"You don't often get a second chance to make a good first impression..."—My dad, David A. Marcos.

"You're 19 April 1893, more than 500,000 passengers mankind bashed through the streets to mourn the loss of one of their own. Was it for a famous pop star, a beloved politician or a nationally treasured athlete? Yes, it was the funeral of Jom Paul Saint, the French existential philosopher and winner of the Nobel prize in literature (which he refused, along with the $300,000 prize money, out of concern it would compromise his independent thinking). In America, that mass public display of grief and affection is usually reserved for pop culture icons..."—Barney Ahbee Habegger

"Truth is the daughter of time, and I feel no shame in being her mother..."—John Newman Verno.</raw_text>

Arlo Guthrie's song "Good Morning America, How Are You?" (or "The City of New Orleans") is great art, especially the part about sons of pullman porters & sons of engineers getting along together on that train. It's a song you just have to hum, once you hear it. Moving along, in Dec. 1984, I held my first international photo-exhibition—in Han Madang Gallery in Seoul—which I titled "For the Ladies Who Like Rosin", because I'd reviewed a Rosini opera for the La Crosse Tribune, my hometown paper, in 1982 and received some positive feedback from it. After looking for my exhibition brochure for years, it turned up recently in some photo-copies I believe I received from my collection in the La Crosse Public Library Archives. The famed South Korean documentary photographer Joo Myung-Duck had prepared my brochure from materials I'd given him in 1984, including 4 photos & captions-credits. One photo on it was a photo-portrait of me as artist, taken by Mr. Kim Yong-Kyu of Yonhap News Agency (South Korea's national agency, where I worked as chief English-Language copy-editor), whöd also printed my 31 photos for show. The show occurred before I photographed Mother Teresa extensively in Anyang, Korea; interviewed and wrote/published about the father of video art, Nam June-Paik, for "Morning Calm" mag; met/married my second wife and helped conceive our son; and returned to America for his birth and upbringing in 1987. The front photo for brochure was my Brit NPG photo-portrait of Picture Post star Bert Hardy with his dogs Lizzie & Kim, which I'd taken ca. 11-25-81 at his farm in Surrey, England.

Fast-forward to Dec. 2000 in my apartment with 5 or 6 of the people among hundreds of creative contributors to the first three group-volumes of this Spirit of America book-series; we didn't know what to expect from that first SA volume of what's become a good and well-developed series. The group I directed had just published "Spirit of La Crosse", which is still the most complete history of our city. More than three dozen writers contributed to SL in 65 chapters, plus numerous photographers. One of my most-respected extended education students, a retired university librarian, had cautioned me against taking on the SL project, because she said it was a much bigger book-project than we'd done thus far. I talked with her et al., made sure our expenses would be met with Sue Knopf as designer & La Crosse Graphics as printer-binder, and got back to work with my WTC adult writing and photo students to complete SL. The contributors were all good people with many talents, which made the work go reasonably easily. And La Crosse Public Library Archivist Anita T. Doering and her superb staff gave solid research assistance; plus Anita wrote one of our best chapters ("Celebrities Who Have Visited Here").

To do SA1 next, we needed a typist (when few of the group I led used electronically transferable software yet), a designer (Sue Knopf), and a printer-binder (Ray Kline's RC Printing). We always need sponsors too, and decent people, including some corporate-donors, stepped up for both SL & SA1, and since then too, for more recent books. (For SA1 though, I took a big risk I've never done with any other book — I borrowed a large sum of money from a local businessman my dad had known a long time; thankfully, sensing the importance of the SA1 project, my creative co-contributors pre-purchased many books, and also we sold many copies of the large-format SA1 in local book stores; plus one of my cousins sold 100+ copies in his home county.) My son offered to be the typist that first SA1 meeting, showed us how superb a typist he was at age 13 (more than 100wpm, very accurately), and got the job, which he'd be paid decently for. SA1 was published a couple of weeks after 9/11/01; all the creative main-body work had been done before then, but with 9/11 factored in, I wrote an epilogue and added a couple more pics. My epilogue didn't call for a war-footing, but it did suggest the US government seek peace and justice for 9/11, and predicted Americans would be united.

Then, when I learned an Aquinas HS '68 classmate had recently been in town to speak at AHS, I wrote to him, Greg Hilbert that is, CEO of the Sept. 12th International Guild then. I sent Greg a copy of SA1, which would win his organization's top book award in 2002, The Spirit of America Award. I led about a dozen representative creative contributors (of 115+ total), to Kansas City, MO in Oct. 2002, to receive our award at Mary J. Eisenhower's People to People International Conference, a great event for us and everyone connected. We did a couple more group volumes of SA—SA2 & SA3 in 2008-09—plus many other books in the meantime. But I decided to go "solo" with future SAs after 2009, and except for one more group volume, SA31, the rest of 100 volumes of SA have been solo works by me, with some sponsors, and superb designers and printer-binders too, in recent years DigiCOPY of La Crosse.

The Milwaukee and Atlanta baseball super-hero Henry "Hammerin' Hank" Aaron has said: "Tell young people --including my granddaughter--there is no shortcut in life. You have to take it one step at a time and work hard. And you have to give back." Along the way, I've observed how other prolific people have worked, especially in London, Seoul, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin. It's also occurred to me I've had to respond to the word "no" a lot in my life. Sometimes, you have to bide your time a bit, or make a slightly different approach, but my group and I began to do the step-by-step thing energetically-enough in the 1990s. And that's the main reason this series has been realized to this point, one step at a time, with hard work, and giving back to people as it progresses. In a way, the whole process for SA the book-series, has been akin to my son's four photos in a series at Mt. Vernon on Easter Sunday, 2000. Somehow, he and his Uncle Tom & Aunt Joy worked out the series in-advance, simply, wonderfully -- an empty bench first; then only Tom sitting on bench; then only Joy sitting on bench; finally, Tom & Joy sitting in their positions together, a couple fully recognized, as photographed.

If I could thank everyone by name who's contributed to my 185 total books so far, I would. So far in many places, I've credited by name countless people, mainly mentors, proteges, & inspirations, subjects, creative co-contributors, sponsors/providers, counselors, archivists, medics, sellers, media, & publishers. Tens of thousands of people at the very least have been part of this series so far; I hope it grows even bigger and better. Thus, it's possible more SAs by me will emerge. I do know it's a real joy for me to see so many people reported-on in-photographed on in-sadness , and also on peoples Americans deal with globally. And there has been a large degree of diversity regarding people, places, & events. Also, without Jesus of Nazareth, Joliet & Marquette, Dickens, Twain, O'Casey, Hardy, Cameron, Williamses, St. Mother Teresa, Vince Lombardi, my schools, students, family & friends of many descriptions (esp. my ancestors, parents, siblings, my son), little I've done or do would mean much to anyone. Thank you all for your positive support; may God Bless America & the Spirit of America too.--1st Written by DvJM in Mar. 2019, & revised by DvJM later too.

"God Is in the Details: Photography's Power to Evoke Empathy," 1st Written by David Joseph Marcou for 2016 LaX Tribune.

It's said the camera doesn't lie, but it does sometimes. Since its beginning, photography has been a magic art — from early darkroom creativity to ubiquitous iPhone photos. But it's crucial to be truthful in documentary work. For that, Henri Cartier-Bresson's "decisive moments" — compositions of people and their contexts in holistically "perfect" photos — need to be frozen in time. And Cartier-Bresson generally wasn't capturing breaking news, either. Many people need empathy, and photography has the power to help people feel for others. Backgrounds in pictures can be as crucial as main subjects in achieving this. As novelist Gustave Flaubert said, "the good artist is in the details." When war photographer Lynsey Addario's work was on TV news, she lamented that few people see her photos; anchor Judy Woodruff called them incredibly beautiful. But war photos shouldn't simply show beauty; they should grab consciences, asking why support this war to begin with?

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compassionate men and women of all backgrounds will negotiate peace in Syria and other places? Time will tell. Let's believe in hope, and the good will of even some of our enemies. Remember: God is in the details.

"We Must Learn the Lessons of Peace"– 2016 LaX Trib Column by David Joseph Marcou That My/DyJM's Mom Saved for Me Et. Al. Thanks, Mom!!

Aussie writer John Pilger says the term "public relations" was coined by Woodrow Wilson friend Edward Bernays. In "Propaganda" (1928), Bernays defines PR, including World War I as, "an invisible government which is the true ruling power in our country" thanks to "the intelligent manipulation of the masses." But British Prime Minister David Lloyd George said if the people knew what World War I was about, they'd have stopped it soon. One Bernays PR "success" was persuading "liberated" women to smoke in public with headlines lauding cigarettes as "torches of freedom."/ Pilger adds that Vice President Dick Cheney precipitated 50 years of war by promoting illegal tortures, inciting hatred from radical Muslims, thus recent attacks in Brussels and Paris by ISIS. It doesn't help that America has 740 military bases in 63 countries, with U.S. military personnel present many other places, too. Unfortunately, America is a global empire whose troops bleed real blood in too many conflicts they should not have to fight. The arrest, trial and punishment of al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden could have won real justice for 9/11's attacks on New York better than two wars and his apparent murder by U.S. Navy SEALs in 2011. The list of America's false war premises and dubious aims is long. And if Iraq's Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction in the 1990s, he apparently got rid of them before UN inspections; also, he seems to have had nothing to do with 9/11. But Saddam was hanged for earlier crimes, possibly because he'd once been an ally to U.S. leaders who'd be embarrassed by investigation of those connections./ Gen. David Patraeus said even the Afghan War was a "war of perception" conducted via media. Keaney truthful British journalist James Cameron, after visiting Hanoi in 1965 (Britain wasn't at war), wrote in "Here Is Your Enemy:" "If we who are meant to find out what (western leaders are often) up to, if we don't report what we find, if we don't speak up, who's going to stop the whole bloody business happening again?" The North Vietnamese were human beings, like Shakespeare's Shylock, the Jewish money lender who pleads, "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh?" Input Muslim, Vietnamese or Christian for Jewish, and it's still true./ The dubious "Arab Spring" of 2011 led to Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi's murder. Gaddafi had been "forgiven" his role in Downing Pan Am Flight 103 over 1988 Scotland, when he admitted Libyan responsibility and paid victims' families $2.7 billion in 2002, halted terrorists training in Libya, and stopped his nuclear and chemical weapons programs. Due to regional chaos after Gaddafi's and bin Laden's deaths, ISIS gained footholds in Libya, Syria and Iraq. And as much as it would be nice to elect the first U.S. woman president, if Mrs. Clinton is that president, she should learn to negotiate a peace treaty or two, something not done on her watch as secretary of state./ Journalists who are American "war stereographers" don't aid peace efforts by stoking war sentiments. Mother Teresa tucked into many of the personal letters she sent me from 1989-1996 St. Francis's "Prayer for Peace." I remember from childhood Rev. John Paul’s (soon after, bishop here) reciting that prayer each dawn on the radio's "Angelus." It's not a foregone conclusion Islamism, Judaism and Christianity should be at war forever. Jesus offers good, realizable paths to peace, not ways to destroy it via extremism from many religions, including some extreme Christians.


Former Green Bay Packers great LeRoy Butler recently said sports are meant to bring us together positively. I tend to agree with Mr. Butler, the inventor of the "Lambeau Leap." Sports can aid people in becoming ethical individuals and forming communities, preparing many for life's ordeals and triumphs./ The Olympics is a key example of sports uniting people for peace purposes. It has never gone unnoticed, though, that athletics can occasionally lead to discord, too, as the terrorist murders during the 1972 Munich Olympics showed. But in addition to the traditional Olympics generally uniting its participants and fans, the Paralympics and Special Olympics can inspire us, too. Mikey Brannigan of Long Island, N.Y., was once an underdog in the Paralympic running events. He has autism, but he's persevered, improved and recently smashed the four-minute-mile mark; he won the Paralympic gold medal in Rio de Janeiro this year in the 1,500 meter with a time close to the winner of the Olympics 1,500 meter in August./ Additionally, Aquinas High School alum and University of Wisconsin-Madison basketball star Bronson Koenig recently promoted empathy toward Native American perspectives regarding the Dakota Access Pipeline's cutting through ancestral lands, when he and brother Miles joined the protest against it in North Dakota. Bronson also spent some time there teaching basketball to Native American youths. There need to be better routes for pipelines, if they're to be safely dug, built and maintained./ At UW-Madison, this writer worked as a student manager, then as a student trainer, for the football team. UW-Madison head coach John Coatta was in his last year there in 1969, my first with the team. John had been very successful as a UW-Madison football player, but as head coach his teams lost all their games his first two seasons and won only three in 1969. But we did beat the three "I" schools that year — Indiana, Iowa and Illinois. The Wisconsin Idea has a lot to do with how well UW-Madison student-athletes perform on and off the field, and why the concept of team is so crucial there these days, an idea suggested by Wisconsin Gov. Robert M. "Fighting Bob" La Follette Sr. a century ago./ Golfer Arnold Palmer, who recently passed away, knew family and fans help, too. Many of us were proud members of "Arnie's Army." Mr. Palmer summed up his philosophy as athlete, businessman and human being: "Concentration comes out of a combination of confidence and hunger." Thus, his seven major championships, his Presidential Medal of Freedom, and his Congressional Gold Medal. If you read about the Arnold Palmer Hospital for Children and the Winnie Palmer Hospital for Women and Babies, you'll learn how one's money can be compassionately, wisely donated./ Former Packers coach Vince Lombardi, whose name has adorned every Super Bowl trophy for more than 40 years, said: "The dictionary is the only place that success comes before work. Work is the key to success, and hard work can help you accomplish anything." LeRoy Butler is accurate: sports can truly bring us together, to see the value in work with and for those we love. When meeting challenges becomes fun and people love what they do, competitors and fans will be victorious when and how they most need to be. That idea is what should unite all who love God, sports and human life generally.


'This is history; it is a thing I can't be eloquent about in an aeroplane, because I've got engine noises in my ear. But this really is a great moment for us... I feel detached, and that awful feeling that the great history of the world is unfolding before us at this very moment..." - W. H. Helmore, 6 June 1944.

Hungary-born cameraman Robert Capa's photograph showing an American soldier crawling on watery Omaha Beach amidst the rain of hot shells has become the most famous image of D-Day. But virtually no one, outside of the British perhaps, remembers that one of the best eyewitness accounts of that day's fighting was recorded for BBC Radio by RAF Air-Commodore W. H. Helmore. Very properly, a great deal has been written about the courage and skills of the troops who fought that pivotal World War II battle. Less well-known is the story of the journalists, mainly British and American, who 'went in' with the combat troops on the first day of the invasion, and in its aftermath./ Helmore was serving as an RAF observer flying in a Mitchell bomber when the BBC allowed him to record his impressions of the landing. An accomplished pilot, he had invented the Helmore aircraft searchlight and was a tester of in-flight fueling techniques; he'd already earned a Ph.D. and C.B.E., and from 1943-45 he was MP for Watford. In addition, he composed 'City of Dreams,' a song that became a big hit in America./ Back on the news-hungry Allied home fronts, many days passed before the print media published semi-complete details of the Normandy landings. Early on, British and American newspapers ran stories based mainly on official Allied communiqués. For instance, they reported Supreme Commander Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's historic address to his troops: 'You are about to embark on a great crusade. The eyes of the world are upon you and the hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people go with you. We will accept nothing less than full victory.'

Soon after the landings began, a one-sentence Allied communiqué also received wide distribution: 'Under the command of General Eisenhower, Allied Naval Forces supported by strong Air Forces began landing Allied Armies this morning on the Northern Coast of France.' Billboards, placards, chalkboards—and gossips—announced the assault in Britain. Most reports contained few accurate details, although not for lack of trying. Many Allied newspaper, magazine, and radio reporters, photographers,
and cameramen went in at Normandy. But transmitting stories quickly back to the home fronts proved difficult, even after the first few days. Most combat correspondents found themselves engulfed for several days and even weeks in the heavy fighting that followed the landings so they could do the initial clashes justice.

In fact, the German reporting organization, Trans-Ocean, issued the very first journalistic communication about the invasion's start, at 12:37 Eastern War Time, on 6 June 1944, thus 'scooping' the Allied correspondents. However, one fortunate Allied reporter beat his colleagues to the punch. A British officer tipped off Ross Munro, of the Canadian Press, that a destroyer was heading back to Britain from a Normandy beachhead to pick up General Montgomery. Munro thus sent back the first dispatch from the coast of France, perpetuating his impressive record of success. Munro's dispatches had previously become the first eyewitness print stories published from Dieppe, Sicily, and Italy.

Another Allied reporter's fate was similar in its early results to most others. CBS's Walter Cronkite writes of having met with Canadian print correspondent Charlie Lynch, who had just carried three homing pigeons with him in the assault on Omaha Beach. Soon after Lynch had arrived there, he'd typed up his first dispatch and sent copies with all three birds. All three of them proceeded to fly towards Berlin.

CBS radio reporter George Hicks, located on US$ Ancon, filed the best US radio report that 6 June. Of the approach of the 5,000-ship invasion armada to the coast of France, he said: 'You see the ships lying in all directions, just like black shadows on the grey sky... Now planes are going overhead... Hears firing now... just behind us... bombs bursting on the shore and along in the convoys....' Then he added, 'If you'll excuse me, I'll just take a deep breath for the moment and stop breathing.' His initial D-Day report was broken into parts by CBS, NBC, and the North American Service of the BBC between 11:10 and 11:30 pm, Eastern War Time, on 6 June—although the transmission of those broadcasts broke down several times. From D-Day on, recorded news became more prevalent in the radio industry. Previously, producers believed recorded messages could be falsely altered, and so had favoured live broadcasts. The buildup to D-Day had been secretive and effective. As Allied troops rehearsed in Britain, Allied journalists made their own preparations for The Second Front to take pressure off.

Allied leaders treated the media almost as another branch of the military by June 1944, so completely had media owners and staff cooperated in defeating the Nazis. A week before the invasion, Allied journalists had been put on trains and shipped to Scotland as part of a broad deception plan designed to make it look as though something big was happening in the north. But when the time came for the actual invasion, Allied governments did everything they could to help those same journalists cover what was to come. No fewer than 558 writers, radio reporters, photographers, and cameramen were accredited for the landing. The correspondents soon sent back some 700,000 words recounting the events of the first day. When you read these reports today, you can't help feeling that the size and violence of the invasion overwhelmed them, making most reporters less than eloquent at the time. Radio reporters seemed to manage best because, unlike the print media, radio allowed reporters as much space (time) as needed, provided the circuits didn't break down from bad weather or faulty wires.

The BBC assigned 48 correspondents to the D-Day operation, including Chester Wilmot in a glider, Richard Dimbleby with the RAF, Robert Dunnett with the US Army, Stanley Maxted in a minesweeper, and Robert Barr with Gen. Eisenhower at Allied Headquarters. Seventeen BBC men landed on the beaches that day. American journalistic preparations had gone on for several years, ever since CBS Radio had assigned Edward R. Murrow to organize radio programmes in London in the late 1930s. Murrow lobbied with New York headquarters a long time before the CBS top brass allowed him to personally report news, which he did famously with his patented 'This is London' lead-ins.

CBS management thought Murrow, the most famous American journalist working regularly in Britain during the war, was too valuable to send across the English Channel on D-Day. Instead, he read Eisenhowers' announcements via radio to Allied troops, letting them know how important they were to the super-historic operation. Murrow had already proven his courage and skills. His London After Dark programmes during the Blitz included many late-night reports from the roof of BBC Broadcasting House, a prime Nazi target. Murrow often broadcast from BBC facilities, because it had the gear to do the job.

James Cameron, the noted British journalist who would eventually cover many global hot spots superbly and earn a C.B.E., also missed D-Day. After his first wife died in childbirth in May 1940, he tried to enlist. Due to 'organic cardiac disease,' he was rejected and told he should never be at an altitude of more than 3,000 feet. Later, he flew so often and high, held recall, 'In the years to come, in Germany, Korea, Malaya, Indo-China, I was to reflect upon the curious durability of the officially infirm.' All this came later, though. Cameron's boss kept him at home during World War II. Cameron's future mate during the Korean War, Bert Hardy, chief photographer for Picture Post, did go in at Normandy a while after D-Day and went on to courageously cover the Liberation of Paris, and crossing of the Rhine. Among his other notable coverages for Picture Post were his sterling Blitz photo essays, one of which earned him the first photographer credit in that magazine's history. Hardy was a sergeant in the Royal Army Photographic Unit from 1942-46. He also photographed Bergen-Belsen deathcamp, where Anne Frank had died a few weeks before that liberation. Soon after, Hardy was assigned to be Lord Mountbatten's personal photographer in Asia.

Picture Post's founding editor, Hungary-born Stefan Lorant, had been imprisoned by Hitler in 1933; he attacked Hitler often after PP started up in Oct. 1938. Its publisher/owner Sir Edward Hulton helped found the Home Defence School, which played its part in effective homefront defence. And in addition to the stable of legendary photographers Picture Post employed, some of the best writers of the day wrote for it too.

British and American journalists working in Britain during the war developed what writer James Tobin has called a 'structure of solidarity.' Despite the rivalries that existed between Allied reporters of various nationalities, there was also a keen sense of shared obligation, not only to report their stories and take their pictures well, but also to push hard for Allied victory. All of them wanted to report well on actions like D-Day and the war generally—and help eliminate the Nazis.

In the end, the legendary American reporter Ernie Pyle, who went in on 7 June at Normandy, wrote the best summary of the early impact of D-Day: '..it will be some time before we have a really clear picture of what has happened or what is happening at the moment. You must experience the terrible confusion of warfare and the frantic nightmarish thunder and smoke and bedlam of battle to realize this.'

More than 150,000 Allied troops took part in the D-Day assault, and 9,000 of them died on 6 June. Eleven more grueling, bloody months passed before Germany surrendered, but surrender it did. V-E Day is still celebrated every year, and though the war was not fully won until August 1945's atomic bomb blasts in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, for the British public especially, the long, hard was versis their biggest nightmare, Nazi Germany, ended on 8 May 1945.

"A Big Little Kid's Christmas", Written by David Joseph Marcou Dec. 12-13, 2007 & Further Fine-Tuned in '19 for SA100 by DvJM.

When I was just a little kid, or at least a big little kid, Christmas was hard on me. Well, maybe not exactly hard; maybe more like surprising; or maybe more like gushy-teary-making, with a dash of humor thrown in. Oh heck, for many of us, it was and is, all of those things rolled into one. Though I was the oldest of seven kids and given to sentimental feelings even then, the world looked large and moving. Old St. James Church, where we attended, seemed like St. Peter's when we sang in the choir-loft, especially at Christmastime. And from fifth through eighth grades, when I was an altar boy, at Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, my peers and I (no girls, though, which shot the whole thing to heck in key ways) marched down the center aisle, end-to-end, with candles, and it was like the Pope himself was saying the Mass.

However, to my great shame and self-denunciation, to me then the most memorable part of those Midnight Masses was the treat we received afterward: Each altar boy received a full box of Snirkelettes—those wondrous caramel-and-marshmallow confections—and not just the small dozen or so to pack you might get in the movie theater, but the huge, Mother-O-God box like my Grandpa and Grandma Marcou sold individually-wrapped, bite-sized candies from in their grocery store, Marcou's Market, on Rose Street, in the tiny semi-urban preserve we residents still think of as home, La Crosse, Wisconsin, on Mr. Twain's Mississippi. Yes, I'd head home 15 blocks on my bike on the icy, snow-covered streets at 2 a.m., and when I got there, I'd decamp on the living room couch, place that veritable gold-mine of super-sweets
under the couch, which was always covered with a blanket or bedspread, and laid there all night nibbling and all-out chewing down the goods. It was terrible on my teeth and my system overall, but I loved it. I already knew about Christmas Eve, so my parents let me stay up, and I don't recall falling asleep for long on those precious once-a-year nights. The tree was there, next to me, large and well-lit, and some of the presents were there, until the big ones were finally brought in, all wrapped up, of course.

Next-morning was always a thrill, as my siblings and I opened our presents, and Mom and Dad opened theirs. There were always plenty of hand-paintings and hand-print ashtrays for our parents, a big present for each of us kids plus one or two items of clothing, and Brach’s candies, in-shell nuts, and oranges for everyone. Sometimes, there were tears – I think the train set or a bike might have brought those on, or a Barbie doll for one of my sisters—but I don’t think it was because we didn’t receive what we wanted. Sometimes, we did and sometimes we didn’t. We weren’t rich people who could afford new bikes for everyone (I don’t think I ever had a new bike then, always used, though I rode my bikes everywhere) or the most expensive clothes and shoes, but we never thought we were poor, and still don’t. The tears happened because it was just a special time of year, because we were together and it meant something good to be together. Now, some kids in Wisconsin then would have been overjoyed at the presents I used to get, at least if they planned on growing up to be a Gordie Howe or Jonas Salk. I guess my parents were giving me the benefit of the doubt, in case I didn’t become too athletic, because one year I got handsome, rugged hockey skates (my ankles or sense of balance couldn’t support them); another year I got a microscope.

My brothers and sisters received good presents, too, and those were often presents we all could play with – like a train set and army men – though my sisters were happiest with their dolls and play-do, because they could use both of them with the latter with their toy kitchens. As happy as we kids were to receive our presents, the best part of Christmastime was winter and snow – and going outdoors and seeing if we could get “killed” in it. Of course, we didn’t really want to be killed, but like Willy Coyote, we figured whatever didn’t kill us would make us stronger, though not necessarily smarter. Building snow-forts was truly fun, just like Eskimos, and the stash of snowballs (ice-balls was more like it, and it wasn’t all that funny when you got hit in the head with one) you could pile up in them, awaiting the inevitable attacks, made us kids think we could take on the world – whether that world consisted of Russian Cossacks on horseback, or Denny Behm, Jim McDougle, and Jeff Ceason, who lived in “very dangerous” proximity to us. I and my brothers, Dennis, Dan, and Tom (and occasionally even my sisters, Diane, Lynn, and Mary Kate), were often making snowballs on days when the snow was packy. Oh, we’d throw together the occasional snowman, too, but neighborhood kids would regularly knock over each other’s snowmen, so we figured we’d rather go down fighting ourselves than sit and admire those damned unthinking, unfeeling, unmoving snowmen, who couldn’t even muster the courage and skills to protect themselves. Our sisters felt differently about snowmen, of course.

We also created small snow hills for sledding, when we were too lazy or cold to go to big parking lots a few blocks away that had huge drifts, due to blowing, plowing, etc. The Ceasons next door always had a small sledding hill in their yard, winters. Jeff, who was about my age but smaller than me and twice as much a wise-guy, could be infuriating. He loved to call me names, and when I went after him, he ran inside quick as lightning. Once in a while, I’d catch him and sit on top of him, but I just didn’t have the guts/stupidity to punch his lights out. When I see Jeff on the streets occasionally these days, we stop and commiserate, because we are now good friends. He was even the maintenance man in my apartment building for a few years, and always took care of repairs for me promptly and without too many wisecracks. My mother just reminded me of something on the phone that also happens in winter – receiving boxes of Christmas cards from charities, so you will feel more like donating to them.

Today, my mother said she received two boxes of ten Neiman Marcus-style Christmas cards from the Lung Association. As she put it, “Someone really screwed up this time.” Makes me feel really good when I hear someone else is screwing up in that way because my parents blame me for spending too much money sometimes, when in fact I spend less money on everything I buy in a year than Ms. Spears does on i-phon-pacifiers.

When my siblings and I were little, it seemed the only thing you got for free from anyone outside of home was a Christmas popcorn ball at the school party from Santa, and if you were lucky, maybe a present from your teacher, though I now recall we got the same sort of treatment from a Santa in the neighborhood, who stopped by every year at each house on the block. It was always fun to try guessing who was in uniform, even though I wasn’t very shrewd about seeing behind those threads and beard. In grade school, I always had Franciscan nuns as my teachers, and they were kind, but sensible. I got my quota of new rulers and pencils then, which helped in a very non-partying way.

And yet, the music and skits were sort of fun, if not to die for, but to poke fun at. (I guess kids never change, in some ways.) My great downfall as a budding classical pianist occurred at Christmastime in seventh grade. I’d taken piano lessons at school (sometimes with a rather nice-looking, young nun as my teacher, but that’s boring a story to tell, unfortunately) for almost five years, and hated recitals with a passion. I never minded playing the black-and-white instrument when my family was around, or even for the state judging panel, where I received an A grade. But by God, get me seated by a piano in front of a big room filled with under-heated grownups and overweight kids, and look out — no more Mr. Van Niecey. In any case, that Christmas Tom Haag, the eight-grade pianist who had accompanied the choirs at every Christmas concert since Moses came down from the mountain, had come up with the flu. At the last minute they called on me, and I was the only one who had memorized my music. I made a decision on the spot: no way was I going to play in front of that crowd; in fact, I would never take another school piano lesson again. I think my Christmas concert replacement was the good nun who taught me music, and my Teachers: Tom Haag and Mr. Marcou. I guess Mailer is more honestly imitable painted Thanksgiving or Christmas meal. Sometimes, one or both of our grandfathers would join us for those meals; both grandmothers (Addie & Ida) had passed away before the show. Our grandfathers (David A. Sr. and Roman) would take in the show, and probably wondered what sort of wild Indians they were seated two steps back from.

Dad would do the turkey-or-ham carving, expertly. While and a couple of our boys were starting to eat, throwing verbal jabs as we proceeded, my brother Dan was making our sisters sick by mixing all his food together on his plate, sort of an early fork-to-plate technique en route to ungodly consumption, including the coleslaw with potatoes and gravy. It was bad-looking, but he always ate everything, and apparently a female news anchor at one of our local TV stations, these days, does the same thing. I guess we boys were all blenders by degrees, at table, though not to the extent Dan was. Meanwhile, my brother Tommy (short, muscular, witty, and very energetic) would be telling some sort of animated story that had our little sisters giggling. This is the same Tommy who would become a sergeant in the air force and then a...
I never envied the kids who got guns, though, because I’m not a big fan of them. I guess, these days, some parents (ours didn’t—at least not real guns) still buy their kids guns. It’s little wonder some kids would rather shoot a person than throw a mild-mannered snowball at them. (Did you ever throw a snowball at a moving car and it dented it, and wonder what that means: It’s hard as heck to throw snowballs anymore, much less run for the hills. May all your Christmas woes be small ones, and may all your kids guns. That generally occurs once a year, on the calendar, for most Americans—on that day when super-sweets are allowed, and when blending your food seems like something you’d generally do to your heart’s content, as long as you don’t have to look at the results. That day is Christmas, and Christmas Eve, if you follow the kids guns. It’s little wonder some kids would rather shoot a person than throw a mild-mannered snowball at them. (Did you ever throw a snowball at a moving car and it dented it, and wonder what that means: It’s hard as heck to throw snowballs anymore, much less run for the hills. May all your Christmas woes be small ones, and may all your snowmen and snow-women be happy.

SA100 BW Interior Pic-IDs:

Good Morning America, Central WI Sunrise, ca. Sept. 2008 (DvJM); Front-cover of 4-pg. Dec. 1984 photo-exhibition brochure for DvJM (who took front-of-brochure photo-portrait of Bert Hardy & his dogs Lizzie & Kim, Surrey, UK, ca. 11-25-81), a print of which is in the permanent photographs collection of the Brit Nat. Portrait Gallery, NPGx12620 designed by famed documentarian Moyuung Duck, Han Madang Gallery in Seoul, Korea; Brochure Pic-Id of DvJM, Seoul, 1984 (Photo by Mr. Kim Yong-Kyu); Zones of Influence, LA, 7-7-18 (DvJM); Miss WI 2018 Tianna Vanderhei, WXOW-TV reporter,filmes David Joseph Marcou signing his 100th book-title, Pearl St. Bks., LA, 12-19-15 (Scene Photo by Steve Kriederovski); Lowell Markling, Arlington Nat. Cmtry, VA, ca. 4-24-00 (DvJM); (L-R) Daryl Moom, Brian Brooks, George Kennedy, Chas. Davis, & Don Randal—you all did excellent work on the project, and when blending your food seems like something you’d generally do to your heart’s content, as long as you don’t have to look at the results. That day is Christmas, and Christmas Eve, if you follow the Marcou rule of celebrating both. So to you and yours, have a Great Christmas!this year, and every year we’re all around, because before long most people get old, and you know what that means: It’s hard as heck to throw snowballs anymore, much less run for the hills. May all your Christmas woes be small ones, and may all your

SA100 Color Interior Pic-IDs:

Bert Hardy & his dogs Lizzie & Kim, Surrey, UK, ca. 11-25-81, a print of which is in the permanent photographs collection of the Brit Nat. Portrait Gallery, NPGx126230 designed by famed documentarian Moyuung Duck, Han Madang Gallery in Seoul, Korea; Brochure Pic-Id of DvJM, Seoul, 1984 (Photo by Mr. Kim Yong-Kyu); Zones of Influence, LA, 7-7-18 (DvJM); Miss WI 2018 Tianna Vanderhei, WXOW-TV reporter,filmes David Joseph Marcou signing his 100th book-title, Pearl St. Bks., LA, 12-19-15 (Scene Photo by Steve Kriederovski); Lowell Markling, Arlington Nat. Cmtry, VA, ca. 4-24-00 (DvJM); (L-R) Daryl Moom, Brian Brooks, George Kennedy, Chas. Davis, & Don Randal—you all did excellent work on the project, and when blending your food seems like something you’d generally do to your heart’s content, as long as you don’t have to look at the results. That day is Christmas, and Christmas Eve, if you follow the Marcou rule of celebrating both. So to you and yours, have a Great Christmas!this year, and every year we’re all around, because before long most people get old, and you know what that means: It’s hard as heck to throw snowballs anymore, much less run for the hills. May all your Christmas woes be small ones, and may all your
In prayerful memory of those Aquinas Alumni who have given their lives in the service of their country. May the sacrifice they made inspire us to live always in the same spirit of Christian love.

Presented by
ACOSA
Memorial Day 1968
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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