"There's nothing new under the Sun."—DvJM.

"Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness, and many of our people need it sorely on these accounts."—Mark Twain.

"It's always, it's always, not easy to win."—UW-Madison head football coach Paul Chryst in 2018.

"Spread love everywhere you go. Let no one come to you without leaving happier."—St. Mother Teresa.

"Fill your house with stacks of books, in all the crannies and all the nooks."—Dr. Seuss.

"Ah, summer, what power you have to make us suffer and like it."—Russell Baker.

"Only the soul that ventilates the world with tenderness has any chance of changing the world...you stand with the demonized so the demonizing will stop, and stand with the disposable, so we stop throwing people away."—Fr. Greg Boyle, Homeboy Industries re: Mario, a gentle cafe worker, who is thoroughly tattooed & humble.

"If it's been done before, just do it better or find the story within the story."—Sally Stapleton, 2XPulitzer-winner & photographer for my 1981 Cole Younger Clan Reunion Columbia Missourian story.

"I think what we got from each other [students] was as strong or as positive as what we got from the professors [at Mizzou]."—Sally Stapleton.

"Believe in the greatness of God, because he believes in the greatness of you."—Sgt. Alvin York's 12th/life-principle via Daniel J. Marcou's PoliceOne article "A Legacy of Leadership Lessons from Sgt. York." The US shouldn't have gone to war in 1917, but given Sgt. Alvin York's situations and principles, he was a superb American hero.

"Believe you can and you're halfway there."—Becker Plaza saying.

"I left my son home, of this tree."—Ivan "John" Bambic, wood-carver.

"I will always need my son, no matter what age I may be. My son has made me laugh, made me proud, made me cry, seen me cry, hugged me tight, cheered me up; kept me on my toes and driven me crazy at times. But my son is a promise that I will have a friend forever."—Facebook.

"Genius is the ability to put into effect what is on your mind."—F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—/ I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference."—Robert Frost.

Plus having helped conceive son Matt, DvJM has authored 171 books (since 1st, Calling America', Seoul '86)

1,250+ shorter, N-F published writings,

15 plays, countless poems, & hundreds of thousands of photos, making David Joseph Marcou WA's most prolific author.
Some Additional Memories from My First Few Months in South Korea -- My first full-time job in journalism was as an English-language copy-editor for the South Korean national news agency, Yonhap. I began work there in August 1984 and left Yonhap in May 1985. My guide early on was Yonhap International Desk colleague Mr. Yi Do-Sun. Work wasn't bad, and YDS assisted me a bit there; but he also added my social life, for instance, after I asked him if he could arrange a date for me with the top female journalist in S.Korea, Ms. Park Young-Sun, MBC News Anchor. Arranged marriages were normal in South Korea then, and thus too so were arranged dates. Mr. Yi suggested if I was to have a date with Ms. Park I buy a dress-suit, because I didn't have one yet. I said I didn't have the money yet, but I'd obviously dress in my best clothes for our first date. He arranged for the three of us to meet at a coffee shop, where we chatted. Ms. Park didn't speak any English then, and Mr. Yi translated for us. I believe it was then that I decided I should visit her news studio next. We did, & I remember trying to take a photo of her on-set. I don't know if I was allowed to do that exactly, but it's possible I did take that 1 photo of her; I don't believe I took any other photos of her, if I did take that one. We had a couple more dates, including a trip to meet my parents in Seoul: They helped me keep my peace, and I found comfort in their presence. Mr. Yi's advice – "I expect that not a few people will begin reading this personal coverage of my time in South Korea by wondering why a [male] US journalist would go to Seoul in the turbulent mid-1980s to live and work, much less write about it on folsome occasions. Well, if they had decided to find a Korean spouse and to father... at least one Korean-American child, then perhaps they could better understand my mission in 1984. And if they came from the Marcou family of La Crosse and graduated from the finest school of journalism in the world (Mizzou's), then they would be truly informed about and identify with my motivations in those days." –From DvJM's Introduction to his Korean State Memoirs, "More Memoirs for Matthew".

Thirty-some years ago, I arrived as lead English-language copy-editor for South Korea's national news agency, Yonhap. YNAs Mr. Yang (sounds like Yahng) told me in Seoul's airport as I arrived, "take no photos here" – unusual words from a fellow alum of the world's first & best journalism school, Missouri's. I didn't know if he meant take no photos in the airport or in South Korea generally; it sounded like he meant in SKorea generally. I'd been in my 35mm work in 1979 and took portraits of Korean War photo-ace Bert Hardy in 1981 (1 of my photo-portraits of BH & his dogs is now in Britain's National Portrait Gallery Photos Collection). Why quit? Others' photos of Koreans seemed somber, so I photographed some smiling Koreans. Today, many know Gangnam-Style, top women golfers, speed skaters, archers, Kia mini-cars, and former UN Leader Ban Ki-Moon are South Koreans. But South Koreans were inpressed in 1984. Like today's cell-journalists, I'd learned photo-documenting by "blending in", though, so I had to be discrete. YNAs Mr. Sun arranged my one-man Han Madang Gallery show for that December; a YNA photographer (a Mr. Kim, I believe, who was assigned to my printing by Mr. Choe, YNAs photo-director, who'd been crippled by the North Korean bombing in Burma earlier, NKS's attempt to kill SKorean president Chun Do-Hwan) printed my images in gorgeous, contrasty, BW style. The opening's attendees included Edwin Q. White, AP bureau chief, who led AP's much-decorated staff in Vietnam too; Hyun So-Hwan, my international desk boss and soon-to-be Yonhap president; friends David W. Johns and Yi Do-Sun; and 3-4 female friends of mine I'd dated (incl. 2 Ms. Cheongs, Moon, & Ms. Hong), et. al. My show was 10 days long; Mr. Yang helped me move my photos back to my apartment after it. By mid-1985, I'd photographed a wedding (Yi Do-Sun's to Ms. Lee), lost pics; the National Museum; traditional Kuyongi, lost pics; a little girl in a red coat w/necklace and her unseen mom on a bus; a man in an alley impressed by my camera; leading South Koreans (incl. playwright Ms. O Hye-Young: photo-artist Ms. Kim Young-Im; Time-Space Gallery director/lead-photographer Ms. Kim Hyang-Ja); my friend UPI/Reuters photographer Tony Chung-R w/AP/photographer Mr. Im; and Mother Teresa (St. Mother Teresa). After a brief stint back in Wisconsin & return to Seoul in Feb. 1986. I photographed many in South Korea once more, like Jinny Kwak, whom I dated a while and who still reminds me of that "long, lovely" dancer in Bob Seger's 'Mainstreet', as well as Ms. Sohn Jie-Ae, a colleague of mine at Business Korea who is now Pres. Of Arirang TV; BK's owner, Mr. Kim, I believe, published my 1st book 1 (photos), "Calling America," in Aug. 1986; next, I dated Suk-Hee S. from Sept. 1986 and married her that December. We left for Wisconsin in April 1987. The year 1988 saw Seoul's Olympics, but we were living in Wisconsin then. Today, my half-Korean-ancestry son Matt is doing well. His mom I divorced in 1992. Maybe Mr. Yang didn't really mean take no photos in Korea, but rather–be patient, persistent, accurate, fair, and be especially careful crossing borderlines. The latter included the border of the Philippines, where I'd visited 5 days with a staff photographer & translator & covered for Morning Calm mag, photographing a bit for myself too, in July 1986. I believe the title of my report was: "The People of the Philippines: A Reason to Believe." Because my son is half-Korean, I hope the people of South Korea are still a reason to believe, too.—First written in Aug. 1984 by DvJM; completed in Feb.2019 by DvJM.
Mother Teresa 
Written by Yvonne Klinkenberg 
9–17–1999

Hands folded in prayer  
What is she holding  
With such a tender care  
Is it for a forgotten soul  
Of some one that's unknown  
Or a memory of a child  
She met now fully grown  
Saying prayers for peace on earth  
No more wars hatred born  
Is it hope for things unseen  
And blessing for flowers this earth adorn  
In Her Holy folded hands I see  
She's praying for LOVE  
Gently holding  
Prayers to send to the Holy Family above

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