**The Graefe Eye**

**Rick Graefe**, a 1978 SIUE journalism graduate, is a staff photographer for the Courier News, one of the ten papers of the St. Louis Suburban Newspapers chain. These two pages show examples of his photographic work.

**Upper left**: Ben Eby of Hillsboro, Mo., dresses up his son for their rodeo act. "Eby and his wife are divorced," Graefe explains, "and the only time he gets to spend with his son is at the rodeo. I thought this was a touching photo of a father and son combination."

**Upper right**: A Santa Claus gives a stocking and a Christmas card to an elderly person in a nursing home. Eight of the ten suburban newspapers rejected the photo and instead ran a photo of a group of Christmas carolers. "They (the rejecting editors) thought this photo was too pathetically sad."

**Lower right**: A fireman is silhouetted against a burning house in the background. "Night fires are interesting and the photos are more in the arty form, not so much to record the event. In a small community, most of your readers drive by the next day to see where the fire was. So they don't need to see a newspaper photo of just a fire burning."

**Lower center**: Country singer Waylon Jennings takes a break during a performance at Six Flags over Mid-America. Jennings told the audience, "I'm a day over 40 and still wearing jeans."

**Lower left**: A citizen of a small town in Jefferson County, Mo., shows his anger at a public meeting. This photo doesn't reveal that the angry man is actually a midget. Later that week the midget told Graefe, "Thanks for taking my picture. You made me look big."
Teaching grammar theory.

You can substitute "replace" for "substitute" or replace...
"write’ way substitute” with “replace.”

Story by Brenda Murphy
Photography by Rob Rehg

CENTER AROUND—"The case centers around who shall have custody of the children." It does not. Things center ON, not AROUND. You can prove this by getting out a compass' (draftsman's, not mariner's) and trying to draw a circle with a fixed leg AROUND a point. The English language sometimes stubbornly refuses to be logical, but not here.

The first About Language column, written Oct. 26, 1978, by Garry Murphy, assistant professor of English at SIUE. The column recently began its second year of publication through University News Services.

The column is distributed to 75 to 100 newspapers each week, which provides a wide audience to respond in letters and calls.

"You always get the caller or the writer who thinks there's a 'right' way and everything else is wrong," Murphy says.

Many years before the professor began writing the language column, he received a call from a woman who worked for a flight company. She wanted to know if "airline" should be spelled as one word or two.

Murphy told her that both forms were acceptable.

But she wanted to know which was the RIGHT way.

He told her both forms were used by flight companies across the country.

She still wanted to know which was THE RIGHT WAY!

So, he told her that if her company would like to pay him about $5,000, he would perform a six-month, detailed study to determine the preferred spelling of the word.

She said, "Oh," and hung up.

"It's interesting to see the passion people have for language," Murphy says.

"There's the purist who wants reassurance and says, "This is right, isn't it?" and then there's the person who is genuinely concerned and wants to know, 'How do you say this?'"
A girl once wrote Murphy to ask for the correct spelling of the color gray/grey. "I told her to take her pick. The British prefer 'e,' while we use 'a.' It's certainly not worth losing any sleep over or wasting postage.

"People are interested. Things do capture their attention," Murphy says.

He cites an incident from an Ann Landers column in which a reader reported that Walter Cronkite had mispronounced "February" by omitting the first "r." Landers agreed and printed the correct phonetic pronunciation.

"She really got some letters then," Murphy says.

The columnist finally ended up calling Cronkite. In another column, she wrote that if Walter Cronkite pronounced "February" as "Feburary," it was certainly all right.

"Can you imagine people arguing about how to pronounce a word in a column that may also discuss divorce?"

That type of response shows a real interest in language, Murphy says.

Readers don’t always agree with the professor, as with Landers. "Some people say the old way is the right way and are disturbed to find something new."

He received a letter complaining that he had ended a sentence with a preposition. He responded in a column entitled "Decriminalized:"

A reader takes me to task for ending a sentence with a preposition. She notes that in high school, "many years ago," she was taught never to end a sentence with a preposition... The sad truth is that those rules never were absolutes. They protected nothing vital to the language... (He ended his column with a famous quote by Sir Winston Churchill.) "This is the kind of nonsense up with which I will not put."

Murphy is a small-built man with coarse gray hair cut close to his head. He is dressed in a brown corduroy shirt and tan pants. A gold, retractable ink pen and a refillable lead pencil protrude from his shirt pocket.

He drinks his coffee "extra light" and pours more sugar into his cup from a one-pound box on his desk. He smokes L&M Lights appear one after another in an hour’s time.

He doesn’t consider himself a professional grammarian. He has gained his expertise teaching English composition the past 25 years. "I may have taught more freshman composition than anyone ever," he says jokingly.

Oddly enough, he gets few responses to his column from students. Excluding this group, the range of his readership is wide. His campus colleagues read the column frequently. "But the common denominator is an interest in language."

He recalls a man who wrote to complain that a newspaper editor had changed his letter when it appeared in the paper and wanted to know who was correct. Murphy replied that neither was right.

The professor has settled many discussions between readers, but no bets. At least, not yet.

Murphy also gets fan letters. He received a letter from a woman complimenting the column. She also told him she made it a policy to learn a new word every day.

The columns have varied in subject matter from the use of the dash to fad words. "I want a variety of ideas. I don’t want it to turn into an English composition handbook," Murphy says.

He gets his column ideas from many sources, including students’ mistakes, colleagues’ suggestions, newspapers’ errors and readers’ letters. Many of the columns are in response to reader inquiries.

Last Christmas a woman wrote concerning the issue of writing the holiday as "Xmas." Murphy sent her a personal reply, as he does most reader inquiries, but promised to touch on the issue this Christmas season if the column were still in existence, a promise he kept.

The professor recently received an unusual response from a reader.

An envelope addressed to himself came in the mail. It contained a newspaper clipping of his column. Two words, "smack dab," were circled on it. An arrow led from the circle to this question: "Would you explain this?"

That’s all the envelope contained. No
letter, no signature. Not even a return address. The only clue Murphy has to solve the mystery is the postmark: “Glen Carbon.”

Most readers aren’t so mysterious:

FARTHER/FURTHER—A St. Louis reader wants to know if there is “some neat trick to help us with the farther/further bugaboo.”

No. Next question.

But all seriousness aside, there is a kind of distinction that can be made between the two words.

Where real geographic distance is clearly involved, “farther” is the word to use...

Where the idea involved is a matter of degree or the “distance” is obviously figurative, “further” is the better word...

Murphy developed the idea for About Language after seeing Bob William’s Living Off the Land column in the Aestle. He thought a column about grammar and usage would be just as useful as the nature column.

“It’s not a novel column,” Murphy says. “I’ve been reading Theodore Bernstein’s for years, but he died recently.”

Bernstein wrote a syndicated column for the New York Times entitled Bernstein on Words. Murphy used the column as a model. He knew of no college column similar to About Language.

But he knows some other universities have installed English “hotlines” to answer grammatical usage questions.

Murphy has suggested installing a hotline at SIUE, but the English department lacks funds and sufficient staff to man a phone service. The schools which he’d read about received numerous calls.

He was in the day a computer salesman on campus called for some help in writing a business letter. Murphy had the salesman read the letter and then helped correct it. “We rewrote that one on the phone,” he says.

But the professor wouldn’t want to have to answer callers’ questions all day. “I wouldn’t want to be parked in front of a phone for all the working hours of the day.”

So, he continues to help through his column.

He has no set pattern for writing. He never knows from one week to the next what the column will be about. It depends on the ideas he comes across. He sometimes focuses on pet peeves.

“The most annoying in what you see in

INTERPERSONAL—We are hearing more and more these days about “interpersonal relationships” and “interpersonal communications.” Even the dictionaries are making room for “interpersonal,” explaining that it means “between persons.” Wow! Who would have guessed!

But is the prefix “inter” really needed for clarity? Do we need it to distinguish one kind of personal relationship or communication from another—one that is personal but NOT BETWEEN people? “Interpersonal” communication as opposed to “intra(within)personal”—talking to yourself? “Extra(outside)personal”—talking to space creatures? “Infra(below)personal”—talking to plants? “Supra(above)personal”—praying? (“Let us now bow our heads in suprapersonal communication.”)

Or is “personal”—a perfectly useful but ordinary word—given the unnecessary Latin prefix just to make it sound more technical, more scholarly, more impressive?

Perhaps someone who is an “interpersonal” addict can justify its use. I can’t.
print and hear spoken are the cliches, buzz (fad) words and plain fuzziness—from minds that won’t see things squarely. Sometimes it’s slovenliness. Sometimes it’s deeper than that. They string words together for effect, but not really knowing what they mean.”

The 1970’s have developed one unique problem in today’s students’ writings. “The accepted spoken English today brings about pronoun problems,” Murphy says.

A column for correction:

In speech, we are often—forgive me—singularly lax in our handling of such indefinite pronouns as “everyone,” “anyone,” “someone” and “no one.” We begin by using the pronoun as a singular verb (Everyone is...) and then immediately shift to a plural pronoun substitute, “they,” and match it with a suitable plural verb: “Everyone in this country is free. They can do as they please.” We tolerate this contradiction in speech, but not in writing. Not yet, at least.

With 25 years of grading freshman term papers, Murphy might have noticed some differences in students.

“I don’t think the freshmen have gotten that much worse. Their reading ability has deteriorated. But that’s due to less experience reading books. I still correct the same kinds of errors in 25 years.”

But to Murphy today’s freshmen, on the whole, are less able to cope with ideas. “They’re less able to handle sophisticated thoughts.”

He blames the problem on less reading by students. “If the reading is less, the sense of language is limited.

“Students need more reading, however they get it.”

He is reminded of a fellow teacher who complained that students weren’t familiar with any reading materials he cited for reference.

At first, he used Shakespeare, Then he switched to more contemporary readings.

But, the day he spoke to Murphy he was really frustrated because he had cited an example from the comics, and no one in the class had even read that.

Murphy said he is bothered today because students aren’t familiar with “Brave New World” and “1984.”

“That’s only four years away,” he says. “They’ll be living it and they haven’t even read about it.”

He says these complaints are perennial from one generation to the next.

Television has also created some differences in today’s students.

“With the greater emphasis on television, the more transient things become. You only have what’s locked in your memory for reference. You can’t look up anything. It’s useful for the moment, but it’s only a temporary thing.”

Murphy doesn’t like to blame all students’ writing problems on television, but he says television is having an impact on reading which, in turn, has an effect on writing.

Ideas about the spoken and written word have changed. “The spoken and written word interact. But there’s more influence today on the spoken word than the written,” Murphy says.

Television and radio are also part of the problem.

Students in the early part of the century were taught to try to make their speech sound more like written English, but today’s students
are no longer taught that speech and the written word are similar.

A column concerns speech as heard from students today:

□ □ □

LIE/LAY—...The other day, a network radio announcer warned motorists of all the corrosive salt “laying around on the streets.” This error is not tolerated in writing and should not be tolerated in “professional” speech. (He ended the column with the following verse.)

Now I lay me down to sleep.
The verbs distinct I’ll always keep.
If I should “lay” when I should “lie”
Let chickens cackle till I die.

□ □ □

Murphy has a self-imposed Monday deadline for getting his weekly column to University News Services.

Writing the column once a week isn’t a “super-human” endeavor, Murphy says. “When I first started, some columns took seven hours a week. Now they may take some time or go fast.”

He has only one rule to which he strictly complies. That is, keeping the column down to one typed page. “If I get too long-winded, the papers won’t bother with it,” he explains.

But he broke even that rule when he wrote a column concerning the Illinois driver’s license handbook. He expounded on that subject for a page and a half.

Here is just one sentence from the handbook: “Unless posted otherwise, it is permissible for drivers on a one-way street to turn left on a red light into another one-way street that moves traffic to the left after making a proper stop and yielding to traffic or pedestrians within the intersection.”

Murphy explained exceeding his one-page limit. “I really thought the State of Illinois owed its citizens better language than that. It turned out that column got published all over the place.”

Government offices aren’t the only ones that have met the professor’s wrath. Businesses have also been found grammatically lacking. K-Mart was chastised for its “MARATHON SAVINGS” flyer and Sealy ran into trouble with the suffix in its “Posture-Pedic” mattresses.

Murphy has also tackled the newspapers. A woman wrote to complain about the hyphenation of proper names in the paper.
The why's of ancient linguistic quirks are pure speculation.

Murphy says the problem results from too many people changing the type before it is printed. "In the process, newspapers say 'to hell with it, you'll figure it out' and we do, no matter how awkward."

In addition to attacking government, business and newspapers, Murphy has also taken on celebrities. He devoted one column to a segment of the Tonight Show in which Johnny Carson and Tony Randall got into a hassle over the meaning of the word "eclectic:"

...Carson claimed that it had to do with selecting the best of a number of different groups. Randall maintained it just had to do with selecting from different groups. In a way, they were both right. The word can be used either way, depending on the context.

Ironically, however, both were also wrong, since "eclectic" was the wrong word in the first place.

...Alas, Johnny's troubles did not end there. Moments later, he observed, unhappily, that some people make themselves hard to understand by using "obtuse" words instead of simple ones. Only angles, leaves and people are "obtuse." Words, on the other hand, can be "obscure" or "abstruse."

A copy of the column was sent to Carson. Murphy received a form letter in reply which read, "...Johnny Carson wants you to know that he has received your letter personally and while he's unable to answer each letter individually, he appreciates your comments and wanted me to let you know..."

It was signed by a Tonight Show correspondent. "He didn't even sign the letter," Murphy complains of Carson.

Although he didn't receive much response from the NBC network, Murphy was contacted by the St. Louis affiliate KSDK-TV producer to appear on the "Mid-Day" show last summer. (KSDK had been contacted for Carson's address to send the column.)

The producer called Murphy "the Ed-Frank Newman of the East Side."

He appeared on the show to discuss his column and then answer phone calls from viewers. Murphy says the producer soon wanted to cut to the calls because the phones were lighting up like crazy. "She was monitoring the calls, and said they were really getting some great ones."

But when Murphy tried to talk to the viewers, the phones on the set didn't work. The producer later told him it was the first time the system had malfunctioned.

The experience did serve to reinforce Murphy's feeling that people were very interested in language. The feeling began when he appeared on KMOX radio's "At Your Service" program several years earlier to talk about literacy.

Murphy says his column satisfies these people's interests.

"I don't want to create some kind of change in people. It's simply there for people who are interested. They are interested and do respond. You put something out there and they look at it and think about it."

Would he consider syndicating his column to reach an even larger audience?

"They'd really have to buy me off," Murphy says. "This column is looked on as a public service. I don't want to rock the boat."

Send your questions to Garry N. Murphy, Department of English, Box 43, Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville 62026.
Focus
on Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

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

Now in its ninth year Focus is a laboratory publication produced from journalism courses in reporting, photography, and publication design. Most of the stories were reported and written in Journalism 481, an independent studies course, and in Journalism 330, an opinion writing course. Photographers were enrolled in beginning (210a), intermediate (210b), and advanced (482) courses.

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

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

Our contributors

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

Kaisa Cole, a senior who was born and raised in Finland, combines her college work with raising two sons.

Brenda Murphy, a senior, is a Presidential Scholar and has written-for-for the St. Louis Globe Democrat and the Post-Dispatch.

Rob Rehg, a recent graduate, interned at United Press International and now works for Collinsville Herald.

Ed Sedej, a sophomore specializing in photojournalism, works for both the university photo services and the Granite City Press Record.

Mark Wakeford, a recent graduate, now works for the Belleville News Democrat. He interned with United Press International in St. Louis.

Cover design by Charlie Skaer

Photograph below by Ruth Cowing

This issue of Focus magazine was edited by Denise Panyik-Dale, Kaisa Cole, Rebecca Fines, Steve Mainor, Mike Kerch, Ed Sedej, Dali Hoover, Sheila Hubbs, and Debbie Vogel in Journalism 303b, and by Gloria Aylward and Brenda Murphy in an advanced design course.
Shooting St. Louis
Being a photography intern at the United Press International (UPI) office in St. Louis is seeing the city upclose, trying to capture the visual images often overlooked. One day may be spent shooting the newsmakers who are just passing through, or shooting the street people who are here to stay.

From animal babies to balloons, journalism major Mark Wakeford worked his way through an internship with UPI during the 1979 fall quarter. Wakeford, who will graduate in June 1980, is currently working full-time as a photographer at the Belleville News-Democrat while attending marketing classes at SIUE. He plans to continue photography as his career.

A burning vacant building in downtown St. Louis seems to dwarf the small firemen.
At right, retired coal miner Dick Major, 68, from Fairmont City rides to downtown St. Louis every day, interrupting his trip to play his harmonica for the photographer. Below, an old man makes his living by walking through the city rummaging for scrap paper which he sells to scrap dealers.
inflation

A look at the inside of Bob Esch's balloon right before take off. Esch and his navigator are inside straightening out the balloon before blowing it up further.
After Wakeford shot 20 rolls of film over a period of two weeks about a convent in Alton, UPI transmitted five of his pictures over the network.
News-makers

At right, Jacqueline Onassis and Senator Edward Kennedy arrive at the Chase Park Plaza for a fundraiser. Lower right, Vice President Walter Mondale arrives in St. Louis at the Sheraton for a fundraiser. Lower left, Larry Wilson attends a news conference after being appointed temporary coach when Bud Wilkinson was fired. To his right is St. Louis football Cardinal owner Bill Bidwell. Upper left, Minnesota Fats is in St. Louis for the formation of a Busch pool league.
Zoo Babies

At left, newborn cheetahs come out of their den with their mother. They are the second cheetahs ever born in captivity at the St. Louis Zoo. Below, the zoo’s first born baby orangutang is still in its nursery incubator.
Big Jim's Gym

By Phil Timper

"I got suspicious after they changed Multi-purpose facility to GYM."
1984: New gym arrives!

Commentary by Rob Rehg

Hank Honker had been driving around the SIUE campus for hours in a vain search for a student who could give him directions. He decided to give up.

Honker pulled his Mack Truck into a parking space and headed on foot toward the university.

"There must be people in one of those buildings," Honker said to himself. "Maybe they can tell me where this multi-purpose gym is supposed to go."

As Honker walked across the campus mall, he couldn't help but think how barren the university looked. Not a person in sight. It was like a ghost town.

The first building Honker entered was the University Center and he immediately spotted a man walking across the hallway.

"Hey buddy, I'm trying to get some directions," Honker said. "Maybe you can help."

"Sure," the man replied. "I'm Dr. Harry Hopefull, president of the university."

"I'm a truck driver and I'm here to deliver the multi-purpose gymnasium," Honker said. "Where does it go?"

"YOU, YOU have the gym!" Hopefull shouted.

"Sure, I know where it goes."

"Good," Honker said. "I know it is none of my business, but there sure doesn't seem to be many students at this place."

"I know, I know," Hopefull said excitedly. "But that's all going to change now that we have our gym. This is an historic day in SIUE history."

Before Honker knew what was happening, Hopefull had run from the room and reappeared with a bottle of champagne.

"Let's celebrate," he said. "Join me in a toast to a brighter future, Mr. Honker."

Honker learned how SIUE had once been a flourishing university with thousands of students. And how the university had gradually turned into a pathetic place with only a couple hundred students.

"What happened to the place?" Honker asked.

"No gym—that's what happened," said Hopefull.

"A couple of people tried to tell us it was because we didn't have enough housing for students and that our tuition was getting too high. A few folks even thought we were losing students because we weren't offering the right courses."

"Those weren't the real reasons, huh?" Honker said while taking a swig from the bottle.

"We said, 'Look, everybody else has a gym, and everybody else has students. So give us a gym and we'll have students too,'" Hopefull said proudly. "It was as simple as that. I don't know why it took so long for the state to see it our way."

"You guys sure had to put up with a lot of suffering," Honker said.

"Yeah, we had to tighten our belts all right," Hopefull said smugly. "When most of the students left I had to fire 95 percent of the faculty and staff. For a while, I even thought I might have to get rid of some administrators since there wasn't much for us to do."

"Then I came up with one of my best ideas ever. We started using administrators to do the work for the faculty and staff. Now I even help mop the floors and work in the cafeteria."

"That's awfully unselfish of you," Honker said.

"Well, everybody has to do their part," Hopefull replied.

"But what are you going to do now that you have a gym and no students or athletic teams?" Honker said.

"We still have an athletic program," Hopefull said. "In fact, we just got a $20 fee increase approved because we decided on adding a water polo team to the program. We were really counting on getting that gym this year."

"And besides, we decided to let the Edwardsville high school basketball team use the gym for all their home games for a while," Hopefull said. "Don't worry, the gym's going to be used."

"That's great," Honker said as he stood up. "I guess I better start unloading that gym so you guys can get to work rebuilding this place."

"You betcha," Hopefull said. "Once that gym's up, this place is really going to change. Come back next year and check it out for yourself. This place will be packed."

"What are you going to call the gym?" Honker asked as he headed out the door.

"I don't know, maybe we'll name it after you," Hopefull said. "Or else we'll just call it Gym 1." □
Remember the good work?

Commentary by Rob Rehg

It has become quite fashionable these days to criticize student government. Most students seem to share one common belief – that student government is an overfunded, overempowered organization that does little for students.

Everybody has something bad to say about the student group, including those people who know nothing about it. Which, unfortunately, is almost everybody.

It's time people were reminded that student government DOEs do something good for students. Before you start laughing at this notion, take a look at the record.

Remember the student fee restructuring?

Student government members worked hard at amending the system used by the university to establish student fee rates. As a result, a complete revision of the student fee structure was approved by the administration and the SIUE Board of Trustees.

The amended fee structure is, in the words of Vice President of Student Affairs C. "Scully" Stikes, "one of the most progressive structures in the entire country...it gives students more authority in determining how much money they are charged in the way of fees than any university I know of."

The new fee structure allows for committees comprised mostly of students to review fee proposals and decide how much students must pay for such things as student medical services, recreation activities and university publications.

All students, not just student government members, now have a chance to help decide how much students pay in fees thanks to student government.

Funny how people forget.

The only problem with the revised fee structure is that not enough students have volunteered to serve on the committees. Stories have been published and advertisements have appeared in The Alestle during the year informing students of the need for committee members. Few students volunteered, however, and now the fee structure will probably be scrapped because of insufficient input by students, according to Stikes.

That hasn't stopped student government members from fighting proposed fee increases however.

Last year, student body vice president John Rendleman served on the Intercollegiate Athletic Committee which recommended a $1 increase in athletic fees as opposed to a $5 increase proposed by the administration. SIUE Acting-President Earl Lazerson concurred with the ICAC request and agreed to a $1 increase.

Student government as a whole opposed a recommended $2.57 health service fee increase, and asked that the increase be held to 85 cents. Lazerson also agreed with that recommendation.

So, despite a disinterested student body, student government succeeded in saving ALL students almost $6 a quarter in student fees.

Remember the Red Sticker scare?

The administration proposed that a $5 charge be assessed for red parking stickers. Students displayed outrage at the proposed red sticker fee through letters to The Alestle and the student government office.

And somehow, student government members talked the administration out of charging students $5 to park.

Funny how people forget.

Remember the ISSC chair?

Student government members became very active in an organization known as the Illinois Students Association. The ISA is comprised of student representatives from eight public universities. Tom Werner, a past student body president, served as chairman of the group. Two other student government members also worked for ISA.

Almost unbelievably, in its first year of existence, ISA managed to get a bill passed through the state legislature which allows for a student to serve on the Illinois Student Scholarship Commission.

Students are always complaining about how tough it is to get money out of the ISSC, and thanks to the ISA and the SIUE student government, students now have a chance to offer input into the commission.

Funny how people forget.

Remember the suggestion box?

In an effort to give students an opportunity to offer input into what student government does, a sug-
gestion box was placed inside the main entrance of University Center.

It was largely a symbolic gesture. Student government members are always willing to listen to suggestions students might have, but since people rarely stop by the office to talk to them, it was decided to solicit student input through the suggestion box.

Students abused the opportunity, however, offering nothing but nonsensical, pointless "suggestions" which gave the organization no idea of what students want from them.

Student government has done many other things for the students' benefit in recent years. Too many to mention.

Most students, however, don't realize the amount of time student government members put into their jobs.

Jobs? Most positions in student government are non-paying ones. These people are volunteering their work for the benefit of other students.

On many occasions, student government workers can be seen working late at night in their offices. Most students don't see these late hours of work because most students have already left for home.

Still, students can be heard complaining about student government on a regular basis. And students talk about abolishing student government as has been done at many universities.

But before the lynch mob is formed, and student government has been driven out of existence, the good things the organization has done should be remembered.

Maybe then criticism of student government won't seem quite so fashionable. Maybe then the most irritating group of students on campus will appear to be those students who complain about student government, just before jumping in their cars to drive home immediately after classes.

HELPS BUILD STRONG BEASTIES 12 WAYS

Cartoon by Phil Timper
Class project reveals strange reasons for enrollment decline

Commentary by Nancy Weil

Memo

To: SIUE Administration
From: Sociology 853, group project
Subject: Enrollment Decline

Study Basis: Sociology 853 decided to conduct an extensive study during fall quarter into the reasons for SIUE’s enrollment decline. In an attempt to insure an accurate sampling, the class checked enrollment records and personal data of all students who had dropped out of school. The last place of residence was recorded and the students were sought out.

Findings: Many reasons for the decline in enrollment were found. The most significant factor was financial. Primarily, this problem was handled by the students leaving and going into hiding from the various agencies and individuals to whom they owed money. The groups can be broken down as follows:

1. Fifty students claimed to be hiding from Columbia House records, a mail order company operating out of Terre Haute, Ind. According to one hermit, “The special buy-one/get-one-free nailed me.” Others cited the $3.89 specials as a factor.

2. An overwhelming number of those found claimed to be hiding from Illinois Bell. Being disconnected by Illinois Bell was compared to being deported by several respondents.

3. An even larger number of former students were found to be hiding from former roommates. “My roommate once counted up all the money he ever loaned me,” said one young man. “The day later he asked for my share of the phone bill. I couldn’t take it, so I had to leave. I felt like everyone was out to get me. Just because he had the phone in his name.”

4. Approximately 25 students were hiding from the housing office. Ten of them claimed they have not paid rent, five claimed they were being sought for damages, and the remaining ten were evicted for various reasons. All 25, however, are still residing with friends at Tower Lake Apartments. Seventeen are living under aliases.

5. Over 200 former students are hiding from their parents due to reckless use of credit cards for gas and clothing.

6. Eleven enterprising students have left temporarily and plan to do nothing for a few years. They took on additional jobs and forgot to tell the IRS. “We will return around mid-April,” said their spokesperson.

Other Factors: There were some students who did not cite finances as a reason for quitting school. Those groups fall into the following categories:

1. Three students are hiding due to psychological problems incurred from attending SIUE. One student claimed that half his self had transcended that of mortals. After extensive examination, the Sociology 853 class was forced to agree with him.

2. Five students have already left for Canada. They claim they are getting out before the draft.

3. Several students were misguided to bars in Iowa and Wisconsin where the drinking ages are still 18.

4. The remaining students could not be found.

Conclusions: It is the conclusion of the Sociology 853 class that declining enrollment is not a problem to be worried about. The majority of students said they would return to SIUE as soon as new names, new places of residence and false transcripts could be produced. Many of them planned to venture to New Mexico for assistance in these endeavors.
Searching for a description of SIUE

Commentary by Rob Rehg

What’s SIUE like?

Simple enough question, but it always stumps me. Whenever a friend asks, “What’s SIUE like,” I wrack my brain for a while while trying to come up with a suitable answer, then give up.

Nothing about the place ever pops into my mind.

Maybe an SIUE student named Louie Post was right when he once told me, “This place is really weird. Most campuses have their own kind of personality, but I don’t think this place has one. I can’t figure it out.”

Personality: the missing ingredient at SIUE?

I wasn’t sure about that, and decided to ask other students what they thought.

Jean Cahnovsky works as a janitor in the University Center and one of her duties is to collect the trash from all of the offices in the building. Somebody once said you can tell what type of person somebody is by looking at what they throw away. That would seem to hold true for universities.

So how does SIUE’s trash stack up, Jean? Ever find anything interesting? Something that might be a clue to the university’s personality?

“No, most of it’s pretty boring,” she said. “Mostly just a lot of paper.”

She has noted, however, a couple of interesting aspects about the building’s trash.

“Student government’s is the worst,” she said. “It is absolutely gross. They have the wettest trash cans. I don’t know what it is they’re throwing away, and I don’t want to know.

“They always have beer cans lying around (beer cans?) and half-empty milk cartons. It’s terrible.”

The student group National Town Meeting gets the nod as most improved in the art of pitching trash.

“NTM has improved very much. They had rotten trash to begin with, but they have really come up in the world.”

For the most part, though, the building’s trash is uninteresting, she said. Cahnovsky also feels the entire university is boring, and without personality.

But not John S. Rendleman, Jr. His father was once president at SIUE and the administration building is named after him.

“Defiant and independent,” is how Rendleman describes the campus. “We have eight monstrosities for buildings here, and not nearly enough students to fill them. So there they sit, defiant and independent.”

Could you elaborate on that a bit, John?

“If you want to see the stereotypical college life, you got to go to the bars in town, or possibly to Tower Lake,” Rendleman said. “However, the campus core itself is a lot like a hospital. Nobody really wants to be here.”

That’s not how Rick DeStefane views the campus. A past member of student government, DeStefane had nothing but good things to say about SIUE’s personality.

“This is a strong campus. Powerful,” he said. “By comparing other universities to ours, students here have a lot more power in determining how money is spent.”

As for academic’s DeStefane said, “This is an excellent school. We have a good business department, it’s supposed to be one of the best in the state. We have an excellent government department and fine arts department. The faculty here is great.”

Once DeStefane got going, he couldn’t stop.

“Our soccer team is excellent and so is our baseball team. Our basketball team is improving.

“The fraternities and student groups on campus are active and offer a lot to the students. It depends on the student, of course, and how much he wants to get involved. It’s there, if he wants it. By getting involved, the student, as an individual, can make a contribution to society.”

Wow. And to think some people find this place somewhat less appealing. People like Beth Curtiss.

She’s been going to school here for six years and believes SIUE has “tremendous potential.” Most of that has not been realized yet, Curtiss said. But if it ever is, look out.

When asked about the school’s current personality, Curtiss held a hand to her mouth and faked a yawn. Enough said.

So, is personality the missing ingredient at SIUE?

Apparent not.

And the next time one of my friends asks “What is SIUE like?” I know just what to say.

“It has really boring trash.”
Ed Sedej is a junior journalism student from Granite City. He has had extensive experience in photojournalism and plans to build his professional career around photojournalism.

He currently works part-time for the Granite City Press-Record as a photographer and also at SIUE Photoservice.

The element he works with most and perhaps best in his photography is light and shadow as will be demonstrated on the next six pages of his work.

(Right) A scene from a farm near Freeburg, Ill., shot late in the afternoon with a red sky filter and a star filter. Norman Frech of Granite City stands next to the tree.
(Left) A print from a series of photographs Sedej took at a fire in Granite City. The vacant Tri-City Grocery Co. warehouse was destroyed by the blaze which twenty-six firemen fought for nearly six hours.

(Above) Sedej catches Rob Overal, 18, of Ferguson, Mo., taking a high bike jump at the BMX track in St. Louis.

(Above right) Overal takes a side turn jump on his race bike at the BMX track.
Photojournalism students are required to, among other things, visit a historical or unusual community and shoot and write a photo-essay. These two photographs were taken by Sedej on a visit to the Spoon River Valley, about 30 miles north of Springfield, Ill.

(Left) The morning sun shines through the St. James Episcopal Church steeple in nearby Lewistown, Ill., on a Sunday morning.

(Below) A white frame house on the corner of S. Illinois Street and East Avenue "C".
A very important element of photojournalism is action, and different photographers portray action in different ways. Three SIUE
journalism students demonstrate their angles on these two pages.

(Left) Four teen-aged girls appear to be enjoying themselves on this particular evening after a high school football game in Granite City. Photograph by Ed Sedej.

(Bottom left) Children from LeClaire School in Edwardsville play football during recess. Photograph by Charlie Skaer.

(Below) Many different facial expressions are present during a women’s rugby game at Forest Park. Photograph by Keith Schopp.
Bill Ward, professor of mass communications, as well as founder and director of the journalism program at SIUE, recently finished his sixteenth book. It is his third book concerning photography and is titled "Photographing Sports."

According to Ward, the book is basically planned to help the photographers who have to cover sports. The book is illustrated by 120 of his own photographs taken over the years and contains over 30,000 words.

The photographs on these two pages are a few that are included in the book.

(Upper left) The arm of Bob Young of the football Cardinals is encased in layers of tape, gauze, and padding.

(Upper right) An infuriated Otis Sistrunk picks up former Cardinal lineman Conrad Dobler and slams him to the turf after a play.

(Lower right) This photograph taken at a track meet was printed on high-contrast paper through a screen to give it the special effect.

(Lower left) A sports feature photograph of Havana fans at the Illinois state class A basketball tournament.
Postvisualization
At left and on the following pages are examples of what can be done by a creative photographer with an idea, a simple negative and a little bit of darkroom wizardry. The practice is commonly referred to as postvisualization.

(Left) Printing an image on high contrast Kodalith film results in pure blacks and whites for Nancy Behrns.

(Below) Keith Schopp creates a photogram by exposing paper patterns of his hand under an enlarger.
Ed King gives the signal disc behind the Communications Building a feeling of having an aura by solarizing the print in the darkroom (upper left). By using slow shutter techniques Ted Matthews captures the motion of the Tower Lake bus (left). Another effect of postvisualization, photographing through a screen, is used by Ed King to create a starburst effect on the dome of the Religious Center (above).

Postvisualization
Claudia Perry creates different views of her profile in three photograms. Ed Sedej brings out true blacks and whites by printing football action on high contrast paper. Claudia Perry creates a portrait of her husband by piecing several 35mm negative to form one photograph.
Postvisualization
Vachel Lindsay, poet from Springfield Ill., ends fight with city in honor

**Text by Kevin Allen**

Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black, cutting through the jungle with a golden track.

People raved when they heard "The Congo."

All over America during the first two-and-a-half decades of the twentieth century, swept up in a new wave of poetic appreciation, audiences numbering over two million filled the halls to hear Vachel Lindsay, the poet from Springfield, Ill.

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room, Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

He called his poems songs. Some called him the jazz poet. And at times a dancer accompanied his recitals.

He sang of Christian love, of an idealistically perfect America. Of a world ruled by reason.

But always his followers demanded "The Congo."

Finally it became too much. In 1931, his creative forces dulled, his youth gone, his literary garment out of fashion, he had sung of the Congo once too often.

He tried in vain to recapture the spirit that produced his earlier work, but he found he had lost it somewhere out on the road. So, quietly, but in a horridly poetic act, he took his life.
He called his poems songs. Some called him the jazz poet. And at times a dancer accompanied his recitals. Lindsay sang of an idealistically perfect America.

On Dec. 5, 1931, Lindsay committed suicide by drinking lye.

He would never sing again.

Lindsay once called Springfield, Ill., “The city of my discontent.” But he wrote a book titled “Golden Springfield,” in which he showed admiration for the city. He was born there 100 years ago on Nov. 10, 1879. Lindsay could no more escape his love/hate affair with the city than he could the demanding crowds. While he lived, Springfield was an unwelcoming hometown.

Yet, ceremonies were held in Springfield this past November marking the 100th anniversary of Lindsay’s birth.

There were lectures, a biographical drama, poetry readings, and an art exhibit held in his honor. Most of the activity centered around Lindsay’s large white frame house next door to the governor’s mansion.

The house, now a museum, was dedicated to the poet in the mid 1950’s, but there was a time when the good people of Springfield fought Lindsay for the ownership of his parents’ property, the place in which Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was born.

Lindsay wrote in a letter to his friend A. Joseph Armstrong, Feb. 8, 1922, telling of his mother’s death and about the estate being placed in the hands of a trust company.

“The house will be rented to proper persons just as it is. I will retain at this time only my room,” Lindsay wrote. “There is nothing for me to do now at this time but travel till June, 1923.

“It is very hard to take to the road again, and leave this house but there is nothing else to do.”

The energetic poet, small in stature, with an out-thrust chin and prominent neanderthal ridge above his eyes, was on the road longer than he expected.

But he was accustomed to the road. As a young man he had taken long journeys on foot all through the South, California, Texas and Florida. Much of the time he paid his way by trading rhymes for a meal or engaging a lecture hall where he would recite his verse, then pass the hat.

_Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief,_
_Eagle countenance in sharp relief,_
_Beard a-flying, air of command,_
_Unabated in that holy land._

On these walking trips he was inspired to write his best poetry. His first major successful poem, “General William Booth Enters Into Heaven,” was written on a trip through the South.

“I believe that beggary is the noblest occupation of man; I believe in the hospitality of my fellow human, for it has never failed me,” Lindsay wrote in his first published book, “The Creed of a Beggar.”

But in 1922, that hospitality failed him. At age 43, he was ready to settle down and begin to work on what he thought would be the major productive period of his life. Springfield didn’t want him so he was forced to look for his security elsewhere.

He took the position of “Poet in Residence” at Gulfport Junior College in Gulfport, Miss. Lindsay’s stay lasted only a year when he was forced to enter the Mayo Clinic suffering from epilepsy.

From Gulfport, Lindsay traveled to Spokane, Wash. He lived in the Davenport Hotel writing and lecturing while local patrons of the art sponsored him.
The house is a museum now, but there was a time when the good people of Springfield fought Lindsay for the ownership of his parents' property, the place of his birth.

This situation also turned sour, however. Lindsay's rich hosts demanded a return on their investment. They wanted verses about their favorite local heroes.

They told Lindsay to give up his literary pursuits and take up a place on the local newspaper where he would turn out columns honoring the Spokane elite.

"The attitude of the Spokane Gentry," Lindsay said, "who are all millionaires or pretend to be, is that if I am a good boy all of my days, maybe I can be a columnist on the evening paper, or maybe a special writer on the morning paper in the far, far future.

"I am told to that I am too high-brow, and that nobody in the whole world understands my exceedingly high-brow poems. I am to stop my eccentricities, change my church, my party, my wife (whom he married while he was in Spokane), my clothes, my opinions on golf, and write up the president of the National Greeters' Association when he passes through town.

"My crimes are that I refuse to be socially a lounge lizard, and then I have been frank, but I was born that way."

All the time Lindsay was in Spokane he was yearning for his home in Springfield, which was now a rooming house, where visitors could come and see the famous poet's room.

The matter of ownership of the estate was still being fought. It wasn't until 1929, when Lindsay finally regained control through a leasehold agreement that he was able to return.

Finally, he was settled. Finally, he thought he would be able to rest a while and produce the magical songs of his youth once again. He would make the nation listen to new concepts of music. He would change the decadent moral character of his beloved America. He would present new directions in art.

But again hospitality failed him.

There was a growing family of three daughters to support, taxes on the house to be paid, and the expense of survival to be met, so once again Lindsay took to the road.

By this time he was weary. Years of fatigue had taken their toll. He was only 50 in 1929, but already senility had set in. And he knew it.
Lindsay tried the lecture circuit again, returning to the scenes of youthful triumphs. But the old faces had changed and those that replaced them were unenthusiastic.

“What I am really hungry for,” he wrote to his wife, “is my youth that will never return.”

Ah, they are passing, passing by, Wonderful songs, but born to die!

He returned home for good in the fall of 1931. At times he was lucid, but other times he remembered with tormented rage all the injuries done to him.

Mostly Lindsay remembered an appearance in Washington D.C., just before he returned to Springfield, where an audience of about 200 walked out before he finished.

It was one last deep humiliation.

The last day of his life, Lindsay was grumpy and made wild accusations about his wife. He calmed at dinner time, but his wife found him in bed early when she returned from an errand that evening.

Lindsay could not sleep that night. He wept and told his wife he was an old man.

Lindsay got out of bed and wandered downstairs. He rummaged through photographs of his family and leafed through his favorite books.

Vachel Lindsay in his 20’s

Below is an example of Vachel Lindsay’s handwriting.
His wife came down and asked if he was all right. He assured her he was and she returned to bed.

Suddenly she was awakened by a crashing sound, then heard heavy footsteps of her husband coming up the stairs.

Lindsay screamed, ran through the hall, stumbled and fell.

His wife got him into bed. He was white, and looked scared. He asked for some water, and then told his wife, "I took Lysol."

Before he died he said, "They tried to get me, but I got them first."

Springfield mourned Lindsay extravagantly. His death was news throughout the world. Most of the obituaries identified him as the author of "The Congo."

Lindsay was buried not far from the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

Some day our town will grow old,
Filled with the fullness of time,
Treasure on treasure heaped
Of beauty's traditional sublime.

--"The Springfield of the Far Future," by Vachel Lindsay

Vachel Lindsay

Photographs Courtesy the Vachel Lindsay Association
On the building of Springfield

Let not our town be large — remembering
That little Athens was the Muses' home,
That Oxford rules of heart of London still,
That Florence gave the renaissance to Rome.

Record it for the grandson of your son —
A city is not builded in a day:
Our little town cannot complete her soul
Till countless generations pass away.

Now let each child be joined as to a church
To perpetual hopes, each man ordained;
Let every street be made a reverent aisle
Where music grows and beauty is unchanged.

Let Science and Machinery and Trade
Be slaves of her, and make her all in all —
Building against our blatant restless time
An unseen, skilful, medieval wall.

Like Nuremberg against the robber knights
Let her keep out the wealth bereft of sense —
Putting her ban on the stupid toys
Of private greed and greasy arrogance.

Let every citizen be rich towards God,
Let Christ, the beggar, teach divinity —
Let no man rule who holds his money dear,
Let this, our city, be our luxury.

We should build parks that students from afar
Would choose to starve in, rather than go home —
Fair little squares, with Phidian ornament —
Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Songs shall be sung by us in that good day —
Songs we have written — blood within the rhyme
Beating, as when Old England still was glad,
The purple, rich Elizabethan time.

Say, is my prophecy too fair and far?
I only know, unless her faith be high,
The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed,
Our little Babylon will surely die.

Some city on the breast of Illinois
No wiser and no better at the start,
By faith shall rise redeemed — by faith shall rise
Bearing the western glory in her heart —

The genius of the Maple, Elm and Oak,
The secret hidden in each grain of corn —
The glory that the prairie angels sing
At night when sons of Life and Love are born —

Born to struggle, squalid and alone,
Broken and wandering in their early years.
When will they make our dusty streets their goal,
Within our attics hide their sacred tears?

When will they start our vulgar blood a thrill
With living language — words that set us free
When will they make a path of beauty clear
Between our riches and our liberty?

We must have many Lincoln-hearted men —
A city is not built in a day —
And they must do their work, and come and go
While countless generations pass away.
1964 was a very good year

In 1964 all classes at SIUE were still held at Alton and East St. Louis centers, but five buildings on the new 2,600-acre campus site in Edwardsville were under construction. The first building to be completed the following year was called "General Classroom Building," pictured below. It was later named after John Mason Peck.

Other buildings under construction in 1964 were the Lovejoy library, Communications Building, Science and Technology Building and the University Center. The latter two cost well over four million dollars each, and the others were relatively inexpensive at $3.5 million a piece.

Enrollment for the winter quarter 1964 was 5,540, and by fall it had increased to 6,624. President Delyte W. Morris predicted that 16,000 students would be enrolled in Edwardsville by 1970.

In 1964 Burger Chef was "Home of the World's Greatest 15-cent Hamburger," according to an advertisement in the Alestle. A brand new Volkswagen bug was advertised at $1,692, and the Peace Corps ran an ad for placement examination on February 8.

The Alestle had a spring fashion issue in May. "Ivy traditional look is here to stay." It included flannel blazers and button-down shirts with long-point collars. The Alestle arbiters of style also decreed that for women "slacks are acceptable only at beach parties and very casual affairs." Skirts and sweaters were "in" for movies, and "dresses and heels are a must for concerts, cocktail parties, dances and the like."

The scene at left is from a dance at the Alton Rock Springs Pavilion for SIUE students, who obviously didn't agree with what they were told to wear.

If you look at the girl in the foreground you will notice that the zipper on her pants must be on the left side. That's the way it was in 1964.
In the April 30, 1964, issue of the Alestle a student, William F. Collins, who had recently returned from Vietnam, said the war can't be won in five or ten years. He was one of about 1,500 U.S. troops stationed as advisors in Vietnam at the time.

The Alestle poll in October predicted an easy victory for Lyndon B. Johnson in the presidential elections.

(Below) A group of happy graduates, 1964 vintage.
(Right) Three stages in the construction of the SIUE water tower in the fall of 1964.
(Opposite, bottom) A student at work at the Alton Center library.
In October, 1964, the Alestle reported that a black physical education instructor, Dr. Robert H. Kirk, who had taken a position at SIUE at the beginning of the fall quarter was getting “a professional runaround” by Alton homeowners and real estate dealers and had so far failed to find a place to live for his family. It was reported later the publicity had brought many responses from the community, and Kirk had several offers to choose from.

(Right) Student worker Mary Stevenson examines her print in the darkroom. Today Mrs. Stevenson is teaching in Mt. Olive, Ill.

(Below) Ann Carey, a professor in speech pathology, works with a young patient. A speech and hearing center was set up at the East St. Louis Center in 1964, and students could sign up for Speech Correction 100.

(Opposite) This elegant dog was the mascot for both SIU schools in 1964.
...was a very good year indeed
YMCA is his home
At the YMCA in Granite City, 69-year-old Bob Salem has been living in a two-window room for 35 years. He pays $25 a week.

Salem stays at the YMCA willingly and dines at a nearby cafe so he doesn't have to worry about the cooking.

A small-black-and-white portable television set keeps Salem company throughout the day and late evenings from game shows to football.
Bob Salem's life is unchanging. His daily routine starts at 10 a.m. with a shave in the bathroom across the hall. Then he is off to the Grand Cafe to eat breakfast and then journey back to his room for a glimpse at the television set. Salem's life been like that since he was hired as a laborer at American Steel Foundry in Granite City in 1941. He received a daily wage of $5.48.

He swept floors for the next 36 years at the foundry and rarely missed work.

Today, Salem is retired and lives alone in his cubicle-like room at the YMCA.
Photographs by Ed Sedej
Towerimg task

Photographs by Ed Sedej

John Drake and Bob Hart of St. Louis are suspended high above the SIUE campus as they apply new coats of paint to the water tower.
Learning Finnish

German

English

Story by Kaisa Cole

There it is, that beastly book I still can't understand: "Ulysses," by James Joyce, staring at me from the bookshelf. It's the last bastion of the English language I haven't been able to conquer.

Becoming bilingual after childhood is a complicated mental process. Human vocal cords are set in their ways during late teens. After that it's very hard to learn new sounds. Just listen to Henry Kissinger struggling with his "w."

I was fortunate to have had extensive language instruction since grade school. When your mother tongue is Finnish, it's a matter of survival to learn other languages. I learned Swedish, German and English.

Languages are an important part of curriculums in the Finnish school system. Anyone with some aptitude could become reasonably fluent. Going to college would be impossible without a thorough knowledge of at least one foreign language since almost every subject has some books written in a language other than Finnish.

Apart from being able to read a history textbook in German, I can order meatballs and mashed potatoes in Stockholm, buy a bus ticket in Bonn, and ask and understand directions to the Tower of London.

When I found myself married to an Australian and living in London, I also found my knowledge of English inadequate. I couldn't even have a decent fight with my husband because my vocabulary deserted me when I got mad.

I was hampered by not knowing how to swear in English. Dictionaries were useless. My husband gave me a short course. I found out it's done with naughty names of private parts and sexual activities, and all the words had four letters.

In my own language the worst and most powerful swearing involves calling the devil a large variety of names and blaspheming God. However, I soon got used to this new way of expressing myself. It came in very handy when I was learning to cook.

I ran into trouble at first because none of the words really meant anything to me. I didn't have the built-in sense that they were bad words. I couldn't even remember which words were the really bad ones.

There were many other aspects of daily life for which I didn't have the vocabulary. I knew the words for most ordinary grocery items, but I had to look up nail polish and beets when I couldn't find them in the store. I always took a dictionary with me when I went shopping.

Having babies in English sent me to the dictionary many times. I had to learn the names for childhood diseases and other medical jargon. For some strange reason milk that babies sucked out of a bottle was called formula. I had always thought formula meant recipe in a strict chemical sense.

All kinds of operating instructions are very hard for me to follow. I can manage a washer, dryer, and dishwasher very well now, but I will never be able to knit again because the patterns look like Sanskrit to me.

It is very frustrating to be a reasonably well-educated and well-read person, but not appear so. I could always think of a smart thing to say several hours after a particular conversation took place. I had to look the words up in the dictionary.
I started to read the dictionary. I read newspapers and magazines, cookbooks and labels, gothic novels and Dickens, Agatha Christie and George Orwell. Gathering colloquial expressions became a hobby of mine. I was forever on the lookout for figures of speech.

After coming to America, I was to go through the same learning process once more. I had to learn the names of famous people, past and present, starting with Johnny Carson. The difference between American and Queen's English is another story. Due to the circumstances, the first thing I learned was what the English called a "nappie" was a "diaper" on this side of the ocean. I still can't understand American football, but I'm the only mother in town who knows how to play soccer.

Despite some large gaps in my vocabulary, I found myself thinking in English in a matter of months. It was a very strange sensation and startled me when I realized I didn't know when I had switched. I was a Finn. I had been thinking, speaking and writing in Finnish for 25 years. It was like something alien had invaded the inside of my head. I even began to have dreams in English.

One of the last things to go was the habit of counting and doing arithmetic in my own language. I still use it when I count in pairs.

Another weak spot is spelling. Unless it's done very slowly, I lose track after three letters. Since I am a journalism major, this has been a real handicap on reporting assignments. I don't inspire confidence when I have to ask my subjects to spell their names four times.

English is a very hard language to learn. There are practically no hard and fast rules. Much of the time spelling bears no resemblance to what the words actually sound like. Punctuation is a nightmare.

I'm still shaky with my prepositions, but the mistakes are not as frequent anymore. My sons correct me when I'm wrong, and often say, "I wish I had an American mother." Not only do I refuse to buy potato chips and white bread, I also speak "weird."

But the "weirdest" thing of all is that I'm slowly losing my own language. It doesn't come spontaneously anymore. People often ask me to say something in Finnish, and it's becoming harder and harder to think of something to say.

My family tells me I write English with Finnish words in my letters to them. It takes me several days to feel comfortable talking to them when I go back home because I think in English. While in Finland last summer I found myself writing shopping lists in English.

I've lost the last 15 years' worth of slang which tends to change very rapidly. My expressions are from the early 1960's and no one uses them any longer. What's more, I am told I have a foreign accent.

There are some minor matters to tidy up and some vocabularies to learn, but I have assumed another language. I can now yell at my kids fluently in two languages, and I have made up for the time I was not able to have an argument with my husband.

One of these days I'm going to master James Joyce. I once even went to his grave in Zurich and prayed in front of his statue.
The back page

Bumper to rumper — Photograph by Ruth Cowing.

SIUE Logos

School on wheels—
Ed Sedej used the idea of a commuter campus to create the logo.

Soccer champs—
Steve Mainier used a soccer ball in the above logo to represent SIUE as the home of the national soccer champions.