For God and for saving graces for the deceased, the living, and the living-to-be.

“I very much appreciate having [your Spirit of America] as part of my library.”
—Excerpt of 4-18-02 note to DVM from 2-time Pulitzer winner & author of 1775’s The American Spirit, David McCullough

“Tis the gift to be simple, tis the gift to be free.”
—Shaker Elder/Composer Joseph Brackett, 1848

“Bravery is, generally, the soul of wit; but to be universally brief is, nearly; not to have lived at all.”
—SA39 DVM

“No one can tell you how you can make it. You must depend on your persistence. Never give up… I think you’ll eventually make it.”
—La Crosse native/Pulitzer-winner John Toland in note to fellow La Crosse native David Joseph Marcou. 9-10-98

“Dvid: Thank you for Pictures of Human Life. I find the pictures of young human life, in particular, nearly always effective; you’re good at that.”
—My literary mentor 27 years/Chicago周末th author John H. Whale, from his ’96 article to me.

“[In David J. Marcou’s photographs… the good, or God, is in the details.”
—Emeritus BIP Editor Jen Tarrant.

“We cannot guarantee success, but we can do something better: We can deserve it”

“We have been created for greater things, to love and be loved.”
—St. Teresa of Calcutta

“No I never think of myself as history, but I guess it’s something you should be proud of.”
—Former LaX Mayor Patrick Zirke.


SA39 is David Joseph Marcou’s 124th book. His works have been nominated for Pulitzers & POYi awards, and on display at the Smithsonian. He is descended from explorer Louis Joliet, farmers, meat-cutters, teachers, nursing home administrators, et al. His son, Matthew, is an Army Ranger Combat Medic veteran & top 17 university student married to artist/university teacher Jessica Amariak Marcou.


Copyright©2017+ David Joseph Marcou.
Elie Wiesel's 'end of the line' train ride of 1944

"The Hungarian police made us climb into the cars, eighty persons in each one. They handed us some bread, a few pails of water. They checked the bars on the windows to make sure they would not come loose. The cars were sealed. One person was placed in charge of every car: if someone managed to escape, that person would be shot ... A prolonged whistle pierced the air. The wheels began to grind. We were on our way." / So began a key horror trip for one Jewish teenager, who would lose his mother, father, and little sister to death-camps; who would stop believing in God, though he had been religiously strict; who would grow up to win the Nobel Peace Prize./ Elie Wiesel is coming to La Crosse, on Wednesday, Sept. 27, to culminate Viterbo University's Perspectives on the Holocaust series. La Crosse should honor him as a great world leader; he's also a subject in the Great Souls Film Series - with others including Mother Teresa, Pope John Paul II and Nelson Mandela./ Why do I begin with a train ride? Trains suggest dreams for Americans, the first transport to link large masses of people across the continent. They generally remain nicer ways to travel than airplanes, buses or cars. A person can walk to the dining car, refreshments bar, restroom and observation car. It's hard to sleep on them, but all forms of transport have drawbacks./ My son and I traveled to Washington, D.C., in 2000./ We truly enjoyed our nation's capital. The train rides there and back were life-affirming, too, including layovers in Chicago. Matthew wants to work in D.C. next summer [summer 2007]. He's just begun college and is inspired by his memories of the capital./ But there were countless drawbacks for the Jewish youngster, who would name the Final Solution "Holocaust," who'd lead the fight to establish the Holocaust Museum in Washington, who had taken the train ride to Auschwitz in 1944./ Children now understand "Auschwitz" - death camp extraordinaire, end of the line for innocents, "inspiration" for those who hate different people. The shooting, gassing, hanging, starving, and/or burning of millions in death-camps was intended to rid the world of "impure" non-Aryans. Today, Muslim extremists have taken Hitler's evil place. But until the world sees that Jews and Arabs alike require historic homelands, like all peoples, more cruel murders will follow / Elie Wiesel feared Nazis would murder him. His father's final "feeble" utterance in a death camp was "Elie." Elie didn't go to his father when he needed him most. What the Nazis had done to that 15-year-old son and his dying father is one extreme torture Hitler's men put millions through. But Elie remembers, and still lives. He is now one of the world's leading authors and peace activists. He has written plays, like "Zalmen or The Madness of God." He has become one of the world's most sensitive, compassionate men. Does he still disbelieve in God? La Crosse is one good place to discover his answer./ Welcome Wiesel when he visits our city. Let's hope our children learn from his memoir "Night." Wiesel doesn't want his own teenage past to be the future for any more youngsters. If the trains run on time again, let's hope they're all going to places like La Crosse or Washington -- not the end of the line, like Auschwitz used to be for many, and New York was for thousands, at least on Sept. 11, 2001.—Published in La Crosse Tribune, 9-24-06, by DvJM.

Changing the Corporate Culture at Dairyland Power Cooperative (Commerce Now-proofed, pre-press, front-cover version)

Some of Linda Kastantin’s friends warned her a few years ago that it just couldn’t be done – that is, mixing Linda’s indomitable, progressive style with the traditionally conservative utilities game. “You’re going to work for a utility company?” they asked, then answered their own questions with, “You’ll never be satisfied.” Rather than having to change her style to fit in as Dairyland Power Cooperative’s manager of training and employment, she has been given the task of changing the style at Dairyland. / “Our changing corporate culture gives our employees a bigger slice of the pie. We need their involvement. We are doing this because our personnel have good ideas. So the bottom line for Dairyland is to increase the effectiveness and the efficiency of our cooperative. And remember, we are not a company;
we are a cooperative,” she explained recently during an interview at the Dairyland’s new administration building in La Crosse. A half-century ago, most of rural America was in darkness after sunset. Only about 10 percent of the nation’s rural people enjoyed the advantage of reliable electric power. Today, about 99 percent of the nation’s farms, rural homes and rural businesses receive electric service, thanks to organizations like Dairyland Power, which was founded in 1941. Dairyland is a cooperative of cooperatives, producing electricity and providing a range of services for its 28 member rural electrification cooperatives in four states. A product of the Fountain City area, Kastantin, who turns 38 this month, grew up on rural electrification. “We were served by Dairyland’s Buffalo Electric Cooperative, so I realized, early on, the value of this system’s power generation and transmission capability.” Her rural upbringing did not create a timid or indirect style. Kastantin is a no-nonsense manager, as well as the straightforward and reassuring lead player in the most complex approach to personnel management this super-cooperative has ever seen. In other words, she knows how to give orders and delegate responsibility, as well as how to evoke helpful input from her superiors and subordinates. In 1987 Dairyland’s top management decided to begin planning the changeover. “Our changing corporate culture represents a different way of doing business. The authoritarian, traditional approach was that the boss was the boss. As we (senior management and the human resources department) looked to a transitional program to bring about a change in this approach, we looked to employee training and education programs. Simultaneously, we tried to bring about a useful, more positive role-making process.” With programs like “Interaction” and a workshop on self-esteem employees are learning how to participate more fully than ever in the decision-making process at Dairyland. “Interaction” in particular has been a great asset to the senior management by opening channels of communication with subordinate employees. Kastantin described the steps in the program. First, employees are encouraged to freely ask questions. Then, they are encouraged to “truly listen.” Third, they are instructed to implement decisions. Finally, they are asked to recognize the advantages and disadvantages in this implementation. Dairyland’s “Interaction” training program began in June of 1990 and by the end of June 1991, 238 non-supervisory employees of the cooperative had completed the course work. The title of the first of four modules in the program, “Winning through Interaction,” indicates the kind of positive-thinking Linda’s co-workers are exposed to there. “Handling Conflict” is another module in the 16-hour course. “We’re trying here to get people involved, cooperating and communicating, for a common goal,” Kastantin summed up. She also talks about “empowerment,” or the process of employees winning the right to “a say in things.” Although Kastantin said she is “implementing the direction set by senior management” in this, she also serves as a clear symbol of the new wave of personnel managers who are trying to bring about “revolutionary” changes in the methods of business communication. Kastantin; her husband, Joseph; and their 10-year-old son, Andrew, live near the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse. Joseph is an accounting instructor at the UW-L, a CPA and an author. Apparently Linda Kastantin shares with him an ambitious outlook on life and work. She attended night classes in Indianapolis, in her early 20s, while working her way through school. She won her B.S. Degree in Business Administration from Marian College in 1979. Last May, she graduated with her M.S. in education from the UW-L. In between, she started for Dairyland, in December 1985. She never looked back, and she added, “I can definitely relate to our employees who head back to education at night and on the weekends.” Though the training is going well, not everybody is enthusiastic about the change. “The majority are adapting positively to participative management, but some are still holding out. In some spots, it’s the management holding out.” Still, she enjoys her work. As she said in our interview: “I’m out there doing it. I train trainers. I write some of the materials. I’m working with my bosses – Dairyland General Manager, William Berg, and Human Resource Director, Mary L. Lund – to make sure everything is being implemented properly. Generally, it’s my responsibility on a day-to-day basis to make sure we stay on course.” Kastantin concluded on a positive note: “In July of 1991, we had room for 30 people in our self-esteem workshop, and 49 applied. Our work force is interested in growing and developing, then, taking action to do it. We’re on the move.” —1991, by DvJM.

What Ed Bradley Meant to Journalism
On November 9 (2006, age 65), a great journalist died – Ed Bradley, of CBS News. Mr. Bradley meant a lot to viewers and colleagues – he was cool, had a sense of humor (Muhammad Ali snored and Lena Horne played in the grass), loved jazz and gospel, had class, and, though persistent, wasn’t a go-for-the-throat journalist. He always got his story, and made the world a better place for his being here. In 1984, I graduated from a School of Journalism still claiming
to be the first such school created anywhere – Missouri’s. I’ve tried to live up to Mizzou’s first Journalism Dean’s “Journalist’s Creed”. Walter Williams wrote, in part, “I believe that no one should write as a journalist what he would not say as a gentleman.” Ed Bradley was a gentleman who gave others life as a journalist. Take his wading into swirling waters in 1979 to rescue Vietnamese boat people. It reminds me of a J-School workshop where a Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist played devil’s advocate, saying information is more important to a journalist than human life. I kept thinking of the photojournalist I interviewed in 1981 Britain, Bert Hardy, who told me a story that didn’t quite register with me then. When I returned to America, I sent him a postcard, asking him to explain it. Hardy did, in his autobiography. The story and pictures are there – how he’d been patrolling with his jeep-driver in Germany near World World II’s close, when they saw smoke coming from a store-basement. Hardy went down into it, sending his driver for help. Hardy pulled two or three women safely from that fire, and more help arrived, so he got pictures, too. The fire had been set by German policemen, when they discovered escaped Russian slaves looting for blankets. That “small event” in World War II speaks volumes about what it takes to be a good journalist – being a good human being. Readers of my columns know there was another journalist I interviewed in Britain, too – Hardy’s Korean War partner, James Cameron. I used to hesitate to talk as much about Cameron, because Cameron went to Hanoi early in the Vietnam War to interview Ho Chi Minh. I’ve never been a big fan of Ho Chi Minh. But it took Cameron’s courage to get there and interview the United States’ most hated enemy then. At times, a journalist, or a diplomat, must deal pragmatically with “the enemy”, as Bradley did when he interviewed Timothy McVeigh (later executed for the Oklahoma City bombing), or men who may have murdered Emmet Till. And it’s true of the best journalists, as with Americans, our ancestors, and allies, as Churchill said, “We have not journeyed all this way… because we’re made of sugar candy.” Cameron wrote a book Morley Safer, an EB “60 Minutes” peer, blasted early, Here Is Your Enemy, the human face of North Vietnam. Safer later agreed: our enemies are human too and must be talked with. What being a good journalist means, Cameron, Bradley, and Hardy all knew. Dean Williams again: “I believe that the journalism which succeeds best… fears God and honors Man… a journalism of humanity, of and for today’s world.”

Thanks and Peace.—ca.2006 by DvJM.

A Little Story About Family, ca. 2000

A long time ago among family and friends, many people said Dave and Rose’s marriage wouldn’t last. Sure, they got married on St. Valentine’s Day, and sure, they were both Catholic, but what else did they have going for them? Dave was an alcoholic, and neither he nor Rose had gone to college. What could they possibly do well together?

Half a century later, with the help of God and their own free wills and deliberate actions, Dave and Rose Marcou are celebrating their Golden Valentine Wedding Anniversary. Dave no longer drinks or smokes and they both still work hard achieving the things that keep them and us happy. I say “us”, because I am their oldest child, born on Nov. 25, 1950, and I have three brothers and three sisters. All of us have children, and we carry on, on the road of life, just like Mom and Dad. My parents may have trouble recalling which St. Valentine’s Days have been the most unforgettable, but because their Golden Wedding anniversary comes on St. Valentine’s Day in the first year of the new millennium, this one will carry special meaning for a lot of people. My parents got their start together when they dated at Aquinas High School in this Mississippi River town of La Crosse (where 19th century doctor-mayor Frank Powell was a close friend of Native Americans and Buffalo Bill Cody; where Mark Twain visited, liked the architecture, and deemed La Crosse a “choice town”; and where President Clinton made a telling speech the day after his historic State of the Union Address in 1998). Mom helped Dad with his homework, so he could enjoy life. Mom lived with a La Crosse family, away from her parents’ farm near Sparta, so she wouldn’t have to commute. She worked at Sullivan’s News and Gifts, across from Dad’s parents’ grocery store, Marcou’s Market, on Rose Street. Then, Dad was known as the guy who “went to study hall just to rest.” He loved sports and drinking early in life, and was a varsity baseball player as a freshman, until his Dad made him quit the team, to work in the family’s store. Mom’s best female friend was named Mona, whom the kids called “Beaver” due its similarity to her family name. Dad’s friends were a group he grew up with at St. James Grade School, including the late Frank Devine, who won a Silver Star during the Korean War. Dad jokes that, early in their courtship, Mom thought Dad’s parents owned a chain of grocery stores (the one was it), and that he thought Mom’s parents were cattle ranchers (they owned one cow, he kids). Mom and Dad began talking about
that special day, as the Marcous gather, we trade much history, like the origin and meaning of St. Valentine’s Day. A Catholic book of martyrs shows two Valentines died for their faith in the third century, but some sources say two meals about that time, and the rest of the family makes sure they know that we remember them on their day, too. On Valentine’s Day is always special around Mom and Dad’s house. They exchange flowers, cards, candy, and restaurant converted his jailer and his jailer’s blind daughter, was the same man children loved so much, that they threw notes through his cell window to bolster his spirits. St. Valentine was beheaded on Feb. 14, 268A.D. Love began St. Valentine’s Day, then; he died for leading lovers and others to God, whom he loved greatly. The Romans also honored their gods each Feb. 14, because birds were said to begin their mating ritual on that day. Mom and Dad have been strong Catholics all their lives (Dad especially after his heart surgery). My son, Matthew, and I usually attend Mass with them. Matthew’s mother and I divorced in 1992, and although she is not Catholic, she is Christian, believes in Catholic Education and wanted Matthew to be baptized in the church. The pastor, Fr. Robert Cook, of St. Joseph the Workman Cathedral in La Crosse, advised me in 1992 to return to the Sacraments (I had been away from the Church almost 20 years), if I wanted my son to be baptized there. I was corresponding then with Mother Teresa, who advised me to return to the Sacraments. I did as they suggested, and Matthew was baptized on May 29, 1993. It made my parents proud. Today, my son attends Cathedral School, does well in his studies, and serves Mass, among his many interests. He’s also a good footballer. Matt and I admire my parents. They love God and family first. Also, they respect people who work hard, yet they empathize with those who can’t always work. I’ve had my own life-struggles, and my parents have always been there to support me. For example, in 1980, I’d already graduated from two colleges and wanted to be a journalist. Dad said, “If you need to go to school in Missouri, then you have to go there.” I graduated from Mizzou in 1984 and life showed promise for me. My first journalism job was in South Korea,
where I met Matt’s mom, Suk-Hee Sim. Then, in 1991, I began teaching in La Crosse. My mother has often written letters to me, always ending them, “Dad and I both love you.” She has always taken pictures, and she inspired me to add photography to my skills in writing, research, sports, teaching, and child-rearing. For his part, Dad has helped give me a sense of humor and strong work-ethic. It’s even fun to kid him about his sugar-addiction. He has prescription-treated diabetes, but he polishes off desserts and tells risky jokes yet with the best of them. Diabetes hasn’t been the worst of this family’s problems. Perhaps it never will be as big a problem as it could be, even for Dad. On the other hand, childbirths for the women of the family, Dad’s alcoholism, Tony’s death, Mom’s and Dad’s major surgeries, and my lack of religiosity from 1973-1992, have been… real dilemmas for the family. My first marriage had ended in divorce in 1979, because I did not have a Catholic spirit, according to my first wife, Ann Majeska Marcou. She was right about that, at the time. (The priest-friend she had then, who would later leave the priesthood so they could marry, had something to do with that.) Regarding my differences with the Church and absences from Mass before 1992, Mom and Dad occasionally would ask, when I was home, if I wanted to go to church with them. They never pushed me too hard to get back to church-going. They knew I needed to make up my own mind about it. Educated through 12th Grade in Catholic schools, I needed to find my way again, and, thankfully, I did, with my parents’ and family’s help. The many challenges our family’s had to face so far have generally been well-met, through the inspired love shared by our parents, David A. and Rose C. Marcou, with all of us. The entire family – now 28 strong, including Diane and Rocky’s newborn – will be together on St. Valentine’s Day, Feb. 14, 2000, in church and at home in La Crosse. Thank God, Mom and Dad never listened to those people who said their marriage wouldn’t last. It did, and we are here to celebrate it! — ca. 2000, by DvJM.

What Makes a Peaceful World?

It was in the news recently that Miami is rated the least courteous city for drivers in this country. Apparently, road rage takes many dangerous forms there, from many red lights run and many people speaking on cell-phones as they drive, to other basic driving miscues, like going so fast that drivers often stomp on their brakes. I’m guilty of road rage myself, but I generally don’t do any of the three things listed above. I do get angry, though, at other drivers, but I don’t honk my horn at every opportunity or roll down my window to get in someone else’s face with verbal abuse. With America’s problems in the Middle East and the chill in relations between the United States and too many other countries, it appears the lack of common courtesies generally is converting into violence abroad that makes things hard not only on Americans, but to those people of other nations we abuse. It goes without saying that other nations’ citizens can be abusive, too, but people used to say charity begins at home, and, unfortunately, Americans are none to charitable at home. What does it take to make a more peaceful world? Well, when someone speaks decently to you, you speak decently to them. When someone does something nice for you, you say “thank you” and mean it. When someone wants to take a moment to pray (or not pray) in public, you don’t start pointing fingers at them like they’re enemies of the state. And when a true couple holds hands walking down the street, you don’t call them names or try to insinuate something negative into their lives. Most of all, when people aren’t bothering you (I’ve trouble with this myself), you don’t borrow trouble by acting as if they probably are or have been doing so. Nations can learn from the examples of their citizens, and it’s time we all learn more positive ways of doing things than we have been learning from some of our own citizens. Obviously, there’s too much conflict in our world and it would be nice to be at peace not only with our immediate family and friends, but with all our relatives and neighbors. This debate touches on the situation with illegal aliens here, too. Although we should be enforcing our immigration laws more consistently and protecting our borders better, our foreign aid should truly assist nations like Mexico, so its economy recovers substantially, so illegal aliens do not have to burrow into the United States to earn money. (In a side-note, I’m amazed Cinco de Mayo is celebrated in the United States as a great Mexican victory over France, which controlled Mexico for about five minutes; Mexicans no longer chafe at the longtime Spanish control that gave them their national language.) But with so much money and so many lives going into the war efforts in Iraq and Afghanistan, we can’t properly help even our own people (e.g., with universal health coverage), much less our global neighbors. To have a more peaceful world, charity must begin at home, and spread abroad; and that doesn’t mean waging wars every generation or so. It means using intelligent diplomacy and legitimate economic power to complement our military forces, and the latter should not have to be called on except very infrequently, and honestly at that. Finally, a sense of
humor helps, too, at least when that other driver happens to be a semi-passable artist, not a semi-professional racer without a sense of direction.—ca. 2007, by DvJM.

When East Meets West
La Crosse, WI, USA—As a Western observer who lived and worked as a journalist in Seoul during the mid-1980s, when a thaw between North and South Korea seemed impossible, and my son being half-Korean, I recently watched on CNN TV, with humble gratitude and amazement, as the New York Philharmonic conducted by Lorin Maazel played two national anthems, Dvorak (including the theme “Going Home”), Gershwin, and Bernstein, plus the national song of both Koreas, “Arirang,” to a packed Pyongyang Grand Theater of live North Koreans, with South Korean and Western officials and media also attending. Pyongyang is the capital of North Korea, and an American cultural delegation of this sort had not been seen there since American and other Western missionaries converted Pyongyang residents to Christianity in the 19th century./ Today’s date is Tuesday, February 26, 2008. Relations between the two Koreas were at their worst nearly 58 years ago, when the North invaded the South militarily on June 25, 1950, following skirmishes in the years immediately after Korea was freed of 40 years of Japanese rule on VJ Day (August 15, 1945) and Korea was divided into Russian and American occupation zones. Since the division of 1945, and after a bloody Civil War (1950-53) including American and Chinese forces and U.N. troops from 16 nations, the two sides steamed, hemmed, and hawed at each other, for a peace treaty had never been signed, only a “ceasefire”. Millions of Koreans on both sides of the 38th Parallel had been separated, seemingly forever, until today’s Philharmonic performance opened up relations between East and West in the “Hermit Kingdom” as never before./ Although I voted twice for George W. Bush, the last three years have been agony for me and others, because the President’s diplomat skills seem non-existent. If Homo Sapiens (meaning wise human), or the human race, has any great capacity for wisdom, it’s often very cleverly disguised. Indeed, there’s still a peace to be won in Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria, Korea, the Holy Land, etc. But today at least, that peace, due to an amazing musical glow, seems a more realistic prospect than it had for a long time. It is admitted the man President Bush picked to lead the U.S. diplomatic effort in Korea is Christopher Hill, a tough but appealing negotiator, and apparently a man North Korean leader Kim Jong-Il feels he can trust. The concert was preceded by the visit of two U.S. news crews to the North’s nuclear reactor, apparently being de-nuked, in exchange for key concessions by America and South Korea. Chief among these are energy supplies and food for the North. North Korea has been so short of both that, for many years, satellite photos above the Korean Peninsula have shown basically no light by night in the North, and masses of light in the South./ The antecedents to this diplomatic coup include Ping Pong Diplomacy between China and the United States in the 1970s. China and North Korea have long been close, as were Chinese and Koreans generally prior to Japanese rule (1905-1945). Conductor Maazel said his orchestra’s performance of “An American in Paris” may presage someone composing a symphony called “Americans in Pyongyang,” and we hope that is positively true. Well done, musicians and diplomats from many nations. And best wishes to Koreans and Korean-Americans everywhere!—ca. 2008 with polishing in 2017, by DvJM.

Why Some Couples Stay Together
My dad was human; he drank too much early (quitting in 1987 with heart surgery); worked hard as a meat-cutter 60 years despite many physical ailments; flirted; gambled; fought; loved to play, then watch sporting events (especially for Wisconsin teams); and taught us kids how to be true to self and help have and raise good kids too. Also, he was married to my mom 65 years; they married Valentine’s Day, 1950 at St. James Church, a snow-packed day. When I was born November 25th that year, my parents’ good friend 1st Marine Division Silver Star/Purple Heart honoree Frank Devine was at North Korea’s dreaded Chosun Reservoir, where it was minus 30 degrees F. (Temperatures were sometimes similar when I lived in Seoul as a journalist in the 1980s; my now-married, half-Korean-American son was conceived one winter there. Matt served two tours in Afghanistan as an Army Ranger Combat Medic. They’re called “Special Operatives” for many good reasons.)/ My dad loved telling humorous stories that Mom generally liked too. We published a humorous (and well-received) story near the close of his obituary — about a husband not able to read his wife’s mind. A friend, Heather, shared it with me just before Dad passed. Dad and Ed Pretasky, my mom’s sister’s husband, used to swap hilarious stories. But the last time I photographed Ed alive, he asked why I wanted to take a
picture of him of all people. But Ed had run his own business many years as well as moonlighted as a bartender, after Marine duty, and I’d photographed him once in a while. Ed and Zita raised eight good kids, including two daughters who competed in Miss La Crosse/Oktobefest contests. Zita too worked outside their home many years, including as Nutrition Site Director for Becker Plaza, where I now live./ I’m the oldest of seven kids. Early on, our parents would pile us all into one car and cruise to Milwaukee for Braves games. One or two of the littlest kids lay on the back window shelf to fit. Sometimes Dad would floor that car above 100 mph, without seat-belts. But Mom made sure Dad reduced speed “asap”. At County Stadium, we kids sang the National Anthem, adding “s” to “Brave” in “Home of the Brave”. That team-mascot meant worthy, courageous Braves not “enemy Redskins”./ Mom loved Dad as much as any person could; Dad did the same for her. I made a series of spontaneous photos of my mom kissing my dad in his casket. They’re sacred photos, honest human documents showing the staying power of love. Other things have evoked my best works too. I likely wouldn’t have become a journalist if Mom hadn’t liked taking photos, and if Dad hadn’t liked reading newspaper sports sections. (He and I compared notes on Wisconsin teams for decades.)/ Moms and Dads who stay together, generally create good memories. Britain’s online Guardian newspaper still includes the photo-portrait I took of my parents commemorating their 60th Anniversary in 2010. That news outlet asked readers in 2014 to add a photo meaning “Strong” to their Witness Series, and I sent the image in; that word fits my parent’s love well. My siblings are leaders in our area, and one brother and his wife in Texas as well. We’re grateful for our parents’ (and our offspring’s) lives. Cherish your parents and the children of this world, readers. They generally are worthy of decent love and respect.

Universal Healthcare Including in America

Recently, a nurse checked my vitals. I asked her what my pulse was, and she said, “72, which is good.” I replied, “Yes, that’s good. I always get excited when I have one.” Winston Churchill said, "You can always count on Americans to do the right thing -- after they've tried everything else." John McCain says, "Controlling health care costs will take fundamental change -- nothing short of a complete reform of the culture of our health system and the way we pay for it will suffice." Universal healthcare, or the lack of it in America, is a real concern these days. There are many biases in what people say and write about it, so I’ll simply state in general terms the most sensible ideas I’ve come up with here. My bias is with a single (federal) payer system.

First, some people say there already is universal healthcare, for any free person can obtain healthcare anywhere, as long as they go to a reliable doctor and bills are paid. There’s no certainty that healthcare will be first-rate, and when people have the money to pay their bills or have someone pay for them, U.S. healthcare is unsurpassed in the world. Second, some industrialized nations have more egalitarian healthcare systems, which isn’t to say they pay little money for them as a society or have the best healthcare, but we still can learn from them. Several European nations have more egalitarian systems than the United States. The British system, for one, has flaws, but still distributes healthcare more equally than ours does. Third, medical costs have to be paid by someone, and if the American financial system is to be healthy, individuals paying medical expenses should not have to spend a huge share of their income/savings doing so. Thus, it might be best, if our income tax system becomes fairer (slightly more progressive) and better used (e.g., tax revenues paying for fewer pork barrel projects), and if added fees/taxes are paid by those who most use relevant luxury services and products. Fourth, Jesus said we should first love God, then our neighbors as ourselves. That doesn’t mean only to give money to charities, which then provide stopgap care, etc., to people who can’t afford to pay their own medical expenses, though that assistance is important. It also doesn’t mean hospitals should have to absorb costs when poor people visit them, though prices for medical talent, insurance, equipment, procedures, drugs, and supplies have risen astronomically. Decent federal regulation and services are called for. Fifth, our national debt is soaring and needs lowering soon. To do so and ensure that single-payer universal healthcare becomes more affordable, we should focus on balancing our trade debt around the world and spend less in non-essential areas at home, too. Moreover, it’s important that as many people as possible work and pay taxes/fees, so
essential federal programs are covered. And businesses should be allowed to develop resources (human and natural) further.

Overseas, third world countries could still rely on charitable international donations of food and medicine, plus indigenous supplies, but they could also learn how our system works, and improve their own. A rational immigration policy here is also called for. How about having a national registration day for all non-citizen immigrants, legal and illegal, with relevant fees to be paid by illegal immigrants? After registration, future illegal immigrants should be treated carefully, and legal immigrants treated better. Finally, it will help if Americans grow more neighborly to others, here and abroad. Then homeless, disabled, or poor people, or anyone else, will be less likely to become or remain sick and/or endangered in other ways. Legislators need be brave and intelligent, and pass more efficient, effective, enforceable laws.—ca.2008, by DvJM.

Enduring Friendships from Korea

Friendships come; some friendships go; some friendships endure. When I first went to South Korea in August 1984, to work as chief copy editor for Yonhap News Agency’s International Department, I was met at Kimpo Airport by Mr. Yang, whom I knew from Mizzou. My steadiest friend there, though, was the man who appeared at my apartment door my first day off-the-plane -- Yonhap’s Mr. Yi Do-Sun, who later, at an end of year Yonhap party, somehow inspired me to sing in front of the staff, “Can’t Help Falling in Love with You”, the great Elvis Presley hit. Mr. Yi, looking like a combination bespectacled Confucian scholar and street-savvy journalist, introduced himself properly that first day, asked some questions in English, then asked if I would like to join him for lunch at a nearby restaurant. I was in need of food, and so we went. I can’t recall what my first meal in Seoul was, but I believe it was beef bulgogi, because ever since I was introduced to it in Korea, it’s been my favorite Korean food. Bulgogi (pronounced bool-go-gee) can be made of beef, chicken, or pork, but is most famously made from beef. In that form it consists of thin strips of round steak marinated in soy sauce, onions, sugar, and other ingredients. The beef strips are then broiled and served with rice, leaf lettuce, kimchee (e.g., hot, pickled cabbage), and beverage. A 19th century female travel-writer described traditional Korean food as substantial, delicious, and nutritious, and that still is often true. I knew Mr. Yi was my friend as I ate that first meal and he carefully explained the customary ways to eat in Korea. I’ve never been chopsticks-coordinated, but try to observe the other traditions of Korean-style dining. One thing I liked about my Korean colleagues then was that they always addressed me as “Mr. Marcou,” with rolling “r”s. I returned that style of polite surname address generally. Mr. Yi was my guide the first couple months I worked in Seoul. Although he was very deliberate in his use of the English language, his reports for the International Department were always on the money, occasionally after we negotiated a phrase or two. We had to be precise, because the presidential administration of Chun Doo-Hwan watched the media very closely, especially Yonhap News Agency. Mr. Yi also rode the bus and/or taxi with me to and from work the first week or two, to acclimate me better to life in his country. The buses were often crowded, and I got in the habit of taking taxis, because they were relatively inexpensive, interesting, and quick. In every taxi was a mug-shot of the driver, without smile, which made me want to photograph Koreans who did smile. As time passed, my good friend from the Missouri Journalism School, David W. Johns, was looking for work. He’d thought he was headed to Taipei after graduation, but that job fell through, so I recommended him for the night-editor position in my department, and after protocols were met, he arrived in Seoul November 1, to take up his new assignment. Another Yonhap colleague, Mr. Rhee, went with me to Seoul’s Kimpo Airport to meet David, and we three dined at the apartment that night, with David’s and my other apartment-mate, Prof. Cho Soon-Sung, my former political science teacher from Mizzou, added in. Often in Seoul, David and I dined out together, and with other friends, including General Kim, assistant editor in the International Department, and Mr. Yi. It was said Mr. Kim had been deafened many years before by explosives in the Army. He was a dear man, who could be semi-irascible, but also knew how to write in clear English, not only his reports, but also notes to David and me that steadied our nerves and/or made us laugh. Things like, “When in Rome do as the Romans do,” something my boss later, Mr. Kim of Business Korea, said to me often. Both of them meant do as we do, and generally don’t do them faster than we do. We also met female friends in the coming months. I dated a very nice coffeeshop waitress, Ms. Oh, and a top MBC news anchor, Ms. Park Young-Sun. Ms. Park read English-language Christmas greetings that year (probably done every year, because there are many U.S. military personnel in Korea) on her otherwise-Korean-language broadcast. Ms.
Park switched jobs and became the first female opposition party leader in the National Assembly; she was even said to be the top candidate for president ca. 2015. There were other female friends who went places with us, like Ms. Chong, a coffeeshop owner, who’d go with me in 1985 or 1986 to the National Museum (I’d taken David Johns there the first day after his arrival, where a pack of cub scouts asked for his autograph; David is tall, and they sensed he was a benevolent giant, though he is one of the most intelligent giants you’d ever want to meet,), where I made memorable photos both times. Ms. Chong had a friend Ms. Kim, who went with us to the Korean Folk Village in summer 1986. In fact, there were other Ms. Kims and Ms. Chongs, too, who were friends of ours then, plus Ms. Lees and others. In December 1984, with the help of Yonhap colleague Mr. Sun, my Han Madang Gallery photo-exhibition opened, resulting in my meeting Ms. Kim Young-Im, a professional photographer who’d be instrumental in my return to Seoul in early 1986. The guestbook from my show is signed by many top names in Korean journalism then, including fellow Mizzou grad Ed White, AP’s Seoul Bureau Chief then (and in the late 1960’s Saigon Bureau Chief too, for a stellar staff). I accompanied three additional female friends to my show, at different times, and it was covered by Korea Times and Segye magazine. I’m grateful to late Yonhap economics reporter, Mr. Kang, for his assistance with that show, too. Mr. Kang had attended Mizzou’s J-School, where we’d first met. (In February 1987, I’d hold a one-man photo show at the Pine Hill Gallery in Seoul, including some excellent samples of my work from 1984-1985 South Korea.) I photographed many in Korea including famous women, like Ms. Lee Tai-Young, Korea’s first female jurist, and cancer-survivor/playwright Ms. Oh Hye-Yong, plus Mother Teresa (St. Teresa of Calcutta), whom I not only photographed on Jan. 27, 1985, but also corresponded with later. (Her letters were neither filled with doubt nor saccharine, but what my son and I needed.) In May 1985, I headed Stateside for rest. I volunteered a bit in Wisconsin, biding my time for a return to Seoul. I’d met Mr. Kim Kyong-Hae, publisher of Business Korea (via Ms. Kim Young-Im), before heading home. I soon wrote him and received no reply. I wrote Ms. Kim and she supplied a new address. Mr. Kim offered me two jobs, one as chief copy editor/reporter for Business Korea, the other as copy editor for the KOTRA (Korea Trade Promotion Corporation). I worked with many good people both places, including some good friends. BK colleague Ms. Sohn Jie-Ae went on to work for the New York Times and CNN in Seoul, was president of the Seoul Foreign Correspondents’ Club, and most recently has been CEO of Arirang TV. When I returned to Seoul in February 1986, my former Yonhap supervisor, Mr. Hyun So-Whan, who’d later become Yonhap president, and who was then David Johns’ supervisor, arranged for me to live rent-free again with David in the Yonhap editors’ apartment. There were other Yonhap employees I’d visit with during that second Korean sojourn, in addition to David, including Mr. Lee Sung-Soo, an older reporter for the International Department, who did translation as side-job. David, Mr. Lee, and I dined together three times then, at the same restaurant, supping on beef bulgogi and soju, the clear, sweet-tasting, lethal liquor Korean men have drunk for generations. Mr. Lee had five daughters and no sons, but he was a very dear man, who has since passed away. Other associates included H. Edward Kim, the former National Geographic photographer and then-editor of Seoul magazine; Tony Chung, former UPI and Reuters photographer; Business Korea’s Ollie Gadacz and Erwin Schroeder; the Korea-Europe Economic Report’s Mr. Noh; Pine Hill’s Ms. Cho; and David Johns’ good friends Mr. Kim, Mr. Im, Ken Kalliher, and Ira Rosenfeld. As time passed, I met a graduate of Ewha University, then the largest female-only university in the world. Jinny and I dated a while; though she was nice, it didn’t look like marriage was in the cards for the two of us. Eventually, I met my wife-to-be, who’d also become the mother of our son. Suk-Hee was a clothing store owner, and after several months together, she and I left Seoul for Wisconsin, where Matthew was born in September 1987. I’ve stayed in contact with David Johns and Mr. Yi (I last saw Mr. Yi and his family in April 2000, when he was Washington, D.C. bureau chief for Yonhap; and I see David Johns sometimes), and obviously my son, too, since leaving Seoul in April 1987, and they’ve remained decent contributors to my life, as I hope I have to theirs. I thought especially of Mr. Yi recently, when the Milwaukee Bucks NBA team played their first preseason game (for the 2007-2008 season) in my hometown of La Crosse, Wisconsin, which was the first Bucks game for their number one draft pick, 7-foot Yi Jianlian of China. A lot is said about the Land of Morning Calm; more should be said about the quality of friendship that endures there. Thank goodness it does, making me hope to return to Seoul with my son and his family, when the time is right and the land is very calm.—ca. 2007, by DvJM.
La Crosse Could, and Still Can

Recently, Richard Dungar, Aquinas High School Archivist, told me James Cameron, founder of America’s Black Holocaust Museum, was born in La Crosse. Cameron wrote about his 1914 birth, and about Dr. John Callahan’s saving his life later, with many people visiting him at St. Francis Hospital. Cameron’s family moved from La Crosse, and in Indiana in 1930, James was spared miraculously, as his two friends were lynched./ There are other famous James Camerons, but the civil rights leader was originally from La Crosse./ Many historic leaders called La Crosse home – including Ho-Chunk Chief Blackhawk, pre-Myrick. Nathan Myrick established settlement here in 1841. Mayors John Levy, Wilson Colwell, and Milo Knutson also led. Levy and family were our first Jewish settlers. Colwell helped form the Civil War’s Iron Brigade, dying at South Mountain. Knutson served in and broadcast from the state capital. State Senator Ray Bice had integrity. Gov. Cadwallader Washburn founded our Public Library and what became General Mills. Angus Cameron was a U.S. Senator. Albert Sanford and H.J. Hirshheimer wrote a city history. / A.D. La Due started our first newspaper, “Spirit of the Times”. Mark Kellogg, postmaster Simon’s son, died reporting Custer’s Last Stand. “Peck’s Bad Boy” creator George Peck founded the “Sun” here before becoming governor. Aaron Brayton founded the “La Crosse Tribune and Leader Press”, today’s “Tribune”. Pulitzer-winning authors Howard Mumford Jones and John Tolland grew up here; Jones won for “O Strange New World”; Tolland for “The Rising Sun”./ Robert Kreutz composed the hymnal classic “Gift of Finest Wheat”. FSPA Sr. Thea Bowman should be canonized. George Taylor published the “Wisconsin Labor Advocate” here and was the first Presidential candidate from a national African-American party (National Liberty Party, 1904). George Poage graduated La Crosse High School and was first-ever African American Olympic medalist (1904). NBC’s David Bloom once worked for WKBT-TV, then died covering Iraq’s War. Educator, author, and radio host Mauree Applegate Clack had statewide audiences./ Walter Ristow, at the Library of Congress, pioneered map-librarianship. Nick Ray directed “Rebel Without a Cause” starring James Dean. Joe Losey directed “Boom” starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Critic George Jean Nathan’s widow, Julie Haydon, retired to La Crosse’s Becker Plaza, where I now live, after she starred on stage and screen. Col. Chue Yang fought on America’s side in Vietnam, then became first director of our city’s Hmong Mutual Assistance Association. Reuben Trane founded Trane Company (American Standard). D.B. Reinhart founded Gateway Foods. Drs. Adolf Gundersen and Christian Christiansen founded Lutheran Hospital, now Gunnderesen-Lutheran Medical Center. Sr. Rose Francois was first administrator of FSPA-founded St. Francis Hospital, now a Mayo affiliate./ Ed Konetchy starred for the St. Louis Cardinals and other pro baseball teams. Craig Kusick Sr. starred for UW-L and Minnesota’s Twins. Everyday Joe Addis was a postal worker, husband, father, and councilman, who loved our city. Contrarian publisher Marcus “Brick” Pomeroy attracted national attention, advising readers to “pierce [President Lincoln’s] heart with a dagger.” A more recent area group, Hispanic, is led by Circuit Court Judge Ramona Gonzalez. All these leaders from our city of 50,000 people lived/live life fully, with courage and skill. We should, too, coming from a little city that could, and still can….--For more, read “Spirit of La Crosse” (a group history directed-edited by me) in area libraries. La Vonne Mainz wrote its chapter “City Prodigies”. I’m also grateful to the “La Crosse Tribune” and La Crosse Public Library Archives for research assistance.—ca. 2008, by DvJM.

Politics and Ecclesiastes

Pioneering African-American playwright Lorraine Hansberry, who attended UW-Madison, said, “Never be afraid to sit awhile and think.”/ In New Hampshire’s recent Primary, much of the media appeared to get what they wanted -- victories by the “inevitable-comebacker” Hillary and the “deserving” Mack. Forget the polls; most media couldn’t believe how inaccurate they’d been, after Hillary showed emotions and won. Forget that she ended her tear speech that Monday by criticizing Barack Obama, which was deleted by the other networks, FoxNews said -- wasn’t it nice to see the canny-sharp “doormat” and the determined old veteran temporarily get the nod there? Maybe what happens in New Hampshire stays in New Hampshire./ George Orwell wrote an essay in 1946 covering miles in a few pages, “Politics and the English Language.” Some say Orwell was a writer who made a lot of sense without surplus imagination. I think he could feel tension occasionally about not giving freer rein to his imagination, but then chose to face up to brutal facts around him – whether he was living with and chronicling the poor in London and Paris, or writing brilliant attacks on Stalinism in “Homage to Catalonian” and “Animal Farm,” or creating the mind-numbing “1984” (“doublespeak” being a deadly innovation)./ Critics say Orwell didn’t recognize his own faults; but he saw
more faults in himself than most of us do in ourselves (though I wish he would have felt worse about a hanging he
presided over early in his life). He did see the political-cultural hairsplitting he detested in the world then was
something he could be guilty of, too. But what was truest about Orwell were the intelligent mind and intelligible style
he imbued his writings with; and he was more sincere and long-suffering than many writers or candidates are./ Who
knows about today’s Huckabee, Romney, McCain, Giuliani, Thompson, Paul, Clinton, Obama, Edwards, Bloomberg
(is he in?), et. al. – is there a Lincoln among them? All candidates abuse language occasionally, as well as use it
reasonably well at times. But don’t we all want to dream greatly and honestly fulfill our dreams, as Huckabee,
Edwards, and Obama have hinted at recently? Apropos of said Primary, John Edwards, “Music Man”-style, beamed:
"But here's the good news: the people of New Hampshire have got a little bit of an independent streak, don't they?
And they like to shake things up a little bit. And we're not going to have an auction in New Hampshire. We're going
to have an election on Tuesday." Is that what we had then? Edwards left out some news harder to digest, how to realize
great dreams once elected. Late Wisconsin Governor Lee Sherman Dreyfus said about Madison, comparable to the
nation’s capital: “[The capital] is 30 square miles surrounded by reality.”/ It pays, then, amid every campaign, to
reflect on what George Orwell said was “good English” -- a passage from “Ecclesiastes” that may suggest who will
be our next President: “I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,
nor yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and
chance happeneth to them all.” Yes, they do, even to politicians, writers, and photographers.--ca.2008, by DvJM.

Loving Our Neighbors
The two greatest commandments, Jesus said, are to love God with all your heart, mind, body, and soul; and to love
our neighbors (not only Royal Brits and your drinking friends, Hillary, Barack, and Donald, 2016-17) as ourselves.
Since we all have trouble obeying these basic rules, some new ideas help, e.g., on immigration, illegal and legal./ I’ll
not use statistics here or statutory laws proposed/enacted. But the problems surrounding illegal immigrants have been
tough for years, and need consensus-solutions./ First, the problems relate to many peoples here, whether we’re talking
about Hispanics from Mexico or Arabs from Saudi Arabia or others in-between. Apparently, Mexican Hispanics
present the greatest challenge, in sheer numbers already here that have little legal right to be here, according to some
politicians. However, Arabs from Saudi Arabia, in far fewer numbers, presented a huge problem for this country on
September 11, 2001. In both cases, immigration officials did/do not have a good grasp of where the “illegals” were/are,
and how much damage, when real, they do to our economy or to legal resident’s lives here./ Second, Congress has
proved so prone to gridlock the last 15 years, there’s as yet no new immigration law to address the attendant problems.
If we’re to allow illegals already here to stay here, they should have to pay a substantial fine for doing so. And if they
register properly with our government and abide by U.S. laws for a seven-year period (I believe the period for legal
immigrants is five years), they could then test for their citizenship. They would have to speak and write English by
then, and be able to sustain their families and themselves with relevant jobs, etc./ Meantime, these otherwise illegals
would be granted no Social Security or welfare monies, though they could be allowed free public education and “free”
healthcare (but only in states where that’s paid for by government for all poor people). They would not be allowed
free healthcare, regardless of where they live in the United States, if they make more money than a federal limit; that
should apply to all wealthy Americans. What this proposed law yields for non-Hispanic illegal immigrants today
would be the same as for Hispanic illegals. But if any of these “illegals” then commit a felony, they will be tried in a
U.S. court and be subject to the same sentence/s as any another U.S. felons. They would not be deported, because, for
some reason or other, we have not yet been able to put a literal or metaphorical fence around our borders. They would
probably, however, spend significant time in prison./ Instead of spending huge amounts of money on warfare in Iraq
and Afghanistan and perhaps in further countries in the not-too-distant future, let’s “make peace” with/in Mexico,
Iraq, Afghanistan, Iran, Syria, Israel, Palestine, North Korea, various parts of Africa and South America, etc., close
some of our military bases globally, and re-deploy our troops in less costly ways. We then could provide decent
financial aid to those countries, and stimulate their economies enough to dispel some of the current problems we have
with them. We might even be able to afford universal healthcare for all Americans, if we use our heads and everyone
sacrifices a bit, plus maintain moderate military manpower in decently defensive ways. I hope loving our neighbors
and God proves more beneficial and long-lasting than gridlock or war, since it’s time we have more peace and consensus in our world.—ca.2007, by DvJM.

The Meaning of “More Equal Than Others”

George Orwell wrote a famous sentence near the close of his great socio-political parable, “Animal Farm”: “All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.” / A man not known for making his living with written words, a man by the name of Brett, has become, over time, one of the most plainspoken, yet endearingly honest and talented of athletes — one who says when his team and he may be in trouble, then does something about it, coming back from sloughs of despond, unlike political candidates who claim to be a “comeback kid”, when long beforehand, they may have even been touted as “inevitable” by the media. He is, in truth, equal, but more equal than others. For one thing, after leading his team to a Super Bowl win in early 1997, this particular Huck Finn/warrior admitted he was addicted to pain-killers and alcohol. He soon-after rehabilitated his life, and hasn’t looked back about it. He lives more honestly now (but don’t ask about his pre-game routines in the locker room), with faith in his idea of God and humanity. To be sure, he’s lost his father (his high school coach) and his brother-in-law (his wife’s brother), but their memories inspire him./ But Brett lets his on-field play do most of his talking. Like winning more games with his teammates than any other pro quarterback ever. Like leading his team from that wee Fox Valley city, Green Bay, into its fourth NFC Championship game under him. Even though the Packers were defeated by the New York Giants in a close-fought game, Favre most likely will be back for another Super Bowl attempt this coming season. All the time he continues supporting his family while they meet the challenge of wife Deanna’s breast cancer. Her book, “Don’t Bet Against Me” says a lot not just about Deanna Favre, but about the Favre Family and the Green Bay Packers. And this past season, Brett, for good measure, broke nearly ever career record of note among NFL quarterbacks, and the NFL has been in business almost 90 years. He wasn’t named NFL MVP this past season, but was in fact that./ There are or have been many famous “Bretts” – including Brett Angell (an English footballer); Brett Hull (a hockey player and son of Bobby Hull); Brett Somers (an actress), two George Bretts (a USAF General and a Hall of Fame baseball player); Jeremy Brett (an actor), the River Brett (in Suffolk, England), and Bretons (inhabitants of Brittany in France). There also was Bret Starr, NFL super-heroes Bart and Cherry’s son, who died tragically to drugs (Bart Starr must be
considered all-time NFL MVP for leading his Packers to 5 NFL titles in 7 years). But none has surpassed Favre in bringing positive fame to the name of Brett. The Favre extended family begins with Brett and Deanna and daughters Brittany and Breleigh, continues with the Green Bay Packers, covers the states of Wisconsin and Mississippi (his home state), plus all of America, and touches the entire world.—2008-2017, by DvJ.M. Brett Favre eventually established the NFL Iron Man record, with more consecutive games played in than anyone.

**A Football Team Note: The Death of Quintus Cephus’s Dad:** On Monday, April 3, 2017, the father of UW-Madison football wide-receiver Quintez Cephus, Andre Jamar Taylor, was shot outside a grocery store and died soon after. Andre had a disagreement with another man exiting the store, and as he walked away, the man shot Andre point-blank in the head, killing him. Andre was very close to his son, a graduate of Stratford Academy in Macon, GA, who starred already last season for the Badgers, his freshman year. One friend said his dad’s death would be very hard on Quintez; but another friend said the young star would “come back stronger than ever”. Stratford football coach Mark Farriba said of Cephus: “He is the best athlete I’ve ever coached… I am 60 years old and I’ve coached for 39 years.” Another Badger freshman wide-receiver last season, A.J. Taylor, with same initials and family name as Andre Jamar Taylor, is a fellow star with Quintez Cephus. Both men have already performed well at UW in mind, body, heart, and are good friends.

**The Shrine at La Crosse and Prelate Who Built It: Our Lady of Guadalupe and Archbishop Raymond L. Burke.** Raymond Leo Burke was born in Richland Center, Wisconsin, on June 30, 1948, about 80 years after Frank Lloyd Wright’s birth there. His parents were God-fearing, God-loving people, by the names of Thomas and Marie, and Raymond was the youngest of their six children. After receiving First Communion and being Confirmed in the La Crosse Diocese (some of his raising was in Stratford, WI), Ray Burke studied at La Crosse’s Holy Cross Seminary, 1962-1968, then went on to study at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., and the Gregorian University in Rome, before being ordained at St. Peter’s in 1975 by Pope Paul VI./ Serving early as Assistant Rector for St. Joseph the Workman Cathedral in La Crosse, Burke soon matriculated back to Rome, where he studied Canon Law from 1980-1984 at the Gregorian University, earning his licentiate and doctorate. In-between, he taught religion at La Crosse’s Aquinas H.S., where a large addition has since been built and named for him. He was named Moderator of the Curia and Vice Chancellor for the Diocese of La Crosse, and in 1989, Pope John Paul II named him Defender of the Bond for the Apostolic Signatura, the Catholic Church’s highest court (which he’d later become Head of, the first American Head of the Vatican Supreme Court in history). In 1995, he was installed Bishop of the La Crosse Diocese, and remained there until 2004, when a search began for his replacement (Bp. Jerome Listecki in 2005, who was very recently named Archbishop of Milwaukee and replaced by Bp. William Callahan), when Ray Burke was named Archbishop of the St. Louis Diocese, prior to reassignment to Rome. There’s even been some talk he might become the first Pope from the Americas./ In 1999, Burke had directed the start of work on what would become the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, his longtime dream (fortified by Burke’s trips to the original site of Our Lady of Guadalupe’s two appearances in Mexico, where Juan Diego returned to the Spanish Bishop, Fray Juan de Zumarraga, with his cape for proof, showing Our Lady and the mid-winter flowers he’d put in the cape), on the southeast edge of La Crosse, off Highway 14-61 on Justin Road. It was formally dedicated on July 31, 2008, with thousands of church and civil dignitaries and lay people looking on./ Raymond Burke has not been averse to positing strongly contentious points of view in his day-to-day speeches, directives, and writings. In 2004, he stated publicly he would not administer Holy Communion to Democratic Presidential contender John Kerry, a pro-choice candidate, because Burke and the Church are pro-life. He took similar antithetical perspectives versus singer Sheryl Crow and basketball coach Rick Majerus, both pro-choice like Kerry. And in La Crosse Diocese, his decision to raise funds for a $25 million Shrine met opposition from groups opposed to his simultaneous closing of select Catholic Schools in the area. Yet, the beauty of the finished product, and the faith it has inspired in many people who live and visit La Crosse, is astonishing./ On the Shrine’s dedication day, I was told by several staff that I couldn’t enter it to photograph beforehand, but I said I would photograph the exterior at least. Upon arrival at the main Information Building, I was told I could photograph the exterior, but could not shoot inside the Shrine-Proper. I next headed up the trail through the woods to the Shrine-Church. Photographing the immediate approach to that Shrine-Church, I was told EWTN (Eternal Word Television Network, a national Catholic network) was setting up lights and cameras inside, and, again, that I couldn’t enter. After taking a few photos outside, I walked around to the side door, though, and a media-person exited the building./ I
entered where he exited, and no one stopped me during my hour-long interior work, photographing the Shrine-Church, including media and decorators. The photos I took there then, speak of the beauty of an area and a main-building that countless visitors have since flocked to. My time in the area that day took two hours; I had left by 10 a.m. The formal ceremonies didn’t start until Noon, but I’d taken the photos I needed that day; I may return to the Shrine to photograph the Congregations, as time passes. I had a self-imposed deadline to meet then, though. The Smithsonian houses many of my works from other shoots, and I hope it will add my Shrine photos, too, at some time.—I wrote ca. 2008 with a bit of up-dating in 2017, by DvJM.


Dear Dave,/ Well this is something that I am not very good at. Writing a letter. I have only wrote about 5 in my life, but that letter I got from you instead of a birthday card is worth one./ ....[H]onest to God that was the best letter a father could have received from his son. I can’t explain how good it made me feel Dave./ I am just getting ready to go get my haircut up at Holmen so I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know how much I liked that letter, and also how much your mother and I love you Dave. Mother was very proud of that letter too.../ Those articles in the magazine were really good, just keep them coming../ I[t] is really nasty here. The wind is blowing its head off and it is suppose to get down to 21[degrees] tonight./ I am still playing lotto so if I hit the big one you have got $50,000,000 coming. ...[I]f I don’t hit we both can dream about it anyway./ Will sign off now Dave./ Your Loving Father, Dave./ P.S. Everything is going good at work and at home today is 179 days of no alcohol or cig. Take care.

Dan Coughlin note to me in my ‘65 Aquin: “Dave: You were my best bus riding buddy during football, wrestling, track; a hard work, tough football player, all-around good kid.”—Dan, a fellow UW alum, would coach AHS FB to state titles & teach history.


Dear Matthew,/ I’m sorry I didn’t write sooner. Thank you for your letter./ I am glad you had a good time at your Valentine Party and won playing bingo./ Grandma and I had a very good Anniversary. Thank you for remembering it on Valentine’s Day./ I am glad you liked the cookies Grandma baked for you and your friends in your class./ Well, I will close now but would you say “Hi” to Grant who you dictated the letter to, your teacher Mrs. Kathy Fitzpatrick and all your friends in Kindergarten./ Have a good day, Matthew./ I love you and I liked your letter./ Grandpa Dave./ P.S. Grandma loves you too.

My Son’s (Matt A. Marcou’s) Letter to Santa at the North Pole 00000, One Christmastime, Though I Believe Before 2000.

A Letter to Santa – Dear Santa: I would like a The Lion King Mom’s Vide[Matt’s spelling] Game – Turtle Supplies—And the Guinness Dad’s 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 Dad’s 2001 2002… Book of Dad’s Records. A Real Pet Mom’s Turtle a small one – A Hand-Held Mom’s TV with Batteries – And a Precomputer Dad’s 2000 Cartridge – And an--Small Dad Umbrella. And Rollerblades – Two Tickets Dad’s to Cairo. Signed: Matthew A. Marcou – 333 Buchner Place – Apt. #226 – La Crosse, WI 54603.—Matt included mention of 2 tickets to Cairo, I guess for me! It was a good idea Matt had, to travel, which he and I have done together a bit, including in April 2000 to Washington, DC, to visit my brother Tom & his wife, Joy, who had top-ranking federal jobs then. We took enough photos to do a photo-essay booklet, “Vital Washington”, and some related books later too. Tom & Joy have since retired from federal work and moved to Texas, where they build and sell homes.

I Believe This Holiday Card-Note Was from Betty Holey, One of My WTC Adult Writing Students.

Dear Dave and Matt./ Thank you so much for the very special picture of you both. I didn’t even need to see the green and gold to recognize you as Packer fans. (I’m not a sports fan.)/ I’m enjoying class so very much. At first I wondered if I would but in these few weeks I’ve grown very fond of everyone and enjoy immensely their varied interests and personalities./ My favorite thing to do during the holidays is to bake. Hope you two will enjoy a little
sample. I wish for you a blessed holiday. We miss (and will always love) our little Johanns/a. But there is a reason for everything and God doesn’t make mistakes. /Sincerely, Betty /The Story Included with Betty’s Holiday Card: “Tell me the weight of a snowflake,” a coal-mouse asked a wild dove. “Nothing more than nothing,” came the answer. “In that case, I must tell you a marvelous story… I sat on the branch of a Fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow, not in a raging blizzard, no, just like in a dream, without any violence. Since I didn’t have anything to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741,952… When the next snowflake dropped onto the branch – nothing more than nothing, as you say – the branch broke off.” Having said that, the coal-mouse flew away./ The Dove, since Noah’s time an authority on the matter, thought about the story and said to herself: “PERHAPS there is only one person’s voice lacking for Peace to come about in the world.”

Birthday Card from My Mom, Rose Caroline Muskat Marcou, to Me, DvJM, Nov. 25, 2015 (I Became 65 Years Old Then).

Dear Dave/ Hope your (65th) birthday is a happy one. Wish we could spend more time with you – maybe next year./ Enclosed is a small added gift along with your other gift – you can use it for your donation for the party at Becker [Plaza]. Happy Thanksgiving also. I love you lots and God Bless You!/ Mom.—My mom sent me hundreds of cards and letters when I lived away from La Crosse almost 20 years; she said at one point she didn’t want those saved; so like a fool, I threw most of them out. Those letters were generally very humane writings that taught me how to write letters myself and many other things--DvJM.

Excerpt from Dad’s LaX Tribune obit, March 2015. It was given to me by Heather, a lady who used to visit our building -- Surely, in typical fashion, Dad would’ve liked to end with one of his favorite jokes. A man came upon a lamp partly buried in sand, picked it up and rubbed the sand off. A genie sprang forth and granted the man one wish. The man said, “Well, I’ve always wanted to go to Hawaii, but don’t like flying. Could you build me a bridge from here to Hawaii?” The genie looked at him and said, “Man, do you know how much steel, concrete and construction that would take? It’s impossible. Make another wish.” The man thought a minute; then said, “Well, I’ve always wanted to understand my wife better. Could you make it so I know what she’s thinking and what she really wants?” The genie looked down and responded, “Do you want that bridge two lanes or four?”

Another Magical Harry, a Bit Scots-American at That

In 1942, in the midst of World War II, a 13-year-old Scottish schoolboy found himself in tough straits. He couldn’t pass French, Latin, or Greek, and his most pressing ambition was to play goalie for Scotland in soccer. To be sure, he’d been playing hooky whenever he could, until his father saw a picture of him in a newspaper watching a soccer game, when he was supposed to be in school. His father punished him doubly, for skipping school and for lying when he said he’d been in school./ The youngster had already started taking pictures himself, and soon left academia, though he would attend an art institute briefly before he was 20; he just felt his talents could best be employed outside of academic training. However, before he left regular school, he says the head “prefect” – lead-student – talked with him and other students before going off to war. A month later, the headmaster announced the head prefect had been killed in action. Today’s world-famous photojournalist notes in his career-retrospective photo-book several years ago (Harry Benson: Fifty Years in Pictures), “I never forgot how I felt that day.” He followed Prime Minister Churchill’s radio speeches passionately (though he’d heard Churchill was often under the influence of alcohol) and imagined himself in the midst of great world events taking historic pictures, with great dangers around him. His first published photo was more basic: a portrait of a roe deer in the Calder Park Zoo, the zoo founded by his father. He doesn’t recall if he was paid anything for it, but points out: “Seeing the picture in print was what mattered. That feeling has never left me.”/ Sixty years of positively amazing photos and nearly every major award in photojournalism his, Harry Benson is still at work, photographing the famous and everyday with the same zest and skill as always. He may have broken a rib in July, but he was soon back at it, hitting the pavement with his cameras at 77. In many ways, he resembles the Scottish warrior William Wallace, in love with liberty, but holds a more anti-war view of what war does to people, with his citizenship being Scottish, though based in America for decades. He’d been a Fleet Street photographer in the 1950s, making his way somewhat slowly, but surely, up. A protégé of the great Lord Beaverbrook, he worked for
A Success Story of charities, and churches in La Crosse working together to help city's poor—By David J. Marcou for the Catholic News Service, Washington, D.C.

Since the dramatic shrinkage in governmental safety nets, people in need across America haven't always known where to go for help. But in La Crosse Rodney Loging does know where he can go for the assistance he needs. "I've been coming here for different things since January of '98," he said about St. Clare Health Mission. A counselor recommended the clinic, and the Barre Mills farmer applied to be treated there and was added to the patient list. St. Clare is a free medical clinic staffed by volunteer doctors, nurses, receptionists, pharmacists, technicians and social workers. Most of them have paying jobs with local governmental agencies or with the city's two full-service hospitals/clinics, Gundersen-Lutheran Medical Center and Franciscan-Mayo Healthcare. Sister Leclare Beres started the clinic in June 1993. The nun is a member of the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration who had previously directed La Crosse's Indo-Chinese screening clinic, begun in 1984 to treat the area's Hmong community. In its 10-plus years St. Clare has utilized the talents of more than 600 volunteers from a variety of religious faiths. St. Clare was started because "we realized there were many people coming to ERs (hospital emergency rooms) who needed free clinics," Sister Beres said. She left in 2003. Her successor is Sister Dawn Kutt, who had previously worked with Blessed Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity in the Caribbean. She also is a member of the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, based in La Crosse. Loging is grateful he can go to St. Clare. "I had health insurance at one time, but it got to be more than I can pay for. Being self-employed (and living alone), you'd have to pay for it all yourself," he said in an interview. Loging suffers from Charcot's arthropathy, a complication of diabetic neuropathy that affects feet. It was brought on by 20 years of uncontrolled diabetes and worsened by a cow's kick. Due to the neuropathy, the bones in the feet become weakened and fractured. St. Clare is dependent on foundation grants, donors and fund-raising events. It has a $300,000 annual budget that covers clients' medications, medical equipment and the latter's Daily Express, and learned from the master, "Flattery, put it on with a shovel." Benson says Beaverbrook was the greatest journalist he's ever known. Harry knows how to charm and also work a similar magic to Harry Potter (or Harry Houdini or Harry Truman), the product of Scotswoman J.K. Rowling's fertile imagination. But Harry Benson is even more real than Rowling's charming protagonist. In fact, he's a bit like Prince Harry, aged a bit. The fact that a major showing of his work at Washington's National Gallery of Art just closed September 3 doesn't prevent us from thinking about the early Harry Benson photos in the least. Three years after his partner-reporter Jeremy Banks of the Express finagled the pair's way to a meeting with Egyptian President Gamal Abdel-Nasser in 1961, Benson was on the first plane headed for America carrying four lads named John, Paul, George, and Ringo. Quite a few people followed them. This Harry has photographed Queen Elizabeth II; Sir Winston Churchill; Muhammad Ali (with the Beatles); the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy; the funeral of Martin Luther King Jr.; the Vietnam War; Elvis Presley; President Nixon with Diane Sawyer; the Reagans (plus eight or nine other U.S. Presidents); Caroline Kennedy's wedding for Life magazine; Francis Ford Coppola directing Al Pacino and Diane Keaton; George Burns at wife Gracie's burial vault; Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn breathing in the freedom of a Vermont winter; Princess Diana variously; and the artist Andrew Wyeth, among countless Benson-celebrities. He's also photographed memorable everyday people—this writer's favorite being Benson's Hanoi reconciliation view of wheelchair-bound US Vietnam Vet Bill Fero shaking hands with his North Vietnamese counterpart, outdoors at a rehabilitation hospital. The Vietnamese soldier told them how he used to creep up near the American camps at night, not to kill, but to listen to American music. He said, though they were fighting the Americans, it was only the Russians his fellow-soldiers and he detested. (Of course, in recent times, America has criticized Syrian President Assad for gassing his own people, forgetting Americans used gas attacks in previous wars, and in Vietnam even killed many innocent women and children with Napalm and Agent Orange.) Winner of the Missouri/NPPA Pictures of the Year Magazine Photographer of the Year Award in 1981 and 1985, Harry Benson believes in his profession, saying in an interview in the Scottish Parliament Chambers at the Festival of Politics 2007 (August 25): "I don't think a camera lies. A caption lies, if it's a picture of a baby and if the caption says it's a beautiful baby, and it's not. I've never known a camera to lie." Ronald Reagan was a favorite of his, because, "When he told you a story, it was really funny." Harry saw his photo-book about the Reagans' romance published several years ago. Although he didn't photograph the attempt on President Reagan's life, Benson did photograph Robert F. Kennedy's assassination, dramatically showing Ethel Kennedy, as she put her hand in front of his camera to shield the public from her husband's demise.—ca.2013 & updated a bit in 2017, DvJM.
Some More Shy Than Others: A Community Meal Serving Many Good Purposes

I’d begun by photographing the exterior of the building itself, infrequently and over a couple of years. Then, I’d photographed people working on it, talking outside it, and/or walking or driving by it. But when my general photos of this city (La Crosse, Wisconsin) and some of its sights did not have the required focus, I took some good advice from an editor and his assistant: “Focus on one scene and one group of people.” Free community meals are well-known here, because this community takes care of its own. The La Crosse Center’s Community Thanksgiving Meal is a great nutritional and social event, and helps many people start the year’s biggest holiday season. Year-round, the Salvation Army dispenses meals daily to needy people who come by and/or stay there. Place of Grace comes in second in number of community meals per week. St. Luke’s Lutheran Church, on the north side, dispenses free meals Monday nights. (The Salvation Army doesn’t dispense them Tuesday nights), so Our Savior’s Lutheran Church, at 612 Division Street, does. / Our Savior’s Pastor Mark Jolivette met me in the parking lot on Tuesday afternoon, April 17, to let me know the church was sponsoring a rummage sale at the same time as the meal; thus, the meal would all be handed out in the form of take-aways, and not eaten in Fellowship Hall, its usual site. Because of crossed signals with the pastor’s secretary, I thought he didn’t want me to photograph that night, because the meals would all be take-aways. I didn’t take my digital Pentax, then, and am lucky I didn’t, because bringing out bigger equipment would have put most people off. Instead, I walked past the church, just to shoot a couple of pictures with my Fuji compact digital, and that’s when I saw the Pastor, who explained that my photos wouldn’t be taken in the Fellowship Hall, but I still could photograph then. / Pastor Mark had said earlier: “The meal here is the largest meal site in La Crosse for single meals. We range from 180-270 people every Tuesday night. That includes takeouts. We do 20-40 takeouts, included in the 180-270. Late in the month, as money gets shorter and shorter, then numbers go up. The Social Security and Disability checks come around the first or third each month. As the month goes on, the number at the end is largest. They just come. Some of them come from the Salvation Army... There are three county-subsidized high-rises near the church, and many come from them. We have lonely people come, because they don’t want to always eat alone. We have elderly who enjoy being around children. We have some who come from our adult-shelter workshop, Riverfront. We have some who are chronic alcoholics, who are basically roaming the street. We have a small handful of homeless. And the last group we have is young parents with small children, who are stretching their dollars.” Pastor Mark continued: “The kitchen staff is usually here by three o’clock, a core group of about 10. You will also see people arriving early at 3:30 – the ones who come by walking, by bike, and by bus. The meal is served from 5 to 6. Usually, we’re cleaned up by 6:30 p.m. The food and drinks are donated – our meals always include bread and bagels from Panera. There is always dairy from the Westby Co-op. Then there are also some salad fixings – depending on who gives them. A main entrée, of course, and sometimes fruit, like avocados and apples. About once a month, we also get dog food, so people can give that food to their dogs at home.” / Although the people come from many backgrounds, not everyone wants to talk. Not everyone, then, likes the free publicity a photo-essay gives them. I tried to let camera angles, distance, and/or lighting disguise many people’s faces, in case some people were more shy than others. Mike was from Riverfront, and he insisted on shaking my hand when I first came up with Pastor Mark; then he shook hands with the Pastor. Mike had good manners and was congenial; he didn’t mind being seen where he was, and was happy
being alive. Theresa, a woman in her fifties, who was walking with a brace-cane, has lived 30 years in La Crosse, and worked a long time for Gundersen Lutheran Health Services. Now she has osteo-arthritis, “exacerbated by age”. She said the meals serve her well, and she’s been coming to community meals for the last year. She was born and raised in Reedstown, another Wisconsin community. Stephanie, on the other hand, didn’t want to be photographed with anyone but her beau, Chris, and he wasn’t there at the start, though I talked her into being photographed where she sat, with Keith happening to be seated next to her then. Chris showed up before the meal was served; he and Stephanie like each other a great deal. Hannah didn’t mind talking. She was from Viroqua, a small city south of La Crosse. She attends Western Technical College here, studying creative writing. Her boyfriend is Josh, who was more shy about having his picture taken than Hannah. Gary and Christina had four youngsters in tow, two of them (Harvey and Montgomery) were on leashes, while Wesley and Kyley were chasing about in the bushes next to the church entrance. Gary (or his brother?) didn’t like it when he posed two of his children in front of me, and I had to delete a photo if I were to photograph them. I never did get a good pose of the two little ones. One man on a scooter didn’t like being photographed at all, but I photographed him from a distance, riding off with his meal tightly in-tow. The main church entrance served as entry for the loose queue, where hungry people received food right inside the front door. This church served both as nutrition-dispenser and social outlet, even for a man sitting alone, eating his meal by an old wooden entry. He continued to eat as people walked by, exchanging brief pleasantries, and getting back to business. I photographed from about 3:45 to 5:30, and came away with the photos I needed to tell the story of one community meal and the people who came by that night to eat, drink, and socialize. Where food and drink don’t come easily on a regular basis, free food and drink become very welcome. And even in American towns and cities, whence charitable giving impacts disadvantaged peoples around the globe, a helping hand to a neighbor just up the street, gives hope to many in that town or city, as well. Feeding our hungry brothers and sisters is a human duty, no matter where they are. St. Matthew still shows the way.

An Open Letter to God

Dear Lord: If You, sometime in the future, decide to send me to Heaven, if that can’t be eternally done on Earth, then I’d appreciate Your having a few things ready for me when I pass into the Pearly Gates Kingdom. First, although I am very grateful for being a writer, photographer, and editor for a very long time on Earth, I’d like a few more positive-minded readers and viewers in our locale -- say at least 10, rather than one or two, smart, beautiful, rich, generous souls. Second, I’d like the Heavenly Kitchen to be voluminous and well-stocked with delectable delicacies in the making, because I’d like to be Heaven’s Chef, preparing all those incredibly edible morsels and not gaining or losing a pound myself, though I’ll be signing up to eat as many of the profits as I can. Third, I’d like to have as many beautiful, intelligent, and loving wives as possible (or maybe just one very good one fairly soon), with as many similar offspring as possible too. And I will not be in charge of little league baseball/pee- wee football or basketball in Heaven, truly hazardous sports for parents these days. Fourth, I’d like two siesta breaks daily plus a huge lunch between (with no heartburn), siestas with my beautiful, intelligent, and loving wife and with no one else, not even the Yellow Rose of Texas – and especially not with that Texican Army led by Sam Houston, who wreaked a necessarily tragic end to a Mexican Army siesta in 1836 after the massacres at the Alamo and Goliad. Fifth, though I’ve had a decent-enough biological family and friends on Earth, and though it would be nice to visit with them often in Heaven, please ask relevant associates not to make me out to be an imbecile, but rather someone who has worked hard all his life and has many positive accomplishments to show for that hard work, just never much money obtained. Sixth, I’d like to see my monetary, physical, spiritual, and emotional profits rise greatly and never descend. Is that possible, Lord? You’ve done that for the Angels and Saints; maybe you can also finagle your way to do it for me and mine too. Seventh, though I’ve liked a bit of what’s in churches, can you dispense with the claptrap among most that passes for worship of You? I’d guess You tire of that as much as me, because some of that mumbo-jumbo only keeps authorities in power.
Eighth, I’d like a Swiss Bank Account with secret numbers I’ll remember. And you don’t have to put much money in it on my behalf, say just a millionth of what Bill and Melinda Gates put into theirs. Now, is that asking too much? Ninth, when I get to Heaven, I’d like to resolve a pressing issue to some, even today – whether Sean O’Casey’s drama “The Silver Tassie” is the greatest anti-war drama ever written. And it likely is important that Matthew A. Marcou, my son, was born exactly 60 years later from Sean O’Casey and Eileen Carey’s wedding day, Sept. 23, 1927-Sept. 23, 1987.

Thank you, Lord, for reading this Open Letter to You. I hope you and humanity approve my petitions.—April 2017, by DwJM.

A Cure for Death?
With all the talk about avian flu, hurricanes, AIDS, corruption, death penalties, war, phone-taps, and terrorism today, I’m thinking that in addition to hoping for a “cure” for the usual ravages of this world, how nice it would be to have a complete cure for death. I’m talking beyond the usual one of many people’s idea of “heaven”, to a “super-race,” not machine or clone but feeling, thinking people who really live eternally and well. It may seem far-fetched – so did Da Vinci’s dream-machines -- but after our being a relatively creative species for many thousands of years, we’ve still not been able to prolong human life much beyond 100 years. Maybe we’ll never find the “fountain of youth,” but isn’t it worth finding? However, to find it, it might be wise to invest more in doing so. I know the world has countless immediate problems to worry about, but eternal life here isn’t something to oppose. Think of the incredible fortunes spent by humanity on wars, murders, torture, the more thankless forms of sex, and other things that do little to extend human lives. Even World War II, a necessary war, set back the human race, though it also helped us. While more researchers could be investing time and energy finding solutions not only to diseases and violence, but to the general rundown of mind, body, and soul, our race multiplies ways to confound lives as quickly as we “cure what ails us.”

“...But I don’t want to live forever, at least not on this planet, in this way,” many would say. Who doesn’t feel that way at times? Yet, as thinking, feeling, perfecting beings, shouldn’t we do more about not only extending lives, but also doing so “perfectly”. The greatest writers and philosophers have asked that question; think of the benefits to humanity should more scientists work on the problem of fully extending/enhancing life. Obviously, we would need to “colonize” the universe, if people lived for an extremely long time; but then, if God is a personal God, wouldn’t He/She be ticked to see us bypass the old strategy of living a good, albeit “brief”, life and going to heaven when we die? If God sent his son to die for us, he also prepared us for the Second Coming. Wouldn’t everyone prefer life-eternal in this universe, yet so we’re still essentially vital beings? We’d have to think/react differently to live that way. We’d have to become the “eternal-human” species. Now, that may sound frightening, but think of it – humans of enhanced nature living forever via their own efforts, plus science’s and God’s, Who said, “I give you life eternal.” Or is that only an illusion we’ve read in books? With this New Year, it’s wise to pray and work hard to extend human peace and life. A down-to-earth cure for death does seem a good idea. How to find and keep it is the challenge.—ca. ’06 DwJM.

Free at Last: Elie Wiesel, Plainclothes Nuns, and Breakthroughs – Or Witnessing a Witness of History
Breakthroughs may happen in various times and ways. So may freedom. On Wed., Sept. 27, 2006, President George W. Bush serendipitously signed a letter of thanks to me for having sent him a copy of two books I’d recently edited and authored. In my inscriptions, I’d noted how he was generally doing a good job, but needed to employ diplomacy more broadly globally. He wrote, “I appreciate your kind words and learning your views and suggestions.” After he commented on his policies, he offered his best wishes to me from Laura and himself. The same day, I photographed 1986 Nobel Peace Laureate, principal US Holocaust Museum founder, and author of 50 books and plays (including Night, Legends of Our Time, and Zalmen, or the Madness of God) Elie Wiesel for six hours in La Crosse, WI, at Viterbo University, as official event photographer. It was hard for me to raise a smile from Mr. Wiesel too often, but I was ready to record his spontaneous responses to various situations, including some with smiles, so I succeeded in revealing him to be soulful (even saddened) as well as blessed with an endearing sense of humor. Several months before, I’d heard that Prof. Darryle Clott, co-organizer of Viterbo’s “Perspectives on the Holocaust” series, was hoping to bring Mr. Wiesel for that series. I didn’t think of it again, until it was announced in August 2006 that he would give a presentation here on Wednesday, September 27. I phoned Viterbo’s ticket office, and was told I should talk with
Prof. Richard Kyte, head of the Ethics Institute at the university’s D.B. & Marge Reinhart Center & event co-organizer. I phoned him and -- after I’d explained my background, including having photographed an ecumenical conference at Viterbo in 2005 for Msgr. Bernard McGarty, plus Mother Teresa and Bert Hardy earlier -- I asked Prof. Kyte if I could photograph Mr. Wiesel’s presentation. He said he’d check and get back to me./ A couple days later, I phoned again. This time, Prof. Kyte said it looked promising, though “You wouldn’t believe how many people want to cover this event.” I asked him if “promising” meant promising for me too; he said yes. He said he’d send me a good ticket as soon as possible, and that I would not be limited to photographing from my seat. A few days later, I phoned again and Prof. Kyte said he’d not have my ticket until after reserved-seat sales occurred. I waited a while again, and phoned him the day after sales (resulting in a record turnout) began. This time, he said he had my ticket and could mail it to me. I asked if I could stop by for it instead. He said yes, and I drove over to pick it up. In his office was Prof. Tom Thibodeau, Chairman of Religious Studies at Viterbo. The two professors introduced themselves to me; I received my ticket and instructions and headed home./Next, I received a preliminary schedule via e-mail. Prof. Kyte would provide me with the finalized schedule a few days later. I dug out the black Moleskine notebook my son had bought me at the National Archives in Washington; bought films and batteries myself; and made arrangements to borrow Bob Mulock’s superb Canon digital. Bob owned Bob’s Moen Photo then, and I’d done business with him and May’s Photo here for years. I also wrote a guest column for the La Crosse Tribune, about our city’s imminent welcoming of Mr. Wiesel. It appeared September 24th./The day of the Wiesel event’s (press conference, two separate meetings with students and educators, sponsors reception, and presentation), I had a 9 a.m. meeting at home about other business. Towards noon, I showered, dressed better, and relaxed a while before phoning Prof. Kyte, whom I was to meet at 2 p.m. When I got there, I stashed some of my equipment in his office. I had a backpack, jacket, two big cameras/bags, and two smaller point-and-shoots. I carried the two point-and-shoots around my neck for all the events, and grabbed Bob’s camera and bag, too, leaving my Pentax K1000 and bag plus jacket in the office./ A bit before 2:30, a signal was given. I went from Prof. Kyte’s office-vestibule to the entry doors nearby. Mr. Wiesel was about to enter. I took two pictures, I believe, when he stepped inside. I asked the group to pause and photographed them in an informal pose, which shows Mr. Wiesel looking content, with a glimmer of a smile on his face. He ducked into President Richard Artman’s conference room, and I followed. There were 5-6 people in the office, and various people came and went, individually, for an hour or so. The press conference would be at 3:30 p.m. Obligingly, Mr. Wiesel signed reserved copies of his death-camps memoir, Night, the version translated by his wife, Marion, including my copy. He wore a dark suit with blue tie and dark woolen scarf. He was neither large nor small, thin, but fit-looking, despite his face’s studied lines./ At one point, Prof. Clott gave Mr. Wiesel a copy of my guest column, which he glanced at. Later, after Mr. Wiesel had returned to the conference room from the press conference, I repeated an early question about one of my University of Wisconsin teachers, the late George Mosse. He said he’d met him in Madison and Prof. Mosse had been a good writer, including on Nazism. Rabbi Simcha Prombaum, a La Crosse Jewish leader, said Prof. Mosse had been one of his teachers, too, breaking into an imitation of the late Jewish-German-American historian and former student of British great GM Trevelyan, which Mr. Wiesel loved. The rabbi then imitated Prof. Harvey Goldberg, a late UW professor whose lectures I made notes from for the student note-taking service, Mosse’s friend. “Goldberg” was scolding someone who complained about his intellectual dilemma. Then, to wrap up, Prombaum/Goldberg exclaimed, “And two days after you quit, you’ll still be eating!"/ But before that, was the press conference, in the hall adjacent President Artman’s office. Questions about having survived Auschwitz, Buna, Gleiwitz, and Buchenwald were answered forthrightly, among others. After the press conference, Mr. Wiesel returned to the conference room, where I asked him to pose for two photo-portraits. He did, but his face was sad-looking. I asked him why he wasn’t smiling, and he said, not for poses. I said I’d already taken pictures of him smiling while he talked, and he said, “Yes, talking, that’s different.” He also spoke by phone with his wife, about this time. Next were Q&A’s with respectful students and educators. His Night is one of the most popular books on university campuses globally. Then followed an hour-long reception in the same hall as the press conference. Sponsors posed for pictures with Mr. Wiesel. He didn’t smile much for the posed pictures, but did at other times. I shook his hand afterward, then apologized for taking so many pictures of him, and he said, “No, I don’t mind. In fact, I want to use some of your pictures.” I replied, “That sounds good to me.” (Soon after, I sent him on CD about 100 digital versions of photos by me from his event, and he sent back a very nice note of thanks, adding that the photos I’d sent to him would always be credited to me as
photographer. After a 30-minute break, the presentation began in the Fine Arts Building next door. A violin solo was played first by a Russian musician. (La Crosse had six sister-cities globally then, including Dubna, Russia.) Violins figure prominently in Mr. Wiesel’s early years; he once aspired to be a great violinist. His presentation went 30 minutes, and included quoted quotations from the man who’d lost his mother, father, and little sister in death-camps: “Suffering does not confer any privilege. It is what you do with suffering [that counts].” “We should never give up hope, because hope is a gift we give to each other.” “I do not want my hope to be the other person’s despair… I said to the Palestinian, ‘Give up violence and I will be your greatest defender.’” “Life is not made of years, but of moments.” Q&A followed, and at 8:30 sharp, after receiving the Pope John XXIIIrd Award from Prof. Artman, Mr. Wiesel left for his 9 p.m. flight to Boston. (EW only does a few talks, beyond his Boston University teaching.)

All six hours, I’d been pleasantly surprised by the superb available light in nearly all areas photographed. I was having problems with two of my flash-units, so the only ones I used were on my point-and-shoots. In the darkened theatre that night, I was fortunate to be placed front and center, and that the podium was well-lit, and also centered, with a nice arrangement of insignias and greenery. I decided to stay put, not roam, because I had to guard all the equipment, because the office I’d used earlier was now locked up. Finally, I photographed some of the audience. Next day, I had my film processed and two memory cards loaded onto CDs. Next day after that, I returned to Viterbo, to photograph a display of contemporary photos from Auschwitz by La Crosse’s Bob Metcalf. The next Wednesday, at my meeting with Profs. Kyte and Clott, a copy of each of the 400-plus images I donated to Viterbo was transferred. About 75 were 4X6 prints, and about 350 were digital files on gold (archival) CDs. I’d trimmed from about 500 total images. I still hold copyrights to all my images (I’ve since transferred copyright for about five of those images to the US Holocaust Memorial Museum), but am allowing Viterbo key rights, in exchange for their always crediting me as photographer plus a complimentary copy of all publications they use my photos in. I also received expense money from Viterbo. Viterbo’s founders were the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, and I’ve faith in them and their university; the FSPA’s taught me for 12 years. In fact, when my La Crosse Police Lieutenant-Brother Dan said his department was “dumbfounded” that Viterbo hadn’t requested police security for this over-flow event, I said, “The good sisters, it seems to me, provided the security.” Indeed, plainclothes nuns could be ferreted out wherever one went in the visit. Presumably, the nuns were all martial arts experts. There were no protestors. I’d found Elie Wiesel gracious, funny, morally persuasive, and discretely powerful. The six hours were well-spent. Breakthroughs may happen at various times, and in various ways. Mother Teresa agreed, in letters to me; Elie Wiesel agreed too, and did ever since Allied troops liberated Buchenwald in April 1945, where young Elie was famously photographed with fellow inmates in their bedstead, free at last. The answer to the Holocaust is in Simple Gifts, or as St. Matthew wrote: “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.”

An Other Little Story About Family, 2017.

My siblings and I number seven and Mom still lives; Dad passed March 8, 2015, three weeks after my parents 65th Valentine Wedding Anniversary. Dad’s health had long been bad with heart bypass surgery in 1987, cancer surgery in 1992, diabetes, gout, and, near-the-end shingles, when he filled with fluid. Mom lives in an Onalaska senior apartment; she and Dad moved there just before shingles. They’d recently moved from their house of 60 years on La Crosse’s Prospect Street. When I was born eldest in 1950, we lived in the front apartment above my Grandparents Marcus’ grocery at 732 Rose Street, Marcou’s Market. It was a busy mom and pop store in the 1940s-1950s but faded later, closing in 1972. Many businesses have occupied that building since, including the annex to Buzz’s Bike and Canoe. Dad had been a meat cutter 60 years; mom worked as a nursing home medical records administrator 30 years and other jobs before. They were hard-working people who had a good sense of humor. Dad was alcoholic, but gave up drinking in 1987. Dad loved sports; every morning he’d go to his Throne in the restroom to read the sports pages. I’d work for both the La Crosse Tribune (as unpaid writer-photographer) and Milwaukee Journal Sentinel (as paid La Crosse correspondent from 1991-2004). My brother Dennis is still our municipal judge, is married to Polly, has four grown kids and grandkids, including Jacqui, a newly-elected city council member; Dan retired from the City police department in 2006 after being named State SWAT Officer of the Year, and has been a teacher and writer-photographer since; he’s still married to the love of his life, Vicki, has two grown kids both married with kids. Tom and Joy retired from top federal jobs ca.2012. They now live in Joy’s birth-state, Texas, have bought lots and are
building and selling houses on them. (Son Stephen has a son, Sebastian.) My oldest sister, Diane, still works as a civilian police employee and is married to Robert “Rocky” Skifton, a brewery worker; they’ve had three children, including Tony, who drowned in October 1997, among 11 mysterious river deaths here from 1997-2014. Their youngest son, Danny, played a newsboy in my Pulitzer-nominated play “Remembering Davy Crockett” (RDC); he’s also a baseball player. My sister Lynn has four kids plus grandkids. She used to work for Target Stores, attended technical college, and now works for La Crosse County. Mary Kate Marcou Temp is twice-divorced and has two children, Paul who graduated from UW-Madison, and Katie, a first-rate student and musician. Mary Kate was first valedictorian from Logan High (Class of ‘81) after it first moved to its then-new site near my parents’ home. She graduated Magna Cum Laude from UW-L four years later, and is now a construction company accountant. / My son, Matthew Ambrose Marcou, served four years as an Army Ranger Special Ops Combat Medic with two tours in Afghanistan. He will soon graduate with highest honors from Engineering university and is married to the great artist/university teacher/wedding planner Jessica Amarnek Marcou. They have two dogs and two cats, and we’re hoping they have human kids fairly soon too. My cousin Steve Kiedrowski has two grown sons and was lead-actor in RDC; he lives with partner Julie Klein near where our shared grandfather, David A. Marcou Sr., was born on French Island. Steve was born on a March 6th, anniversary of the Alamo’s fall. Other close relatives with the Marcous are the Muskat, Fitzgerald, Sim, and Amarnek families of Wisconsin, Korea, and Pennsylvania especially, stellar people producing great offspring. My immediate family is in the direct line from Louis Joliet, whom the Canadian Encyclopedia cites as the first famous explorer born in Canada. An organist, land and water surveyor, and fur trapper, Louis, and Fr. Marquette, were the first Caucasians to see/map the upper Mississippi River; they proved it canoe-able from its upper reaches to the Gulf of Mexico. Louis’s granddaughter Marie-Madeleine Joliet-Anticosti’s second husband was direct ancestor Jean Marcoux./ I’ve been published as a journalist-writer-photographer-editor 38 years, including in Smithsonian mag, KoreaAm Journal, Korean Culture, Royal Photographic Society Journal, British Journal of Photography, plus the online New York Times. My writings have been nominated for Pulitzer Prizes and POYi Awards. And two of my presidential campaign 2008 photos were on-display in 2011-2012 in Smithsonian’s National Museum of American History Archives Center group show “Gift of the Artist”, curated by SI’s David Haberstich. Various SI Archives, the Wisconsin and Missouri Historical Societies, La Crosse Public Library Archives, UW-L Area Research Center, Library of Congress, National Libraries globally (incl. in the UK & Seoul), British National Portrait Gallery, etc., house my works. I’ve authored 120+ books, some winning awards. After kindergarten at Franklin School, I graduated St. James and Aquinas Schools, and the Universities of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri. I studied advanced photography with Roger Grant and Hanno Hardt. My first photo-teachers were Jim Southworth, Veita Jo Hampton, Angus McDougall. I’ve been a writer 60 years and photographer 38 years; have studied with many great teachers; and am grateful to many other everyday and famous too, e.g., St. Teresa of Calcutta, Bert Hardy, James Cameron, sports stars, Holocaust survivors, Palestinians, Presidents, Crd. Ray Burke, Abp. Robert Runcie, Miss America, our publishers, and to be sure, God Above.—April 2017 DvJM.— (“One photo in particular I wish I still owned is one I’d call “Nostalgia for 1980s England”. I took it on a concrete outdoor stairs on Thames Day 1981, showing 2 girls ascending stairs just-ahead of me, at least 1 with braids, classic lamp-posts, and people along edge/s viewing the river; I believe a good-looking silver-haired man was smoking along the edge. At least he was along right edge of pic & reminded me a bit of my childhood friend Tom Wittenberg, only middle-aged. 2nd ex-wife Suk-Hee may have an idea of what happened to that photo. It may be better even than my Bert Hardy with dogs NPG photo-portrait, NPGx126230, which very much helped get me be included in the International Encyclopedia of Photography online I believe. Suk-Hee did some things with a lot of my best early works; only she knows what things she may have done with them from 1986-87 forward.”)—DvJM.
SA39 BW Interior Pics' Captions-Credits (PP.25-28):
Sunrise, 7th&Cass Sts., LaX, 8-21-16 (DvJM).
Dad in white coat, working in meat department, Quillin’s, LaX, ca.2008 (DvJM).
Tom gives Dad M&Ms while Dad’s on dialysis, Gundersen Lutheran Health Center, LaX, Jan. 2015 (DvJM).
Matthew David Hellerud’s Baptism w. Deac. Frank, Mom Jaime, Grandma Lynn, Aunt Stacey, St. Pat’s, Onalaska, ca. 2000 (DvJM).
My niece/god-daughter Jaime Helleurud(R) & her little Mia, my dad’s funeral meal, St. James Church, LaX, 3-13-15 (DvJM).
Shirley Pierce, a gem of a cleaning lady doing paperwork, Becker Plaza, LaX, 1-26-17 (DvJM).
Jim Hobart, retired Mayo Psychology Department director & long-time friend, LaX, 2-13-17 (DvJM).
Field trip group, walking by Wesley United Methodist Church, LaX, 4-6-17 (DvJM).
B.B., a university student, LaX, 4-12-17 (DvJM).
A young woman named Jessica smoking a cigarette, 7th St., LaX, 4-12-17 (DvJM).
Young woman walking by King St., LaX, 3-13-17 (DvJM).
Darrell on bike, 5th&Main Sts., LaX, 4-13-17 (DvJM).
Mom & Dad (Rose & David A. Marcou Jr.) w/65th Valen. Anniv. cards made by my Lynn Marcou, Onalaska Care, 2-14-15 (DvJM).
Three of Prof. Roger A. Grant’s Simple Gifts photos on-display, Pump House Regional Arts Center, LaX, 2-18-17 (DvJM).
Mom watching Dad’s basketball photo on TV monitor, David A. Marcou Jr. wake, Blaschké Funeral Home, Thurs., 3-12-15 (DvJM).
Anne Frank’s step-sister/author Eva Schloss(2L) with Viterbo U’s Marv Clott, Darryle Clott, & Rick Kyte®, 3-25-15 (DvJM).
Jaci Marcou first seated as City Council District 6 Member, LaX City Hall, 4-18-17 (DvJM).
Closeup of Kelly, a WTC student, LaX, 4-18-17 (DvJM).
Wis. SWAT Officer of the Year(2005) Lt. Daniel J. and wife Vicki Marcou on Dan’s retirement day, LaXPD, Nov. 2006 (DvJM).
(L-R) Rose M Marcou, Zita M Pretasky, David A Marcou Jr., & Ed Pretasky, Dan Marcou retirement party, Stony Creek Inn, Onalaska, Nov. 2006 (DvJM).
Rtg PDLt Dan Marcou© w/Cong Ron Kind®, Judge Todd Bjerke(3L), TB’s wife Karen(2L) et.al., Stony Creek, Nov. 2006 (DvJM).
My former first abode (back in 1950) above former Marcou’s Market, 732 Rose St., LaX, ca. 2010 (DvJM).
Dennis Marcou’s new baseball/softball home plate, Christmas time, ca. 2008 (DvJM).
Aunt Sr. Monica Muskat, now in her 75th Jubilee Year (2017) as School Sister of St. Francis, LaX, ca. 2008 (DvJM).
Rabbi Simcha Prombaum regales Holocaust surv./Nobel Peace Laureate/auth.Elie Wiesel(L), et. al., Viterbo U., 9-27-06 (DvJM Official VU Event Photog).
My nephew/son Stephen & son Sebastian Marcou, visiting 1720 Prospect St., LaX, ca. 2008 (DvJM).
Family trio: Mary Kate Temp, Katie Temp, & Paul Frederick, LaX, ca.2012 (DvJM).
Dad with his tray of treats, Dennis Marcou’s first judicial electoral victory party, Pogy’s, LaX, 1998 (DvJM).
New Pioneers Lunch Club (Standing L-R: Mark Felker & Joe Kotnour; Seated L-R John Medinger & David W. Johns), New Taste of India Restaurant, LaX, May 2014 (Photographer DvJM is also an NPLC member and named the group).
Pope Benedict XVI Honors David A. & Rose Marcou for their 60th Valentine Wedding Anniversary (2-14-10) via signed document, Onalaska (DvJM).
The Amarneek House including the Amarneek Marcoucs©, PA, Thanksgiving holiday, ca. 2013 (Tom & Joy Marcou).
Jessica and Matt Amarneek Marcou (fur cap on descendant of Louis Joliet), PA, Thanksgiving, ca. 2013 (Tom & Joy Marcou).
SA39 Color Interior Pics’ Captions-Credits (PP.29-32):
Large steam shovel where roundabout is being built, 7th&Cass Sts., LaX, 4-12-17 (DvJM).
Dad aids customer (“Me” trimmed from “Meat” sign ((TR)) to signify Dad is in photo), Quillin’s Foods, LaX, ca.2008 (DvJM).
Army Special Ops semi, Riverside Park, LaX, 7-1-16 (DvJM).
Virgo Fidelis, Our Lady of Guadalupe Shrine, LaX, Dedication Day: 7-31-08 (DvJM).
Chris Kahlow, owner of Jules Coffee Houses, Cargill Room, 4-10-14 (DvJM, Downtown Mainstreet Inc. Official Photographer for Event).
Lady standing and looking left in middle of Kwik Trip store, LaX, ca. 2015 (DvJM).
Donald Trump w/ red cap for signing plus security, LaX Ctr., 4-4-16 (DvJM).
(L-R) Former teachers union head Lee Foley, Ph.D. Mark Felker, & Former Mayor John Medinger, NPLC, Houghton’s Restaurant, LaX, 3-4-17 (DvJM).
Charlie Freiberg, UW Homecoming night game vs. Illinois, Camp Randall Memorial Madison, 11-12-16 (DvJM).
Glory Days Pub painted green & gold, LaX, 4-12-17 (DvJM).
Man in UW Badger sweatshirt walking his dog, State St., LaX, 4-12-17 (DvJM).
Craig Newsome Jr.’s mom, Tara, Express Printing, LaX, 4-13-17 (DvJM).
Mom & toddler in Badger gear, Homecoming game vs.Illinois, Camp Randall Memorial Stadium, Madison, 11-12-16 (DvJM).
Dustin & Robyn, a devoted couple, Holmen, WI, 12-24-16 (DvJM).
(L-R) Mom Rose Marcou (Alum 1950) & Ed Pretasky, view rose in Brunner Family book, On-A-Terrace, 3-4-17 (DvJM).
Steve Kiedrowski’s “Cheers” glass, St. Patrick’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Green truck in St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
St. Patrick himself on parade, LaX, St. Pat’s Parade, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Lady Leprechaun in green w/candy, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Little guy on his bike, St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Lady in green with beads, St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Viroqua’s Wild West Royalty on float, St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Slingshot trailer, St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM).
Quint 2, LaXFD truck, St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM, dedicated to Mark & Jean Smith).
Shriners’ truck, St. Pat’s Parade, LaX, 3-11-17 (DvJM, dedicated to Roger L. Chase & Brian).
Grant Smith’s neat shoes, LaX, Easter, 4-16-17 (DvJM). (Grant and Lou Smith are Polly Marcou’s parents/Dennis Marcou’s in-laws.)
City Clerk Teri Lehrke swears in new City Council District 6 Member Jacqui Marcou®, LaX City Hall, 4-18-17 (DvJM).
Former Mayor Patrick Zielke (R-'17passed) shakes David A. Marcou’s hand as Municipal Judge Dennis Marcou© observes, ’98 (DvJM). FarR incl. Mary Kate M Temp, my sister, 1st Logan HS valedictorian fr. new, relocated LHS in ’81, which PZ had a lot to do w. creating.
Over the shoulder Friendship & right-above too, LaX, ca.2012 (DvJM, dedicated to Dale Barclay & Richard Dungar).
My final photo of Dad while his body was still alive, Onalaska Care Center, WI, 3-7-15 (DvJM).
My dad (David Ambrose Fitzgerald Marcou) in open casket, St. James Church, LaX, 3-13-15 (DvJM).
Judge Dennis Marcou’s “progressive evolution” eulogy re: Dad (David A. Fitzgerald Marcou), St. James, LaX, 3-13-15 (DvJM).
Touch of Class store lit up at Christmastime, Main St., LaX, ca.2008 (DvJM).
Independence Hall, Philadelphia, ca.2013 (Tom & Joy Marcou for Matt & Jessica A. Marcou, the Amamek Family, Suk-Hee, Ignacio, & Argentina).
SA39 BW Interior Pictures:
SA39 Color Interior Pictures: