For God, our providers & sponsors, our family & friends, plus our subjects, readers, archivists, medics, counselors, publishers, & sellers, always.

"Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy; it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others; it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails." --From St. Paul’s Epistles, 1 Corinthians 13:4-8 New International.

"Hold on tight to your dream." --Electric Light Orchestra.

With SA89, his 174th book, & his many other writings & photos too, David Joseph Marcou is WI’s most prolific author.
Regarding Universal Charitableness and Peace, by David Joseph Marcou.

A neighbor of mine said today (3-9-19) when I asked how his day was going, “It could be worse, but it could be better too.” I said, “That’s kind of the way it goes for most people I’d guess.” But what little or big tragedies and triumphs do those responses hide? I’ve seen, chatted with, photographed, & written about many types of people in my 68 years so far, including quite a few people who live through tragedies and triumphs with decent endurance, self-effacement, and humor, often-enough to be given credit for their self-sacrificing, hard-working natures. A former classmate of mine posted a note on Facebook recently from a lady who’d moved to a new city and job and lost her health insurance. When she learned she had breast cancer, she worried about how she’d pay for treatment. Planned Parenthood, she said, came to the rescue. Unfortunately though, US health coverages have become so balkanized, if you’re covered well you’re lucky; quite a few Americans aren’t covered decently, and this nation hasn’t passed single-payer (federally-funded) universal healthcare yet for legal residents, though most advanced nations have.

It seems politicians have been so bent in recent decades on polarizing the nation and world, our troops are deeply involved in other nations’ wars, and domestically, our leaders don’t have interest in compromising to solve America’s problems (still the situation as of 3-9-19 and beyond I’d guess). The real issue in these matters is a general lack of charitableness in Congress and our nation at large. And I don’t mean a lack of soft-headedness or tough love; I do mean a lack of charitableness. Jesus of Nazareth used to say the two greatest commandments are: Love the Lord your God with your whole body, mind, and soul; and love your neighbor as yourself. He didn’t say love just the God you strap on when you go to war, or your neighbor whom you play cards, golf, drink, critique books, or attend war museums with; he said love your neighbor as yourself, all your neighbors in fact.

It’s long bothered me that religious leaders sign on often to wars, etc., in the name of “God” and “The Church”. I generally consider those actions very anti-Christian. But then, few people seem to remember how Jesus, the first Christian, lived while he walked on Earth, though I don’t recommend anyone start measuring lumber for their own cross and giving today’s Romans the go-ahead to put an end to their misery like Jesus apparently did; I do recommend we actually listen to and understand others’ points of view fully and honestly, including those of our long-time enemies; and when conflicts arise, resolve those conflicts via truthful/positive dialogues, compromises, and agreements. All this is very hard to achieve, if your opponents can’t tell a straight story even when their lives depend on it; but every opponent has some speck of decency in them; sometimes, it’s finding that moral speck and working with it that’s the very hardest part of moral diplomacy.

Amy Chua, an American law professor/author on Book-TV dissected the folly of the US invading Afghanistan last decade. She did that so expertly, it would’ve taken me a full day just to re-state in writing the comprehensiveness and details of her remarks. But Ms. Chua said she dreamed of being a diplomat when she was very young, because she likes “bridging differences” and she does have the brains to be a chief
diplomat, if she were just a little more diplomatic in tone; she is so energized when speaking, it may be tough for opponents to fully grasp and/or accept her discussion points. Her tone, if not her message, is similar to political pundits on US Cable News shows, who know they have to say striking things for pay. But that tone doesn’t often work with diplomats and the world can use more effective diplomats.

When I was a youngster, I learned how to listen fairly well, because I spent a lot of time with my paternal grandfather, a grocery-store owner; my grandmother had recently passed, so Grandpa Marcou talked with me about many things. Although I didn’t always understand everything he said then, I tried hard to understand him and to offer verbal solutions to some of his difficulties. A Pulitzer-nominated play I wrote, “Remembering Davy Crockett,” was inspired by the last years of both my grandfathers. Grandpa Marcou still ran his store when I used to work there and visit with him, with almost no profits taken in any more; and Grandpa Muskat lived alone on his farm (Grandma had passed a decade before) until he passed from emphysema (a very difficult death I’d guess). Grandpa Marcou eventually sold his store & its building (my parents and I had lived in one of the two apartments above store when I was born in Nov. 1950); and Grandpa Muskat sold his farm to a Christmas tree rancher, who allowed him to live in the farmhouse until he passed. (My grandmothers were hard-working, often-praying souls who loved their families very much, and who I’d guess would have been proud to know of my many positive contacts with St. Mother Teresa from 1985-1996.)

The old man in my Davy Crockett play is ca. 90 years old, and likely a good friend of Davy’s in my semi-fictionalization, though the play leaves open the possibility Davy escaped from the Alamo and kept his identity secret til the day of my play’s setting, July 4, 1876, when the old man (Davy?) opens up, talking to the audience and a newsboy, and indirectly to a lady too who visits him later, though he’s asleep or deceased when she enters. She does find a manuscript there though, which he’d been planning to publish, on the life and times of Davy Crockett.

Although I wasn’t always there for my son, Matt, when he was young, I did take over sole custody of him when he was in middle school, and raised him through high school too. He didn’t make it to graduation from UM-Minneapolis because we didn’t have enough money then; he joined the Army and held a responsible and dangerous job there. After that, he graduated Magna Cum Laude from a Pennsylvania university, and is an electrical engineer and man we’re proud of.

Matt knows a lot of good things about teamwork. If you want to see good examples of teamwork from your neighbors’ kids too, watch a basketball tournament sometime. The girls from my alma mater La Crosse Aquinas defeated nearby Melrose-Mindoro today (3-9-19) for the second year in a row for the State Division 4 Title. Despite being beaten by a large score, each member of the M-M girls team walked up in style to receive their second-place medals, and erupted with joy when their coach shared the second place trophy with them. Good sportsmanship and talent on both sides made it a successful season for both teams. It was also great the Galesville-Ettrick-Trempealeau (GET) HS girls basketball team and WTC women’s basketball teams played in
there first State and National Tournaments (I used to teach for WTC). In addition, La Crosse Central’s and Bangor Cardinals’ boys basketball teams played at State recently (both lost in very close games). We hope UW’s Badgers & other Wisconsin teams do well in their games too!! (Sidenote: tho not studying Journalism as my major til 1980 at Mizzou, I’d lived in Bleyer House as a UW junior 1970-71, not knowing Willard G. Bleyer, b. Milwaukee, founded UW’s Journalism School in 1927. Mizzou’s was the 1st-established Journalism School globally, 1908, but UW was a pioneer too in teaching Journalism, with Prof. Bleyer outlining a 4-year-course in Journalism in 1906.)

Personally, I’m grateful for my life, family, faith, and work, though I’m still a pauper cash-wise. But we shouldn’t worry constantly about paying people back for their generosity, though sometimes that helps; but we should pay the debt forward to as many people as possible. It seems life pays everyone rewards a while at least; it’s just seeing to the continuing payment that’s tricky—that and passing from this life in a peaceful and peace-giving way when the time comes. Working on all these things helps us Discover our Natural Selves, Paying Our Lives Forward, vis-a-vis True Peace Efforts—that’s why my 2010 photo-portrait of a Palestinian lady at the DC Mall of Monuments is here, as are recent pics by me of Magda Brown, 91, the Holocaust Survivor who refused to cancel her Pittsburgh speech in Oct. 2018 despite mass killings at Tree of Life Synagogue there. Yes, even in Winter, Trees Bridging Differences Can Be Good!!-

John Hilary Whale: Lover of the Prayer Book and the English Language, by David Joseph Marcou, a Long-Time Protege of JHW’s.

My first contact with John Hilary Whale (1931-2008) came in Spring 1981, when the directors of the Missouri School of Journalism’s off-campus programs presented a forum on what their programs offered Mizzou Journalism students. One of the directors was Steve Weinberg, D.C.-program leader, who’d eventually author a centennial history of the Missouri J-School in 2008, “A Journalism of Humanity”, which included information on John Whale and also on my son Matt and me. Mizzou’s is the world’s oldest Journalism School. I don’t remember being introduced to Mr. Whale then, but he and his London off-campus program were the reasons I attended that forum. I’d visited London for two weeks in 1974, and wanted to return to live and work there a while. I signed on to the London Reporting Program, then, but had second-thoughts a couple weeks’ before leaving for it, due to my poor grades that summer. The campus moderator for the London Program, Prof. Ernie Morgan, talked me back into going to London: “If you don’t go to London now, David, you’ll regret it the rest of your life”. I went to London.

John H. Whale was a distinguished British journalist, author, and editor by autumn 1981. Born in Oxford and raised in Cambridge, the oldest son of a notable Congregationalist Minister John Seldon Whale (father and son had the same birthday, Dec. 19), young John developed a stern work ethic and very literate style. He studied at Winchester College, did his national service in the Intelligence Corps, and read Classics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, graduating in 1955. (Active in drama groups early, his playing the role of King Lear at Oxford, is still remembered by many as superb.) In
1957-58, he taught English at UM-Minneapolis. John and wife Judy (they’d married in 1957 after meeting in an Oxford drama group) next moved to Paris to teach English at the Berlitz University a year. Along the way, John had written plays, novels, and stories. Some thought he’d found his professional niche; and he and Judy would be involved as actors in radio drama many years. But John had other work in mind too.

By 1960, John Whale joined ITN network as a script-writer and reporter. (He was 29 years old when he took up Journalism, the same age I did.) He was a political correspondent there from 1963-67, and ITN’s Washington DC correspondent 1967-69. While covering UK politics in 1966, he earned his biggest ITN scoop by interviewing Prime-Minister Harold Wilson onboard train returning from polling places. Wilson won re-election, and refused BBC interviews due to their unfairness, so he gave the scoop to JHW, who delivered his tape from a train window at Crewe; their interview would be broadcast on ITN a few hours later.

In DC, Mr. Whale was ITN’s first Washington correspondent, a job that played to his ability to speak flawless extemporaneous prose without hesitation, deviation, or repetition. But TV reporting had its shortcomings: he later spoke with shame of the way in which the highest standards had not always been held by young reporters, lower standards apparently being felt necessary for “mum in Wigan”. While writing his first book, “The Half-Shut Eye” (1969), on TV journalism and the “due scepticism” needed to view it, JHW decided he preferred print. He’d covered the US Presidential Election of 1968, and the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy for ITN. In 1969, he joined the Sunday Times, owned by Lord Thomson and edited by Harold Evans. Rupert Murdoch would buy ST in February 1981; JHW stayed til 1984. A book JHW edited for 1980 was a ST team-effort, “The Pope from Poland”, about John Paul II, Pope from 1978. JHW also wrote three chapters. JHW suggests JPII was made by authoritarian Polishness, the early loss of his mom, reliance on Jesus’ mom, and on Christian love. When JPII spoke in Chicago, he praised America’s cultural plurality decently; JHW said when the new Pope frowned on religious plurality though, he was not as effective.

Mr. Whale was famous for scoops at ST too. He’d do a series of reports on the IRA in Northern Ireland including the practice of hooding I believe, and may have reported on key IRA suspects in 1971 (“The 14 Hooded Men”). The British Army and Royal Ulster Constabulary were using black hoods to sensory-deprive IRA suspects during interrogation, a potentially lethal practice. But if Mr. Whale did report those incidents, he felt compelled to state British acts of cruelty were only “occasional”, though criticized often in the press. Irish political revolutionaries, Mr. Whale writes, like the N. Irish Provisionals, were “often fiercely conservative over matters of faith and family morality.” (This “fierce conservatism” could bring Irish Catholics more generally, into opposition versus some Catholic clergy, as will be seen here in the meeting of IRA relatives with the Catholic Cardinal of England.)

Journalists also are not immune to moral persuasions, whether of a conservative or a liberal nature. In JHW’s book “The Politics of the Media” -- where he shows he wrote histories on social, communication, religious, and human processes intricate-
ly--he comments on a journalist’s membership in the nation he/she lives in: “For a journalist, there is a tension between the claims of his country and the claims of his work. It cannot be shrugged off with a word about allegiance owed only to humanity at large. A journalist is a member of the State he/she lives in, like it or not, and he/she accepts the obligations with the benefits of membership. The tension can never be entirely resolved.”(p. 128). (But sometimes journalists must reject some “patriotic” persuasions, to find truth in situations requiring hard-won morality. I don’t know how far Mr. Whale went with this idea. James Cameron, the British journalist I’ve written extensively about, did go a bit further with journalistic morality than Mr. Whale appears to have done, in this regard.)

Serving as a city councillor and churchwarden at Barnes, a London suburb, after his move to ST, Mr. Whale had also been thinking to write a history of his St. Mary’s Church. A big fire in the church prompted a speedier book by him--“One Church, One Lord” emerged in 1979. Pitching the idea of the need for a religion correspondent at ST, he was assigned that job; he also was a politics editor. And when John Paul II became Pope in 1978, JHW edited an ST book about him, “The Pope from Poland: An Assessment”. He was also closely involved with the investigative ST reports on thalidomide litigation. In addition, he and wife Judy, discontent with the lack of on-page decorum, asked (or insisted?) to be the new proofreaders for ST. JHW would produce the ST stylebook, based on 30 weekly essays on English Usage he wrote for ST mag, i.e., “Put It in Writing”.

In 1984, Mr. Whale left ST, becoming a lead editorial-writer for the Anglican Church’s “Church Times”, while he also directed religious programming at BBC-TV full-time, where he'd been hired by old friend Alasdair Milne, BBC Director-General. Though his religious faith was strongly Anglican (perhaps because of it), he never felt fully at home at the BBC. In 1989, he was hired by CT as its editor. Mr. Whale immediately instituted radical reforms to that paper’s production. He did away with numerous staff who didn’t conform to his new ideas, always visiting personally staff let go to give them the news. Though he was never “guilty” of having a thoroughgoing “common touch”, he was personalistic-enough to look after the welfare of his paper’s subjects, contributors, readers, and staff.

Another reform at CT in JHW’s tenure was computerization of the layout and printing process; old-style printers of CT missed John’s early visits to them with his amusing English Gentleman style and Aldous Huxley diction. Mr. Whale also oversaw the move of CT HQ from its Edwardian venue in Kingsway to simpler venue in London’s Islington. His own leaders (lead editorial columns) for the paper were samples of fine debate points, with clear, effective presentation of both sides of each argument, with conclusions to be drawn by readers. He didn’t come down firmly for women’s ordination in leaders when that issue came up, but empathized with those women, because he was a fairly liberal Protestant. Also, obituaries he wrote always showed tact and kindness. He not only knew how to teach others how to write and edit fine prose, but John H. Whale also wrote his own superb prose.

Mr. Whale did make some enemies at CT, though, including readers who enjoyed
the previous “homey” style of the paper. Mr. Whale elected a much more neutral style. He didn’t care for old-fashioned “human interest” stories, but did believe in personal touches in stories and with everyone connected with them. One old-fashioned idea he kept, though, was that his reporters’ main task was to present the truth, not popular deviations from the truth. CT being one of the Anglican Church’s two recognized church papers, John left CT’s editorship in Feb. 1995 and likely missed some of its give-and-take. Diagnosed with prostate cancer, he continued vigorous walks in the countryside, including with son Toby’s wife, the actress Susan Brown (not the American actress by that name, but the British actress who played Septa Mordane in the Game of Thrones’ first season. She had a supporting role in the film about Margaret Thatcher, “The Iron Lady” too, playing the live-in carer, June. Susan’s husband Toby Whale was once casting director for Britain’s National Theatre; he’s also been casting director for many TV series/films including Doctor Who, Doc Martin, and “Dunkirk”. In the months leading to John’s death in July 2008, JHW had a stroke ending his journalism career; and a brain tumor too; he refused treatment for the latter and passed soon after.

Due to John Whale’s direction of and editing of my reports in 1981 London, I did some of my very best work. He and wife Judy held a reception party for our program’s members in early September at their home then, 4 Raleigh St. (i.e., soon after they found a flat for me and my 5 program colleagues at 13 Willowbridge Road in London’s Islington District). I met their son, Toby, at that party. Still, my grades end-of-term from John would turn out poorly, but not due to lack of quality in my writing. It was generally an issue of quantity not quality at Mizzou with me. A minimum number of reports needed doing to earn passing grades. I was then not the prolific writer I’ve since become (though in England and South Korea later, I observed prolific workers, and put my observations to good use in my own prolific works later). Still new to photojournalism in 1981, I often photographed for flat-mates’ reports. (My housemates were good journalists then: Pinki Virani is now one of India’s top authors; Calvin Lawrence is an editorial administrator for Newsday in New York; I’ve not been able to trace Dan Higgins in recent years, but when he left 1981 London, I’d heard he was soon hired by Viking Cruise Line--in 1981 DH wanted me to accompany him on a visit to Ireland, but I didn’t have enough money, though my paternal grandmother was Irish-American (a Fitzgerald originally); Louis Trager still reports, I guess--early on, he reported well on the KC hotel skywalk collapse; and Marynelle Hardee is a top lawyer now.

There were three others in our program who didn’t live in our flat: Welshman Andy Cavanagh, who wore an eye-patch and whose dad, Sandy, was then a community health professor at Mizzou—Andy had a good sense of humor; a female journalist from Taiwan Grace, also with a sense of humor (esp. in her story on “Our Father”, a panda supposedly a dad-to-be at London Zoo whom I photographed, Chia-Chia); and a male journalist from China Simon – though I didn’t know Simon well, I knew others from his group of Edgar Snow Fellows, and photographed some of them in Missouri. I photographed many key people and sites, but lost many of my UK photos,
via my carelessness and also theft by others.

My writing subjects included the tense meeting between 50 IRA relatives and Crd. Basil Hume at London’s Westminster Catholic Cathedral Rectory, ca. Oct. 1, 1981 (published not long after in the Columbia Missourian, one of my best-ever stories). It was based on my presence at the meeting plus quoting from the written statement soon after, which the Cardinal had orally delivered most of to the group; I later received that text via phone from his aide. Basil Hume’s words were very poetic, almost too poetic, and included something like: “Each death we read of… was someone in life who was greatly treasured.” Nearly having completed his full statement, the Cardinal seemed stunned when an Irish woman about 30 made a move, and as she left, turned and said loudly to the Cardinal: “If that is all your Eminence has to say about our Five Demands, then all I can say to you is – Stick It!” (I hesitated to include the blunt, two-word command in my story for Missouri readers, discretion sometimes being the better part of valor, but there was no way I could honestly omit it, so I left it in; and my editor, JHW, left it in too.)

I also interviewed many IRA relatives the day before that meeting, right after their protests at 10 Downing St. I wish I still had the photos I took at the Irish events, but someone may. A couple days’ later, I interviewed Jackie McMullen’s brother Maurice in a London pub. JM was a prison-mate of hunger-striker Bobby Sands, famed martyr (d. May 5, 1981) of the British Maze Prison in County Down, Northern Ireland on the site of the former RAF Long Kesh Base (WWII-vintage). I used a tape-recorder for the pub-interview. JHW soon asked for the tape, to transcribe I thought. He told me next day that there was nothing on the tape.

My other writing subjects included the only professional Palestinian theatre troupe in the world then, El-Hakawati, directed by Francois Abu Salem, who would lead it to become the Palestinian National Theatre, before Salem’s demise in 2012; Erica Daborn, the very talented neo-mannerist painter; 18-year-old Rudi Christopher, two-time paralympic champion and a drummer (“disabled” by spina bifida); the Archie Shepp Quintet featuring trumpeter Charles McGhee at Camden’s Jazz Festival; the Almeida Theatre not far from where I lived; the Canonbury Children’s Daycare Centre very near to where I lived (which I photographed one month for an hour/day--it seems George Orwell had lived next door to its site earlier); a pain-relief conference; and immigration/minorities (incl. visits to London’s Brixton District for pics--where there’d recently been race riots).

Near the end of my three month-term as an ST intern, my neighbor printer, Prem Olson (or was it Olsen?), and I chatted about my not writing the 12 required feature-stories for Mr. Whale; I’d done about eight. Prem said he’d heard of a photographer who took good photos and had very good stories to tell about them. He gave me the man’s name. It turned out to be the same man who was co-owner of printing firm Grove-Hardy Ltd. (Hardy being Bert Hardy), which ST photojournalist Sally Soames had advised be my BW printer that September.

After I’d interviewed Bert and Sheila Hardy twice at their Surrey farm and took
photo-portraits of Bert, the Hardys said I still needed to meet a “mystery man” -- “some say the top journalist in Britain”. (My best photo-portrait of Bert with his dogs Lizzie and Kim by a kitchen doorway is still in the Photographs Collection of the British National Portrait Gallery. Grove-Hardy Ltd. printed many of my BW photos over time, mainly after Gerry Grove had passed and it became the Bert Hardy Darkroom. In 2003, BHD manager Charlie Keeble printed two copies of my best BH with dogs photo-portrait. One he sent to me; the other he walked over to the NPG, where it was accepted into the permanent collection.) The “mystery man” I met soon after the Hardys was James Cameron, British journalist, author, and TV documentary series’ host, whom the most prestigious single Journalism Prize and Lecture in the UK is still named for. Washington Post/Watergate Editor Ben Bradlee gave the inaugural lecture in 1987 (JC had passed in January 1985). Hardy and Cameron covered the Korean War together six weeks in 1950 and then India, Spain, etc. They won the Missouri Pictures of the Year/Encyclopaedia Britannica Award for their 7 October 1950 Picture Post photo-essay “Inchon”. And they covered UN atrocities at Pusan, though Picture Post’s owner, Edward Hulton, didn’t allow the latter report’s publication in the Post, because he said, “it would give aid and comfort to the enemy”. Hulton did fire editor Tom Hopkinson, whom Hardy and Cameron respected, and who'd backed/edited their Korea reports.

Long-story-short, Bert Hardy was famous for very many notable coverages and awards too, and I’ve written about Hardy and Cameron often. When I first stepped into the Hardys’ living room and mentioned Mr. Whale’s name, Bert asked, “Did you say Wall, Mr. Wall?”, maybe because the famous Inchon seawall factored into the Hardy-Cameron story dramatically. (Mr. Whale had written about a brick wall as sometimes being an effective form of communication too, though I don’t know that the Hardys had read that comment by JHW.) In any case, near the end of WWII, Mr. Hardy became Lord Mountbatten’s personal photographer. Mountbatten was Queen Elizabeth II’s cousin and Prince Phillip’s uncle. Lord Mountbatten and his fishing boat were bombed by the IRA in 1979 off the coast of County Sligo, Ireland. The Royal relative-WWII hero was killed. And so, John H. Whale played “dumb” to me early about his knowledge of Hardy and Cameron, “the names are vaguely familiar”; JHW was really inspiring my best reports in the UK and in America by-extension; as a good editor, he made me earn my stories.

My housemates and I threw a dinner party for the Whales near end of term. They were very welcome, though I never did take any photos of the Whales that I remember were printed. Mr. Whale knew I was doing some good work with my photography then, but he also knew I wasn’t getting all my stories written. (To the best of my knowledge, none of my program’s members had any stories published in ST; we found outside publishers for our “freelancing” before semester even began.)

One day in Mr. Whale’s office, both he and his administrative assistant Helen hadn’t come to work yet. Neither had office-mate Ronald Butt, a political reporter. I looked on Mr. Butt’s desk and saw a work order for the ST photo-staff, to photograph London’s Charing Cross Bridge. Shortly before then, I’d photographed a homeless man
coughing beneath that bridge. I may have shown my photo of the homeless man to Mr. Whale; it’s fairly dramatic, because the man was sitting against a high brick wall-support under the bridge.

John H. Whale authored many books, including “The Politics of the Media”. In that book JHW called to mind John Stuart Mill’s idea that a plurality of voices in the marketplace of ideas is desirable, or about diversity of expressions (and for JHW, limits on it): “Intelligent choice in a democracy needs a free press, which in modern terms means media where all points of view can find written or broadcast expression. In practice, that cannot happen: there is not room. But there is a prospect that something like it will happen as long as there are enough different editors to make the choice from among the publishable material offered. Hence the importance of the principle of diversity. It it works properly, it provides that all points of view for which there is anything to be said at all are at least sampled. But that principle cannot be observed if editorial choice is in the end governed by the decisions of a single union, however public-spirited it is.”

I remember being in Mr. Whale’s Sunday Times mid-floor office (my group’s office was on ST’s top floor) on Gray’s Inn Road another day, when he gave hell (though he usually spoke in poetic stentorian tones, this was above-and-beyond the usual) via phone to a man working with the printer’s stone in the basement; that man was likely threatening to slow or stop publication (it was during a union vs. ST management dispute), and though Mr. Whale believed in fair labor practices, he never believed in domination of newspapers by a single union, even the printers’ union, which manned the printers’ area, or “chapel” in traditional terms.

Conversely, if editors are the gatekeepers for traditional media and they aren’t doing their job fully, in a free society it’s also possible, given money raised, for the self-publication of books, edited by authors themselves. (Some online blogs work similarly; some cost-free.) Regarding libel cases, Mr. Whale wrote: “Both fairness and accuracy are in general served by a system which forbids damaging statements unless they are provably true, and allows them as long as they are.”

But it was the smallish details that kept not only Mr. Whale editor but also John Whale human being going. For one, I’ll always be grateful to the Whales, who kept in contact with me regularly 27 years, including JHW’s critiques of my works (e.g., he wrote that a booklet on Hardy and Cameron I did in 1998 was the best piece of writing I’d done thus-far), until just before John’s demise in 2008. (In his semi-retirement, JHW enjoyed writing first-rate book reviews for the Sunday Times Literary Supplement too.) When they used to summer in Normandy, each Christmas in my son and my mail, arrived a beautiful picture-postcard. Always written in calligraphic hand (by JHW I believe), each had a stained glass window as part of the cards’ printing, photographed from Catholic chapels there. Some of my ancestors apparently came from Normandy. I don’t know how much I discussed with JHW my positive relationships with Mother Teresa (who’d be canonized in 2016), or Msgr. Bernard McGarty, active in Catholic-Anglican relations who assigned me to photograph Abp. Robert Runcie (who’d married Prince Charles and Lady Diana), but if I didn’t, I should have. In any
case in addition to the Prayer Book, English Language, family, countryside walks, and people he could communicate with, John loved swimming – first in the Thames, later in the ocean off Normandy. My friend Charlie Freiberg, whose dad fought the Battle of the Bulge, reminded me its beaches are flat, good for swimming, or D-Day.

Though he displayed a stern work-ethic lifelong, there was no man I’ve ever met who evoked more respect and decent tough love than John H. Whale, who also had an intriguing sense of humor. Once, and Mr. Whale may have put him up to this though I can’t say that for sure, my roommate Cal Lawrence was walking on the opposite side of Gray’s Inn Road from me. I didn’t notice Cal until he shouted, “MARCOU!!” I didn’t believe anyone was shouting my name there, but my roommate then spelled it loudly, “M-A-R-C-O-U”!! I responded to him somewhat positively; it struck me as fairly comical what he did. Also, when my colleagues and I met with Mr. Whale at start of 1981 term, he referred to E.B. White’s story “The Death of a Pig.” He wanted us to avoid anything that was a “real pig.” I do know I worked hard for my works not to be “real pigs”. Health problems afflicted me after returning to Mizzou in Dec. 1981, and a couple years’ thereafter. Since, I’ve become aware how fortunate I was to have had John Whale as my editor that 1981 autumn; he also served as a mentor of mine til 2008. My 1993 British memoir, “My London Autumn”, includes early details about him. John H. Whale was in the same class as my parents and Vince Lombardi. In fact, Everyone Positively Connected with My Work, Family, Et.Al. – Are True Gems. Thank You All! -- Researched 38 Years, with This Version 1st Written by David Joseph Marcou in March 2019 & Revised by DvJM.

BW Interior Pics Summary ID’s:

(BckCv) SA89 Author-Photog DvJM, political rally, LaX, 2-15-08 (Photo by Steve Kiedrowski); & (FrntCv) John H. Whale at his work-desk, ca. 1995, UK (Ctsy Church Times).--Selected BW Interior Pic Captions-Credits: Pic of Frs. Belle-McGartyw/Abp. RbtRuncie; all pics of Holocaust Survivor Magda Brown Reception (MB=91-year-old speaker, Rick Kyte & Darryle Clott organizers, 3-20-19, Viterbo U.), & all other pics too taken by David Joseph Marcou, except SA89 author-ID portrait of DvJM, 2008 (Pic by Steve Kiedrowski); John H. Whale at his desk, UK, ca. 1995 (Ctsy Church Times); Mrs. Bert (Sheila) Hardy & Charles Keeble in front of the Bert Hardy Darkroom Blg., London, ca. 2007 (Pic by Martin Reed); Bert Hardy & James Cameron, Picture Post journalists, S. Korea, 1950 (Ctsy.GettyImages); Aquinas HS Girls State Champ. BB Team, 2019 (Pic by Jeff Scheidt); & Statue of Liberty, NYC, 2000 (Pic by Jon Tarrant).
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The Viterbo University community prepares students for faithful service and ethical leadership.

Identity:
Founded and sponsored by the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, Viterbo is a Catholic, Franciscan university in the liberal arts tradition.
Marcie Garity: Jefferson Middle School in Jefferson, Wisconsin reads her poem
"We Were the Ones Who Weren't Lucky"

We are the ones who weren't lucky,
We died inside and out.
We were clever,
Strong,
Outgoing,
And marked.
We are the ones who weren't lucky,
We died inside and out.
We were mothers,
Fathers,
Sisters,
And brothers.
But yet we were the ones who weren't lucky,
We died inside and out.
They raided our homes,
Jobs,
Shops,
And schools.
Hey, we were the ones who weren't lucky,
We died inside and out.
We were taken to Auschwitz,
Treblinka,
Piaczow,
And Westerbork.
Sadly we were the ones who weren't lucky,
We died inside and out.
However we do not hate,
Loothe,
Despise,
Or even detest them.
Even if they are the reason we aren't lucky,
And we died inside and out.
So take this as a lesson,
Moral,
Truth.
And virtue.
Even though we were the ones who weren't luck,
You could be this way too.
So stay positive,
Human,
Empathetic,
And genuine.

To keep the Holocaust from coming back another time.