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Eastern Illinois

University

Charleston, Illinois

Editor Jann Briesacher

Adviser Dan Thornburgh

Photographers . . . Jim Painter
Scott Weaver
Michael Chen

Spring 1974

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1	Photo by Jim Painter	
5	Six Poems of the Land <i>(Winner of the 1974 Winnie Davis Neely Award.)</i>	Ray Schmutde
7	At Last to Find Freedom	Jann Briesacher
9	The Last Iris	Marjorie Thoele
10	(Untitled)	Melinda E. Record
	Men	Jan Schroeder
11	Impressions	Judy Bard
	Scared	Anita Sur
12	Loved and Lost	Jan Schroeder
13	Dripped-Over Wax	Anita Sur
14	The Crowded Room	William E. Utesch
	A River in Illinois	James Jones
	Sneeze Season	Darlene A. Moore
15	Changes	Mark Chianakas
16	Photo by Jim Painter	
17	Wedding Vows	Jann Briesacher
18	Photo by Jim Painter	
19	Photo by Jim Painter	
20	Photo by Jim Painter	
21	Photo by Jim Painter	
22	Photo by Jim Painter	
23	Photo by Larry Smyser	
24	From Outside Colorado	Ray Schmutde
26	Dairy Queen	Gayle Gleichman
33	With Sunstreaks in our Hair	Nancy Broom Brown
34	Photo by Jim Painter	
35	Water's Edge	Marjorie Thoele
36	My 665th Illusion of Sanity	Gordon Glessner
38	"Is it my turn to do the laundry again???"	
39	TV Teaching	bobbdodd
40	Guidance	Wendy Diane Wieland
41	Photo by Jim Painter	

42	Raindrops Waiting	Jane Ann Beers Jan Schroeder
43	To Jon One Autumn Day in 1971	Judy Bard E. Christman
44	More Surely Than Picture Albums	Marjorie Thoele
45	Wingspanning Religion	Nancy Broom Brown Melinda E. Record
46	Rosalie Stevenson	Mark Holley
47	Photo by Jim Painter	
48	White	Shirley A. Rardin
49	The Beginning of a Perfect Day	Shirley A. Rardin
50	Photo by Michael Chen	
51	Rosethorn Wall of June 17 Man Haiku	bobbdodd Jan Schroeder Judy Bard
52	You know it leaves me empty For Jesse	James Osborne James Osborne
53	Endings Confusion	Mark Chianakas Gary L. Owens
54	Photo by Michael Chen Poems	Jann Briesacher
55	Journey of just one	Nancy Broom Brown
56	Blackbirds in Illinois Poems	James Jones Jann Briesacher
57	Photo by Michael Chen I am a poem A Glimpse of Paradise	Darlene A. Moore Jann Briesacher
58	Photo by Jim Painter	
59	Poem In my window	Sheila Marie Foor Barbara S. Meyer
60	Section 4., Draft 3	bobbdodd
61	Photo by Jim Painter Poem	Jann Briesacher
62	Photo by Gary Dean I am	William E. Utesch
63	To a tank-car in Illinois Poem Poems	James Jones Jane Ann Beers Jann Briesacher
64	Editor's Page	

SIX POEMS OF THE LAND

By RAY SCHMUDDE

I

The farmer shot a rat in the barn.
Pumped two rounds in it
and tore the belly open,
then turned toward the house
to wait on his supper.
Late in the quiet night,
while he rocked to crickets
and cleaned the .22 by the kerosene lamp,
in the barn milk snakes smelled blood.

II

The black followed the plow,
and the plow the mule,
both lame, all old and tired.
Bossman came, dispensing talk of markets
and prices from his wagon seat.
"More crops gotta come", were the words he left.
The mule strained and pulled harder.
The black braced and plowed deeper.

III

Farmer plowed the rows,
giving order to the fertile land.
In his house encamped with an army of crops
he is a general in a life-long war
of maneuvers with his God.

IV

She came alone from 'the old country',
and married a man whose language

she didn't understand.
In Iowa hills they worked the soil.
When the thresher crippled him,
she worked their fields.
When he died,
she worked her fields.
When the bank took the farm,
she complained alone.
When the Crash took the bank,
she found another man
and took her land back.

V

Wind blown seeds
invaded the forgotten cemetery.
By August the tombstones were surrounded
with wheat and the graves
of the war dead came to life.
Appomattox came with the reaper
and the harvest was delayed two days
while bent blades were repaired.

VI

Beside the interstate
two abandoned barns stand together
in defiance of the prairie's winter fury.
Inside the southern shelter
a hitch-hiker huddles from the draft
and tends his small fire.
He puffs on his pipe and watches
the headlights pass through the distance.
He will watch till the Dipper has risen
and the fire only ashes. He will sleep
without dreams and in the morning
find that he has come home.

AT LAST TO FIND FREEDOM

By JANN BRIESACHER

I have looked for freedom

in many places.

In sunlight
In darkness

In wind
and in stillness

Independence
I cried

was the escape
of captivity.

and so I fought
with all my effort

against the bonds.

and still
freedom eluded me.

So I started my search anew.

I went back to nature
and returned,
shackled to mechanization.

I turned to god

who gave strength

but no answers.

Again, freedom had eluded me.

I paused then, in my search
to fall in love.

And one morning I awoke
only to realize

That I was dependent
upon him
that I needed him.

And to my prior thought
I was farther from freedom
than I had even been before.

But as I rolled that over
in my mind

I was struck with the realization
that in fighting dependence
I had been fighting
freedom itself.

For there, I smiled,
it was.

There it had been
all the time.

I knew as long as he was there
I would be free.

THE LAST IRIS

By MARJORIE THOELE

There's something in the way I miss you
that makes me smile.

It was your smile I met first, blared
louder than the jukebox across salted beer,
and after that I sometimes wondered
what country you were thumbing your way across
as I drank morning coffee or locked the doors.
Each iris bulb called your name
when I patted dirt over its dark head.

In the middle of one orange afternoon,
two buttocks winked at me through sun-washed cotton,
and in the face belonging to them I recognized
a smile. My blue skirt floated around my waist,
constricting me, as I ran calling your name.
We walked to the cemetery, sat on a cracked wall,
dangling feet just above strollers' heads; choose
the best place to fly your kite and counted all
all the parking meters along the square.

Sometimes stars would slide down a moonbeam
through your window, to rest on the bedcovers,
my toe. I kicked them away—I had no need of stars.
We laughed about your broken locks
over morning coffee, and piled dishes in the sink
to wash another day; ran through the hours
across sand bars, empty record jackets.

I brought you the last iris, petals
like palest blue clouds hugging themselves
and floating off—that flower hovered above
your unmatched socks and rolling papers for a week;
it was there the last time I was, dried leaves
cracked with every breath from the window,
the protest of their dying filled each silence.

(UNTITLED)

By MELINDA E. RECORD

Temperatures rising
Melting my ice and I
Am warm with my yellow sun.

MEN

By JAN SCHROEDER

Day by day
And then again,
 I wonder why
 I mess with men.

They mess my mind,
Then when I try
 To make them happy,
 They make me cry.

But yet I know
That when I'm blue
 I just sit back
 And think of you.

IMPRESSIONS

By JUDY BARD

*Alone at midnight,
Let the darkness envelop you,
Enshroud you in light
Meet yourself . . .
And the world anew.*

SCARED

By ANITA SUR

*in a jungle of knots
I'm searching desperately
for a bit of loose string—
just anything to hold
'til I'm ready to fight
the knots again.*

LOVED AND LOST

By JAN SCHROEDER

*I was once a straight arrow
With no question of direction,
Heading slowly,
 but eagerly, to that
 most inviting target.
Now my course of destination
 has changed due to
 prevailing winds,
Leading me to that of which I am unsure.
Yet faithfully I travel
Knowing I'll find my target
With absolutely no doubts,
 To change my course again.*

DRIPPED-OVER WAX

By ANITA SUR

*I've spent my life on a horizon —
crying smiles
that melt into scars
behind the wind.*

*I tuck in my dreams
with a kiss and a candle
and wake up restless
to dripped-over wax.*

*I swim through moments
that change into forever
while a shadow grows rigid
on a cold wet slab.*

THE CROWDED ROOM

By WILLIAM E. UTESCH

Reflecting smiles
from apricot faces
like
 dominoes
 fall
and the greeting
is over.

By DARLENE A. MOORE

Sneeze Seazon

leaves snow
 outside the window
in brilliant golden display
 aided
by a light
 southerly breeze;
fresh,
pollinated air tickles
 my nose
-I sneeze.

A RIVER IN ILLINOIS

By JAMES JONES

Ash in the Ganges' sister:
Decay
is all we know
save for the dirty river's moving.

Once Heraclites
touched his toe
into a stream
flowing from the palm of God
and saw for us
that time
is a well-oiled gear,
a Swiss movement.

From a mirror in the foggy morning
the water's dark surface
floats between the bank
and the thin island,
undulating,
northward.

DIRECTION

By JANN BRIESACHER

Do not be conformed,
 but go your own way,
 as the blade of grass
 grows toward the sun.

CHANGES

By MARK CHIANAKAS

I am myself.
 Why do I wish, at times,
 to be something I am not?
 Of all traits man can possess,
 The one I neither understand nor see
 Is why he should desire to be. . .

Another

CHOICE

By JERILYN JONES

We could say just before the last
 breath has left we can lift
 back our heads and strain our
 chords like a lion left alone
 not caring, but outcalling life.

A swan sings a haunting death tune,
 ascending slowly, peacefully sinking.
 He is received by the water
 that has wooed his soft undersides.

An old man turns his head toward
 the wall, sighing his last sour breath.
 A nurse covers him, closes his
 stare--finally an empty bed.
 No sound, just a stench of coldness.



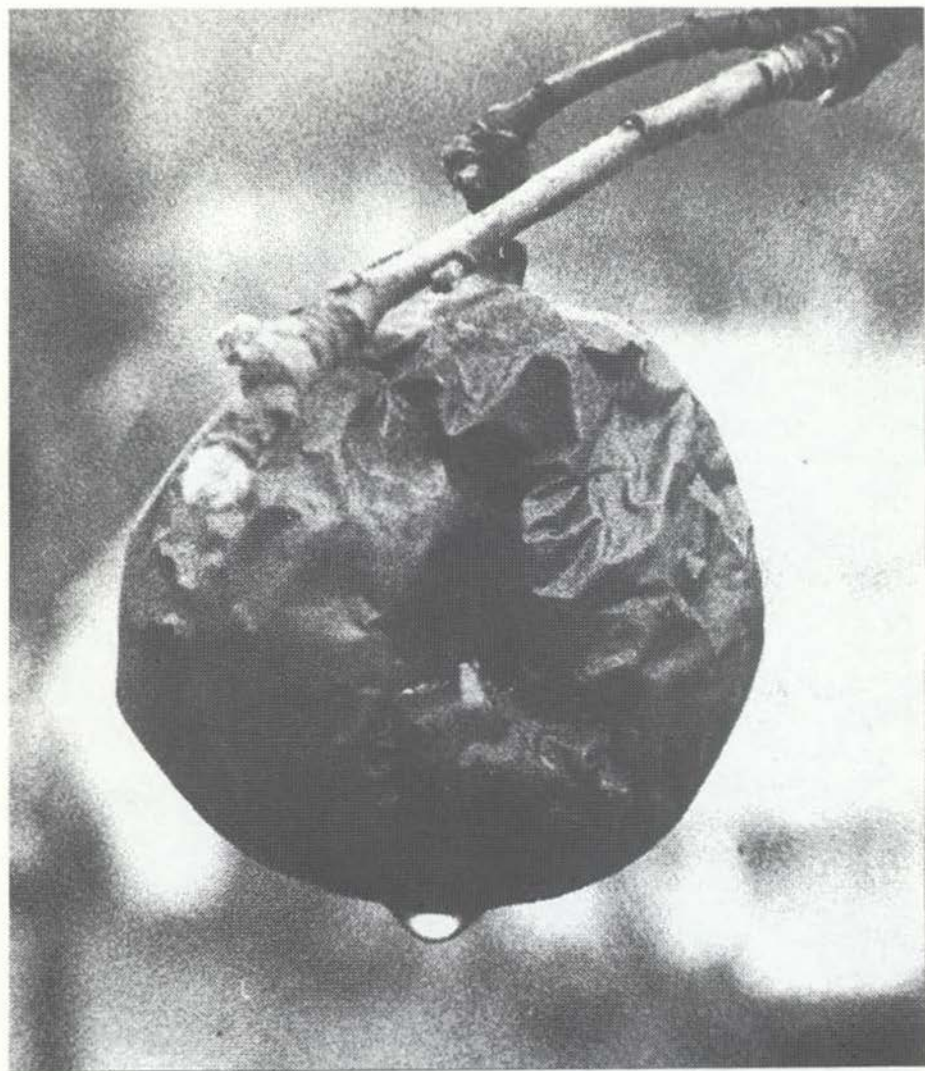
The following vows were written for the marriage ceremony of Charmaine Kwinn and Vernon Bauer Owens in December 1973.

Go forth now, my children, blessed by society in the proclamation of this vow and in the eyes of god by the love which you have given each other.

Go forth into the world to share with those you encounter the glow of your joy and the peace from your love.

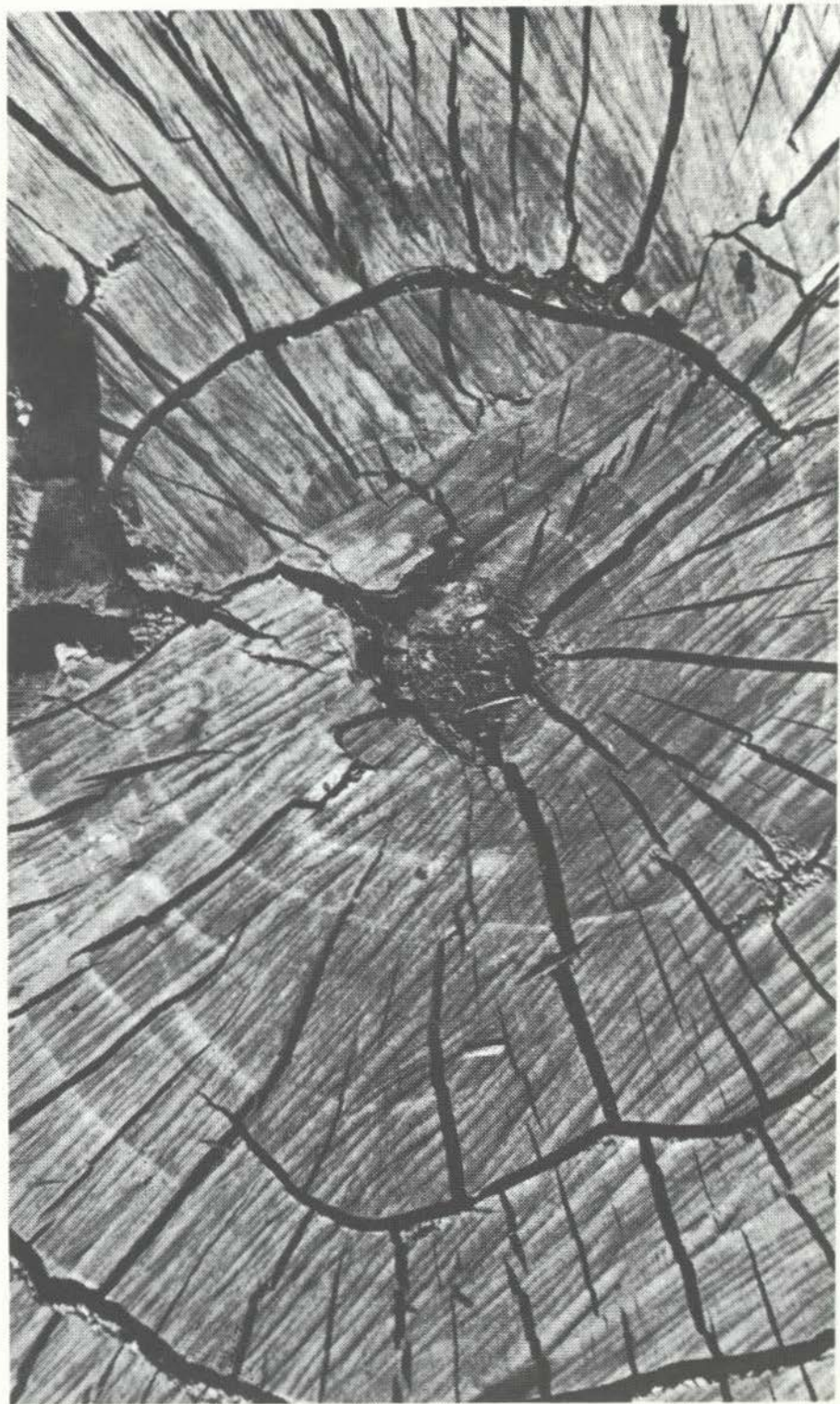
Travel forth slowly and miss not the wonders of the earth spread out before you, each leaf unique in its structure, each raindrop created to mirror the smile in your hearts.

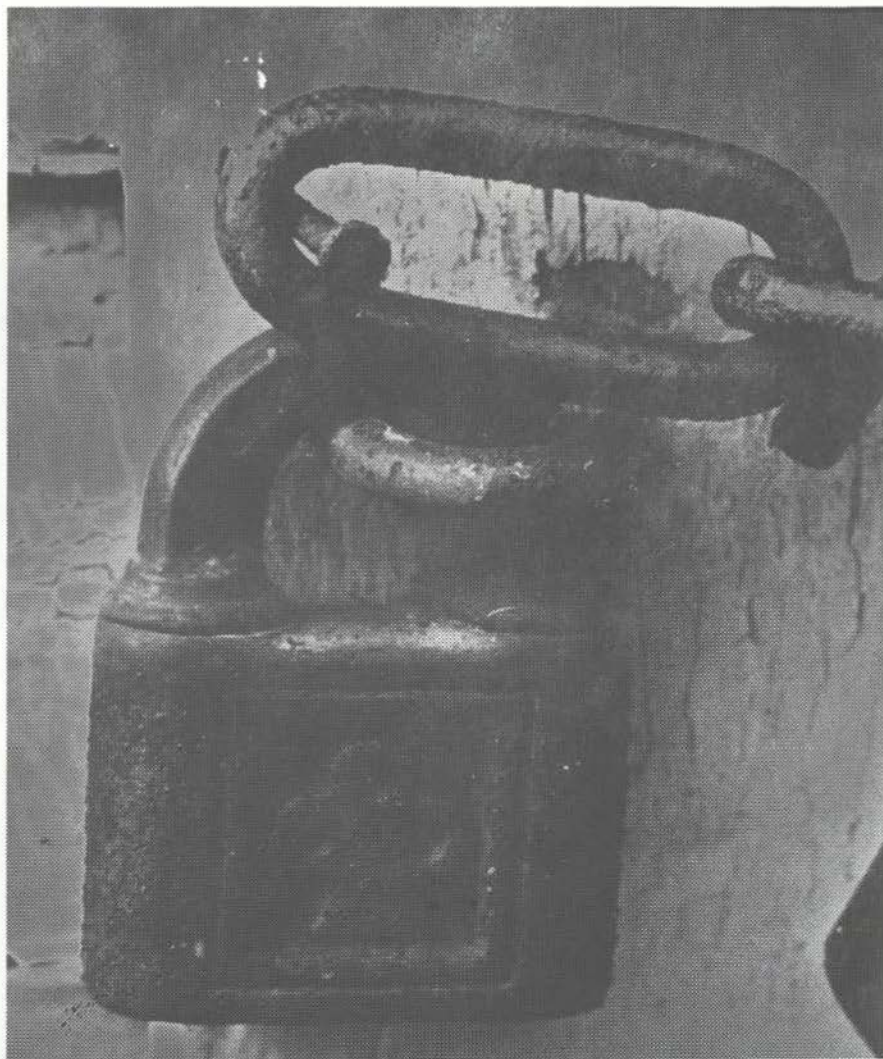




Take time to learn from each experience, from the persimmon as well as the plum for it is only with the bitter that we can compare the sweet.

Be not a cog in a wheel, but remain independent as yourself, even as you are one with each other.

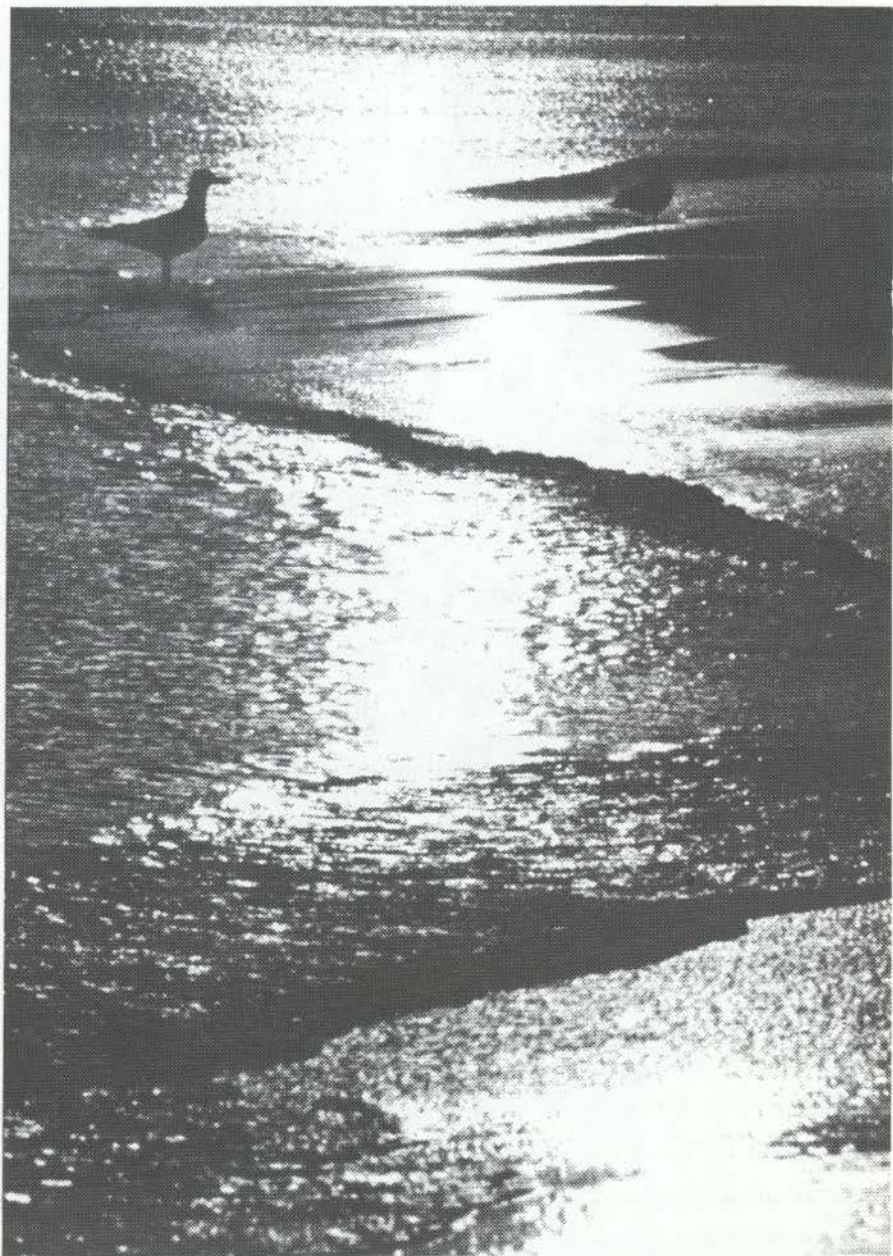




Do not become shackled by day-to-day living that you forget to be thankful for those blessings which have been bestowed upon you.

As you go through the years together, as an oak tree gains a ring for each year, so should you add to your knowledge and character. And as the oak tree grows each and every year, so should you gain from every moment of time.

May your love be always steadfast, and as constant as the waves upon the shore, and constant also be your faith, the light seen by your heart, when all your eyes see is the darkness.





Go forth my children, the lord bless you and keep you, the lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, the lord lift up his countenance upon you and grant you his peace. Amen.

FROM OUTSIDE COLORADO

By RAY SCHMUDDÉ

We were camped outside Silverton,
in our tent, prisoners of a four days rain.
Over ten thousand feet
we could see our breath at noon.

Inside our shelter bedrolls were damp
and hot meals remained memories
as we read to pass the time,
cramped and anxious for the slowing of the drops.

Boredom forced us to chance
the roads into town that night
where we ate at the hotel
and bought a newspaper for dessert.

We saw a play at the cafe
and afterwards there was beer and bluegrass
for the tourists and townies.
We were neither so we left.

Stars were out and cold
bounced at us off wet streets.

We saw promise for tomorrow,
would pack and be gone soon.

Halfway back the road was blocked.
There was a wreck. A car
had rolled many times and the sheriff
turned us back toward town.

We crept back to the cafe,
the party still in session.
They were surprised to see us,
the campers, back so soon.

The few who listened to our story
were bored with the party
and with Colorado, as we watched
the sheriff tow the wreck into town.

We left then, driving from town
and past the bend of broken glass.
The road was drying and we saw
the moon for the first time.

The next morning was warm and dry
as we packed to leave, finally moving,
driving north away from town
on a road we had never seen.

DAIRY QUEEN

By GAYLE GLEICHMAN

The old man lay on the carpeted floor, hands outstretched, glasses awry, thin legs twisted like paper straws. He tried to push himself up, but his aged arms would not support his weight. The tellers, secretaries, and cashiers headed towards him, wondering if he had finally died.

"Mr. Fisher, are you all right? Let me help you. . .whoa, steady now!" David White, assistant cashier at Hillsboro National Bank, pulled the old man to his feet.

Once Mr. Fisher was up, David escorted him to his office, turning his head once to wink at the throng of employees. Some of them were grinning. One held her nose.

He had tripped on the plastic doorway runner, falling directly in front of the receptionist's desk, barely missing it. The receptionist, Manda, had glanced up from her work and smiled when Mr. Fisher had approached. He had been concentrating on seeing her and hadn't noticed the runner. She was adding the day's Christmas Club deposits and began to paperclip them together, knowing that Mr. Fisher wanted her to walk with him to the grocery store.

After David had steered Mr. Fisher into his office and the bank had resumed normal activities, Manda slipped from her desk and went to Mr. Fisher's office. As always, the smell affronted her, causing her to breathe through her mouth. "Mr. Fisher, are you all right? Do you want me to go to the store for you?"

Mr. Fisher turned in his chair, knocking a few papers from his desk, and rustled through the pockets of his once tan jacket. His watery blue eyes squinted and a smile caused his chin to wobble. "Well, well, how nice you are. . .Here's 50 cents for some bread. . .and get yourself some peanuts."

Manda reached for the money but one of the quarters fell from his hand and rolled under the desk. "That's O.K., Mr. Fisher. Let me get it." Mr. Fisher rolled back his chair and Manda crawled under the desk, shuffling through the papers on the floor. The smell of old urine almost stifled her. She once felt something sticky on her hand and decided it was spilled ice cream. "I got it, Mr. Fisher." She backed out,

stood up and straightened her skirt. "A loaf of bread, right?"

"Well, now. . . I think I'll go with you, I could use a spot of fresh air."

"Damn, damn, damn," Manda thought as she pulled the old man to his feet. "Here, Mr. Fisher, better put on your coat." She helped him with his coat and then picked up his hat from the floor. "Ready?" Mr. Fisher smiled, his stringy white hair hanging in his face, and scratched his whiskered chin. Taking his arm, Manda led him slowly from his office.

"Do you like ice cream?" Mr. Fisher asked, his voice sounding like sandpaper rubbing concrete.

"Sure, Mr. Fisher. I know you do. Do you like the ice cream from the Dairy Queen?"

"Oh, yes. . . but it's not as good as when we used to make it, that was the best ice cream."

"Would you like to go to the Dairy Queen tonight, Mr. Fisher? I could pick you up and take you."

Mr. Fisher stopped, his eyes looked far away. After a moment, he replied, "That would be nice, little lady."

"O.K., Mr. Fisher, I'll come by tonight."

Mr. Fisher took the grimy handkerchief that he kept in his sleeve and blew his nose. Then, taking her arm, they continued walking.

Joy Lyerla, teller number two, turned to Margaret Kessinger, the third teller, and whispered, not too softly, "There they go again! That bitch! She's sure trying to get Fisher to leave her a few thousand when he dies!" Margaret nodded her head and brushed a few dandruff flakes from her left shoulder.

Manda had paused at her desk long enough to place the "See Teller, Please" sign and then guided Mr. Fisher through the double front doors.

Carl Kilpatrick, bank president, appeared outside his office. His white eyebrows knitted together when he saw the pair disappearing. He stopped at his secretary's desk, and handed her some letters he had signed. "You'd think that she'd get tired of playing seeing-eye dog to that smelly old bastard!" A grin of self-delight accompanied his words.

The secretary, Mary Beth Riggio, flickered a nervous smile and bent over the papers, stuffing them in their envelopes. Kilpatrick began roaming throughout the bank. He stopped to talk with several customers, grasping the men's hands with "How the hell are ya?" and smiling broadly at the women. "Anything I can do for you, Ma'm?"

The elderly woman, whose hands clutched a ragged "Nixon for President" shopping bag, said, "Well, I want to get my safety deposit box. . .but I don't see the little lady who's supposed to help me."

"She's run off to the store with Mr. Fisher, but I'll get your box for you, Mrs. Kerlin." Kilpatrick took her arm and guided her to a filing cabinet where he began to look for her card.

"Dear Mr. Fisher! Is he up and around today? Joe and I owe our whole life to Mr. Fisher. . .why when we were young and just starting our married life, Mr. Fisher loaned us the money for our first home."

"Oh, really? Yes, Mr. Fisher certainly is a generous man. . .well, here now, just sign this card to certify that you got your box today and give me the key and I'll be right back." Kilpatrick took a bunch of master keys from Manda's desk and disappeared into the main bank vault where the safety deposit boxes were located.

Mrs. Kerlin started towards a chair, but then saw Manda helping Mr. Fisher in the door. Manda was holding a bag of groceries in her right arm, guiding Mr. Fisher with her left, holding down the plastic runner with her foot, and bracing open the door with her back. "There now, Mr. Fisher, watch your step."

Mrs. Kerlin came over and clutched Mr. Fisher's arm, crying, "Mister Fisher! How are you? I'm so very glad to see you!"

Mr. Fisher looked up from his feet. "Well, well, well, you haven't been to see us in a long time."

"Why, Mr. Fisher, I was here last Saturday."

Mr. Fisher had stopped right inside the doorway and Mrs. Kerlin stood to the right of him, blocking the other door. Manda stayed fixed in her awkward position, trying not to lose her balance. She clutched the groceries and groaned as the bag started to tear.

Joy Lyerla, having no customer at the moment, cracked her gum and turned to Margaret. "Get a load of this one! Old Mandy's got herself in a fine mess! Ha, hope she drops a dozen eggs all over the new carpeting! Kilpatrick would hang her with the old man!" Margaret in turn whispered the news to her neighbor.

Manda's face reddened as she saw the tellers' faces pop up from their work. Mary Beth left her typewriter and approached the trio. "Excuse me, Mr. Fisher, could you stop at my desk for a moment? I have a few questions about the letters you gave me this morning."

"Well, of course, girlie." Mr. Fisher shuffled away from the

door, Mrs. Kerlin still holding his arm. Mary Beth took the groceries while Manda held the door open for two customers.

"Thanks, Mar! I didn't think I was going to make it for a while! Poor Mr. Fisher, he gets more senile every day--today he knocked stuff over four times at the store!"

"Kid, I just don't know how you put up with it! Walking him every day while everyone in the bank and out on Main Street laughs!"

"Yeah, well, it's not so bad. . .except when we get to the steps by Sherman's Department Store, then things get kind of hairy! When I've got my arms full of groceries I'm trying to keep Mr. Fisher from falling. . .sometimes I think he wears roller skates instead of shoes! I guess I better get back to work. I don't know how long Kilpatrick's going to put up with me leaving my desk every afternoon."

Manda sat at her desk and began re-adding the Christmas Club Savings when Kilpatrick came out of the vault, struggling with Mrs. Kerlin's box. "Well, how's the seeing-eye dog today?" Grinning at his joke, Kilpatrick placed the box on the desk. "Where is that old lady now? I wonder what she's got in this thing--it weighs a ton!"

"Yeah," thought Manda, "and I wish you'd drop it right on your fat gut!" She kept her eyes on her work, giving as little encouragement to Kilpatrick as she could.

"Mrs. Kerlin, here's your box. Do you want to go to one of the private rooms?"

"Yes, I think so, Mr. Kilpatrick. Mr. Fisher certainly is doing well for a man his age! My, my, I've never seen anyone hold up so well."

"Oh, Yes. . .we all know that George is an amazing man. . .there you go. Just call for the girl at the desk when you're through." Kilpatrick left Mrs. Kerlin and returned to Manda's desk. "Look at that old goat. . .doesn't he know that he scares those kids half to death!"

Manda looked up from the figures that she was adding for the fourth time and saw Mr. Fisher talking to a small boy. "Come to my office and I'll give you some candy. . .yes, I've got green, and yellow, and red suckers."

The little boy looked up at his mother and tugged at her dress. "Momma, c'n I go get some candy, huh, please?"

"O.K., Jerry, be sure to say thank you to nice Mr. Fisher." Jerry released his mother's dress and took Mr. Fisher's extended hand and they slowly tottered towards his office, the ragged shoelace from

Mr. Fisher's shoe dragging on the carpet.

"Oh. . . I don't know Mr. Kilpatrick. . . I think the little kids kind of like Mr. Fisher." Manda began adding the set of figures for the fifth time.

"Ha! How could they! He smells so much, I'm surprised that he doesn't drive away all the customers. . . it must be the candy," he muttered as he walked away.

Manda finally added the figures and re-checked them for accuracy. She glanced at the ornate clock on the gold wall and found that it was 3:20, only ten minutes until closing time. Some of the tellers had already put up their "Next Window" signs and were trying to balance the day's business.

Joy Lyerla was \$44 short and wasn't wasting any time letting the others know. "Damn it, I bet that dirty old man took it--when I got back from my coffee break, he was messing around in my window!"

"Oh, come on, Joy! Fisher wouldn't do that--he's not that senile!" Margaret had come to Joy's window and was helping her re-add her figures.

David White, the young assistant cashier, had stopped at Manda's desk on his way to the vault. "Hey, good-lookin', wanta drive to Springfield tonight for dinner and a show?"

"Gee, Dave, I'd really like to, but I promised Mr. Fisher that I'd take him to the Dairy Queen tonight."

David's eyes flashed and a grin widened his mouth. "Oh, yeah? You'd rather go out with a 93 year old smelly ex-bank president than me? Listen, kid, he may have more money than I do," David leaned closer and whispered in her ear, "but I'm better in bed!"

Manda blushed slightly and began clearing off her desk. "Oh, I don't know, Mister White, he's had 70 more years of experience than you!"

David grinned and blew her a kiss. "Pick you up at 7, dearie, and wear something sexy."

"David, I can't!"

"Oh, yes you can! Tell the old man to kiss off!"

Manda frowned at David's retreating figure. She got up, went to Mr. Fisher's and knocked loudly but received no answer. Worried that the old man was ill, she inched open the door. Mr. Fisher was at his desk, his head tilted to one side, mouth open, snoring slightly. He jerked when Manda entered the room.

"Well, well, well," he croaked, "what can I do for you? Want

some candy, little girl?" He squinted in her direction.

"It's me, Mr. Fisher, Manda, the girl at the front desk."

"Oh, yes, I already went to the store."

"Yes, Mr. Fisher, I know. I came to tell you that I can't take you to the Dairy Queen tonight. My mother called and I have to babysit for my little brother tonight."

Mr. Fisher took his dentures from the cup on his desk and placed them in his mouth. "Well, that's all right. . . I shouldn't eat much ice cream anyway."

"We can go one night next week, O.K.?"

Mr. Fisher nodded, pulling out his gold pocket watch and holding it close to his eyes, but still squinting. "Almost quittin' time, eh? Guess I better get home." He got up from his desk, knocking over a cup of coffee. Manda helped him with his hat and coat and handed him his groceries. She also gave him his cane that he used when walking alone. It had a gold handle that was inscribed, "To George Fisher, founder of Hillsboro National Bank, for 50 years of service to the community of Hillsboro."

"Good night, Mr. Fisher, see you tomorrow."

"Yes, sir, don't let those bed bugs bite," he said as he ambled towards the door.

"Ha," Manda thought as she cleaned up the coffee, "I'm more worried about David White than bed bugs!"

"Good morning, Mr. Fisher, did you sleep well?" Manda sat at her desk writing the month's bill for the rental of the safety deposit boxes.

"Well, well, well, little lady. Better watch out, there's a snake on the floor." Mr. Fisher smiled boyishly, his blue eyes watering. He stood by Manda's desk, leaning on his cane. Yolk from his morning egg clung to the whiskers at the side of his mouth.

"Oh, Mr. Fisher!" Manda smiled at the old man.

"Will you read me the stock market quotations?" Mr. Fisher sat down heavily in the chair in front of the desk.

"Sure, just let me get the paper," Manda took the St. Louis Post-Dispatch from one of the coffee tables. "Want me to read the usual ones?"

Mr. Fisher nodded, leaning back in the chair. He placed his left arm on the desk. The veined hand was covered with age spots and white hair and his nails were crusted with dirt.

"IBM up a 1/4, Texaco down 5/8, Coca Cola up 3/8, CIPS up 1/8. . ." A noise made her stop and look over the edge of the paper. He had fallen asleep and his cane had hit the desk.

Manda continued her work and waited on several customers while Mr. Fisher dozed. Joy Lyerla and other employees snickered and Kilpatrick went to Manda's desk to say, "Well, I see the old dog's all tuckered out."

At 11, the old man awoke, blinking and rubbing his eyes. For the rest of the day, he tottered around the bank, giving candy to the children. Whenever he passed Joy Lyerla's window, she sprayed the air with Lysol.

It was Friday and the bank was crowded with customers. Manda was unusually busy and she had to turn down Mr. Fisher's request "to go for a walk."

"I really can't today, Mr. Fisher. But I'll come by Sunday and take you to the Dairy Queen." Manda turned back to the customer that she was waiting on.

On Sunday, David called and asked Manda to go waterskiing. "O.K., sure. See you at 1."

She spent the day with him on his boat. At 7, she remembered her promise. "David! I have to go back! I told Mr. Fisher we'd go to the D.Q.!"

David placed an arm around her waist and pulled her to him. "Not a chance," he murmured, kissing her.

"Boy, you sure got a sunburn, kid," Mary Beth had stopped at Manda's desk. "By the way, where's Mr. Fisher today?"

"Gee, I don't know. I wonder if he's sick. . . I think I'll walk over to his house at lunch if he isn't here yet."

At 12, Mr. Fisher had still not appeared and Manda left the bank and walked the two blocks to his home. She knocked four times on the unpainted door.

After a few minutes, she tried the door and found it open. Entering, she walked through the hall, seeing peeling wallpaper and piles of dust. She had never been in the house before and was unprepared for the pungent smell of urine and dirt. "Mr. Fisher? It's me, Manda. Where are you? I--!"

She had turned the corner to the kitchen. There, below the sink piled with dishes, laid Mr. Fisher, a grimy dishtowel clutched in his right hand, his eyes staring.

Manda dropped her purse and knelt at his side. She reached for his arm, but recoiled automatically from the clammy skin. Biting her lip, she took his arm and sought his pulse.

Taking his left hand in both of hers she squeezed it, and held it against her cheek. "Oh. . .Mr. Fisher, Mr. Fisher. . .tonight I'll take you to the Dairy Queen."

WITH SUN-STREAKS IN OUR HAIR

By NANCY BROOM BROWN

The days go by like railroad cars,
and I forget to turn calendar pages
when we are together.
You bring me seaweed stalks
to arrange in coffee cans;
I bring conch shells for you to sketch.
We run naked over boardwalks at 3:00 a.m.
and trip together clinging to arms so warm.

I need you in July when sun can bleach my hair
and golden thighs and backs.
If you weren't beside me on the cot
when sea gulls beg for breakfast
I'd tuck my hair into a scarf
and run to stover island
and not leave until I plucked
every blade of grass which grows there,
if I had to wait that long
for you to remember my softness
and come running to take me home.



WATER'S EDGE

By MARJORIE THOELE

*I touch my fingers to your neck, seeking the quick pulse,
know where I shall find it, rushing up in waves,
seeking the warm beach and receding in ocean rolls.
Your pulse tinges my cheeks with a rosy light,
warming my body slowly.
My steady breathing call of the whip-poor-will
among darkening rushes at the water's edge,
your sighs answering.
The hollows of your thighs invite exploration,
once I crouched amid the cattails and stirred
mud in a shallow water hole, disturbed a crab
who waved menacing arms at me before retreating.
Your long arms gather me to the water's edge;
you leave no strength to protest when the shells
are so perfect there, small moon-nails the color
of your eyes in the lengthening darkness.
Through a veil of wet lashes the sun rays
caress a dragon fly, glider on sliver-blue fingers,
and pierce the midnight coolness
of the water at its center.
It is then I know the warmth of two bodies
pulling the edges of all the oceans together.*

MY 665th ILLUSION OF SANITY

By GORDON GLESSNER

Dreamers
Dreaming dead dreams of life,
Riding down drugged,
Stepping high
Against the syncopated rhythm.

Shall we grasp hands,
Sail over the lapse of love
The breakers that fall
Back to the sea?
Liquid fingers losing grip
Ripple over the rocks
The stony edifices
Of strong men's chins.

Dreamers
Dreaming dead dreams of life.
The hot spur
The exoskeleton
The forced rhyme of honor
Flaming under the sun
Would lie hollow in the field
While naked touch and emotion
Bends over to lick your ear.

Deamers
Dreaming dead dreams.
Pale red of stained glass
Streams down the cathedral dome,
Streaks the throats of the manly multitude.
Their vibrant chorus

Swells the vast sounding chamber.

“Give us mirth.

Show us the irony in throbbing hearts
That reach beyond the age of the day
For the present in the here and now.

“Make us sigh.

Show us the beauty
The glory of God
In the song of the sword
As it contacts the bone.

“Teach us the sensuality

Of blood sliming fields
Where grey eyed Athene
Would seduce us into the gleam of her wink.

“We'll dream no dead dreams of life.
We'll stand in vast fields of honors
Ricketed illusions will flake away
Sure as our steel will gleam under the Sun.”

But Dreamers
Dreaming dead dreams of life
Move in a dance,
Swaying hips
Gesturing arms,
Palms and fingertips
Gently press out at Essential Horror;
Rise out of the pit
Of bargain basements,
Transcend the grip of rubber
On souls and concrete toll ways.
One turns, smiles, nods,
From within the mist
Of her own mystery
“No. We'll dream no dead dreams of life.”

“IS IT MY TURN TO DO THE LAUNDRY AGAIN???”

A true story...by Jann Briesacher

The people in the laundramat on S. Rt. 130 weren't expecting anything unusual to happen that Saturday afternoon.

When Ron Snow drove his white Dodge van into the laundramat parking lot on his way home to his trailer at 950 18th St. he wasn't expecting anything unusual either. They were all wrong.

The people in the laundramat went on washing their clothes. Snow kept driving across the parking lot. When the van engine began to spout smoke, Snow realized it wasn't going to be an ordinary Saturday afternoon. It took the people a few seconds longer.

“Look,” said a woman by a washer. “That van is smoking.”

“Smoking!” a man cried. “That van is on fire!”

Snow leapt from his auto about the time the people ran to move their own. The parking lot cleared except for a blue VW whose owner remained unknown.

The police arrived first with a fire extinguisher. The ambulance arrived next, and then the fire truck.

Some of the people began to realize that their otherwise humdrum day had been broken by fate. Others only showed relief at not owning vans. “The engines are just too close to the seats,” commented a woman with her eyes intent on her tumbling clothes.

The people began to gather at the window and on the parking lot. What ever had drawn them to this place at this time had made them important. They were witnesses to another man's tragedy.

“Doesn't that worry you? It could have happened to anyone.” The woman continued to count her change.

On the other side of the line, Snow pondered over why it had to happen to him. He shook his head, “I just pulled up and it started to smoke.”

The fire was out; the Ed's Sunoco tow truck arrived to remove the evidence that this Saturday had been unusual. The people went on about their swirling clothes, shaking their heads at misfortune, yet secretly glad that something had made this day different. Snow

shook his head for other reasons.

The laundry became drab again, the wet piles once more became the center of attention. The story was to be forgotten until the people returned home to relate it to their husbands, their roommates and their friends, each making it just a little more exciting and making themselves the hero instead of whom ever it really was.

A man muttered as he stared out the window of the now infamous detergent palace. "If this happened every day, a guy wouldn't mind doing his laundry."

TV TEACHINGS

By bobbdodd

my TV told me
everything my parents
ever said and more

NBCmommyCBSdaddyABC

my TV taught me
everything I know
how to know it

IMPRESSIONaware(1st)nessEMPHASISaware(2nd)ness

my TV brought me
certain common vision
accidently pushed me to see

TELEVISIONcultureMUSICbooksFEAR

my TV said the same things
all the repetitions lost me to myself
my TV set me free

By WENDY DIANE WIELAND

yes
we live in a storm
we have no control over rain or snow

but each has its purpose
and each is beautiful

learn to accept each as they come
live with them fully, totally of yourself

a raindrop only falls once
each snowflake has its own identity

don't let them escape you
but if by chance they do
don't look back

you'll never find them again
don't regret

wait—
wait for the next to come

let it meet you
let it cover your soul

and when it vanishes
as all must eventually do

remember only its beauty
and wait—
wait for the one which will follow.

remember—
the sun will always follow the rain.



By JANE ANN BEERS

*Like diamonds in the sun, the raindrops sparkled one by one.
They lay dormant on the cold window pane. Receiving light from a
street lamp in the lane the soft playing of a flute and guitar pierced the
silence like angel's breath. Thoughts drifted through my mind lazily like
a brook. As if time were created quite by chance.*

*Sadness flows over me
those green eyes
probe deep into my soul.*

*Again I question
everything in sight
reality, fantasy
dark, light
wrong, right.*

*Can one decide
or are decisions
made
somewhere
somehow*

*for us
by god?*

By JAN SCHROEDER

*Patiently I waited
Anxiously I hoped. . .
just to see him once again.
How wonderful to see an image
Off in the distant near--
Then the quickened heartbeat
Of a most romantic fear--*

*He is here,
Close and near,
No more fear.*

TO JON—

By JUDY BARD

The caverns of my mind are
 hung blue with icicles of
 fear and battered hopes —
 Until your passionate sunlight
 in silent streams, melts
 my pain to dew.

Rain
 beats
 down
 on
 my
 face
 in
 a
 tatoo
 of
 freedom.

I
 alone
 am
 the
 sister
 of
 the
 wind.

ONE AUTUMN DAY, 1971

By E. CHRISTMAN

Yesterday you were
 gone;
 not far,
 nor always — just
 gone.
 And I,
 frantic, searched for
 you —
 searched the
 macro-limits of
 my micro - world
 (for
 I
 might have
 been dead
 before I could say
 I
 love you).

MORE SURELY THAN PICTURE ALBUMS

By MARJORIE THOELE

Do not sit upon the earth so sadly.
Brush those tears from your eyes
and give me your hand.

We will canter to the sea, sit upon the waves
and ride them back to shore, sea dollars and star fish
clutched in both fists; force sand between our toes
with pounding the beach, play running games with seals.
Let's catch the rocks and put them in our pockets
to examine tomorrow, when the clinging sand
will sift upon our desks and linoleum,
bringing today back more surely than picture albums.
The sea is a finger painting
that can't be drawn with midnights and corals
on your fingertips; you have to roll on the canvas,
following the currents with your body.
And when we go home, we will wear the motion colors
of the sea; clothes that won't be lost
at the laundry or given to the Salvation Army.

If all the lifeguards leave the beach, who will be there
to save the people?

What do you do when the walls fall in
the ceiling comes down, the floor gives way?
Pray to the lord, count to ten
go to bed and start over again.

RELIGION

elements of the Soul combined
 living in the angry earth
 please do quiet—that I
 may have my Own

By MELINDA E. RECORD

WINGSPANNING

By NANCY BROOM BROWN

He's stirring, that damned fine bluejay is—
 awake at last.
 He silhouettes the morning
 with wings spread out against the clouds.
 I slide out of bed and straighten both my knees.
 We shared the dark curtain on our sleep.
 He dreams of robin's eggs and sunflower seeds;
 I dream of other eggs and seeds.

His beak is his one tool to build his home, to eat, to sing.
 My hands fumble and break glasses in the water.
 Muslin sheets get worn from soapsuds
 his twigs are rain-mellowed bedposts which form a circle home.
 His weaving twigs between dry grass changes with his homes
 and seasons make him the first of homesteaders.
 I scrub scuff-marks off linoleum floors which peel.

All he knows of me are giant claws which toss
 bread crumbs from a concrete nest.
 Spaces between tree limbs are his windows
 mine are glass, covered with starched accordian wings I hide behind
 when he lifts a bread chunk from my lawn.
 Even my headshake sends him away.
 He knows enough to flee from my motion.
 Startled, I question why he flies.

ROSALIE STEVENSON

By MARK HOLLEY

*It's now midnight
 and she rests—
 for awhile.
 Her careworn face of eighty-seven years
 shows peace.
 The weathered brow
 that scorned many a young student,
 relaxes with the ease of old age.
 Like half-filled water balloons
 her cheeks now have become jowlish
 Only the morning, or someone's voice,
 or death will awaken her now.*

*And when she awakes. . .
 Old Rosalie, she'll let you know it,
 with the shout of a long-dead sister's
 name, or a shaking of the bedrails.
 She'll dress up "like a lady,"
 and pull her hair back.
 The worn, black orthopedics will encase their
 swollen little feet once more.
 A long day's journey to no where,
 The same destination as yesterday.*

*A man,
 No, a boy with long hair,
 the fetus of a mustache and
 overgrown feet comes into the home.
 To Rosie,
 He's her husband for the moment,
 or a suitor for her charms.
 She knows the reality,
 but enjoys the game of confusion.*



Some day. . .
Her legs will no longer shuffle along the
 same hallway day after day.
Her "warbly" voice will be softer and "wispy."
But her young man--
 whose heart she won
Will love her,
 and comb her hair back,
And sing to her,
And kiss her,
And lose her.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following poems were submitted to the Vehicle for publication during the 72-3 school year, preceding Miss Rardin's death in July, 1973. They are being printed here with the permission of her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. H. Wayne Rardin of Charleston.)

WHITE

By SHIRLEY A. RARDIN

4:00
but then he
may not come
until 5:00
If he comes.

The ceiling
I wonder
I could touch it
with my hand if I tried.
It's white
with cracks in the
corners
that leak down the walls
forming blueprints for spiders.
I don't like spiders.

A Nurse in white
crosses in front of my feet
to turn on a light,
that reminds me of a sun
at close range,
and without speaking
closes the door behind her.

The table is getting hard
like sleeping on the floor

at a slumber party.

A telephone is ringing somewhere
and there are voices
A pan dropped
metal on metal.

Is it 5:00
I don't know
they took my watch.
It was a present

It's getting dark
the sun is going out
or fading
or setting
Whatever
it doesn't really matter
My hands feel numb
Table doesn't
seem
half so hard.

THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY

The dawn of a day just opening:
A fly intent on your business,
obsessed with the point of your nose.
 Startled
By the whites of an eye just opened,
taking flight to an elbow
 settles
on taking a bath.
Changing his mind
 turns
and flies out the window.



THE ROSETHORN WALL OF JUNE 17 (mostly Dave's title)

By bobbdodd

When I come to you a sweet spring summer breeze blowing
 and speak a foreign tongue than the one you want to hear,
 do you turn inside yourself away putting oak wooden shutters
 across the windows of your mind?
 Ten thousand voices talking inside my head want to speak with you,
 in the confusion of a million things to say I can't
 find the words to fit your need.
 There are no words our hands cannot say,
 no emptier feeling than morning breaking across a body alone
 warmed by blankets only with mounds of pillows
 a soft substitute for a dream.
 Yet we sit here talking in our careful chairs
 or laying on the floor just far enough apart
 when we want to be each other safe and comfortably warm
 in the sweat of being together just tonite:
 People need the symphony of touch to survive.
 And we sit here talking ourselves to hollowness with definitions
 until our roles come between us locking away forever
 a simple moment missed,
 while the candles flutter out with stars fading away on the breeze
 that brought me to you,
 it's gone now.
 All our moments lost like this
 will be remembered some day
 sadly.

*Just as a flower reaches upward
 for life--
 So does man, in hopes of making
 his complete.*

By JAN SCHROEDER

By JUDY BARD

*Sitting by the fire,
 memories of long ago,
 take shape in the flames.*

. . . AND YOU KNOW IT LEAVES ME EMPTY

he comes to me in
 jeans and patched flannel shirt
 down
 and says he sees no sense in
 it. . .
 wanting an answer
 that will calm and
 maybe
 delay—if not resolve.
 he lives a question.

and i am speechless
 unable to utter possibilities
 that he won't acknowledge
 for they only confuse
 and this boy is
 drowning in confusion
 wants me to touch his arm
 and say

relax
 forget
 lean on me
 until you gain a foothold
 until you can walk again

but i am speechless
 though i would dress him
 in long flowing gowns
 and plant him in my garden
 if i could.

he knows i would.
 he knows i won't.

FOR JESSE

jesse
 alone.
 you wove each day
 sadly
 sitting at a
 misplaced loom—
 i can see you—
 and folded
 carefully
 each one
 and put them
 one by one slow
 sad same
 in a fine and
 quiet
 linen close
 behind your eyes.

today you would be happy.
 today i would give you
 a fine velvet ribbon
 to wear with a fine pin
 about your neck
 fine
 and today i would
 make you smile.

By JAMES OSBORNE

ENDINGS

By MARK CHIANAKAS

I feel the cold
 On a summery morning
 And I know that this is
 The last Time no more.

A watered disposition
 A shattered tomorrow
 A smattered recollection
 Of what Yesterday held.

I look to the world
 For comfort and solace,
 I spend hours searching
 For a pocketful of gold.

Although I see nothing,
 And my pockets are empty
 My only discomfort
 Is being Alone.

I feel the cold
 On a summery morning
 And I know that this is
 The last Time no more.

CONFUSION

By GARY L. OWENS

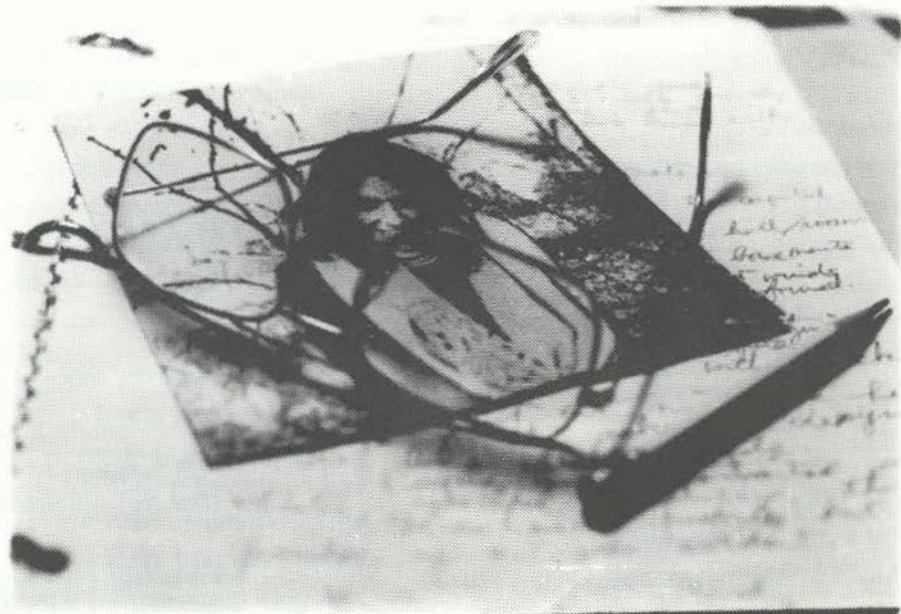
The older I get the more
 confused I get,
 so I'll be a poet
 and exploit
 the confusion of the day
 and make a few grand
 with confusing riddles
 and confusing questions
 with confusing answers
 about confused events
 and even more confused people
 adding to my own confusion
 making one vicious but
 confusing circle,
 which is really just a confused
 square in the first place,
 which is what I was
 before I became a poet. . .

confused?

There was a time
when I knew you loved me
When life
cinnamon and sunlight
and I was secure

But today I am lost
between two worlds,

The one I remember
and the one I can't forsee.



Time is slow
and the sun beats down.
I feel the warmth that was
your hand
your voice
your smile.
I close my eyes to memorize each second.
Goodbye.

THE JOURNEY OF JUST ONE

By NANCY BROOM BROWN

This young one runs
followed by hoof-tracks in the dust.
Yet her arms grasp nothing
but the wet the cloud leaks
and the heat the sun beats.
She runs,
Tracks just behind her
make mud-dots with their implantations
on drops from one human eye.
Though,
they go unnoticed
as if they are not there at all.
But the wild thing following knows
she earns them
and the sun-bleached arms,
matted hair
and calloused soles.
In her mind she's more than one
and takes notice of her self.
Why she never turns
to see the hoof-tracks is strange
for it she were to do so
the mind would set her whole again.
But she runs
still.

THE APPEARANCE OF BLACKBIRDS IN ILLINOIS

By JAMES JONES

Grackles are not black at all, my dear,
but their shiny preen is green and blue.
With ebony beaks
and dusty,
they cluck among the branches of the pine tree,
puff themselves up
and loudly call
to iridescent mates.

Train
carry me off into the night
Take me away from hunger and fear
Bring me safely
Back home.

Say goodnight to all
that has passed before
And in a fervent prayer
Ask that tomorrow will
bring back the sun.

Sweet hot night
air heavy
with summer's perfume.

Reach out
your hand
your arms
your heart.

I am waiting.

Touch for a moment
the soul of my soul

And then go your way.

I AM A POEM

By DARLENE A. MOORE



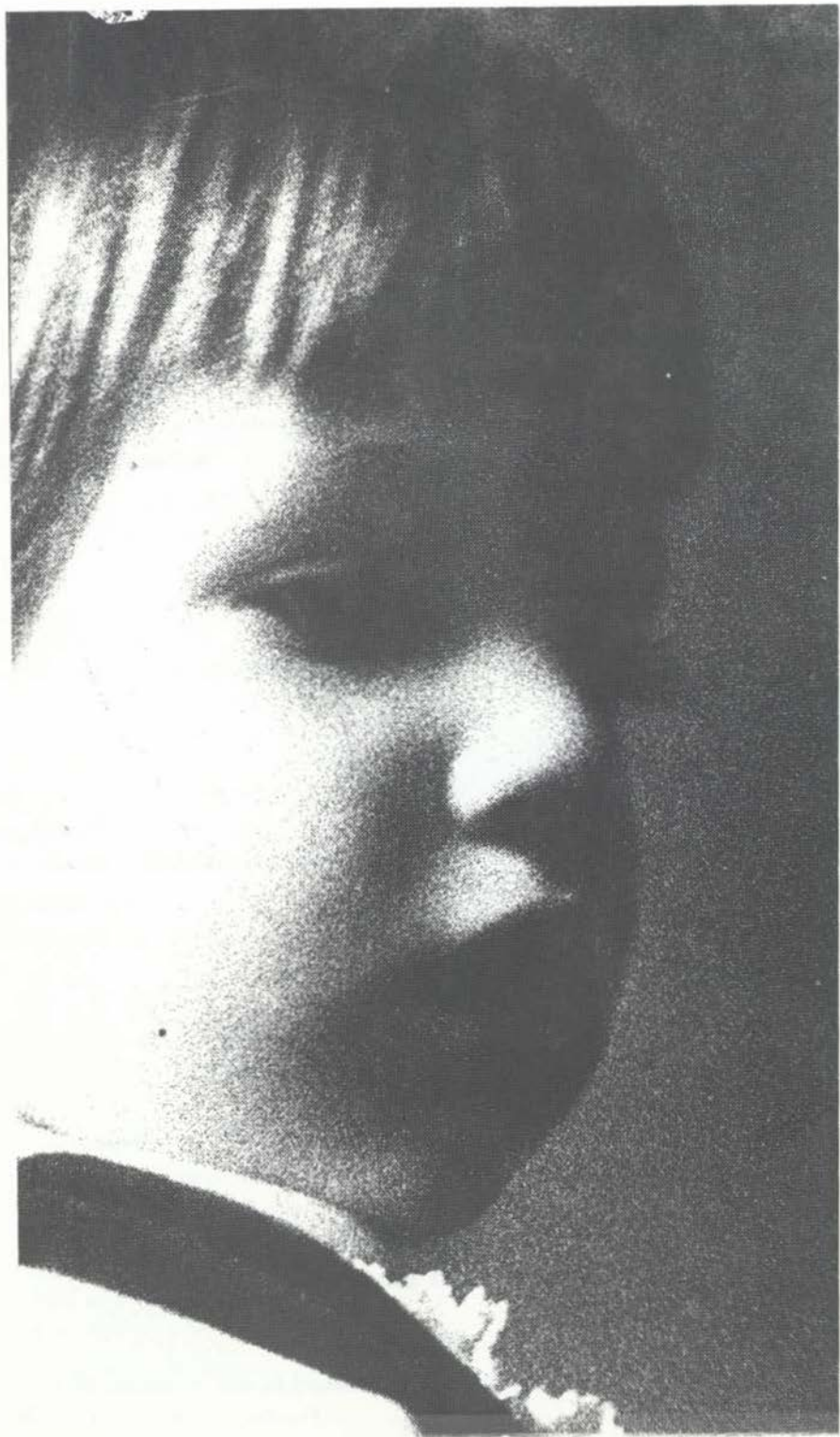
I am a poem
 rejected by the one who
 gave me birth
 thrown out
 scarce I had been
 granted life
 untested my words
 fade
 “undiscovered”
 unknown I am left
 to die

A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE

Slowly I unfold, from the slumber of winter,
 My petals relax and open to the newness of another spring.

I open my eyes, and all around me
 Is the beauty of another life.

But the pseudo-spring ends,
 And my blossom is crushed in the crippling frost.



By SHEILA MARIE FOOR

*I crack my eye simultaneously with the sun
 As the first rays penetrate our streaked window,
 Silhouetting you upon the wall . . .
 Shadowing the valley of your back, the hills of your buttocks,
 the recesses of your thighs.
 Your light hairs are penetrated by the sunlight
 As your shoulders heave and sigh contentedly.
 The freckles upon your back are outlined against the pale skin.
 The moment is calm before you awaken to a day
 Full of decisions, frustrations, timeclocks and appointments.
 I stroke the small of your back with the palm of my hand
 As you encircle my head with your arm—
 Drawing me into your peacefulness.*

IN MY WINDOW

*In the center of my looking glass
 evening mist advances,
 settling and obscuring the colorful
 with cool, impassive drear.
 Black velvet of the sturdy oak
 embroiders the gray with delicacy
 and beauty as a single satin songbird
 glides to an outstretched strand,
 to another and another—*

*searching for something,
 searching and calling.*

*And yet a vague white light
 gradually pushes through the ashen sea,
 quietly and patiently becoming brighter
 and steadier—*

*lighting a path for the lonely,
 a warm path streamed with love and joy.*

If only he follows it,

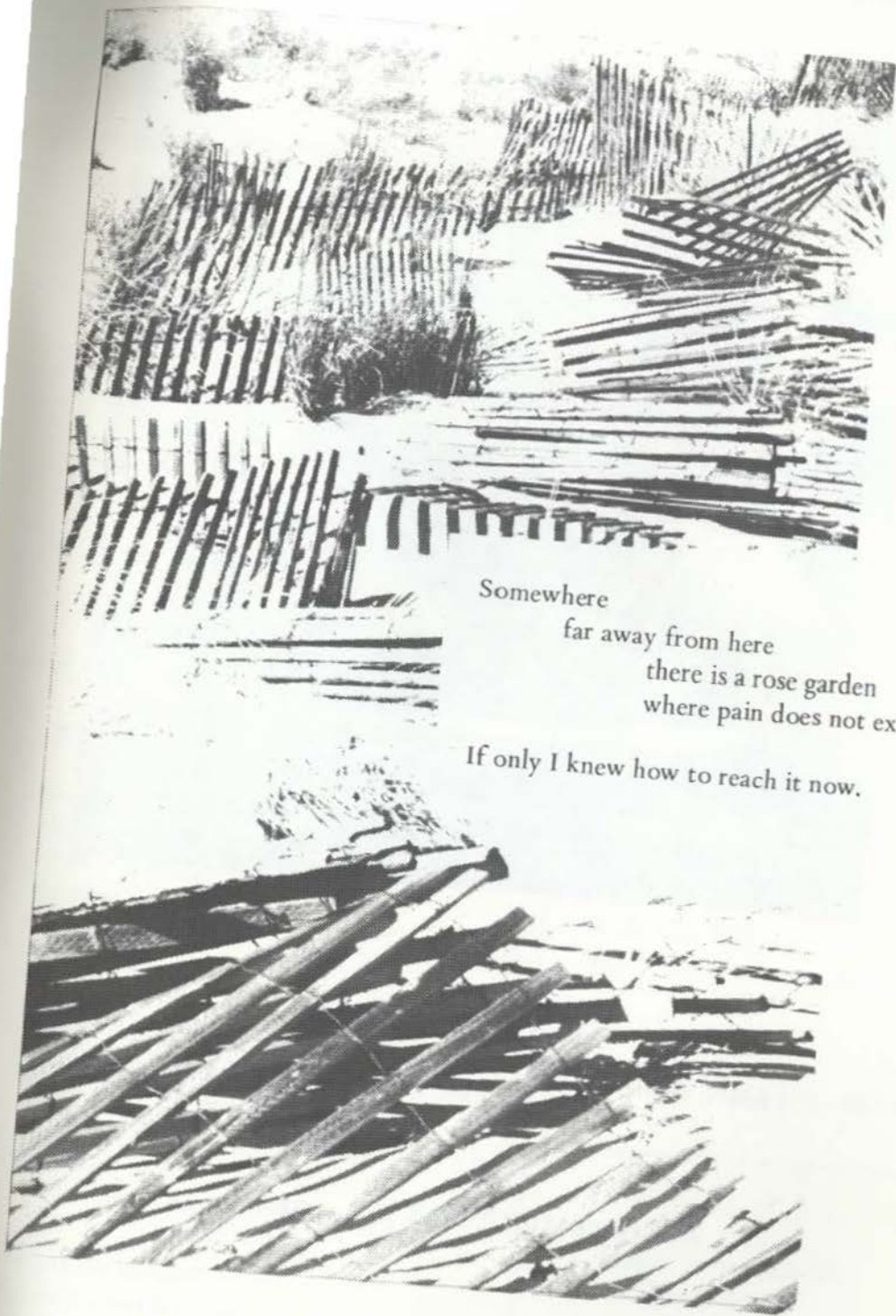
trusting in the future of his way.

By BARBARA S. MEYER

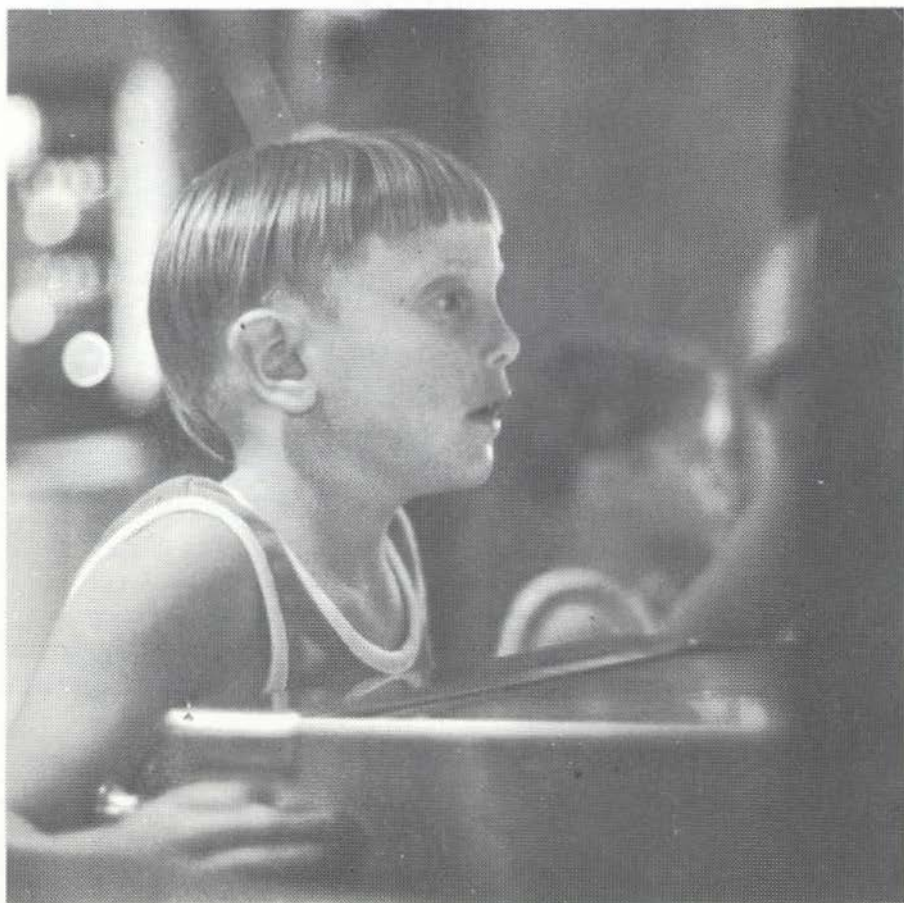
SECTION 4., DRAFT 3

By bobboddd

One never wants to admit they've learned it doesn't matter
East could become West and has;
The sun didn't rise today, that was the moon
who slipped by while no one was looking.
Locked away in one's memory are a thousand experiences
that didn't matter, really matter, because all history
teaches you the same things just happen, over and over.
For a moment something is found,
however ephemeral,
to be the seed,
or basis,
of happiness,
and without form it exists:
A midsummer's aura.
Then July becomes foggy,
forms self-assume their own definition,
and meaning conjures its continuing context of sadness,
loneliness:
No man is an island, or a rock,
but merely a molecule
held to existence by centrifugal force.



Somewhere
far away from here
there is a rose garden
where pain does not exist.
If only I knew how to reach it now.



I AM

By WILLIAM E. UTESCH

Sitting in the sky
Looking down on you
curling buttered
soft-tones
watching
as you grew.

APOSTROPHE TO A TANK-CAR IN ILLINOIS

By JAMES JONES

Black tank-car
 on the track alone,
 emptied of your dark syrup
 long ago,

dew on the grass
 in the roadbed, the
 tracks, before and behind,
 welded to a point,
 the rusty wheels

are nothing to you.

FRIDAYS

Roger,
 on friday mornings formal
 dresses in elegance
 to meet the pope.

Smiles, he rises,
 his holiness
 reaches out a veined and weathered hand
 a hand which radiates gentleness and peace.

bless you, my child, he murmurs,
 and Roger—
 struck with the beauty of it all

Meets the elevator
 to return to his room.

As the streetlights
 light the night
 Your love lights
 the darkness of my soul.

By JANE ANN BEERS

Quiet and a dreamlike
 quality of peace
 are all that are left
 of a lifetime.

editor's page

Since every editor of every publication gets to write a list of all the people they wish to thank for every little minuscule idiot thing they have done, I'm not going to be an exception. I am however, going to do it in little minuscule type so that no one will bother to read it except for the people mentioned. Maybe. So anyway, I guess I may as well start.

My special thanks to:

Harriette Smith, Janice Davis and Louana Peontek for the hours spent at the keys.

Bill Clark for being my "photography consultant"

Mac Hill for seeing me at the desk, surrounded by cuts and paper and pica sticks and reproduction figures and saying "So you want to be an editor..."

Mrs. Gordon (Janice) Steffins for her good (although never realized) intentions

Beth Ahola for being Beth Ahola and going to get me Fish sandwiches on Good Friday.

Everyone else at the Times-Courier for waking me up every 10 minutes during Easter Break

Steve Macy, Kevin Cotter and Dennis Hennman for the expression "Everything gains speed when it's going downhill."

Larry Smyser for making me change the cover at the last minute so I would use his picture

Chevrolet for inventing the Vega, the only car I would ever try to live out of for more than two days (and have, frequently)

Russ Proch for beer and pizza and absorbing conversation and mostly for getting me away from wax and matknives for an evening (thanks also to Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford on the same account)

Mr. Thornburgh for postponing that law test until after my deadline

To Carnation and Higgins Grocery for diet meals in a can that all you have to

do is open

IBM for their lovely machinery that broke at a very inopportune moment

The EIU Art Department for their support of the Vehicle in contributing so much art work

Danny Carter and the rest of the Junior Block class who let me come into Marty's and drink their beer and tell them how rotten the publications business was

My mom and dad for letting me cry at them in St. Louis over the phone collect

Bill, Cheryl and David Lair for keeping my bike in their basement so I couldn't ride it

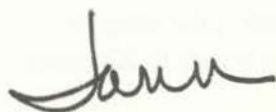
Everyone on the Eastern News staff who laughed when I told them when my deadline was

My Mother (again) for slamming my car door on my leg the day before the deadline

Everyone who recognizes a part of themselves in this mag for whatever, they did to me to make me write about them

And finally to Judy Asher for agreeing with everything I said even when she had no idea what I was rattling on about, for bringing me food at the Courier so I wouldn't die from both lack of sleep and lack of food and for making me laff at times when I should have been working

Think of each sundown
not as an ending
but as a beginning
And as you remember
all that is love
remember me.



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