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The Vehicle

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The Vehicle

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FRED L. MILLER

Editor

LINDA LYONS

Assistant Editor

Dear Reader:

This is the last month The Vehicle will be published with Linda and I as its editors.

There are two reasons for this and we would like both to be known:

First, and most important to me is that I am marrying the Assistant Editor and we are leaving this area.

Second, and most important to you, the purchaser, is that in many cases the magazine was removed without any money being left in its place. Far worse, the more desperate cases removed the magazine and the money too.

If anyone cares to publish this magazine next year, we would be glad to cooperate with them until June 10—our wedding date.

—Ed.

Frustration

By Neil Parker, E.I.U.

Some of the people on the campus will doubtless remember her: the pretty blond who always wore the two tight little curls on her forehead, like short horns. She was bosomy and bouncy and had big candid, grey eyes. She was the real belle of the coffee joints. All her teachers will remember her; her radiant, attentive face always inspired instructors, but her pitiable examination papers always infuriated them. The hostess at Pem Hall may remember her too. She was discovered to be the girl who wrote on the bathroom wall in red crayon:

*I don't tumble
To a course with Rumble;
I had rather
Take three with Mather.*

Tom Blanding, my roommate, will always remember her. (Why shouldn't he? Who has so good a reason?) For two years his chief objective in life was to seduce her.

And I shall always remember her. I sat by her in history class and blushed if my hand grazed her. Nevertheless, I meant most emphatically to marry her some day.

I was tall and skinny and red-headed and depended for a lot of my popularity on my ability to play basketball and to dance. Tom's body was mature, though lean, and he had good looks, a deep voice, and a roadster. I remember how I used to hate seeing that roadster head for the country with Jan and Tom in it—for I never knew whether she'd come back the same girl or not.

As it turned out, I needn't have worried. Jan's simple but rigid plan had a niche for a man in it, but she hadn't reached the niche yet. And nobody, short of the POWERS THAT BE, was going to move that niche or construct another one.

When the powers that be bestirred themselves, however, it seemed that they were oblivious of romance. Near the end of her junior year, Jan was called home by the deaths of her two sole remaining relatives—two great-uncles. After the funeral, she came back to school in a new Cadillac to finish the term. Rumor had it that she was going to be disgustingly rich.

She decided not to come back in the fall to take a degree. She received the passionate farewell kisses of both Tom and myself (in desperation I grew bold), and Tom said later in the dorm, "If I marry three wives and have forty kids, I'll always feel frustrated!" I rejoiced inwardly. The next day Tom graduated; I still had a year to go.

There were a few news stories about Jan's great-uncles and the money they left. And there were gorgeous pictures of Jan with captions like "Kankakee Heiress" and "Co-Ed Becomes Capitalist." But I didn't know until July, when I had a letter from her, just how crookedly fortune had smiled upon her. In response to my letter, she wrote:

Darling Jack,

You did write! But why didn't you come instead? Things here are in quite a mess. To be sure, my dear old uncles left me a great deal of money, but which of it's to be mine, I can't figure out. You see, Uncle Carl and Uncle Bate had different plans for me. Uncle Carl was a professional bachelor, and he left me about a million (strewn over the years) if I become a professional bachelorette. But Uncle Bate was once married for about ten years to a woman he loved devotedly—until he lost her to diabetes. He had about a million too. To encourage me to marry and propagate the family blood, he decided to give me two hundred thousand every time I have a child. Uncle Carl gives me fifty thousand a year to remain single. (I wonder if they knew about each other's will; I bet they did!)

Anyway, I've got a problem, haven't I honey? Of course, whatever I decide. I'll have plenty, but I'd hate to see Uncle Carl's million take his alternative and go to establishing a "home for indigent college professors"—whatever INDIGENT means.

As I say, I wish you were here. Why don't you come up?

Jan

I thought that I couldn't go up, but I could—and did—send a proposal of marriage. And she wrote back that she was thrilled to death and that she would think it over.

Well, she thought it over for most of a year. Then Uncle Sam got me, and I spent two years in Korea. And

when I got back there was not a trace of her to be found in Kankakee.

I took a job in advertising in Springfield. I had my own office and a pretty little secretary. After a couple of years, I married the pretty little secretary. That was in 1954. In 1958, we left our two kids with their grandma and took a little trip to Waikiki. And there on the beach one day, I stumbled across Jan. Lovely and luscious as a kumquat, she lay in a white Bikini on a black beach towel under a blue-green palm. My wife was writing letters in the hotel; so I, in bathing suit too, settled down beside Jan for a long auld-acquaintance chat.

"You're a no-good, slinking, hightailing female fox terrier!" I said pleasantly, but about half-way meaning it, "You ran out on me!"

She ran a hand over what used to be the two hornlike curls, but they were upswept now, making her look trimmer and yummier than a pre-Miller Monroe. She flung me a frankly contemptuous glance.

"You didn't come when I called you," she said. "I hate men that don't come when I call."

"Believe me, Jan, I was plenty sorry, plenty long," I answered. "But that's all bilge under the bridge, now. Tell me, why did you come to Waikiki?"

"Mostly so I could do as I please," she said, and her eyes followed the curve of the beach around Diamond Head. "You can't do that in Kankakee."

"A girl with your money can do as she pleases anywhere," I countered. "By the way, whose money are you living on? Uncle Carl's or Uncle Bate's?"

She looked at me with an amused smile for a moment, then stretched a tanned leg skyward and sighted the sun between lacquered toenails. Two sailors walking past on the beach whistled. She lowered the leg. "Guess," she said.

I looked her slowly up and down with what I hoped was an insulting freshness. Then I looked her in the face again and said, "No wear and tear. Obviously you're living on Uncle Carl's fifty thousand a year."

She giggled a little and half turned on her side from me. "Put your hands on my middle," she said.

I spread both my hands on her smooth, warm, tanned back—and presently my pulse began to surge. "I thought maybe I got too much sun yesterday," she said, "but it's all right. I'm not sore."

She sat up then and looked about the beach for somebody she knew. She saw them back of me quite a distance and cupped her hands and shouted, "Jennie!"

I looked over my shoulder. A hundred yards away a plump girl was sitting surrounded by little boys. They seemed to be inflating plastic beach balls. The girl arose and, taking the youngest of the boys—a mere toddler—by the hand, came in our direction, the others cavorting around her. They all stopped near us, looking at me and waiting.

"Jack, this is Jennie Hurst," said Jan. "She works for us. And these little men are my sons—Kenneth, Keith, Kevin, Robert G., and Rudy. Men, and Jennie, this is an old school friend, Jack Mason."

They all said something polite, but I could only turn to Jan in total disbelief and cry, "You're kidding!" But the little fellows descended upon her clamoring, "Mummy, can we have cokes now?" and I knew it was all true. Jan sent them all off with a consenting gesture.

I watched them go—handsome, sturdy, tanned little fellows—in astonishment.

"What a brood!" I said. "What a wonderful brood! Well, Jan, I might have known that love and marriage would win out. Don't they always? I'm married too, by the way."

But she wasn't listening. She was watching the advance of a young man in street wear from the direction of the hotel. Her eyes lay upon him with a quiet delight.

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"Here," she said, "come the children's father."

He knew me before I knew him and hurried toward us, hand out, exclaiming. It was Tom Blanding, of course, a few pounds heavier, even better looking, erect, confident, perfectly tailored.

"I might have known!" I said inanely, giving him the old college pummeling. "If there was ever a guy meant to have all the good luck, it's you, Tom! I've just met the kids."

Our rapid exchange of questions was just beginning when Jan interrupted.

"I'm doomed to be ignored for the next hour," she said. "So you two go somewhere and have a drink. I'll collect the kids and see you later."

"Let's go to my place," said Tom, when I emerged from the shower-room, dressed.

His place was on one of those wonderful slopes overlooking Pearl Harbor, but when we turned into the drive, I was startled. It was handsome enough, to be sure, but a mere cottage—only four or five rooms.

"Whatsa matter?" Tom asked, seeing my surprise.

"It's so little!" I said. "How does a family of seven, plus a governess, live in this little place?"

Tom was taking a cigarette from a pack and lighting it. His eyes were on the cottage.

"Oh, Jan doesn't live here," he said. "She and the boys have an eleven-room house on the beach."

"Jan doesn't live here?" I repeated, not sure I'd heard correctly.

Tom shot me a swift glance. "Oh," he said, "she *sleeps* here sometimes."

"Sometimes?" I said, still not catching up. "By golly, *my* wife would sleep here all the time."

"O," said Tom, between puffs on the cigarette. "A wife, yes."

I turned and stared at Tom for a long time. At first he ignored me, and then a flush began to creep up under his tan, and he broke into a nervous chuckle.

"Jan and I aren't married, Jack," he said, and looked to see how I would take it.

"But you've got five children," I protested. "You've been having them almost at the rate of one a year."

"That oughtn't to be hard for you to figure out, Jack. It's a little arrangement we made because of the two wills. Jan gets two hundred thousand apiece for the babies, and fifty thousand a year for staying single, remember. You know she never could bear to see that million go for a home for dilapidated college professors. Of course we don't live in the same house. Somebody would call that marriage—common law marriage. This cottage here is—my pay, sort of."

I had to leave him shortly. As I climbed the steps at the hotel, I was remembering what Tom used to say. But now, remembering Jan lying there on that black beach towel, quadrennially a millionairess all over again, I said it for myself: "If I marry three wives and have forty kids, I'll always feel frustrated!"

Public Figure

By Bert Browder

Walk softly in the presence
Of this swagger and this scowl;
They are to him who wears them
Both his armor and his cowl.
Speak gently in his hearing
Lest they tremble, rend, and fall
And prove themselves a camouflage
To the biggest *dunce* of all.

To a Young Lady
Upon Not Offering Her My
Seat on a Bus

Yours is so shapely, *ma, petite*,
And you so happy wagging it,
You will not envy mine the seat
That keeps poor me from dragging it.

By Neil Parker, E.I.U.

Eastern --- Yesterday

By Linda Lyons, E.I.U.

To procrastinate or not to procrastinate, that is the question. After slight deliberation, most college students decide in favor of the former, throw away their "How to Study" booklets, replace their calculus problems with parties, their term papers with swimming, and their speech preparations with picnics. This system of replacement has occurred since the year 1, and was recorded in Eastern's Newspaper, *Normal School News* history December 21, 1920, in an article entitled, "More Violations."

A few students recently have been violating the rules, and have been guilty of misconduct during chapel exercises. Instead of standing up and singing the hymns, as they should do, they remain seated and prepare lessons. Surely one cannot thoroughly prepare a lesson amidst such confusion, when one cannot get more than a mere glance at the book; therefore the time is wasted. One who fails to stand, even if he cannot sing, most surely is guilty of misconduct, and we think the student council should make plans as to how to deal with such violators.

Another question is, how to deal with the students who take advantage of the absence of a teacher in the assembly room during study hours. Instead of studying, or sitting down and talking quietly with some person, some students run around and yell at some one at the extremity of the room. By such conduct, they not only prevent the preparation of their own lessons, but also the lessons of other students. The majority of the students do not need a teacher in charge of them, but there are a few who cannot conduct themselves properly unless watched. Let's have order and permit those to study who wish to do so.

How times have changed!?! The chapel exercises have disappeared and the study hall has been replaced by the library, which is a handy place to catch up on the latest gossip and have a smoke with your friends.

Glosing Won't Serve

By D. E. Fuller, E.I.U.

Linguistics-wise, I'm of that schism
Who'd thank the Lord for euphemism
 But that I have a son
Who of the tender nomenclature
Children give to "call of nature"
 Learns absolutely none!

At kindergarten his mentor, Miss Martin,
 Tells me all of the ways kids know
To ask her with grace to get out of the place
 When they've simply got to go:

Betty wants to "be excused,"
And Dan to "leave the class,"
And Joe (and no one is amused)
Just asks to "have a pass."
Alicia says, "I gotta skiddle";
Dick makes known his need to "piddle."
 All have their ways except my son,
 Who sits while Nature's will is done.

Dr. Gray's precocious Tim
Bows to the imminent "BM";
Lucindy always makes some bones,
And asks to "go to see Miss Jones."
 But Hank, my darling son, aged four,
 Calmly desecrates the floor
 And will not his excuses make
 For love's nor health's nor language's sake.

Forced to face it I now am—
Hank just doesn't give a damn!

D. Linkwant at the Bar

Oh, lovely smells of this and that
And t'other things I have been drinking!
I must smell like a perfume vat—
Why do they say I'm stinking?

By D. Linkwant, E.I.U.

The Wedgewood Cup

By Barbara Wilson Daut
James Millikin University

"What a glorious, glorious day," thought Ann, as she perched cross-legged on the kitchen stool. "I shall have one more cup of coffee and then get busy and do things."

Ann hadn't quite decided exactly which things were to be done, but this was definitely a day to do things. She stretched luxuriously and leaned forward to scrutinize the grapevine pattern on her Wedgewood cup. Carefully, she ran her finger over the design and considered the fine craftsmanship: the soft, delicate, mystic blue against white. "I love this cup," she told herself, "and the silver, and the white rugs, and the children taking naps." With a sigh, as if she were regretfully shoving her next thought into a pigeon hole, Ann jumped from the stool and began clearing the table.

Later, standing a short distance from the kitchen door and surveying the room carefully, Ann nodded with satisfaction. This was a habit of hers. She either talked to herself or bobbed her head. One would have thought another person was in the room, but it was simply Ann's way of telling herself that she had completed a job, and the result was good. Now there was no doubt in her mind that the kitchen was spotless; so she nodded her head.

Turning, she skipped into the living room. "I shall change it. Move the furniture; rearrange the pictures." Delighted with the idea, Ann proceeded to push and move the furniture vigorously; here, then there; into one corner then another. Abruptly, she sat down on the hassock. There was really no reason for changing the room. Actually, there was more reason for leaving things as they were, since Ann knew how much her husband Jim disliked changes in the house. Besides, Jim would surely break his neck if she left the cocktail table in that corner; he was used to having it in the other corner. Resignedly, she shoved things back to their original position and without a second glance, stepped onto the porch.

Mrs. Eaton, the next door neighbor, was emptying the garbage. As Ann watched, Mrs. Eaton scowled at the can, ripped off the lid, and dumped in the refuse. Then she

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turned, glanced at her yard, shook her head sadly and disappeared through the back door of her house. It was at the moment her neighbor started toward the door that Ann was compelled to speak but changed her mind and, shrugging her shoulders, remained silent.

A soft breeze blew a strand of hair across her cheek. Casually, Ann brushed it away, telling herself that she must certainly do something about her hair style. Jim liked it in a bun. Her friends said she would look younger with it short. She reminded herself that she must make a decision soon. Most likely, it was more becoming in a bun. As she unconcernedly pulled on her pony tail and considered the pros and cons of cutting her hair, the phone rang. Ann dashed for the hall.

There were times when the phone aggravated the devil out of Ann. Its penetrating rings either broke into her thoughts or woke the children. Stimulation was not the virtue of most telephone conversations, as far as Ann was concerned. "Yes, we've had the measles. No, don't let him watch television. By all means, call the doctor. Yes, I un-

derstand. I can sympathize." The immediate conversation followed the habitual pattern and proceeded to the usual conclusion. With a deep sigh, Ann placed the phone in its cradle and walked, once again, to the porch.

As she surveyed the back yard, the previous feeling of exhilaration crept into her body. Suddenly, she darted across the lawn, jumped over a privet bush and landed on one foot. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught Mrs. Eaton watching from a window. Deliberately, Ann hopped in a circle on the one foot, sat down on the children's swing and began conversing with herself. "Yes, Mrs. Eaton, I'm mad—stark raving mad. I know, I know. I should be preparing dinner and getting the children out of bed, but the sun is bright and the crocuses are peeking at me. You'll just have to excuse me while I peek back for a few minutes."

Abruptly, Ann set the swing in motion and swung high into the air. As the swing reached its peak and started to swoop back down, she saw Jim standing in the yard. Although her vision was blurred by the movement, Ann knew there was a frown on his handsome face. She could tell by the way he stood, with his hands jammed deep into his pockets and his head tilted cynically to one side. She wondered if he would become excited if she should fall. She even considered falling. He was terribly serene about everything. Life never seemed to jolt him.

Ann flipped from the swing, raced straight to Jim and threw her arms around him, squeezing unnecessarily hard. His tall body stiffened beneath her arms, and his sober eyes looked quickly around the yard. Emphatically, he pushed her away and led her by the hand into the house.

"I see we're living graciously tonight," laughed Jim as he watched Ann place the sterling and crystal on the table. "Nothing like gracious living, but for God's sake, give me my green mug. These little things—he was standing near the table corner and took up the nearest cup—don't hold enough coffee to put in your eye."

The words had barely left his lips, when she heard the crash. Turning, Ann saw first, Jim's surprised face; then the broken blue-and-white cup. Anger surged rapidly through her body, and enraged words whirled wildly about in her brain. The words remained unspoken.

Jim flippantly picked up the pieces and tossed them into the garbage can. His eyes said, "It was an accident."

His firmly set jaw warned, "Don't get emotional about an insignificant cup.

Ann remained silent. After a moment, Jim plunged his hands into his pockets and walked away. Shaking his head in disgust, he muttered, "You and your damned sentimentalities."

Carefully, Ann picked the pieces out of the garbage can. She delicately wrapped them in her handkerchief and placed it in her apron pocket. As she turned toward the sink, a ray of sun fell on the silver salt shaker. One of its beams winked gayly. Ann stared at the shaker. Slowly, a smile enveloped her face and she winked back. "I shall be most amiable this evening," she whispered to the sunbeam. "Then later, much later, I shall mend the Wedgewood cup."

The Symptoms

By Bert Browder

Three drinks, four dances,
Five kisses, and a show—
This is the second week-end
I've been your Romeo;
My heart has scaled a balcony
And kept its tryst and yet,
Descending, cries impatiently,
"Where art thou, Juliet?"

On a Charge for Over-Drawing

When at the bank my account's overdrawn
A quarter, a nickel, a penny,
I think it's enough that my money's all gone;
Must they charge me for *not having any?*

By D. E. Fuller

Information, Please

I'd like to know why little boys
Who've splashed in pools for years
Get sudden hydrophobia
About the neck and ears.

By D. E. Fuller, E.I.U.

Query from Row Two, Seat Three

By Hunkelheimer

Oh, teacher, did you ever see
These funny pictures drawn by me?
My notes fill up with trees and flowers,
While you rave on for hours and hours.
You do not know I think you're boring,
Even though I'm almost snoring.
Oh, how your vanity would fall
If you could hear us in the hall!

Deception

By Barbara Wilson Daut
James Millikin University

I can not share this which is vivid in my mind,
buried in my heart, silent on my lips.
I thrill, knowing that I alone possess so great
a secret
I sicken, fearing others will discover.
I weep, longing to tell; to whisper—then to
shout until the air is swollen with the sound.
Oh, God—I must have strength to lift my head
when he is near.
To smile and nod so all who see will never know.
I must clothe my naked yearning in folds of foolery;
Veil my hungry eyes with nets of nothingness.
These things I do—to satisfy the whim of all
whom passion passes by.
But now, I laugh and weep in one;
For while they watch unknowingly . . .
I love.

Binge in Mind?

One query I would have you hear
Before you paint the town:
When you have lived it *up*, my dear,
How will you live it *down*?

—Anon.

A Comma

By Jean Nightingale, E.I.U.

A comma or so,
And a sinister row
Of periods there in the middle,
Might make it appear
Rather subtle and queer
And give it the air of a riddle.

Italics are nice,
And I'll throw in a slice,
Then leave off the capital letter,
With a dash for suspense—
If it doesn't make good sense
At least it may look a lot better.

Miss Me, Kate!

Some lucky fellows tame their shrews
But such is not my fame:
The little toughness that I use
Makes shrews out of the tame.

By A. B. Carter, E.I.U.

My Sins

By Jean Nightingale, E.I.U.

I'd give up my checking account
Provocative rather than kind,
I'd rather be gracefully weak
Than always discreet and refined.

I'd rather give up my checking account
Any day, if I had it, for charm
Of the sort that made Marilyn amount
To a genuine cause for alarm.

And that is the way things have stood,
But still I am just what I am;
Though I'd rather be wicked than good,
My sins don't amount to a damn!

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Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
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Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

—Goldsmith

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When daisies pled and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
—Shakespeare

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