“Live simply, love generously, care deeply, speak kindly, leave the rest to God.”—Pres. Ronald Reagan.
Dear Mom & Dad:

Dad, it's been a few years since we sat and talked, and since you passed in March 2015, there's been a lot more writing and photography for me to do. Plus, Matt, your grandson/my son, has done a lot of good too. I'd guess you wouldn't have it any other way. Mom knows all this and probably communicates it to you daily.

What a great inspiration your life still is, Dad; same for you Mom, still walking on earth. Neither of you made life easy always; but then, neither of you had life easy either, though you both knew how to work hard & make a good family for us all.

Our trips many decades ago, sometimes at 100MPH, to Milwaukee Braves baseball games sparked our love for the Star-Spangled Banner (Home of the Brave/s), plus Aaron, Mathews, Burdette, & good old Spahnie.

And studying in school, yet not taking it any more seriously than delivering newspapers, or riding around the north side nights with the guys, stealing green apples, helped in the long run. Falling in love with girls, we learned from the two of you; well, maybe watching Bogie & Bacall helped as well. Don't know that I've become much of a bed-lover with the ladies; I do know writing & photographing people who matter to us all, helps me forget my less-than-successful romances. I can only remember you vaguely taking maybe one photo in the time we lived together, Dad, though you liked art class in school; Mom took a lot of photos, and didn't let me take one for her until ca. 1976, after a wedding, when I took that photo of you Dad, you Mom, and Dad's Dad.

Dad, you weren't easy on Mom, at least early, when you drank/gambled late-nights-out. But you worked hard as a meat-cutter many years, and Mom fnagled just enough money to raise our family on. And despite how long we were away from home, we always knew when the meals were served & what home always has meant to us. And thank you for giving us a back yard that was like a 3rd parent too.

That sense of humor of yours, Dad – Irish limericks, stories with Uncle Ed Pretasky, and pranks on the phone, etc. – all contributed to the mis-chief you were fully capable of. And Mom, your ability to laugh and cry at things that were hard on all of us sometimes, made us all feel human, yet breathed into by God. And both of you believed enough in what we kids did to tell us you were proud of us. And, especially during your last 28 years after the heart surgery, Dad, you loved Mom very much. Yes, I know you had girl friends along the way earlier, even when you loved Mom, at least if the stories are to be believed. I was always faithful to my two wives (I hope they'll be a third wife soon-enough for me). But you were discrete-enough at home about your love-life; I can't remember ever walking in on you and Mom in the midst of key parts of your love-life, though your bedroom was along a route of transit to the restroom, on first floor.

When you'd been drinking, it could be a little embarrassing sometimes, especially when you & the family rolled into Fond du Lac (with my younger brother Dan driving) on the morning of my wedding to first-wife Ann. I guess once a friend of the bar, always a friend of the bar; but thanks for quitting drinking when you did. To be sure, Suk-Hee and I arrived from Seoul around the time of that heart-surgery of yours in April 1987, and Matt was born that September.

One of my very favorite memories of being at a Badger football game was in 1999, when you Dad, Matt, Dan, & I attended Homecoming vs. Indiana U. with Ron Dayne playing in his Heisman Trophy season. UW won something like 55-0. Michael Bennett spelled RD much of that game, because it was such a blowout. It made my memories of working for the 1969 and 1970 Badger football teams seem distant indeed; when I worked there, our team rarely won.

Though I didn't attend my graduations from UW-Madison or Univ. of Iowa, I had attended (you too) my graduation from Aquinas HS, and we three attended my Mizzou graduation; I'm still very proud you were there both times We'd talked before I returned to Mizzou in spring 1984, about how important a Journalism degree would be/was to me.

Writing tributes to you and Mom for your 50th, 60th, & 65th Valentine Wedding Anniversaries in the La Crosse Tribune, our city's daily paper, were always a big deal, at least for me; I hope you liked those tributes too. And being able to work into your obituary, Dad, the humorous story I'd heard from Heather, a pharmacy assistant, a few days before you passed, made a lot of things more accurate in that obituary, especially your sense of humor. Your grandson Tony Skifton liked hearing your stories, as did we all; unfortunately Tony drowned at age 19 in 1997; he deserved a better end-of-earth-life.

If my siblings and I are good story-tellers and know narrative structures well, that comes from you and Mom, who always knew how to make sense of life via stories. And the stories have always been great and mainly humorous, just like Bert Hardy's were in Britain, whom I later wrote the bio "The Cockeye Eye" about, in neo-Dickensian fashion. And I very much liked hearing recently, though I wish you Dad were still alive to tell your version, when Mom let me know you two had seen Elvis Presley perform at least once in La Crosse, and probably once in Wisconsin Dells too.

All my grandparents were decent, hard-working people too, with varying senses of humor; well, mostly they had subtle senses of humor, except for my Dad's Dad, who was fairly open with his humor. My son is also hard-working with a good sense of humor; a whole book of the Bible was named "Cockney Eye" about, in neo-Dickensian fashion. And I very much liked hearing recently, though I wish you Dad were still alive to tell your version, when Mom let me know you two had seen Elvis Presley perform at least once in La Crosse, and probably once in Wisconsin Dells too.

Your grandson Tony Skifton liked hearing your stories, as did we all; unfortunately Tony drowned at age 19 in 1997; he deserved a better end-of-earth-life.

That's about it for now, Mom and Dad, but we'll be thinking of you Dad soon at my signing for Spirit of America's Vol. 100, my 185th book overall so far. You, Mom, & Matt are included in a photo-portrait in the front-cover montage, a rather special photo-portrait in fact.

Thanks for the Memories, Mom and Dad, as Bob Hope sang. You were/are the greatest parents I can imagine or ever lived with. Both of you, & also Mom, and Dad's Dad.

From your loving son, David Joseph Marcou, Matt's dad and Wisconsin's most prolific author.
us clues as to the moral debacle of a decade.

As she aptly puts it, “What sticks to the memory from those textbooks is not any particular series of facts, but atmosphere, an impression, a tone.” Indeed, the American history book has been something more than a simple pathway to truth. In the 1950s, it represented truth itself: “To us as children, those texts were the truth of things: they were American history…. Our teachers treated them with respect, and we paid them abject homage by memorizing a chapter a week.” She proceeds to illustrate how this mythic “truth” was often distorted, and like so many other basic texts throughout our collective past, steeped in civic or nationalistic overtones.

This is not her final word on those texts, but it does indicate where the author feels one group of widely-used schoolbooks went wrong. And to follow her argument is to begin to ask how we can right the situation, first by asking whether the close relation between the less-than-objective story of the past that our children learn from specific books and the reflection in the story itself of what is most dubious in society should be further cultivated. (Rumors to the contrary, traditional History has never been far away. In 1976 the president of the National Council on Social Studies concluded that the dominant instrumental tool in American schools today continues to be the conventional textbook; and that teachers tend not merely to rely on it, but to believe in it as THE source of knowledge.)

One point that Fitzgerald makes abundantly clear is that although we often tend to view the “perils” of this country as external, they all too often come from within, and history texts have left their marks. Fundamentalism is alive and well, in the field of education as elsewhere, though perhaps no greater an enemy of freedom than State Boards of Education that censor criticism by direct and indirect means. The case of Oregon’s board, which prohibits the use of texts that speak slightly of the Founding Fathers, barely touches on certain undemocratic features in the distribution (and indirectly, the writing and publication) of history books.

In the case of Texas, its ruling body holds clout, not only within the state, but has even exercised veto power over the contents of books nationwide. Yet, in 1961 a right-wing fringe group called Texans for America intimidated the state committee into pressing several publishers to make substantial changes in their American history and geography texts. In various places, references to Pete Seeger, Langston Hughes, and other such “poxes” on the public domain were deleted.

What has been omitted from history books for related reasons does not escape the author’s attention either. It seems there is almost no analysis in most secondary schools of how and why the American economy runs the way it does, and no serious handling of how economics relates to political power or people. As far as the few “economy-minded” texts, the United States still has a free-market system purely (the “margins of the state” and neo-monopolistic practices apparently being unheard of) with government providing only certain regulatory and social services.

Neither does Fitzgerald stop here in her role as gladly. Taking on the likes of John Dewey and the New Social Studies of the 1960s, she wonders just how history-minded “progressive” educators really are. Significantly, she is harder on Dewey than on the latter; at least the NSS did teach a degree of intellectual skepticism that may find constructive terrain in a more humanistic, and perhaps realistic, near-future.

To the reader’s chagrin, though, Fitzgerald fails to offer much by way of reconstructive criticism herself. And after the searching analysis in “Revised”, provocative suggestions would not have hurt her case.

One thing that might have helped the author formulate an “answer” would have been another chapter dealing with reform in the methods of teaching history. Has reform, after all, been as counterproductive as traditionalists would have us believe – or must it indeed go still further?–Since ca. 1979 when I 1st wrote this review, textbook standards have changed in schools, when they have not been supplanted by other teaching materials altogether, incl. computers, e-devices, & internet. But as a moment in time, Ms. Fitzgerald’s “Revised” suggests what U.S. educational institutions continue to have to contend with to arrive at key truths via history’s materials. Also the early part of the war in Vietnam, which Ms. Fitzgerald included in an early book, was the result of mendacious politicians colluding with military leaders wanting fat paychecks and fame, as recent US wars have resulted from too. It must be hard for right-wing fringe groups to keep their consciences clear these days. The illegal Hispanic immigration story is of interest in this. Whether or not US immigration policies become more lenient, Latin America shouldn’t own the United States, any more than Donald Trump or Nancy Pelosi should own our votes. But people and places, inside and outside the U.S., need to interact as freely as decency allows. DvJM note mid-2019.


Patrick Clark knows about self-expression. And he’s learning more about its relationship to work all the time./ Like most 5-year-olds, Patrick Clark goes to school, where he works hard and plays hard, too. But Patrick expends even more effort than most children his age, because he has spina bifida, a paralyzing, congenital defect also known as “hole in the spine.”/ Patrick, son of Mrs. Suzanne Clark, Valley Trailer Park, attends Parkade Elementary School’s occupationally handicapped class. He is undergoing tests to determine the need for more in-school therapy./ On Tuesdays and Fridays, his aunt, Gigi Morgan, takes him for physical therapy at the University Health Sciences Center, where he learns to coordinate upper and lower body strength by climbing stairs, performing basic motion and balance exercises and attempting to stand and walk on his own./ Patrick takes it all in stride. In fact, he seems to appreciate the challenge that each day brings, and he meets them gladly.”


Sam Hazo is a dreamer of sorts. But he’s also realist enough to know that dreams aren’t made easily. And so, in “To Paris”, a collection of his poems from the 1970s, Hazo sets out on a metaphorical inquiry into dreams by looking to the self, a basic mode for realization, and to the movement of that self within the world.

In “To Paris”, the poet is one of his own best subjects, although his vision of how dreams arise, are borne, live and die never degenerates into self-centered lyric. Yet one could mistake the atmosphere in a Hazo poem for the rarified. His poetry does not overwhelm the senses like Walt Whitman’s. And it does not exude the social pungency of Claude MacKay. But appearances deceive. Vocalized, Hazo’s poems take on an air of experience. Finally, it is the integrity of that experience that compels the reader.

Hazo is a man who has been many places. In an attempt to synthesize experience and remake the self at middle age, he has chosen the poetic path in a search for new ideals. By now, however, Hazo knows the odds of attainment. And the key issue for the critic becomes one of intensity and duration. Is Hazo a world-weary man who bows to the idea of dream while underplaying its necessity? Or is he the thoughtful literate who, at this life juncture, realistically appraises his own and others’ prospects? Whatever, “To Paris” may not be Hazo’s last word on the subject, though it is likely close.
To be sure, there is a certain element of risk in "To Paris". As with any artist, Hazo hazards an attrition of belief in order to give his late-forming experience a voice. What that voice finally lacks is but a half step of imagination – not the cruelest setback to art in this age. As a result, the poems grow into purer attempts at self-reclamation.

Dreams are never wholly of the world; but when this atypical professor of poetry (with at least six volumes of verse and one notable critique of Hart Crane, the poet, to his credit) commits thought and feeling to paper, he stands peculiarly in and estranged from it. By means of a lyrical directness and authentic language, though, he manages not to exaggerate the transcendental quality of his work. Instead, he sets out to solve a problem, and eventually, he exemplifies it: "Bridging half a century, my body slackens/ while it keeps on going. Resign/ or rest, and what remains/? but slowing down?" On its surface, there is nothing but lament in the poet's query. He, like Lear, has lived full and somewhat long and only seems to wonder now what dreams might still inspire him.

But Hazo is not Lear. His conflict is modern in that it demands more and less of him, while offering half the catharsis of Shakespeare's hapless patriarch. Still, one might genuinely ask how any person today has the right to linger in any passage, whatever their age. Not unexpectedly, the strength in "To Paris" derives from this dilemma and none other, for Hazo has unintentionally transposed an ancient conflict into his modern theme – the problems of unashamed hope and despair at an advanced age.

Varied images of passage and self-realization transpire in the poems. In reflections on a honeymoon voyage, the Hemingway suicide and the struggle of self, Hazo expresses temerity, resignation and wonder—all in the context of forward moving time. Similarly, he accepts the psychic realism of dreams through reflected moments, as in the quiet understanding of a son: "Almost asleep,/ he tells you how he dreams of chasing lions through Alaska/ on his bike. You ask him/ if he knows there are/ no lions in Alaska. He says/ there are if he can dream there are./ Before undreamers undeceive him,/ you believe him, dream by dream."

The poet is not always so personalistic. With "In Convoy," he recounts a less conspicuous but no less real aspect of the American scene: "Your neighborhoods a clutch of prairie/ schooners sailing straight through midnight and beyond."

And there is something more to all this than dreams. The poet is also divided by "public" and "private" loyalties. (As with his spiritual mentor, Archibald MacLeish, none of Hazo's personal journey strays far from the possibilities inherent in a cultural form of destiny.) Thus, it is a public intensity that sows a seed of corrective promise in "Dublin Twilight", where Hazo relates a contemporary lesson: "'No nation/ has the right to fix the boundary/ to the march of a nation,' wrote Parnell/ before the trouble and the tans." As a metaphor for self, the nation serves the man well.

If Hazo lays claim to any titles in the end, it is dreamer by default. In a world lacking encompassing images of promise, he has taken it upon himself to question the landscape of dream to discover whether an idealistic mode of living is still possible. Hazo no longer expects solutions, however, to many of the dilemmas of existence he exposes, and the hint of a fine, wasted reminiscence remains.

"To Paris" is not a great work. It is a forthright, revealing one. But the range of its commitment does not always engage the reader. The persona and integrity of its simple, direct constructions may. If it fails to inspire a reader to great deeds of assertion, "To Paris" persistently moves one to consider the alternatives.

Finally, Hazo shows himself to be a decisive thinker, one who has learned the value of indecision. More important, he demonstrates himself to be a survivor who lives just beyond the pale of youth.

In a word, Sam Hazo is a man before he is a poet.


Every play has its memorable images.

The Lyceum Theatre's opening production of "Grease" Saturday night had at least two.

The first was a miraculous scene where Teen Angel, a Fabian father-figure, appears from on high to instruct Frenchy, the beauty school drop-out, to get a diploma.

In its own way, "Grease" is a parable of success and the likelihood of winning it in the youth culture of the fifties-cum-eighties.

Frenchy, the looker, hasn't a prayer—at least if she insists on "the dream". Doody, the apparent idiot, has the purest, most human chance for success. A natural innocent, he retains the soul for magic and belief despite anything modernity might do to him.

More than a contrast of dreams, the play involves the question of odds. The fact that Doody is part of the delinquents' team at the end and that Frenchy is not somewhere outside it, indicates just how far the playwrights believe hope can carry.

"Grease" is a play that divides its allegiances continually. Even when this seemingly lightweight love story devotes itself to the theme of human renewal, it undercuts any easy realization of it.

That is the gist of the [Jim Jacobs/Warren Casey] script and of the Lyceum's production.

That this production did not labor to reveal its theme is to its credit. In fact, the performance turned out to be something of a celebration—whether it was to recognize the 21st [annual] opening of a playhouse or just to get people in the mood for theater is unclear.

Like most pastimes of its kind, the Lyceum's party depended a little on nostalgia for effect. That dependence was occasionally a drawback. The "war-bride" glow of the slumber party scene, for instance, was too much like a cuddly "Happy Days" throwback. The overt attempts at caricature often poured through. But there was joy in the production, and because of it, the flaws on this night of nights were easily forgiven. That's not to say that a musical possessed by the hard-knocks street-life of the '50s didn't end up resembling therapy, but at least it had a spirit and a sighted-ness lacking in most other forms of induced suffering.

More than the enthusiasm, the key to winning the audience lay in the talents of the group.

Having rehearsed for only 10 days, Michael Bollinger's crew of young professionals persevered by way of sheer reflexes and raw ability. Skipping only a few beats, they continued to hustle their way through numbers like the shark-swift "Greased Lightnin"; the bleary-soft "Freddy, My Love"; and the poignantly streetwise "There Are Worse Things I Could Do." Given the hurried preparations, it was refreshing that characterizations were controlled.
On that score, Charlie Leader was supreme as Teen Angel in the much lamented visitation of Frenchy. Leader delivered his lines like a chic Greek chorus temporarily implanted in the jukeboxes of New York.

Also of note were the activity of Timothy Shew in the role of the Travolta-sustained Danny Zuko, a bad-moving, sharp-shooting hunk on the beach; Gigi Skoubis' Rizzo, the lovable, belting broad who couldn't get a guy for dying; Bollinger's Roger, champion moozer and leader of the lug-a-lunch pack; and Jeffrey Matthews' ever-fresh Doody, the young hero-warrior willing to do almost anything on a dare.

Not everything was so bright, however. In the midst of all the electricity an element of distance between actors and their roles was disconcerting. Often, the juvenility was exaggerated and manufactured where it should have been internalized. The results were often funny, but they lacked the "dimension" the playwrights intended.

Meanwhile, the lack of punch in Deborah Grow's Sandy Dumbrowski and in Christopher Reilly's Kenickie, [especially] after his success last season, might be attributed to first night jitters and/or a preview performance. But they also might have been related to the director's double-duty.

None of the portrayals, of course, would have gotten off the ground without good movement and choreography. Denise Bollinger's work with the cast created lithe forms from materials not always supple. The bold patterns the emerged worked despite the limits of the stage area.

Costumes weren't disappointing. [For instance,] Charlie Leader's angel loomed large in his stratospheric attire; it left little doubt where he was coming from. On the other hand, the kimona from Freddy could have been a shade more "exotic". As it was, it added an in indescribable something to the moment.

Finally, the play mainly lacked the smoothness that time and a reasonable rehearsal schedule would have given it.---Despite any quibbles in my review, I enjoyed the production very much., note written 6-21-19--DvJM.

It Wasn't Just Business As Usual—Columbia Missourian, 7-22-81, by David Joseph Marcou.

On a normal work day, there is just enough business for three people at the Boone County Joint Communication Center. On a normal day, Penny Bleck relays about five calls to firefighting units throughout the city.

But on Monday afternoon, she was sitting in a hot-seat. During a two-hour period beginning just before 2p.m., she directed responses to 66 calls for fire equipment.

In a situation that was thrown into "immediate pandemonium," Ms. Bleck did a good job, according to center Director Jim Patty.

"I've never seen more fire calls in my four years here than Monday," said Patty.

A normal dispatcher's shift is 8-1/2 hours beginning at 6:40a.m. Ms. Bleck worked overtime Monday. Until 3:56p.m., she didn't stray from the small area in front of the two-seat telephone control panel, audio systems and beeper alarms that she shares with her police operator counterpart. She wasn't free from follow-up paperwork until 7:20p.m.

When things began to pick up about 2p.m., Ms. Bleck thought she was prepared for the ordeal. Yet with her year and a half of experience, and a few close calls besides, she still wasn't prepared for what was to happen.

The center's carefully designed scheme that spells out which trucks are assigned to which calls was blown away in the storm. Ordinarily, she takes calls, checks engine-street match-up sheets, determines how many units are needed and issues instructions. Monday, she was forced to assign trucks on a simple priority basis - human emergencies first, property second. As soon as a unit cleared from one assignment, she sent it to the next.

During the peak period Monday, Ms. Bleck had 14 lines to deal with at any one time. One call came from her husband, at home in Hartsburg, who worried about her.

Ms. Bleck worried too, but about dangers to those caught in the storm.

"I was really scared," she said, "when I heard that the Jesse Hall dome had come down [Jesse Hall is Mizzou's HQ building]." She dispatched an engine and a medical team to the site, but it turned out only a 10-foot section had been toppled and nobody was hurt.

One thing Ms. Bleck never worried about was how tired she was. Tuesday night, the adrenalin was still flowing. It was 11:30 before she could get to sleep.--Paula Nelson, a fellow Wisconsin native w/DvJM, took a photo of the emergency control room published w/DvJM's report. Also, "Ms.Bleck" was used throughout as a courtesy title for Penny Bleck; that was older journalism style. These days followup references would likely simply say, "Bleck". Though I' d grown up delivering newpapers, etc., in thunder & wind storms, my mom always went to the basement during them, which always made me shy to be out in storms. I didn't want to report from the field that day in Missouri, but when Editor George Kennedy said "go" into the field 

I didn't want to make heroes out of them," he said. "I'm not saying they didn't commit the robberies. I just don't have proof either way." Zink said the robbery of a Northfield, Minn., bank is the only crime ever directly linked to them.

One Younger argued about the brothers' position relative to the immortal Jesse James./ "You see I'm gonna question whether Jesse James was actually the leader of the gang. After all, he was younger than the rest of them. And why would a bunch of 'attackers', trained in attacking, allow themselves to be led by this younger man. Sure you could count on Jesse in a gunfight to come out with both barrels blazing. But these guys were bank robbers, they weren't gunfighters. They did it for a living.”
There are also broader, philosophical questions.
Which side was more responsible for the brutality on the Kansas-Missouri border during the Civil War is unanswered. When the Youngers rode into Lawrence, Kansas, and leveled the town with Quantrill, was the razing of Lone Jack, Missouri, by Union raiders ample cause?
When Cole saw to it that Confederate army raiders didn't injure women or children, he didn't hurt his case in the history books.
An even more difficult question is whether the Youngers, given their position and abilities before the war, had any choice but to become raiders. On one hand, sectional bitterness was real and they faced discrimination as supporters of the Confederacy. But unlike many others, the brothers had marketable skills: the family had been successful at farming and ran part of the postal service before the war.
Finally, even the question of a family connection is subject to debate.
Dreat Younger said he wanted proof positive of his descent from the immediate family of Cole Younger. Of people who would causally tie themselves to historical personages, the Arkansas resident said, "They say it's right. That doesn't make it legal, but they say it's right."
Dreat isn't given to undocumented claims. "My connection is subject to change without notice," he said.

(Work Boycott?) Idles Protesting M.U. Employees-Columbia Missourian, 8-5-81, by David Marcou and Paul Nowell.
Several hundred of the University's lowest-paid employees picketed work sites, protested in Jefferson City or stayed home Tuesday in the first concrete action by Columbia campus workers against Gov. Christopher S. Bond's budget cuts that denied them a pay raise.
University administrators estimated that the "day of concern" called by Public Service Employees Local No. 45 resulted in 300 to 500 absences among the 1,100 laborers the union represents. Many of the protesters took a day of vacation time; those who didn't will be docked a day's pay.
The union protested the loss of an expected 5 per cent pay increase. The loss was caused by Bond's 10 percent budget reduction.
The business of the University went on uninterrupted, said spokesman Tom Shrout, despite the walkout and the presence of a few pickets at the hospital and physical plant.
Some departments, however, had to reduce services.
Half the morning maintenance crew stayed off the job, leaving work on buildings and grounds delayed or not done. And, among craft workers, 80 to 90 percent were out, according to Ria Fritjers, vice chancellor for administrative services.
Union business manager Mitchell Bennett said the purpose of the protest was not to disrupt the University so much as to signal the governor that state higher education employees deserve cost-of-living increases as much as workers in the private sector.
Bennett cited Bond's acceptance of a $17,500 raise this year as evidence of the governor's bad faith in dealing with the state's fiscal crisis. And Bennett said the Legislature's failure to pass a sales tax increase to better finance education was a sign of apathy in Jefferson City toward the plight of lower-income workers.
He contrasted the attitude of University administrators to the governor's: "I think they are making a sincere effort to give us an increase, while he is putting more emphasis on himself," he said.
Ms. Fritjers sympathized, agreeing that the workers not well paid.
"We understand the frustrations of the workers, but they're not the only ones," she said. No wage increase has been provided for University faculty, either, for the 1981-82 year.
"It's an across-the-board kind of thing," Shrout said. The protesting workers "are just being more vocal."
One union member put his views succinctly: "Morale on campus is shot to hell," he said.
Another member, Allie Femmueler, criticized the campus beautification project now under way. "For hard times, it's certainly ridiculous."
Recently, he applied for an off-campus job after 19 years with the University. "I think it's a damn shame that after almost 20 years I had to think about working somewhere else," the refrigeration worker said.
In Jefferson City, Gov. Bond answered the charge concerning his raise by saying he was obligated to accept the increase adopted during Joseph Teasdale's administration.
"In 1977, the Legislature established new salaries to take effect in 1978 and 1980," he said. "And it cannot be raised or lowered during the term of the current officeholder."
Bond added that donating the raise to the treasury "would not appease anyone or help the state's situation."
Pat Vanzant, a hospital shop steward and one of 25 picketers at the Capitol in the morning, said there was little chance the protest would change anyone's mind.
"But we can always hope," she added.

Tough Times: Aid Clampdown Hurts Students—Columbia Missourian, 8-21-81, by David (Joseph) Marcou.
John Esterly used to be in limbo, waiting for word about his financial aid package for the fall semester. Esterly stopped by the University's aids office Thursday and was informed he is no longer in limbo: no package, no aid.
"All I wanted was a job," said the first-year graduate student. / Esterly said the office denied him even work-study aid because he had missed an April 15 application deadline. He said he didn't think his June application for aid was his fault. / But the delay probably didn't make any difference. Of aid applications made this year, about 10 percent of the eligible students who applied on time won't get any assistance. Many more share Esterly's predicament—they applied late. Still others face the loss of grant money and the prospect of being forced to borrow money at high interest rates from private "lenders of last resort" if they want to stay in school.
Financial Aids Director George Brooks sympathizes with students like Esterly. But there's not much he can do. His office's aid package has been cut by $1 million—almost one-third of last year's funding.
"If we had the same funds that we had last year, we could do an adequate job," he said.
In 1980, the office offered more than $3.1 million in federal and state loans, grants and work-study funds. As a result of federal budget cuts this year, both loans and work-study funds have been sliced and financial aids will have to make do with about $2.2 million. Those totals don't include the federal Basic Educational Opportunity Grant, which will amount to about $2 million this semester.

State grants have not come under the same ax, but fewer students are getting them. The amount of money for the grants is about the same this year as last, but the standard allotment has been increased. Most Missouri residents who receive a state grant get one equal to the amount of tuition they must pay. Tuition this year for in-state undergraduates will be $510 per semester.

If students hope to get off-campus jobs to make ends meet, they may be in for a surprise. "I imagine there'll be a crunch in the job market, too," Brooks said. Last year, the university's locator service found jobs for more than 1,200 students. This year, the number of applicants may skyrocket.

And Brooks doesn't like the idea of playing the cold fist to students.

"If you come in for financial aid, and all I can say is 'you can go knocking on your dean's door and ask if there are any jobs,' well that's not the most satisfactory way of doing things," he said.

Brooks' office can at least help students get loans from private institutions. And students still have recourse to federally insured loans, for example, with 9 percent interest rates. "If students are unable to find a lender, usually a bank or savings association in their hometown, there's an excellent chance we'll be able to find lenders for them," Brooks said.

The university's cuts are part of a sweeping plan that has eliminated $100 million from the National Direct Student Loan program (NDSL). And the amount allocated this year by the government for work-study hasn't increased. That doesn't make Easterly... happy.

Easterly worked for three years when he was an undergraduate, and he doesn't want that burden while he's in an academic program that is even more competitive. "I want to do it right this time," he said. "I don't want to have to work full time and go to school full time too."

Although Basic Educational Opportunity Grants have not been increased this year, at least they are not in jeopardy. To Brooks, jeopardy is a question that shouldn't even have to be raised. "I've been here for 35 years," he said. "At one point, we finally were able to tell people of all races, and [of] all creeds and of all economic levels that if you can get the proper education, then you can do it. All of a sudden, we have to pull it all out from under them. And then to cut our funds by 30 percent in one year—it just doesn't make any sense."

A correction was printed soon after, stating state grants to undergraduates were not equal to that year's tuition; the grants were less. Also, the state grants were not administered by the Office of Financial Aids, but came directly from state government.--DvJM.


LONDON-- Erica Daborn is a talented young artist. That isn't always a problem, especially in Britain, where the government has long been a supporter of young artists. Unfortunately, this time it is a problem.

For one thing, the government here did not increase its allocation to the national arts council this year and has already cut it back for next.

For another, Daborn is a woman, which isn't exactly a plus when one is a painterly artist in Britain. Except for luminaries like Angelica Kaufman, an 18th century genre artist, or Levisa Teerling, who commanded higher fees as Henry VIII's portraitist than her famous rival Hans Holbein, British canvas has largely been male terrain.

Daborn is unusual, then, because she is one British woman who has not been diverted from the painting she so assiduously does.

Born in Winchester, the English cathedral town, this daughter of an art instructor was moved at an early age to a deep sense of her separateness as a human being. She was moved as well to the world of art.

At 16, when her father died, Daborn made a difficult choice. She bypassed advanced level high school and enrolled at her father's former college, The Winchester School of Art. There she was a quiet rebel. Concentrating on figurative forms rather than abstract styles, she preferred to paint what she perceived, with certain modification, directly in the world. (She later earned her MFA from the Royal College of Art, 5-2-19 update.)

The influences in her work are widespread. At a recent show, she acknowledged nuances of Stanley Spencer, the English mannerist, and Max Beckman, the German expressionist, in her work. In "Ceremony," a painting soon to be hung at London's Institute of Contemporary Art, the caricature technique of Ben Shahn is conspicuous.

Like many young artists, Daborn experiences doubts about her work. And some have labeled it negative and overtly Freudian. The artist, however, says her paintings reveal the world the way it appears to her.

That isn't to say that she is content with what gets into the paintings. "I'm in a dilemma," she admits, "and don't really know how I feel about feminism. But I'm compelled to explore my feelings."

That exploration has had value. Her latest work, "The Woman's Role," was centrally displayed at the National Museum of Wales in Cardiff before a recent show at London's Air Gallery. In the 14-foot X7-foot masterpiece, there is a performance of a ritualistic sacrifice. An eerie, white-masked visage appears on the brink of hideous demise, and as misbegotten fragments of womanhood array themselves about it, revelations and humor emerge. A beauty queen is unmasked and an old maid derided. At one corner, a little woman dries her eyes, and almost falls out of the frame. In the end, one is moved by the work as well as instructed by it.

The questions barely begin with "The Woman's Role," but at least in it there is a sense that Daborn is querying life on the brink of change.

That change is something Daborn has learned to live with. Today, she traverses the distance between three cities to paint: Cardiff, where she and her husband have their studio/printshop; Bristol, where she is a part-time instructor at a polytechnic institute; and London, where she displays her work from time to time. If all goes according to plan, she will be teaching and painting at Baltimore's Maryland Institute next year. At the moment, though, Daborn is applying for a bursary from the British Arts Council to continue her painting wherever she is. That grant depends on how the Thatcher government feels about the plight of young artists.

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But government austerity is only one of Daborn's concerns at present. She says her career hinges on the painting done this year. "It is a significant year," she says. "At 30, an artist has to begin to approach his or her promise."

If liberated thinking, a mature style and persistent effort count for anything at all, Erica Daborn is doing just that.--DvJM
Elephant Man’ was first making its rounds. As it turned out, the Elephant & Castle District of London has factored into DvJM’s later writings about Picture Post lead-photographer Bert Hardy, born in that district in 1913, who photographed it famously in the 1940s. Ms. Daborn’s paintings, incl. her Elephant Man image, were masterworks even then. She may have been focused to do great work inspired by her father early on, an art teacher, who passed before she achieved her greatest early works. A decade ago, Ms. Daborn contributed some of her art & a photo to one of the group books I directed-edited. At that time she was a teacher at the Boston Museum of Fine Art School, which became part of Tufts University in Dec. 2015.

**English Cardinal Meets IRA Relatives—Columbia Missourian, Autumn 1981, by David Joseph Marcou.**

LONDON—Voices were hushed in the chandelier-lit room of the house behind Westminster’s Catholic Cathedral. The group of petitioners that sat and stood around the oval conference table let the silence speak for them as they waited for his eminence to arrive. In the rustle of Sunday best, though, there was a sign of the struggles that had brought them as far as a cardinal’s home in a Protestant land.

They were fifty then—all sisters and brothers, fathers and mothers of the prisoners being held in the Maze. From Derry and Belfast they had come—with their five famous demands—to press for changes in the way their men were held.

He came in—a silver-haired, suave-seeming figure of presence and height. Basil Hume was plainly dressed in black soutane with no covering for his head. In resonant, practiced tones he set an agenda and began:

“I was invited by you to address your delegation while you are in London. Indeed, it is only your invitation that prompts me to speak at all to you, since you have your own bishops at home to whom you will rightly refer.”

The cardinal spoke of the anxiety and anguish that consumes Northern Ireland today. He said that he was moved by each death he read of; that death is death for all men; that a name in the news one day becomes the forgotten death the next.

Gently, he reminded the gathering that the Provisional IRA—whom they supported—had inflicted sorrow as well as suffered it. He said that every death represented a cherished relative—“a son or a daughter, a husband or wife, a father or mother.” And then he paused.

“You are here to support your loved ones and that is natural and understandable.

“But I beg you to open your hearts and your minds and realize that the bloodshed of the past decade has caused grief to many people like you.

“Many families in this country, as in Northern Ireland, Protestant as well as Catholic, today and as every day, are grieving and mourning for one who in life was greatly treasured.”

Now there was visible movement in the group. The cardinal concluded by asking them all to pray.

At once, one of the women headed for the door. She had a statement of her own to make: “If that is all your eminence has to say about these demands, then all I can say is—stick it.”

Another woman followed by refusing the invitation to pray. Fifty relatives rose then as a body. A surprised cardinal made no motion to call them back. Someone asked if there might still be some discussion of the demands. There was nothing more to discuss, his eminence said.

“I knew after the first five or six lines that he wasn’t saying anything,” said one of the women afterward as they stood in the piazza.

To the relatives that day, change was a simple thing. To a cardinal by his church, it had been more complicated. In this encounter of encounters, there was little room left for a meeting of minds. Inmates of the Maze Prison of Northern Ireland were so “fed up” with bad conditions and treatment, they embarked on hunger strikes. About the time my story was published, Bobby Sands died from hunger there, a very famous victim. After Prof. Ernie Morgan’s nice note to me to say this was a good story, my London colleague Dan Higgins said so too; he passed in the 1980s from AIDS. May John H. Whale, who first edited this story, his wife Judy, Dan, & Ernie, rest in peace!!


LONDON—Fans had waited patiently for more than an hour for the miracle quintet led by Archie Shepp. But the rough channel crossing set back everyone but the lead, who had come to town early and avoided the ungodly hovercraft. The organizers of Camden’s Jazz Festival could draw up blueprints for plans, but they couldn’t schedule the weather.

Downstairs, a caravan of visitors and scribes commanded audiences with the king of tenor sax. An independent television crew was a sleek marauder, trying to slate an evening of total coverage. A member of the theatre staff looked anxious as she carried huge bowls of food to the group and Shepp. A middle-aged man took advantage of the chaos to slip quietly into the main dressing room and emerge with the clap of an autograph album. “Made it,” he exclaimed and went off by himself.

A dapper man in a gray, three-piece pin-stripe cruised the halls. He barely inspired a second glance. Clarlie McGhee seemed more like a business agent than a tried-and-true musician. For the moment, he appeared more concerned with the harmonies of the event than the musical demands at hand. Looks were deceiving. When Shepp passed out of the dressing lair, McGhee was beside him, ready for conquest. When the fireworks hit the stage, there was no mistaking the man from Mississippi’s instrumental wit.

Charlie McGhee’s style is comprehensive, and he knows how to blow a B-flat horn. Although his sulphurous-sagacious strains are not the stuff from which great themes arise, they make for a talent that has McGhee among the best back-up trumpeters.

Behind the trumpet lies a man of some complexity. It is a complexity that makes him a representative figure: knowing and yet compassionate. This back-up man sees a good deal of the game.

McGhee likes to tell the story of how he was won over to show business. As a young man thinking about the distant future, he went to see Leontyne Price at work. He was moved, “When I saw her performance, in front of an audience, I knew there was something to that.”

Now that McGhee is able to claim a spotlight of his own, he cultivates it actively. His suave, button-down style indicates he has no intention of giving it up. His approach shows how far jazz has come toward respectability in the 1980s. Perhaps it also says something of his standing in a business where the proof of the pudding is in the playing.

What captured the fans most during his trumpet commentary was is perfect harmony with the lead. When Shepp found his form, B-flat applaud-ed it. At one point beneath a red banner with Afro-emblazoned shapes, McGhee seemed to acknowledge that something long waited for, had at last arrived. Near the end, he sang the night air with his haunting, reverberating sounds.
Afterward, in softer tones, McGhee talked of how he had wangled and wooed a learned jazz audience. "You mean the New York-Mississippi Style?" he countered with a smile. "It comes from being with people like Charlie Mingus, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Frank Foster and Roy Haines."

A self-confessed child of the '50s, McGhee has come a long way since the big band days and the road shows. He talks about New Orleans and some new action, but that will have to wait until the European tour is over. In any case, Charlie McGhee will go on being one mute trumpet worth waiting for.


LONDON—Rudi Christopher wants to drive trucks someday, and not just any trucks. He wants to drive semi-trailers, dump-trucks, even buses if you please. Whether he ever will, of course, time will tell. But if the size of a young man's ideas has anything to do with success, then Rudi is at least headed in the right direction. Besides, after spending three months in Canada last year, Rudi considers himself an unofficial Canadian; and, as he says, everybody knows "Canadians don't think of distance, do they?" The trip to Edmonton meant a lot to Rudi. It was part of an exchange program between another school for the disabled and his own—Lord Mayor Treloar College at Alton, a country town fifty miles southwest of London. He acquired friends, confidence and a destination. In fact, until he met a trucker's family during his stay there, Rudi had been mainly "mucking about." Not that he was totally uninspired before.

An average student in school, he has always loved the outdoors and is an exceptional athlete. In the past year, however, Rudi has come into his own. Despite a severe case of spina bifida—a congenital disease in which the spinal cord is separated from its column, often resulting in paralysis and incontinence—he won the 100-yard dash at the National Paralympics in his wheelchair. And recently he bench-pressed 300 pounds, no mean accomplishment at age 17.

In spite of his success, Rudi seems aware of his limitations. Shy in groups, he makes his presence felt without bold demonstrations. The school's headmistress says she wishes she had more students like him. His housemaster says Rudi is not only positive-minded, but ready for the drastic change ahead when he leaves Treloar next year. "Rudi won't sit back and let things happen," says Thomas Potter. He adds that right now Rudi is cheerful, happy and ready for hard work.

What that attitude can do in a world peculiarly unfit for the disabled remains to be seen. There are few enough jobs in Britain for anyone at the moment. And apparently, government policy won't improve the lot of "have-nots" soon. Last month, Jack Ashley, an MP from Rudi's hometown of Stoke-on-Trent, blasted the current regime for cuts in services, incomes and pensions for the disabled.

One controversial scheme that has temporarily survived the cuts, while helping people like Rudi, is the Youth Opportunities Program. Through it, Rudi could get basic training for work in horticultural, industrial and clerical fields and a minimum wage. Miss Helen Lones, career placement specialist at Treloar, suggests that if Rudi chooses that route, he is well-equipped for some forms of factory labor. She adds, however, that a career in trucking is unlikely for him.

So far, Rudi has done everything asked of him at Treloar. But the injunction to bring his horizons into line with present abilities doesn't suit Rudi. He says that factory work, or "bench engineering," would be OK. But on another alternative, he is adamant. "I am not going into an office," he says. Rudi's foster-father, Geoffrey Locke, appears to agree. He says he likes the idea of Rudi's taking driving lessons at Treloar. Still, Mr. Potter talks of problems in the marketplace. He adds that Rudi could drive customized vans and taxis if businesses would accommodate him.

Even in more abundant times, obstacles to the disabled are built into the system. For one, employment schemes worked out on their behalf have been inadequate. Although many clerical jobs are available, chances for advancement are slim there. Again, "sheltered" programs in private industry are at worst exactly that, and at best no long-term solution.

According to Miss Lones, job discrimination is another factor for Rudi to weigh. Aside from discriminatory hiring, the disabled continue to suffer on-the-job slights that make even attainable jobs unattractive. Miss Lones cites the example of a disabled man actually caged in the center of one factory, shut off completely "for his own protection." A more real problem rears its head when sheltered contracts run out and employers decide against the risk of taking on the disabled permanently. Rudi remains optimistic about his chances though, and anxious to get to work. "I'm not going to stay here until I'm 25," he says with some demonstration.

In anticipation of his departure, Rudi recently underwent Treloar's two-week survival training. The arrangement allows two older residents to live in a cottage adjacent to the main building and arrange their own meals and budget their own money. Simon Singlesby, Rudi's roommate, says the experience has been good mainly because it has made him think more realistically about the future. "I want to get on with my life," he says. Neither young man's prospects for finding work of some sort is totally bleak. Last year's placement was keen, with only nine percent of the graduates left unemployed. Those figures however don't reflect the constrained paths by which the disabled enter the marketplace. For instance, 43 percent of the group is now undergoing further education to get the vocational skills needed for longer-lasting jobs. Only 19 percent are in "unaided" employment.

One of Rudi's friends, a national marathon champion for the disabled, is already working for an insurance agency in London. John Norby's job requires little driving and continuous public contact. It is definitely far-removed from Rudi's long-distance dream. Still, if Rudi's plight reaches sympathetic ears, a minor miracle may await him. At the moment, none of last year's Treloar graduates have found sheltered jobs in industry. I met Rudi Christopher, a large Anglo-African youth, after he kayaked in a Thames Day'81 event, photographed him, & sent my Negs to Angus McDouggall of Mizzou J-School; Mac said later he never received them. Often, I've searched for locations of Rudi & my 1980 spina bifida subject, Patrick Clark. I've never found follow-up info on Patrick. Years ago, when Rudi would have been ca. 30 years old, I found info on a Brit who seemed the right Rudi. I e-mailed him, but he didn't respond. I've not found recent info on Rudi. He & Pat were both decent young men. I hope both are doing well these days, wherever they are. I photographed PBS News Hour's Judy Woodruff on 4-7-11 in Arlington, VA; Ms. Woodruff is the mother of a spina bifida adult. --DvJM
ing 500,000 pounds by 1984 to reconstruct itself and double its seating capacity. So far, support has come from many sources, including the arts council and notables like John Schlesinger, the film director; Lord and Lady Olivier; Irene Worth, the actress; and Angus Wilson, the novelist. Still, the future rides on a wing and a prayer. And even to pay for its first season, just ending, the theatre needs another 70,000 pounds.

Ambitions are great. Chris Naylor, the short, robust keeper of the coffeehouse bar, co-founder and Oxford graduate, says, “We hope to be a cultural melting pot,” for all of Britain. The idea is to draw in not only new British works, but foreign texts and companies as well. If theatre is failing in London—and according to Naylor it is—it’s because opportunities to produce advanced theatre here “are being wasted.”

Chances apparently aren’t being thrown away at the Almeida. Fifteen different productions, performed twice a day, filled the season. On one night, there was Chekov; on another, a crystal-clinging affair with Glass Orchestra; on still another, a prize-winning play by Bernard-Marie Koltes, the French prodigy. All contributed to a sense of promise.

On the surface, the Almeida doesn’t look the testing ground for world drama. In the compact, street-level bar, the scene at lunch-time is a panoply of improvisations. While skinny-limbed dancers in leggings devour salads, the stage manager plots rehearsal times, then ferrets tickets for an elderly man from a taped milk-case. In the background, middle-class types wind out their encounters Doonesbury-style to strains of B.B. King and Bob Marley. And up the street, the auditorium seems a sad survivor from an antique campaign.

When the artists take the stage, though, they know their business. In the case of the Koltes work, a stunning play needed translation. Pierre Rudi, the Almeida’s artistic director, wanted to produce it. He commissioned Peter Cox to translate, and with Trevor Laird in the lead, “Twilight: Zone” was a critical and financial success its first time out in English.

Commitment to the theatre and the community is not something new to Britain. “The spirit of the venue” has been tried successfully before here. But the Almeida’s broader aim of soliciting foreign work to sharpen the venue experience is fresh and different.

The whole movement of the Almeida is toward images that are original, yet moving. Chris Naylor becomes animated when he talks of waking audiences up to the emptiness of their lives. He suggests that social awareness will always be a form of political awakening. And he laments that “Britain has never had a revolution” [at least not on the main island, only a civil war or two].

The Almeida Theatre Company has not become the full-blown success it might someday be. But response so far has been favorable to this adventure in Islington. If the intensity of its fund-raising campaign matches the artistic vision of two of its founders, then it should have little to fear in the years ahead. As Chris Naylor has it: “Our motive is purely aesthetic. Once we start compromising that, we’ll give up.”

Bert Hardy’s First Photographic Coup for Picture Post, 1st Written by David Joseph Marcou in 1981-82.

SURREY, UK—Bert Hardy didn’t know what to expect on the night 41 years ago when he “souped” his film and prayed for rain. “I waited fifteen minutes,” he says, the usual development time: there was nothing. Another fifteen minutes: still nothing. After an hour, he began to wonder: “There were just the tiniest points of light,” he says. Hardy gave the film more time and crossed Blackfriar’s Bridge to his mother’s house for some tea and company. When he returned four hours later, images had emerged.

“They were Rembrandts,” he says unabashedly about the first photos he was commissioned to take for Picture Post, the British equivalent to Life mag, in 1940. “The contrast is what made them – the great darks and lights.”

Hardy had been assigned to photograph British preparations for German bombing attacks that year. He found himself in an underground air raid shelter with little light and no flash. The results speak for themselves. His photos of dark-veiled women and vulnerable children do indeed resemble Rembrandts; and whether he planned it that way, they were used by Life too and remain provocative images today.

The story is legendary, and Hardy cultivates the telling. But he knows his business has involved more than perseverance and good luck. A steady eye and quick feet haven’t hurt; the same goes for a charming, if restless spirit.

Just a short time after arriving at Picture Post, his courage paid off as he made a stunning pair of photos for the magazine. At the height of the blitz, ca. Jan. 1, 1941, Hardy took a picture of a man on a ladder battling fire high above the ground. He rushed up to the roof, and there he caught one of the most memorable news photos he’d ever take, of the same man close up. In that still, a silhouetted figure looms-looking the mad clown—it’s hand danging over what seems the burnt edge of the building. The background, rafters flame up and slant away, appearing to topple like skyscrapers. The photo has not aged; it yet reveals the tragedy of war.

Today, Bert Hardy reveres one photo more than many others: it earned him the first photographer credit at Picture Post. It is the climactic photo of his superb photo-essay “Fire-Fighters!”, published Feb. 1, 1941. The caption reads: “The man on the ladder. In clouse of smoke and steam, he fights the fire alone. All night long they have fought the fire. They have fought it in the streets streaming with water. They have fought it within buildings blazing like a furnace. Onto the flames they have poured a hundred thousand gallons, concentrated at collosal pressure. And still the fight goes on. From our rule of anonymity we except these pictures. They were taken by A. Hardy, one of our own cameramen.”(Bert’s full first name was Albert.)—Fine-tuned June 4-18, 2019 by DvJM, & published now in honor of Bert Hardy and his best Picture Post writer-mate, at least in wartime and perhaps beyond, James Cameron, and for the London Fire Brigades of WWII, very heroic in WWII during the German air-blitz of Britain, etc., & who provided the rope ladders used by US Army Rangers as they courageously scaled Point du Hoc on D-Day, June 6, 1944. Also published in honor of the Carlow, Ireland FD, esp. fire medic & friend Paul Curran, Mark Smith, a La Crosse fire-fighter, dive-and-rescue man, and good friend of mine many years, and finally the incredibly brave fire-fighters who perished in NYC on 9-11-01.

Visiting Opera Troupe ‘Didn’t Let Anyone Down’—La Crosse Tribune, 11-4-82, p. 13, by David Joseph Marcou.

The opera came to town Wednesday night, and all 425 sturdy souls who turned out at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse’s Toland Theater seemed buoyed by the prospect of inexpensive professional entertainment.

The Midwest Opera theater didn’t let anyone down.

From the start, there was a warm, informal atmosphere that the company, too, must have enjoyed.

An early arrival, a chirrupy women in her 60s, accosted one of the pianists for “The Barber of Seville” regarding the scope of musical accompaniment.

She needn’t have worried. By intermission nearly everyone was involved in the pure fun of the production.

It was truly a night at the opera.

In the finest populist tradition of the Rossini masterpiece, everybody seemed intent on sharing the successes of Figaro (played by Paul Kreider) and the young Count Almaviva (Dan Dressen).

The translators would have approved. What had at first seemed merely a slimmed-down version of the work grew into a full-blown success.

SEOUL—Making new friends is always an interesting proposition. From wondering if you’re hurting the other’s feelings to completely enjoying a good time together, the effort required can often pay dividends.

Such are the sentiments—indeed, the moving inspiration—of Finland’s first resident ambassador to South Korea, Juha Puromies. Dapper, solicitous and coolly energetic, Puromies likes being put in a daring position—drawing interest in Finland from an area of the world that has been too distant from the workings of government in his tiny, neutral nation. But Puromies has done courageous things before—like attending the University of Michigan’s graduate business school and serving as charge d’affaires in Pretoria.

Juha Puromies is no yes-man. He admits there are difficulties in relations with South Korea: government restriction of imports to South Korea is one. But he is positive in his assessment of what Finland and South Korea can do for each other. South Korea, for its part, is a relatively stable trading partner and can purchase much of the heavy industrial goods and furs that Finland has to sell. Finland, on the other hand, has tremendous know-how in the field of energy conservation and is fully prepared to transmit that know-how to the South Koreans.

The effort required to keep the two nations friends, then, should not be daunting. There are contacts going on all the time, according to Puromies, and the channels of communication are always kept open, especially in the case of Puromies. This is perfectly natural for Finns, with their free-market economy and neutral military stance.

As solicitous as Puromies himself is, however, in keeping the lines of communication open, there is another property of the man that can serve the two nations well. Delighted by a good question, he seeks to find answers that are direct and honest in their implications. Several times during his interview with Business Korea, Puromies would get up to find the document or the book that would best answer my question. And totally prepared with notes of his own, Puromies answered each query fully and to the best of his ability. Yes, the two nations can learn much from the techniques of men like Puromies.

But there was something more in the interview that struck this reporter—a sensitivity to the needs of others and a mind ready to put down all false rumors and faulty thinking. On the major stumbling block to relations between his country and South Korea, Puromies had this to say: “We know too little of each other.” That was enough to say, “There is very much we can learn from one another,” Puromies highlighted the point by speaking about the inability of the Korean people to learn foreign languages and the work of G.J. Ramstedt, a professor of linguistics and ambassador to Japan who authored a book on Korean grammar. Ramstedt’s work was the first such treatise by a Westerner, and the thought stuck in Puromies’ mind because Ramstedt was a Finn.

On prospective fields for development between South Korea and Finland, Puromies noted, “Energy is a very promising field.” But the career diplomat went on to say that its development “depends entirely on how the Koreans plan their energy program.” He added that moving equipment, harbor facilities, carriers, cranes, trucks and mining know-how are other commodities his nation can sell to South Korea.

Puromies seemed proud of his nation’s status when it came to talk of free trade. He added, though, “We [the Finnish people] are worried about nontariff barriers in the world.” He went on to say that the GATT should be adhered to even as it develops new policy to combat a nontariff-encrusted world market.

Finally, Puromies admitted Finland is a relatively small market for South Korea. But he urged South Koreans to think meaningfully about future relations with his nation. Finland, after all, is a progressive nation (first Western nation to give women the vote), and feelings of accord in things commercial cannot fail to make these two distant neighbors pull together come-what-may. There’s food for thought, too, in remembering that it was a Finn who first introduced the Korean grammar of Westerners outside of Korea, a Finn in the 20th century.

A Day in the Life of a Country Vet—Adams County (Wis.) Times/Friendship Reporter, 10-24-90, by David Joseph Marcou.

OXFORD, Wis. - J.A. ‘Doc’ Hines is not in an easy profession, but according to the chief practitioner at the Adams-Marquette Veterinary Service, it is at least “routine” most of the time. Hines did add, however, that a veterinarian’s routine is “interspersed with emergencies occasionally.”

Like the birthing of a calf or the surgery on a damaged pet. Those kinds of complications can call out a veterinarian in the early morning house. But, as Hines —Chairman of the Animal Welfare Committee for the Wisconsin Veterinary Medicine Association—also pointed out, these are the occurrences which make life “interesting.”

One Friday recently, this reporter traveled with the Doc on his morning rounds and found even the routine experiences interesting and educational. Mornings, J.A. Hines (the J. is for Jake) is out and about the countryside with his large-animal practice: afternoons, he is back at his clinic for small-animal surgery. He has been engaged in veterinary medicine more than 35 years, and in that time the Doc has served local farms and communities with dedication and ingenuity.

Doc Hines graduated from Ohio State University in 1953 with a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine degree. Although both he and his wife were born
and raised in northern Ohio, they decided to give central Wisconsin a try and have never regretted the decision to move here.

For more than 20 years, the Doc worked out of his home on the border between Adams and Marquette Counties. Then, as his practice grew, he engaged partners. Today, there are four veterinarians at the clinic: the Doc, son Steve Hines, Bruce Sims and Julie McGuin. The four share an easy rapport, and that fact that the Doc’s wife, Genevieve, does all his administrative work and book-keeping only adds to the “power” of the practice.

The Doc was involved with a dairy herd check in Columbia County at the Carl and Dave Leee farm on the day we met. There he performed tests on 13 prospective mothers and discovered the majority were pregnant. He injected those that were not with a shot to induce “heat” or ovulation.

He also performed an overall exam on one of the 13, a cow that had a “drooping ear”, as he termed it. After a thorough inspection and talk with Dave Leee, Carl’s son, Hines determined the best medicine was to just “wait and see.” He did not rule out a tumor or an abscess, but he did say that rabies was an unlikely culprit.

Afterward, the discussion with Dave covered everything from the quality of the boots the Doc wore to Dave’s musky fishing to the bill for the day. Back at the clinic, Hines advised a client about the neutering of dogs, then checked the afternoon’s schedule.

The man is constantly busy, but he seems to like life better that way. In addition to his practice, he serves as a director for the American Association of Bovine Practitioners, is active in the VFW, the Oxford Lions and the First Presbyterian Church, and was appointed by Gov. Tommy Thompson to the Wisconsin Examing Board for Veterinary Medicine. [Held later become its chairman.] His five children are equally active, with son Steve having graduated from the University of Pretoria in South Africa after serving as an agricultural missionary there.

In 1984, the Doc visited England where he met the noted veterinarian-author Albert White, better known by the pen-name James Herriott. Herriott wrote the book on which the BBC-TV series “All Creatures Great and Small” was based. The Doc said he admired that author’s “human” quality. For its part, Herriott’s series says something about men like Doc Hines—a “vet” with useful skills, a sense of humor and a good practice ro remark upon.—Four photos taken by DvM were originally published with this story.

New Diagnostic Tool Puts Hospital in Good Position for Vital Work—Adams County (Wis.) Times/Friendship Reporter, 10-24-90, by David Joseph Marcou, p. 9A.

Technological advances in the practice of medicine are occurring every day. Through an equipment-sharing program, Adams County Memorial Hospital is able to offer one of the most advanced technologies now available. It’s called MRI, which stands for Magnetic Resonance Imaging.

This diagnostic tool allows doctors to detect a range of diseases in their early stages, from brain tumors to multiple sclerosis. It’s painless to undergo, takes less than an hour, and involves no surgery. ACMH’s Gary Bisping, an x-ray technician for 25 years, said, “This is the best thing to come along in a long time.”

One of the reasons Bisping is so positive in discussing the system’s merits is its mobile capacity. ACMH just began renting a mobile unit from Shared Medical Services (SMS) in April. Two or three years ago that would have been unheard of in most smaller communities.

Today, the unit is transported to the hospital by semi-trailer twice monthly. Ron Kindscy and Don Payne, the SMS technicians operating the device last week, said, “We go as far north as Red Wing [Minn.] and as far south as Portage.” They added that they enjoy their work on the unit and feel they are contributing to the practice of medicine there. MRI has been called the most significant advance in medical imaging since the discovery of the x-ray. A non-surgical procedure, it allows physicians to observe the human body’s anatomical features in extraordinary detail. And its diagnostic potential has not even come close to being realized yet.

The test costs $925, and given the scope and reliability of its results—monitored by computer—that seems a small price to pay. Bisping only needed to add, “You get the answer to your question with MRI.”

Entering the diagnostic room, the patient is first asked to lie flat on a table designed to slide into the center of the magnet inside a circular machine. Once inside the device, a strong, but completely harmless magnetic field takes over. An MR image emerges when the body’s atoms are subjected to this field. Their reaction is measured by computer and represented by shades of gray.

Although the MR imager looks imposing, the procedure itself is relatively simple. One note of caution: The patient must remain completely still during the scan. Any movement will disrupt the test and distort the images.

The technique is not foolproof, but it is reliable enough to give hope to many doctors and their patients. As Bisping said recently, “We must be doing something right, because companies like SMS continue to invest in the process.”

Indeed, SMS and ACMH are both doing something right with MRI, and the results have begun to speak for themselves.

Double Book Review for Journalism Quarterly in Fall 1991 Issue, of Robert Kee’s The Picture Post Album, & Wm. Manchester’s In Our Time: The World As Seen by Magnum Photographers, by David Joseph Marcou.

It may have only been a coincidence that Williams Manchester’s In Our Time and Robert Kee’s The Picture Post Album were published the same year [1989, which was cited as the 150th anniversary year of the invention of photography]. Magnum, around the world, and Picture Post, at least in Britain, have had their share of favorable press – and well should this be the case. They both have contributed a great deal to the life of picture magazines, speaking for just one vehicle the photographers of these illustrious organizations have put to good use. While Picture Post is [no longer publishing], its photographers are still praised today as setting the stage [along with Life mag] for much of the best photojournalism to come in the 20th century. Indeed, Robert Capa, one of the [founders of] Magnum, made a name for himself originally with stories for Picture Post (e.g., with “This Is War!”), a sterling account from the Spanish Civil War and other magazines that tried hard to duplicate that British publication’s winsome format.

The connections do not end there. There were and are striking similarities between Magnum’s irrepressible style and Picture Post’s populist approach. Robert Kee’s caption gets to the point: “Picture Post [and to a large degree, Magnum] caught characters in a moment of their own...without imprisoning them within it.” In Picture Post’s case, one thinks of the work of Tim Gidal, Bert Hardy, and Kurt Hutton, who achieved such “natural” representations of reality despite a share of “laid-on” pictures. And if one looks closely at the work of Magnum’s photographers throughout In Our Time, one sees a similar approach—from Henri Cariter-Bresson’s eye-catching picture of two men looking through a hole in a wall to Susan Meiselas’s view of carnival strippers in Vermont. There is, after all, a tale of “consent” in most of the pictures that allows the photographers to be there in the first place to record, with dexterity and ingenuity, the moment that has been decided upon, to turn around the [famous “decisive moment”] phrase of

Although *The Land and People of Korea* is a book meant for teenage readers, adults too should take heart from this history of Korea dedicated to the people of the Korean peninsula. In the spirit of unity that resonates throughout the better part of its 216 pages, S.E. Solberg, an Asia expert and holder of a doctorate in comparative literature, begins this work with a beautiful quotation from Yuktan, Ch'oe Nam-sun: “The air that has cooled the people's brows from the beginning of time is the wind from Paektu Mountain. Everything that is cultivated, planted, harvested, or milled is the product of the soil of Paektu Mountain… Paektu Mountain and us, we are of a single origin, not two.” This symbol of one people, one history—Paektu Mountain—is part of the North Korean landscape today. And, needless to say, that is why so many Koreans long for a unified Korea once again.

Korea has a mixed history of unity and divisiveness—but the divisions of the past have been as much the result of outside influences as any “inter-necine” strife among the Korean people. Today, though, it does appear that historic inter-regional strife plays a significant role in the politics of South Korea. The southeastern people of that nation (centered around Kyongju) have long been associated with more conservative political ideals, while the southwestern people (centered around Kwangju) have been more liberal politically. This is not to say that there have not been periods of political cohesiveness and cultural renaissance in Korea; there have been, on many occasions.

One of the great flowerings of culture and enlightenment that Solberg highlights occurred during the reign of the fourth Yi king, Sejong. King Sejong ruled Korea from 1419 to 1450 and during this time, there was one of the greatest realizations of unity on the peninsula in all of Korean history. Solberg narrates the effects: “Stabilization of the country had given scholars more freedom from the duties of government and more time to study. King Sejong brought the best minds of the country together. During his rule, rain gauges were invented and systematic records of rainfall were kept; an astronomical office was established that developed many new devices and kept records of eclipses and other related phenomena; a careful geographical survey of the peninsula was made. But perhaps the most dramatic of all was the creation of an alphabet for the writing of Korean.” The rule of Sejong was not marred by invasions from without or inter-party strife from within, and Koreans experienced much peace of mind in their homes and places of business during this time.

Solberg goes on to highlight other aspects of Korean culture that Westerners should know more about—including the Buddhist, Confucian, Shamanist, Taoist, and eventually, Christians manifestations of independent Korean thought and tradition. Overlooked by many in the United States as a force for good in Korea and highlighted by Solberg is Confucian thought on the peninsula—that is still debated actively today in that nation and which amounts to something more than the “die-hard” attitudes some Westerners see as drawbacks to reforms in Korea today. Solberg points out the influence of the great neo-Confucianists, T'oege and Yulgo, from the 16th century. The author also makes clear that the Choson dynasty expressed neo-Confucianism more gloriously than any other philosophy of its time. He notes that the Confucian presence in today's Korea is the direct result of its reaching the “furthest corners of Korean society” during that last monarchy in Korea.

It is noteworthy that Solberg goes into detail to discuss the periods in recent Korean history when rebellions marked the tenor of the times, including the Tonghak Rebellion of 1894 (in which China and Japan were involved) and the March First Independence movement of 1919 during the Japanese colonization of Korea. In a suggestion of things to come, Solberg also charts “The Concessions Game” from 1883-1898, during which time, [sadly] more and more economic and geographical rights were given away to Western and other Asian powers. Included here is the 1885 signing over of rights to China to string telegraph lines from Inch'on to Uiju. It was not only the United States and European powers who were becoming more interested in Korea at the end of the 19th century, but old nemeses as well, like China, Russia—and Japan, most of all.

The contemporary history of Korea comes in for the most interesting analysis, however. Citing the reaction to the regimes of Park Chung-Hee and Chun Doo-Hwan as well as the freely elected presidency of Roh Tae-Woo, Solberg titles one section, “President by Decree”. And many other interesting facts come out here, including the mention that President Park's wife was assassinated in 1974 by a North Korean agent, as Park made a speech proposing new initiatives for reunification. Solberg gives short shrift to the “economic miracle phase” of South Korean development, however, and he calls the capital of North Korea, P'yongyang, an “antiseptic” place. To his credit, he does isolate the ruthlessness of the North Korean government toward the South and its allies in a section marked, simply “Violence.”

In a deft touch at the end, Solberg indicates again the sense of unity that still can harmonize the people of the peninsula. As he says: “But be it Uzbekistan, Siberia, or Los Angeles, Koreans remain Koreans (wherever they are).” And he closes by signalling to the reader the strength of the Korean people, wherever they may be: “The Korean people have always endured, often despite their leaders; they will continue to endure, looking forward to that day when their land will be whole again and their individual lives will also be that much fuller.” In an important sense, Solberg makes the readers of this book feel gratified in visiting *The Land and People of Korea*. More books like his should find their way into the marketplace of ideas.

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**LA CROSSE, Wis—** Many of the more then 300 people who crowded into Our Savior's Lutheran Church Tuesday to bid farewell to Angie Peterson fought back tears, saying they had to remain strong because Angie would want it that way.

Angie, a 17-year-old Logan High School junior, died Thursday after being struck in the neck by a discus during a track meet at Logan High School.

“We've got to keep going because Angie was strength,” said the girl's aunt, Rae Wagner of La Crosse. “She kept us all together.”
Sorrow mixed with disbelief marked the service. More than two dozen people gathered in the chapel of the La Crosse church to pay their last respects almost an hour before the service started.

Three members of the Logan High School girls track team and three members of the boys track team served as pallbearers.

An athlete practicing on the field at Logan High School threw the discus that struck Angie. Angie and other athletes were leaving the field area because a scheduled track meet had been postponed because of rain. The young man who made the throw said the 3-pound 9-ounce discus was slightly wet from rain and slipped from his grasp before he was ready to release it, veering towards the area where Angie was walking.

Angie died later at Lutheran Hospital in La Crosse.

During the eulogy, classmates and Angie's track coach, Tom Kammer, spoke only of Angie's active and full life. No mention was made of the tragic circumstances of her death. Michael Coon, a teammate on the track team, said: "Angie always seemed to know what she wanted. Angie's [training] plan was always one of great detail. She knew the time to peak, and she had a timetable."

The Rev. Vernon J. Rice, who delivered the funeral sermon, said there was no satisfying answer to Angie's death. "But we do know that God grieves with us," he said. Rice said Angie's abilities were "gifts from God."

Kammer shared some written comments of Angie's teammates, including one that illustrated her dedication: "She gave the shoes off her feet to a fellow competitor. She was that dedicated."

"She never quit at anything," said Scott Koebel, 18, a classmate and friend of Angie's.--Angie Peterson's death is the non-fictional basis for a semi-fictionalized play I wrote, "It Happens." Many details are changed in my play, including the sex of the victim & the school.


LA CROSSE, Wis.--James Frydenlund, 35, of Minneapolis, was found not guilty Thursday of the 1992 murders of is wife, her mother and her stepfather.

More than 150 people had jammed the third-floor courtroom in the La Crosse County Courthouse to hear the clerk's words "not guilty" three times. Frydenlund expressed no emotion, but his attorney, Earl Gray, was jubilant. Families of the victim wept openly.

"You want a jury that won't be swayed by passion or prejudice," Gray said. "Usually, you find the best part of our criminal justice system is the jury's.

After 72 hours of deliberations over two days, the predominantly youthful jury gave its verdict at 1:30p.m.

Gray went on to say that two sheriff's deputies involved with that part of the investigation were promoted shortly after they secured the hairs for state laboratory inspection.

The prosecution, meanwhile, led by La Crosse County District Attorney Scott Horne, rebutted Gray's charges, saying that the murders were in fact committed by the "religious addict" Frydenlund.

The prosecution's case, however, was based generally on circumstantial evidence.

The prosecution argued that his wife's expressed wish to get out of the marriage was Frydenlund's motive for killing her. Prosecutors also pointed to testimony that, shortly after her death, Frydenlund tried to collect on a large life insurance policy on her.

Other evidence questioned by the defense was the odometer reading on Frydenlund's car. There were about 400 unaccounted for miles between the time of a mechanic's report and the sheriff's confiscation report several days later. That mileage is roughly the round-trip distance between Minneapolis and the trailer park southeast of La Crosse where the murders were committed.

The defense also suggested...another family member might have committed the murders—Rocky Borck, Suzette Frydenlund's brother. Gray contended throughout the two-week trial that Borck could have killed the three people because he was upset with his mother, Celia Weibel, for refusing to give him money.

Borck testified that he had a $200-a-month marijuana habit at the time and was having financial problems, but denied any part in the slayings."


This memoir of the author's coming-of-age on Wisconsin dairy and sheep farms during the middle years of this century is first-rate autobiography and compelling social history. It also reveals a great deal about the dreams, hopes and fears of Americans who have lived in this region for the past 100 years.

Sara Hellerud De Luca's father, Henry Hellerud, never wanted to be a farmer and yet he accepted the life his father (a railroad man) and his in-laws (successful farmers themselves) suggested he take up. He spent 44 years farming before his retirement to a life of carpentry and travel (often with his wife, Helen). Helen Hellerud believed strongly in working hard for life's necessities and in keeping dairy cows, even though the animals repulsed her husband.

Although Sara needed to "escape" the farm when she was 18, she also knew that her parents were decent people; their dreams were America's
dreams. She realized that she needed to travel to understand better what “home” truly meant to her. If she didn’t put her beliefs in quite those terms when she was 18, she does… today, as a wife, mother and author who lives near Amery, Wis.

As Sara grew up in a family of five children, including her twin sister Susan, she laughed with family and friends, danced with her sister, fretted when her siblings got on her nerves or got more attention than she did.

After Sara married John Drury, who enlisted in the Air Force before she finished school, they [e]migrated to Australia. Good times were harder to come by Down Under, where she felt out of place. After her divorce in 1973, she brought her two sons home to Wisconsin, returning to work and looking for a sense of her own place. Then she married Michael De Luca, who understood the importance of “home.” The family moved to Polk County in 1984.

Family and friends contributed letters, journal entries, articles and songs that [Ms.] De Luca draws on, and it all adds up to a careful rendering of a family’s history.


During the last half of the 19th century, a group of men rose to power who are called “robber barons” (by those who believe these men amassed their wealth at the expense of other people) or “captains of industry” (by those who love unfettered capitalism). Their ranks included J.P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie and St. Paul’s own James J. Hill, subject of Michael Malone’s well-crafted new biography.

Like his fellow entrepreneurs, Hill’s power was based on his intellect, ambition, and business acumen.

[Hill] was born in 1838 in Ontario, Canada, and just before the onset of the Civil War, he moved to St. Paul, where he built his savings of $600 into a personal fortune of more than $52 million. Along the way, he contributed to the growth of transportation, agriculture, mining, logging and construction. Amtrak named a passenger train after him (the Empire Builder), and his imposing mansion on Summit Avenue and the Hill Reference Library are part of his legacy to St. Paul.

In 1878, James Hill was one of five partners who took over a small regional carrier, the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. His dreams were only beginning to be realized. He envisioned a transcontinental railroad that would connect all points in the United States with the West Coast, and from there link America to the Far East via ship.

It would take him and the railroad company he eventually created many years to see that dream realized, but by 1916, the year of Hill’s death, much of it was in operation, and the Great Northern Railway had led all others to that goal.

James J. Hill loved to read, and his search for knowledge resulted in the establishment of the reference library that bears his name. He shared his wealth with many private universities and other institutions, as well as the St. Paul Diocese of the Catholic Church. Today, the Northwest Area Foundation continues to distribute money from Hill’s fortune.


Carl Sandburg is quoted at the beginning of this illuminating book: “Lay me on an anvil, O God./ Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar;/ Let me pry loose old walls;/ Let me lift and loosen old foundations.”

Old foundations are indeed lifted and loosened in this collection of stories, poems and essays from North Country Anvil, a quintessentially political publication that ran from 1972 to 1989 on a shoestring and a prayer in the town of Millville, Minn.

Neither pro-Democratic nor pro-Republican, the Anvil had a heart. It argued for the “little man” and “little woman” in Midwestern life, helping people to do their jobs mercifully and to win the peace fairly.

The Anvil was founded by Jack Miller and his friends with almost no capital, and it carried on during some of the most trying times for American farmers and laborers since the Depression, touching the souls of many ordinary working people by tapping into populism, agrarianism, communalism and, finally, the radical Christianity of that period. It set forth a critique of post-industrial America that was anti-mechanistic enough to doubt the all-saving “graces” of the computer and the… role of nuclear technology.

“Ringing in the Wilderness”, a Minnesota Book Award nominee, shows why the Anvil was so important to subscribers. With an introduction by Paul Gruchow, the book is divided by topics (“Looking to the Radical Past,” “War and Peace,” “Alternative Lifestyles,” “From Communes to Co-Ops,” “The Crisis in Agriculture,” “Wounded Knee and After,” “Voice of Women,” “Listen to the Land.”)

During its lifetime, the Anvil published work by writers of stature, including Robert Bly and the late Tom McGrath, and by authors who went on to publish novels or poetry collections: Emilio De Grazia, Linda Hasselstrom, Mark Vinz, Kevin FitzPatrick, Joe Paddock, Gerald Vizenor, Florence Dacey, Richard Broderick, Cary Waterman, Bart Sutter, Freya Manfred.

“Ringing” is beautifully edited and decently illustrated with sketches and photos. The tone is not too preachy, and the final days of the Anvil are “rechoreographed” well.


This highly stimulating read is the 13th mystery novel by Emerson—an energetic man who fights fires with the Seattle Fire Department, cranks out 1,500 words a day as an award-winning mystery writer, and goes in-line skating, cross-country skiing or for 30-mile bike rides to relax.

Emerson’s protagonist (central to nine of his mystery novels, including this one) is just as determined and fit. Thomas Black, an ex-cop turned Seattle sleuth, has a good sense of humor as well as a keen eye for detail and a resolute devotion to justice. He is married to the supportive, talented and sexy lawyer Kathy Birchfield. Together they take on Elmer “Snake” Sleazak as a client after one of Elmer’s girlfriends is murdered in his apartment.

The story revolves around the efforts of these three (Elmer, an old detective friend, is out on bail), plus police detective Arnold Haldeman, to determine who the real murderer is. Elmer thinks he has been sleeping with alien breeders, which makes the case not only bizarre but more difficult to
solve, and additional murders further confuse matters.

[But] the author has a splendid ability to spin a complicated web of recollected, fateful threads and then tie them all together into a precise, persuasive pattern in the end. The million-dollar tattoo, a key symbol that appears on more than one character, reveals the lengths to which greed can seduce powerful and not-so-powerful people. Throw in a half-blind landlady (a Marilyn Monroe fan) who stuffs her bra with Kleenex and you have the stuff of great tragicomedy.


Mary Robinson has said that when she first ran for the Irish Senate, the Seanad Eireann, in 1969 at age 25, "I was not at all sure that I would do well. I had three disadvantages: I was young, I was a woman and I was a Catholic." In fact, those became three of the strongest factors in the political success of the now-former Irish president, who is currently the U.N. High Commissioner for Human Rights.

In 1969, Robinson was Mary Bourke, just returned from a fellowship year at Harvard Law School, and just named Reid Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law at Trinity College, Dublin. Despite its high academic standards, Trinity had long been anathema to Catholics due to its Anglo-Protestant traditions.

But the Bourke family tested the Trinity waters for other Catholics. Mary’s father, Dr. Aubrey Bourke, the descendant of landed aristocracy, sent four sons to school there and when it was Mary’s turn, after her early church schooling and a year in France, he decided Trinity was “just [what] the doctor ordered.” Mary excelled in college and went on to her American fellowship, her professorship, and an unprecedented political career, especially for a woman.

Robinson’s much-acclaimed human rights work (she has been compared to Mother Teresa and Audrey Hepburn), her peace-seeking visit to West Belfast in 1993, her cordial ties with the British government, and even her avowed socialism have won her many friends. She also has her detractors, among the Irish Catholic community in particular.

Married to a Protestant who once planned a career as a cartoonist, Nicholas Robinson’s wife still has a good public image. Her supporters say this attractive, courageous, yet somewhat shy mother of three children all keep her campaign promises, though even the Irish presidency is a more-or-less figurehead post. Author Siggins rightly claims she made it into a bully pulpit, for good and for worse.

Mrs. Robinson’s promotion of social welfare issues has endeared her to many, then, even in the Irish Catholic Church. She did become more sympathetic to the work of nuns and priests during her presidency, despite her early super-respect (read: aversion to) nuns. Her great-aunt, Mother Aquinas, was provincial for the Sisters of Jesus and Mary in County Mayo, Robinson’s home county, and the two created a real rapport later on.

To be sure, Mary Robinson began a revolution all across Ireland—from Dublin’s Phoenix Park…presidential residence. She gave Irish women a strong voice in the circles of power, a strong voice…they never had before. And yet, the extremism of some of her views—especially her “liberal” stands on abortion, homosexuality, and divorce—will test the mettle of the Irish Catholic church… years to come.

My Two Korean Sojourns, 1st Written in 2009 & Published in Somewhat Different Form by OrientalTales.com on 10-12-09.

In summer 1984, after graduating the Missouri Journalism School, I was invited to work as chief copy editor for Yonhap News Agency’s International Desk in Seoul. I arrived that August and spent nine months there during my first Korean sojourn. I’d been invited to go to Korea by my Korean friends at Mizzou and by my contact with the great British photojournalist Bert Hardy in 1981, when I photographed him and his dogs for the National Portrait Gallery in London. Mr. Hardy and writing-partner James Cameron had covered the Korean War superbly for Britain’s ‘Picture Post’ Magazine.

Although I was a professional wordsmith for Yonhap, I took photos whenever I could, including people on the streets, famous Koreans, still-lives, and Mother Teresa. People on the street were mainly open to being photographed, and I even made some close-up portraits there with a wide-angle lens. I’ve always felt comfortable doing street photos, but I also like photographing in many other situations. I generally don’t direct people to do much for my photos, but rather respond to natural situations, which is why I’ve never much liked studio-photography, and much prefer informal portraits and street scenes.

In January 1985, I photographed four people worth noting: Ms. Kim Young-Im, a photographer herself; Ms. Oh, a coffee shop waitress; Ms. Oh Hye-Yong, a cancer-survivor/playwright; and Mother Teresa. Other famous people I photographed around that time included Korea’s first female jurist—Lee Tae-Young. I’d already held a one-person photo-show in December 1984, at Han Madang Gallery, which was well-attended, including by AP Seoul Bureau chief Edwin Q. White, soon-to-be Yonhap President Hyun So-Whan, and my friend and Yonhap colleague, David Johns, who’d also graduated from Mizzou. I had some decent Korean friends at Yonhap, too, including Mr. Yi Do-Sun, my early guide.

In May 1985, I headed back to the States, to renew my prospects and write some poetry. I worked at the local historical society a couple months, before deciding to return to Seoul. A photo I’d taken had been used as the artist-portrait in Ms. Kim’s brochure for her show at Pine Hill Gallery in Seoul. Mr. Kim Kyong-Hae’s ‘Business Korea’ magazine helped sponsor it. I asked Ms. Kim to give me his address (Mr. Kim and I had met over lunch before I left Seoul the first time), and when I contacted Mr. Kim, he said he could offer me two part-time jobs. I’d work for his magazine and for the Korea Trade Promotion Corporation.

In February 1986, I returned to Seoul. Immediately, I began work on the stories I’d write for Mr. Kim’s magazine. It was a very busy time, and thankfully I was not asked to write quite so much copy following months. Then, too, there was my KOTRA job, nine hours a week where I edited English-language catalog copy, wrote speeches (beyond my own, I’ve written only two I remember much about – the first for my sister Mary’s valedictory address at Logan High School in 1981 La Crosse; the other for Cho Soon-Sung, my Korean-American Mizzou-professor’s commencement address for the University of Alabama, though I don’t know if he used it; Prof. Cho, David Johns, and I shared the free Yonhap editors’ apartment in 1984-85) and letters, and did some other tasks too.

Also, with Mr. Kim’s help, I published my first book, a collection of my black-and-white photos printed by Grove Hardy Ltd., London. My book
'Calling America' was one I gave to friends in Seoul and to a couple libraries, too. The Museum of Modern Art Library in New York City still owns a copy. Along the way, I was also asked to write stories for Korean Air’s in-flight magazine, 'Morning Calm,' and did about six reports for it, including an interview article with the father of video art Mr. Nam June-Paik; and a five-day coverage of The Philippines in summer 1986. Mrs. Aquino had recently become President there, and good-feeling was in the air, though many people were still poor, and the night we arrived, there was a huge typhoon just finished up that made us take a circuitous car-ride to our Holiday Inn in Manila to avoid flooding. I interviewed and photographed people during the five days, which included a tour of the region south of Manila. 'Morning Calm' had me travel with its own photographer and editor, as well as Philippine tourism officials.

During my second Korean sojourn, I dated some Korean women, including an Ewha University alum—Jinny Kwak was the name she responded to. It didn't look like we'd be getting married after six months, so I began dating another woman, who'd become my wife. I picked up added side-jobs in Seoul, and by November 1986, I joined the 'Korean-Europe Economic Report' and left 'Business Korea.' I'd met Edward Kim, the former 'National Geographic' photographer, who edited 'Seoul' Magazine then. Ca. March 1987, we talked about my working for him, but he could promise little—i.e., the off-chance I could do a little part-time work for him. I'd have liked to have taken him up on it, because Seoul would have been a good place to be in 1988 during the Summer Olympics. However, Mr. Kim was lukewarm, and so was I, because my son was about to be born and I felt my wife and I should move to Wisconsin, where we could get support from my family and excellent medical care in my hometown.

Two months before we departed for Wisconsin, I held a one-person show at Pine Hill Gallery, and also saw some of my work published in 'Design' Magazine. My first one-person show in 1984 had been covered by the 'Korean Times' and 'Segye' magazine; my second in early 1987 was covered by 'Dong-A Ilbo.' The biggest media event I took part in though, was not a photo-show or even a student-demonstration, of which there were many, but occurred during my first Korean sojourn—Mother Teresa's visit to her convent at Anyang, apparently no longer a convent now. My AFP friend, Mr. Pak, his photographer, Mr. Im, my friend Ms. Kim, and I were driven by AFP to the convent for a personal interview Sun., January 27, 1985, and I met and made close-up portraits of the Nobel Laureate and future saint. (Four years later, I'd send her a note wishing her better health; she replied to me then and in at least 17 more letters too, before she died.)

A drove of reporters and camermen showed up right after our interview, and en masse we covered Mother Teresa the next three hours or so, including when she jumped into a yellow VW and drove around the driveway (that BW picture by me was later lost). It was a snow-covered day, though I don't recall us having to drive through the storm, which occurred a day or two before, I believe.

We soon drove back to the AFP office in Seoul (about one hour's drive), where Mr. Kim processed all our BW films. We found one of my images very dramatic from the start, my photo of Mother Teresa smiling broadly in profile as she's queried by Mr. Pak (off-camera). Mr. Pak's list of questions is on table to her right. I had one roll of color film processed elsewhere, but it was lost at some point, or stolen.

In coming days and weeks, I realized I'd taken many great photos of Mother Teresa then; some have been published—in newspapers, magazines, and books, plus at least one greeting card. I've also written of that adventure often. About two years later, in April 1987, my wife's visa was approved, and we flew back to Wisconsin via United through Chicago. Our son, Matthew Ambrose Marcou, was born September 23, 1987. My two Korean sojourns made it possible for Matthew to be born; I'll never regret having returned to Seoul for that second sojourn, and I hope my family never regrets it either.

**Challenger and Nurturer: Wisconsin Civil Rights Pioneer James Cameron (1914-2006), 1st Written By David Joseph Marcou in 2009 & Published Then by the La Crosse History Unbound Website of the La Crosse Public Library.**

Wisconsin has long been a place of both challenge and nurture, and a diversity of peoples has settled in this state. African Americans, to name one group, have found the Badger State to be sometimes difficult, but also sublime—from runaway slave Joshua Glover, whose case was taken up by the U.S. Supreme Court; to former Wisconsin Secretary of State Vel Phillips, the first black constitutional officer in this state; to NFL Hall of Famer and Christian Minister Reggie White, who helped lead the Green Bay Packers to an NFL championship, the list of key figures is impressive. Wisconsinites of all colors and backgrounds have taken on those twin characteristics themselves, becoming both challengers and nurturers.

In western Wisconsin, La Crosse for most of its history has had a modest African American population, but two among that group achieved national prominence early on. In politics, George Edwin Taylor published his Wisconsin Labor Advocate there, and became the first African American party candidate for U.S. president, in 1904. In athletics, George Coleman Poage graduated from La Crosse High School and UW-Madison, and became the first African American Olympic medalist, also in 1904, in two hurdles events. However, it has just been since the death of James Herbert Cameron Jr. in June 2006 that people began to realize the longtime Milwaukee civil rights leader was born in La Crosse, and thus was a native-born Wisconsin.

It has become clear through much research that James Cameron Jr.'s family history began in this state considerably before his birth. His paternal grandfather was Blake Cameron, a stone mason, who lived in Sparta, in Monroe County, from the end of the Civil War until his death in 1904. Blake and his wife, Amanda, had eight living children, from 12 born, including "Herbert," or James H. Cameron Sr. James Jr.'s maternal grandparents, Jerry and India Carter, lived in Indiana when their daughter Vera married Herbert. In 1910, the Herbert and Vera Camerons lived in Champaign, Illinois, where Herbert's mother had relocated after Blake's death. Herbert and Vera moved to La Crosse by 1913, perhaps due to the proximity of siblings in nearby Sparta, and the strong African American barbering businesses in the city, during the relative zenith of the early African American population in La Crosse. In various documents, James Sr.'s occupation was given as porter or barber at La Crosse's grand Stoddard Hotel. Pioneers in early La Crosse included the pre-Civil War, free-black Moss Family, some of whom worked as barbers, who assisted other blacks in migrating there. Herbert worked as a barber with a John Moss in Champaign; and John may have been related to the La Crosse Mosses. Even after most black families had left La Crosse by the 1920s, Orby Moss and his family still ran a barbershop one block away from young Cameron's birth place, on Mill Street. La Crosse's early logging-driven economy had become more service-oriented by 1910. By February 1914, James Sr., his wife Vera, and daughter Marie lived in a "rambling shack" on the 400 block of Mill Street, now Copeland Avenue. Mill Street was adjacent to railroad lines that brought in people who needed barbering and other personal caretaking, which is one reason why the Mosses located so close to the northside train depot, and given the possibility of a key connection between the Mosses and the Camerons previously, why the Camerons lived but one block away from them. In any case, the temperature was 25 degrees below zero, and on February 25, 1914, James Jr. came into the world weighing 10 pounds, as Mrs. Marilyn Brown and Mrs. Ostrowski assisted Dr. John Callahan and Mrs. Cameron. Mrs. Brown, a white woman married to a black man, prepared breakfast. James Sr. wanted to help, and was asked to watch four-year-old Marie in the kitchen.

Time passed, and at 15 months of age, after bouts with pneumonia and whooping cough, James Jr. developed a bowel obstruction. Dr. Callahan
operated on him at St. Francis Hospital and saved his life in a tricky operation, given Cameron also had an inflamed appendix to be removed then. Cameron relates: "I had been the first Black baby ever admitted as a patient in the Saint Francis Hospital. Visitors who came to visit with their relatives and friends ended up past my room to visit me, too. A whole roomful of toys was accumulated from these people." Young Cameron may have been something of a patient-curiosity then, but visitors treated him and his family well.

Next, the young family moved to Marion, Indiana, then Alabama, then back to Marion. Along the way, Herbert and Vera separated, then divorced. By the time he was 16, James Jr. associated with a tough crowd. He was tempted to mischief on more than one occasion. Then, on the night of August 6, 1930, Tommy Shipp, Abe Smith, and Cameron robbed a white couple on Lover& Lane, Claude Deeter and Mary Ball. Deeter recognized one of the teens, probably Cameron, who used to shine his shoes. Deeter was shot, then clubbed in the head, and died soon after. Cameron claimed he fled when the gun came out, and heard shots blocks away. The three boys were arrested, and a throng broke into the Grant County Jail the next night, lynching Shipp and Smith. A white policeman, Charles Truex, saved Cameron, saying he'd been jailed for catching a free ride on a freight-train. Cameron was later found guilty in Deeter's death, and imprisoned for four years.

No one was convicted for the lynching; Cameron ever-after thought the Klan was behind it. Still, after four years of confinement and reflection, Cameron emerged from prison, reformed, "I was now a young man, 21 years of age, who had time to pick up the loose ends of his life and weave them into something beautiful, worthwhile, and God-like." Soon enough, he established four NAACP chapters and became Indiana's Civil Liberties Director, keen evidence of a salvaged life. But his family received death-threats, and Milwaukee offered work. After the family's move to Milwaukee, Cameron eventually opened a successful air-conditioning and refrigeration firm, and became Catholic, because he thought he'd heard the voice of the Virgin Mary the night he was saved from lynching. He provided for his family well, and they helped give him the certainty and freedom he needed.

In 1963, Cameron joined Martin Luther King Jr. for his nonviolent march on Washington, D.C., where King gave his famous "I Have a Dream" speech. Then, in 1967, Cameron joined Fr. James Groppi to protest housing segregation in Milwaukee; that year marked the start of the Civil Rights Movement in that city. In the Fr. Groppi papers at UW-Milwaukee's Library Archives, supportive as well as hateful letters and cards were sent to Groppi. One card showed a photo of Martin Luther King Jr., other blacks, and the white Groppi, and was captioned, "COMMIES". But the majority of Americans were becoming exposed to the idea that blacks might actually be equal to whites, in the eyes of God, and the law, as well.

Later, in 1979, Cameron and his wife, Virginia, visited Israel's Holocaust Museum, which reminded him of the struggles blacks had gone through in America. He told Cynthia Carr: "It shook me up... I said to my wife, 'Honey, we need a museum like that in America...'" Cameron's dream, America's Black Holocaust Museum, became reality. With $5,000 of his own money he opened the museum in 1988 on the second floor of Milwaukee's Black Muslim headquarters, then moved it to a storefront around the corner. And yet, he didn't have room to exhibit more than ten photos or to store many of his ten thousand books on civil rights. As Carr writes, "And to his utter frustration, he would go for days without a single person coming in."

He felt an especial responsibility, though, as the key surviving near-victim of a lynching, so Cameron persisted, and moved into an old gym at 2233 N. Fourth Street. Sponsors signed on, and his building was remodeled. Carr compared visits in 2003: "It was almost startling to remember how I found Cameron there in 1993, ensconced alone in one room stuffed with books and papers, while most of the space was just a big gym—all hoops, lockers, and ancient weightlifting equipment. That building was unrecognizable now. Glass doors opened into a lobby—administrative offices to the right, gift shop to the left. A small permanent exhibit on the Middle Passage led to the galleries." Depicted in the museum are six time periods: Before Captivity in Africa; Middle Passage; Slavery in the Americas; Reconstruction; Civil Rights; and Modern Injustices. School and corporate interests have visited often, and they've come away with clearer ideas about what racial struggles and racial harmony consist of.

Cameron fathered five decent children; but he also kept busy by visiting Indiana periodically to protest Klan rallies and push for the transfer of his museum to the Grant County Jail Building, where he'd once been an inmate. Marion had changed—with blacks in key leadership positions—including Grant County Sheriff Oatess Archey, the first black sheriff in Indiana. IU History Professor James H. Madison said, "Oatess Archey is very much aware of what James Cameron did for him—of what he did for justice and equality in America. James Cameron helped blacks like Oatess Archey come back in Marion." The KKK may have helped prompt the Marion lynching, as Cameron believed. And Cameron knew the Klan even had influence in Wisconsin, though nowhere nearly as much as in Indiana.

To be sure, James knew the struggle for civil rights would be a difficult one, no matter where he went in America. In 1993, Indiana Governor Evan Bayh granted Cameron a pardon in Deeter's death. Then, on June 13, 2005, the U.S. Congress apologized for not enacting anti-lynching laws earlier, another longtime goal of Cameron's. James Cameron received an Honorary Doctorate from UW-Milwaukee. He was also featured on many widely televised news programs and in the news media, including on the Oprah Winfrey Show, the BBC, and in Newsweek. He died June 11, 2006, and is buried at Milwaukee's Holy Cross Cemetery.

U. S. Congresswoman Gwen Moore, of Milwaukee, said upon his death: "Dr. Cameron endeavored to... build a foundation for real unity...The Black Holocaust Museum has helped both black AND white Americans....Dr. Cameron... taught us to be better, not bitter...He believed that if Americans learned the truth about the racist events in our history, then we would have a better chance to relegate racism to the past. Dr. Cameron exemplifies the imperative of the civil rights struggle: the call to listen to our humanity over and above our fear."

A somewhat rough, challenging start in life for James Cameron Jr., had helped turn his thinking around, and he became a beacon of hope and nurture not only for black Americans, but for Americans of every color in the rainbow. From his incarceration: "I realized I had reached and passed beyond the crisis between light and darkness, between good and evil... This knowledge obligated me as a human being to return that love and kindness to someone along the way of life who would need it. It would be proof to them that they are members of the human race, that they, too, belong in our world...." Both challenger and nurturer, Wisconsin's James Herbert Cameron Jr. made a name for himself and tolerant peoples, and all Americans, all World Citizens, should be grateful.

La Crosse's Spending Priorities Are Off, Published in April 2019 La Crosse Tribune, Written by David Joseph Marcou.

It's unfortunate so much business development is going into downtown La Crosse these days, leaving the city vulnerable in case there were the biggest flood here in 500 years or other disaster. Also, outlying businesses are closing or suffering big-time. In addition, regarding the Cass Street re-do from West Avenue to 7th Street, I've never seen a bigger foul-up than that with city streets. And essential services are threatened, too, because the city council continues to look for other, big-spending projects. I'd guess the current city fathers will be dead-and-gone by the time the piper is paid financially in La Crosse, but they're certainly making a ton of money now. Finally, is there any really good reason the La Crosse Center needs to be expanded so much? I'd prefer a repair and very modest expansion ($6 million to $10 million), not a $42 million-plus add-on. How do you "reduce our debts con-
After both men had thought about embarking on an expedition into today's Mississippi River Valley region, Joliet and Marquette came together. Jolliet also explored and mapped the Lake Superior regions, the area between the Saguenay River and Hudson Bay, and part of the Labrador coast. Louis Joliet, a pro mapmaker, drew his own maps of their expedition, from memory, post-expedition.

--Winter 1673-74: Joliet and Marquette separate at De Pere, WI, near GreenBay. Fr. Marquette stays on there to convert Native Americans.

--Summer 1700:

--1682:

--Summer 1700: Louis Joliet goes missing and is presumed drowned near Anticosti, the huge Canadian island Louis XIV had gifted to him earlier.

--1804-1806: Lewis and Clark are commissioned to & explore expanded Louisiana Territory sold by Napoleon to United States in 1803.

Author's Note 1: Louis Joliet's family name is spelled a couple ways here; I generally spell it "Joliet"; traditional French can be "Jolliet", too. Father (French "Pere") Marquette's Christian name "Jacques" in French, means "James" in English.

Author's Note 2: The Age of Discovery, or Age of Exploration, refers to the search for a simplified water route round the Earth; it began at outset of the 15th century and lasted until about start of 19th century. After Christopher Columbus landed in the Americas in 1492, and Ferdinand Magellan's crew circumnavigated the globe in 1519-1521, the direct-water route wasn't mapped accurately yet from the East Coast of North America to the Pacific Ocean. The first great expedition aiming at that was Louis Joliet-Fr. Jacques Marquette's Expedition of 1673. (Lewis and Clark's expedition of 1804-1806, with its team known since as the Corps of Discovery, attempted the same thing, but via the Missouri River, east to west, not the Mississippi, north to south. President Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana Territory made him curious as to what the territory was like between the US East and West Coasts.) A water-route had already been found from Eastern Canada to the Great Lakes, & the French government hoped Joliet and Marquette would prove the Mississippi River flowed directly to the Pacific Ocean. Since the Panama Canal wouldn't be built until the early 20th century, they hoped there was an easier way to find the Pacific than to sail around the far southern tip of South America.


Joliet, as in Louis Joliet, states the Canadian Encyclopedia, was "The first significant Canadian-born explorer[,] Louis Jolliet achieved international fame in his lifetime as the first non-Aboriginal person, together with Jacques Marquette [b. in France], to travel and map along the Mississippi River. Jolliet also explored and mapped the Lake Superior regions, the area between the Saguenay River and Hudson Bay, and part of the Labrador coast." After both men had thought about embarking on an expedition into today's Mississippi River Valley region, Joliet and Marquette came together. A
French-Canadian culture wanted to spread the influence of France and the Catholic Church to Native Americans, and though we have few of Joliet's
In addition to all the sights the duo saw, journaled, and charted along the Mississippi River as the first whites in those areas, what they heard was
Natives. Joliet moved northeasterly.
and eventually came close to today's Milwaukee and parted company at De Pere ca. Sept. 30, 1673, near Green Bay, where Fr. Marquette would convert
greater danger heading back than heading south on it, because they would have been longer on the river. Thus, they took a northeasterly short-cut,
enough to find their way back to the start. In fact, the Native Americans had been friendly-enough all along their journey, perhaps since the explorers
escorted to that lake, via the later-named Chicago Portage, by an Illinois chief (he may have been the same chief who gifted Joliet with his 10-year-old
Fr. Marquette's rough-sketch map shows Lac Des Illinois (Lake Michigan today); from the Indian village of Kaskasia, Jollet and Marquette were
received.

Joliet, then, “made it a reality”, as one historian wrote, and led the original North American Corps of Discovery, plunging deep into the central-inte-
rior of then-Native American-only lands in North America. Joliet was among the very first famous North America-born explorers of this continent's
interior. The French-Canadian wilderness-expert/entrepreneur and the French priest-missionary/journalist, beat the (later-termed US) Americans to the
punch!
The Discovery-Corps’ 7-man team (possibly including some of Joliet's commercial group) & soon-after-start two Indian guides, making nine in
canoes, departed St. Ignace (in Mich. now) May 17, 1673 and sailed to Green Bay. The team then portaged from Fox River to the Wisconsin River
on June 14, 1673, near present-day city Portage, Columbia Co., Wis. Joliet-Marquette were sent on behalf of the French King “to explore the terra
incognita west of the Fox River of Green Bay”, after France's Jean Nicolet had landed at Green Bay in 1634, leader of the first known non-Aboriginals
in Wisconsin. Louis Joliet had been at Sault-St-Marie in 1671 when French official Simon-Francois Daumont de Saint-Lusson and explorer-translator
Nicholas Perot claimed the western territories for French King Louis XIV.
Marquette wrote the choice of Joliet to lead the expedition was “not mistaken, for he is a young man born in this country, who possesses all the
qualities...desired for such an undertaking. He has experience and knows the languages spoken in the country of the Outaouescs[Ottawa; Marquette
knew some of the languages Joliet knew, but not those of the Ottawa], where he has passed several years. He possesses Tact and prudence,...the chief
qualities necessary for the success of a voyage as dangerous as it is difficult. Finally, he has the Courage to dread nothing when everything is to be
Fearsed. Consequently, he has fulfilled the expectations entertained for him...”
Their team traveled south after discovering the Upper Mississippi River at today's Prairie du Chien, Wis., on June 17, 1673, then canoed to the
Missouri River's mouth, which Joliet wrote: "was in full flood.... I never saw anything more terrific,... a tangle of entire trees from the mouth of the
Pekistanou [Missouri] with such impetuosity that one could not attempt to cross it without great danger. The commotion was such that the water was
made muddy by it and could not clear itself.” The team didn’t explore beyond that mouth, nor linger. Instead, they headed south on the Mississippi.
Southerly, they'd also passed today's Iowa (including the mouth of the Iowa River), Illinois, and to be sure, Missouri, seeing huge cat-fish, birds of new
types, fruits, grains, bison, prairie-lands, mountains, and tall trees, and soon met the Akamsea Indians of Arkansas, where they found a “calumet”
(peace-pipe) useful.
Marquette wrote: “In the evening, the elders held a secret council, in regard to the design entertained by some to break our heads and rob us; but the
Chief put a stop to all these plots. After sending for us, he danced the calumet... as a token of our entire safety; and, to relieve us of all fear, he made me
a present of it./ Monsieur Jolliet and I held another Council, to deliberate [for they knew they had 2-3 more days’ journey to the basin of the Gulf of
Mexico at the latitude of 31 degrees 60 minutes; they were then at 33 degrees 40 minutes; it seems Joliet was responsible for use of compass and sextant
then, as he' d be throughout his later life] whether we should push on, or remain content with the discovery which we had made. After... considering
that we were [not on course to reach the Pacific, and] that we exposed ourselves to the risk of losing the results of this voyage, of which we could give
no information if we proceeded to [br]ing ourselves into the hands of the Spaniards who, without doubt, would at least have detained us as captives...
we saw very plainly that we were not in a condition to resist Savages allied to the Europeans, who were numerous, and expert in firing guns, and who
continually infested the lower part of the river. Finally, we had obtained all the information that could be desired in regard to this discovery. All these
reasons induced us to decide upon Returning [north]:”
The team turned back at the Arkansas River’s mouth on July 16, 1673. While coming-going, Jollet and Marquette also became first non-Aboriginals
to travel/map along the Illinois River, Des Plaines River, and sites of future metropolises St. Louis and Chicago, camping nearby. While canoeing down
the Mississippi to begin, one account says an Illinois chief gave them a calumet later used with the Akamsea; Marquette's Journal states, though, they
took part in the calumet ceremony in today's Arkansas with a peace-pipe given them by the Akamsea chief, implying that was the first calumet they
received.
Fr. Marquette's rough-sketch map shows Lac Des Illinois (Lake Michigan today); from the Indian village of Kaskasia, Joliet and Marquette were
escorted to that lake, via the later-named Chicago Portage, by an Illinois chief (he may have been the same chief who gifted Joliet with his 10-year-old
son to be a servant to be educated; the boy perished soon in a rapidis accident though, with Joliet's papers and two men; Joliet said he himself was in
the water four hours, when some fishermen happened by to rescue him) and young braves, and were pleased to reach it, whence it seemed easy-
enough to find their way back to the start. In fact, the Native Americans had been friendly-enough all along their journey, perhaps since the explorers
had no warlike aims. They'd found canoeing much slower going north on the Mississippi though, against the current, theoretically putting them in
greater danger heading back than heading south on it, because they would have been longer on the river. Thus, they took a north-easterly short-cut,
and eventually came close to today's Milwaukee and parted company at De Pere ca. Sept. 30, 1673, near Green Bay, where Fr. Marquette would convert
Natives. Joliet moved north-easterly.
In addition to all the sights the duo saw, journaled, and charted along the Mississippi River as the first whites in those areas, what they heard was
equally important—i.e., about the Mississippi River's basin in “Louisiana”, which resulted nine years later in explorer Robert de la Salle's claiming
the Louisiana Territory as a French colony and naming it after Louis XIV. In a cultural side-note, though both secular and religious authorities in
French-Canadian culture wanted to spread the influence of France and the Catholic Church to Native Americans, and though we have few of Joliet's
writings, I don't recall reading the word “savages” in Joliet's official pronouncements, but Fr. Marquette and the Jesuits used that word fairly often. It
could be considered, even then, a pejorative word, though the idea of the “noble savage” (at least a bit positive) did develop among some people as time passed.

In winter 1673-74, Joliet stayed at Michillimackinac (today's Mackinac Island) or Sault-St.-Marie (sources vary), where he wrote and then copied his journal and maps. Homeward, Joliet's canoe soon capsized in perilous Lachine rapids near Montreal & his paperwork originals perished, along with two voyageurs and an Indian chief’s 10-year-old son (whom Joliet called “diligent,” “obedient,” “quick-witted”). He always considered his own surviving then a miracle; if he wouldn't have survived that capsizing, he wouldn't have fathered offspring. Perhaps suspicious, perhaps not, a fire in the Jesuit cabin he'd wintered in, apparently destroyed Joliet's copies. (When commenting later for the government, Joliet would write eloquently: “All these native peoples, fruits, birds, and animals occupy a country more beautiful than France.”--Letter from Louis Joliet 10-10-1674 to Msgr. De Laval.)

Meanwhile post-journey, Fr. Marquette developed dysentery and died May 19, 1675 at age 37 near today's Ludington, Mich. (His apparent later-found & dis-interred remains were re-buried at St. Ignace), but his journal—which would be published unedited and untranslated by Thevenot in 1681 at the behest of Fr. Dalbon, with a map credited to Marquette and engraved by Liebaux that's been questioned by scholars regarding the “Marquette Map Hoax Thesis” with little or no mention there of Joliet's possibly having influenced any map-creations; LJ was even better-trained in map-making than Marquette and likely contributed a lot to any rough-maps made by Marquette. Jesuits over time have idealized their explorer-priest, endowing him with almost super-human powers, including the making of near-faultless maps, a semi-fantasy. The French priest did have key talents, though, which the expedition put to use. After languishing in archives nearly two centuries, his journal was edited and published by Dr. Shea in 1853-

St. Marie version. Marquette's Journal remains the earliest eye-witness written account by non-Aboriginals of what is now called the US Heartland. (That Louis Joliet, an ancestor of my immediate family and me as documented by very respected archives, lost his own 1st-hand documentation of that expedition, hasn't prevented your author from documenting my own voluminous works half-a-century, though I don't generally keep a journal; but I do write a lot about and photograph my subjects, with accurate details at every opportunity, including about my personal history.)

Jim Sulski noted just one of the original North American Corps of Discovery's accomplishments, in a 1997 Chicago Tribune story, "Who's on First? Jolliet, Marquette": “In many ways, the names Marquette and Jolliet are synonymous with Chicago. And they should be, says Russell Lewis, then-deputy director of collections and research for the Chicago Historical Society. They were the first Europeans... to see Chicago and understand…this was a place [with] a future….By their understanding and vision of what Chicago could be, they opened the doors for more of the French to come here. If they had said 'Forget it; Chicago is nothing,' perhaps nobody would have come here.”

Monsieur Louis Jolliet funded, organized, and directed the Jolliet-Marquette expedition to and from the Mississippi River, “making it a reality”, as a historian states—enlisting five canoeists/voyageurs to accompany him, two temporary native guides, and chaplain/journalist Fr. Marquette; Jolliet directed navigation, procured supplies, conversed in Indian languages, kept a log, made maps, collected rarities, etc. For two centuries post-journey, Louis Jolliet was the most famous Canadian name in Europe, wrote a Jesuit historian ca. WWII. Eventually, the Jolliet Squadron of cadets at the Royal Military College Saint-Jean in Quebec Province was named in his honor, as was the Louis Jollet Rose. In Joliet, IL, named for him, there is also a junior college named for him, plus numerous high schools and streets in North America. In addition, a cruise ship sailing out of Quebec City is named for him. And don't forget “Jollet” Jake, John Belushi's comic, singing character in the Blue Brothers. Regarding Fr. Marquette, many cities, streets, parks, rivers, counties, and a hotel in Peoria are named for him plus a famous Jesuit college in Milwaukee, Marquette University, which has a very good School of Journalism. Both men have had statues erected in their honor, and paintings painted. And intrigue continues about what was in Joliet's own logbook and maps, and how much he contributed to Fr. Marquette's paperwork.

That Louis Joliet lost his own documents, shouldn't detract from his fame as leader of the Original North American Corps of Discovery into the present-day US Heartland; he was also a successful fur trader and family man who often was organist at Quebec Cathedral and a university professor, plus the first person to scientifically chart North Labrador's coastline as Royal Hydrographer and to detail the lives of his trading (natives' whale and seal oils for his cod, etc.) partners then, the Inuit tribe. Joliet declined an offer from English Hudson Bay Gov. Charles Bayly in 1679 (the English appreciated explorers) to work for him, but knew "if the English are left in this [Hudson] bay they will make themselves masters of all the trade in Canada." (The Joliet family knew the English could be difficult at times; e.g., Louis’s wife and mother-in-law were imprisoned briefly by them.) Canada is still a British Commonwealth member in 2019.

Thank you, Fr. Marquette, for your journal, maps, & counsel; and thank you, Grandfather Louis, for leading your Corps of Discovery when and where North Americans et.al. needed your resources/resourcefulness most, as you did your best work.