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1993  
Summer

The Vehicle  
Spring 1988



Commemorative  
Edition

THE  
VEHICLE

Spring  
1993

FALL 1987

THE VEHICLE



# **The Vehicle**

1993 Commemorative Edition  
*Celebrating Thirty-five Years*

PRODUCED BY  
**SIGMA TAU DELTA**  
International English Honor Society

Eastern Illinois University  
**Summer 1993**

**The Vehicle**  
**1993 Commemorative Edition**  
***Celebrating 35 Years***

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Catherine DeGraaf • Mindy Glaze

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# The Vehicle Editors' Lineage

**1959**

Fred L. Miller

**1960**

Robert Mills French

**1961**

Joe Banglolo

**1962**

Christine McColl

**1963**

Larry Gates

**1964**

Daun Alan Legg

**1965**

Elaine Lance

**1966**

Avis Eagleston  
William Moser

**1967**

Samuel J Fosdick, Jr.  
Janet Nelch  
Anthony Griggs  
Cathy Jo LaDame

**1968**

James T. Jones  
Astaire Pappas

**1969**

Paula Bresnan  
Nick Dager  
James T. Jones

**1970**

Nick Dager  
Mike Dorsey  
Jay S. Trost

**1971**

Jay S. Trost  
Verna L. Jones

**1972**

Verna L. Jones

**1973**

Catherine M. Stanford  
Jann Briesacher

**1974**

Jann Briesacher

**1975**

Ray Schmudde  
Bill Vermillion

**1976**

Kay Murphy  
Mike Dean  
Greg Zuber

**1977**

Bruce Goble

**1978**

Bruce Goble  
John Fisher

**1979**

Laurel Anzelmo  
Anette Heinz

**1980**

Laurel Anzelmo  
Anette Heinz  
Bob Goesling  
Shiela Katty

**1981**

Bob Goesling  
Elizabeth Crist  
Shiela Katty

**1982**

Elizabeth Crist  
Lenore Howard  
John Stockman

**1983**

Sara Farris

**1984**

Keila Tooley  
Maggie Kennedy  
Michelle Mitchell

**1985**

Maggie Kennedy  
Michelle Mitchell  
John Fehrman  
Tina Wright

**1986**

John Fehrman  
Tina Wright  
Bob Zordani

**1987**

Bob Zordani  
Eileen R. Kennedy  
Elizabeth A. McMeekan

**1988**

Eileen R. Kennedy  
Elizabeth A. McMeekan  
Monica Growth  
Rodger Patience

**1989**

Monica Growth  
Rodger Patience  
Valerie Kirk  
Joe Mullin

**1990**

Nancy Holschuh  
Denise Santor  
Anthony Smith

**1991**

Anthony Smith  
Matt Kelly  
Beth Yates

**1992**

Matt Kelly  
Beth Yates  
Larry Irvin  
Gail Valker

**1993**

Larry Irvin  
Gail Valker  
Catherine DeGraaf  
Mindy Glaze

## Milestones

Change, currently a "buzz word," has evidently become one of those enigmatic, abstract ideas such as love and justice. Since change is difficult to pinpoint and define in the abstract, let's assert that the workings of a pen and the written language are the main catalysts for this thing called change. It is the use of the pen that makes any proposition for change official, and the repeated uses of pens that make sentiments recognizable and legitimate.

Change can be observed through writing, whether the writing be in newspapers, magazines, journals or books, and regardless of genre. The writing in this volume encompasses the differences between and among student writers, between past and present.

Eastern's student literary magazine has evolved throughout the years, in terms of budget, format and production (from glossy magazine, to newsprint in leaner times, to its current journal form). It has been published by the Departments of Journalism and English, and over the past fifteen years by Sigma Tau Delta Honorary English Organization (the last two years with the help of the Student Publications Board). It has survived an attempt in 1977 to abolish it due to lack of money and interest (saved, by the way, with a written petition and numerous student signatures). Presently, *The Vehicle* is experiencing a resurgence, the growing number of submissions reflecting the change among students' interest in creative expression.

We have not experienced what past generations have. Part of the attraction of these re-published works is that they express sentiments so foreign to us; they express points of view that are seemingly no longer present in today's student writers. Yet, some of the works from past decades could have easily been written today. We have attempted to publish a magazine which celebrates *The Vehicle's* history and evolution; this is, we hope, the allurements of this 1993 Commemorative Edition.

*The Vehicle* is certainly a part of Eastern that has endured change, and change beyond just the world of Eastern is present within these pages. We leave you to sort through this, and to remember, relate, or appreciate.

The 1993 Commemorative Editors



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704 Jackson

Charleston

## LAMPERTS

"Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's  
mind."—Shakespeare's

—"Two Gentlemen of Verona"

1512-14 Broadway

Mattoon



"Dick"

115  
CLUB



"Gloria"

"A night of good drinking  
is worth a year's thinking."  
—Charles Cotton (1668)

PIANO BAR

Nightly

N. 17th Street

Mattoon

10c

# The Vehicle

Published by  
Editorial Society  
Charleston, S.C.

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Vol. 1, No. 1

APRIL, 1959



~7~

Commemorative Edition

## Editors' Notes: *The Sixties*

### 1960, Robert Mills French

*The Vehicle* claims the right to satirize whatever in its estimation seems ridiculous. It affirms, however, that good taste has always been, and will always be, one of its guiding principles. It has no intention of smirking, or guffawing or being perverse. It does not intend to laugh at anything that cannot be helped or ought not to be changed. Satire is always a little cruel, and heaven knows *The Vehicle* does not even like to be cruel. But no reform was ever wrought by any writing to which people were totally indifferent. So if somebody squeals because the shoe fits, we ought not to care.

### 1963, Larry Gates

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS . . . We are a gang of Uncrowned poets, fishing for the sun. Most of us have never been published up to now, unless you count the fact that we got our names in the student directory. None of us are famous outside of our own families. All of us think we have something to say. We are extremely interested in sunsets, silver fish, sneezes, cymbals, symbols, smiles, similes, cobwebs, wooden nickels and three dollar bills. Writing is down our alley and sometimes we strike out. Please handle our work with care, for all we know they might be masterpieces.

### 1965, Elaine Lance

Perhaps it sounds pompous to say that a sign of creativity is present at Eastern. Students, a small number but slowly increasing, are interested in writing. Perhaps it would be well to consider why and how creative writers at Eastern are developing. This cannot be finally resolved, but some general questions might be raised. Are poets and prose writers born, or do they evolve? And if the possibility of evolution exists, where and how does it take place? Who possesses the potential to become a writer? Obviously, these questions have been asked before and answers have been offered before. Answers are theoretical, and different answers appeal to different people.

### 1967, Samuel J. Foadick, Jr. and Janet Neich

For the most part, the poetic manuscripts submitted this quarter seemed to take someone's catchy or plagiarized phrase and embellish it with some kind of rickrack considered by them to be poetry. The result, in some budding author's opinion, is a great classic which will survive the universality of time.

### 1969, Nick Dager

"A New Look" A new breed of people must take an objective look at the rules of writing and a new language must result. The arbitrary decisions must still be made. But today with the advanced printing techniques that we enjoy, these arbitrary decisions should be made by the artists. Let them decide if punctuation, capitalization, and other less common standards are really necessary for effective communication. Leave comma pushing to the printers and the outdated grammarians. Let's take the blinders off our language.

**Excerpt from**  
**“Sureness is Never”**

Every pleasant night I walked over to Pemberton Hall to see her. We would start from ‘Pem’ and casually stroll down the large concrete walk that extended the length of the small, heavily shaded campus. The near night air began to cool as light breezes ruffled through the treetops. Slowly we passed each building, first the science building—she always teased me about my low grade in biology—which stood dark and foreboding in the near night air, then the dark gymnasium and as that building ended, the Student Union building. The Union was always illuminated, serving the recreational needs of the students. Down a flight of concrete steps we walked, passing the new dormitories and the beautiful Gothic library, to the tennis courts. Pausing long enough to kiss, we retraced our steps. The sun had now set, and as we walked we could see the landmark of the school, Old Main, rising massively above the trees, bearing likeness to a castle of the Middle Ages, its towers silhouetted against the black sky by a large spotlight on the ground below. Each building in turn slipped behind us until we passed between Old Main and Pem Hall, nodding to other students entering and leaving the dormitory. We turned down a smaller walk which angled to the left and passed by a large semi-circular cement bench. This old bench, with its many cracks and chips, was ideally located for those in love. Sheltered by a grove of trees, it provided seclusion for those who wished only to be alone and away from unwanted eyes.

**by Don Shepardson**  
**Spring, 1961**

# Sophistication

black dresses  
white pearls  
glass heels  
long feet

charming smiles  
cloudlike steps  
alluring gestures  
correct posture

long ghostly nails  
smooth shiny hair  
plucked and replucked eyebrows  
strained curly eyelashes

locked jaws  
capped teeth  
puckered lips  
glass-covered eyes

soft sexy voices  
discreet little laughs  
exotic perfumes  
very dry martinis

fashionable clothing  
stylish coiffure  
classic features  
wan complexion

one cigarette  
(careful don't inhale)  
one grasshopper  
(don't leave a lip print)

one young girl  
one fashion magazine  
one decaying society  
one charming woman

it  
has  
to  
be  
sophistication

by Benjamin Polk  
Spring 1961

## A Sonnet

I do not dare to explore within my mind,  
To search in every cave and hidden crack,  
To lift up lids and fumble in the black;  
I dare not, for I fear what I may find.  
Monsters may lurk there, monsters of a kind  
Far worse than I expect, things which lack  
All virtues which I thought I had; a track  
May lead through slime to horrors undefined.  
Yet—"Know thyself," a wise old man once told,  
"That comes first." Thus, I must go, and through  
Those horrid halls, through those paths of night,  
Find each ugly, crawling thing, and hold  
It wriggling, squirming, up into my view,  
And, grimacing, then lay it in the light.

by Mignon Strickland  
Spring 1961

## The Twenty-Third Channel

The t.v. is my master; I shall always watch.  
It maketh me to lie down on Certa-Spring  
Correct Posture Mattresses; it leadeth  
me down the twilight zone.  
Ben Casey restoreth my soul: it  
leadeth me in Adventures of Paradise for  
the sponsor's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through Death Valley,  
I smell no gunsmoke: for Lassie is with  
me; thy crew and thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a quick-frozen t.v. dinner  
before me in the presence of mine sponsors:  
thou anointest my head with Wildroot; my t.v.  
guide layeth before me.  
Surely commercials and ads shall follow me  
all the days of my life: and I will look  
into the eye of C.B.S. for ever.

by Ben Polk  
1962

## Opposite Attractions

He straddled the equator  
Each magnetic pole  
Exerting an impassioned  
Pull.

The negative attraction  
Older, time accustomed,  
Yanked his mind, already  
Committed.

The positive attraction  
From the heart, ephemeral,  
Stabbed at his uncommitted heart  
Unceasingly.

He straddled the invisible line  
Of choice, leaned first  
Toward one pole  
Then toward the other.

Like a pendulum he wavered  
Always returning to the center,  
To self.

by C.E.M.  
1962



*“ . . . A great university is always  
enlisted against the spread of illusion  
and on the side of reality.”*

—John F. Kennedy

**Artist: Joel E. Hendricks  
1964**

## The Girl On the White Pony

In the marketplace  
A truck with a load of moaning cattle  
Backs into a cart of oranges  
That a white-aproned peddler  
Has been trying to sell  
To sweating pedestrians.  
As his wares spill out  
Onto the sidewalk  
The peddler raises his fist  
And swears that the cow-truck driver  
Will pay for his oranges.  
A whining siren is heard  
Coming down Kirkwood Street  
And the neighborhood kids kick one another  
Trying to get to the front of the crowd.

In the monastery  
A black-aproned priest  
Kneels before a crucifix  
And prays that the world might find  
A peace like the peace that he has found  
Up here in this artificial world  
Set on the green hill  
That overlooks the city.  
Up here where every footstep is listened to,  
And where one doesn't dare to raise his voice  
For fear of waking up the angels.

In the university tower  
A scholar with a loosened necktie  
And wrinkled socks  
Sits at a little desk  
Cluttered with a thousand sheets of paper.  
He is working  
On a new allegorical interpretation  
Of Spencer's *Faerie Queen*  
For a doctoral dissertation.



His dimly-lit room  
Overlooks a little park  
Cluttered with maple trees  
Where a young married couple  
And their three-year-old daughter  
Who is wearing an apron  
Printed with plum-blossom designs  
Are all taking a stroll  
Amid the spinning maple seeds.

The scholar stands  
At his little window in the tower  
And watches the family  
Approach a cowboy  
Who is holding the rein  
Of a white pony.  
As the young father  
Lifts his daughter on top of the pony  
The child drops like a rag doll.  
Her young mother kneels before the pony  
To pick it up  
As a priest would kneel  
Before a crucifix.

All up and down the skyscrapers  
The people are leaning out of windows  
And throwing pieces of confetti  
That spin like maple seeds.  
The crowd roars  
Like the motor of a cow truck  
And every once in a while  
Somebody will shout  
Like an angry orange peddler.  
Kids on the street kick one another  
Trying to get to the front of the crowd  
And whining bagpipes are heard  
Coming down Kirkwood Street.

by Larry Gates  
1964

*First Prize, Poetry Division*

## **The Times**

A knoll upon a grassy plain:  
A monument to soldiers slain  
Lies broken.

Saigon: Five more American GIs were killed today by the  
Viet Cong.

Not far away the battle flares.  
It seems to me that no one cares  
About the past.

Selma: Negro marchers again lined up on the steps of the  
Court House to pray for members of the Ku Klux Klan.

We have learned lessons times before.  
Dear God! when shall this bitter war  
Cease among men?

**by W.D.M.  
1966**

## Home Thoughts

The hate spewers spew madly,  
While the dove-eaters vomit the putrid command.  
I sit at the outcast depot of hindsight  
And cry for dead birds squeezed by a child's hands.

The checkerboard of "Modern Family Living"  
Stares blindly at the door of dissolve.  
The goldfish ram their heads against the transparent curve,  
Their mouths ope' to bubble empty thoughts.

The beards rebel at flo-thru tea bags  
Instead of lost bread.  
The paisley print of raped time stamps impressions  
In the blood pits.  
The Fisherman cannot cast His net  
Because His bait doesn't appeal.

The great band-aid of false brotherhood  
Covers a wounded hypocrite.  
The pus escapes and infects the saturated air  
And the eye bleeds carbon.  
The ship of Faith brings hair spray to bombed villages.

The motorcycle treads strips of boredom to a Cherubim.  
The boxes remain a stationary hue  
While lawn mowers sing their tune,  
"Ignore, ignore, only this and nothing more."

The pod-peas line up, punch in, and roll through the day.  
The silver-spoons ski in jet cities  
And swim in gallons of spiked life.  
Time drips in light-second measures,  
Faster in reality, but slower in man-thoughts.

The professors play hopscotch with degrees  
And "Publish or Perish" is the cry,  
While 256 students cram into a pie slice to hear the dead word.  
They later play fraternal games  
While the true brothers suffer and die.

The world of today will  
Drown in its own heat—  
Or freeze in its own hate—  
Or what is worse, may simply  
Ignore itself away.

by Jane Carey  
1968  
*First Prize Poetry*

**1966**

**MONEY  
WEALTH  
SECURITY  
HEALTH  
LEADERSHIP  
POPULARITY  
FRIENDSHIP  
MATERIALS  
CONFORMITY  
& god**

**by Roger Zulauf  
1968**

## **Nagging Thought**

War is bad.

But so were the last two cartons of milk I bought.

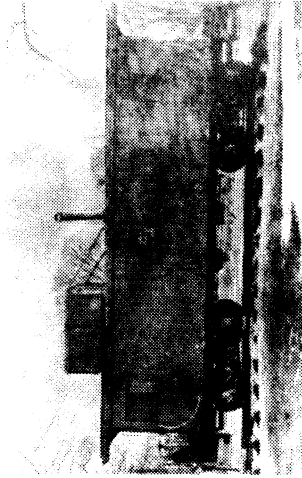
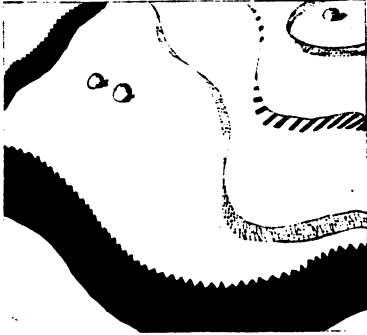
I quit the dairy rather than risk

A Third one.

**by Janet Andrews  
1969**

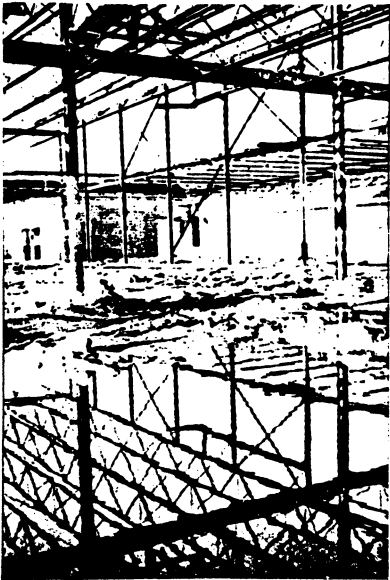
**VEHICLE**

*david brasmer      gene brown  
 lisa childress     r.bruce goble  
 barbara robinson   darlene sourile*



Vehicle Fall      78

**Vehicle**



**Vehicle**

Vehicle Fall '79

## Editors' Notes: *The Seventies*

### Spring 1970, Nick Dager and Mike Dorsey

Somewhere on campus there must be a student, male or female, who just came to college to get an education.

Hampered by administrators, Greeks, freaks, student senators, dorm rats, and many other groups and clubs, he or she probably still manages to get an education.

Our magazine is dedicated to that typical person with the fervent hope that someday, somehow, that ordinary student will burst out of his quiet shell to become Super Ordinary.

### Fall 1970, Jay S. Trost.

To maintain the life of this publication it must have the support of the students. It is your magazine . . . for many, the only chance to ever see concrete evidence of their creative endeavors in print. I ask you to join me in helping to keep *The Vehicle* alive, constantly striving for new horizons and excellence in the areas of creative ability.

### Spring 1971, Jay S. Trost

*The Vehicle* exists as a separate entity not only demanding but also providing a unique form of individuality amid the unavoidable stagnation found in our educational system. . . . *The Vehicle* acts as an independent agent encouraging and promoting self-expression. This independence from the rigidities of frequently encountered forced expression in the classroom makes *The Vehicle* valuable.

### Fall 1971, Verna L. Jones

*The Vehicle*, as a student creative magazine, captures and reveals through poetry, prose, art and photography of the many revolutions taking place on campus. Triumphs and fears alike are expressed in unique, individualistic forms, and *The Vehicle* transports these messages to the sensitivities of the reader. This magazine encourages constructive analysis of the developed emotions it represents, and recognition of a collegiate-centered attempt to define the rapid world metamorphoses.

Wrinkle

Your nose at me

Silly jump-up-fall kid

Giggling frogs fall off lily pads

You know.

### Fall 1979, Laurel Anzelmo and Anette Heinz

The Upsilon Gamma Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, a national English honor society, was founded on Eastern's campus in 1932. Throughout the years, the purpose of Sigma Tau Delta at Eastern has been to promote the mastery of written expression, to encourage worthwhile reading, and to foster fellowship among English majors, as well as to provide cultural stimulation to Eastern Students. . . . Sigma Tau Delta took over the production of *The Vehicle* in 1977. . . . Members of Sigma Tau Delta take part in almost every aspect of the production of *The Vehicle*, beginning by carefully evaluating each manuscript on a point basis. . . . In addition to judging material for publication, Sigma Tau Delta members assist in the technical production of *The Vehicle*. . . .

# Revolutions

From the raw earth comes the seeds  
for civilization.  
They are taken by imagination  
heaped together, twisted, bent,  
stretched, shortened, and shaped.

Nothing is sacred which stands  
in the way of progress  
Invention and improvement  
Become the signposts for the world

Places once sterile now  
burgeon with the fruits  
of technology  
The functional co-existing  
with the aesthetic

The hideous with the sublime

The world striving for Utopia.  
Confusion begins to erupt.  
The equilibrium begins to disappear.

The steady roll of drums force the sounds  
of order and enlightenment  
throughout the desperate chaos.

Once potent,  
now reflects the blood  
and trials  
of armed dissent

Under the masque of freedom and progress. . .  
progress and freedom fade slowly away.

Time soon takes its toll.  
Reality becomes misery.  
The old and wise stand alone  
unable to comprehend the  
crumbling, the deterioration

Those who will never see the remainders—  
the scraps.

The parts distant from what they once  
formed.

Old images become forgotten and  
dimensions disappear...  
among the stark realities.

Then someone dares to be different—

to stand in hell

of persecution

From the raw earth comes the seeds

**by Steve Siegel**  
**Fall 1971**



## Untitled

For the world at a lonely hour  
May bring you away  
To a new strength  
Which the light of the past  
Can't provide—  
Never turn behind when it's  
Too misty to see beyond—  
Rest alone and accept  
What is meant for you;  
And smile to yourself  
And believe in the smile—

by **Kristine Kirkham**  
**Spring 1971**

## The Arithmetic Problem

Today's math problem is:  
Their forces have 100 men.  
If 35 are killed and 47  
wounded, how many  
soldiers are fighting?

5 and 7 are 12.

Write the 2

and carry the

one.

3 & 4 are 7  
plus 1 equals

8.                      eighty-two.

Children, we need to  
kill or wound just 18 of them  
to end the war.

That is your assignment for  
tomorrow.

by **Janice Forbus**  
**1972**

## **Willie Seeverson Threw a Worm at Me**

Willie Seeverson threw a worm at me, once,  
When we were little.  
It landed above my underdeveloped  
Breast, and I cried.  
Can you imagine that?  
I cried to my mother just because  
A slimy, squirmy worm touched me.

Willie threw a baseball  
That hit me in the mouth.  
My lip puffed up until  
It stuck out as far as the tip of my nose.  
And I ran home crying again  
For my mother to fix it.

I hope I see Willie again sometime  
So I can thank him for helping me remember  
The summer of '58,  
When only worms and baseballs hurt.

**by Mary Pipek  
Winter 1972**

**a love poem  
(by approximation)**

on calculating the relative  
differential between  
our two bodies.  
I find myself thinking in  
spherical coordinates.  
The tangent I make with  
your plane surface  
alters my arc length.  
You  
seem  
uncertain about your idea of  
an upper limit and  
partial differentiation of  
our function  
reveals a  
confusion in you;  
I detect,  
as I suggest integrating  
from  
negative to positive  
infinity,  
an infinitesimal change,  
as your cartesians go  
polar...  
Somehow, I want to  
calculate  
the area beneath your curves,  
and sum it up.

**by Ted Baldwin  
1975**

## Night and Summer in Two Worlds

1.

Caught inside a car at night in a fog that made two worlds, a world inside a world. A world traveling in the midst of darkness and blue, sweeping shadows that made the windshield an eye with huge, fluttering eyelids that would lift suddenly to show the next approaching lid. That kept our faces turned towards each other, while we carried up like antiques from a basement names that were ideas—Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Sartre—they tried to go beyond the world that was outside our world, and weaving between the fog and reason and darkness and wonder, clinging to the blacktop road and arguing the rationalizations for being allowed to leave the womb, the headlights reflected off waves of earth—bound clouds: we had stopped.

2

In a Dakota summer the grass is naturally brown, the hills are as rounded and smooth and yellow as warm ice cream on a plate and the ground is hard like the eyes of the Oglala Sioux Children who watch us dig holes in their reservation to plant bushes that will die before we even leave. The air is thin and dry, we do not sweat doing work in God's name.

Later, in a cool, ever-green forest we chop down dead trees with an Indian, who tells us if he were chief he would go with his rifle into the Black Hills to snipe at tourists until none returned, glancing at each other between axe-blows, silently gripping the axe—handle tighter until each chop sends vibrations along every nerve. A tree crashed between us and the Indian, Tom, straightening up, heavy axe in his hand, and offers us his canteen: we gulp it down.

3

We were on different steps of the same staircase, but as we stopped in the fog and as we shared the canteen we were both afraid to ask the same question. We leaned against each other somber and still like cattle in a storm and pushed, one against the other, like arm wrestlers in a tournament and tumbled around each other.

Yet, I believed I would die and he would not accept the same for himself, he frowned at this world while I laughed at it and him, his courage was loose, obvious and untenable as gravity, mine created and destroyed freshly each day and with each season: we were two worlds, always new.

by Barry Smith  
1st Place Vehicle-Poetry 1976

## Story of a Teenage Pickle

Ah dill...

Once you were a fine young cucumber  
Peter Piper's pride and joy; then picked  
right at your prime, as if drafted  
to serve in some foreign relish  
right alongside those slant-eyed onions.  
You died.

They placed you in a Mason jar,  
tossing a bouquet of parsley on top  
(in such good taste),  
and lined the jars up in the cellar  
like so many mausoleums.

You'll be  
brought up for a fancy cocktail party,  
and your home-grown story will really be the talk  
(spiced up a little, of course).

And the old colonel will sagely say,  
with everyone nodding agreement,  
"We all lost a bit of pickle in that war."  
(The losses were gastronomical indeed.)

A gentleman will nibble an olive ostensibly,  
like he nibbled his secretary's ear last week.  
And wish he could take her down to the cellar,  
past the Tomb of the Unknown Pickle.

by Terry Louis Schultz  
Fall 1976

## Danny Lonely, Danny Wild

See the tail-lights on the hill  
He's gone running like a child.  
Say a prayer to keep him safe—  
Danny lonely, Danny wild.

You don't know what you hope to find,  
Just know that it's down the way;  
But your dream is sinking fast,  
And it's no closer than yesterday.

Friends would ask you what was wrong;  
You would answer with your smile  
Though you fought a losing fight,  
Going down you kept your style.

Late at night when you're alone,  
Searching for where you went wrong,  
You sing solo in a duet—  
In a sad and haunting song.

You lay down and try to rest,  
Your latest friend is by your side.  
You got wheels to go somewhere,  
But all you want to do is ride.

You keep your suitcase close at hand,  
Your pack is filled with maps and dreams,  
Your motto is that Love is all  
And that Love is not all it seems.

by Devin Brown  
Fall 1977

## Always Tomorrow

They meet at the door at five o'clock,  
He, coming in,  
She, going out, plants a whack on her thigh  
tells him "Need a little exercised inners in the oven  
Billys at the house next door—  
Be back soon."  
She pedals the two miles to the edge of town,  
Down the tarred lane that winds around West Lake,  
Leaves the bike in a circle of dandelions  
And sits in the grass with the sycamore.  
She can see the two-lane highway, the only  
road in or out of the town,  
As she ties the longest stemmed white clover into a chain—  
And waits.

She feels for the clover between the strands of grass,  
Flicks a dragonfly from her shoelace,  
Turns her eyes to the north  
And hopes that John Joseph did know  
When he said that reality was only a word  
And not a game to be played,  
Waiting forever,  
For no one. . .

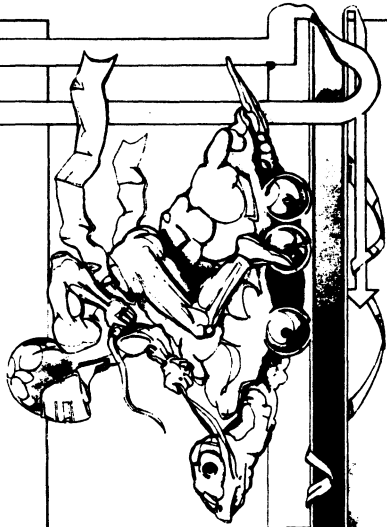
She ties another handful of clover,  
Turns her back on the couple walking hand in hand  
near the water's edge,  
Assures herself that there is a reason to wait,  
Shakes her head at the disbelief in her own voice  
And frowns at the two-lane highway, the only  
road in or out of the town,  
Knowing that Billy's in the cookie jar,  
The roast in the oven is dry—  
And she did say she'd be back. . .  
She parts her bike from the dandelions  
And pedals to the intersection,  
Giving, to the north, a last, long look.  
To the south  
Her chocolate-mouthed, skinny-kneed child,  
Her impatient husband poking a dirty fingernail into the oven—  
Home—it was.

Her knees ache as she turns into the drive  
And meets his "Where the-what the hell?" as he yanks at  
the clover she wound absent-mindedly around her neck.  
There's Billy, chocolate chips crammed into each hand,  
That damn dry roast—  
A tangled chain of white clover  
And tomorrow.

**by Mary McDaniel**  
**Fall 1978**

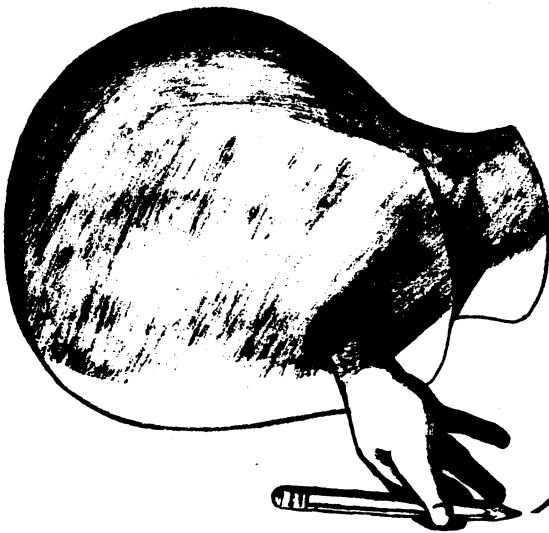


• **Vehicle** •

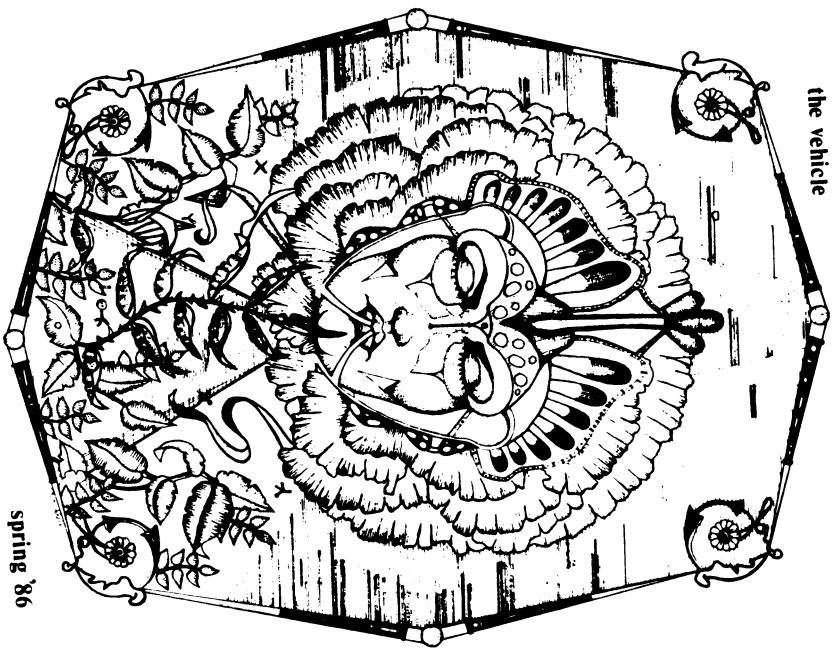


**Fall 1980**

**VEHICLE**

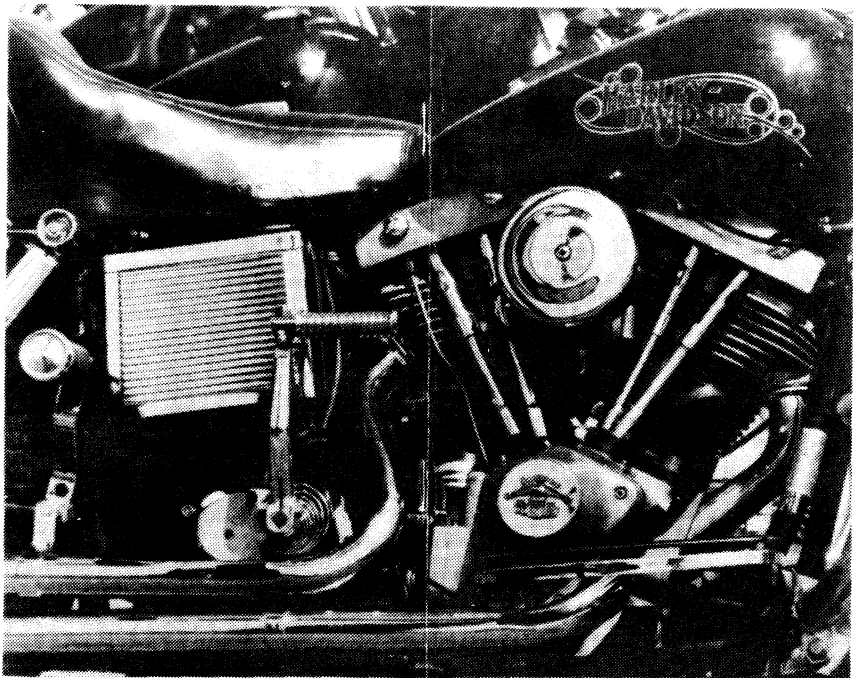


SPRING '84



the vehicle

spring '86



vehicle fall 1988

# Having Children

If there were only such  
a thing as a nanny  
like Mary Poppins  
who would work  
for nothing more  
than meals or movies,

Sure, then I'd have  
your babies and  
would love them  
and you  
so much when I got home  
from work.

We'll dress them up  
in crinoline and  
have birthday parties  
on weekends.

We'll give them  
your name  
your religion  
and my intuitions.

We'll travel on luxury ships  
to places unpronounceable  
as a family,  
yet, in our own  
compartments to promote  
that certain feeling of

Independence, but, lover,  
you know that nannies  
are extinct.  
Polyester conquered crinoline.  
And, the only compartments  
are those, steel gray,

In this office where  
no one's ever  
heard of a pregnant,  
junior, corporate lawyer.

by Devon Flesor  
Fall 1983

## **What is Unnatural Is Sometimes Magic**

My brother was twelve when  
he tore a celluloid record out of  
National Geographic and invited me  
to listen to the sad song of a whale  
speeded up until it was the singing of a bird.  
What if from the rock bottom,  
a whale would gather speed and shoot  
toward the surface, becoming smaller  
as it shot, until it broke the water  
with a small explosion that  
turned fins into wings,  
and it flew, gaining  
certainty, ripping into  
feather, bursting colors,  
until it finally became  
tired enough to sleep  
for a while on a stick?

**by Angelique Jennings  
Fall 1984**

## **If My Father Were A Writer, He Would Still Build**

Everyone has a channel from the outside to the inside; it sucks things in and bubbles them through with interpretation, fountains them out again for others. My father's is blocked with wood dust, shingles, and twisted wire. If it were not, he would sit at the table in his socks and stack colored blocks around a core of words he wants to give me.

He would take things usually done without words and build paragraphs like dollhouses, cabinets, and couches, phrases that ring like a hammer on a spike. He would turn his heart over like making a new shed from an old barn.

He would write about hands that untangle twine: they do it to use it again, working knot loose, pulling bundle through it, a long strand threading under, fuzzing up, puddling on the ground; He would note the patience in hands that stretch grey twine and work as if they are carding wool, until it becomes a cat's cradle, a loop, a yarn, finally ready to be bound onto a piece of cardboard, but not tight enough to separate the strands.

He would speak of the danger of death in the small black snake of a wire, end bared with a penknife to show a copper tongue, he would tell a secret that lies under the skin of each dark scar on his arms. He would keep words, hot as the spark of a saw, rich as the dust of walnut, in a pocket beside his matches.

I am one place away from him, and it falls to me to take what he is and push it further, like moving furniture in the night. He does not think about thoughts; he likes things that have weight, and splinters, and sounds when you drop them, things that can be altered, things that grow more beautiful when left alone. He does not trust his dreams.

**by Angelique Jennings  
Fall 1984**

## Photo Album

### I. 1943

Overseas, in the nest of sandbags,  
a boy slaps his buddy's back.  
In the morning he wakes, bounces

sand from his boots, pinches  
a New Guinea mosquito buzzing him  
like a Messerschmidt.

Continents away, a girl  
cranes her neck toward the billboard,  
reads the parade of dead.

### II. 1960

A man and a woman sit close on stone steps.  
The war is over. They smile  
in the shine of aluminum siding.

That night they bowled on the slick lanes,  
sucked Pabst from long neck bottles,  
sped home, spilled a lamp

making love on the living room floor.

**by Patrick Peters**  
**Fall 1985**

## Poet Born in Pearl Harbor

Students ask for supplies of cyanide  
to prepare for the end of the world.  
I want it too. Because of the bomb drills:  
six year olds with duffel bags,  
wash cloths, motel bars of soap,  
canteens of old water. Mine  
had a piece of adhesive tape,  
naming me. *Remember the number  
of your shelter. Do not cry so loud  
you cannot hear directions.*  
We were told we would survive,  
and could safely eat fruit  
that has been washed.  
Radiation is invisible  
but fall-out can be seen,  
like dandruff on the food.  
*Where will you find water?  
In toilets, water heaters,  
cisterns. Squinting, I wished  
I would be home with my mother  
who wouldn't make me go out  
to search for food. Do not imagine  
women hauling children behind them,  
men stopping work to watch a cloud grow.  
The patterns of their clothes  
will be sealed to their chests.  
Do not color war. Sometimes  
I still play under the white warnings  
of jets.*

**by Angelique Jennings  
Spring 1985**

# **The History of High School Basketball**

## **Coozy on Opening Night**

Coozy's shoes sizzle  
as he dances around defenders,  
jocks heavy with lead.  
Rebounds pop between his palms,  
and when each jump-shot,  
sweet and smooth as cream,  
curls the net,  
the band strikes up,  
bits of paper floating  
from the balcony like moths.

## **Coozy's Broken-Bone Blues**

Cheerleaders scatter like jumped deer  
when Coozy dives after a ball.  
Oohs and aahs rise in covies, a dozen mothers  
throw their hands to God as he's stretched  
from the floor, out for the season,  
wrist limp as drool.

## **The History of High School Basketball**

Alone in the gymnasium,  
quiet and dark as a church  
without mass,  
Coozy spins and cuts,  
dribbles echoes across court,  
hollowing the net  
with lay-up after dancing lay-up.

Beneath the bleachers,  
paint-peeled and cracked,  
a cricket rubs its legs  
in applause.

**by Patrick Peters**  
**Spring 1986**  
**Winnie Davis Neely Award**



## **Banana Bread**

I bake banana bread these days,  
(Cream shortening, mix with sugar)  
Even though I give most of it away.  
(Add eggs, beat until light and fluffy)  
Never had extra bananas before,  
(Mash the soft fruit, leave no lumps)  
There were always kids around,  
(Sift flour, soda, baking powder, salt)  
Eating everything, right out of the grocery sacks.  
(Add dry ingredients alternately with bananas)  
Didn't have much time to bake,  
(Stir just enough to combine)  
With P.T.A., Scouts, cooking, cleaning, washing.  
(Do not beat)  
One by one they grew up and left,  
(Turn into greased loaf pan)  
Ripe fruit gone from the tree,  
(Bake in 350-degree oven)  
Leaving me with time and bananas.

**by Gail Bower**  
**Fall 1987**

## Cover Letter

No one you know knows me.  
I have not published widely.  
In another state one poet told me  
not to burn out, impossible  
since I have no reputation  
to speak of except my record  
with women: the worst in the county.  
When I say hello women pretend  
they are foreign, in busted  
French say they are married.  
Today I ran over a squirrel,  
felt him thump off the Chrysler's  
underbelly twice and from the mirror  
saw him roll out deader  
than a bad joke. I kept going  
and turned the radio up.  
I tried to remember my last  
good deed and imagined myself  
Man of the Year. Then a little kid  
threw a rock at my car.  
Forget it, I said out loud,  
wheeling home without groceries,  
my trunk full of charcoal and hickory,  
nothing to roast but sacks  
jammed with poems no one could love.

**by Bob Zordani**  
**Fall 1988**

## Home Movies

Here I am running in a field  
I don't remember, the hillside  
flowering yellow. It is good  
with me now falling and laughing

mutely into the camera. There's Jim  
waving from the barn where the go-carts  
live. He's still too small to drive  
fast across the barnyard like me

but putts slow and crooked  
as grandma's creek. One day  
we will ride hard into those woods  
and come home hurt, heads busted,

noses streaming blood. For now  
we are safe, life simple as cows  
by that farm pond. Stand next  
to the oil tank with your muscles

flexed, skinny father. Be with him  
mother. Slide your hand across  
his hairy chest. Pinch his cheek.  
Smile, folks. Smile. We're watching.

by **Bob Zordani**  
**Spring 1989**

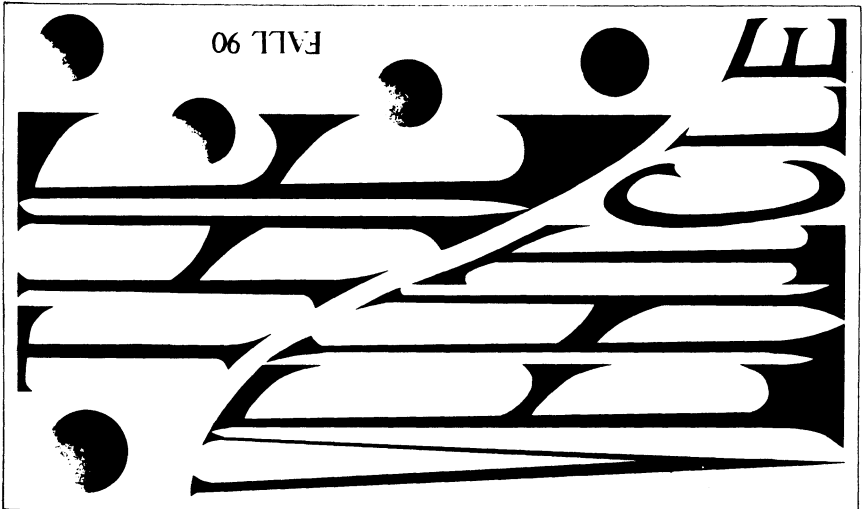
## MIGRATION

At the Museum of Science and Industry  
there is a heart large enough to walk through,  
its chambers big as rooms.  
Stepping from one ventricle to another  
I expect to see my father tying flies  
in the circle of a bright lamp  
and my mother, who hasn't yet had her breast removed,  
teaching my sister to dance slow.

We are told mistreatment of our hearts  
leads to the grave. Fifteen billion beats  
to each of us. The unfortunate, less.  
Malaysian monks believe each teaspoon of sperm  
subtracts a thousand beats from our already  
slim total. The equation is simple  
as third grade math: Beats minus X to the nth  
equals dust. We are doomed by love.

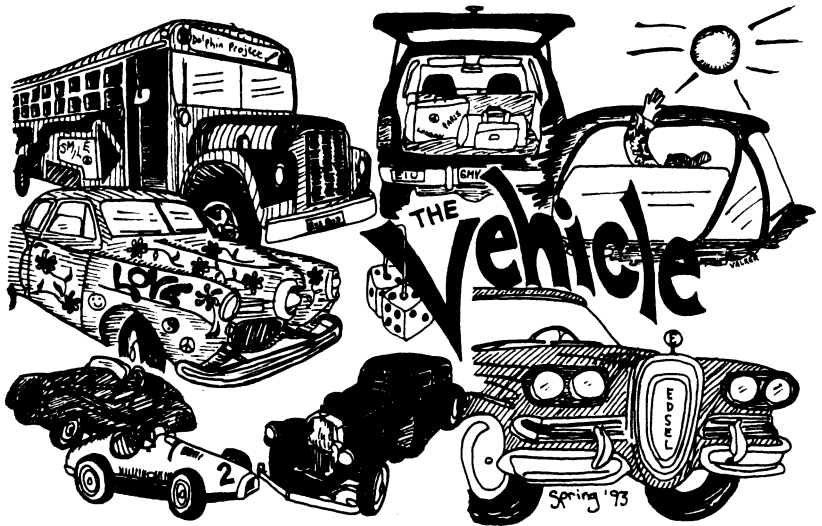
At night my new wife's heart amazes me,  
how her steady muscularity times our lives.  
Pressing my ear against her sternum  
I believe in the hugeness of the heart,  
its capacity for echo. I hear the heavy rush  
of wings rising up, see myself overlapping  
my hands into a call, pulling the swelling sky  
into the deep arc of my arms.

**by Patrick Peters  
Spring 1989**



# The VEHICLE

Fall 1993



## BA, BA, BLACK SHEEP

I found my father alone in the living room one evening years ago, smoking in the dark, listening to some oldies show on the radio. "Staggerlee" was playing, a song my parents danced to the first night they met back in '58.

"Why are you sitting in the dark, dad?", I asked him, groping along the wallpaper for the light switch.

"I'm thinking."

I flicked on the light and turned to ask him for permission to go to some party, then I noticed something wet on his cheeks and a redness about his eyes. I quickly turned the light back off.

\* \* \*

Maybe life is like oversleeping, waking up startled, glancing at the years speeding by like rows of corn from a car window. You know, the sudden swell of anxiety and regret at having pushed the snooze button one too many times? You can either roll back over and say to hell with it, or jump up, panic-stricken, shower, dress, and run out the door in ten minutes flat. Chances are, you'll discover later that your socks don't match or that you forgot to put on deodorant, but at least you'd made an attempt.

\* \* \*

I guess you could say I'm the black sheep of my family. I had a child out of wedlock and never had a steady boyfriend. I smoke, and I don't go to church because I just don't buy into that mumbo-jumbo anymore. I did, however, go last Sunday out of respect for my grandparents who were celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary.

I hadn't been in the church itself for years and as I walked into the vestibule, I felt like Scarlett at Ashley's birthday party. I sat between my father and my younger brother listening to the organist play "How Great Thou Art" with a heart so cold, I swore I could see my breath every time I exhaled. I couldn't bring myself to open the hymnal. I could hear grandma's shaky soprano making a joyful noise. I wondered why I spent all those Sunday mornings leafing through a Bible and cutting out prefabricated Biblical characters, pasting them onto a prefabricated background. The place still smelled like Elmer's Glue, crayons, and Doublemint Gum.

Everyone was praying, except for me. I bowed my head, but my eyes wouldn't close. My father was mumbling some holy hogwash with his eyes shut tightly. The woman in the pew in front

of me bowed her head and closed her eyes in a serene sort of way. I couldn't help wondering if she was actually praying or trying to decide if she should make spaghetti for lunch or warm up the leftover pot roast.

I decided not to take communion. As I passed the silver plate of saltines to my father, he pushed it toward me with an urgent nod. I shook my head resolutely. I could see his jawline tense the way it does when he's about to lose his temper. I knew I'd be hearing more about my unacceptable behavior after the Doxology.

"Why didn't you take communion?"

"I wasn't hungry."

"Don't get smart with me. Don't you have a conscience?"

(Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any conscience?)

\* \* \*

My son is four years old. He jams to Led Zeppelin, knows what a bong's for, and takes showers with his mother. Sometimes I feel he's not connected to me. Occasionally, I see a glimpse of his other side—the half that isn't mine.

Many women say that they know as soon as it happens. I don't remember feeling any different the day after his conception. I only recall having bruised thighs and a horribly painful case of whisker burn.

It happened at 2:38 a.m. on December 28th. People find it humorous that I can pinpoint my son's conception down to the exact minute, but I was staring at the digital clock on the dresser the entire time, hoping it would all be over and done with so I could roll over and go to sleep.

I actually barely knew his father. My most vivid memory of him is watching as he trimmed his moustache in the bathroom mirror the morning after.

\* \* \*

Men perplex me. I find some relief in knowing full well that I'm not alone in my bewilderment. I'm suffering from an emotional virus that plagues the entire feminine population.

Things were perfect with Tim. We'd sit out at Green Valley in his old LTD and giggle at our own giddiness. We made love on a slide in Center City Park at dusk. We'd sit in restaurants and entwine our legs under the table and feed each other french fries.

I was two months pregnant when I met him. He was one month married.

I feel love is basically a farce. It's like trying to catch a cloud. It's never close enough to grab onto and just when you think you



might have a hold, it slips right through your outstretched fingers.

Mary and her husband stayed up all night last Wednesday discussing the divorce. My sister's leaving her husband as soon as the baby's born. Tom and Michelle have been married for ten years and haven't had sex for the past three.

My mother and father don't talk anymore.

\* \* \*

It's like falling over the edge, hitting a drop-off. You don't even see it coming. There are, however, warning signs to look for: intense blushing, an erratic heartbeat, and insomnia, just to mention a few. You may even think you've mastered the art of walking without touching the ground.

The last one told me that I have beautiful hands, thin wrists and shapely fingers. He was fascinated by the quirky way I smile with one side of my mouth higher than the other.

On Friday night, I'm smearing lipstick all over him. By Monday, we've run out of things to say to one another. A shameful silence, a sigh of disappointment, and one or two tears, then it's over.

\* \* \*

She told me that men find me intimidating.

"You're too intense," she told me. "You met John once and scared the hell out of him. He says you're too smart for him."

She must have noticed that I'd tuned her out the way I always do when I'm forced to listen to something I don't want to deal with.

"Come on, you could have anyone. You just need to get out of this town. You'll never find anyone good enough for you here."

Good enough! Good enough for what? Good enough to fall in love with? Good enough to share a bed with? Good enough to accept me, shortcomings, neurotic tendencies, and all?

\* \* \*

I sleep alone in a twin bed with my two cats next to me, one on each side. I lie on three pillows, under my great aunt's quilt, smoking and listening to Joni Mitchell. I can ponder life's questions without intrusion. I can shut off the phone for days and no one complains.

I can turn out the light and cry.

\* \* \*

I'd like to make a bargain with God. I'm convinced that he must be a reasonable entity.

"Okay, Sir. Here's my proposal. Believe me, I know I haven't followed every rule, but I'm basically a good person, really. I've got a good heart. I feel that eternal damnation is, well, a little extreme. How about this: fix me up with a spot on Heaven's lower east side. I mean, just a hammock between two trees would be great. I don't expect much from the afterlife."

\* \* \*

I stared at the preacher last Sunday, a young, single, and attractive man. I found myself wondering if he ever thought about sex, whether or not he had ever gone down on a woman. I wondered if inside that glowing Christian soldier there might be a horny young man with a mind full of demented sexual fantasies. Perhaps I should have felt ashamed, but it was too fascinating a thought. I even planned out what I'd do if I found myself alone with him. Seducing a preacher would be the ultimate victory. I could hear him screaming, "Oh, God. Oh, God," and feel his trembling fingers clawing at my back. I'd say to him, "So, your holiness, how does it feel to fornicate with one of the devil's disciples?"

I must have been wearing a wicked smile. My father was peering at me over his glasses with a look of contempt on his face. I'm certain he had no idea what I was thinking about, but could tell from the gleam in my eye that it was something less than saintly.

The bells rang and I hugged my grandmother. I shook the preacher's hand on the way out, blushing fiercely when we made eye contact. I stood on the esidewalk with my brother and lit a cigarette. I saw my father in the vestibule, toting my son on his hip. He locked hands with the preacher, forming a poignant trinity.

I dropped my cigarette, crushing it with the pointed toe of my high heeled shoe, and walked home.

**by Victoria Bennett**  
**Spring 1992**  
***First Place, Prose***

## Daily Lessons

Imperative to watch the hands—  
to ignore the agitated clench,  
unclench means certain surprise  
at the palm cast across your cheek.

So study the physiology  
of a swing—just how  
the muscles tense and rip,  
how the shoulder stretches in the joint,

and where starts the left,  
where starts the right—  
the actual strike  
is unimportant—no memorization

required—the purple  
is X marks the spot, so you know  
where upon to aim your hits,  
scraping the wearing canvas until

it burns or bleeds your knuckles—  
then switch to old methods.  
Yank the yarn stitched to the head,  
pound the cars 'til you imagine

the buttons begin to tear, or  
squeeze the limbs so the stuffing clumps  
and the ragged arms hang limp.  
Expressions are inherited.

No need to practice the thread  
white lips, the rolling eyes,  
the contorting juts  
of a determined chin.

Then banish dolly back under the bed  
where the cat peeks out, but does not  
paw the tattered trespasser  
seeking asylum. The lesson over—

Darkness stilled on the bedroom floor  
beneath the broken screen, where comes  
the quiet breeze that cools  
the running streams across your brow

and back, and hides the essence  
of onioned-stew for a second—  
then return the heavy smells  
of sweat and supper while panting

slows into a triumphant smirk  
that begrudgingly acknowledges  
Mother, the only successful  
teacher.

**by Jennifer Moro**  
**Fall 1992**

## Folding My Own

I'm just like you Gram,  
I caught myself again  
folding up brown paper bags  
the way you do:  
smoothing out the crinkles,  
then re-creasing on the pre-folded folds,  
and flattening  
and stacking end to back,  
end to back.

The way I take a bag of chips  
and cut open the top with scissors,  
ever so neatly.

So, when I finish,  
I can fold the two corners  
in toward the center  
like wrapping leftover  
steak in cellophane.

Then another fold down  
to the center, forming  
a trapezoid of neatness.

It's the way you wrap  
the yarn around your fingers  
folding stitch over stitch,  
that I see my own hands,  
just the way you taught me,  
stitch after stitch,  
until I finally got it right.

Folding your patience,  
tucking it into your sleeve,  
like the handkerchief in your purse,  
you used to wipe my nose.

Fashioning a quilt, I watch  
as you fold each piece  
to fit its pattern.

The crease starched  
and crisped with the  
heat of your iron.

And the way you fold your napkin  
to protect the table  
from the dew on your glass  
or the heat of your coffee cup.  
In half, then  
in half again.

I often wonder how I unfolded  
into the woman that you are:  
folding my own.

by Laurie Ann Malis  
Fall '92  
*First Place, Poetry*

## About the Authors

**Laurel Anzelmo** graduated from Eastern with a Bachelor of Arts in English in 1980.

**Victoria Bennett** received a Bachelor of Arts in English in 1991 and is completing work on a Master of Arts in English from Eastern.

**Gail Bower** attended Eastern during the early 70's. She owes much to John Kilgore, professor of English, as she still appreciates the encouragement he gave her. Her real-voice poem was written for Kilgore's creative writing class when she was a graduate student. And though she has not, since that time, been published for any other work, she can proudly say that this particular poem made a special appearance in a baking column in a newspaper.

**Devin Brown** graduated from Eastern in 1978 with a Bachelor of Arts in English.

**Jane Carey** graduated from Eastern in 1969 with a Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education, and she received her Master of Business Administration in 1978.

**Nick Dager** graduated from Eastern in 1975 with a Bachelor of Arts in English.

**Mike Dorsey** graduated from Eastern in 1971 with a Bachelor of Science in Art Education.

**Devon Flesor**, when she wrote "Having Children" in 1983, never imagined that she would someday be teaching in the English department, marrying "a professor," owning a big house, and having children—right here in Charleston. Though she recalls the poem as awkward, she is delighted to remember how she realized early that many working women in America are penalized for having children. They are passed over, demoted, and sometimes fired. Because they want meaningful careers, some women choose not to have children, while others have them much later than they and their bodies might wish. Even though this poem was written ten years ago, she says it is, unfortunately, still timely.

**Janice Forbus**, now Janice Jones, graduated from Eastern in 1972. She enjoyed Eastern; it was small, and there was a kind of "family atmosphere." She was very influenced by her instructors to write and to continue in the fields of teaching and library work. She still uses today all that she learned in college. She is now a senior high librarian at Pana, Illinois, and she has been a librarian for 21 years. She lives in Ramsey, Illinois, with her husband and 12-year-old son; the family "hobby" is continually remodeling their house which was built in 1789. She is the Secretary of the Public Library Board in Ramsey.

**Samuel Fosdick** graduated from Eastern with a Bachelor of Arts in English in 1968.

**Larry Gates** graduated from Eastern in 1963 with a Bachelor of Arts in English.

**Joel Hendricks** had a lot of fun in college, for Eastern was really involved with what was happening nationally. He remembers the mystery at the dawn of the Space Age and watching the television, when he was home for Thanksgiving, as Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. As the 60's were full of uncertainty, he and his classmates had "high goals of truth" and goals to contribute and to participate; they also wanted change. He taught high school English for a few years, recalling a time when there were more jobs than people to fill them. Today he still writes and creates art, working for the *Decatur Herald and Review*.

**Angelique Jennings** graduated from Eastern in 1984 with a Bachelor of Arts in English and received her Master of Arts in English in 1986.

**Verna Jones** graduated from Eastern with a Bachelor of Arts in English in 1972.

**Kristine Kirkham** graduated from Eastern in 1974 with a Bachelor of Arts in Theater.

**Elaine Lance** graduated from Eastern with a Bachelor of Arts in English in 1965.

**Laurie Ann Malis** is pursuing a Bachelor of Arts in English (including Teacher Certification) with an emphasis in Creative Writing.

**Christine McColl** graduated from Eastern in 1963 with a Bachelor of Arts in English, and she received her Master of Science degree in 1967.

**Mary McDaniel** graduated from Eastern in 1980 with a Bachelor of Arts in English and received a Master of Arts in English in 1982. She is presently an Administrator at Eastern. Her poetry and fiction have been published extensively in literary journals and anthologies. She was awarded Second Place in the *Pablo Neruda Poetry Competition* and First Place in the *Hemingway Festival Fiction Competition*.

**Jennifer Moro** is pursuing a Bachelor of Arts in English with an emphasis in Creative Writing. She received the Winnie Davis Neely Award for 1992-93.

**Bill Moser** really loved his time at Eastern, which he attended from 1963-1967. His memories of his college days are powerful: he was taking his first final in his first year when he first heard that President Kennedy had been assassinated; his roommate had a foot blown off by a landmine in Vietnam; and on a brighter side, he met his wife here, and they have since been married for 26 years. He says about the 60's, which he feels are overly romanticized: "What a painful time, but what a good time." And today, he continues to write poetry, short stories, and articles. He belongs to a couple of writing groups in the south suburbs of Chicago, and he has been published. So, he believes, "There is life after college."

**Janet Nelch** graduated from Eastern in 1973 with a Bachelor of Arts in English, and received her Master of Science in English Education in 1978.



**Patrick Peters**, who attended Eastern from 1984-1988, felt that college was a lot of fun. He liked it so much because at that time there was a "good community of people" in Charleston and at the University. His overall feelings about the 80's: "Despite Ronald Reagan and all of the greed, somehow poetry survived."

**Mary Pipek** graduated from Eastern in 1973 with a Bachelor of Arts in English.

**Terry Louis Schultz** graduated from Eastern in 1976 with a Bachelor of Arts in Music and received a Master of Science in Education (Guidance and Counseling) in 1977.

**Don Shepardson** graduated from Eastern in 1961 with a Bachelor of Science in Social Science.

**Barry Wayne Smith** graduated from Eastern with a Bachelor of Arts in Journalism in 1977.

**Mignon Strickland** graduated from Eastern in 1962 with a Bachelor of Science in English Education.

**Jay Trost** graduated from Eastern in 1972 with a Bachelor of Arts in English.

**Bob Zordani** graduated from Eastern with a Bachelor of Arts in English. He is presently pursuing a Master of Fine Arts at the University of Arkansas. His poetry has been published in a number of journals, and he is co-editor of the literary journal *Epiphany*.

**Roger Zulauf** graduated from Eastern in 1970 with a Bachelor of Science in Physical Education.

*No information was available for Janet Andrews, Ted Baldwin, Robert Mills French, Anette Heinz, Benjamin Polk, and Steve Siegel.*

## Editors' Notes

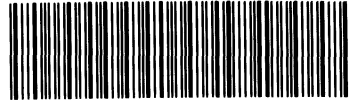
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Finally, the editors wish especially to acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the *Vehicle* editors of the past thirty-five years, whose work we have so enjoyed and admired during the course of producing this edition. In truth, the work involved in editing this commemorative edition has been a very wonderful and rewarding experience.

L.I.  
G.V.  
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M.G.

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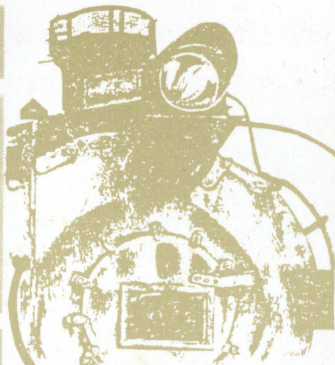


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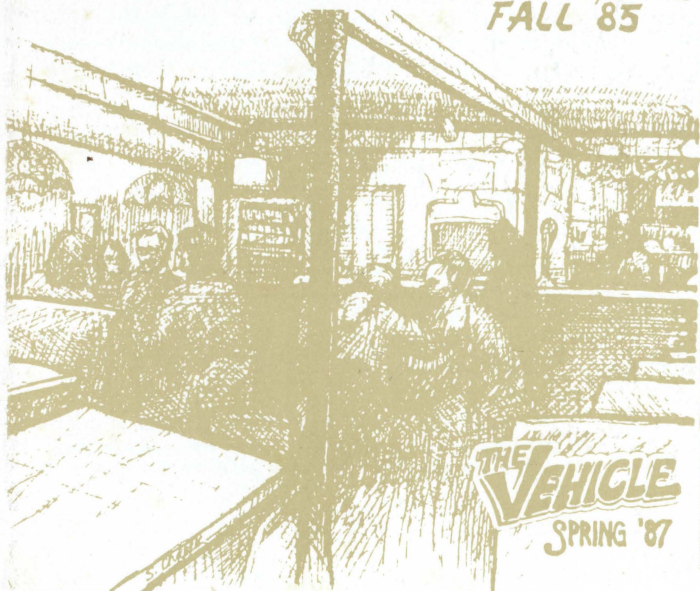
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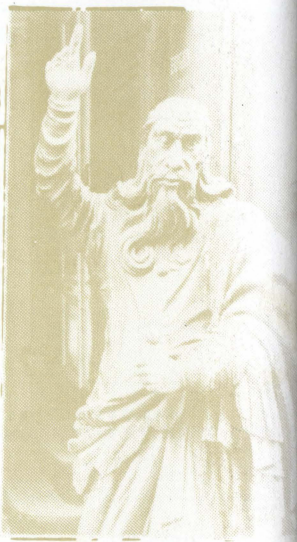
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