A quarterly pictorial magazine produced by journalism students at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville
May, 1979 Number 20
Jim Roche, a senior majoring in journalism, shot these photographs while he was an intern at United Press International in St. Louis. These photos were sent across the UPI wire and used by various newspapers in the region. Roche also works as a photographer for the Belleville News Democrat.

**Lower left:** Charles Schmitt is not the typical car salesman. He deals primarily in expensive automobiles—Rolls Royce, Mercedes, Jaguar. The automobile in the photo was owned by King Faisal.

**Far right:** This picture is fairly self-explanatory. A policeman parked his horse outside Busch Stadium. It is unknown whether or not he was getting tickets.

**Top right:** The picture is of a student in the St. Louis University School of Medicine. She is diagnosing a disease projected through a slide into this model of the throat. St. Louis University has a number of these models that very closely resemble the human anatomy. The university even has a model that simulates birth.

**Top center:** Two baby male bobcats frolic on Susan Naert, keeper of the St. Louis Children’s Zoo. The cats are orphans that were found on a ranch in Texas and donated to the zoo.

**Top left:** Members of Citizens Committee for Decent Housing demonstrate outside the Old Courthouse in St. Louis.
A UPI intern's perceptions about St. Louis news
The group of tourists seated at a table next to the bandstand in the Victorian-garish dining room were drunk and noisy. They were particularly amused by the piano player with the performing group, a mountain of a man who played a battered old upright that had a telephone directory propping up one of the piano’s legs. He played with his back to the audience and wore a black derby hat, seemingly several sizes too small. He was playing Scott Joplin’s “Easy Winners Rag.”

“Are you ‘The Hulk?’” one of the tourists called out, giggling at his own wit. His companion shushed him.

A few minutes later, the tourist called out again. “Hey, aren’t you afraid that piano will collapse?”

The band continued to play and the piano player never missed a note. The boat’s manager moved in on the tourists and said a few well-chosen words. In a few more minutes, the group left.

“The Easy Winners Rag” came to an end and the audience applauded the featured performer, the piano player. Trebor Jay Tichenor. Tichenor glanced behind him briefly, bobbed his head in appreciation, smiled shyly and again presented his enormous back to the audience. He invariably does this.
whether there are hecklers or not. He is a very private person.

Tichenor, 38, is one of the world’s foremost authorities on ragtime. He owns the world’s largest collection of ragtime piano rolls. He has his own radio program on KWMU, FM 90.7 St. Louis, and teaches a course on ragtime history at Washington University. He has composed approximately 25 rags, nine of which have been recorded. Four are on piano rolls.

In collaboration with ragtime expert David Jasen of New York, Tichenor has recently seen their book, “Rags and Ragtime,” published. Critics have called this book “the definitive guide to ragtime.” Max Morath, ragtime pianist and television personality, has said, “Trebor Tichenor knows more about ragtime music than anyone alive.”

Back at the Goldenrod Showboat, Tichenor appeared unfazed by the drunken tourists. He laughed and shrugged. He said nothing.

The set ended and the musicians mingled with the audience for a brief rest and a quick drink. They greeted old friends and fans. “I used to feel that I was born out of my time,” Tichenor said reflectively, as he sipped his drink. “But the more I studied the past, the less I wanted to live it. Remember, the food and drug laws were not passed until 1902. Morath always said he’d like to visit the past, but he wouldn’t want to live there. I feel like that too.”

He explained, “There was a glow to the sporting life, but the real good that came out of it was the music. The contribution of the ragtime heritage was far greater and far outweighs the contribution of jazz. Most jazz moved upstream on the Mississippi from New Orleans, Ragtime moved downstream from St. Louis.”

Unlike many music theorists, he does not believe that jazz developed from ragtime. He is convinced that they are two separate entities, born and developed separately.

Tichenor was born in St. Louis on Jan. 28, 1940, to Dr. Robert Tichenor and his wife Letitia (Youngman). He was named by his father, who reversed the spelling of his own name (Robert) into Trebor. He has a brother, Bruce, two and a half years younger, who is a pharmacist in San Jose, Calif., and an executive with the Longs Drugs chain.

His mother’s band, Letty’s Collegiate Syncopators, was active in the St. Louis area in the 1930’s and gave him his first exposure to novelty rags and popular music. When Tichenor was five, he began piano lessons with John Gross and studied with Bernard Fiegler until he was 13. He attended Sappington School through the seventh grade, then switched to St. Louis Country Day School for eighth grade and four years of high school.

By the time Tichenor was 13, he was hooked on ragtime by the recordings of Lou Busch. He learned to play rags and began collecting piano rolls and sheet music. Dr. Hubert S. Pruett’s pioneer collection of piano rolls and sheet music encouraged him in his own collection.

At his father’s suggestion, Tichenor resumed classical piano studies with Gross for two years. He graduated cum laude from Country Day in 1958 and received an A.B. degree from Washington University in 1963.

“I talked the dean into letting me take a year off to play,” Tichenor said. “In 1963, Don (Franz), Al (Stricker) and myself played a gig in Winnipeg.”

Don Franz and Al Stricker are members of the St. Louis Ragtimers, the group Tichenor performs with. Franz is an engineer who plays tuba with the group. Stricker is a sixth grade teacher who plays banjo. Later they were joined by cornetist and truck driver Bill Mason, and in the 1970’s Glenn Meyer, a clarinettist and an engineer, also joined. The
"I used to feel that I was born out of my time. But the more I studied the past, the less I wanted to live in it."

group performs on the Goldenrod Showboat on Saturday nights and on the Lt. Robert E. Lee on Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

In 1966 Tichenor married Jeanette Taft Jordan. They met in Washington, Mo., where Tichenor had a gig at which a mutual friend introduced them to each other. They now have two children: Andrew, 9, and Virginia, 12.

"Both children take piano lessons, have since they were six. They both go to CASA, a school for the arts with a branch in University City. Of course, all kids like rock, but Virginia is getting more accomplished. She's working now on the 'Black and White Rag,'" Tichenor said.

They also have a cat to worry about. "We live on the corner and the street is heavily travelled," Jeanette Tichenor said. The cat could care less and lazily wrapped around her ankles.

Tichenor and his wife have lived on a quiet, tree-shaded street near Carondelet Park in south St. Louis for the past nine years. It is an old-fashioned house and an old-fashioned street. A knife sharpener and scissors grinder, complete with his own cart and bell, moves through the area periodically.

The interior of the home is a cozy blend of Victorian and music. A player piano sits in the dining room, an ornate gilt clock and two porcelain damsels adorn the elaborate stone mantel in the living room. Other items include steam radiators, stained glass, oriental rugs, pianos, W.C. Fields posters, china cabinets, family portraits and a front door with oval leaded glass.

But perhaps the most noticeable items are the stacked sheet music, cylinder records, piano rolls and 78 rpm records all over the house. Tichenor owns about 10,000 piano rolls which are literally wall-to-wall in the basement.

"I'd really like to get the collection out of the house, where it's safe," he said. The twenties-style, two-story stone and brick house is now bursting at the seams with that collection. Most of it is housed in the basement, but Tichenor plans to move some of it up in the attic.

Tichenor admits to one of the best ragtime sheet music collections, including all of the original Stark rags "except for three or four," he said. (John Stark was the publisher for Scott Joplin, Louis Chauvin, Joe Lamb, Arthur Marshall and others.)

"St. Louis is a good place to collect Stark," Tichenor said. "He had his own press and inundated the town with his sheet music."

Tichenor and ragtime expert Jasen hope to establish a National Ragtime Archives at Washington University. They would donate their combined collections to the university in return for holding the position of lifetime curators, working on research and acquisitions.

"Jasen estimated our combined collection at roughly $750,000," Tichenor said. "He has lots of phonograph records, about 1,200 rolls and the sheet music is excellent."

Tichenor is trying to bring some sort of order to the chaos of his part of the enormous collection. He has filed much of the material by category and some by alphabetical order of composer's names. There are 1920's rolls, rags, World War I music, sheet music, old 78 rpm's and so forth.

"The first and earliest rolls were played with a larger perforation," Tichenor said. "They were 65 note rolls. Later they switched to 88 notes."

Tichenor was inspired to become a professional performer in 1959 when he heard Bob Darch perform in Joplin, Mo. He was further encouraged when he met ragtime pianists Knocky Parker and Pete Clute the following year.
In 1961, he began composing his own rags in the folk idiom. In the same year, in collaboration with the late Russ Cassidy, he started the Ragtime Review which was the first regular publication devoted to ragtime since Axel Christensen’s Ragtime Review appeared in 1915.

Tichenor helped form the St. Louis Ragtimers in 1961. The group played the Natchez Queen and Bustle and Bowes in Gaslight Square. They have performed on the Goldenrod Showboat continuously since 1965. His weekly radio program, “Ragophile,” is the oldest show of its kind in America. He has appeared in concert in California, Missouri, Toronto and New York and performed with the Ragtimers on the Today Show “Salute to Missouri” in January of 1976.

Tichenor recalled that the first St. Louis revival of ragtime occurred around the time he was born in 1940. “It seemed to center on the west coast because Wally Rose, who was piano player with Lou Watters Yerba Buena band, became very interested in rags. He dug up a lot of them and began performing them.”

He said the first major articles on Scott Joplin came out in 1946, at the same time Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis were researching their book, “They All Played Ragtime.” Tichenor’s favorite ragtime composer is Scott Joplin.

“His music is as serious as that of the most distinguished composers,” Tichenor said. “It’s like a short waltz concert piece. All the strains are equal, sort of a theme and variations.”

“His rags are embellishments, but they never wander too far from the original melody. I could listen to his works over and over.”

He said his book is the proudest accomplishments of his life. “It’s the culmination of 20 years of hard work.”

Tichenor collaborated with piano roll historian and collector Mike Montgomery on six LP’s on the Biograph label of the piano roll music of Scott Joplin and James Scott. He has recorded two record albums of piano solos and appears on five additional LP’s with the St. Louis Ragtimers.

He has written ragtime articles for several magazines and has furnished original sheet music to several publishers for reprint projects. He edited and selected the rags of two major folios for Dover Publications.

Appropriately enough, his ragtime history class at Washington University is, like his book, called “Rags and Ragtime.” He said his class enrollment averages out to about 20 students, few of whom know anything about music.

“It’s an elective,” he said. “But when the movie ‘The Sting’ came out, the class’s size jumped to 80. I didn’t know what to do or where to put them. We finally wound up in the lounge of the women’s building which was perfect. It looked just like a sporting house parlor . . . carpet, chandelier, naked statuary, everything.”

Tichenor has been teaching at the university since 1972. “In the last year I started to like it but it took a while for me to get used to it,” he said. “I had this personal problem of getting terrified of the class.

“I always was poor at speaking. The worst experience in my life was making my senior speech in high school. I never got over it. But now, I can relax and enjoy it.”

Tichenor said he was extremely nervous during the first six months of radio broadcasting. He is not paid for this work, but he
said, "It does a lot of good."

The first Ragtime festival ever held on the Goldenrod Showboat was in 1965. "I admit it was my idea," Tichenor said. "After Don (Franz, of the Ragtimers) and Frank Pier­son bought the boat, it seemed that we had found a home for the band and we could start a ragtime festival.

"We had talked about the feasibility of the idea when we worked in Gaslight. The melodramas were to be incidental. Ha! It didn’t quite work out that way."

From the very small beginnings, the festival today is standing room only and the fans need to get tickets in February. Delegations of jazz buffs arrive from all over the United States and the rest of the world. Lines stretch out from the Goldenrod along the levee and free-loaders sit in their lawnchairs or on blankets. They get the best free show in town.

At 1 a.m. when the boat closes, musicians and buffs gather on the levee and jam until dawn, entertaining the residents of the Mansion House, presumably. The St. Louis police department is very tolerant.

Tichenor deplored the fact that more blacks don’t participate in the festival and in the revival of the music written mostly by black composers.

"I have the same situation in my class," he said. "If I have one black student in a class of 20, I consider myself lucky. As far as ragtime being black music goes, it functioned as black social music only a short time."

He said he thinks there is a social stigma attached to ragtime, because of earlier references to "coon songs."

"I don’t stand up and talk to my class about coon songs because I want to, but only as they are important to the history of ragtime. Tom Turpin (an early ragtime composer) defused the early coon business. It started to level out about 1913."

Tichenor said he feels there is much bigotry among traditional jazz fans. "Something in the music seems to appeal to the conservative mentality. If you spread out all the traditional jazz fans, I think maybe half of them would be ultra-conservatives."

He lists among his pet hates: Trying to park on the levee on a Saturday night in the summer, the Terminal Railroad and its trains that perpetually block the levee, and playing on out-of-tune pianos. "On the Lee, the piano is out-of-tune in two octaves of the left hand. What do we as a group do? Does Al tune his banjo up or down or part way?"

Tichenor has been conscientiously trying to lose weight and the results show. He is visibly thinner and trimmer.

"I have had to battle with my waistline all my life," he said. "This year I took off 55 pounds. I’m 6 feet tall and weigh 312 pounds now. My goal is as close to 200 pounds as I can get."

He said he is achieving this by trying to eat less. "I’m big-boned, but my daughter is tall and thin, so it’s not hereditary. She is 5 feet, 4 inches and weighs 100 pounds."

Tichenor said he wouldn’t discourage young musicians if they came to him for advice, but he said that advice would depend on what they wanted to do.

"If they plan to marry and have a family, it’s risky," he said. "We couldn’t survive if Jeanette didn’t work. In retrospect, I wish I’d of listened to Knocky Parker when he told me to do music as a sideline. I wish I’d done it that way."

Jeanette Tichenor is a striking woman who appears to be calm and unflappable. She said her husband’s collection absorbs a good portion of their lives together.

"Vacations and parties are oriented to music. It’s strange to go to a shower and have a five-piece band arrive to provide the entertainment," she said.
A stretch of visual images

Photos and Text by Nancy Behrns

Olive Street, when traveled from Kingshighway to downtown, offers a wide range of visual images and impressions.

At the city’s central-west end, it presents a picture of bleakness and abandonment; while, its downtown blocks are alive with a sense of fast-paced movement and activity.
Olive Street

An antiqued building houses an antique shop
Olive Street

Potso's Market and a patron.
Busch Stadium:
A vendor’s paradise

Photos by Kelly Brooks

Kelly Brooks is a senior with a double major in journalism and broadcasting, and a minor in English.

Editor of the campus newspaper, the Alesle, since June of 1978, Brooks will be graduating from SIUE this spring.

Brooks visited Busch Stadium in downtown St. Louis 15 times last summer to capture these shots for his 210b photojournalism class.

[Opposite page] Hardly Stan Musial, Dennis Gork of St. Louis may be the “perfect vendor.”

[Below] With two children and a wife, Jerry Jester of Imperial, Mo., says selling souvenirs is a pleasant way to earn a little extra money.
[Above] Dennis P. Fehrenback of St. Louis finds that working as a gate guard is "a piece of cake" for a second job.

[Middle] The basement level of the stadium is a favorite spot for this young vendor.

[Far right] For hours at a time, he sits at the gate, asking passing baseball fans for a donation in return for a tiny American flag.
Busch Stadium:

[Far left] Perhaps the youngest vendor in the stadium, this 8-year-old boy says selling souvenirs with his brother is fun.

[Bottom left] Unlike most vendors, John Morgan of St. Louis prefers to set up his table away from the crowded entrances.

[Middle] Matt Francis of Granite City takes his skateboard to the stadium every day to pass the time while his mother works nearby in a refreshment stand.

[Below] Weary from her continuous walks around the stadium, a peanut vendor stops to rest.
Making the rounds at the fights

Story by Mary Brase

Paul Carlo is his name.
He is number 27 on page 2 of the Golden Gloves program. He is easy to see, standing with his arms folded across a red, satin robe at the back of the Electrician’s Hall in St. Louis.

The genuine white leather boxing shoes with red trim are relatively new and laced tight. The socks are his lucky pair. The only visible link between Paul Carlo the boxer and the other 16-year-old’s in his Florissant neighborhood is the blue knit stocking cap molded to the back of his head. He has forgotten to take it off.

“Who you fightin’ tonight?” a friend asks on his way to a folding-chair seat at ringside.

“Some punk from North County,” is the reply. The two boys exchange smiles.

Around the canvas-covered ring, set up for the night in the center of the hall, the paying customers nurse paper cups of Bud and Schlitz cached under the folding chairs and they blow smoke up to the fluorescent lights. A woman in the third row holds a cigarette momentarily in her mouth to free both hands to aim a Polaroid camera at the action in the ring. A flash, and the required seconds later she waves the color snapshot to dry it.

A man shouts, “Cmon, Red, hitem hard.” Red, in a St. Charles boxing uniform, dances and jabs the last few seconds of the round. Both boxers wait for the decision. The referee collects slips of paper from three judges. He makes a mental calculation, and then raises Red’s glove. The loser shows some tears.

The next boxers climb to the ropes.

Paul Carlo has come early because he is at home at the fights. Like the 60 other Olympic hopefuls waiting turns in the center ring, Carlo got his first boxing lesson in the neighborhood gym when he was 10.

After enough weekends to win 47 matches and lose 6, he is finally old enough for the novice class.

“That means if I make the finals this year I’ll fight the championship round in Kiel [auditorium],” he says.

“Does it scare you?”
He grins and focuses his black eyes beyond the question before he answers. “It’s big, but I’ve been there.”

Between bouts fans in silk prints or khakis or regimental “Golden Gloves” knit shirts disappear like television addicts at commercial time to replenish the supply of hot dogs [from rotisserie] and cold popcorn. Pepsi is sold in cups too small to hold ice cubes. A dude in a red felt hat with a blue cock feather shows a friend a hand of golden rings that catch the light as he moves, attracting more nearby admirers.

Through it all Kenny Loehr’s graying crewcut bobs down the aisle beside the next boxer. Like most officials drawn to the amateurs’ ring, Loehr was a Golden Gloves champion himself [1948] and has spent 24 years training young contenders. He will quickly name the known boxers who have come through his 12th and Park club, or DeSoto before that, and just as quickly list the hopefuls in this year’s lineup. Along with each one’s best punch.

“In condition” is Loehr’s magic formula. Yet, he says, “There is no way to control or watch the athletes after they go.” Loehr’s program includes setups, running, the heavy bag, rope jumping, and shadow boxing.

He concedes, “I just want them to do good, to make a good show.”

Loehr’s best showing was at the last Olympics when Michael Spinks, younger brother of ex-heavyweight champion Leon, won the gold medal. Loehr trained Michael at DeSoto and in Montreal was there “to see it.”

“We had a helluva team, five guys from the United States that were outstanding.”

His blue eyes shine as he remembers. “But we got a couple of good boys with potential. Harold Petty at 112. Fred Knox at 106. And Bryan Westmoreland at heavyweight.” He carefully spells the names before he climbs to the ring for the next bout.

Paul Carlo’s trainer Nolan Johnson got him ready by making him run four miles a day around the neighborhood and work out in the gym from 7 to 9 every week night. Carlo followed the training rigorously, and even followed his coach to the St. Louis club when Johnson moved from North County.

Carlo at the back of the hall punches an imaginary opponent and automatically picks up the rhythm of the footwork that goes with the action. “He [Johnson] tells me what I’m doing wrong and works with me. Throw my left, my right jab, stuff like that.
My best punch is the right hook. I knocked a lot of people down but never knocked one out cold."

Out in the hall, now littered with unraveled bandages and crushed paper cups, Laverne Day works her way back to her 12-year-old son Scott. He won his bout but needs the ice she has found to keep down the swelling around an eye.

She assures the questioner. "He just got his head butted." This mother of nine boys from St. Charles refereed lots of fights before the boys got into the Twin City Club. "They were always beating up everybody at school, and the change has just done wonders."

Scott Day and his 13-year-old brother Jim keep occupied with all the training and self-discipline but correct their mother when she describes what they do. She talks about jogging to keep in shape. They talk about "road work."

From the ring comes an announcement: "And the winner in the blue corner. . . ."

Two older men with Golden Gloves emblems on their shirts disagree with the decision. They talk about defense points.

Across the hall Robert Hayes is watching, too. "I can tell you what they're doing right or wrong," he claims. This 5th grader at Ascension School ['written with a C," he declares] won the first fight on the program in the 80-pound division and has changed to double-knit pants and a sport shirt to watch the rest of the bouts. He has left the white boxing shoes on because, as he says, "the black ones [street shoes] are a little tight."

Next question.

Paul Carlo fights at 147 pounds now and eats junk food whenever he wants. "I've never been hurt, but I did get my nose broken," he says. He moves his head from side to side to show how elusive he is. The classic Italian features are still intact, along with a row of even white teeth. About the nose: "The dude I was sparring with did it, but he didn't know."

The 5-foot, 8-inch athlete [he knows the height because he got his first driver's license yesterday and it says so] remembers taking his first real punch, too, in the ring. "The first year in the Golden Gloves I got hit and was on the ropes. I was dazed and I had a notion I was still in the ring and I had to fight back. But I also knew I was dazed."

By 10 p.m., the spacious hall is transformed into a humid, smoky, unpleasant den. Fans near the double theatre doors prop them open for relief and go back to watch Eric Clark climb into the ring at 119, the last of the subnovice classes. This 12th & Park fighter is followed by his stunning sister trailed by her obvious admirer. He is expecting victory easily, as he has told friends, and many of them move up to watch closely. Clark hits the canvas before the first round is over, from the business end of a punch from Brad Stafford. It is the only TKO in the sub's.

Paul Carlo usually agrees with officials in a bout, but he did get excited once when he was judged wrong." He recalls the instance: "I was wearing blue trunks in the red corner and they got mixed up. The blue and the red...they just gave the fight to the wrong guy."

"It has happened two or three times."

Carlo glances back at the oversized clock above the doorway, turning back to the crowd for one last search for his mother. "She comes to the Golden Gloves, but she doesn't like it. She hides her face, and everything."

His mother's only deference to Paul's chosen sport is a special dinner of steak and salad she prepared for him earlier. The rest of the family [three older brothers and father] got pork chops.

Paul Carlo finally takes advice from a friend from McClure High School. He should be resting. Carlo retreats to a folding chair in the darkest corner of a waiting room and props a second chair under his feet.

Jim Reddick is watching, too. Reddick is scheduled to referee the next bout, and he has found a row of empty seats between signs—a lighted "International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers" insignia with its "85 years of progress" and a hand-painted "boxers sit here."

Reddick came from Carlyle, Illinois, to win a St. Louis Golden Gloves championship in 1941 and held an AAU title four years. He missed a chance as a lightweight in the 1940 and 1944 Olympics because of World War Two. Instead, he won Pan-American and South American titles. Reddick stayed in St. Louis to work for the police department and to help kids in and out of the ring.

Reddick tilts his head back and lets two drops of medicine fall into a half-closed eye, a souvenir of the ring. "You can tear a wall down if you keep hitting it all the time," he explains. When the drops have settled he stands up and tucks a white t-shirt over an ample waist and walks to the ring with long strides silenced by soft black boxer's shoes.

Carlo later follows the same path to the ring, easily defeating Harlan Silbergeld to gain his night at Kiel Auditorium. But it is to be his last victory. A week later he is listed number 5 in the final round of the novice division at the auditorium, but 147-pound Chuck McDowell wins the decision and the Olympic opportunity this time.”
Facets at the fights

Amateur boxing programs are very popular in the St. Louis area. Youngsters of all ages take part in the programs.

The biggest of all the boxing programs is the Golden Gloves. Some of the top fighters to come out of St. Louis have fought in the Golden Gloves.

SIUE photojournalist Dennis Garrels recently went to the Golden Gloves fights at the Electrician’s Hall in St. Louis. He went not only to capture the action, but to photograph the people who came to these fights.
Fighters and ex-fighters make up a large portion of the crowd at the fights. Frank Borders, far left, is coach of the Southside Boxing Club. Above right, Kenny Loehr won a Golden Gloves title in 1948 and is a former coach for Michael Spinks. Above left, John Carlos of St. Charles remained undefeated to advance to the Golden Glove championships. Preston McMorris, above, is a former fighter for the Vashon Club.
Faces at the fights
The boxing show can attract all types of people. The young and old, the black and white, and the ex-fighters and non-fighters will come out to see a good fight.

Charles Rush, left, and Jeffrie Miles, right, in the far left bottom photographs watch the action closely with analytic eyes. Both are from St. Louis.

Albert Mathis, above, wearily rests his head on his hand as he takes in the action going on in the ring. He was tired. He fought earlier in the evening for the Southside Boxing Club.

Even with all the different types of fans at the boxing show, there is one thing that binds them together—the fights. In the far left photo, a young fighter protects himself before delivering a punch. In the sequence at left, a fighter gets instructions from his coach, takes a needed drink of water, and gives his own suggestions.

Photos by
Dennis Garrels
Life in St. Louis

This special Focus section examines St. Louis's mood and personality through the eye of a camera.

SIUE photojournalism students went to St. Louis to capture its history and heritage.

In the next 10 pages St. Louis comes to life. Photo features on the once proud Union Station, the Soulard area, Forest Park, the State streets and downtown will bring the reader close to the city.

The photo at right, taken by Chris Ochoa, is of Union Station.

Please turn to the next 10 pages for more photos and text.
Portfolio:

Union Station

Photos by Chris Ochoa
Once filled with the sounds and hustle bustle of an active train station, Union Station now stands silent.

The last remnant of those once huge crowds, captured here by SIUE photojournalist Chris Ochoa, is long gone. The passenger trains, what few of them that are left, no longer make the stop at the once majestic site in St. Louis.

When air travel became of age, the era of train travel virtually came to a close. It may cost more to fly, but the traveling time is cut way down. A traveler will opt for a short flight rather than a long train ride.

Amtrak is the only major passenger train line left in the country. It was the last tenant to use Union Station as a passenger depot. When it moved to a temporary facility in another part of St. Louis, Union Station officially died.

Thus, a once crowded building stands silent. Darkness prevails where the last few passengers only recently disembarked.
Soulard

The Soulard area in south St. Louis was once the home of European immigrants who came to America to escape political and religious suppression during the 19th century. The large architectural monuments which reflected the German and Bohemian heritage of the 19th century were destined to become victim of the inner city slums until a group of people created the Soulard Restoration Society.

Approximately 200 people belong to this society and many have purchased homes in the Soulard area. Many are in the process of remodeling these homes and restoring them to their original beauty as the house at left has been. It is located on 12th Street.

Some of the buildings in the Soulard area are past the point of repair, below. This structure is on the corner of 12th and Emmet Streets.

There are also many small local stores lining the streets in the Soulard area as is evidence by the far left photo. Warren Radford and Brenda Buchanan relax in front of Radford's store in the Soulard area. "I've run this place for 10 years," said Radford. "Nobody's going to tell me how to do it."

Photos by Deborah Williams
Sanctuary for the city folks is just five minutes away from the Arch at scenic Forest Park.

Located just within the city limits and between the large factories and television towers, Forest Park is a bit of the country. Within the park limits, visitors can do everything from barbecuing and sunbathing to bicycle riding and canoeing.

Forest Park is a place for both the young and old and black and white. It is a place to gather for some sun, rest and relaxation.

Visitors are also welcome at the art museum and the zoo. Both are free and located in the center of the park. Below, Rich Allgire finds enjoyment by just leaning against one the many sculptures outside the museum.

There are many activities for visitors in Forest Park. Not just the ones provided, but do-it-yourself activities, too. A park visitor, right, amuses himself and a little friend in the shade of an oak tree, while a young boy, below right, plays a stick ball.

Photos by Alice Noble
State streets

A couple of miles south of downtown St. Louis, a proud lower-middle class people make their homes. The people inhabit the State street area of South St. Louis. From Mississippi to Iowa to Nebraska to California and Oregon, most of the states are represented.

A typical group, far left, spends its weeknights watching the street scenes. Front, Dorotheyl Lstham watches 10-month-old daughter Tracey. Sitting on the steps is Randy Holmes, Margie Goodwin, babysitter Mary Coleman and babysittee Kevin. Kevin was too shy to give his last name and the babysitter didn’t know it, either.

Left, two girls play on an old bed spring and boards behind a bar on the corner of California and Wyoming Streets. Theresa, standing, was willing to have her picture taken, but the other little girl refused.

Neighborhood bars, below, are plentiful in the State street area with one at almost every corner. The bars attract a variety of people all ages.

Photos by Rick Graefe
Everybody going downtown?

With the advent of shopping malls, many downtown shopping areas are a thing of the past. At least that's how it is in St. Louis.

Downtown, though, is still a gathering area. A man relaxes downtown, lounging near a street curb, below right. Another takes timeout reading the newspaper while waiting for a ride, below left. Still another uses the big city to protest, far right.

Photos by Karen Burns
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LITTLE "WHITE" BOY WHO SITS & LOOKS AT A PURPORTED IMAGE OF DIVINE IN HIS WHITE SKIN? WHAT DOES THIS DO TO HIS MIND AS HE SEES AN IMAGE OF HIMSELF?
Bissinger's Candy
A St. Louis
Bud Kolbrener II, the manager of Bissinger's, poses in front of the store window on McPherson St. The logo of Karl Bissinger still embraces the big display window.

Text by Nora Baker

In the early morning, St. Louis' McPherson St. resembles a street in London's Mayfair. The trees, pubs, old buildings with their specialty shops, and the "hot, roasted peanuts" vendor on the corner lend an old world ambiance to the neighborhood around Bissinger's candy store.

Most of the facts concerning the origins of Bissinger's have either been lost to human memory or buried in a forgotten file cabinet, said Maynard "Bud" Kolbrener II, the manager of the store. The original Bissinger's was founded in Paris in the late 1600s.

"Karl Bissinger, the last member of the original family, died in 1946," Kolbrener said. "He had no descendants and left the business to his employees. By the time I arrived on the scene in 1974, no one was really running it, so I stepped in."

He said most of the background he knew about was based on hearsay. "The records are atrocious, but the way I understand it, Karl Bissinger's father came to the United States in the late 1800s and opened a candy store in New York. He stayed there a couple of years and then moved the store to Cincinnati."

Karl Bissinger and his brother worked for their father, Kolbrener continued, and in 1927, Karl came to St. Louis and opened "Karl Bissinger — French Confections" at 4742 McPherson. Two additional Bissinger's stores are now in Plaza Frontenac and Crestwood Plaza.

"There still is a Bissinger's Inc. in Cincinnati," Kolbrener said, "but the branch of the Bissinger family there died out long ago. It's been bought and sold so many
Bissinger's
A tradition

Ann Rainwater, sales clerk at Bissinger's, poses in front of a few of the many candy assortments available in the top photo this page.

In the bottom photo this page, Marley Otto of St. Louis stands before the more than ample collection of kitchen utensils.

On opposite page, Marley Otto cleans the mixer used for making fondant, a creamy, sugary substance found in candy.
Bissinger’s
A tradition

times. It’s moved pretty far from the Bissinger tradition, too. They even sell fruit baskets.”

Bissinger’s is Willie Wonka’s dream of heaven. The display windows are lavishly decorated according to the season and sinfully stuffed with candy. At Halloween and Thanksgiving, autumn leaves and straw scarecrows predominate, as do white and brown chocolate “Casper, the Friendly Ghosts,” chocolate witches, cats, turkeys, Snoopy, cars, owls, frogs, ships, pigs, pilgrim medallions, corn and cornucopias stuffed with candy.

Inside the store, the continental, yesteryear’s mood persists. Furnishings in the antique style look as if they had been there forever and plants and overstuffed floral arrangements add a kind of Victorian coziness. Brass tables and candleabras, porcelain lamps, walnut cabinets and woodwork, yellow brocade-patterned walls and green tile floors give the customer the feeling of having wandered into a time machine, the feeling that beaver hats and skirts that sweep the floor would not be out of place here.

Genevieve Otto has worked for Bissinger’s for more than 40 years. Her late husband, Floyd Otto, was trained by Karl Bissinger and was chief candy-maker for many years. Now, her son, Marley Otto, is chief candy-maker.

“We always had the carriage trade,” she said, “the chauffeur-driven cars. Now, those who are left, can’t afford that lifestyle. They find it hard to get help. Many have died.”

Mrs. Otto said some old customers still send their maids around to the store to pick up their order. Bissinger’s keeps a card file on regular customers, listing their preferences, tastes and dislikes.

“Say we have a card on Mrs. Jones,” Kolbrener said. “She calls and says she wants a pound of her favorite assortment. We pull the card and pack what she likes. This takes more time.” He said the store does stock a few pre-packed assortments of “the candies everyone likes.”

Mrs. Otto recalled the days when Bissinger’s could number various Veiled Prophets, Veiled Prophet Queens and all the attending debutants and their families among their customers.

“We knew all the parents and we could usually figure out who would be queen,” she said. “A lot of the former queens still come in the store. But a lot of the girls today don’t want parties.”

The smell of milk chocolate is a subtle temptation and a stroll past the display cases is an excursion into every 10-year-old’s dream of glory. Candy sticks of lemon, cinnamon, spearmint, chocolate, orange, grape, peppermint, butterscotch and cherry. Gum drops of licorice, lemon lime, chocolate pudding, lemon, rootbeer, cotton candy, green apple, baked red apple, cream soda and cherry.

The rather surprising strains of KSHE radio waft from a back room.

Chocolate medallions nestle close to gold foil-wrapped chocolate owl lollipops. Elaborate old-fashioned candy tins and yellow, blue and pink flower and lace hat-shaped candy boxes line the shelves along the wall.

Apothecary jars display candy that looks like stones, candy that looks like fish and rock candy. There is also candy that looks like miniature fruit: small strawberries, pears, lemons and oranges.

Bissinger’s offers nearly 60 milk and dark chocolates with such exotic names as Australian Apricot Wedges, Cream Brazil, Grand Marnier Cream, Strawberry Spaded Cream, Sandwich Creme de Menthe, Orange Araby, Molasses Puff, Lentile and Karmash. Ten different French caramel toppings are available, as are mixed nuts, hard candies, fruit jelly candies (made with real fruit), maple acorns, Langtry mints, peanut brittle and old-fashioned long licorice.

Genevieve Otto does not hold the record for the longest employment with Bissinger’s. That honor goes to Esther Abling, who celebrated her 50th anniversary with the store this fall. She began work there some eight months after the store opened in 1927. In celebration, she was given the day off.

“We have an identity crisis today,” said Kolbrener. “People remember us for quality, but what with labor costs and trying to find quality ingredients, it’s pretty hard. In 1927, your average candy cost 65 cents per pound and at Bissinger’s then, it cost $1.50. In the 1960s, Karl Bissinger still hadn’t raised prices, although everyone else had.”

He said Bissinger’s forte has always been handmade, quality confections with natural ingredients, and this has become expensive. “We make a few moderately priced items and we’re lower on some things than Mavrakos and others. But we have a reputation for being expensive and people are conditioned to it. I don’t think people give us a chance.”

Bissinger’s employs three women to wait on the customers, two candy-makers and four women to hand-dip the chocolate. A van takes candy out every day to the other two stores. “I don’t think people want candy that’s been stored ahead,” Kolbrener said. “It’s got to be fresh. And that’s expensive, too.”

Kolbrener, 28, is president of a “group” which bought Bissinger’s. He said he “is not at liberty to disclose the name of the group.” He is a slim, dark-haired man, who gives the impression of tremendous energy. He is a high school graduate who has taken some courses in accounting and economics. Upon graduation from high school, he worked as a buyer in a brokerage company, then started his own company which he ran for a few years and then sold. He said his hobby is food and that he makes candy at home.

“I thought it was a waste of time to go to college,” he said, “I figure if I needed a degree for what I want to do, I’d go back to school and get it. I never have.”

The kitchen is a return to the old days of copperreakers, old crocks and wooden ladles. Most of the equipment has been there 30 to 40 years, Kolbrener said. An old Hobart mixer, which looked new, had been recently painted, as had the rest of the kitchen. It too, was 30 to 40 years old. The candy stoves were old, “but if they were new, they’d look just the same.”

“I don’t like people in our kitchen,” Kolbrener said. “It’s not like a factory, but more like a bakery. The reporter can’t see everything that’s going on. It’s not impressive, with vats and stainless steel and everything. It’s all low key. We make everything from scratch. We take
the time and do it right.

"This is not a modern and fancy test kitchen. It is

clean. But most of the press so far have been unimpressed

and hypercritical."

Mrs. Otto reminisced about World War II, when

sugar was rationed. She said Bissinger's was allotted extra

rations, but this was still not enough.

"Floyd made candy out of chewy molasses or peanut

butter. We had to let in just so many customers, and when

we ran out, we'd just close the door. Karl (Bissinger) got a

kick out of being the door keeper, but it was the only thing

we could do."

She mourned a passing life style. "Years ago, people

weren't weight conscious. The richer ladies were heavy.

They ate a lot of candy. It was the thing to do."

Bissinger's offices are located in the basement. Very

steep stairs lead the way along the white-washed walls. The

area is gorged with file cabinets, tables and old desks. In

one corner stands an electrified 1883 nut grinding machine,

complete with marble rollers. Because the machine is

handmade, every screw and every part is different from the

others. Every time it is taken apart to be cleaned, each

screw and part has to be laid out in a certain order so that

the whole can be put back together again.

Upstairs, two women are dipping chocolate

candy. One takes two pecan halves and presses them

together in a sort of sandwich. A tray of chocolate which

has been heated to 100 to 105 degrees and which is kept at a

temperature of 86 degrees, is constantly stirred by the right

hand of the dipper. The chocolate is kept in a shallow rect-

angular pan, inset in the long table the dippers work at.

A heat bar in the middle of the table controls temperature; if the chocolate cools, more heated chocolate is added in order to bring it to the desired temperature. One hundred pounds of chocolate is being heated and stirred in a mixer, gas-fired before the turn of the century, according to Kolbrener.

The dipper spins the pecan sandwich on end in the chocolate, coating the lower half. Another dipper does the same to maraschino cherries.

"We need a pre-bottom on these. We have had prob-

lems with the bottoms being thin," Kolbrener said.

The cherries had already been dipped in a brandy fondant before the initial chocolate coating. After the pre-

bottom coating of chocolate had hardened, the dippers plunged each cherry or pecan-centered candy into the chocolate they were constantly stirring. When the candies were pulled out, each dipper made a neat, but distinctive swirl on top of the candy, before setting it out to dry and harden.

"Most of these candies need to age from four days to

a week. Most cream centers can't be eaten right away. The

swirl on top identifies the candy and doesn't leave the

mark of the dipper's hand," Kolbrener said.

In an adjacent room, shallow wooden trays filled

with corn starch are stacked neatly. These are used to

make the various shapes and molds that have made Biss-

inger's famous: the Snoopy's and Caspers, the owls and

turkeys and cats, the vegetables and famous people and

automobiles.

Plaster of Paris molds are cast in the corn starch. The

liquid for the candy is placed in a copper funnel with a

wooden stick closing the hole of the funnel. The funnel is

heated over a stove until the liquid is of the right consisten-
cy and temperature. Then it is carried to the trays and the

stick is raised to allow the liquid candy to fill each shape in the cornstarch. After the candy hardens, the corn starch is dusted away with an air hose.

The major project on this particular day is the mak-

ing of pistachio marzipan, a process which ties up Biss-

inger's kitchens for at least three days. Marley Otto begins

with 18 pounds of roasted nuts, which are blanched in ice

water for 24 hours in order to kill any bacteria. The ice

water is drained and the nuts are put through the antique

nut grinder.

Meanwhile, 22 pounds of sugar is being cooked at 265 degrees to a medium hard ball consistency. Otto dips his hand and arm periodically in cold water and plunges his hand into the mixture to test it. He wipes the side of the kettle with a sponge dipped in cold water.

"If the grains of sugar on the side of the kettle drop back into the mixture, they would act as a seed and turn the whole mixture grainy," he said.

Otto normally doesn't use a thermometer to test the
candy, he said. He scoops out the "ball" with his hand and

drops it in a beaker of water pre-heated to 70 degrees. The humidity, winter and summer, makes a difference, he said.

The sugar mix and the drained nuts are poured into the Hobart double boiler mixer and cooked for approxi-
mately one and a half hours.

"We're cooking most of the moisture out so the mar-

zipan can be stored," Otto explained. "We don't scrape the sugar pan when we're pouring, so we don't agitate the sugar granules."

He pushes the metal paddle down and sets the

operation in motion. The gas fire hums away. The process drives out the moisture and finishes cooking the nuts, he explains.

"There's a noise like a helicopter when the mixture

reaches the right thickness and gets dried out at j bout 180

degrees," Otto said.

The marzipan is used for many things, including the

molding for Bissinger's pecan nut balls. It is laid out on

marble slabs in huge circles resembling a large wheel and

covered. The next day, it is turned over. The whole process takes at least three days and ties up the kitchen for that

period.

After that, the marzipan is stored and used as need-
ed. It becomes a hard block form. When needed, it is

broken down, water is added and it is cooked to the right

consistency.

Kolbrener has made quite a study of the history of
candy. "Caramel was one of the first candies," he said, "even before chocolate. In the late 1400s, world produc-
tion for one year was 25 pounds. It was used for money and only the rich could have it. It wasn't until later they made it for the common man."

Kolbrener said that all sugar in candy is only four to six percent of the average person's intake. "The rest is junk foods. Candy's good for you. Everyone ate candy until the 40s and 50s. But the sugar, nuts and eggs in a lot of candy is better for you nutritionally than steak."

The advertising for Bissinger's reads: "What

Napoleon II, Ludwig of Bavaria, the Rothschilds and many

St. Louisans have in common." The ad infers that the item is candy.

Perhaps it is quality.
Murals are a distinct art form, and when they are painted on the sides of buildings in the heart of a city, their bright colors have the ability to liven up an otherwise dismal environment.

Mary Fielder, a nursing student from Villa Park, Ill., posed for photojournalist Larry Libberton to show the relative size of some of the murals found in St. Louis and the Metro-East area.
A comprehensive major program in Journalism is offered at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, located 15 miles from downtown St. Louis near Edwardsville, Illinois. All students are required to complete a core program of courses in reporting/writing, in editing, in photojournalism, in graphic arts and typography, in press law, in press history, in literature of journalism.

Additional elective work can be taken to develop specializations in advertising, in photojournalism, in public relations, in marketing. An allied major program is available in television and radio.

Call 618-692-2230
Wall Art

Building at Lucas and 10th in St. Louis.
Top photo taken with Mary Fielder to show the mural's relative size.
Above photo taken on Delmar Street in University City.
Funny, it doesn't look anything like Jefferson...