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## Focus 25-26

Southern Illinois University Edwardsville

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# Special double issue

Numbers 25 & 26, May, 1981

# FOCUS

Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

**Not so long ago B.C. (Before Campus) you could take the commuter train from St. Louis to Edwardsville. The story starts on page 4.**

*What can you get at SIUE for free (or inexpensively)?  
The line begins on page 22.*

**SIUE of 1971, photographs—page 28.**

**Concert pianist in the classroom—page 60.**

**And five sections of photography.**

*Bunny Wall, a tennis star at 47.*



# The Behrns Eye

Nancy Behrns, a 1979 journalism graduate of SIUE, is now a staff photographer for University Photo Service at SIUE.

These two pages show her creative "eye" in photojournalism.

**Upper left:** The sign may say, "Rah, Rah," but this band member at Harry S. Truman High School in Independence, Mo., doesn't have much to cheer about, even though President Carter was there for a town meeting.

**Upper right:** Both pitcher and catcher from William Woods College rejoice at homeplate after the last SIUE batter is struck out.

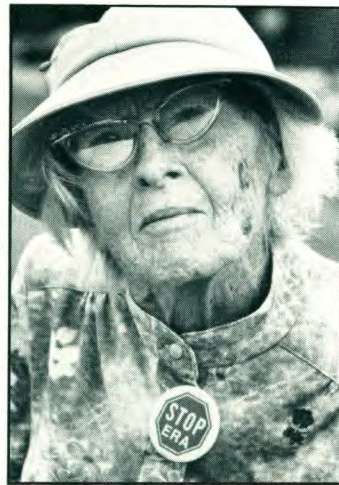
**Lower right:** An elderly woman listens to Governor Thompson speak at the SIUE campus.

**Center right:** A child waits for President Carter's arrival.

**Lower left:** A rider is thrown from the mechanical bull at the U.C.







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# A ghost of Edward

One of the last of the downtown trolley cars waits for passengers at the intersection of Second and St. Louis streets in Edwardsville. Shortly after this shot was taken in 1938, the train was rerouted to the beltline going around the city. Note the familiar sights of the Bank of Edwardsville and Schwartz Drug Store as compared to the outmoded dress and automobile fashions of the past generation.





# sville past



## The trolley train of Edwardsville— tracking the route of a bygone age

Story by Diane Kemper

**F**or more than 50 years, the Illinois Traction System/Illinois Terminal Railroad operated an electric inter-urban passenger train across the flatlands of central Illinois and the hills of southern Illinois. The tracks linked the larger cities of St. Louis, Peoria and Danville to the smaller communities of Hamel, Allentown and Homer.

At one time, country dwellers could hail one of the passing trolley trains as city dwellers today hail a taxi. The cost was as low as two cents per mile.

During the early years, customers of the Illinois Traction System, known as the McKinley Lines after the firm's founder William B. McKinley, depended on the trains for everyday transportation. Farmers rode the train into town for their weekly shopping trips. Employees of steel factories and coal mines in the



metropolitan area commuted daily to their jobs via the interurban. Passenger trains passed through Edwardsville almost every hour daily.

Many Edwardsville residents remember riding the electric cars before the service ended March 3, 1956. The following story is an attempt to recreate the atmosphere of riding the interurban through town around 1930, and how that scene differs today.

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## *Yesterday . . .*

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**A** warm, late-spring breeze blew over the flat countryside between Hamel and Edwardsville as several people stood along Grainey Siding north of Edwardsville, waiting for the interurban.

Farmers were working in their fields that bordered the tracks—some using modern equipment to carry them over the land, others being guided across the brown earth by a team of horses.

The steel rails gleamed in the early morning sun as the train approached the siding. A man in the group waved a white handkerchief, signaling the motorman to stop. The conductor stood on the steps of the front car, waiting to greet the boarding passengers, as the train pulled onto the side track and stopped. The conductor quickly collected the fares, and the two-car train was heading south once again.

The cars bounced along the tracks for several miles, stopping at a substation to reduce its power before entering town. Streetcar volts operated on 650 volts direct current while the main track used 2,300 volts of alternating current. Feeder wires alongside the tracks supplied the electricity.

Sparks cracked as the pole at the front of the lead car tapped an overhead trolley wire and the train continued its path along the narrow, brick-paved Route 66. The bright orange cars dipped up and down hills, through woods and around curves, then crossed Big Mooney Branch. Passengers heard a clunk, clunk, clunk sound as the cars crossed the joints of the rails across the branch where, in 1916, a passenger car derailed and plunged into the creek, killing one passenger and injuring many others. The accident was blamed on the removal of spikes.

The train curved back toward town to Wolf Siding where the belt and passenger lines separated. The chatter of people drowned the gentle hum of the motors as the train headed down the middle of Hillsboro, stopping briefly at Halleck Street to pick up passengers before curving across the Litchfield and Madison tracks toward town.

**B**lack-colored models of automobiles passed the train on both sides of the brick street. People sitting on porches of the houses along Hillsboro waved to the train, and the conductor waved back. Other residents of Edwardsville were climbing the steps of the diamond-shaped post office near the bend in Hillsboro to retrieve their mail. The interurban slowed near the passenger station across Commercial Street. Passengers on board could smell the aroma coming from the restaurant beside the station as several people boarded the train.

As the train approached Main Street, passengers could see the Woolworth Dime Store on the corner of Hillsboro and Main, and the Bank of Edwardsville building across the street. Green's Malted Milk was located several doors north of the bank building. Anyone who could drink two of the foot-tall sodas that cost 12 cents each received the third one free. Few people, though, could down the first two.

The train curved north briefly, then west down Purcell Street. The Madison County Courthouse stood alone on the block to the left. When hard roads were being constructed around 1920, about 500 people from Bunker Hill had boarded the McKinley Line at Worden and had ridden to the courthouse to hold a rally for the building of a hard road through Bunker

Contributors of the details used in this article were L.D. Buhrmester, Kathleen Buhrmester, Sherlyn Buhrmester, and Maryclaire King, employees at Buhrmester Wallpaper and Paint in Edwardsville; Henry Dierkes, an employee at Schwartz Drug Store in Edwardsville; Frederick Hagemeister and Henry Johnson, former employees of Illinois Terminal Railroad; Kathryn Moorhead of the Madison County Historical Museum; John Poeling, an employee of Illinois Terminal Railroad; Jean Roderick, an employee at the Courthouse Annex Building; A. Gill Siepert and Fred W. Soady Jr., professors at Illinois Central College in East Peoria; the Edwardsville Intelligencer; the Land of Goshen Chamber of Commerce; "Lincoln Land Traction" by James D. Johnson; and the September 1941 and September 1950 issues of "Train" magazine.



**This photograph of City Hall at the intersection of Main and High streets was taken Aug. 8, 1938, a few hours before workmen removed the belfry and took down the old bell which for years had sounded the city's fire alarms.**

**The bell was made obsolete by the new fire engines, whose sirens screamed throughout town.**



Hill. The rally helped and the road was eventually built.

Across from the courthouse on Purcell Street was Musso's Restaurant where many of the County employees dined. The owner had played professional football with the Chicago Bears and often recounted his sports episodes with the customers. Beside Musso's, people were browsing about the Madison Store looking at the latest clothing fashions. The bright orange cars reflected in the storefront windows.

**T**he conductor stood on the steps and eyeballed the 90-degree turn south onto Second Street near Mr. Jones' Shoe Repair Shop. Several doors south of the shoe shop was the office of a black-veiled lady who performed seances upon request. In the building beside the veiled lady, printers at the Edwardsville Intelligencer office were bending over heavy lead plates, forming the day's news with small lead letters. St. John's Methodist Church dominated the block with its majestic Greek columns stretching two floors.

The train curved to the right onto St. Louis Street, past St. John's Church, across the Wabash tracks near Dippold Brothers Grain and Feed Store, then slowed as it neared the Colonial Hotel on the corner. Perhaps the motorman was remembering the day several years before when a two-car passenger train came down the Benton Street hill too quickly and couldn't make the 90-degree turn onto St. Louis Street. The first car landed in the hotel lobby and the second turned over. No one was injured in the accident, but patrons of the hotel and the interurban were shaken.

The trolley pole continued to tap the wire overhead as the train curved onto Benton Street and rocked past Clark's Siding near the freight house. The train seemed to wince as it slowly climbed the hill and wheeled out of town.

A northbound freight train paused in the side track near Bell's Substation before proceeding onto the belt line that circled through LeClaire and on the southeast side of Edwardsville. The conductor on the passenger train waved to the engineer of the freight train as the passenger train pulled into the siding. The substation attendant used the building's equipment





One of the more popular stops of the interurban train through Edwardsville was the Leland Hotel (below) which for years served as a favorite local stop for breakfast and resting. Suhre's Appliances and Eddie's Tavern were also regular downtown sights.





to give the passenger train more power to continue its route to St. Louis.

**C**attle grazed along the tracks, not lifting their heads to watch the passenger train slide by. A farmer planting his garden paused to glance at the passing train. His young son waved from his rope swing hanging from a large tree in the backyard.

The shrill whistle blew once as the train approached Dead Man's Crossing, nicknamed in honor of the people killed at the intersection of Route 66 and the McKinley Line. Electric signals marking the crossing were missing from the narrow, brick road that dipped at the tracks.

Passengers riding near the front of the lead car saw a panoramic view of the oncoming woods. The scents of dogwood and redbud trees drifted through the open windows of the train. The white and lavender blossoms blended with the green leaves to form a tunnel, and the train seemed to quicken its pace as it started down a steep incline.

Picnickers enjoyed the fresh air in the meadow near Center Grove Siding, a popular park for area residents. Special trains from surrounding towns carried the picnickers to and from the park each Sunday during the spring and summer months.

Beyond the meadow, the train crossed trestle bridges across streams and deep ravines as it continued down the hill on its way to St. Louis.

On the return trip from St. Louis in the late afternoon, the slow, steady rhythmic motion rocked many passengers to sleep. Their heads tilted back against the plush, green upholstery on the wicker-backed chairs. Advertisements for businesses along the interurban's route hung in the top, rounded corners of the car, surrounded by mahogany veneer paneling. During the winter months, heaters beneath the seats kept passengers warm while air conditioners cooled them during the hot summer days.

**S**everal passengers gathered in the men's smoking lounge, separated from the main passenger section by a partition.

Overhead, sparks flashed from the trolley pole. Winter ice storms played havoc with the trolley, often causing wires to burn. At one time, employees of the Illinois Traction System even discussed building upside-down gutters over the trolley wire to prevent ice from forming, but nothing was ever done.

The train followed the same route northward as it had southward until it came to St. Louis Street. Instead of retracing its path onto Second and Purcell Streets, the train continued straight ahead, past Van-

zo's Tavern, the Leland Hotel, and the Edwardsville National Bank. People used to ride the train from St. Louis to eat breakfast at the Leland, and travelling salesman who rode the interurban rested there.

The train rounded the corner and headed north on Main Street, past E.A. Keller Furniture, Buhrmester Wallpaper and Paint, the IGA store and Funky's Tavern and Restaurant, then wound onto Hillsboro near Renken's Men's Clothing Store before it headed out of town.

The sun was setting below the plowed fields, its orange glow glistening on the tracks as the train rolled into the country. Headlights from cars bumping along Route 66 passed the train as it discharged several passengers at Grainey Siding and continued its voyage over the hills and plains of southern and central Illinois.

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## Today . . .

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**I**n 1937, the Illinois Terminal Railroad rerouted its passenger trains off the streets of downtown Edwardsville and onto the belt line around town. Nineteen years later in 1956, the belt line, too, was abandoned when both the passenger and freight services along the line ended.

Several years later, most of the rails were removed, and there was discussion of creating a bicycle path along the belt line right-of-way between Hamel and Edwardsville.

But owners of the land that bordered the tracks protested and quickly reclaimed the land. Later, a bicycle path was built along the right-of-way south of Edwardsville along the southeast edge of the SIUE campus.

Today, sections of track still remain between Hamel and Edwardsville. Route 157 (formerly route 66) crosses tracks in downtown Hamel, and smaller sections can be found across a ditch, Fruit Road and Big Mooney Branch.

Brush that lined the tracks has been cleared in some places between Hamel and Edwardsville, and the land has been leveled and covered with grass.

Some of the poles that supported the electric trolley wires still stand, now wireless. The yellow brick shell of a substation stands idle, semi-hidden by trees. The land around the substation now serves as a parking lot for employees of Klueter Brothers Concrete.

Perhaps a mile east of the interurban right-of-



way, cars and trucks whiz along Interstate 55 that connects many of the towns once served by the interurban.

**T**rees line the path once taken by the interurban as it separated from the belt line and traveled toward town. Cars pass over the once brick-paved Hillsboro Street that was bisected by the tracks. The tracks once used by the Litchfield and Madison now are used by Illinois Central Gulf and Chicago North Western.

Many of the buildings that bordered the tracks in 1930 remain, but most have modern store fronts. Cassens and Sons auto dealer uses the land where the passenger station, restaurant and Woolworth's Dime Store stood as a parking lot. The buildings that housed the Bank of Edwardsville, Musso's Restaurant and the Madison Store now house several newer businesses.

On Second Street, only the Edwardsville Intelligencer and St. John's Methodist Church are unchanged from 50 years ago. Buhrmester Wallpaper and Paint occupies the buildings once serving as a grocery store and the office of the seance-performing woman.

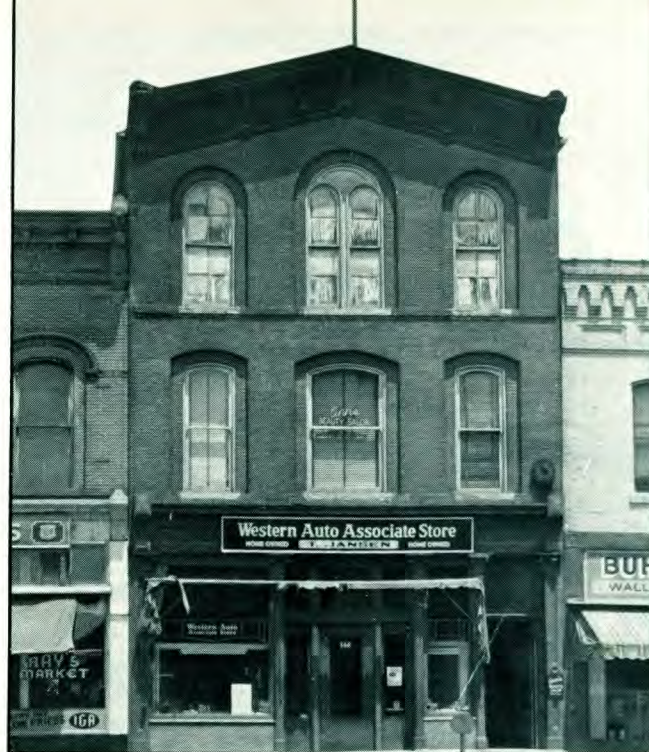
Vanzo's still is a popular night spot on St. Louis Street. A vacant lot between the Edwardsville National Bank and Trust building and the tavern marks where the Leland Hotel was located.

Like many businesses in downtown Edwardsville, the brown brick buildings along Main Street across from the courthouse have changed little in appearance, but the businesses of the 1930s have moved or died. Schwartz Drug Store now occupies the building once housing Renken's Men's Clothing Store. The Sausage Shop has replaced Funky's Tavern, and the Green Earth Natural Food Store stands where Buhrmester Wallpaper and Paint was.

**A**long St. Louis Street, patches of brick pavement peek through the asphalt covering, reminding people of the days of brick streets and the interurban. The Wabash tracks, too, have been removed, and First Federal Savings and Loan consumes the land where Dippold Brothers Grain and Feed Store and the Colonial Hotel stood.

Houses have been built where Clark's Siding and the freight house were located near Benton and Grandview streets, erasing all evidence of the railroad days.

The modern buildings of Esic and University Heights subdivisions have grown up around the area where the belt and interurban tracks intersected near







The two pictures at left show more common sights of yesterday—Rusty's Nightclub, Ray's IGA Market, the Western Auto Store, and the Buhrmester Wallpaper and Paint Store. The bottom picture shows workers in a WPA project repairing Second Street after the tracks from the interurban were pulled out and moved outside town in mid-1938. The resurfacing of city streets after the exodus of the interurban proved to be quite an arduous task.



Bell's substation. Only slight traces of overgrown pathways mark the site of the tracks.

The square, yellow and red brick shell of Bell's substation stands amidst a network of wires and poles. Spiders have woven webs across some of the abandoned building's rusted iron panes. Boards cover the remaining windowless panes.

Older homes, perhaps stops for wanderers who followed the train tracks, remain hidden beyond unkept pastures and untrimmed trees. Residents of the houses could signal the train to stop to carry them

north to Edwardsville or south to St. Louis. Tin buildings that perhaps sheltered travelers have rusted. Fifty years have washed away the paint on some of the buildings.

**P**atches of Route 66 that crossed the tracks serve as a reminder of Dead Man's Crossing. Today, cars zoom across the bridge that crosses the trail left by the tracks.

# The interurban's heyday:

**When the Amtrak passenger** service was introduced in the early 1970s, many railroad companies discontinued their passenger service and concentrated on the more profitable freight business. Small-town passenger stations were abandoned. Some were demolished and replaced with modern structures. Some were remodeled into private businesses. Others just sit idle.

But in recent years, higher gasoline and automobile prices have generated talk about returning to passenger trains as a major source of transportation. Past railroad employees and people from the Edwardsville area who rode the interurban cars have mixed feelings about the future of passenger trains.

"When Amtrak started in the '70s, it took over virtually all of the passenger service in the United States," said Fred Hagemeister, who worked for Illinois Terminal and Cottonbelt railroads for a total of 30 years. "A lot of railroads didn't want to fool with passenger service so they stopped it.

"I think it was all uncalled for," he said.

"There should have been some passenger service continued. There's more money in freight, but I think the railroad companies could have made something from it.

"I've heard some railroaders say there was no way trains could compete with the private automobile. Automobiles have no regular schedule and they can go anywhere," Hagemeister said. "But I don't see why trains couldn't compete today with the price of gas."

Hagemeister also attributes part of the decline of passenger service to governmental financing of other forms of transportation.

**"Airports are subsidized by** Uncle Sam," he said. "But the railroads have to provide their own right-of-way and pay taxes on the land. They're getting a little money now, to a certain extent. That never did look quite fair to me."

Hagemeister, 62, remembers riding the passenger trains as a child, between Edwardsville, Granite City and St. Louis.

"You could ride parlor cars from Granite City to St. Louis for a quarter one way," he said. "Edwardsville to Granite City cost 26 cents. Coach rates were between two and three cents a mile at one time.

"It was fun," he said. "I wish I could ride 'em again. I'm just enough of a kid that I could still enjoy train rides.

"Ever since I was a little boy, I've loved those old cars," he reminisced. "I used to go to the corner of 22nd and Washington in Granite City before school—around 6 in the morning—and watch the 'Owl' sleeper car from Peoria go by. The passenger station was a couple of blocks away.

"I used to look at the conductor and say, 'That's what I'm going to do.' I never got to be an engineer or a conductor, but I came pretty close," said the former car inspector. "Boy, those were the days."

Henry Dierkes, an employee at Schwartz



The meadow once known as Center Grove Siding Park remains, its tall grass waving in the breeze. SIUE's plant operations building now borders the meadow.

Planks cover the trestles that supported railroad bridges across deep ravines and now dried creekbeds. Cement and brick blocks used for electric signals dot the pathway. Railroad ties are scattered along the trail, and the smell of oil from the cinders and ties still permeates the air after 24 years.

Bicycles have replaced the trains as the

transportation means along the trail. Other people travel along the trail on foot, dressed in shoes and shorts and huffing and puffing like diesel engines that pulled freight trains in 1955 and 1956. The methodic chirping of a bird speeds up slightly to the rhythm of a locomotive.

In the distance, cars and trucks rumble over Interstate 270, and an airplane flies overhead—all forms of transportation that lead to the downfall of the electric interurban train that passed through Edwardsville for 50 years. ■

# 'Those were the days...'

Drug Store in Edwardsville, also remembers the days of the interurban.

"When I was in high school, six kids used to ride down from Worden to go to school," said Dierkes. "That was the only way to go down to St. Louis before the days of automobiles."

**"A lot of commuters rode it to St. Louis,"** he said. "It left at half past 6 or so in the morning. There was always a late car that left St. Louis around quarter 'til 12 and got here about one in the morning."

"I rode it quite a bit back then," Dierkes said. "It was a bouncy ride, but it was a pretty fast ride. They ought to bring 'em back. Those were the good old days."

Henry Johnson witnessed both the "good old days" and the death of the interurban train between Peoria and St. Louis during his 48 years as an agent for Illinois Terminal Railroad. Thirteen trains each way passed through the area when he started working in 1924. By the time he retired in 1972, though, his company's passenger train system had ended.

"The slogan when I started was 'A train your way every hour of the day,'" Johnson recalled.

He blames the construction of hard roads beginning in the 1920s for the decline of passenger train service. People who could afford automobiles used them instead of trains to travel from town to town.

**"I think the death nail started right there—around 1920—when hard roads were built and Detroit began to be active,"** Johnson said.

"A lot of people thought the airplane hurt the passenger trains, but that was only a very small percentage of the problem. The automobile was the biggest problem. Everyone has one now."

Johnson compares the excitement of a train ride in the 1920s to an airplane ride in the 1970s.

"Our kids got a big kick out of riding the train to visit my father who lived along the tracks near Staunton," he said. "But today, a ride on an airplane is more appealing than a ride on a train."

"There never will be a passenger service like there was," Johnson said. "There's too much competition."

"In the early days, trains were the only way people could travel since most of the roads were dirt and would turn to mud when it snowed or rained," he said. "There was no place for people in this area to go except St. Louis. There was very little travel done then. We weren't mobile like we are today. We stayed home and grew roots."

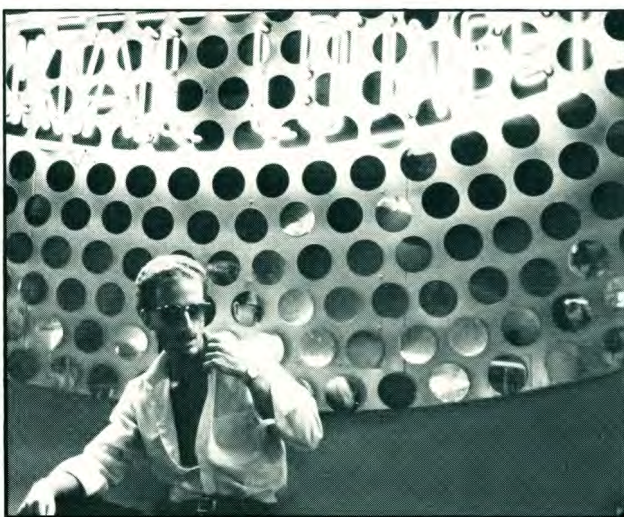
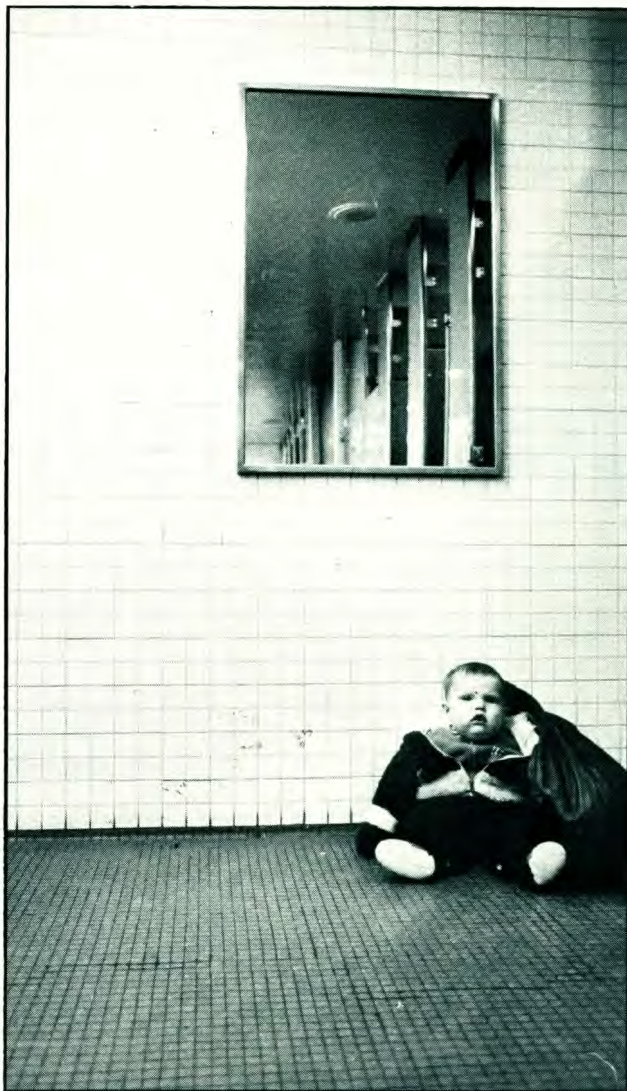
"I don't think passenger trains will ever come back," he said, shaking his head. "Those people who do (think so) are just dreamers who are living in the past."



# ALBUM

## Photographs by Ruth Cowing

In this ALBUM are eight pages of the kind of images I am drawn to time and time again—the unusual, the ironic, the visually startling. My former training as an 'art' photographer influenced much of this work—thus the concentration on shapes and forms, space, and aesthetically pleasing compositions. My more recent experience with the world of photojournalism is also reflected however by the presence of people in every image—a dramatic change for a photographer used to looking through the lens at a world of inanimate objects. Here then is a collection of images in which I find a happy medium between my two loves—art photography and photojournalism.<sup>5</sup>

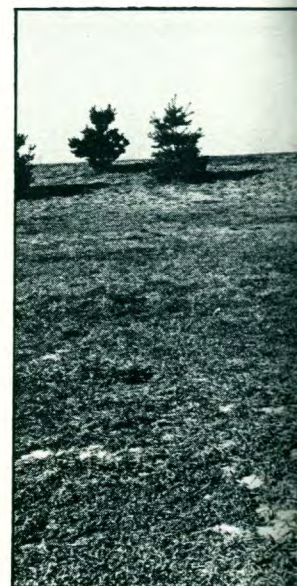




—a slightly different point of view—









# album



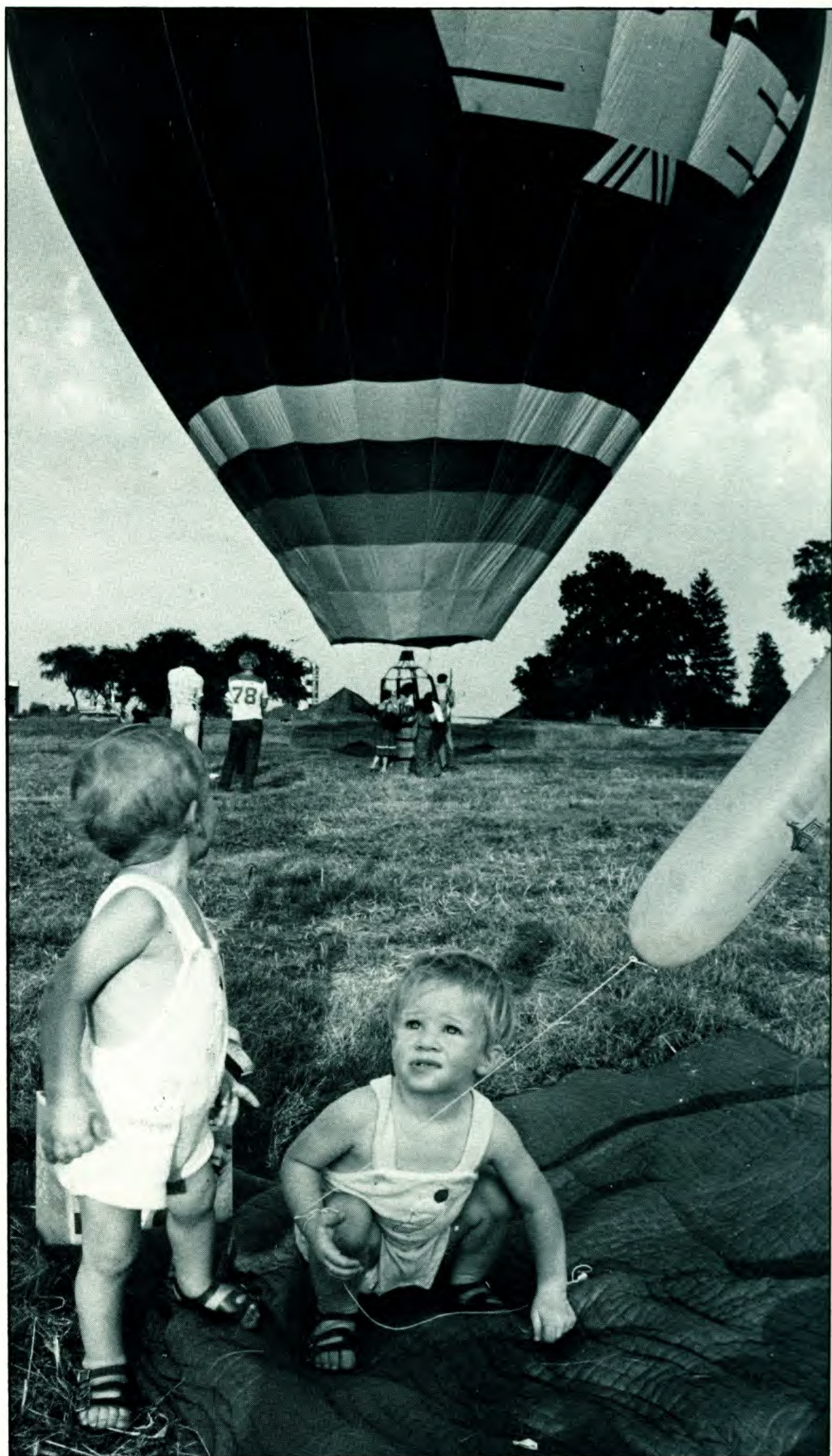
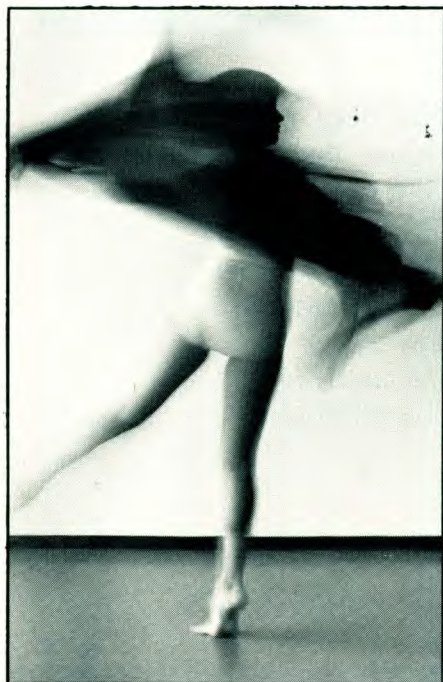
In a world filled with some four billion people, it's hard to ignore their existence—and the beauty of it is that all of them are studies in their own right. Whether caught unawares in a hidden corner of an English courtyard, or spotted in a nightclub, in the subway, or even across an open field, people are by far the most fascinating subjects to photograph.



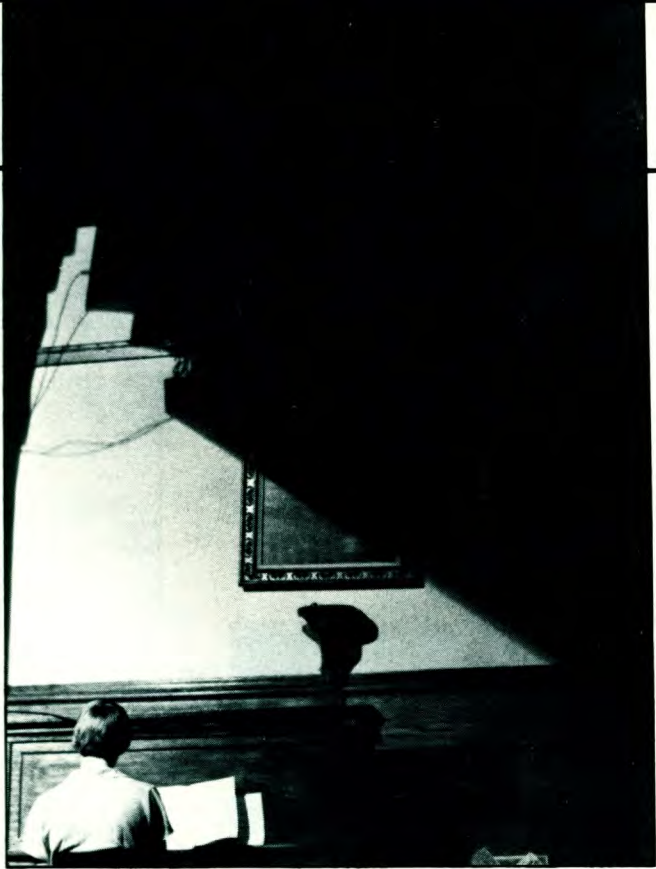


# album

The unusual...can be found in the most usual of scenes—in the facial silhouette of a spinning dancer, the patterns created by a row of telephone callers, the shape of a girl's braids against her father's shoulders. Irony is often there, too, if you look hard enough—witness the piano player against a shadow suggesting a grander piano, or the baby with the small balloon looking perhaps at the shape of balloons to come.



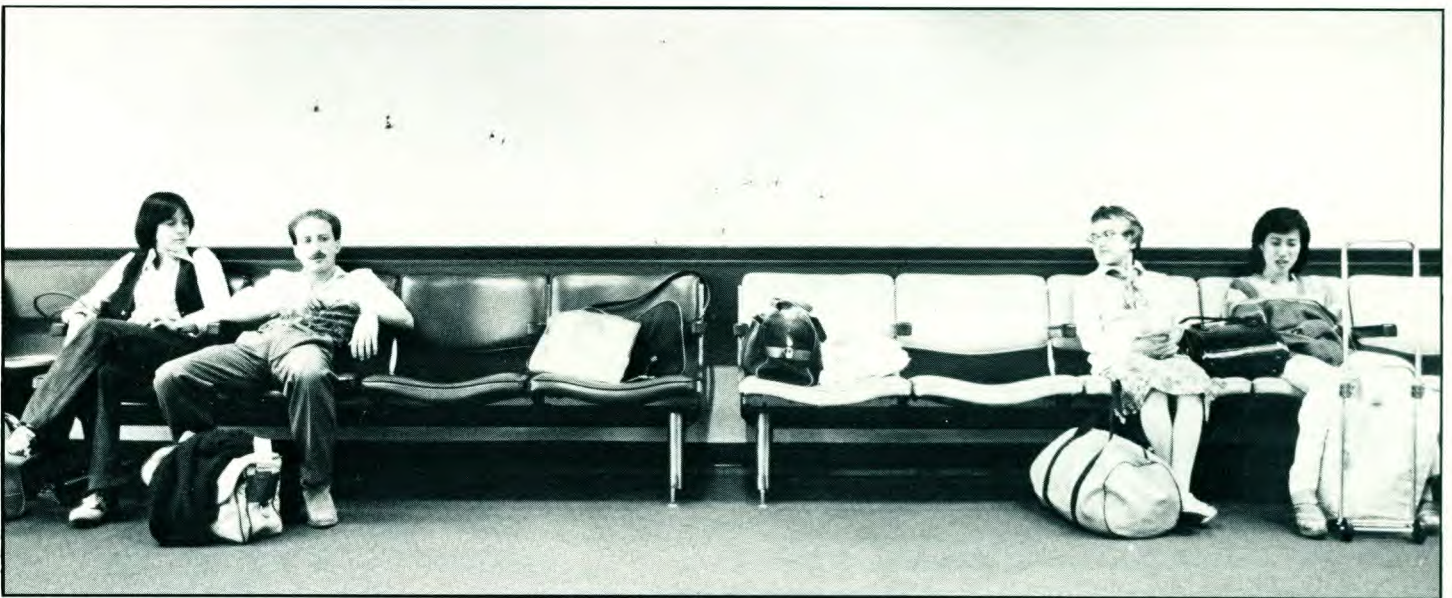
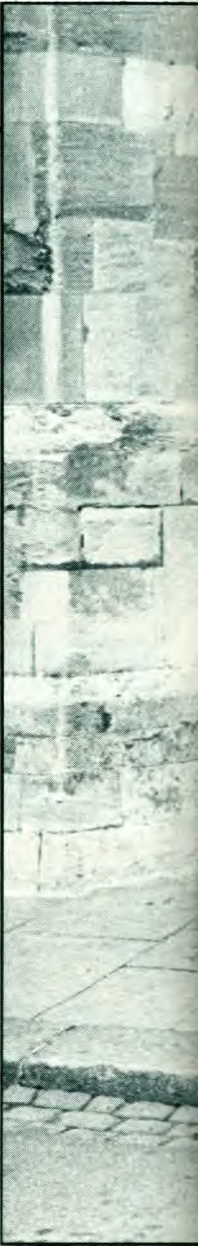






# album

Two's company...  
well, for Aunts Gert and Lillie maybe, but not apparently for the two by  
the ladies lavatory...  
and three's a crowd...  
especially when the Queen's guard asks you not to play guitar in her  
courtyard, please...  
and four...  
well, it looks downright unsociable.









**At  
SIUE,  
the  
'price  
is  
right'**

## **Story by Kaisa Cole**

**I**f your plants are wilting, you can call the SIUE biology department for free advice. If you have trouble with your teeth, the SIUE dental clinic will come to the rescue at a cost much lower than you would pay for a private dentist.

An SIUE faculty member will speak to your group about a wide variety of topics, often for merely what it costs in gasoline to get to your location. Speech therapy is available at SIUE for a fraction of what it would cost by a private practitioner.

Senior citizens can participate in a free gerontology program. Children and adults can take low-cost piano lessons and free yoga lessons.

For \$15 per quarter the Educard program opens up almost all courses at SIUE on a non-credit basis to everyone from 80-year-old grandmothers to high school students. And there are enough interesting courses offered to last until you are 80.

Here is a sampling of the many services offered to the community through SIUE:

*Tours of the campus radio and television studios, also food service kitchen tours free of charge. Contact the University Information Center: 692-2739.*

***Many university services are available***



*Speech therapy and speech hearing evaluations*, \$2 per hour and \$10 per evaluation. Contact the Speech and Hearing Center: 692-3662.

*Plant and pet advice*, free of charge. Contact the biology department: 692-3927.

*Nature trail*, four miles with 46 different trees and plants marked. Free of charge. Contact the University Information Center: 692-2739.

*Anthropology teaching museum*. Group tours available, free of charge. Contact: 692-2744.

*Ready reference*, free of charge. Contact Lovejoy Library: 692-2603.

*Tower Lake recreation facilities*. Recreation pass for Tower Lake, April 1 to Nov. 1, \$10 per family. Pass for Intramural Facility for same dates, \$10 per family. A pass for both facilities for same time period, \$20 per family. Contact Ann Schonlau: 692-2020.

*Bike trail*, free of charge. Contact University Information Center for maps and information: 692-2739.

*Educard program*, non-credit courses offered on 'space available' basis. Cost: \$15 per quarter. Contact Conferences and Institutes Office: 692-2686.

*Visiting small animals in the science building*, free of charge. Contact University Ambassadors: 692-2739.

*Visit SIUE mascot Chimega*, free of charge. Contact Student Activities Office: 692-2686.

*Yoga lessons*, free of charge. Contact Religious Center: 692-3246.

*Astronomy viewing sessions*, free of charge. Contact the physics department: 692-2472.

*Rape and sexual abuse programs*, counseling and rape prevention, free of charge. Contact Rape and Sexual Abuse Center: 692-2197.

*Speakers' Spectrum*, faculty members available for speaking engagements on a wide variety of topics. Fee determined by individual speaker. Contact University Information Center: 692-2739.

*Piano lessons*, one half-hour class once a week, \$66 per quarter. One hour class per week for small groups (4 to 5): \$44 per quarter for pre-schoolers \$55 per quarter for others. Contact Ruth Sedlacek: 692-3900.

*Suzuki violin programs*, for children 2½ to 17 with parent participation. One half-hour individual class, \$60 per quarter taught by an undergraduate or graduate student, \$75 per quarter taught by faculty member. Instruments not provided. Contact John Kendall: 692-2839.

*SIUE Choral Society*. (Must be able to read music.) Registration fee of \$10 per year. Members must provide own music and costumes.

*SIUE Dental Clinic*. Somewhat complicated price list and qualifications. For information and appointments contact: 463-3928.

*Gerontology program*, lecture series for senior citizens by faculty members free of charge. Workshops also offered on a variety of topics. Fees vary. Contact: 692-3454.

*Reading Clinic*, for elementary school age children with reading disabilities. Tutoring available on an individual basis. Fee of \$25 per quarter (nine sessions). For appointment, Contact: 692-3596.

*Bowling, billiards and other table games*. Contact University Center Recreation: 692-3120.

*le to the community at little cost.*



**E**ducard is for anybody who is interested in learning but who isn't currently enrolled at SIUE. Educard is a non-credit program in which homemakers, teachers, senior citizens, high school students and other community members can take courses for just \$15 per quarter.

According to a brochure from the Conferences and Institutes Office, which is in charge of the Educard program, the only exceptions are classes where danger exists or where direct expenses may be incurred by the university. Some science and art classes belong in that category.

Educard students receive a "courtesy card" to use in the Lovejoy Library and can get books from textbook rental.

They also receive a red sticker entitling them to free parking.

They do not receive grades. No record of their attendance is kept. There are no transcripts.

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**"I have no need for a degree of any kind,"** said Dr. Helen Goode. She already holds a B.A. and M.A. in music and a B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. in foreign languages. She was an Educard student last summer, taking Form and Analysis 326 offered by the music department.

It was a bit of a step down for Professor Goode. Until December 1979, she was an associate professor in the foreign language department at SIUE. She retired after a 17-year teaching career at the university.

She took a 300-level composition course in the spring and planned to continue composition in the fall.

Dr. Goode found it strange to be a student again.

"I've been a member of the faculty where I was a 'big boss.' It's most embarrassing when the professor asks you a question and you don't know the answer." Dr. Goode said that happened to her twice.

"I didn't know I was so ignorant. In your own field you are quite a master. You think you should be good at that other field too. It teaches you humility, which is good."

Dr. Goode said she enjoyed getting back to the campus and seeing her colleagues again.

After years of being called "Professor Goode" by students, she found it strange to be on the receiving end in the classroom. The students looked upon her as one of them. At first, Dr. Goode said she didn't know how to relate to that kind of treatment.

It startled her when they asked, "Hi Helen, how are you?"

"I feel guilty if I'm taking time away from regular students. If there are two or three others wanting to

make an appointment for individual instruction, I put myself last. After all, I am doing it for fun. They are preparing for a career and paying tuition," she said.

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**Ballet classes had ended.** In the crowd coming out of the dance studio was a girl who didn't quite come up to the rest of the students' shoulders. Marienne Romanus was only 12-years-old.

A gymnast from Litchfield, Ill., she took a ballet class at SIUE last summer under the Educard program.

"It was scary," she said.

"I was with a bunch of grownups and I was the only kid." For reasons she could not explain, Marienne Romanus said she expected everybody to be mean.

But her fears were unfounded. "They treated me just like an adult. They went out of their way to be nice. They knew I was a kid, they just didn't pay any attention to that."

Marienne needed ballet lessons to develop grace for her floor exercises in gymnastics. "Instead of just pointing your arm straight out, you must do it gracefully," she said, demonstrating what she had learned with a wavy movement of her arm.

Marienne has been involved with gymnastics since she was eight, belonging to the Mid-Illinois Jets, a gymnastics group based in Alton, Ill. She has attended several state and regional meets, although she has not placed in any of them.

Marienne missed qualifying for the finals at the Illinois state meet in Peoria by just 0.2 points last year. According to her father, Mel Romanus, the loss was due to Marienne's weakness in ballet.

"The girls who had made (the finals) had graceful movements, where we were flat," he said, adding, "Marienne was a much stronger gymnast."

That's when he started looking for a ballet coach.

Mel Romanus saw an item about the Educard program in the SIUE announcements when he was registering for a graduate course in education. He recalls having to convince the instructor that Marienne was strong enough to keep up with the rest of the class.

When that was done, he stopped looking for a private ballet coach. He had contacted one instructor who would give one lesson per week at a \$20 per month cost. Under Educard, Marienne took four two-hour lessons each week for eight weeks, all for only \$15.

Her instructor, Kerry Shaul worked with Marienne after class. "Could you take that triplet a little bit faster? Remember to focus up when you turn," he said. Marienne did the triplets and three short jumps leading to a careful cartwheel.

*Several tries later the word came*



Marienne's ambition is to become good enough someday to win a gold medal in Olympic competition. She said she is aiming at the 1984 games in Los Angeles. If she doesn't make it by then, Marienne figures she'll still be young enough to try again four years later.

She had made friends. Her father said after taking her to class twice, he realized he was getting in the way and that Marienne didn't need him there anymore. She had found out no one was going to be mean to her.

Marienne said her experience last summer will help her when she goes to college, especially if she attends SIUE.

"I won't have to ask where the library and other places are because I will already know," she said, adding, "I've learned to communicate with people. Usually I am very shy and can't ask questions, but here you had to ask if you wanted to know."

## **A** little boy on appearing on the

television screen four inches square talked into a toy telephone furiously. His conversation was jumbled until he had just about finished what he was saying. Then he said, quite clearly, "bye-bye."

Ryan Creasy was having a speech therapy session in the Speech and Hearing Center at SIUE. Ryan wanted to talk on the telephone some more, but the student therapist Jill Mormino took the phone away and introduced Ryan to a spoon.

Ryan had Down's Syndrome. He was three-years-old and only starting to learn how to talk. He had learned to say "hat," "ear" and "baby" since coming to SIUE for speech therapy. Now he had learned to say "bye-bye."

Ryan came back to the table, picked up the spoon and pretended to eat something. He said, "Mmmmm." Then he grabbed a Raggedy Andy doll and began feeding it. Mormino gave up on the word "spoon." She told Ryan to try to remember what to call the doll, but Ryan just looked at her and smiled. When Mormino said "baby," he hugged the doll but still could not say the word.

Ryan's mother, Cheryl Creasy, was watching the monitor. "Ryan can really be stubborn at times," she said.

Several tries later, the word came out. Ryan tilted his head and looked up at Mormino. He got a kiss and a hug as a reward. His mother smiled at the screen.

Ryan's therapy was mainly "play therapy" because of his very short attention span. The only words he had learned by that point were things he could see and touch.

The therapist talked to Ryan constantly. She said, "This is a hat, Ryan. Can you say 'hat'?" Ryan

took the red fisherman's hat several sizes too large for him and put it on his head. From under the hat came a little voice that said "at."

Mrs. Creasy said the speech therapy program at SIUE was the only way Ryan could receive the treatments he needed so much. "No way would we be able to afford a private therapist. They charge \$40 to \$50 an hour. Let me see," she said, "that would be about \$400 a month."

The Speech and Hearing Center charges \$2 an hour.

Mormino took Ryan on her lap. She talked to him. "Look, Ryan, what do I have here. It's a book. It has pictures of boats in it. Can you say 'boat'? Look at this boat. Isn't it pretty?"

Ryan didn't say "boat."

Mormino asked Ryan to say "bye-bye" again and he did after another jumbled conversation into the telephone.

Ryan and Mormino emerged from the therapy room. Life-size Ryan wasn't quite three feet tall. His dark brown hair was cut in a straight line across his forehead. He darted about the corridor exploring everything.

He looked at the towering grownups around him and smiled from ear to ear, but didn't say "bye-bye" as he left. Maybe he need the toy telephone.

Mormino worked with Ryan using imitation. As she ran, jumped and clapped, Ryan followed her lead. She then extended the imitation process to words repeated over and over again.

By summer's end, Ryan could easily say 15 words. "The first time I saw him he couldn't say any words at all. It feels great. The work you've put into it pays off," she said.

□□□

## **Kermit Matlock had 70 years on Ryan.**

He had a stroke one-and-a-half years ago. It was his second stroke and had impaired his speech severely.

His daughter, Fay Hamby, brought him to the Speech and Hearing Center for his twice-weekly therapy session. "I wish we would have gotten him here sooner," she said. "We knew about it, but he didn't want to come. He had a feeling it was just for kids."

Matlock had started his therapy two weeks earlier. Mormino came to get him and took him to a room without a television camera. He looked bewildered and his movements were slow. He dragged his left foot. His face didn't show age. It was almost unlined. His hair was white and crew cut.

"Some days it is worse than others," Mrs. Hamby said. "Sometimes he can talk pretty well; other days, hardly at all."

*out. He got a kiss. . . as a reward.*



He was asked where he lived. He tried to answer. A few sounds came, but they were impossible to understand. He looked at his daughter who said he lives in a trailer behind the coin-operated car wash on Main Street in Edwardsville. At that time, he was also working at the car wash.

After the therapy session he was able to say, very haltingly, that he works seven days a week, emphasizing the number seven with his fingers. Many words had to be guessed from the context.

His resistance to having speech therapy finally broke. Mrs. Hamby said, "He worried about not being understood. I said to him last month, 'Daddy, why don't we go out to SIU and see about therapy,' and he agreed.

"It is very reasonable," she added. "My father isn't a rich man. And they are so nice, everybody is."

Mormino said Matlock can't remember names of things. He is learning to speak again like a child first learns. She showed him pictures and asked him questions. She had him complete sentences. Anything to remember a word.



**I**f you have a pressing need to know the history of chocolate chip cookies, you can call 692-2603 to get an answer.

Somebody did, and the information staff at Lovejoy Library went to work. Ruth Schwebke, head of the information service, said the bulk of calls to the department are simple questions like, "When is the library open," or whether the library has a certain book.

In the academic year ending last June, 14,411 calls fit into this category. The other calls involved some detective work by the staff. "Can you tell me if there is an African Violet Association in the area?" Much to that caller's pleasure, it turned out there is and he was promptly told with whom he to get in contact for more information.

A local minister wanted a list of communes and collective farms in the area. No such list was available.

"We don't ask why they want the information. Sometimes we are curious, but we always try to remain neutral," Schwebke said.

A caller once asked for *dissertation* abstracts instead of dissertation abstracts. Then there was the call, "Do you have a book on genealogy called 'Ancestors.'"

It seems "ancestor hunters" are frequent callers. A request for the passenger list of a ship which set sail from England to Boston over 200 years ago could not be met but the caller was referred to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

"We can find local people, grandfathers who were in the Civil War in a regiment from St. Louis," Schwebke said.

Often there is no one book or one source to answer a question. A caller wanting to know the effect of tariffs on employment had to be told to come and do his own research.

The request, "I want a book on. . ." can't always be met. "Students are sometimes inexperienced," Schwebke said. "A subject may not just be in any one book so that we can say 'abracadabra' and pull it out."

Information once requested about underground homes was found sprinkled in small doses throughout several books which were listed under "dwellings" and "houses underground."

Sometimes magazines provide information which has not yet made its way into the history books. A caller wanted to know what President Carter's platform was in 1976. Time magazine for the week of the Democratic convention did the job.

A person wanting to know how to build a split-rail fence was referred to an edition of Mother Earth News.

Somebody once wanted to know how to spell the word "nerd," as used by Fonzie on "Happy Days." One time, Schwebke was asked to find out for a caller what the old saying "the goose hangs high" meant.

She makes notes on things she hasn't been able to find out. "It will eventually turn up. We come across it by accident or a light shines all of a sudden. What really annoys me is if I have neglected to take down the person's name who called for the information," she said.

A caller once wanted to know all the biographical material about a young black writer named Alice Walker. It turned out there were quite a few Alice Walkers. Several staff members spent two or three hours compiling a list of articles on the right one.

"Some people who are writing books ask us to do quite a bit of research," Schwebke said, "but we are not the kind of library that simply provides answers. There is only one man who is an invalid that we do quite a bit of that type of work for."

As an offshoot from her research work, Librarian Mary Reinacher compiled a short history of the Yule log used at Christmas, a history of Easter eggs and found out who were the captains of the Nina and Pinta for Columbus Day. She could remember only that Columbus was captain of the Santa Maria.

There was a familiar ring. Schwebke picked up the phone.

"Library information—from eight to ten," she said. That's still the question most often asked.

*Walter has seen privies in Engli*



**A**merican folklore and aviation, geology and gerontology, jazz and juvenile delinquency, population and puppetry, wildlife and women's studies—all topics covered by the SIUE Speakers' Spectrum service.

There are 92 other subjects on the list for any area club or group to choose from when they want an expert speaker to inform and/or entertain them.

The SIUE faculty is versed about a variety of topics and will travel. Their fees vary from \$20 to \$200. The speakers determine their own fees. Many of them want only to recover their gasoline costs.

Annette Graebe, director of the University Information Center, said high schools often ask for six to eight speakers to handle their "career days." They have requested speakers on hypnotism, the Middle East and the oil situation.

The Information Center coordinates the speakers' program without any additional cost. Graebe sends a booklet called "Speakers' Spectrum" to many area organizations. In the introduction, she says, "We invite you, your family and friends to use the SPEAKERS' SPECTRUM program for all our neighborhood friends. Then, let's get acquainted . . . at your house or ours."

One speaker Tommye Walter is acquainted with outhouses. She gives a popular presentation titled, "history" and is classified as a humorous lecture.

Ms. Walter is a public information specialist with the university news service.

As a visual aid, she uses her collection of miniature outhouses. They are souvenirs, ashtrays, salt and pepper shakers, transistor radios, mailboxes, bird-feeders or piggy banks. She has one carved out of a single lump of Virginia coal.

Lately, the trend has changed and similar souvenirs are commodes. Walter is a purist. She doesn't collect commodes.

She said the privy has so few friends. It is a necessary part of our history that has been ignored. "It's not an alien subject. I come from a privy culture and I grew up with it." Walter grew up in a coal mining community in Alabama.

Why did she pick privies as her field of expertise? "My father always said if you want to be good at something, be one of the few. Then you can be the best. He would be appalled if he knew what I had picked!"

"Garderobe" is another one of the names privies are called. Sir Thomas Crapper and Sir John Harrington had their names immortalized as names for the privy even though both gentlemen were instrumental in inventing the flush toilet.

Walter has seen outhouses provided for field workers with doors facing away from the field. People want to pretend they don't exist. "They will collect chamber pots as antiques but they won't tolerate the mention of a privy," she said.

Walter has seen privies in places everywhere including English castles and native compounds in Bali. The former was built around a chimney column so several people could use it with some privacy. The latter was in the corner of the compound and had woven walls.

Her best research was done in western mining camps. According to Walter, you'd be shot for taking pictures of outhouses in Alabama. People would be offended because they would think you would be pointing out their backwardness. "The privies are mostly in black people's back yards," Walter said. She had to give up that fact-finding mission after receiving several stern warnings.

Walter spots privies from the air every time she flies. "You learn where they are positioned. The outhouse is always there. I'm never disappointed. They can't be seen from the front porch. If there is a tree in the backyard, the privy is likely to be behind it. Or it may be along a fence, closer to one corner of the yard than to the middle. In other words," she said, "far enough not to be seen, but close enough to be convenient."

She once saw a bus carrying migrant farm workers with a privy as a trailer behind it. "It was so funny to see a toilet on a towline. It even had a license plate."

In the beginning she gave her lecture only to all-male organizations. Now she gets called by women's groups, church groups, the Elks and the Chamber of Commerce. Walter said, "I think there are so many meetings that people are fed up with long dissertations. They want to be entertained."

Once in a while, when she is introduced to an audience, somebody will say, "She's gonna what? Talk about privies!"

"I talk in a scholarly way with a straight face," she said. Nearly all the literature she's found about the subject is humorous. All of Walter's serious data comes from her own observations and research.

As a "priviologist," she has often become a conversation piece. "I've used it to approach people who might otherwise not talk to me." She once met an editor from Newsweek magazine who was intrigued by her specialty. "I wouldn't have gotten past his three secretaries if I had told him my interest was in higher education. He was more interested in outhouses."



*sh castles, compounds in Bali.*



# SPM

## 1971







## **Photographs by University Photo Service**

**Charlie Cox and his photographers found 1971 to be an interesting year visually because of the lifestyle displayed by people attending the Mississippi River Festival.**

**In 1971, the midriff was a common sight as were wire-rimmed glasses. Photographers found many types of headgear ranging from turbans to simple ball caps.**

**Photo Service had many chances to capture the lifestyle because 140,000 people attended MRF in 1971.**





# SIUE

## 1971

The SIUE Religious Center was formally dedicated Oct. 24, 1971.

Architect R. Buckminster Fuller said its location on the 90th west meridian was significant because it is "the great circle main street in our one-town world."

**Below: R. Buckminster Fuller and SIUE president John Rendleman speak at the dedication of the center.**

**Right: A construction worker climbs the framework of the geodesic dome.**









# SIUE

## 1971

The year 1971 was the second year of administrative decentralization of the SIUE campuses at Carbondale and Edwardsville.

SIUE president John Rendleman placed a freeze on "the consideration of new personnel and staff" because of financial problems.

Also in 1971, a photographer captured a yoga class in action as well as the overcrowded School of Science and Technology (right), Miss SIUE Debbie Bobo (below, right), and two men running across the MRF grounds (below, far right).









# SIU 1971

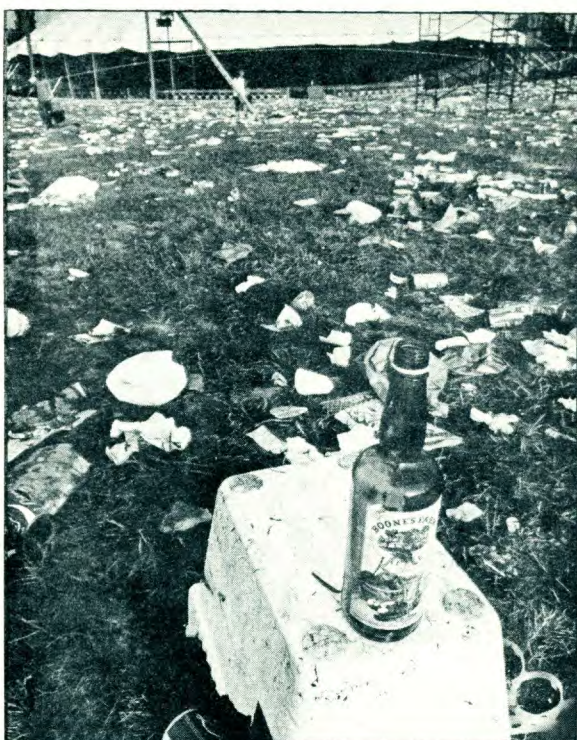
The English rock group The Who attracted 33,000 fans to the Mississippi River Festival concert Aug. 16, 1971.

Right: Fans of The Who run for a location on the MRF lawn to listen to the concert.

Far right: The Who: John Entwistle, Roger Daltrey, Keith Moon and Peter Townshend.

Below: The people at the concert leave their share of garbage at the MRF site.

Below right: Charlie Cox uses a wide-angle camera to photograph the crowd at The Who concert.





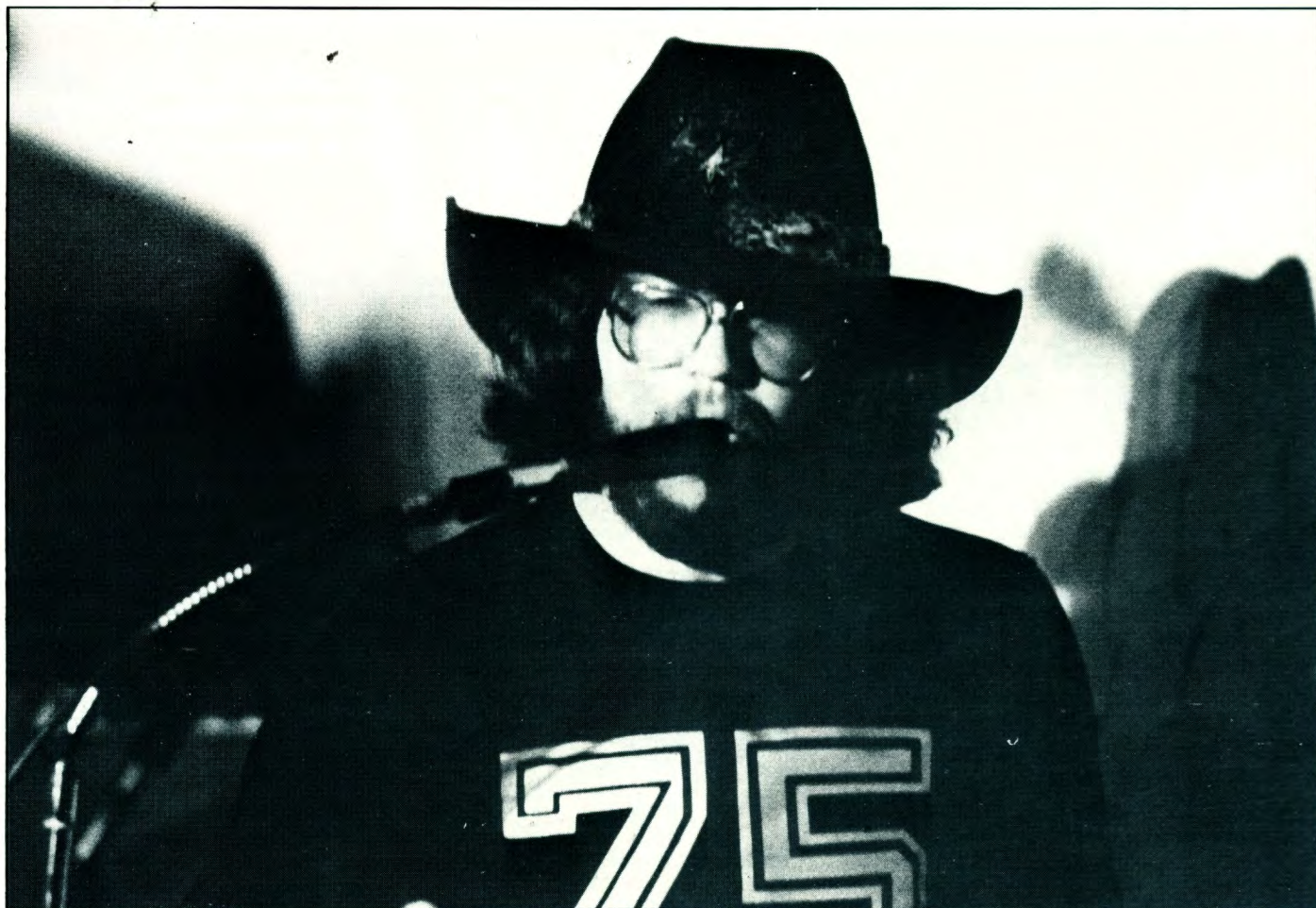




# Blue Ridge Band:

*a progressive country-rock experience*

**A glimpse at life on the never-ending road  
with a vivaciously zany country-rock group,  
an open road that is many things, but never,  
ever dull and colorless.**



Terry Coolbaugh belts out a tune during a recent Sonnie's Red Eye Saloon show.



## Story by Robert Johnson Jr. Photographs by Roger Kramer

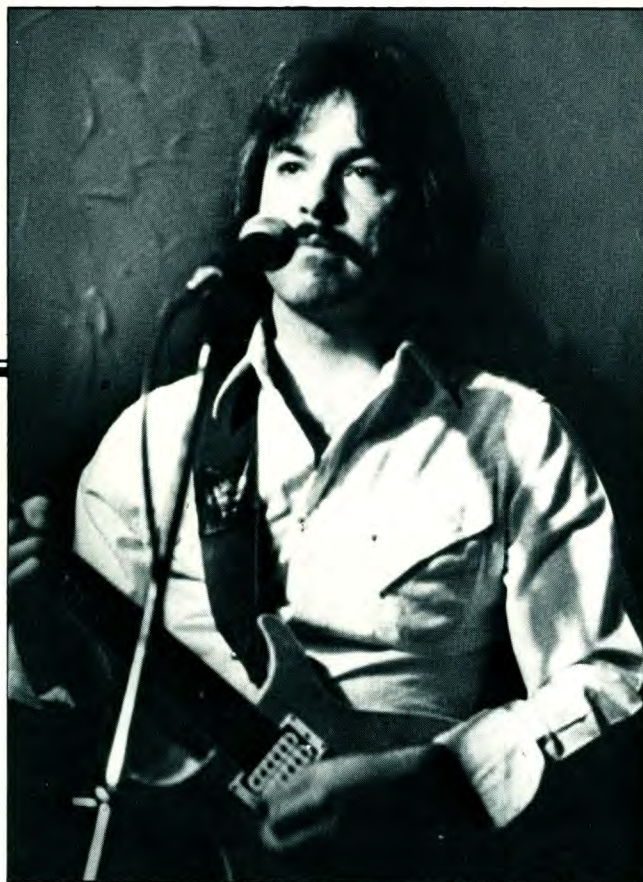
It was 9:04 on an unusually cold Saturday evening during the lukewarm month of October as two members of the Blue Ridge country-rock band came strolling into the shadowy side entrance of A.K. Putman's Saloon in Highland, Ill. Pasted precariously at eye level on the rough red brick wall outside was a rectangular chalk-blue poster showing the silhouettes of a young Indian maiden being led away on a horse by a young stud attired in buckskin with the message "Blue Ridge Friday and Saturday Nites" placed unevenly inside a perfectly square box. The band was to begin playing at exactly 9:30. A few patrons wearing shiny boots, faded jeans and cowboy hats had already wandered in from the streets.

For Gary Will and Terry Coolbaugh, the two members to arrive first, the evening was a musician's dream come true. They had two consecutive gigs booked at the same place, which meant they didn't have to split from their home base of operations in Edwardsville hours early to set up the band's \$15,000 worth of equipment. It also meant they could saunter in nonchalantly, sip a beer or two before mounting the stage, chat with the club's owner, roll dice with the jovial bartender, flirt with an exceptionally attractive waitress and arrange the evening's song list.

For many small-time, small-town musicians, coming into a place where everything is already set up is the closest sensation to being a "rock 'n' roll star" they will ever experience.

A.K. Putman's Saloon is one of the many places springing up in the country today that caters to the "urban cowboy" craze. It is a small, comfortable looking building similar in architectural structure to that of a Pizza Hut. Putman's Saloon hires country-rock acts exclusively, groups such as the Lucky Dog Band, Broken Arrow and Spur.

Inside, there are many small wooden tables scattered about the dimly-lit room, sunset-orange padded chairs and black vinyl stools that take on the appearance of fine hand-tooled saddle leather, plush red and brown sculptured shag carpeting, a medium-sized dance floor, a booth where a disc jockey plays country music instead of disco during band breaks, several western action paintings by Remington, and various cowboy articles hanging on the walls to accentuate an Old West atmosphere. Despite the cowboy-chic appeal of A.K. Putman's Saloon there is still a Zane Grey-Louie L'Amour Old West authenticity that bites and burns a person's senses just like a good hearty shot of Tennessee moonshine whiskey.



Gary Will's guitar gently weeps as he performs at Sonnie's Red Eye Saloon.

Gary and Terry walked up on the foot-high stage to tune several guitars and make minor, but meticulous, adjustments to some of the band equipment. It was 9:15 and showtime was near. They were both very glad to be back at A.K. Putman's Saloon. At Putman's the band is paid \$200 to play from 9:30 to 1:30, not to mention getting fringe benefits like free drinks, personal dressing room, "Space Invaders" game, little baskets of potato chips, flirtatious females and after-hours dance and drink parties with the club's owner Steve Earnhart and his lovely wife Angel.

Most of the other places Blue Ridge plays within a 60-mile radius pay only \$170 or less, and that doesn't even include free drinks for the band. Free drinks may seem a minor concern to most people outside the band circle, Terry said, but when you consider the fact that Blue Ridge is a big-beer-guzzling-bunch-of-good-ol'-boys, a great deal of the profits tend to be consumed in the form of a brownish bottle filled with illusive liquid gold.

The Blue Ridge Band considers A.K. Putman's Saloon quite a luxury. Maybe even Paradise. In the band's collective eyes and sentiments Putman's ranks right up there with Sonnie's and Char's in Collinsville and Muck's in Belleville. Muck's, which is owned by Chicago Bear Jerry Muckensturm, is a particular favorite of the band's because there is always a case of



Michelob on ice waiting for them in the dressing room when they arrive to play "Country Nite."

For a musician, A.K. Putman's Saloon is the sweet with the sour. It's the type of place that's few and far between on the never-ending road, an open road that is many things, but never, ever dull.

Most people view the music business with many misconceptions. They think it's all fun and games and glamour and rewards. Not damned hard work. They don't consider the incredible amounts of time, money, practice and patience that goes into developing a saleable talent. They don't consider the hordes of hopeless dreams and futile fantasies, the goals and ambitions that may never be realized because musical mediocrity tends to go unrecognized and unappreciated in American popular culture. They don't consider all of the small, smoke-filled barrooms reeking with the repugnant smell of vomit and the stench of stale beer that a musician has to subject himself to in an attempt to perfect his skills. They don't take into consideration the "godawful" gigs when the band has traveled many miles in terrible weather only to end up playing four extremely long hours to a roomful of unappreciative, snooty-faced jerks. They have no idea what it's like trying to conjure up enough sincerity and energy to play to a half-empty house. They have no conception of the emotional and sexual apathy that arises when there are wanton women lurking about constantly loving band members for all the wrong reasons. They don't think about the wee hours of the morning when the dead-tired musician finally crawls into bed only to wake in the late afternoon, still dead-tired, and all the while attempting to carry on a normal existence, an average give-and-take relationship with a woman, child, friend, employer, teacher or family member. Musicians are not martyrs but they do sacrifice a lot in the name of art. They tend to have a fetish for punishment. When a musician plays a nice, comfortable place that's near his hometown, such as A.K. Putman's Saloon, it makes all the hard work, frustrations and hardships worth the while.

After Gary and Terry finished tuning their collection of prized guitars, they sat down to wait for the rest of the band to arrive. It was 9:20. Terry started to sound like a shrewd businessman as he talked about the dispensation of the weekend's money.

Terry said the band would have to give their agent his 15 percent, two band members would receive slightly more for hauling equipment, the soundman would have to be paid, the Musician's Union required work dues on all performances, and then the remaining money which amounted to about \$145 would be split equally among the six musicians in Blue Ridge.

It was 9:27, and the rest of Blue Ridge had arrived on the scene. Suddenly Terry gave out a loud war cry, "Ahhhhhhwoopwoopwoopwoopyyipypidoopdoopahhhhhwoopwoopahhhhhyeahyeahyeahoooo!" He was excited about the nearness of showtime and yelling was the only way he could vent that excitement. Blue Ridge is infamous for zany, madcap onstage and offstage antics. They have their own lexicon of terms, a long litany of ludicrous utterances, actions and mannerisms. Some places refuse to hire them back because they are so overly gregarious and crazy acting.

The arriving band members, Mike "Lippsoid" Lyod, Bill "Chicago Willie" Hart, Jim "The Smash" Ash and the soundman, Chuck "Sir Charles" Stowers, answered Terry with equally loud and moonstruck screams that made the Putman's Saloon staff and patrons stand up and take notice for Blue Ridge had arrived. The band members seem to have an amicable relationship with one another. They greet each other warmly and humorously, walk to the bar for a beer and a shot, and then return to the band's reserved table. Another fringe benefit.

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## The Frontmen

Gary Will is an average-sized man of 27 years of age. He has long black tangled hair, a thick mustache, ebony eyes and a pockmarked face. He usually wears a serious expression on his face and a black leather jacket on his back. He is particularly serious when it comes to his role as a musician. Gary has been playing the guitar for 12 years and performing professionally for the past seven years in such popular area bands as Broken Arrow, Thunder Road, Star City and now Blue Ridge. Gary is probably the most dedicated of all the Blue Ridge members.

"I love to play music, it's that simple," Gary said seriously. "I don't do it for the women or the drugs or the booze. I do it for the music. I really enjoy it. Why else would I spend lots of money on equipment and practice night after night in a basement?"

"I don't give a crap what anybody else thinks. This is what I'm doing for my life's work. If I don't succeed I'll just end up in the gutter like a bum."

Gary said he views Blue Ridge as a way to make a little money. He emphasized the word "little" because he feels people tend to think local musicians make lots of bucks playing the barroom circuit.

"This band is my principal source of revenue," Gary said as if he were trying to defend his right to play for small sums of money. "We don't make near the money people think we do or as much as we would like to make. But I get to play a few tunes I like, see a few places and make a few bucks. This band is a stepping stone in many ways. But I really like it. Besides, country-rock seems to be where the money's at now. So..."

Terry said he plays music for a number of different reasons.

"Although I also play for financial reasons," Terry said, "it's not solely for money. I work a 40-hour week as a receiving clerk for Venture, so I do all right as far as money is concerned. I mainly play for fun and satisfaction. I love to play for an appreciative audience, an audience that gets up and dances and raises some hell. It's all a lot of fun..."

Terry Coolbaugh, 25, is tall and slender with thick auburn hair flowing out of his \$50 Timberline chocolate-brown felt cowboy hat. He has a pale complexion, warm friendly eyes magnified by wire-rim glasses and a pleasant smile that is partially concealed by





The soft mood of a thousand different smoky barrooms in a thousand different towns throughout the Midwest is captured as Mike Lyod sings at Spanky's in Edwardsville.

the scraggy red beard he sports. His performing attire usually consists of beltless corduroy pants, tennis shoes, and one of several T-shirts that endorses some football team, brand of amplifier, guitar, whiskey or beer. He tends to be the frontman for Blue Ridge and also their resident comedian. He has provided an abundance of comic relief over the years for the band members and their many followers by screaming all sorts of nonsense syllables and phrases at various inanimate objects such as walls, curtains, chairs, floors and windows. He is crazy in a loveable, respectable way.

Terry said it is really surprising how relaxed he has become in front of audiences.

"I used to shake like a leaf when I first went before a crowd," Terry said laughingly. "I'd been playing for about four years in my basement before I joined Blue Ridge three years ago. One night my stool broke

right in the middle of my banjo solo and I fell over backward. Everybody in the place was howling with laughter. Ever since then I just figured nothing worse could happen. I feel completely at home on stage now."

Terry Coolbaugh is one of the most versatile musicians in the area. Terry not only plays harmonica, banjo, steel guitar, electric and acoustic guitar but also sings much of the time. And he plays all these instruments during the course of an evening's performance.

Gary and Terry enjoy most aspects of the music business but they find the limited social life a bit frustrating. Even though they don't want to end up sitting on a bar stool all night drinking up their hard-earned bread like a majority of the people who come to listen to them play, they would like an occasional free weekend for social intercourse.





"One of the major sacrifices in the business is the total lack of intimate social activity," Gary said softly and solemnly. "It's damn hard to find an understanding woman to be with a musician let alone marry one. They get tired of you traveling around all the time. Women treat music like another woman—something to be jealous of. I don't know, maybe I'm better off playing all the time and avoiding the hassles of love..."

## The Singer

Marriage and the married musician. Sounds like one of those saucy-brilliant-fleshy-risque-celluloid-bonanza movie titles that dominated every movie theatre across America during the sizzling sexual revolution of the hectic 60s. For Mike Lyod though, lead singer and guitarist for Blue Ridge, marriage and the married musician is a continuing real-life role he has become quite accustomed to playing.

"I play music basically because I like it," Mike said in his quasi-country gentleman tone of voice. "I love to see people enjoying themselves, I like the applause. But, playing music professionally can definitely cause an abundance of problems in a marriage situation."

Problems in a musician's marriage usually arise when the musician brings his work home with him. Most musicians tend to spend a majority of their spare time at home practicing their instruments, working out parts to new material, composing original material, recuperating from the previous night's performance or preparing for a gig to come. Music is a very demanding business.

"If the musician is a domestic type of individual," Mike said, "then he's in the wrong business. Playing music cuts family time to a bare minimum."

It takes a very understanding woman to be married to a musician, Mike contends. He said even though he has had his share of problems in the past, he still feels very fortunate that his wife Gail is understanding about the whole musical affair.

"A woman eventually realizes you're not just involved in the business for the money," Mike explained, "but because you love to play. A woman has to be damned understanding with her man in the case of a musician."

Mike Lyod is a rather hairy, big-boned, rugged individual of 26 years of age. He possesses a thick crop of brown hair that is very shiny and clean and a bushy beard which conceals his dimples and his penny-lipped mouth. He is friendly, soft-spoken and genuinely interested in anything a person has to say. He was born and raised in a small town near Carbondale, Ill., called Cambria. Mike graduated from SIUE, where he is currently working on his Master's degree in structural technology. He has been playing the guitar for 12 years and performing professionally for eight. Mike and Gail have a daughter named Lindsey.

Mike's wife seldom accompanies him to a band job. It is nothing new for her, she has seen it all before.

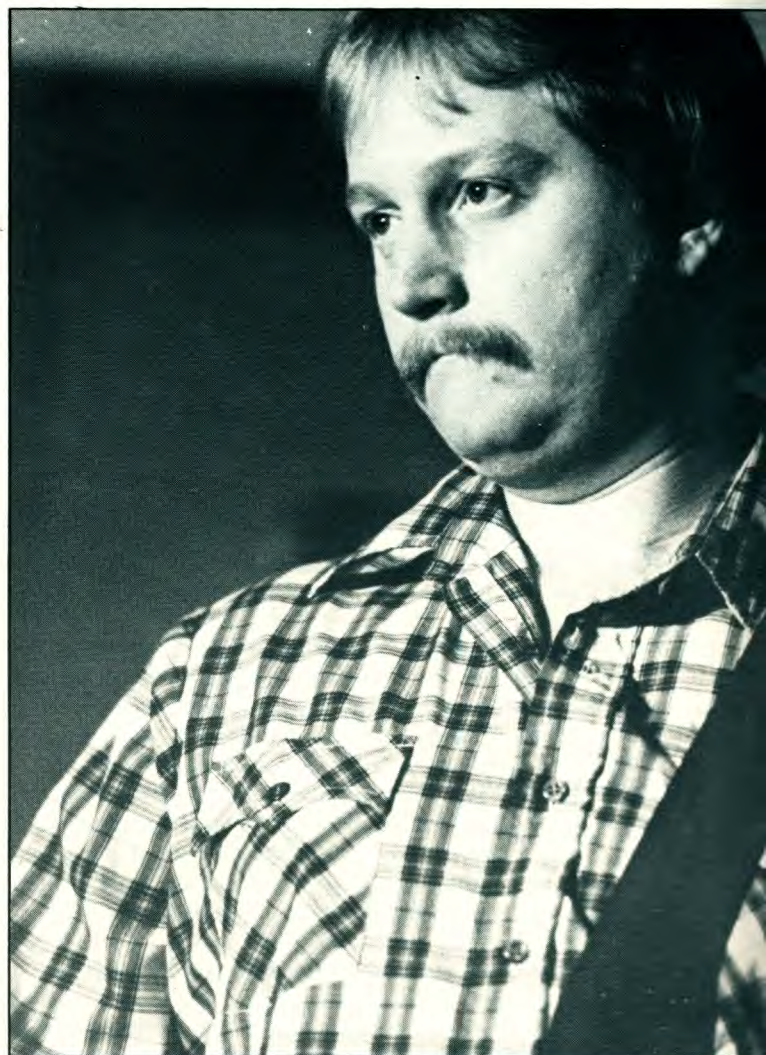
Most people could spot musicians' wives if they really observed people closely. They are the group of women who sit at a table over to the side, looking bored, maybe even knitting a quilt while their husbands live out the "rock 'n' roll star" fantasy.

"Not too long ago I played in St. Charles," Mike said. "The people got drunk and started doing the Worm dance on the floor. The wives that attended didn't even look up."

Because of the antics of some people on the road, many wives would much rather stay away from it all.

"It's amazing what some audiences think and do," Mike said with a giggle. He was obviously amused by certain thoughts of the past. "A lot of the time there is a fantasy involved on the part of the crowd. They want desperately to be up there with you. They tend to treat you as if you were something special. This is where a musician's wife starts to feel a little neglected, alienated and jealous."

Mike said musicians' wives tend to develop a sixth sense. No matter where you're performing or how late you come home, they seem to know all about the course of the evening, where you've been, what you've been doing and when you've finally crept into the



Bill Hart provides a driving bass line during a



bedroom and got under the sheets.

"My wife always knows when it's time for me to be home," Mike said with a chuckle. "She can be dead asleep and she still knows. Really, that's kinda comforting."

One time Mike was playing in Alton and got a later start than usual back to Edwardsville. It was about three o'clock in the morning. As he was driving home he noticed a police car speeding up to his side, then dropping behind him. Finally the red lights came on and Mike pulled over to the side of the road. The officer wanted to see some identification.

"After I gave him my driver's license," Mike recalled, "he called headquarters and they checked me out through the state's computer system. He then started asking me all sorts of questions..."

As it turned out, a van resembling Mike's had been stolen earlier in the evening and was last seen in the Edwardsville area following a blue car. Coincidentally, Mike's van was following a blue car when the officer pulled him over.

"For some reason the police tend to classify you as a drug addict or a drunk if you're a musician," Mike said angrily. "That's what I feel caused the problems

that night. He kept me for a few hours, a lot longer than he would've kept someone else. It made me mad and got me in trouble with my wife when I got home and tried to explain. She understood, though."

According to Mike, a musician's "dubious" character and reputation is just another in a long list of negative aspects of the music business that a wife has to contend with. It almost seems there is more work on the woman's part than the musician's when it comes to making the marriage work.

## The Bass Player

Music has always played a very important part in all cultures throughout the world, especially in American popular culture. America has always had a tendency to whisk the gifted musician off the streets and elevate him to a demigod position. The modern day minstrel has discovered, more than ever before, that he is a definite influence; a power to be reckoned with.

Bill Hart, bass player and singer for Blue Ridge, has always been amazed at the influence the music business has had on American popular culture. He is thankful he can work within the ever-changing culture by way of being a musician, even though his part at the moment may be on a small scale.

"It's amazing how fads and styles get started," Bill said. "Elvis Presley shows up on the scene with long sideburns and a distinct style of dress and singing, and before you know it everyone is trying to emulate him. Then the Beatles and the Rolling Stones appear with slightly longer hair. Before you know it we're well into the crazy 60s and everybody is wearing beads, striped pants, colorful shirts and headbands. The music took on a new dimension too. Now we've been through the bland 70s and are starting the journey through the 80s."

And what do the 80s have in store for the culture-conscious American people? The late 70s brought us disco, punk and new wave. When, exactly, did country-rock come into existence?

While the other musical forms have already enjoyed lucrative heydays, country-rock has always been around in one form or another. It started out slow, gained momentum and seems to be the most enduring musical forms around. It may gain even more prominence and become the music of the 80s.

"I believe all musical forms will coexist," Bill said seriously as he stared into speculative space. "Disco, punk, new wave, rock and country-rock will all coexist. Some forms will taper off more than others. But country-rock will probably outlast them all because it has been around a long time. It has definite American roots and ties with the Old West."

Country-rock is an interesting fusion between the old and the new, the past and the present. Nowadays, you have young men dressed in cowboy boots and hats, vests and western-style shirts packing a guitar or a fiddle instead of a pistol or a rifle. They sing songs about being in love with a "goodhearted woman" or sleeping out on the "lone prairie" or drinking too much of that "good ol'



Blue Ridge show at Sonnie's Red Eye Saloon.



whiskey." Most of them consider themselves "good ol' boys" who enjoy belting out a tune for their fellow "cosmic cowboys." Even though these pseudo-cowboys probably never slept a single night on the prairie, they are genuinely sincere in their singing and playing. But like any other fad, the more people who become interested in it, the more people who try to become a part of it.

"The country-rock bit is really a big fad now," Bill said sarcastically. "A lot of people are playing a part they have no feeling for. I see this a lot when I'm on the road. People just like playing the cosmic cowboy role."

Bill Hart is a 29-year-old man of stout, round physique. He has a fair complexion, medium-length strawberry-blond hair which he parts down the middle, and a well-trimmed handlebar mustache. At first glance he might remind a person of a poor man's version of Robert Redford. He works during the day as a gas station attendant and plays music at night for money, excitement and enjoyment. He has been playing bass for six years and performing in public for three.

"The funny thing about me and country-rock music," Bill explained, "is the fact that I really don't enjoy playing it. I'll play it because it makes me money, it's the most popular today. I'd rather play rhythm and blues or rock. But, if I want to get out and play I have to play country-rock."

Bill has always played country-rock. When rock was on top, he was playing in small dives in a country-rock band. Now that country-rock has become so immensely popular, he would rather play something else. But his position and his experience are secure because the public demands country-rock music.

"Like I said it's the easiest way to make money today," Bill maintained. "I enjoy country-rock. I just got tired of playing it. Blue Ridge is slowly changing too. We're no longer a strict country-rock group. We view ourselves as progressive country-rock. That's a good compromise..."

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## The Soundman

He's known as Chuck the Soundman. He's the unsung hero of the Blue Ridge Band just as his counterparts are the unsung heroes of the bands they work for.

True, he's not up there on stage strutting around making a shiny guitar weep or a piano chatter or a bold bass pulsate or a sparkling set of drums pound and crash with rhythm.

His role in the music business is a subdued one.

He usually sits in the very back, in the shadows, operating a long, flat control panel comprised of all sorts of complex electronic meters, knobs, lights and switches.

His name is Chuck Stowers and he is the sound-board operator. He literally controls the sound of the band. His position is one of definite power in more ways than one.

"It's a real power trip," Chuck said. "You know

you can make the music sound any way you want it. You have a real commitment, obligation and responsibility to the band and to the audience. You have to decide who to turn up, who to bring down, if the overall mix of sound is satisfactory and so on. A soundman can really control the music!"

Chuck Stowers is a rather thin young man of 20 years of age. He has medium-length dishwater blond hair, a well-trimmed mustache, wire-rim glasses and a firm athletic build. He lives in Collinsville, Ill., with his parents and works at the Venture store in Fairmont City. In fact, that's how he came to be the soundman for Blue Ridge.

It just so happens Terry also works at the same Venture store in the same department. The two became good friends about a year ago. Because Chuck was interested in music and also plays the steel guitar and banjo, Terry decided he would be the perfect choice to fill the soundman vacancy left by Randy Furlow. Terry felt it would be to the group's advantage to have a fellow musician running sound instead of a friend of a friend. Chuck said he is very thankful for Terry's insight and offer.

"I've had a great time so far," Chuck said with a broad smile on his face. "I'm really into this whole business for the fun of it. I like to get out and see new places, meet new people and listen to the music—music I take an active part in. If I didn't have the band to work with I'd just be sitting at home watching television."

Chuck's involvement in the music business is somewhat different from that of a lot of other musicians and soundmen. Most of them, Chuck feels, are in it mainly for the financial rewards.

"I've got a full-time job," Chuck said, "and I live at home. The money I make running sound is nice but I don't really need it."

What Chuck enjoys most about his association with Blue Ridge is the jocular atmosphere and activities the band members constantly and consistently engage in. Chuck describes the music business, from the Blue Ridge point of view, as being 95 percent jollities and craziness and 5 percent actual work. But, even though the band makes their business fun and games to a certain extent, they still play incredibly well, Chuck said.

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## The Piano Player

For Jim Ash, guitarist, piano player and singer with Blue Ridge, playing music professionally over the past three years has been quite an education in regard to learning about people and their various habits, quirks and demands.

"I've seen one helluva lot over the last three years," Jim said. "Being in a band and being a student at the same time can be very beneficial when observing people. In the band, I'm exposed to all kinds of strange, new, funny and unique individuals. There is a better vantage point when you're standing on a stage performing. You can observe them and the stupid things they do,





Chuck Stowers sharpens his critical ear as he runs sound for Blue Ridge at Spanky's.

and they don't even seem to care. Most musicians, I believe, definitely feel contempt toward their audiences. I really don't know why exactly. They just do."

Several years ago while Jim was playing in another band, Star City, the members got together one night to arrange the song list for the following evening's gig. They spent about an hour sorting out, arranging and debating the popular appeal of the group's material. They wanted to arrange the songs in a certain order so the people could dance fast and then slow throughout the evening. After they had finished for the evening, the drummer stood up slowly and looked around at all the others with a wicked glare in his eyes. "I'll never forget what he said," Jim recalled. "He just looked at us and in a scornful tone of voice said 'Well that ought to hold the sniffling little bastards for a little while.'"

At 22 years of age, Jim Ash is the youngest member of Blue Ridge. He is a relatively thin, frisky

young man with wavy brown hair, flat blue eyes, and a bushy beard covering his boyish face. He tends to be reserved in speech with those outside the band to the point of being considered shy or arrogant. In actuality, he is a congenial, considerate individual who takes great pride in his musicianship by giving a serious, intense performance when on stage.

Jim is a music major at SIUE and has been playing the guitar and piano for eight years. His ultimate dream, goal and ambition is to become a studio musician on the West coast. He loves to play music live and has learned to make the necessary adjustments when a situation arises in the business calling for an alternate plan of action. Some situations Jim has learned to adjust to have been outside gigs during cold, windy weather, band members becoming separated during road trips, equipment breaking down on the job, unfriendly bar owners and patron fights on the dance floor in front of the band.







The secret to enjoying yourself while performing above and beyond the call of musical duty is to look at it as a new experience, a learning experience. All musicians should feel they have a "great commitment" to their audiences no matter how bad the conditions may be.

"Although I take my role as a musician quite seriously," Jim said, "I still face a lot of the hassles in the business with a cavalier attitude. Really, nothing that happens surprises me much anymore. I've seen it all before."

Occasionally a superiority complex will develop among musicians, even small-time musicians when they have people constantly around praising every move, action and word they utter.

"I love to play music but basically it's a job," Jim said. "I never feel superior to the audience I'm playing for as long as they respect me. What I mean by that is when they sometimes think they can order you about because you are playing for them. The hired-help syndrome. People sometimes don't take the musician's situation in mind. They forget he has to go home and get some sleep too."

## Showtime

It was 9:30. The disc jockey faded out the recorded music slowly when he realized the band was about to begin. The lights were promptly dimmed and the tables were all filled with anxious patrons and various drinks. In fact, there were even people standing in corners and leaning against the bar. It looked like another capacity crowd at A.K. Putman's Saloon on a festive Saturday night.

The band stepped onto the multi-colored stage under the multi-colored lights, the band members welcomed the crowd to Putman's Saloon, wished them a "very fine" evening and started their first number with great enthusiasm.

The lyrics of the song said something about dim lights, thick smoke, and loud loud music. The song was a popular hit by the Flying Burrito Brothers and a favorite of the Blue Ridge Band.

It's amazing how some songs can capture so vividly the true essence of a particular lifestyle.

Grimacing, facial features contorted, the author of this story, Robert "Be-Bop" Johnson Jr., huffs and puffs as he attacks his drums during a Spanky's gig.



◀ Jim Ash prepares to sing a tune as Spanky looks over his shoulder. ■ ■ ■ ■



# A working woman's work is never done

Opinion by Brenda Murphy

The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reported in 1978 a labor force of 91,031. Almost 42 per cent of that force was female. Of that 42 per cent, other descriptions such as married, widowed, divorced or separated fit 75 per cent of the working women.

Being an employee and a wife and a mother is often not easy.

Gloria Aylward, 30, is married and the mother of two sons and holds the full-time job of majoring in Journalism and English at SIUE. She also does some freelance work for the Alton Telegraph.

A typical Monday for Gloria went something like this:

**5:30 a.m.**—Get up. Make tea and toast for husband Phil. See him off to work.

**6 to 7 a.m.**—Study. (It's a good time for quiet.) Read some 18th century English—"Rape of the Lock" by Alexander Pope.

**7 to 8:15 a.m.**—Get kids ready for school. Slight hangup today. Jeff, 9, woke up with the flu. Have to cancel plans to go out to school at 8:30 and work in shorthand lab. Call mother to watch Jeff for class at 10:30.

**10:15 a.m.**—Drive Jeff to mother's house about a mile on the other side of Dunlap Lake.

**10:30 a.m.**—Make it to class on time, editorial writing.

**12:30 p.m.**—Practice with tapes in the shorthand lab.

**1:30 p.m.**—Pick up Jeff.

**2:30 p.m.**—Take dog to vet. (Accidentally ran over its foot Sunday. Didn't try to; it just got its foot in the way.) Call neighbor to take turn picking up kids at school. Neighborhood mothers carpool kids to Jeff's school.

**3:15 to 5 p.m.**—Homework and laundry. Put clothes in the washer and work furiously to catch up on four chapters of shorthand.

**5:30 p.m.**—Son Todd, 12, home from wrestling. (Only have to pick him up on Wednesdays.) Take Todd on paper route. He had the flu last week and didn't want him to get cold on his bike.

**6 p.m.**—Stop at Taco Bell on the way home from delivering papers. Pick up three tacos for Jeff, a beefy tostada for Todd and a burrito supreme for Mom to eat at home. (Phil wouldn't be home till late. No supper to cook tonight.)

**7 to 8 p.m.**—Read more "Rape of the Lock."

**8 p.m.**—Watch M\*A\*S\*H and fold laundry.

**8:30 to 10 p.m.**—Fold laundry, iron, watch Lou Grant.

**9:45 p.m.**—Phil gets home with a guest—the flu. Thinks he should get lots of sympathy. Make him a sandwich and tea.

**10:30 p.m.**—Watch M\*A\*S\*H together. (Never miss M\*A\*S\*H.)

**11 to midnight**—Read editorial pages for class from the Alton Telegraph, Edwardsville Intelligencer, Post-Dispatch and Columbia Daily Tribune.

# The Opinion Section



## Midnight—Bedtime, at last

And then there's the guilt.

"I really felt bad Friday because I left Todd with the flu alone for three hours to go to class," Gloria said. "He was really sick all day Thursday and Friday. And then he said, 'Mom, I wish you didn't have to leave. What if I get really sick?'"

She worries that something will happen to one of the boys at school, and "nobody knows where I am."

And then there's the stress.

"The stress is you've got all this stuff to do, and the professors aren't going to forgive you if you don't get it done. And then you come home and look at how messed-up the house is."

Dr. Kathryn Skinner teaches a class in the "psychology of women" at SIUE. She said stress is common for working mothers. A recent study reported more women in high-level positions are seeking counseling than men in those same positions.

Skinner said another reason women seek professional counseling is because they've been accustomed to seeking out authority to tell them what to do.

Although women may feel guilty leaving their children to go to work, working really has no bearing on how the children will grow up.

Skinner cited studies which conclude that women who are happy either working or staying home have children who do well. Women who are frustrated in either place have children who don't do so well.

Gloria Aylward has a neighbor who teaches full-time and is also working on her doctorate. It's nice to know others in the same situation. "But we're so damn busy, we don't have time to sit down and talk about it," Gloria said.

How do husbands of working women fit in to the scheme?

Dr. Skinner said couples are now sharing more household chores. She was a working mother for many years herself. (Her children are now grown.) Her husband learned to help around the house. His favorite task was canning preserves. But, in turn, she was in charge of paying bills.

Gloria Aylward faces a different situation coping with her family of three men. "I went into a rage one day before Christmas. Phil told the kids I wasn't ever going to clean their rooms again."

She said Phil helps with the house but not as much as when he was in school. "He's pretty traditional."

Traditional for Gloria is finishing dinner at 7:30 p.m. and watching Phil and the boys go into the living room to watch television, leaving her with the dishes and three or four hours of homework.

"That's when I'd really appreciate some help," she said. ■

# *Plumbob... Any way you look at it*

## Opinion by Robert Lowes

Students at SIUE probably see them everyday—480 large sticks of various lengths and diameters hanging helter-skelter from the ceiling over the Goshen Lounge in the University Center.

SIUE not only displays art. It administers something akin to a giant ink blot test, that psychological tool for charting a patient's mind.

What do you see up there?

It's called the Plumbob, and its creator is Yasuhide Kobashe, a Japanese artist. The late Arnold Maremont, a former SIU trustee and the Plumbob's first buyer, donated it to the university. Shortly after the Plumbob was installed in the spring of 1967, a cartoon appeared in the *Alestle* which referred to the art work as an "explosion...in a toothpick factory."

Many people still don't view the Plumbob as an exercise in pure beauty. They keep seeing things up there.

These are the interpretations of the Plumbob recently given by a sampling of students:

Confusion...an arrowhead...driftwood...  
chimes...an arrow...my life.

A psychologist might say some people project themselves into the Plumbob. The confused student sees confusion. The happy student sees chimes. The drifting student sees driftwood. The student with a target sees an arrow.

More student interpretations: A massive mess...the human mind...Tinker Toys...different paths a person could take...a staircase...the messed-up system at SIUE.

SIUE could have chosen another work of art for Goshen Lounge. A bronze statue of a knight on horseback. A mural depicting American history. Something more coherent, more orderly, imbued with recognizable values.



But then, this sort of art would appear out-of-place. Goshen Lounge is only a few steps removed from a shopping mall interior. It's too casual and pedestrian to boast a Rembrandt.

Goshen Lounge instead has a decorative masterpiece whose ambiguity matches the sprawl of students underneath.

Maybe SIUE meant the Plumbob as a warning. Stop partying, start studying and write down your homework assignments or else—or else—your education here will amount to a logjam...Tinker Toys...a massive mess.

If nothing else, the Plumbob invites meditation. In Goshen Lounge, where cards, gossip and the Globe-Democrat sports section dominate the goings-on, meditation is a scarce commodity.

Most students probably consider education as the transfer of facts into a mental warehouse. But with the Plumbob, a person takes a good, long look at a single object and imagines.

No one at SIUE, though, has yet promoted PM--Plumbob Meditation. "So you want more peace in your life? More energy? Just stare at the Plumbob. Don't try to count the sticks. That will make you anxious. Just take in the shape, the flow, the mood,...Plumbob!"

No, the Plumbob doesn't revolutionize your life. But it does make you think.

SIUE will educate you one way or another.

And President Earl Lazerson of SIUE and the Board of Trustees will never need fancy surveys to find out what students have on their minds. They only need to point to the Plumbob and ask. "What do you see up there?" ■

# The Opinion Section

## The writing on the wall...

Opinion by Gloria Aylward

Can you read this?

*Such virtue hath my pen*

*Lori Smith  
Freshman*

Try this one.

*Such virtue hath my pen*  
DSC

*Trash*

Still stuck? This one should make it easier.

*Such virtue hath my pen.*

*Freshman*

*Patricia Woelfel*



Just in case you still haven't deciphered it, the three examples above are "such virtue hath my pen," a quote from William Shakespeare's Sonnet 81. They were written by three SIU students who lounged on the second floor of the Peck Building Tuesday morning and became part of a random sampling.

The handwriting of two dozen students revealed three general categories. The first included writing that was not beautiful and not very legible. The second group was beautiful, but not very legible. The third was legible, but not so beautiful.

Only three of the students who offered to reveal their hands asked "why?"

Here's the explanation.

Saturday, Jan. 23, was the 244th anniversary of the birth of John Hancock, the man who wanted to be sure King George would be able to see his large, carefully executed signature at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence.

In his honor, the day has been dubbed National Handwriting Day by the Writing Instrument Manufacturers Association. Everyone's supposed to vow to write nothing that is illegible.

Thank goodness it's not enforced by law. Half of SIUE's inhabitants might be arrested.

How many students would be left if they were to be hauled away for rotten writing? And how many instructors would be right behind them?

Unreadable handwriting is a bane to students and instructors alike. As a group, our pen hath not such virtue.

Instructors have a few ways to get around the problem, such as never giving essay tests or threatening to throw away anything they can't read.

Dr. Jane Pennell, assistant professor of English, asks her classes to type their papers. "If you can't type, please write legibly and write on every other line. If you can't do either, get someone else to do it for you."

Dale Blount, associate professor of management, is specific. "Everything typed, no errors." Not much choice there.

An occasional brave instructor will announce that he can decipher just about anything, as Rick Wilber once told a public relations class. And he gave essay tests.

But on to the other side.

It is ego deflating enough to see critical remarks scrawled in red all over a thought-to-be-great paper that took hours of research, writing, and typing.

A double insult results when those comments can't be deciphered.

Take these, for example:

Benefits to  
Personnel  
Executive ??  
Not much  
celebration  
here

Maybe the answers should be typed upside down at the bottom of the page.

Who wants to ask an instructor to translate the words of wisdom and thereby take a chance at having even more air let out of an already flattened self-image.

But, bad as it all sounds, there is hope. The Writing Instrument Manufacturers Association offers some hints to improve our scribbles. Slow down, sit properly. Hold the pen lightly, keeping the palm down and the wrist flat. Slant all letters in the same direction. Use rounded strokes and loops where proper. Attach all letters in each word. Keep letters open and well spaced. Take mercy on the people who have to read it.

Students, keep all these things in mind while you concentrate on your next final exam.

Instructors, remember them when you're grading 400 pages of work in two days.

John Hancock, try to rest in peace. ■



# Modern marriage is non-sex

Opinion by Brenda Murphy

Sexist words—"Words which are demeaning to women or differentiate between the sexes when no differentiation is necessary."

Supporters of women's equality have been trying to remove sexist terms from the language for years.

With the attempt by two men to purchase a marriage license at the St. Clair courthouse last month, it seems the time has arrived to remove those words that draw the line between the sexes.

Even in the wedding ceremony.

We join, in progress, the wedding of John Smith and Mary Jones.

□□□

**Reverend Ima Chauvinist:** (Officiating) Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God...

**Mary:** (Whispers to Reverend) Is God a man or a woman?

**Reverend:** What?

**Mary:** Is God a man or a woman?

**Reverend:** No one's ever seen God.

**Mary:** Well..

**Reverend:** (Continuing ceremony) We are gathered here in the sight of God, whoever you picture him or her to be, to join this man and this wo...

**John:** We'd rather you'd say 'consenting adults.' Man and woman is too differentiating.

**Reverend:** Men and women ARE different! But it's your wedding (continuing) To join these two consenting adults in Holy Matrimony. If anyone here knows reason that these...two consenting adults...not be joined in marriage, let him sp...(Mary scowls)...let him... or her... speak now or forever hold his or her peace. (Looks at Mary's father). Who gives this bri...female con-

senting adult to be married?"

**Mary:** Hold it, Reverend. You can't give something away that isn't owned. They abolished slavery a long time ago.

**Reverend:** (Clears throat) Uh-huhhhh. Of, course, my dear. You're absolutely right. We'll skip that part.

**Reverend:** (Looks upward and mutters something under his breath) We'll go on with the vows. So you, John, take Mary to be your lawfully wedded wife...(Mary scowls) Uh, lawfully wedded...uh, partner (smiles at his cleverness) to love honor and cherish, in sickness and in health, as long as you both shall live?"

**John:** I do.

**Reverend:** And do you, Mary, take John to be your lawfully wedded hus-...partner, to love, honor and obey as...

**Mary:** HOLD IT! If he doesn't have to obey me, why should I obey him?

**Reverend:** All right, all right. To love, honor and reach mutual compromises with, in sickness and in health, as long as you both shall live?

**Mary:** I do.

**Reverend:** (Under his breath) Thank heavens...(in normal voice) May I have the rings? John, place this ring on Mary's finger and repeat after me, 'with this ring, I thee wed.'

**John:** With this ring, I thee wed.

**Reverend:** Mary, place this ring on John's finger and repeat after me, 'with this ring, I thee w e d . '

**Mary:** With this ring, I thee wed. And I'll wear mine as long as you wear yours.

**Reverend:** That's not in the ceremony.

**Mary:** So, that's part of the deal. I'll wear my ring as long as John wears his. That's the only way people can tell we're married.

**Reverend:** (Looks exasperated) As you have exchanged these rings (under breath) however reluctantly (in normal voice) and repeated these vows, I now pronounce you man and wi...(Mary

# The Opinion Section



kicks him) Owwwwwww!...husband and...(Mary looks like she's going to kick him again) OK! I now pronounce you married. You may kiss the bride...(frustrated) Just kiss each other... and get out of here!

(The couple walks down the aisle.)

Mary: (Over her shoulder) By the way, Reverend, John and I agreed to split all the bills 50-50. But I'm a little short on cash right now. You know, with the dress and flowers and all. Just send me a bill after the honeymoon...and make sure you address it to 'Mary Jones Smith' and not 'Mrs. John Smith.'



Material on  
these pages is  
taken from  
Journalism 330  
opinion writing  
class





# Portfolio

*Portfolio is a showcase for the works of both former and current SIUE photojournalism students.*

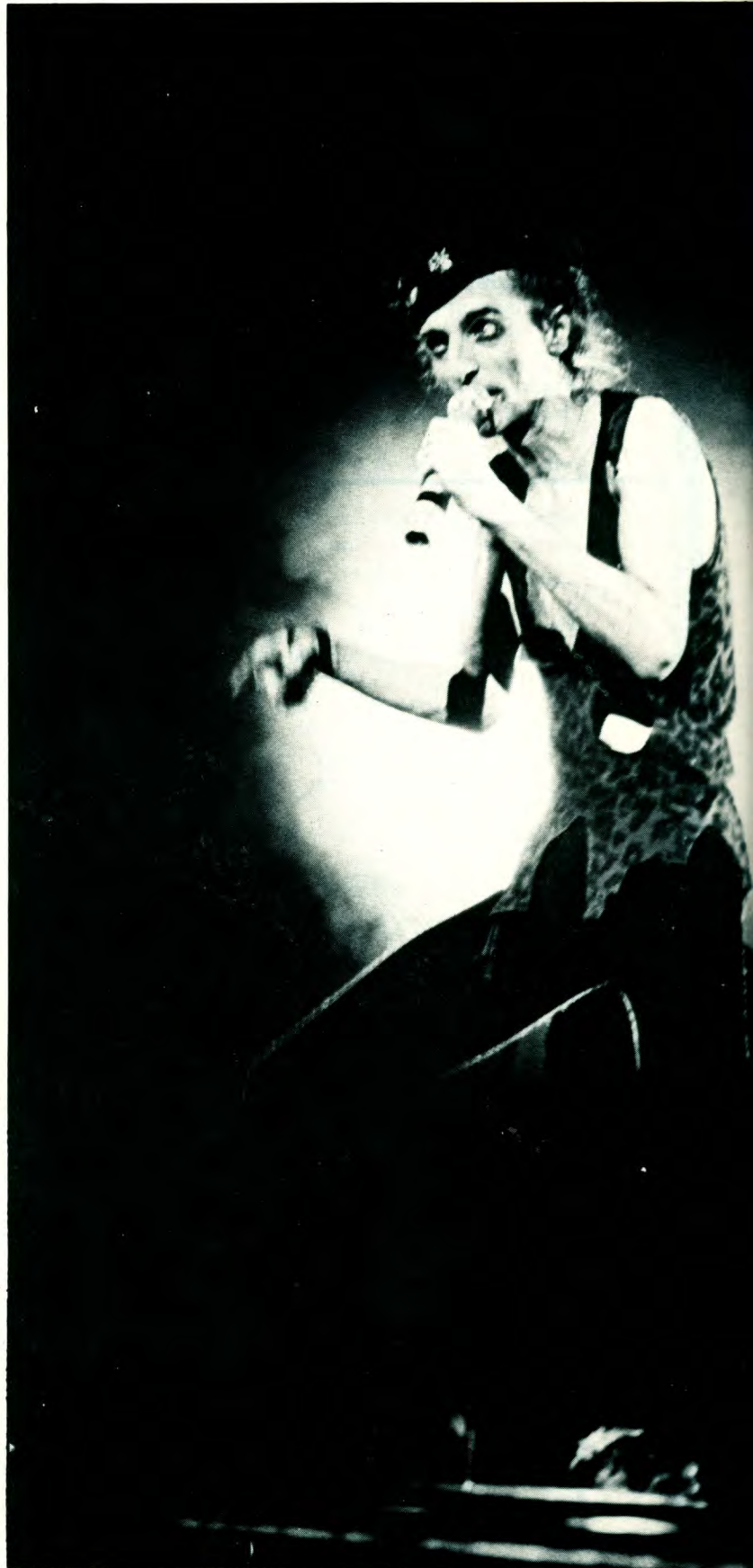
## Rich-tone photographs

Above right: Workmen from Jamison Masonry of Brighton, Ill., repair the south wall of the Lovejoy Library. The work was done last summer. The photograph was printed on high contrast paper to enhance the patterns in the wall's surface. Photograph by Roger Kramer.

Alice Cooper as he appeared in concert at the Mississippi River Festival last summer. Photograph by Scott Cousins.

Below right: Working with black-top sealer can be a messy job as Glenn Latta can attest to. Photograph by Cheryl Alsup.

*All three photographs are rich in strong black and white tones, which were brought out by the photographers in the darkroom, using special techniques.*











## Portfolio

### People here and there

Above: Gertrude and Lillie Connell exchange ideas on their Mounds, Ill., front porch. Photograph by Ruth Cowing.

Opposite page left: Micheal Hawthorne sits by graffiti on a neighborhood doorstep. Photograph by Alan Gerstenecker.

Opposite page right: Amy Arterberry of Wood River, Ill., concentrates at the hoop toss at the Lewis and Clark school festival in Wood River. Photograph by Denise Panyik-Dale.

Opposite page bottom: Duke and his mistress Dee Ann Schwend enjoy a late-season summer day. Photograph by Charles Schwend.



DREAM  
MAKER.





# Portfolio

## Older students at SIUE

Right: Helen Poggemoeller, 64, takes a piano lesson. She is also enrolled in a yoga class with both classes being covered under the Educard Program. Photograph by Dave Luecking.

Far right: Margaret Pal, 83, receives a warm handshake and the Returning Student Honors Award from then president Kenneth Shaw. "Going back to school makes me feel young," she said. Photograph by Charlie Skaer.

Below: Walter Beinke, 55, plays his alto saxophone in the SIUE Jazz Band. He also plays with weekend bands in the area. Photograph by T. S. Matthews.











# Portfolio

## Postvisualization

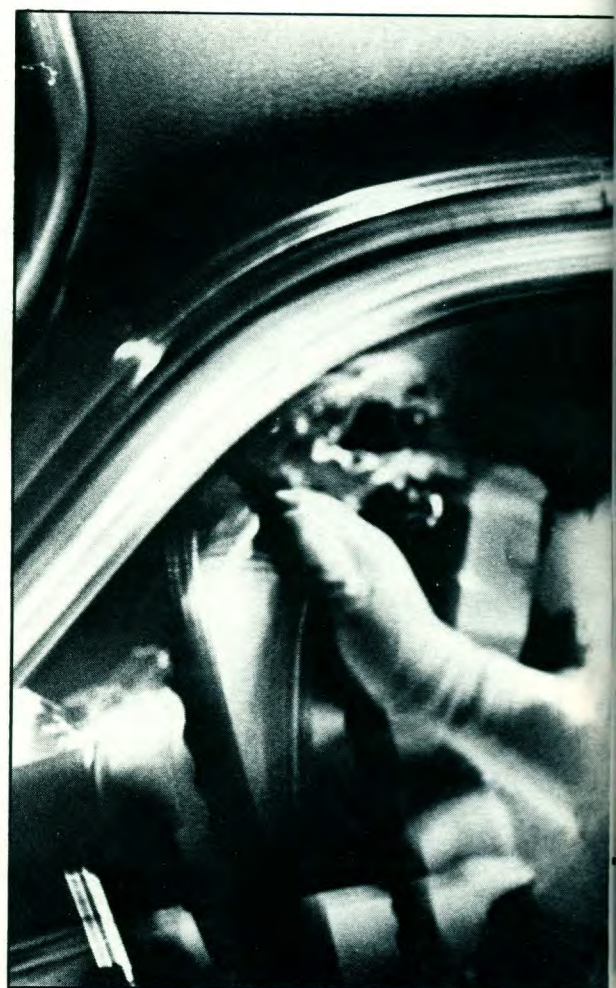
*Postvisualization utilizes the photographer's darkroom skills to make special photographs.*

Above: Gary Kronk came up with a pseudo-snowstorm with the Arch nearly invisible.

Right: With shutter speed at one second and aperture set at f/4, Keith Schopp took this photograph of an unidentified girl going to a Halloween party.

Above right: Photographer Ruth Cowing melted the negative of a photograph to achieve a distorted effect.

Opposite page right: A Xerox copy of a contact sheet of Alice Cooper creates a different look. Photographs by Scott Cousins.









# Ruth Slenczynska: Pianist who takes listener



**Slenczynska shows student Becky Davis the proper technique**

*'The most outstanding of German*



# s on a musical journey



**to master a series of notes.**

*prodigies'*

## Story by Debbie Vogel

*The piano tuner, a small, older man, stands on stage at the grand piano striking a key, making an adjustment, striking it again. He repeats the process until he is satisfied. The instrument is to be played by Ruth Slenczynska in her concert in the Communications Building theater. It must be perfectly in tune.*

*Tonight's show is sold out. Folding chairs are set up stage-right to accommodate the overflow of Slenczynska fans.*

*The concert, a benefit performance jointly sponsored by the Women's Club of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville and the SIUE music department begins at 3:30 p.m. on a February Sunday in honor of St. Valentine's Day. The size and enthusiasm of the audience is an obvious tribute to the artistry of the pianist, who has been performing since the age of six.*

□□□

Ruth Slenczynska was born January 15, 1925, in Sacramento, Calif. Her mother tells of how Ruth's father announced her as the world's greatest musician when she was barely 12 days old. As a violinist whose career was stopped by a hand injury in World War I, Josef Slenczynska was determined to make his first offspring a musician of incomparable skill.

She made her piano debut in Berlin at the age of six. The Weimar Republic, Germany of the 1920s and 1930s, characterized by gross inflation but immense artistic development, was in full force at the time. Child prodigies flocked to the cultural center of Berlin. Slenczynska, above the rest, was described by the New York Times as "the most outstanding of all the prodigies." Olin Downes, top music critic and theorist, called her "the greatest piano genius since Mozart."





# *Andante con moto. 'I gulp a little*

At the age of 14 though, the pianoforte master disappeared from the concert stage. The nine-hour daily practice sessions enforced by her father and the beatings with the "magic stick," a wooden handle of her sister's toy shovel, were too much. She didn't resume her career until she accepted an invitation to play in the Bach Festival of July, 1951, in Carmel, Calif. She was then 26 years old.

□□□

*The lights and noise in the auditorium dim as everyone waits. Reverberations of fast, very fast, footsteps are heard. From out of the darkness behind the piano on the stage, Slenczynska appears, an endearing smile on her face. She bows to her audience and places herself at the keyboard. There is a short pause, then the performance begins.*

□□□

Slenczynska is artist in residence at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. Her job allows her to continue her concert career while also teaching students and giving classes.

While living in New York in the spring of 1964, Slenczynska had a number of universities call her with teaching offers. Playing a full concert schedule at the time, her standard reply was, "Oh, you don't want me, I have too many concerts." The schools decided she knew best and retracted their offers.

When Dr. Lloyd Blakely, then head of the music department at SIUE, called, he got the standard reply. He tried again with an even more appealing request, though. He enticed her by pointing out that the university didn't want her to stop performing. Instead, SIUE just wanted her to return to campus and teach between concerts instead of going home to an empty apartment in New York.

As she was preparing to leave for a concert in Hong Kong, Dr. Blakely told Slenczynska to go, but to return to SIUE where she'd have "a family of students eager to see you."

"Well all my life I've been alone, alone, alone. That was just the thing to tell me," she remembers.

□□□

*Sonata, Opus 57, "Appassionata" by Ludwig van Beethoven, is the first journey into the imagination that Slenczynska takes her audience on this Sunday afternoon. As she plays she drifts, she will explain later, forgetting the keyboard, the audience, the hall, the weather outside. All are forgotten in the intensity of the play. She thinks about a fire. She's in a forest at night when she hears the first uneasy crackling of the flames. The fire rages, then diminishes but is never quiet. She gets a little desperate, "I don't want the fire to destroy me," she thinks. Andante con moto. "I gulp a little bit of peace. I get optimistic. I'm going to get out of this alive after all."*

*The flames rise again becoming more and more fierce, more and more intense. Then, suddenly, the fire is gone, the journey comes to an abrupt end. Always, she says, "At the end I realize that I was just a spectator. The applause, it startles me every time. Every time."*

*Applause breaks out in the auditorium. Slenczynska looks up from the piano a little surprised. A smile takes hold of her face as she rises, bows to her audience, and walks into the darkness backstage. The applause continues, and she comes back from stage-left the smile still in control and bows again before leaving the stage. She will take a few minutes break before returning for her next selection.*

□□□

Sitting in her office amidst two grand pianos, a couple of days after the concert, Slenc-



*bit of peace. I get optimistic.'*

zynska talked freely, enthusiastically, and openly.

"The piano is my medium. It's my means of expressing myself," she said. "When you make music, you pull yourself and everyone that's listening to you into a world of imagination. Everyone has that ability, it's just that some people learn to open that door at will, and others never learn to open it at all. It is the function of people in the recreative arts to open that door into the imagination.

"Artists have to have tremendous faith in their imaginations and their abilities. One of the first things a musician has to do is make the difficulties in playing nonexistent for himself and his audience. The audience ought not to be aware that you're struggling with an instrument."

When Slenczynska was four, she took lessons from Mrs. Alma Schmidt-Kennedy, who told her stories from Greek mythology after every lesson. For Slenczynska, this opened up the world of images and imagination and helped her understand the connection between imagery and music. The stories implanted in her the idea that "a good musician is interested in many different things for his own sake."

Ever since those early stories, for every piece of music that Slenczynska includes in her now extensive repertoire she develops a picture story that runs through her head while playing. Every time she plays the piece, she goes on the same journey, adding a new side-trip here or there as she progresses. And the music and the journey progress together.

□□□

*Slenczynska returns to the stage, pausing first to relate a story and explanation of why she chose the next three pieces. "You'll notice that the next three pieces are all by Slavic composers. This is supposed to be a valentine program. As a very young lady, my favorite gift given to me was a nosegay. A pleasant, tiny, little French nosegay with a red rose in the center, surround-*



## **Ruth Slenczynska: Musical artist in residence at SIUE.**

*ed by a circle of pink ones. It had streamers hanging down. They were three colors tied together. So I took three Slavic composers and put them together for you for a valentine present."*

□□□

The day after the concert, Slenczynska got a new addition to her office fireplace mantelpiece. It was a nosegay with a red rose in



# 'A teacher gets back so much m

the center, surrounded by a circle of white daisies, and by another circle of pink daisies. Red, pink, and white streamers hang down into the fire pit. With the ever-present smile on her face, she told of how one of her students Hal Mark MacDonald had the nosegay made for her after seeing her concert Sunday. "He's a real romantic type. He tried to get carnations, but they didn't have any," she said.

Slenczynska's students are very dear to her. She considers them her family, her "children." When she teaches, an electric metronome sits on the mantelpiece behind the student and teacher. Tick, tick, tick...

"Do you think you can make this vibrato?" Slenczynska inquired of the pupil. A flourish of notes came from the piano. "Aha," a smile came across her face, "you can do that there too."

Slenczynska pointed out to the student that he'd produce a better sound if he'd strike a particular note with the side of his little finger rather than straight down. She had him make an attempt.

"Now, you're giving a real genuine karate chop. I give a measured strike, according to the weight I want."

She explained, "Pianists who don't teach, don't know what they're missing. They're selfish. They don't know that a teacher gets back so much more than what he puts in to it."

Sunwha Youn is one of Slenczynska's top pupils. She placed first in the SIUE Orchestra Soloists Competition held Feb. 2. Her prize is a solo performance in the orchestra's April 25th concert. Her prize is also in knowing that she took on a very difficult challenge, a piece much harder than the one she had chosen the year before but lost with, and rose to the challenge.

Most teachers wouldn't shy from predicting great things for Youn. Slenczynska, however, wouldn't venture to predict anything for Youn or any of her other students for that matter.

"I never forecast what a student will do in the future. Surprising things happen. You just never know what they will do when they fly

away. You just do the best you can with them and hope for the best."

□□□

*Slenczynska ties the bow on her special valentine present to her audience and walks off stage. The lights go on for a 20-minute intermission. This brief stop back into reality gives the audience time to stand up, mingle, and discuss the journeys they've just been taken on.*

*Florence Gillig, a worker in the SIUE president's office, and Louise Smith, wife of Sam Smith, director of University News Services, offer representative opinions of the enraptured audience.*

*Gillig has seen Slenczynska in concert at least four times, but is still amazed by the skill of this agent of travel. "It's hard to believe so much music comes out of such a little person," Gillig said. "She's such a vivacious person."*

*"I think this is marvelous. I was just about in tears after the 'Appassionata' and I certainly never thought I would be. I can't wait for what comes next, Chopin is my favorite," Smith whispered.*

□□□

Artists of Slenczynska's caliber have always been held up to society as something more than "normal" or "average." They're considered people who pursue their careers for the pure love of doing it, and the satisfaction it brings them to share their arts with the public.

Slenczynska has all of the idealistic goals of a true artist, but a business-sense. "Of course money matters to me when I give a performance. It's not a good incentive to students I teach to think they can't make a living at it. Not collecting my fee would be setting a poor example. Sunday's concert was a benefit. But if it's for a good cause, I say 'why not?'"



# ore than what he puts into it'

"Anybody who works as hard as I do at the level I do, to get the results I do, ought to be paid for it.

"Of course I love to play," she said in a drawn-out, hushed tone. "But you don't go to a doctor just because he likes his profession, and then not pay him his fee."

□ □ □

*People in the audience return to their seats, conversation and lights both dim.*

*Slenczynska returns to fulfill her role in the events of the afternoon. Twenty-four preludes, Opus 28, by Frederic Chopin, is the last scheduled piece of the day. Everyone settles in to savor its impending pleasures.*

□ □ □

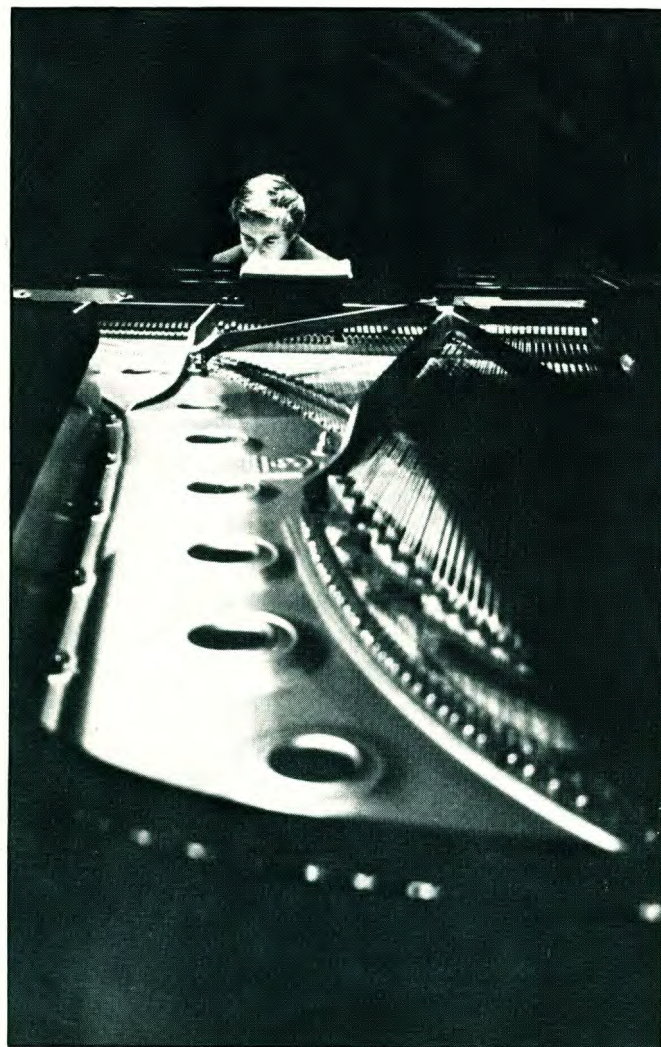
In her office, Slenczynska compared Chopin's writing style to that of a Japanese haiku. The first of the preludes is "so leanly written, there's not a superfluous sound or note. The ideas are kept to a minimum."

□ □ □

*The crowd appreciates Chopin. It appreciates Slenczynska too, and her talent and expertise.*

*Slenczynska and Chopin have combined their efforts and taken the audience on 24 little separate journeys. The program ends and the audience rises to its feet, applauding. A representative of the SIUE Women's Club presents Slenczynska with a bouquet of roses, which she accepts with a smile. She leaves the stage to return to the darkness, only to return again and again.*

*The audience noise subsides as it*



## Slenczynska in concert at SIUE on St. Valentine's Day.

*becomes apparent she wants to say a few words. She explains how she would like to present a "special valentine to a person who telephoned me about 15 years ago at this time of the year, and said, 'Do you dance?' I replied that 'I used to.' He said, 'Well, I don't dance either. You want to go to the Faculty Club Dance?'*

*"For him I'd like to play a special valentine waltz."*

*The recipient sits on the aisle seat of row two, right side of the auditorium, approximately*



# *'I feel I give a better concert wh*

*where he always sits during one of her performances. The tall, gray-haired man in the pinstripe suit is Dr. James Kerr, government and public affairs professor at SIUE and Slenczynska's spouse.*

□□□

Slenczynska explained that Dr. Kerr leads his own life while she leads hers, a pleasant break from the life she had with her father and her first husband, who both lived her life for her. Although, she added, Dr. Kerr is "proud of my profession."

The Kerrs both have such hectic schedules that Slenczynska says they literally meet in the kitchen every evening to cook supper. Gourmet cooking is a hobby they both enjoy, and it has over the years brought them closer together.

Separate, Slenczynska said she feels they both live full lives, but together she feels they

enlarge and complement each other.

With a career of his own to manage, Dr. Kerr can't always accompany his wife on tour, which, as far as Slenczynska's concerned, is probably a good thing. Performing with him in the audience makes her more nervous than she otherwise would be. "I feel I give a better concert when he's not there," she said in a half-whisper.

□□□

*This particular Sunday's event comes to a close. Slenczynska has exercised her audience's imagination and given it a glimpse of her inside world. She took her audience with her.*

*Mrs Smith turns toward the woman seated next to her. "That was certainly very special wasn't it?"*

*A smile comes across her companion's face by way of a reply.*



**Slenczynska practicing alone before the concert.**



*en he's (my husband) not there'*

## Autobiographical book relates anecdote: She meets a queen

Having moved to Paris at the age of seven, Slenczynska gave her first concerto, a performance combining the efforts of orchestra and piano, in the Salle Pleyel, in June of 1932. It was an effort that earned praise from the general public and critics alike.

The night after her concerto performance, Slenczynska sat in a box at the Champs Elysees Theatre with her father, paying heed to a performance being given by Ignace Paderewski. She became fascinated by a "fabulous looking woman in a lower box."

Intermission came, and with it an invitation to meet Queen Astrid of Belgium, the fabulous looking woman in the lower box.

Queen Astrid explained that she had seen the small girl's own performance the evening before, and had appreciated it immensely. She extended to Slenczynska a standing invita-

tion to the palace if ever she were in Brussels.

"'I wish you a happy life,' were her last words to me," Slenczynska explains in her autobiography "Forbidden Childhood." The autobiography is noted for its "frank account of a girl's struggle to free herself from the stranglehold of her tyrannical father," according to the jacket cover.

Despite the autobiographical account of her life, written in 1958, Slenczynska asserts that she has had a happy life. "Oh yes, definitely. I've always been happy. Happiness is something that's inside of yourself.

"I'm also very happy with the outside world, and I feel I can bring things to it. Not every person who walks on to the stage can say, 'I am going to give you an event to enjoy and do it.'"

Photographs by Roger Kramer and Scott Cousins





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# Bunny Wall: she's 47

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Bunny Wall is a member of the SIUE women's tennis team.





# and still going strong

Text by Alice Noble

Photographs by Kelly Brooks

The tall stack of textbooks and notebooks was pushed to the side of the cafeteria table where Bunny Wall relaxed over a mid-morning soda. Stray handouts and handwritten notes jutted conspicuously from the stack.

"I'm going to have to straighten out this mess someday," Wall said, as she stuffed another mimeographed sheet in with the others.

But in the meantime, the books will have to wait. Wall has more important things on her mind these days, like being a housewife and mother to five children.

Or, like coping with a full-time job...

Or, like taking 12 to 16 hours of college courses and completing the subsequent homework...

Or, most importantly, like playing highly-competitive intercollegiate women's tennis against players half her age.

This 47-year-old SIU-Edwardsville coed does all of this and sometimes more.

Wall began taking classes at SIUE and playing intercollegiate tennis in September 1978 after she was offered a tennis scholarship. Since then, she has become a driving force behind the successful women's team, playing in both singles and doubles competition.

In 1979, Wall was undefeated in her dual matches. She also fared well in tournament play, defeating several top-ranked players.

"I think I did really well, especially after I learned how to cope with college tennis," Wall said.

"I learned I can stay with any other competitors. That's a big lift when you're talking about an age difference of 26 years."

## 120 games in 2½ days

The tennis team had a 30-3 record this past season and were state and regional champions. They also went to the nationals.

"All in all, we had a very successful season," Wall commented. She was particularly pleased with her

performance at a tournament held in Martin, Tenn.

"I really did play my best there. I played 120 games in 2½ days," she said.

However, during one of the matches Wall injured her shoulder and although she continued to play, she could not execute her strongest moves.

"My overhead is my toughest shot," she explained. "But when I hurt my shoulder I couldn't make the shots with enough force. I was making the shots, but they were returning them."

In singles at the same tournament, Wall lost to the player who eventually took first place.

"I did my best against her," she said. "I know I could have beaten her if I hadn't hurt my shoulder. But that's the breaks."

Statements like the one above are often labeled 'excuses' in the world of sports competition, but not in Wall's case. As her record clearly shows, she had no reason to make excuses.

But even with her problems, Wall said she learned a lot from the Martin tournament.

"That weekend did a lot for me. For one thing, I picked up my endurance and found I could play longer than I thought I was capable of," she said.

Playing tennis this spring had its difficulties for Wall, but she thrives on challenges.

"I'm the kind of person who if you tell me I can't do something, I'm going to see if I can," she admitted with a grin.

"A couple of times, like when I hurt my shoulder, I wondered whether I was going to make it. But I managed to get through and that was an accomplishment in itself," she said.

Wall said she injured her hand in the Martin tournament last year and felt her shoulder problem was partially due to the fact that she tried to compensate for her injured hand.

"The Martin tournament was the first match of the year and we reached the semifinals," she said, speaking about herself and her partner, Joy Pierson.

"I was released to play and after three days I went to Martin. I just wasn't prepared, not like last year. I hadn't hit a serve in six months."

## 'It's kind of tough...'

Aside from the trauma of going back to school and having to study, Wall also had to make a transition into college tennis tournaments while she was teaching. So from 1960 to 1970 tournament play and much needed competition was closed to Wall.

"When they opened the tournaments again, I





started getting into them. I've had some success in the last eight years, but the problem now in playing college tennis is that I'm playing people where I'm twice their age. It's kind of tough, kind of difficult.

"I do well in doubles and mixed doubles. Singles is what's tough. I don't have the time to get in condition for singles with my family, my work, and my responsibilities."

But overall, she thinks her first season at SIUE was successful.

"I did quite well, I think, keeping up with the younger kids. They call me grandma out there," she said.

What did these younger kids think of a 47-year-old competing against them?

"Some of them were intimidated by me, I found out later. But I didn't know it at the time. But some of them felt they'd have an easy walk-through just looking at me," she said, calling attention to her physical condition.

Wall is of medium weight, or what some would call overweight. She said her extra pounds came from having five children.

"But I'm a fighter," she declared. "I don't go in and say, 'You can have the match.' I don't believe in that. I go in there to win and I give it all I've got. If I lose in the process, fine. I think some of my opponents were surprised at the matches I gave them."

"There were only two matches I was blown out of and those players were better than me. There was no question about that, they proved it in the state competition."

"These players outclassed me at the time. But toward the end of the year, I felt my game improving; I got my game together."

"It's an adjustment, just like going to school again. It takes time to learn how to cope."

### It's a different game

"You see, the difference between college tennis and tournament tennis is people are quiet in tournament tennis. They don't make noise or cheer, where in college tennis they're all screaming at you, asking the score all the time. There is an adjustment there. You have to get your concentration going; it makes for a lack of confidence until you get the hang of it," she said.

Another difference Wall noted between the two types of play is the actual strategy used by the players.

"Most of the time I try to use an aggressive game. I try to take the net and use a volley rather than staying at the baseline."

"This is a different game than these (college) girls are used to playing. I've got a good strategy going. I like to try to get the point over as fast as possible."

"I go for placement rather than endurance the way the other girls do. They usually stick to the baseline and keep pounding it until someone gets tired."

As far as her own teammates are concerned, Wall said, "Everybody is really nice. We have one other lady that is not actually a 20-year-old. Ruth Szymanski is 40. So she's not as young as the rest of them."

Wall credits her 20 years of teaching as one of the reasons she gets along so well with her younger teammates.

"We had a kind of camaraderie. We'd sing on the trips and everybody seemed to get along pretty well. They called me grandma, but they were cheering for me."

### Taught over 20,000 students

"I've spent most of my life teaching younger players, so I think I have a pretty good understanding and a mellowness. When you get involved with the

Wall explains a serve to student,





'Every once in a while, I would get to play a game of tennis and it would relieve the tension. Then I would say, it's all worth it because I do enjoy playing and I always have. I could play tennis all the time if you want to get technical.'

public, you have to learn to deal with personalities. I've taught over 20,000 people, so I think that background helped me," she said.

Her background may have helped her in more ways than one. Take, for instance, the match she played last year against one of her former students. She said she was kind of down for the match, which is probably why the younger player took an early lead.

"But I couldn't let her win since she was one of my students," Wall said. "I came back to win it in three sets. It was a long match, but I couldn't let her win."

### Psyching up

Teaching others has also helped Wall learn what works best for herself. A good example is her method of getting psyched up for a match.

"I teach this a lot to my kids. Most of the kids I've worked with have developed good strokes and form and can hit the ball well, but when they get into a match, they choke.

"I tell myself I'm going out to try to win. But if I don't, the world isn't going to collapse. I try as hard as I

can and I'll fight. But if that isn't good enough, at least I gave them a good match.

"I tell myself I'm going to watch the ball, concentrate, and discover my opponent's weaknesses.

"That's how I psych myself up, but I also do a lot of stretching and bending exercises. I try to jump rope and run a lot. I prepare myself physically before a match so I can say, 'You're ready.' Then the mind has to stay sharp.

"When you play six matches in seven hours like we did at one point, it's a little hard to feel like psyching yourself up. You're hurting and you're stiff and you're sore, but you still go out there.

"I found that it's the mental attitude that will pull you through a match more than the physical aspect. The physical's got to be there, but the mental can keep you strong. You've got to have the confidence to say, 'I'm in shape to last.'

"A lot of times if I think an opponent is pretty good, I'll say to myself, 'You're smarter, you're older and you should be better.' So I sort of get confidence that way, too.

"It's a psych job, a mental psych job, but you have to do it. You have to do it to get the adrenaline flowing, to get a positive outlook rather than a negative one.

"It's just like when the school books get tough. I have to tell myself that nothing is harder to learn than tennis.

Wall's psych job obviously works for her. Last year it helped her get to the third round of competition in the state singles division.

"I had never played three rounds of singles in one day in my life and then gone out to play some doubles. At my age, that's pretty tough," she joked.

But more seriously, she added, "I wasn't supposed to go that far. I upset a couple of people and somehow I got to the third round.

"That was a big turning point. My whole game, my confidence, my whole outlook changed right then. I hadn't been playing my best. Even though I was winning, I didn't feel my shots were clicking. I was hitting the ball with a lot of velocity, a lot of control, but I just didn't have my confidence until that point."

### Interest sparked in high school

Wall became interested in tennis while attending Catholic high school. A tennis pro named Earl Buchholtz, Sr. came to the school to give a demonstration. Afterward, he encouraged the students to come to his club.

Ron Pollvogt of St. Charles







Although she had a part-time job after school to pay for her school tuition, Wall borrowed some time to visit the pro. She wanted to hear more about the game.

"I really fell in love with it. I ran home and told my mother, 'I want to play tennis'," Wall said.

Her mother accepted the idea, provided Wall paid for her own lessons and equipment. This was no easy feat, considering Wall's job only paid 50 cents an hour. But she managed it.

Wall caught on quickly to the sport, amazing her new coach.

"He saw my natural ability to learn very quickly, so he got me into some junior programs. That's where they pick the top 10 players and put them into this program that gives them advanced knowledge and strategy, things that you wouldn't learn from a tennis pro.

"He asked me if I wanted to play in tournaments and I did. Of course, I got slaughtered in my first year because I was playing the ninth and tenth-ranked players in the country.

"I had one more year left in the junior division (for ages 18 and under). At the time, Earl said it was too bad I didn't start five years earlier. I asked him what was wrong with maybe winning the district championship and going on to the nationals," Wall said.

But Buchholtz didn't think she could do it. He said there were several girls who had five years experience over his protege, Wall.

"I set out to try to prove him wrong, more or less," she said.

In the meantime, Buchholtz's top female player left him for another coach.

"That gave him the incentive. All of a sudden he saw that I was working very hard and he couldn't believe the improvement. So he started putting in more time, more effort with me. He knew that I was probably his only hope of regaining his pride because his top player went to another coach," Wall said.

### **Determined to win**

"I was determined more than ever to prove I could do it."

When the district tournament came up, Wall's first opponent was the girl who left Buchholtz. Wall knew she could beat the girl, but it wasn't an easy victory.

"She decided at that time she'd try to give it all she had because she knew I could beat her. We had about a three-hour match and I won. I won the whole tournament.

"That was the first time that had ever been done.

I'd been playing tennis for only 14 months, once a week in the winter. That really isn't a lot. Not like we do today; we play almost every day."

From the district tournament, Wall went on to win the regional and finally, the national title that year.

"It was the first time anyone who had played that short a time had gone to the national tournament. It was a real thrill for me because I tried to do it and I did it," she said.

After the nationals, Wall went immediately into the women's division where she won some national as well as international titles.

"My international title is from the Orange Bowl in 1954, and it's one of my biggies," she confided with a shy smile.

But Wall admits she stole more than the district title away from Buchholtz's former player. After she'd been competing at the women's level, Wall stole something much more important.

"Tennis was more or less my life, and then I met my husband. He was playing tennis too. As a matter of fact, he was going with the girl I dethroned," she said with a laugh.

### **Time out for a family**

Wall kept playing tournaments even after getting married. At times, she and her husband would team up and win some doubles matches. It wasn't until she started having children that she slowed down.

"I had to drop out of tournaments when the kids came. The five babies were born in six years. So I started teaching tennis to make some extra money, as a subsidy," she explained.

Then, when her kids were old enough, Wall began to teach them how to play.

"I started taking the kids to tournaments with a goal in mind. I always wanted to go to college, but I came from a large, but poor, family and was unable to get financing. So I was not able to go to school, but I figured I could get my kids scholarships through tennis."

And she did. Her three oldest children each earned a tennis scholarship. The oldest boy plays for Southwestern Oklahoma State University, the second oldest for Texas Wesleyan, and the oldest girl plays for Cook County College in Gainesville, Texas.

All three hold the cherished number one singles position at their respective schools.

Although still in high school, Wall's youngest boy is also looking forward to earning a tennis scholarship. That leaves only one of her children who has not actively



'They (my family) respect me for doing this. Sure they laugh, they give me a hard time, but I think they brag to their friends that their mom is going to college on a tennis scholarship.'

pursued the sport. That one is Kathy, her youngest daughter.

"Kathy quit playing, but I taught her husband to play and I'll probably teach this little guy to play," Wall said, bouncing Kathy's son on her knee.

"Kathy likes playing tennis, but she didn't like the competition aspect of it. But she knows how to play if she ever wants to get back into it."

It was a struggle to get the kids to practice at first, Wall said.

"I had to tell them how important it was for them to practice. It took a lot from me to drive them everywhere and make sure they got those practices in. I did all the chauffeuring and cooking and bottle-washing, too.

"As a result, I didn't get to play because I was concentrating on them. But it's been a real pleasure and a joy to see them win some of these," she said, pointing to a collection of nearly 100 trophies.

"That represents a lot of time and hours right there. But at least it's a symbol of what we've been able to accomplish."

Wall relaxes after a match.



Although she worked hard to help her children earn scholarships, Wall never dreamed she'd earn one of her own.

But Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville offered her one--twice, in fact.

She turned it down the first year it was offered because she felt she couldn't manage going back to school and working at the same time.

However, in June of 1978, Wall was approached a second time and she accepted the challenge.

"I was calling a match for SIUE in Forest Park and they approached me with the idea again," Wall recalled. "On impulse I said I would think about it. The next thing you know, I said yes."

"A college education does open a lot of doors," she said, explaining that she was considered for a number of coaching positions in Texas universities, but because she did not have a degree she was not chosen for the positions.

"No certificate means no job," she said.

Wall has already set some goals for her next tennis season. She plans to be on the team, of course, providing she can make it through this year's coursework.

SIUE has renewed her scholarship for the coming season, which means Wall will be back on the courts playing for the Cougars.

### 'Diversify' is key to future plans

What will happen in the future is not clear at this point, but Wall said she would like to play senior professional tennis.

Wall said she still might teach, but she'd also like to win some money playing professional tennis. In addition, she is a certified linesman and would like to officiate some matches for extra money.

"I want to diversify so I don't get tired of doing the same thing all the time."

"I think tennis is just a great game. It can add a lot of enjoyment even if the kids don't want to go on. Take my one boy, for example. He wants to be a college tennis coach and he's going for a master's degree in physical education.

"And he was the one who had no coordination. It's really helped him a lot. If you could have seen him when he was 10 and he tripped all over his own feet...now he's my best player.

"It makes you feel like it's all worth it. You know, you can see some results."

Results, rewards--whatever you call them--Bunny Wall has been meeting, and beating, a lifetime of challenges.

■ ■ ■



# SIUE photojournalists share some of their favorite photographs



**Becky Sharpe of Bolivar, Mo., finds time to take a rest from play at her grandmother's house in Mitchell, Ill., and cuddles her pets. Photographs by Ed Sedej.**

■ Photography has always fascinated many people. Ten journalism students are currently specializing in photojournalism. They have chosen to specialize in this area for ten different and unique reasons.

Some of those ten students have said they enjoy photographing sports, faces, people, unusual lighting scenes, and action type events. All photographs convey a nonverbal message and how the photographer decides to present the message is entirely up to him.

Eight of the ten photojournalists have chosen their favorite works of photography. Their favorites have not all been taken while they were enrolled in photojournalism classes. Several of the students are employed part-time as photographers in the area.





## Ed Sedej

Photojournalist Ed Sedej loves to photograph sporting events. Tony Pierce of Granite City is shown in the photograph above as he misses a penalty kick "shoot out" as the goalkeeper for the Granite City team in the young men's soccer league.

Sedej is fond of the bottom photograph because "it rewards me after shooting over 150 frames of SIUE Dental School students." SIUE Dental School student Valerie Ackerson Cabavanaugh of Rock Island, Ill., checks Keri Cunningham, 3, for dental problems while examining day care children in Granite City.



■ *Ed Sedej is a senior from Granite City and works part-time for the Granite City Press-Record.* ■ ■



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# Duane Zehr

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The photograph to the left is one of Duane Zehr's favorites because it simply portrays the effect that the hostage crisis had on most Americans without showing Rocky Sickmann with his arm raised above his head. "Perhaps if more of the photo coverage of the hostages' return would have been like this, instead of placing them on a pedestal as returning heroes," Zehr said, "the commercialization of the event would not have gotten out of hand." Zehr took the photograph while attending a religious celebration on campus in honor of the hostages' return.

The angle from which the photograph at the bottom is taken is the main reason it is one of Zehr's favorites. The angle "emphasizes the water in the street and the rain bouncing off it," he said. "I was standing in the middle of the street waist-deep in water when I took it." The photograph was taken while Zehr was employed by the *Pekin Daily Times* and was published by United Press International and "Technical Photography" magazine.

■ Duane Zehr, a freshman from Pekin, Ill., is an Alestle photographer. ■ ■





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# Ed King

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The Collinsville Park Ballroom fire is photographed below by Ed King. As King stepped out into the late evening the night the Collinsville Park Ballroom burnt to the ground, he saw the sky to the north was orange. "I hopped into my car, camera in hand, and drove like mad," said King. When he arrived people were everywhere and firemen were everywhere, but anyone could tell it was too late to save the building, he said. The following morning what remained of the Collinsville Park Ballroom stood only a foot tall.

King's all time favorite photographic work is the photograph below. "It's a photograph of a friend of mine, Joyce Knute, and her dog, Boulder, in her South St. Louis apartment," King said. "The sun was shining brightly so I asked Joyce to stand in the doorway of her front porch." This gave the young woman a ghost-like effect. King named the photograph "Past Master" with the idea that the dog's past master had returned in the form of a spirit to see how its pet was doing in the material world, he said.

■ *Ed King, a senior journalism major from St. Louis, is the photographic editor for the Alestle.*



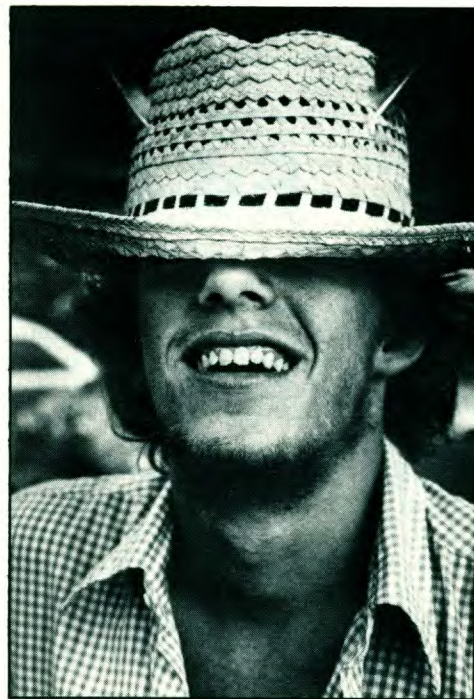


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# Roger Kramer

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One of the aspects of photography which Roger Kramer enjoys most is candid portraiture. "It is a challenge to make a candid portrait that truly visualizes the person's personality," Kramer said in reference to the photograph at the right. Kramer was photographing the Medora (Ill.) picnic parade when he ran into an old friend, Darryl Bierman. "After speaking to him and noticing his apparel and his behavior that day, I caught him imitating Chuck Barris, the host of 'The Gong Show,' Kramer said. He felt the photograph was a true image of Bierman's personality on that day.



A young ball player for the Brighton Birds, carries his glove and food back to the ball diamond after a losing effort. Photographer Roger Kramer said, "Darrin Strohbeck (the youth) symbolizes most young ball players so well because he exaggerates their 'concerns' at the ball park." The soda, the candy, and the glove all symbolize why a child wants to spend a summer at the ball park, Kramer explained.

"His facial expression really sets this photograph off from the other photographs of Darrin I made," Kramer said. "A photograph like this one just shows to prove that a good sports photograph does not have to include the action on the field."

■ Roger Kramer is interested in all aspects of photo-journalism. He is a sophomore from Brighton, Ill. ■ ■





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# Charlie Skaer

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Photojournalist Charlie Skaer's two favorite photographs came from two extremes: one of his shortest shooting sessions and one of his longest shooting sessions.

The photograph to the left was taken of SIU Chancellor Kenneth Shaw during a 10 minute session and was part of an assignment to shoot informal portraits of SIU administrators, Skaer said. Shaw was photographed with his "security pillow" which he said he uses in his car to sleep comfortably whenever someone else is driving. "The photo turned out to be one of my favorites because both Shaw followers and Shaw enemies can appreciate it; followers can say Shaw is just showing his charisma while enemies can say Shaw is just acting his age."

Harry Chapin and two Mississippi River Festival employees, in the bottom photograph, are walking past the barren MRF grounds after an evening of entertainment. The Chapin shooting session lasted about six hours.

■ *Charlie Skaer, a senior journalism major from Freeburg, is working for Shell Oil Co. in Wood River.* ■ ■







# Cheryl Alsup

While looking for a romantic effect in the studio, backlighting a profile seemed appropriate to Cheryl Alsup. "The attempt to bring out the personality of my sister, Cindy Alsup, was the reason for the effect," said Cheryl. The backlighting eliminated most of the subject's features to produce the desired mood, she said. "Since the studio presents certain problems because of a flat background, attempts to bring out the personality of the person can be difficult."



"After cursing the sun all morning for being too bright, I spotted Linda Larigan from Creve Coeur at the fifth annual Missouri Chili Cook-off," said Cheryl about the top photograph. The shadow cast by her western hat made an interesting pattern across her face. The pattern from the combination of the sun and the hat adds to what would otherwise be a routine, bland head-and-shoulders news photograph, in Cheryl's opinion.

■ Cheryl Alsup is a senior journalism major from Belleville. ■



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# Scott Cousins

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The photograph below was taken at Alice Cooper's concert at Mississippi River Festival this past summer, photographer Scott Cousins explained. "The lighting at the concert was amazing. He had spotlights in front, to the side, and behind him," said Cousins. "Of all the 300 or so exposures I made, I like this one the best." In the photograph Cooper looked very serene, unlike how he looked the rest of the concert.



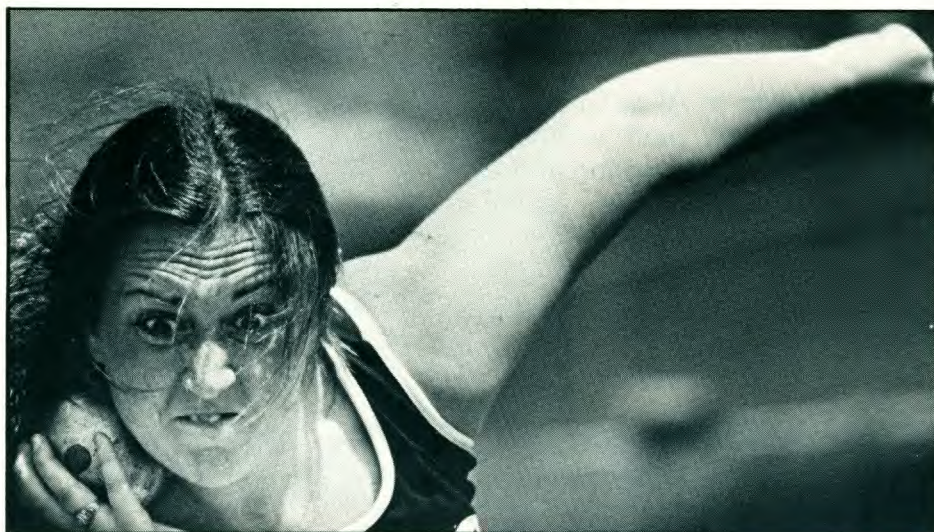
The smile and the body language of the cheerleader in the photograph below are its strongest points, according to Cousins. "By looking at the subject, 16-year-old Cyndi Carlisle, and her background, cheerleader springs to mind," said Cousins. "Her smile is not forced. When photographing people who have to smile all the time, it is not an easy thing to do." Miss Carlisle is a cheerleader at Wood River High School.

■ *Scott Cousins a sophomore journalism major, is an Alestle photographer from Roxana.*





# Ruth Cowing



The two photographs shown on this page mean a great deal to photojournalist Ruth Cowing because they symbolize her most recent growth as a photographer. When Cowing was first assigned to cover track events with her camera, she said she was not enthusiastic about the idea. "And it turned out to be the best thing that could have happened to me," she said. "You can only grow by exploring new territory." These photographs were taken while she was beginning to cover sporting events.

■ *Ruth Cowing is a senior journalism major from Chicago. She works part-time for SIUE Photo Service.* ■ ■





# 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 tenth year Focus is a laboratory publication produced from journalism courses in reporting, photography and publication design. Design, layout and graphic arts work came from Journalism 303b. Photographers were enrolled in beginning (210a), intermediate (210b), and advanced (482) courses.

Focus provides pictorial coverage of the campus, as well as in-depth, human interest and investigative stories. Students set all type on a Compugraphic Editwriter 7500 in the editing facilities of the journalism program and do most camera-ready pasteup of pages. The next issue of Focus is scheduled for October, 1981.

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

## Our contributors

**Diane Kemper** graduated in December 1980 with a major in journalism and is a reporter for the Review Atlas in Monmouth, Il.

**Kaisa Cole** after graduating in August 1980 moved with husband and children to Houston, Tx.

**Debbie Vogel**, a senior journalism major from Meadowbrook, Il., did most of her background research for her story by reading Ruth Slenczynska's autobiography, "Forbidden Childhood."

**Roger Kramer**, a sophomore in journalism from Brighton, Il., is mainly interested in photojournalism.

**Robert Johnson, Jr.**, a senior from Godfret, Il., majoring in journalism, has been playing drums professionally for nine years in such bands as Crosswind, Moonshine and now Blue Ridge.

**Ruth Cowing**, a senior journalism major from Chicago, Il., studied art photography for two years before transferring to SIUE.

**SIUE**  
**j o u r n a l i s m**

Design logo by Paul Schankman.

**This issue of Focus magazine is edited by David Beal, Tim Seibel, Robert Johnson, Jr., Sheila Frye, Jana Thomson, Pat Beck, Paul Schankman, Ruth Cowing, Roger Kramer, Vic Svec and Jeff Wilson. All are majors in journalism at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.**





# Edwardsville Bulletin

*To the Faculty and Staff of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville*

FY81-99

PLEASE POST  
OR CIRCULATE

April 1, 1981

## POSITION DESCRIPTION

Title/Rank: Director of Cutbacks

Job Description: 1) Slash the SIUE budget where institutional costs exceed benefits. 2) Hack the budget etc., etc. 3) Trim the SIUE budget etc., etc., etc. 4) Advise deans and department heads about ruthless cost-cutting measures. 5) Help subdue deans and department heads enraged by loss of phones, office supplies, etc. 6) Explain budget cut to angry students whose programs are dropped. 7) Provide sympathy for teachers whose courses have been canceled.

Terms of contract: Beginning June 1, 1981, until happy days are here again.

Salary range: Commensurate with qualifications; also, subject to trimming.

Qualifications required: Background of successful economizing in a university setting. Ability to use scissors, butcher knife and machete. Strong index finger and thumb for penny-pinching. Firm commitment to solvency. Republican party affiliation preferable.

Source of funds: Money saved through cutbacks.

Closing date for application: May 1, 1981.

Submit Nominations, Resumes or Budget Hit List to:

Office of the President  
Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville  
Edwardsville, Illinois 62026

As an affirmative action employer, SIUE offers equal employment opportunity without regard to race, color (except red not considered favorable), creed or religion, age, sex, national origin, or handicap.

by Robert Lowes

The back page