



Something In The Air

CRIS WISSMAN
Dateline: Carbondale

"May your children live in interesting times."
Ancient Chinese curse

Well here I am, definitely someone's child, with a most curious assignment. Reunion Committee Chairman Gary Goldblatt has saddled me with the task of writing a piece that reveals what reunion-ites will encounter upon re-entering Carbondale's immense gravitational pull for the 30th Anniversary Reunion. Oh yeah, and he wants me to do it by a deadline.

Mr. Goldblatt no doubt thinks this makes sense, since I and another 'IDB alum, Jason Thomas, were lucky enough to remain in Carbondale after graduation, eking out our living as co-owners of *NIGHT LIFE*, the city's weekly newspaper. Deadlines, of course, are my stock in trade. The ability to meet one head on without flinching is what separates the men from the dogs in this business, and I am nothing if not a whoop-ass, deadline-meetin' guy.

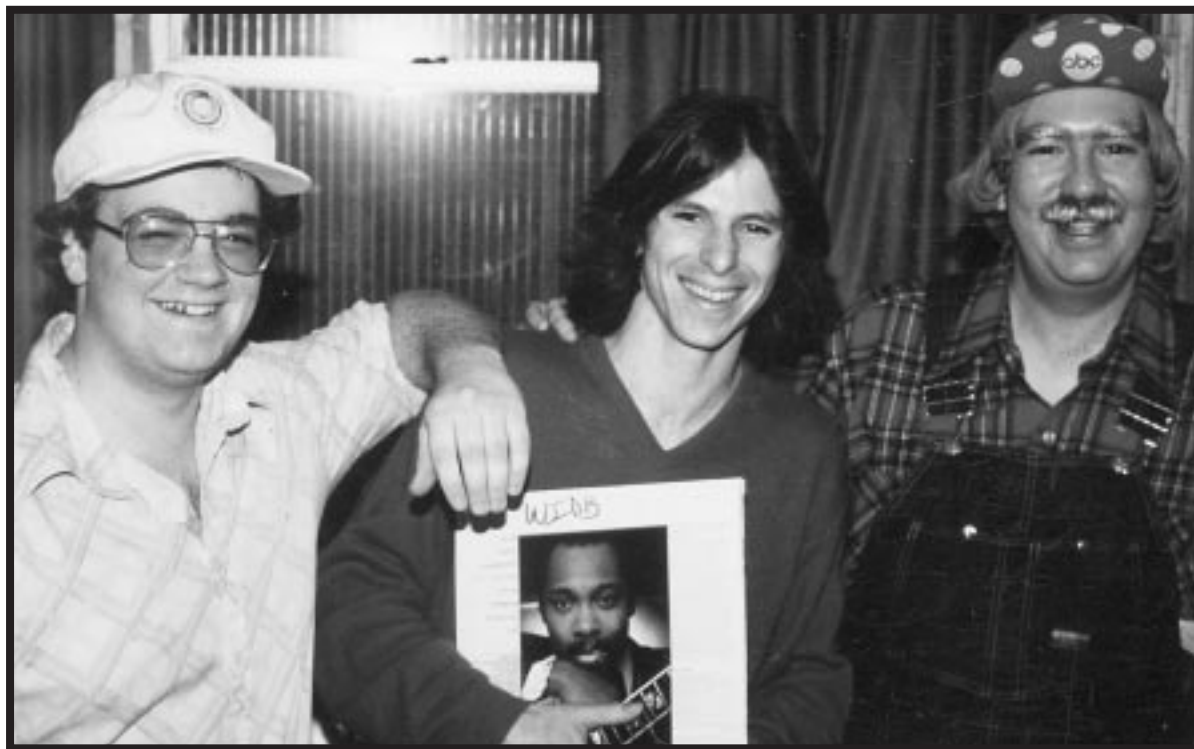
But pinning the tail on the state of the Carbondale donkey is another ball 'o wax altogether. I mean, the reunion takes place about seven months from now and I can't even tell you what's going to happen tomorrow.

There's something in the air around here lately. University system president Ted Sanders resigned today under immense pressure from student and faculty activists. Meanwhile, the city's leadership recently decided not to approve a new liquor licence for the old Merlin's/T.J. McFly's building. I am reminded of the classic station ID: *WIDB, Carbondale ... Where everything you know is wrong.*

As I said, there's something new in the air. Well, maybe it's not new...I felt it once, long ago. It's not quite anarchy, but it's certainly not comfy stability. It's awakening, but far from fully conscious, spiritually or literally. It's only a flicker; on some days I can barely feel it and on others, what I feel makes me question the purity of the water supply. It first hit me as I jumped off the Amtrak train in '87 on my first night in Carbondale, and it hit me again later that year when I entered the hallowed doors of WIDB. It was a feeling that on any given day or night in C'dale, there are no limits and anything can happen.

And so I must leave it to the right Reverend Tawl Paul to bring this one home. As the Tawl one so fervently inquires of the faithful at PK's: "Do ya feel it?!?"

Here's hoping you do. Don't forget to bring it with you.



KEEP YOUR E-YE ON THE CALENDAR...

Uncle Briggs says make your reservations now for the WIDB 30th Anniversary Reunion. Do it today!

Radio Was Going To Be My Life (or, What WIDB Means To Me)

KANDI KLINE
Roving Reporter

So you went to college and selected a Radio-TV major, anticipating immediate employment *somewhere* in mass media upon graduation? Some made it and some didn't. Here's my story.

I joined 'IDB in the early '80s, starting out on the sports beat, moving on to office and business manager. I was also a really bad DJ, but I was certain I would burst out into the world with my shiny degree and forever change the staid face of radio programming. Cue reality.

At my first paying radio gig, I pounded the pavement trying to sell airtime on a black-formatted station in Decatur. The town was pretty racist before Jessie Jackson ever heard of it, and it was a horrible experience. I interviewed with some small/medium market stations with no luck, so I bagged radio and decided to see what else I could do with my college education.

I headed to Chicago, where I started a swingin' career at Playboy magazine. I rationalized that it was, er, journalism, a field related to my communications degree. Hahaha.

After eight or ten years of this, I got itchy feet. I'd ridden horses most of my life and decided to turn hobby into profession. I sold almost everything I owned and took an unpaid job as a working student for the Mark Phillips Equestrian Centre at the Glen Eagles golf resort in Scotland. There I prepared for and passed the British Horse Society instructor's exams.

A couple of years later, I took a vacation from my stable manager's job in Georgia to attend the Reunion in '95. It was a welcome dose of 'IDB spirit. In 1996, two of the horses in my care competed in the Summer Olympics. After that, I moved to Florida and worked as a veterinary technician at the University Of Florida.

Now I'm back in the Chicago area, working as a horse insurance underwriter and I love it. Many WIDB alums still live around here too. Not many still have jobs in radio, either, but who cares? What matters is that despite all the career (and address) changes we've all gone through, the WIDB camaraderie lives! And we've got the 30th Anniversary Reunion to help us celebrate that special bond. Make your reservations now and re-energize yourself!

LEMMEE HEAR YA!



BEACON READERS SPEAK

HARRUMPH!

WIDB has always been a waste of time and resources. The very idea that students could staff a radio station themselves!

There was no need for WIDB because WSIU served everyone. WIDB offered no REAL broadcast experience, like WSIU. No one who worked at WIDB ever had a broadcast career. We professors knew WIDB would never last.

Students are children, who can learn broadcasting only by watching those of us unable to hold a real broadcast job. Requiring students to watch us for years leads to more revenue for the university (and it's faculty). Sure, we didn't offer sales or engineering experience, but every graduate had to pass that typing test!

I ask you now: Which served you better for your broadcast career: the years of hands-on experience at WIDB or that typing test?

Robbin C. Burens
Founder, WSIU B'cast Services
R-T Chairman Emeritus



Mr. Levi is off.



Tommy is, too.

THE BEACON'S BURNING QUESTION OF THE DAY:

Why do you attend WIDB Anniversary Reunions?



MARK SLAGA
GATSBY KING

"Togetherness, man, togetherness!!"



LISA DARTT
SALES SORCERESS

"So people can't talk about me behind my back."



MIKE LESCELIUS
ENGINEERING TYPE GUY

"Because Charles B'Garles owes me fifty bucks and I keep hoping he'll finally pay me back."



JACKIE GROSS
INDEPENDENT FLORIST

"I keep forgetting to grab that Joy Division record I left after my last shift."



GARY GOLDBLATT
FACILITATOR

"You know."



TERRY SHAUGHNESSY
FACILITATED

"Reunion? What reunion? I was just following Phish around the country and stopped here to find some macrobiotic chow."