Focus 18

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Inside...

...student autos; more than just 'wheels' 

...Gov. James R. Thompson visits SIUE

...Charlie Cox, the campus photographer

Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville
Bill Brinson is a multi-talented individual in the field of journalism. Like most students in the journalism program at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, Brinson received a well-rounded background in all aspects of journalism. In addition, Brinson “specialized” in the area of photography by taking extra course work on the subject.

After graduation from SIUE in 1975, Brinson went to work for a daily newspaper in Lawrence, Kansas. Exhibited on these two pages are examples of Brinson’s best work in photography. The photographs were selected from among many of the assignments Brinson has done. Below are explanations of the photographs in Brinson’s own words.

[Upper right photo]: This was taken the morning after the showboat Whippoorwill overturned when a tornado hit it on Lake Pomona in Kansas. They had already righted the boat and had stopped dragging operations for the bodies for the time being. The man sitting on the shore is Bruce Rogers, owner of the boat and its captain. I just happened to walk down a path to get a different perspective of the boat and saw him sitting there.

[Upper left photo]: This photo was taken at St. Clair Square during the 1976 presidential campaign. Mondale had just finished speaking when he began shaking hands from the platform. To me, the photo pictured a hectic campaign because Mondale is smiling, there are secret service men above and below him, and a woman has a frantic look on her face as the crowd pushes forward, all with hands raised.

[Bottom right photo]: This picture was taken at the Big 8 Holiday tournament in 1976 at the Kemper Arena in Kansas City, just after the final game in which Missouri had defeated Kansas 69-65. Herb Nobles, the Kansas forward, had just been named MVP of the tourney, but at the time this photo was taken, Missouri was accepting the championship trophy.

[Middle left photo]: This is Ben Curtit, or as he calls himself, the “Grey Ghost of the West Coast.” He was a hobo, in a mental hospital for ten years, and is now a trasher. He goes through all the big trash containers around town and takes anything that interests him. The outside of his house is completely surrounded by trash and the inside is piled to the walls with only a small passageway.

[Bottom left photo]: This photograph was taken during a speech at Kansas University by former Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. Earlier in the day, many Palestinian and Iranian students had been demonstrating against Rabin’s presence on campus since the speech was held immediately after the occupation of Southern Lebanon by Israel. During the speech that evening, the Arab students continually interrupted Rabin with chants such as “Long live the PLO” and “Zionism is Racism,” etc. Finally, a group of about five or six jumped out of their seats and began running through the auditorium with a PLO flag. When this happened, the students pictured in the photograph, members of a Jewish group, jumped up with this flag and began cursing at the PLO supporters.
Charlie Cox, SIUE's photographer
Hello! How in the world are you?"

The voice booms out of the medium sized man with a wide smile. His round owlish eyes appear even larger through his clear rimmed glasses.

Charlie Cox, SIUE's campus photographer, makes his way through the hallway of the Communications Building calling out to people by their first names and punctuating the replies he receives with a little laugh.

His brown, leather camera bag at his side, he stops to talk with student Frank Hilmes about the movie industry and the University of Southern California—two subjects Cox knows a lot about. His son is an actor who attended the west coast school.

"It'll be a great opportunity if you go to school out there, Frank," Cox says to the interested student. "For a person who writes scripts or acts, you get to meet so many professionals out there that it's really worth it."

A few more minutes of discussion and Cox is off again. More than a campus photographer, he is a counselor to many students. They seek him out for advice and he lets them know that his interest is sincere.

Cox's office is a two-story tract house which lies beside the narrow and oft-times deserted Bluff Road. Outside, a green sign with white lettering proclaims the structure as SIU Photographic Service. In the parking lot a silver Buick Sunbird sits with license plates "COX 24".
Inside the remodeled home, canary-yellow painted walls form a background to the assortment of black and white pictures which are on display. Over a doorway, a photo of a woman pitching a softball hangs next to a picture of a child's first experience with clay. The woman's face strains with the physical act. The child's face is shaped with delight.

Other walls feature pictures of animals, campus buildings, Mississippi River Festival concerts of years gone by and pictures of Cox celebrating a birthday by blowing out candles on a cake.

On the left, the doorway to the darkroom stands open. a black hole interrupting the yellow of the wall. Inside, Cox is printing up enlargements of a room full of empty chairs. A soft gold light silhouettes Cox and his darkroom equipment. Three of his student workers operate the other enlargers in the room.

"You know, I didn't always have a place as nice as this," Cox says, a story beginning to pass through his smile. "I was out in an old house by graphics which they've torn down. They were building the road from (Illinois route) 157 in and they moved everybody out of the building except me because the darkroom was in the basement."

**Times were rough**

"Well, I had to park my car on a small road near the old president's house and the mud was so thick that I had to wear four-buckle overshoes to get to work for a couple of months." He laughs while remembering the early years of the university. Next year will mark his 20th year at the school.

Cox reflects for a moment on the past and then, "In the late 60s when the veterans were returning from Vietnam and the blacks were coming up front for their rights, well, there were a lot of different attitudes of students.

"It was a period with a lot of unrest and people were unhappy with the way the government was, life in general, education and everything else," he remembers aloud. "It's kind of funny now. You can go through a period like that and think, 'My gosh, this will never end,' and then it ends and not too long after you forget what it was like and how bad it was.

"I guess we all adjust to things that happen to us in life."

Cox replaces a filter in the enlarger and presses a switch which raises the projection unit away from the photographic paper. The enlarger lamp glows for two seconds and then goes off. Cox takes the paper to a silver automatic processor which resembles a meat freezer. "Only 55 seconds from wet to dry," he says proudly.

Cox's photographs tell the story of unrest and change. But the most evident change he sees from the late 60s to the present is hairstyles.

"We went through a period when long hair became fashionable and it was kind of hard to adjust to it," Cox says with a chuckle. "Everyone seemed to be trying to outgrow the other guy.

"Now, it's sort of modified and everybody's used to it. When you get used to seeing something, you don't remember the times when it was different."

The paper comes out of the processor with a gloss reflecting the gold of the darkroom bulb. On it the sharp contrast of a symmetrical series of empty chairs in a classroom.

"No matter how many years that you take pictures or how many pictures you've taken, to me, when you shoot something and then go into the darkroom and develop it—the first time you see it is always a surprise," Cox says, holding the finished print.

"There is an anticipation in waiting for the picture to be developed and I hope I never lose that feeling because that's what makes it fun," he says with a boyish grin—the kind that usually accompanies a childhood discovery. "I'm doing what I like to do."

Cox moves back to the enlarger to make another print of the chairs. The light on the enlarger is turned on and for a few seconds a ghostly image of the empty chairs is visible on the light-sensitive paper.

"I shoot more pictures with my eyes as I walk along or drive places than I could ever print up," he says. "I'm great on human interest and funny things—things that have a gimmick. You unconsciously sense these things after you have looked for them awhile.

"To go along with this, part of our job here is to try and get the name of SIU used wherever we can and we do it through pictures," he says. "We've been really successful and lucky with getting human interest pictures on the wire (services). The editors just eat this stuff up like mad."

**The ideal photograph**

"Probably the ideal picture for any editor, if I could find it," he says beginning to reveal another story, "would be a picture of a parade with a sexy girl in the lead. She is carrying an American flag while on the side, a little kid and his dog watch. Standing next to the kid would be an old man on crutches. Those are about all of the human elements most look for."
Cox laughed with the absurdity of the mental photo he had made of the situation. "I really like to take pictures of old people and nature, but not to that extreme."

He finishes another print of the chairs and turns off the enlarger. The telephone rings and Cox swiftly picks up the receiver while he gives a happy "Charlie. What can I do for you?" into the phone. He grabs a note pad which lies next to the phone and jots down another appointment for his schedule.

He gives a cheery "Good bye" into the receiver, hangs up the phone and steps into the brightness of the yellow room, squinting his eyes until the pupils get adjusted to the light.

He looks up at the collection of pictures on the walls. "I fall into a lot of pictures all the time," he says looking at a picture of two cello cases in the Communications Building hallway. The cases resemble a streamlined human being.

"If you keep your eyes open, they're everywhere. If you're aware, you can see things like that all the time. The only problem is that you don't always have the time to take the pictures."

Cox arrived outside the Religious Center for a 10:30 a.m. appointment with the SIUE Concert Chorale. Outside the sun glares off Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome while the chorale members attempt to move into rows for a group picture.

Dr. Leonard Van Camp, the chorale director, talks with some members of the group. Van Camp and the rest of the male members of the chorale sport black coats and bow ties which contrast brightly with the green ruffled shirts they wear beneath the suits. The women wear light green dresses which fall all the way to the ground.

Many of the women move the ends of their dresses swiftly back and forth. Gnats from the previously undisturbed grass begin to give them some problems.

"I'm just about ready to begin," Cox shouts while examining the scene through his Nikon camera, its front protruding with a wide angle lens.

**Say cheese**

Van Camp leads the choir in direction of movement as he did earlier in its direction of voice. Cox assumes the duties when Van Camp realizes that he too is to be included in the picture.

"Will the girl at the end of the third row move to her left a little bit," Cox asks with a smile. A girl in the second row moves to her left instead and then, embarrassed moves back to her original position.

"That's all right," Cox soothes the girl. "I know that it's hard to remember how to count when you go to college." The rest of the chorale laughs with the embarrassed subject.

Cox moves back and forth quickly to take light readings, then shoots eight pictures for the group telling them to remain still. Finishing he gives a light sigh of relief. "Sometimes it can really be a mess when you have to take a picture of a lot of people, but it wasn't bad today. Chances are though that about 19 or 20 of them had their eyes closed. I don't think anybody will be able to see it in the print though, if they did."

He twits the lens off of his camera carefully and places covers on both lens and camera and moves off after a quick good bye to Van Camp.

He goes back to the photo service tract house and moves to the second floor to shoot slides of Mormon Trails for Stanley Kimball, SIUE professor of history, who is preparing a book and lecture on the subject.

"Look at this eye," Cox says as he points to his right eye. "The skin all around it is flat from all of the pictures that I've taken--pressing the viewfinder against it," he says laughing as Kimball joins in.

In a half hour he finishes the slides and says good bye to Kimball with the same cheery smile.

"Everybody I work with is a lot of fun," Cox says. "If you can't have a good time while you're working and work's a chore for you, you ought to get out and do something else. I'm doing what I like to do with people I like to work with."

Cox has gone to great heights for some of his pictures, but once, balancing on a 12-foot ladder, he became the subject of a picture.

**Charlie as the photographic subject**

"Some birds were starting to nest in some of the loudspeakers over at the MRF site, so I went to the history department and borrowed a stuffed bird so I wouldn't affect any of the ones nesting and went over to take a picture. Well, someone got a picture of me with my camera in one hand, a stuffed bird in the other and me trying to keep my balance on the ladder.

"I don't think I ever got the picture."

Cox laughs at the thought and then remembers yesterday. "I had to go over to the science building and take a picture of an 80-year-old lizard that was soaked in alcohol. Somebody else handled the thing--I wasn't about to touch it." He laughs again.

"It's so much easier to laugh and smile than it is to frown," he says. "Some people on this campus, instructors and students alike, look like they haven't smiled for 20 years. Well, I'm just the other way.

"I like to consider myself a spectator in life and sit on the sidelines with my camera and watch it go."

But he knows he is more than that. To people he meets, he becomes a participant in their lives.
Automobiles are the mainstay of a commuter campus like Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville (SIUE).

There were approximately 23,000 registered vehicles during the 1977-78 academic school year. An estimated 4,000 of those vehicles were daily occupants of the university's 5,760 parking places.

In this photographic essay student photojournalist Mary Butkus portrays the car culture of a commuter campus.
Photography by Mary Butkus

Above left: A sporty Datsun 280Z's headlamp cover gives it an eye-like appearance.
Right: A pick-up truck bed complete with blanket.
Above: A Datsun trunk emblem, accented by the sun, is reflected to give a star-like image.

Right: The shock absorbing bumper on this Volkswagen met with a shock greater than its ability.

Opposite: A silver anniversary corvette as seen low through a wide angle lens.
Above: An SIUE campus police car exhibits the sentimental feelings the staff has for smokeys.

Right: A Mary Hartman fan displays her enthusiasm.

Left: An out-of-state aeronautics student supports the Military Airlift Command.
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HONK! IF YOU LOVE
Willie Nelson

HELP IS "N.E.A.R." ON CHANNEL

FORD DRIVERS MAKE BETTER LOVERS

ILLINOIS TOXIC WASTE STATE WILSONVILLE

Sticker It!
Above: A reflection in the bumper provides a reversed image of this custom made license plate.

Left: A rock-n-roll fan displays a plate with his favorite group's name.

Below: No one knows if the driver or the car has "PEP."
Ruth Gaddis,
a wearer of many hats
Ruth Gaddis wears many hats during the course of her day. Among them, a 'mother' hat, a 'student' hat, a 'working woman/working mother' hat and a 'single woman, head of household' hat.

She also lives by bells which rule her life to a large degree.

The first bell rings at 7 a.m. when the alarm clock beside her bed goes off. She gets up, puts on her 'mother' hat, and gets her two sons up for school.

Fourteen-year-old Thomas, who has decided that he should be called Thorn, with an 'h', attends Edwardsville Jr. High School, where he is in the eighth grade. Rodney, 12, goes to the N.O. Nelson elementary school, one of the new open classroom schools, where the students move from subject to subject at their own rate of speed.

"Rod likes it a lot because when he gets his work done for the day he can go downstairs and help with the first and second graders. He really likes that," Gaddis said.

At 12:30 p.m., the school bells ring for her, too. Gaddis is one of the more than 1,600 people over 30 who have returned to the classroom at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville to continue their education.

On this day, she headed for GSK 123, Oral Communications of Ideas, where she was to give a speech in class.

The class was about to begin when she rushed in, breathless, with a camera case over her shoulder.

"I forgot the film. I had to run to the bookstore," she explained.

A student asked, "What's with the camera, Ruth?"

She answered, "It's the last day of class, remember? I told you guys I wanted to take pictures today."

For her speech, Ruth tried on her 'working woman' hat. She is employed at Fairmount Race Track, and in her speech, she tried to explain the fundamentals of horse racing in 15 minutes.

She was nervous as she began to speak to the small class of 17 students. While a friend assisted her by listing the odds for betting on the blackboard behind her, Gaddis talked about what kinds of races are run at Fairmount, and how bets are placed.

Holding up a racing program, Gaddis explained, "Each horse is assigned a number, and you place your bet by that number. You can bet it to win, place or show. If you bet to win, the horse must come in first. If you bet to place, it must be either first or second. If you bet to show, the horse can be either first, second or third, and you will still win."

Warming to her subject, she talked about the different kinds of horses.

"A pacer moves kind of like this," she said, moving her arms and body in a gentle sway. "He picks up his right front and his right hind legs and moves them forward at the same time; then it does the same thing with the left side.

"A trotter walks more like a normal horse walks. He moves his right front and left hind feet forward together, then the left front and right hind feet."

She tried to demonstrate the separate movements of the trotter, but it was difficult. She only has two feet.

Back to betting, she explained the complicated daily double, quinella and trifecta wagering.

"In the daily double, you pick the winning horses in the first two races. If you bet on a 6-10 combination, then the number 6 horse has to win in the first race and the number 10 horse has to win the second. It won't work if number 10 wins the first race and 6 the second."

'Back then they wouldn't let you continue high school if you were married, much less pregnant!'
Gaddis asked for questions from the class. The students wanted to know how the odds are set.

"That's another thing the people don't understand very well. They think they are betting against the race track, but they are really betting against each other. The track gets 17 percent of the money, 7 percent of which goes to the state. The rest is put into the winning pool. Therefore, the losing bettors supply the money for the winners."

She explained that as each bet is placed, the ticket machine automatically feeds the information about which horse is bet to a computer, and the odds are transferred to the big lighted board in the center of the track. The odds have nothing to do with whether or not the horse will win. They simply show which ones the people are putting their money on.

"The bettors are the ones making the decisions. They choose the odds," she said.

She passed around the program and samples of betting tickets.

She said, "These, by the way, are losers. I picked them up off the floor last night after the races."

Her speech over, she relaxed again, smiling as another student said, "Good work, Ruth."

After class, she found that her last-minute rush to the bookstore was for nothing.

"They gave me the wrong film! I'll have to exchange it."

A few people were still hanging around after class to discuss arrangements for a party.

"Let's have a barbecue in my yard," Ruth offered. "I won't have to work, and you can stay as late as you want."

Waiting for the boys to come home, she talked about her life. She was married at 15, had Thom when she was 16, and Rodney when she was 18.

"Back then they wouldn't let you continue high school if you were married, much less pregnant."

Her husband joined the army and was sent to Germany. At the same time, while her mother watched the babies, Gaddis went to night school and graduated a year after her class.

Going back to school is not unusual in her family. At age 43, her mother enrolled in nursing school and became a registered nurse. There is a picture of her mother, wearing her nurse's uniform, on the table in Gaddis' living room.

"It's her graduation picture. I'm really proud of her," Gaddis said.
There is also a formal portrait of Gaddis, standing behind a chair with her hair piled up high and wearing a severe, high-necked dress. She had tried for a serious expression, but the corners of her mouth were turned up slightly.

"I wanted to look stern," she said. "That is my matriarchal picture. I come from a long line of matriarchs."

She was in Vallejo, California, in 1968 when she and her husband were divorced.

"I packed the boys up and came back here. I wanted them to grow up in a quieter environment."

In 1974, she married again, determined to make it work.

"I did the good little housewife bit for a while. I got a job as a secretary with the school board at the school bus lot. I hated it."

She said the marriage was trouble from the start, and ended in divorce in 1976.

"He was 14 years older. It just didn't work," she said sadly.

After the divorce, she decided to go back to college. "I wanted to get a 'good' job, where I could use my brain. I had had some bad experiences with depending on child support payments. I decided I would never get in the position again where I had to depend on anyone else to eat.

"I also wanted to be able to make my own decisions and to do that, I had to have the information. School was where the information was."

She went back to school with the idea of being a business major.

"I took two courses, and decided that it wasn't for me. I started taking courses I wanted to take and would enjoy."

She is now a social work major. After graduation, she said she will probably get her master's degree in behavioral sciences and do counseling.

"There are a lot of hurting people around, and if I can help them with their hurt, I want to do that. A lot of people helped with mine.

"People have to learn to give themselves permission to be happy. I want them to know that everyone has a right to be happy and if I can help them learn that, that's what I want to do."

One of the most important things she has learned since returning to school is that there is more to life than she was getting out of it. She learned how to relax, take things as they come, enjoy people and do things for herself.

"There are so many things I want to do. I have, for so long, put things off that I wanted to do until after--after the kids grow up, after this, after that--always
after. I want to do some of them now. I'm 30 years old—there isn't much time for putting things off."

While she was outside speaking to the man on the roof again, Thom burst through the back door, clutching a red peony.

"Where's Mom? Never mind, I'll find her," he said.

He did, and as they stood talking about his day, Rod barrelled up the driveway on his bike. Rod is proud of his bike, he bought it with his own money that he earned shoveling snow in winter.

Thom said, "I made a lot of money too, but I spent mine. I wish I could learn to save like Rod does. I always spend my money."

Gaddis changed the subject to supper. "What will it be tonight, guys? Kentucky Fried Chicken or McDonald's? We have $8 we can blow."

The decision was unanimous—McDonald's.

Getting ready, Gaddis tried to tell the boys about a letter from their father, but she was interrupted twice by phone calls. As she started over, the phone rang a third time.

She said, "Don't answer that."

"But it might be for me," Rod said, dashing to pick it up.

Phone calls over, the group piled into the car and headed for McDonald's. Rodney gave their standing order at the drive-up window—two quarter pounders, one big mac, three regular fries, two apple turnovers, one strawberry, one chocolate and one vanilla shake.

On the way home, Rod called out excitedly, "Hey, Mom, look. Wow!"

He was pointing to a white Lincoln with a blue vinyl top. Gaddis responded with, "Hey, great. Someday, guys."

She explained, "We're all car freaks. Thom and I tried to figure out how we could buy a Trans Am if he gets a summer job, but we decided even with his money we wouldn't be able to swing the payments."

The boys take an active part in deciding how the household is run and how the money gets spent. Gaddis said, "This winter, we had to make some tough decisions. I wasn't working and my unemployment check was pretty small."

Although Gaddis would probably be eligible for Aid to Dependent Children, she has never applied.

"Maybe that's not a smart decision, but it just smacks of being dependent again. We get along. We don't have a lot, but it's ours. We earned it."

The boys help keep the house going by doing chores after school while Ruth works. Thom explained, "We do the dishes, dust the living room, take out the trash and pick up our stuff. We do a job for a week, then trade."

And they have a special arrangement at the Gaddis home which takes care of the urge to skip school.

Gaddis explained, "My children have never, ever cut school because of our arrangement. One day a quarter, they can take a free day and do anything they want to. If they just get up and feel like they can't deal with school on that day, they can stay home and Mom will cover for them. One day a quarter. However, if anyone goes off on their own, they have to handle the consequences themselves. We've never had a problem."

At 5:30 p.m., the bells in Gaddis' head began to go off, telling her it was time to start getting ready for work.

While she was dressing, she continued to wear the 'mother' hat. Rod had just discovered his church group was going on a three-day camping trip and he wanted to go, too.

Thom objected because Rod is only in the sixth grade. "You never let me go anywhere when I was in the sixth grade," he wailed.

The discussion continued until it was time for Gaddis to leave. It was then the mother made her decision.

"I don't think so, Rod, I don't know enough about it—who's going and where. You have to give me a little more notice for things like this."

Rod was disappointed, but gave his mother a goodbye kiss anyway.

The bells were ringing furiously now because Gaddis was late. She left the 'mother' hat behind and headed for the race track.

Once there, she must depend on the boys to make decisions. She can receive a phone call in an emergency, but Illinois state law will not allow any outgoing calls from the track once the races have started.

Gaddis has worked at Fairmount for three years. She is one of 13 women who are pari-mutuel employees. She said the affirmative action laws made the track
management hire women in 1976. Until then, no women worked in the mutuels.

She is an extra, which means she is not a union member, and will draw assignments to work whenever the regulars have a night off.

On this night, she drew an assignment she had never had before—the $10 window in the "bet-and-booze" section. It is called that because it is the second floor of the clubhouse and customers pay an extra admission to get in. There is a small, dark bar at one end, concession stands and tables in the center, and the betting room at the other end.

The betting room was large and empty, except for the counter which stretches across one end where the betting machines and the cashier windows are. There are large plate glass windows which provide a view of the track.

Ruth was nervous because she had never worked there before.

"If I make a mistake on the machine and push a wrong button, I buy the ticket," she said. "At $2, I don't even think about it, but at $10 a throw I do."

A co-worker pointed out that a mistake is easy to make.

Tom Knoebel, from the $5 window next to Gaddis said, "You have to stay alert. Try this for size. Customers have all kinds of accents and voice levels, and one comes up and says 'I want two fives on number six in the third, please, to win.' If you don't pay attention, you might punch out two tickets to place when you hear him say 'please', before you hear him say 'to win.' Then you have two tickets on the sixth horse in the third race to place. You just hope it pays off."

"I just think about what they ask for, then forget it. If the next guy in line asked me for what the guy before him bet on, I couldn't tell him. I don't have time to notice."

A bugle sounded and the announcer told the bettors the horses were approaching the starting gate. There were three minutes to the first race. The selling continued. The machines whirred. Finally a monitor called out, "They're off! Cut it off!"

"I nap during the day if I get a chance. Sometimes I go back to bed when the boys leave for school."
it. The codes print out on each ticket and are different for each race. The codes help prevent ticket counterfeiting, and help the cashiers recognize the tickets for paying the winners.

Between races, the sellers relaxed, smoked and told stories. Most of them have other jobs or are retired.

At the $50 window, a medical supply salesman, Don Battoe, said he likes the job because if he didn't work there, he would be out betting anyway.

"This way, I come out ahead sometimes," he said.

The employees are allowed to bet, and many of them do. Gaddis said she does occasionally, but not often.

"Last year, I bet more than I ever have. That's because I was following a trainer who trained according to bio-rhythms. He won quite frequently. But that's the only time I tried following a tip. I really don't know anything about it."

Gaddis was the only woman working the "bet-and-booze" section this night, and the youngest. Her co-workers filled her in about their favorite customers and gave her tips about 'shuffle games.'

Knoebel said, "Watch for people who place an order, study their money and the tickets, then place a second order. Sometimes they try to pay for only the second order."

During the second race, Gaddis remembered that tip when a man asked for four tickets, split into win, place and show. He collected his tickets, counted his money, studying carefully.

Gaddis said, "$40 please." The man asked for one more to win and handed over $50. She counted it carefully before she punched out the last ticket.

Gaddis said she had a problem with her conscience when she first began working at Fairmount.

"It's just that I know how hard money is to come by, and when I see some little old lady reach into the vault, I know she's spending some money meant for something else."

She said she tries to remember that it is their money and sometimes they win, too.

As the betting slowed down near the start of the 10th race, the last race of the evening, the ticket sellers began to close down for the night.

Gaddis sold three final tickets at the $10 window before she closed. In the final few seconds, a lady rushed through the door, yelling a number and waving her money. She was too late; the bells went off, locking the machines as she was half-way across the room.

It was 11:30 p.m. as Gaddis left her window and made her way through the litter of discarded tickets and programs, down the stairs and across the grandstand to her second job as a money clerk for Ogden Foods, the concession managers. She helps count and balance the receipts of the bars and food concessions.

Gaddis clocked in and entered a small room with a waist-high shelf around two sides and a large safe. Above the shelves were pigeon hole boxes where Gaddis and her supervisor, Richard Salinardi, put the bills and rolled coins as they counted them.

Gaddis took off her rings and put them on the shelf. "They get in the way," she explained.

As the grey strong boxes were delivered from the concessions, Gaddis and Salinardi opened each, took out the money and the inventory slip, replaced it with a new bankroll for the next day and put the box in the safe.

They then counted the money that came out of the box. Gaddis counted and rolled the coins, Salinardi the bills. They marked the amount on a ticket, then got a new box. The routine took about three minutes for each box.

Gaddis said, "We should be able to do it faster than that, though."

When the boxes were finished, they banded the money, recounted and balanced it with the tickets. The last chore was to make up the deposit slip for the bank. The money was to be picked up by a Brink's truck later.

It usually takes them one and a half to two hours to complete the count. At 1:45 a.m. they were through.

They were the last ones to leave the track. The grandstand looked like Times Square on New Year's morning as they let themselves out and locked the gate behind them.

A friendly stray dog walked along with them in the chilled morning air to their cars.

Gaddis said, "You have just seen me make $52." She had been up 19 hours that day, but she said, "I nap during the day if I get a chance. Sometimes I go back to bed when the boys leave for school."

She headed for home and bed. At least she knew when she got there, the bells wouldn't go off quite so early the next morning. It was Saturday.
Teacher lifestyles

Portfolio — a 12-page album of campus photographs
No matter if a person is an instructor, professor or a dean of a department, each has his or her own methods of teaching. Here are three SIUE teachers making a point to their students.

The far left photos show Ted Frisbie, associate professor of anthropology, discussing various museum artifacts.

The bottom photos on this page show Assistant Professor David Schwartz, of government and public affairs, lecturing before an administrative law class.

The top photos on this page show Instructor Judy Landers speaking to her Advertising 370 class.

Photographs by Mike Jones, Deb Williams and Richard Pierce.
Photographs by Deb Williams and Mike Jones.
Office environments

Teachers at SIUE not only have an interesting method of instruction, they also have a curious method of organization in their private offices. Here are a few examples of office environments around campus.

In the top left photo, Dr. David Rands, professor of chemistry, conducts business in his office in the science building.

In the bottom left photo, there's plenty of breathing room in Allan J. McCurry's office. McCurry is dean of social sciences.

About the office in the top right photo, Sid Denny, associate professor of anthropology, said, "This may look like a mess, but I know where everything is."

The bottom right photo shows an office with a lived-in look. The office belongs to Richard L. Millet, teacher in the history department.
Signs of the times

Signs play an integral part in our day-to-day existence since they instruct us as well as inform us. These photographs show only a few of the many signs found on the SIUE campus.

[Top right] This sign invites students to walk in for a bit of philosophy. It was found on the first floor of the Peck Building.

[Middle right] This particular sign is duplicated on several doors in the Science building.

[Bottom right] Classrooms are often up for grabs at SIUE, as these signs illustrate.

[Top left] A special promotion was being held on campus in which posters such as these were given away. Some students added this one to the Chemistry lab’s door for an interesting touch.

[Bottom left] This poster was on the wall of an English classroom below a lengthy article on illiteracy.
Photographs by Mae Krumm and Cathy Cullen.
Student workers are also an integral part of this campus because they perform a lot of essential functions of a university. Focus photographers captured these students at work during a busy week.

SIUE sophomore Donald Warren of East Alton, Ill. [far left photo] has worked as a pay lot attendant for more than two months.

Kathy O'Brien [top left photo] is weighing candy to sell to a customer at the information center in the University Center.

Rick Ralston [top right photo] is a senior majoring in electronic engineering.

Pat Mayer [bottom left photo] is busy putting books away on the shelf at Textbook Rental.

Greg Eilers, a student worker at Tower Lake, takes a moment to talk to a friend [bottom right].

Photos by Rick Welle, Mike Jones, David Craig and Richard Pierce.
Campus scenes

Photographs by Rick Welle, Cathy Cullen, Mae Krumm and David Craig.
A university campus is a place of diversity and SIUE is no exception. These photographs have preserved moments now lost in time of various events which took place during the last year at SIUE as well as the curious individuals to be found here.

In the top left photo, a student visitor to SIUE shows he has obviously set high goals for himself after high school.

The photo shown at bottom left depicts one of the many Springfest events in which craftsmen from the Wagner Center gathered around the mall to demonstrate their craft.

In the bottom center photo, an SIUE student performs in one of the theatre and dance department productions.

An unidentified student in the bottom right photo adds to the open design of a giant sundial found in the mall during the campus’ Sun Day activities.

John Rendleman and Beth Curtiss [top right photo] were congenial opponents in recent Student Senate elections.
Portfolio:

The performer

Photographs by Alice Noble.
Patrick McDermott, a performing artist with the Cartoon Opera Minstrel Theater, prepares for an evening’s performance long before the performance is scheduled to begin.

In the photographs on these pages, McDermott goes through the various stages of applying his makeup for the evening, from the pasty white face makeup to the black outline around his eyes and the small red circles on his cheeks.

Later, McDermott shows emotion onstage through his facial expressions and gestures so well-known to the mime.

McDermott said, “There’s a kind of transformation with the makeup...that’s why you’re supposed to take your time putting it on and preparing for the show.”
Pentathlete
Jim Parkhill
SIUE's
Parkhill, Pentathlete

BY KEITH YANNER
A junior majoring in journalism

He runs with speed over the rough terrain, the flashes of battle flare in the distance behind him. He is motivated by desperation and fear to reach his destination. He is the military messenger carrying news of his company’s latest encounter to headquarters.

Moments earlier his horse was shot from under him and he engaged in a silent, vicious hand-to-hand combat using his bayonet to skewer the enemy. He shot his way from the battle site and started on a cross-country run, skirting obstacles and swimming streams that interrupted his path.

His image of the military messenger is the theme of the modern pentathlon where the skills of distance running, shooting, fencing, swimming and riding are incorporated into a single competition.

Jim Parkhill, a nursing student at SIUE and a worker in the bubble gym, is pursuing this heroic image as he trains to compete for a position on the National Military Pentathlon Team in San Antonio, Texas.

However, Parkhill’s motivations are neither desperation nor fear in grinding through the necessary workouts day after day.

Instead, he presses on for a deeper understanding of himself and to cultivate an aspect of life that balances with his academic endeavors. While he is still young, he trains extensively to refine the physical qualities of living and he provides an example of the classical ideal of the Renaissance Man.

Parkhill does not perceive athletics as a separate entity in life. Rather, he incorporates them into the whole spectrum of living and recognizes the need for that aspect to be developed so a balance can be achieved. To view sports as purely physical and not regard how they change and affect a life is, for Parkhill, to miss the essence of athletics.

While quietly reflecting on these thoughts, Parkhill said that his devotion to training for the pentathlon has had the greatest impact on his relationships with people, especially his parents.

“Sometimes they must feel alienated when all my time goes to training, studying and working. But that’s part of the price I’ve paid for the knowledge I’ve gained.”

The relationships a man has with himself and those around him are what Parkhill emphasizes most when he speaks philosophically, and the interactions between people are, to him, a key component of athletics.

“Many times the only way I can improve is to get criticism from someone who is better than I am,” Parkhill said. “I always try to pass on the same kind of help to someone else because I think you should always give back what you take out of something.”

Parkhill is full of optimistic anticipation, yet at the same time he is quietly conservative and there is a consistency about him that affirms he has achieved, to some degree, the balance he strives for...

Parkhill sat back, talking again about the relationships a person develops through athletics. He started by discussing the key relationship--the relationship of the athlete to himself.

“To have self-worth you have to feel somehow you’re contributing to beauty as you conceive it to be. To me, doing unselfish things is beautiful, and through my vocation in nursing maybe I can contribute to beauty in this way.

He paused, seeming to carefully select his words, and continued, “In sports, accepting a challenge and meeting it can be a beautiful thing. For example, in the pentathlon, developing the diversity of skills would be a difficult challenge to meet, but individually I can see where developing them would lead to beauty.”

Parkhill concluded his thoughts on a person’s relationship to himself in athletics saying that to be successful, he has to learn to conquer himself and be devoted to training.

“People benefit most from sports if they discipline themselves. Discipline is an investment into the future when you’re going to need to rely on the learning and practice you’ve done.”

Parkhill leaned forward and propped his head up with his hand while he pondered a question about the benefits of sports in general and the pentathlon in particular.

“I think there are three facets to sports, learning, practice and execution. If you are disciplined enough to tackle a sport, set goals for yourself and meet them, you’ll gain self-confidence and you won’t be afraid to try things you’ve never done before.” To illustrate this, Parkhill provided his own example.

“I went to Tower Lake and I was going to go canoeing, but I decided to take a sailboat instead. I never sailed before and when I got the boat on the lake, I tipped it over once and I realized how hard it is to sail.”

After getting the boat turned rightside up, he had some success and learned a little about the art of sailing. The experience led him to relate his attitude about all sports.

“I respect anyone’s sport because I know that to have success a person has to put his life into it.”
is conversation then turned back again
to the pentathlon as he said, "For one
thing, I wanted something that would
be a good workout, I wanted
to try to excel in something and it
seemed like I could do all the events. I wasn't really
outstanding in any particular sport, but in high
school I always won the President's Award and
things like that for scoring high in a number of
events."

But the ability to be adept in a variety of
events doesn't mean an athlete has to develop and
refine specific skills for each event.

"The endurance you get from running and
swimming helps in fencing and riding, the concentration in swimming helps in shooting, from
shooting you develop good arm extension which
helps in fencing... etc..." Parkhill explained.

In striving for excellence in these five
events, Parkhill said he feels the workouts and
rigorous schedule are paying off.

"It seems like I'm always in a good mood
because I feel like I'm accomplishing something, I
have physical outlets and I learn to deal with all
different people.

"Certainly fencers are different than pistol
shooters. Fencers are more cerebral, analytical
people, while shooters are more of the factory
worker type."

Parkhill paused to think, again gathering
his thoughts to address the next question. He went
on to say that swimming is the sport that is most
difficult for him. He is a runner, a member of the
SIUE cross country team, and the transition to
swimming has been a difficult one to make.

"It's been said it is hard for a runner to
become a swimmer. You have to remain more
relaxed and your legs hardly play a part as you
concentrate more on arm pull.

"I'll have to say I've been improving, but I
always wonder how I can run for three or four
hours and not be able to swim 50 times around the
pool. So far it's been my downfall."

Parkhill continued, divulging the
equestrian was the next most difficult
sport for him, as he said, "I've been
riding for a year and a half now, and
it's like nothing you've done before.
You have to be able to judge an animal's tempera-
ment because if you don't know what he's capable
of doing, he mostly does what he wants.

Parkhill thought for a moment and made
the poetic analogy of riding to dancing, "The more
you get to know your partner, the more enjoyable
the dance."

More practically, he said, "There are so
many fine things about riding that aren't common
sense, like when you're riding you need to use your
fingers to keep a constant tension on the bit for bet-
ter control, and you have to beware of the tricks
horses pull. They try to ride real close to objects to
hit your legs, and they ride as slow as possible and
try to take advantage of a new rider by stopping
right before a jump to throw him."

In general, Parkhill said riding is a pretty
obscure sport, "Not many people ride, especially if
you think you're athletic."

Although he's only been doing it for six
months, Parkhill places fencing in the middle of
the five sports as far as degree of difficulty. The
reason is he's been comparatively successful at it.
He recently competed in a sectional tournament in
Lexington, Kentucky, where he made it to the
semi-finals against people with much more ex-
perience.

However, his path to the semi's was not
without controversy. In fencing the score is kept
electronically, which allows for the scorekeeping
device to accurately record which fencer struck the
other first in a situation where the two contacts
seem to occur simultaneously. The one striking
first gets the point.

In Parkhill's match, on the final point, the
machine recorded a tie six times in a row, although
it is rare for even one to be recorded. The next
time, the machine recorded the point for Parkhill,
giving him the match.

"My opponent protested it and he became
angry and was yelling at the official. I think he
had a legitimate complaint, but it's still important
for athletes to practice sportsmanship. This per-
son was just thinking about himself and not regard-
ing the other people involved," Parkhill said.

Since doing unselfish things is something of
beauty for Parkhill, it is understandable that
sportsmanship is important to him.

Parkhill's calm and consistency show
why he considers shooting to be
one of his top two events. About it
he said, "I was never real excited
about shooting because progress is
slow."

Parkhill emphasized that calmness is ex-
tremely important to shooting because a person
has to stay relaxed or the results will be disastrous.

"For nationals, I had a two-hour delay in
my shooting time, so I found a bar and started
drinking beer and watching TV. By the time I
went back to shoot, I was pretty well loaded, but I
was relaxed and I shot great.

"I think that to stay fresh you have to stay
from your appointed path."

Running is easily Parkhill's best event of
the five. He ran five miles daily through high
school and before he got serious about the pen-
tathlon he ran in road races and for SIUE's cross
country team.

In fact, he’s run two marathons with his best time being three hours and eleven minutes, which is just over seven minutes per mile for the 26 miles.

“Now I run at least three miles a day. In the summer I’ll run two and a half miles to Tower Lake and swim for 45 minutes, then run again.”

Parkhill once again reflected on the pentathlon in general and his goals for the event. He looked as if he was searching deeply for an answer about his goals, which was confirmed by what he was about to say.

“I don’t know what I’ll do exactly, that changes from one point in my life to another. I’ll be graduating soon and then I could get married, I could get my master’s, I could go to anaesthesiology school and be an anaesthesist or I could always enter into the pentathlon full-time.

“The pentathlon is a good way to workout, it’s a nice way to meet people and there is a definite goal to strive for. But to say I want to make the Olympic team and go into it full-time would be fanatical at this point. To me, the most important thing is to have a balanced life and a goal like this would throw it all out of balance.”

Parkhill pulled something concrete out of all this uncertainty by saying his immediate goal is to make the national team in San Antonio.

Speaking symbolically he said, “I know I want to climb this mountain and then when I get to the top I can see the countryside better and make my decision from there. This summer will be a turning point and after that I’ll know whether it
will be worth it to continue.”

If he doesn’t make it, Parkhill said he would still run, fence and swim, although the pentathlon would take a lower priority in his life. At that time, he would put more vigor into something academic.

If he does make the team, he said it would be like walking into a whole new country, but it would still contain more of the same work for him.

But it doesn’t seem that to make the team or not is the most important part of doing all this for Parkhill.

The important things have already been achieved in intangibles and revelations and in drawing closer to a point that few men have ever reached—the classical ideal of the Renaissance Man.
As the Mississippi River Festival [MRF] completes its tenth year, FOCUS magazine takes a look at some of the Festival’s visiting performers through the camera lenses of some photojournalism students.

Above: Grover Washington Jr. performs before a crowd of more than 5,000 jazz enthusiasts on July 7. Washington’s performance followed that of jazz vocalist Al Jarreau.

Right: Boz Scaggs makes a return appearance in 78 to croon his audience much the same way he did in 77.
Left: Backstage wait. With a coffee cup in his hand, Harry Chapin listens for his cue before walking on stage.

Below: Guitarist Grant Gizeman strums a night full of mellow jazz tunes during a concert which also featured Chuck Mangione.
We love ya, Guv!

Illinois Governor Jim Thompson displays a t-shirt presented to him by SIUE Student President Tom Werner. The shirt was a sign of appreciation for Thompson's allocation of planning funds for a new gym at SIUE.

Photograph by Bill Faris