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Focus 11

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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Focus



Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville



*Poag, a neighbor
thrives amid
melons, students,
and refineries—
page 38*

The last Vietnam protest—page 36

Quarterly Pictorial Magazine
October, 1975, Number 11



Focus

Southern Illinois University
at Edwardsville
October 1975, No. 11

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Focus is a pictorial magazine published three times a year by journalism students and faculty at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. Most of the work is produced by students in credit courses in reporting and in photojournalism. Issues are scheduled for fall, winter and spring terms. Funding is provided through the Department of Mass Communications. Thanks go to University President John S. Rendleman who continues to provide special support and funding. The next issue is scheduled for January, 1976.

Focus has been named All-American by the Associated Collegiate Press for the past three years. In 1973, Focus was named by Sigma Delta Chi the best student magazine in the United States. In 1973 and 1975, it was named by SDX the best in a six state region.

The many roles of Debra



Photographs
by Brian Keister

Graphic design
by Rob Murphy

In the next seven pages student photographer Brian Keister explores costuming to illustrate various roles with Debra Liefer as his model. Ms. Liefer is a student worker in the Supplemental Instruction Program (SIP) on campus. Keister is a student worker for the University News Services and a television-radio student.















Pollution is right under our noses

Photographs by
Alan Schneider



Pollution can be literally right under our noses or in the form of hazard warnings such as eye irritation and shortness of breath. On these two pages the photographer has tried to show the ironic warning messages of commonplace factory signs when interpreted through the smoky atmosphere of Granite City Steel. Of course, those at the factory see no messages. But they are right under their noses.



Photographs by Dan Barger
and Cathy Cullen





Pollution is also under foot. A Goodwill Industries store with clothes dumped in the doorway after closing hours and the often-empty Goodwill box with donations strewn outside it demonstrate the "Well, it almost went into the trash can" attitude of polluters.

At lower right is traffic pollution caused by the slow-as-molasses progress rate of the road construction at Route 157 and West Main Street in Edgemont, Ill.





A Granite City Steel worker (left) engulfed in smoke jokingly points out the best sights at the plant.

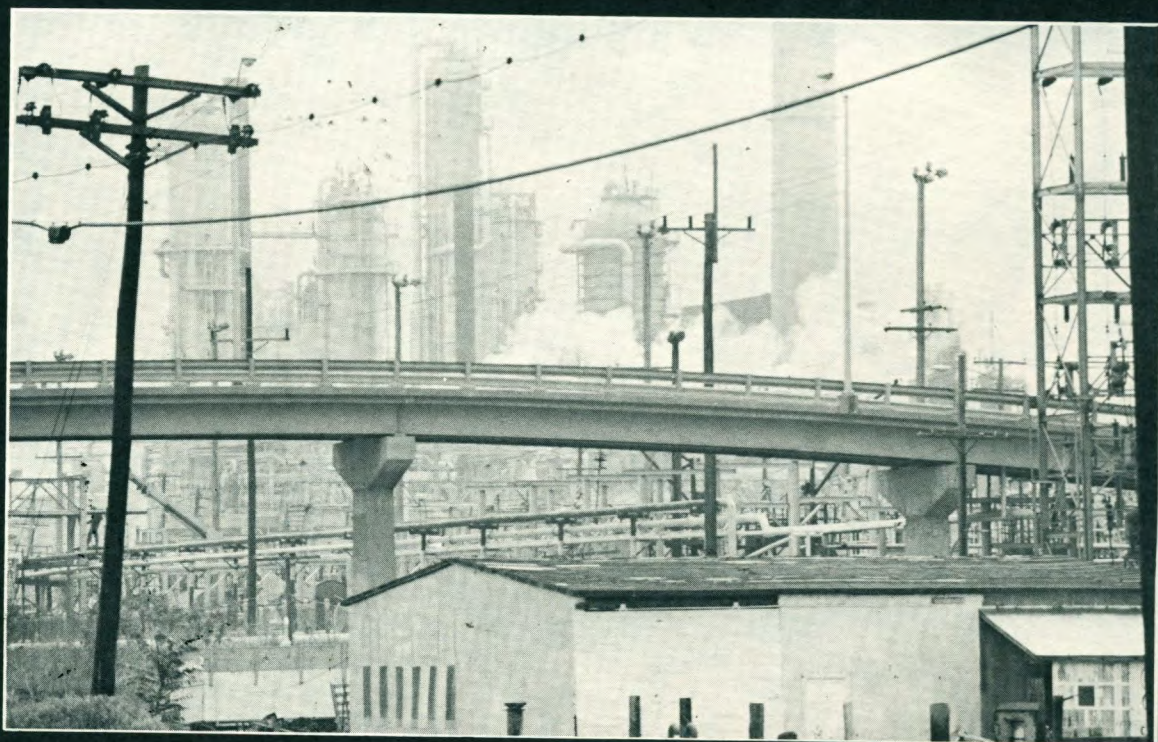
The barbed-wire fence surrounding Granite City Steel's stacks was photographed to portray the attitude of those polluters who "fence out" reform-minded persons turning a deaf ear to their cry.

The smoke-covered roads and cluttered skies in the bottom photograph are familiar sights to the many oil refineries in Wood River.

Opposite page: What would have been a beautiful sunset literally becomes a sight for "sore eyes" when viewed through a hazy sky at another of Wood River's refineries.



Photographs by Alan Schneider





Photograph by Brian Keister



**Each contestant
has his pet aria**

Photographs by Dan Barger

Left: Chris yelps as Ken Grindstaff plays along.

Below: Candy, the Solo singing dog, and his owner belt out "O Solo Mino."

The makers of Solo Dog Food held a Singing Dog Contest. Thirty four dogs arrived to audition for the honor of becoming the Solo singing Dog of St. Louis. The dogs were treated to a performance by the current singing champ, Candy, and her owner, Ed Bolton. Candy became famous for her appearance on the Johnny Carson Show.

Top dog in the competition was 6-year-old Misty, a German shepherd. Misty was presented by Carol Wallace, an 18-year-old Kirkwood resident, and her father Curt. Misty was awarded a large silver bowl, \$1,000, and a trip to New York.





Five of the contestants performed with varying degrees of success. Some dogs refused to even give it a try. Bobo, the poodle below, is encouraged to raise his voice in song by his owner, George Hopper, who accompanied him on the trumpet. The winner, Misty, a 6-year old German shepherd, sang with her mistress, Carol Wallace at lower left.



Early Childhood Center: spending a day with LaTonia

Text and photographs by Cathy Cullen

LaTonia stretches out her arms to the visitors, hugging them, then makes her way to the "backyard" of the SIU Early Childhood Education Center, not really minding that she has left mother for several hours. For LaTonia doesn't know — and if she did, she wouldn't care — that the swings and slides and the "crawling places" and the climbing tree are not just fun, but are also tools to help her develop large motor skills.

But all too soon, LaTonia and the other 24 afternoon session students hear the "inside time" bell clang in opposition to their noisy, active play. For most of the small children, the first inside activity — "group time" — is the most difficult. It gives them a brief encounter with the expectations of the kindergarten and first-grade teachers — attention span and self-discipline.

"Let's put down the name tags. Find your name and you can sit there. No Chris, that's not yours; see, it's the football shape; it belongs to the other Chris." And when the children are settled, in five or ten minutes, one of the "teachers" (student workers, graduate assistants and full-time hired staff teachers) begins a discussion of yesterday's trip to the Mississippi River or of what four picture cards — duck, umbrella, water puddle, raincoat — have in common.

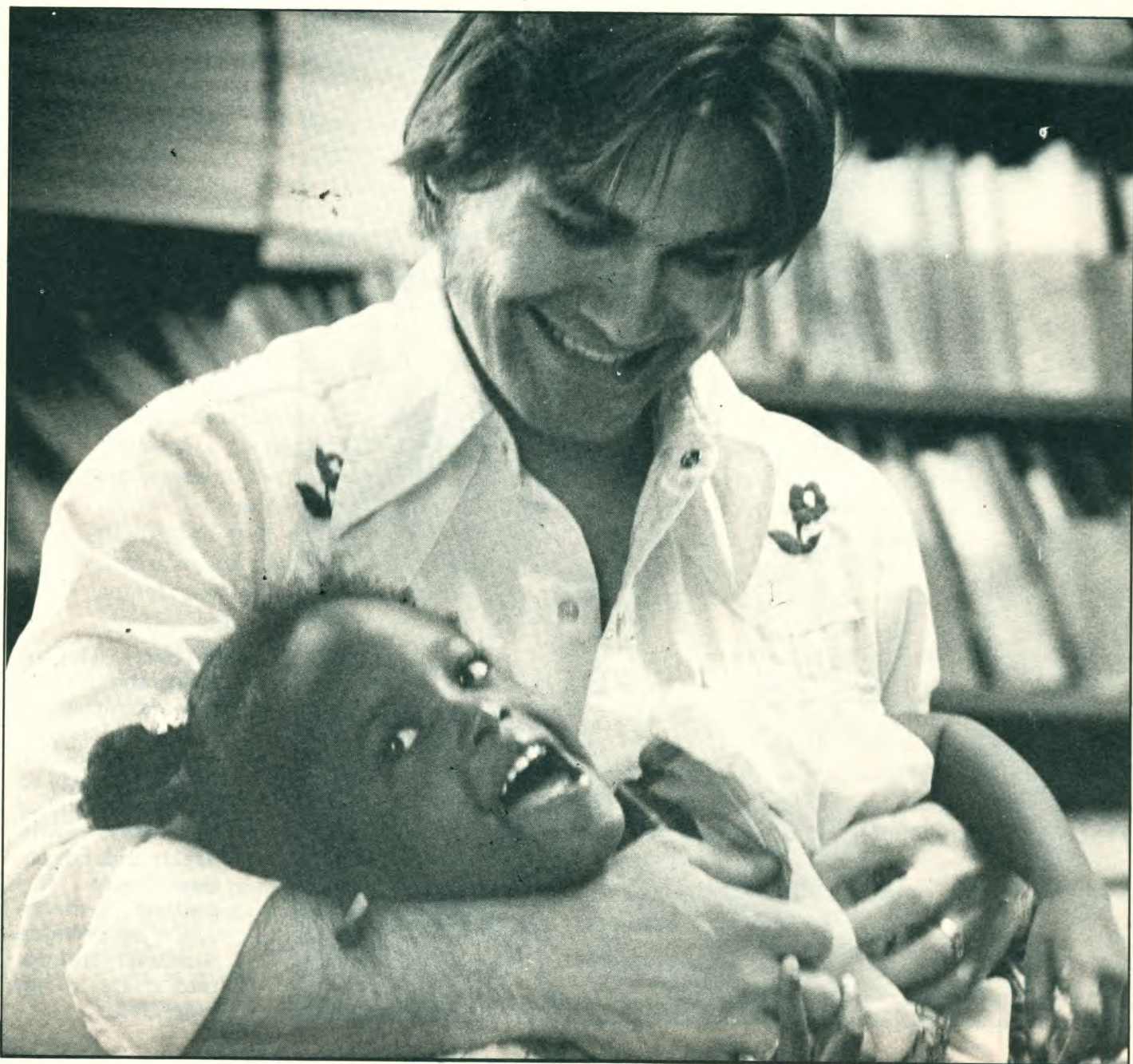
Specific questions are asked, but the "teacher" always allows time at the end of the session for general comments. Only one student may speak at a time, and hands are waves so the "teacher" can pick the next student to speak. Disciplined enough a regime for the 4-year-olds to follow, the "group time" often loses the younger children, such as 3-year-olds Kara and LaTonia, who wander off to the bean-bag seat (bed-size for them) for a quick nap, a look at a storybook or costume play. But sometimes, before they wander too far, they are "captured" into one of the student workers' laps, remaining in the group environment.

Just when the oldest children's attention span is waning, "choice time" is announced. Art room, math table, library and science table are selected — a first choice for each child, with second choices available. Individuals who need special help in one of the areas — motor control, mathematical concepts, language skills, observation skills — are often guided to the particular group. But more frequently than not, each child chooses the specialty of his favorite teacher: "I want Carole's (or Sharon's or Dave's or Martha's) group." And this is taken into account by the center in its planning: each "teacher" changes his specialty frequently.

The rest of the afternoon (until 5 p.m.) is spent with second choice groups, singing songs with accompanying hand gestures (for practice in rote memorization and in connecting words and actions) or in individual sessions with "teachers." Among these is speech therapist Allen Fischer, who specializes in improving the children's language skills.



LaTonia McLaughlin, the 3-year-old daughter of Sharon McLaughlin of Madison, makes her way to the "backyard" of the SIU Early Childhood Education Center, forgetting meanwhile the bologna sandwich and potato chips in her lunchbox.





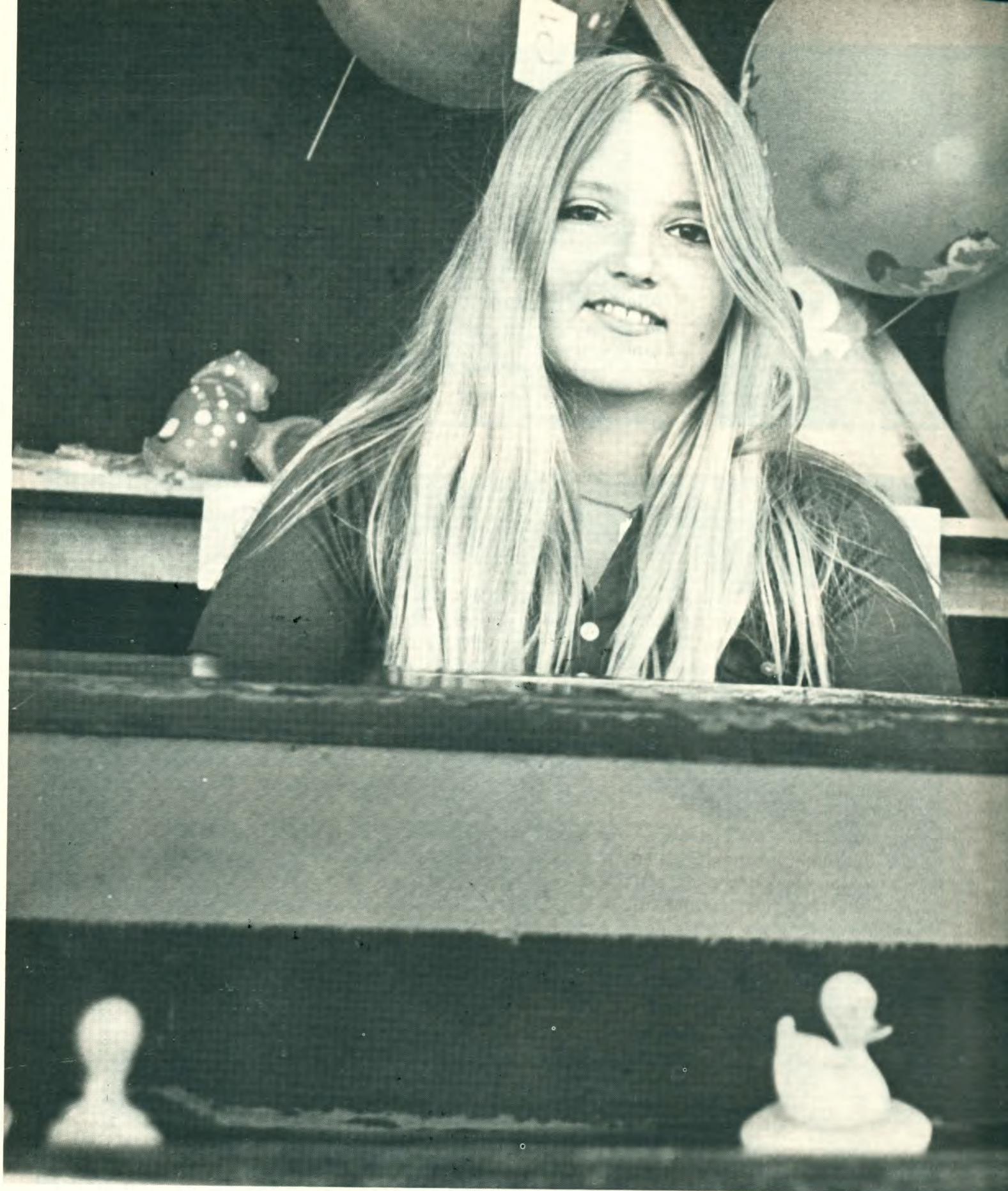
Allen Fischer, speech therapist, taps LaTonia's nose and then can't resist her look. He picks her up and gives her a hug.

Allen is the children's friend, as seen in LaTonia's smile when he finds her. "Where's LaTonia? Where's LaTonia?" he asks, finding her exploring the paint pots and clay in the art room. "You think you're special, don't you? Well, you're not. You're just another little girl." And he laughs, picks her up — stocking-feet and all — and carries her into the trailer, a quiet, off-to-itself place where he and LaTonia can work on attention span and language exercises.

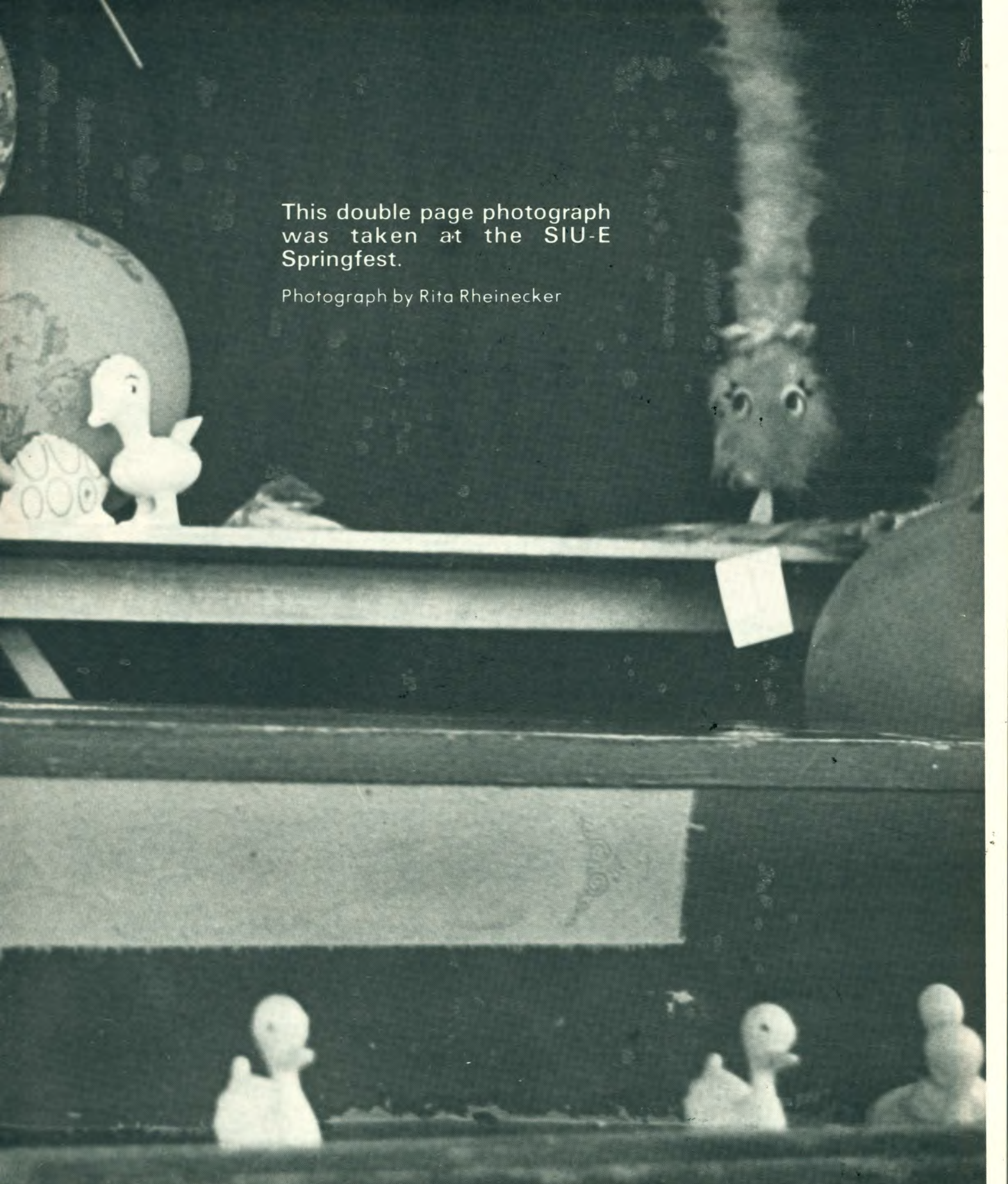
After this break in the exercises, Allen and LaTonia talk over the telephone, practicing conversation, and then use alphabet blocks carefully placed to discover the meaning and exact pronunciation of "place" words — "on top," "behind," "in front of," "at the side."

No, LaTonia isn't special — that is, she isn't unique at the Early Childhood Center. Allen, Carole, Sharon, Dave and Martha all have the same affection for the other 24 afternoon session students and the 25 morning students.

LaTonia's "just another little girl. . . ." "Most of the kids, at one time or another, visit Allen," says center director Ruth Cook, adding that the student workers, graduate assistants and staff concentrate on every child's special need. "So that by the time they are in kindergarten or first grade, achievement will come easily to all of them."



P O R T F O



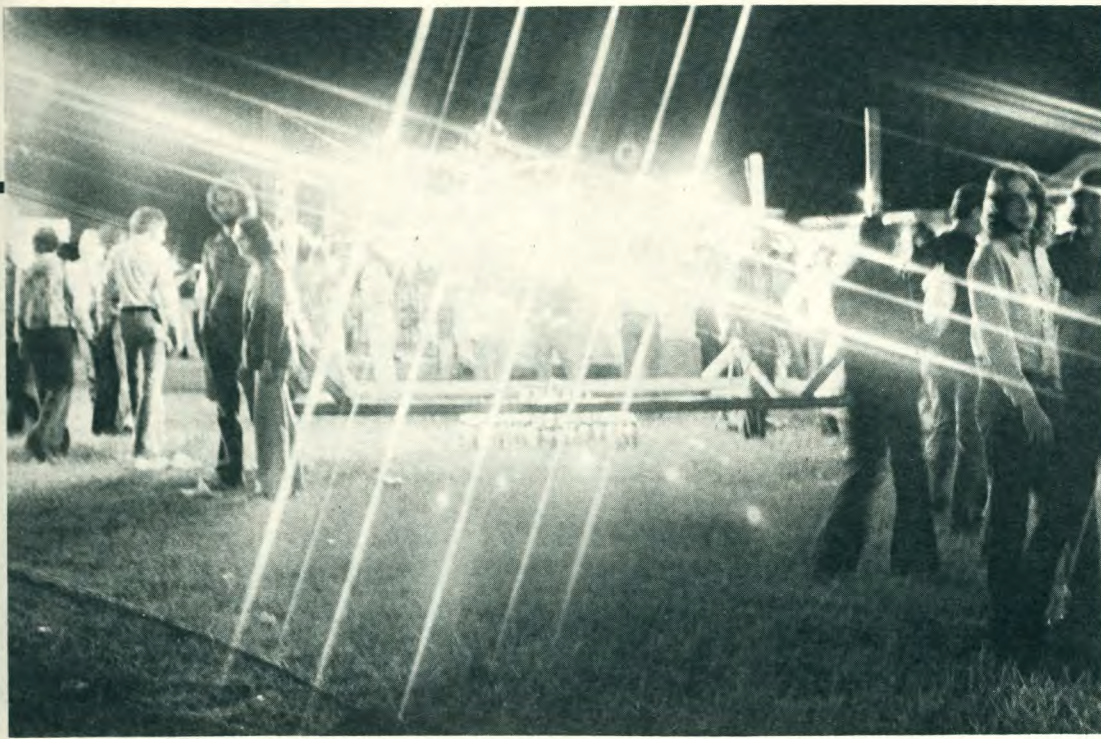
This double page photograph
was taken at the SIU-E
Springfest.

Photograph by Rita Rheinecker

OLIO

*is a collection of some of the best
work of student photo-journalists
from the past year.*





Portfolio

*Other views of the
Springfest at SIUE.*

Photographs by
Rita Rheinecker.
(left and top right)

The photograph (below)
by Alan Schneider







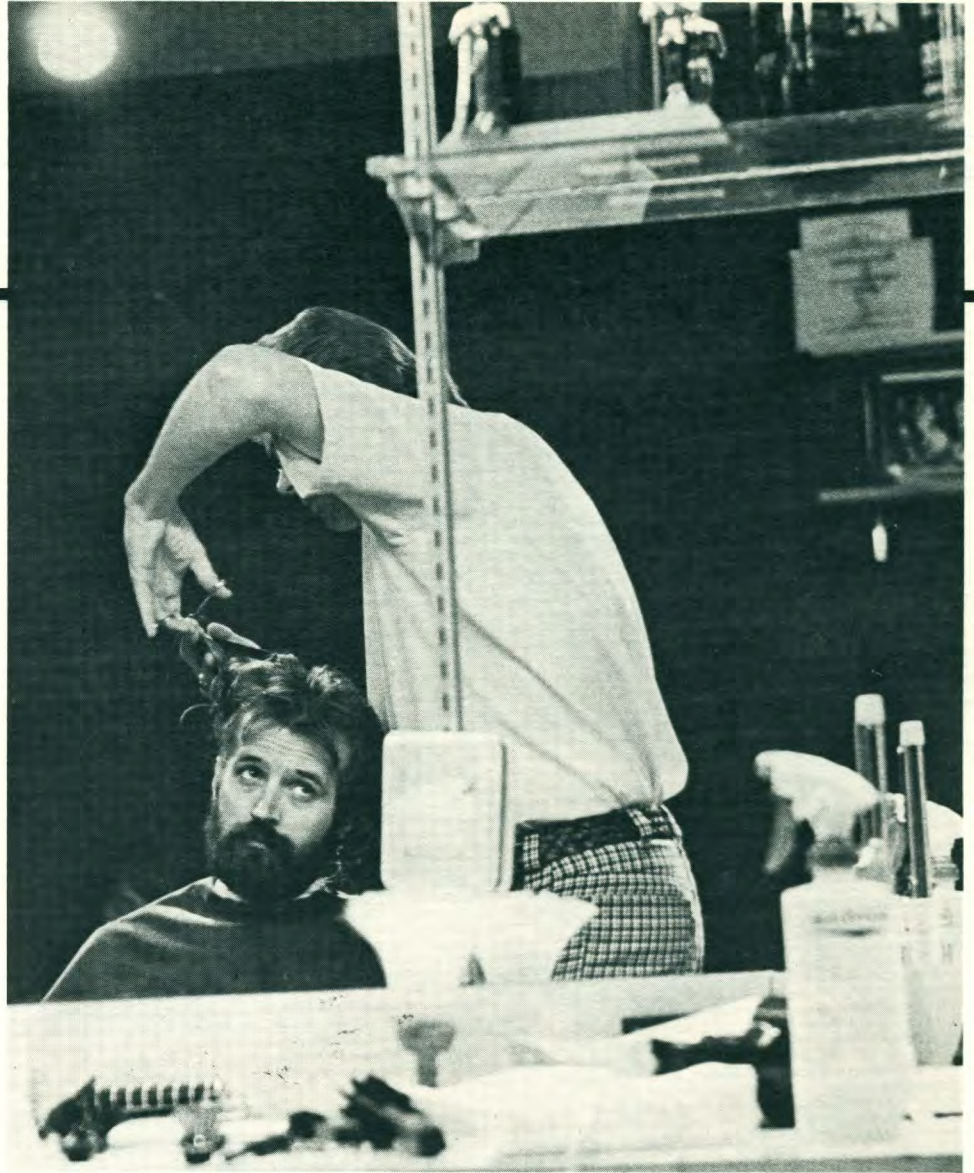
A young student from Le Clair school during a visit to the Communications Building.

Photograph (above) by Steve Feldmann

Photograph (left) by Karen Richardson

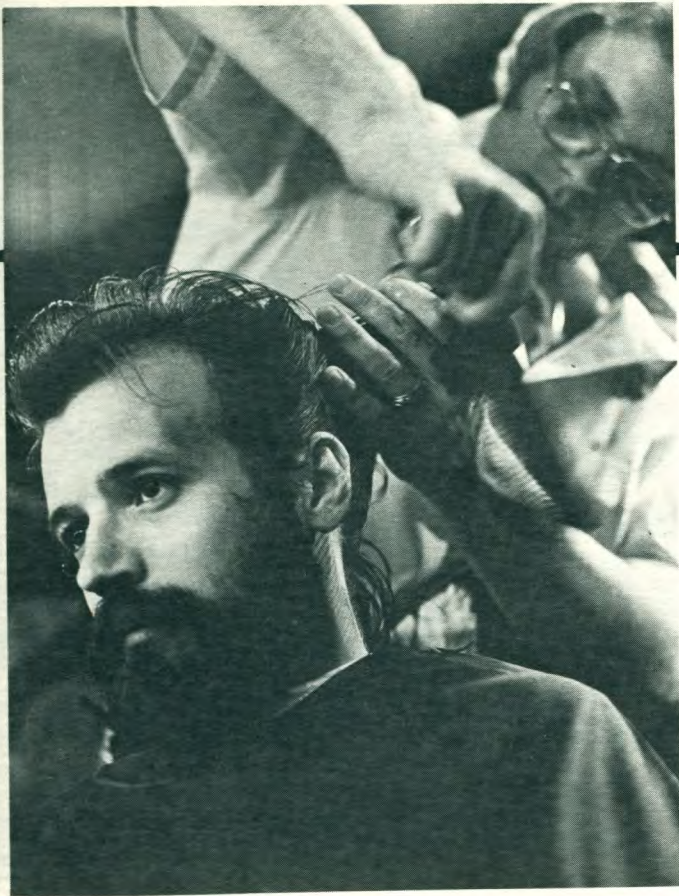
Portfolio

(Far left) Scott Harrison rests on steps leading to the faculty club.



SIU-e student Bob Fletcher visits campus barber Terry Knebel to have his hair cut "pretty short." He told Knebel, "It gets in the way of my (tennis) backhand and it'll prepare me for when I've got to cut it off to get a job."





Portfolio



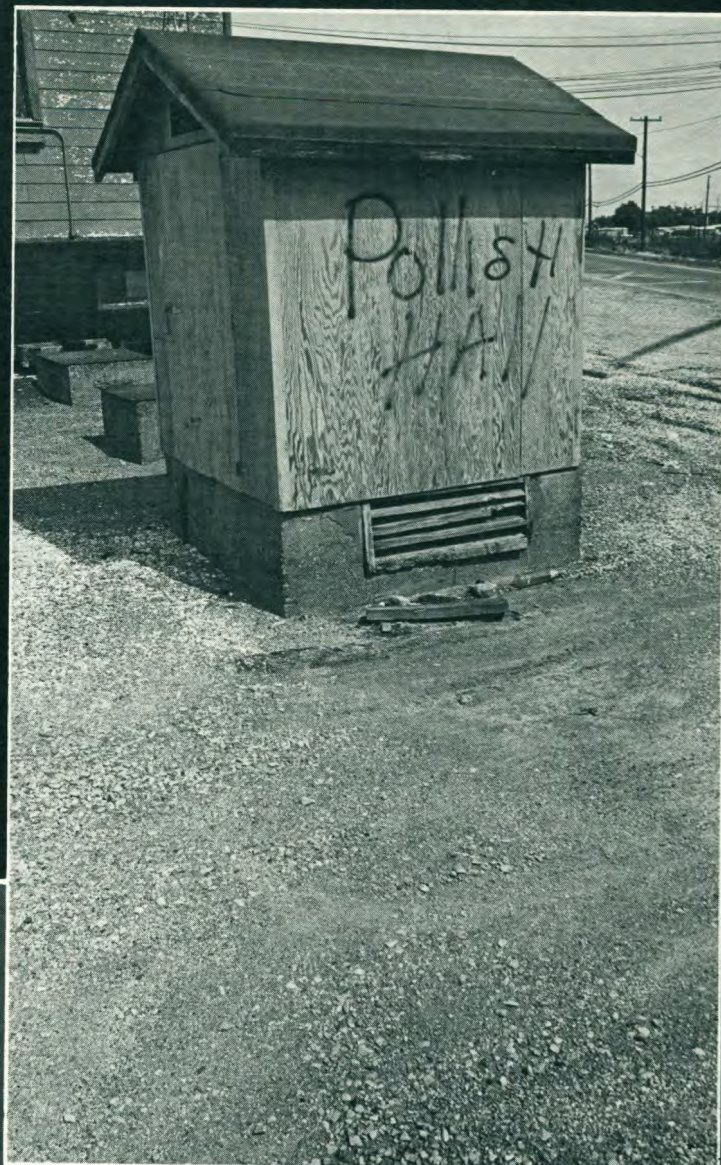
Graffiti

Photographs by
Paul Powell





Graffiti is a popular mode of expression in America. Photographer Paul Powell turned his camera to graffiti in the St. Louis area and these pages show some of his work.





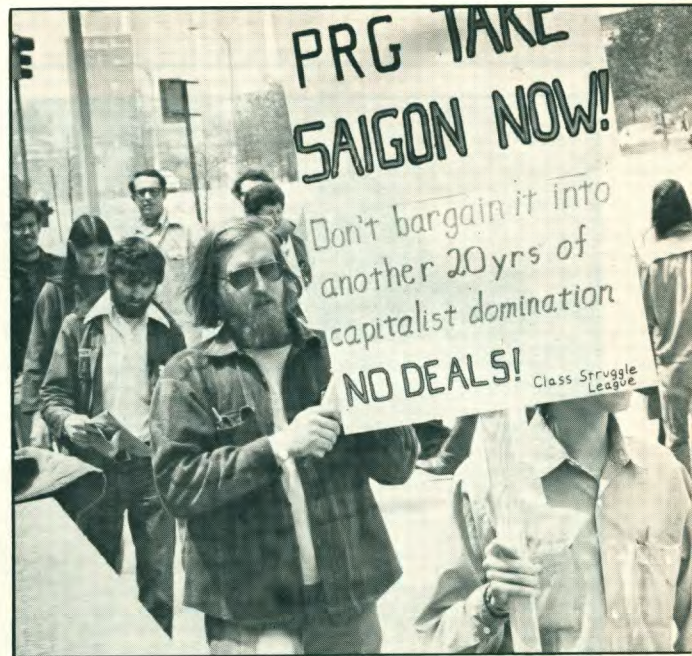
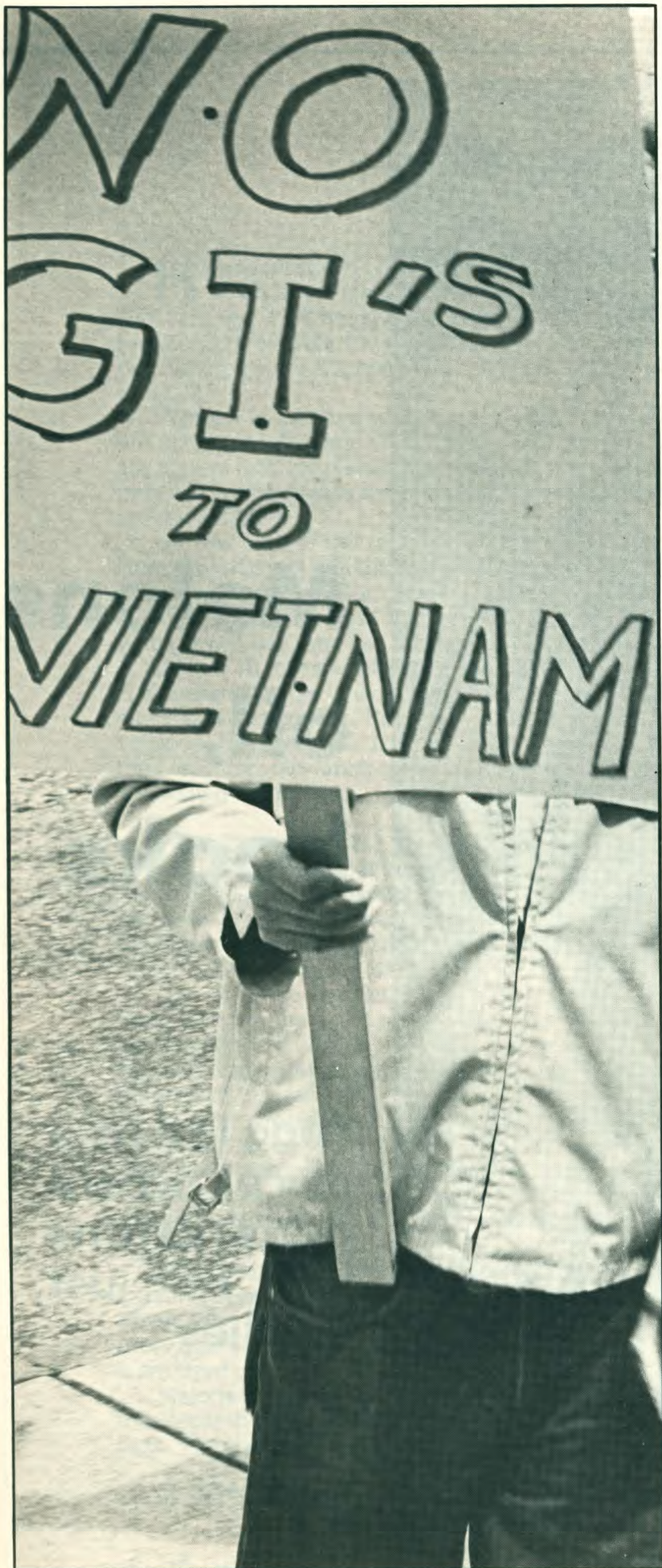
The last protest?!

"Get out now . . . get out now," chanted the protestors. On April 26, what may be the last protest in connection with U.S. involvement in Indochina in this area was staged in front of the Federal Building in St. Louis.

This demonstration did not have the furor of the Moratorium nor the violence of the Kent State demonstrations. These 20 people came and left very quietly.

Photographs by Ron Secoy







Melons, oil, books

Poag is a rare place where generations live, not just families.

Text by Pat Corsa

Photographs by Ron Counton

He steps slowly over rows of plowed earth, stops and stares down at the land for a long time, then pokes it with his walking stick. His duck-bill hat shadows his weathered face. The day is hot. He turns and goes back toward the house. Ray Waugh owns this land, as did his great grandfather, who was the first of his family to come to Poag, Ill.

Women in washed-out house dresses sit on porch steps and look out across the flat land. The houses that line the narrow winding roads are square and old. Gleaming fast cars with impatient drivers squeeze past a crawling tractor and are out of town before the tractor has barely moved a mile.

On one side of the main road are three fruit and vegetable stands. Here the man will market all that he grows. Women from nearby towns will come and even if it does not taste much different from what they buy at the supermarket it is still better. Because they know the man who grew it and they can see from where it came.

Within 10 miles northwest of Poag are three large oil refineries, east is Southern Illinois University, and 25 miles west is St. Louis. Change surrounds Poag, but Poag itself does not change, except for the seasons. It appears as a small piece of country held over or perhaps held out for old-times-sake and existing only for the sowing and harvesting of its crops.

On Dec. 22, 1814, the United States granted the land to Daniel Brown and his wife, Sarah. It is still unincorporated, and the recorded history is mainly that of land transactions. But the history of its people is in the memories of those families who have lived in Poag for generations, and those memories trace many changes not apparent to the outsider or newcomer.

One of those families is the Waughs. Mrs. Ethel Waugh came to Poag with her family about 50 years ago when she was eight years old. Her husband as well as his father and grandfather had also lived there. Her son, Ray, now farms the same 50 acres that the three generations before him had farmed.

Several people have come to Mrs. Waugh to learn Poag's history, and she is as curious of their curiosity as they are of the town. The past flows naturally into the present, and when she thinks of it as a whole nothing in particular stands out. But as she tells the story special thoughts surface, and she returns to a subject now and again as her memory of it clears.

"It's always been the cantaloupe center," said Mrs. Waugh. "That's what most people know about it. I can't prove it but I think that the old slaves who came up the Mississippi and settled here were the first to grow cantaloupes. The land here is sandy and probably a lot like they were used to."

Melons were transported by wagon, train, and streetcar. Until 1920, the Wabash railway stopped twice a day to load freight and drop off mail. The Yellow Car Line ran every hour to Eads Bridge in St. Louis.

When the automobiles came the streetcar left. Mrs. Waugh still misses the convenience of it.

Though people from the area still associate Poag with cantaloupes they are not grown very much anymore. They have instead been replaced by crops that require less care and cost. Mrs. Waugh's son is still growing them but this may be the last season.

Also gone are the post office, blacksmith shop, general store, and the school she attended. As she speaks of each she looks out her window and points to where each had stood and then to yellowed photographs she has saved. The building that was once the general store is now a residence. But from the outside, the only visible difference is the absence of huge white letters on the roof that spelled out "general store" and of a short man wearing a white shirt and apron leaning against the front.

A second school was built in 1925 but it too is now a residence. "We called them blab schools," said Mrs. Waugh. "Everybody talked at once, but I believe they learned more in them. They kind of learned from each other." The post office was a part of the depot and when people came for their mail they stayed to hear stories retold.

One couple who were descendants of slaves lived a short distance from Mrs. Waugh's first home. She knew them as Aunt Liz and Uncle Sam. "He was over six feet tall and the gentlest man I ever knew. There were always children at their place, they had a way with them," she said. And she had often gone fishing with them in the Indian and Cahokia creeks that run through Poag.

Dykes divide Poag. But before they were made, Indian Creek, which now seems all but still, gushed into the Cahokia, and when it rained it flooded most of the land. One part that remained dry is a sandy ridge which Mrs. Waugh believes is an Indian mound. She had often found arrowheads and other relics there.

"It used to be a busy place; people got together but they don't anymore," she said. The old families and places are "gone, all of them gone. But in some ways it's still pretty good." The old photographs still portray the town much as it is. The land and the houses are the same, and through these the past is identifiable.



Poag . . . the melon capital of the world.

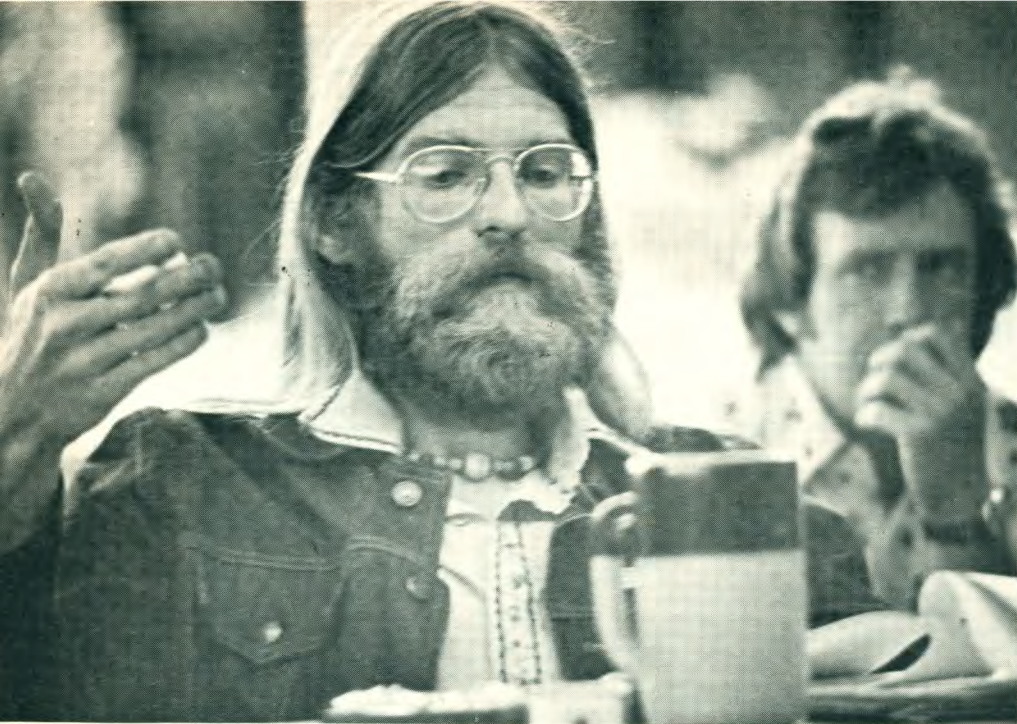
Marvin Krause (preceding page) has been farming around Poag most of his life. High school students (right) work on the farms near Poag during the summer.





Mrs. Ethel Waugh (above) has been living in Poag for the past 50 years.

Clyde Southard (left) spends most of his spring and summer days on this tractor.



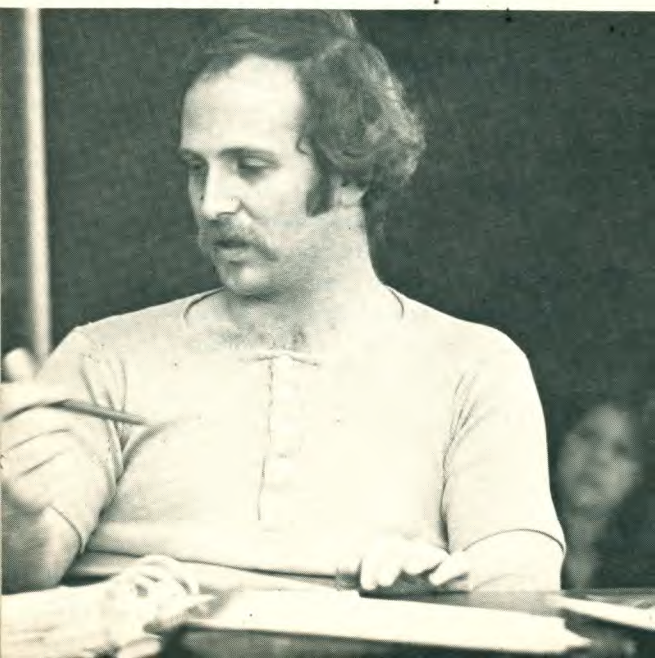
A budget approval with a new twist!

Photographs by Ron Secoy



After long debates, the Intercollegiate Athletic Committee at SIUE reached a decision about this year's athletic budget, only with a new twist. In return for aid (free food, housing, and tuition), athletes must now hold clinics for other students.

Some of the ICAC members are shown here: Bob Gill (top), Buzz Butler (far left), Rick Whitsell (lower left), Jim Dudley (left), and Robert Ashpole (below).



**To
market,
to
market
at
SIU**

Photographs by
Paul Powell





Spring! A time for flowers, green twigs, and Springfest's greased pigs. Spring may not immediately remind you of pigs, but odds are you will remember the greased pig contest as a big, fat part of Springfest '75.

A typical SIU contestant was senior Jerry Irvine, a physical education major from Edwardsville shown in the counterclockwise sequence on these two pages.

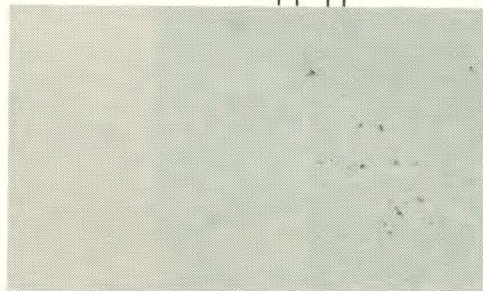
Irvine, a wrestler too eager to win his match, soon found himself pinned in the mud. Covered with grease, he managed to slip away but gave second thoughts to continuing his wrestling career. He decided dancing suited him better (right page, bottom) though the pig strongly disagreed.

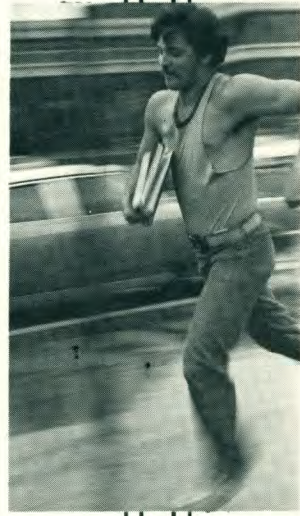
Accepting defeat like a gentleman, Irvine gave the pig a big hug and admitted he had behaved like an animal.





Caught in the rain





Photographs
by Mike Flanary

