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Focus 22

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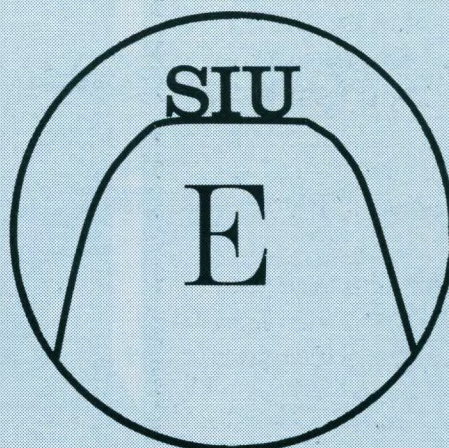
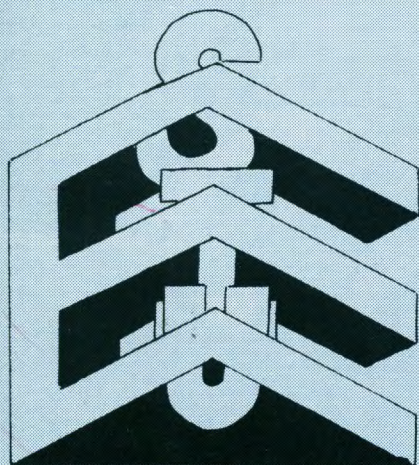
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FOCUS

Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

February, 1980 / Number 22



The Butkus Eye:

Top right: Lou Brock answers questions at a press conference after his 3,000-hit plateau, Aug. 13, 1979. Brock is the 14th player to reach baseball's 3,000-hit club. The only other Cardinal to reach 3,000 is Stan Musial.

Top left: Brock, left fielder for the St. Louis Cardinals, holds his son Daniel during ceremonies for Lou Brock Day Sept. 9, 1979.

Bottom left: Brock poses for fans on camera day at Busch Stadium May 6, 1979.

Bottom center: Brock slides under Philadelphia Phillies' catcher Bob Boone who made the tag for an out in the July 1, 1979, game in St. Louis.

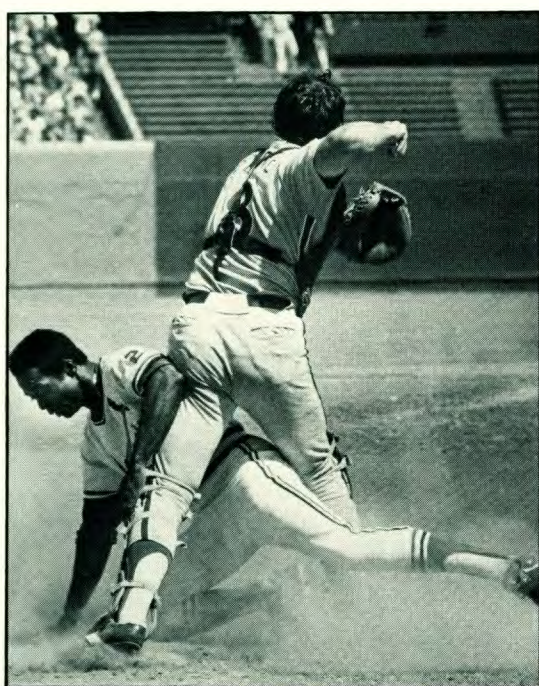
Bottom right: Brock sits in the baseball Cardinal locker room after playing his last professional baseball game Sept. 30, 1979.



Year of Brock's 3,000th hit

Mary Butkus, a senior journalism student, photographed Lou Brock during her internship with United Press International in St. Louis. Butkus, who is from Fairview Heights, Ill., plans to continue photography as a career.





Artist with a light touch

**Text and photographs
by Mary Brase**

Former SIUE student Bob Shay takes a break at his Post-Dispatch desk.



"Everybody's an artist. I'm an illustrator. That means I do stuff for a commercial publication and I get paid for it. And that is the best kind."

As he talks, Bob Shay continues to sketch on paper the shape of a cod to fit inside the outline of the open violin case. He found just the right fish for authenticity in his copy of "Fishes of the World," but he can't resist cartooning it a little.

"Just a little mark is all it takes," he explains as he arches the brow over the cod's eye. "In drawing, if you have neat eyes, it makes it."



Shay completes the thought and pauses to ponder it before rubbing the worn, pink Eberhart eraser over the spot. He redraws the line of the eye open a little wider. When he is satisfied, he moves to the tail.

The cod and the violin case will illustrate a story for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's Sunday Pictures magazine about the Rev. Moon. As a member of the art department at the paper, Shay got the assignment and had to read the story about the Moonies taking over the lobster market in the East before getting the idea for the "Cod Father."

The illustration shows Moon, dressed in a Brando-style tuxedo reminiscent of the movie, opening a violin case with the fish inside.

To work up the drawing, Shay put together the portrait of Moon, the white collar and suit from a Brando snapshot, the cod from the book, and the violin case from the one he borrowed and promised to return that day.

After the first hour of work, Shay is ready at 9 a.m. for a cup of coffee with cream, sipped from a white Styrofoam cup between squints and thoughts at the next project.

He is interrupted by a passing mail boy who tosses a narrow envelope onto the drawing board with Shay's name neatly typed in the center. The 29-year-old artist discounts the possibility of fan mail. The only mail he gets comes from critics who point out what he is doing wrong. All except Maureen, he remembers. "But I haven't heard from her lately. Maybe I'll get some mail from this."

The two rows of nine artists working in closet-size partitions, which open on both sides of a narrow aisle running the length of the 12th Street windows, are too close not to share. Some of the artists wait for Shay to read the message.

"My sketches of John Wayne were 'quite good,'" he mimics. The note is initialed by his editor.

"He's just trying to make up with me," Shay teases. He has had differences of opinion before.

Shay rummages through a stack of old clippings until he finds a yellowed cartoon. He points out the unmistakable faces of a former editor and three fellow artists he used on major characters in the drawing. The copy includes the editor's displeasure marked in green grease pencil.

"He didn't like me using casual faces," Shay says, "but it is hard. I have to make some ripples and waves sometimes. And they don't catch everything."

Shay remembers one cartoon where too many people saw themselves in a drawing he did for a story about drug users. One man sued. "I find photos of interesting faces and I do a cartoon," he says with a shrug of his shoulders. Now he is more careful about private figures because that drawing did look a little like the plaintiff, Shay admits.

For most drawings he uses pictures from magazines and newspapers that are loosely filed in stacks on the opposite desk next to the oil, watercolors, and spray glue. The five-year accumulation of manilla folders separate men from women from animals from

Shay

tools. His personal copies of "The College Game" (soccer), "American Idioms," and "Norman Rockwell" crowd an inch-thick wooden crate suspended above it.

Medical instruments are the most difficult things to find for drawings, he claims. And that is the only reason he subscribes to Human Sexuality magazine. It has the best instruments.

Shay started at the Post because he "got fired from bartending and I called and asked if I could free-lance."

"What you got against full time," he was asked. It took five months to finally start but, "The pay is excellent and I'm doing great."

He married Julie, a former Estee Lauder account executive, fathered two sons and lives in a mortgaged house in Webster Groves with two cars, a Master Charge since 1975 and the largest white oak tree in the state. "Talk about shade. The conservation people said it is at least a couple hundred years old."

He draws cartoons because people identify with cartoon persons, even politically. Personally, Shay is "skeptical" of all politicians. Sen. Kennedy can propose whatever programs he likes, Shay says. "He's not living like the rest of us. He doesn't have to worry." Shay dismisses other leaders, calling Jerry Brown and President Carter incompetent.

On radio stations he tends to compromise.

"I hate rock," so he tunes his portable Sony on the desk to KCFM, a middle-of-the-road station, for "these old guys." The volume in his own voice increases as he peeks down the aisle looking for a reaction from the veteran artists working on both sides. "But it doesn't appeal to the under 25 ears."

Most of his complaints come from a different direction. If the music gets too loud or too in, he gets the message from nearby writers who throw things over the shared partition.

"I'm into aluminum and fiberglass at the moment. You have to ignore them," he says and peeks again.

Shay is also into weightlifting and once took a motorcycle trip to California to play rugby for a single season. "I played for the Ramblers, the oldest team in St. Louis, and got the shit knocked out of me," Shay says. "The year I played, we didn't win a single game. The next year they took the division title and wiped out everyone."

To endure the English sport, "It takes a different breed of people." So Shay has traded his shorts for a center fielder's glove in the local softball league and for a Sunday afternoon bleacher seat at the college soccer games, particularly when SIUE plays SLU. His Harley is scattered in 300 pieces in the basement.

Before Shay can begin the next cartoon project, an editor drops a double page of wire copy and three photographs of women in tight jeans with cutlines. "Make it small and make it sexy," the editor instructs. "And let's see your rough by 9:45."

Both men glance up at the institution clock showing 9:30 and grin at the absurdity.

"Wire pages are a bitch," Shay hisses under his breath. He glances at the first line. It is a story about Trudeau and the coming election. "Canada—got to do something on Canada today."

The worst jobs are the peer panels, a series of stories Shay and fellow artist Mike Haynes regularly draw. The younger, red-bearded Haynes from Auburn, Ala., trades insults and ideas with Shay from across the aisle, but neither can find easy answers to illustrating type that begins, "I dig this dude."

"I teach him everything I know," Shay says of his friend. With the precision of a top banana, he pauses for the punch. "But that shouldn't take too long. He's a fast learner."

Shay's version of Gov. Teasdale's policies, Post-Dispatch, Feb. 4, 1979.





Shay

Haynes draws a return reaction with a reference to East St. Louis, Shay's hometown, which encourages the grin and the second saga of the Shay family vacation trips to Monsanto, Ill.

The chatter continues back and forth as Shay methodically tapes down the half-finished sheet of a drawing of Jacqueline Wexler that he has completed for a story of the former St. Louis nun who was president of Webster College. "Short and sexy" has to fill the bottom of the lifestyle page under her illustration.

Shay evens the lines with the t-square and laughs as he remembers the time he didn't. "I worked an entire day once with no t-square or triangle. I didn't know. I got to the end of the day and the drawings all looked a little off.

"But that was in my younger days."

"Last week," Haynes adds without looking up from his sketching across the aisle.

Shay ignores the taunt and pulls out the fan of red drawers on the utility stand.

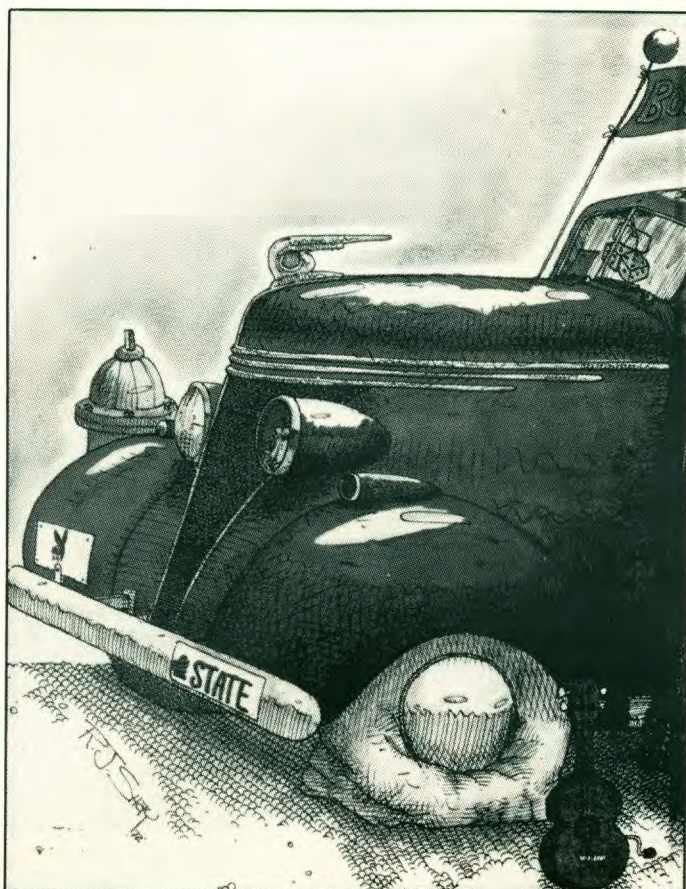
"Here's a slide I've been looking for for weeks," he admits. Masking tape keeps it in unforgotten sight on the shaft of the overhead lamp. He squints at the photographs of the three models again. "Have to do something sexy here," he reminds himself. "The trick is to get them into this space without destroying them."

As he erases more lines, his mind moves away. "I drew some of my greatest things in psychology class at SIUE," he says. Shay attended art and design classes and did some drawings for the school newspaper when the Edwardsville campus first opened, but he never was graduated.

"They kept changing the number of hours I needed. I'm probably way behind now. When people ask where I went to school, I say SIUE. They just assume I graduated, but it doesn't bother me."

Shay says the teacher in that psychology class asked his students to turn in an unsigned comment about the lesson each day. Shay always drew a caricature of the

Shay's version of the college student as it appeared in Focus, 1972.
Illustration was originally a two-page, four-color drawing.



Shay

teacher or a cartoon of the class for his commentary. "He obviously was as impressed with me as I was with him. He never mentioned it once."

Despite the education that began with the brothers at Holy Angels School, Shay is still an "awful punctuator and speller." One classic example was a cartoon that had the same word spelled wrong 27 times. "That wasn't funny because that is the one place where you're not supposed to make mistakes."

Shay says he has had his share of trouble with the printed word and even a little notoriety, but it is usually caught before the edition goes out. When you make a mistake, there is a note. "I've been here only five years, but I could show you some notes."

Shay stretches to the ringing phone and his voice changes to the impeccably polite,

soft-spoken tone his mother and his teachers at Assumption High School must have spent years training. The "sir" and "yes ma'am" are still with him.

It is Corrine, a friend from Chicago, with news of possible ad sales and arrangements for a short weekend visit with the family.

Shay draws ads and illustrations for magazines. "Nothing you ever heard of like The Prairie Farmer, The Utah Stockman or the Wisconsin Dairy Herder." It is part of an eventual plan to trade the life of the eight-to-fiver for the independence of a free-lancer who works at home. Shay has tried it before and admits the routine of going to work makes him more productive because he is not tempted by the sunshine of the first spring day.

Like Woody Allen in his latest movie, Shay is tempted by the lingerie ads in the Sunday newspaper

Another Shay illustration from Focus, 1972.



The many faces of Bob Shay



If you have neat eyes, it makes it.



The drawing did look like the plaintiff.



It's the only way the guard will let me in around here.

Shay



magazine but for a different reason. The seductive samples tacked on the wall, including one for a suntan lotion, are Shay's visual argument that advertisers "get away" with more than he can. "If I DREW something like that ..."

When the phone rings again, it is his mother, who calls just to tell him she saw the John Wayne drawings the day before and she likes them. He tells her of the note from his boss.

"My mother always calls when I do something she likes," he explains as he straightens his shoulders. "She could have been born in my generation. She never questions and doesn't object."

He goes back to the phone for a quick check. The writers can expand the cutlines on the photographs if necessary. It solves his problem of layout. He quickly changes the head to a double, two-column line at the left and roughs in the copy. "I hate to do this," he tells the girl in the photo, "but sometimes I have to cut off a foot."

Without taking his hands or his eyes from the work, he calls to a friend maneuvering down the aisle to the coffee pot on the other side of Shay's drawing board. "Hey Dick, I saw a funny thing last night. It was your name on a bulletin board."

The friend can't resist and stops to ask where.

"It was on a bulletin board. Something about you were invited to an exclusive old age club." Shay pauses and peeks up out of the corner of one blue eye, waiting for the comeback.

It comes.

"Remember, if you want to join, it is not expensive. It just takes time to do it," he is told.

"Is that the over 50 club?"

It's just a running joke, Shay says, because the friend celebrated his fiftieth birthday recently and the office won't let him forget it.

By 10:15 the pictures are ready in a rough layout. Shay labels the backs, folds the copy and turns to the next project. "This is it—wire."

He begins to read the type, and by the time he is halfway done, he is nodding his head, twisting his hair and rubbing the left leg of his Oshkosh jeans. Of all the artists at the Post, only Shay comes to work regularly in the comfort of jeans, a t-shirt and tennis shoes.

The sweat socks are new, he claims. "It's the only way they know I'm working around here."

The black t-shirt with the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets in yellow is his dress model today. He usually wears one of the white Post-Dispatch weatherbird versions he got in a good deal. But it doesn't go with the blue of his eyes, his favorite color.

"I could say my favorite color was magenta, but that wouldn't match my eyes either."

He pops on a Groucho Marx mustache attached to a pair of plastic glass frames and a broad plastic nose. "That's the only way the guard will let me in around here."

Still peering through the open frames, Shay underlines the ideas as he reads, then sits back and props his feet up. "I'll go to the morgue and get photos of Trudeau for a caricature. Trudeau pulled Canada together. Maybe with a flag of Canada, a maple leaf. Within that frame. Something not too abstract."

Before Shay can get started, the 10:25 edition of the Post is delivered to all the desks down the aisle. Shay leafs through his copy until he finds the cartoon he drew the night before with a play on nuclear fission and nuclear confusion.

"I had to do it under duress," he explains, "and I didn't do a good enough job to put my name on it." He checks the spelling of "fusion" anyway and it is correct. He closes his eyes in relief.

Shay habitually signs his work the same way he has always done it, but the signature on his checks is different. The bank had to call him once because the signature was so scribbled, even they couldn't read it.

An older illustrator down the aisle stops at the front page news on his copy and questions the pricing of gasoline. The last time he bought gas, he said, the sticker control price on the pump was 10 cents less than the price he paid.

"How can they do that? I never saw that before I started pumping my own gas."

Both sides of the aisle take up the discussion.

"I think they should measure the gallons."

"Schlesinger is so full of ..."

"There's only one person I believe."

"Chairman Mao is dead, Joe," Shay says.

When the energy crisis is settled, Shay meanders out of the art department through the obstacle of desks and partitions to the morgue, an acre of files at the fifth floor corner guarded by a row of desk clerks.

"Trudeau," he tells the woman at the last desk.

"Which one? She's prettier than he is."

Shay settles for Pierre and she leads him to a folder of 30 pictures. The one with the tongue out gets a laugh from both of them.

Shay picks out four he likes and asks about the Atlases on top of the cabinets. "Can this be removed if I bring a note from my mom?"

As he carries the oversized book out, a young girl at the front desk stares as he passes.

"I'm improving my mind," he quips.

"That might take awhile," she answers.

"You should know about that," he says with a grin.

Shay

Back at the drawing board, Shay calls his wife (the one who gave him the sterling silver kazoo because he has everything else) to remind her he will play center field tonight after work. He adds the part about the note on John Wayne.

More coffee and he shapes the face first. "The hardest thing is trying to do caricatures," he says. He flips from picture to picture as he shapes Trudeau's eyes, nose and mouth.

"That's the end of the preliminary drawing," he announces. "I always put it away and get away from it. If you don't, you think it looks like him and it doesn't."

He moves to the map of Canada and tries to make some sense of that "awful shape."

Maps are not the artist's favorite subject because they are all straight lines, Haynes agrees. "It's just dot to dot and line to line," but both artists draw the assignment, usually for travel stories, and both hate it.

Shay catches up on some reading.



Shay has to know many things to draw them, and like other children, he learned his English and biology and had fun and did well in high school, but he hated the English. Creative writing saved him. "I think I could be very good if I were trained and practiced and devoted my time to it," he says. "But I'm still working at being good at one (drawing). You have to work on it."

Jack Davis and Mark Drucker of Mad magazine are the best in the business, according to Shay. "Do you know Leroy Nieman?" he asks, sneaking another peek. "I don't like him."

Like a page from *Mad*, Shay once designed his own unique piece of art, but it wasn't a drawing, it was a birthday present. While he was still a student at SIUE, he asked a photographer friend to take a full-figure picture of him in the nude.

Shay had the picture blown up poster size and gave it to his girlfriend for her birthday. She reportedly mounted it on the ceiling above her bed until her father objected. The relationship ended after she began showing it to all of her relatives.

That was years and a different girl ago, but the story is true, Shay says. He still has the picture crumpled up in the basement somewhere.

The only picture that still comes back to haunt Shay today, he says, is the memory of the lima bean men who populated his nightmares as a child.

Along with his two younger sisters and a brother, Shay had to eat the hated lima beans whenever his mother served them. When they reappeared in his dreams, he tried to flush them down the toilet. "They just beat the hell out of me—those big green kidney beans."

He pauses in the story just long enough to peek at the listener's reaction out of the corner of his eye.

"Their heads were smaller lima beans. And their legs were always grabbing at me—oh."

"And it's all true and I have to go."

He picks up the borrowed violin case and walks to the elevator filled with men in vested suits and styled hair carrying briefcases. At the first floor, he heads for the side door and ambles up 12th Street with Haynes, carrying the case gangster-style under his arm. He pauses just long enough to peek at a driver staring from the near lane.

He promised to have the violin case back by 11.





Couples on campus

Last spring a photojournalism class was assigned to photograph couples on campus. Here are some examples of the work produced by the students.

The photograph on the left is of Anne Dickman from Edwardsville and Bruce Walker of Mascoutah.

Pictured below are Leila Jane Mouser of Granite City and Alan Gerstenecker from Collinsville.



The photographs on pages 12-17 were taken by Mary Brase, Dennis Garrels, Ted Matthews and Brenda Murphy.



Couples at the kissing contest

The photographs on these two pages were taken at the kissing contest held during last year's Springfest.

The contest is an annual event and is held in the campus mall.







More couples on campus

The photograph on the far left is of Fritz Freund and Laura Wiseman from Alton.

Jeff Julian and Tammy Schussland are pictured above.

The photograph on the left is of Dan Davis from Edwardsville and Gayle Wisdom of Waterloo.



'I just love putting o

Former baseball Cougar recalls the experience



n that silly uniform'

of trying to reach the top in professional baseball



Story and photos by **KEVIN ALLEN**

Bob Wilber sat killing time in Kansas City's Sheraton Royal Hotel the Saturday before the 1979 major league baseball season ended. His head turned as his eyes followed a young girl walking through the lobby.

Wilber and a friend Lance McCord sat a little bleary-eyed. They had left St. Louis at seven that Saturday morning. They had partied most of the night before. It was 10 a.m.

Wilber was waiting for Oakland A's pitching coach Lee Stange to talk, he thought, about pitching. Waiting in the lobby, he had no sense of wild anticipation about the session. Wilber had no reason to believe the future of his baseball career might be determined within the next few hours.

By the age of 22, some young men in the world of professional baseball have already cut through the tangled hierarchy of the minor leagues. A few have risen meteorically, bursting into the major leagues like shooting stars. But those are a minority.

Most players are like Bob Wilber.

In two seasons of A-level minor league baseball, Wilber's career had burned haphazardly. At times the fire had been dangerously close to dying out, but always it had been rekindled just in time.

Now in Kansas City, although Wilber was unaware of it, someone was about to throw on another log.

Wilber had reported to Stange's room as soon as he had arrived in Kansas City. Stange had been polite as he went through the routine, Hi-how-are-you? When-did-you-get-in?

"He had probably been through the same thing with a hundred guys like me during the year," Wilber recalls. "I remembered thinking, 'This is the Oakland A's, probably the worst team in baseball. They've lost 110 games.' But still, I felt like I was imposing."

Stange told Wilber and McCord to wait downstairs in the lobby, that he would be with them in a few minutes.

Four hours later, in mid-afternoon, Stange arrived downstairs.

"Well, you wanna go to the ballpark and see what you've got?" he asked.



Wilber was stunned. He figured he'd just come over, talk with Stange in the afternoon, and go watch the game (Oakland vs. Kansas City that night. McCord and Wilber didn't say anything. They just followed Stange out.

□□□

Bob Wilber was born into baseball. His father Del was a catcher for the Cardinals, the Phillies, and the White Sox. When Bob was young, he accompanied his father on scouting trips for the Minnesota Twins. Spring training was a family ritual.

Del Wilber was the only major league representative who scouted Bob his senior year with the Cougars at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. Bob signed a free-agent contract with the Detroit Tigers in June 1978, despite an unenthusiastic scouting report filed by his father. The report said as an outfielder Bob had "fair range, an adequate arm, but a weak bat."

"When I saw the report, I held it up in front of my dad's face. 'What is this?'" Bob remembers asking his father. "If you tell them this, I'll never sign."

During the 1978 season, Wilber drifted up and down the Tiger organization, playing in places like Lakeland, Fla., Bristol, Va., and Paintsville, Ky. There were times, true to his father's appraisal, when the hits trailed off, the batting average sank, and Wilber found himself once again sitting on benches in places like Paintsville.

During those times, Wilber would call home every day and tell his parents, "Get my room ready, I'm coming home."

□□□

Bob Wilber is no stranger to major league clubhouses. Since childhood he has been in many with his father. Even so, he couldn't help feeling a boy-like awe that Saturday afternoon as he and Stange entered the A's locker room at Royal Stadium.

The scene is fixed in his mind like an image on photographic paper. "The carpeting was a thick, padded, royal blue indoor outdoor. Everything in the room was royal blue. It was huge. It was surrounded by three-foot wide lockers around the edges, and in each locker there was a green A's jersey with the back facing out. You could see the players' names and numbers in yellow and white.

"And you could see all those white spikes. Rob Picciolo must have had 20 pairs of white spikes stacked in the bottom of his locker. That's the major leagues—20 pairs of spikes."

Wilber drank in the scene while Stange slowly changed into a uniform. It was four hours before game

time, and the clubhouse was quiet. Four or five early-arriving Oakland A's milled about.

For twenty minutes, Wilber and McCord drank Cokes courtesy of the Kansas City Royals and the convenient built-in dispenser.

Rick Langford, an A's pitcher, was the first of the players who came over and talked to Wilber. "Are you going to work out today?" he asked.

Wilber, who was still not sure exactly why he had come to the ballpark with Stange, didn't know what to say.

Langford's question was loud enough for Stange to hear. There was a pause, then Stange said, "Yeah, we're going out to the bullpen and throw some."

Wilber was at the same time relieved and anxious. He was functioning on two hour's sleep, and he hadn't worked out for two weeks.

"I don't have any equipment with me," he told Stange.

Langford went to his locker and returned with a complete uniform—jersey, pants, T-shirt, sanitary hose, socks, jock strap, glove, and a pair of white spikes.

As Wilber got into the borrowed uniform, Oakland catcher Mike Heath struck up a conversation. Wilber discovered he and Heath had a mutual friend, Dennis Werth, who was Wilber's teammate at SIUE and later Heath's in the Yankee organization.

"We just shot the breeze," Wilber recalls. "Heath is a young guy, and he said he knew what I was going through. He turned out to be just a nice guy."

When Wilber and McCord finished dressing, Stange told them to go out to the field and warm up. "Just follow the blue carpet," Stange said.

"That tunnel was just like every one I've ever been in," Wilber says. "It was cold and damp and dark. And through the double doors, you could see the light of the field."

"I remember saying something like, 'Lance, this is Royal Stadium.'"

After two years in minor league ballparks, Wilber had finally made it to an honest-to-goodness major league stadium—for a spontaneous tryout.

□□□

Bob Wilber's earliest memory about baseball is asking his father to dig three spots in the backyard in Kirkwood for bases. Del Wilber obliged his son. Bob had a private stadium when he was three years old.

Like most children, for the first 16 years of life summer and baseball were naturally linked in his mind. But unlike most children, baseball was also connected to Holiday Inns, room service, noisy propeller-driven airplanes, and small far-away towns like Charlotte, N.C., Geneva, N.Y., and Wilson, N.C.

Bob was his father's companion on scouting trips for the Minnesota Twins.

"My biggest memory of those times was hanging around hotel rooms and by the swimming pools. I got very good at ordering room service. I remember eating a lot of cheeseburgers."

When he began traveling with his father he used to count the number of plane trips. But soon the novelty began to fade, and the boredom set in.

When Bob was 13 his father, through a friendship with Ted Williams, took a job with the Washington Senators. Del's title was bullpen coach, but he was really in Washington to get 90 more days major league experience in order to qualify for a pension.

That was in 1970. In 1971, Del accepted the Senators' offer to manage a triple-A team in Denver. The Denver Bears won the American Association championship with players who have since gone on to the major leagues, players like Jeff Burroughs, Lenny Randle, Davy Nelson, and Richie Scheinblum.

The bat boy for the 1971 Denver Bears was Bob Wilber.

The next year, many of the players had left, either up to the majors or down to minor league teams.

It was Bob's last year of traveling with his father.

When Bob was 16, he wrote a 25-page article for a chapter in a Wilber family book. The article was published in a St. Louis fan magazine and was entitled Confessions of a Baseball Adolescent.

□□□

Looking through the windows onto the field at Royal Stadium, Wilber hesitated. He knew when he opened those doors he'd be overcome by the light.

He took a deep breath and pushed the swinging double doors.

He was right. He was overcome.

□□□

There was a knock at the front door of Del Wilber's Kirkwood home.

Young Bob Wilber, age eight, ran, responding. He opened the door and outside stood the great Cardinal outfielder Stan Musial.

□□□

"I was always the very best guy on all my little league teams until about the seventh grade. But in the eighth grade they moved me up with guys a year older than me. From then on I was always a little behind, because everyone had a whole year on me. But the coaches didn't treat me different from the rest of the guys because of my dad. To a degree, I was always pret-

ty heady about who my dad was. But it wasn't like I idolized him more than most kids idolize their dads.

"I remember my friend's dad was an engineer at McDonnell Douglas. He helped design the Gemini space capsule. Boy, I thought that was really neat."

□□□

Wilber wanted to be nonchalant about his entrance onto the field at Royal Stadium, but he couldn't help himself.

He had to pause and look up into those wonderful, huge, cavernous stands.

The sea of blue seats were empty except for members of the Royals' staff who were preparing idly for the upcoming game. The stadium club restaurant was resplendent with its royal blue table cloths and crisply folded white napkins. Members of the Kansas City Royals were going through pre-game drills. Occasionally the sharp sound of a singing bat on ball filled the stadium, a distinctly different sound from that of the crack of a bat with the stands full.

From overhead came the clear, undistorted sound of a disco number played over the sound system.

Wilber smelled the familiar odor of dirt mingled with sweat, and saw the dark green astroturf that stretched out to the bubbling fountains in center field. The Royal insignia beyond dwarfed everything in the outfield.

Wilber ran the length of the dugout, up the steps at the end, and slowed to walk across the outfield to the bullpen.

Del Wilber stood in the dugout and watched his son.

They passed without words.

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Wilber thought his performance during his senior year at SIU at Edwardsville had all but eliminated any chance for a future in professional baseball.

During the third day of the 1978 free-agent draft, a process where the major league teams claim the rights to sign young players, Wilber was at his girlfriend's house. They were discussing summer job possibilities when the phone rang. When his girlfriend returned from the phone conversation, she said, "That was your mom. She said you're going to be playing ball in Virginia."

Wilber didn't stop to tell his girlfriend goodbye. He headed to his brother Rick's house to phone home. He was informed that he had been drafted by the Detroit Tigers' organization, who were willing to pay

him \$500 to sign and \$500 more when he reported to camp. Camp in this case was in Bristol, Va., a town of about 25,000 people.

When he arrived in Bristol, Wilber was a stranger to all his new teammates. At the desk of the hotel that lodged the Bristol Tigers, he recognized the name of Judsen Thugpen, formerly of Delta State University, from the draft lists in the newspapers. SIUE had played Delta State during Wilber's senior year, so he asked if Judsen Thugpen had a roommate. The desk clerk informed him that he didn't. So Judsen Thugpen of Cleveland, Miss., became Wilber's first roommate in professional baseball.

After Wilber had introduced himself to Thugpen, they sat down and watched the Three Stooges on television.

"In spring training," Wilber says, "You notice every little thing that happens to try to figure out what they think of you. You watch the number you are in batting practice. You look to see if you're with the bumblebuns when they split up the team for intrasquad games. Everything."

The first game of the 1978 spring training, Wilber noticed he was on the squad that seemed to include the best players in camp. He was playing left field, batting eighth.

On the mound for the other squad was one of the hardest throwing pitchers in the Tiger organization. His only problem was a desperate lack of control. In the fourth inning, he had walked the bases loaded, and Wilber stepped up to the plate.

"He was throwing heaters up around the letters," Wilber recalls. "I started my swing as he was still releasing the ball. I just got the meat of the bat out over the plate and the ball just jumped.

"I was Cadillacing out of the box. I knew when I hit it it was a home run. Running around the bases, everybody on the team shook my hand. I was thinking about calling home and telling my mom."

But the call home that night was like one of those good-news, bad-news jokes, only Wilbur wasn't laughing.

Hoot Evers, the Bristol manager, had grabbed Wilber as he walked into the clubhouse. "I thought he wanted to talk about hitting."

"We're sending you to Paintsville," Evers said. "We gotta do it. We had our minds made up before today. We're probably making a mistake, but you go down there and get some playing time in."

The Paintsville, Ky., Highlanders were a team of castoffs. It was the lowest form of professional baseball, a team co-op that had players from a number of different organizations. Independent free-agents filled out the roster.

Subsequently, the atmosphere in Paintsville was relaxed. The only time a player felt a surge of motivation was when the Highlanders played a team from which that player had been sent down.

For Wilber that would be when Paintsville visited Bristol. In one such game, he played shortstop, making two game-saving plays behind second base and driving in the winning run.

But aside from the games, Paintsville was a typical minor league experience. There were 14-hour bus rides, a chain of small towns, nagging pains and minor injuries, and a kind of tentative relationship among players who knew that a roommate might be gone at any moment.

The fans in Paintsville were warm and supportive to the players, however. The town of 5,000 were especially kind to Wilber. A broadcast major at SIUE, Wilber was the host of an early-morning radio call-in show on the local radio station, called "Talk to the Hawk."

"Some of the local high school girls asked me if I minded if they formed a fan club," Wilber recalls. "I said 'Sure, go ahead.' They'd sit out in left field and cheer for me. Everybody in town knew you. They really took care of us."

Wilber's performance during the season had inspired attention. Going into the final two weeks of the season, he had a .270 batting average. But the familiar pattern repeated itself. Once again, just when it looked as if he would compile impressive statistics, his numbers trailed off. In the last two weeks he went hitless.

"I was hitting the ball. But nothing was falling in."

Wilber returned home following the season hoping the Tigers would remember all but the last two weeks of the 1978 season.

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Wilber walked down the foul line in Royal Stadium dribbling a baseball on the springy turf. One of the Royal players said hello. Down in the left field corner, the Royals' bat boy was playing catch with another bat boy in the stands. Their baseball rolled out onto the field near Wilber. He picked it up and flipped it back.

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The summer before it had been the free-agent draft. Now, during the fall and winter of 1978, Wilber was again waiting. He stayed in good shape, working out regularly, while he waited for the letter from the Tigers that would tell him whether he was to be a Tiger or a former minor leaguer.

In February of 1979, Wilber left his Edwardsville apartment in his Fiesta, but a premonition caused him to return. He sprinted back to the apartment building and found the mailman. Just as he had sensed, the postman's pouch contained a letter from the Detroit

Tigers. The mailman wouldn't leave until Wilber opened the letter and told him what had happened. It was a contract for Bristol.

"Spring training was the most fun I've ever had," Wilber says of the beginning of the 1979 season. "The whole aura of it is special since I was a kid."

This was Wilber's first spring training in a big league camp as a professional. When he arrived, the first thing he saw at the park was his name on the depth chart for the Lakeland team at the double-A level, a step higher than Bristol. "I thought it was a typo or something," Wilber says.

The first three weeks of spring training, Wilber played regularly and hit consistently.

Wilber refused to get too excited though. He'd seen hot streak after hot streak sputter and trail off to practically nothing. He kept his enthusiasm in check.

"Roy Lee (former SIUE baseball coach) went through that all time," Wilber says. "He'd spot something I was doing wrong, and I'd pull out of a slump, and he'd say, 'You're there now.' But I'd never be able to keep it up."

It happened that way in the spring of 1979. Wilber's hitting slipped, and soon he found himself watching the games from the bench. During the final two weeks of spring training he didn't play. He saw his name switched four times from the Lakeland roster to the Bristol roster and back again.

"I must have got about two hours of sleep each night," Wilber recalls. "In spring training, you start to worry if you don't play two games in a row. I didn't play for two weeks."

He knew that up to 40 players in camp wouldn't survive, yet somehow his name never appeared on the list of those released. On the last day of camp, the final team assignments were posted. Wilber looked at both the Lakeland and Bristol rosters but didn't find his name. Then he spotted Bill LaJoie leaving the ballpark. LaJoie was director of player development for the Tigers and the head of the entire farm system. Minor league players tended to avoid any direct confrontation with him.

Wilber though was desperate. He walked directly to where LaJoie was getting into his car. "Mr. LaJoie," Wilber called, "Can I talk to you?"

"Hi Bob," LaJoie said. "Good to see you."

"Mr. LaJoie, the final rosters were up today and I didn't see my name on them," Wilber said.

"I know," LaJoie said. "Don't worry, Bob, you'll be playing right here."

Lakeland. Wilber had been assigned to the Tigers' double-A team, two steps up from his place on last year's Paintsville Highlanders.

The Tigers, in Lakeland, Fla., play in an expansive park with accommodations that approach major league caliber. The park is within walking distance of the Atlantic Ocean.

Wilber had ample opportunity to observe his

new surroundings. In the first 62 games of the 1979 season, he had played a total of 14 innings, appearing in four games. The Tigers had converted him from an outfielder to a first baseman. Wilber had worked hard at proving himself, but that was next to impossible from the bench.

The Lakeland manager Fred Hatfield had cut all lines of communication between the struggling young player and himself.

Early in June, when Lakeland had lost almost twice as many games as it had won, Hatfield called a team meeting.

"Things are going to change," he said. "There's only one guy on this team who has a legitimate complaint."

Wilber expected that finally Hatfield had remembered him.

"That's Danny O'Connor."

Wilber sensed then that his days with Lakeland were numbered.

The end came June 18, 1979.

Lakeland had just finished losing to Winterhaven, Wilber had showered and was dressing by his locker.

A teammate came up and said, "Skip wants to see you in his office." Wilber knew what was on Hatfield's mind.

"Bobby, Mr. LaJoie called today," Hatfield said, not looking up from his desk. "We've decided to release you. We just don't think you've shown us that you have a future in baseball."

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Wilber entered the bullpen at Royal Stadium calmed somewhat by his walk through the outfield. He was immediately impressed.

Beyond the outfield wall, a beautifully manicured patch of natural grass—the only in the stadium—spread like a golf course green.

"Every blade of grass stood straight up," Wilber recalls. "It was as if they cut each on individually. The mound was equally perfect. It was smooth, without ruts like most of them."

Wilber mounted the mound and began to toss the ball casually to Mike Heath, the A's catcher. Lee Stange chatted with A's pitchers nearby. This tryout had come about unexpectedly, but now there was no avoiding it. Wilber hadn't thought how much he was risking.

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When Wilber left Lakeland, Fla., at 9 a.m., June 16, any thoughts about becoming a major leaguer

had all but dissolved. Driving alone in his red Ford Fiesta, he had plenty of time to consider what he would do when he returned home to St. Louis. He spent the night in Atlanta, and continued his drive the next morning. He arrived at his parent's Kirkwood home at about 7:30 p.m., pulling the small car packed with his belongings into the driveway.

Wilber wasn't out of the car when his mother came rushing down the sidewalk to meet him. She said, "Welcome home, you're an Oakland A."

Wilber's mother had garbled the message from the A's. Names were wrong and information about hotel and travel accommodations were scanty.

All that didn't dampen Wilber's enthusiasm though. In the span of 48 hours he had gone from what appeared to be the end of a professional baseball career—just another minor league washout—to a new beginning with the Medford, Ore., A's.

The A's were desperate for players to fill in some base spots in their minor league rosters. They picked Wilber—sight unseen—arbitrarily from the lists of those players released from other organizations.

A quick phone call to Oakland clarified the garbled travel arrangements.

"They were very nice," Wilber recalls. "They told me to call back the next day to get my travel itinerary."

That night, Wilber decided to stop by Rusty's restaurant in Edwardsville to catch up with old friends. "When they'd first see me," Wilber says. "They'd say, 'Hey, what are you doing here?' They were happy to see me. Then they'd remember I was supposed to be in Lakeland and they'd say, 'Hey, what are you doing here?'"

Wilber's friends were relieved to hear he had been signed by Medford. But Wilber was anxious about the travel arrangements and the logistics involved with reporting to his new team.

"I was probably more worried about what time the flight left and where I would go in Medford than about making the team," Wilber admits. "But that's the way I am. I tend to worry too much about the little things."

When he called the A's the next afternoon, the news he received did little to ease his mind.

He was informed his plane from St. Louis would leave just eight hours later, at one in the morning. Wilber arrived in Medford armed only with the knowledge that he was to go to the Hotel Medford.

"It was a real pit," Wilber recalls. "But there are only a handful of hotels in Medford and it was the only one where the ballplayers could stay free, so that's where I stayed."

He hadn't slept since he left St. Louis. It was 9 a.m. by the time Wilber was settled into his room. Finally, he got some sleep.

Six hours later, Wilber awoke and called Medford general manager Doug Emmans, who told him

to waste no time getting to the ballpark, that the Medford A's were due to open their season in a few hours.

Wilber remembers thinking, when he neared the park, that it was pleasant enough looking. But when he got to the clubhouse, different thoughts came to mind.

"The clubhouse was about the size of a living room. I had four nails in front of a bench for a locker. Four nails! I was dead tired. Here I was with six hours sleep, and I was supposed to go out and play. I thought very seriously right then about turning around and going home."

Hardly the first time Wilber had considered chucking baseball. But just like every other time, he reconsidered.

He had 45 minutes to dress and take batting practice before game time.

In the game, Wilber had one hit and batted in the A's only run.

Medford lost to the Bend Phillies, 15-1.

In those early days of the 1979 season with Medford, Wilber looked as if he had finally found the professional baseball player lurking somewhere within him.

At least the roller coaster appeared once again to be climbing.

Wilber played in eight of Medford's first 10 games. He compiled a batting average of .325. He was close to manager Rich Morales. He was more or less the regular left fielder.

Then suddenly, almost predictably, given the history of Wilber's career, the roller coaster plunged headlong downward.

It happened on the last day of June. An accident. It was the only day of the year the A's took batting practice from a pitching machine instead of using a live pitcher.

Bobby Garrett, an A's outfielder was facing the machine. Other players, including Wilber, waited their turns behind a batting cage and watched Garrett.

"He was screaming about every pitch," Wilber remembers. "He's a little guy and the balls were way up on him."

Morales came over and told Garrett "Listen Bobby, if they're over your head, don't swing. You'll only mess yourself up."

The next pitch was high. Garrett made a wild one-handed swipe at it. He missed and the bat slipped from his hand at the end of the swing.

It flew back at the screen, slipping through an opening where two pieces of chain-link screen lapped over. The bat caught Wilber full in the face, knocking him on his back.

"The wire didn't even slow it down," Wilber says. "I remember the first thing I thought about was my teeth. Before I hit the ground I put my tongue to my front teeth and felt how sharp it was where they had been broken off. I didn't even think about my face."

It was immediately clear to everyone around him, however, that the flying bat had damaged more than Wilber's teeth.

The sudden sight of blood rushing from a gash just beneath Wilber's right eye sent Miles Field into panic.

"Nobody knew what to do," Wilber recalls. "The big discussion was whether to turn me on my right side so it would run to the ground, or turn me on my left side so the blood would run down my face. Someone thought they should elevate a wound or something.

"The trainer was gone doing the laundry. I finally talked someone into getting me a towel. I was the only calm one there."

After more deliberation, the decision was made to take Wilber to the hospital. Morales drove him in his car, maniacally through the streets of Medford.

It took 50 stitches to repair the wound.

Wilber missed three weeks of the season after the accident. During those three weeks, all in Medford, he was beset by boredom, loneliness, and uncertainty about his future.

"Those were probably the worst times I've ever spent in baseball. I just sat in my apartment. I couldn't eat anything solid because of my teeth, so I went to Sambo's three times a day for scrambled eggs. The most exciting part of the whole time was when I met the team at the airport after a road trip."

July 15, without his doctor's permission, Wilber returned to the lineup. As designated hitter, he struck out three times. He hadn't taken batting practice in three weeks.

By the end of July, Wilber's .325 batting average had sunk to .160. He was playing once a week. He was making contact with the ball, but the hits seemed always to turn into outs.

Medford had released some players, one had quit, but Wilber tried to block thoughts of leaving the team from his mind.

Early in August, after Medford had returned from its longest road trip of the year, Wilber's mother traveled to Oregon to see her son. It was the first time she had watched him as a professional ballplayer. At the time, Medford was in and out of first place almost daily. The road trip and injuries to the pitching staff were beginning to take a heavy toll. Only one A's starter was pitching complete games with any consistency.

Aug. 9, Wilber sat at his nail in the clubhouse after Medford's third consecutive loss. Loudly, from across the room, Morales called out Wilber's name.

"Yeah, what do you need," Wilber responded, as thoughts of his imminent release flickered in his head.

"Come over here, I want to talk to you," Morales said.

Wilber walked over to Morales' locker. They were about a foot apart when Morales asked him, "Have

you ever pitched?"

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In the bullpen at Kansas City, he had finished his warmup tosses, and Stange had moved over to watch. Wilber began to throw earnestly.

When Stange saw Wilber's side-arm delivery he said, "Ah, a sidewinder huh? That's good. I was going to mention that you might want to drop down to the side."

"I've never pitched in my life," Wilber reminded Stange. "Don't be afraid to tell me the very basics."

"Just throw strikes," Stange told him. "A lot of guys can throw hard, but the best are the ones who throw strikes and have a lively ball."

Wilber's first few pitches were erratic. He lacked the control that Stange valued so highly. After about ten minutes of throwing fastballs he was beginning to feel discouraged.

"Every pitch felt awkward. It felt contrived. It was like I was imitating someone."

Lee Stange, though, was in the business of making pitchers more comfortable. He had spotted some weaknesses in the mechanics of Wilber's delivery.

"Don't wrap your leg so far around when you start your kick," he advised Wilber.

Wilber made the adjustment, and almost miraculously, his fastballs began to dip as they approached the plate.

Five pitches later, Stange told Wilber, "Move to the right side of the rubber. It'll make your side-arm more effective."

Wilber's control improved at once. He was better able to spot where he threw each pitch.

He threw a few more fastballs, and Stange had one last bit of advice. "Bring your hands together at the top of your kick," he said.

"My control improved 50 percent," Wilber remembers. "It was like a symphony. Everything just seemed to come together."

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"Have you ever pitched?"

Morales' question left Wilber stunned. Even though his last appearance on any mound was back when he was a fourth grader, Wilber answered, "Yeah, sure, I've pitched."

"Well, we need an extra arm," Morales explained. "We'll only use you in an emergency though."

"Sure, I understand," Wilber said. "But don't be afraid to call on me."

What are the odds? The ninth man in the



bullpen. I'll just keep it down and throw strikes. All these thoughts passed through Wilber's mind.

However great the odds, Wilber's number came up quickly. Two days after his discussion with Morales, Wilber watched as Medford used four pitchers in the first six innings in a game against Bend. In the sixth, Oscar Burnette, another of Medford's "extra arms," went to the mound. Morales looked down the bench to Wilber and said, "Get down here. You're next chief."

Wilber went to the bullpen and watched Burnette allow six more runs in the eighth, giving Bend an 18-1 lead. Morales looked down to the bullpen and signalled for Wilber to come to the mound.

"That was the first time in my life I had to make that walk in from the bullpen," Wilber says. "There were maybe 800 people in the stands, but it was just electric."

When Wilber arrived at the mound, Morales told him, "Just hold them right there, big guy."

Wilber threw eight warmup pitches. The last three were supposed to be breaking balls, only they didn't break. "I was just worried about throwing the ball so the catcher could reach it," Wilber says. "When I was done, the catcher came out and said, 'Why don't we just junk the breaking ball?'"

In the eighth inning, Wilber faced three batters. The first two hit ground balls back to him. He struck out the third.

"I had goose bumps walking in from the mound," he says. "I had to keep myself from smiling like an idiot. I could hear my mom screaming from behind the dugout."

Medford went down in order in the bottom of the eighth inning, and Wilber returned to the mound.

Again the first two batters grounded back to him. But the third reached first on a single. Wilber ran the count to no balls and two strikes on the fourth batter, when the catcher came halfway out to the mound. "Just gas it up one time over the top," he told Wilber."

He did as instructed. Instead of his usual side-arm delivery, he threw directly overhand. The pitch came in on the Bend batter hard, but three feet high and outside the strike zone.

The batter swung anyway, surprised by the change.

Wilber's first pitching performance was a success.

My mom and I went out to eat after the game and we didn't complete a sentence during the entire meal," Wilber recalls. "I'd say, 'I pitched. I actually pitched. Can you believe it?' and she'd say, 'I know, I can't believe it.'"

Wilber thought that his first pitching performance would be his last. He was sure the whole thing was a fluke.

But during the next few games, he found himself called on to warm up frequently. Morales began

to list him no longer as outfielder, or pitcher-outfielder, but as pitcher on the line-up cards.

Five days after his relief stint against Salem, he pitched two innings against the Eugene Emeralds, allowing no runs, no walks, and one hit.

Wilber's third and final appearance came during Medford's last home stand. The A's were down 8-0 in the fourth inning. Morales told Wilber in the second inning, "Go down and get ready. Starting in the fourth, you're going in for the duration."

Eugene scored four more runs in the third, making the score 12-0 by the time he arrived on the mound.

Wilber allowed three unearned runs in six innings of work. He went to the dugout in the bottom of the ninth inning thinking that he had pitched well, but that Medford was about to lose 15-1.

But he was surprised. His teammates scored 13 runs. The tying run was on base when Eugene finally retired the side.

The A's lost 15-14. Wilber had come within a run of recording his first victory.

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Wilber had seen a vast improvement in his pitching in the 15 minutes since he had entered the Royal Stadium bullpen.

But after about 30 pitches he began to tire. "I hadn't worked out in a while. My heart was pumping and my legs were shaking. I hadn't thrown any curves, so I told Stange, 'I'm going to spin a couple.'"

Wilber cranked up and delivered a side-arm curve. It reached the plate and broke abruptly down to the catcher's feet.

"Good pitch. Good pitch," Stange said. "Good strike-out pitch."

Wilber threw a few more curve balls. Stange showed him how to throw a change-up. He threw 20 or 30 more pitches, then told Stange, "I'm going to let these last few loose."

Wilber threw five fast balls. Each made a satisfying pop as it landed in the catcher's big mitt. Each darted and moved as it crossed the plate.

Wilber was through. His legs were trembling from the combined effects of fatigue and excitement.

He watched as McCord took the mound to warm up. Stange came over and said, "When I get back to Oakland I'm going to do nothing but talk you up."

McCord also impressed Stange. So much so, he asked for McCord's name and address for future reference. "I'll at least see you at spring training," he said.

"Let's take our time walking in," McCord said.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Wilber said. In the clubhouse, Wilber showered and

dressed quickly, while McCord tarried. When most of the Oakland A's began to arrive, Wilber became even more anxious to leave.

"Lance has got about four hairs on his face," Wilber says. "But he just had to shave with the Oakland A's razors at the sink."

Finally, freshly showered and shaved, McCord and Wilber left the clubhouse and went upstairs into the stands to find Wilber's father.

Wilber wanted to stay and watch the game between the A's and the Royals, because Mike Morgan, a 19-year-old pitcher, whom the A's had signed straight from high school the year before, was scheduled to pitch.

Morgan was shaky during the first inning. He was having trouble throwing strikes.

"Look at that," Wilber said to McCord, indicating Morgan. "We threw better than that in the bullpen today."

Wilber, his father, and McCord left Royal Stadium after they had seen Morgan. They were tired, and they faced a four-hour drive back to St. Louis.

They had seen enough.

And it looked like Wilber's baseball career, once again, had been revived.

He was confident, happy.

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On November 2, 1979, Wilber received his unconditional release from the A's organization.

It was plain and direct. "Enclosed please find your copy of the Official Notice of Disposition tendering you an unconditional release from the Oakland Organization, effective October 23, 1979.

"On behalf of the Oakland Organization I would like to thank you for your efforts and wish you the very best in all future endeavors. Sincerely, Norman Koselke, Director of Player Development."

Wilber felt sick to his stomach. But in about two seconds it was over. It was like turning a page.

"Every day of my whole career I worried about being released. I saw eight of my best friends released in the minor leagues. I was released myself once. When you're a marginal player that's just something you live with," Wilber now says.

"I felt like I'd been used. Maybe I just used myself. In any other organization what happened in Kansas City is as good as gold. But some guy in Oakland in some office who's never seen me releases me.

"I've already decided not to go back and try again. Two releases are enough. If I went back now, it would be like everyone is laughing at me when my back is turned.

"With the proper training, I think I could have pitched in the big leagues. I only pitched about 11 innings, but I felt the raw talent. I had the things that

pitchers can't be taught. I could learn the rest.

"Everybody asks me what I'm going to do. I'm confident I can do anything I want in broadcasting, but I'd really like to get into coaching.

"I'd love to be able to make a career out of coaching baseball."

He paused.

"It's the uniform. It must be the uniform. I just love putting on that silly uniform."



Bob Wilber as a 1978 Baseball Cougar

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Focus

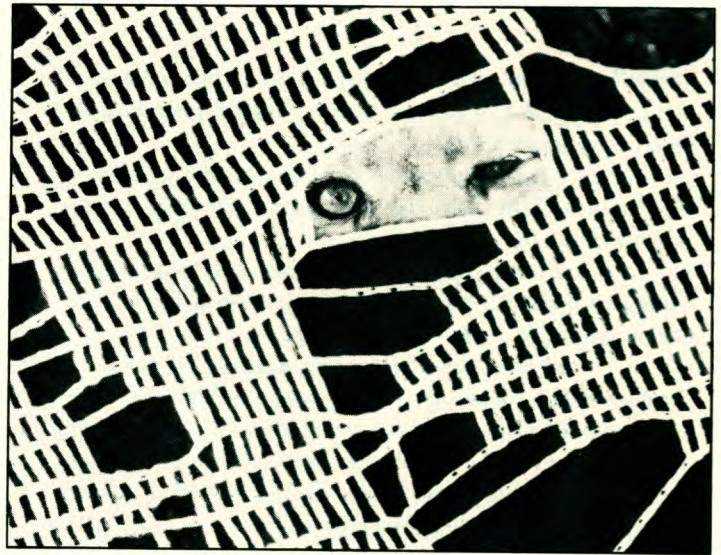
on Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

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

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

Focus provides pictorial coverage of the campus, as well as in-depth, human interest and investigative stories. Students set all type on a Compugraphic Editwriter 7500 in the editing facilities of the journalism program and do most camera-ready pasteup of pages. The next issue of Focus is scheduled for May, 1980.

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



Photogram by Claudia Perry

Our contributors

Kevin Allen is a senior journalism major and works part-time at the Granite City Press Record.

Mary Brase, a journalism student completing a second degree, is a reporter-writer for SIUE's University News Service.

Mary Butkus has been a photo editor for the student newspaper, the Alestle.

Brenda Murphy, a senior journalism major, is a Journalism Foundation scholarship recipient and Presidential Scholar. She works part-time for SIUE's University News Service.

Phil Timper is the cartoonist and illustrator for the Alestle.

Rick Wilber, assistant professor in journalism and an SIUE graduate, is currently working on a doctoral degree at St. Louis University.

Cover design by Charlie Skaer

This issue of Focus magazine was edited by **Chuck Gallas, Diane Kemper, Don Pavlacic, Rob Rehg, Tom Seals, Keith Schopp, Judy Sokolowski and Karen Then.**



Port- folio

A nine-page album of
student photographs

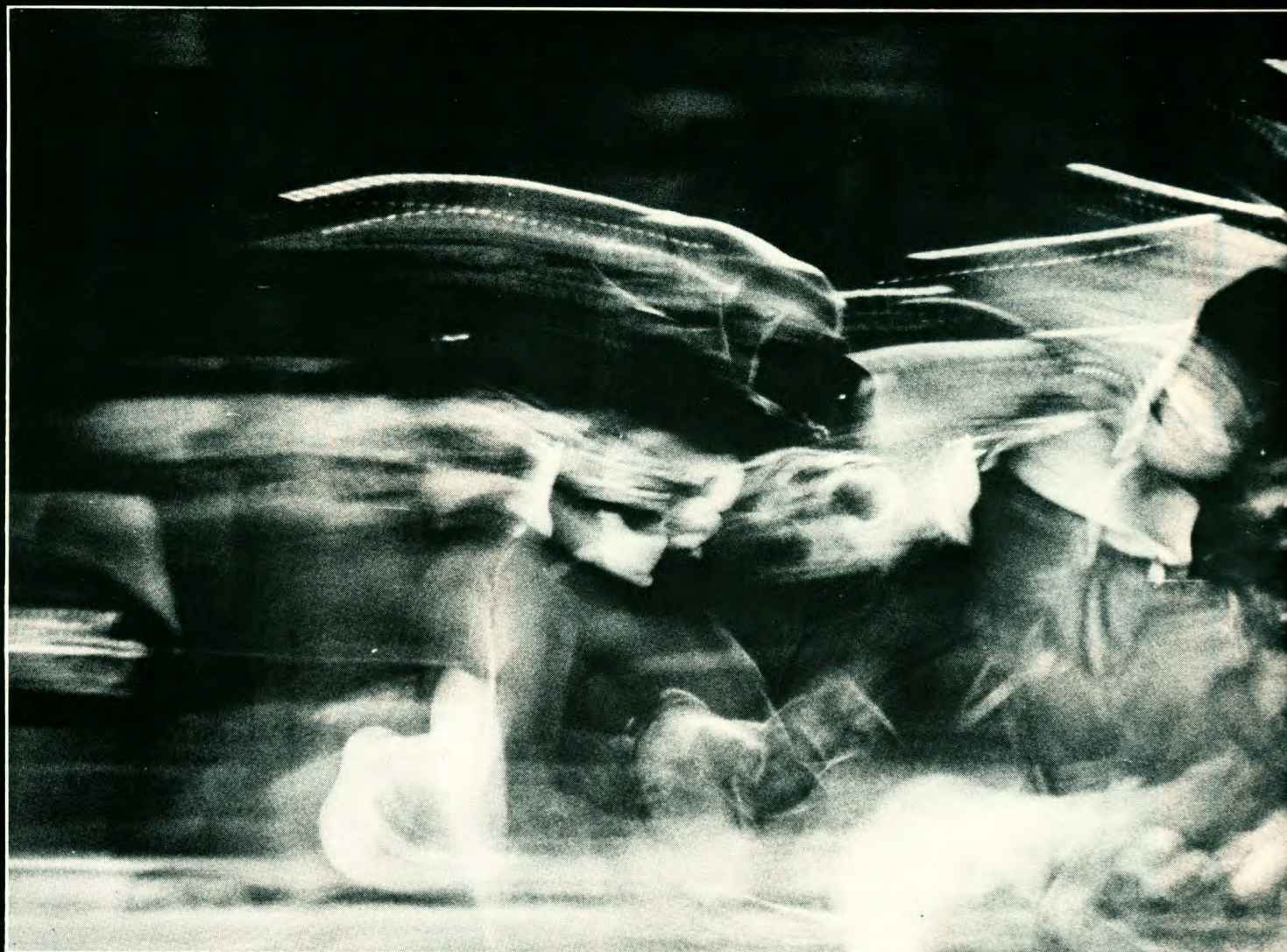
Silhouettes

[Left] Alan Gerstenecker found this
silhouette in the bubble gym.

[Below] Meow. Charlie Skaer
photographed "Merv the Cat" staring out of its
apartment.



Portfolio



Blurred Football

Photographer Charlie Skaer used a telephoto lens, a one-fourth-second shutter speed, and a panning technique to create the blurred action image of high school football.

In the photos, clockwise from above:

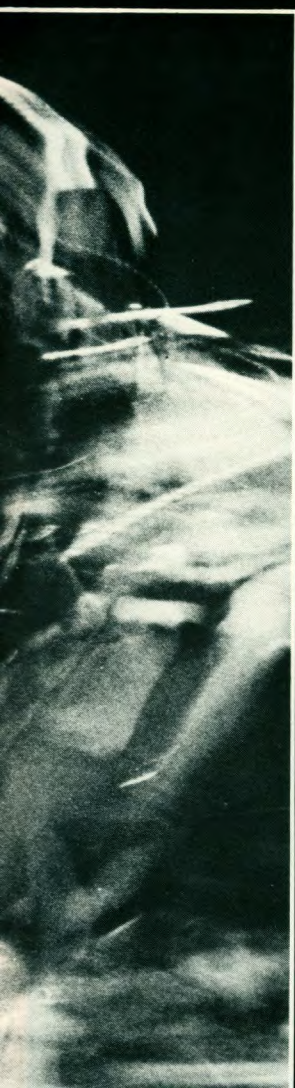
A running back with football in hand rushes toward his line of blockers.

An offensive player runs to escape a lunging defensive player in white.

A receiver runs downfield attempting to catch a pass.

An offensive player runs down the sidelines while a referee follows the play.



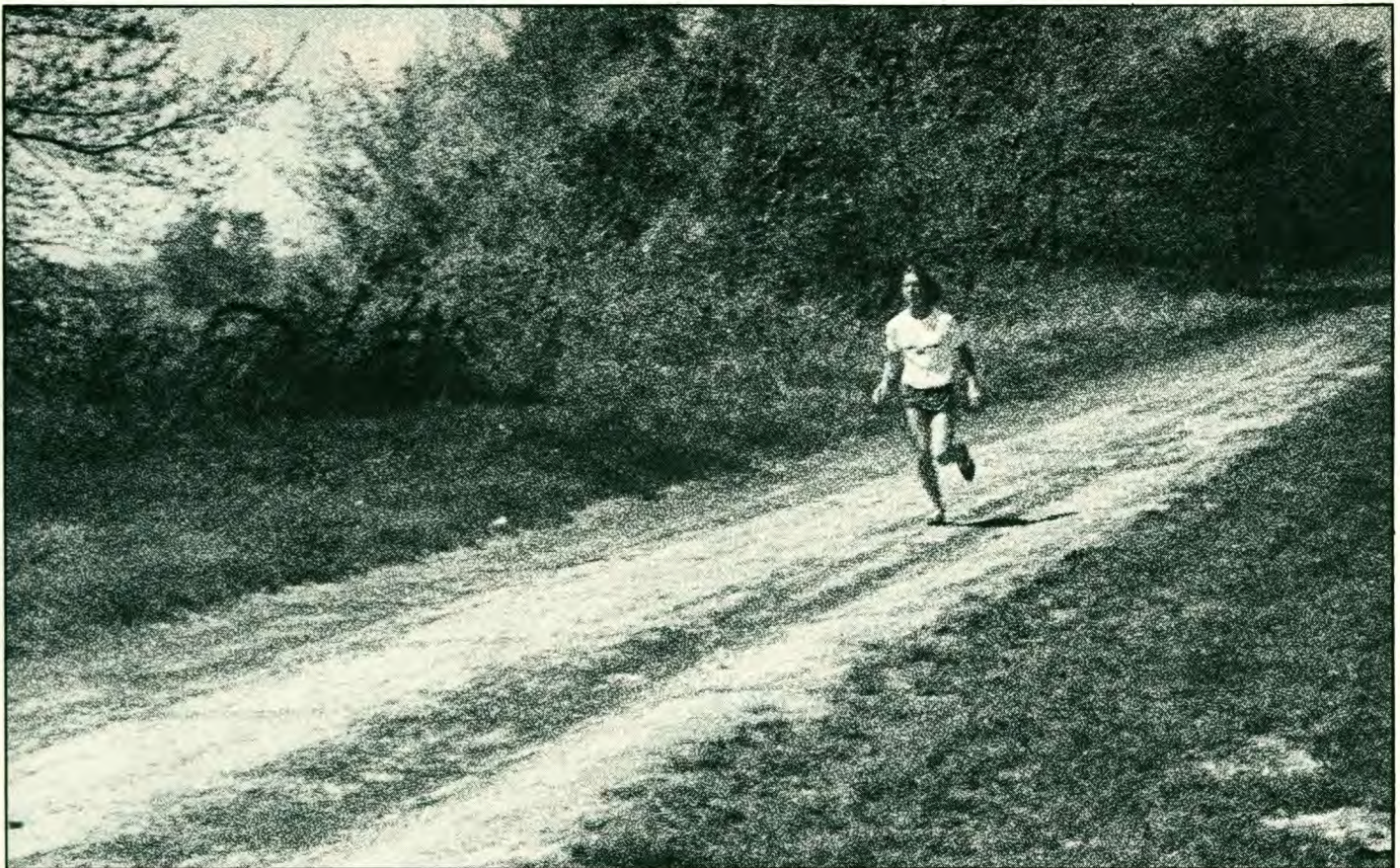


Portfolio



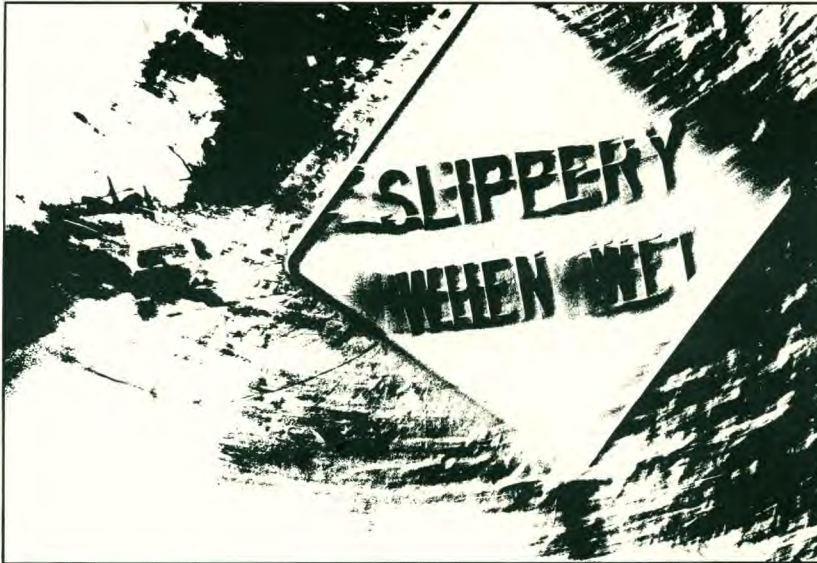
Everyone's Running

[Opposite] SIU Chancellor Kenneth Shaw.
[Left] Student Rick Zoll runs after school.
[Bottom] Julie Czech runs on bluff road



Signs on Campus

Ranging from humorous to political to political humor, these signs were found on campus by photography students over the past year.



Typing done in my home.

IF
you
can
type
why
didn't
you
type
this?

Neat & accurate.

WHERE
ELSE
WOULD
YOU
DO IT

75¢ a page

Call 254-9290
(Wood River)

Portfolio

**VOTE
MIKE**

TOPE
PROMISES TO
PAY 50¢ FOR
EACH VOTE:
\$1.10 FOR 2.

**Violators
Will Be**

$t_d = @ 40$
 $t_{17} = @ 13$

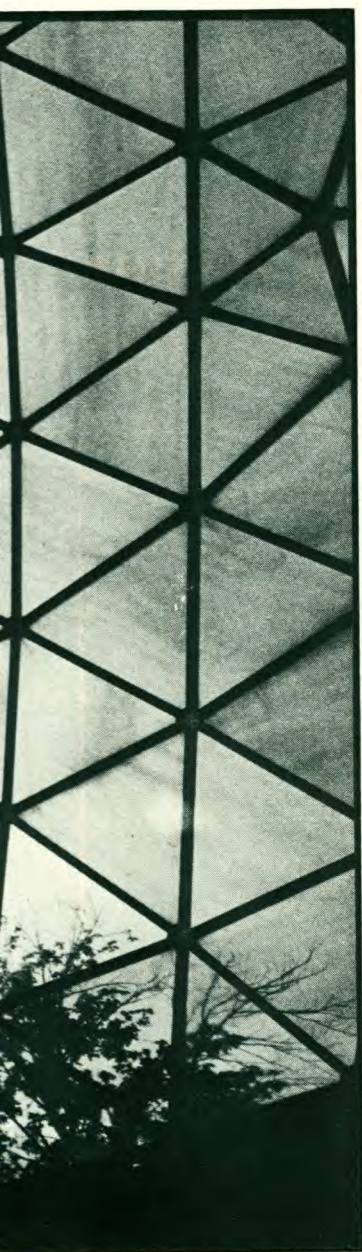
Windows on Campus

Photographers Suzanne Scharf and Dennis Garrels searched the campus for interesting windows as part of a final project in photography.

[Below] Scharf found a magnificent image through the geodesic dome at the Religious Center. [Right] A view from the third floor of the Rendleman Building. [Opposite] A view from the second floor of the Lovejoy Library.



Portfolio



The Confrontation

A science-fiction short story about a traditional battle between two groups.

By Richard Wilber

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About the author

Richard Wilber, 31, has been reading science-fiction stories since he was in second grade and has been writing them since he was in high school. His first major published science-fiction short story appeared in an anthology entitled "Chrysalis," which was released last month.

Wilber also writes non-fiction articles about travel, sports, rock music and people, which have appeared in newspapers and magazines throughout the United States. He is currently working on several novels.

The Kirkwood, Mo., native received a bachelor of arts degree in journalism and a master's degree in English from Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, where he is an assistant professor of journalism.



RISING vapor escaped through the scarves and knit masks of ten thousand faces, emphasizing the cold. Borton watched in honest awe as the crowd waited for the start of the drama.

"You mean to tell me some of them have been here for hours in this cold?" He turned to look at the short, fat, pleasantly jovial man who had brought him to the stadium.

"Well, yes," said McDermott, "there are more fans than seats you know, and it's first come, first served. But," he hedged, "they do stay active, and they do stay warm while they wait. If you'll look closely here," he chuckled, and handed the monocular over to Borton.

"There," he said, chuckling again and pointing, "over there by the countboard at the far end of the field. Look at the group dressed all in red. You'll see what I mean."

Borton looked, bringing the eyepiece up and putting the lens close to the window of their enclosed and heated mid-field box. A group of perhaps forty men and women, clad as a rooting section in red jackets and scarves, was chanting as a large jug was passed from one pair of hands to another. Each rooter in turn took a long swig and then sent the jug along on its way.

"Ah," said Borton, passing the monocular back to his much shorter companion. "I see what you mean." There was little humor in his comment.

"But I shouldn't take any credit from them just because of the jug, Borton. It is a minus 18 C. out there you know. They're just lucky there's no wind today or they might have some real problems."

"Is it always this cold for M'Dri, M'Dry..." Borton's tongue stumbled with the unfamiliar word.

"M'Driegh, or literally 'rising up,' say it like it ends in 'th'," offered McDermott. "And no, it can be worse, but it is often much better. There have been days when the temperature was no worse than five or ten below. And while that sounds cold, it is warm by comparison, believe me."

"I do," said Borton, looking at the rising mists of ten thousand patient spectators. "But I still find it hard to believe. All this is for a show that lasts only an hour or two."

"You won't feel that way, my friend," smiled McDermott, "after you've seen it."

THE winter-grown pelts of the people and the new snow muffled the sound of the long column's movement until there was little more than a swish and small talk to mark its passing.

Brued feigned an interest he did not have in the words of Scop. Studies of the proper respect in many long evening sessions, together with a judicious cuff on the side of the head from time to time, had at the very least taught Brued to at least appear interested in Scop's words. Young Brued's thoughts wandered, but outward-

ly he seemed to be listening to the old man's ramblings on this fourth day of the trek.

"You understand nothing, Brued, of what I'm saying."

Scop looked up at Brued as he spoke. Brued, although still young with summers left to grow into manhood, was already a head taller than the other boys. That height seemed to Scop, a small, wizened man far past his own youth, another in the lengthening list of signs. This would be the Final Trek.

"Brued," he shook the boy by the shoulders, reaching up to him with two gnarled hands to seize him. "Brued, you must pay attention to this. You must *listen* to me."

Brued jerked away from the clawing grasp, but did not leave the side of the old man.

"I have heard all of this, old man, in your long tales at night. I know of the legends of the People. I know of the Ascent from Dalriada, I know of the Demise. I know of the Resurgence. I know too of peace. I know all of this and yet you, even as we come within days of the Confrontation, remind me yet again of these things."

"I wish you no offense, Scop," he smiled down at the weatherbeaten face. "But my thoughts are of the Confrontation. I long for the test, the proof of my manhood."

He saw the nod of Scop's balding head, and started a smile, but Scop cut the beginning grin short.

"You do not understand, Brued, because you do not believe. And that is critical. You must believe. Belief is the crux of the Confrontation. It is the very reason for what we shall do."

Scop pulled the youngster out of the long wide line of plodding marchers, all heading the last three dozen miles to the Confrontation.

"I see many signs, Brued. Many signs," Scop waved his thin arms strongly to the sky.

"This will be the last, the final, Confrontation. We will all join the Driegh Tome, the ones beyond. We will join them and in that joining, as promised in the Revelations, became again the masters of our earth, the controllers of our destiny."

Brued smiled. "Scop, please, let us rejoin the Trek. We have already lost place, see? We must rejoin now or be even farther back. Please."

Scop mumbled something about the idleness of youth but allowed himself to be pulled back into the marchers. Together, he and Brued rejoined the Trek. A small cloud of stirred snow rose in the light breeze to sparkle in the sun so that as the column marched on, a rainbow dropped on each side. Scop noticed the effect and smiled.

"WE don't really know how it started," said McDermott. "Although it was certainly very old by the time our first ships landed. The culturists on the planet

The Confrontation

have a few simple agreements about what is happening here today, and that's all." He leaned back to ease his bulging paunch as he sipped at his drink.

"It seems," he continued, "that there must have been a planetfall here before the collapse, perhaps as early as 2000 P.C. Those early colonizers were from a cold climate of their own, apparently, and had become both primitized and well-adapted to our vigorous climate by the time any new colonists had arrived, some four hundred years ago.

"In the process of their adaptation the People, as they call themselves, had developed some rather remarkable quirks. The Confrontation," he looked out the window as if expecting the Trek to begin entertaining on cue—but it did not—"is just the most interesting of the bunch."

Borton cut him short. "There are others?"

"Yes, of course. They have an unusually firm belief in the afterlife for one, but of course that's fairly common in primitives. And they have the certain belief that they can, under some circumstances, control the weather," he looked again out the window. "Wish we could do that."

"And of course their verbal language is quite complex, another common trait among primitives with long histories and no written language."

Borton poured himself another cup of coffee as he listened.

"Any proof for any of that, McDermott? Has anybody done any studies to see whether they can control the weather, for instance?"

"There are a few of the fringe elements from the university who've claimed to find support for some of these things, the weather modification in particular." McDermott took another sip from his drink. "But frankly, most people here simply refuse to believe it. I think personally, that the academicians have just found the proof they needed to find to support their own ideas. You know how those professor types can get."

Borton smiled at that. Until he'd joined the Company he'd been one of those professor types.

"Go on," he said to McDermott. "Tell me more about today's festivities."

"Well the Confrontation, you see, has developed between the two remaining major tribes. We're not sure how long it's been going on.

"These two tribes, both of them fairly large at about a thousand or so each, normally carry on quite a lively commerce between themselves—won't deal with us at all—prefer to ignore us."

Borton edged in a thought, quietly asking, "Are they all that's left?"

"There never were very many of them you understand, perhaps as many as a hundred thousand at best. And what with disease, some early colonial mix-ups and whatever," McDermott paused, went on. "Yes, yes. They are all that's left. But," he added quickly, and with some emphasis, pointing at Borton with the same

hand that held his drink to make his point, "they are all quite well protected now, you understand. Quite well protected."

A sip from the drink, a glance out the window. He continued.

"Well once a year, always on Short Day, they come together to wage battle against one another—tribe against tribe. They start with their preparations for it right after harvest, and begin their Trek about six days before Short Day. It is always on Short Day when they both arrive at this spot," he waved out to the floor of the stadium.

"Slaughter?"

McDermott laughed slightly. "Not really. The oldest and sickest are given the honor of being in the front rows of the battle, so they die first. The healthy young males, and females of bearing age, are always at the back with the children. Since the battles aren't allowed to last too long, usually only the weakest are killed and the strongest survive."

"This crowd has actually gathered to watch old men kill one another?" Borton rose as if to leave.

"Easy Borton, please. It is a ritual for them that we cannot change. All we have done is build this stadium around their site. They don't seem to mind. This is the fortieth year we've been here to watch.

"And," he said, "you'll find that after the old men are culled away the real fighting is between the males and females that are past prime bearing age but still at a peak of physical strength. Very strong. There'll be some great match-ups there. There's one or two in particular I have quite a bit wagered on."

"You know the participants?" Borton shuddered.

"Well," said McDermott. "They were here last year you know."

THEY arose to leave at first light. The tribal leaders, Scop among them, had been up during the night to ensure good weather and the day was mostly clear and cold. The snow falling from one large cloud in a light blue sky was light and powdery. It was always this way for the Confrontation.

Brued smiled through the light morning meal. The dried meat was first chewed by the women and then, warm and pliable, given to the old men who would fight first. It had been a good summer, and this year there was enough meat for even the young ones such as Brued. He received three good mouthfuls, speaking between bites to a young companion, Arran. The food helped ease the gnawing lump of acid fear that resided in Brued's stomach. To assuage that feeling, that ever-growing acid, he spoke to Arran.

"This year at last, friend," said Brued, "we will test ourselves."

"It seems certain," said Arran, a gangly youth who stood only a head shorter than Brued.

"Are you afraid, Arran. Do you quaver at the thought of testing yourself against the Molvag?" Brued snorted the questions out, but softened the effect with a light laugh and a clasp of the shoulder.

"Take heart, Arran. Scop tells me that today is the Final Confrontation and we shall all die gloriously." Brued laughed again.

"Thus there is no need for fear. If we are all to die in proof of manhood and tribal supremacy, then there is no need for fear at all. We shall all go together, even you and I, brave friend. We shall all stand arm in arm as the last and the greatest of the Molvag face us, and then die with them to gain admittance to the great Hereafter."

Brued laughed, delighted with his joke, but Arran did not and moved away to be by himself. In time Brued too left the mealplace and wandered in solitary thought. Then, as the shadows moved in time, the tribe rose and began its final march.

BORTON had arrived on the weekly shuttle from Center 47, the nearest "window" to Tundra. He would leave in a day by the same route, and two days after that be back in the teeming, but warm, environs of greater Southeast Coast on old Earth.

Normally assignments such as this, to settle labor disputes that involved the Company, were far more work than pleasure, no matter what the planet or what the problem. But this time, as occasionally occurred, the dispute had been cleared (or more accurately the beginnings of settlement had been made) by the time he arrived planetside. That left him with nothing to do but be entertained by the chief public information officer of the Company on the planet—McDermott.

There were other planets, he told himself for the tenth or hundredth time as he walked to the back of the box at the stadium, he would have preferred to be stranded on.

Still, this could be an interesting show. He had not let on to McDermott how much he really knew about Tundra and the People pretending to know less than one really did as a healthy habit for an arbitrator, and Borton now used the technique in pleasure as well as business.

The People were not as well protected as McDermott had thought, or pretended. Part of the reason for the labor trouble the Company was having here was a result of the typical colonial mentality that brought such abuse. The same mentality that made the colonists unfit for wherever they left from made them difficult to deal with wherever they ended up. They were individuals, and survivors, to a fault. They wanted things their way, always. That made it difficult at times for the Company, which wanted things its way, always. That also made things difficult for the relatively helpless native population.

And the weather modification McDermott had talk-

ed about, thought Borton, that too was more real than the colonists apparently wanted to admit. The studies Borton had read on his way to Tundra had discussed a strong native belief in an afterlife that brought all the People back together again in a sort of meteorological Valhalla. The souls of the departed, the natives thought, controlled the weather on Tundra in times of great need. And oddly enough the one or two good studies done had shown some support for the native belief. Two droughts, in particular, had been broken with quite unexpected rainfalls.

Borton took a sip from the coffee cup. He was not surprised that the People had such seeming genocide. It might have been a good device for natural selection in past times of plenty. He had heard that the brief but warm summer and the good soil did provide adequate food. But as the colonists had advanced the People had been forced to ever harsher lands. The slaughter that had once been a device for racial improvement was now a way a certain end.

That end, mused Borton, might be better coming this way than some others. Lame duck landowners never seemed to fare well when the next wave of humanity made its quick and powerful sweep. He sat down again and looked out the window. The group dressed in red could be seen in raucous merriment even without the monocular. Their common color stood out as a red splotch in a crowd mostly dressed in the popular white coats of Tundra's winter. He saw a movement in the distance far beyond the outer wall of the stadium and looked to McDermott.

"Yes. That's them. About an hour or so and they'll be here. And I suspect if we could look out the back of this room we'd see the Molvag, the other tribe, about the same spot away in that direction. Uncanny," he shook his head. "They do it this way year after year. Always good weather and always right on time. Uncanny."

BRUED and his People refrained from looking up at the stadium as they approached it. It was a matter of pride to ignore the edifice and the people within. This was the Confrontation of the People, the Molvag and his Aidan, and the usurpers who had come to change things were not, could never be, a part of it. If they chose to watch so be it, but that was the limit of acceptance. Many long discussions around many dying campfires had always drawn the same conclusion. To the usurpers would come justice in its own time. Until that time, let them be. Let them be.

Scop shambled up to Brued as they came within a quarter hour of the site. He was tired from the Trek, but excited nonetheless.

"This is to be my final Confrontation. I dreamed it was so last night."

"I am happy for you, Scop. Peace will be yours."

"But I dreamed more, young Brued. I dreamed as I

The Confrontation

have felt and told you before. I dreamed that all the People will die today, and all the People will join in the next life to take back what is ours. I dreamed this very clearly. The wind and the snow will be ours as the instruments of our victory."

"Why are you telling me this? Why must I know this?"

"You have great sway with the young, Brued. They listen to you. I have seen this in the summer times and through the growing cold. If you will talk to them now, before we enter and have Confrontation, they will listen."

"And what am I to tell them? Am I to tell them that Scop says we all must die today. And that then we will all come back from the Hereafter in great strength to recover our lands that have been lost to the new ones? Am I to say that? And do you think they will listen?" He shook his head.

"I am sorry. They will not listen to me anyway. I am sorry."

Scop looked at Brued, searching the dark young eyes for belief, for understanding.

"There will still be time, Brued. And you will meet the need. You must fight early and well."

Brued shrugged his shoulders, and Scop withdrew, shuffling back with some haste to the front rows of the Trek.

THE two tribes arrived at the opposite ends of the stadium simultaneously, and hesitated the same long moment before entering through the wide high arch that dominated each end.

They marched in a ragged formation of fives before a silent crowd. Scop was near the front row of the Aidan, holding his head high now, staring across at the Molvag approaching through the thin mist of stirred snow. Brued, midway in the long column behind Scop, entered at last and joined the general throng that fell in behind the more formal lines of the older men out front. It took nearly half an hour for the two tribes to enter. The crowd was silent. Only the group in red continued its animated fun, sharing drink and laughter between its members as the tribes filled the field—bright red movement on a field of silent white.

At last, with a mutual signal of intent, the oldest of the Aidan and the oldest of the Molvag raised their arms, pulling forth the ancient clubs, and the crowd roared its approval. The tribes surged forward to conflict.

"MY god, McDermott. Is it always like this?"

"It is a sight, isn't it?" said McDermott through his drink. "It gets better toward the end, when the younger ones get in a few blows. The old ones die so easily there

really isn't much to see."

"Isn't much to see?! Good heavens, McDermott, they're slaughtering each other out there."

"Well I told you what happened Borton. I thought you'd rather enjoy the spectacle."

Borton sat entranced, horrified, watching the clubs fly and the bodies fall. The two front lines had meshed and melted into one another, and the crowd rose to salute the beginnings of the struggle. Borton too had at first arisen, but now sat nervously on the edge of his seat.

"I don't know, McDermott, there's something that seems so, so...oh, I don't know, so something about it."

"Wrong about it? Brutal about it? Yes, I know that feeling, or let's say I've heard others express it. For those of us born here of course there's nothing wrong or brutal about it at all. But for some offworlders it seems somehow morally wrong to watch such a display of primitive excess. Still, remember we only watch, we do not tamper. The People would do this anyway, whether we watched or not. It doesn't bother us. It certainly doesn't seem 'wrong.'" And he took a long sip from his drink.

"Still," said Borton, eyes on the field. "Still."

BRUED was afraid. The same fear that had been a gnawing complaint in his stomach for the past few weeks was now a monster threatening to engulf him in nausea. He, Brued d'Mull Knapdale, was afraid. And it was worse this year, much worse. This year, for the first time, he would be expected to fight. This year, for the first time, he might die. The Hereafter? Despite the comforting stories told around a thousand evening campfires Brued did not know—know for certain—that such a thing existed.

Arran came running up, the powder snow raised by his loping stride.

"They are nearly through already with the old men, Brued. The stronger men are already joining in. And there has never been such a Confrontation." Arran, Brued noted, seemed thoroughly swept up in the excitement.

"Good," said Brued, trying to hide the fear that he knew must be showing in his every word, his every movement. He affected nonchalance.

"Good? That's all you can say. Within the half hour we too can join. Finally, Brued, we can really join in the Confrontation. Finally!" Arran gave a little whoop of uncontained joy and did a slight dance, raising his arms to the sky and then slamming the club down so hard that Brued thought it might shatter on the frozen ground, covered now with a thin powder of morning snow. It did not.

"Come, Brued, move forward with me, come to the front. Come now, we shall join in as soon as we are allowed."

Brued smiled at Arran, wondering at the crazed

desire for battle. In a way, he thought, it would be better to be thus, physically strong and not slowed by thought and conjecture. But he, Brued, was cursed with a mind that guessed at the future and worried about rights and wrongs and life and death, and now the words of Scop ate at his mind, and his own fear grew larger in his stomach. He swallowed once, hard, and spoke to Arran.

"Stay Arran. Stay here. We must wait our turn. Scop told me so. We must wait until we are called to the Confrontation."

"But the time is coming soon, Brued, and many of the young men will watch you to see when they may join. Surely it will do no harm for us to venture a little forward now and merely save some minutes. Surely Scop won't mind that."

"Scop won't mind, Arran. He is dead. I saw him die at the hands of an old woman of the Molvag. She splattered his head with one blow. I saw it."

"Ah, Brued, I see now. I see now. I understand your desire to heed to the old man's wishes. I too will stay here with you until we are called. If that was the wish of Scop we shall heed it."

McDERMOTT, excited enough to spill some of his drink in his haste, joined Borton at the window.

"See there, Borton, over there at the far end. See that young Molvag break rank and join in. That's a rare sight indeed. This must be a special one for them to allow that to happen. And there," he pointed to the opposite end. "There go two more. No, no they're a little older. But seeing any but old ones in the fight at this stage is a rare treat indeed. Rare indeed."

"I recall a Confrontation when I was a child that was this tumultuous," he smiled at his use of the word, but Borton did not notice the expression. "Tumultuous. Yes, that's what it was. And it was a short one too. Lasted about an hour and a quarter and then it was all over. Both sides just quit to lick their wounds. Classic, that one. Classic."

The battle raged on. Only a few old men still stood. Some, wounded but alive, writhed on the ground. Women and children from their own tribes moved among the wounded to answer their pleas for cessation. Borton grimaced as he watched one small child raise a club obviously too big for it and then let it fall on the skull of a wounded old man. It took six blows to do the job, but at last the body was still. The child then moved on to another.

McDermott pulled Borton away from the view and pointed to the far end again, the same end where the first Molvag youth had broken from the back ranks to join the fray.

"There, Borton, see that? They're all joining in. Good heavens, man, what a treat. What a tumultuous treat!"

A young Molvag of about the same age as Brued and Arran sprinted toward the two of them, club raised high, and suddenly Brued's fear was gone. He stepped in front of Arran, raised his club to ward off the blow, and then swung a wide flat sweep that shattered the left leg of the Molvag youth. Then, one more quick swipe and the youth was gone.

Arran whooped again, a loud, joyous cry, and fell in behind Brued as they moved to the front. Brued was quiet but feverish in his haste. He stumbled through the wounded and the fighting and dying, swinging at those who attacked him and scrambling over and shoving through the rest. In a few minutes he reached the front lines.

Scop had been right. It was the Final Confrontation. Children were attacking each other, women at the throats of women. Even the men in their prime were laying waste to each other with ferocious intensity. Only the young, the ones of tomorrow, hesitated to join in fully. They watched as Brued stood for a long moment, an island of calm in the maelstrom.

No one neared him for that long moment as he watched the end of his People. This was the Final Confrontation. He knew it, could feel it. He believed. And the others could feel the intensity of the struggle. Already more than half their total number were gone. Brued realized he was not to win or lose but simply to die, and in his dying take others with him. He prayed to Scop that the Hereafter would be worth all this, and that revenge would come to salvage something from the struggle. Then he surged forward to join the fight.

HALF the stadium was empty already but Borton had not left his seat. The carnage was complete. McDermott, half drunken with liquor and the lustrum of the People, had left to attend to other matters. Borton had promised to find his own way back to the hotel.

The People, Borton thought. And I watched them die. A rare treat indeed, for a man to see the end of a race of people. He finally stood, looked back again at the bodies sprawled in the bloody and cold snow, and left the room to return to the city.

He occupied himself with things other than McDermott that night, and left early for the port the following morning. His shuttle was leaving a full hour early to beat an approaching weather front. An early call from the travel agent had warned him.

As he boarded the ship, moving through the cold, calm sunlight that belied the coming storm, he felt the warmth of the dark interior of the passenger cabin and remembered again the small one, the little child with the too-large club, standing over the writhing old man. Then, during lift-off, he looked out the window and saw, in the distance, the thick lines of clouds approaching the city. It would, indeed, be a very strong storm. He wondered if the People were happy.

Campus cartoonist Phil Timper recently decided to illustrate how he felt about cafeteria food. Timper was named top college cartoonist in the midwest in 1978 by the Society of Professional Journalists (Sigma Delta Chi).

NO IT'S
NOT AN
OLD WOODY
GUTHRIE
SONG

I'M A CAFETERIA CASUALTY

WE HAVE ALL EATEN IN CAFETERIAS AND HAVE BEEN BURNED ON SEEMINGLY EATABLE FOOD STUFFS. WE SWEAR OFF FOR GOOD AND PROMISE TO BROWN BAG IT, BUT NOOOO WE continue to torture n' brutalize our stomachs with the KILLER CUISINE!

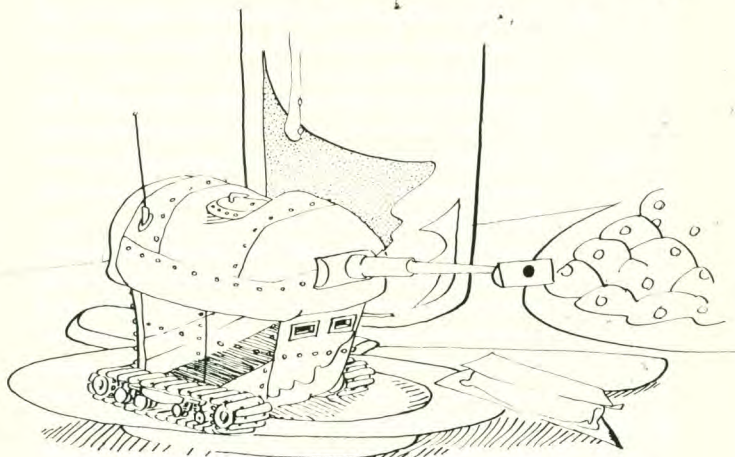
As the old widow Tuddberry said, "I can't see how they eat cafeteria stuff like..."



...MASHED POTATOES THAT come in 300 gal. Drums...



... THE BEEF STEW, MYTH ??? or MYSTERY...

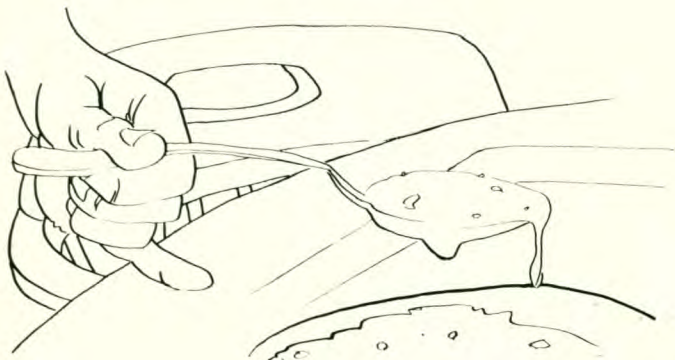


... ARMOR PLATED BUNS...



... AND WATCH OUT For The GRAVY...
NEED I SAY MORE?

WHY SOY-EN-LEE!



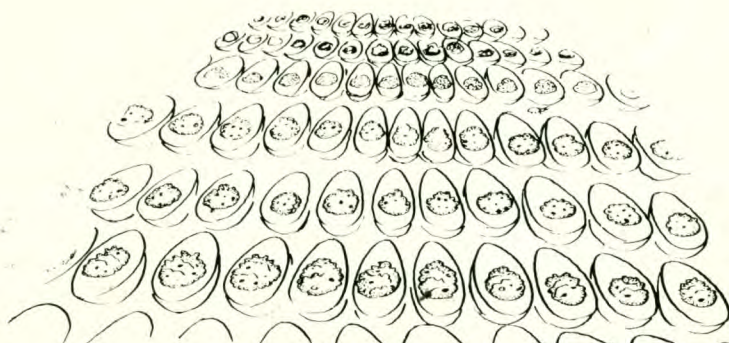
... How 'bout the Creamed corn,
3% corn 97% unknown...



...n' Just what goes into HoBo STEW...
(A LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO UNLOAD A WEEKS
WORTH OF LEFT OVERS?)



...eggs you CAN eat with a straw...
DRINK



...Row after Row of crusty DEVILED EGGS.
(A PERSONAL PHOBIA)

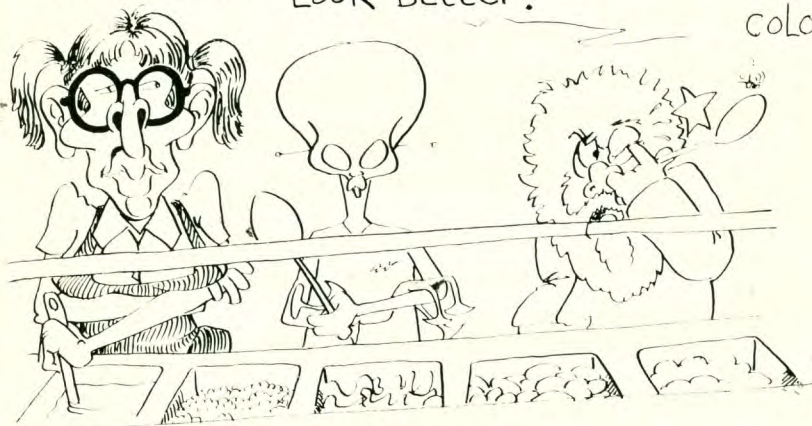




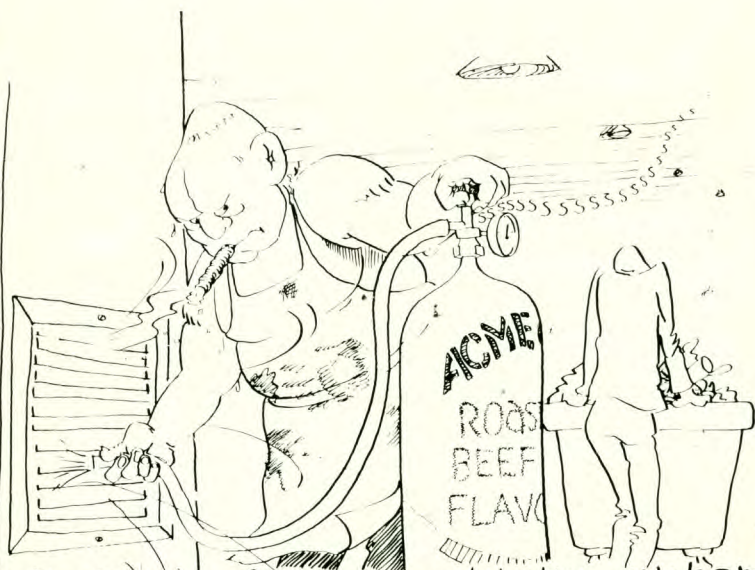
...They just dress it up... Like
how does A splinter of wood make Food
Look Better?



Simple, sawdust reflects more Appetizing
colors under infrared heat Lamps.



OR use a lot of food coloring...



...Flood The cafeteria's ventilation system
With PIPED IN AROMAS to give the Impression
of masterfully created Juicy delectable delicacies.

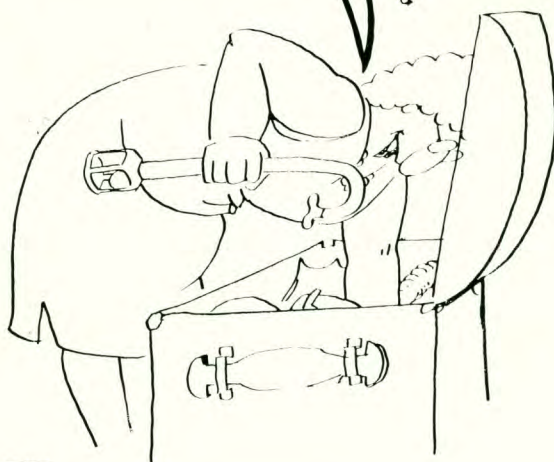
WHY I REMEMBER
BACK when our Mother
WOULD WRAP our Lunches
in the evening newspaper
AND SEND us off on our
COLD FIVE MILE WALK to
School. THERE WERE
NO CAFETERIAS IN
THOSE DAYS. AND WE
ATE WELL. The WALK
WAS A BITCH BUT
WE ATE WELL.



I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK IF
I DON'T START GETTING
READY RIGHT AWAY...



BUT REMEMBER TO LOOK for
SLEEZ before Purchasing ANY
FOOD ITEM IN ANY CAFETERIA



BE SURE TO WIGGLE FOOD VIGOROUSLY,
TO check ITS consistency AND
TO NOTICE A FOOD SERVER'S WILLINGNESS
TO approach a PARTICULAR ITEM.
FOR HEAVEN SAKE USE

THE NOSE GOD
GAVE YOU ; IF
IT SMELLS BAD
PITCH IT!



NICE OF YOU
TO VISIT, BE SURE
AND COME AGAIN!
Grateful Dead
Forever!
BE COOL...



TIMBER



First 1980 presidential candidate receives little attention at SIUE

Phil Crane, a U.S. Congressman from Illinois, was the first 1980 presidential candidate to make a campaign stop at SIUE. Crane's one hour presentation on Nov. 30, 1979, in the Goshen Lounge was heard by only about 20 students relaxing in the area, but even those few didn't give Crane their full attention.

In photo above, Crane gives his speech before a group of gossiping women and a male student occupied with his homework. Ironically, Crane was speaking about student apathy in present-day politics.

In photo at left, Crane appears to have the attention of one student while empty space fills the rest of the center of the Goshen Lounge.

Photos by Charlie Skaer