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Focus 24

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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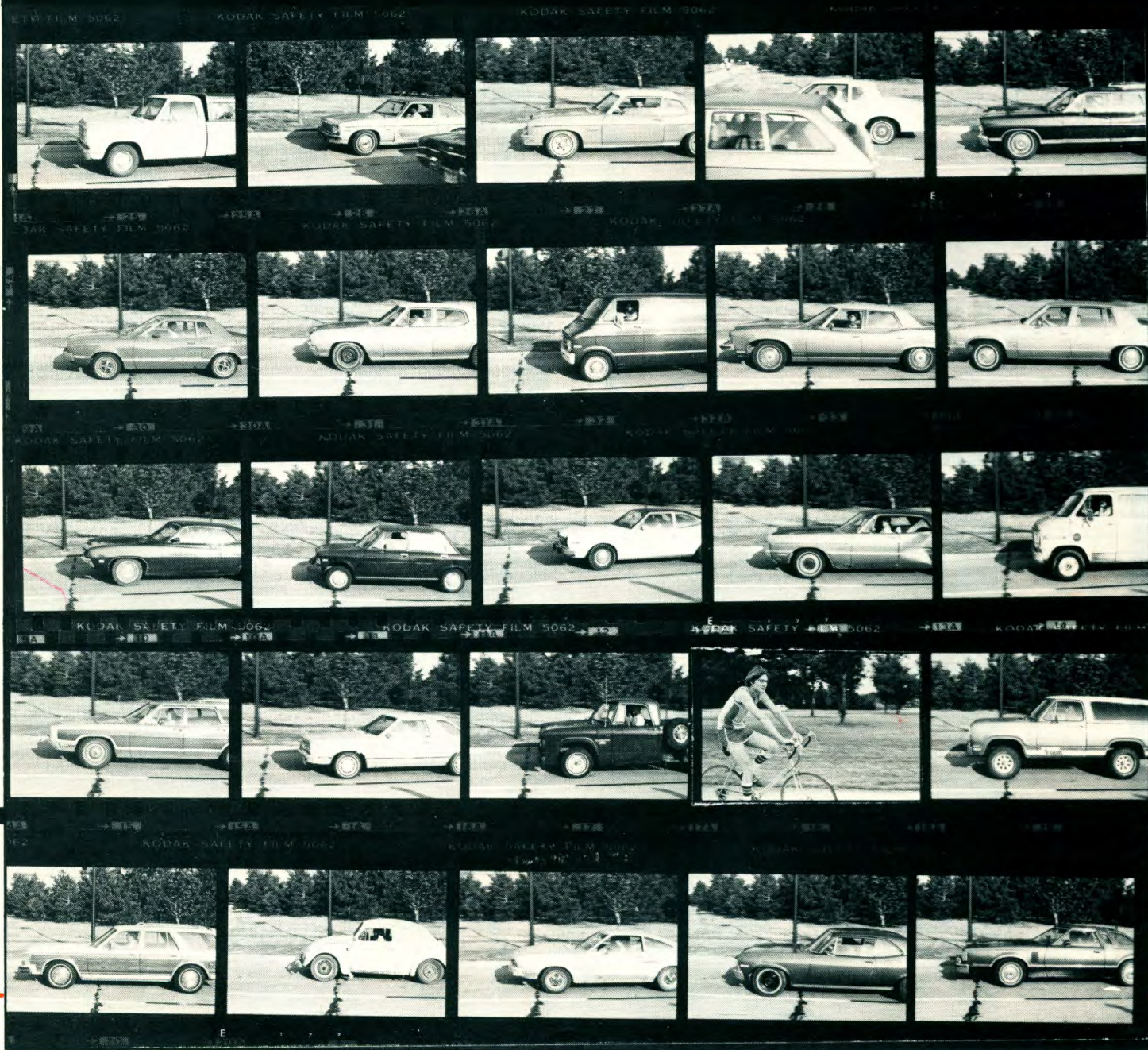
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Focus

October, 1980
Number 24

Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville



SIUE: the commuter campus



The Noble Eye:

Lower right: "In October, 1979, in Louisville, Democratic gubernatorial candidate John Y. Brown, top, and his wife, the former Miss America 1971, received campaign support from Senator Edward Kennedy. Brown won the election and switched his support to President Jimmy Carter."

Upper right: "An early morning traveler passed through Madisonville on fog-shrouded railroad tracks. This is one of my favorite mood photographs."

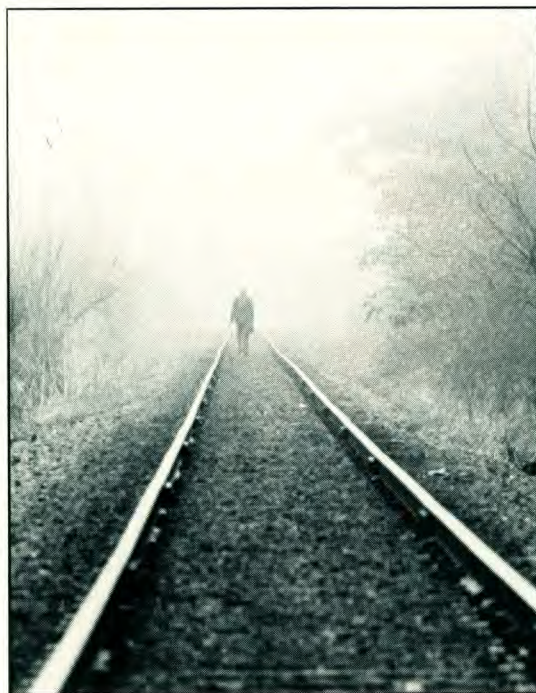
Lower middle: "President Jimmy Carter's motorcade passed through downtown Henderson, Ky., on July 21 enroute to a Democratic Party fundraiser in nearby Robards. The President stopped in the middle of the parade and shook hands with well-wishers."

Upper left: "A workman's steps are broken into segments by a row of mirrors in a clothing store undergoing finishing work."

Lower left: "Robert Klompus, a 14-year-old swimmer, displayed the tenseness of his competitive edge while swimming to a local record in the 220-yard medley."



Ed Noble has been photographing for the Madisonville, Ky., Messenger for three and one-half years. He is a journalism graduate from Southern Illinois at Edwardsville, specializing in photojournalism.



Before the university SIUE spelled home

Text by Dave Luecking

**'You don't want to know what it
was like to leave the land.'**

The memories are dim after 20 years. The Hutchersons cannot remember exactly what was where and who lived where.

"Klingemanns lived there," says Florence Hutcherson to her husband Alvin. She points to a freshly cut plot of grass on Bluff road across from the soccer field.

"No," Alvin says as he slows down the Hutcherson's tan 1972 Polara. "Parker lived there...I think he did. Or was it Hurlbrink?"

"I don't remember, Alvin," Florence says. "We've been away so long it's hard to remember. Twenty years is a long time."

Twenty years ago the Hutchersons and 75 other families lived on the property now known as Southern Illinois University-Edwardsville. The arrival of the university forced the families to leave.

What was once a sparsely populated countryside became the commuter home for 10,000 or more students and faculty members.

Farms were bought. Homes demolished. The countryside redesigned. Families moved.

The memories become sharper for the Hutchersons. "This is Poag Road," Alvin says, wheeling the car eastward after a right turn from the north end of Bluff Road. "The road used to be over there." He points to the left. "But they put it here for some reason."

"There were all kinds of homes along here," Florence Hutcherson says. "The Bohms lived right through there." She points to a group of trees near what is now the water treatment plant. The weeds are several feet tall. Grass grows in huge clumps in the middle of what used to be a driveway.

"You don't want to know what it was like to leave the land," Hutcherson says, turning into the north university entrance by the Mississippi River Festival site. "This was Old Lewis Road. See where those trees are? It went right past there and down through the woods."

Part of Lewis Road is now a bike path from the Tower Lake apartments to MRF. The trees form the entrance to MRF. Marcus and Mamie Wiedemer's house stood where the ticket windows are now.

"Lewis Road went right past our driveway," Alvin Hutcherson says as the car winds past the Quonset Theatre and Chancellor's Office. He turns right toward the Tower Lake Apartments.

The Tower Lake Apartments were built on Hutcherson's land. He grew corn, wheat, soybeans and asparagus on what is now the married student side. The newer apartment buildings are built on woodland that was owned by Hutcherson's neighbors, the Allens.

Hutcherson slows the car down, then stops in the middle of the road. He turns the



Residents weren't very pleased about attempts to buy their homes for the new university. This homeowner gives the not interested message to Stiffel, the broker assigned to purchase the property from them.

car into the parking lot and stops. The sign points to apartments 406-410.

"That little tree is still there," he says, pointing to a crooked tree next to a telephone pole. The tree and pole are on the right side of the parking lot entrance that was once a part of Lewis Road.

"Our driveway started at the tree," Florence Hutcherson says. "Our mailbox was right next to it."

□□□

The memories are returning rapidly to the couple. This was their home. Florence Hutcherson was born and raised here.

The Hutchersons' old driveway is covered with grass, parking lots, an apartment building and trees.

"That big oak tree," Alvin says, pointing to the oak by the corner of apartment building 422, "was right on our driveway. Our driveway curved right around it. There was another big hickory tree on the other side, right where the corner of the building is."

"The trees were the border for the kids," Florence adds. "We'd let them go all over outside, but they couldn't go past that tree. They'd get in trouble if they did."

The Hutchersons raised three children in the Tower Lake Apartment area. The oldest is Steve, now 36. Mary will be 34



**'Leaving left a bitter
taste, but you try
to forget.'**

in November and the youngest, Mark, will be 30 in October. They were 19, 15 and 14 in 1965 when the Hutchersons finally moved.

Alvin Hutcherson drives down the two-lane road between the Tower Lake Apartment areas. He drives on what was his field. He stops in what was his pasture. He looks to an area north of the circle parking lot.

"This is our home," he says. "This is where we lived."

There is nothing there now except trees and weeds, long grass and unkept bushes. The area looks like a jungle. Twenty years ago the Hutchersons called this jungle home. The home was two stories high. It was made of logs.

"Alvin kept all this grass cut," Florence Hutcherson says, as they walk from the car toward their home. "He kept it like a park. When the boys would fight, we'd make them go out and pick the weeds."

The boys would have had to be awful naughty to pick all the weeds that are there now.

The Hutchersons did not want to leave. They battled and battled, taking the university to court. But they lost in court and bought a home on six acres by Sunset Hills near Edwardsville.

"We didn't leave on very good terms," Alvin Hutcherson says, as he and Florence walk through weeds toward their former home. "They weren't very honest. You couldn't depend on anything they told you—I think this is our driveway."

He steps on worn gravel which has grass growing from the cracks. "This is it.

The driveway went right in front of our house. Those two big trees—they were by the front door."

Alvin Hutcherson keeps walking, pointing out landmarks. Florence follows slowly behind, silently remembering her home. She looks sad.

"Now this cracked tree here was against our back door." He walks into the woods. "It hit against the house, and I always had to trim it.

"Our house was one of the oldest three in Madison County. The main part was made of logs. Let's see, the upstairs was 16 by 21. We added a kitchen. We enclosed the back porch. We enclosed the front porch, too. The house was 42 feet wide. Wasn't it, Florence?"

Florence does not answer.

"We had one big room along the side, ah, 21 by 12," Alvin says. "I think we're standing in it right now."

Hutcherson stands among weeds, small trees and dried leaves.

He walks from the woods toward his wife. She stands in the ruts and grass of their old driveway. She is silent. Hutcherson points out his garage. He cannot find the well in the weeds though.

Florence speaks. "There were always kids around," she says. "The children would swim and fish in the lake. Alvin kept it cut right up to the shore. It was our own little beach. We had a ping pong table and horses." Now the beach is overgrown with grass.

Alvin says, "We weren't lacking for company. It was good at night when everybody finally left."

Florence interrupts. "You know our kids all left by 1967 to go to college. They didn't want to go here. They never came back."

She speaks slowly, measuring the words. She wants to cry. "When they came home—they were all back for our fortieth wedding anniversary—they wanted to come back here. There were lots of good times here."

She starts down her driveway away from her old home. Alvin joins her. They walk slowly back to the car.

"I farmed all this acreage," Alvin says, stopping to pick up a hard maple sprig. "Mary wants one of these the next time she comes back."

"We farmed, we had cattle. We had 56 acres, and I also farmed 26 acres that belonged to my father-in-law. I kept 500 bales of hay in storage. We had horses. We raised chickens. We had our own eggs."

Florence says, "Leaving left a bitter taste, but you try to forget. We're thankful we could give the kids a taste of the country life."

□□□

The Hutchersons were one of the last families to leave the SIUE property. Construction had already begun on the main campus buildings, and the water tower was in plain view from their living room window when they left.

"I don't blame them for not wanting to go," says Dick Youngman of plant operations. "I wouldn't have wanted to leave my land."

But the families had no choice. The university bought a total of 2,600 acres, 20 percent of which is now in use. The state spent a cool million dollars.

"People all thought Rendleman was nuts," Youngman said. John Rendleman was the first president of the university. "They asked what was he going to do with all the land. But in those days things were expanding all over the place. If the University of Illinois needed to expand, can you imagine what they would have to pay, being in a city? It's still not unforeseeable that much of this land will be used."

Now 80 percent of the land lies idle. Much of it is overgrown with weeds. People only see what is being used

The Meek property is the main campus area now. The huge tree near the University Center was in their front yard. The hairpin was an exercise track for their horses. The Communications Building was their backyard.

The soccer field was Otto Hurlbrink's field for corn, for wheat, for asparagus. The baseball field was farmed by Leo Meeks.

Bluff Road ran over the present

University Drive. The Fangenroth Road ran past the south entrance sign to the faculty club.

The Harts, Wiedmers and Triskas lived on and around the MRF site. Hugh Barnett built the Quonset Theatre for his cows.

□□□

The house is visible from University Drive past the Chancellor's Office. It is a brick home surrounded by a well manicured lawn. There are gardens on both sides. Acreage is plowed around the property.

A large red security light is secured to the top of the house. Two huge brown dogs greet visitors. The sign by driveway reads, "Dead End Road—Keep Out—No Trespassing."

"I've been robbed four times in the 20 years since I've been here," says Hugh Barnett, the owner. He is 64 years old. He has receding gray hair. He almost always wears a hat. His arms are bronze from years in the sunlight.

"Years ago you never had to worry. Most people didn't even lock their house. Most didn't even have keys. Why I remember when they came to get the Merkels' key. Pat looked at them and she said, 'We don't even have keys. Why somebody might come by and need the telephone or want a sandwich. They wouldn't be able to come in if we locked the door.'"

But that was 20 years ago. Before the university, when the land was country. "The



'Years ago you didn't have to worry. Most people didn't even lock their house.'

'It makes you feel a little bad to tear up the things people worked for...'

University changed all that," Barnett says. "We never heard of robbery or anything like that before. They brought in a whole different class of people."

Barnett's current homesite was a farm field 20 years ago. His house was then next to the Quonset Theatre. It was a two-story log home, torn down several years ago.

Barnett was born in that house. He and his father farmed 183 acres. The university bought 84 acres from Barnett, including his home.

"I had a spot all staked out to build a new house, too," Barnett says. "You know where those fake walls are by the road to Tower Lake? My house was going to be there. They bought the land, so I built over here."

Barnett completed his home in 1960. He quit farming the next year. He was hired by the university as a labor construction foreman.

"If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. So I joined 'em," Barnett says.

In 19 years with the university—he retired last year—Barnett was in charge of the construction in and around the tract houses.

"It makes you feel a little bad to tear up the things people worked for," he says. "But progress is progress. You're going to have it."

Barnett was viewed as a traitor by his neighbors after he sold his property to the university and got a job with them. They felt his selling broke their cornerstone.

"They were going to get it anyway," Barnett says. "They would have just con-

demned the land. One man wasn't going to let the power lines cross his property. They were built to his south border and built to his north. He was waiting for them with a shotgun. I asked him what in the heck he was doing. He said they weren't going to cross his land. I laughed at him and told him to look to the north and south. He said his land wasn't for sale for any price. I told him to go to the office and ask for his price. They wrote him a check right away."

After Barnett moved into his house, the university wanted to buy it. They wanted 54 more acres from him.

"I told them, 'You know that road you just came down? You can go right back,'" Barnett says.

"They wanted to use my house for a post office. Couple times I'd get up in the morning and have a bag of mail on my steps. I said this ain't no post office. I found a map, and, sure enough, they had this marked as a post office.

"I wish they'd have bought all this from me in the first place," he says. "I could have went out and bought me a farm somewhere. I'd have bought 160 acres or so."

Barnett yearns for the peaceful times. He yearns for two decades ago when he left his house unlocked, when he had no alarms, when he had no dogs.

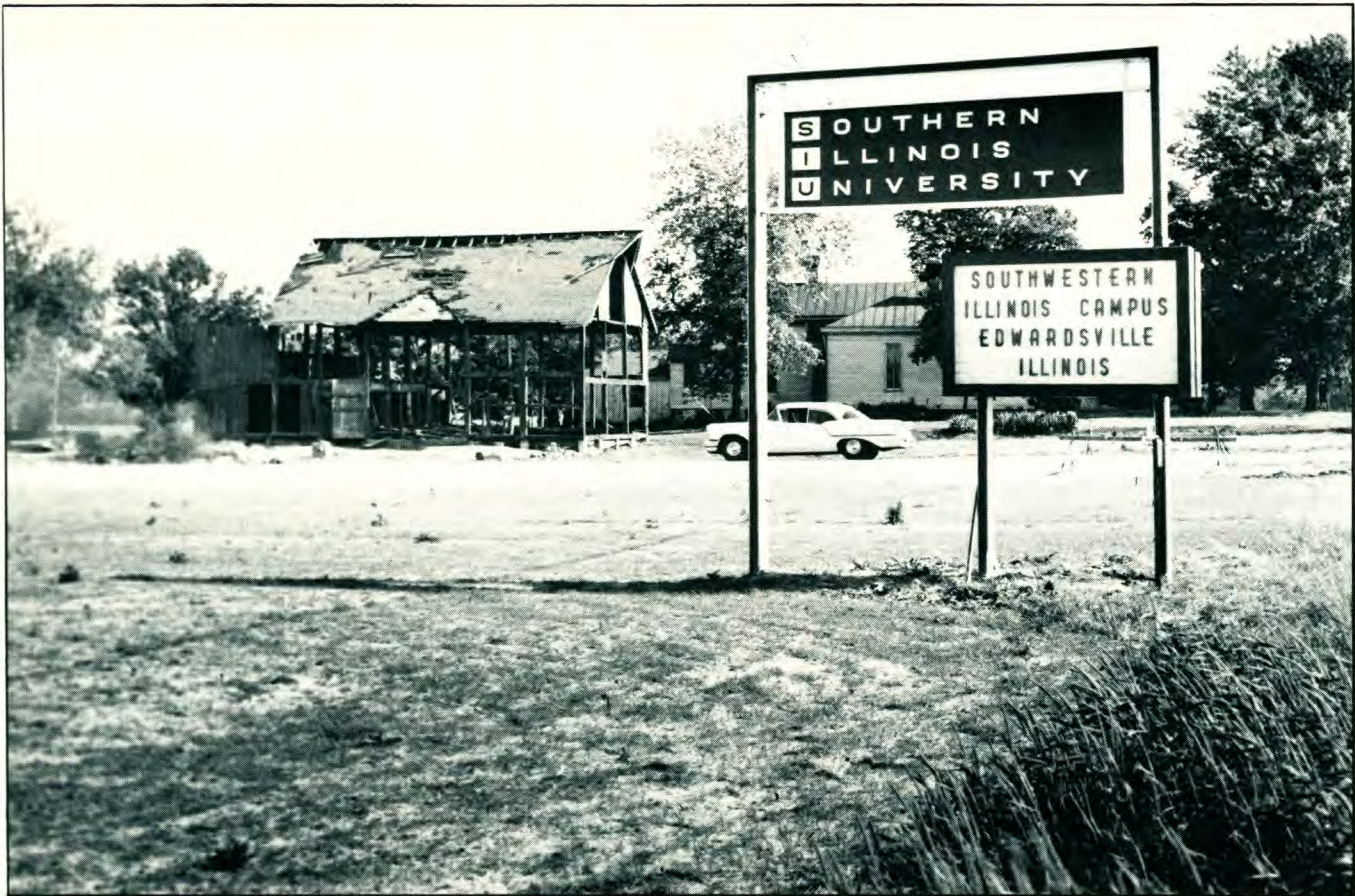
"I had one guy sneak up to the back of the house once," Barnett says. "But my dogs went after him and cornered him. He fell down and turned white. I asked him what he wanted, and he couldn't even talk. I told him to leave and never come back."

River festival time is bad for Barnett. Cars park in his yard. People sell drugs on his dead end road.

He keeps his house locked and bolted 24 hours a day.

"Twenty years ago it was nothing to come home and have people sitting in your kitchen eating a sandwich. It was nothing to leave your tractor in the field all day and night right where you parked it. You couldn't do that for three minutes today."

The memories of people and places fade. Landscapes change. But the feelings remain.



Above: This makeshift sign marked the main entrance to the new SIUE campus on Old Lewis Road near Route 157. The house in the background was the administration building, which has since been destroyed along with the barn.

Left: This sign illustrates the contrast between the old rural area and the new academia.

Photographs from the files of the Alestle. ■ ■ ■

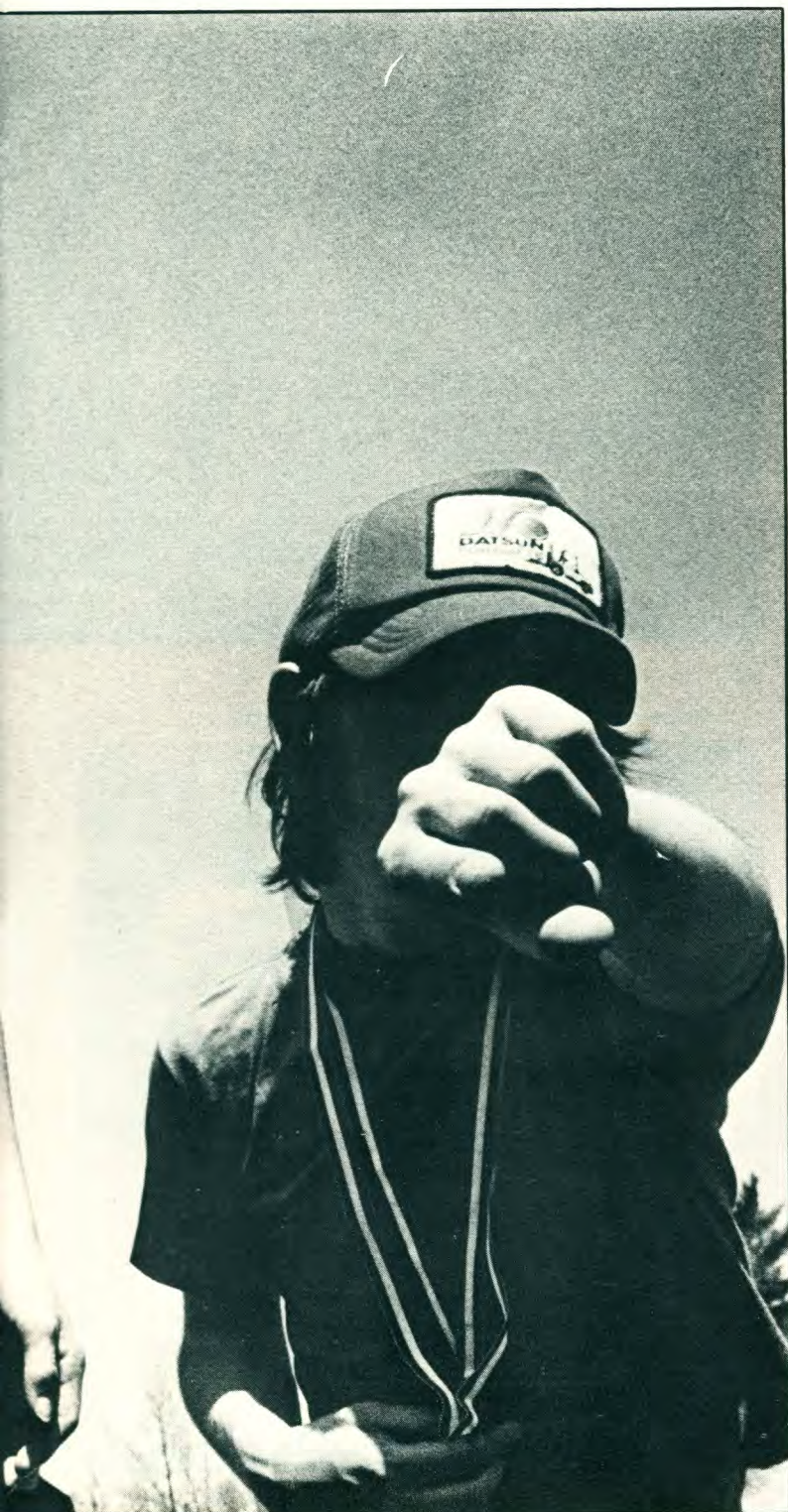
No boycott at Chaminade

Special Olympics

The three winners in the boys' 50-yard dash—special awards to special people.



breeds enthusiasm



Story and photographs by Keith Schopp

Hundreds of athletes competing for the gold, the silver, and the bronze. Determination on their faces. Frustration and joy in their hearts. A sense of personal accomplishment, of pride that comes from participation.

No barrier too large, or event too difficult—the olympian athlete.

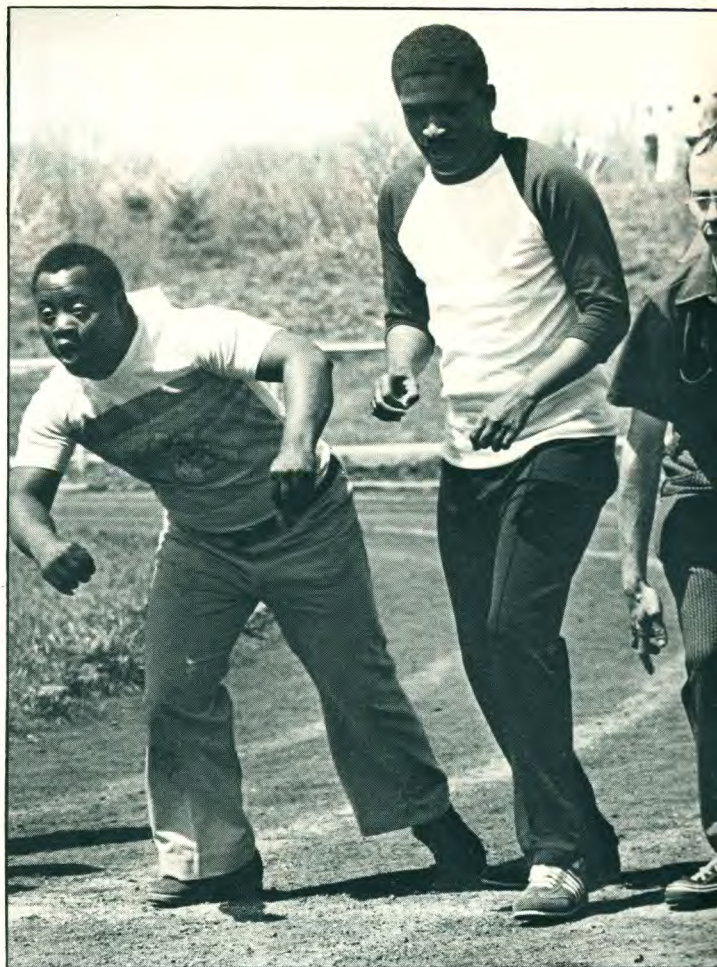
But there were no Mark Spitz's, nor Bruce Jenner's, nor Eric Heiden's in the field of athletes at Chaminade School in St. Louis.

Instead, there was a barrier. These were special olympics, a competition among individuals afflicted with mental or physical handicaps. There would be no 4-minute miles run at Chaminade, no high jumps of 7 feet, no commercial contracts for the participants.

The sight of a 40-year-old woman weeping with joy after crossing the finish line in the 440-yard walk, however, was worth more than all the Wheaties in the world.

Every individual was a winner. It was a special day, for most a rare chance to be in the spotlight, a chance for glory, for self-respect.

As spectators, they cheered, instead of jeered opponents. There



were no temper tantrums, no signs of poor sportsmanship. Winners were hugged by losers, and losers were hugged by winners. All were hugged by official huggers. At the finish, an entourage of designated huggers, young volunteers, met the contestants with medals, ribbons, and warm embraces. No one was left out, everyone's name was called out loud as medals were distributed.

By the end of the afternoon, many of the special olympians proudly displayed four or five medals.

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The common apparel was tennis shoes and gym shorts with a white t-shirt. Some wore sweat suits, some dress pants, and some bow ties. One group from a special



Lower left: A woman from St. Emmaus Home in St. Charles (right) receives a hug from a volunteer (center) while another volunteer (left) looks on. She had just won a 440-yard walk race.

Upper right: Otto Bull, 73, shows off his teeth. Bull got the new set this year after going without teeth for 20 years. He said he was having a good time.

Far left: Robert Gould, 30, stands near the edge of the track. He stood at that spot most of the day to take a medal in the high jump.

Upper left: Competitors in the boys' division get ready to take off for the start of the 100-yard dash. The boy second from right with Affton H. S. printed on his gym shorts beat the rest of the field by 20 yards.

school in St. Louis wore t-shirts that read, "Label jars—not people."

Young and old participated together.

At the softball throw an elderly woman with a St. Louis Cardinal t-shirt and a St. Louis Cardinal cap threw the ball 24 feet. She won. Bob Gibson was never so happy after a win. She clutched her medal tightly in her left hand.

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Members of a women's relay team lined up behind one another four deep. They were afraid getting out of line would confuse the order they were supposed to run in. They stood that way for 10 minutes, huddled close together, looking over shoulders. When the time came to run, they passed the baton flawlessly.

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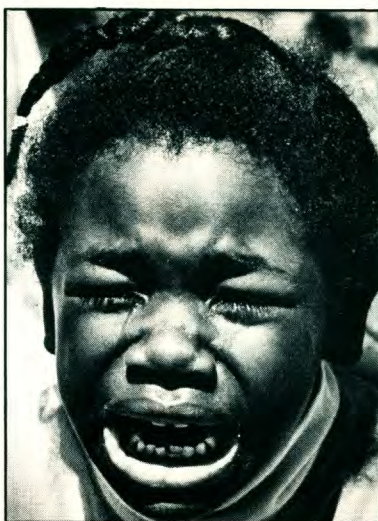
Some athletes imitated the superstars they had seen on television. A contestant in the softball throw called himself "Dr. J." Another called himself "Magic." They gave each other "high fives." "He's my main man," a youth yelled as a friend from his school led a pack of runners around the track.

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The day was a success. Good weather. Friends. A day many would wait impatiently to come again next year. No boycotting these olympic games.

A healthy little boy about three years old watched his retarded brother throw a softball. He cried because he couldn't participate. His mother held him and said, "No honey, this day is for Michael."

The little boy couldn't understand, but Michael and the others knew. □ □



Left: Deborah did what most professional athletes would like to do when a medal escapes their grasp. She cried. Later, however, she would rise to the occasion and receive a medal.

Above: A contestant [left] Tizzie stands in line to throw the softball while [right] a volunteer worker watches and helps.

Right: The girls from St. Emmaus Home in St. Charles. They were lining up for a relay event, and stood in single file so they wouldn't forget what order they were running in.





Tee-ball

'...they're the rookies of

Saturday, April 12...My husband Phil and our youngest son Jeff, age 8, went for a walk today. They discussed, among other things, the upcoming baseball season.

This year Phil decided to quit watching baseball and participate, so he volunteered to be a team manager in the Tee-ball league. This is the littlest league, and there are a few changes in the general rules. The major one is that they hit a rubber ball off a pole [the tee], rather than worry about pitching.

Phil will have 15 seven- and eight-year-old boys who have never played on a team—they're the rookies of the rookies.

Wednesday, April 16...A man called today, asking if Phil had lined up a "team mother" yet.

I just assumed I was it, I answered innocently. He was overjoyed, took my name and assured me someone would call soon about a meeting to discuss the candy sale.

I had forgotten about the candy sale. It's the team mothers who get to pass out candy, collect the money, and keep the records straight for 15 little boys. Oh Boys!

Sunday, April 20...Phil got concerned today about not having any assistant coaches lined up yet. Last year, when he was talking about managing a team, he had lots of volunteers, so he thought all he would have to do was call them up.

Well, his brother promptly refused, and so did his several friends. Our other son, Todd, age 12, offered to help, but he's already trying to figure out how he can play baseball and race on a bicycle team. The summer's beginning to look hectic.

Wednesday, April 23...The Volkswagen was dripping gas again, so we're down to one car. Phil had classes, I had to go to the candy meeting. Here's how the evening went:

5:30...Took Jeff to soccer practice.

5:40...The rest of us ate dinner.

6:05...Left dinner dishes, took Phil to SIUE.

6:25...Picked Jeff up...he'd already walked halfway home when I found him.

6:30...Picked Todd up at home.

6:40...Dropped Jeff off at his grandmother's.

6:50...Dropped Todd off at the Bike 'n' Trike for a team meeting.

7:00...Got to the Little League meeting. I was hoping desperately for a cup of coffee. There wasn't any.

What I did get instead was a packet of letters, brochures, and record sheets about the candy sale, a free sample of a Heath Krunch Bar, and a packaged pep talk about how it is all up to us mothers to make the sale work. Each year, the League earns half its funds from the candy sale. It is of utmost importance.

7:45...Stopped at the carnival at the Olde Edwardsville Town square, where the bicycle shop is located. It took me 20 minutes to find Todd.

8:15...Couldn't very well pick up Jeff without saying hello, so I spent another half-hour watching TV with Phil's parents.

9:15...Finally got kids in bed. I did the dishes.

9:45...Went back to SIUE to get Phil. He was waiting at the side of the road, where the sidewalk ends.

"Hey, buddy, wanna lift?" I said as he climbed in.

"What took you so long?" he wanted to know. I told him he didn't really want to know.

Text by Gloria Aylward

Illustrations by Phil Timper

the rookies'



10:35...We usually study until midnight, but tonight I said to hell with it. Ah, sleep.

Friday, April 25...We've been trying for two days to get in touch with the baseball commissioner, Jerry Wade. At the candy meeting I'd heard we were supposed to have a practice this weekend. When I finally found him at the fire station [he's also a fireman] he confirmed the report. Well, we blew that one.

Wade said he could meet Phil tomorrow at 11:30 to give him his practice schedule and equipment.

"Great," I said. "He'll be there."

But I was wrong. Tomorrow at 11:30 Phil will be in St. Louis, trying to convince his new boss to go with a \$437,000 bid to build some new railroad tracks in southern Illinois.

Guess who gets to meet Mr. Wade?

Sometimes I think Phil is swinging too many bats.

Wednesday, April 30...The candy sale is going great. Billy Cook's parents have taken six cases. That's 288 candy bars. I had to pick up eight more cases so I would have enough for the rest of the team. Carol Campbell [alias Tommy's mom] keeps coming by for more, too. The candy man said we were in the top three teams, and just might win a free trip to see the St. Louis Cardinals. What's more, the winning team mother gets a free dinner for two anywhere she likes. Victoria Station, here I come.

Thursday, May 1...Phil and I left this morning at 7:30 to see a steam railroad in Marion, Ill. He was there on business [at times he's a project manager for a railroad contractor].

I was researching a story about the only railroad in the country that has government-registered steam locomotives as its only means of hauling freight. I spent the day interviewing and bothering everybody. I even got to ride in the engine and toot the whistle. It was a great day.

We left at 2:10 p.m. for the two-hour drive home—in plenty of time for our first baseball practice at

6 p.m. Phil had to see the men at the Big Ben Coal Company in Benton about a project there, but that would only take a few minutes, he promised

It took 40 minutes. At 4:30 p.m., we called Jeff.

"Don't worry, we'll be home in time," Phil told him.

Jeff was practically having a nervous breakdown when we pulled in the driveway at 5:40 p.m.

Phil and I headed for the bedroom, changed into jeans and tennis shoes, and emerged ready for baseball. We packed up the candy, said hello to Todd, and took off. It took seven minutes.

That first practice is kind of a blurred memory. Trying to sort out names, put them with faces...and I must have explained the candy sale 13 times. Phil got a new name today—now he is "Coach."

"I hate third base, Coach!" "C'mon Coach, I don't wanna play here." "I hate it here Coach." "Hey Coooach!" They were all yelling. Phil ignored their pleas.

A few kids stood out. Brian is a go-getter...matches his orange hair, I guess. Tommy is a heavy kid, and I wondered how he'd get around the bases. But not for long. That kid can hit a ball.

"Geez, I'm glad that boy's on our side," yelled one of the dads.

Mike Fink was quite a contrast...he can't weigh more than 45 pounds.

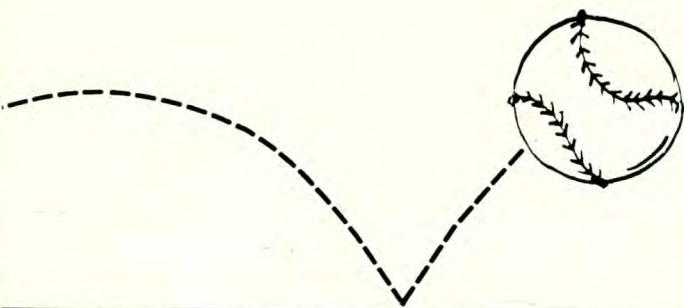
The names. Two Jasons, two Michaels, two Toms. I found James Rorie. "Is it James, or Jim, or Jimmy," I asked. I was wrong on all counts.

"It's Jamie Rorie," he said patiently, as if it were a common question.

I already knew a few of the boys, but even they are hard to distinguish under their baseball hats. You have to get to know their shapes as well as faces, names, and parents.

We solved our coach problem. Billy Cook's father "volunteered" last night when he came over to pick up more candy. And one of the Jasons' fathers was already batting balls to the boys when we got to practice. A few of the sideliners looked eager to get out there, too. One kept giving his son signals to move over, crouch down, hold his glove differently.

After practice I herded everyone to the car to pass



out more candy, and told them that since Phil had to be out of town Saturday, we couldn't have practice. Meanwhile, back at the diamond, Phil and his new-found coaches made arrangements to have practice Saturday without him.

I spent a good part of the evening on the telephone.

Saturday, May 3...Our second practice. I had to explain many times where Coach was, and Jeff was sitting on the sidewalk because he had been sick the night before and didn't feel much like playing.

The boys had a lot to learn. We're strong on offense, but hurting in defense.

"You guys have to spread out," yelled Coach Cook after five of them collided in an effort to bag a pop fly. They all missed and landed in a heap. The ball rolled off behind them.

When they did catch the ball, or at least picked it up, their motto was "throw it as hard as you can to first base." Judging distance is not a talent they've mastered, overthrows were a big problem. Evidently not even the coaches knew about the "one base on an overthrow" rule. We had lots of home runs.

"Uh, I hate to disappoint you guys, but..."

Monday, May 5...It was a lost day. I was supposed to write a story today, then go to a league meeting tonight so we'd finally find out what's going on. I was scheduled to turn in candy money, find out about uniforms and schedules, get a rule book. I should have done some reading.

But the flu Jeff had on Friday zapped Todd and me yesterday and we did nothing but lie in bed all day. It was the most ungodly stomach ache I've ever had. Both bathrooms are a mess.

Tuesday, May 6...I felt good enough this morning to try to finish my story by class time at noon. But Carol Campbell called saying she would be right over for more candy. I hadn't heard from her in three days, and was beginning to wonder if she was slowing down.

"I would've come yesterday," she explained. "But my mother had an emergency appendectomy Sunday night, and I really couldn't make it, what with my brother and sister and going to the hospital and all, but now everything is all right and I can start selling again."

When she came she handed me \$60. "I want you to count it right now, so I know it's right," she said. It was her day off, and she'd come in jeans, a T-shirt, and house slippers.

"Oh, that's okay, I trust you," I told her. I still had half a story to write.

"Oh no, just count it right now." She sat down and lit a cigarette. I sat down and counted. Two \$5 bills, one \$2 bill, and a one-inch stack of ones—48 of them.

"Okay, \$60. Now, you want two more cases, right?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess so. My boss is sick of me coming in with more of these every day. He'll probably shoot me," she said. "But it would be so neat if I could win something for Tommy. You know I'm divorced, and there's no way I can buy him a ten-speed in the next few years. He says if we win he wants the \$50—you know that sounds like a lot to a little kid. But we're going to take the bike, I don't care what he says."

Well, I got my story done by noon, but it wasn't much. My instructor suggested adding a lot more and rewriting parts, and getting more information. I wasn't surprised.

Wednesday, May 7...Phil woke up with our flu. He made an attempt to get ready for work, but was soon back in bed. He agreed, it was the most awful stomach ache he'd ever had.

Tonight I took \$288 to the candy man, who I know by now as Roland Nelson, and asked for six more cases. He didn't have that many. I took the last four. They were all Krunch. Everybody was asking for Almond.

"There's another small problem," Nelson said. "These don't have any coupons on them." The free-hamburger coupons are a big selling point. I counted out 24 coupons eight times, 192 in all, and stuffed them in my purse. I picked up two boxes and followed Nelson to my Volkswagen.

I opened the door, put the front seat down, carefully put my boxes on the back seat, and moved aside.

Nelson leaned over before I remembered to say anything. He dropped the other boxes on the floor, the same floor that Jeff put his foot through last week and was being supported by a stick I'd found in the yard. The stick splintered, but held. Nelson thought it was just a crushed styrofoam hamburger box that was lying there. [We'd already used some coupons.] I didn't say anything except, "Thanks a lot."

Thursday, May 8...Phil felt good enough to go to work today, much to his boss's relief. They had to fly to Michigan this afternoon to look at a potential job.

Phil assured me that Bill Cook and Rich Slaughter, now his official assistants, would make it to practice, but not necessarily by the appointed 6 p.m.

"Oh, that's okay, I'm sure I can handle it for a half-hour or so," I said gallantly, relying on my Cub Scout Den Mother experiences to get me through.

I hobbled around the field, spreading my words of wisdom, while the balls continued to fly high. I was gaining more respect for the coaches.

So at 5:30 I loaded the bats, balls, gloves, and the unwieldy tee with its foot-square base, the four boxes of candy, the money envelope, and the record sheet into the Volks. And Jeff.

On my last trip out the door I stepped on a rock and twisted my ankle. I was sure something was broken. I made it to the school yard, wincing each time I stepped on the non-power brakes.

I unloaded the bats, balls, gloves and unwieldy tee and left the candy. I was alone with a dozen boys, all of them ready to play ball.

I hobbled to the plate and told them to get out in the field.

I figured I could just stand there and hit balls to them. They could practice fielding. A great plan, I thought.

But they didn't. "Let me bat, now." "No, it's my turn first, I was here before anybody." "Come on, Mrs. Aylward, let us bat now. You've had lots of turns."

"Sorry, I'm going to hit for awhile. You guys just catch the balls." After the first few tries at hitting that silly ball off the tee, I gave up and just threw the ball up to hit it. I still missed a lot. They thought it was hilarious. I stopped a few times to loosen my ever-tightening blue tennis shoe.

Soon I realized the boys needed more action. Short attention spans are our worst enemy. I got several balls out of the gear bag and told them to choose partners for catch.

They scattered all over the field before I had a chance to think about organization. Balls were flying in every direction, with each boy trying to out-throw the others. The rubber balls were soaring over their heads and bouncing all over the place.

"The idea isn't to throw as high and as hard as you can," I patiently explained to Chad and Kevin. "You want to try to be accurate and throw it right to the other boy's glove." I hobbled around the field, spreading my words of wisdom, while the balls continued to fly high. I was gaining more respect for the coaches.

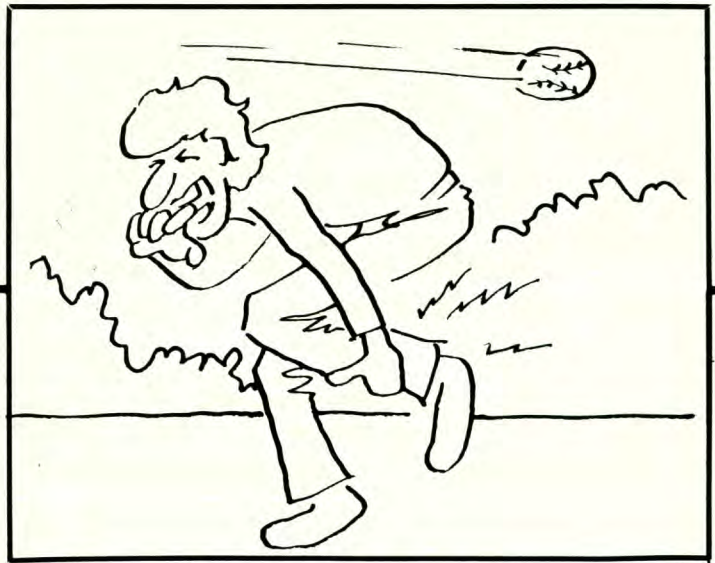
Bill Cook and Bill Penelton finally came to save me, and I went back to what I know best, collecting candy money.

It was a big day candy-wise. I got \$186. I'm getting tired of counting \$1 bills, keeping track of little brown envelopes, and asking "Krunch or Almond?"

I told everyone I had to have all the money by Monday, the final day. I can't wait.

"Do you think we're going to win?" asked Jack Richardson [I'm finally getting to know the parents].

"It sure looks like we might. We're still up in the top two or three, I know that much. If Carol Campbell keeps on selling, she'll do it all by herself." Actually, she has her sister pushing them at the bowling alley, and a few other relatives and friends going too.



"Between Tommy's mom and Billy Cook's parents, we just might make it," I repeated to the dozen or two kids and parents who asked. "It would sure be nice if we could win those ball game tickets."

Last night, Bill Cook, the father, came over for 27 more candy bars. That would be it, he said. They'd plumb worn out their markets. With the 27, their total was 315 candy bars.

Friday, May 9...I limped around the SIUE library this morning, and the grocery store this afternoon. I promise myself to call the doctor if the ankle isn't feeling better by tomorrow. I thought I could just go home at 3 o'clock and soak it.

But five minutes after I got there, Carol Campbell called.

"Could I get three more cases by 5 o'clock?" she wanted to know.

Her brother wanted to take some to New Douglas, Ill. and tap a whole new market.

"But nobody will be down at the Little League building until 6:30," I replied.

"Don't you have any?" she pleaded.

I only had a few bags left.

"I'll see what I can do," I said.

I called the building. After five rings, Jerry Wade answered. But he didn't have a key to the room the candy was in, he said.

I called Roland Nelson, but no one was home. So I tried Dick Pouch, another Little League man, but he was out. I called the one other team mother I know. She didn't have any either.

I called Carol. "It looks bad," I said. "But I'll keep trying."

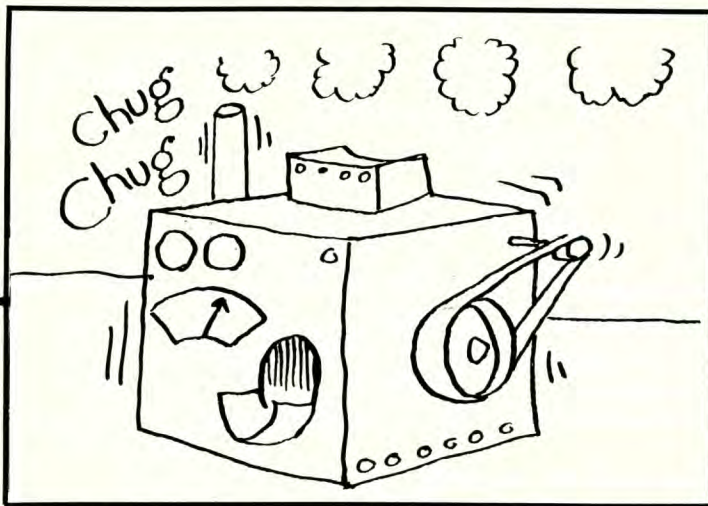
I called Nelson again. This time he answered. "Well, I'd be glad to help," he said, "if I can find the keys. I imagine my wife has them, though, and I have no idea where she is. I just got home from New York."

While he was searching, it occurred to me that my call was the last thing he needed just after getting back from New York.

"I can't find them, but Jerry Wade had a key."

"Hmmm..."

When I got to the Little League building, I could see why Wade wanted no more hassles. He was standing



I stopped and looked at the pathetic little engine, with a little smoke puffing up on the left side.

Or one big prize and a few smaller ones. It was confusing.

"Well, you can have this, or you can have this and that, or three from this category," I would say, pointing to the pictures in the brochure.

"Now what can I get?" everyone would ask. I'd start again.

in the back room, surrounded by huge boxes containing hundreds of white pants, red, blue, green, yellow, and orange shirts, and socks, bats, balls and protective gear.

He was in front of a wall full of cubbyholes, sorting uniforms for 35 teams, with four small, four large, and seven medium uniforms, fifteen pairs of matching socks, and two boxes of new matching hats for each team. That's 525 uniforms. No wonder he didn't want to answer the phone.

I got my candy and left him to his fun.

Now all I had to do was deliver it to Carol, and I could go home and soak my foot.

I took off up a long hill on 'M' Street, and smelled gasoline. The Volks was leaking again.

I stopped, opened the back end, and looked at the pathetic little engine, with a little smoke puffing up on the left side.

Well hell, I thought, now what. I'd just had all those gas hoses replaced.

I investigated, and found one of the hoses off of wherever it went. I fiddled for 15 minutes trying find a place it fit. Jeff left me to sell candy bars in the new neighborhood.

I bothered an old lady to use her phone, praying that Phil had gotten home from Michigan. He answered on the second ring.

"Hi! I need help. The hose that runs from the top of the engine somewhere to the gas filter fell off. I can't figure out where the hell it goes." He promised to be right over.

It occurred to me that my phone call was the last thing he needed just after getting back from Michigan.

He managed to find the right connection in a matter of seconds. The man who had fixed it hadn't put on a new clamp. We tied a string around it to keep it in place.

I zoomed off to deliver the candy in the nick of time. Carol was ecstatic.

It occurred to me as I headed home to make dinner that I sure wouldn't mind flying off to New York or Michigan for a few days.

Saturday, May 10...It's amazing how long an 8-year-old needs to decide if he wants a stuffed penguin or a set of 20 colored markers. I sat down with each boy today to have them choose the prizes they wanted. For each nine candy bars they sold they got one point. They could add up the points for increasingly better prizes. Or they could get a bunch of one-point prizes.

The practice was going so well that Phil didn't stop after the usual hour and a half. The boys were actually throwing the ball to Tom Price on first and getting each other out. They were hitting good, hard grounders, picking them up and getting them to the right bases. The outfield was catching fly balls. Even our littlest, Matthew Brimer, who's only six and just in kindergarten, was making it to first base. Matthew only got to play because the newspaper had misprinted the age requirements during sign-up.

Parents started congregating. I handed out notes about picking up uniforms and schedules next week, and the coming parade. But still Phil didn't stop.

Finally, after nearly three hours, the boys' attention spans were totally exhausted. Phil let them go.

But he and his coaches sat down in the home plate dust to plan strategy. They were ready to set up positions and work out the batting order.

I could see it would take awhile. I walked to a nearby sandwich shop [with only a very slight limp today] and bought four large sodas. Then we all sat in the dust, sipping our drinks and forming our plan of attack.

Tom Price was a shoo-in for first base, and Brian Shannon was the logical choice for short stop. They can both catch anything that comes within 15 feet of them.

Jeff and Jason Slaughter would share pitching duties.

Billy Cook was chosen for second base, but he didn't really want it. He would rather be in the outfield, where there's less chance of messing up. His dad persuaded him to give it a try. Chad has similar feelings about third base. "It's too boring," he is always complaining.

Steve Sisson and Matthew will share the catcher's glove, and all the rest will be in the outfield, four at a time.

The batting line-up was a good intermingling of power hitters and the more cautious sluggers, who took their time, giving the bat three or four practice swings before going for the ball.

Sunday, May 11... It's Mother's Day, and I deserve it.



Monday, May 12...It was money day.

It started at 8:30 this morning when I picked up \$48 from Jason Richardson at the grade school. He was going to just give it to Jeff, but I didn't have that much faith in either one of them.

When I got home the phone was ringing. Cathy Fink had left Mike's \$12 in the mailbox while I was gone. Carol Campbell brought me \$145, \$85 in ones. As usual, I counted it. That put her total at 445 candy bars.

I had to drive to Cottonwood to pick up Matthew's \$8 and his eight leftover candy bars. His grandmother was babysitting and she doesn't drive. The morning was shot. Four hours of this afternoon were spent filling out record sheets, counting money, and trying to make the totals come out right. I had 243 dollar bills, a few twenties, and several fives and tens. There were six checks, three of my IOU's totalling \$47 (it was easier than cashing checks), and \$7 in change.

I came up with \$644. Lo and behold, it all balanced.

We'd sold 1,359 candy bars. I was returning 203. My returns disturbed Roland Nelson.

"I thought you had it made when you took those last three cases. That put you way out in front," he told me. "But I didn't think you'd bring them all back. That might change things."

By that time I really didn't care. I just wanted to be done with it.

I sat down and handed Nelson my money. He counted, made notes, and counted some more, then added it up on his tiny pocket calculator.

"What's your figure?" he asked.

"\$644?" I said hopefully.

"I only get \$544."

Damn, I thought, how could I mess up \$100 worth? I checked my large manila envelope, but didn't see it.

He recounted the money. I held my breath. "Only \$544."

I turned the envelope upside down. A brown envelope slipped out. Inside were five \$20 bills. My head dropped to the table in relief.

I asked when we would know if we won.

"Call me or Dick on Wednesday," Nelson said.

On the other side of the room they were preparing to hand out uniforms. I traipsed behind Jerry Wade to the back room. He'd managed to fill all the cubbyholes. Ours was up at the top. He dumped 15 pairs of pants, 15 bright orange shirts with "Moose Lodge #1561" written in white across the front, two boxes of hats and 30 orange socks into a big, black garbage bag. He added two rule books, a record book, and 18 copies of the schedule.

Ah, finally, I thought, the uniforms. These were the

very things kids and parents alike had been asking for since we started. Feeling something like Santa, I flung my pack into the back of my little red... well, Volkswagen, and took off. I had enough in that sack to make Christmas in May for 15 anxious little boys.

Tuesday, May 13...Jeff discovered another advantage to being the manager's son. He got first dibs on the uniforms. He chose his number 11, and got one that fit pretty well. I put a small size away for Matthew—I know he can't get it until Thursday's practice. I tried to remember what kids were small, who were medium, and who besides Tommy could fill up a large.

A few small kids ended up in mediums, and some medium ones had to take larges. "This is what they gave me," I explained when parents came in saying "I think we'll try a size eight or ten." After all, this isn't a J.C. Penney.

Wednesday, May 14...I tried calling Roland Nelson and Dick Pouch three times each tonight. Pouch was at ball practice, Nelson's answering machine asked me to leave a message, but I felt too dumb asking a machine "Did we win?" So I just hung up. I'd try again tomorrow. While I went to SIU to pick up Phil, two people phoned me, Todd said. It was 10:30 p.m. They didn't call back.

Thursday, May 15...The minute Todd and Jeff left for school this morning, the phone rang. "I did it, Gloria! I won the bicycle! I really did it!" It was Carol Campbell.

"Hey that's terrific!" I said. "How did you find out?"

"They called me at work last night," she said. "I was jumping up and down yelling, 'I want the bicycle, I want the bicycle.'"

"Did they say if the team won too?" I asked.

"Oh, you know, I was too damn excited to ask," she said. I was disappointed. She had been one of last night's phone calls. Who was the other one?

"I want to keep this a secret from Tommy and let him be surprised at the parade. I already told my boss there was no way I was going to miss those ceremonies," she said.

Friday, May 16...The boys had a hard time in practice today. They can't seem to remember what to do about a fly ball. In one play, Billy ran from first to second, Brian stayed on second, and for some reason Jamie Rorie ran back to second from third. All three were on second base.

Phil knelt down beside them, gesturing and explaining, and sent them back to their bases. The other coach hit another pop fly. Kevin ran for home, but stopped halfway to see what would happen. Billy stayed on first, and Brian started to run but went back. Tommy didn't catch the ball, and then they had no idea what to do.

"Okay, run," yelled the coaches. "If they don't catch the ball, you run." They all ran.

I was on the sidelines collecting money again, this time for team pictures, which will be taken Saturday before the season-opening parade. I read in the paper last night that the parade has only been cancelled once in 25 years. Rain or shine, it's one show that must go on...

Saturday, May 17, Parade day.

7:30... We woke up to a soggy world. It rained all last night, and ominous clouds still lurked in the sky, but the parade was on.

"I will not cancel the parade for anything," was Commissioner Wade's attitude.

8:15... The exuberant team gathered with its sleepy-eyed coaches and parents at this practically sacrilegious time [for a Saturday, anyway]. While Phil made the final collection for picture money, I went off to the drugstore for some film.

8:30... The team picture was taken. I got there just in time to take a group picture. The boys only stood still for 30 seconds.

8:32... The team began to get restless. Phil tried "Simon Says," but it didn't work. He had an hour to fill before the parade began. He settled on keeping them in close range and trying to squelch energy. He was fairly effective until they spotted Red Bird, the eight-foot red feathery mascot of the St. Louis Cardinals.

9:11... I decided it was a good time for me to leave. After all, I had to find a good place for watching the parade and taking some pictures.

I told Phil I'd park his station wagon near the street so they could all pile in if it rained. ERA supporter that I am, I gave him my umbrella.

9:45... The team was halfway down Main street and starting to look wet, but they laughed and waved for my camera.

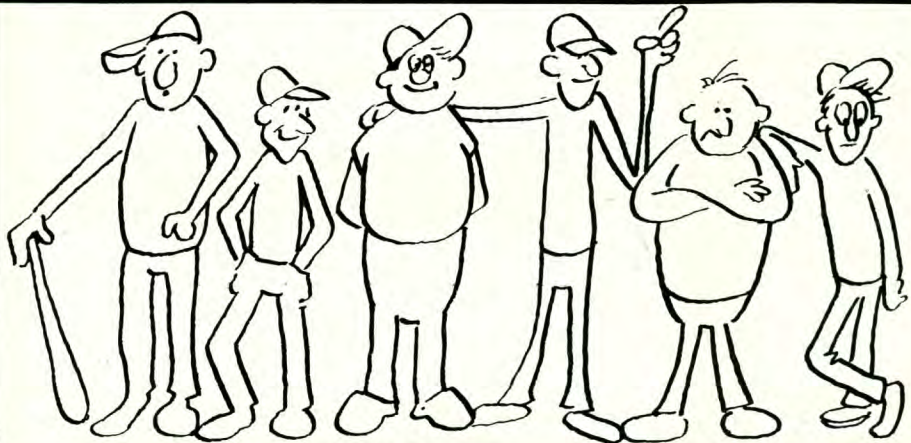
9:55... The team was down to the turning point at Main and Eberhardt, and was soaked. Phil was stomping through puddles, dripping. Bill Cook, the coach, not the boy, had my umbrella. Rich Slaughter, the other coach, had two or three kids trying to scrunch up under his big black one.

10:00... I got into the car and sped to the ball diamond to meet them at the end. As I got out again, I noticed a bright, yellow raincoat lying in Phil's car. It was one Phil used at work. I grabbed it and walked against the long tide of future Hank Aarons and Babe Ruths until I found our own group of ragged-lined junior sportsmen, and handed Phil the raincoat. Giving me a weak grin, he put it on over a sopping wet shirt.

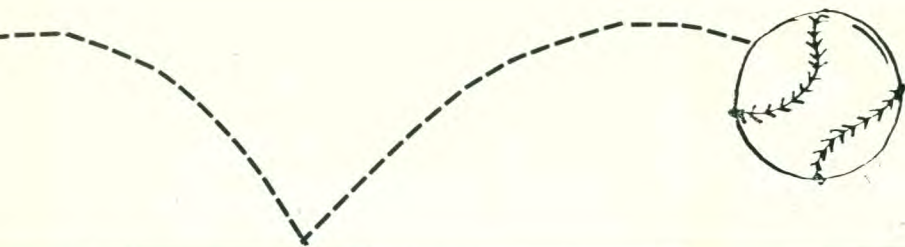
10:10... The parade and the rain ended at the same time.

10:15... The teams regrouped for the opening ceremonies. But after the high school band played the national anthem and someone said a prayer, Jerry Wade announced that the ceremonies would be cancelled. It was too wet to use the public address system. "Dick Pouch will call all the winners, but please don't bother him now," he said.

Phil reminded all the kids about the first game Monday.



Ready or not, there went the Moose Lodge -1561 Tee-ball team of 1980.



Carol said, "Well, Tommy, you won the bicycle." At least he knew. The rest of us were still in suspense. We all went home. Talk about a bummer.

1:30...Cathy Fink [otherwise known as Mike's mom] and I were standing on the wet floor of the Leclair diamond refreshment stand, getting shocked each time we touched the hot dog machine. We didn't touch it often.

Once during the season each team has to man the stand for a three-hour stint. Guess which team got the very first shift? Before I even knew the parents, I was begging for volunteers.

The first game got called off though, and not very many spectators wanted to sit on the wet benches for the second game, so we weren't very busy.

2:20...Phil came to trade cars. He needed the station wagon to deliver Tommy's new bicycle.

"By the way. Dick Pouch said we won the candy sale and the ball tickets. Can I have a cherry slush?" he said.

Talk about anti-climax. I celebrated with a cherry slush of my own.

Monday, May 19...Finally, our first ball game. The boys were crazy with excitement. Phil was wondering what they would do in a real game. He wondered if they would remember all the rules he's tried to drill into their brains...

"Okay, what do you do when the bases are loaded?" he would ask.

"Throw to any base," they'd all yell in unison.

"What about throwing the bat?"

"You're out!"

"What if they hit a fly ball?"

"Stay on your base!"

Well, ready or not, there went the Moose Lodge #1561 Tee-ball team of 1980.

Our opponents, Burn's Nursery, were up to bat first. The first hitter slugged out a grounder, but Billy Cook stopped it at second and held the batter on first.

The second hit went straight to our pitcher, Jeff. He picked it up and threw it right to first baseman Tom Price's glove. We were all screaming and cheering and hopping up and down. We had our first out.

They still had a boy on second.

The third hit was pop fly. Brian Shannon, our terrific red-haired shortstop, caught it. We all went wild.

Their next batter got a double, and they scored a run.

Two more batters got on base before a fly ball land-

ed in Billy's glove, much to his surprise. He came running in, absolutely radiant. Burn's Nursery had scored two runs.

Billy Cook was our first player up to bat. His mother told me before the game that he was petrified of hitting the tee instead of the ball and looking "dumb."

He needn't have worried. They all do that pretty regularly. But he didn't this time. The ball went out to left field, passed the shortstop, and Billy made it to first.

Chad Bartels hit a grounder to left field, and they both got a base.

And so it went. The boys were great. By the time Burn's Nursery got us out, we had three runs.

It was going to be a close game. The next three innings were just as exciting. In each one, both teams got only two or three runs, which is phenomenal in Tee-ball. There's a five-runs-per-inning limit which usually has to be enforced repeatedly. But not today. Moose Lodge and Burn's Nursery were an even match.

At the end of the fifth inning, and with only one inning left to play, the score was tied 11 to 11.

The boys had made some fantastic plays. The outfield caught fly balls, the infield picked up grounders and got them to first base. Our only problems were with pop flies. They still couldn't figure out where to throw them if they were in the field, and still didn't know what to do about running. In the fifth inning it caused a triple play against us, except the third one didn't count because there was already one out.

I was chewing my nails. I'd given up the bleachers in the first inning and gone over to the dugout. Between plays I made an attempt at keeping the boys in the dugout and sitting down.

But by the fifth inning I left the dugout. I'd gotten so excited at one amazing play that I jumped up and clunked my head on its low roof. Now I was pacing the area between the bleachers and the fence, stopping to watch each time the action resumed.

Phil kept pretty cool, but it was only out of necessity. He had to line up the kids in batting order, make sure each player played three innings [Jason Slaughter was relief pitcher], keep the record book straight, and evaluate his players. He didn't have time for jumping around and cheering. But he sure had time for a lot of "Nice going, guys," and, "Wow, what an inning, you guys are great."

The assistant coaches weren't so calm. Bill Cook was hoarse by the third inning yelling at first base. And Rich Slaughter got even more excited than the kids.

The parents were just as bad. They were an exuberant bunch. I kept having to explain the rules to many of them. Like runs into home don't count if they're made on the third out. That was one I finally learned last year.

"I can't believe how exciting this is," said John Bramhall's mom. "This is worse than any pro game."



They're dull compared to this."

The sixth and last inning began. Burns Nursery's first hit was a pop fly to left field. Brian the shortstop caught it like a pro.

Their next batter was luckier. He hit a hard grounder through a hole near second base and made it safely to first.

The next ball was a slow bouncer to the pitcher. Jason Slaughter scooped it up and lobbed it over to first base. It seemed to hang in the air for seconds while the runner sped down the baseline, but Tom Price caught it in time and we had our second out. There was one man on second.

We had been foolish to worry about how the boys were going to handle their first game. They were fine, having a ball. We were the ones having attacks of nerves and heart palpitations. We were hopping up and down like Mexican beans while the boys calmly played their game. We were screeching with delight at their fabulous plays and pulling our hair out when they dropped the ball or threw it in the wrong direction.

Our reactions were not in proportion to the spirit of the game situation. We were already a bunch of top notch Little League parents, and we hadn't even had to practice.

Just one more out, that's all we needed. Phil

knelt in the dirt between our dugout and third base, intent on the game, but busily marking the hits and plays in his red record book. He took off his orange hat and wiped the back of his hand across his frowning forehead.

The Nursery's fourth hitter slugged a ground ball through center field and all the way to the fence. A double. Their man on second came in.

That success started a trend. The next three batters managed to get on base.

Now the bases were loaded. Their seventh batter came up to the plate, swinging as if he wanted to kill that ball. He swung hard, but hit the tee. He pulled the bat back again, aimed once, then again, then once more to be sure, then hauled off and clobbered a line drive.

Luckily it headed straight down the first base line. Tom Price scooped it up, and tagged the base. The score was 11 to 13, three outs.

Phil didn't say a word about the situation to the boys. They wanted to know the score.

"Don't worry about the score," Phil told them. "Just go out there and hit the ball like we did in practice. That's all you have to do."

Brian was up first. He hit a short, slow fly and was out in an instant. Jeff was next. His was a grounder to the pitcher. Out again.

We still needed three runs. Tension mounted in the stands. We had little faith.

But Tommy Campbell came up next and slugged one into the outfield. He made first. Jamie Rorie, Steve Sisson, and Kevin Donelson all followed his example with singles. Tommy came in, then Jamie. The score was tied.

Jason Slaughter was at bat. The parents for once were silent, the frown on Phil's face deepened. The coaches were nearly rooted to the red patches of clay behind first and third bases.

Jason slammed the ball to left field, past the shortstop. The outfielder stopped it, threw it towards first. Steve Sisson came charging across home plate for our winning run. Jason beat the ball to first, and the game was ours. We won.

The parents went wild. The boys ran in from the field asking, "Did we win?"

Phil laughed. "We sure did. You guys were terrific. Why don't you run over and get a soda or something?" They took off. For them, the best was yet to come.

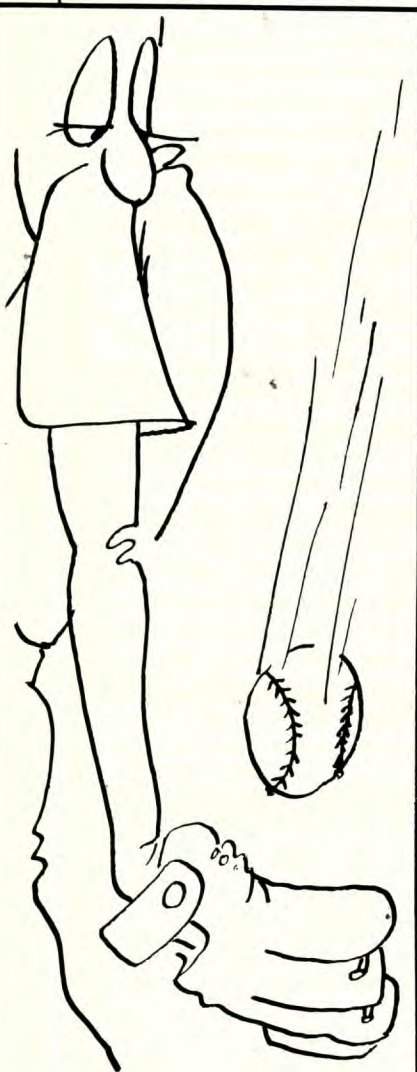
"Wait, come on back a minute," Phil yelled. "We forgot to shake their hands."

They filed across the field for this final ritual before heading for the refreshment stand.

On the bleachers we began to calm down, but we sat discussing the wonderful game, our talented sons, and our rapid heart-beats.

I looked for Phil. He was out on the field alone, collecting the bats, balls, helmets, and his record book and loading them all into his big green duffel bag. On his way through the dugout he picked up one forgotten glove and two orange and white hats that had been left upside down on the dirty concrete floor.

Phil the manager emerged victorious.



We were the ones having attacks of nerves and heart palpitations.

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 ninth year, *Focus* is a laboratory publication produced from journalism courses in reporting, photography and publication design. Most of the stories were reported and written in Journalism 481, a high-style writing course. 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 design facilities of the journalism program and do most camera-ready paste-up of pages.

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

Our contributors

David Luecking, a junior from Freeburg, is presently working at the *News-Democrat* in Belleville as a sports reporter.

Keith Schopp, a senior from Belleville, works part-time for the *News-Democrat* and has just completed an internship with *United Press International (UPI)* in St. Louis.

Gloria Aylward, a junior from Edwardsville, combines her studies with raising two sons. She is completing double majors in journalism and English.

Kaisa Cole, a senior

from Edwardsville, was born and raised in Finland and is the mother of two children. She recently completed an internship with the *Edwardsville Intelligencer*.

Ruth Cowing, a senior, is a transfer student from Columbia University in Chicago. Her primary interest is photojournalism, and she is employed as a student photographer at SIUE Photo Services.

Charles Schwend, a veteran, is a sophomore from Marine. His minor is in business administration.

This issue of Focus magazine was edited by Cheryl Alsup, Joseph Daniel, Alonzo Byrd, Jr., Karen Ferguson, Teresa Gull, Sue Kettenbrink, Ed King, Paige St. John, Ken Roberts, Gloria Thompson, Bob Wallace and Nancy Weil in Journalism 303b, a publication design course, and Brenda Murphy in Journalism 481, an advanced publication design course.

**Cover design by Ed King
and Brenda Murphy**

The mind behind the lens: why do people photograph?

Story By Ruth Cowing

Following are excerpts from interviews I had with various people about why they photographed. I tried to interview as wide a variety of people as possible; people who I felt photographed for reasons ranging from the technological to the aesthetic or even slightly mystical.

More often than not, I ran across people who answered my question with an embarrassed or confused laugh. Many people, it seems, find it difficult to express why exactly they photograph. Most of the interviews that did not succeed were with those people who felt they photographed because something inside them made them want to do it, but who were reluctant to explore their feelings beyond that point.

My final product, then, came to consist of four interviews, interviews with people who were not afraid to explore in-depth why they photographed.

The interviews were chosen not only because the people in them were willing to discuss in some detail their motivations behind photographing, but because they displayed a wide ranging variety of stimuli behind the fingers that pressed the shutter release.

Jim Visser, a public relations photographer for the Six Flags Over Mid-America amusement park, serves as an example of utilitarianism blending with the aesthetic, the communicative, and the personally rewarding reasons behind photography.

Rick Stankoven, a photographer for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, serves as an example of the same blending of reasons, but from a much different

perspective, that of a photojournalist and not PR man.

Marion Boris serves as an example of a person for whom, in her own words, photography is "not just a hobby, it's an obsession." Boris photographs for purely aesthetic reasons that can be seen as bordering on the mystical if one listens to the almost dreamlike quality of her voice as she talks about her photography.

Finally, Richard Keating serves as an example of a blend between utilitarianism, technological, and communicative reasons for photographing. Also very present in his conversation, however, is the strong desire to incorporate a more aesthetic way of seeing into his photography.

Running through all the interviews, I felt an undercurrent of love, respect, and devotion to the medium that was hard to put my finger on, harder still to verbalize. Nevertheless "it" was there, in even the most scientific of the photographers' conversation.

If I learned something from the interviews, it was a respect and admiration for photographers who approach their medium from different angles. For no matter why specifically a photographer photographs, the fact of choosing to (seriously) photograph at all is a common bond between us all.

Previously I had stereotyped certain "brands" of photographers, and had even considered some inferior. Now I have come to see, however, that if one cares deeply about photography, if one truly loves and respects the medium, then basically he or she shares in the same universal reason for photographing. It is only in approach and usage that differences begin to be seen.

Marion Boris: expression

"I photograph to show my appreciation of everything; nature, people, architecture, something I may see happening; to preserve it somehow," Marion Boris said.

"It's a form of expression," she said, "because I can't do justice to something the way a camera can."

She has been capturing moments like this for well over 50 years.

Boris, a secretary in the special education department at SIUE, looked out the window of the small conference room and softly pulled in her breath as she watched the snow fall.

"Everything I look at I seem to frame. I always say to myself, 'Oh, I wish I could take this of that,'" she said.

"I like to create a mood...thinking of a story or thinking this could illustrate a story. I do a lot of such things," she said. She smiled.

Boris said she was in a theatre once, listening to a George Gershwin score in the movie "Manhattan," when she noticed that the doors in the back of the theatre were open, letting in not only the sounds of the city, but a vague pattern of passing shadows upon the wall.

The shadows and the music combined for her, she said, and she was overcome by a sudden surge of emotion.

It was moments like these, feelings, moods almost impossible to verbalize, that she wished to capture and hold forever on film.

"For me it's an expression," Boris said. "I don't write well, but I find I can aim a camera and arrange things. I'm always arranging. There has to be some form, some symmetry or asymmetry..."

Boris sees beauty in everything around her, from "fungus on a plant that was exquisite," to a "curtain fluttering in a window" in an old decaying house.



This old house northeast of Edwardsville caught the eye of Marion Boris as she drove along a country road in November of 1978.

"You're freezing a precious thing in time and space that will never be replicated," Boris said with a smile. "You can stand in the same spot day after day and it'll always be different."

Boris photographs mostly for herself and shows her work only to her family and closest friends. Quite often they will not understand why she has taken a picture a certain way.

"I understand it, and no one else has to," she said softly. "But I do get very excited if someone else sees what I see."

"I once was asked what I would most want to be remembered for," Boris continued. "I said I'd want to write a line in a poem that would never be forgotten, or take the best picture in the world, a picture that would be remembered forever."

Boris looked out at the falling snow.

"I would like to do that with something, leave something behind that would be preserved for centuries and centuries," Boris said after a pause.

She added quietly that her life had been changed on occasion by a verse of poetry or a line in a book, and that she wished that someone's life would be affected perhaps by her imagery in much the same way.



Rick Stankoven: variety

"I like to capture life," Rick Stankoven said.

Stankoven, a photographer for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was talking about why he photographs.

Stankoven's job at the newspaper allows him to capture life in a variety of ways, he said.

In a given week, Stankoven will cover a selection of news events ranging from breaking news, such as a fire, to more mundane news, such as the awarding of a plaque, to a feature layout on a person with, for example, an interesting hobby.

"I like the mix," Stankoven said, "both sides, the days when you can take your time, and the days when you have the deadline pressures."

Stankoven said his job enables him to get a little taste of everything. "It's one of the few jobs where you can sample every kind of work," he said. "If you cover a fire, you're a fireman for a little while, cover a crime, you're a policeman, do a feature on a man with an interesting hobby, you get a taste of that hobby for a while."

There are times, however, when his job is not so much rewarding as utilitarian. Assignments to do head shots or hand-shaking pictures are examples of what Stankoven calls "a necessary evil."

"It's something you don't want to do, but it has to be done. There's not much you can do. The best thing is to go in, shoot, and leave. Get it out of the way."

Stankoven said he feels like he is wasting his time when he is shooting such assignments. "But then, it's not my time I'm wasting," he said with a slight laugh.

The coverage of major news events is what the newspaper business is all about, Stankoven said. He photographs such events not only because it is a natural part of his job, but also because he desires to communicate information that will both



Thad Logsdon, 5, snuggles up to an artificial flower while a class of deaf children sings a song. Photograph by Rick Stankoven.

interest and hold importance for the reader.

"The readers expect that," Stankoven said, "and it has to be done for them."

The main reason that Stankoven photographs, however, can be found in his fascination with the common-place. His job in photography enables him to "meet all kinds, to see a whole cross-section of life," he said.

Stankoven loves most, though, to photograph everyday people, especially those people who are just a bit special in

their own right—like the man who collected chickens. “And the readers really like it, love it in fact, though they’re not used to it,” he said.

“Everyday people, that’s what it’s all about,” Stankoven said. “Years from now, that’s what will be important.”

Stankoven hopes, then, that his pictures will be as rewarding to the reader as they are to him.

“I hope they kind of last. I hope somewhere, someone is saving them in a scrapbook because they thought they were interesting,” Stankoven said. ►



Rick Stankoven photographed Phillip Hesch of Lemay doing his spring ploughing. Hesch said he uses horses instead of tractors because they’re cheaper.

Richard Keating: utilitarian

When asked why he photographs, Dr. Richard Keating, professor of biological sciences at SIUE, divided his reasons into three categories: 1) for teaching purposes, 2) for research purposes, and 3) for personal enjoyment.

Keating is quick to add, however, that the divisions between the categories are not as distinct as they sound.

"My life and my profession are difficult to compartmentalize," Keating said. "I make a conscious effort to fuse what I need to do with what I like to do."

Combining photography with his work acts as a "reinforcing stimulus" for his personal interest in the medium, he said, and is "partially an excuse for doing it. I find it difficult to do the hobby for the hobby's sake," he explained.

When Keating goes on a family vacation, for instance, up to one half of his images are intended for classroom use, he said.

Keating sees this aspect of his photography as utilitarian, in that it mainly serves to educate and further instruct the student.

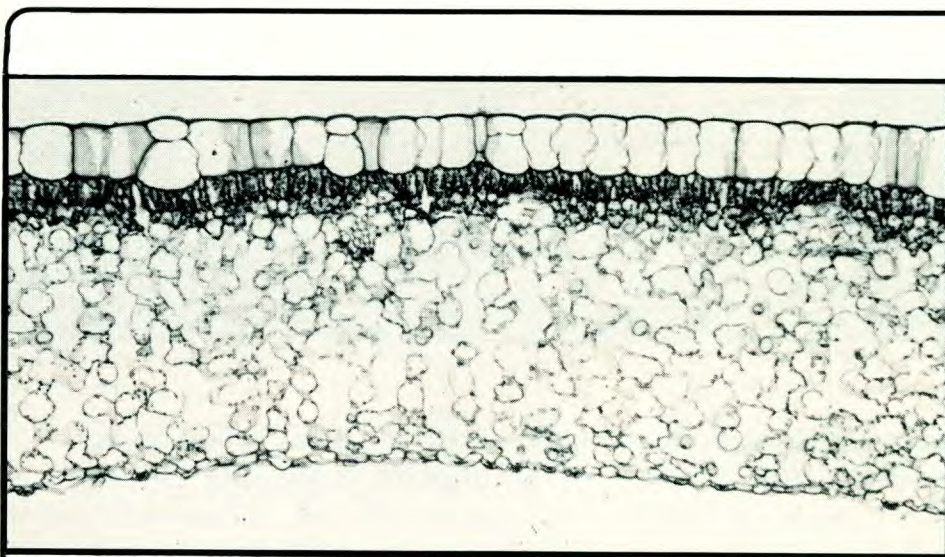
"It's useful," Keating said. "You can't expect the student to be everywhere, and the best teaching is when the student can see, read, and hear about something. The more senses you assault, the more likely you are to integrate the knowledge usefully," he said.

Similarly, Keating takes research pictures for utilitarian purposes, he said. These pictures are also used for the expressed purpose of highlighting the information in the text.

Keating said that he could state in his text, for example, that a plant was succulent, but that showing its succulence in a picture was all the more successful because the reader could see for himself.

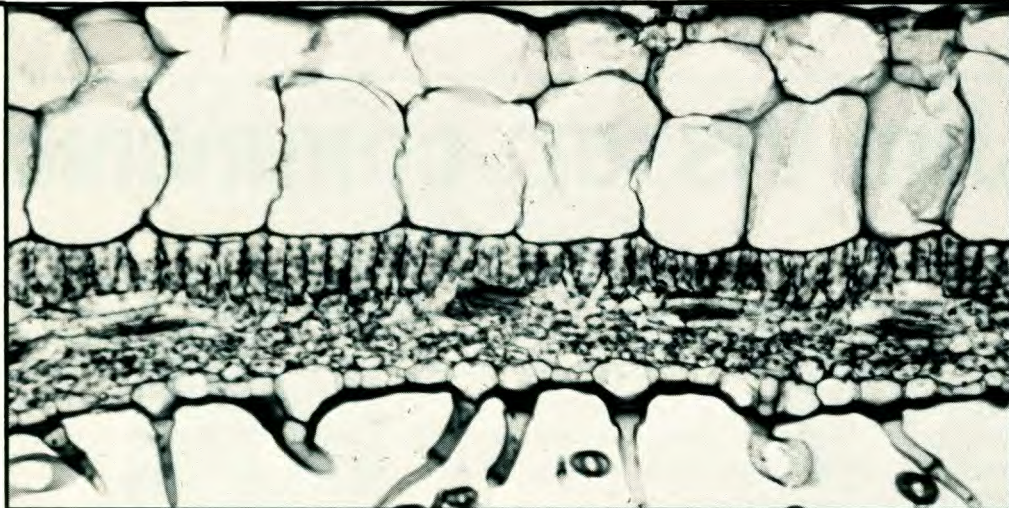
Keating sees his research photos as having a greater value, however. "They are a source of primary information, a fact in their own right," he said.

Keating said that research texts, composed of facts and analyses, are highly interpretative, highly selective pieces of work that present only certain parts of the whole to the reader in order to prove a scientific thesis. He said a



Photomicrograph of African violet leaf cross-section magnified 100 times. Photograph by Richard Keating.

Photomicrograph shows cross-section of another plant in the African violet family. Photograph by Richard Keating.



photograph, however, is as objective as one can get to the real thing.

In a picture of a cross section of a plant, for example, one can gather all kinds of information that the text might not deal with, Keating said.

"It's conceivable that 100 years from now a scientist could ask questions that we didn't ask, and he could pull data out of these pictures." Data which, Keating stressed, would not be available in the text.

Keating's approach to both his classroom and research photography is very utilitarian. He said he is photographing to illustrate a point, so he frames his pictures in a very straightforward manner.

"This discipline I need to follow carries over into my hobby," Keating said. "I go for the pretty literal; there's not many fancy angles, the main thing I get out of it is the manipulation of things..."

Keating said that the main pleasure he gets from his photography is technologically oriented. "I'm extremely mechanical, and I enjoy any kind of work that enables me to work smoothly with equipment.

"I'm turned on," he continued with a smile, "by equipment that works smoothly and well. I enjoy experimenting with technique, and I regard the mechanical confrontation as a means of

manipulating, of improving, of inventing.

"Mechanically I'm good," Keating said.

Keating feels, however, that his knowledge of the aesthetic side of photography is lacking.

"I feel I'm somewhat inhibited by my straightforward, straight on approach," he said.

If he had more time, Keating said he would like to follow an aesthetic photographer around for a while and "get inside his mind" to see how he looks at the world.

"What I'd love to do if I had the chance," Keating said, "would be to take a course or workshop from Ansel Adams." Such exposure, Keating thought, would help cultivate his visually aesthetic eye.

"I feel my approach is primitive. I'd like to learn more about composition, texture, and the effect of light," he said.

"I doubt very many (photographers) are really able to be artistic in the total absence of training," Keating said.

Just talking about it made Keating want to run out and begin taking pictures, he said.

He sat back in his chair and reflected for a moment.

"You know," he said softly, "in another time, another place, I think I could have been a photographer."

Jim Visser: communication

"Photography," Jim Visser said simply, "turns me on."

Visser, the public relations photographer at the Six Flags Over Mid-America amusement park, laughed over the phone. He quickly grew more serious, however, as he continued to talk about why he photographs.

"Ultimately, the bottom line in all photography is to communicate," Visser said.

The nature of Visser's job, however, limits to some extent the form such communication can take in his images.

For example, he said, his job demands that he take a lot of what he terms "hack photos." Under this category are, among other things, requests to document a particular building, or requests for panoramic views that will later be used to make an artist's rendering of the same scene, Visser said.

Visser shoots these photographs for a utilitarian reason—they are part of his job. "Every photographer realizes there are some chores that need to be done," he said.

Visser used the analogy of a plumber in describing this aspect of his work. He explained that a plumber, for example, would be happier designing a home than he would be fixing a toilet, but nevertheless, such chores have to be done.

When approaching this aspect of his photography, Visser shoots mostly straight-on shots "more out of need than laziness. The picture has to be shot a certain way to be useful," he said.

Visser's job also calls for photographs that will reach the general public. These PR photographs are often presented as a "package" designed to draw people to the park, Visser said.

The content of this "package," he further explained, is not necessarily up to the discretion of the photographer. "I'm often told that I need to take pictures of

pretty people in a pretty setting doing pretty things," Visser said.

"But," he added, "it's really only a part of what goes on in the park." Often, for example, Visser's superiors will reject a photograph because the child in the picture does not look "cute" enough.

Visser added, however, that he found a great deal of personal reward accompanied the "practicality" of his park photos, for he is able to meet people as he walks around the park looking for those images that will "sell" the park.

"Above and beyond the images, I enjoy the interaction with people."

Ultimately, he photographs at the park so he can pass on to the viewer what he has been able to "gather" by "touching the people" at the park.

"For me," Visser said, "a photo has to do something, has to evoke some kind of response."

Running through all of Visser's photography, then, is a strong urge to communicate something to the viewer, whether it concerns Six Flags, an unusual event, or simply aesthetical pleasure.

Another reason Visser photographs, he said, is because photography enables him to be "involved vicariously" in all the things that he enjoys—theatre, dance, music, etc.

"Photography is a vehicle that allows me to touch all different kinds of things while still working in a realm of my own," Visser said.

As a photographer he is able to witness and record on film events that otherwise he would have no access to, such as a behind-the-scenes occurrence at the St. Louis Symphony in which Visser was able to capture several highly respected members of the symphony dancing and clowning around before a performance.

With his image, then, Visser was able to communicate to the viewer something he might otherwise never have seen.



Playing a phantom guitar, Tony King hams it up with his younger brother Ed. Photograph by Jim Visser.

Visser will not tolerate a photograph which claims to be art for art's sake.

"I prefer something less obtuse, something that is more pleasing to look at, not necessarily pretty, but something that will make you sigh, or make you happy, or so forth," he said.

"I guess that's what it's really all about," Visser concluded. "Trying to reach the viewer."





The Wilbers on a sunny Saturday morning in the park.



A child forever, yet still his father's son

*Story by Kaisa Cole
Photos by Keith Schopp*

Rick Wilber was shown his newborn son at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis almost 11 years ago. The baby was "delightful," he remembers. But the doctor took him aside and told him it was very likely that the baby had "Down's Syndrome."

In other words, the doctor suspected the baby was mongoloid. Wilber said he spent the day walking and wondering, "Why me? What have I done?" Chromosome tests confirmed the diagnosis two days later.

Wilber said the first decision he had to make was whether to call his son Richard Arnold Jr. Should he call a son who was going to be retarded after himself? He became Richard Arnold Jr. He is called R.A. for short.

The doctors told Wilber there was no way to determine how seriously retarded the baby would be and recommended institutionalizing him. He said he and his wife decided against it.



Down's Syndrome is caused by a chromosomal abnormality. A mongoloid has 47 chromosomes in each cell instead of the normal 46. It is a genetic mutation which occurs in one out of about 700 births. The risk of having a mongoloid baby increases sharply if the mother is 30 years of age or older.

Wilber said there was never any explanation why his son was born with Down's Syndrome. "It wasn't inherited. We were a young couple. I was 20 and my wife was 19." Everything was normal during pregnancy.

Apart from the most easily recognizable symptom of mongolism, slanted eyes, other visible signs are a large tongue, flat nose, short and broad hands with a curved little finger.

R.A. is almost 11 years old now. He has many of these external symptoms, but he has a winning smile and an affectionate nature. He loves everybody and kisses ladies' hands. After an hour's acquaintance he says, "I love you."

Wilber said R.A.'s general health is very good. He doesn't have the heart murmur often afflicting mongoloid children. He is strong and healthy. Wilber said he and his son practice batting in the summer. "I'm very athletic, and I've passed it on to him."

R.A. was just like any other baby during his first year. He learned to walk at age two. R.A. was pushing a toy giraffe in the kitchen, Wilber remembers. The toy got away from him, and R.A. stood there looking at and then took a few steps to catch up with it.

"I freaked out," Wilber said. "It was one of the highlights of my life." R.A. couldn't see what was such a big deal and why he was getting all the hugs and kisses.

Wilber said R.A. started attending pre-school programs for mentally handicapped children when he was two, first in Collinsville, later in Granite City. He was diagnosed as "trainable," and his IQ was determined to be in the 30's.

Gradually R.A.'s mental capacity increased, and he was diagnosed as "educable." Wilber said his IQ is now at least 55. R.A.'s speech is impaired, and he has had speech therapy since pre-school.

Wilber said R.A.'s condition was a factor in the break-up of his marriage. R.A. was six years old at the time. He stayed with his father.

"I don't think of him as retarded 99 percent of the time. By the end of this year he should be reading at second grade level," Wilber said. R.A. can also do simple math at first grade level.

One of the stages a parent of a retarded child has to go through is called "change of aspirations." The usual speculations about the child's future that most parents indulge in don't apply. Wilber said, "I decided not to set any goals for him beyond reading and writing, and that's happening."

R.A. attends St. Mary's Special School in St. Louis where he boards during the week and comes home for weekends and vacations.

R.A., spending a day off from school at his father's office, demonstrates his reading skills. His speech is hard to understand at first. The word "helicopter" comes out sounding nothing like it should, but he knows what it means. He finishes a story about Bill, Ben and their dad at the airport and insists the book says Bill when it says Ben and vice versa.

He tells of his trip to Scotland two years ago, listing all the relatives he saw there and some he didn't. His father corrects him.

He frequently give the thumbs-up sign immortalized by Fonzie and lists his favorite television programs, which, apart from "Happy Days," include "Galactica '80," "Chips," and several sports shows.

Smiling smugly, he says his favorite food is spinach, which makes Wilber laugh. "Oh, no," he says, when his father promises him spinach for dinner.

Wilber said R.A. is sometimes "startlingly cunning. A lot of what we think he's not getting he gets." He added he can't tell if R.A. registers any of the looks or averted eyes which are often the reaction of people when they encounter a mongoloid child. "It's very difficult to get inside that head. I don't see that he knows or notices. There've been very few incidents or problems."



R.A.: lovable, cute, and sometimes, says father, conniving.

R.A. is a celebrity in his neighborhood because of his affectionate personality, according to his father. "He's cute, lovable, and conniving and has always been a teacher's pet."

A mongoloid child needs more discipline than a normal child because right and wrong are more difficult for him to understand, according to Wilber. "He's not going through that process. He needs clearer guidelines." They mainly have to be "because daddy says 'no'."

Wilber said he has to use methods like slapping R.A.'s hand. "I have to let him know or I may lose ground that took months to achieve, and I can't let that happen."

His son needs more attention and babysitting than a normal child. "I don't think I'll ever be able to leave him home alone. But he constantly surprises me."

R.A. will always need sheltered care. Wilber said, "I'd like him to be as independent as possible," and added that the mentally-handicapped are the most helpless minority because they don't know if they are mistreated.

Wilber took a special education course to be able to understand his son's development better. He said R.A. is going to spend eight more years at his present school and added, "I haven't planned for when he is 20."





Father and son —

R.A. Wilber and his father Richard.

Down's Syndrome: Medically speaking

by Kaisa Cole

Every cell in a normal human body has 46 chromosomes. They are neatly arranged in 23 matching pairs. Each chromosome contains numerous genes which determine all the characteristics of each human being.

At the moment of conception we all received one half of each pair from our mothers and the other half from our fathers. Whichever half dominates will determine whether we have noses like our father's or curly hair like our mother's. Or the genes can combine in many variations in between.

A baby born with the Down's Syndrome has an extra, number 21, chromosome in each cell. In some less common varieties of the syndrome, the extra chromosome is only present in a certain amount of body cells, and the effects of the syndrome are less evident.

Down's Syndrome occurs in one out of about 700 live births. Normal, healthy parents of all age groups can produce a child with the Down's Syndrome, but the risk is greater if the mother is 30 years of age or older.

A baby with Down's Syndrome is not going to have a nose that looks like his father's. Instead, his nose is going to be small and flat. His eyes are slanted, with skinfolds at the inside corners. It is because of that characteristic that the syndrome is also called mongolism. The children afflicted with it are called mongoloid.

The chromosome imbalance affects many aspects of development. A child with Down's Syndrome is shorter in height than average. At 15, he can be expected to be about as tall as a normal 10-year-old. His head is smaller than a normal child's head. He has less muscle tone and tends to be "floppy" and loose-jointed.

More importantly, one-third to one-half of all babies born with Down's Syndrome have

at least some serious health problems. Many have defective immunity systems against infectious diseases. Before antibiotics, pneumonia and other types of infection were major causes of death in babies with Down's Syndrome.

The extra chromosome causes defective development in many other ways. In about 30 to 40 percent of the cases, the heart isn't fully developed. Digestive systems may also be a serious problem.

These symptoms don't occur in all Down's Syndrome babies, but invariably the brain is affected. They are all mentally deficient to some degree.

The first few years, they may be relatively capable and will learn the basic motor skills, but the rate of development slows down later. The early milestones of learning to sit, walk, and talk usually come later than in normal children, but not excessively so. Of these, learning to talk is hardest to achieve. Motor skills require less from the brain.

In most cases social development is far ahead of mental development. Down's Syndrome children are outgoing and active. They respond to affection and usually have a strong sense of humor. Researchers have found that they maintain a childlike happiness all through life.

After initial adjustment to a baby with Down's Syndrome, most families find him easy to love. They may have more and also different problems than a normal child would cause. Home care during early years seems to develop the potential of a Down's Syndrome child further than that of institutional care. However, it may well be that the children with more potential are cared for in their homes more often, and the very severe cases are institutionalized from the beginning because home care would be unreasonably difficult. ■ ■ ■

**Campus life
a decade ago**

The year 1969



Homecoming queens, like Marilyn Hlavsa of Glen Carbon (left), represent a pleasant image of college life in 1969. However, student rallies and marches, such as the one held on the day of the Kent State moratorium (above), present a contradictory concept.





Waiting (above) was just as much a part of college life in 1969.

Janis Joplin (top right), a folk heroine of the sixties, sang at the Mississippi River Festival that summer.

Megaphones were a necessary accessory at soccer games.





The year 1969

A popular bumper sticker in the late sixties read, *"College isn't fun anymore --- it's a riot."*

Students in 1969 didn't want their campus in a state of unrest, anymore than the American public wanted its country at war.

However, both situations were real and had to be lived "with" or "through" by people nationwide.

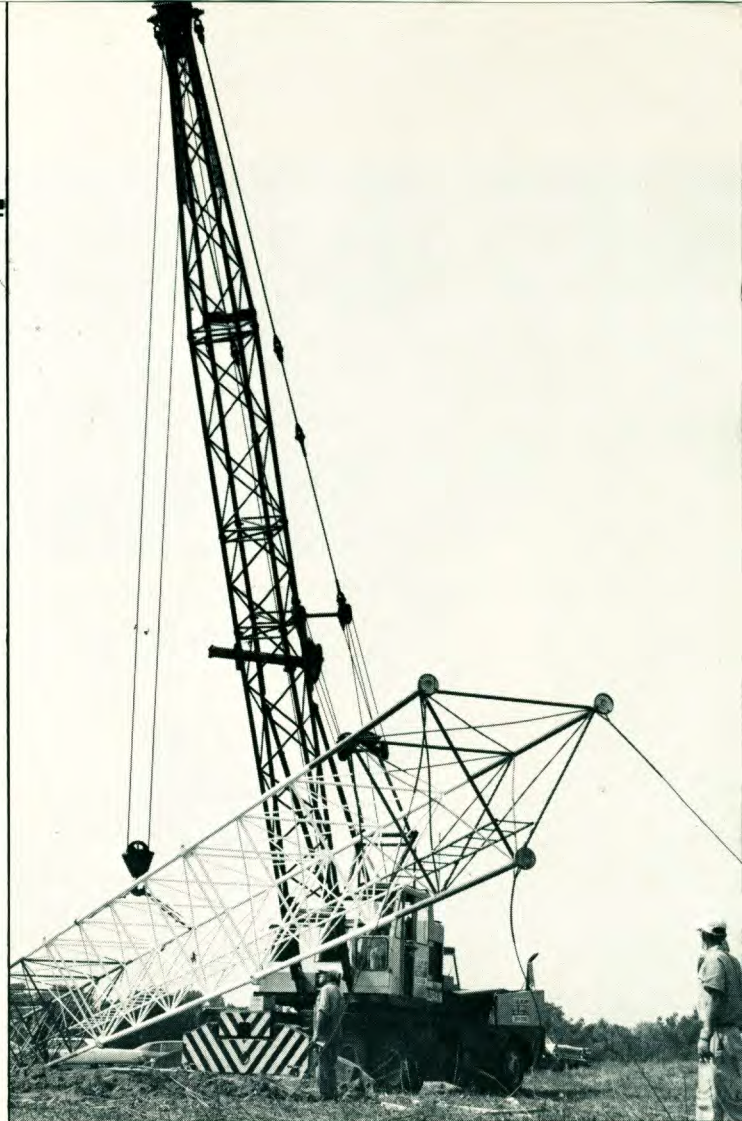
Students 10 years ago dealt with their situation just as the students of today do...in the way they feel to be most effective.

All photos by

University Photo Service







The year 1969

Styles change, as do times and people. Long straight hair, print dresses and "shades" were modeled by co-eds, like Teresa Wille of Edwardsville (left) in 1969, as were headbands on the beach (top middle).

The students of 1969, as do their contemporaries, found it more pleasant to congregate on the campus mall than indoors in nice weather. However, the Meridian Ballroom was the place to be for winter roller skating (photos far left).

The WSIE radio tower (above), was constructed that year, providing broadcasts such as the annual Bronze Boot match where soccer coach Bob Guelker and past university president John S. Rendleman (top left) exchanged greetings.

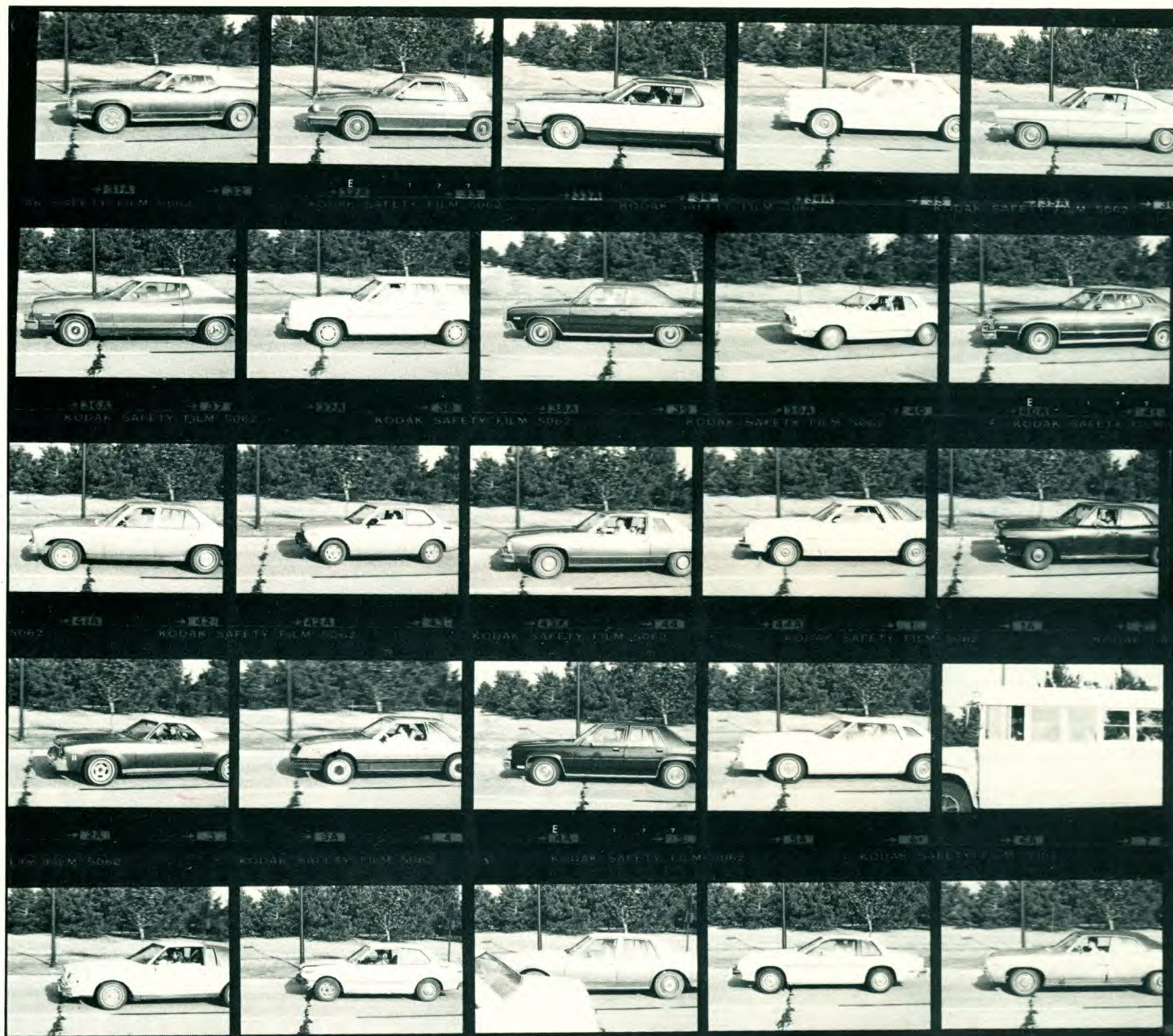




The year 1969

Some urged support for their fellow Americans in Vietnam, while others protested the war and all it stood for by rallying both on the campus mall (below) and in the Goshen Lounge (extreme bottom).





SIUE: the commuter campus

Student photojournalist Charles Schwend was given the assignment of depicting SIUE as a commuter campus.

Armed with only his camera and imagination, the student set out to find a symbol for commuting.

His results can be seen above and by following the road at right.

