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Focus 14

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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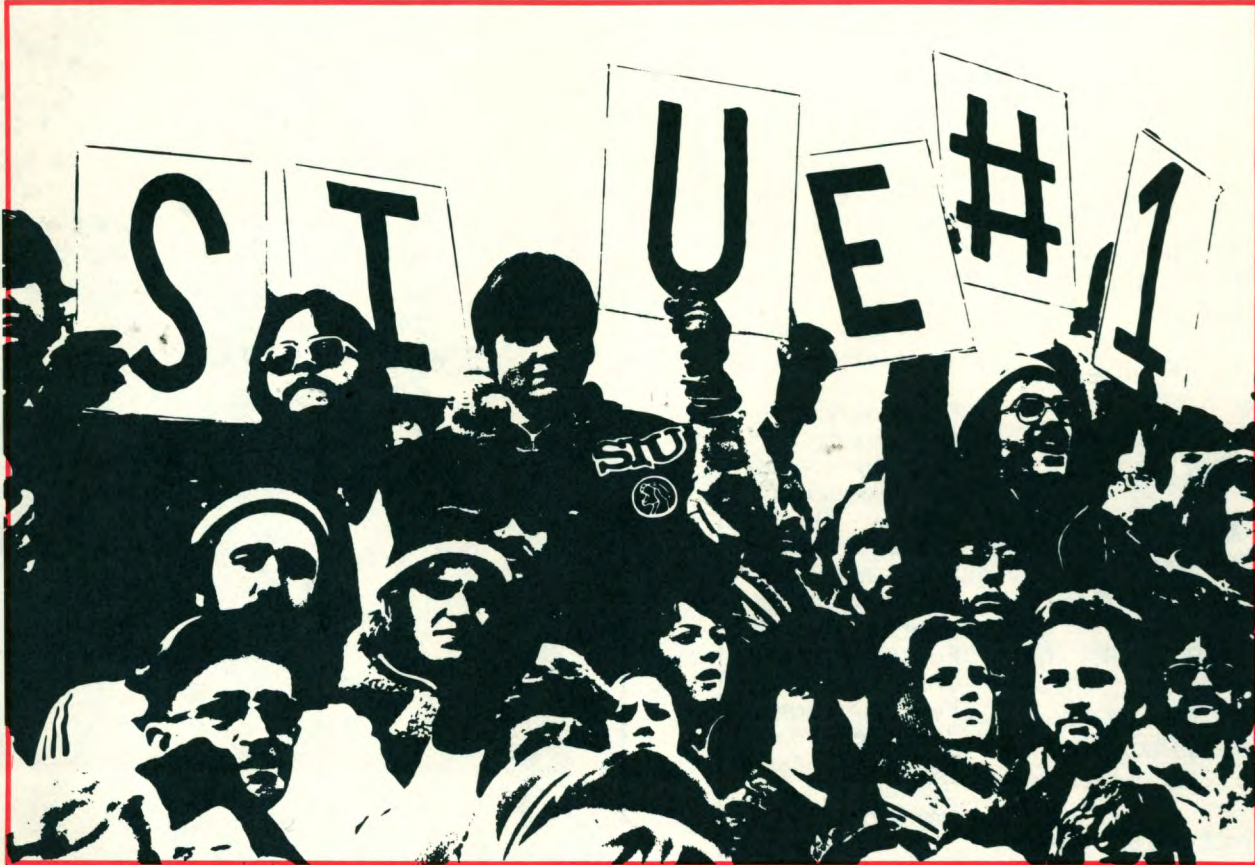
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Commuting
'Orienting' a senior
The year 1968
Portfolio of photos



Focus

Southern Illinois U., Edwardsville

Number 14, Winter, 1977

FOCUS

On Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

Winter, 1977
Number 14

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The Focus is a quarterly pictorial magazine produced by journalism students at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.

Now in its fifth year, the Focus is basically a laboratory production of the journalism department.

Focus provides pictorial coverage of the campus as well as in-depth, investigative stories.

The next issue of Focus will be published in April, 1977.

Focus is four times regional SDX "best magazine." Once it has been SDX best in nation.



The commuter campus



*Where you need wheels—or a thumb—
to get a degree*

About 95 percent of the estimated 12,000 students who attend Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville commute, according to Edward W. Soliday, assistant director of admissions and records.

"It is the cheapest and most convenient way for me to go," is the way one student puts it. Mary Kay Head, a 19-year-old accounting major, has lived in Edwardsville all of her life. ►



Walking is a big part of any commuting student's life — whether it involves backpacking over a foot path from Tower Lake apartments to the campus mall or hiking in from the distant parking lots. A tunnel under a road provides a safer journey from Tower Lake to the campus for bikers and pedestrians.





*For most
it's a
pedestrian
life*

Soliday says SIU is unique in having such a large number of commuters. "It changes the way we have to operate things here because we have to consider that some students have to drive in several miles to attend. At other universities there is a captive audience with students living in campus dormitories."

For some students commuting makes the university impersonal.

"I attended Western Illinois University before coming here and I don't believe the difference," says 20-year-old transfer student Kathy Moore of Bethalto. "Because of the lack of apartments at Tower Lake I was forced to rent in Bethalto. By living off-campus I just don't feel at ease here at all."

For most students the economics of staying at home and driving to college makes up for the impersonality.







*Autós —
lots
of them*





Bikes for commuting; a bikeway for pleasure

Text by Rick Welle

Looking down the old Illinois Terminal right-of-way you would think it was an ancient temple rather than a Madison County bicycle trail which connects with and cuts through the SIU campus.

The trees are lined up perfectly to each side of the old cinder path, branches spreading overhead in some places.

Plans for the bikeway were developed for Madison County in 1958. President Delyte W. Morris and the Board of Trustees purchased an abandoned trolley path, called the "yellow hammer."

When SIU roads were being built, concrete tunnels were made to protect riders of the future trails.



The bridge and extra bikeway were completed and named the Delyte W. Morris Bikeway for the retired president in 1974.

The Madison County Nature Trail is what is important to you now. There are the two separate bikeways, and you know that plans are being studied now to connect them and build more elaborate paths.

But you choose this mile-long section, just south of the Supporting Services road, to take your ride to relax.

At first, everything seems quiet. Then, as your ears adjust, you can hear birds and the other wild-life in the shrubs to both sides.



And there's a lot of

Hikers and bikers

You know you're not the only one who uses this path, as there are fresh boot tracks going in opposite directions. Hikers as well as bikers.

But you're the only person there now. The cinders crackle beneath the tires until you get to the first wooden bridge where dull thumps come out of the planks.

Thick weeds surround you along the path, straight as an arrow. All is quiet, and you can almost hear the water flowing beneath the ice which covers the creek.

All the naked trees tower over you, and in the quiet you forget about superhighways not too far away.

To the right you can see a clearing where four beautiful evergreens stand proud and tall. But menacing over them is a power line platform, silver and rigid in the wind.

You ride farther. There are more woods now, and a natural ridge to the left with a massive tree standing crooked with gnarling roots exposed below it.

A second wooden bridge lets the creek wind below it, still covered with ice. The water level is low, and you can see old timbers strewn around the mud banks.

The road is narrow and level as you look back. To each side the land dips to small valleys.

But a last wooden bridge wakes you up.

Below are beer cans. You can see the cars speeding past on Illinois 157. The banks are no longer of mud but of cement. And the sound of birds suddenly gives way to a chainsaw not too far away.

23 men clean, clip 2600 acres

Text by Dennis Grubaugh

The SIU campus includes 2600 acres to keep clean and trimmed.

Superintendent of Grounds William Gentry says a 23-man crew is kept busy.

If nothing else is needed Gentry assigns the crew to cutting down dead trees in thickly wooded areas.

Another problem keeping at least one grounds worker busy all year long is litter. Worker Henry Vize is in charge. He finds "everything," too, when he cleans up. On Dec. 14, for example, he found four credit cards along the road.

Most of the grounds crew is kept busy after the Mississippi River Festival when as much as 6 to 10 tons of litter have been accumulated.

MRF litter even draws collectors. They come to the site in droves after a concert to find out-of-the-ordinary litter for shelves at home.

As for cutting the grass about the campus Gentry said there are 500 to 600 acres of "rough-cutting" or field cutting that has to be done with bush-hog mowers and other heavy duty mowing equipment.

There are also 250 acres used in a hay-crop contract which kills two birds with one stone. Area farmers are invited to come in and cut the hay and take it home for feeding cattle. Those big bundles are often seen along the roads in and about campus.

The crew also has the close-clip chore — cutting the grass to a height of two inches — in such places as athletic and intramural fields.

The grounds crew in general does all the transplanting, landscaping and replacement of trees.

ground to cover: 2600 acres

The mall advances; wildlife retreats

They also do work at the Wagner Complex and the East St. Louis Center.

But it is not boring. Gentry fancies himself as "an outside man," and he has gotten to see a lot of things that the average person at SIU has missed. In 1963 he was involved with cutting down the largest elm tree in the state of Illinois. It was located on Bluff Road and the base measured an incredible 87 inches across.

The tree had to be felled because of Dutch Elm disease.

When the tree had finally been cut and burned for the most part, area scientists asked if they could have the stump to put on display in Alton. Gentry said yes because "it was just another ol' stump to me."

He also knows of an abandoned graveyard on campus, with tombstones. It is located on top of a hill between Photo Services and the soccer field on Bluff Road.

Gentry also remembers when well-known horticulturist Ed Hume came to the university and planted every species of tree that could grow in this climate. That occurred in 1963 and most of those trees still stand, scattered across campus.

But along with some of the good memories are the bad, too.

Like the springtime when the grounds crew is trying to seed the athletic field while the baseball players are trying to catch flies.

Like the winter time when ground is so hard it can't be dug into.

And like all the time when the litter is just too much.

"We could go over it now and a half hour later there'd be litter there."

1100 acres on campus remain in a natural wildlife habitat . . . timber, brush, and other heavy cover.

The many species of animals in the back acres may have included a cougar. At least that's what George Wilkins, retired associate professor with the education division, claims to have seen while driving onto the SIU property a few years ago.

Conservation officers estimate there may be as many as 30 deer. Six during the past year have been killed by vehicles.

Other deer have fallen victim to packs of wild dogs, according to SIU Assistant Security Chief Bob Prosise.

"In past years there were several packs of wild dogs on SIU property, but now it's believed there is only one pack remaining," he says.

The animals are protected on campus property during hunting season.

Other wildlife around SIU include fox, muskrat, opossum, mink, skunk, rabbit, squirrel, quail, duck, and woodchuck.

All animals are protected and therefore have become abundant.

However, security police have reported instances of poaching on the grounds.

SIU has expanded since its beginning some ten years ago. The growth has brought new roads, buildings and parking lots. The growth has brought much destruction to the wildlife habitat.

With the construction of a building, possibly a dozen animal families are destroyed. The clearing of timber leaves the wood-dwelling creatures with no place to survive.

—Steve Mahlandt





Photographs in this series by the following students: Carl Uetz page 3, Annette Unser and Nancy Stanfill page 4, Nancy Berg and Kristie Horrell page 5, Tim Vizer and Rick Stankoven page 6, Jim Wolfe and Nancy Stanfill page 7, Rick Stankoven and Annette Unser page 8, Annette Unser and Rick Stankoven page 9, Ed Jezik, pages 12-13.

Commuting — it all needs a gatekeeper

And guiding the commuters
in and out is SIU
security officer Ed Williams
— with some fancy handwork. ■

Old-timer (a senior) returns to 'New Life' orientation (for freshmen)

By Cathy Cullen

and a beach bag to the check-in area. This time I planned to carry one suitcase, an overnight case and a smaller bundle of bedding to my designated apartment, *after* I checked in.

The student's first official communique with New Student Life is a form letter typical of most SIU communications: it carries an immediate indication of urgency, a warning to read all enclosures, a congratulations followed by several stipulations, a deadline and a "please disregard" for the exceptions who were not weeded out before the mailing.

May 7, 1976

Dear New Student:

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All of the information that follows is vitally important to you. Do not short change yourself by not reading all of it.

Congratulations on having fulfilled the necessary requirements for being accepted to SIU-E for the fall quarter, but please do not stop here. You are not an SIU-E student yet! You must complete other requirements before the University will classify you as a student, and permit you to attend classes. In order for you and all other new freshmen to accomplish these goals, the New Student Life Office with the cooperation of several departments on the campus has designed a program which will provide you with all the necessary information to begin school efficiently. This letter is an invitation for you to attend a New Student Life Summer Orientation Session (session number and dates on fact sheet).

Because of the large number of new freshmen wanting to participate in this special program, it is necessary that you return the enclosed postcard within two (2) weeks, or I will be obligated to offer your space to someone else.

Open University students should disregard this information. The above program is designed for the new freshman planning to at-

FIRST DAY

9:00 - 10:00 Check-In, Building 505, Apt. 1-B,
Tower Lake Apartments (see
map)

I was having some problems.

By 9:10 a.m. on Wednesday, I still had not found Tower Lake apartments, but had managed to locate Buzz LeBlanc, New Student Life secretary in the Student Activities Office of the University Center. LeBlanc directed me to Building 505, Apt. 1-B, Tower Lake Apartments.

The only directional signs or arrows on North University Drive past the main campus were those to "MRF Crafts Fair" on isolated hand-made posters and those to "Tower Lake Housing" in white letters on a large green sign which listed at least five other buildings' locations.

Still, like most new students, I found my way. I was getting started with my "New Student Life" orientation at SIUE.

Only one obvious accompanying parent was visible at the apartment. No parking places next to TL 505 (or 504, 503, 502, 501 for that matter) were visible.

A soon-to-be senior, masquerading this August week as an incoming freshman, I drove a familiar course to the 510 and 520 sections and found parking there.

Three years ago I had carried two suitcases, an overnight case, a bundle of bedding

tend classes on the main campus. If you are an Open University student and need further information, please contact the Open University Office.

Sincerely,
(signed)
James P. Rotter
Coordinator

The second official communicate is an unstamped postcard to be returned to the New Student Life Office.

The program is mandatory for all incoming freshmen. Those who find it impossible to attend an entire session because of work can attend a one-day session of advisement and registration. Those who are unable to attend any part of a session are told to contact the General Studies Office in order to sign up for one of the fall quarter advisement make-up dates.

They are told that by waiting until September to be advised and registered means there is a higher risk that classes could be closed. They are not told there is an almost certain risk that the General Studies classes may be closed anyway. They are not told that most departmental pre-registration lists (what's that?) will also be filled.

The third official transaction between New Student Life and the new student lay just beyond the door to TL 505 1-B, marked "New Student Life Check-In. Please Come In." Behind the door five casually dressed counselors were concluding a high-brow theological discussion around a table in the small dinette.

Pam, a counselor with short blonde hair, asked, "What is your name and social security number?" New Student Life graduate assistant Lynn LaHay, dressed in a cool mint-green knee-length skirt, soft white blouse and green ascot, was pleasant but businesslike. "Hello, Cathy. We have a form for you to fill out."

("Please Print: Name, Street, City, State, Zip Code, Area Code, Phone No., Social

Security No., Date. 'I, the undersigned, agree that I am responsible for maintaining the present condition of my assigned apartment and the return of any key issued to me, signed . . . '")

"Here's your key. Your apartment is 2-C. You can go ahead and move in and be back here by 10 a.m."

A male student entered. Pam asked, "What is your name and social security number." Lynn LaHay was pleasant but businesslike. "Hello, John. We have a form for you to fill out . . . Here's your key. Your apartment is 2-D. You can go ahead and move in and be back here by 10 a.m."

The "move in" was quickly done. Two small, 3½-foot-tall chests with four drawers each were pushed into the closet to make room for a third bed in each bedroom. The remaining closet space was barely deep enough to hang a shirt or jacket in without it brushing against the drawers.

No matter. For most girls, the "move in" involved a couple of pairs of jeans or cutoffs on a hanger, a couple of T-shirts in the drawer, cosmetics on top of the chest of drawers, and an alarm clock and radio plugged in next to the bed.

Making the bed was the worst struggle of the day, and second only to the registration procedure scheduled for the next day. Two bunk beds against one wall, half of a bunk-bed set against the opposite wall — without box springs they were deeper than twin beds, and few twin sheets really fit.

These inconveniences were not enough, however, for the chronic complainers who also commented on a pink-and-white striped plastic straw under a bed, a clump of dust, strands of hair on the sink, too-small closets, too-small rooms, too-small kitchens, plain furniture. Most of these critics planned to stay at home, move to a studio apartment or rent at the expensive (\$190 per month, single bedroom) ESIC apartments in Edwardsville.

Back in apartment 1-B, Ms. LaHay assigned six or seven students to each of the six coun-

selors. Sue, a friendly, outdoorsy counselor with red hair cut close in a California "Ham-mil" and with a green backpack already on her shoulders, led our group to the main campus through the Tower Lake trace (Morris Bikeway).

Halfway between TL 505 and TL 501, Sue spun herself around and asked everyone their names and their high schools. She repeated the names, pointed out her apartment (TL 501) and told us all to come anytime if we had any problems — "I even got up at 2:30 a.m. one time last week and made tuna fish sandwiches for two girls who said they were hungry."

She turned her back to the group reluctantly — "It's hard to talk and walk in front like this at the same time" — and pointed out the married students' apartments, to which the boys reacted with groans.

She spun herself around again and threw her arms wide as she gestured to the trees lining the trace. She walked backwards with a jouncy step — "This is the normal, everyday walk that your Tower Lake student takes to go to class every day."

One girl from Fairview Heights asked where the Tower Lake fire had been. Farther down the trace, a cyclist in white tennis shorts and a yellow sports shirt coasted, clicking, on his racer from behind on the right. "Would you mind moving over, kids?"

A veer to the left, up the dirt hill between the bramble bushes — "This makes the walk more interesting," Sue offered as consolation. Past the graded dirt lot adjacent to the classroom building II and III, past the Bubble Gym, past the Peck Building on the left and the Lovejoy Library on the right, we went into the University Center and up the stairs to the University Club restaurant.

"I like to be the first group to leave because that means we're the first group here, and then we can pick our table and get served first — but last week Mike 'cheated' and took his car."

This week two counselors' groups cheated.

Once seated in the restaurant Sue leaned forward, smiled and then grew serious. "Lynn always has a few opening remarks, but I like to

add a few opening remarks of my own. The first two or three weeks, all the kids were really quiet. Nobody asked any questions; nobody wanted to talk. So we asked around and found out that they thought we were just babysitters and that we didn't really enjoy what we were doing.

"They thought it was like in high school when everybody laughed at the questions you asked because you were a dumb freshman. But it's not like that here. You'll have classes with some seniors and some sophomores and juniors and some with freshmen. Nobody knows you're a freshman; that doesn't really mean anything. It just means how many classes you've had."

All that opened the way for cordial conversation — how long Sue had been a counselor (8 weeks). If Sue remembered someone's best friend who had gone through the program two weeks before? Where everybody was from? How many students were in the graduating classes? How many students all summer had come from each town? What were the best places in town to eat, to drink, to listen to music?

Later Ms. LaHay delivered some non-sense opening remarks in a businesslike tone. She told the new students not to lose their "New Student Life" identification card; it would be good as a bus pass and as a free recreation pass but would not be replaced if it were lost.

She said that our apartments would be cleaned while we were on campus that afternoon, that a 4:30 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. bus would take us back to campus, that if we chose to walk the trace after dark, we should not do so alone — "This is not to scare you, it is just to give you some practical advice from experience."

She warned us that the keys must be returned at the end of the two-and-one-half-day session, that if a student did not return a key he would have to pay \$10 for recoring the apartment lock, that if he decided to leave without paying the \$10 he would be put on Accounts Receivable and would not be permitted

to pay his tuition (complete registration) or rent his books or receive an ID card.

Ms. LaHay requested that we leave in place any signs in the apartments — "In past sessions, some students have put them in the refrigerator or taken them home. I don't know why, but it does cost for us to replace them." These signs read, "Stoves not operable during orientation," "Please help keep your apartment clean," "New Student Life Liquor Policy: No Liquor at Tower Lake."

She repeated the liquor policy and added that, likewise, drug use would not be tolerated at the apartments. "We're doing this for several reasons. Most of you are under age and aren't allowed to have liquor. The rest of you are allowed only to have beer and wine. And possession of any controlled substances is against state and federal law. We're making these statements in compliance with the law."

"If any of the counselors see you by your apartment with any liquor or with any controlled substances, we'll ask you to dispose of it; and we don't mean by drinking or smoking it quickly, we mean by getting rid of it down the drain. If you're outside your apartment, there are plainclothes Security Officers patrolling the apartment area, and they will arrest you, and there's *nothing* the program can do about it."

"So, we're asking that whatever you drink or smoke or take, that you refrain from doing it while you're our guests for the next two-and-one-half days."

These firm warnings and requests, however, did not discourage the students from doing what they would in their own apartments. The unique parties of various New Student Lifers have become legendary, from the group who amicably threw the counselors into Tower Lake to the group from whom a plainclothes Security Officer reportedly removed several "joints."

Dean Cody, a resident manager for single student housing, further dampened the spirits of the day by announcing that those who had not yet applied for Tower Lake Housing had almost no chance of receiving on-campus housing for fall quarter. In fact, he said, a male

who applied in November 1975 was 40th on the waiting list, and a female who had applied at the same time was 100th on the list.

Cody then explained the procedure: an application form submitted with a \$25 application and damage-deposit fee (to be raised to \$50 as of Sept. 1), a letter from Housing notifying the student of an available apartment, a letter of acceptance of the apartment and a signed contract.

He told of the priority system for fall quarter: an equal number of males and females; summer residents, spring residents, winter residents, fall residents, then those on the waiting list, according to date of original application. Many high on the waiting list, he said, could have been residents from two or three years ago who did not live at Tower Lake this past year. Their original date of application might have been 1973.

Cody did not mention a common ploy used by students desperate for housing: accepting and paying rent for a summer or mid-term residency without actually living at the apartment — to get top priority for the next quarter. But he did mention that mid-term vacancies are an excellent opportunity to obtain housing — because those high on the waiting list often will not move into an apartment in the middle of a term.

Among our group, "shoppers" were apparently more common than actual intended residents: only three asked for applications. Cody mentioned the foremost "not to bring" — cats and dogs — and then answered questions about redecorating the apartments.

"If there's something you want stored, we can store it, but go through the Area Council. Never do anything on your own . . . No, the rent's not cheaper if you bring in your own furniture. Basically, these are furnished apartments; so, don't move in with the idea of refurbishing them . . . We do want you to feel that your apartment is home, that it is an extension of you and your personality. You are free to paint the walls, to decorate the apartment any way you will, to move in some extra furnishings."



Cody briefly defined resident managers, the Tower Lake Area Council, the Tower Lake Judicial Board, the Tower Lake Programming Department and the Tower Lake Commons Building fee. He emphasized the sense of community among the residents.

He dismissed off-campus housing with a suggestion to budget at least \$100 a month for rent and with a reference to the off-campus approved housing list in the Housing Office of the Rendleman Building. He did warn us, however, to read the contract and its fine print carefully, for both on-and off-campus housing — that the fine print can be used against us or we can use it to our advantage.

Having heard complaints of Tower Lake residents for over three years, I could assume he was implying the "fine print" about cleaning inspections, advance notification for a resident manager to enter the apartment, the resident's notice of intention to vacate, "professional cleaning" charges assessed to vacated residents who had not cleaned the apartment to the satisfaction of the resident manager, etc.

None of this information, however, helped a girl from West Frankfurt, near Carbondale, who had been planning to board at SIU and study pre-dentistry. That night, on the bus back to Tower Lake Apartments, counselors Pam and Cheryl discussed the problem.

"Did she go to housing and explain the situation?"

"Yes."

"And they wouldn't give her a 'special exceptions' card?"

"No."

"I don't know what's going on. She (a housing worker) hasn't been giving out cards to anyone. She just can't do that."

The Goshen Lounge filled with New Student Lifers, who sprawled quasi-casually on the cushions — still too unified, too aware of their own presence, too aware of the complementary orange-and-blue color scheme, too aware of the stick sculpture to pass as apathetic SIU students.

Around a round orange "mushroom" seat, our already-formed clique from this session sat and discussed a major summer problem: buying clothes for school — since we had worn parochial school uniforms for the past four years.

We are led to the big blue-and-white bubble — Religious Center? — for more group sessions on parking, security, college terminology, student work and financial assistance, air force reserve officer training corps (ROTC). From 1 to 3 p.m., two solid hours of information.

A young, blond security officer, Charles "Chuck" Heinz, arrived at 1:10 p.m., 10 minutes late, and said with a chuckle that he had spent 15 minutes trying to retrieve keys for a student who had locked them in his 1955 Pontiac.

An SIU biology major who had graduated several years ago, he said he remembers the long walks from the parking lot. "There's some days it's going to be pouring rain or freezing cold and you're going to want to park closer without paying the meter. Don't do it. 'Cause you'll get a ticket — I don't think anybody's graduated from here without getting a ticket. I'd be ashamed of you if you didn't — but that's a dollar a day, and I know when I was a poor undergraduate, I couldn't afford that luxury — I still can't."

"If you do get a ticket, pay it right away, 'cause within three or five days it becomes a \$3 ticket. And if you get a whole bunch of tickets, the Bursar's Office can do a whole lot of things, like not accept your tuition or not give you your paycheck or take the fine out of your paycheck. And if you have a \$450 parking ticket — don't laugh; some people have done it — that can be your whole paycheck for a good 10 or 15 weeks."

"Or, if you don't get a paycheck and you're not a student, we can send you a letter saying that, until you pay the fine, the next time we see your car on campus we'll tow it. And that can be no fun, coming out and finding your car's not there, and having no way to get to the town it's been towed to and having no money to get it out."

More and more information — just the

beginning. If your car's not where you parked it, check other lots and then call security. If you lock your keys in the car, call security. "We all had to work our way through high school doing little jobs like that — just kidding, folks."

But don't leave your keys in the car; don't park in the same place every day; don't leave valuables visible in the car; don't leave rented textbooks in the car, especially at the end of the quarter when kids who have lost theirs are looking for replacements to return to textbook rental. Never leave your purse or even turn your back on it.

If all this fails, and someone rips you off, call security; they're the only ones who can fill out the reports. Always have a report filled out for insurance purposes. Always use an engraving pencil from Operation Ident to mark all your valuables so they can be returned if recovered.

Watch the parking lots for suspicious characters "who look like they're shopping at Venture — that's what they're doing, shopping around for what looks good." Then call security, give a description, and they will send an officer in his personal car to patrol the area; that's how they caught a CB theft ring last year.

Always leave a copy of your schedule at home so that your family knows where you are if security has to pull you out of class for an emergency. "We can call Admissions and Records for your schedule, but that takes a good hour or two, and, even then, they close down at 5 p.m." It was all good advice for freshmen and a good refresher for this three-year veteran of SIUE.

Two New Student Life counselors — Rudy, a "ham," and his roommate Mike — explained college terminology. Hour. Academic load. Course. Series course. Quarter. School. Grading scale. Grade point average (Be sure to check the computer's work for each report card).

Section (You can change if you don't like the teacher: "OK. So you, guy, don't like your teacher's smelly cigar, and your girl's teacher has legs you would really enjoy looking at,

then you move into her section; but you, girl, don't appreciate him looking at your teacher's legs, and you really can't concentrate on what the teacher is saying, 'cause you're so mad, and you don't mind the other teacher's smelly cigar, then you move into what was his section"). That's simple — *too* simple.

Class standing. Scholastic standards (Remember, 3.0, 3.0, gotta get 3.0). Major. Minor. Lecture. Lab (You have to do the work to get the lecture grade, but you don't get any credit for the lab hours). Audit (Take only if you're interested but don't want the grade and don't need the credit).

Program change (There's deadlines). Withdrawals, or drops (That's the key to making the Dean's List anyway if you think you're going to get a low grade in a course). Add (If you do it the first week, you can make up for the hours you drop). Repeat (You have to do this if you flunk a required course; don't do it unless you have to; it looks bad on your record).

Pass/No Credit (You can use this for 24 hours of General Studies in which you think you might do badly; you get a "Pass" for an A or B or C, a "No Credit" for a D or E, or a "D" if you'd rather have that than a "No Credit").

We were running late. Cheryl told Rudy and Mike to hurry up, or the tour would be cut short. We were shuffled into another room. Graduate assistant Melissa Secott and a job interviewer Colby Sellers explained Student Work and Financial Assistance.

They said to fill out three forms every year: Parent's Confidential Statement or Student's Financial Statement, Illinois State Scholarship, Basic Educational Opportunity Grants. Fill out an SIU Financial Assistance application; ask for grant, work, loan in that order; forget about a waiver.

Apply for a job, off-campus or on, blue slip or yellow slip on the bulletin board outside of their office. Try to get on college work-study; the government pays part of your salary and employers will want to hire you because of that. But how? Don't try a loan unless absolutely necessary; there's Illinois and

Federal; one's cheaper than the other — forgot which. Too much information.

Air Force ROCT: one course, commission, allowance, scholarship, social activities, early retirement, pension, looking for women cadets, but you'd probably have to sign away at least eight years of your life right after graduation; no guys and only one girl took a brochure.

Rudy, the "ham," led a tour of the mass communications department: potentiometers, cartes, chromakey walls — this technical stuff is getting serious. "But don't waste your time coming here to be a disc jockey, 'cause anybody can be a disc jockey in a day or two; all this Columbia School of Broadcasting, teach you to be a broadcaster, that's just one big rip-off."

Rudy says, "You come here for your mass communications theory and history and law and for your journalism reporting and writing," he said to our group of 20 crammed into the television studio control booth. Mass communications departmental advisers would thoroughly approve of this student's spontaneous advice.

Down to the radio station, in and out of the studio as fast as a 10-second promo, Rudy had waved to or spoken with at least 15 fellow broadcasters in that time. "It's just like a big family. Anybody that likes to work with other people, communicating, ends up in this building right here." Up the steps, onto the first floor landing, our group had finished at least part of the tour.

Rudy pointed to the other buildings: "The Science Lab, SL, Science Lab; the Library Building, LB, Library Building; the Peck Building, PB, Peck Building; the Rendleman Building, the Rendleman Building, all your VIPs and your offices; the University Center, UC, University Center, for shooting the breeze and lunch; the Religious Center, RC, Religious Center — that's built on the 90th meridian, for all of you that know anything about math, that divides the world in half, it's symbolic."

He then asked if we wanted a tour of the classrooms, a tour of just one floor of each

building, a complete tour, or a soda and sandwich. "You're going to have to learn to make your own decisions now; nobody's going to tell you what to do. And you have to learn to live with your decisions." The majority opted for the one-floor tour of the Science and Peck buildings, and Rudy promised a complete personal tour later for the two girls who were in the minority.

"You'll hear it over and over again, but listen, so you won't be lost the first day. Four numbers to a room. The first number is the floor; if there's no first number, or the number's a zero, it's in the basement. 24, basement; 0204, basement; 1204, first floor; 2204, second floor; 3204, third floor. The second number is the wing. I can't tell you that from here 'cause it depends on what entrance you come in, and there's about four entrances."

Then to PB 1315 (first floor, third wing) for a quick session. Ms. LaHay and Sue explained that we will meet with general studies advisers the next day, but that we will have to make our own appointments for winter quarter, that we can request an adviser with whom we feel comfortable, that we can request not to have an adviser with whom we feel uncomfortable. Ms. LaHay then asked that we sign a sheet when she called out our intended major; this would be for a departmental visitation and for General Studies advisement by someone familiar with the requirements for our intended majors.

American studies, none. Art, one. Anthropology, one. Chemistry, two. Physical science, none. Physics, none. Human services, two. Sociology, two. Foreign languages, one. English, none. Comparative literature, none. Theater, one. Speech, none. Speech pathology and audiology, one. Special education, one. Elementary education, one. Early-childhood education, none. Nursing, two. Music, one. Government, two. Economics, none. Geography, none. History, none. Philosophy, none. Mathematics, three. Psychology, three. Health, recreation and physical education, three. Business, nineteen (Smart people, they know where the jobs will be). Engineering,

two. Sanitation technology, none. Biology, three. Mass communications, three.

Board the bus. Shower. (It's a showering class of high school graduates: Sue said that one guy last session took six showers in one night). Meet at TL 505 at 6:05 p.m. to walk the trace to MRF and get in free as a group. (Cheryl said that walking's quicker than driving and parking when the crowd's this large.)

"Can we leave to get something to eat or drink and get back in?"

"There's concession stands there with hamburgers and hot dogs and chicken and fish."

"But what if we want to leave?"

"Get a green ticket from Buddah at the front gate."

...

"Who's playing?"

"Crosby and Nash."

"Is that them?"

"I guess. It isn't the warm-up band, is it?"

"Was there a warm-up band?"

"I don't know."

"Pass the beer. . . . Ugh, that's flat."

"What do you expect, from a milk carton?"

"What time is it?"

"9:30."

"Is that all?"

"Yeah."

"Tell me . . . do they look fuzzy to you up there?"

"Who, the band?"

"Yeah."

"Sort of. It's the lights and the smoke, I think."

"Oh, good. I thought I was drunk."

...

"I want to go to bed."

As Officer Heinz commented earlier that evening, "It's the first time some of these kids are away from home for more than one night, and they don't quite know how to handle it yet. They just overdo it."

SECOND DAY

A muffled thud disturbed my invigorating shower. I ignored it, but it persisted until I

clutched my towel and started to dress. The knock stopped. Rudy, the "ham," had wanted to tell us to wake up. My roommates finally got the message when they woke up to answer the door.

The boys on the bus (and most of the girls, too) were bleary-eyed from too much booze or too much partying or too little sleep due to the partying in the next room. One quiet, shy girl with beautiful, long, brunette hair wore across the bridge of her nose a bandage that wasn't there the day before.

"Somebody said she got hit by a beer can at MRF."

"But they're not supposed to let in any beer cans."

"I guess they couldn't stop everyone."

"My parents usually tell me right, and they were right about that, too. That was dangerous last night. . . . If my father knew I went, . . ."

We ate breakfast in the cafeteria — the bleary-eyed ones trying the old standbys of juice and coffee, the more settled students-to-be enjoying eggs, cooked meat, pancakes, toast and jelly, juice, coffee and doughnuts.

At 9 o'clock, we joined the one-day students, who had just finished an opening session in the Meridian Ballroom. The ballroom was dark and cold, and even I found it hard to absorb information in that atmosphere.

The first activity was collecting scholarship authorizations, and the second was an explanation of registrations. And an immense help in following the lecture and the registration later that day was a five-page illustrated packet: a map of the registration set-up in the Meridian Ballroom, a sample registration appointment card, a fee card, a #2 card, a #3 card, a program change form and a closed class card, along with an explanation of where each can be obtained.

New Student Life coordinator Jim Rotter shared select tricks such as "sitting in" the first few days of a closed class in case another student should "drop" and provide a vacancy.

Suddenly, we were being told to "use only black lead pencil (No. 2 or less); make heavy black marks," etc., to complete the American



Council on Education (ACE) statistical and opinion study — asking questions that caused discussion around the tabs:

"Marijuana should be legalized?"

"Busing is OK if it helps to achieve racial balance in the schools?"

"It's important to have laws prohibiting homosexual relationships."

Next, we were sent to our major departments for orientation. A music student, for instance, came back with a list of seven short-hour music courses (and their corresponding class permits) to start her toward a degree, beginning her first quarter. A potential engineering student was told to begin major courses immediately. Prospective journalists returned with samples of the work of SIU student journalists.

Pretending to be a possible "government" minor, I gleaned no new information and was told, "No one is available today." So, on to lunch with Linda, a new-found friend (and roommate, after a switch). Our lunch-hour concluded in the new-student haven, the "land of Goshen."

But this was only the beginning. A tedious system of advisement and registration followed, with us grouped around a table with a General Studies adviser supposedly familiar with our major and minor requirements.

First, our assigned (social science) adviser, Jesse D. Harris, reviewed the academic terms we learned the day before. He then told us about developmental English, developmental reading and study skills classes; about advanced placement, advanced standing and proficiency tests; and about Dean's College, a program in which a motivated, independent, academically advanced student can waive certain requirements in order to develop his own program.

At the next table, a petite, young, brunette adviser was strongly suggesting that a student-to-be apply for admission to the Dean's College because of his high school records and his intended major. "You can skip your general studies and move right into your math and engineering classes," she said.

Mr. Harris, meanwhile, handed us a list of requirements for obtaining advanced standing

in select general studies courses, along with a piece of scrap paper on which to figure our eligibilities. We then "filled up" the General Studies area with "advanced standings" to see the number of remaining hours required for each area.

Mr. Harris then read us the "Guidelines for Sectioning/Scheduling of Classes Prior to Enrollment" and set us on our own. He answered questions about the number of hours to take, and whether or not to take major and minor courses. (Take the introductory courses in art, journalism and music, not in other areas unless the departmental adviser specifically suggests it this morning, he said.)

For my feigned government minor, he advised taking the General Studies American government course, rather than an almost identical required course in the government department since the latter would not fulfill a General Studies credit.

Most of us sought the opinions of our near-peers, the New Student Life counselors, when faced with a choice of instructors. Criticisms ("I think you'd like _____ better," or "He's not the most exciting lecturer, but he's fair in grading") were tactful but helpful. Mr. Harris then checked our final schedules and sent us to registration at the enrollment center.

Here again, Mr. Rotter helped soothe out sore spots, such as that involving two students who had to select the same class hours for transportation reasons but who could not seem to match their schedules.

We finished registration with an admonition from an enrollment worker named Dot: "Your fees are \$200, payable at the Bursar's office at the end of that hall to the left, anytime between Sept. 17 and Oct. 1 — and *avoid* the 27th (the first day of class)."

But the rest of the stay speedily telescoped down to a close: supper from a fast food establishment; presentations introducing various student activities; free pool, ping pong and bowling in the recreation area; conversation at the apartments until 3 a.m.; breakfast; a "classroom session" with assorted warnings about attending classes, reading syllabi and keeping all receipts ("When you graduate, *then*

have a big bonfire"); and, finally, the business of taking ID pictures and returning keys.

Some comparisons can be made between this session and a similar one through which I was processed three years ago. This year, there were more students attending the sessions, more students driving their own cars rather than being brought by parents, more students arriving in carpools or cliques, more students familiar with Edwardsville, the MRF and the local night spots.

(Attendance was 498 in 1972, 719 in 1973,

747 in 1974, and 799 in 1975. 1024 attended last summer.)

The program featured more general information, better preparation for registering "on your own" the next quarter, more involvement by academic departments. There was the usual problem of some counselors not giving complete campus tours. There was less free time to explore such areas as Tower Lake and the Bubble Gym, more individual partying and less "planned" late-night activities.

For "new student life" who will all-too-soon be "old student life," it was an appropriate introduction. ■ ■ ■ ■



Photography by
Tim Vizer



at
face
value

PORTFOLIO

Amid the bright lights is the lead singer of R.E.O. Speedwagon photographed in concert in the University Center by Tim Vizer. The photo of Cougar striker Greg Villa is by Trinkia Tansley and the photo of student Pauline Meyer is by Bill Anderson.



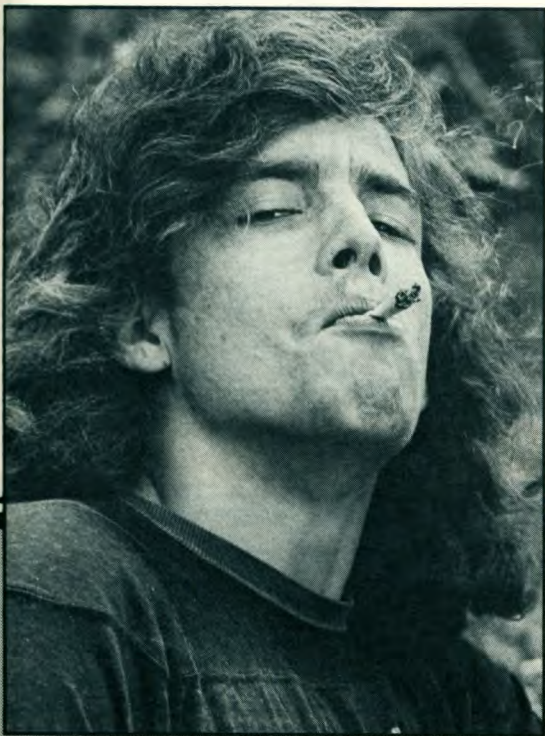
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PORTFOLIO

GENERAL INFORMATION



at face value

The expressive face at far left is that of Paul F. Guenther, professor of foreign languages and literature. At top center is Assistant Registrar C. B. Collier during registration and, at right, anthropology student Frankie Roady checks slides as a friend watches over her shoulder. Photographs by Cindy Kyle, Nancy Behrns, Mark Wakeford, and Trinka Tansley.





PORTFOLIO



the brighter side

*Photo essay by
Nancy Behrns*

Studying. It's something that has to be done, and so students head for the sunshine to look for the brighter side. Some perch themselves in scenic windows while others prefer ducking behind walls. Linda Stirnaman, top center, studies atop her computer print-out sheets, and Mike Dreith prepares for exams in the tree-mendous mall. Rose Mary Corvallis knows how to keep studying right, and the photo at lower right proves that bare feet and a friend will ease the pain of studying any day.



P O R T F O L I O





There is also a lighter side to college. After (or instead of) studying hard, students work hard at sleeping. And since no place is set aside specifically for the sleeper, everywhere suffices. Photos by Cindy Kyle, Jim Gainer and Nancy Behrns.

**the
lighter
side**



PORT- FOLIO

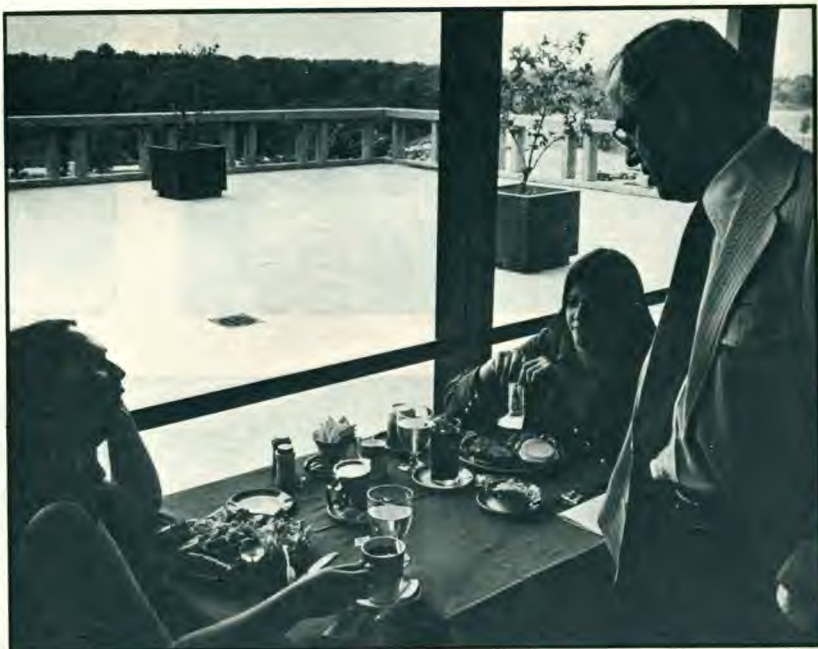




If the brighter side becomes too distracting and the lighter side is still a test away, Lovejoy Library can provide a quieter side to help along the study effort. Upper left photo is of Ron Dillow, top center photo is of Sharon Stanton and her son Troy and between the rows of books (lower right) is Barry Lewis.

the quieter side

*Photo essay by
Bill Anderson*





John S. Rendleman Building

a
Kochman
day

Andrew J. Kochman served as acting president of SIU after the death of John Rendleman last year. Here, John Harizal captured some moments during a typical "Kochman" day while in that office.

*Photo essay by
John Harizal*

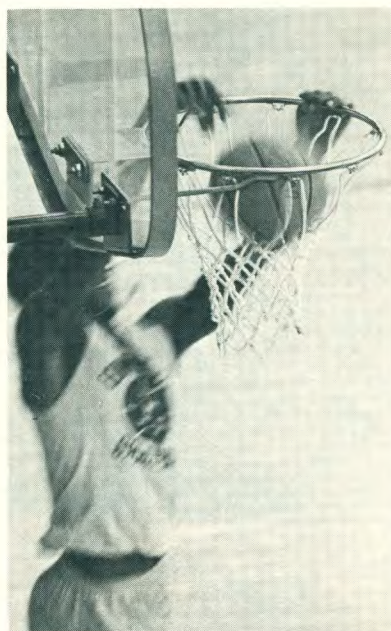
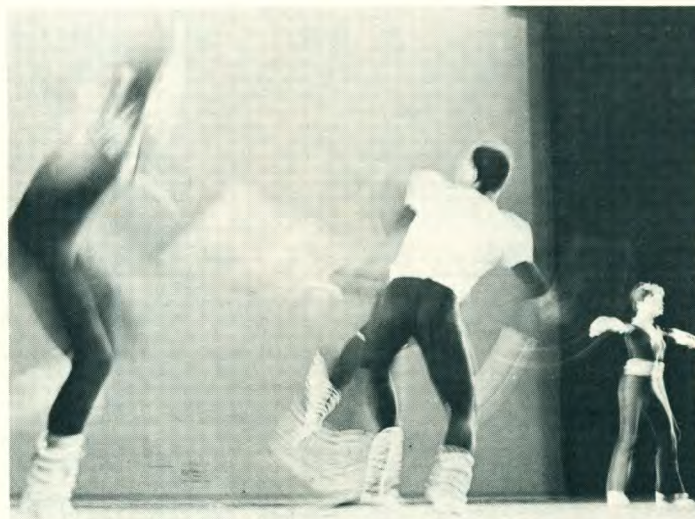


a
soccer
day



*Photographs by Darrell Day, Mary
Buitkus and Tim Vizer.*

PORTFOLIO



PORTFOLIO

A glimpse of the past—1968



In 1968 SIU's child daycare center in Belleville helped mothers get a college education while providing excellent supervision for their children.



Workmen took a tug-of-war stance to raise the tent at the Mississippi River Festival (MRF) site in the spring of the 1968-1969 academic year.

MRF opened during the summer of 1969 and first-year attendance totaled 86,384. The St. Louis Symphony, Janis Joplin, and Arlo Guthrie were among the performers.

891 students were graduated in June of 1969. A few hung their caps atop the signs after graduation exercises and many others were glad to "hang it up," too.

A glimpse . . .

SIU in '68



A black graduation cap with a tassel is positioned on top of a white sign. The sign is supported by a wooden post and has a black ribbon tied around it. The background is a light, textured surface.

DIVISION OF
TECHNICAL AND
ADULT EDUCATION

A glimpse . . .

In the Fall of 1968, professional soccer player Pat McBride of the St. Louis Stars became assistant soccer coach of the Cougars.

The soccer field in 1968 was where the baseball field stands now. It was surrounded by cornfields. There were cheerleaders.

Daniel, a 7-month-old, 50-pound cougar, came to SIU in 1968 as a gift from the University of Houston. She was renamed "Chimega" later that year.



SIU in 1968



SIU in '68



The beach area, opened to swimmers that summer. With its 1200-foot beach, 800 to 1000 people and numerous inflatable ducks could be accommodated.

With September of 1968 came the grand opening of the University Club. Head Baker Joseph Bertot prepared strawberry pies for the occasion.

ARREST!



This arrest is not for real. It is part of a class project in sociology at SIUE.

The two students "arrested," Malcolm Little and Leroy Wilson, are part of a crew filming a documentary about legal procedures. ►



The documentary traces a simulated arrest on to the courts and finally into prison.

Helping in the documentary have been members of the Madison County sheriff's office, Judge Beatty of the circuit court in Edwardsville, and the state correctional facility at Menard.

Videotape is being used.

The graduate students in the film crew demanded as much realism as possible.

The script followed this legal process: (1) Two persons arrested by sheriff's deputies and then booked, fingerprinted, and failed. (2) The whole process of arraignment, plea bargaining, and court appearance. (3) The sentence started at Menard.

**Photographs by
Verne Foster**



The back page

Swoon flu Multi majors Sex and theft Credits on credit Major decisions

From December 6 to 8 **Health Services** gave 2,874 swine-flu shots to students, staff and faculty. There were 2,649 monovalent shots and 225 bivalent. Two students fainted.

What can membership in Dean's College do for a comprehensive program of study? Lillian O'Neal, a senior, is an example. She will be graduated with a double major in journalism and in English and a minor in music. Dean's College includes about 300 students with this distribution by schools:

26 percent in Fine Arts and Communication; 23 percent Education; 19 percent Science and Technology; 15 percent Social Sciences; 8 percent Business; and 5 percent Humanities.

Sixty percent are women. Forty-nine percent of last year's graduates are now working on advanced degrees.

Lovejoy library loses about \$50,000 a year in misplaced and stolen books. New security equipment costs about \$16,000. Books most frequently stolen concern sex, witchcraft and sports, like "The New Sexuality," "Satanic Mass," "Sex Methods," "Posture Exercises," "Encyclopedia of Devils," "Physical Conditioning," and "Salem Witchcraft."

There is no known cure for **African sleeping sickness**. Since 1967 Professor of Biology Arthur Zahalsky and an SIUE team has been working on such protozoan-related diseases.

Some 600 students at SIUE received **financial assistance** last year from the SIU Foundation, directed by Charles Schweitzer. Loans to students totaled \$34,261. Loans help out in emergencies — illness, needed supplies and books, transportation to campus. Another 34 students made long-term loans, totaling \$7,845.

How some students decide on **major areas** of study:

Carl Frey of Lebanon leaning toward sanitation technology: "It's what my father is in (a water-works engineer)."

Sophomore Barb Bermea in nursing because her father's a doctor.

Mark Vantrease in electrical engineering because job possibilities are good: "I'll try the big city. Pay is good . . ."

Freshman Bridget Cerny thinking of business: "If I'm good enough I'm going to have my own secretary."

Debbie Smith in nursing. She wanted to be a veterinarian but couldn't get into a program: "If I can't help animals, I am going to help people."

Kim Hewlett of Alton in art. She's been drawing since grade school and has sold some work.

LeRoy Oliver, here on a basketball scholarship, in marketing so he can be his own boss and own a business.

Steve Barr in education after trying several majors. "I tried several others just to get a job and make money but I finally decided just to do what makes me happy."

Freshman Kevin Crown from Belleville majoring in business administration, but also taking a homestudy course from Cornell University, with hopes to go into the food industry as a manager/organizer.

Junior Larry Bell from Alton in chemistry because, "I'll have a better chance of getting into medical school."

Senior Neal Butler from East St. Louis majoring in psychology after two years of work in industry and finishing a vocational school: "College to me is a more stimulating environment than working in a factory. If we all go to vocational school and become a nation of specialists, who's going to solve the moral problems?"

Junior Beth McClanahan of O'Fallon majoring in electrical engineering and planning to go on for a doctorate even if "I wind up working as a janitor somewhere."

Junior Nancy Pollitzer of Evanston majoring in nursing, declaring, "It is a proven fact you'll make more with a B.S. in nursing than a L.P.N. degree."

Junior Herman Enge of East St. Louis majoring in chemistry after going to a vocational school because, "After I got out I found a job a month later but it just wasn't satisfying enough."

For two freshmen from Granite City, majors mean fulfilment of hopes: Pat Harrington as a newscaster, Lisa Gilbert as a specialist in education.