

Viking Voices

Spring 1962

Tennessee High School

Viking Voices

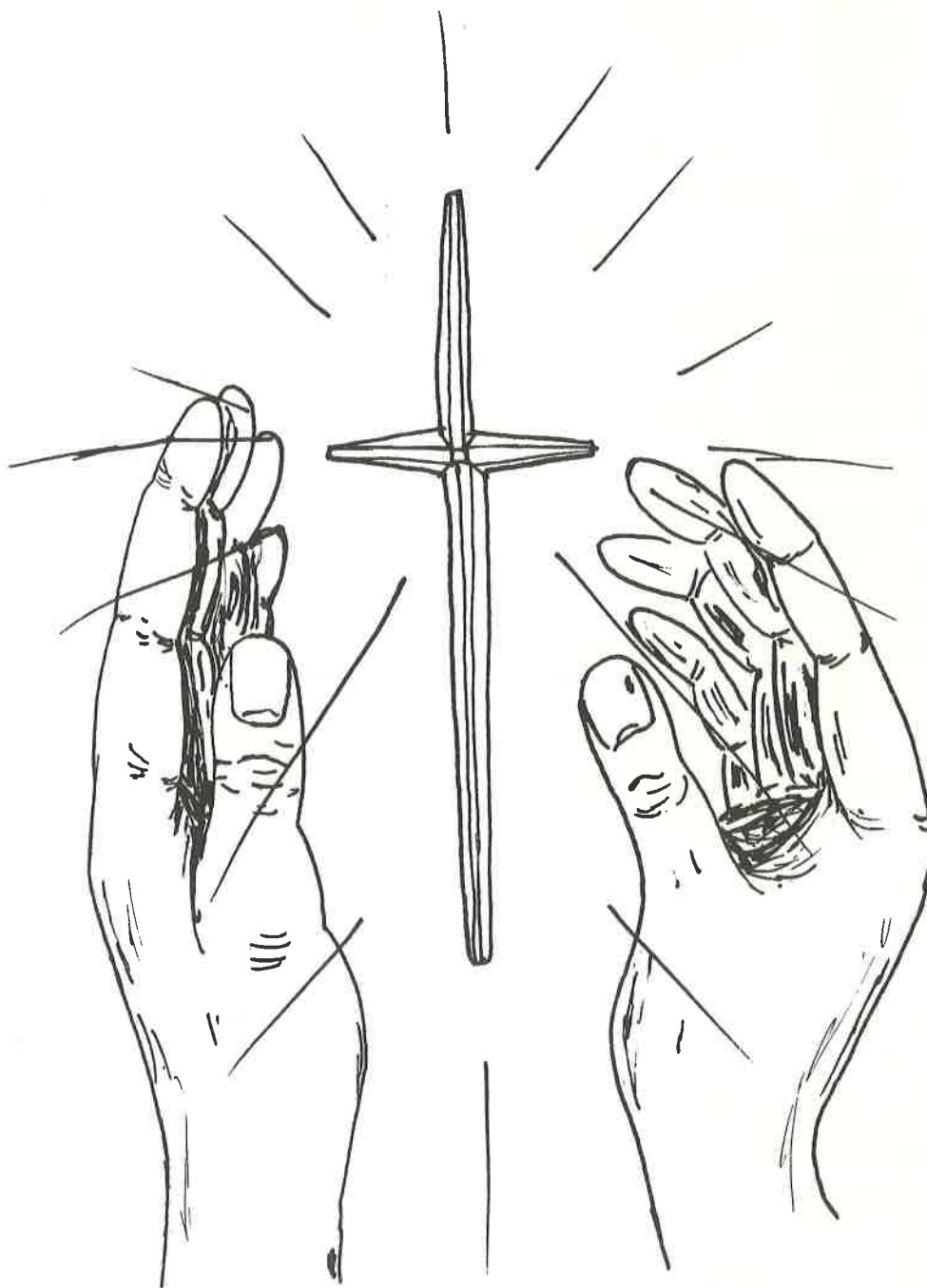
VOLUME 3

NUMBER I



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TENNESSEE HIGH SCHOOL BRISTOL, TENN.

“Thou Shalt Keep Them, O Lord”



In loving tribute to the memory of our friends and classmates, Becky Hauke, Vicky Hilton, Charlie Johnson, and Howard Snow; and of our librarian and friend, Mrs. David E. Russell.

A Spring Ago

MARY McLAUGHLIN

A spring ago, a breathless spring ago,
Old winter shadows lifted where the snow
In icy stillness covered up the earth,
And there was promise in the timelessness of birth;
A green and verdant spring saw new young things
Push eagerly through soil and take to wings
And open to the light and drink the streams;
How short a Spring this Spring has been it often seems!
A million eager shoots put forth their small,
Intoxicated heads to hug the wall,
To cling to every rock and sturdy tree
Until a day when daring roots first struggled free.
In secret places, generous with sun
And sought out by the rains, a sight to stun
The senses of a world careening by
Were these new buds, no higher than the grass is high,
Their fragrance only faint and still confined
To narrow places where they were designed;
A very few took note to see them there,
To love their beauty and their perfume on the air.
It seems not even moments since they grew
In secret places, Springtime—born and new
With bursting life, a Summer's bloom ahead;
The wondering world now only sees an empty bed,
A faded place, a corner where the view
Will never be so lovely or so new
As in that brief green timelessness of birth
When eager roots and pushing heads disturbed this earth.

A spring ago, the Gardener came alone,
And picked the new young shoots and took them home.

Howard

VICKY HILTON

The music was hardly romantic and the room was ablaze with light as I looked up at my partner and discovered anew, as I had on countless other occasions, those mysterious brown eyes smiling down at me. They are not a color that is dull and lifeless, but a deep rich brown sprinkled with small but sparkling diamonds of light that send out rays in darkness and can even light up a whole room.

As these eyes change with him from mood to mood, they simply and clearly represent the boy to whom they belong.

At a first meeting his eyes will be open and bright with friendliness and a scarcely discernible, introductory wink. After this first glance they are quick to appraise and he is almost as quick to form an opinion. If he doesn't particularly care for someone, his eyes begin to close just a bit and to harden like water on a cold day. His smile and other features remain the same, but those eyes are what really count.

On closer inspection, the crinkles at the corners of his eyes prove to be permanent laugh lines, indicating his love to tease and a craving for fun. They remind one of his ever-ready joke and his ability to entertain an entire group.

In a rare fit of anger, this same pair of eyes send out shock waves like jagged bolts

of lightning that wither everything in view like the sun beating down with one hundred five degrees of fury on helpless flowers. Although this mood is rare, its proof is ever-present, concealed in very sparsely scattered red flecks.

Intermingled with the red are the chocolate brown, almost black streaks, that clearly convey the message of intelligence, determination and the will to perfect and complete anything he starts.

With the chocolate brown color are pitch black specks, shining out in three dimensions and daring anyone to call him a brain or a bookworm. And they don't either, everyone likes him. Although so many are ashamed to excel, he has made good grades; but he hasn't been laughed at, no, not laughter but respect.

Behind all these other qualities, he keeps the best well hidden. Love! His devotion to the ones he loves surpasses all else. He will do anything in his power to make them happy, to cheer them up, and to help them in any way.

. . . "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

I Corinthians 13:12

Charlie

ANNE ROBINETTE—'62

The clouds were like gray flannel. Spring was beginning to show in the tips of the trees but against the cold slate of the sky the green looked gaudy and out of place. The patter of the rain sounded on the streets and I quickly searched for a shelter.

I caught the indistinct roar of a motor and immediately knew it was Charlie. "Hey, stupid! Get in the car. It's raining out there", he said, his big brown eyes flickering mischievously.

"No joke", I replied, hopping into the warmth of his faded blue Ford.

"Going home?" he said as he slumped into the seat and automatically placed his finger familiarly in the corner of his mouth.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Oh, over at the baseball field", he answered. "I was going to keep score at the ball game but it was rained out."

That was typical of Charlie. He was always helping out with one team or another.

Charlie (Cont.)

Although he had been graduated from the high school for several years, he had never lost interest in Tennessee High's sports. He was a favorite with all the boys on the football, basketball, baseball, and track teams. He was always helping them and went on all the out-of-town trips with them.

Reaching home, we made a mad dash for the house, trying to avoid getting drenched. At the door we were greeted joyously by my two little brothers.

"Hi ya, Cha-wee", they yelled excitedly.

"Hi ya, brats", Charlie replied jokingly as he picked up Nolan in one arm and Paul in the other. Charlie had a way with kids. I don't know what it was exactly, but they surely loved him. I guess it was just that friendly, easy-going manner he had that attracted them so.

It wasn't long before the kids had him down in the floor. "You make a per-fek horse!" they yelled as they climbed over him and yanked at his brown hair, which was always hanging on his forehead anyway.

"Well, kids, that's enough for now", he said finally. "I won't forget to bring you

something next time. Right now I've got to have a talk with your big sister."

"Aw Cha-wee", they cried in disappointment.

"Well, you don't want her to get *mad* at me, do you?" he said in a serious tone, but winking at me from the side.

"We-ll, O.K.", they agreed reluctantly, "but on-wee for a wittle while."

"What's the matter? Did they get the best of you?" I kidded as I poked him in the stomach.

"Aw, dropa dead!" he kidded back, his shirt tail out and his hair falling into his eyes.

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting home", he said a little later, raising his hand in a good-by wave. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow", I echoed as I watched him stroll to the car in that slow pace that was so typical of Charlie. As he reached the car he turned and his face slowly broke into a big, devilish smile. Then he pulled out of the drive and headed for home.

Our Growing Love

JIMMY WILSON—'62

The vine has grown its time upon the wall
And now will cling to the forgotten past
Till all its leaves turn brown with age and
fall,

And the dead plant droops to the ground
at last.

But our true love will not be like that vine,

For it will never wither with the ages.

Although the times be stormy, we will twine

Our hearts to one and face what nature
wages.

In faith shall we endure the trials each day.
By hope alone shall we evade man's snares.
Through tenderness and love our only way
Shall be, for we must take and make all
dares.

The vine must get its strength from all
earth's parts.

Our love must get its strength from our own
hearts.



A Camp Experience: An Experience For Life

BECKY HAUKE

As I awoke I could see the sun slowly creeping into the room between the cracks in the red shutters. The crickets and sparrows were making such a racket I soon lost all hope of getting more sleep.

Soon the voice of Jo, our counselor, was heard roughly telling us to "get a move on" or we would miss the ride to breakfast.

We girls tumbled out of our warm beds on to the icy cement floor of the cabin, gathered tooth brushes, soap, and towels, and trudged up the short, rocky hill to the unit center. All feelings of drowsiness left us with our first breath of the keen North Carolina mountain air. There was something about that air that seemed to fill me, body and soul, and give me an urge to get going and working. There was so much to do in completing the camp.

The truck arrived at the camp at exactly 7:10 A.M. each morning and left promptly at 7:20 A.M. to take us to breakfast. Anyone not arriving on time invariably missed breakfast. The camp, begun in June, now in August was hardly complete. The dining hall had not even been started, making it necessary to travel seven miles into the village of Banner Elk to eat at Lees MacRae College.

The battered, black truck filled with boys and girls soon was on its way and after putting straw around us for warmth we soon began a song. We sang, no matter what we happened to be doing. I had heard it said that nothing is more fun than getting together with a group of Christian young people, and this I learned to be quite true soon after my arrival at camp.

The day was filled with constant activity. I found that there was such a wonderful feeling of accomplishment gained while working to make paths through the thick woods, building bridges from freshly hewn logs, or making a worship center, the altar covered with thick, velvety moss. Anything to add to the camp; for, this was *our* camp.

The day was by no means completely filled with work. We had Bible studies, and time to be by ourselves to discover alone the magnificence of God's nature.

It was there in the peaceful quiet of the forest and mountains that I found God. I

found Him in everything and everyone I saw. Soon I found Him in my life, giving me the peace and strength I needed.

In realizing all of this, I found that religion isn't a thing to be shown only in church, but it is and becomes a way of life.

When the time for leaving Banner Elk came, I wondered whether, in the years to come, it would lose its meaning for me.

Recently I returned to Banner Elk for an officer's training rally. In the early morning, before the others were up, I walked along the familiar, dirt path down to the shore and sat looking out over the lake. The log bench I sat on had probably been built by previous campers like myself. A large cross of grayish brown logs was before me, and, as the mist lifted across the lake, I felt my cares lifting. I had not lost faith. Banner Elk had been the beginning of it and would always serve to strengthen it.

To Faye

What good are friends in time of need when they

Can only sympathize? How can they know,
When suddenly one's life is filled with woe,
The perfect words, the ideal thing to say?

Her tear-drenched heart and troubled mind
oft may

Distress me, yet how can I fully show
How much I care and help our friendship
grow

More strong, through sympathy and love,
each day?

There is but one to tell me what to do
For he's the perfect friend, the reason why
There's love. A friend to me is that one who
Can laugh and cry and hope with me. Love
by

These things can make a friend, but very few
Are bound by common tears—true friend-
ship's tie.

GLORIA GILLENWATER—'62



The red clay of the narrow road lies in mounds slightly sprinkled with fallen twigs and stray gravel. The sun shining through the trees forms delicate patterns upon the unused road. Pink and white dogwood, beech and walnut trees line the country lane.

The Artist in masterful strokes completes this picture with a clear, bubbling spring, bordered by dandelions, imitators of the sun, and honey-suckle vines, the fruit of the wandering bumblebee.

The wild, golden grass is being wooed by the gentle breeze with tender caresses tossed from blade to blade. The whispers of the wind feel warm and gentle against my face.

Listen! The music of nature is truly the work of the Master Composer. A brown-speckled wren chirps to a fellow companion, playfully inviting him to a lively game of tag. In the distance I hear cars as they go whizzing by, reminding me that man is near.

God is closer to me now because He is in everything—from that tiny, red ant to the immense black-walnut tree. God is life and life is God. And I feel sure that no part of life is lost. All life is precious.

Everything is so new. Only weeks ago the trees were still gaunt skeletons, the flowers were hidden in the bare earth, and the only sound audible was that of the wind whistling through the skeleton of trees. Life seemed so desolate then and I remember feeling depressed by the bleakness.

I, too, am coming to life again, just as these other forms are. But my life is for an eternity and these lower forms have only one short season.

I feel a new surge of faith as I gaze upon this scene and I can't keep from wondering whether I deserve life.

I stop suddenly. Beneath a gnarled cherry tree lies a fallen robin whose brown feathers are lightly sprinkled by yellowish-orange dust. I step from the road and stoop to gather up the stricken bird. It feels so soft, but it is lifeless. In the crook of the cherry branches

a few stray twigs reveal the almost hidden nest.

From this rock I can see into the nest. Among the dried mud, tufts of feathers, and interlaced twigs are three tiny baby robins, huddling together for warmth and companionship. But this one in my hand seems so fully developed.

Surely it fell from this nest to its death. Why did this baby robin grow better and more quickly than its companions only to leave them behind?

The breeze is blowing harder now and even the birds are silent. God is here, but now it seems so lonely. I should bury this lifeless form, but I can't—not today. Perhaps tomorrow I can bury it.

This Fire Must Burn

The harsh, cold light of day dispels the glow
And warmth of that entrancing night. It
lights

The world: yet kills that which began to
grow

Within my heart last night. Your love excites
Me in the night: It's then that flame ignites
Within. But with the dawn, I wake and find
The flame burned out. What housed that
flame? It frights

Me to imagine that love's glow is left behind
At daybreak. Should not love that's true still
bind

Those hearts in daylight, too? Yes, true love's
flame

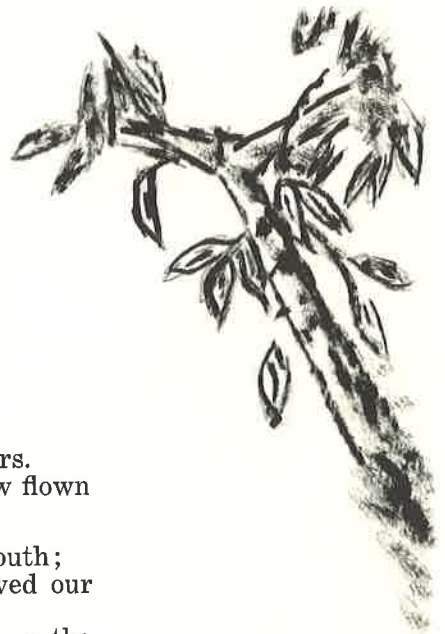
Must burn both night and day, the same.
Night's kind,

Warm flame must be a fire that will pro-
claim:

O world! This love is real, and come what
may,

Its fire will burn until hearts pass away.

GLORIA GILLENWATER—'62



I Wait

My heart is sad as now I sit alone
Among the memories of my yesteryears.
Your love has like the migrant swallow flown
And I am left to cry the bitter tears.

We roamed the hills together in our youth;
And in the rough oak's coat we carved our
pledge.
All heaven smiled and gay birds sang the
truth
We sealed with tender kiss beneath the
hedge.

But you are gone and all my summers fade;
And Death comes not, though oft I feel it
near.
It whispers in the sunlight and in shade,
"Search on. In death there is no solace,
dear."

While icy fires give light to gods above,
I sit alone—and wait upon my love.

JANI BUCKLES—'62



Illustrated by SUSAN THOMPSON—'64

Standing Alone

BECKY ABBOTT—'63

It was really quite unusual, even extraordinary—almost as if he had command of two different worlds. He wondered why he had not discovered it before; surely it had been possible. Why, he was just sitting there at the breakfast table when the realization had come to him. . . .

"Johnny! Johnny! Quit daydreaming. Your father has asked you three times to pass the bread. Now pay attention! Where was I? Well, anyway, I told Mrs. Brown that . . ."

Just like that it had come to him. Not really come. Something like that didn't come; it was already there—beautiful and peaceful—just lying there waiting for him. He sighed as he remembered. Of course, from that moment it had never been the same. To others he had not changed. That was what gave it so much importance. This uniqueness was all his. No one else knew about it. It was all his own.

"Johnny, your grades have fallen down. You have always been such a good student. You must . . ."

"John! Son, quit this infernal daydreaming. Laziness! Pure laziness! No boy of mine . . ."

"Johnny, dear, is anything troubling you? You seem so far away, as if . . ."

As if what? He did not hear what she said. The other voices were calling, voices of his own choosing. Comforting, soothing voices. They would rise in a slight crescendo, then diminish, pulling him until he heard nothing else, saw nothing else, save this wonderful, private world.

In time, the voices—oh those, voices! What things they related—stories of unknown splendors and promises. What glorious promises! They grew more and more persistent. Little by little he left the other world and surrendered himself to this one.

There were doctors, of course. The voices had prepared him for them, though, and he

could laugh at those men. He had a barricade against them. They could only frown and shake their heads. What did they know? Only he had the voices. And more and more did he give himself up to them. Tempting voices. They were his own, all his own. But he was not alone in his world. He had only to start to wish for something—he did not even have to really think it—and the voices gave him what he desired.

His parents did not understand. His mother often grabbed him and shook him while the tears ran down her face. She could be very beautiful, especially when she wore blue. He liked blue. But she would cry, and shout at him with her mouth twisted and tears on her face. Once he wanted to tell her about his world. Because then she wouldn't worry. She could be beautiful, sometimes. But the voices held him back and he did not go to her. The voices had something better.

The voices did not like his father, so neither did he. His father had an importance, but it was a self-importance. The voices did not like self-importance. And the voices were in his world. His own, private, peaceful, world.

He lost contact more now with his parents' world. He could play games in *his* world. The voices played with him. Sometimes they would be light, and flit from one sky to another, or they would rise around him, lifting him up, showing him new things. Other times they would be shouting and would completely surround him, forcing him onward—or was it backward—until he was alone with them.

Oh, yes they were comforting voices, and they still bowed to his will. But sometimes they made demands of their own. He still had control. They only did what he wanted them to. And they were so soothing.

Then he was brought here. His parents and a man decided it was best. What did they know? He wanted to be left alone with the

Standing Alone (Cont.)

voices. They didn't like it at home, but were disturbed and wanted him even more frequently for their own. Oh, those wonderful, glorious voices. They belonged to him.

There was The Girl. He liked her, for some unexplainable reason. When the doctor brought her to him, he knew she was different. And, yes, when he went out with her to have a coke on a hot day, why, the voices were strangely silent. She talked to him and he heard himself responding. She played with him, and he felt himself reaching out to her, and laughing, and running and jumping.

Slowly, as the days passed into weeks, he felt himself being drawn more and more to The Girl. With the doctors he was fully at the disposal of the voices. They possessed him. But with The Girl the voices uttered nothing. But The Girl was demanding. She wanted him in her world and would not acknowledge the voices.

Once it came to a climactic end. She had wanted him to give up his voices. His wonderful voices! Tempting, Soothing, and peaceful. He looked at her. His eyes met her gray—or were they green?—eyes and were held there. He was looking into nothing but those eyes, but he had a mental image of her. Her hair, which fell into her eyes when she was excited, had a funny blonde streak at the sides. And the glasses which framed her eyes had a silver ornament missing. Oh, he knew. And he instinctively also knew he would hurt her.

Her eyes stayed on his. She was speaking softly, urging him to join her world. She held out her hand. But the voices had started, and were insistent. He must choose one world. The voices rose. The Girl's eyes were pleading.

His eyes closed, but he could still see her face. He began listening to the wonderful voices. He had made his decision.

He opened his eyes. The Girl had lowered her hand and her eyes were sad. As he looked, she turned away. He heard a broken sob. He didn't really mean to make her cry. She was nice; he liked her.

He closed his eyes once more and gave himself up to the voices. What glorious voices. They prophesied great events to come, and told of unknown splendors. They told him of happiness, and security, and peace. It was so peaceful. . . .

Uncle Howard



Uncle Howard

BILL BRICKER—'62

Illustrated by LYNDA COX—'62

"I want results, not excuses!" He meant it too. That's the way it all started on a warm August evening almost four years ago.

Before us sat a tall, lanky man in his mid-twenties. His most notable feature was his head with a high forehead and a receding hairline. But he could have been short and fat and had curly hair. It was his character that counted, and there was something in his voice and expression which made each of us realize we wanted results, too.

"Outside of school you may call me Zeke," was one statement he made. That has been tried by only a few brave souls.

It was the first band rehearsal of the new year. There were many things new that night. The school was certainly different from the old Junior High. A new door was opening for many of us—the door to high school and we had a new band director, too.

There we were, not knowing exactly what to do or expect. But that night, like the many other nights during those next four years, ended all too soon.

I've watched with awe the many things he's done since he came to Tennessee High, this man who's won a place in the hearts of students and faculty alike.

When he's amused he grins from one ear to the other and his eyes begin to twinkle. If you watch him, a warm feeling settles over you.

There are times, too, when he's not so happy.

"We stopped 16,000 measures ago." (actually we had only played the first note) Then his nose and ears would turn red and the veins pop out on his forehead. Duck—here comes that blasted baton.

Those of us who know that this is only one of his many ways of getting results find this hilarious, but there are also a few who turn pale.

"I've got to get home before ten o'clock."

"Why?" we ask suspiciously.

"There's a good story on *Twilight Zone* tonight," he answers.

So by ten o'clock on Friday nights, Route 4 welcomes home its favorite son.

If, at any time, you might happen to hear something like this: "Dum—Dum; Dum—Dum; Pe-del-dee-dee," coming from the band room, don't be alarmed. That's only Uncle Howard singing his version of Paladin's theme.

And who else would buy such a tiny car, then leave the top down while driving and get a sunburned head? To see him roll out of it when he gets to school is enough to make anyone stop and wonder.

Aside from being band and chorus director, he's also a full-time guidance counselor. Not a day passes that someone in our big, happy family doesn't seek his help.

"No, I won't tell you what to do. But I will give you my opinion and some ideas about what you can do. Maybe that will help you decide."

"Thanks, that's all I needed—someone who could understand and would listen."

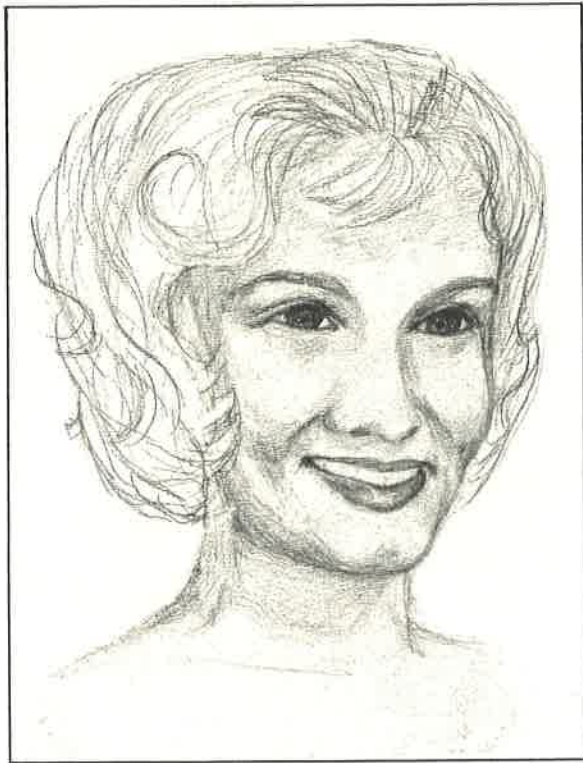
That's about the way those problem sessions would start. And you know, most of us knew the right thing to do when they were over.

Uncle Howard is all heart and human compassion. No matter what the problem, he's always there and willing to help.

During the last four years friendships have been made and have grown stronger as we all worked together. The road has been long and rough, but also full of joy and fun. We've all shared experiences well worth remembering.

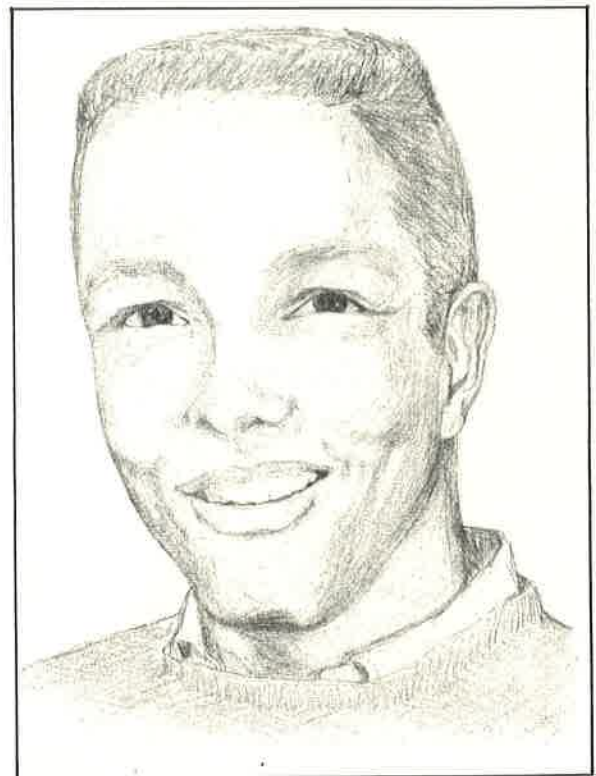
The senior band members who started to Tennessee High on the same day with Uncle Howard four years ago are his kids. Now we're through but others will take our place and find the fun, excitement and rewarding experience of having shared something of themselves with another who is there to help them no matter who they are.

As we leave for college and our other walks of life, we'll take Uncle Howard with us, at least in spirit. And we know he'll be there somewhere with his baton in hand, his spirit guiding and directing us.



Portraits of

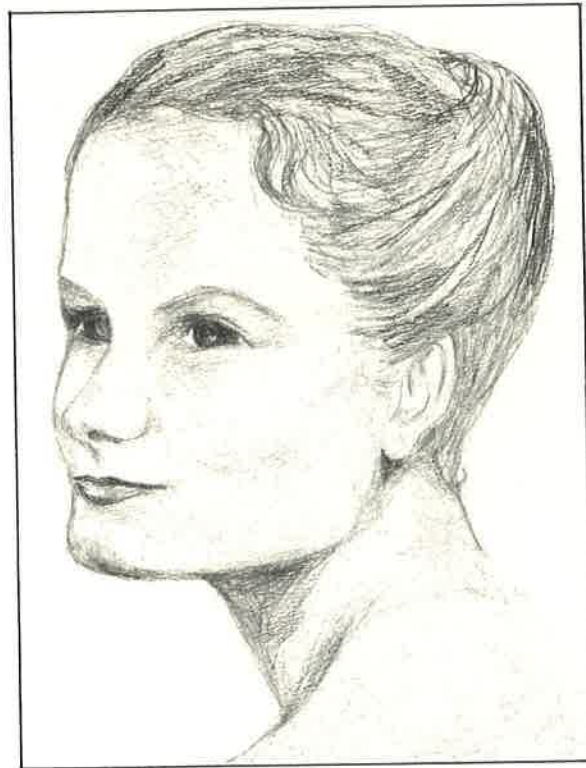
SYLVIA RAY



GEORGE McCLELLAND

Her Friends

by BETH JOHNSTON—'62



LAURA JANE GRAY



RICHARD BOWIE

Always A Friend

MARY MCANGE—'62

Illustrated by BETH JOHNSTON—'62

At last school was out for the summer, and today was perfect. The grass stood up tall and green. A warm sun shone and a soft breeze brushed the new green leaves of the maples. White marshmallow clouds floated lightly in the clean blue sky.

As we drove into the narrow driveway, I saw him standing beside the white banister of the old brick house. He hadn't grown an inch and his stomach still poked out slightly. His rosy cheeks shone like two big red apples. As usual his brown hair hung down raggedly on his forehead. His blue-jeans were faded, like a rag that had been washed repeatedly, and I could see traces of blackberry jam on his T-shirt.

My heart pounded as I tried desperately to open the stubborn car door. I leaped from the car and sped across the yard, soon finding

myself sprawled out over the sidewalk. It never failed. I always tripped in that hole!

Sammy ran down the broad steps to greet me, 'Hi, Mames! I sure am glad you're here,' he announced cheerfully, as he helped me to my feet.

I saw Grandmother's gay face before me. She looked the same as always. Her black hair had a few more streaks of gray in it, but she didn't appear to be a day older, as she stood there in her high heels.

She took us into the cozy little kitchen where she had chocolate cake and vanilla ice cream on the white table. I ate rapidly, trying to keep up with my cousin, Sammy, but I couldn't surpass him. My stomach felt as if it were going to burst any second, but I had to eat as much as Sammy or he might think I was a sissy. As I took another bite of cake, I imagined it flowing out my ears. Sammy had eaten more than I again, but I guess it pleased him. Maybe I'll be able to eat more pancakes than he does at breakfast, I thought.

"Come on, Mames! Let's go play," Sammy shouted. I sprang from the table and ran behind him as fast as possible. My full stomach juggled up and down. Sammy never failed to think of something special to do, and I always thought it was the best game I could possibly play.

Suddenly I found myself lying on the ground in a daze. As I looked up I saw Sammy's comforting smile. "You'll be okay, Mames. Your feet just got a little behind and you fell," he said. Sammy was my consoling friend again.

I'll never forget the good times I had at Grandmother's with Sam, the boy I admired so! As the years have passed our friendship has grown stronger. The little boy who knew so many games has become the boy who solves so many of my problems. He is always willing to help and can be trusted with the greatest secret. I regard him as my big brother. When he was elected "Best-All-Around Boy" in the senior class, I realized it was not only I who thought so much of him, but everyone who knew him.



Doggone!

JOE JOHNSTON—'62

Illustrated by SUSAN THOMPSON—'64

Theorum II: If two intersecting planes are perpendicular to a . . .

"Dadgummit! What do you want this time? Well, just don't stand there. Come on in. This is the fifth time tonight I've had to get up and let you in. Why?

"Oh! You want some water, heh? O.K., come over here. You'll not get it on the rug, Stupid! Here, on your paper. Now drink this and get out. So you're not thirsty? Maybe you want mush? O.K., wait a minute. . . .

"Whasmatter? How come you don't like canned mush all of a sudden? Don't show your teeth at me, Runt! All right, here's a dog biscuit. Now take it nice. Ouch!

"Just for that, Smartalek, you and me ain't friends *no more!*

"Next time you ruin the kitchen floor, don't look to me for sympathy. Last time the Old Lady saw me cleaning up after you, I told her I was mopping up some Seven-up I had spilled. Remember?

"Yeah, and do you recall when you chewed the cover off one of Dad's five-dollar books? It was me, your old buddy, who made the incredible confession saying that I had been using it for a door stop.

"And how about the time you teethed the toe out of my left sneaker? Did I get



mad? No, I told them it was torn when the lawn mower accidentally ran over my foot.

"You *out! Out! Out! Out!* Quit hiding behind the refrigerator! Don't give me that weebegone look and quit dragging your ears!

"For the last time, Guresome, vacate. Here's another dog biscuit. Go chase it! . . ."

Now, Theorum II: If two intersecting planes are perpendicular to a third plane . . .

"Rats! You again! This is the fifth time tonight. You want to go to bed maybe? Why didn't you say so, Chum? . . ."

Theorum II: If two intersecting planes are perpendicular to a third plane, their line of intersection is perpendicular to the third plane also. . . .

Doggone!

How To Warm The Bench

KENNY ROBINSON—'62

Illustrated by EDDIE HODGES—'63

To be able to ride the bench properly is an art, and the successful bench warmer must have the following qualifications:

1. One must have highly developed hind quarters; for, in this art, that's the part of you that takes the wear and tear of grueling sitting sessions, plus the danger of numerous splinters.
2. One must have practically no talent. And if, by chance, he does, he must be extremely careful to keep it hidden, or he might have the awful experience of having the coach put him in the game.
3. Finally, he must have a highly trained pair of vocal chords, for it is the duty of every tired-blooded benchwarmer to aid the cheerleaders in spurring the team on to greater heights.

If, after a careful examination, one finds that he possesses these qualifications, he has a good chance to become at least an average benchwarmer.

But these qualifications alone are not enough. I shall now further elaborate on how one may assure himself of a permanent place on the bench.

First, one must constantly be on guard against showing the least bit of improvement during practice. If he does, the coach will surely try to develop him into something resembling a ball player. This is what all benchwarmers have nightmares about.

Next, it will aid his cause immensely if he can somehow disgust the coach or arouse his ill will. One very successful method is to let the coach catch him breaking training rules. This will either get him kicked off the team or put on the bench for quite a spell.

If for some reason this fails, another good method is never to pay attention to what the coach is saying. In extreme cases, one might try playing hop-scotch around the foul circle while he is demonstrating the proper way to shoot a foul shot.

The last, but one of the most effective means, is that of playing dumb. That is, one must constantly wander about wearing a look of complete ignorance on his face. This gives



the coach the false impression that he doesn't have an ounce of brains.

One must not get the idea that a benchwarmer's life is not an enjoyable one. There comes that sacred moment during the half-time period or the pre-game warmups when the boys on the bench are allowed to exhibit their meager talents. This is done mainly to assure the public that they have some reason for wearing the school uniforms, and are not just charity cases.

So that I don't give the impression that all benchwarmers are morons, I have listed the following compensations that almost make life bearable for the benchwarmer.

Disappointment

SANDRA WHITTAKER—'62

Illustrated by LINDA BOWERS—'63



Minutes passed like hours. There was nothing to do but wait.

The house smelled of broiling steak with the thick air of summer blowing softly through my room. How much I would appreciate that good meal if my high school dream came true.

Why was I kidding myself? What chance did I have? But did I not deserve it as much as anyone else? I tried to convince myself I did. But it was not easy.

Trying to change my line of thought was also useless. All I could do was think of the one thing that meant the most to me.

My heart ached like the time I made my first mistake in school. It was all I could do to keep myself from calling to find out the bare truth.

I glanced at the clock innocently ticking the minutes away. Looking up, I realized in five short minutes it would all be over.

My room felt cozy. It was a comfort to know I could be alone. As I was lying on my bed scattered with stuffed animals, I drifted into an imaginary world all my own. The animals became alive and my favorite fire red dog sympathized with me. He told me it didn't matter as much as I thought and that more important things would come.

I was almost convinced when I awoke and found the time completely gone.

Hot tears rushed to my eyes, but I caught myself in time to laugh, realizing now that a Cheerleader wasn't everything.

How to Warm the Bench (Cont.)

1. The excellent food which they so joyously consume at the expense of the athletic department.
2. The free bandaids, tape, and rubbing alcohol issued before and after each practice.
3. The new double-cushioned, splinter-repellent basketball trunks recently developed for those tired, sagging hind quarters.
4. Finally, the fact that just being on the team seems to impress the opposite sex. Of course, they're only third graders, but nevertheless, it still impresses them.

All in all, I can think of just one thing more enjoyable than warming the bench—and that is *not* warming the bench!

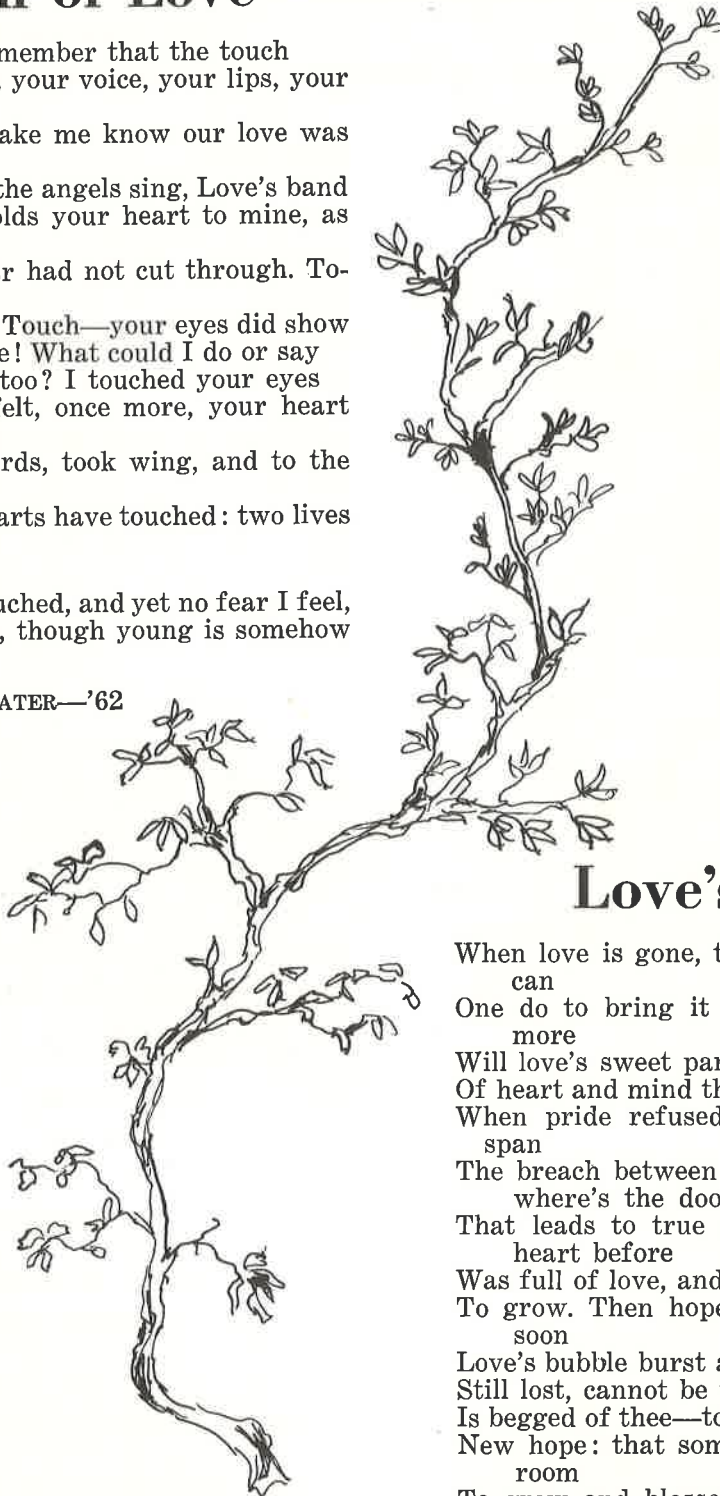
Yours hopelessly,
"Sammy Substitute", alias,
"Benny Benchwarmer"

Touch of Love

How well do I remember that the touch
Of your soft eyes, your voice, your lips, your
hand
In mine, could make me know our love was
such
As that of which the angels sing, Love's band
E'en now still holds your heart to mine, as
though
That knife of fear had not cut through. To-
day,
Again, I felt that Touch—your eyes did show
That you still care! What could I do or say
To tell you I do, too? I touched your eyes
With mine and felt, once more, your heart
touch mine;
And love, like birds, took wing, and to the
skies
It soared. Two hearts have touched: two lives
entwine.

Our lives have touched, and yet no fear I feel,
For now my love, though young is somehow
real.

GLORIA GILLENWATER—'62



Love's Gone

When love is gone, the heart is dead. What
can
One do to bring it back? Love's gone; no
more
Will love's sweet pangs intensify the sore
Of heart and mind that it began. Love ran
When pride refused its call—it could not
span
The breach between those hearts. But
where's the door
That leads to true and lasting love? That
heart before
Was full of love, and there great hope began
To grow. Then hope was trust, but all too
soon
Love's bubble burst and pieces of that heart,
Still lost, cannot be found. O life! One boon
Is begged of thee—to that one, please impart
New hope: that someday love may find the
room
To grow and blossom there—and ne'er de-
part.

GLORIA GILLENWATER—'62

Illustrated by ANNE ROBINETTE—'62

Dear Diary

JANI BUCKLES—'62

Illustrated by EDDIE HODGES—'63



April 9—

Dear Diary,

Today I found *the* man. I have never experienced such rapture. Clarence is so different from the other boys, so much more mature. He even shaves—twice a week!

I first realized my great love for him this morning in general science class when he asked to borrow a sheet of paper. I shall remember him always, leaning on my desk and asking in his deep, mature voice, "Can you spare a piece of paper?"

Wasn't that considerate of him? He was actually worried about my having enough paper!

Prisoner of love,
FANNY FRESHMAN

April 11—

Dear Diary,

I am now *positive* that Clarence cares for me. He walked me down the hall after Latin class. Of course the fact that my chain bracelet was caught in his sweater had nothing to do with it.

When we finally loosened the bracelet, half his sweater was unraveled. I felt so bad about it that I offered to knit him another but he assured me that such a sacrifice on my part was unnecessary.

In ecstasy,
F. FRESHMAN

April 13—

Dear Diary,

Clarence forgot his English book and I shared mine with him. I was trembling so that I turned the book upside down!

Later in the class period we had to write an original theme. I wrote mine on Clarence. His was entitled "My Trip to Grandmother's." Clarence is so original. Of course I thought it was the greatest literary accomplishment since *War and Peace*. I really do think he deserved more than a C.

Deeply in love,
FANNY F.

Page 23

Dear Diary (Cont.)

April 16—

Dear Diary,

In health class today I was chosen to demonstrate splinting. Darling Clarence volunteered to be my patient with hardly any coaxing from the teacher! This was my chance to demonstrate my skill as a nurse.

As I wrapped his arm with gauze, I could not help feeling the intimacy which hovered over us. I looked into his big brown eyes. They were trying to tell me something. He grasped my arm with his free hand and I *knew* he loved me!

Coquetishly, I lowered my eyes to my handiwork. Viewing my work, I noticed a bluish tint on the skin just below the bandage. The blue gradually turned purple and then brown. I could not help thinking how well it matches his eyes.

Again he touches my arm. "Fanny," he whispered.

"Yes, Clarence."

"Please."

"Please what, Clarence?"

"Please loosen this bandage. It's cutting off my circulation!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed. My face was burning like a brand and all about us I could hear the laughter of the rest of the class. I wanted to run, but Clarence held my arm tightly.

After his circulation had been restored, he assured me that the accident hadn't been my fault. In fact, he allowed me to lend him a dollar for two tickets to the dance.

I just know he's going to ask me! I shall lie awake all night planning my dress, my hair, and my conversation. I wonder if false eyelashes would make me appear more sophisticated?

Yours hopefully,
FANNY

April 19—

Dear Diary,

Three days have passed and Clarence still hasn't asked me to the dance. I wonder why he hesitates.

Today at lunch I caught him staring at me. He was either looking at the back of Sally's head or the front of mine. It must

have been the front of mine because the back of Sally's head just sits there while the front of mine at least does something.

Waiting,
FANNY F.

April 24—

Dear Diary,

My heart is broken. I may never recover from this cruel blow which fate has dealt me. Even if I do recover, I shall carry the scar of this ordeal to my grave.

That two-timing Clarence asked Sally to the dance and *I* paid for the tickets! If I never see that jilting gigolo again, it will be all too soon.

All men are alike. I am through with them forever!!

In agony,
F. FRESHMAN

April 26—

Dear Diary,

Today I found *the* man. I have never experienced such rapture. Milton is so different from the other boys . . .

Upon Living In A Vacuum

Beware, my friend, of all that is not orthodox; for this will enhance your life. Don't read the works of dead intellects. Don't admire the past or await the future, for this will give your life reason.

Don't search for beauty, friend, for it will give enjoyment. But if it should find you, destroy it. It gives golden wings to stagnant days. Repel the new, for it obliterates the present. Abhor the old for it explains.

Life is for you alone, my friend. What you can't fathom is evil for eternity. Don't move from your stagnant life—adventure increases joy. Don't open your dusty thoughts, friend, for a narrow mind is never changed. Don't move from your comfortable thoughts to accept another's, for this is weak.

And above all, my friend, don't love—for love is a key by which all the world is yours.

JOHNNY BORETSKY—'63

And A Large Golden Trumpet

JOHN BORETSKY—'63

Outside the rain fell; the neon lights of the city flashed on and off sending writhing streams of polychrome light across the wet pavement. Inside the small Italian restaurant the air was thick with the pungent smell of garlic and wine. The room was dark, lighted only with candles whose small pools of light reminded me of puddles after a spring rain. Customers talked in hushed tones, with only an occasional laugh cutting into the soft under-current of conversation. In one corner was a band-stand; old, worn, broken; repaired and broken again. A hurried waiter announced it was time for the ten o'clock show.

Footlights went on, talk ceased, all eyes turned toward the musicians. The drummer started his rhythm; the bass picked it up; then I saw the trumpet player.

Perched upon a stool, like a horror from a Gothic church, was a strange, funny misshapen form of human life. The awkward feet, large head, spindly legs and long arms seemed a travesty to the bent, humped back. The tuxedo and large golden trumpet reminded me of a ventriloquist's doll. The hands were large and gnarled, brown from age and muscular from use. The head was a visage of horror. The long hair fell over a monstrous forehead and swept toward the back of his skull like a dirty gray flood. One eye was gone and in its place was a long jagged scar, running its meandering course from the bridge of a broken nose, across a parchment cheek, and disappearing down his neck into a starched white collar. The other eye was dark and quick like an animal's. The mouth was a thin slit, turned up in an evil grin. He was more a demonic refugee from a thousand hells than a human being.

The trumpet glided to his lips, and, upon a quiet lake of personal tragedy, he poured out his soul. The bitter sweet music of life danced upon a rising crescendo of violence; then sadly wailed its way through hotels and bars from St. Louis to San Diego, from Mo-

bile to Seattle. The theme changed to one of haunting despair that mourned a life lost in sorrow; but, at the deepest, the rhythm again rose, this time in hope; in prayer to the personal god of a small ugly dwarf; in prayer to music, in the wish to be equal to any man.

Suddenly the music stopped; the lights dimmed, the shadows slid into the night. The flow of talk picked up. The show was over.



A New Experience

SAM MARCY—'62

How does he do it on television? Now I remember. He smacks some of this mint green solution on his face before he begins.

Gosh, it smells good. The scent is brisk, but it also has a sniff of alcohol mixed in with it. I'll just splash a dab on my face.

Brrrr! It's so cold. Well, look, it's drying up. I'll take one last smell. Oh! The scent shoots right up my nose and makes my eyes water. This part of the smell reminds me of the ammonia in the kitchen.

The preparations are completed. Now, I'll begin.

The guy on television says, "All you do is plug it in and cut them down." I hope it is that easy. I'm not at all confident. There are so many questions that only this first try will answer.

Will it hurt? Will it do a good job? Can I possibly cut myself? How fast should I

move it? The answers aren't far away.

I get my instrument out and plug it in. It's a light tan. The machine vibrates at a tremendous rate. It becomes warm in my hand. The most noticeable feature is the hum of the tiny motor, the sound of which greatly resembles that of a far off lawn mower.

I overcome that slight fear in my stomach by telling myself what a big boy of twelve I am.

Now I begin to accomplish my task. I move it up and down slowly, just as the man on the T.V. does. Why, it doesn't hurt at all. In fact, it tickles my upper lip.

I unplug the machine and stand back for a look at myself. How about that! You can tell the difference. That dirty-looking, small, gray line over my upper lip is gone.

"I'm a man now," I tell myself. "I've started to shave.

The Patchwork Quilt

ROSE GENTRY—'62

There was a stillness in the room, a lazy, spring stillness, broken only by an occasional breeze rifling the curtains and carrying with it the scent of flowers. The rhythmic ticking of the clock on the bureau seemed to be the only sound.

She lay in a huge four-poster bed near the window. For a moment longer she was motionless, still and listening. Listening for what, she did not know—the song of a bird outside, the ticking of the clock, or was it the call of the past? Then she returned to her sewing, a patchwork quilt.

There in one corner of the quilt was a faded piece of the dress she had worn the first time she had met Jim, the Christmas gathering at the church house. It seemed she could almost catch a whiff of the cedar and still see the presents tied to the branches of the tree and the rows and rows of happy faces of the robust country people she had loved so dearly.

She reached out to touch the center piece of the quilt lovingly. It was a soft, smooth

ivory material—a piece of her wedding dress. My it seemed only yesterday . . .

Beside it was a tiny, pink gingham check. Dear little Suzanne. She had been so soft and so cuddly and sweet with her dark curls and wide blue eyes. This picture of her daughter remained in her mind—not the memory of a tiny grave somewhere on a windswept hillside. Yet her cheeks were wet when she brushed back a strand of hair that had fallen across her forehead.

There was the blue silk. She had worn it when Charles, her eldest son, was christened. This freckle-faced little boy who, like all boys, adored snakes and frogs, had brought into their lives once again a joy that they had felt incapable of recapturing.

Another shade of blue was sewn near this, blue serge. Jim had worn the suit to Marie's wedding. Now not only Marie, but all the children were married.

A thrill went through her with a glance at the bright yellow cotton. It seemed to bring with it the spray of the ocean or the

The Patchwork Quilt (Cont.)

tingle of white hot sands. This was her favorite dress when she and Jim had taken their first trip to the seashore, their second "honeymoon".

The breeze through the window was no longer gentle; it was strong and chilling. The room had become cold. If Jim were here he would shut the window for her—but he wasn't here.

The dusk was making it almost impossible to see the stitches, yet she could not bear

to put her sewing away. Only one more patch and the work would be completed. But she could not rush; she preferred to linger, savoring memories—making the work last. Her limbs ached though she had been lying quiet except for the movement of her hands.

The clock on the bureau continued its rhythmic ticking. This last piece seemed so hard somehow. Then a strange calm filled her; Jim would have understood.

The last piece was black.

The Green Hills of Home

BILL BELEW—'62

Pyongyang, Seoul, Inchon, Pusan—strange names, and even stranger sights for an American boy to have seen. It was a long way from the soft, green hills of Tennessee to the barren crags of Korea.

The corpses of last night's attack still lay on the frozen hill, strewn like broken rag dolls. They had come, wave by wave, and the unfaltering machineguns had cut down whole squads at a time with their scythes of death.

Yet he could still feel them there, somewhere.

Somewhere over the next ridge, more of them were massing. Tonight they would come again. And the next night if necessary. The massed horde would come again and again until they had swept the tiny line back into the Yellow Sea.

He shivered.

It was snowing again. Seemed like it did nine months out of the year. Beautiful, white snowflakes . . . bringing frostbite, frozen feet, and incredible misery. It tumbled down rapidly, as though trying to cover the red stains on the old crust. But it never quite succeeded.

Have to quit this. Thinking is bad . . . too much and you go mad. The only thing to do is to pray and to keep warm.

A random shell winged over, smashing into some rock formations jutting out of the hills.

These hills!

Not at all like the ones at home. They were green and lush and soft. Wandering, idle moments had made his hills a place of refuge from time. Not a place of horror and death like these perpendicular slopes.

And grass! Haven't seen a blade since coming into this God-forsaken country. At home I used to walk barefooted in the tickling grass.

Home.

His parents had cried at the station, but Julie had taken it well. Funny how you remember only a few little spots of things. Thinking back over the past, it seemed as if you never really lived except at these few, scattered times; the rest remained a blur.

He had accumulated a storehouse of such memories to draw upon in his times of need. The warm kitchen smells flashed through his mind, his cocker spaniel with the big, loving eyes, the coziness of a book. As he recalled the pot-bellied stove, he subconsciously pulled his hood closer around his frostbitten cheeks. Now he was strolling hand-in-hand through the spring-bedecked fields with Julie . . .

The roar of the plane shook him from his reverie. Down it swooped, then released its bomb and soared back upward. As the bomb came straight toward him, he knew, "This is Death."

He felt a searing heat. Then, in the instant of his soul's release, he smiled. He was home, walking through the eternally-green fields with Julie.



TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Mad Madeline

NANCY CARMAN—'62

Illustrated by SUSAN THOMPSON—'64



"Dr. Ellston! Madeline Granger is waiting for you in your office," the voice on the inter-office phone cracked.

Despite my efforts, a slight frown crossed my face. As I walked to the office, I asked myself why Madeline upset me so. She was a normal-looking child and no different from hundreds I had treated. Madeline shouldn't present any problem and yet she did.

"Hey, Ellie," Madeline grunted as I

walked in. "Daddy brought me a new doll, and I'm going to show you how she'll look bald," she said indifferently as she snatched one hair at a time from the doll's head.

"Madeline, I've planned something very nice for us today, a block puzzle," I finally managed to say.

Two small, sneering eyes peered up at me. With one glance she had mockingly rejected all ideas I might have planned.

With grim determination I set up the block game. Time and time again I tried to interest Madeline in the puzzle as she sat savagely snatching out the doll's hair.

"Madeline," I said, "don't you love your doll enough not to hurt her?" Barely had I uttered those words when Madeline started laughing. The laugh wasn't warm or friendly. It sounded more like a cackle.

"Madeline," I said in desperation, "give me the doll." As I reached for the doll, I felt her teeth sink into my hand. Finally I pulled away. Suddenly the room seemed very dark and forbidding. Madeline's snarling face was all that I could see. All that was in sight was that dark, scowling countenance.

"Why can't you be human and love anything?" I screamed violently. "Why must you be so irresponsible? Why?" Exhausted and filled with a sense of extreme and utter failure, I slumped into the chair.

At last I looked up and saw Madeline crouched in the corner. Quickly she rose and with a shriek hurled the doll across the room. It banged against the floor and broke. In a flash Madeline was beside the doll sobbing against its broken frame.

I rushed to her and clasped her to me. I could feel Madeline's sobs jerk her small body.

As her arms went around my neck, a soft sweet voice whispered, "Ellie, love me, please love me!"

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