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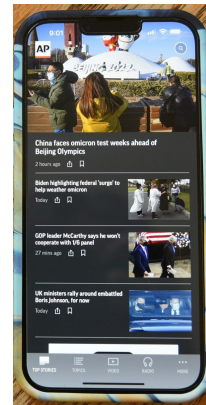
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# Connecting

Feb. 9, 2023

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Colleagues,

Good Thursday morning on this Feb. 9, 2023,

It is a story that melted the heart of this avowed dog lover – and one I share with you as our lead in today’s Connecting.

It’s a story about **Terry “The Griz” Griswold**, a member of the Army’s Special Forces during the Vietnam War and 20-year Army veteran, a guy who his son Rob calls “a badass.”

It’s a story about **Belle**, an 11-year-old yellow lab who melted Terry’s heart, helped him through the death of his wife, and was with him just before Terry took his final breath last November.

It’s a story about **Rob Griswold**, who – fulfilling a last promise made to his dad - flew from his home in suburban Denver to Kansas City, rented a car and drove back with Belle to join his family’s white golden retrievers, Benjamin and Franklin, who yielded to Belle as the Canine In Charge.

“Belle was on dad’s bed frequently over those final days,” Rob said, “and even about an hour before he took his last breath. She definitely knew what was going on. As you know full well, all of us dog lovers know how intelligent our dogs are.”

I hope you enjoy this story written for Connecting by Rob – a family friend who is an owner of Shredder - Indoor Ski and Snowboarding School and lives with his family in Broomfield, Colo. - as much as I do.

A graveside service with military honors was held for Terry on Jan. 20 at Leavenworth National Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, Terry requested that any donations be given to The Khaki Hound and Camo Kitty, a local pet boarding facility that helps out Veterans and Active Duty Military with their pets when they have to be gone.

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy (and if you are a pet owner, give the lucky one a little extra love).

Paul

## The Griz and Belle – the story of a Green Beret with a love of animals



**Belle with Terry Griswold in Terry’s final days.**

[Rob Griswold](#) – "If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I want to come back as a Griswold dog" - anyone who knew my dad and his love for dogs would fully realize.

My dad, Terry "The Griz" Griswold, had always had a huge love for dogs, especially retrievers. In my lifetime, he had five dogs that had spanned at least 40 of my 45 years. All five dogs were extremely loved and enjoyed amazing lives. Each of them happened to be the perfect dog for that period of our lives.

Charlie (Norwegian Elkhound) was my parents' first baby, then I showed up about three years later, followed by my sister Liz 20 months after that. Charlie was the perfect dog for babies, and he let my sister and I crawl all over him and was another protector in our lives. He lived almost 12 years and was with us during dad's Army assignments in Bragg, Benning, Heidelberg, Berlin and very briefly, Ft. Leavenworth.

A little more than a year after Charlie passed, my dad got his first yellow lab. He almost got murdered by my mom at the same time! The family had travelled to Michigan to be with family for a few weeks on the beach that summer. My dad had to get back to work early and would call us every day or so and see how we were doing. During one of those calls, he asked to speak to me and said, "What do you think about us getting a dog?". He did the same with Liz. My mom hopped on and exclaimed "Damn it Terry, you bought a dog, didn't you?!" My dad obviously felt protected by the distance between Michigan and Kansas and said yes, he had brought home a new puppy. "Is it at least a small dog?" my mom asked. "For now, it is" - my Dad replied. "Is it a girl?". Nope. Is it a "German Shepherd or Elkhound". Nope, a lab. "Is it Black or Chocolate?". Nope once again, it was yellow. My dad had managed to get everything completely opposite of what my mom wanted. I wanted to name it "George" or "Brett", but my mom said, "I'm naming this damn dog, as it's the only thing I get to pick". Murphy's Law quickly became "Murphy" and our first best yellow lab ever was named. Murphy was an amazing family, a pretty darn good hunting dog, and lived to be 12-13 and died peacefully of old age.

When Murphy was eight, my mom at this point was totally in love with yellow labs and surprised my dad with his second yellow lab. Our family has always fully embraced the "Griswold" name as well as the movies, and "Sparky" Griswold was the name bestowed upon him. My mom sometime shortly afterwards exclaimed "if labs weren't so damn cute, they'd all be dead" in regard to how they love to chew on anything and everything within paws' reach, especially during their first 2 years of existence. Sparky luckily survived those puppy years, and he lived long enough that both my sister and I each had our own dogs - Liz had a yellow lab, Sydney, and I had a golden retriever, Walter - and they'd all make it out to Shawnee Mission (Kansas) Dog Park for some hot summer swimming trips. Sparky was equally as amazing as Murphy even though he was not quite as good a hunting dog, and he passed away around the age of 12.

My mom and dad had become dog grandparents, and soon afterwards human grandparents, and their house was always full of either real or furry babies a lot of the time. We used to joke that regardless if it were the pups or the kids, they were going to "Griswold Disney World" whenever we'd pawn them off on GG or Gunga, as they were known.

Around 10 years ago, my mom made the "fateful" decision to go to Korea for a work trip. She had obviously forgotten what happens when their house is void of puppies, and she isn't there to physically prevent my dad from doing things.

My dad received a call from one of his hunting buddies regarding two yellow lab sisters that were abandoned in the woods. That's my dad's story anyway. Regardless, these two beautiful yellow labs entered the Griswold family within 24 hours of that phone call. They weren't exactly puppies, but they weren't fully mature either, the vet guessed they were one or a little older. Their names were "Tinker" and "Belle". This is what happens when you allow your three- or four-year-old granddaughter to name your new pups.

Unfortunately for my mom, my dad's health had begun its slow decline and the first of many overnight hospital visits had begun. My mom did a ton of the initial care with Tink and Belle, and despite her false threats, she was in love with them from day one. My dad would always brag about what exceptional hunters they were as they'd bring rabbits and moles onto the porch, and even sometimes into the home when no one was really paying attention. I'd like to remind my dad that they really weren't amazing hunters, and that the not-to-smart mommy rabbit had built her nest under their dog house, but my dad chose to believe his own version of "the extremely fine hunting specimens" that Tinker and Belle were. Tink and Belle ruled the roost at my parents' home and everything about their lives once again proved to me that one day hopefully a long time from now, I want to come back to this world as a Griswold dog.

My mom passed away unexpectedly in early 2019. My dad's health had rapidly declined around the same time, and he was beginning to need help with daily living. My sister and I wanted him to move closer to Liz in Olathe, but my dad was adamant that he stay in his home with his dogs. We don't really know if he really didn't want to move, or if it was to keep Tinker and Belle's big backyard, or he didn't want to accept that he was no longer the physical superman that he used to be, but regardless, my dad and his two girls stayed in their Lansing home.

Tinker got sick about a year or two later, she lost a lot of weight extremely quickly (we are guessing cancer) and she passed away in her sleep one night. This left my dad, The Griz, and Belle, and thankfully they had each other.

Belle was definitely getting older, and didn't require the exercise she used to, so timing was perfect for her and her dad to lounge around the house most of the day. My dad's caretakers treated Belle like a queen. They'd take her on walks most days and cook her a fried egg EVERY day. She got treats upon treats, and more love than you can imagine, and enjoyed her time with my dad until the very end of his days.

I'm 100% that my dad fought as long as he could because of Belle. If Belle had passed away when Tinker did, my dad would have gone to Valhalla soon after. Instead, he lived for 2-3 more years, and we were fortunate to be able to enjoy him longer than we should have.

Griz passed on Nov 19. Liz and I arranged for caretakers who loved Belle to visit her multiple times a day and make sure she was loved and fed. She had a doggie door



with full access to outside whenever she needed, and loved ones to care for her over the Thanksgiving holiday.

Liz and I promised my dad during his last days that Belle would be loved the same as always and would be coming to live in Colorado with me. I'd be lying if I didn't secretly wish that Belle would have passed away peacefully at the same time as my dad. My family has always loved Belle like she's our own from the first time we met her, but Belle is at least 11 years old, had lived in the same house her whole life, and was set in her ways. I knew she'd be extremely loved and cared for in my home, but didn't know how it'd affect her and whether bringing her out to Colorado was the right choice or not.



**Belle quickly moved onto her own bed in Colorado, leaving Benjamin and Franklin to share their own.**

I took a one-way flight to KC shortly after Thanksgiving. I rented a car from MCI, drove to Leavenworth, and for the first time ever, spent the night alone with no family there - with Belle of course - in my boyhood home. Belle and I got up early the next morning, and made the long, no navigation or turning required, drive from Kansas to Colorado. We arrived about nine hours later and began the introduction of Belle into my family. The first step was having her meet my two white goldens, Benjamin and Franklin. Benny loved her immediately; Frank wasn't so sure about this new lady being in his home. Our two kids, Owen and Alaina, have always been smitten with Belle and were super excited to have her in our family. Belle had to learn quickly about life without a dog door, and how wooden floors only appear scary and are not actually full of lava filled with piranhas. Benny also believes this to be true when the light is reflecting the wrong way, but it is what it is, we aren't going to carpet our floors. Belle does not get people food every day anymore, but she does eat a nicely balanced

elderly dog diet and her fur coat looks awesome and is super soft. Despite Belle's persistence, she's also had to learn that the couch is not hers, and she has reluctantly accepted that her new super comfy dog bed is actually very nice.

Fast forward two months, and here we are. I come home from wherever, and I have three very happy dogs, but unfortunately for me, only two hands. Belle is doing wonderfully. She is the queen of the household, and she makes her presence known. She gets endless snuggles from the kids as well as tucked in with blankets on cold days. We've had a lot of snow this season, and she seems to enjoy jogging around in it. Alaina says daily that "she's my bestie" and Owen loves her dearly. Nicole and I comment at least once a day, "I can't believe we have three dogs..." and "I really think she is happy here". Benny and Frank love her tremendously and spend a lot of time in the yard together and it really is cute to see Belle get a little energy and "run" in the backyard.

There is no denying that Belle's time with us will be limited. Her legs are weak and her face is old. But her eyes shine brightly and her smile is big. She is happy here in her new home. She is happy with her "new", yet very familiar, full-time family. We are very lucky and happy to have Belle with us. Lastly, somewhere, somehow, my dad looks down from Valhalla and is extremely happy to see his loved ones together enjoying life as he always did.

### ***And about my dad...***



**Terry Griswold at far left in photo above.**

My father, Terry "The Griz" Griswold, was a badass. Born in Nashville in 1947, son of Walter and Norma Jean Griswold, Terry always dreamed of being a soldier and protecting this amazing country. Terry fell in love with the wilderness, guns, and hunting dogs in the backwoods of Tennessee with his Uncle Leland. He purposely

went on to Castle Heights Military Academy, became an Eagle Scout in his down time, and then joined the ROTC program at the University of Tennessee.

Upon graduating from UT in 1969, Griz was commissioned as an officer in the United States Army and began living the life of Special Forces as he achieved many designations including Airborne, Ranger, Pathfinder, and Green Beret. His greatest achievement however, occurred when he was in the hospital with a broken back, due to a parachute not opening properly. It was there, he secured the love of his life Debbie, who also happened to be his commander's daughter. His military career provided a life of adventure and travel as he and his family enjoyed living in Ft. Bragg, Ft. Benning, Heidelberg, Berlin, and Ft. Leavenworth before retiring in Lansing in 1990. During those years he was an essential part of the Battle at Quang Tri, led a clandestine unit during the Cold War, helped train Iranian Special forces, and became the first Special Operations Instructor at Command and General Staff College. For the next 20 years, Griswold served as a subject matter expert with the Battle Command Training Program, wrote a book, and trained security forces in the United Arab Emirates. He received numerous awards, too many to list here, because as already stated, Griz was a badass.



If you think Griz was a national treasure because of all his military accomplishments, you are absolutely correct. What's even more amazing however, is what an incredible father Terry was. Rob and Liz were Terry and Debbie's pride and joy. They are the two luckiest kids to ever walk this planet. Terry was Superman, the man of steel, who also happened to have a heart of gold. Whether it was cheering at every soccer and volleyball game, taking the kids and all of their friends skiing in Colorado, partying at Kansas State Dad's weekends, or even being there as a father-figure for others, Papa Griz was always willing to help. Terry was the type of dad every man should aspire to be, and every woman should hope to be fortunate enough to raise a family with.



For 65 years Griz had mastered the art of avoiding death, but finally the effects of Vietnam's Agent Orange began to take its toll, and his body began slowly shutting down. Too stubborn to die, or maybe just wanting to see his four grandkids grow into incredible young men and women, Griz enjoyed another decade of fun life experiences. Terry enjoyed still getting in trouble with David, his brother and best friend. He loved sporting events with the family, had countless conversations with old and new friends, and adored his yellow Labrador retrievers. He savored special whiskeys with his son-in-law Marcus and looked forward to his meaningful conversations with his daughter-in-law Nicole. But, by far his favorite thing was hearing about and seeing his grandkids Kailey, Owen, Lainey and Logan excel at whatever new activity they were into. In his eyes, they were perfect and could do no



wrong! His body was quitting on him, but his mind and sense of humor were as sharp as ever. Terry's greatest gift that he shared with everyone was his unbelievable positive outlook on life.

On Nov 19, 2022, Grizzy gave Rob, Liz and Marcus a big giant smile, squeezed their hands tightly and closed his eyes for the last time. The Griz had decided he had finally had enough of this earth and went to join his beautiful wife Debbie in Valhalla, the Heaven for Warriors.... because that is what he was.... A Badass Warrior.

RIP GRIZ. Thank you for everything.

"I have tried to live my life so that my family would love me and my friends respect me. The others can do whatever the hell they please." -- John Wayne (Griz's favorite badass)

## A classic Denne-ism - the AP has 'a deadline every millisecond'



[Jaime Aron](#) - Denne H. Freeman was my predecessor as AP Texas Sports Editor, my co-author on the book "I Remember Tom Landry," and - most of all - a mentor, friend and one of my favorite people. I was fortunate to spend a few hours with him shortly before he passed, and made sure he knew how much he meant to me and to so many. How many?



Well, if your sports fix came from a newspaper outside DFW between the mid-1960s and 1999, then you surely read his words.

My favorite nugget about the scope of his career is that when he started, the only local pro sport was football, and the Cowboys had yet to play in a Super Bowl. When he retired, the Cowboys had been to eight and won five, and had been joined locally by the Rangers in the '70s, Mavericks in the '80s and Stars in the '90s. He's in the Texas Sports Hall of Fame for how he covered those teams, as well as for writing about his beloved golf and college football. (The enshrinement was not, he'd be quick to say, for his performance as a basketball player for Woodrow Wilson High).

There were many Denne-isms. Classics include the fact the AP has "a deadline every millisecond," a blowout game was "a rocking-chair game" to cover, and the line he used to describe great games: "If you can't write this one, you outta get into the insurance business."

RIP, pardner. Thanks for everything.

## Print or online – how do you take your newspaper?

[Mark Mittelstadt](#) - I've joined the ranks of other Connecting colleagues who do not get a newspaper delivered to our suburban Tucson home.

As a former carrier in my hometown (90 papers, Route 81) and then as a newspaper reporter and editor, I'm sad to confess that.

In the 1990s as bureau chief for New Jersey, as many as 11 newspapers a day were dropped at the end of our blacktop driveway. We lived in a sort of journalism sweet spot in the central part of the state where it was possible to get home delivery of many of the newspapers in northern, central and southern New Jersey, as well as AP's largest members in New York City and Philadelphia.

Following my departure from AP, I pursued other interests and had little time or inclination to read, collect or dispose of ink-smearred dead trees.

The move to southern Arizona brought new decisions whether to subscribe to daily papers in Tucson and Phoenix. I decided to go without for a while, a verdict now permanent.

I am not alone.

On the two-mile early morning walk with the dog, in seven years I have yet to spot one house where a newspaper is delivered daily.

I subscribe to online editions of the New York Times, the Washington Post, the Wall Street Journal, broadcast/newspaper lash-ups that include the Arizona Daily Star in Tucson and the Arizona Republic in Phoenix, and a couple other news sites. I subscribe

to newspapers.com for occasional third-party research. I also have the AP app on my phone, a news source that appears to have a strong audience in this area.

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**Cliff Schiappa** - Thanks to Keith Myers for his submission to Connecting about the Funny Times comics publication. When growing up, I would read the comics pages in our local paper, The Long Island Press, and then later in Newsday. When I moved to Columbia, MO for J-School, I'd read the comics in The Columbia Missourian and The Columbia Daily Tribune.

For my first job out of college, I was at The Kansas City Times and one day in the early 80s I was perusing the paper while seated at the newsroom photo desk and just happened to turn to the comics page when a writer walked by and said "hah! Typical photographer, all they read are the comics." Taken aback and embarrassed, but too new and young to tell him off, I closed the paper and regrettably to this day have not read the comic pages anymore.

I think I'll subscribe to Funny Times!

## My one Super Bowl

**Mike Harris** - Dan Sewell's account of his one and only Super Bowl brought back vivid memories of the only Super Bowl I covered.

I was given the AP's Auto Racing (then Motorsports) beat in late 1979 and my first scheduled race was a NASCAR event in January 1980 at Riverside, Calif. That weekend there was a deluge and, after a long wait hoping for the rain to stop, the race was postponed until the next Saturday, which just happened to be the day before Super Bowl XIV at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, CA.

Talking to then sports editor Terry Taylor on the phone, I asked if she thought I should come back for the race or see if someone in the LA bureau could cover it the next week. She said there would be no one to cover the race from LA because of the football game. So, I said, "How about this: I'll cover the race and then help out at the game, too. Riverside isn't that far from Pasadena." I was thrilled when she said, "Sure, why not."

The race was run the next week without incident and I found myself at the Rose Bowl the next day. The game was between the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Los Angeles Rams and TRT assigned me to run quotes from the Rams post-game dressing room. That also meant I got to watch the game.

The press box was overflowing, so Ken Peters, the LA sports editor, who was assigned to cover the Steelers dressing room, and I wound up sitting together in the last row of the grandstand, just below the press box windows. It was sunny and warm and a very pleasant way to watch a football game. I nearly fell asleep in the fourth quarter when the Steelers pulled away for their 31-19 victory.

But, with about five minutes on the game clock, Ken and I walked down to the sidelines and got ready to go to work.

The Rams' dressing room was too small for all those big guys and the horde of media and I actually wound up stepping on the foot of some enormous LA lineman. He glared at me for a moment, then laughed and walked away. I was relieved.

I got my quotes, took them to the press box and that was it. My job was done. Not too challenging, but it was fun to be part of the big event.

## Expatriate Sports Disorder: The unheralded digital affliction

Dan Perry

The world is full of people who call on others to be more rational. I should know – I'm one of them. But if they're sports fans, such people should put their own house in order first. Upon reflection few of us, it seems, are quite as rational as we think.

I was doing OK on this score until about age 9, when my family moved to King of Prussia, PA. We lived along an extensive narrow corridor straight out of *The Shining*. On the very first night our next-door neighbor crossed the hall, stopped outside our door, and knocked. My mother gave a start; my father went to see.

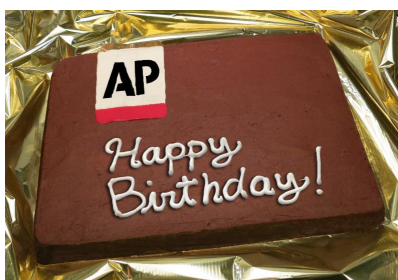
"I noticed that you have here a very nice little boy," white-haired Mr. Laufer told my dad. "And I got two tickets to see the Eagles play the Giants tomorrow. If you agree, I'd like to take your little boy to see the game, at the Vet."

Veterans Stadium was a shiny new thing back then, though in time it would fall from grace and be blown up for scrap cement. As for kindly Mr. Laufer, old Jewish fellow that he was, my guess is that today he'd be arrested on the spot.

"It would be Danny's honor to go with you to see this match," my immigrant father said.

Read more [here](#). Dan Perry is a Connecting colleague.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday





## Spencer Jones

# Stories of interest

## ***Newspapers dying? Ralph Nader's giving birth to one***

(AP)

By DAVID BAUDER

NEW YORK (AP) — At age 88, Ralph Nader believes his neighbors in northwest Connecticut are tired of electronics and miss the feel of holding a newspaper to read about their town.

So at a time that local newspapers are dying at an alarming rate, the longtime activist is helping give birth to one.

Copies of the first edition of the Winsted Citizen are circulating around this old New England mill town, with stories about a newly-opened food co-op, a Methodist church closing after attendance lagged at services and the repair of a century-old bridge.

“If it works, it will be a good model for the rest of the country,” said Nader, who as a youngster delivered a long-gone Winsted daily paper in his hometown. He splits time now between Winsted and Washington, D.C.

The last locally based weekly paper, the Winsted Journal, began in 1996 before being shut down in 2017, unable to make enough money to support itself.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***NBC, MSNBC employees plan walkout in protest of layoffs*** (Washington Post)

By Jeremy Barr

More than 200 employees of NBC represented by the NewsGuild of New York plan to walk off the job for 24 hours on Thursday to signal frustration with the company's decision to lay off seven union-covered journalists last month.

The NBC News Digital union has filed an unfair labor charge with the National Labor Relations Board over the cuts, which it described as abrupt and illegal, as well as a claim that some digital staffers for MSNBC were told by management that they were no longer part of the union.

A letter was delivered to NBC management stating the reasoning for the walkout on Wednesday morning. Soon after the action was announced internally, guild-covered NBC and MSNBC staffers began changing their statuses on an internal messaging system to “ready to walk out.”

Union members and supporters plan to protest in front of the company’s 30 Rock office building in Manhattan on Thursday morning.

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

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## ***She fought the law. And she won: Newspaper publisher challenges county attorney’s election*** (Daily Montanan)

**BY: DARRELL EHRICK**

On paper, it seems a mismatch: A newspaper publisher who has training as an accountant taking on the county attorney.

But Northern Plains Independent Publisher Darla Downs took on the election of now-former Roosevelt County Attorney Frank Picos. She couldn’t afford an attorney, so she filed a lawsuit pro se, or on her own.

In a court hearing that took the judge just minutes to decide after both parties presented their cases, Judge Katherine Bidegaray ruled that Picos was not a resident of the county when he ran for election in 2022, and therefore, he was ineligible for the office. She also ordered a new special election.

On Tuesday, Roosevelt County Commissioners told the Daily Montanan that Picos was no longer the county attorney and that they will be discussing next steps on Thursday.

However, Roosevelt County Commission Chairman Gordon Oelkers said he’s been surprised at the number of people coming forward to either help in the interim, or consider running.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Len Iwanski.

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## ***DeSantis continues broadsides against the media ahead of likely 2024 run*** (Politico)

**By AREK SARKISSIAN**

Florida Gov. Ron DeSantis is signaling plans to ramp up his attack on the news industry ahead of his likely 2024 run for president.

DeSantis on Tuesday held a roundtable discussion with media libel law experts and critics on a stage mirroring a typical cable-news show, with the GOP governor setting behind a desk with a screen behind him with the word “truth” displayed prominently.

Among those with him were a conservative lawyer who represents Dominion Voting Systems Inc. in a defamation suit against former NYC mayor Rudy Giuliani and former President Donald Trump’s attorney Sidney Powell. Others on the panel include Nick Sandmann, a former Kentucky high school student who sued media companies over a viral social media video and a libertarian journalist.

“The idea that they would create narratives that are contrary to discovering facts, I don’t know that was the standard,” DeSantis said. “Now it seems you pursue the narrative, you’re trying to advance the narrative and trying to get the clicks, and the fact checking and contrary facts has just fallen by the wayside.”

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

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## ***Ex-Twitter execs deny pressure to block Hunter Biden story*** (AP)

By FARNOUSH AMIRI and BARBARA ORTUTAY

WASHINGTON (AP) — Former Twitter executives conceded Wednesday they made a mistake by blocking a story about Hunter Biden, the president’s son, from the social media platform in the run-up to the 2020 election, but adamantly denied Republican assertions they were pressured by Democrats and law enforcement to suppress the story.

“The decisions here aren’t straightforward, and hindsight is 20/20,” Yoel Roth, Twitter’s former head of trust and safety, testified to Congress. “It isn’t obvious what the right response is to a suspected, but not confirmed, cyberattack by another government on a presidential election.”

He added, “Twitter erred in this case because we wanted to avoid repeating the mistakes of 2016.”

The three former executives appeared before the House Oversight and Accountability Committee to testify for the first time about the company’s decision to initially block from Twitter a New York Post article in October 2020 about the contents of a laptop belonging to Hunter Biden.

Read more [here](#).



# Today in History - Feb. 9, 2023



Today is Thursday, Feb. 9, the 40th day of 2023. There are 331 days left in the year.

## Today's Highlight in History:

On Feb. 9, 1971, a magnitude 6.6 earthquake in California's San Fernando Valley claimed 65 lives. The crew of Apollo 14 returned to Earth after man's third landing on the moon.

## On this date:

In 1825, the House of Representatives elected John Quincy Adams president after no candidate received a majority of electoral votes.

In 1942, the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff held its first formal meeting to coordinate military strategy during World War II.

In 1943, the World War II battle of Guadalcanal in the southwest Pacific ended with an Allied victory over Japanese forces.

In 1950, in a speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, Republican Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin charged that the State Department was riddled with Communists.

In 1962, an agreement was signed to make Jamaica an independent nation within the British Commonwealth later in the year.

In 1963, the Boeing 727 went on its first-ever flight as it took off from Renton, Washington.

In 1964, the Beatles made their first live American television appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show," broadcast from New York on CBS. The G.I. Joe action figure was introduced at the American International Toy Fair in New York.

In 1984, Soviet leader Yuri V. Andropov, 69, died 15 months after succeeding Leonid Brezhnev; he was followed by Konstantin U. Chernenko (chehr-NYEN'-koh).

In 1986, during its latest visit to the solar system, Halley's Comet came closest to the sun (its next return will be in 2061).

In 2002, Britain's Princess Margaret, sister of Queen Elizabeth II, died in London at age 71.

In 2009, New York Yankees third baseman Alex Rodriguez admitted to taking performance-enhancing drugs, telling ESPN he'd used banned substances while with the Texas Rangers for three years.

In 2020, "Parasite," from South Korea, won the best picture Oscar, becoming the first foreign-language film to take home the biggest honor in film.

Ten years ago: Hundreds of mourners and dignitaries, including first lady Michelle Obama, packed the funeral service for Hadiya Pendleton, a 15-year-old honor student who was shot and killed Jan. 29 as she stood with friends at a neighborhood park about a mile from President Barack Obama's Chicago home in the Kenwood neighborhood.

Five years ago: President Donald Trump signed a \$400 billion budget deal that sharply boosted spending, swelling the federal deficit; the measure ended a brief overnight federal government shutdown. At the opening ceremony of the Winter Olympics in South Korea, North and South Korean athletes entered Olympic Stadium together, waving flags showing a unified Korea; it was their first joint Olympic march in more than a decade.

One year ago: It was revealed that Kamila Valieva, the 15-year-old Russian figure skating superstar who had just led her team to an Olympic gold medal, tested positive for a banned heart medication before the Beijing Games. Actor Bob Saget's family revealed that it was an accidental blow to the head that led to his death in a Florida hotel room a month earlier.

### **Today's birthdays:**

Actor Janet Suzman is 84. Nobel Prize-winning author J.M. Coetzee is 83. Actor-politician Sheila James Kuehl (TV: "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis") is 82. Singer-songwriter Carole King is 81. Actor Joe Pesci is 80. Singer Barbara Lewis is 80. Author Alice Walker is 79. Actor Mia Farrow is 78. Former Sen. Jim Webb, D-Va., is 77. Singer Joe Ely is 76. Actor Judith Light is 74. Actor Charles Shaughnessy is 68. Actor Ed Amatrudo is 67. Former Virginia Gov. Terry McAuliffe is 66. Jazz musician Steve Wilson is 62. Country singer Travis Tritt is 60. Actor Julie Warner is 58. Country singer Danni Leigh is 53. Actor Sharon Case is 52. Actor Jason George is 51. Actor Amber Valletta is 49. Actor-producer Charlie Day is 47. Rock singer Chad Wolf (Carolina Liar) is 47. Actor A.J. Buckley is 46. Rock musician Richard On (O.A.R.) is 44. Actor Ziyi (zee yee) Zhang is 44. Olympic silver and bronze medal figure skater Irina Slutskaya is 44. Actor Tom Hiddleston is 42. Actor David Gallagher is 38. Actor Michael B. Jordan is 36. Actor Rose Leslie is 36. Actor Camille Winbush is 33. Actor Jimmy Bennett is 27. Actor Evan Roe (TV: "Madam Secretary") is 23.

# 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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