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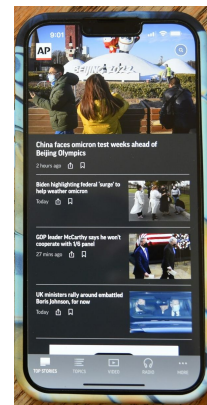
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# Connecting

Jan. 16, 2024

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Colleagues,

Good Tuesday morning on this Jan. 16, 2024,

You may not see this item in today's Today in History, but...

(From native Iowan colleague [Mark Mittelstadt](#)): Today is Tuesday, Jan. 16, 2024, and 3.19 million Iowans will again become irrelevant, something most of them will appreciate. No more non-stop political ads, no more national news media tramping across the state disrupting life and traffic, no more unpaid campaign bills, no more pseudo photo ops only miles from Des Moines International Airport, no more glare in the national spotlight. Until about Nov. 6, when the cycle will start all over.

Connecting apologizes for mistakenly using the photo of AP photographer **Henri Huet** in Monday's edition, instead using that of AP cameraman **Myles Tierney**, to accompany an excellent piece by **Kevin Noblet** relating to the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Tierney's death in Sierra Leone, while covering a brutal series of post-Cold War conflicts in the region. (Photo at right is of Myles. Click [here](#) for a video tribute.)

Kevin's post urged colleagues to find an excuse to visit the remarkable Five Myles exhibition and performance studio in NYC – set up by Myles mother Hanne Tierney - in the coming months. New shows are announced regularly on the website - <http://fivemyles.org/>



Both Huet and Tierney are among the 35 AP journalists who died on assignment who are honored on the AP Wall of Honor at headquarters in New York.

Huet (1927-71) died with three other great combat photographers (Larry Burrows, Kent Potter, and Keisaburo Shimamoto) when their helicopter was shot down with scarcely a trace over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Tierney (1964-99), a producer for APTN (Associated Press Television News), was killed when gunmen opened fire on his vehicle at a checkpoint in Sierra Leone, the West African country torn by civil war.

We lead today's issue with a memory of our colleague **Le Lieu Browne**. A visitation will be held from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. EST today at the Crestwood Funeral Home, 445 West 43<sup>rd</sup> Street (between 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> avenues) in New York City.

And our colleague **Jill Lawrence** - who once was a national political reporter for the AP - tells the story of her very first byline. How about sharing yours?

Have a great day – be safe, stay healthy, live it to your fullest.

Paul

## Goodbye, Le Lieu – New York will be much lesser place without you

[Valerie Komor](#) - I became close to LL following Mal's death in August of 2012.

I visited her in Thetford, VT, and saw her often in the city, at dinner or at the opera, which she loved.

I admired her greatly for keeping up her own drawing and painting, both in Vermont and in New York, going to classes and drawing with friends.

Le Lieu carried so many worlds within her. Her own lived experience touched vast tracts of modern history. With Mal, she found someone whose mind spanned equivalent worlds and whose curiosity matched and fed her own.

I think he saw in her what she saw in herself. I'm grateful, for her sake, that she had the time to write about their life together.

She greatly loved her cat, Blondine and was devastated by her death last summer, while she was in the midst of selling the Thetford house.

I last saw LL for lunch on Tuesday, Nov. 14, at our usual spot, Union Square Cafe. It was then she told me how ill she was, and that she was planning to visit her sister in Versailles, France in early December.

I recall thinking that would be an arduous trip. But I knew she would make it. She had that kind of courage.

Goodbye, dear Le Lieu. I will miss you greatly. And New York is a lesser place.

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**Edie Lederer** – Le Lieu Browne was the rock in Mal Browne’s life. After Vietnam she traveled the world with him.

I remember her graciousness when I showed up in Belgrade where they were based. **Her book** showed her talents as a writer and the devotion to her husband that everyone who knew them witnessed. It is a moving love story that survived war, crossed cultures and many borders, and endured for decades.

## My First Byline: Jill Lawrence

**EDITOR’S NOTE:** This story by our colleague Jill Lawrence appeared on Ryan Teague Beckwith's Substack, which features answers to a standard set of questions he asks established journalists.



What is your current job?

I write opinion pieces and features for The Bulwark and occasionally other places, while organizing and planning for a couple of books I have in mind.

What was your first byline?

I wrote for a bunch of papers while at the University of Michigan, including a community weekly (The Plymouth Community Crier, even on the masthead as feature writer), a two-month vacation relief stint at The Michigan Daily, and, most memorably, for a feminist newspaper in Ann Arbor called her-self. There's a Tumblr link that shows I wrote a piece about consciousness-raising, but I don't remember it. I do remember writing "Irish Women: Chains or Change?", the slogan of the Irish women's movement, upon my return from eight months of study at Trinity College in Dublin. I also remember reviewing Lillian Hellman's book, Pentimento. Why? Because my father, who was not particularly receptive to her-self and my counter-culture perspective, sent me a note saying how much he liked that book review.

What was your first real job in journalism?

My first real job was at UPI (United Press International) in Charleston, West Virginia. I covered everything from the state legislature, a new governor (Jay Rockefeller) and a new secretary of state (guy named A. James Manchin, you might have heard of his nephew, Joe), to floods, coal strikes, a Hare Krishna commune, and Anita Bryant's nascent anti-gay movement. I also learned to write radio news and take dictation on the Triple-A baseball team, the Charleston Charlies. It was a culture shock for sure. I'd been living in Greenwich Village before moving there.

Read more [here](#).

## January 15: The Wallingford Man Who Created the First Mass Communications Network (The Associated Press)



**An 1836 painting of Moses Beach, two years after he had joined in publishing The Sun.  
(Courtesy, AP Corporate Archives)**

**From “Today in Connecticut History”**

Today in 1800, the farm boy turned inventor, philanthropist, publishing magnate and founder of the nation’s first mass communications network Moses Yale Beach was born in Wallingford. Beach’s entrepreneurial life and achievements exemplified the imaginative, “go ahead spirit” that propelled America’s astonishing early nineteenth century growth. Apprenticed as a boy to a Hartford cabinetmaker by his Yankee

farmer father, Beach's hard work and thrift enabled him to buy out his apprenticeship three years early, at the age of 18.

Inspired by the Connecticut River Valley's culture of innovation, he turned his hand to invention. He experimented with engines powered by gunpowder; designed a rag cutter for paper mills, and even developed a plan to introduce steam-powered transportation to the Connecticut River. His most important innovations, however, came after 1834, when he joined his brother-in-law Benjamin Day in helping publish a new newspaper concept in New York City called *The Sun*. *The Sun* was the first of the "penny papers," so-called because they cost just a penny per issue rather than the 6 cents charged by most newspapers. Unlike the 6 cents papers, which were sold on a subscription basis to upper class purchasers, *The Sun* was sold on a per issue basis, by street vendors, to middle class readers whose taste in news somewhat differed from that of the upper classes. Crime reporting and other sensational stories joined more traditional news fare, and *The Sun* quickly became the most popular paper in the world, with 30,000 readers.

A year after joining *The Sun*, Beach purchased partial ownership of the paper for \$5200 dollars. Three years later, he bought out his brother-in-law for \$40,000 dollars, becoming the sole owner. Beach's publishing innovations had set him on a path to becoming one of the country's wealthiest men.

Because *The Sun* was not sold on subscription basis, continued sales to the same customers depended on a steady flow of new information. Aware that timely news was most valuable, Beach pioneered in innovating methods of rapid communication. His greatest innovation came during the 1846-1848 war between Mexico and the United States.

The outbreak of the Mexican War coincided with the expansion of the recently invented telegraph along the east coast. To meet Americans' insatiable demand for news from the war front, Beach put together a delivery system to speed war news from the Mexican port of Vera Cruz to the nearest telegraph office in Richmond using boats, "pony express" riders, and mail coaches, a system that provided a 24-hour news edge over the standard mail system. More important was the fact that Beach offered an equal share in this news-gathering venture to rival New York City newspapers. Four of them, *The Courier and Enquirer*, *The Journal of Commerce*, *The Express*, and *The Herald* joined him. **The Associated Press was born.**

Read more [here](#). Shared by Jane Anderson Vercelli.

*Connecting series:*

## A story that stayed with me

### *The King Assassination*

**Frank Aukofer** - The Milwaukee Journal's editors sent me to Memphis on April 5, 1968, the day after the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was shot. I knew nothing about the city; only a little about what had brought King there—a strike by sanitation workers—and

obviously I had no sources whatever. I did, however, know the names of the local newspapers—the morning Press-Scimitar and the afternoon Commercial Appeal. I even had a nodding acquaintance with the former because I had used it as my model newspaper in an editing class at Marquette. I picked it because I liked the name.

So I did what I have often done in 40 years as a newspaperman. I leaned on my colleagues. I went to the Commercial Appeal newsroom and introduced myself. I was immediately given a desk and a telephone to use—something that was not uncommon in journalism then. You could always count on being welcomed into a newspaper newsroom anywhere. In Milwaukee, we often played host to out-of-town reporters. The Christian Science Monitor's Godfrey (Budge) Sperling, who I met after I moved to Washington, spoke many times of the professional courtesies he had received at The Journal while covering Wisconsin politics.

But I had few tools to cover such a momentous story. I read the accounts of the assassination in the Press-Scimitar and Commercial Appeal, and reporters there shared telephone numbers with me. I made a few calls to the authorities, and then decided I had to see the crime scene at the Lorraine Motel.

The area around the motel, as well as the tenement across the street where it was believed the assassin had fired, was deserted. With more than a little apprehension, I approached the Lorraine Motel from the front, divining from the photographs I had seen where King had been standing. I climbed a staircase to the outside concrete walkway on the second floor and walked to the door to King's room, where a bloodstain had soaked into the concrete. I was numb, didn't have the nerve to knock on the door to the room, and quickly left.

I crossed the street to the tenement where, on the back side, I found an open door leading to a dark staircase. Sweating and shaking, I made my way up the stairs into the hallway littered with broken glass and debris. Not knowing whether any of the apartments were occupied, I didn't have the courage to try any of the closed doors. I worked my way down the hallway, stepping into each open room, trying to see where the shooter had been.

In the entire time I was there, I did not see a single living thing, which was an eerie feeling. The neighborhood was deserted. Today, a crime scene of anywhere near that magnitude would be teeming with investigators and cordoned off for many days.

That night, a Friday, there were riots in downtown Memphis, so I went out to take another look. The riots were confined to about a square block area, which was ringed by police and National Guard soldiers. I was struck by the fact that I could stand across the street behind them in relative safety and look into the riot area. Yet if you watched the coverage on television, it looked as if the entire city of Memphis was going up in flames. It was a lesson about the impact of television, which can convey false impressions because it focuses on only a few square feet of an event.

I wrote a lame story for the Saturday afternoon editions, filed some additional material for Sunday, and went home depressed because I knew I had not gotten a handle on the story. Our Sunday story was mostly compiled wire service reports, though some of my file made it into the story as well.

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## *Death of Dale Earnhardt*

**Mike Harris** - The death of Dale Earnhardt in a racing accident during the 1991 Daytona 500 was the story that has stayed with me the longest from my four-decade career with the AP.

He was one of the most interesting personalities I dealt with over all those years in sports and here is a little preamble to his tragic death.

Dale was already considered a rising star when I began covering NASCAR in 1980. The year before, as a rookie, he won a race, finished seventh in the points and began to build the reputation for aggressive driving that eventually made him "The Intimidator."

In 1980, driving for California real estate mogul Rod Osterlund, Earnhardt shocked the stock car world, winning five times and taking his first of seven Cup championships.

As you might imagine, I interviewed Earnhardt numerous times that year - but never one-on-one. Somehow, all our meetings were mass interviews or interviews arranged with other writers. At the start of the 1981 season, I wasn't even sure if Earnhardt knew who I was, despite all those interviews.

I decided to try to get to know him better and asked his PR person at the time to see if Dale would meet me for lunch at a Mexican restaurant near the Daytona track and, to my delight, he agreed.

As I sat there waiting for him - I showed up 15 minutes early - I was nervous. I had a list of questions, but I didn't know how he would react in a one-on-one situation. I needn't have worried.

Earnhardt showed up right on time, and without his PR person, which surprised me. We shook hands and went through the usual preamble of pleasantries. He was loose and engaging. But, as soon as the tape recorder hit the table, he turned to stone.

My questions were met with an icy stare and curt answers. After about five minutes of this, I knew something had to be done.

I picked up the tape recorder and put it in my pocket.

"Dale, since this is obviously making you uncomfortable, how about I just take notes?"

He looked startled, then smiled and said, "Yeah, let's try that."

The rest of the interview was great. He was alternately funny, charming and informative.

Finally, after my last question, I said, "Why did the tape recorder bother you so much? It's just a way to keep from misquoting you?"



He shook his head and thought about it for a moment. Then he said, "Last year, every day, I had those things pushed into my face. It got so I couldn't stand seeing them. They just make me mad."

I said, "Unfortunately, my friend, you're going to have to get used to it - especially if you keep winning."

He grunted and said, "I suppose you're right. But, for you and me, when we talk, how about you just take notes."

I agreed. And, for the rest of the time I knew Earnhardt, I never used a tape recorder in any of our one-on-one interviews.

Dale was more comfortable in a drivers' uniform or a hunting jacket, but he could dress up really nice.

He seemed at ease each December at the formal NASCAR awards events in New York City.

I always rented a tux for the formal events. But, one year, I decided to buy a shirt to wear with the rentals because the ones that came with the tuxes never seemed to fit right. The new shirt came with some very basic studs for the buttons and the sleeves. But I was okay with that.

We were at a cocktail party prior to the big awards dinner and Judy noticed that Dale's tux was highlighted by some very fancy studs.

She walked up to him and said, "Hi Dale. I don't know if you remember me. I'm Mike Harris' wife."

He greeted her kindly and she said, "Mike always leaves me some money for the household when he goes off to the races and I always hold some back to buy gifts. I really like the studs you're wearing and I'd like to get something like that for Mike. Can you tell me where you got them?"

Earnhardt said, "Well, Teresa, my wife, is the one who bought them. I think she got them at a store on Rodeo Drive in LA."

That didn't set off any warning signals for Judy, although it probably should have.

She found Teresa, who greeted Judy warmly.

Asked about the studs, she said, "Oh, I'm sure your husband would love some like that. I found those at Tiffany's on Rodeo Drive. They're emerald. I think I paid \$10,000 for them."

Judy thanked Teresa profusely and quickly came to find me.

"You know those studs Dale is wearing?" She asked. "Well, you're going to have to settle for something a little less glamorous."

Eventually, Judy found a very nice set of studs in our more modest price range, and I have worn them on formal occasions ever since. But we both agreed that the Earnhardt situation proved we have good taste in jewelry.

The week leading up to the 2001 Daytona 500 was a busy one. One of the events I covered was a Wednesday luncheon to publicize that Saturday's International Race of Champions event.

By good fortune I wound up sitting at a table with Barbara and Jay Signore, the couple that ran the IROC series, longtime NASCAR star Bobby Allison, his wife Judy and Earnhardt, one of the favorites to win the 500.

Barb and Jay, two of the nicest people in the world, didn't spend much time at the table because they were being pulled in a million directions. That left the Allison, Earnhardt and me to ourselves and Bobby, an avid pilot, began to tell stories about flying to midweek races at local tracks with different drivers, including Dale.

As the stories continued, Barb Signore tried to step up onto the elevated stage to begin the driver introductions. She stumbled and started to fall backward.

I've rarely seen anyone move as fast as Dale did, jumping to his feet, crossing the aisle in a flash and catching Barb before she fell. I don't think she even knew how close she came to disaster.

Dale sat down and I said, "Nice catch." He just smiled and shrugged.

That Sunday, he was in contention the whole race and was flirting with the lead on the final lap when his car went out of control and hit the concrete wall in turn four on the high-banked oval. Michael Waltrip and Dale Earnhardt Jr. continued to the finish line, ending up one and two.

Waltrip was already in Victory Circle when it became apparent something was terribly wrong. The senior Earnhardt had still not emerged from his wrecked car and it was surrounded by safety and track officials.

I was already well into my race lead when it became apparent that Dale was in trouble. Somebody poked my arm and pointed out that his car was being covered by a tarp, never a good sign.

Then word came that he was being flown to a nearby hospital.

And, long after it became apparent, we were officially told Dale Earnhardt had died in the crash, killed instantly by a whiplash injury.

It was devastating. One of those moments in your life that stands out like an all-caps headline.

I have read that some journalists do their best work when they are under the stress of a tragedy. It also may be because, to keep from crying or just freezing up in those

moments, you have to concentrate harder and close your mind to the circumstances until you're done.

Normally, my editor on the race story would have been the senior person at the track. Instead, I was told to dictate to deputy sports editor Aaron Watson in New York Sports, one of the best editors I ever worked with.

He kept me focused as I filed a half dozen ledes, each one with new information, quotes and color from the scene. Before I had finished for the day, at about midnight, I had written three separate stories and more than 5,000 words.

I hadn't taken time even to go to the bathroom until the last story was filed.

My friend and colleague Lewis Franck and I, sharing a room at a beach motel, stopped at the only chain restaurant that was still open near the track to get a bite to eat. It may have been the quietest meal the two of us have ever had. I was still in shock over the loss of a man I truly admired.

The next week was tough as we dealt with the investigation of the crash, the funeral and the race the next weekend at Rockingham, NC. It had to be covered thoroughly but, at times, I felt like I was just going through the motions.

Deaths in auto racing are inevitable and always terrible tragedies, but losing the biggest star in the NASCAR firmament was something else.

To illustrate how big that story was, one of the AP executives traveling in Asia that week, sent me the sports section from the English language newspaper in Tokyo. The headline, above my byline, in huge bold print: "EARNHARDT KILLED AT DAYTONA".

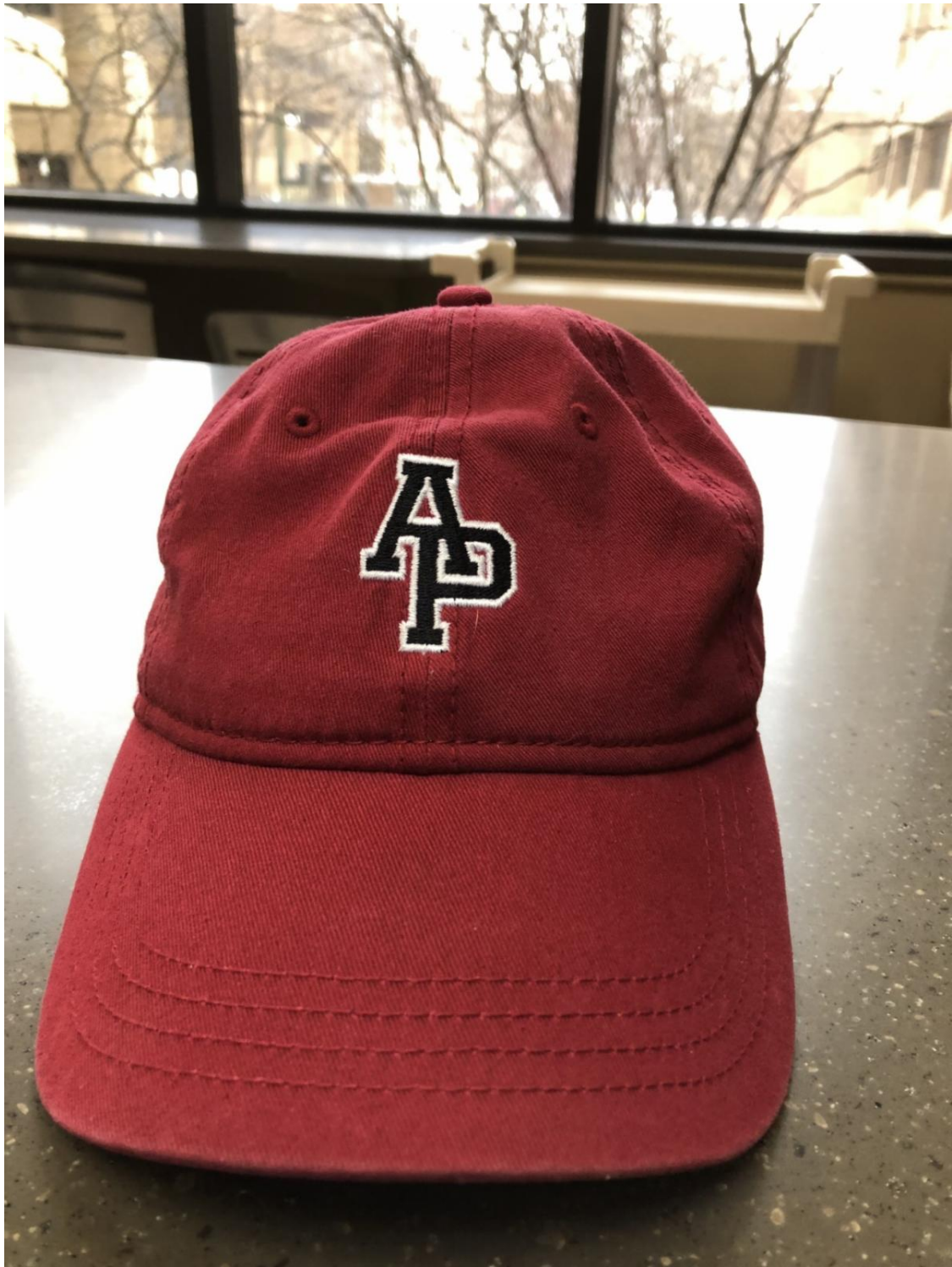
There was a pall over much of that season, although it did fade as we moved toward the end of the year.

And then, on a rare week off late in the season, I was playing golf when I got a phone call from sports editor Terry Taylor congratulating me winning the AP Sports Editors organization's Best AP Story of the Year and Best AP Deadline Writing - both for the Earnhardt coverage.

It was bittersweet. I was extremely honored to win the awards and, at the same time, sad about the reason I had to write those stories in the first place.

Auto racing and NASCAR, in particular, lost a true icon the day Dale Earnhardt died in that crash. But the one big positive that came out of it was that the investigation and subsequent efforts by a number of people led to much greater driver safety equipment, including head and neck restraints that have probably saved numerous lives since.

## AP Sightings



[Dave Lubeski](#) - It's Asuza Pacific University in California.



[Kevin Walsh](#) - Catania, Sicily.

## Connecting sky shots

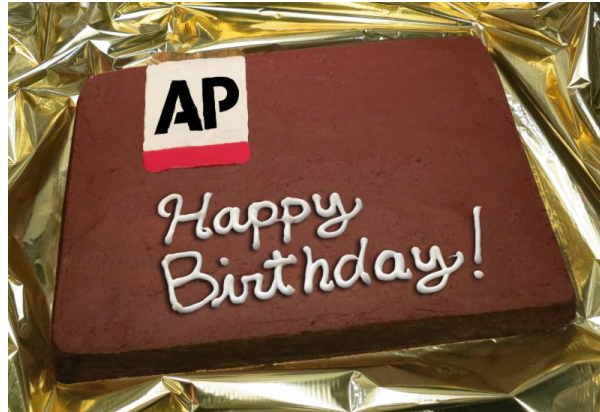


**Sandra Milburn** - Cool double Sun Dog this morning! The sky wasn't that dark but had to darken the exposure to show it better.



**Guy Palmiotto** - On our way to dinner Saturday, photographed this dramatic sunset at Indian Lake , Denville, NJ. The earlier rain showers were moving out of the area.

## Connecting wishes Happy Birthday



[Shirley Christian](#)

[Bob Daugherty](#)

[Brian Friedman](#)

[Arlene Sposato](#)

## Stories of interest

### ***News Outlets Make an Early Call in Iowa, and a Backlash Ensues*** (New York Times)

By Michael M. Grynbaum

The smartphones started to buzz at 7:30 p.m. Central time on Monday, just half an hour after the Iowa caucuses had begun. Many Iowans had not yet had a chance to cast a vote when The Associated Press and the major TV networks began to declare former President Donald J. Trump as the winner.

The outcome was expected — but the timing was not. The early call confused some Iowans, infuriated Mr. Trump's rivals and prompted a fresh round of hand-wringing about the news media's role in calling elections.

"Are you kidding me?" Representative Chip Roy, a key ally of Ron DeSantis, told reporters in West Des Moines. "They haven't even started voting yet and heard all the

speeches and A.P. calls it?” Dan Pfeiffer, a former senior adviser to Barack Obama, called the early projection “a self-defeating move at a time of massive distrust.”

In fact, The A.P. — in addition to the major TV networks — followed a longstanding policy on when to project a winner.

While news outlets typically refrain from announcing a projection until after polls have closed, Iowa’s caucuses are not typical. Voters must be present by 7 p.m., when the caucus doors close, and The A.P. considers this moment the equivalent of a poll closing. In 2020, The A.P. projected Mr. Trump as the winner after 25 minutes.

Read more [here](#).

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## ***Inside the Messenger’s money-torching bet to make media great again*** (Washington Post)

By Laura Wagner

NEW YORK — Seated in a private room of a Manhattan club so exclusive that the public relations flack in the room asked it not be named, Jimmy Finkelstein insisted that all was well at the new publication he started with a mission of restoring America’s trust in media.

“Advertisers are more and more coming on,” the veteran publishing executive said. “The audience is growing very nicely, and I think we’re on the road to success.”

That was September, and his vote of confidence was a rebuke to doubters who had questioned the Messenger’s entire premise from the start.

When the Messenger launched in May — with a \$50 million investment that swiveled heads across the media industry — Finkelstein projected that it would have as many employees as the Los Angeles Times and traffic to rival the New York Times within a year. He promised his site would stand apart in a crowded, struggling mediasphere by being nonpartisan, unbiased, purely objective.

Read more [here](#). Shared by Mark Mittelstadt.

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## ***Journalists Hammer Biden Administration for Claiming Reporter Completely Made Up Quotes for Unflattering Story*** (Mediaite)

Story by Joe DePaolo



The Biden administration is under fire from journalists who are outraged over an NSC spokesperson's claim that a HuffPost reporter completely fabricated quotes in a recent article.

In a piece for HuffPost titled *A Top Biden Official Is Pushing An Urgent Post-Gaza Plan That's Alarming Some Insiders*, HuffPost's Akbar Shahid Ahmed reported that Brett McGurk — a top aide to President Joe Biden — is facing internal criticism over 90-day plan to reconstruct Gaza once the fighting stops. Ahmed quoted three unnamed U.S. officials who argued "McGurk's suggestions reflect the Biden administration's pre-Oct. 7 approach of treating the Palestinians as an afterthought."

"It misses the point," Ahmed quoted one official as saying of McGurk's plan.

"They really think they can utilize the reconstruction portion of this to ease the pain of normalizing with Saudi," said another official, according to Ahmed. "They want to show that Israel is giving more than they have before."

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

## Today in History - Jan. 16, 2024



Today is Tuesday, Jan. 16, the 16th day of 2024. There are 350 days left in the year.

### Today's Highlight in History:

On Jan. 16, 27 B.C., Caesar Augustus was declared the first Emperor of the Roman Empire by the Senate.

### On this date:

In 1865, Union Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman decreed that 400,000 acres of land in the South would be divided into 40-acre lots and given to former slaves. (The order, later revoked by President Andrew Johnson, is believed to have inspired the expression, "Forty acres and a mule.")

In 1912, a day before reaching the South Pole, British explorer Robert Scott and his expedition found evidence that Roald Amundsen of Norway and his team had gotten

there ahead of them.

In 1919, pianist and statesman Ignacy Jan Paderewski (pah-dehr-EHF'-skee) became the first premier of the newly created Republic of Poland.

In 1920, Prohibition began in the United States as the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution took effect, one year to the day after its ratification. (It was later repealed by the 21st Amendment.)

In 1942, actor Carole Lombard, 33, her mother, Elizabeth, and 20 other people were killed when their plane crashed near Las Vegas, Nevada, while en route to California from a war-bond promotion tour.

In 1989, three days of rioting began in Miami when a police officer fatally shot Clement Lloyd, a Black motorcyclist, causing a crash that also claimed the life of Lloyd's passenger, Allan Blanchard. (The officer, William Lozano, was convicted of manslaughter, but then was acquitted in a retrial.)

In 1991, the White House announced the start of Operation Desert Storm to drive Iraqi forces out of Kuwait. (Allied forces prevailed on Feb. 28, 1991.)

In 2002, Richard Reid was indicted in Boston on federal charges alleging he'd tried to blow up a U.S.-bound jetliner with explosives hidden in his shoes. (Reid later pleaded guilty and was sentenced to life in prison.)

In 2003, the space shuttle Columbia blasted off for what turned out to be its last flight; on board was Israel's first astronaut, Ilan Ramon (ee-LAHN' rah-MOHN'). (The mission ended in tragedy on Feb. 1, when the shuttle broke up during its return descent, killing all seven crew members.)

In 2017, former NASA astronaut Eugene Cernan, to date the last man to walk on the moon, died in Houston at age 82.

In 2020, the first impeachment trial of President Donald Trump opened in the Senate, with senators standing and swearing an oath of "impartial justice." Trump, who denounced the proceedings as a "hoax," would later be acquitted on charges of abuse of power and obstruction of Congress.

In 2013, Pauline Friedman Phillips, better known as advice columnist Dear Abby, died in Minneapolis at age 94.

In 2018, authorities in Denmark charged inventor Peter Madsen with killing Swedish journalist Kim Wall during a trip on his private submarine. (Madsen was later convicted and sentenced to life in prison.)

In 2023, Italy's No. 1 fugitive, convicted Mafia boss Matteo Messina Denaro, was arrested at a private clinic in Palermo, Sicily, after three decades on the run.

Today's birthdays: Author William Kennedy is 96. Author-editor Norman Podhoretz is 94. Opera singer Marilyn Horne is 90. Hall of Fame auto racer A.J. Foyt is 89. Singer Barbara Lynn is 82. Country singer Ronnie Milsap is 81. Country singer Jim Stafford is

80. Talk show host Dr. Laura Schlessinger is 77. Movie director John Carpenter is 76. Actor-dancer-choreographer Debbie Allen is 74. R&B singer Maxine Jones (En Vogue) is 65. Singer Sade (shah-DAY') is 65. Pop/rock singer-songwriter Jill Sobule is 65. Rock musician Paul Webb (Talk Talk) is 62. Actor David Chokachi (CHOH'-kuh-chee) is 56. Former Labor Secretary Alexander Acosta is 55. Actor-writer-director Josh Evans is 53. Actor-comedian Jonathan Mangum is 53. Actor Richard T. Jones is 52. Actor Josie Davis is 51. Model Kate Moss is 50. Actor-playwright Lin-Manuel Miranda is 44. Country musician James Young (The Eli Young Band) is 44. Rock musician Nick Valensi (The Strokes) is 43. Actor Renee Felice Smith is 39. NFL quarterback Joe Flacco is 39. Actor Yvonne Zima ("The Young and the Restless") is 35.

## Got a story or photos to share?

Connecting is a daily newsletter published Monday through Friday that reaches more than 1,800 retired and former Associated Press employees, present-day employees, and news industry and journalism school colleagues. It began in 2013. 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 Central Region 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.

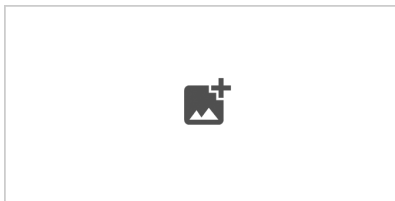
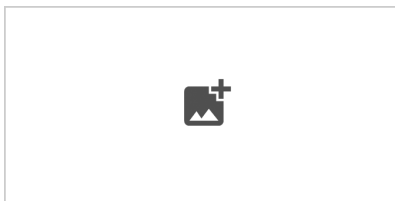
- **First job** - How did you get your first job in journalism?

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

**Paul Stevens**

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