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Focus 19

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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Focus

February, 1979 / Number 19

on Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

Inside...

...a close-up
of Phil Timper

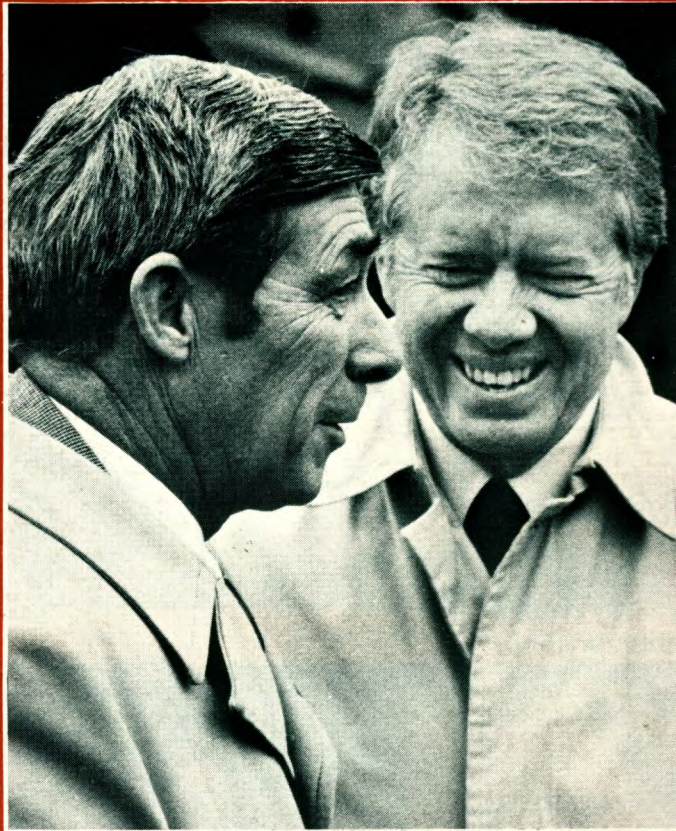
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...a guide to
dining on the
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... 'clowning
around' with
Don Darnell

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... portfolio of a UPI intern

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... Layne
Law,
running
his
heart
out

Page 18

...and more.

The Schneider Eye

Alan Schneider is a senior journalism student from Belleville. He has specialized in photojournalism by taking extra coursework in it over the past four years. These two pages exhibit the unique point of view that Alan puts into his photography. Below are Alan's explanations of each picture.

Straw hat

"My wife posed for this stylized portrait to show a farm-girl innocence."

Old folks

"Charles Hubbs, 80, and his wife Flossie, 69, lead a simple life on a hill in rural Millstadt, Ill. Married 50 years, Hubbs is up at dawn farming or chopping wood for their stove-heated summer kitchen."

Driver

"To put my subject to ease, I told David Fuller that he was a pretty good race driver. Immediately the 5-year-old proudly showed his maneuvering ability."

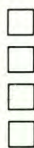
Hand

"Photographing a patient's lifeless hand as it hangs over a bedrail, I tried to show the less-than-pleasant conditions which often accompany life as a nurse. It was part of an essay about an SIUE nursing student."

Overall Annie

"When I started shooting Ann Schmidt of Alton, I was trying to capture her boyish look, which was enhanced by the overalls."





TIMPER

Growing up at the drawing board

Text by
Alice Noble

Bored with his fifth grade history lesson, 10-year-old Phillip Timper looked for something fun to do.

Armed with an ink pen he borrowed from cohort Pat McCoy, Timper sneaked from his desk into the nearby cloakroom. There he used the pen to draw what he calls a "rather humorous-looking face" on the cloakroom wall. Above the face he wrote "Boo."

It wasn't until later that day, when the "class tattletale" discovered Timper's handiwork, that the teacher, Mr. Trutman, actually found out about the drawing. Trutman demanded to know who the culprit was.

"Nobody fessed up," Timper said. "Including me. You could get in big trouble for something like that."

So Trutman threatened to detain the entire class after school, a real crisis according to Timper because some students had to ride the bus home. Buses never wait.

One thing led to another and soon the entire class began confessing to the misdeed so the class could leave in time to catch the

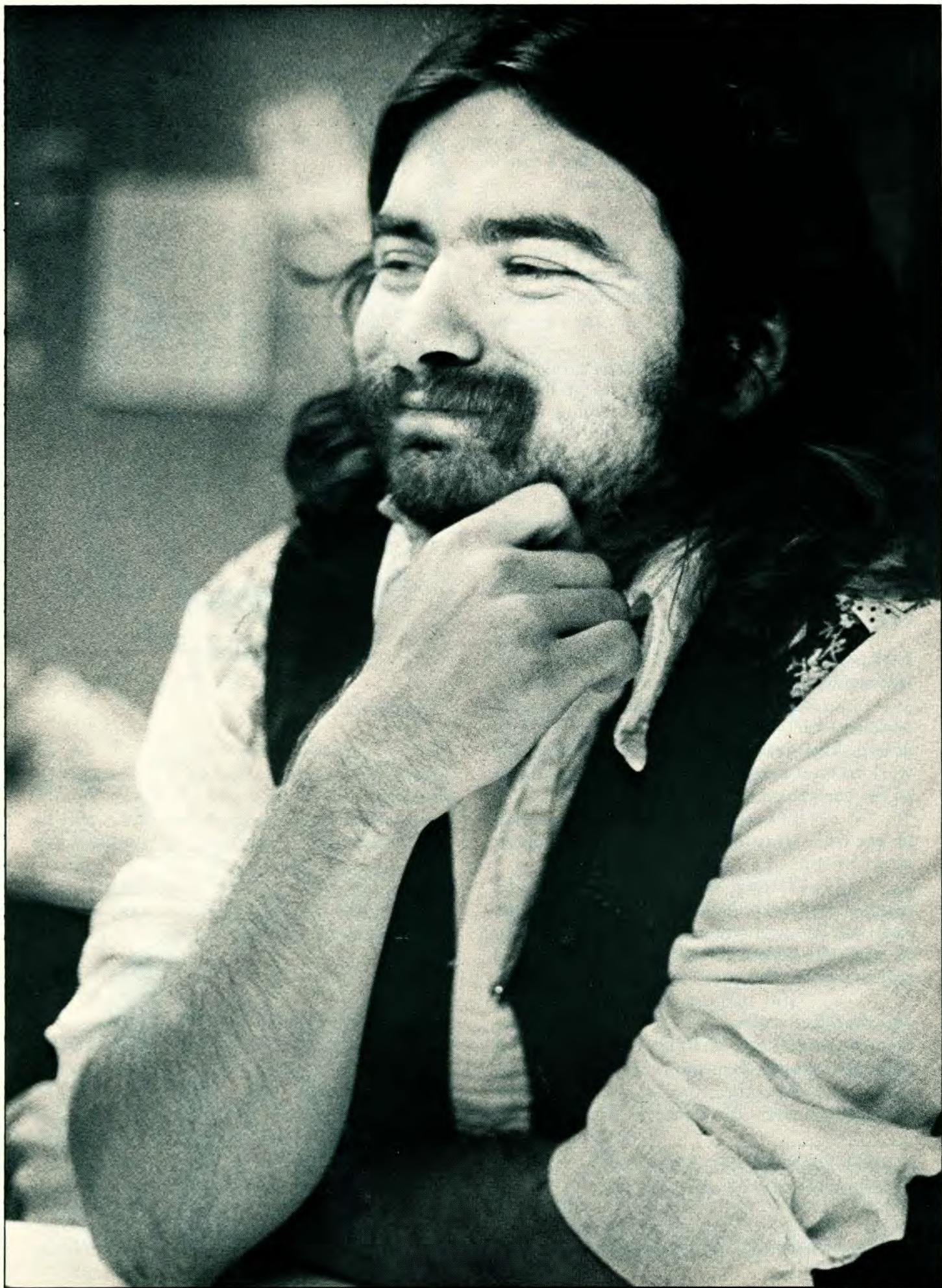


buses. But when Timper tried to confess to the crime, his teacher told him to "Shut up."

"It was a total riot, everybody trying to tell Trutman they did it. Eventually I walked up and said straight to his face, 'I did it,'" Timper recalled.

Trutman then asked, "Phillip, are you telling the truth?" When Timper replied that he was, Trutman let the class go home.

Phillip Timper reflects on one of his recent creations. Photograph by Mary Butkus. ►



TIMPER

Timper, however, spent the next day's lunch hour scraping his artwork off the wall.

Today Phil Timper is relatively well-known on the campus of SIUE for his artistic work. During the day he draws cartoons and illustrations for the student newspaper, the Alestle.

At night he often draws caricatures of patrons in the Watering Hole, one of the Edwardsville bars -- for a \$5 fee, of course.

Drawing caricatures is more than just a way to make a few extra dollars for Timper. He views it as a unique experience with other people.

"It's like the person that's sitting there becomes open to you in a unique way. People just don't normally walk up and sit there and smile at you and are able to take a joke," Timper said.

"You're just meeting completely new people, you know, and having a positive interaction with them."

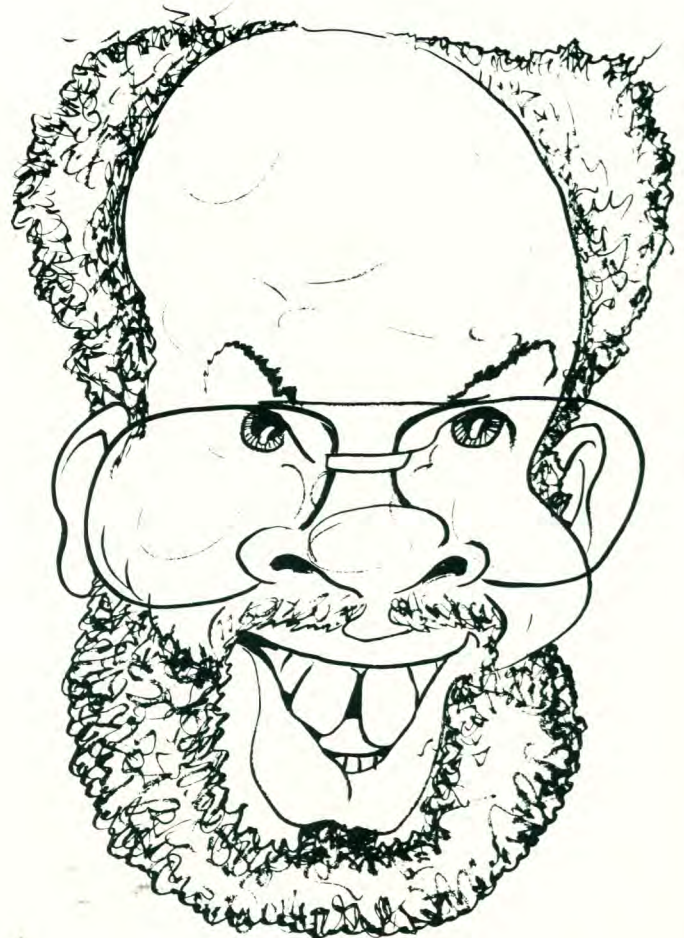
Timper said that he's had mostly positive reactions from the caricatures he's drawn. However, he admits there are times his work has not been well-received by the subject of the caricature.

He described one adverse reaction he got while drawing a caricature of a woman at a Christmas party several years ago.

"It's not that I'm prejudiced," he began, "but if you look like a praying mantis, you look like a praying mantis. I did the lady as what she looked like. I wasn't pulling any real boners on her.

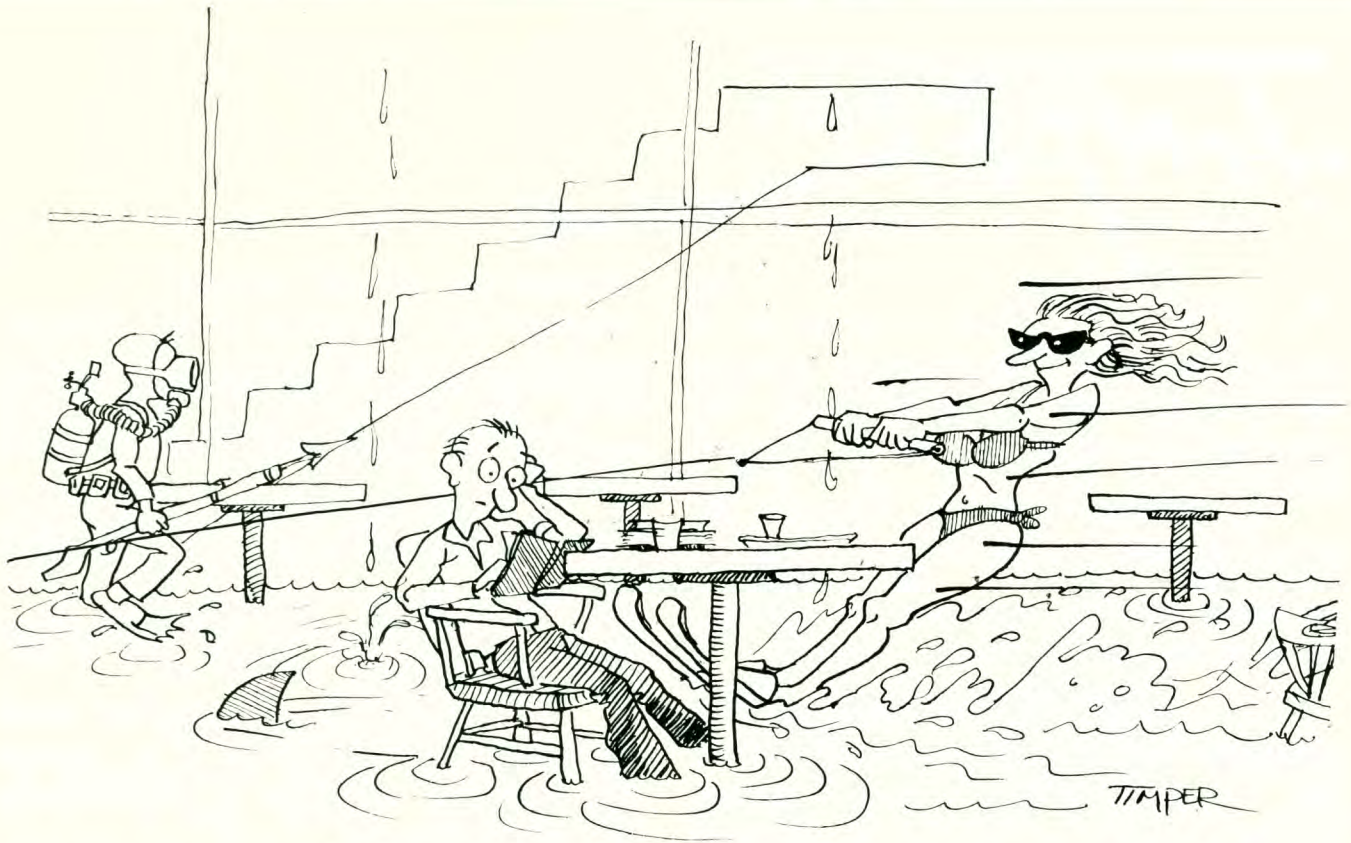
"But judging from her smile, she was expecting a glamorous, 'Make me look like a movie star' kind of thing," Timper said. "But that wasn't the case.

"In other words, I laid it (the drawing) on her. She looks at it and the ex-



(Top) A Timper caricature of C. "Scully" Stikes, SIUE vice president for student affairs.

(Right) The distance between parking lots and buildings was the topic of this Alestle cartoon.



The University Center at SIUE experiences regular problems with its leaky roof. One rain last summer

caused minor flooding to the cafeteria area on the Center's lower level as Timper shows...

TIMPER

pression on her face goes from a big, toothy kind of smile, you know, to this growling kind of fury. She just whipped the drawing out of my hand and stormed out of the place.

"The next person that sat down was laughing harder than I was about it," Timper said. "It really did zero in and looked like her. It was just that she couldn't handle it."

But that kind of reaction is rare, according to Timper, even though he said he takes some additional liberties with close friends.

But when he recently did caricatures of his parents, he found they weren't as receptive as he thought they'd be.

"You figure your parents are pretty close friends, right? Well, that is not the case. My mom, I think she still has it (the caricature) hidden someplace in a drawer.

"I thought I did it pretty good. I thought I'd make a little extra fun of Mom. If Mom can't handle it, who can, you know? I'm afraid I almost took her to tears. It was terrible. And to this day, I always apologize to Mom and ask her where it is.

"I think she might have burned it," he added with a chuckle.

Timper began drawing cartoons for the Alestle last January. He had just returned to the university after a 2½ year break and needed a job. In his first attempt, at SIUE's sign shop, he found himself in trouble with his supervisor.

From there, he went to the Alestle, armed with sketch pads and drawings. He showed his work to the student editor and told her the drawings she had been using in the paper weren't any good. He explained that his work was better.

Timper was hired immediately.

"At the time, I didn't think of it as cartooning, I thought of it as money," Timper said.

Twenty-four-year-old Timper

TIMPER

thinks a lot about money, perhaps because, like most artists, he doesn't have much. He describes his present lifestyle as "hand-to-mouth."

"What can I say? If I've got the money, I spend it. It's not that if I were to make a big sale tomorrow -- like a painting or something -- that I would blow it all in one day. It would take at least a week," he said.

Timper has no budget and doesn't plan his spending either. "It's just there in my pocket and I just live and I buy things and I eat and I smoke, you know, various odds and ends. And there's always the fun things at school that we have to pay for . . .

"My car is also taking up quite a bit of my money. As a matter of fact, I have to buy a new muffler for it now," he said pointing to the well-broken-in yellow Pinto sitting in his driveway.

Timper then left the chair in the small front room of his apartment to check on that night's dinner, which consisted of a couple of frozen pot pies.

He said the food he eats doesn't necessarily depend on the money he has. It depends more on how many clean dishes he has.

"If the dishes are dirty, I'll buy a lot of frozen food, pot pies, like that. But if I've got a lot of clean dishes, I like to play around with cauliflowers. Steamed cauliflowers with broccoli and mushrooms, those kinds of things. By poopies, if that isn't one of the best things to chow down on," Timper said.

Timper's apartment in Edwardsville is indicative of the lifestyle he describes for himself. The small apartment looks as if it were once used as a filling station. All it lacks is two gas pumps out front.

Inside the apartment, Timper has few valuables, among them a modest SX 450

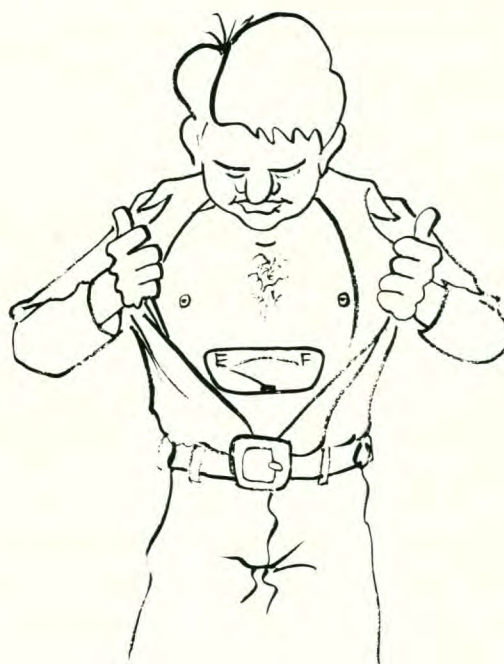
Pioneer stereo receiver and speakers. His furniture, what few pieces he has, is of vintage quality -- just about ready for the Goodwill truck.

The front door to the apartment, which is open almost as much as it is closed in the summer, has a large animal skin hanging over it like a curtain. To peek out on callers, Timper lifts a corner of the skin. It's his own kind of peep hole.

Timper has an individuality about his apartment that's apparent in the artwork and decorations that spice up the otherwise drab appearance.

Although some of his own paintings and artwork are hung strategically about the room, a visitor's attention soon settles upon two red rectangular papers tacked on the wall next to the stereo.

On closer inspection, the visitor can read "Final Notice Prior to Disconnection" on the red paper. The notices from the telephone company are a kind of status symbol to Timper.



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TIMPER

Timper fits in well with his laid-back, sparse environment. His apparel is similar to that of a mountain hermit, consisting of frayed blue jeans and a flannel shirt, along with a pair of slightly-worn leather boots.

His dark brown hair, although only shoulder length, is parted in the middle and creeps down around his face to complement a bushy brown mustache.

A glass bottle of Busch beer at his side completes the Timper image.

But that's an image that can easily be changed, according to Timper.

"I don't see myself as one person. I'm whatever meets the bill," he said. "If I'm talking to the ladies' auxiliary, I'm the nice kid down the steet. If I'm talking to a bunch of heads, I'm a head.

"You aren't always you. You are the person to meet the situation."

But when he's not trying to meet the situation, Timper sees himself as quiet, "but when I say something, I want to make it worthwhile being heard . . . I like to be humorous, keep things light."

On the other hand, Timper said he doesn't try to be intellectual. "I don't try to be on the brain or that sort of thing."

As **Timper relaxed** in his apartment after finishing a day's work at the Alestle recently, he talked about the effect his cartoons were having on campus. Overall, he said, he has received mostly positive feedback, but there are times when when his cartoons get people upset.

"I really got some flak last quarter over a cartoon I thought was real innocent," Timper said.

He explained he was assigned to do a cartoon to accompany an editorial about the university's electric doors for handicapped people. Non-handicapped students were using the doors, according to the editorial.

Timper's cartoon pictured two types of SIUE students using the electric doors while a handicapped student watched.



"For some reason, the BSA (Black Students' Association) really got up in arms about it. I'm afraid what they got up in arms about was their own perceptions.

"The image depicted just what I'd seen going into the University Center door that day. It wasn't editorialized at all, I just drew what I saw."

Timper just happened to see, among others, a black male and an obese white female use the door. The handicapped student he depicted in the cartoon was easily identifiable as a student well-known around the university. "He loved the cartoon," Timper said.

The black students, however, didn't exactly love the cartoon and wrote several letters to Alestle Editor Kelly Brooks, calling the cartoon racist.

One letter from black student



When SIUE President Kenneth Shaw gave his annual address to the university community, Timper got an

idea for an Alestle cartoon. In the above drawing he satirizes the idealistic content of Shaw's speech.

TIMPER

leader Muhummad Aziz stated, "In the article under the picture it suggests that blacks are lazy and shiftless.

"This suggestion is a typical white plantation mentality embedded in the cartoonist's mind, and is highly foul and offensive," the letter further stated.

Other complaints called the cartoon symbolic slander, among other things, editor Brooks said.

Another incident the same quarter involved a cartoon showing a couple "making it" in a Volkswagen. Timper said that one woman was so enraged about the cartoon, she wrote a letter to SIUE President Shaw.

In the letter, the woman said

that cartoon was a disgrace, but said it was mild compared to others she had seen in the newspaper. She said she was especially upset because tax dollars support the newspaper.

Defending the cartoon, Timper said, "It's about as disgusting as dog doo-doo. It's all around and it happens all the time -- maybe not as much as we'd all like, but..."

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. So is smut."

As an afterthought, he said, "I admit, I could have left out the water droplets on the outside of the Volkswagen."

Excluding the few discouraging words he's heard, Timper said his work has been well-received. In fact, one university vice president recently invited Timper to his office for coffee after the official had been the subject of a Timper cartoon.

The vice president said he was pleased with Timper's rendition and asked for the original.

TIMPER

Timper admits he likes to caricature presidents and other such figures of authority.

"You can point all your flak at one person, when in fact it's not just one person to blame," he said.

"That's just the way it is," he added with a grin. "If you are a president and you have a funky feature, well, you're gonna get it. Look at Nixon. It got to the point that all you had to do was draw a ski slope (to depict the former President)."

Timper said he develops his cartoon and caricature ideas much in the same way the Chinese develop some of their language characters.

"Something that helps me a lot is a Chinese book called 'I Ching -- the Book of Change,' which is a collection of 64 life arrangements that can happen."

Each of the 64 hexagrams depicts a different image, which is what Timper tries to do in his cartoons. He said he tries to reduce a situation or several incidents to a single image.

To illustrate his point, Timper dragged out his personal copies of the Alestle. In an editorial cartoon about the de-centralization of the two SIU campuses, Timper depicted a mad

scientist creating a Frankenstein with two heads. The caption read, "Now for my greatest experiment . . ."

Timper said, "Some stories just lend themselves to a cartoon better than others." For the stories more difficult to illustrate, Timper said he seeks advice from the editors or the reporter who did the story.

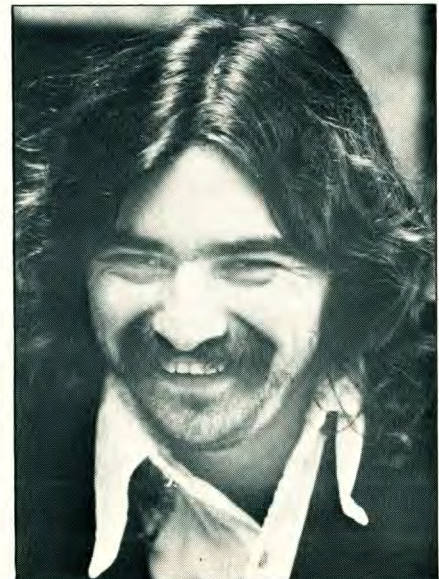
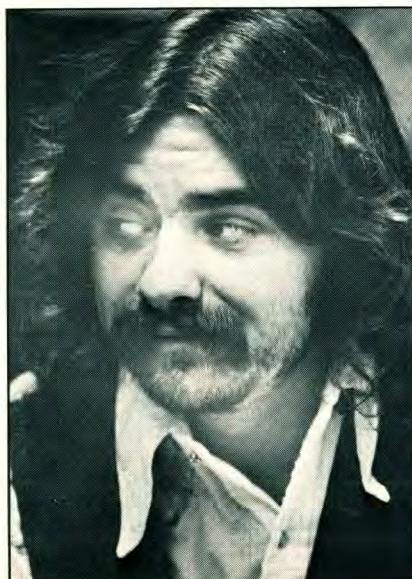
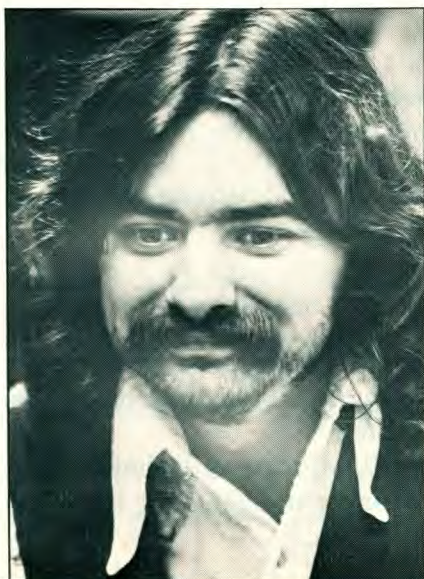
Timper has gone through several phases of cartooning since his talent was discovered in grade school. This included a phase he went through in high school.

"That was when I got turned on to pot and just started to draw. You know, when you get really high, close your eyes and you see things. I would try to draw those illusive mental images that I saw. It was kind of surreal, weird art," he said.

"It was really neat because I was drawing something out of my head. That took up quite a few history classes," he said, explaining that he would draw instead of listening to the class lecture.

"It's because of this that my other grades suffer," he said. "I'm really a bright guy, I just don't want to work at it."

Cartooning, however, is not Timper's greatest ambition. He thinks of it





TIMPER

more as a sideline to his real love -- painting.

Timper began painting not long after his artistic talent was discovered. Although his skills were basically self-developed, he began producing acrylic paintings in late grade school, which he tried to sell in a store in his hometown of O'Fallon.

After his painting, which he said was a "candy-colored picture of a violin," had been in the O'Fallon shop for some time, the store owner informed Timper a painting instructor had offered to give him lessons.

Timper was on the verge of declining the offer when the store owner said, "I think she said it was for free."

Timper studied with the instructor June Kelley for two years, learning about color paintings and landscapes.

"It pushed me ahead of the other



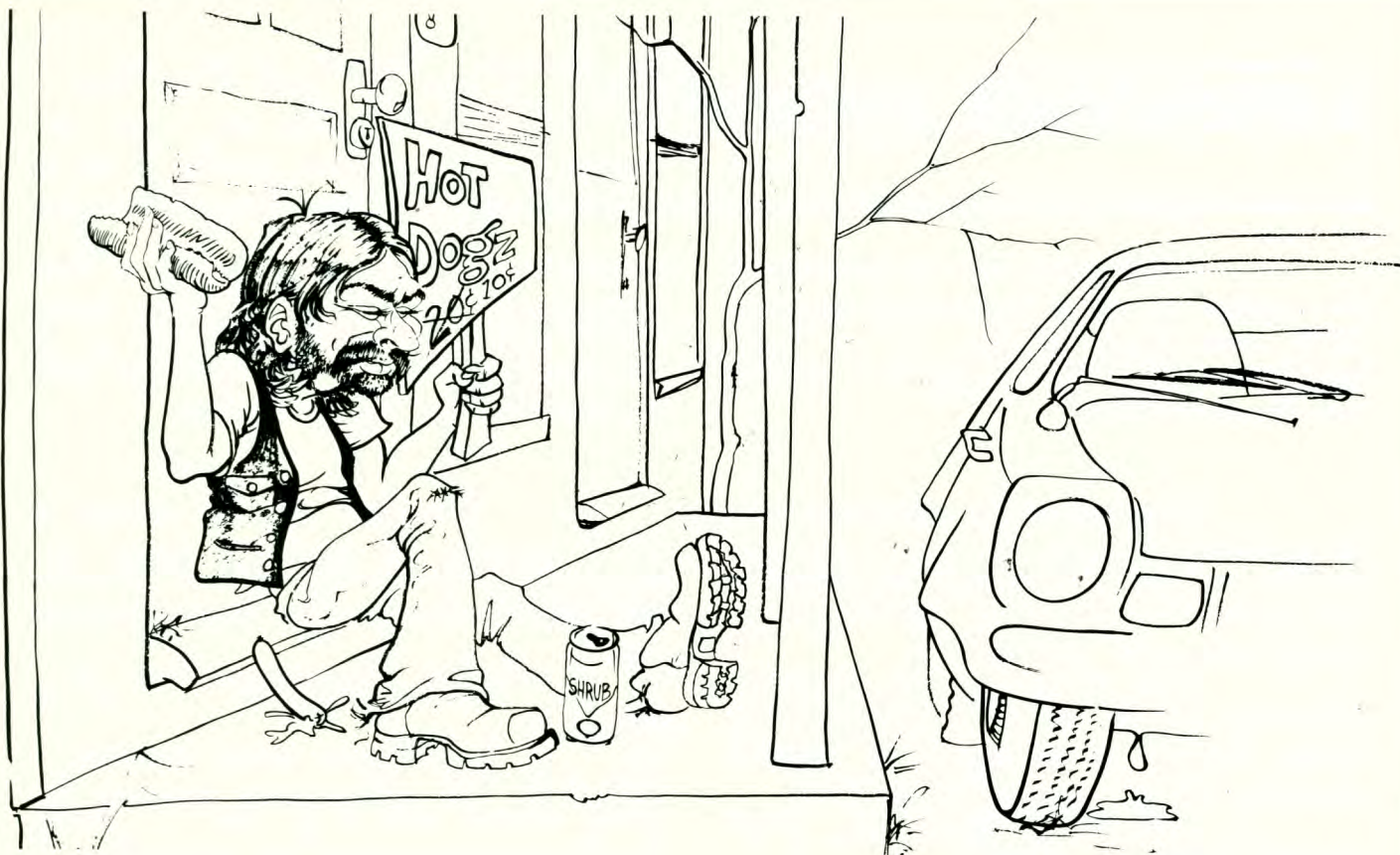
AHH...THIS STAIRWELL IS AS SAFE AS BANKER'S MONEY!

(Top left) Timper's fascination for long hair and beards is displayed in this intricate drawing.

(Above) Obscure stairwells in SIUE can be unsafe, depending upon the activity.

kids my age, because it taught me basic theory that I haven't gotten in high school or college since," Timper explained.

Timper's painting skills helped him with several jobs during the 2½-year break he took from the university.



TIMPER

In his first job, with the state highway department located in East St. Louis, Timper immediately began putting his talents to work, even though the highway department had "about as much need for an artist as it did a fashion designer," according to Timper.

Timper confessed that he was hired for the job in an unconventional manner. He said the interviewer glanced through his sketch book until he came to several sketches Timper had done of partially-clad ladies next to industrial tools. The idea had come from a tool-company calendar.

Suddenly the man asked Timper, "Are you a leg man or a butt man?"

"It was the first substantial question he'd asked me throughout the entire interview besides my name and age," Timper said. "I told him I was both and he said I was hired."

Timper's primary duties at the highway department were to outline Mylar

drawings of roads and cross sections. He was dissatisfied because his artistic talents weren't put to a better use and told his boss just that.

The boss sent Timper to another department head who Timper described as "the only freak in the entire place outside myself." His new boss gave Timper a new assignment--to produce a triptych for the building's lobby. A triptych, Timper explained, is a three-panel set of drawings or paintings. Timper chose three Illinois sites as subjects and painted the eight-foot tall panels.

This job, once completed brought Timper more job offers to paint triptychs and portraits, like the one he finished for the Madison fire department's ladies auxiliary.

"It was kind of weird," Timper said. "The ladies' auxiliary gives the firemen coffee and doughnuts while they are fighting fires. They wanted me to do a painting of them giving the men coffee and doughnuts."

TIMPER

Timper later took the painting in for a critique in one of his painting classes at SIUE. Prof. David Huntley, who was chairman of the art department at the time, came to view the class's work.

"Everybody's paintings were set up around the room and mine was behind Huntley. He went around the room pointing at each saying, 'Um hummmm, Um hummmm,' until he saw mine," Timper said.

After seeing the other paintings, which were mainly abstract or impressionistic works, Huntley was shocked to see Timper's realistic painting of the ladies' auxiliary.

"Who in the hell did this," Prof. Huntley roared.

"I don't really think he thought it was all that neat," Timper said as he recalled

the situation. "Wagner people (the are students) are into expressionism and abstract art, you know, experimenting with the medium. Not too many are realists. If you do a pot of flowers straight, you'll get laughed at."

Although Timper really enjoys painting, he is aware that producing his own paintings will probably not earn him a steady income. He said he would like to continue his education in graduate school, but doesn't have the kind of money it would require.

For this reason, he said, "I will do whatever will make some money. If I can grab a job at a newspaper, I can use it as a basic income and produce my own work on the side."

But he's not certain of anything just yet.

"I'm pulled in several directions. I want to be real serious about artwork, but there's another side of me that's tongue-in-cheek and wants to make fun of everything."

A prankster at 10, Phillip Timper really hasn't changed at all.

Timper tantrums:

An artist's perception of college life at SIUE

As a cartoonist for the student newspaper at SIU-Edwardsville, Phil Timper has developed some definite perceptions of the campus and its surroundings. Following are some of his perceptions:

Student Government: "It's a big joke. There's so many people trying to take it seriously that someone should lend an ear to what's really going on."

SIUE President Kenneth Shaw: "I like the guy, I guess. He hasn't done anything really bad against me. My relationship with him, you might say, is strictly professional. I'm a cartoonist. He's a president."

Student Work: "It's not the real world, I'll tell you that. It's like pretend, but you can get in trouble if you don't pretend right."

Chimega: the Campus Mascot: "She's a nice girl, I think she's a girl. I think they ought to find her a nice guy and get her a real big pen. She isn't unhappy now, but I wouldn't think she's happy: that's a pretty dinky cage. I mean, good ole Bucky Fuller gave her a geodesic dome and everything, that's cool. I'd love to live there, but a cat like that needs room."

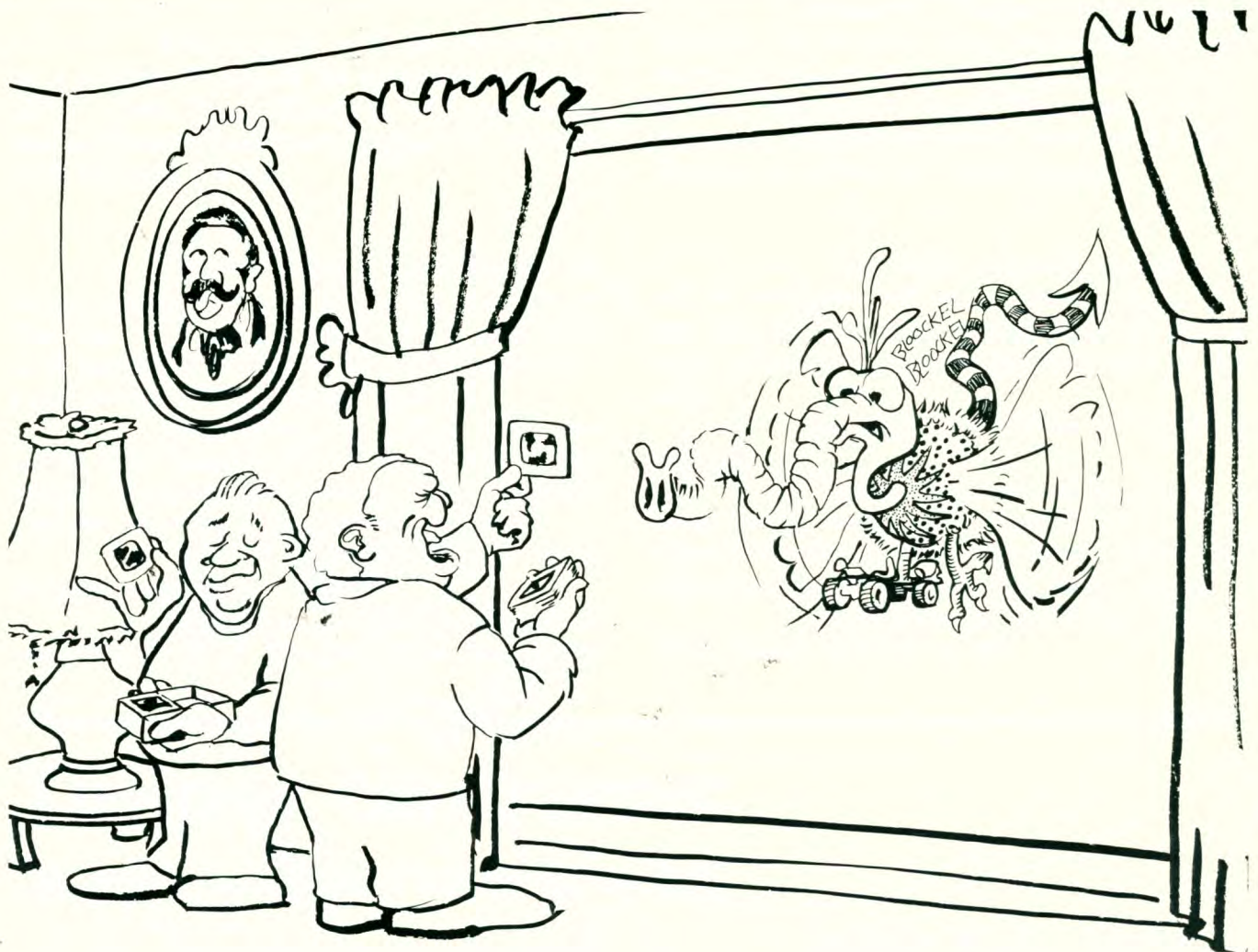
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Timper tantrums



GIVE TOWER LAKE TO CHIMEGA !

Timper tantrums



Say...this one's really different



OD.D. OVER DOUBLE DOSE

Timper tantrums

The Alestle: "It's an interesting environment. The people that work there are all students and there's a lot you don't have to take seriously. But you're working at something that's deadly serious. It's a newspaper and a real responsibility. It has a lot of influence."

Tower Lake: "It's silly to have parking lots at Tower Lake because the school is so close. I mean I've walked from here (his apartment) to school (about three miles) and enjoyed the walk. Instead of parking lots there, you can have a wooded area. That would be real neat."

Edwardsville: "I like Edwardsville a lot. If your car isn't working, you're always near a friend on the other side of town. That is, if you have a friend on the other side of town."

The Bubble Gym: "I never go there. I just don't trust it, you know. If I need exercise, I'll go walk someplace."

Health Service: "I think they should get rid of the doctors and nurses there and put in a computer that can diagnose your ailment when you tell it your symptoms and tell you what hospital to go to. For that matter, you can use a roulette wheel."

Taking Classes: "I have the A&W approach to taking classes. You know how A&W has the Papa Burger, Mama Burger and Teen Burger? Well, I take classes according to my appetite and my budget. If I have lots of money and feel like taking a lot of classes, I go with the Papa Burger or a full schedule. But in the summer I just like a little snack and take just a few classes -- the Teen Burger or Baby Burger."



Timper has long waged a war on campus vending machines. Here he portrays a frustrated student in search of the almighty potato chip.



Marathon: a personal experience

Text by Keith Yanner

Photos by Tim Vizer

Layne Law: long distance runner

His body is strewn in a tree's shade, the marathon is over. Layne Law, SIUE senior, wants to go somewhere to vomit, but when he gets up he is too dizzy to move.

The 26 miles 385 yards of the Chicago Daley Marathon lies behind him.

His finish is 117th out of 8,500 runners. He runs it in less than three hours (2:57:00), and thereby gains a lifetime invitation to the Boston Marathon.

At the end it is difficult to determine the conqueror—the runner or the marathon.

Layne looks down to his shoes, anticipating the worst. When he takes them off, he finds his raw feet badly blistered. He knows he can't talk about the pain because every other finisher feels the same.

Less than five minutes after finishing he takes his heart rate. It's down to 84, a rate most people have sitting still.

His whole body hurts, but the marathon is a goal fulfilled, and he knows it's worth it. In a couple of hours it will be even better.

The Start: The preliminaries come to an end, tension accelerates, anxiety waxes. Law is in the fourth row of two starting lines of more than 4,000 runners each.

The runners are oblivious to the preliminaries—Miss America, speakers, a band.

Runners don't care about that. Everybody is looking at the time and temperature signs, it's 9:50 a.m. and 64 degrees, Sunday, Sept. 24

The runners place themselves in the starting lines according to the paces they want to run—five, six, seven, or nine minutes per mile. The faster runners in front, the slower in back.

Law and his friend, Marc Profancik from SIUE, get up with the five-minute milers. Law knows it is important to get out quickly.

They are both cross country runners.

They don't feel bad, even though they won't maintain that pace. A guy dressed in all white, except for his black hi-top tennis shoes, and wide as he is tall, is ahead of them in the third row.

At the gun, Law and Profancik get out with the leaders. They stay near the front for the first half-mile, watching their step. Law feels "superenthusiastic." The participants and spectators yell and clap.

Law recalls the feeling he used to get playing basketball for Civic Memorial High School in Bethalto. When the crowd is energized, it turns him on.

He thinks, "Look at all those people who wish they were out here with us, they're gonna be the ones at the 20-mile mark saying, 'Look at those fools out there dying.'"

At the half-mile mark, runners from the two starting lines flow together like rivers intersecting.

In the midst of the broad current, Law says to his friend jokingly, "Let's work on staying in the top fifty."

The runners talk about the race, how they are running. ►

'He sees drained faces, people getting cramps, sideaches, and he realizes the marathon is everything it's said to be. He watches it take its toll.'

Marathon

Profancik asks, "How fast do you think we're going?"

"We oughta be about 5:50 per mile," Law says.

Profancik disagrees, "Five forty five."

They come through the first mile at 5 minutes 30 seconds, a man with a stop watch shouts the times.

"Do you think it's too fast?"

Profancik says the pace feels good, "We might as well enjoy it while we still have feeling in our legs."

5 Miles: The two runners approach the five-mile mark. They aren't tiring. Law thinks it's like riding a bicycle or being on a leisurely job. They are swept by the emotion of the crowd and the noise of the city, and they are running less than six minutes per mile. They run north from downtown Chicago toward Lake Michigan.

The crowd, the Chicago noise, the morning, contrast with Law's running conditions back home in Southern Illinois.

He likes to run at night, on a quiet country road around Bethalto or the SIU campus. "Night is calmer, there is less wind, and it seems you're out there by yourself."

'He's getting tired at mile 11. The running is monotonous, and the girls on the Lake Michigan beaches aren't appealing anymore.'

Mostly he just likes to run.

"Running puts me on my own, if I fail it's my own fault."

A look at one of the courses Law runs at home emphasizes the solitary challenge. The runners call one part of the campus cross country course the "Bad Lands." It's a course Law has spent most of his past two years running. He was a member of SIU's cross country team for four years.

The Bad Lands is a mile and a half stretch of hills and undulations. One hill rises at about sixty degrees, after it's crested, the runner is hurtled down the other side and must make a 70 degree turn.

Law recalls sliding out of the curve into the brush a few times, and having to come up running the next hill.

He said running humbles him and gives him a "super feeling."

"When I'm out on some country road at midnight and running well, I think about people who need to spend a lot of bucks to have a good time, while I'm on top of the world where I'm at.

"I guess I have simple tastes."

At the Chicago Marathon, the first five miles have been a high point. But Profancik falls back about two or three yards and Law realizes there are 20 miles left.

They turn back south and are running along Lake Michigan now. They have 14 miles to run by the lake.

They pass the first-aid station, and the attendants are shouting encouragement.

Law and Profancik realize they must be expecting people to drop off. No one quits.

Law envisions the 20-mile mark as the point where he'll need encouragement and refreshment.

Runners stop to grab cups of water or Gatorade.

Others drench their T-shirts drinking on the run.

At the seven-mile mark Profancik is still behind.

Law feels good and knows his partner understands. He says, "I'm gonna see what I've got," and takes off.

10 Miles: He's still running along Lake Michigan. He's met his goal for the first 10 miles, less than 65 minutes (60 minutes 54 seconds).

He sets goals for everything, school, sports, work, but unlike most athletes he usually doesn't mind if he loses, or if he doesn't reach his goal.

He said, "Winning isn't important. I'd just as soon go out and have a good time, not even keep score. I'd rather play wiffle ball than some big organized game where people get too involved and angry. The value of sports is to have fun and become as talented as possible."

Once in a high school track meet his goal was to win the mile against his toughest competitor in the conference. Layne got beat, but he said after the race they ran a couple of miles together for a warm down and talked about the race.

He said people who get built up about their goals are in for disappointments.

'At the end it is difficult to determine the conqueror—the runner or the marathon.'

He didn't get upset, ("My goals aren't a life or death matter.") and he beat the opponent in the conference meet.

He's getting tired at mile 11. The running is monotonous, and the girls on Lake Michigan beaches aren't appealing anymore.

He's in about 100th place, and he has found a gap that depresses him. He's by himself. He can't close the gap, no one is catching up.

He's 50 yards either way from the nearest runner.

A guy on a ten speed bicycle with his son in a kiddie seat passes him. His radio plays a Barry Manilow song.

"Hey, stay right there," Law says.

"OK, I'll stay up here for a little while," the guy says.

After a mile he begins to pull away from the cyclist, then the man on the bike starts pumping and passes Law.

He isn't about to pick up the pace to hear Barry Manilow.

At mile 12 he begins to concentrate on hitting his 20-mile goal, 2 hours 10 minutes. But now just reaching each mile marker is a goal.

He sees drained faces, people getting cramps, sideaches, and he realizes the marathon is everything it's said to be. He watches it take its toll.

He doesn't worry about finishing though. He has confidence in his training. He began in June, he knows he will finish.

Maybe that's why he loves sports, because he doesn't worry about his ability to perform. He is a trained athlete, but he worries about other things.

"I'm a chronic worrier, I guess I underestimate my capabilities."

He worries about school, even though he's been on the Dean's list several times.

"I have this class (journalism 201b, government reporting) where 20 stories are due



Marathon

by the end of the quarter. In the first week I've done four stories and instead of thinking I'm ahead of schedule, I worry about the other 16."

He fools many people. They think he is stable with everything under control. He hides his anxiety with an air of humble confidence

He worries about work.

Most of his friends are out of school and working. He wants to get into an eight-to-five rut for a while. He said a steady job will ease his worry. And at inopportune times, when he thinks he's on top of things, someone will say, "Aren't you through school yet? When are you going to get a steady job?"

Then his insides start to churn.

"When I get frustrated about what I'm doing and say I can't wait 'til I'm done with school, then I know I'm not enjoying it. And at times like that I wish I was an old man ready to die because I don't like to worry, and then all the worrying would be over."

He has a shoulder pain at mile 13. He loosens his arms to take the stitch out. The pain is gone after a half-mile.

The aid station at mile 14 is a chance to take a 10 second rest.

He grabs a sponge, cools off, drinks water.

The path along Lake Michigan narrows. It is lunch time and spectators pack the path's edges five deep.

He starts up again.

They are yelling encouragement, passing out water and orange slices, and he feels it is the best aid station of the race.

15 Miles: He passes through the tunnel of people and trees.

After 15 miles he wonders why he is doing it, the oldest common question among athletes. Then he ignores it and feels optimistic about finishing.

He still runs in the gap. It's boring.

His mind wanders. He wishes he'd trained more. He trained for 20 and planned to let the last six miles take care of themselves.

And they would, one way or another, running, walking, whatever.

He ran about 50 miles a week to get ready. Sometimes he ran with his brothers, Lindal, 30, and Kevin, 27, who also are running in the Daley Marathon. They will finish together in 4 hours, 43 minutes.

On Sunday mornings the three brothers ran between 12 and 20 miles on the Alton River Road.

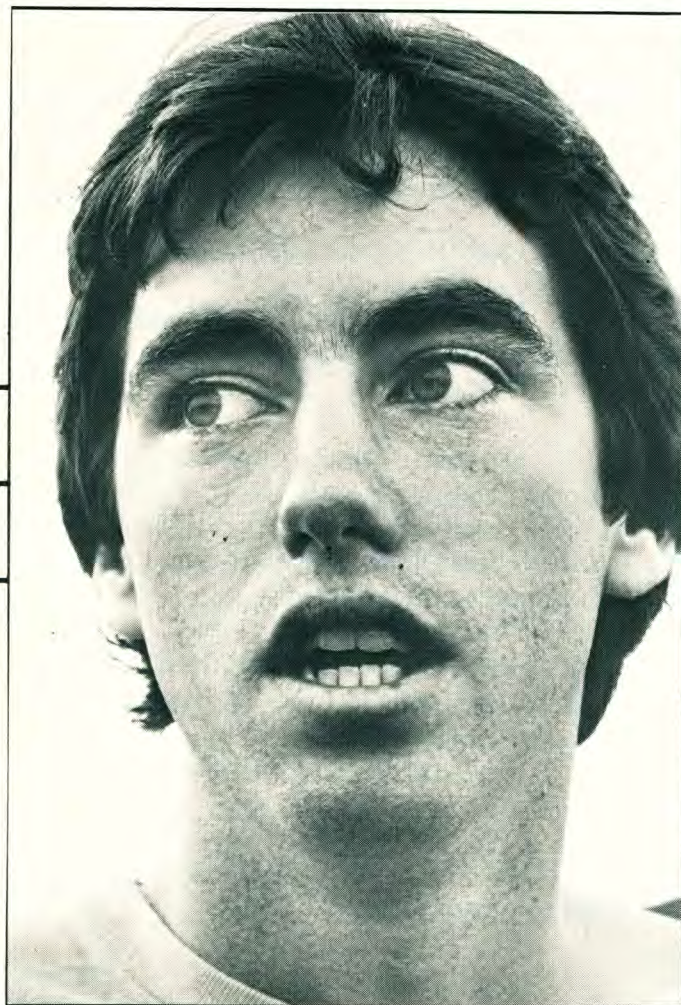
Though Layne detests running in the morning, they'd start about 6:30.

Layne said, "When you got a couple of guys running with you, and you got something to talk about, you feel good. After you run a couple of miles, you think it's great and wish you'd do it every morning."

He said his three brothers (Lonnie, 31, is the other) are his best friends. "I've always played sports with them." They run together, hunt together, shoot baskets together, play volleyball, wiffleball, football together, it doesn't matter which sport.

Sometimes they take a boat down to Batchtown, Ill., on the Mississippi River.

'Running puts me on my own, if I fail it's my own fault.'



Layne Law

During duck season they'll set up a blind and hunt. Out of season, they'll just observe and have a good time.

Layne said it's something that won't thrill 90 percent of the people, "But it satisfies me."

He walks through the next aid station, rests, cools off, then runs.

He hits the 18-mile mark and begins to gain confidence.

The finish no longer seems a million miles away, and he starts to play mind games to make the distance less formidable.

At mile 19 he thinks about the courses around home.

He has a seven mile course, and he remembers all the times he has run it well.

He thinks, one more time around that home course and I'm through with this. Seven miles is nothin'.

He thinks about "The Wall" most marathons refer to when they talk about the 20th mile. But he isn't afraid of it. He looks forward to reaching the point where it supposedly awaits every runner. He knows it won't be easy, the pain and the threat of oxygen debt that causes muscles to burn and legs to stiffen like trees. But he figures nothing is going to zap him at 20 miles, rather the pain will continue to gradually build. He will be able to bear it.

Every curve people are yelling encouragement. He needs it. Spectators tell the runners they are looking good, even though they don't.

He is running for each mile mark

and the psychological boost each one offers.

The course takes a turn again. He leaves the Lake Michigan path and gradually turns back toward downtown Chicago.

20 Miles: He comes to the 20-mile mark. Mentally he runs his six-mile course at home. He makes his goal, he comes through in two hours six minutes, and any pessimism vanishes. He has 54 minutes to run the next six miles.

Every mark he runs a new race, and he knows he can finish up on every one of them.

He thinks he can take more time at the aid stations, and he can slow down his pace. He's taking the way that offers the least pain.

He thinks about his aching body. He envisions raw, blistered feet. His calves

and thighs tighten. He still isn't breathing hard.

That's the key for a distance runner. Everything can ache, feet can bleed, muscles can strain, but the metabolism must be slow.

At rest Frank Shorter, Olympic marathoner, claims his pulse is 36. If the heart races, lungs explode, and sweat pours, he's through. He'll go into oxygen debt and won't be able to move. It's physically impossible, the sprinters will say that.

Law remembers the half mile in high school and college. The difference between it and the marathon is great.

It's a difference of being worn or torn.

"In the half your chest aches, you breathe hard, your legs tighten, but the marathon is total fatigue."

22 Miles: He sees the buildings of downtown Chicago, the skyline. But he doesn't think about them, he doesn't seem to be getting any closer. To get this far a runner needs a background of years of running, not just a couple of months training.

He began running in ninth grade. He was on the golf team that fall, but he found out they needed runners on the cross county team. He went out. By his sophomore year he was the number two man. From his junior year on he was number one.

To him running is enjoyable, a way to release pressure and tension, and a great way to stay in shape for anything. "You're always ahead of people in sports if you're in shape."

He likes to be the last one to get tired playing basketball.

He said most people run because of the physical benefits: better circulation, muscle tone, endurance, etc.

But also, running is inexpensive and accessible. "You can make your own time

to do it, you don't have to buy a racquet or anything, and you can run almost anywhere."

However the sport has its hazards. "I've gotten run off the road a lot of times. After you run a while, you get cocky and think you own the road and it's a rude awakening when you get run off."

Once he and his brothers were training on the River Road. "We were running up a hill on a path a couple of yards off the road. An old lady in a Cadillac started honking. She was yelling, cussing, telling us to get off the road. Kev picked up a rock and hit the car. Those are the kind of people you want to stop."

He explained that sometimes there are people you hope don't stop, "Like when you're running at night and a beer can comes flying out of a car at ya...you never know who it is."

Mile 23 comes quickly, it's not anticipated, and it's a psychological boost.

His goal is Soldier Field. He looks for it, and comes to the 24th mile marker anticipating the excitement of the finish.

25 Miles: He heads right for Soldier Field and the big buildings of the Chicago skyline. About a mile to go.

His left leg cramps.

He falls to the pavement.

He massages the leg.

The knot is the size of a baseball and he gets up and hobbles.

He panics because he doesn't know if it will keep him from finishing.

He tries to run and everytime he he steps on his left leg, the knot clenches tightly.

He massages his leg again, alters his running style for a hundred yards, and the muscle relaxes.

He gets back into normal stride.

26 Miles: It comes quickly after the episode of pain, and the same excitement he felt in the beginning is back.

He knows he is going to break three hours.

With 200 yards to go another runner passes him, blows by him.

But he doesn't care. Nothing is farther from his mind than sprinting.

He wants to finish alone. He knows the applause and cheers will be recognition of his accomplishment.

That might be selfish, but...he claps a couple of times, he's happy and wants to show the crowd he appreciates their enthusiasm.

He crosses the finish line.

A girl dressed in a Dallas Cowboy cheerleader type outfit gives him a ticket for

yogurt and Orange Crush.

His brother Lonnie is right there to say, "Good job."

Layne says, "Good Lord, did you see that gal passing out tickets?"

He feels like dying.

He walks to a car, sits on the bumper, and takes off his shoes.

He rests a minute, then he goes to a shady spot and lies down.

He's never felt so bad in his life.

He wants to look for Profancik, and he wants to throw up, but everytime he gets up, he's too dizzy to move.

So he falls asleep, right there in the shade of a tree in Grant Park near downtown Chicago, surrounded by the city. ■

Layne Law talks about...

About the Boston Marathon: "I don't know if I'll go to Boston. It depends on what kind of job I get. If I go, I'm going to be in the best shape possible, because I'll be there to better my time."

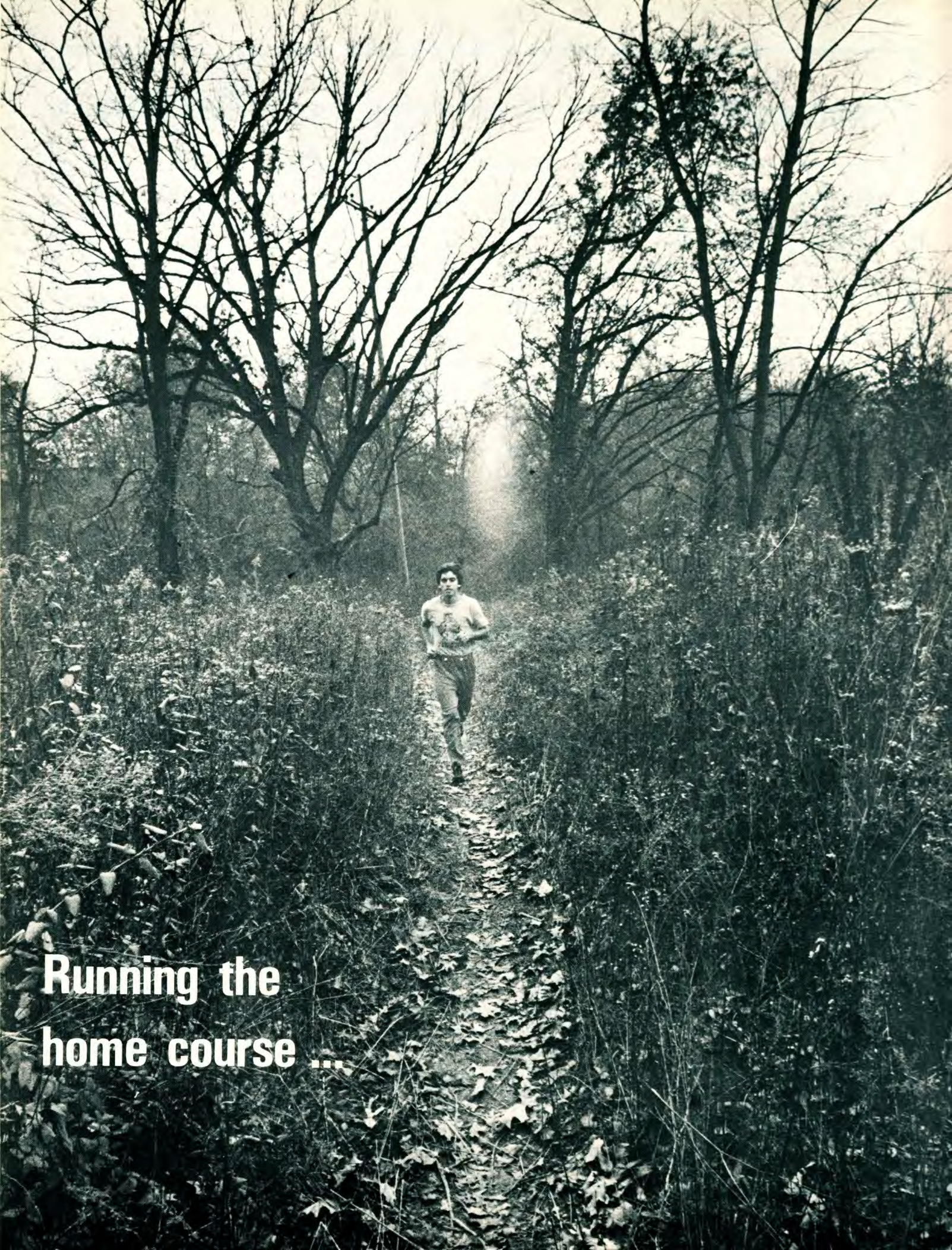
About the spectators: "When I was running, I did a lot of observing. There were people taking pictures, people who came to watch on their lunch breaks, people just looking, and I knew they wanted to be out there in the race, and that made the training worthwhile."

About the Daley Marathon Goal: "I set my goal in June when I began to train, but it wasn't a life or death matter. When I ran it in less than three hours I didn't go nuts or anything."

About his running partner: "Before the race we talked about running together. We figured we would for about 15 miles. I had run with him many times before, so I knew he would realize what I was doing when I took off."

About the finish: "Right after the race, my brother Lonnie was there with my sisters-in-law, and they were real enthusiastic, but I was totally exhausted...I thought I would die."

About himself: "I don't take things seriously enough. I would like to be more serious, especially in my relationships with people. But if you get too involved you get in a position to be let down, or to let someone else down. On the other hand, if you are more serious, you get more meaning out of life." ■



**Running the
home course ...**

...in the Bethalto countryside

Layne Law has been running since junior high school when he discovered there was a shortage of runners for the track team. He is not alone. One of the fastest growing sports in the country, an estimated 25 million people run or jog, according to Dr. James Fixx in his book, "The Handbook on Running."

Law often runs with his brothers early in the morning, but he likes running alone at night best.

"Night is calmer, there is less wind, and it seems you're out there by yourself," he said.

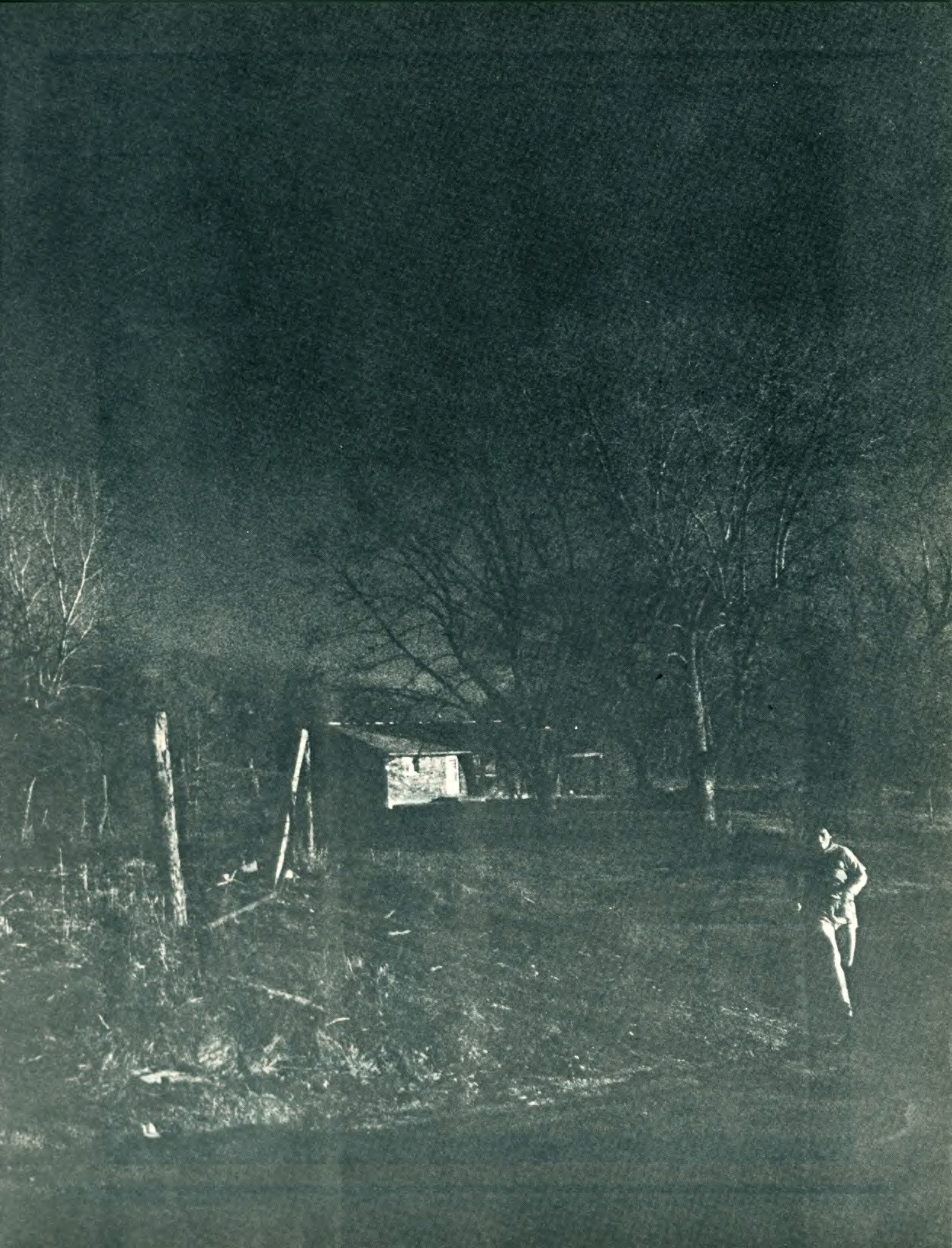
Mostly he just likes to run.

Some of his favorite places to run are the country roads around his home town, Bethalto, Illinois.

On the following pages are photos of Law running in some of his favorite places. These photos were taken by Tim Vizer, a journalism student at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.











An expert's opinion—running by the rules

by Keith Yanner

Why: Dr. George Sheehan, physician, marathon runner and writer, has said that people run because it increases cardio-pulmonary fitness, reduces weight, lowers blood pressure, decreases cholesterol, and helps psychological stability. He said it is the easiest exercise, requiring a minimum of equipment, no athletic ability, and no companions.

Diet: The runner should avoid solids two to three hours before running, and not drink fluids with a high sugar concentration.

How Much: He has said a beginner should walk or run at a conversational speed for five to ten minutes every other night. Then he should build up to running 30 minutes three or four times a week to achieve the above-mentioned results. Above all any runner should "train, not strain."

The opposition: Researchers in San Francisco said joggers may be running to an early grave. The researchers compiled reports on sudden deaths from coronary artery disease victims, and more than half of them occurred during moderate to strenuous activity.

Sheehan's reply:

"Recent statistics show that the overfed, under exercised United States is 37th in life expectancy for men over 40. A Health Insurance Plan of New York study revealed of 110,000 people, physically active men had only one half the number of heart attacks of the inactive men."

Clothes: Sheehan said to not wear anything bulky, and to wear shoes with a good-sized heel, a multi-layered sole, and a solid shank.





In the annual Bronze Boot soccer game St. Louis University defeated SIUE 1-0. [Opposite page] Don Ebert of SIU misses a head shot early in the second half. [Left] The official calls Ebert for dangerous play. [Below] Tim Guelker sits on the bench after the game. [Bottom] Ebert misses a goal late in the game.



Photos
by
Mark
Wakeford



Portraits



portfolio

Photos by
Mark Wakeford

These formal portraits were taken at
SIUE over the last year.

[Left-hand page] Kelly Wakeford of
Alton

[Left] Cindy Perica of Godfrey

[Bottom panel] Karen Weideman of
Alton

[Below] Schelley Mettlach of Lebanon



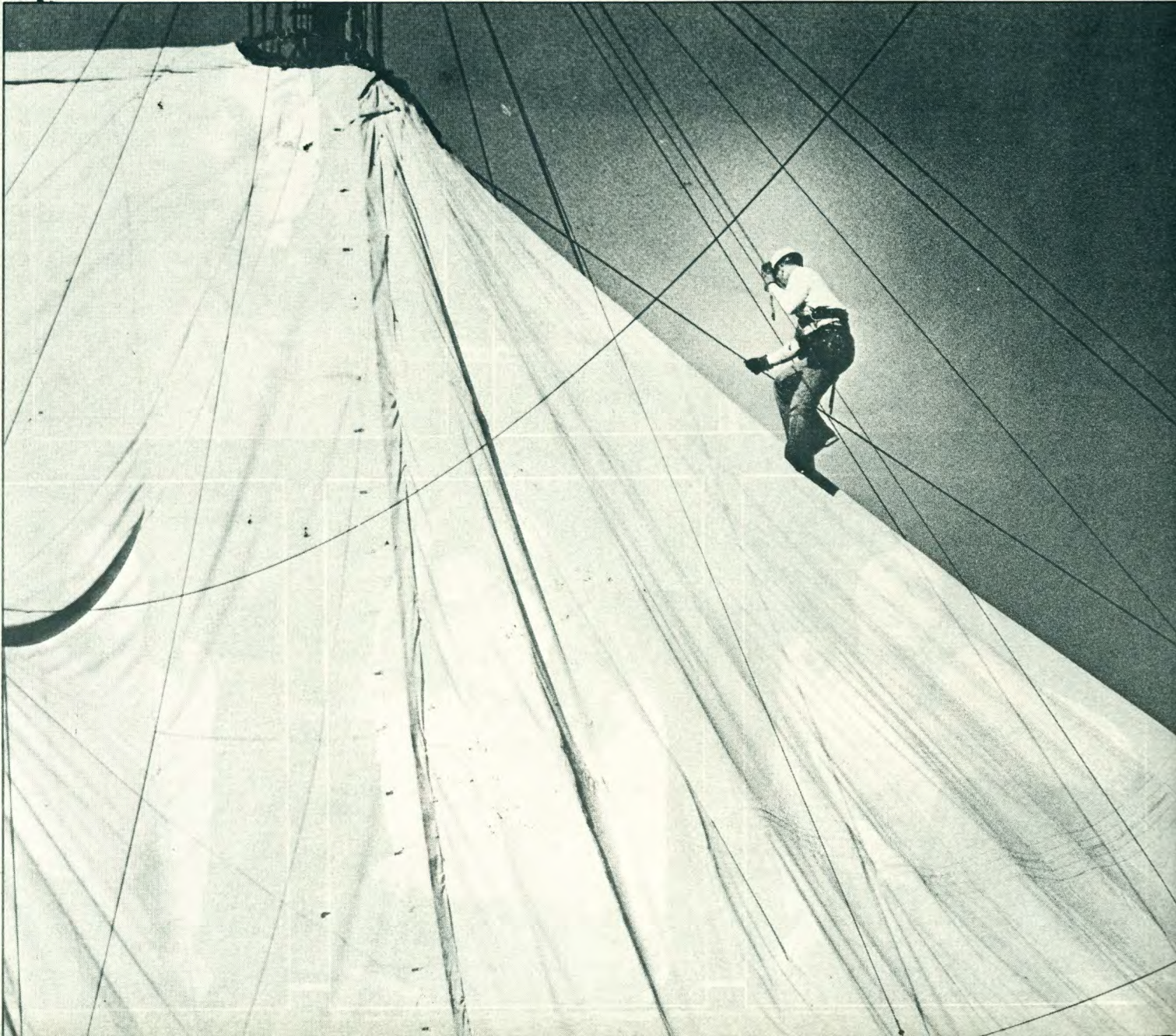
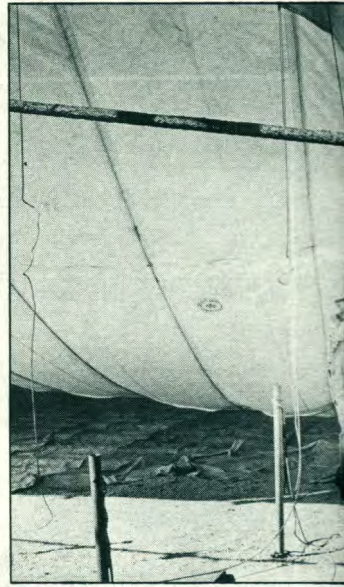
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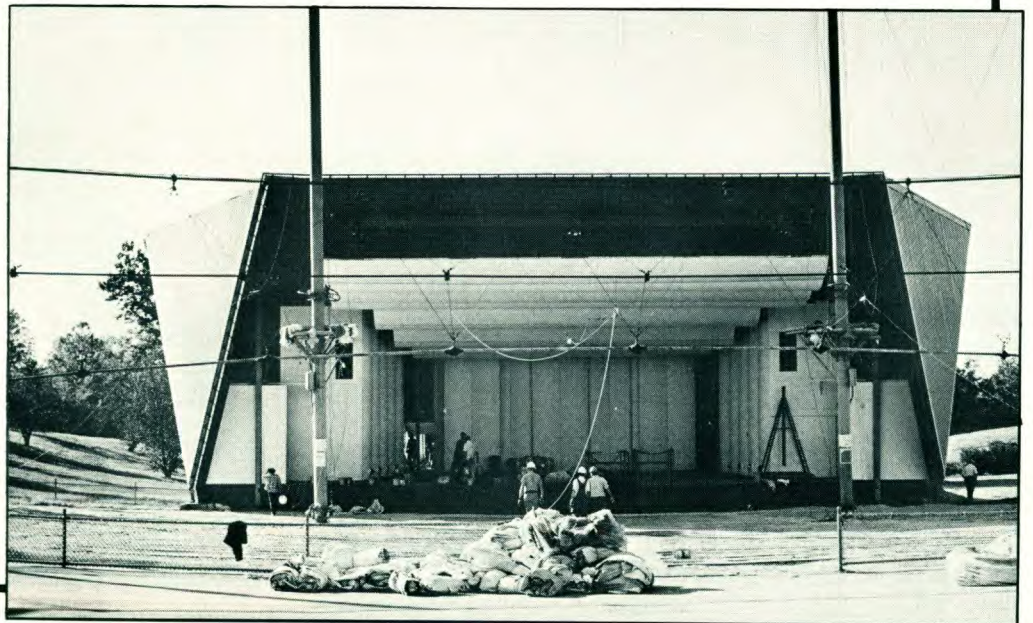
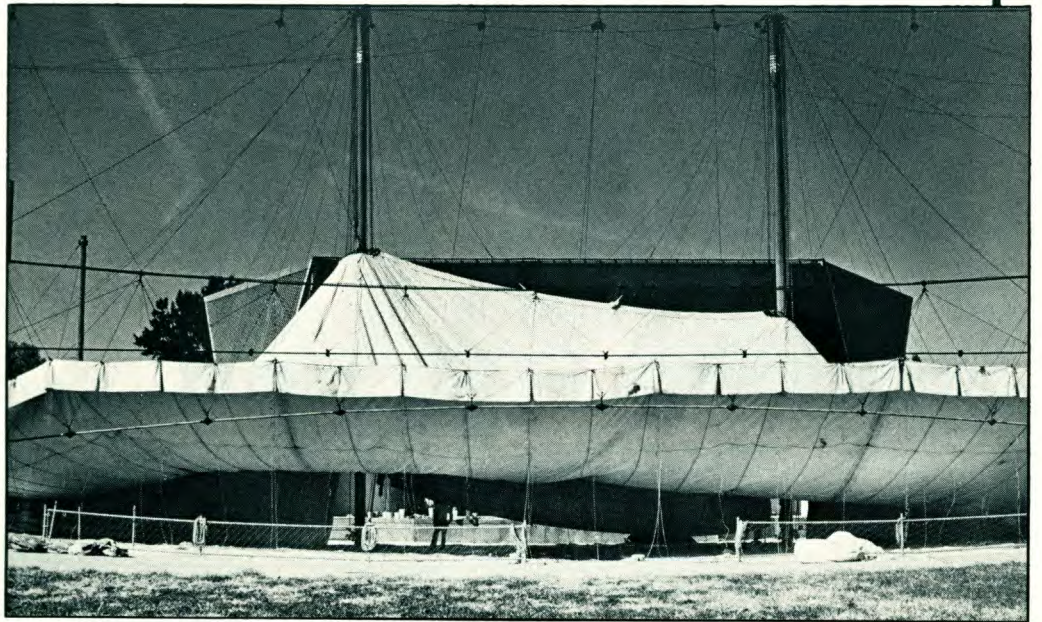
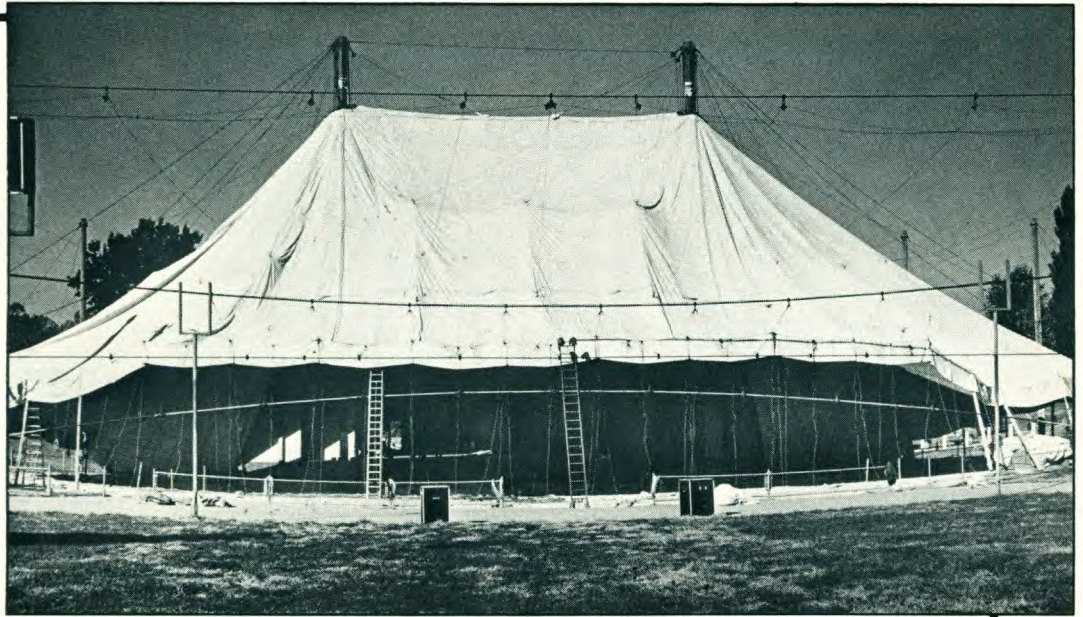
Present . . .
present . . .
past . . .
tents

Gone are the screaming fans and the glaring lights for the final performance of the Mississippi River Festival.

SIU workmen began dismantling the tent at the close of the season in October. Scaling atop the tent is Lloyd Slaughter (right), the "high man," who is the first one up and the last one down.

With the tent rolled up (bottom right), the entire job is completed in one day.







Tom Werner: a president who's not all business

Photos by
Larry Libberton
and Rick Welle

When Tom Werner campaigned for Student Body President, he knew it would be a lot of work.

He divides his time between classes, student government, and even has time for a few hobbies, one of which is working on antique cars.



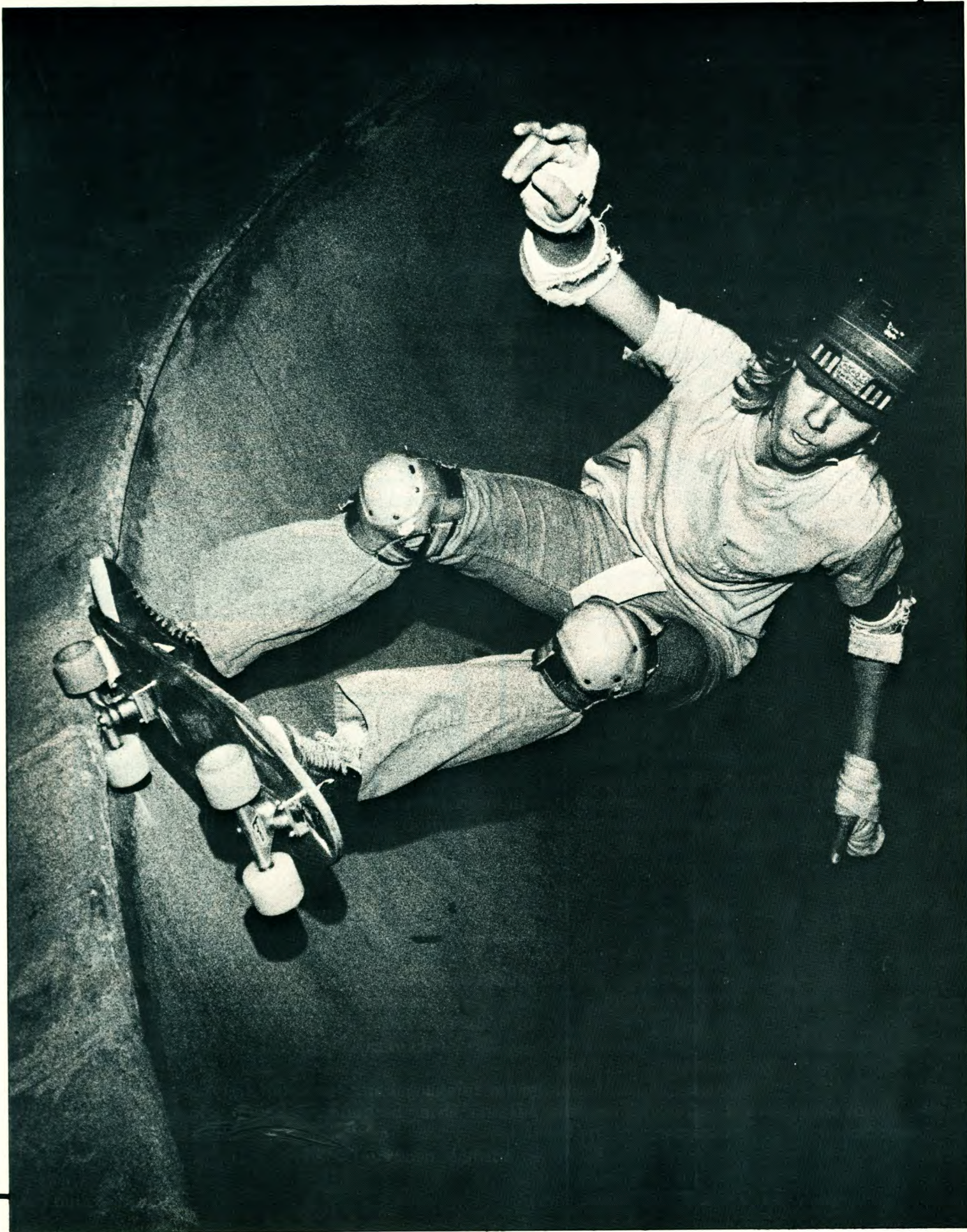
Skateboardin'



portfolio

Skateboarding is a sport that has gained increasing popularity throughout the country over the past couple of years.





Focus

on Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

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

Now in its seventh year Focus is a laboratory publication produced from journalism courses in reporting, in photography, and in publication design. Most of the stories were reported and written in Journalism 481, an independent studies course. Design, layout and graphic arts work came from Journalism 303b. Photographers were enrolled in beginning (210a), intermediate (210b), and advanced (482) courses.

Focus provides pictorial coverage of the campus, as well as in-depth, human interest and investigative stories. Students set all type on a Compugraphic Editwriter 7500 in the editing facilities of the journalism program and do most camera-ready pasteup of pages. The next issue of Focus is scheduled for May, 1979.

Focus is six times regional Sigma Delta Chi (SDX) best college magazine. Once (1973) it was named the best in the nation.

Some notes about contributors to this issue . . . Alice Noble is former editor of the daily Alestle, now reports part-time for the Collinsville Herald and for the new on-campus newsletter the Observer, and for journalism lab publications.

Every journalism major must complete a professional internship, and Jim Roche did his in photography for United Press International in St. Louis. Said his host after a fall of photographing St. Louis: "...he does a great job."

Mark Wakeford learned about studio photography while working part-time for Photographic Services on-campus. So did Nancy Behms; she also interned for the Belleville News-Democrat.

Keith Yanner spent twenty hours interviewing distance-runner Layne Law for a mile-by-mile account of the Daley Marathon in Chicago...Alan Schneider specializes in advertising, Tim Vizer and Mary Butkus in photojournalism...Nora Baker teaches basic reporting, works on a master's degree in mass communications, is feature editor for Granite City Journal.

Photograph by Alan Schneider



This issue of Focus magazine is edited by Kelly Brooks, Suzanne Scharf, Alice Curless, Richard Pierce, Mark Wakeford, Rick Pearson, Bill Plaschke, Jan Bradley, Mitchell Braun, and Angela Beal. The cover is designed by Alice Noble. All are majors in journalism at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.

Does the alphabet need a 27th letter?

"Yes," say the journalism students in Editing and Design class (Journalism 303b). As a class assignment the students were required to design a 27th letter for the English Alphabet. This symbol could be for a few letters or a few words.

By Alice Curless and
Kelly Brooks.

This letter is a collaborative effort of two senior journalism students. It represents a sigh, an often-used expression on campus, especially during finals week.

It is so often used it seems unnecessary to waste four letters to write it when one will do nicely.



By Richard Pierce, a junior
from Greenville.

This symbol represents not a sound, but those words which are commonly referred to as expletives. Since expletives serve as emotional outlets rather than any real function, there is no reason to laboriously type or spell out the word, especially when a certain segment of the population is offended.

Therefore, a single symbol can represent all of these words.

The symbol, in order to distinguish it from the letter "v," descends entirely below the base line, except for the left stem which extends up to the middle of the line, the normal x-height for a letter. A dot inside the letter further distinguishes it.

The key to the shape of the symbol is that it represents a line of force, pointing downward, graphically illustrating what happens to those who make use of this symbol.



By Bill Plaschke, a junior
from Louisville, Ky.

This letter is mainly designed for people of a southern origin. They are constantly made the brunt of jokes because of the beautiful way they talk, so this letter was devised to put everyone on equal terms.

This letter combines the soft "a" and "w" sounds of the regular alphabet and sounds similar to the word "aw."

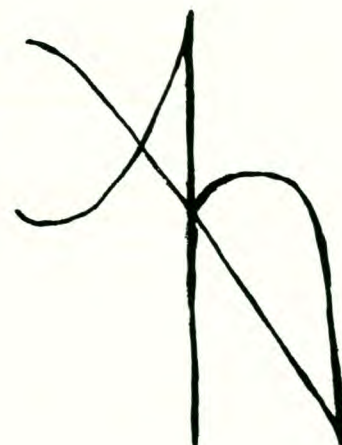
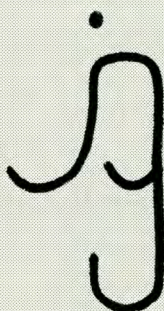
If this letter is instituted, no longer will Southerners be laughed at for saying "y'all," because it would be a regular word. Other words which would change in spelling are "I'll," "wash," "my" and "boy."

With the new letter the southerners would finally be able to get revenge on the damn Yankees, revenge that has been 100 years overdue.

Letters




This letter stands for the suffix "ing" to cut down the number of letters that you have to write. You could add it to the words such as "standing," "going," "writing," etc. All these words would be much shorter with the new suffix and easier to read, also.

By Mark Wakeford, a senior from Alton.



By Alice Curless, a senior from Granite City.

The ampersand (&) has replaced the word "and" for many years, allowing us to include more & more things, faster & faster. However, in this day and age of excuses, I think a quick symbol for the word "but" might be more useful.

Think how simple it would be in writing reports or stories if you could say, "I would have had it done,  ..." or "The congressman did vote for that bill  ..." or "I would have designed a better letter,  ..."

The letter is a simple design & can be drawn with a single stroke of the pen. It also incorporates none of the sounds of the word "but," just as the ampersand does not look like "and," so it should add a sufficient amount of confusion to anyone trying to learn the language.

I have named the symbol a "soraland," so that its name also will have no relationship to its meaning, in keeping with so many other symbols of the English language.



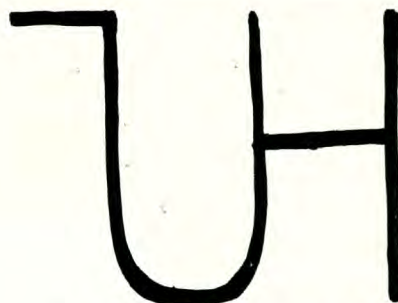
By Suzanne Scharf, a senior from Litchfield.

Swept in on the wave of women's lib and strongly advocated by women, the 27th letter of the alphabet

makes its appearance as a symbol for the word "person." The letter will be pronounced simply as "person" which really isn't so cumbersome when one considers the three syllables in the letter "w."

The letter is a combination of the familiar symbols for the male and female gender and is designed to be used primarily as a suffix, although it can stand alone. Words such as "chairman," "mailman" and "foreman" will rapidly become outdated in the English (at least United States) alphabet with the introduction and use of "person."

Caution must be observed, though, or use of this letter could get carried away. Who would ever know what a "person-icane" is?



By Angela Beal, a senior from Kirkwood, Mo.

In designing a 27th letter for the alphabet I wanted to create something that would blend with the rest of the alphabet.

Taking into consideration the number of strokes it takes to make a letter and the sound derived from each one. I wanted to create a letter that carried a message; one that would be easy to write. Since it is used in almost every sentence, I came up with a letter for the word "the."

U u

By Kelly Brooks, a senior from Glen Carbon.

As most people have known since grade school, the letter "q" is always followed by the vowel "u." This is without exception in the English language.

Personally, I do not like to see one letter than cannot act on its own merits and must be dependent on another. Therefore, I have decided to combine the "q" and "u" to form a 27th letter of the alphabet.

Of course I will leave the "q" in the alphabet for those who are slow to change and are frightened by progress. But it is my prediction that in time, the revised "qu" (pronounced "kw")

WACK WACK



will replace the obsolete "q." The American public will soon be asking themselves? Why write two letters when one will do the job?

The letter is formed by combining the two letters. This

merely entails adding a swash to a capital or lower case "u." Words such as "querulous," "quintuplet" and "queen" will be shortened to look like "qerulous," "qintuplet" and "qeen."

G R

By Jan Bradley, a junior from Edwardsville.

The "gr" sound is very common in the English language. It can be found in words such as "great," "grow," "grape" and "agree."

The 27th letter of the alphabet needs to be of a design similar to the existing 26 letters. The half circle on the bottom of the "G" makes a natural place to attach the top of the "R."

By Rick Pearson, a junior from Chicago.

D d

My 27th letter of the alphabet is called "ed" because it is designed to represent the combination of the letters "e" and "d" on the endings of words. Probably the best use of the letter "ed" would be made by reporters, who in their laborious attempts to get accurate and direct quotes, are always looking for a time saving device.

The following are examples of its use: "report~~d~~," "ask~~d~~" and "talk~~d~~."

The "ph" sound combined at last. For words such as "phone," "phonics" and so on, the new letter will allow "p's" to be "p's" and "h's" to be "h's," and the two shall never again sound like "f."

By Mitch Braun, a senior from Dellwood, Mo.

h





Jim Roche:



Though often covering hard news stories, such as the president's speech (see cover photograph), Jim Roche also shot many feature photographs. To the left is an icy fountain at Aloe Plaza near Union Station in St. Louis. Below is an orangutan at the St. Louis Zoo.

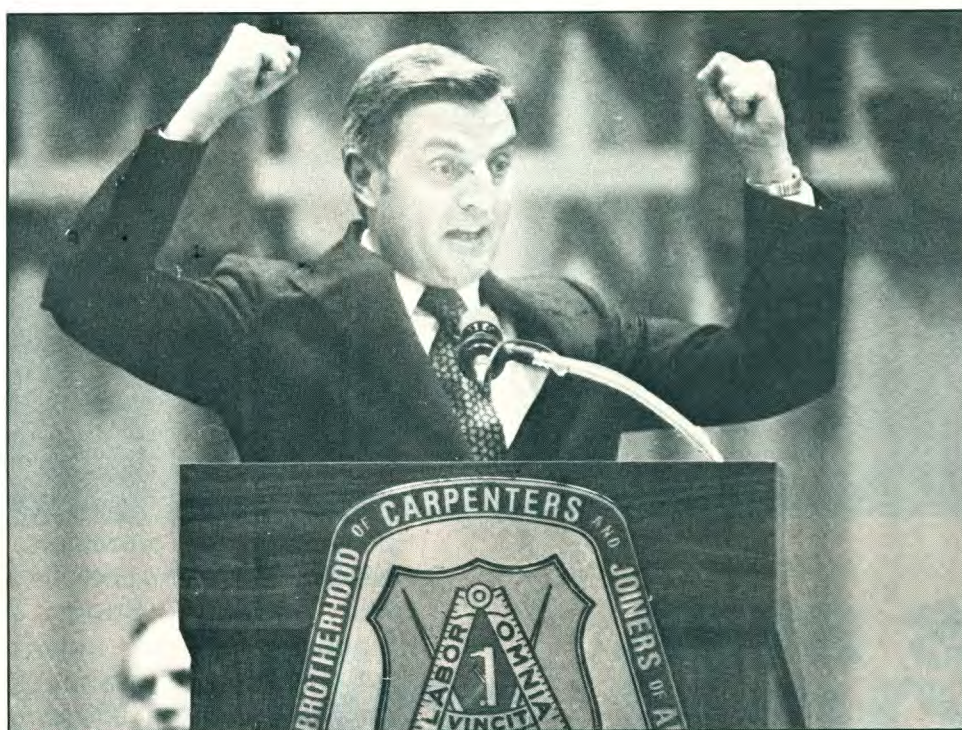


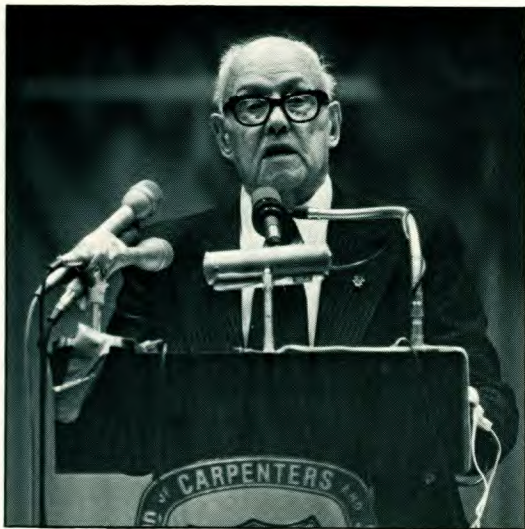
UPI's star pupil

For three months this fall, Jim Roche, a senior journalism major, matched wits with various members of the St. Louis news media as he spent his quarter as a photography intern with the United Press International office in St. Louis.

Working with UPI photographer Art Phillips, Roche spent his days chasing presidents and protesters, celebrities and newborns, pickets and pilots...anything that was news. Some serious, some humorous...all very important to the wire service and the papers it serves throughout the world. On the following pages are some of the photos Roche took during his stay at UPI.

Roche:





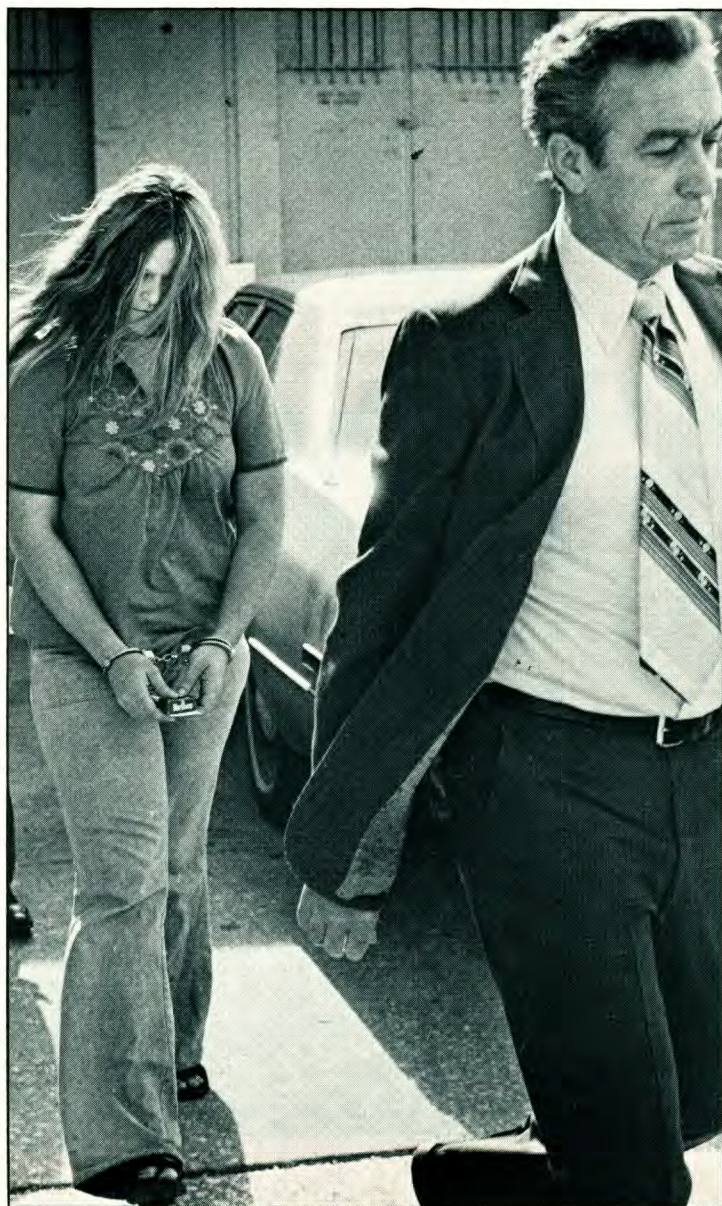
Celebrities

Roche also covered the personalities when they were in town, including Vice President Walter Mondale, who spoke to the St. Louis Carpenter's union Nov. 3 [Bottom left photo]; Peggy Fleming, who was in town with the Ice Capades [Far left]; Charles C. Klotzer, publisher of one of St. Louis' interim newspapers the St. Louis Times [Top left]; St. Louis Cardinal John Carberry, who went to Rome to help elect the new Pope following the death of Pope John Paul I [Bottom right]; and George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, who also addressed the Carpenter's union [Top right].



Events

Roche covered many activities while with UPI, among them a demonstration by nuclear power protesters [Far right], seaplanes wounded by a sudden drop in the Mississippi River [Top photo this page], a strike by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat pressmen [Bottom center photo], and the court trial of Betty Meadows of Norman, Okla., who was charged with providing guns for a helicopter hijacking.



Roche:



A guide to dining on campus

Dining out on the SIU-E campus can be an experience somewhat akin to the Second Coming: awesome, unforgettable and gut-wrenching.

The varieties of experience are infinite. People eat at the oddest places, such as the bookstore and the information counter in the University Center. They eat in offices and classrooms and parking lots.

In the interest of fairness and due to the limitations of time and stomach, only the luncheon meal in the major eating areas will be examined. All but one is self service.

The University Club

The University Club used to be one of the nicest places on campus to eat. The food, of course, was the standard Food Service fare, but the surroundings and the service were so pleasant that, if you didn't think too much about what you were eating, the meal could be a relaxing, enjoyable experience.

Although the big airy dining room and the magnificent view are still there, despite an attempt toward reasonable aesthetic decor and table appointments, the end result can only be described as discouraging.

I realize that to discuss a wine list on the SIU-E campus is ironic, but at the University Club, my companion and I were not even given water. I later learned water has to be requested. Budget cuts have been required everywhere, but isn't this a bit like shooting a gnat with a cannon?

The service was sluggish, even though the dining room was sparsely populated at 11:30 a.m. The yellow place mats and green napkins were pretty and festive and paper. Green candles in decorative glass bowls lent a jaunty air to our table.

Just as we were beginning to relax and mellow a bit in the pleasant surroundings, the waitress ruined it by handing us tickets and asking us to write down our orders.

Amazingly, even with a diminished menu, the food tastes better than it did several years ago. It's still not Tony's, but it's better than it was.

The salads were crisp and cold and very filling although the dressing was a mite tart. Hot foods were served hot, which my companion, a veteran diner at the University Club, said was "unusual."

Out of sheer perversity, I ordered fish and chips. I'm always searching for a restaurant that knows how to make authentic chips. Aside from Mrs. Paul's frozen variety, no one in this country does.

The University Club was no exception, although it was moving in the right direction with some gloriously thick french fries. The plate was attractively decorated with a frilly toothpick and parsley garnish. The only jarring note was the ketchup packet snuggled next to the fish.

The fish (the menu said it was cod) was bland, almost like steamed paper. It had been deep-fried in an interesting batter. I swear I could taste teriyaki sauce. The fish had been well-drained and was not greasy. The potatoes

Text by Nora Baker, a journalism graduate student

were tough and uninteresting. The accompanying cole slaw was the most tasteless I have ever tasted. The best item on the table was a bottle of Heinz Malt Vinegar for Fish and Chips. I used it liberally.

On the recommendation of the waitress, my companion ordered the sweet and sour pork lunch. Everything arrived piping hot and the rice was well-separated. About halfway through the meal, she noticeably slowed down.

"The sweet and sour gets to me after awhile," she said. "It starts good and gets to be too much."

We shared a basket of what the menu labeled as pineapple bread. It was tepid, deliciously crumbly, but neither of us could find a trace of pineapple, either in flavor or in morsel. We did find some surprisingly hard bits of nuts.

Prices for sandwiches and entrees range from \$1.65 to \$2.35. The University Club is open for lunch from 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

The Faculty Club

The Faculty Club is situated at the end of a winding, woodland road, lost in a setting of trees and foliage. The two-story, gray, frame house sits on a low hill, surrounded by nature, "Members only" signs and a recreational area populated by rustic ramadas with barbecues, a threadbare volleyball net, picnic tables, and swings and teeter-totters.

The club's interior resembles a home. The living room is a living room. Even with four large round tables, the dining room is still a dining room.

It is ironic that the best food on campus is served here, ironic because those "Members only" signs mean exactly what they say. Faculty Club facilities are provided for faculty and staff who are members and their guests. Membership is \$15 annually.

The aroma of food cooking lures you to the kitchen where Helen Johnson, the club's hostess and chef, presides. (When was the last time you smelled food cooking on the SIU-E

campus? When was the last time the aroma lured you into any place?)

Food at the Faculty Club has nothing to do with University Food Service, according to Mrs. Johnson. It is prepared at the club. The lunchroom is open Monday through Friday from 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

My salad was crisp and icy cold, topped with Mrs. Johnson's special dressing, which I was permitted to pour myself. She said it had blue cheese as one of the ingredients and I suspect it also contained an oil and vinegar base. Four stars.

The chili was excellent with big chunks of real meat swimming around. My companion ordered a Ranchburger, steaming hot and enormous. It was served on a sesame seed bun.

"They only use good cuts of meat here," he said. "And you get it cooked to order. Of course, I ruin mine because I like it well-done."

The pumpkin pie drove my companion into a frenzy, as little cries of pleasure escaped him. He said the pie had a "very healthy crust."

Sandwiches, including bratwurst and knackwurst, cost 60 cents to \$1. Chili, salad and pie are also available. Tuesday and Thursday specials may be ham, beans and corn bread for \$1; knackwurst, sauerkraut and hot potato salad for \$1.50; or mostaccioli and garlic bread for \$1.

Mrs. Johnson said the club is subsidized by the university but the food pays for itself.

The Wild Turkey

The Wild Turkey is located in the Commons Building in the Tower Lake Apartments complex. The most interesting thing about The Wild Turkey is what is lovingly referred to as "the dirt room."

When the restaurant began operations, personnel discovered a marvelous room, perfect for storage because it was so dry. There was only one problem. A huge pile of dirt dominates the room. The builders had careful-

The aroma of food cooking lures you to the kitchen where Helen Johnson, the club's hostess and chef, presides. [When was the last time you smelled food cooking on the SIU-E campus? When was the last time the aroma lured you into any place?]

**I was told that the food was good. Someone lied.
Never in my wildest dreams did I think it possible to ruin a taco. It was.**

ly enclosed the dirt within four very solid walls. If you ask, you can get a guided tour to the "dirt room" for free.

The decor of the Wild Turkey is predictable: very modern, pseudo-brick and an unused fireplace. Some grocery items are sold and students have said they are very appreciative of the convenience and the low prices.

I was told that the food was good. Someone lied.

Never in my wildest dreams did I think it possible to ruin a taco. It was.

Because the milk shake mixer was on the fritz, the waitress had to hand-turn my shake. This was terribly time-consuming, so my taco paid three visits to the micro-wave oven.

The result was predictable. The cheese had melted and scalded my tongue. The tortilla was soggy and tough, and everything else was totally tasteless. For some strange reason, the inevitable packets of ketchup had also been placed on the plate. Hot ketchup, anyone?

Hot dogs at the Wild Turkey are 38 cents, Brunswick stew is 76 cents and a seven-inch cheese pizza costs \$1.25. Hamburger, french fries, chili, fish sandwiches and ice cream are also available.

The Cafeteria

The University Center cafeteria is fast, cheap and available, which probably accounts for its popularity. It is located in the basement of the University Center and the prevailing decor is that of murk.

I ordered the fish fillet and potatoes O'Brien. Everything was either paper or plastic including the food. With due apologies,

I couldn't taste very much because my tongue and taste buds were still burnt from the Wild Turkey taco.

The crust surrounding the fish fillet was crunchy and tough and tasted like Wheaties. The tartar sauce was tasteless but the lemon was all right. Diners must beware of breaking teeth on the crust at either end of the fish.

The potatoes O'Brien were a real shock.

At the first bite, something ammoniac went up my nose and the first bite became my last bite. There was a distinct chemical flavor. No wonder the Irish are fighting.

The meal was about as thrilling as deep-fried cardboard. Through the years, I have learned to eat two "safe" items in the cafeteria: the chili and the roast beef au jus on rye bread.

Some time ago, interested science majors took samplings of food from the cafeteria to the state food inspection office at Cottonwood Station. The state people were to send the sterilized, plastic containers on to Springfield for testing. Because of a misunderstanding, directions were not followed as to the care and filling of the containers, so a valid test result could not be obtained.

Cafeteria food is served a la carte, but entrees cost anywhere from 95 cents to \$1.30. Several daily specials are available, such as fried whitefish, baked chicken, spaghetti and meatballs, and roast beef and dressing. Regular entrees include the chili, roast beef sandwich or plate, and chopped steak.

Lunch is served in the cafeteria from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

The Deli Bar in the cafeteria is open

The potatoes O'Brien were a real shock. At the first bite, something ammoniac went up my nose and the first bite became my last bite. There was a distinct chemical flavor. No wonder the Irish are fighting.

The french fries were pretty good, much like the skinny McDonald's ones. In fact, I conjured up a mental picture of a courier running back and forth between the campus and the McDonald's store on Troy Road, ferrying french fries.

from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and offers pizzas, poor boys, vegetarian sandwiches and soup ("after 2 p.m." I assume this is the left-over soup from the cafeteria side.)

The cheese pizza is not bad. Seven-inch pizzas cost from 95 cents to \$1.20 with an additional 20 to 30 cents per extra topping. Twelve-inch pizzas cost between \$1.75 and \$2.25 with an additional 30 to 50 cents per additional topping.

The Dock

The Dock, SIU-E's answer to McDonald's (sort of), is located next to the cafeteria. Canned rock music is tastefully played while the luncheon is digested. The format and layout of The Dock is a carbon copy of McDonald's. Unfortunately, the food is not.

The big mistake here was in listing menu offerings in metric measurements. I spent 15 minutes trying to calculate the size of a ".11 Kiloburger," gave up and ordered a Dockburger instead. This was my mistake. After pondering what on earth a half liter of Coca Cola could be, I ordered a milk shake.

The Dockburger consists of one semi-stale bun, a minuscule patty of meat, a small slice of lukewarm pickle and the ubiquitous ketchup packets. I ordered the Dockburger with cheese, half of which I couldn't eat because it was stiff, stale and refused to melt.

The french fries were pretty good, much like the skinny McDonald's ones. In fact, I conjured up a mental picture of a courier running back and forth between the campus and the McDonald's store on Troy Road, ferrying french fries.

The sandwiches, which are all hamburger variations plus a fish sandwich, cost

between 35 and 85 cents. In addition to the french fries and beverages, fried apple or cherry pies are available and cost 30 cents.

ARA Food Machines

Like the poor, the vending machines, or "slot machines" as some students call them, are with us always. There is always a bit of a gamble about putting money into the jaws of these machines. You may lose your money and/or you may not get what you bargained for.

The vending machines are in every SIU-E building on or off campus. The cheapest item is gum at 15 cents and sandwiches are in the 65 to 75 cent range. The machines offer hot and cold beverages, Twinkies and their offspring, candy bars, nuts, ice cream and variations on the potato chip.

The ARA Corporation operates the vending machine concession on the SIU-E campus. A typical campus set-up includes vending machines, a micro-wave oven and a coin-changing machine in the basement of each core building. The Peck Building has an additional vending center on the second floor and the machines in Classroom Building III are located on the third floor.

Art Heinz of ARA said his company is instituting a new procedure next month for after-hours complaints. When a customer picks up one of the ARA phones and dials 5 or 8, depending on the location, a recording device will pick up the customer's message and an ARA representative will be available to handle the problem.

At the present time, a sticker with the number to call in an emergency, should be posted on the mailbox at each location. The

If you're careful, you can eat fairly well from the machines. The crackers and cheese are safe and tasty...I am wary of the hot beverages ever since I punched up a hot chocolate and got hot water and a trickle of very rancid brown stuff. It even curdled.

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number is only good during regular business hours, he explained. The new policy will go into effect at all stations.

Heinz said a refund station is situated on the first floor of the University Center near the Information Desk. Coin changing machines are available in all core buildings except in Classroom Building II.

If you're careful, you can eat fairly well from the machines. The crackers and cheese are safe and tasty, as are the Hershey bars, Fritos, popcorn, gum and ice cream. Pizza isn't bad. The containered milk is good.

I am wary of the hot beverages ever since I punched up a hot chocolate and got hot water and a trickle of very rancid brown stuff. It even curdled.

When I "dined out" at the machines on the second floor of the Peck Building, I bought a ham salad sandwich. Not only was the bread stale, but I found traces of hard bone in my ham salad.



When I first called ARA, I was connected with someone named "Sue." She asked if I had a complaint. Future interviewees were reluctant to give their full names or the full name of the ARA representative on campus, "Evelyn," whoever she may be.

The most popular spot on campus for the ARA food machines appears to be the third floor of Building III. The variety is good, with nine vending machines, a change machine and a micro-wave oven, but the selling point was the lounge area, with tables and chairs and a spacious view of the campus through a wall of windows.

The ARA machines in Building II number three and are located in the subterranean gloom with no atmosphere or comforts.

The next most popular location is the second floor of the Peck

Machine meals on campus

Building with 10 machines, a pseudo-view and reasonable comfort with several benches affording comfortable seating.

The machines in the other buildings are located in the basements and offer between eight and ten different categories of food selection.

The library basement, with seven machines, has to vie with the Building II basement with three machines, if only for the skimpiness of selection in the sandwiches. The library sandwich machine is half the size of any other comparable machine and is usually empty.



Eating spots

Photos by Mary Butkus

From campus to town, the SIU-E area offers a variety of dining places. Ronnie B.'s (left) is one of Edwardsville's many popular spots. Debbie Peterson (below) couldn't leave her job so she lunches in the Craft Shop on campus.



Dining alternatives five minutes away

Many pleasant alternatives to campus dining can be found within a 15 minute drive of the university.

The fast food chains such as A & W, Dairy Queen, Pizza King, McDonald's, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Burger Chef and Bonanza Sirloin Pit, will not be discussed here because most readers are already familiar with their fare. The more expensive restaurants such as Rusty's and The Greenery will also not be considered because exhaustive research has proved that cost is an important factor in determining excellence at SIU-E.

The Stagger Inn on Vandalia Street in Edwardsville has come a long way since it opened in 1974. The new proprietor introduced live entertainment, redecorated, then bought the place next door and knocked the wall out for expansion. The piece de resistance was when he started serving food in early 1975.

The decor is used brick and Victorian pictures. The "stagger" in the establishment's name does not necessarily refer to inebriation [although it could]. It pertains to the many portraits of male deer hanging on the walls. The lunch hour clientele includes students, faculty, downtown business people and courthouse personnel.

The Stagger Inn is open seven days a week, offers table service Monday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., and counter service from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Monday through Saturday and all day Sunday. Carry-outs are available for a 20-cent surcharge.

Sandwiches, soups, salads and chili are offered. The sandwiches are hearty and thick, on

your choice of bread. Normally, there are two soups of the day, served piping hot. Some are exotic, such as brussels sprouts soup. Some are a little overly seasoned for my taste, but all are excellent. The salads are crisp, cold and filling.

Sandwich prices range from \$1 to \$1.95, salads from 75 cents to \$1.50, and soups are 40 or 75 cents, depending on whether you want a cup or a bowl. Chili is 90 cents. Side orders of hush puppies, thick-cut fries and onion rings are also available.

At Vanzo's, on St. Louis Street across from the Madison County courthouse, the barbecue sandwiches, pork or beef, and the new salad bar are the most popular luncheon items, according to Jim Vanzo. "We sell hell out of that barbecue," he said.

Vanzo's has perhaps the most distinguished decor of any place in the world. It is virtually indescribable and certainly memorable. It's worth the trip just to say you've seen it.

The lunch hour crowd consists of construction workers from the building site of the new Madison County jail, courthouse workers and downtown business people. Vanzo said his establishment never gets too crowded because the courthouse workers and the people on jury duty have different lunch hour shifts.

Sandwiches range from 60 cents to \$1.60, a bowl of chili with cheese is \$1.15 and the barbecue costs \$1.10. Homemade soup costs 60 cents and the salad bar is "all you can eat for \$1."

Lunch is served from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Friday. In addition, a daily

special is offered. For example, a tuna burger, stewed tomatoes and cole slaw would cost \$1.95 on certain days. Carry-outs are available. The chef is Henry Dohle.

The Chuck Wagon on Vandalia Street always looks deserted, but this is deceiving because several people have said that this is their favorite place to eat. They particularly mention the Mexican Dinner and the Super Mexican Dinner.

Although the menu is mostly Mexican food, other foods are offered and still others are of dubious ethnic origin [Sloppy Jose, Mexican Pizza].

The prices range from 60 cents to \$1.18 for sandwiches and tacos, and the five different Mexican dinners are \$1.20 to \$1.99. In addition, daily specials are offered ranging from \$1.09 to \$1.69.

The decor is rather grim, with the liveliest item being the pinball machine, but a nice view of the passers-by on Vandalia Street is afforded through the large store-front windows. The restaurant is open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

The drugstore and dimestore lunch counter summon up nostalgic memories in many people. R.B.'s Fountain at Schwartz' Drug Store should be mentioned here for the sheer variety and volume of their menu, if for nothing else. The service is sporadic, there is often a long wait and some items are not always available, but for sheer optimism, their menu can't be beat.

The lunch hour diner may select from among six plate lunches (\$1.65 to \$1.90), two different "dieter's delights," 26 different sandwiches (65 cents to \$2) and six different side orders. Fifteen different beverages, including that nostalgic favorite, the phosphate, are also offered, as are assorted pies and ice cream desserts.

Another visit into nostalgia can be made at Jessie's Cafe, on Edwardsville's Main Street. Typical of very 1930s-style small town cafe, Jessie's features a different menu every day and is famous for "ho-made pies." Also "ho-made" salad, soups, bread and rolls, and chili.

Approximately six specials are listed each day and the regular menu lists 14 sandwiches [90 cents to \$1.60], soup, chili and french fries. There

is a daily soup special.

Jessie's is open from 6:30 a.m. to 7 p.m. weekdays and from 6:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekends. Lunch is served starting at 11 a.m. "or anytime," said Alicia Raymer of Dorsey, an employee of the restaurant.

"A lot of people come in for the pies," she said, "but we have everything. This is the best restaurant in town."

Ronnie B.'s, on the corner of Union and Main, is justly famous for their barbecue. They even sell T-shirts ("World Famous Barbecue") to prove it.

The menu is decidedly different, offering such delicacies as catfish, cod, buffalo fish, jack salmon and rib eye steak, either as a plate lunch or as a sandwich. About seven other sandwiches are offered.

Although a side of barbecued ribs at \$8 and a half-side at \$4.50 is available, most lunch hour patrons prefer the rib or rib tip sandwiches, the beef or pork barbecue sandwiches, the pork steak, the barbecue plate or rib plate. Prices for these range from \$1 to \$3.50.

If you love barbecue, and can wait around until next May, Scotty's Wagon will be back at its old location, right next to Ronnie B.'s.

George Scott, 75, has become a living legend in the area. He is famous for the most mouth-watering barbecue this side of Texas. His "wagon" is a fixture in local parades. Motorists driving down Main Street have been known to slam on their brakes and roll down their windows just to sniff the fragrant aroma when Scott is cooking.

The son of former slaves, Scott is an artist and an authority on Madison County history. He is a retired city employee and the proprietor of the Dixie Barbecue Catering Service.

He said that next May he will offer, in addition to his famous barbecue, channel cat and buffalo fish, and "big shrimps" on Fridays. He will also serve barbecued chicken, beef barbecue, pork steaks and ribs. Plate dinners, which include ribs, baked beans and potato salad, will be available.

Scott plans to have tables and seating next year. He will be open Thursday through Sunday from 11 a.m. on.





Making kids laugh . . .



SIU professor clowns around

Text by Nora Baker

"Send in the clowns. There ought to be clowns," wails the popular song by Steve Sondheim.

No one knows this better than Don Darnell, associate professor in elementary and early childhood education at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

Darnell is also Spinner, the clown. Both Darnell and Spinner are teachers.

"My message is that everyone's important in their own way," Darnell said. "Each person is unique in what they can do best. We ask the kids 'What is fair? What is skillful? Is the artist valuable?'"

Darnell said today's children don't know enough laughter. He said he feels schools should build on the things children love to do and should build on the skills that intrigue children.

He works with the teachers in the schools where he performs so they can utilize his performance and answer questions from their students. He hopes this will promote a more creative effort from the students, such as paintings, writings, drawings, pantomimes, and skits.

"The kids come out with some surprisingly mature value judgments," he said. "The act is geared around 'What is skillful, artistic, valuable, humorous?' Many things kids do for themselves."

He said that most people can't do everything, but almost everybody can do something well. This is the thrust of Spinner's act.

Darnell said, "As Spinner, I do many of the things children do. I don't listen. I play practical jokes. Being funny is important, but it's only meaningful if it's attached to a learning experience."

All photos taken at Mark Twain School in Alton, Ill., except top right photo on facing page, taken at SIU-E. Photos by Mary Butkus.





IF YOU WERE A CLOWN...

1. How would you dress?
2. How would you paint your face?

3. How would you walk? run? move?
4. What would you do to make people laugh?
5. What would you do to make people feel sad?
6. What tricks or stunts would you try?
7. What would you try to say without talking?



The studio shot

Photos by
Nancy Behrns



Studio work provides an opportunity for the photojournalist (and model) to show their creativity. SIUE senior Karen Krueger, a psychology major from Montrose, Ill., strikes the pose, while the photographer uses variations in lighting, distance and angle to create the desired effect.

