn't available.

When Brian was promoted to Ohio Photo Editor and moved to Columbus, I applied for his former position which ultimately went to the late Ed Reinke, a much more accomplished photographer.

In late 1980, Brian called me to say there might be an opening for a staff photographer in Cleveland, and urged I take the AP test. I later learned photographer candidates usually only took the vocabulary and spelling portions of the test but someone, I believe it was the bureau chief, Bill DiMascio, decided I should also take the writing portions as well.

I don't think my news broadcast and sports stories would wow anyone, but I was hired to start in Cleveland in November 1980, thanks to Brian's endorsement.

Brian came to Cleveland for my first several days on the job, not to talk photos, but to help me with the other minutia for the job...filling out time sheets, expense forms and the ever important stringer credits. He also assured me I was ready for this.

Another small thing that was of great value was sending me to Chicago for a few days to meet the editors in what was then our photo control bureau. Being able to put a face with the voice over the line adds a level of comfort.

A little over a month after starting, the Cleveland Browns hosted the Oakland Raiders in the AFC Championship game at Cleveland Municipal Stadium. Back then there was no darkroom in the stadium, but I got to help Brian building one in a bathroom to handle film processing, printing and transmitting of the game photos. January in Cleveland tends to be cold, and Brian's solution was to use aquarium heaters to keep the chemistry at 68 degrees in the 40-degree interior (the wind chill on the field that day was -47 F.)

I had to build a lot of temporary darkrooms after that assignment and watching a master was a blessing. Afterwards Brian pushed through the funding to have a permanent photo workroom built in the Stadium.

In the ensuing years I was proud to work for Brian, then ensconced at 50 Rock, at baseball All Star games, Olympics, Super Bowls and the like. One moment sticks in my mind, though, after the 1982 baseball All-Star game in Montreal.

Brian had me come to his hotel room and laid out the 10 or 12 photos he selected to transmit from the game and discussed the reasoning behind those choices. That was probably the biggest lesson I had ever received in selecting what photos were needed to tell the story. It served me well later when I was called on to edit other photographer's images at events.

Whatever success I achieved in, my 34+ years with the AP was due to colleagues like Brian Horton, Harry Cabluck, Spencer Jones and many more. It took 51 years, but Brian H. Horton finally received the recognition he deserves for advancing photojournalism.

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**Amy Sancetta** - So happy to be in Bloomington to see Brian Horton honored as a Distinguished Alumni of Indiana University Media School. Photographer, mentor, teacher, writer, luminary, Brian has done it all in his life and career. I met Brian when he was the AP photo editor in Columbus and I was a junior at Ohio State. Just like Harry Cabluck who preceded him in the position, Brian took me and our little group of college-age stringers under his wing and taught us how to become not just good photographers and conscientious journalists, but good people too. He generously shared his time and knowledge with us, and we couldn't get enough of it. He taught me that there was always, always more to learn. That lesson has never left me. We worked hard, and along the way, had an absolute ball. Brian started out as my teacher, and became a dear friend, and to this day - more than 40 years later - he remains an inspiration. Here's to you, Brian Horton!

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**Chuck Zoeller** - Congratulations to Brian on the well-deserved recognition by his alma mater. But with all respect to IU, to my mind Brian is the foremost graduate of the Harry Cabluck Finishing School of Photojournalism, well-known as the source of so many outstanding AP photographers and editors. Early photos credited simply to "bh" still turn up in the AP files, and Brian went on to become a mentor in his own right, hugely influential as a photo editor and senior manager, from analog days to digital. His enviable career is like a highlight reel: From a World Series interrupted by a major earthquake to the war in Kuwait to literally writing the book about AP photography, no one during his tenure showed more professionalism and dedication to the AP and its photography. Brian surely earned all the kudos he's receiving — liked and respected by virtually everyone who has worked with him, the fact that Brian got a standing ovation from the newsroom on his last day at AP speaks volumes.

## More memories of John Gaps III



**Neal Ulevich** - One memory of John. One evening we were sitting on a hotel roof in Saudi Arabia waiting for Scud missiles. No scuds that evening. Just a peaceful view from the roof as we smoked Havana cigars. I last saw John in 2007. I was passing through Des Moines and called. John and his daughter met me for lunch. A quick souvenir snap, then we said so long.

## A CoB's Lament: 'Star' Staffers

**Jim Reindl** - Ruth Gersh's tribute to John Gaps and her wry asides about his absences from the Des Moines bureau made me smile. Any Connecting colleague who served as a bureau chief knew the odd mixture of pride and frustration at having an AP "star" on staff. You were proud that you had such talent to work with (when you got to), especially if you had anything to do with their hiring or you helped nurture them. And you were perpetually frustrated at New York's "raids" on your staff. Talk about lousy odds; never did you win one of those arguments about losing a staffer.

When I was Chicago news editor and Lee Hughes was ACoB we agreed a bureau always seemed to have just enough staff to not quite complete work schedules as you'd like. New York's needs — AP's needs — further complicated that equation. But when Sports or Photos called, off went your star, leaving the bureau chief to answer to Treasury why your OT budget was blown by October.

## More on expense accounts

**Dan Day** - Here's a tale from the lower end of the expense account spectrum.

On Friday, Dec. 9, 1988, I headed from home in Omaha out to the Hastings Tribune, where I made the rounds in the newsroom and then, as was customary for the bureau



chief, took the managing editor to lunch. He asked if I wouldn't mind bringing one of the reporters along, and I readily agreed.

We went to a cafe — Mexican, if I recall — and after we'd finished our meal and the conversation wound down, the waitress dropped the check on the table.

I pulled the Visa card out of my wallet but she told me, "Cash only."

Uh oh.

I had none. Embarrassed, I asked the editor if he'd loan me cash to pay the bill and said I'd mail him a check from home. I figured he'd good naturedly say, "I've got this."

Nope.

He was not that good natured.

I mailed him the check, he cashed it, and when it came with my bank statement, I stuck the check in my briefcase as a fond token of the visit. I brought the briefcase on business travel for years, and although I no longer carry it, the check is still inside.

The total?

\$11, including tip.

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**Tim Harper** - My favorite AP expense account story, like so many favorite AP stories, centers on the late Special Correspondent Jules Loh when he was doing his Elsewhere in America features. His editor called him in and asked for an explanation: how could he consistently exceed his per diem for food by \$10-\$15 a day.

"Easy," Jules replied. "I skip breakfast."

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**Dan Sewell** - After two months of covering the 1983 U.S.-led invasion of Grenada in the Caribbean, I was finally back home in San Juan and quickly filed expense reports to get my bank account replenished.

It was another month or so after that when a packet arrived from Fort Bragg Army Base in North Carolina.

A handwritten note inside said "Found this while cleaning up around Point Salines." That was the site of the airport that Fidel Castro's Cuban government was helping build for the former leftist regime.

In the packet were a couple of my reporter's notebooks and most importantly, receipts for hundreds of dollars' worth of meals and supplies I had simply forgotten about.

Sent in a new expense account, very appreciative that someone in the Army took the time to figure out who I was and where to mail that to.

## Memories of your 'dream car'

[Norm Abelson](#) - What can I say about my 1965 forest green Mustang? How about this: a half-century later I'm still sorry I had to give it up.

The ostensible reason was that the kids were getting bigger, and the family needed more car room. So, in 1970 we traded for a four-door, fire-engine red Volvo. You know, Swedish engineered, and with all those safety features. Actually, a pretty good auto with a gas saving four-cylinder engine. And, yes, plenty of room.

But still... I missed the powerful hum of the eight cylinders, the luxurious green bucket seats. To say nothing of the feeling of being among an in-group while tooling down the highway. And the design; like a posh Lincoln with the back end chopped off, the two-door coupe looked like it was in motion, even when parked.

But I wasn't about to quit my quest for a car of distinction. After a sad time, better left unexplained, with a DeSoto following the Volvo, I went all in with a 1980 ivory-colored, French-made Peugeot four-door, with matching leather seats. Plenty of room for the family, without sacrificing a special look and great performance.

However, the story ends sadly. The Peugeot was picky, and maintenance needed the sure hand of a specially trained mechanic. When the only such guy in New Hampshire left the state, the car had to go. My automotive dreams ended too; it was traded for an Oldsmobile.

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[Harry Cabluck](#) - Perhaps you've heard this one before. Harry Cabluck, Sr., decided in 1953 to keep his son off the road for a few extra years, by having him restore on his own car, instead of terrorizing the streets of Fort Worth. Found covered under a tarp in a watermelon patch near Boyd, Texas, he purchased this barely operable 1931 Model A Ford for \$25.00.

It took young Harry almost two years to make it safe to drive. Overhauled the 40-horsepower engine, gave it hydraulic brakes, some amateurish body work, safety glass, sealed-beam headlights, new interior, and a decent paint job.

During the first restoration, a previous owner who easily identified it as his former coupe, said, "I'm glad that car can't talk."

Drove it a few years in high school and one year at TCU. The car had little room up front, so the Speed Graphic had to ride in its case in the trunk. Traveled in it to handle freelance jobs, automobile crashes, gangland slayings, horse races, rodeos and a few weddings. Imagine rolling up to a news event in a machine like this! Brother Jerry took it over to drive in high school, claims that it would do 70 mph. Few years later, dad

took it in for a complete off-the-frame restoration. Still running, the car with most of its original parts, sold about 25 years ago.

The photo above by brother Jerry Cabluck shows the car professionally re-restored some 20 years later.

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**Bruce Handler** - My first car – my dream car -- was the grandfather of the one you have now: a 1964 red VW Beetle convertible (very similar to stock photo above).



The price: about \$2,350. I preordered it from a dealer in Champaign, IL, during my senior year at the University of Illinois. I made a 50 percent cash down payment and paid the rest, also in cash, when the car finally arrived a few months later.

Oh, how I loved that car! I drove it from Illinois to New England. I drove it to Atlanta, GA. I drove it to Southern California and then to Oregon, where I was accepted into the Master's program at the U of O School of Journalism.

I drove the little red VW back and forth across Canada, en route to summer jobs, and finally parked it in Portland, OR, where I joined the AP in 1967.

I fell in love with an intern in the bureau, and we got married in 1968, after she got her journalism degree from the U of O. Then, the Inter-American Press Association offered me a scholarship to go to Buenos Aires, Argentina.

My wife and I looked at each other and said, "Let's go in the car!" So, I quit the AP. I installed fully reclining seats in the VW, so we could sleep in it, and we headed south.

We made it all through Mexico. But we kept getting lost all the time, and we weren't really getting out and "meeting the people," which was another purpose of the trip.

We got to British Honduras – soon to become the independent country of Belize -- where we decided we would try to sell the car, which now had about 120,000 miles on it.

I went to put a want ad in an English-language newspaper in Belize City. A guy behind me peered over my shoulder and asked, "You have a car, mon?"

It turned out he was an accountant working for the company that was building Belize's new inland capital, called Belmopan. I gave him the keys, and we took a test drive to the site, which at that time was just a bunch of stakes and ropes in the dirt outlining where the streets and public buildings would be.





“How much?” I said \$1,000 in U.S. dollars. The buyer didn’t have any actual American dollars, but he had the equivalent – 1,600 British Honduras dollars – which he gave me in cash, in a paper bag.

We scribbled out a bill of sale, and the new owner had the foresight to have it witnessed by a police constable.

It was a Saturday. “You can get U.S. dollars at the bank on Monday,” the Belizean said.

So as soon as the bank opened, I took my paper bag full of money to the teller and asked for U.S. travelers checks.

“You can’t do that,” the teller said. “We have currency-exchange laws in this country.”

Oh, no! Doomed to spend the rest of my life in Belize City.

I asked if there was anything I could do. The teller: “You need authorization from the finance minister.” By this time, Belize had full internal self-government, independent of direct control from London.

Bruce: “Where’s he?” The teller pointed at the window, indicating a building across the street.

So I went, paper bag in hand, walked in and asked to speak to the minister. I explained what it was about, and a functionary said, “He’s upstairs.”

There, the minister, a courtly Afro-Caribbean gentleman wearing a suit that probably was worth more than the VW, actually listened to the by-then-desperate story.

“You say you have a bill of sale?” “Yes, sir,” I said, as I fished the crumpled scrap of paper out of the money bag. The minister noted the police witness and called the police station to check out my tale.

Then he stared at me and said, “You are a very foolish young man.” “Yes, sir.”

“Do you promise never to try to sell a car in Belize again?” “Yes, sir, I swear.”

The finance minister pulled out a form, signed it, plunked down his official rubber stamp and told me to take it back to the bank.

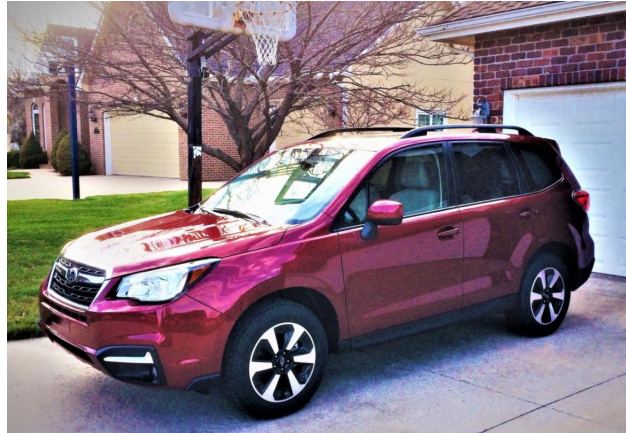
"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

My wife and I got on a weekly banana boat from Belize City to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, which also accepted passengers, and continued our journey southward.

God, I loved that car!

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**Dave Lubeski** - Well, since you asked... Here is my ride. It's not exactly a "dream" car, but so far it's my all-time favorite and it may be the last one I ever own, as long as it remains road worthy. That's what I had in mind when I bought it brand new four years ago. It's a 2018 Subaru Forester. A "Smart Car" that talks to me. I was due for a new one and did a lot of research and the annual auto issue of Consumer Reports ranked it the best in its field.



For starters, it gets excellent gas mileage. I once filled it up in Topeka, drove it to St. Louis, did some driving around town before heading home and made it all the way to Kansas City, Kansas before I had to get gas. I had travelled 487 miles on one fill-up.

If you ride in my car, I don't allow food to be consumed and no drinks, except for water. The seats are still nice and the rubber winter floor mats remain all year round.

When I say it talks to me, I'm referring to various beeps and buzzes that let me know if I'm drifting out of the lane, or when the car in front of me has changed lanes (which is not really necessary as I can see it all take place through the windshield) and if I'm not paying attention at a stoplight, it will let me know when the car in front of me has moved and I haven't. If I'm coming up too fast on the car in front of me, I will get a rapid beeping to slow down and if I don't stop and am about to collide, my car will apply the brakes without my help.

If I set it on cruise control on the highway and come upon a car traveling slower than I am, my car will automatically slow down to the same speed as the car I am following, and I can set the distance on how far back to stay. If I take my hands off the wheel for any significant length of time, I will get a dashboard warning to keep my hands on the wheel.

As I get older, the notifications are more appreciated, like when there's a car in my blind spot which triggers a warning on my side view mirrors.

I recently reached 40,000 miles and may soon need to start thinking about new tires, but in my four years and 40,000 miles I have not had it in the shop for anything more than oil changes and tire rotations.

Like I said, it doesn't have the wow factor of a show car and doesn't turn heads when I'm cruising down the road, but I keep it clean and shiny and I appreciate the reliability.

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[Roger Petterson](#) - My dreamiest car ever was my blue MG-B, purchased in Germany while I was in the Army in the 1960s, driven around Bavarian back roads and then imported to the hill country roads of West Virginia while I was in the Charleston AP bureau.



Oh, wait, my dreamiest car was my first Mazda Miata, a used silver NC model with a six-speed manual transmission that I got after I retired from the AP's General/National Desk, escaped from NYC and moved to car-friendly Arizona. The silver bullet's fantastic handling made it great for learning Arizona's twisty mountain roads.

That was followed by a dark grey NC Miata, purchased new but then was totaled by a pickup that ran a red light (the young woman at the wheel had no driver's license.) Insurance was enough for a bright red NC Miata, a stick-shift rag top like the first two. ("Rag top" means a manual convertible top, as real sports cars are meant to have, not one of those silly electric retractable hard tops.)

Now I'm up to Miata No. 4, really my dreamiest car ever, a red 2021 stick-shift rag top, because the newer ND models are gutsier and have even better handling on twisty roads than the older NCs. And yes, I equipped it with a radar detector.

Someone should do a survey and see how many AP alumni have had Miatas. Enough to outnumber muscle cars?

## Capitol rioter gets prison for attacks on AP journalist, police

By MICHAEL KUNZELMAN

WASHINGTON (AP) — A Pennsylvania man was sentenced on Friday to nearly three years in prison for assaulting an Associated Press photographer and attacking police officers with a stun gun during the U.S. Capitol riot.

Alan Byerly apologized to his victims before U.S. District Judge Randolph Moss sentenced him to two years and 10 months in prison followed by three years of supervised release. Byerly will get credit for the more than 15 months he already has served behind bars since his arrest, according to his lawyers.

“I didn’t go to D.C. to harm anyone,” Byerly told the judge.

Byerly, 55, pleaded guilty in July to assaulting AP photographer John Minchillo and then activating a stun gun as he charged at police officers who were trying to hold off the mob that formed outside the Capitol on Jan. 6, 2021.

Byerly said he was an “antagonistic jerk” when he confronted the officers. He also said he assaulted Minchillo after hearing a voice say, “That’s antifa. Get him out of here.”

Read more [here](#). Shared by Adolphe Bernotas, Linda Deutsch.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



[John Brewer](#)

## Stories of interest

### *Social media platforms brace for midterm elections mayhem* (AP)

By DAVID KLEPPER

A Facebook search for the words “election fraud” first delivers an article claiming that workers at a Pennsylvania children’s museum are brainwashing children so they’ll accept stolen elections.

Facebook’s second suggestion? A link to an article from a site called MAGA Underground that says Democrats are plotting to rig next month’s midterms. “You should still be mad as hell about the fraud that happened in 2020,” the article insists.

With less than three weeks before the polls close, misinformation about voting and elections abounds on social media despite promises by tech companies to address a problem blamed for increasing polarization and distrust.

While platforms like Twitter, TikTok, Facebook and YouTube say they’ve expanded their work to detect and stop harmful claims that could suppress the vote or even lead to violent confrontations, a review of some of the sites shows they’re still playing



catch-up with 2020, when then-President Donald Trump's lies about the election he lost to Joe Biden helped fuel an insurrection at the U.S. Capitol.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***How Disinformation Splintered and Became More Intractable*** (New York Times)

**By Steven Lee Myers and Sheera Frenkel**

On the morning of July 8, former President Donald J. Trump took to Truth Social, a social media platform he founded with people close to him, to claim that he had in fact won the 2020 presidential vote in Wisconsin, despite all evidence to the contrary.

Barely 8,000 people shared that missive on Truth Social, a far cry from the hundreds of thousands of responses his posts on Facebook and Twitter had regularly generated before those services suspended his megaphones after the deadly riot on Capitol Hill on Jan. 6, 2021.

And yet Mr. Trump's baseless claim pulsed through the public consciousness anyway. It jumped from his app to other social media platforms — not to mention podcasts, talk radio or television.

Within 48 hours of Mr. Trump's post, more than one million people saw his claim on at least dozen other sites. It appeared on Facebook and Twitter, from which he has been banished, but also YouTube, Gab, Parler and Telegram, according to an analysis by The New York Times.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Sibby Christensen.

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## ***The Trump Tapes: 20 interviews that show why he is an unparalleled danger*** (Washington Post)

**By Bob Woodward**

In more than 50 years of reporting, I have never disclosed the raw interviews or full transcripts of my work. But after listening again to the 20 interviews I conducted with President Donald Trump during his last year as chief executive, I have decided to take the unusual step of releasing them. I was struck by how Trump pounded in my ears in a way the printed page cannot capture.

In their totality, these interviews offer an unvarnished portrait of Trump. You hear Trump in his own words, in his own voice, during one of the most consequential years

in American history: amid Trump's first impeachment, the coronavirus pandemic and large racial justice protests.

Much has been written about that period, including by me. But "The Trump Tapes," my forthcoming audiobook of our interviews, is central to understanding Trump as he is poised to seek the presidency again. We spoke in person in the Oval Office and at Mar-a-Lago, as well as on the phone at varying hours of the day. You cannot separate Trump from his voice.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***Veteran Reporter Margaret Sullivan's Favorite Books About Journalism*** (Literary Hub)

**By Margaret Sullivan**

When I set out to write my memoir—*Newsroom Confidential: Lessons (and Worries) from an Ink-stained Life*, I got a chance to revisit some of the books about journalism that have delighted and inspired me for decades. Some showed me what was possible for intrepid reporters who never gave up. Some fed my growing worries about today's troubled media landscape. This collection of some all-time favorites spans almost five decades, from the coverage of the 1972 presidential campaign to the start of the #MeToo movement. Every one of them has influenced me and caused me to say, "I wish I'd written that!"

Read more [here](#). Shared by Linda Deutsch.

## **Today in History – Oct. 24, 2022**



Today is Monday, Oct. 24, the 297th day of 2022. There are 68 days left in the year.

**Today's Highlight in History:**

On Oct. 24, 1945, the United Nations officially came into existence as its charter took effect.

**On this date:**

In 1537, Jane Seymour, the third wife of England's King Henry VIII, died 12 days after giving birth to Prince Edward, later King Edward VI.

In 1861, the first transcontinental telegraph message was sent by Chief Justice Stephen J. Field of California from San Francisco to President Abraham Lincoln in Washington, D.C., over a line built by the Western Union Telegraph Co.

In 1940, the 40-hour work week went into effect under the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938.

In 1952, Republican presidential candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower declared in Detroit, "I shall go to Korea" as he promised to end the conflict. (He made the visit over a month later.)

In 1962, a naval quarantine of Cuba ordered by President John F. Kennedy went into effect during the missile crisis.

In 1972, Hall of Famer Jackie Robinson, who'd broken Major League Baseball's modern-era color barrier in 1947, died in Stamford, Connecticut, at age 53.

In 1991, "Star Trek" creator Gene Roddenberry died in Santa Monica, California, at age 70.

In 1992, the Toronto Blue Jays became the first non-U.S. team to win the World Series as they defeated the Atlanta Braves, 4-3, in Game 6.

In 1996, TyRon Lewis, 18, a Black motorist, was shot to death by police during a traffic stop in St. Petersburg, Florida; the incident sparked rioting. (Officer James Knight, who said that Lewis had lurched his car at him several times, knocking him onto the hood, was cleared by a grand jury and the Justice Department.)

In 2002, authorities apprehended John Allen Muhammad and teenager Lee Boyd Malvo near Myersville, Maryland, in the Washington-area sniper attacks. (Malvo was later sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole, but Maryland's highest court has agreed to reconsider that sentence in 2022; Muhammad was sentenced to death and executed in 2009.)

In 2005, civil rights icon Rosa Parks died in Detroit at age 92.

In 2020, heavily protected crews in Washington state worked to destroy the first nest of so-called murder hornets discovered in the United States.

Ten years ago: Less than two weeks before Election Day, President Barack Obama set out on a 40-hour campaign marathon through battleground states; Republican Mitt Romney looked to the Midwest for a breakthrough in a close race shadowed by a weak economy. Hurricane Sandy roared across Jamaica and headed toward Cuba,

before taking aim at the eastern United States. The San Francisco Giants took the first game of the World Series, 8-3, over the Detroit Tigers, as Pablo Sandoval became the fourth player to hit three home runs in a World Series game.

Five years ago: Republican Sen. Jeff Flake of Arizona announced that he would not seek re-election in 2018; he'd been critical of the path the GOP had taken under President Donald Trump. Fats Domino, the rock 'n' roll pioneer whose hits included "Blueberry Hill" and "Ain't That a Shame," died in Louisiana at the age of 89. Actor Robert Guillaume, who won Emmy awards for his portrayal of the sharp-tongued butler in the sitcoms "Soap" and "Benson," died in Los Angeles at 89. In a game that began in 103-degree heat, the Los Angeles Dodgers opened the World Series with a 3-1 victory over the Houston Astros in Los Angeles; Clayton Kershaw was the winning pitcher in his World Series debut.

One year ago: Pope Francis called for an end to the practice of returning migrants rescued at sea to Libya and other unsafe countries. Denis Villeneuve's "Dune" debuted with \$40.1 million in ticket sales in its opening weekend in North America, drawing a large number of moviegoers to see the thundering sci-fi epic on the big screen despite it also being available to stream in homes. British pop star Ed Sheeran said he had tested positive for COVID-19 and would do interviews and performances from his house while he self-isolated. Tom Brady became the first player to throw 600 career touchdown passes and then tacked on two more in Tampa Bay's 38-3 rout over the Chicago Bears.

Today's Birthdays: Rock musician Bill Wyman is 86. Actor F. Murray Abraham is 83. Movie director-screenwriter David S. Ward is 77. Actor Kevin Kline is 75. Congressman and former NAACP President Kweisi Mfume (kwah-EE'-see oom-FOO'-may) is 74. Actor Doug Davidson is 68. Actor B.D. Wong is 62. Actor Zahn McClarnon is 56. Singer Michael Trent (Americana duo Shovels & Rope) is 45. Rock musician Ben Gillies (Silverchair) is 43. Singer-actor Monica Arnold is 42. Actor-comedian Casey Wilson is 42. R&B singer, actor and TV personality Adrienne Bailon Houghton is 39. Actor Tim Pocock is 37. R&B singer-rapper-actor Drake is 36. Actor Shenae Grimes is 33. Actor Eliza Taylor is 33. Actor Ashton Sanders (Film: "Moonlight") is 27. Olympic gold medal gymnast Kyla Ross is 26. Actor Hudson Yang is 19.

## 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



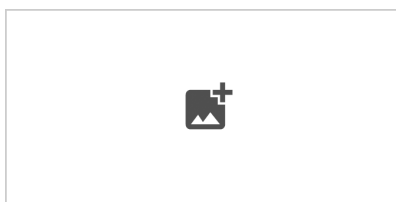
Kansas City, and Midwest vice president based in Kansas City.

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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