

11-1-1979

Focus 21

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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<http://spark.siu.edu/focus/21>

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Leola Caffrey handles her handicap ▶ Page 4

November, 1979 / Number 21

FOCUS



A life of peace for Ursuline nuns ▶ Page 14



Rick Rose: The 100-mile man ▶ Page 36

A quarterly pictorial magazine produced
by journalism students at SIU-E.

The Suhl Eye

Top left: Pie Eating.

This photo was taken at a county fair's pie eating contest. The girl on the right was amazed at her older sister's attack on the pie.

Top center: The fiddler.

Wandering backstage at an outdoor bluegrass festival, I found this 14-year-old fiddle player tuning her instrument with the help of a friend and his guitar.

Top right: Sheep shearing.

I was covering a folk festival that had various demonstrations, including the sheep shearing shown here. The little boy at upper right had scooted to the front to get a better view.

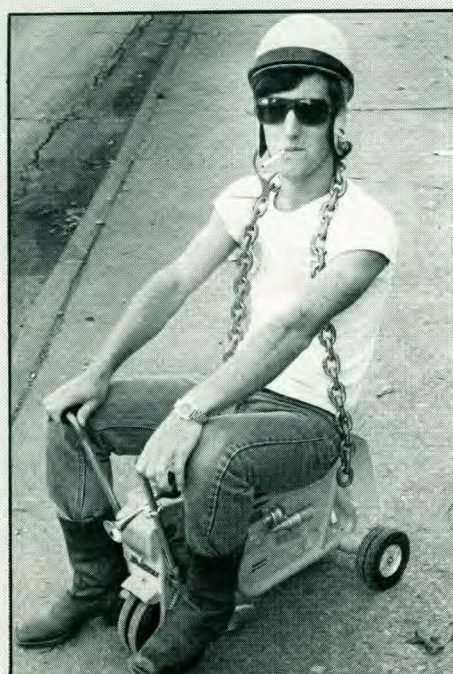
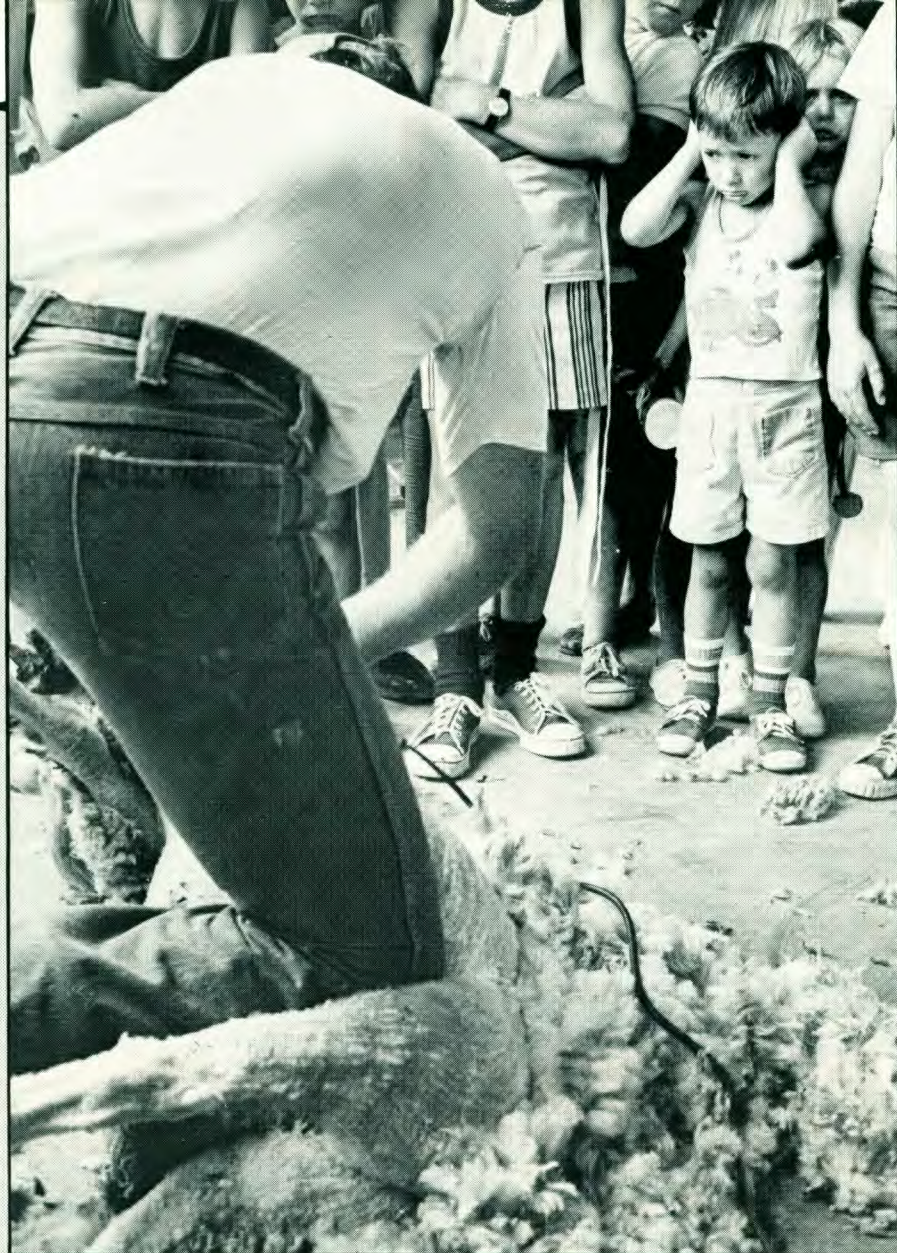
Bottom right: The biker.

The local high school has what they call a topsy-turvy day every fall. The students are allowed to dress any way they want. This fellow was cruising around on his "bike" when I found him.

Bottom left: Crashed.

Pictured is a helicopter that crashed in a farmer's corn field. Investigating the mishap are two investigators from the Federal Aviation Administration.





Gary Suhl graduated from Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville's journalism program with a specialization in photojournalism. He is now a staff photographer with the Centralia Sentinel. These are examples of his work.



**Text and
photographs
by Alice Noble**

Leola Caffrey arrives on campus at 8:00 a.m. daily. She is greeted by a friend, Paige St. John, as she steps off the Chorbus [above]. Leola and Paige stop to talk before going to class [right].



-Leola Caffrey:—

Handicapped, but not hampered

The rain was still falling at 3 p.m. and a brisk November wind blew freely about the campus of SIU-Edwardsville.

Leola Caffrey had her coat pulled snugly around her small frame as she waited patiently at the bus stop. Her short red hair was matted by the rain.

Through the fog that was setting in, Caffrey caught sight of her ride making the turn into the hairpin.

When the vehicle stopped and Caffrey slid into the front seat, after what anyone else would call a horrible day, Caffrey was headed home.

Rainy days are not something a person looks forward to. For most people, they cause colds, runny noses and a general feeling of depression.

But for Caffrey, rainy days aren't depressing. In fact, she likes rain. The problem is that rainy days make it more difficult for her to get around.

Nineteen-year-old Caffrey is the victim of cerebral palsy, which occurred when a blood vessel burst in her head at birth. Thus, she lacks balance, coupled with some lack of coordination in her arms and legs.

"I can walk," she said. "It just takes a whole lot of time. One time I walked to Wilson Park in Granite City from my house and it took me three hours. Somebody else it might take a half hour or 45 minutes.

"After the walk, I had blisters and I was sore. But I could do it.

"Sometimes I have adverse reactions," she continued. "If I'm in a hurry, I tense up. I have to say to myself, 'Slow down. Nobody's going to shoot you if you're late.' Then I can move.

"If I get super tense, I get stiff. Sometimes when I can't do something, I have to act like I don't give a hang and then try doing it. I can't think, 'I've got to do it,' because ten to one I'll lose it. I have to act like it doesn't matter.

"My balance isn't something that I can depend on. I can lose it very quickly. So I have to use my crutches because I know a couple of people who, the minute I fall, would be having fits. People get scared when they see someone fall. I could try getting around without my crutches, but I wouldn't do very well. It's too easy for me to fall."

Even with her crutches, it isn't necessarily easy for Caffrey to get around, as a review of her day will prove.

I met Caffrey as she was getting off the Chorbus at 8 a.m.

The Chorbus, which is her main source of transportation, is run by donations.

"They would like you to give donations and occasionally if they're hard up for money, they'll ask for some. But there is no charge per ride or anything like that," she said.

The Chorbus schedule is made up each quarter after the students register for classes.

"We give them our schedules and get picked up according to our weekly schedules. Any changes that result as you go along, you have to call in. If you want to stay later or go home at a different time, you have to tell them," she said.

After a brief excursion to the library to drop off some books, we headed though the rain for her 8:30 a.m. class in Building II.

For most SIUE students, Building II is a short walk from the campus mall. But for Caffrey it takes more time and energy.

In order to propel herself around campus, she relies heavily on crutches. She moves each side of her body separately, using a four-point motion. First one crutch is put forward, followed by the corresponding foot. Next the other crutch moves ahead, with its corresponding foot not far behind.

Rather than risk losing her balance, she slides her feet forward instead of picking them up. That explains the appearance of two large brown spots at the toes of her shoes when it rains.

Caffrey

Making her way toward Building II, Caffrey stopped frequently to regrip the handles of her crutches. We were standing in a spot unprotected from the wind and I asked if her hands were cold. Mine were already buried deep in the pockets of my down jacket.

"No," she replied. "But if I hold on to the crutches too long, my hands get numb."

Before I had decided to spend an entire day with Caffrey, she told me the campus was not easily accessible to handicapped students. As we made our way to her class, I began to see what she meant.

To get to her class on the second floor, we had to walk from the north entrance of Building II to the elevator located near the south entrance of the building. This meant tangling with a set of glass doors which I opened for her.

She said she can open the doors for herself when she has to, but it takes a little more time.

Once at the elevator, Caffrey leaned one crutch against the wall, freeing a hand to push the button for the elevator.

"It would be more difficult for me if my teachers were sticklers for being on time. For at least one of my classes this quarter, I'm almost never on time," she said.

We waited for the elevator to come and it gave her a chance to rest. She breathed a quiet sigh.

When we reached the second floor, we encountered another set of glass doors. From there, we again had to traverse the entire length of the building because her class is in the north wing.

If I were to make the trip on my own, I would have just taken the stairs right around the corner from the north entrance. But stairs are something people with crutches can't easily

handle.

In spite of the time it took to get to class, we were still a few minutes early. Caffrey suggested we wait outside in the hallway.

With relief I noticed some empty places on one of the deep couches. What I didn't realize was the couches posed a small problem for Caffrey. But, since it was the only place to sit, she made the best of it.

After she had settled on the couch with her crutches tucked at her feet, she said, "I'm going to have some problem getting out of this because there's no support."

"See what I mean," she asked later when she tried to get up. Her body kept falling back into the cushions. There was nothing stable for her to put her weight on.

Because of the time it takes her to get from place to place, Caffrey tries to schedule her classes with at least one hour free time in between. This quarter it was not possible for her to do that, so on this day she had two classes back to back.

After her 8:30 class, Caffrey quickly gathered up her books and started off for the Peck Building. Unfortunately, she had to go back the way she came -- across the second floor to the elevator and back the other way on the first floor.

The rain was falling as we left Building II so she asked if I had an umbrella. Having only a short trip between my classes, I haven't had a real need for an umbrella.

When I told her I didn't have one, she said, "As you can see, it wouldn't be very practical for me to have one."

She lifted her crutch in the air to show that her hands were full.

We entered her next class along with the last rush of incoming students. Luckily there was still an empty seat in the front row.

Using the small desk for support, Caffrey stowed her crutches alongside the chair legs. Then she carefully slid into the seat. Although most people removed their coats while in class, Caffrey left hers on. It made things a lot easier for her later.

The class lasted only an hour and afterward Caffrey had time for a quick lunch in the University Center.

The opportunity to meet people and make friends is what Caffrey likes best about SIUE.

Where we would get lunch from depended on me, she explained. If I wanted to carry the tray for both of us, we could eat in the cafeteria. Otherwise, we'd have to get our food from the Submeridian Dock, a fast food operation.

"I really prefer to eat in the cafeteria because the food is more nutritious. But I can't carry the tray by myself, so if there isn't anyone to help me I have to eat at the Dock," she said.

Opting for cafeteria food, I volunteered to carry the tray.

Inside the cafeteria, we met up with Caffrey's usual luncheon partner, Steve Marfia.

Being a novice at helping someone else get their lunch, I required much prompting from Caffrey. Marfia, on the other hand, knew exactly what needed to be done and what condiments she likes with her meal.

"I'm used to taking care of her," he said with a grin as he prepared the table for Caffrey to sit down.

She winced slightly as the words came out of his mouth. "I don't like that, 'taking care of me.' I want him to just help me," she said.

Despite the difference of opinion, Marfia is one of Caffrey's closest friends. According to her, they met during New Student Life, when the two visited the campus for orientation.

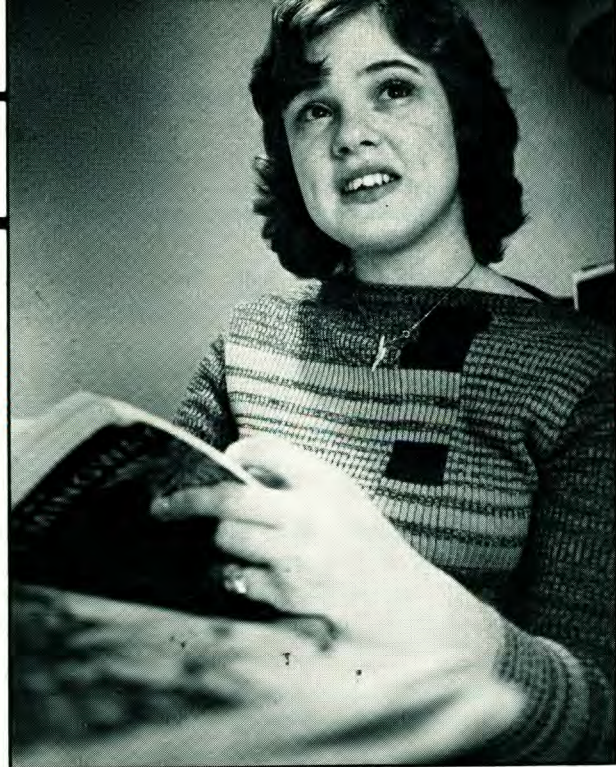
"What happened was the day we were touring campus, I had a hard time getting around. Steve volunteered his services," she said.

"He would go under the true definition of a friend. He's always there. If he's anywhere nearby and knows I need something, he'll do it. And he never complains."

The opportunity to meet people and make friends is what Caffrey likes best about SIUE.

"I love to branch out. When I met someone from a different area, I wanted to know all about it.

"I wanted to experience something different. I'm eager to know different people. That's the reason I like it here. It's a commuter campus and there's a lot of people from different nationalities, different situations, dif-



Leola Caffrey

ferent states.

"I didn't like high school. But when I got here, I made four friends without trying. To me, the people are just friendlier.

"I didn't want to go to college at first. It wasn't my choice, my father wanted me to come here. I'm not too crazy about studying, but I like it here now.

"I'd like to do more socializing. I'm not talking about partying and getting drunk. I like to talk to people and get to know them," she said.

One glance at the clock on the cafeteria wall told us it was time to head for Caffrey's final class of the day. We disposed of our trays and took off, with Marfia carrying Caffrey's book bag.

Leaving the University Center through the electric doors which were designed for handicapped students, Caffrey fell. It was one of four falls she experienced that day. When her crutches are wet and touch a slick surface, they slide out from under her and send her sprawling.

I was somewhat self-conscious of my inability to cope with the situation. Fortunately, Marfia had everything under control.

Passers-by hurried over to see if they could help Caffrey. A large man in a London Fog rain coat tried to grab her by the arms and pull her to her feet.

"Don't pull on me," Caffrey objected loudly.

Caffrey

"Don't help her, she has to get her balance by herself," Marfia explained as he knelt patiently beside her.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, carefully regaining her balance. "I told those people the treads were going the wrong way [on the electric doors]."

She explained the treads should go across the width of the door's rubber mat, not the length of it. As the treads are now, her crutches skid out from under her like a hockey puck on ice.

"That's so embarrassing," she confided to us when we were safely on our way to the Peck Building. "I haven't fallen in over three weeks. Now we're going to be late for class. I hate to be late for this class, it's my favorite."

When she stopped halfway over to the classroom building, she glanced down at her pant legs, which appeared soiled from the fall.

To provide some type of comfort, I attempted to brush the dirt away. But there wasn't really much dirt at all. The pants were mainly wet at the knees and would be fine as soon as they dried.

"I try to look good in spite of this [handicap]," she said.

Going into the Peck Building, we elected to use the far door rather than hassle with the treads on the electric door. It was a good idea, but didn't work out as we planned.

Although there was a rug placed just inside the door, Caffrey's crutches somehow made contact with the slick slate floor and she was down again.

After a brief struggle to regain her balance and her composure, she was ready to move forward again.

"You're a brave girl," commented an older woman who witnessed the fall.

"No, I'm not," Caffrey said. "I'm just stubborn."

"Sometimes they're both the same thing," Marfia said.

'At one point in my life, my confidence was zilch. I was always down because I couldn't get out and do things.'



A student worker helps Caffrey with the revolving door at the Bubble Gym.

Waiting for the elevator to take us to the basement floor, Caffrey told me she had to learn how to fall.

"Before, I would fall flat on my face and nearly break my nose. But now I've learned how to catch myself with my arms and break my fall," she said.

Caffrey was taught how to fall at a special grade school in Alton, but it was only part of learning how to cope with her handicap.

"It takes a long time to get used to being handicapped. I'm always having little wars inside myself about a lot of things. Should I do this, should I do that. What if. . . that kind of thing.

"At one point in my life, my confidence was zilch. It just wasn't there and I was afraid to be around people, to let people know I was there. I couldn't speak up or speak out. I was always down because I couldn't get out and do things.

"It's this kind of thing. People admire you and think you're super when you do, but if you don't, you're a lazy person who doesn't want to do anything. You just want to stay that way.

"People think that people who indulge in self-pity are despicable. Maybe they are, but let me tell you it's something hard to get away from. Every now and then I'll have a bout with it. But I haven't had a bout like that in over three years," she said.

"What gets me frustrated is when I can't do something or it takes me a long time to do something that for most people is a relatively simple thing to do. Like fastening a necklace. That's hard for me. When I was trying to put this one on, it took me ten minutes to get it fastened. That gets to me.

"Things for me take a long time and most people aren't willing to wait. They don't even have to say anything. If they're impatient, you know it.

"I hate going to clothing stores because of the dressing rooms. It would take me, if I was by myself with a difficult piece of clothing, at least a half hour more to get in and out of the thing.

"I always have to think ahead. I just can't take off and do things. I've got to think what I need and how I'm going to do it ahead of time. Sometimes when I stop and look like I'm not doing anything, I'm probably thinking what I'm going to do. Anybody else can just take off and go."

Shortly into Caffrey's next class session, I realized why it was her favorite. Unique is the best word I could use to describe her teacher, John Oldani.

"What's this," he asked me, pointing to my camera and note pad. "For me?"

When I explained it was for a story on Caffrey, he smiled and said, "That's nice. She's a good girl -- not Italian, but that's OK."

When the class began discussing folklore and customs such as dancing, I

thought of something she had told me earlier.

"I would really love to dance. I like to listen to music. . . But I just don't have the balance to do it."

Besides dancing, she said she would also like to sing. "I always wanted to be able to sing, just to know I can sing and sound good"

Perhaps it is her love for music which prompted her career choice. Although she is now finishing up her general studies classes, she said she will soon be getting into her Television/Radio major.

"I used to think I wanted to be something like a disc jockey, but now I think I want to be something in back of the scenes. Kind of like running the place, machines or something," she said.

But that's sometime in the future. For now her immediate goal is to become independent.

For this reason, she applied for university housing and hopes her application will be accepted either winter or spring quarter.

She applied for a disabled student apartment, which would be located on the ground floor and easily accessible.

Tower Lake apartments, the only on-campus housing, offer two types of apartments for disabled students. Beside the disabled apartment, there is a handicapped apartment which is equipped for students in wheelchairs.

"I want to be independent," she said. "I want people to care and give help just for the sake of helping, not because I can't do it myself."

Her next most important goal is to get a "good feeling" about herself. This stems from her lack of self-confidence, but she is slowly overcoming that lack. She has discovered people like her for herself.

"More people started telling me there was something about me they liked. Getting compliments can do a whole lot for a person. If I get a compliment from somebody I really care

'I always have to think ahead. I just can't take off and do things. I've got to think what I need and how I'm going to do it ahead of time.'



Caffrey

about, I'm way up there. Conversely, if they give me an insult, even a small one, I'm down deep.

"I'm not stable in my confidence. Before, when I'd say something like 'I'd make a duck look graceful,' I'm half kidding. I didn't have a lot of confidence and I still don't have a lot. But I'm trying."

After Caffrey's class with Oldani, she was scheduled to take the Chorus to the Bubble Gym. She wanted to check its accessibility in case she applied for a student job there.

Caffrey and I were picked up at the hairpin, along with Elizabeth Morris, another handicapped student. Morris, however, uses a wheelchair.

We were greeted by a jovial Marge Hoff who is one of the Chorus drivers. Since the bus was in the shop that afternoon for repairs, Hoff was driving a university sedan.

It was some trick for Hoff to dismantle Morris' wheelchair and put it in the back seat along with Caffrey's crutches. Yet the task did nothing to spoil her good mood.

"I'm so happy," she sang. She began chatting about how her BEOG check came in that day and how she was going to go out and spend it that evening.

"But I'm not going to be happy if that bus isn't ready by 5 p.m. when I have to take Joe and Barbara home. Their wheelchairs are so hard to take apart and put back together," she said, good naturedly.

When the Chorus is in operation, the students in wheelchairs can just ride in. Needless to say, it's much easier than dismantling the wheelchairs.

Hoff then changed the subject to an outing planned for the next day. A group of students, Caffrey and Hoff included, was going to Ramone's in Collinsville for a Mexican dinner.

"I'm going to bring a bottle of wine for tomorrow," Hoff announced.

"I'm not going to drink much," Caffrey

'I want to be independent. I want people to care and give help just for the sake of helping, not because I can't do it myself.'

said, with a sidelong glance at me.

"Well, I'm not going to let you. I can't have you going home slurring, 'Boy did we haff a sssuper time wiss Marge today.'"

We were dropped off at the Bubble Gym after taking Morris to Tower Lake. Getting out of the front seat, Caffrey asked Hoff if she would take her books.

"Sure, where do you want me to take them, Puerto Rico?" Hoff asked.

Caffrey started laughing and Hoff said, "Oh no, now she's laughing. She can't walk when she's laughing."

Caffrey leaned against the far door and tried to carry the conversation further. But she was stopped abruptly by Hoff, who was shivering in the rain.

"Lee likes to get you out in the rain and snow and talk to you," she explained to me. "Inside Lee, inside!"

Caffrey had a quick tour through the Bubble Gym, which is a temporary air structure. That is, once she got inside it.

The entrance to the facility is a revolving door, which is somewhat hard to maneuver because of the pressure inside the structure. A courteous student worker helped her get in and out.

While inside the facility, Caffrey was directed to the weight machine, where several men were working out. One of them stopped to show her how she could use the weights to strengthen her muscles. He showed her a number of exercises she could do by herself.

In the car on the way back to the main campus, Caffrey commented on the gym.

"I thought there would be more to it. I might go out there sometime, but I'll wait a while before I do."

When we got out of the car at the hairpin, Hoff said she hoped she would return at 3 p.m. with the bus.

But at 3 p.m., it was the university sedan that Caffrey saw pull into the hairpin.

"Oh well, it might as well be the bus, we end up with this car more often than the bus anyway," she said, explaining the bus was frequently in for repairs.

But bus or no bus, Caffrey's body gratefully slid into the front seat. At least this day was over. Hopefully there would be no rain the next day and things would be just a little easier.



**Leola Caffrey
leaves the
University
Center and
heads for
home at the
end of
another
school day.**

**For more on
Caffrey, see
the following
pages.**

Caffrey tackles a lifetime of obstacles —and conquers them

Life is full of obstacles—quite similar to a track star encountering the hurdles.

For most people, getting up and over a set of hurdles is at most a momentary inconvenience. But for Leola Caffrey, those same hurdles are often insurmountable and pose constant frustration.

However, after 19 years of facing the hurdles, Caffrey has developed methods of dealing with them.

"There's three ways to handle the everyday things," she says. "First, I can have someone help me, or second, I can learn to do it myself. Third, if those fail, I guess I have to get by without it."

Sounds easy, right? Not really.

When a person can't do nine out of ten everyday things for himself or herself, it becomes burdensome to continually ask for assistance.

Caffrey lost much valuable social time in her earlier years because she could not physically keep up with her peers and did not want to ask any of them for assistance. Rather than join her classmates and friends in social activities, such as a trip to the movies or to the soda shop after school, Caffrey would stay home.

"I didn't want to ask people for help in high school. There was a hesitation there after I asked for help."

The hesitation, she says, was a sign the person didn't want to be burdened, so Caffrey would immediately say, "Forget it."

"I could feel the slightest tension in people. I guess I was sensitive to tensions and lack of acceptance," she explains.

Because of this, Caffrey's physical handicap was also manifested in emotional problems during her junior high and high school days.

"I was totally unsure of myself and extremely shy," she remembers. "If someone accepted me as their friend, I would ask why. I would ask, 'What about me is acceptable?'"

A change for the better

Following those frightful years of early adolescence, Caffrey finally opened up. Her experiences and friends at SIUE have helped. She realizes there are things she shouldn't miss out on even if she is handicapped.

"It bothers me when I can't keep up with people, but there's nothing I can do to speed up. If I speed up, I tire faster. I really don't want to put people out—by asking them to help or asking them to slow down—but I don't want to get left behind either. I don't want to be left out," she says today.

Yet, while she wants to participate, there are still times she is afraid to ask for help out of fear that the person might get upset.

"I don't want people waiting on me hand and foot. They get to hate you. I don't want to make enemies."

So Caffrey developed a circle of friends she can trust, a circle of people that aren't burdened by her requests.

"That's why Steve Marfia is such a good friend. He never complains. He doesn't make me feel like I was

putting him out. I know I can ask him for something and he'll do it. No questions asked, no hesitation."

In addition, she's learned to do many things for herself. In fact, there are a number of things she won't let anyone help her with, such as when she falls. Rather than let any of the concerned passers-by help her get to a standing position, Caffrey asserts she can do it herself.

A 360-degree turn

Caffrey's attitude toward her handicap has turned almost a full cycle since her toddler years.

She was six months old when her mother realized she wasn't doing things other babies could do. A series of tests confirmed there was some brain damage from birth.

Caffrey knew she was behind the other children—for example, it wasn't until age 4 that she spoke her first words—but it didn't matter to her.

"For a long time, I knew I was different, but it didn't make any difference. It's like having brown eyes when everyone else has blue."

With a smile, Caffrey remembered a time when she was five or six years old and her family went to the park. She remembers joining a group of youngsters who were playing on a sliding board.

"I did it just like everyone else did it, not my own way. For that one time, sliding down that board, I wasn't different."

Caffrey was seven or eight when frustrations from her handicap began to set in. It began about the time she asked her mother for a tricycle.

Despite a number of attempts to master the three-wheeled vehicle, she just couldn't get the hang of it.

"I tried, but I couldn't keep my feet on [the trike] to pedal. I finally gave up on it.

"I can't handle frustration easily. Unless something is really important to do, I'll just give up rather than frustrate myself. When I'm frustrated, I'm not in a position to do anything. If I could have at least kept my feet on the pedals, I would have kept at it."

A confrontation develops

In her later years, a confrontation developed between Caffrey and her parents. She says her parents couldn't understand why she couldn't do things for herself and began pressuring her to try new things.

"I tried to do things and when I couldn't, I got into trouble. It caused a lot of problems between my parents and me."

For example, she remembers the year she learned to walk. After a series of operations to facilitate muscle movement in her legs, Caffrey, 8 at the time, started walking. Aided by hospital personnel who help her up by a towel tied around her waist, Caffrey took her first steps.

At home, her parents encouraged her to try walking without the towel and people for support. But Caffrey was afraid.

"I was scared—scared of falling. It hurt a little, too, because both of my legs had been in casts for 2½ months. They been totally inactive, so they were stiff.

"I didn't think I was ready to try walking without the towel. At least when they were holding on to the towel I knew they were there. I knew they wouldn't let me fall.

"It was a much more scary thing when I didn't think I was ready. In my mind, I knew I wasn't ready."

Caffrey's parents, on the other hand, thought she was ready to try walking on her own. They pressured her to try it.

"When it happened, when I walked without the towel, it surprised me," Caffrey admits. "Before the effort was made, I really didn't think I could do it."

Caffrey and her parents often disagreed on her abilities.

"I know it had to be hard for my parents, at least because they couldn't understand why I couldn't do things or why I thought I couldn't do things. I really tried to do things for them, but I just couldn't. It wasn't physically possible.

"I hated the pressure. I cried every day. I hated myself. I wanted to quit. It'll be something that I'll never forget," she says.

Yet, Caffrey can understand where her parents were coming from at the time.

"I'm sure what they intended for me was good and it was love. They love me, but their approach wasn't right for me."

The bad times are behind her

On a happier note, Caffrey smiles and says that's all behind her.

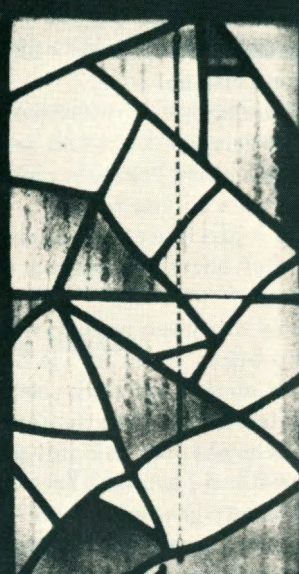
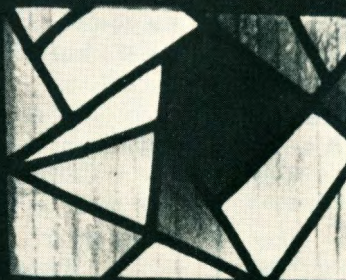
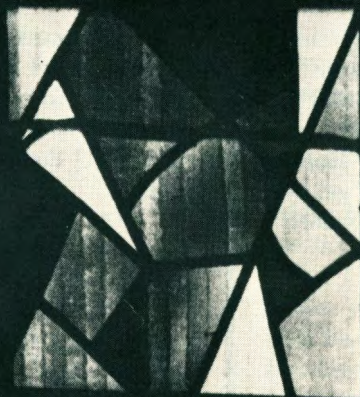
"I can think about it now and not get upset. It used to be when I thought about those days, I would get angry all over again.

"It's something that happened. But, it's over now and I want to forget it."

While it may be true that one of Caffrey's biggest hurdles is behind her, the path ahead is not without obstacles.

Fortunately, however, she's learned to take each hurdle as it comes along and deal with it as best she can.





Peace prevails at convent

It is a big house on a hill located outside of downtown Alton. And it is quiet. Peaceful.

It is where 40 Ursuline nuns live and work . . . and die.

Some members of the convent leave during the day to teach school in the surrounding Catholic institutions. Some members stay inside and work, their teaching days long since passed. And some spend their

lives in the infirmary, a hospital-like setup within the convent that helps those who can no longer help themselves.


The Ursuline house is much like any other convent, except that as the years wear on, fewer and fewer nuns go out and teach. But they never leave.

It is too peaceful.

—Bill Plaschke

Photos
by
Mark
Wakeford





GOD

Be in my life
and in my commitment



Much of the nun's time at the convent is spent praying. With their rosaries, the sisters spend countless hours in their chapel. Even when not worshipping, articles around the convent remind them of their constant "commitment."



There is much to keep the sisters busy at the convent. One of them is always on duty at the Ursuline reception room. People come to the convent for reasons ranging from music lessons and visiting with the sisters to delivering a package.









The nuns live a self-sustaining life at the convent; they find little need to leave the home. Even when one of their sisters died, she lay in state at the convent. She died in the Ursuline Convent infirmary, close to her family. But life goes on at the convent. There is much prayer and reading to be done.



Off-campus housing

The following 13 pages consist of a series of stories and photographs dealing with off-campus housing.

Several students, as well as landlords, reveal the lifestyles and living conditions faced in renting, buying or selling a place of residence near a commuter campus---namely, Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville (SIUE).

'There was a young student who lived in a coal bin...a basement...a tent...'

All photographs and text by Brenda Murphy, a junior journalism major

It has ranged from tents to coal bins to spider-infested basements--it's student housing, and it is only limited to the imagination of the occupant.

A sampling of students by the office of the vice-president for student affairs at SIUE this past winter quarter found that 6.2

percent of the responding students rented houses or apartments off-campus. (Total on-campus enrollment during winter quarter was 9,496 according to Bob Vanzo of Institutional Research).

Since the Tower Lake apartment complex can hold only 1,200 students, many are forced, or prefer, to look off-campus for housing, according to Jeannie Lubber, SIUE off-campus coordinator.

The major requirement students have when looking for housing is that it be "cheap," Ms. Lubber said. ►

Off-campus housing

The majority of calls the housing office receives regarding available housing in Edwardsville offer single rooms for rent, she said; however, students are "mostly looking for apartments," which usually range from \$150 to \$200 per month.

If the student's first requirement of minimal cost is not met, he is often forced to settle for less; and, sometimes, it's a lot less, according to Pat Hughes, SIUE housing office supervisor.

Ms. Hughes recalled an incident one fall quarter when a student was forced to pitch a tent at campus security headquarters. "He couldn't find a place to live, so he stayed in the tent most of the quarter."

Then there's the man who took up residence in Lovejoy Library last winter.

Library employees suspected something was awry when food began disappearing from their desks and also when they found their drinking cups had been used during the night. University police threw the man out when they caught him making tea, according to Alestle reports.

Other unusual lack-of-housing stories range from the guy who lived in a converted coal bin to the girl who begged a landlord to let

her stay in a spider-infested basement set into the side of a hill.

"As long as it's cheap, they don't care what it looks like," Ms. Lubber explained.

If students do not wish to settle for less-than-satisfactory living conditions (or can't afford even those), arrangements can sometimes be made with landlords to exchange work for housing, Ms. Lubber said.

She pointed out several notices on the housing office bulletin board offering such arrangements.

"Woman with varicose veins needs help with house" and *"Care of elderly man--some meals provided"* are typical of the offerings available.

There are more lucrative arrangements to be found, according to Ms. Lubber, such as:

---An elderly woman who boards a student each year to sweep her sidewalk, mow her grass, and shovel snow. All student applicants are screened by her minister.

---A girl who lives with a divorced man and his three children. Boarding in his nice, lake-front home is provided in exchange for "hauling the kids around."

"Not too many come through like that," she added.

The campus housing office receives some legitimate and some not so legitimate complaints from tenants and landlords, according to Ms. Hughes.

Student tenants' biggest complaints are that landlords don't make repairs promptly or that they won't let them out of a contract.

'Student tenants' biggest complaints are that landlords don't make repairs promptly or that they won't let them out of a contract.'

One landlord wired total apartment complex electrical devices, such as outside lighting, to individual apartments and

Off-campus housing

then charged the students extra for utilities.

There was also a landlord who verbally agreed to let a Nigerian student out of a contract when Tower Lake housing became available to him.

"A verbal agreement is binding in Nigeria," Ms. Hughes explained, but the landlord took the student to court when he broke the contract and had his car taken away.

"The student ended up having to go home for a few months to pay court fees," she said. "This didn't give the student a very good impression of Americans. We don't list that landlord's ads anymore."

Students aren't the only ones who complain to the housing office. Landlords make their share of calls, Ms. Hughes said.

The landlords' biggest complaints are that students don't pay their rent or they skip out on the last month's rent and don't keep their places clean.

She recalled one unusual incident when a woman called to complain that a student renter had made a pass at her 13-year-old daughter. She also said she had found marijuana in his dresser drawer.

"I told her that that was an invasion of the student's privacy (to go through the drawer). She said she didn't care because no one was going to smoke dope in her house."

'Students aren't the only ones who complain to the housing office. Landlords made their share of calls.'

Another unusual complaint was received by Ms. Hughes recently which elicited quite a different response.

An elderly woman from Alton called to complain about the boy she rented a room to and was very upset. "He's impotent!" the woman exclaimed to Ms. Hughes.

"I thought, why is she calling to tell me this," Ms. Hughes said, "but she sounded like she was about 70, so I just knew she couldn't have meant what she said."

When the woman kept using the word, Ms. Hughes finally figured out that she was trying to say the boy was impudent, not impotent.

She eventually discovered the reasons the woman called to complain about the boy.

She was upset because her tenant washed his hair every morning and then ate breakfast in the kitchen with it still wet and he also let a cat in on her porch.

"I asked her if he drank or used illegal drugs," Ms. Hughes said, to which the woman replied, "No."

"So, I told her she was lucky if the worst thing he did was bring a cat in on the porch."

Landlords and their student tenants sometimes call to complain about each other, according to Ms. Hughes.

"When this happens, we just try to get them to talk to each other," she said.

As to whether landlords took advantage of students, Ms. Hughes replied that they weren't "any worse with students than anyone else."

She said a big problem with student housing was that a lot of students are inexperienced in dealing with business arrangements, such as housing contracts.

Her advice to students is: "Ask before you sign."

■ ■

Off-campus housing

Off-campus housing; as diversified as student tenants

A survey of several SIUE students living off campus produced a wide variety of accommodations, views on landlords and unusual housing experiences.

Kathy Cunningham, a freshman from Milstadt, shares an apartment on Schiller Street in Edwardsville with two other girls. She said she located the apartment through connections with friends and decided to take it because it included laundry facilities.

When asked if she thought students were charged unfairly high rent, she replied, "No doubt about it....But, if you want to live in Edwardsville, you have to pay for it."



Kathy Cunningham, a freshman at SIUE, relaxes in her Schiller Street apartment in Edwardsville, which she shares with two roommates.

Off-campus housing

Maureen Moses, a freshman from Collinsville, is a former resident of the Schiller Street apartments. She lived in the complex with two other girls for four months but recently moved back to her parent's house because she is going out of the state for the summer.

She said the most unusual experience she encountered while living in the apartment was when someone broke in but didn't steal anything but food.

"He cooked food and listened to the stereo," she said. "It must have been somebody who knew us."

• • • • •

Don Sanford, a junior from St. Louis, lives in one of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity houses in Edwardsville.

What is unusual about this living arrangement is that Sanford isn't a member of the fraternity.

"I got to know some of the fraternity members at parties; they liked me, so they let me move in.

"They've tried to get me to join, but they haven't really applied pressure. I don't really have any desire to join," he said.

This arrangement sometimes leaves Sanford in the dark about some of the fraternity proceedings and symbols in the house. "A lot of things are secret," he said.

Five students presently occupy the two-story, older home; but, it could easily house seven, according to Sanford.

He describes his arrangement as a "great deal."

"I was glad to get out of Tower Lake," he said, where he describes the living space as "really confined." His rent at the fraternity house has also been less than what he was paying for on-campus housing.

Five people sharing the same house does require some scheduling of chores such as house-cleaning and dishes.

If someone doesn't fulfill his scheduled duty and another person completes it, the first person has to pay the second a \$1 fine, Sanford said. "That hasn't happened yet," he said, with a grin.

Sanford likes living with four other roommates. "You have more fun with more people around." ►



Don Sanford, a junior journalism student at SIUE, relaxes in one of the rooms of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity house in Edwardsville.

Off-campus housing

The biggest problem with the large group is "you never get anything done (homework)," Sanford said. "We're always converging on one guy's bedroom to talk."

This problem is outweighed for Sanford by "the good friends I've made...This is the best place I've ever lived," he said.

The only complaint he had was in the condition of the house. "The landlord does no upkeep whatsoever." He also added that the landlord is planning to sell the house.

The most unusual thing that has happened since Sanford has been living in the fraternity house was when they let "some luno" move into the house next door.

He said the guy was really strange.

"He wore white robes and we think he burned cats. (The fraternity had two adopted cats, Harry and Truman, until the man moved in. Harry hasn't been seen since then). They had to tell that guy to move out," Sanford said.

• • • • •

Tom Niedernhofer, an engineering student from Alton, moved into the Essic apartment complex in Edwardsville a year ago because "it's much closer to school.

"When I figured the drive time and

'You have more fun with more people around. The biggest problem with the large group is you never get anything done (homework). We're always converging on one guy's bedroom to talk.'

study time, I would have been one tired person if I wouldn't have moved," he said.

Niedernhofer shared the apartment with two other engineering students, until recently, when one of his roommates got a job in Litchfield. He said they all got along "real well...We're all crazy."

The student said no scheduling of chores was necessary in the apartment. "We all pitch in...Like when the pile of garbage is about to top over, we shovel it out," he said.

• • • • •

Mike Murphy, a second-year dental student at the Alton campus, rents the downstairs area of an older house in Collinsville with his wife, Audrey.

Although Murphy has to commute to Alton to school each day, he chose to live in Collinsville because it is close for his wife to travel to work. (She is a teacher in the Collinsville school district).

He said he chose to rent a house instead of an apartment because "there's more privacy, more room, and yard space."

The extra yard space allows him to be able to plant a small vegetable garden each year. "That's how dental students are able to eat," he quipped.

The house was also handy to move to from their former residence on the same piece of property, he said.

Murphy said he has no trouble with the upkeep of the house; the landlord takes care of all repairs.

• • • • •

Sherry Brendel, a sophomore from Trenton, shares an apartment with another girl in Collinsville. She said the hardest part of fin-



Off-campus housing

ding an apartment was convincing landlords that the girls were responsible for their ages of 18 and 19.

"One place asked our ages and wouldn't even let us look at it," she said. "If they know you're students, they think you're going to party all the time...People think you're going to wreck up the apartment."

She said car vandalism was the worst problem the girls have faced since moving into the apartment.

"We have to park on the street and that's why we have problems with the cars," she said.

Their car problems have ranged from slashed tires to having a car "ketchuped and mashed potatoed." "The first night we moved in, someone hit my roommate's car," Ms. Brendal said.

Even with these problems, the student is "not anxious to go back to Trenton...It was a long drive to school," she said.



Steve West, a junior from Highland, lives in the Landshire Manor apartment complex in Edwardsville with two roommates.

West moved to Edwardsville because he said he was spending almost \$3 a day for gas, which "wouldn't be much different than paying for an apartment."

He likes living in Edwardsville because "it's convenient...I can get up at 8:15 a.m. and make it to an 8:30 a.m. class," he said.

West said it was difficult finding a landlord who would rent to three students. "Half the landlords I checked with turned us down," he said.

West and his roommates found not being familiar with one's own apartment can produce some unusual experiences for the tenants and their guests.

"The first night me moved in, we brought two girls over to impress them with the apartment," West said. "We asked the girls if they wanted a drink and discovered we didn't



Mike Murphy, a second-year dental student at SIUE, with his wife, Audrey.

Off-campus housing

have any glasses to drink from, so we had to drink out of bowls."

The roommates were also lacking in kitchen utensils. "The first couple of weeks, we had to turn eggs with a noodle strainer," West said.



Junior Steve West finds it convenient to ride his bicycle to campus from his Landshire Manor apartment.

Living away from home has forced West to become more familiar with such household chores as cooking and ironing. "Did you know you can iron in more wrinkles than you iron out?" he remarked.

West and his roommates don't believe in traditional telephone answering. "We usually answer the phone 'Edwardsville Kiwanis Club' and, once in awhile, 'Home Nursery,'" he said. "One girl at school thought I lived at the Kiwanis Club for three days."

• • • • •

Jeff Dale, a senior originally from Michigan, rents an apartment in Granite City. Dale said he lives in a very old building that was once a store and is now subdivided into five apartments.

To express how old the building is, Dale related that when his father, who is 59 and a former Granite City resident, first saw his apartment, he said, "You know, that building was old when I was a kid."

Dale said the biggest problems with the apartment are "insects and rodents." "There's also an old car sitting in the parking lot which has been there for six months now."

Dale thinks he's been in his apartment longer than any other renter in the building.

"Most people only stay three or four months," he said. "I've been here two and a half years."

He likes living by himself because "I don't have to keep hours with anybody else. That's really important when you're a student," he said.

The building Dale lives in was recently bought by a realty service which promptly raised his rent.

"If you saw the place I lived in, knowing I paid \$130 a month, you'd die," he complained. ►

Off-campus housing

The realty service sent the student a two-point letter advising him of the rent increase.

"So, I sent them a four-point letter back listing things that needed to be done to the place," he said.

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The final student surveyed was a well-known cartoonist and art student on campus who wished to remain unnamed.

He lives in a building which was formerly used as a truck stop by Schneider Transfer Co. of Edwardsville.

This use has presented the artist with some unusual circumstances, especially the night one of the truckers just came walking right into the house and wondered what the occupant was doing there.

"I live here, I live here," the artist

repeatedly told him. He said it took quite awhile for that information to register with the trucker.

The interior-decoration of this residence ranges from the artist's work to burlap sacks, concrete blocks, phone disconnection notices, a wide variety of plants and a deer skin window shade.

The exterior styling of the building also leaves something to the viewer's imagination.

"The best idea I've had is to turn this place into a hot dog stand and hand them out the front door as people drive by," the artist said.

However, his landlord seems to have different plans for the building because he has asked the artist to find other housing.

Speculation is, he plans to knock this landmark dwelling down and put up an apartment complex.

■ ■



A well-known cartoonist on campus, who wishes to remain unnamed here, resides in this building which was formerly used as a truck stop by Schneider Transfer Co. of Edwardsville.

Off-campus housing

International students encounter 'special' housing problems

An interview with Zahir Ahmed, counselor in the vice-president for student affairs office at SIUE, exposes housing problems in the Edwardsville area which are unique to foreign students.

Housing poses special problems for the international student, according to Zahir Ahmed, counselor in the vice-president for student affairs office at SIUE.

He said he tries to get foreign students housing at Tower Lake, but when this fails or there is a wait for available housing

space, he is forced to find off-campus living accommodations for these students.

Ahmed said the biggest problem with off-campus housing is "landlords want students to sign a year's lease," when really, they need only temporary housing until they can get into Tower Lake. When the student moves into Tower Lake, the landlord sues him for breaking the lease, he said.

If the student is not required to sign a lease, then he may be asked to make a large deposit for his accommodations, Ahmed said.

"If a student is charged \$125 a month for rent, he might be asked to make a \$125 deposit," he said. "Then when he moves out, the landlord keeps the deposit. Some landlords are just bent on abusing foreign students."

Ahmed said many students who must take housing off campus "feel very lost and disappointed" by not being on campus. He said that not many foreign students mix with American students. ►

Off-campus housing

"Here, they create their own little Indias, Chinas and Pakistans," he said. "They don't get an international education, they only get an American degree."

Ahmed said this was the reason most foreign students end up living together.

If a foreign student must take housing off campus, he is often faced with several unfamiliar business transactions, such as buying a car or opening a bank account, Ahmed said. "We try to assign current foreign students to help out in this area."

New foreign students are also assigned to one of the 100 families belonging to the area's International Hospitality Program, Ahmed said. The program is designed to provide a host family for a foreign student which he can turn to for help and companionship.

Host families often provide temporary housing for new students and help with transportation problems or business transactions new to the student, such as opening a bank account.

Housing a foreign student off campus also poses the threat that the student will get caught up in a life new to him, Ahmed said.

'Here, they create their own little Indias, Chinas and Pakistans. They don't get an international education, they only get an American degree.'

He related his own personal experience as a student coming to America to go to college. He said he had never seen a television before or even ridden on an elevator.

"I got caught up in a whole lot of things not related to school."

He took housing near St. Louis University, which he described as "a fairly cheap place to stay," but which had no relation to the academic world.

"In a big city, foreign students have a tendency to get too Americanized, too fast," he said of the experience.

Ahmed doesn't believe this problem exists as much at SIUE, because most of the people foreign students meet, even if they live off campus, are involved with the university. He said the isolation of the campus only to Edwardsville helps to reduce this problem.

Ahmed estimated that he must find housing for between 25 to 40 foreign students each school year.

"In most cases, they get into Tower Lake within a week," he said. "I have to find long-term, off-campus housing for about 10 students each year."

He said he usually has no problem finding off-campus housing for these students.

"In fact, some landlords feel it's a safer thing to have a foreign student, because most foreign students don't like rock music, don't drink and have no girlfriends to bring over."

That is, until they become "Americanized."



Off-campus housing

Resident Lovejoy Library SIUE Edwardsville, IL 62026

When office workers on the third floor of Lovejoy Library began missing food from their desks, they began to wonder about their competence, never suspecting that the culprit was actually a man who had taken up residence in the basement of the library.

Cherie Kuhn, a clerk on the third floor, said she first suspected something unusual was going on when she noticed some cupcakes missing from her drawer.

"I could have sworn I brought those," was her reaction to the missing food.

Jean Wood, a library technician, began to question her sanity the day she found the coffee pot plugged in when she came into work one morning.

"I thought I had lost my mind," she said, because she was in charge of making coffee that week.

Workers in Ms. Wood's area then began to find tea bags and crackers left on their break table.

The final blow for Ms. Kuhn was when the insides of her area's coffee pot were found in the waste can.

"Someone accused me of throwing it in there because I don't like coffee," she said. "We knew somebody was taking things then."

"I just thought the night crew was taking it," Ms. Kuhn said, although the door to this area of the library is always locked at night. "I never suspected someone was living here."

The mystery of the food thief went unanswered for about 10 days, according to one of the office workers. "It was about 10 days before we put it all together."

Ms. Wood was the first to notice crackers on top of the cabinets surrounding her work area. With closer inspection she found that the thief had crawled over the cabinets to enter the area and left his tracks in the dust on top of them.

Reactions to the news that a man was living in the library were generally the same by library employees.

"I was kind of shocked...It was pretty weird," Ms. Kuhn said, of this housing situation. "He sure couldn't live on what he found here to eat."

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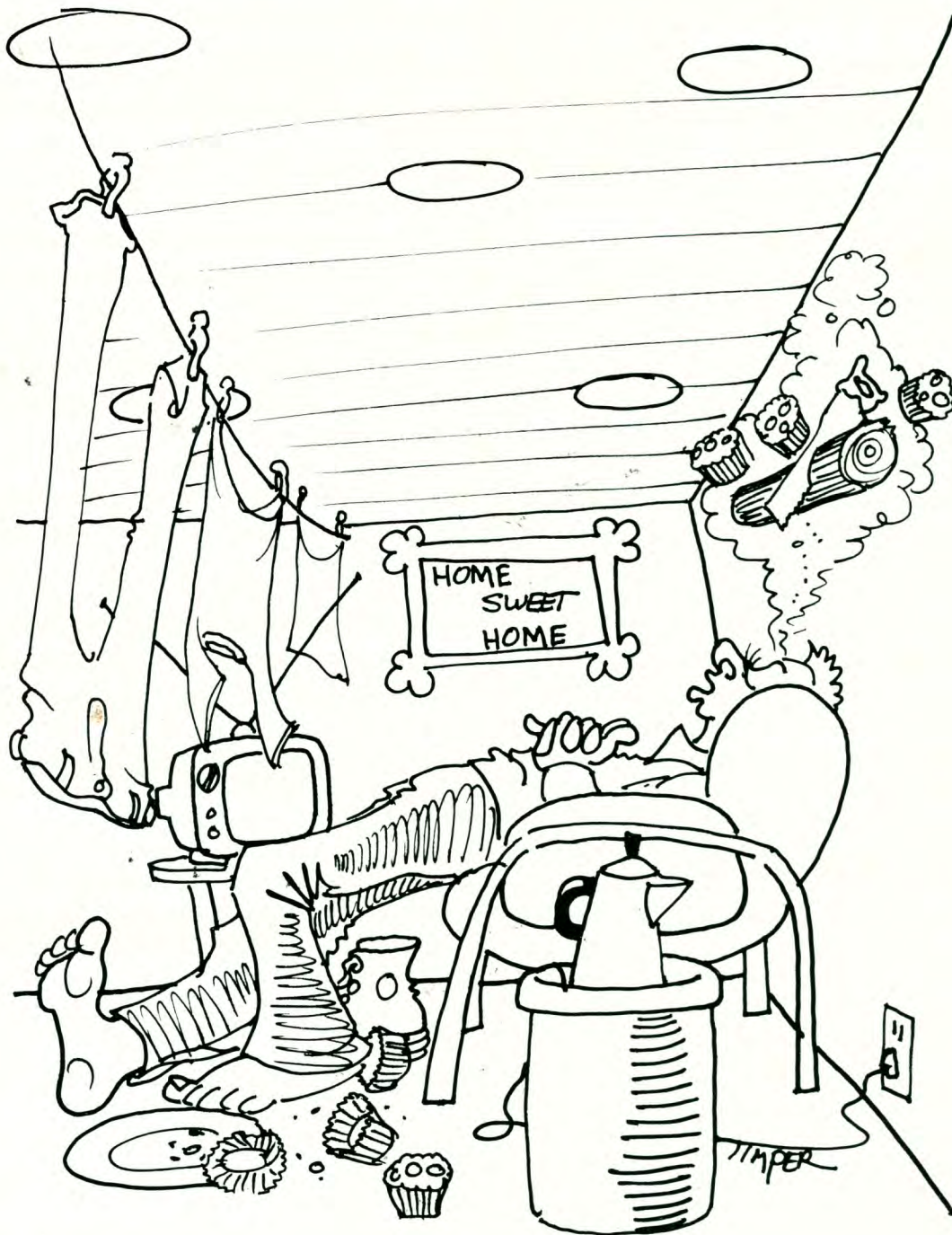
A 27-year-old man was arrested by University Police the first week in February, this past winter quarter, when he was found making tea in the basement, according to Alestle reports.

The man listed no residence or occupation at that time and was not enrolled in the university as a student.

University Police reports on this library resident have spanned from Dec. 16, 1978, to the latest on March 15, 1979, according to Chief Charles McDonald. He said the residency was not permanent during that time, but the man was seen occasionally in the library's faculty lounge.

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Off-campus housing



A conception of the library resident by Phil Timper.



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 February, 1980.

Focus is seven times regional Sigma Delta Chi [SDX] best college magazine. Once [in 1973] it was named the best in the nation.

**Cover design by Charlie Skaer,
a junior from Freeburg, Ill.**

About our contributors:

Brenda Murphy is a junior majoring in journalism. She also works part-time for SIUE's University News Service. She was a recent recipient of a scholarship from the Journalism Foundation of St. Louis and is a Presidential Scholar.

Mark Wakeford learned a lot about photography not only from the SIUE journalism program but also through his job at SIUE's Photographic Service. He is a senior.

Charlie Skaer is a junior from Freeburg, Ill. He has written several articles for the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

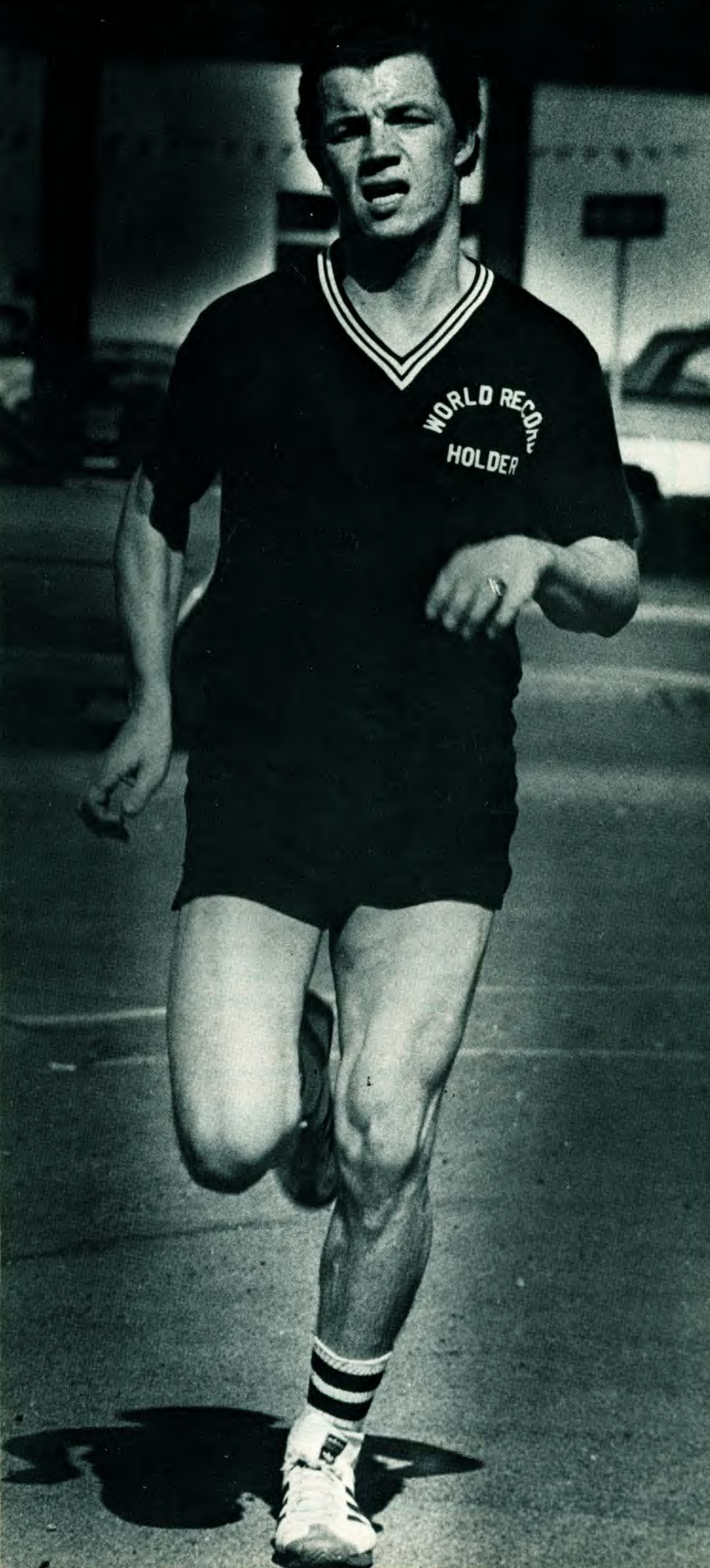
Keith Yanner recently graduated from SIUE and is working at the Belleville News Democrat. He placed in the top 20 last year in the William Randolph Hearst writing competition.

Alice Noble is a senior. She works part-time for the Collinsville Herald and was a former editor of the campus newspaper The Alestle.

This issue of Focus magazine was edited by Mary Brase, Nancy Behrns, Nancy Kidder, Sue Noblitt, Gloria Aylward, Kevin Allen, Don Sanford, Pete Stehman, Brenda Murphy, Ajit Daniel, Mike Jones, Kelly Brooks, Alice Noble and Charlie Skaer.



Photograph by Dennis Garrels



The 100th mile: breaking a world's record

**Text and photographs
by Charlie Skaer**

Rick Rose: world's record holder of the
100-mile run

100th mile

Running at full stride, Rick Rose rounded the corner of 12th and Niedringhaus on the south side of Granite City. One block farther, his sprint came to a dead stop, directly in front of Halfacres Lounge. He walked a few steps and then bent over to catch his breath.

An elderly woman leaning against a parking meter stared at the winded man for a few seconds. She then gave a look of concern and said, "You better slow down, boy. You're liable to have a heart attack."

Rose straightened up from his bent position and a smile quickly covered his entire face. He started laughing to himself, walked a few steps, and entered Halfacres Lounge.

Once inside, his laughter became much louder as he exclaimed to the half dozen occupants, "I'm liable to have a heart attack!" He then walked over to the bar and ordered a glass half-filled with water, still laughing at the old woman's remark.

Perhaps the woman had a good excuse for expressing her concern about the runner's fatigue. For while Rose was bent over, she couldn't see the three words on the front of the man's t-shirt: World's Record Holder.

Rick Rose, 27, is the world's record holder of the 100-mile run. As any Guinness Book of World Records will show, Rose broke the 100-mile record on May 30, 1976 in a time of 11 hours, 27 minutes and 58 seconds (11:27:58).

Today Rose is running through the streets of Granite City as part of his training for the 1980 Olympics. Rose has already qualified for the Olympic Marathon trials by running the 26 miles, 385 yards in 2:18:29 at an Amateur Athletic Union (A.A.U.) sanctioned meet at Louisville, Ky., on April 28. All runners at next May's Olympic trials, to be held in either South Dakota or Oregon, must run at least a

2:20:00 marathon in an A.A.U. sanctioned meet before being qualified for the trials.

"I say it's harder to be a marathon man than it is to be a runner in any other race in the world," Rose simply said: "Man, there's so many things involved in running that people don't realize. And the marathon is the hardest because of the endurance you need.

"In fact, other than contact sports like football where you're going to get your nose broke, track is the toughest sport in the world. I don't care what anybody says because it takes so many hours of training to get up to a peak that's powerful. With some athletes, that takes years."

Rose is one of those athletes who has dedicated years of practice in order to become a competitive runner. It took him six different attempts between 1971 and 1976 in order to finally reach that 100-mile mark and break the world's record.

Even with such endurance and determination, Rose said some local residents still don't believe he is a real runner. As an example, Rose described a recent scene in a local tavern. ►

'Other than contact sports like football where you're going to get your nose broke, track is the toughest sport in the world.'

100th mile

"I had a guy the other night wanting to bet me \$500 that I couldn't run 26 miles without stopping," Rose said, still shaking his head in disbelief. "He called me a liar. Of course, he was full of braunschweiger and didn't know what he was talking about."

"But he kept bugging me and bugging me and I finally said, 'No, I don't want to do it because I don't have the 500 bucks to back it.'"

The man then agreed that Rose wouldn't have to put up \$500, just run the 26 miles and let the man drive beside him and watch. However, Rose turned down the man's offer.

The Granite City native paused a moment and became a little more boastful. "Why, I could have done it right there with the clothes I had on. I would have ruined my clothes and my good shoes, but I could have done it."

"I would have taken his money like that," he said, as he snapped his fingers again, "but I would have really felt bad taking it with me not putting up a cent. I just told him he was drunk and to get away from me and leave me alone."

That's exactly what the man did while Rose stayed in the tavern and kept socializing with his friends.

'Sometimes I've come home rocked, but I still run the next morning. I'd get up and really be hurting, but I've disciplined myself to run every day.'

Spending time in taverns is a favorite pastime of Rose, mainly because he once owned his own tavern, Rick's Pub, from 1975 to 1976.

"I hustled my way into it," Rose said, nonchalantly. "A man named Denny Cleff, from Worthen, gave me a \$10,000 loan on just a handshake. He said he liked my attitude, liked my personality, and wanted to help put me in business."

Rose soon found out that a business was not only work, but also pleasure.

"That's where I learned how to drink," Rose said, with a devilish laugh. "I hadn't started drinking until I was 24. I played more pool and met a lot of friends. In fact, I tripled the business of the place."

Rose sold the business about a year after owning it because of the common troubles faced by any tavern owner.

"I got in trouble and wanted to get completely out of it because the tavern business can be pretty tough in Madison County. We've got a lot of rough and tough people in this area and I didn't want to get in any more trouble of having to smack somebody upside the head because they pulled out a gun."

Even so, Rose still spends about two to three hours a day in local taverns, drinking an average of about three beers a night. He said many people see him in the taverns and wonder how he can still run with any seriousness in marathon races.

"People don't realize that if you're a runner, and you do your proper workouts along with taking the food and vitamins you're supposed to, you can use beer to your advantage," he said. "I mean, you don't want to go out and drink a case of beer every night, but two or three beers will sometimes help you."

100th mile

The protein in beer is what's good for the runner, Rose said, while most of the alcohol leaves the body in the form of sweat. He said even the best of marathoners drink beer.

This love for beer has often gotten Rose involved in jokes and puns from his friends. One such case was a few days before Rose ran in the 1978 New York City Marathon, a race he finished 57th out of 11,494 runners.

"They were teasing me down at the tavern because the copy of the course showed a tavern right across the street from the finish line," Rose said. "They joked, 'Well, Rick has got it made. We've got a winner here.'"

Rose warned, however, that excessive

drinking leads to problems. He said that most runners, including himself, know their limit. He admitted, though, that he has occasionally ignored that limit.

"Sometimes I've come home rocked, but I still run the next morning. I'd get up and really be hurting, but I've disciplined myself to run every day."

Rose specifically remembered one occasion where drinking occupied his whole day.

"Three days after I broke the world's record, when I could finally move around, I got so drunk at my tavern that I couldn't even walk," he said, seemingly enjoying this reminiscing. "They put me on a pool table and I slept for an hour before I could even get up. I was celebrating; hell, I was proud of it. That

Running—

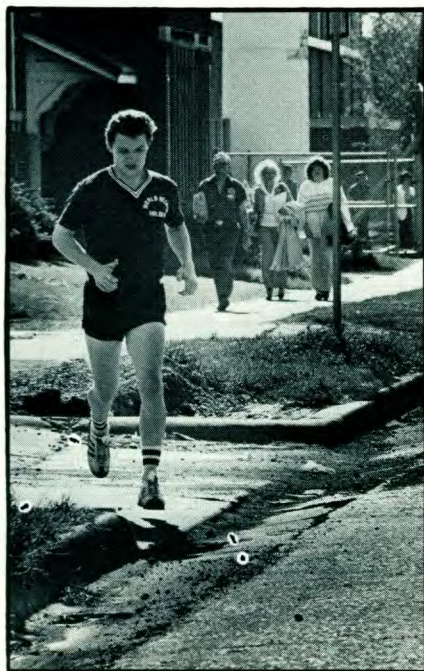
Day

...

into

...

night





[Top] Rose catches his breath after a workout. [Left] The 100-mile trophy. [Above] Rose socializes in Halfacres Lounge.

100th mile

record took me one long time and I was one happy, happy man."

The runner first got the idea of breaking the record in the 100-mile run when he read an article in a Granite City newspaper. That was in September of 1971, when Gus Schalkalm, from Granite City, tried breaking the record and managed to run 75 miles before getting cramps and having to stop.

"I looked at that article and thought, 'Wow, wouldn't that be a trip?' So I started seriously taking it as a challenge. When I found out I could run 20 miles a day, come home, take a bath, and still be a normal person, I thought I'd take a shot at it."

In his first five attempts, the farthest he ran was 52 miles, while the shortest distance he ran was 17 miles. In most of these attempts, he had problems with cramps.

"I've had cramps before and they're PAINful, boy. It's just like taking a belt and wrapping it around your legs and keeping it there just as tight as two guys can pull it," he said, in a mean tone of voice, clenching his fists and acting out the stretching of the belt.

But in April of 1974, the medical diagnosis from Randy Biggerstaff, the former trainer at both Granite City High School North and Granite City High School South, showed where the problem was. The trainer also gave Rose a strange prescription.

"He told me to start eating bananas because I was lacking potassium. On the average, I ate one banana a day; although, sometimes I'd lay off for two days and then eat two or three bananas the next day. That's what really made me break the record, because if I'd of had cramps that sixth time, I'd of stopped instantly. It would have been all over."

Rose started his record run at 9 a.m. at the Granite City High School South track. He ran to Plum Hill, Ill., along with three cars, one in front, one in back, and the third driving alongside of Rose every two miles to hand him a squirt bottle filled with water.

"If I had the strength to reach out and grab it, I would. If I didn't, I'd say, 'No, let it go.' I knew that when I hit my limit of 10 miles and was hurting that I had to keep right on going. When the pain hits you is when you want to be able to break that barrier.

"After you get in so good of physical shape, the rest of it's just mental. If you can say, 'Hey, man, this don't hurt,' and keep on going, you can make it. But if your mind keeps saying, 'Oh, man, I'm hurting, I gotta quit,' you're gonna hang it up."

Rose said he had to have both physical and mental preparations before attempting to break the record. Physically, he drank a quart of water before he ran his workouts. This excessive amount of water was to train Rose's kidneys to be able to handle that much water without having to urinate.

"If you stop for more than 10 seconds, the world record doesn't count," Rose explained. ▶

'When I found out I could run 20 miles a day, come home, take a bath, and still be a normal person, I thought I'd take a shot at it.'

100th mile

To train mentally for the record run, Rose had to put up with the pressure of running daily, each time going faster and faster.

"You run every day and say, 'This don't hurt,' and then you pick up the pace and say, 'I know this don't hurt.' But the whole time it's killing you."

At Plum Hill, Rose turned around and headed back toward Granite City. Even during the run, Rose drank two beers from the squirt bottle to get some extra protein. Salt was also added to the regular amount of Gatorade in order to keep Rose from dehydrating.

Rose said that, between the 80- and 85-mile mark, he was ready to quit four or five times. Each time he saw Jimmy Hall, a runner who was on the same high school track team with Rose, sitting on the hood of the car and yelling his heart out.

"I'll never forget that for the rest of my life. He was calling me a chicken and a no good son of a cuckoo. He kept yelling, 'I've spent all this time with you, helping you run your tavern and do your workouts and you're going to quit on me you chickenliver son of a ...'"

"I thought, 'You bastard.' But I just kept chugging."

Although Rose broke the 100-mile record that day, he was really trying to break the world record of running 131 miles without stopping. Rose collapsed at mile 106, just outside of East St. Louis. He was put in one of the cars and taken to a nearby hospital. During the drive, Hall changed his mouth action to hand action by massaging Rose's legs.

"I was a wringing wet mess and I was getting tight from my waist down. Jimmy was going, 'It's all right, buddy. We know you did it and it's ok now.' I had tears in my eyes and was screaming, 'Man, don't let me cramp. Please don't let me cramp!'"

Rose stayed at the hospital for a couple of days in order to regain his strength. The first day he received a visit from his father.

"My dad was crying because he thought I was dying. I told him not to worry, that I was only exhausted."

Rose said he celebrated the record for an entire month, including the night he had to sleep on the pool table for an hour before he could move. A few of his friends went out and bought him a 2'9" trophy to go along with his certificate from the Guinness Book of World Records.

"When I got that trophy given to me, that was the climax of my whole life. It surely was the top of my track career."


Although the runner did receive his share of congratulations, others just looked on with disgust.

"Some people don't realize the difficult things you've got to go through to break a world's record. They just think, 'Well, he's crazy.'"

Now Rose is working toward a more "respectable" goal in the eyes of some of these residents by trying to qualify for the 1980 Olympics. Yet Rose admitted he feels he's already hit his maximum achievement.

"I really want to tell you something. Even if I was fortunate enough to be able to win a gold medal, I don't think it could top my world's record. I just don't think it could."

"My career hit its peak when I broke that world's record. I want to go to the Olympics; but if I don't make it, I'm not going to break down in tears and cry about it. I had my mind on that 100 miles for years and I've accomplished what I wanted. Setting your life on one solid goal with years of training and six different attempts, oh, man, that's a long, long time."



Rick Rose and athletics

Running ever since he was in fourth grade, marathoner Rick Rose has some different viewpoints about track and other athletic topics. Here are just some of Rose's comments about various subjects.

Women in sports: "You'll never see the day when women will be equal to men in track. As far as that goes, there's male superiority in all sports. Just because Billy Jean King beat Bobby Riggs, that don't mean anything. Face the facts, why didn't she play Jimmy Connors? Even I could probably play tennis better than Bobby Riggs."

Running in St. Louis: "As far as I'm concerned, St. Louis has never drawn the big, quality runners. I went over there one year and won the half-mile and mile championships both and I'm not a speed runner. You know they didn't have the top class runners, so I just don't go over there anymore."

Olympic hopeful Craig Virgin: "I beat Craig in the two-mile run in the high school district when I was a senior and he was a freshman. I came in second place and he came in fourth. He's like an exception to this whole country and people don't realize that yet. Come 1980, they will, when he wins the 10,000 meter."

The paperwork of Guinness: "Man, it took me from May 30 to October to get that world's record verified. They have to have papers signed, newspaper clippings, film clippings, and witnesses statements. I'm writing from here to London and they're writing back which takes so much time. You just can't believe the hassle."

Getting a college scholarship: "Coach John Flamer (of SIUE) has seen me run quite a few times and I say I could have been his number two man on his team right now, maybe his number one man; and I'm 27 years old now. But he didn't want to give me a full scholarship. I said, 'Full scholarship or forget it.' If he offered me that full scholarship tomorrow, I'd take it."

Flamer's response: "My philosophy is that you come in, prove yourself, and work your way up to a full scholarship. Nobody can demand anything, unless you're a Craig Virgin. And even then, it's still negotiable."

Increased speed: "I see them kids in high school run a 1:50 half-mile and it just amazes me. God Almighty, that's unreal. I'm a distance runner, but I know a race like a half-mile is a tough cookie. It's getting to the point where it's damn near a sprint race."

Future goals: "My dream ever since I was a junior in high school was to coach a track team and take one kid to the state tournament and have him come out a state champ. That sounds stupid, but it's really what I want to do with my life. Like I told my mom the other day, when I hit 30, I'll make up my mind what I'm going to do the rest of my life. If I'm not in college studying to be a coach, I may forget about getting a scholarship and decide to pay my way through."

Running fever: "I've run at different times from 11 at night to 4:30 in the morning. I can be out shooting pool, feel like running, go home, put on my sweats, and take off. Hey, I run when I feel like it. And I'll walk into any tavern in Madison County and say, 'Gimme a glass of water.'"



2,000 participate in Kent State memorial

Lottery fears bring recruits to ROTC

**Track newest
Cougar sport**

*Alumni OK ban
on agitators*

**Moratorium on racism
emphasizes human approach**

**Tower Lake
ready for
occupants**

**Police bitter
over disarming**

Year of turmoil
for Delyte Morris

*Students, trustees in
generation gap struggle*

SIUE: 1970

□ With big ideas and little money, campus unrest and general growing pains, 1970 was surprisingly a very productive year for the four-year-old Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. □



'70: The mood

Violence, racism and war were the issues.

SIUE, like thousands of campuses across the nation, was disrupted by rallies, protests and marches.

The largest protest occurred as a result of a national movement protesting the deaths of four students at Kent State University in Ohio and the bombing of Cambodia during the Vietnam War.

More than 2,000 students participated in the march, from which the accompanying photograph was taken.

The Alestle, the campus newspaper, put out a special "strike edition," urging all students to stop attending classes in sympathy of the student protests. Meanwhile, Edwardsville's sister campus in Carbondale was forced to temporarily shut its doors because of the strike.

Alestle editor, David C. Smith, supported an attempted strike at SIUE and said, "The campus newspaper must be more than an impartial recorder of events. It must be in the vanguard of either the supporters or the opposition of any movement."

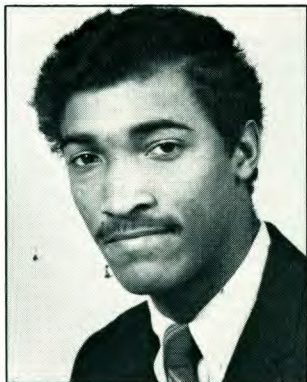
In April, 1970, a moratorium on racism

attracted much attention on campus, including that of several members of the national Black Panther Party. Racial tensions were heightening on the campus, but no major incidents occurred.

One Panther member, Brother Ray, said, "Either we're going to purge this country of racism or we purge this country of white people." Meanwhile, some white students signed a mock petition to keep all blacks at the East St. Louis campus.

A group of 30 students, calling themselves the Students for Positive Reaction, attempted to prevent violence on campus by meeting with Chancellor John R. Rendleman and requesting a resolution be passed barring all outside activists from the campus. Such a resolution was passed.

That same year, the Faculty Senate at SIUE adopted a resolution that disarmed the Security force during daylight hours or demonstrations. Said one disgruntled officer, "I'm afraid that when I go into Edwardsville, the Edwardsville police will arrest me for impersonating an officer."





SIU President Delyte W. Morris (far lower left) was the subject of much criticism during his last year in office.

Controversy over a \$1 million university house in Carbondale, the holding of closed meetings prior to the regular board of trustees meetings and the temporary closing of the Carbondale campus following a student strike caused Morris to resign his position.

The Edwardsville campus was directed by Chancellor John S. Rendleman (shown at left with poster child in 1970), who later became president of the SIUE campus until his death in 1976.

Rendleman was a key

figure in the growth of SIUE, which was progressing faster than the funds were flowing. Lack of classroom space forced Rendleman to limit the student body enrollment to 13,700 in 1970.

The Student Senate president in 1970 was Larry Sumner (upper left), upon whose shoulders fell much criticism from those who felt the senate should deal with national and international events.

In an *A/estle* editorial, editor Timothy Middleton criticized Sumner for his lack of student action in regard to the deaths of Kent State students and the U.S. drive into Cambodia.

Inflation has taken its toll on everything, including tuition. In 1970, Illinois residents paid only \$201 for an entire academic year. Today tuition is \$260 for a single quarter.

Of course, wages were in line with prices. In January, student workers were given a fifteen cent increase, raising the pay scale to \$1.45 per hour.

'70: The cost

'70: The leaders



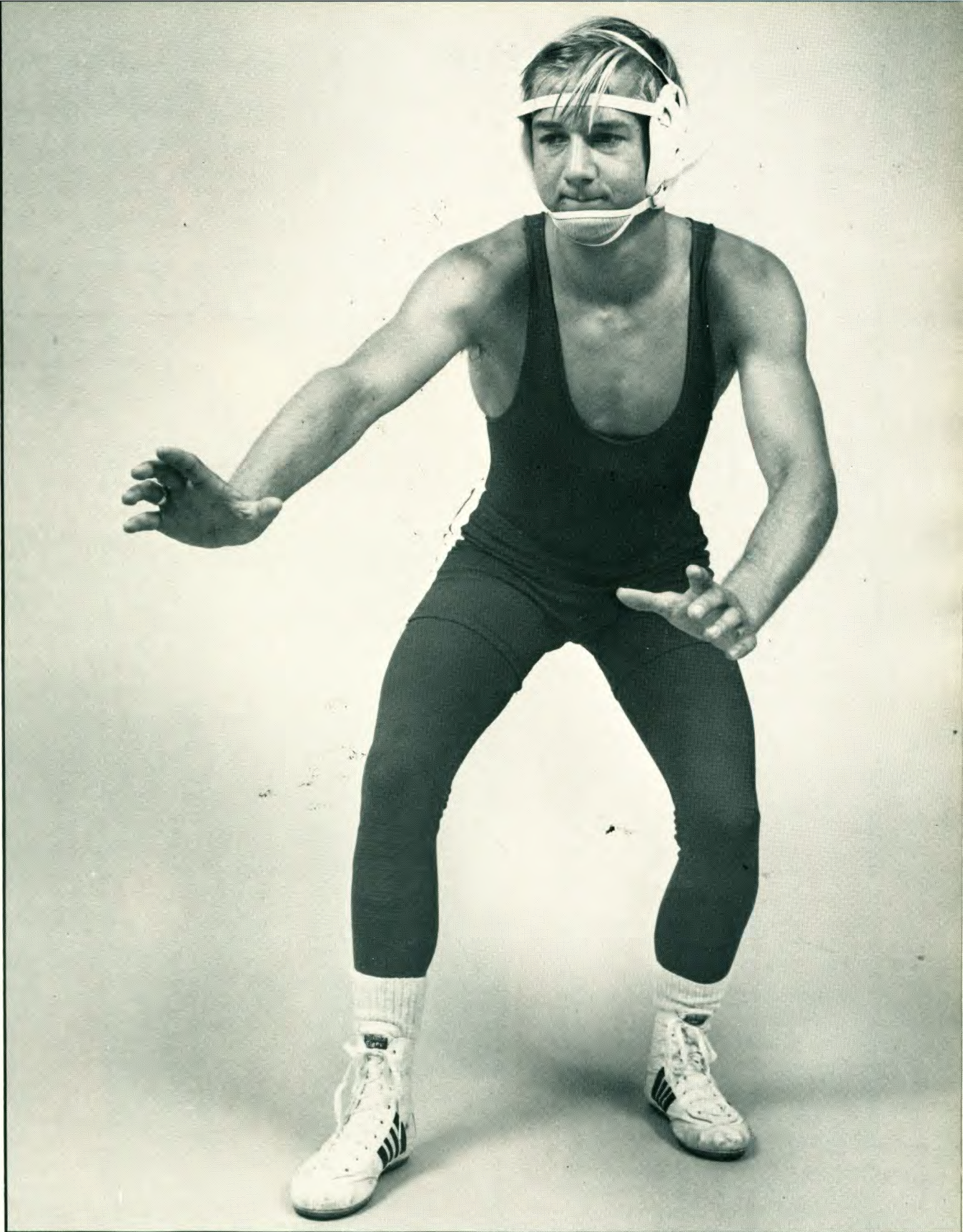
The photo above shows progress on the construction of Tower Lake Apartments, a long awaited development at SIUE. The first students moved in to the apartments in January of 1970.

Other constructions included a house for Chimega, the campus cougar mascot, a dome for the Religious Center, the visitors' parking lot, information booths and other landscaping and scenic improvements.

The photo on the right shows the SIUE community celebrating the third anniversary of the construction of the University Center. Thousands feasted on cake, watched film shorts and listened to the music of Sneaky Fitch's Memorial Band to celebrate the occasion.



'70: The developments



SIUE's third sports season was graced by Gus Schalkham, who was named Most Valuable Athlete of 1970. Schalkham lettered in cross country, wrestling and track.

In other sports news...Jim Dudley was hired as basketball coach...soccer forward Jack Blake was selected to the 1972 Olympic soccer team...track and wrestling were added to the program. The women's teams were beginning to make a mark and were busy building intercollegiate competition.

'70: The sports

'70: The culture

The music of 1970 was a reflection of the chaotic times. Pop music festivals, which reached their peak at Woodstock the previous year, promoted the idea of outdoor music, possibly contributing to the success of the then young Mississippi River Festival.

The 1970 festival was sponsored by Mississippi River Festival, Inc., a non-profit organization with directors from both Illinois and Missouri.

The SIU Board of Trustees contributed \$75,000 to the new corporation, and a similar sum was donated by corporations, foundations and individuals in the St. Louis metropolitan area to finance the festival.

The summer line-up included *The Band*, *Grateful Dead*, *Chicago Transit Authority*, *Delaney*, *Bonnie and Friends*, *Cannonball Adderly* and *Guess Who*.

That same year, pop music fans were stunned by the sudden deaths of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin.

Bill Cosby disappointed a large crowd during the 1970 Springfest by performing only one half hour.

A headline in an article in the campus newspaper, *The Alestle*, read, "Elvis Presley: Still Anchor of Pop."

* * *

Many movies were made for the young audience in 1970. The

wooing of the youth produced such movies as *The Graduate*, *Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Bonnie and Clyde* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

All night movie marathons in the Meridian Ballroom were popular with many SIUE students.

* * *

The university theatre and various music groups busied themselves with

many major productions and concerts in 1970.

Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* and *Charlie Brown and the Gang* were both well received by the campus community.

Sweet Charity was presented during the summer and was directed by Alcine Wiltz.

An artist lecture series presented the campus with selections from a new musical, *Hair*.



A concert-goer engrosses herself in the music of Grand Funk Railroad, who performed at SIUE as part of the 1970 Springfest.



The shorter the better was still the vogue for 1970, as this photo evidences. As the year progressed, the mini-skirts, fashion boots and fuzzy caps were discarded for a new clothing trend, the pant suit.

*Editing
and
design
by
K e l l y
Brooks*

'70: The styles

Will Rogers: 100 year legend

*Text by
Keith Yanner*

He said, "I never met a man I didn't like." That was his epitaph. And if anyone could have made it through the Johnson and Nixon years without a dislike for the chief executive, it would have been Will Rogers.

He would have let them hear about it, however, just as Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover, and Roosevelt heard. He was a conscience for the country's politicians. Some were also his personal friends, if they would still have him after Will was done with them. He said the country runs in spite of government not by aid of it. And that was only the beginning. He was a world traveller, an ambassador of sorts. He was received in the company of the world's most prominent people, yet he never lost touch with the common man.

To the uneducated, his wisdom exhibited the horse sense they lived by. To the intellectual, his simple statements and observations contained depth.

He hasn't been around for 44 years. He would have been 100 November 4, but he hasn't been forgotten. More than 500,000 Americans visit his memorial in Claremore, Okla., each year.

He was born on election day in 1879. He said, "Women couldn't vote then, so my mother thought she would do something, so she stayed home and gave birth to me . . . I decided to get even with the government. That's why I have always had it in for politicians."

He claimed Indian blood as his ethnic origin. He was a quarter-blood Cherokee--"My ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower, but they met the boat."--so

naturally his first barbs were sunk into Andy Jackson.

"I'm not so sweet on old Andy. You see, every time old Andy couldn't find anyone to jump on, he would come back and pounce on us Indians. Course he licked the English down in New Orleans, but he didn't do it till the war had been over two weeks, so he really just fought them as an encore. Then he would go to Florida and shoot up the Seminoles, then he would have a row with the government, and they would take his command and his liquor away from him, and he would come sick himself onto us Cherokees again.

"But old Andy made the White House. The Indians wanted him in there so he would let us alone for awhile. Andy stayed two terms, the Indians were for a third term, but he had to get back to his regular business, which was shooting at the Indians . . ."

Will's father was "Pretty well fixed. He had the time and money to try to make something out of me."

He said his father sent him to about every school in that part of the country. "In some of them I would last three or four months. I got just as far as the fourth reader when the teacher wouldn't seem to be running the school right, and rather than having the school stop, I would generally leave. Then I would start in another school, tell them that I had just finished the third reader and was ready for the fourth. Well, I knew all this fourth grade by heart so the teacher would remark, 'I never see you studying, yet you seem to know your lessons.' I had that education thing figured to a fine point. Three years

►►►

"If we can just improve their (women's) marksmanship, we can improve civilization. About every fourth fellow you meet nowadays ought to be shot."

Rogers

*"There is
no other business
in the world
that allows
a man to work
after he's been fired
--except politics."*

Will Rogers

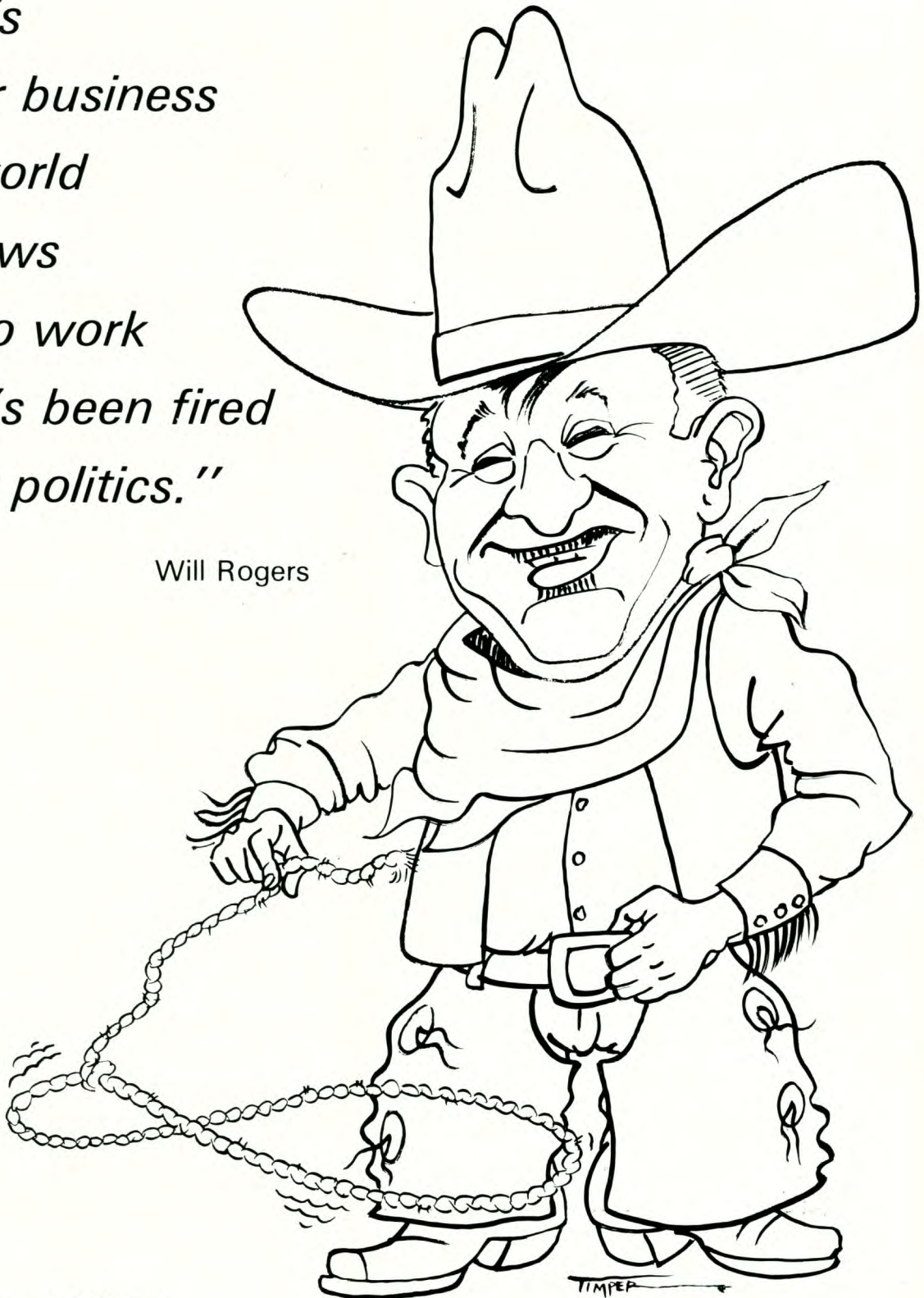


Illustration by Phil Timper

Rogers

in McGuffey's Fourth Reader, and I knew more about it than McGuffey did."

Actually Will made excellent marks in history and English, and poor in math and bookkeeping.

He attended Willie Halsell College for four years in 1892, Scarritt College Institute in Neosho, Mo., for a year, and Kemper Military Academy in Booneville, Mo., for a year.

He began his career as a showman in 1898, participating in roping contests in Oklahoma and Missouri. He also managed his father's ranch. After establishing a reputation as a roper and cowboy, he left for South America, Argentina in particular, in 1902.

He couldn't find a ship to take him directly to South America from New Orleans, so he ended up going to New York, then London, before he sailed to Argentina.

He discovered he wasn't made for travel, as he got seasick on the long voyages. He wasn't worth anything during the trips, he said, or for a couple of days after the ship had docked.

He spent five months in Argentina, working with Gauchos. By that time he'd forgotten how miserable he felt on ship, and he left for South Africa to join "Texas Jack's Wild West Show." He was billed as the Cherokee Kid, and a typical billing would read:

"Texas Jack's Circus.

The Cherokee Kid.

The World's Champion Lassoer.

He will perform the following feats with the lasso:

Catching a horse by one leg, two legs, and four legs. Throwing the rope with his foot and catching the horse. Forming a loop in front of his body, carrying it behind him, and catching the horse. Holding the lasso by one end, jerking the rope through the air, tying single and double knots during the flight. And finally, the most wonderful feat known. Holding a lasso in each hand, throwing both at the same time, and catching horse and

rider, each by the neck, while going full gallop."

From South Africa, Will went to Australia and New Zealand with Texas Jack. Since he had been in Argentina, he had been promising his family he would come home, but his plans were always interrupted by a chance to go to another part of the world.

After his tour in Australia, he returned to America. He went directly to St. Louis and the World's Fair.

In St. Louis, Will joined Colonel Zach Mulhall's show. After the World's Fair, the show went to New York and Madison Square Garden, where Will began his vaudeville career, getting his start in an unusual way. He got some notoriety by performing what was labelled a heroic feat by the press. He roped a nervous, half-crazed steer that had run amuck in Madison Square Garden. Because of the publicity he was booked at Keith's Union Square Theatre. From that time he was headed for fame.

Will married Betty Blake in 1908. She was from Rogers, Ark. He called her the "balancing wheel," which is exactly what he thought he needed. He had the reputation of being a restless man who couldn't sit still for five minutes.

They made three trips to Europe before 1915, when his vaudeville career ended. Then he went into Broadway productions and joined the Ziegfeld Follies in 1916. He agreed to stay with the follies for 10 years, but he didn't sign a contract, he said he didn't like contracts. He merely shook hands with Florence Ziegfeld, and ten years later Ziegfeld gave a tribute to Will Rogers. Ziegfeld wrote that Will was a man "whose word is his bond."

In 1919, Will published his first book, *The Cowboy Philosopher on Peace Conferences*. "We are great talkers, but we are mighty poor conferers. We have a unique record, we never lost a war, and we never won a conference in our lives. Without any degree of egotism, we can say, with our tremendous resources we can lick any nation in the world



Rogers

single-handed, yet we can't confer with Costa Rica and come home with our shirts on."

By 1922 Will was a nationally prominent figure. He broadcast radio shows, produced and starred in his own motion pictures, and wrote a syndicated column with the McNaught syndicate.

With this prominence he received requests for public appearances. He was even asked to endorse political candidates, who had a difficult time telling if he helped or hurt the campaigns.

On October 26, 1922, he was asked to endorse Ogden Mills of New York for reelection to Congress. Had Mills known about the content of the speech beforehand, it is doubtful that Will would have spoken.

Will began by saying he didn't want the speech to go over, because if it did he was afraid it might lead him into politics, and up until then he had tried to live honestly. He admitted he didn't know his candidate's opponent, but he assumed he must be a scoundrel and a tool of special interests. But the truth was, "I hadn't met my candidate. That's the reason I'll be more apt to say something good of him than anyone else." He said most people took up politics through necessity or as a last resort, but "this guy was wealthy before he went into politics--not as wealthy as now, but rich."

In April, 1923, Will strained his relationship with President Harding. In a column, Will wrote applying for the job of ambassador to the Court of St. James. As to salary, he wrote, "I will do just the same as the rest of the politicians--accept a small salary as pin money, and take a chance on what I can get."

In 1924, having nothing set for his act in the follies, Will informed his readers that he would stop off in Washington, en route to New York, to pick up some new jokes. "Congress," he explained, "has been writing my material for years."

Congress was the object of most of Will's jokes. He had a thousand ways to say the same thing about Congressmen and

Will Rogers says . . .

"There is no other business in the world that allows a man to work after he is fired--except politics."

"Congress has promised the country it would adjourn next Tuesday. Let's hope we can depend on it. If they do, it will be the first promise they have kept this session."

"If we got one-tenth of what was promised to us in these acceptance speeches, there wouldn't be any inducement to go to heaven."

"The Democrats are having a lot of fun exposing the Republican campaign corruptions, but they would have a lot more fun if they knew where they could lay their hands on some of it themselves for next November."

"Hoover is talking about resigning--that shows right there he is not a politician. He seems to think you can't serve two masters."

"All of our disgustingly rich men are at a loss to know what to do with their money. Funny none of them ever thought of giving it back to the people they got it from. Instead of these men giving money to found colleges to promote learning, why don't they pass a constitutional amendment prohibiting anybody from learning anything? And if it works as good as the Prohibition one did, in five years we would have the smartest race of people on earth."

Rogers

Senators. To him, they were practically worthless.

He said Coolidge could make up for all his failures by not calling Congress back into session. "If he did that he would go down in history as another Lincoln.

"It sure did kick up some excitement in the Senate when Senator Mose called the other senators 'sons of wild jackasses.' Well, if you think it made the senators hot, you wait till you see what happens when the jackasses hear how they have been slandered."

1926 was a busy year for Will, even though he was out of the follies. He went to London to appear for four weeks in the Charles Cochran Review, traveled across America on a lecture tour and visited Russia. When he returned, he wrote his third book, *There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia*.

He had much to say about the Russians, the most complimentary was, "The Russians have a cheaper government than us --there is no income tax in Russia, but there's no income."

He said Russia is starving her own people to feed propaganda to the rest of the world.

"I have always claimed that that's why they was such great parachute jumpers was because they was disappointed when it opened."

When Will returned from Russia, he was appointed honorary mayor of his city, Beverly Hills, Calif. But as usual, he didn't stay home long. He was made "Ambassador at Large of the United States" by the National Press Club, and he visited Mexico with Charles Lindbergh and had a benefit tour for victims of the Mississippi flood.

In 1929, he signed with Fox Studios to do 21 pictures, and he published a book, *Ether and Me*. That year the stock market crashed, and Will summed up his long-running dislike for the market and bankers and investors saying, "People have to get over the idea that they can live by gambling. Somebody has to do some work."

Will took it upon himself to do the work. In 1930 he set out on a cross-country

trip to see the most seriously affected communities and to raise funds. He paid for his own expenses and the expenses of any talent he could scrape up. In Wichita Falls, Texas, he raised \$9,000, in Abilene \$6,500, and in Fort Worth \$18,000.

In 18 days, visiting 50 cities, he raised \$225,000, plus additional amounts in pledges.

He described the paradox of the country at that time, "We are going through a unique situation. We are the first nation to starve to death in a store house that's overfilled with everything we want. We're going to be the first nation to drive to the poorhouse in an automobile."

That year he signed to make 14 radio shows for \$72,000 and gave it all to charity.

Will continued to make films, write his syndicated column, and send his daily telegram to 400 newspapers. Writing was something he took seriously. He used to take his typewriter to the set. Between scenes he would sit on a stump, typewriter on his knees, and pound out his column.

In 1932 he got more involved in politics than he'd been accustomed to. He endorsed Roosevelt for the Presidency. When Roosevelt entered office, Will sent him a telegram: "Your health is the main thing. Don't worry too much, a smile in the White House would look like a meal to us. Don't scold 'em (senators and congressmen) they're just children that's never grown up. Don't send 'em messages, send candy." He said, "This Presidency business is a pretty thankless job. Washington and Lincoln didn't get a statue until everyone was sure they was dead."

▶▶▶

"You must never tell a thing. You must illustrate it. We learn through the eye and not the noggin'."

Rogers

He continued to raise funds for Depression victims. In 1933 he signed a contract to make seven Sunday broadcasts for the Gulf Oil Company. He would be paid \$50,000 and donate it to unemployment relief. He said he didn't have anything to lose in the transaction but his voice, "And I never lost it yet."

In 1934 Will took the lead in Eugene O'Neill's play, *Ah Wilderness*. But later that year he quit because of a letter he received. It was from an indignant clergyman who had taken his 14-year-old daughter to the show.

The man assumed it, "Like all of your performances," was something suitable for a young person to see. But after watching a scene in which Will lectured his "son" about the subject of immoral relations with a woman, the clergyman left the theatre with his daughter.

In the letter he told Will he hadn't been able to look his daughter in the eyes since.

Will was stunned, saying if it struck one person as improper, he wanted nothing to do with it. He said he was through. "I never could say those lines again--even to myself in the dark."

Because of the letter he would be free to travel in the summer of 1935, and he wrote, "We are living in a great time. A fellow can't afford to die now with all this excitement going on."

The first six months of 1935 Will made three pictures, and at the age of 55 his demanding schedule was taking its toll. He said he became nervous and restless. "At times on the set, I would sorter look up and see what was flyin' over. Betty told me I was gettin' sorter nervous and I'd better hurry up and get on one."

He wanted to take a long trip, but by mid-July nothing had jelled. His plans were vague. He needed to find a pilot, and a famous aviator named Wiley Post visited him.

Post wanted to study the feasibility of an air route between Alaska and Russia that would avoid the long haul across the Pacific.

In late July they flew to New Mexico for a fishing trip. They returned to California

July 29. Wiley was going to Seattle, and Will told him to phone from there. Will would tell Post if he would make the trip.

On August 3, Will had his mind made. He told Betty, "Say Blake, you know what I just did? I flipped a coin. It's heads, see I win."

Will said the trip was going great. They stopped at Juneau, Nome, then flew east into Canada, traveling over the Yukon and Klondike regions. They flew back into Alaska and stopped at Fairbanks.

Will said, "Was you ever driving around in a car and not knowing or caring where you went? Well that's what Wiley and I are doing. We're sure having a great time. If we hear of whales or polar bears in the Arctic, or a big herd of caribou or reindeer, we fly over and see it."

On Aug. 5, they left Fairbanks and crashed 10 miles south of Point Barrow. They both died in the crash.

In Will's badly smashed portable typewriter was a page of his weekly column. It ended in the middle of a sentence. The last word he had typed was "death."

When the story appeared in newspapers it overshadowed all other world events. The New York Times devoted four full pages to the tragedy.

An editorial stated, "It is certain that we shall not look upon Will Rogers like again. Let us hope, However, that in the constant surprises of our native talent, someone may arise to help us as he did to keep our mental poise, to avoid taking all our national geese as swans, and by wholesome laughter make this world seem a better place to live in."

*"Live your life
so that whenever you
lose you are ahead."*

Will Rogers



People in focus

Caught in the act of being themselves

President Shaw

Kenneth Shaw, left, president of SIU-E, is photographed at dedication ceremonies of the Delyte Morris Quadrangle at the university. Although the photographer took this shot through several rows of people, the president appears close to the viewer with the use of a telephoto lens.

Campus photographer

Charlie Cox, middle, campus photographer, begins his day by checking orders from the previous day's shooting.

Campus workers

Groundworkers, lower right, Rich Demaree, left, and Charles Hunsche return their tools to their truck. They had repositioned concrete blocks that mysteriously moved during the winter near the Bubble Gym.

Walls of patterns

Dr. Elaine Stern, far right top, archivist in American studies at SIU-E, shows some of the quilting patterns from different parts of the United States.

Band Director

Leading an orchestra requires communication with the hands as shown by Carl St. Clair, far right bottom, former director of bands at SIU-E.



Photographs by Brenda Murphy, Alice Curless, Mike Jones, Layne Law



Tower Lake

Top: These Tower Lake fishermen line up for a photo after a fishing contest at the lake.

Bottom: Tower Lake residents Tarnell Martin and Stacy Clark join hands and skateboards.

Right: Deb Lexow, an SIU-E graduate student, gets ready to rig the sails on a sailboat at Tower Lake.

Photographs by Diane Kemper, Mae Krumm and Mike Jones



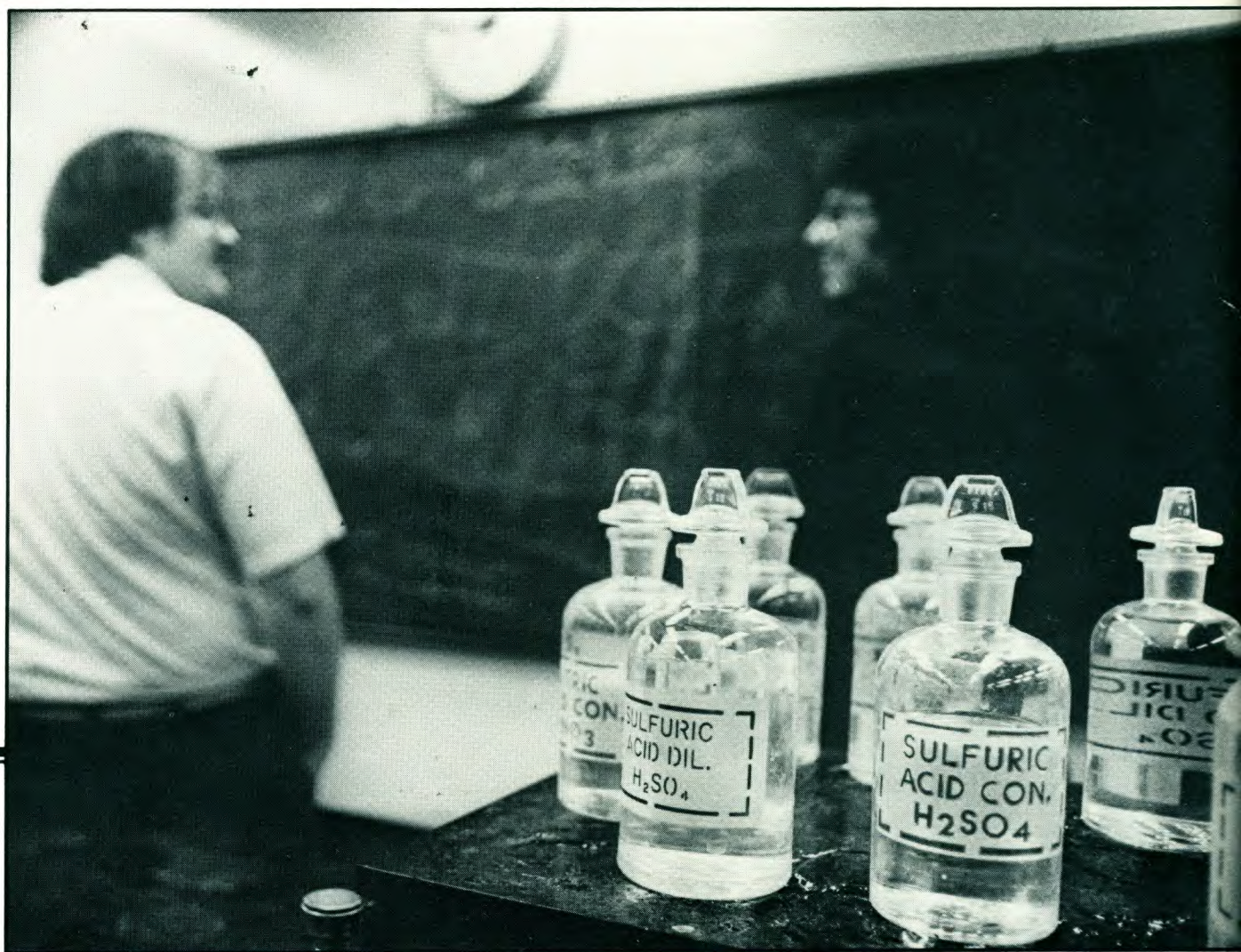


Composition shots

Top: Student in profile creates strong lines of force.

Bottom: An ultra closeup of chemical bottles in a science lab creates a strong foreground image.

Photographs by Gary Kronk and Ed Sedej





Top left: Donald Parker, a 21 year-old senior, shows the body language of a dancer.

Top right: Carol Hill, a mass communications major at SIU-E, takes a snooze in a hallway in the Communications Building, creating an imbalance between her and the image to her right.

Bottom: Jim Theiret, an SIU-E junior, rests against the university display also creating an imbalance.



Photographs by Kelly Brooks, Ed Sedej and Bill Plaschke



The back page

The student artists are Sue Noblitt, Mike Jones and Pete Stehman.

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