For God, Family/Friends, Sponsors/Providers, Alma Maters, Korea, Ireland, France, England, Germany, Swiss-Austria, Great Pauls like St. Paul (who taught me about Love), Paul Curran (who taught me some things about persistence), Frederick (who taught me about honesty), Hornung & Chryst (who taught me about grace, hard work, & a sense of humor when you’re talented), Ron McMillan (who taught me how to be a consistently prolific journalist), & Memories of Tony Skifton, David A. Marcou, Robert Frank, Harry E. “Red” Hiser, the Markham Family, & Some Good Kennedys incl. Saoirse Kennedy Hill.

"A physician once said, 'The best medicine for humans is love.' Someone asked, 'What if it doesn't work?' He smiled & said, 'Then increase the dose.'"--Facebook.

SA114 is DvJM's 199th book overall so far, & w/his other writings & photos too, David Joseph Marcou is Wisconsin's most prolific author.

Cover BW Photos’ Captions-Credits: (FrtCvr) MLKJr. Mem., DC, Feb. 2012 (DvJM); My Son, Matt, w/NFL HOF'er Packer Paul Hornung, LaX, 11-25-85 (DvJM); Tony Skifton w/His Maternal Grandparents, David A. & Rose Marcou, Tony’s Graduation from Aquinas HS, ca. 1996 (DvJM); PC's Son David, Daughter Sarah, Paul Curran, Daughter Robyn (Bride), Her Husband Shane Mahon, PC's Wife Stephanie, PC'S Son Adam & AC's Girlfriend Jolanta; May Morris on her 106th BD, 5-23-19 (Pic by Paul Curran)

Note: All Irish-Related/Fire-Fighter-Related Pics/Artwork in SA114 from Paul & Stephanie Curran.
On Mass Gun Violence, by DvJM.--Americans wonder if the NRA should be banned or if draconian strictures should be placed on gun ownership in our country. If our nation wouldn't have been founded in war, almost blasted apart in the Civil War, and then involved since 1898 in practically every military conflict the world has going, maybe some of our everyday citizens these days wouldn't be thinking they have to blast fellow human beings to smithereens to give them the satisfaction they apparently so desperately think they need. I say stop ending humanities programs in schools/collages to the extent we're doing now. The humanities teach all people how to remain calm, but effective (hopefully peacefully) in difficult situations, & how to overcome depression and other mental and physical ailments, with more grace and humor than our current leaders in either major party apparently have in them, including reading “Huck Finn”, where historic race relations are dealt with more truthfully than now admitted. The teaching of a little practical math & lots of diplomacy help too, not the addition of tons more lawyers in this already far-too-litigious society; too many laws & lawyers are just as bad as too few. Also, not everyone, including journalists, can be eternal celebrities, so live a decent life, find the truths you need for it, and hope for the best. And if our national politicians weren't being compensated so well for doing almost nothing, everyday citizens would actually look up to them and emulate their best traits. Unfortunately, those politicians have been displaying few traits worth emulating in recent decades, & this nation is suffering for it big-time. In addition, judges sometimes release past-offenders on signature-bonds or very inexpensive bonds (that's a big problem e.g. in LaX County); some of those convicts or suspects commit worse crimes, even serious violence, soon after; it’s time judges shape up as well as perpetrators. If my positive advice doesn't work, then fellow citizens by all means get some big guns & scads of bullets & blast your neighbors to smithereens; that's what Jesus taught us, wasn't it? No, there's a big difference between Jesus & Moses et. al. There's much good news to be reported in America, but our people are forced to view mass shootings & wars! Dem. Pres. Cand. Beto O'Rourke bragged recently he’d take away mass-shooters’ & hunters’ AR-15s & AK-47s; but I'd like to see him go into inner cities and take the gangsters’ guns away too.--DvJM.

On My First Visit to Europe, by DvJM: My 1st wife, Ann, & I sailed to/from Europe in May 1974. Debarking in Barcelona from the Rafaelo, we took a taxi, I believe, to our hostel, the Ruis, but only after one driver had taken us to the grand Ritz Hotel 1st by “mistake”: We stayed a week, then trained to Madrid for a second week. It was in one of those cities we dined nightly at a club serving superb paella and sangria, same waiter nightly. In Madrid, we’d buy a litho-print of Don Quixote & Sancho Panza by Degas; we also toured the Prado & its eye-opening art. We then hitched a VW van-ride to Paris w/Aussies Ian & Yvonne. North Station was closed for the night, so Ann & I sat in front, waiting for it to open. A man sat next to us claiming to be an ex-airline pilot & knew a pastiche of languages. An Arab man walked by & flicked a lit-cigarette near the ex-pilot, who took offense. Ann & I crossed to a cafe until station opened. Next in London, we stayed at a youth hostel two weeks, taking in plays “Pygmalion” with Diana Rigg & Alec McCowen, & “Tempest” with Sir John Gielgud and Jenny Agutter. (I’d later live in 1981 London, where I learned more about British culture & paid money to have the Brits reap information about US journalism from me & my Mizzou colleagues, similar to what the South Koreans did when I worked there for little money in 1984-87, unlike the American high-end specialists who have gone to China & given Chinese not only US industrial secrets being paid very well for it, but have lost for us billions of US dollars in Chinese “trade”.) Since Ann & I traveled to Europe at student rate ($250/each/each way), we sailed QEII
back, w/trains to/from NYC from/to Wis. In NYC, we took in the plays “Moon for the Misbegotten” with Jason Robards & Colleen Dewhurst & “That Championship Season” with Richard Dysart, Paul Sorvino, & Charles Durning. Tho I took pics that '74 tour at 23, my ex-wife apparently doesn't have them. I took 1 wedding pic ca.1976, but didn't do my 1st 35 mm photos til '79.--Dv/M.

Refuting a Stereotype the Hard Way, by David J. Marcou.

Daniel Maybury was an American journalist who seemed to have everything going for him with his posting in Seoul: He had talent, he had money, he had a good job, he had the love of a good woman, and he even believed in God—all in good balance and with proper proportion.

And yet, when he set out for work at the Seoul Bureau of the Associated Press that sunny-enough day in the year 2001, he also had doubts. For one thing, he needed to speed up his work if he were going to meet the daily deadlines that were now approaching more quickly with the onset of serious reunification talks between the two Koryos. Also, he had been having a bit of trouble persuading his fiancee, the beautiful Jae-Young “Jennifer” Yun that he was doing the right thing by staying in Seoul, when in fact he had recently been offered a slightly better-paid assignment at AP Headquarters in New York. Jennifer want to move to the world's cultural mecca, because some of her family had themselves moved there in 1995. Daniel was pushed on three sides at once: by his fiancee, by AP deadlines, and by AP's top brass. Why had he chosen to stay in Seoul, then, he asked himself as he strode into Yonhap News Agency's Building in central Seoul, site of AP's Bureau. He couldn't answer that question exactly, but it may have had something to do with the legacy he wanted to leave his offspring, when/if they were born.

In any case, when he arrived in the AP Bureau's suite of offices on the Yonhap Building’s 10th floor, KC Kim, his longest-serving staffer and one of the best reporters in all of South Koryo, stunned Daniel with a bit of “good news”—i.e., the Seoul Bureau chief, Daniel, would not have to meet today’s deadline from Panmunjom. AP's executive editor in New York, Jim Megassey, had wired KC and Daniel to let them know that KC would be responsible for today's “scoop” from that truce village located in the Koryan DMZ, because Jim wanted Daniel, to head south from Seoul to cover a fairly impromptu meeting between the South Koryan President, Mr. Kim Chong-Tae, and the US. Secretary of State, Mr. Darren Moon; they were to meet in Pusan, the southeastern seaport of Koryo, during Mr. Moon's hastily-planned, three-day swing through the region. Darren Moon hadn't scheduled a stop originally in South Koryo, because the American President, Mr. Anthony Wilson, had only recently stopped in Seoul for a summit meeting, and loose ends, it had first been thought, were tied up then. But events had changed that.

KC let Daniel know about the arrangements he had just made with Koryan Air and the Pusan Westin Hotel. Daniel would fly directly to Pusan on the 11 a.m. flight; arrive there at about 11:45 a.m.; and go by rental car to the place where Secretary Moon and President Kim would be meeting at 1 p.m. Then, he would cover events there until late in the evening, sleep in Pusan at the Pusan Westin, and then fly back to Seoul on the next flight available next day.

Daniel asked KC if he was to take his regular translator with him, Mr. Wang Sul-Tang, an entry-level reporter for AP. KC replied, “Yes, he is free right now, and he won't be needed here until late tomorrow.” Daniel then went immediately to his office, where he kept an extra packed suitcase, grabbed it, added a few papers, a notebook,
and a tape recorder to his briefcase, and took them with him as he let KC know KC must wire Jim M. in New York to let him know his Seoul Bureau Chief was enroute to Pusan. Daniel said even-handedly, “KC, great things are occurring in our world these days; let’s hope we will be around to cover them.” KC replied, “We hope to be, if the fates see things that way.” Mr. Wang then came over from his desk with his own packed bag, and said “Good morning, Mr. Maybury,” to Daniel. Daniel returned his greeting amiably, and then they were on their way to Pusan.

The fact Daniel had one-fourth African-American ancestry did not enter the equation in Seoul, a city once known for its aversion to blacks, because Daniel passed for white. Mr. Wang knew about Daniel’s heritage though, because besides KC and Jennifer, he was Daniel’s closest associate in Seoul. The two men spoke briefly about the weather and their plans for the rest of the day, as the Koryan jumbo-jetliner ascended to 35,000 feet over the South Koryan landscape. Then, Mr. Wang cautioned Daniel in an aside: “Mr. Maybury—there is a strong pocket of anti-American sentiment in Pusan these days, because of the current status of trade talks between our two nations. You should be aware that we might be under more than the usual pressure to perform, once we arrive in Pusan.”

Daniel was surprised, but not obviously so. He said, “I guess the South Koryan populace is tired of these trade talks, just as we Americans are. They never lead to much free trade for the US side, and our countries must depend on cultural progress to guarantee good faith—economically, we remain at loggerheads.”

Mr. Wang smiled half-ironically and said, “Perhaps we can help establish better relations between our two countries in our own way. One-on-one, a lot can be accomplished, I know.” Daniel agreed, and before long they were on the ground in Pusan, picking up their rental car.

On the way to their hotel, Daniel spotted a crowd of demonstrators in front of an impressive-looking building. Mr. Wang looked at him, then at the demonstrators, then back to Daniel. Mr. Wang said, “Looks like there’s a greeting party forming already for us. That’s the hotel where the dignitaries will be meeting.” Daniel half-smiled and replied, “Yes, I expect we’ll be earning our pay today.”

Once they had freshened up in their room at the Pusan Westin, the pair caught a bit of lunch, then they were on their way to the initial meeting between the two leaders. Arriving at the Pusan Hilton at 12:45 p.m., they parked their car and headed immediately inside. The demonstrators said something derogatory as the AP pair passed them by; but Daniel reasoned this was all part of the job.

Inside, the AP men quickly found the room where the meeting was to be held. Other journalists were there; mainly they were South Koryan, but the UPI, Reuters, and Kyoto news agencies also had reporters there, not to mention the few US newspapermen traveling with Mr. Moon.

Mr. Moon had been a star-athlete in the United States, until he retired from professional football in the late 1980’s. He went into government work soon after, via appointments, and he was a surprise pick for Secretary of State. However, his first actions in office had gone well—especially those relating to the Middle East, Africa, and Asia. He was an African-American who seemed to move well among all types of people.

When the principals arrived, Daniel asked the US Secretary of State if he had any special promises to make to President Kim from President Wilson. Mr. Moon smiled
and said, “Since one of our meetings will be in private, I can only say now that I will make promises to the South Koryan President at the same rate he makes them to me.” Everyone laughed at that ice-breaker.

Soon the private meeting proceeded. Aides came out regularly with progress reports, and Daniel and Mr. Wang got good-enough information for a report that night. Daniel knew the material was going to be useful to AP in particular, because there was some discussion of New York meetings coming up between several top-level South and North Koryans relating to the United Nations. These talks would be sponsored by the current US Administration, and Mr. Moon was updating President Kim on what the Americans expected from the talks.

The initial meeting then began breaking up, and the press was alerted to it. Mr. Wang was taking photos for the outside-the-meeting coverage, because the regular AP photographer was in Panmunjom with KC. As the principals emerged, Mr. Wang captured a good moment with his camera when the two government men hovered in front of a hallway mirror. Daniel asked a question, but the answer was less than satisfactory from the Koryan President.

The lead players were then whisked away by secret service men, and a press officer informed everyone there would be another meeting at 7 p.m. It was 4:30 p.m. when Daniel looked at his watch, so he suggested that Mr. Wang and he get something to eat, once they’d commandeered a wire and photo-transmitter. Mr. Wang agreed, and soon they were outside the hotel, on the streets of Pusan again. The demonstrators were still there, but Daniel and Mr. Wang managed to bypass them without incident.

It was 5:20 p.m. when they found a good restaurant, 50 meters from the Pusan Hilton. It had first-rate bul-go-gi, said the waiter, and both men ordered some—that wondrous Koryan-style barbecue of marinated and grilled beef strips. They ate the beef with rice and kim-chee, heartily, and washed it down with just a touch of beer; they were ready for a long night, if need be.

Daniel and Mr. Wang emerged from the restaurant at 6:25 p.m., and made their way back to the Pusan Hilton. Daniel wanted to talk with a demonstrator or two, and so they moved towards the group just to the left of the hotel entrance. However, before the two reporters could engage any of the demonstrators, they discovered a woman reporter had already done so. She was Marge Cummings, Seoul correspondent for the New York Times. She had asked the group if they knew how much business their country was costing the United States with the huge trade surplus the South Koryans had run up in the 1990’s. It was a fair question, but Marge had a way of being semi-sarcastic instead of diplomatic, and the demonstrators caught on.

Before long, a fight broke out between Ms. Cummings’ photographer and the demonstrators. The Times reporters were taking a beating, and Daniel didn’t want to stand idly by as Ms. Cummings got beat up by angry young men and women.

Mr. Wang tried to intervene before Daniel hit anyone; but the AP Bureau Chief was struck hard in the face by one angry man, and Daniel hit him back. The next thing anyone knew, Daniel was kicking the man in the groin. Then, someone—no one could say who later on—pulled a knife and stuck Daniel Maybury once in the chest. Daniel went down hard, and Mr. Wang called to the crowd for help. Someone went inside to call an ambulance while Mr. Wang ministered to Daniel’s wound.

Daniel whispered to Mr. Wang, “I don’t want to die; but if I do, tell Jennifer I love
her.” Mr. Wang replied, “I hope you don’t die, Daniel, but I’ll give your message to Jennifer no matter what happens. It was a noble thing you did, Daniel.” Then, Daniel signed heavily once and died in Mr. Wang’s arms.

The incident caused an international commotion. It was two more years before the US convened the talks it had planned for the United Nations in 2001. By 2003, President Wilson was under a lot of pressure to abandon all talks between his nation and the two halves of the Koryan Peninsula. However, he persevered in his Far East strategy, and the peninsula was tentatively reunited in 2004.

Meanwhile, the AP had replaced Daniel Maybury with a new bureau chief. In Daniel’s place, his fiancée, Jennifer, was chosen to direct that agency’s Seoul Bureau. She had been an English-language journalist in Seoul for seven years before she met Daniel; now she replaced him and took on the responsibilities she thought her husband would have focused on, if he were still alive. Home-life, then, was not to be her main portion; and she never married. At the age of 50, she opened a book publishing house, and began producing histories, biographies, and novels.

Jennifer Jae-Young Yun ran both enterprises—the AP Seoul Bureau, and later Chosen Publishing—remarkably well; and by the time she died, at age 82, she had seen to the publication of a biography on Daniel Maybury, her life’s love. It was called simply, “A Godly Journalist’s Fate,” and it sold out many printings in American and Koryo. Jennifer adopted a pen-name, Pat Heartspring, and she wrote a novel very much drawing on her relationship with Daniel. That novel was entitled, “When He Calls,” and it too sold out many printings.

The Associated Press did more as well, establishing scholarships in Daniel’s name at two universities, Sogang University in Seoul, and at Catholic University in Washington, D.C., where Daniel had graduated. Today, the greatness of the Daniel Maybury name is known throughout the world of journalism; and the name of Jennifer Yun is known equally well.

In the end, an American journalist with a portion of African blood in his veins saw his duty in Seoul and died for it in Pusan. And Koryo is finally one nation today. To be sure, Daniel Maybury and Jennifer Yun did their share to see to it that one great East Asian homeland at least, is united under God, and free, on behalf of humankind.–Written/Published 1st by DvJM in ’98 & Updated by DvJM in 2019.

**Meeting Paul Hornung, by David J. Marcou, 1st Written in Mar. 1998 & Updated in 2019.**

My son, Matthew, and I met Paul Hornung, the Green Bay Packers’ “Golden Boy”, on November 25, 1995, my 45th birthday, when Paul was signing autographs at a card show in the La Crosse Center. We arrived super-early and were first in line./ When Mr. Hornung arrived—with no less hair than the Heisman-winning “Golden Boy” has always been famous for, and showing only a hint of a paunch—he saw Matt wearing a Packer t-shirt with Daffy Duck and the Tasmanian Devil on it, and said, “What have we got here, Duck Soup?” Mr. Hornung was very nice about having Matt sit on his lap, so I could take pictures of them together./ After Paul signed our two photos of him in uniform (we paid $13 each for those photos with autographs, one going to Matt and one to his paternal grandparents, my parents), we moved off the stage and took a few more photos. We bought some football cards that day, too./ When we had our photos processed a few days later, I sent Mr. Hornung copies of them, along with a Christmas card (a photo-card of Matt & me). Two or three
weeks later, we received our pictures back—with a Paul Hornung signature on each one. We had struck pay-dirt!! Paul Hornung is one of the many Packers Matt and/or I have seen live. Others from the Lombardi team include Donnie Anderson (who spoke at the Aquinas HS Football Team's Championship Banquet in 1967, when I was a member of the AHS team); Bart Starr (who gave a talk to the UW-Madison Football Team ca. 1970, when I was a UW student manager/student trainer there; and twice after that, when I photographed Bart at the La Crosse Center in 1993, and Bart and Mrs. Cherry Starr, when they spoke at La Crosse's Marriott Hotel in March 2014). Matt and I saw and photographed many of the Packers who were part of the team when they practiced in Green Bay in summer 1998, with good friend Charlie Freiberg as our driver./ In case readers don't know a lot about Paul Hornung, he is a member of the NFL Hall of Fame as a Packer Player. He long held the NFL single-season scoring record (in only a 14-game season) of 176 points, because he scored a lot as a running back, but also kicked PATs and FGs for the Packers too. He still holds the Packers' single-game scoring record (33 points vs. Baltimore in 1961). Paul Hornung was the most versatile running back ever to play in the NFL. He could run, throw, catch, and kick the ball, all with incredible skill. And, like Marcus Allen, he was unstoppable inside an opponent's 10 yard line. Also, he played on no less than three NFL title teams./ During his playing career, Paul Hornung was known too, for his one-year suspension from football in the early 1960's—for gambling. Alex Karras, a Detroit Lions defensive tackle then, was also suspended. After his playing days, Paul Hornung worked as a football announcer a while. He was flamboyant at that, to say the least. Sometime after Matt and I met Paul, I learned he'd authored a book called "Lombardi and Me". I phoned him and left a message, asking to purchase a dozen or more signed copies for Christmas gifts. When he woke me early the next morning via phone, the first thing he said was, "Coach Marcou. Is this Coach Dave Marcou?" He gave me a very fair purchase price, and signed/inscribed the books in the manner I requested, before sending them to me. His wife, Angela, was also very nice during this process./ Because Paul Hornung was the first Packer Matt and I ever met personally together, we will cherish his signatures, book, and photos forever. Thank you, Paul & Angela Hornung!!—DvJM.
the floor-view, Tony wore tennis shoes and bermuda shorts and seemed in his element then—thinking what he could do next to win our family’s positive attention. All three are fun photos, but nicely arrived at. I gave a large print of the latter photo to one of my South Korean bosses, a Mr. Koo at Yonhap News Agency, and likely also displayed a smaller version of it in my first Seoul photo-show in Dec. 1984 at Han Madang Gallery./ I took many pictures of Tony when he was still young—including one of him and two of his cousins near the Badger cage at the now-gone Myrick Park Zoo—plus some at one of his baseball games, and some at his Aquinas HS graduation, ca. 1996, at the La Crosse Center. Tony attended some family gatherings at his maternal grandparents too, where I photographed him a bit, and I may have taken a couple photos of him at Christmas gatherings in the Skifton household, when they lived on La Crosse’s Caledonia Street./ From what I know, Tony was an average student in high school, and I helped him once with a report we typed up. I wonder now if I helped him enough. Maybe he was more interested in exotic life than I then recognized, which I could have told him about (although not so much about illicit drugs), after we did his report on Timothy Leary. Tony wore his hair long as a teen. I don’t know if he experimented with psychedelic drugs, but apparently he liked to smoke marijuana. Without a doubt, our whole family wishes he wouldn’t have drunk alcohol as much as he did. He apparently had bought a 6-pack of beer to carry with him when he was seen heading to Houska Park the night of Oct. 4–5, 1997, the last time he was apparently seen alive./ Tony loved sports. He was a good second baseman in baseball and knew a bit about hitting the ball too. I believe he played a bit on the freshman team at Aquinas HS, but he didn’t try out later for varsity. He liked watching football on TV too with Rocky and other relatives and friends. In fact, a Derrick Thomas jersey was displayed at his wake. Thomas played linebacker for the Kansas City Chiefs, Tony’s favorite team, along with the Green Bay Packers. Tony collected sports cards, and he once hung huge sports posters in his bedroom, but those had been later replaced by Led Zeppelin and other rock-and-roll posters. In any case, he always kept his room immaculately clean./ My nephew wasn’t afraid to work, then; he held down a job at a lumber yard before joining the crew of a waste-management company the year before he died. His last year, he apparently worked nine hour days, five days a week. A time-card from that job was found in his room after he disappeared./ Tony’s family used to live within two blocks of the old Marcou’s Market Grocery Store, which his great-grandparents owned. His Great-Grandpa Marcou lived long enough to hold Tony when he was an infant. I don’t know that Tony ever had a girlfriend. If not, I’d guess he would have had one eventually./ Tony did have a lot of friends, though; one of them, Josh Welscher, spoke eloquently in his eulogy for Tony about their camaraderie when they both lived in Onalaska, just north of La Crosse. Tony’s friends paid their respects at his wake on October 13, soon after his body was found in a slough of the Mississippi River at La Crosse. His funeral was held the next day at St. James Church in La Crosse. The 23rd Psalm was the inscription in the funeral announcement./ Tony Skifton didn’t deserve to die at the young age of 19. But it’s also true Tony didn’t leave this world at the worst possible time. Yes, he had much to live for yet, and yes, he would have matured more and become greater on earth if he’d lived longer. On the other hand, Tony was just-innocent—enough to know that life only begins as a result of a miracle. God gives us all life, and as much as we like to take credit for our children, it is God’s will and their own decisions that usually shape their destinies most./ Let’s hope, in the way that Tony died, as with his living, he was granted a special grace by God. It is notable that his adoptive father, Rocky, saved Tony from drowning at least once. My parents have said this occurred when Tony was 10 or 11 years old, while he was ice fishing with his dad. Rocky tells the story somewhat differently. Both stories involve Tony’s falling into deep water and Rocking pulling him out, but Rocky told me Tony fell into a swimming pool and he pulled Tony out as the youngster was about to drown. Tony
never knew how to swim, and feared deep water. He was deathly afraid of water period. He began high school at Aquinas, where he'd graduate four years later, because the northside high school, Logan, had a swimming pool, and Tony would have had to take swimming lessons at Logan./ Police said early on that there was no sign of foul play in Tony's death. But a later addition to the story of a brewery worker who apparently saw Tony walking by the brewery the night he disappeared, was that someone appeared to be following Tony that night—a mystery-man in a speed wheelchair. When I reported on the three close-in-time river deaths in 1997 for the Milwaukee daily paper, I knew I'd have to see if there were similar deaths in future too./ Between 1997 and 2014, there were at least 11 alcohol-related drownings of college-aged men in the rivers at La Crosse. As time passed, I also learned that Houska Park was a nightly hang-out for people using illicit drugs in those days; and a police report also cited two young men driving past the park that night who picked up a young man with a bloodied head, from the park./ A high point of church events on the day of Tony's funeral, which also included Fr. Mankowski's eulogy, was the family eulogy by Tony's uncle and god-father, Dan Marcou, Training Officer/Lieutenant for the La Crosse Police Department, where Diane also works. Dan recounted a tale from Tony's early tree-climbing days to the large congregation, and there wasn't a dry eye afterward. Apparently, Tony had visited his maternal grandparents' home on Christmas Day 1996, and said with his trademark smile, "Uncle Dan, tell everyone the story of the time I climbed a tree." Dan had recalled both events two days before Tony's funeral, when he was working out in a weight room. Diane had asked Dan to give the family eulogy, and Dan didn't know if he could. But then the original story, "just popped back into my head," "It went from I couldn't, to I have to. It was like Tony asking me again."/ At age 4, Tony had been playing with his cousins, while Dan was inside his house. Soon the kids came in to say that Tony had climbed "a tree you can't climb". Dan went right outside, and despite his fear of heights (Dan said: "At work, sometimes we have to go up high, and I do it then, and only then"), he climbed to the top of the tall tree. When Dan got up there, he asked Tony to come down with him. Instead, Tony shook the branch at the top and Dan nearly had a heart attack. The little guy with the blonde, page-boy haircut just laughed. Then they both climbed down, and Dan gave Tony a mild chewing-out on the ground. Dan ended his eulogy by saying Tony had not died so much as "gone up high again", and that, hopefully, we will all go up high as well, when our time comes, to that place in heaven where Tony is and will remain. There, Tony is as happy as can be today, Dan said, and we can be too someday./ All Tony's family and friends took Tony's death pretty hard, including the police department. Many officers attended his wake and/or funeral—including Chief Edward Kondracki, Asst. Chief William Schmidt, Cpt. Dave Hanson and Cpt. Lance Rickaway—and the funeral procession of cars to the Gate of Heaven Cemetery was directed by police at numerous checkpoints. The investigation into Tony's death will continue. His mom, Diane, says she hopes Tony died accidentally; but if foul play was involved, she will want justice to prevail./ As one of the photographers lucky enough to have photographed Tony Skifton, I knew early on he possessed a smile we'd never forget. It could light up a room mischievously, yet perfectly, for it was in his special bag of tricks whenever it was most-needed. His voice was equally beguiling, yet engaging-enough. It didn't expect too much from people, but it included a lot of life. Occasionally, it even asked for a little help—e.g., when he needed rides from his Grandpa Marcou to and from Aquinas or baseball practices. And baseball was equally special to Grandpa Marcou, who had made the varsity at AHS as a freshman, only to have his store-owner parents say he needed to work in the store, not play baseball./ I don't know if Tony ever flew in an airplane, but I'd guess he would have loved that. He did travel outside the La Crosse area a bit, but usually by car, with family and friends. I'll bet he would have loved to see the Brewers win a World Series Title, the Bucks a
second NBA Title, the Chiefs their second NFL Title, and the Packers their 13th NFL Title. But Tony still will see many things; only he’ll see them from heaven now. / Our deepest heartfelt thanks go to all those family and friends who showed us their sympathy when Tony passed in 1997. We all have felt the loss of that special young man who came into our lives unexpectedly perhaps, and who “left” just as unexpectedly. God works in mysterious ways. The life of Anthony “Tony” David Skifton was and is priceless and beloved, as his name implies; and all of us who knew Tony will long remember how he made us his own, without demanding we be anything but our truest, best selves. / We thank the Good Shepherd for Tony’s eternal life, then, and for our being able, we hope and pray, someday to visit with Tony again, and the rest of our family and friends, as we all “go up high”, together at “The End.” (And let’s hope “up high” means something very good, not Vegas on a so-so night, which my dad, at least when he was young, might have preferred.) --DvJM.

A Few Good Kennedys, by David Joseph Marcou.

I’ve written before about JFK & his family, maybe because his middle name was Fitzgerald and my paternal grandmother Aggie was a Fitzgerald. JFK was at times 1 of our greatest presidents; he inspired manned trips to the Moon & kept us out of war with Russia during a perilous time. But he was also very flawed. If he wouldn’t have been prone to sexual affairs with dangerous women, he might have survived his presidency. And his and bro Bobby’s possible complicity in the deaths of Marilyn Monroe & South Vietnam’s President Diem suggests his tendency toward national violence, aka “Sinatra on his bad days syndrome”, as does his role near the start of the Vietnam War. Other Kennedys were flawed too, but I’m writing here about a few who were good generally: Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, Caroline Kennedy Schlossburg, and JFK Jr. to begin with. / Regarding Rose, same name as my mother’s, my mom tells a story of the Kennedy matriarch’s response to her husband’s major stroke; it may be semi-apocryphal, but I’m guessing the gist is true. The exact quote I couldn’t find online, maybe because there’s such a hagiography still surrounding JFK, but Mom says Rose K. had been working in her garden when a servant came to retrieve her due to husband Joe’s stroke. Joe was a longtime philanderer, incl. with Hollywood stars, which Rose didn’t like; also, he was responsible for ordering doctors to do a lobotomy on daughter Rosemary, when she showed “embarrassing” behaviors. Rose apparently told the servant, “Tell them [Joe & other attendants] I’ll be in as soon as I’m done in the garden.” / JFK & Jacqui’s children, Caroline & JFK Jr., also have had much good in them. Caroline is almost saintlike, though the defense of her parents’ legacies despite everything seems a bit misguided at times. But she is the single family member most responsible for continuing the “good myth” of the Kennedy clan; and there has been some goodness among some Kennedys, including their many positive contributions to the Special Olympics, and in a granddaughter of Bobby & Ethel Kennedy, the recently passed Saoirse Kennedy Hill. / JFK Jr. is still remembered for the awe-inspiring photos of “John–John” saluting his father’s horse-drawn caisson as it rolled by, the day of JFK Sr.’s funeral in 1963. JFK Jr. knew how to write and edit (see George magazine, skills likely learned from his editor-mom, whose own story is slightly more dubious than hagiography allows), not a bad thing to have done, rather than engage in a lot of partisan politics. But like most Kennedy men, JFK Jr. also took huge risks, incl. piloting a small plane in bad weather the night he died, same flight his wife & friend died on too. / Finally, when JFK Sr. was assassinated, the 8th grade nun at LaX St. James School had our basketball team (incl. me) bundled into a station wagon to Holy Cross Seminary to play buckets, while the other students camped w/-TV-in-gym to watch the JFK tragedy unfold. I’ll never forget the awe of history that prompted in youngsters like me. I included info about farmer John Kennedy in
my play “Remembering Davy Crockett”, who the Old Man character says young DC worked for to pay his dad’s debt.--DvJM.

*DvJM Int. BW Photos’ Captions-Credits:*
--00Imgp0744: Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Area, DC, 2-22-12 (DvJM).
--(00-Scf8a1)NFL HoFer/Packer Paul Hornung w/My Son Matt, LaX, 11-25-95 (DvJM, My 45th BD).
--(00SC409B) Anthony D.Skifton w/Mat. Grandparents, David A. & Rose Marcou, Aquinas HS96 (DvJM).

*Int. BW Photos by Paul Curran (PC) at Hillview Home, Ire., 2019:*
(Image 1) Michael Kinsella, former Farm Worker from Co. Carlow, also worked as a Driver w/Lime extractors Co. in Carlow.
(Image 2) Paddy Brennan was a musician & performer early, Playing in band ‘Stewpot & Spike’, from Graiguecullen, Carlow.
(Image 3) Bernard Mulhare from Monacurragh, Carlow worked for years as a van driver for Bakery in Carlow.
(Image 5) Agnes Kennedy from Doonane, Co. Laois worked all her life as Nurse. (Image 6) Nancy O’Regan from Carlow. Nancy was a teacher all working life. Her Husband Kevin O’Regan also a former teacher passed this year at age of 100. (Image 9) Kathleen Nolan also from Carlow worked all her life in Carlow laundry. (Image 10) Aine Connolly from Carlow worked on Family farm whole life. (Image 11) George Mathews, Carlow, mainly worked in Merchant Navy. (Image 14) Clare Kelly of village of Ballon, Carlow, did unpaid Job of Housewife looking after her elderly Parents to their final years & looked after her Husband & Children too. (Hillview Members 4) Paddy Warren, gentleman farmer from Maganey, Co. Kildare. (Hillview Members 8) 3 ladies L-R: Mary Drea, ex-Nun, Peggy Kennedy, retired farmer, & Katie Nolan, sister of Mary D. (Hillview Members 13) L-R: Maureen Core worked mainly in Nursing Home & now a resident in Hillview Nursing home, orig. from Skerries in Co. Dublin, & Vera Wynne from Bagenalstown, Co. Carlow. Vera worked for years in St Vincents Hospital, Co. Dublin as secretary.


--Shane & Robyn Curran-Mahon Wedding L-R: PC-Son David, PC-Daughter Sarah, Paul Curran, PC-Daughter Robyn (Bride), RC-Spouse Shane Mahon, PC-Wife Stephanie, PC-Son Adam & AC-Girlfriend Jolanta.--Firefighter Dermot Scully on roof of dwelling in height training exercise. Photo by Colleague Paul Curran.--Tom Kehoe & Tom Keogh were half-brothers. Later Irish sibling can be named after older sibling passed. Spelling can vary. Tom Sr. b. to Simon Kehoe & Julia McDonnell, 1899. Tom died in Irish Civil War, 1922, w/hero funeral. Mom Julia d. in ’32 at 69. Simon married Mary Mallin in her late twenties, mom of young Tom, b. 1934, Co. Carlow.--Re: May Morris; PC’s sister HN staffer Susie phoned; May Morris, a Hillview Nursing resident was 106 years old that day; PC took a few snaps incl. May’s hands. May was b. May 23rd 1913, before WWI had started, in Graney, Castledermot, Co. Kildare, Ire. One of 11 kids b. to Roseanne & James Byrne. Schooled in Castledermot, m. in Co. Kildare, they headed to Birmingham and May worked in munitions during WWII. Her husband passed, but she continued working in hospitality. May met Joe & married a 2nd time; Joe passed 53 years ago. May stayed on another 18 years in UK before returning to Ire. in ’83 to live w/siblings Paddy & Eileen. May’s daughter Eileen lives in Australia, & tho not home now, Eileen stays in touch by phone.--ZZImg_9966sm-1: Clare Ireland Mt. (Pic by Roger A. Grant).