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You Have To Believe

You have to believe in happiness,
Or happiness never comes.
I know that a bird chirps none the less
When all that he finds is crumbs.

You have to believe in happiness—
It isn't an outward thing.
The spring never makes the song, I guess,
As much as the song the Spring.

You have to believe the buds will blow,
Believe in the grass in the days of snow.
Oh, that's the reason a bird can sing—
On his darkest days he believes in Spring.

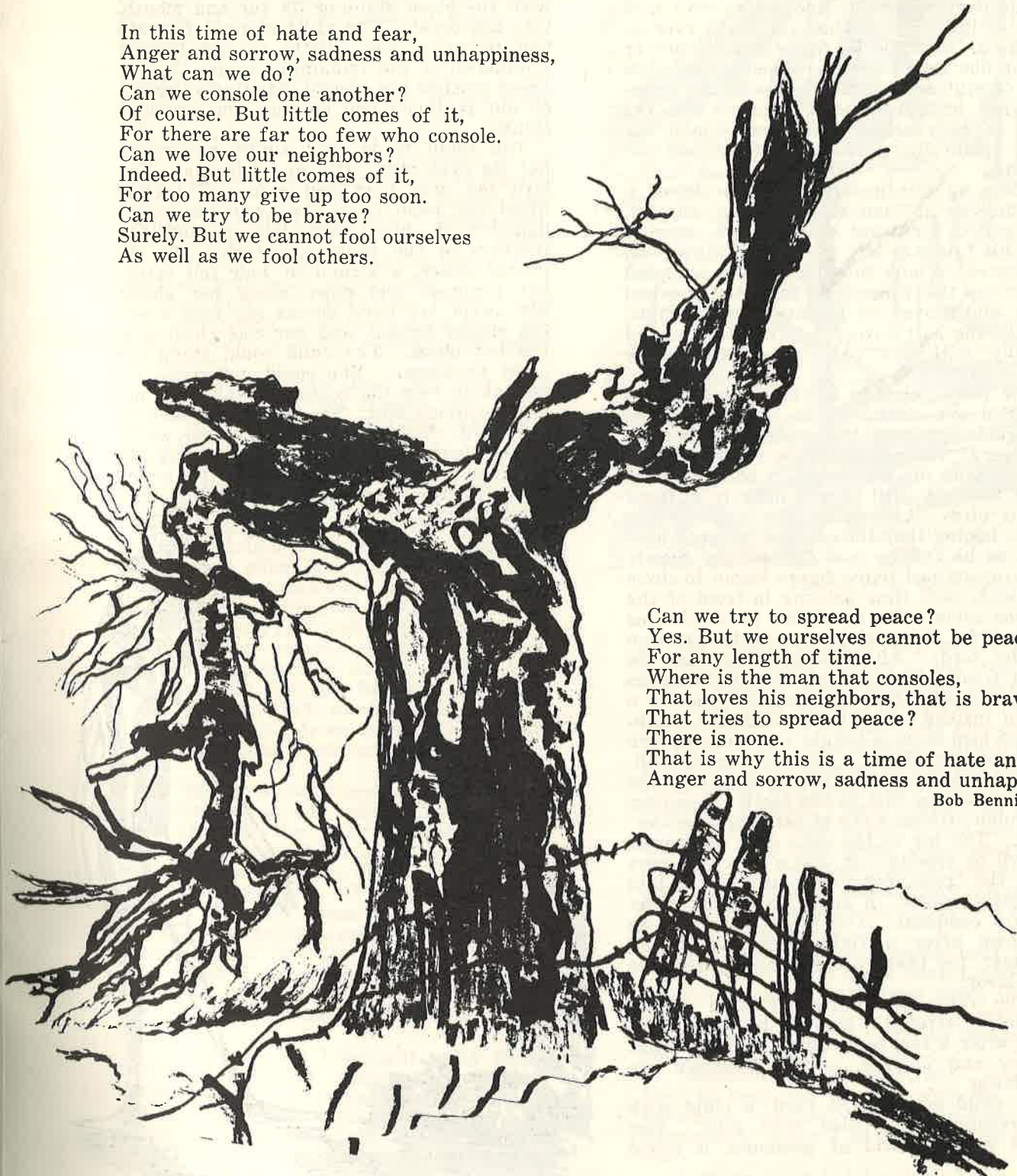
And many a heart could find content
If it saw the joy on the road it went—
The joy ahead when it had to grieve,
For the joy is there—but you have to believe.
Travis Reinhardt-'64



Illustrated by John McMinn

Our Shortcomings

In this time of hate and fear,
Anger and sorrow, sadness and unhappiness,
What can we do?
Can we console one another?
Of course. But little comes of it,
For there are far too few who console.
Can we love our neighbors?
Indeed. But little comes of it,
For too many give up too soon.
Can we try to be brave?
Surely. But we cannot fool ourselves
As well as we fool others.



Can we try to spread peace?
Yes. But we ourselves cannot be peaceful
For any length of time.
Where is the man that consoles,
That loves his neighbors, that is brave,
That tries to spread peace?
There is none.
That is why this is a time of hate and fear,
Anger and sorrow, sadness and unhappiness.
Bob Benning—'66

Pity of Reluctance

The long stem to the foot was slightly crooked and uplifted with the claws of the foot knotted tightly together in pain. The robin was young and not yet plump; parts of his body were soft and downy with newness of life. He touched the earth ever so lightly as he made his way, limping, nearer to the lilac bush. His movements were slow and careful as he travelled, and the close-growing branches made a haven for the bird as he reached them and wound his way, painfully, through its prison-like growth.

Once he was inside, his heart slowed a fraction as it continued to beat rapidly. He waited for what would come, sensing that his fate was left to nature, nature who had cared for him thus far. His eyes closed gently as the fingers of the wind touched them and moved on to caress and rumple, lightly, his soft covering. The robin rested fitfully with his impending fate beside him . . .

The black opening in the yellow, green-speckled eye narrowed to a black slit as his whole eye gave the appearance of close discovery. He had spied the slight, unresting motion of the robin. Stealthily he crept forward until he was directly in front of the bird. Awakening, the bird sat like stone, hoping that the cat had not seen him, even as he felt he was discovered. Slowly the gray-striped feline figure began to circle the bush, each time pausing in front of the moving robin. The final time the circle was widened for the quick pounce in the direction of the bird. All stillness ceased as the robin tried to break through the branches in an instant. But the lilac had become a prison instead of a haven, and the handicapped bird became caught only long enough to hinder his flight. The cat was immediately beside the bird, lifting him into the air and casting him to the earth. Landing, the robin uttered a cry of pain and bewilderment. The joy in the cat's eyes recognized no evil or cruelty. It was a sport, a sport until the fresh, hot blood burst forth into the cat's mouth. A sport no longer, it became a conquest. The blood was good, as his own after a fight, only better and stronger, for there was no pain to decrease the flavor.

The robin freed himself with a last motion of strength, only to be taken once more after a few feeble jumps. The cat bit harder and quicker, and the robin's cry was lower . . .

A child entered the yard, a child with a virtuous heart filled with pity. Her world was a world of goodness, a world

where only goodness dwelt. She became aware of the incident and screamed as she lifted a small rock and hurled it past the animal. The cat jerked and sank back, with the blood staining its fur and mouth, into the brush. The child stepped forward and began to sob quietly as she became frightened at the remaining scene. As her knees touched the ground, her fingers reached out to touch and comfort the wounded thing.

The robin made only slight movement, but its eyes were wild and begging. The bird felt only hurt and pain. The child lifted her hand from the gruesome object mangled in blood that had matted the feathers of the wings and body. As she peered closer, a strand of hair fell across her forehead and down along her cheek. She swept her hand across her face where the strand tickled, and her cool cheek met the hot blood. The child could stand the sight no longer. She could not reach far enough to help the robin, for she could not bear to touch him. She had never seen an ugly bird. This was not part of her world, so she turned from it and walked away . . .

After awhile the cat crept softly across the separation from his goal and stopped the faint quivering.

Susan Thompson—'64



Illustrated by Susan Thompson—'64

The Attic

I cannot remember the first time I came here. It seems as if I have always known of this fascinating building—fascinating because of the creaky noises it makes, the shattered glass strewn wildly on the floor, and the thick, ancient dust which causes everything to appear a dull gray. I can remember Charles' big brother always warning, "Y'all'd better not ever go near that ol' haunted house, or the Boogie Man'll get y'all!" And he was a sixth grader, so we mostly listened. But that was before Charles moved away, and besides, I'm bigger now. I guess if Aunt Lucy knew I played here, she would switch me and wash my mouth out with soap. That's what she always does when she gets mad—at anything!

"Boy, this is a real neat house," said Jody admiringly. "I'll bet a gang could use this place for a secret hide-out and never get caught."

This is the first time Jody has come here. We're really not friends, only neighbors. Since I am not like the other kids around here, I usually play alone. I do have plenty of friends who go to my school; they understand. I guess the only reason Jody came here today is because all the rest are in school and he goes to that far-off military one that starts a week later than everybody else's—cept mine, and it goes all year long. I reckon he was just lonesome is all.

I look over at his once white tennis shorts now black from soot and mud and at his one gushy sneaker whose mate had been sacrificed in the adventure at the creek earlier. Mine are still wet too, but at least I have them both—I don't want a switching and a mouth washing from Aunt Lucy. We've both long since shed our T-shirts in the heat.

"Y'know, these steps could really be dangerous," marvels Jody as he pokes his head through the half-collapsed doorway and peers down the narrow, ramshackled stairway that leads two floors down to what used to be a kitchen. "Think I ought to try them?" He really doesn't expect an answer. Bracing his hands against the walls, he lowers himself into the dark hole. By the loud crash I know the rotten wood has given way, but soon I heard Jody get up, fumble around, and continue his exploration of the place.

The green glass I brought today that I found in the alley makes the pile look prettier. Now I can make more new designs. It's fun to put them all in the old tin can, shake them up, spill them, and figure out what kind of picture they make. Yesterday it was a preacher in a church speaking to



Illustrated by Gene Hendron—'64

all the people, and the day before it was an old man telling a story to his grandchildren. Wonder what will come today?

I hear Jody walking around down on the bottom floor. He wouldn't like pictures.

I like to hear the clattering noise it makes in the can. It reminds me of that one little boy at the school who always only rattles marbles around in a bowl. I never have liked him.

The lady's hair is brown and her gown is blue. The new green glass makes her slippers. All the people are listening to her pretty song, and the singing lady is beautiful. I must leave her here to finish; I'll change the picture tomorrow.

That must be Jody coming back up the front stairway. He must have found something exciting to have been down there so long. But who's that running across the yard out there? I'll go over to that window and look—it's Jody . . . but—

"Siddown and shuddup, kid. Guess I'll have to keep you up here with me. Don't have time to chase you out like your buddy downstairs. They'll be here looking for me soon."

Turning around, I face a tall grimy man

who needs to shave and doesn't have but one button on his shirt. His bare feet are sticking out of his ragged trousers, and he's holding a gun in one hand with a mysterious leather bag in the other.

"Watchur name, kid?" I stare at his feet. "I said, whatchur name, kid, huh?" My gaze changes to the peculiar bag. "You hard a'hearin', son, or just plain stupid?" His arm shoves me roughly against the wall. "Look, kid, I've already killed one guy today, an' it sure wouldn't hurt me none to dust off a li'l punk, now speak up!"

I feel myself straining as I grunt out the only noise they have taught me to make so far at the school, "Ra . . . Ra . . . Rhayer."

"Ah, ya' must be scared. Well, might as well relax, we got quite a spell to wait 'fore I'm sure those nosey cops are gone. Wish I hadn'ta had to leave my boots back at that swamp! The law was gainin' on me while I was cleanin' out the muddy water an' I hadda' drop 'em an' run."

Sitting in the corner I begin peeling aged yellow paper off the wall. He takes a survey of the room asking, "Where does these steps lead to?" And after looking for himself he turns, "Y'know, kid, you're smart to keep quiet. Some folks just don't know when to keep their mouth shut around me." I keep facing the wall, and peeling the paper off in little pieces.

I've peeled off nearly the whole corner now and the flakes are all over me, even in my hair. The greasy man's shirt is soaking wet now, and he's still holding the gun. It's getting late because the sky outside the window is already pink. Aunt Lucy must be on her head.

There is a noise of men's voices outside, and he quickly rises to his feet to go nearer to the window. But my picture, he doesn't see the beautiful singing lady! He's going to step on her! Please—

He falls to the floor holding his bleeding foot and gruffly blurting a string of words Aunt Lucy has warned me were bad. It serves him right though; he killed the beautiful lady. Now she will never sing again!

The men outside must be the police. By their voices I know there are three. They come in through the front door and walk around downstairs. I hear, "No, Joe, I don't think he's in here. I don't even think he's in this neighborhood." After searching briefly, they go back into the front yard.

The man's foot is bleeding a lot now, but he has been very quiet. I wonder if squeezing it like that keeps it from hurting?

The voices from outside agree, "Yes, I definitely think this old house ought to be condemned immediately. Some small kids might wander in and hurt themselves."

When the voices have died away, the man tears away a strip of his shirt and ties it around the cut foot. Then he hobbles

up, pointing the gun at me, "Look, kid, I'm leavin' now. You wait 'til I'm good an' gone an' then you git! An' don't never tell a soul what's happened up here, ya' understand? . . . That's right, boy, you keep your mouth shut just like that."

I hear him limping down the steps and through the house. Walking over to the ruined picture, I kick the pieces across the floor. The lady might not have been nice anyway, but probably more like Aunt Lucy. At least she was beautiful, though.

Climbing down the steps and walking out the rear of the old house, I begin to worry about facing the stern old lady. I cross the field, scoot under the fence, go down the alley, and into our backyard. There stands Aunt Lucy frowning, as always, and waiting to scold me.

"Where on earth have you been all day, Roger, and how did you get so filthy? You look like a raggamuffin! And all this excitement about the police catching a dangerous killer only a block away worryin' me! They only caught him because he'd cut his foot and couldn't run. You come in this house this instant—I've had enough excitement for one day! Now I'll have to switch you good and wash out your mouth with soap!"

Bambi Morrison—'64

The Journey

Come with me . . .

Can you not see?

It is just you and me;

We are together, you see.

Together we touch and hold, and then
we wander over the world;

We stand watching the clouds as
around us they swirl;

We stand feeling the wind and
watch it unfurl;

As it lifts us and carries us
over the world.

We lose one another, only for awhile;

We panic, we grasp, and then we smile

As we find once again

We are together again.

The wind gently leaves us, hand in hand

On a new shore, on a new land;

And we walk on, hand in hand

On this new shore, on this new land.

And then we find what we found,

And we touch the earth's ground,

And tighter we hold, as we begin to

find what we found.

It is green, and new, and unhidden;

It is brown, and old, and hidden; it is the best

Place to walk, to talk, to rest . . .

But we must move separately on and

seek, alone, lest

We should tarry like the rest . . .

Susan Thompson—'64



Before

I died before I was even born;
I walked in darkness, fear, and scorn,
I felt my very soul be torn.
I lifted all and loudly cried—
And then I was born . . .
But the others said I had only died.

Susan Thompson—'64

Illustrated by Susan Thompson—'64

The Invader, Uncle Percy, and Walter



Illustrated by Wilkie Wilkinson—'64

Most cats have but small regard for the wishes of others, and in Walter's case this characteristic was multiplied threefold. Even as a small, fluffy kitten, the only person he showed any respect for was Bessie, my fiancée. Even though I normally like animals, I could see I was in for some trouble when Bessie bought him to my London apartment.

"Oh, Barry isn't he cute?" she had exclaimed as he took up residence in my favorite armchair.

I demurred and was able to restrain myself until she left. Then I attempted to move him. With judicious application of eighteen sharp claws and a mouthful of teeth, he convinced me that he had not the slightest intention of giving up the chair. Only my great love for Bessie restrained me from tossing him out the windows, but I figured we would surely be married soon, and he could take care of the mice or something. How wrong I was!

As I have said, Bessie and I were affianced when I received Walter as a mere kitten. Five years later Walter was a scarred old tomcat lying in the same chair, and we were no closer to the altar than before. What kept us from tying the knot was Bessie's Uncle Percy, an old chap who looks rather like a cassowary. Uncle Percy was a reasonable man, I guess, perhaps a bit tight with the old affluence, with which he was filthy, but he was adamant in one respect. This was in regard to yours truly. You see, Uncle Percy considered me to be a poltroon, a numskull, and a fool. One time he chanced to find a passel of snakes in my apartment, and . . . but that is another story! The sad fact was that he was Bessie's legal guardian, and he would not consent to our union.

One night Bessie and I were putting on the nosebag in my apartment and racking the old gray matter some way out of our dilemma. We were interrupted by a sudden odd little noise, and a little rat-like creature, wearing an orange uniform stepped through the French window.

"Bonjour, mon ami," he greeted gaily. "Oh, damnation! I always have trouble with these dialects."

"Lord love a duck!" I exclaimed as Bessie jumped into my arms with a cry.

"Greetings, Earthlings," he continued. "You are honored. I have chosen this room as a base for my operations on this planet."

"W-what do you plan or do?" asked my beloved.

"After the native population is eliminated, it will be open to colonization. Now, where is a place I can freshen up."

I pointed to the bathroom. I was not turning handsprings over his future plans, but one simply must not be discourteous. If there are any noblesses to be obliged, Barry Fittleworth, while he may not be the leader, is one of the first in line.

The little alien at this point passed by Walter's chair. Now Walter, who had been keeping one large yellow eye on the proceedings, promptly took action. No rat, especially one in an orange uniform, was going to walk calmly into his home. With a growl he pounced. It was all over in an instant; the visitor from space was dispatched, dismembered and disposed of within the space of the few seconds.

Naturally we were grateful to Walter, but after a few words of praise and pats on the old head, he returned to his chair and we to our discussion.

I was saying, "There's no chance of the old boy's relenting?"

"None," Bessie replied unhappily. "Every time I mention you he says 'That bloody snake charmer!' and refuses to talk."

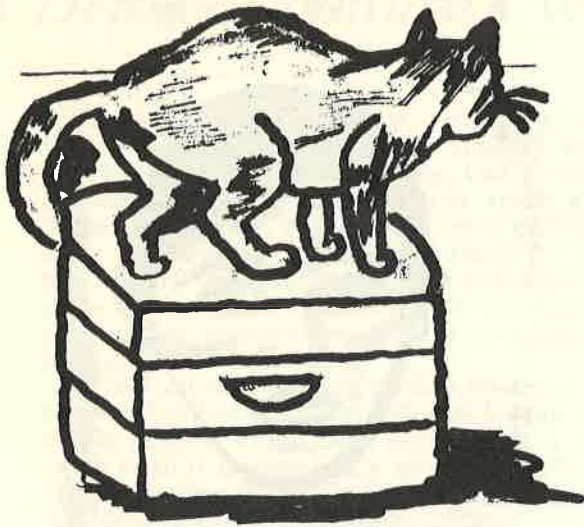
"This is beginning to worry me. In my dreams I see brigades of Uncle Percys carrying you off, and I can't budge."

At this point a voice interrupted. "Purr-r-haps I can help."

We turned slowly to stare at Walter, whose eyes had taken on a new glow of intelligence.

"Uh," I muttered.

"You need not speak. Your thoughts are clearer to me," said Walter. "The invader's biochemistry has affected me in mar-r-velous ways. And now to the matter at hand." His voice changed to a brisk and business-like tone. "Purr-r-haps Uncle Percy could be—well—eliminated," he said



sweetly, disintergrating a kidney pie with a glance.

"No, no, not that!" said Bessie.

"Then purr-r-haps he could be purr-suaded," he said, sounding more like Boris Karloff by the minute.

Well, we are married now, and are very happy. We go to visit Uncle Percy once or twice a month, and sometimes we take him a gift. He has shown great fondness for fire trucks and cowboy hats. Bessie was the recipient of the family fortune, which makes it easy to afford such things, even for newly-weds.

Of course we still have Walter, but we don't see much of him nowadays. He has become rather ambitious, and his bodyguard is very restrictive. He's down at the church

now, planning his sermon for this week. By "church" I mean, of course, the First Temple of Walter. Walterism is the fastest-growing religion in the world. With Walter's superior mentality, it was easy for him to incorporate the best parts of all other religions in his. But the best part could have been added only by Walter himself. I guess being a tomcat, his philosophy came natural.

Walter has shown little political ambition, but lately there has been talk . . . As the old adage goes:

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to look at the Queen."

Of course in Walter's case it would not be to see the Queen. Very soon we may hear:
"I've been up to London to be crowned . . ."

Wilkie Wilkinson—'64



Illustrated by Wilkie Wilkinson—'64

The Boy and the Revenuer

Sam awoke in the shabbily furnished room and began to dread the day. Then, he remembered where he was and what he was going to do today and smiled a self-contented smile.

As he was dressing, the aroma of country ham filled his nostrils and made him realize how hungry he was. He quickly finished dressing and went downstairs.

The owner of the hotel was a small woman whose gray hair was pulled back into a bun. She was busy preparing breakfast for herself and her other guests when she heard footsteps in the dining room. As she glanced out the door, she saw Sam approaching.

"Good morning. Breakfast will be ready in a jiffy."

"That's fine."

She returned to her work.

Sam found a paper lying on a chair and

began to read. One by one the other guests came down, and the owner went through the same greeting each time she heard their footsteps. When the group numbered about ten, breakfast was served.

After breakfast Sam went out on the porch and sat in an old rocking chair and thought over his position. Sam had waited for this particular day for a long time. Yes, today maybe he'd catch that ole coot who had outsmarted him for so long. Sam hated to admit it, but old Boling had outsmarted him too many times. Things had changed now, and he had the upper hand.

Being a revenuer had not been an easy job. But if it hadn't been for those old timers like old man Boling, it would have been easier. Men like that, who had been moonshining and bootlegging all their lives, could send a body to his grave.

Sam had been working on this particular case off and on for about five years. Finally he had turned up a bit of evidence that led him to believe that Boling lived some place in this hollow. Now all Sam had to do was ask a few innocent questions and wait for him to walk into his hands.

Suddenly Sam became aware of his surroundings. He was sitting on the porch of an old building which showed evidence of once being a fine old home. That was surprising enough in this town of about a hundred-fifty people. Directly across the unpaved street was a general store, the only store. There wasn't even a barbershop. Hair was cut either at home or at the nearest town, fifteen miles away. And by the looks of some, they didn't bother.

Sam was thinking what a fine day it was and enjoying the scent of the honeysuckle when he noticed a little boy shuffling around in the street. He had been half-way aware of the boy's glancing occasionally in his direction since he had come on the porch.

Just then some other young boys came by and spoke to him. He just shook his head and the group walked away, leaving him kicking a rock around in the road.

Sam decided if he wanted to get Boling soon, he'd better start work. And what better place to start than with a little boy? Little boys didn't know better than to tell a stranger all they knew.

Sam got up and tried not to seem as though he really wanted to talk to the boy. He just happened to find himself talking to him after inspecting an old hitching post.

"Morning, son."

"Morning, sir."

"Live here long?"

The boy thought a second and said, "Well, sir, I don't really live here. I live over that knob a piece."

"Really?" Sam said, trying to seem as though he hadn't noticed. "Know any Bolings?"

"Sure do. I'm Tom Boling."

Sam felt his mouth drop open and quickly closed it. This was too good to be true.

"Son, I have important business with your pa, if he's Jacob Boling."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, son, I was figuring on hiring me someone to take me up to your place anyway, so I'll throw in a quarter if you'll take me up there now."

"Well, sure, mister!"

Sam began to become suspicious. The boy seemed a little too eager. After all, that Jacob Boling was pretty smart.

"What are you doing in town, anyway?" Sam asked.

"Sometimes people will pay me for running errands for 'em."



Illustrated by Ellen Buchanan—'64

The boy was so innocent that Sam said, "Wait here." Then he ran in to get his gun and a quarter.

Within the next half-hour, Sam and Tom were deep in the woods, Tom leading the way. They kept winding in and out of trees, sometimes on a path, sometimes not. Sam was wondering how the little boy kept his bearings, but he seemed to know where he was going, so Sam began to look about him.

The woods were cool and gave the impression of being damp. Sometimes he would see some sort of wild flower or an occasional fern.

Now they seemed to be going down the other side of the mountain. They might be getting near the still, so he had better start making his plans.

Sam was deep in thought when he noticed smoke curling over the trees.

"Must be getting pretty near now," Sam asked.

"Just about there, sir."

Sam decided he might as well try to be kinder to the little boy. After all, he was going to arrest his father and there was no telling what would happen to Tom.

"Seem to know your way pretty well, son."

"Yes, sir."

"I sure hope someone can show me the way back. I couldn't find it by myself."

The boy stopped and faced the revenuer. A slow smile came across his face.

"Mister, you ain't going back."

Susan Brinkley—'66

A Drink of Nature's Wine

Framed by the window pane through which I look, the world outside appears drab and inanimate. Dismal clouds, like a mass of fleece just sheared from gray sheep and pasted in the sky, blot out the once brilliant sun. There is the stillness of Death in the air, and the once playful willows stand quietly as if they dare not move. A detonation of thunder assures me of the imminence of a storm.

The first drop of rain strikes the window pane in front of my face, followed by innumerable others which beat steadily upon the earth until it is completely saturated. Finally the opening in the sky closes, releasing its last drop of water.

An astounding change has come over this world that was once so drab and lifeless. Each tree, bush, and blade of grass sparkles with a satisfaction of refreshment. Each has been awakened by a drink of nature's wine.

Judy Whittaker—'65



Illustrated by Sandi Warden—'65

The Imposter

It was a brisk, cold day in February, and the snow was slowly but surely melting away under a slight drizzle. The Archaeological Society of East Tennessee, consisting of about thirty members, was in the process of excavating an Early Woodland Indian burial ground. Several Indian burials had already been uncovered, and many interesting artifacts had been discovered and identified. I had just lifted my first shovelful of topsoil when I noticed an elderly woman running toward us and screaming, "My Indians, my poor Indians." She was drying her tears from her eyes with her apron and repeating, "Please don't disturb my poor Indians."

Dr. McIntire, who was in charge of the excavation, walked over to her and assured her that everything would be restored to its original state, as we always reburied the skeletons.

At this moment her sister, who was about the same age and appearance, came over and placed a comforting arm on her shoulder.

"Come on, Amy, let's go back to the house and leave these people alone," said her sister reassuringly.

Before she led the complaining Amy back

to the house, she quietly explained that the mysterious disappearance of Amy's husband several months earlier had left Amy very nervous and easily upset.

Dr. McIntire told us to go on with our digging, for we had every legal right since the site was located on T.V.A. land. The excavating continued until late evening. I was on second level of soil and had sliced away about four inches of clay with my trowel when I heard a grinding sound. This was definitely the sound of metal slicing through bone. I took care in uncovering it inch by inch as my fellow workers gathered around. This skeleton was distinctly different from the others. The arch in the foot was higher, and the finger bones were not affected with arthritis as most Indian skeletons are. This was destined to be a most unusual find.

As I worked my way up from the finger bones to the wrist bones, there was a gasp from my surrounding co-workers. For there, encircling his forearm, was a wristwatch which was inscribed with the following words:

To my loving husband Frank, from Amy.
Ron Bradley—'64

Hey, Dog

Hey Dog! You come 'ere!
Ah is your mastah, dog;
Come on, don't you sneer!
Ah's th' one that owns ya;
You can't hide from me.
Ol' ugly, lazy hound,
Ah'll run ya up a tree—
You just wait and see.
'Knows you're twelve years old
And some day will die;
As yet you ain't cold.
So, dog, you come 'ere!
You ain't sick, ah know,
You're just playing a game.
Come on, dog. (Oh! No!)
Dog, is you really dead?

Ellen Credle—'68



Illustrated by Betsy Legg—'64



Illustrated by Betsy Credle—'64

Where Is Autumn?

The mud under my feet squished
As I walked along;
Suddenly the cold air came
Jabbing like a prong.
Why wasn't Autumn all afire,
Just as I wished it to be?
Why weren't the leaves different colors,
Like I wanted to see?
Some of the leaves before me
Had just begun to fall.
But when I walked, I walked over them,
And they didn't crackle at all!
I thought of all these things
As we walked toward our bikes.
I guess that Autumn thinks it can
Do anything it likes!

Ellen Credle—'68

The Patient

"Well, this is one thing I'd never counted on. I realized that living on an island hadn't exactly given me a normal childhood, but I never thought it was enough to cause anyone to crack up, especially my own brother."

"We generally refer to it as mental illness. And I should think that you, since it's your brother and all, would call it something other than cracking up."

"Well, maybe so, but I haven't seen him since I moved to the mainland. And besides, we weren't exactly the best of friends when I did live at home, either. He was always complaining about how he didn't have any friends, or anything else for that matter, and he couldn't even get along with his own brother. I'm not so sure he was all right then, now that I think about it."

"That just seems to point up the fact that he was never really satisfied, anyway. It's not really surprising, at least not to me, that he is suffering from the symptoms he has now. Anyone suffering from inhibitions like that is bound to release them in some way. The whole thing is based on a type of claustrophobia. In this case it was the ocean that was closing in on him."

"Yeah, sure. So he hit my mother with an iron kettle and tried to push my father through a wall. So my father had to tie him down and send for me to bring out somebody from an asylum to see what could be done for him. I think the only thing wrong with him is that streak of meanness my father never was able to cure."

"Mental illness is never easy to diagnose unless—"

"By the way, I thought the head of your hospital said the only assistant he had who could fly a plane wouldn't be back till tomorrow."

"I got back sooner than I expected. I didn't even get to tell Dr. Warden that I was coming, either. As soon as I got in his office, I noticed the note about flying you out to see about your brother, so I called you right away."

"I really don't see why this whole thing is necessary, but thanks for doing it anyway. And I hope you told the man at the airport not to put any more fuel in the plane than it'll take to get us out there. It's bad enough that I have to rent a plane, much less pay for the fuel to fly the thing. And I'm certainly not going to pay for the fuel to fly this thing back when I can get all the fuel we'll need for nothing when I get home."

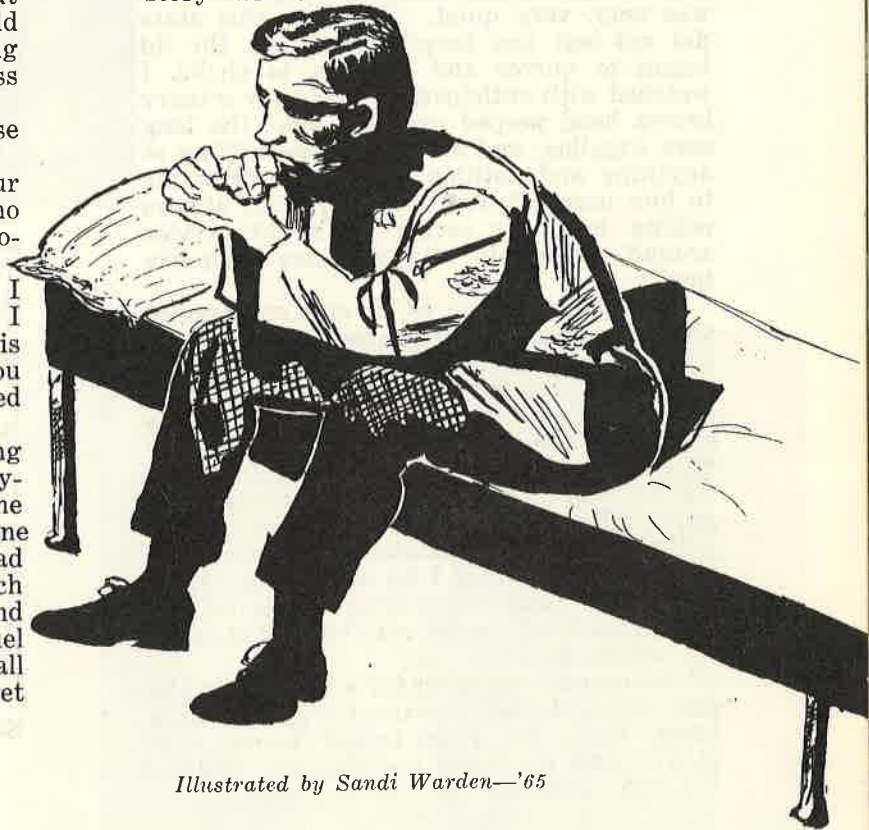
"Yes, I told—"

"Well good. At least everything hasn't gone wrong today. I've been told my brother was a nut, plus having to pay for a plane to go see him and probably losing a day's pay in the process. If my father had a stronger belt, he'd either have been able to beat some sense into Jerry or keep him tied up until the weekend so I wouldn't have to lose a day's pay."

"Mental illness is not a thing that can be timed to suit everyone's convenience. Have you ever had the measles?"

"I know what you're trying to say, and no, the measles didn't come on a weekend, but still I think my father's making the whole thing too important."

You can't ever tell about something like that. For instance, we have a patient at the hospital who wasn't brought in until far too late. He had actually been laughed at and ridiculed so much that now he goes into suicidal rages when anyone says anything derogatory about mental illness or refers to a mental patient by one of the common terms. We had no trouble curing his basic mental illness, but he still has suicidal tendencies. Just last week someone passing through his ward made some kind of a crack, and he tried to jump out of a fifth-story window. That's about the twelfth



Illustrated by Sandi Warden-'65

time he's tried to commit suicide since he became a patient. So you see, **when** you get a patient into a mental hospital is almost as important as getting him in at all."

"How interesting. I tell you, Doc, you've missed some great opportunities for jokes up here. I've always pictured being in a plane miles from nowhere piloted by some nut who pops up with something like, 'I wonder what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I've escaped'. I should think a man who works where you do would know that joke. But instead of saying something like that, you give a lecture on the disadvantages of being a nut and having everyone discover it too late."

"Yes, I've missed a lot of opportunities."

"I think you're about to miss another one. Right there's the island; and if you don't start losing altitude or circling or something, pretty soon it's going to be too late to land. We only have enough fuel to go a few more miles, you know."

"Yes, I know."

Alton Waters—'64

Snoopy

I met him one rainy, windblown day. The sky was gray and the clouds black, but excitement was in the air. Although I saw a paper bag through his traveling case, all was very, very quiet. However, this state did not last any length time. As the lid began to quiver and the box to shake, I watched with anticipation. Suddenly a furry brown head peeped over the side, the long ears wiggling, and his small nose sniffing at anything and nothing. The nose drew me to him most; it was never still, but always poking into any corner or slight crevice around, while thin wiry whiskers spun like tops.

Snoopy leaped out of his case and hopped about the room which was to be his home for a few days. He ran about looking eagerly at beds, bookcases, and chairs, all of which provided a challenge to his bit of climbing experience and his huge instinct. For a while he stood only on his back legs and, with a wistful look on his funny face, stared up at the furniture as long as he could be still.

One night I was so startled to have him land on my lap that I let out a yelp. With that, poor Snoopy skedaddled off the bed and slid across to his corner with his feet sticking out behind him.

Sometimes, stopping for a moment in the path of light that streamed from the desk lamp, his alert, black-tipped bunny ears glowed with a shining translucency, making the pink inside take on a satin quality.

I often watched him sit on his newspaper nibbling carrots and lettuce, then drinking his water from a frozen food container cover. His bag of authentic food was in his case, and he would hop into the box after it. In a quiet room I would hear him chewing, and then know exactly what he was up to even if I didn't know what he was eating on. Any type of shoe was a favorite of his as well as human legs, legs of chairs, and bedspreads.

He made journeys to other rooms when I forgot to close the door well. He became as curious there as he was the first time he was in my room.

The best time to observe him was when it was time to put him into his night case, which was roomier than his traveling compartment. Since he had mastered leaping out of it, it was necessary to pin a huge terrycloth towel over the box. Even then he bounced up and down while both of us eagerly awaited a new day full of surprise and adventure.

Soon, though, the weather became warmer and Snoopy moved to a new home outside under the apple trees. I still visit him as often as I can. We play a little while and remember the days he spent inside his night case.

Penny Jones—'64

Pap

We were his four girls, he used to say,
Aunt Helen, Mother, me, and sister Gay.
He said his love covered us all the same.
But they didn't deserve it—that is, some
I could name.

He thought the world of mother;
She didn't care one way or other;
She said we were poor because he didn't try
To work and make our life worthwhile.
Aunt Helen, told him, "Please be quiet!
You never tell your stories right,
And in her head you're putting facts
And tales where truth is lacked!"
Pap, sister Gay would just ignore,
Behind his back she would call him an
"awful bore."

But when she needed and took his
last cent,
Then she would smile and be content.
And me—well I used to climb upon his lap,
Reach out my arms 'til they found his neck,
And smiling up at Pap,
I'd give his cheek a lovin' peck.
Perhaps they didn't mean those things quite
that way;
Because they cried . . . when he died
that day.

Susan Thompson—'64

*Coffee Pot
in
Still Life*

Kit MacLeod



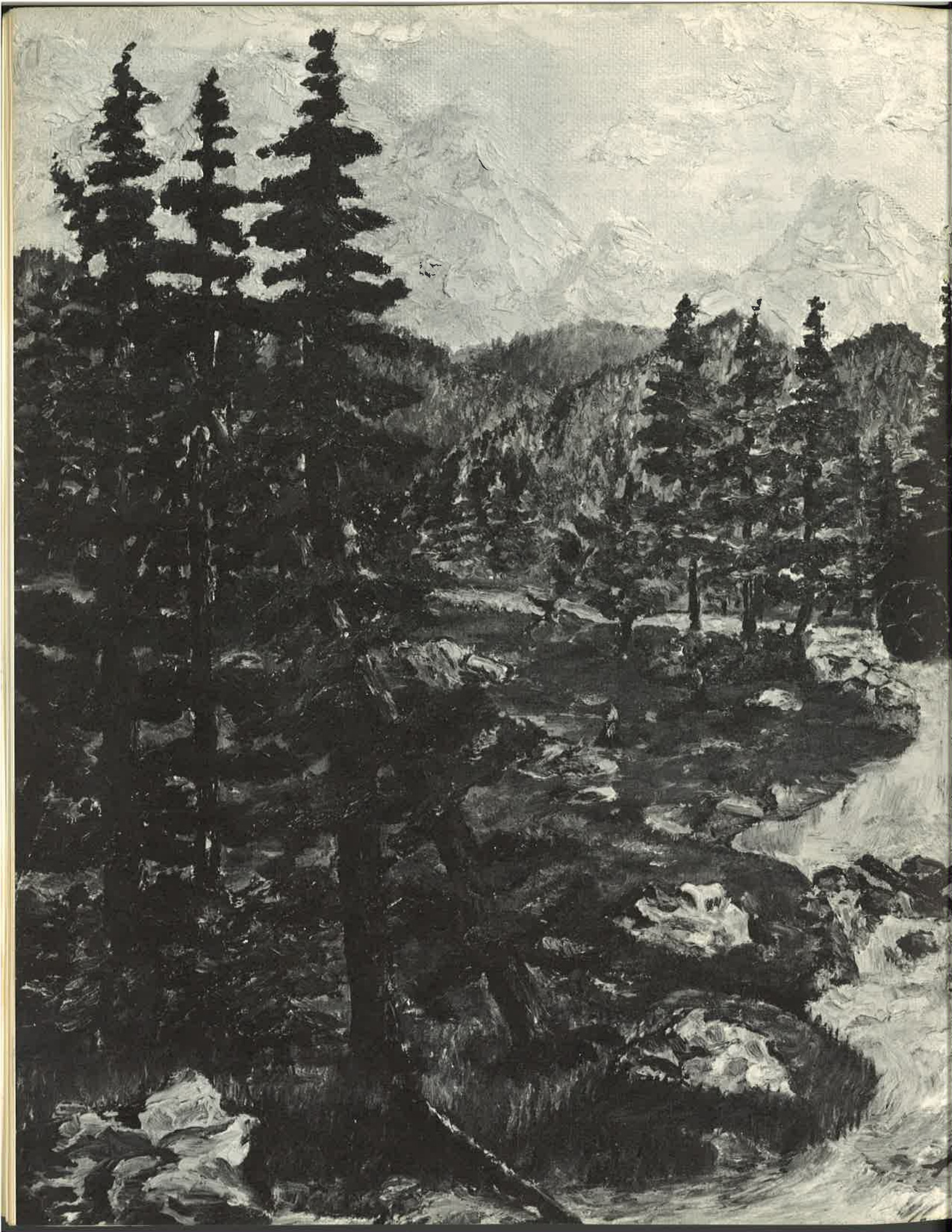
Along The Road

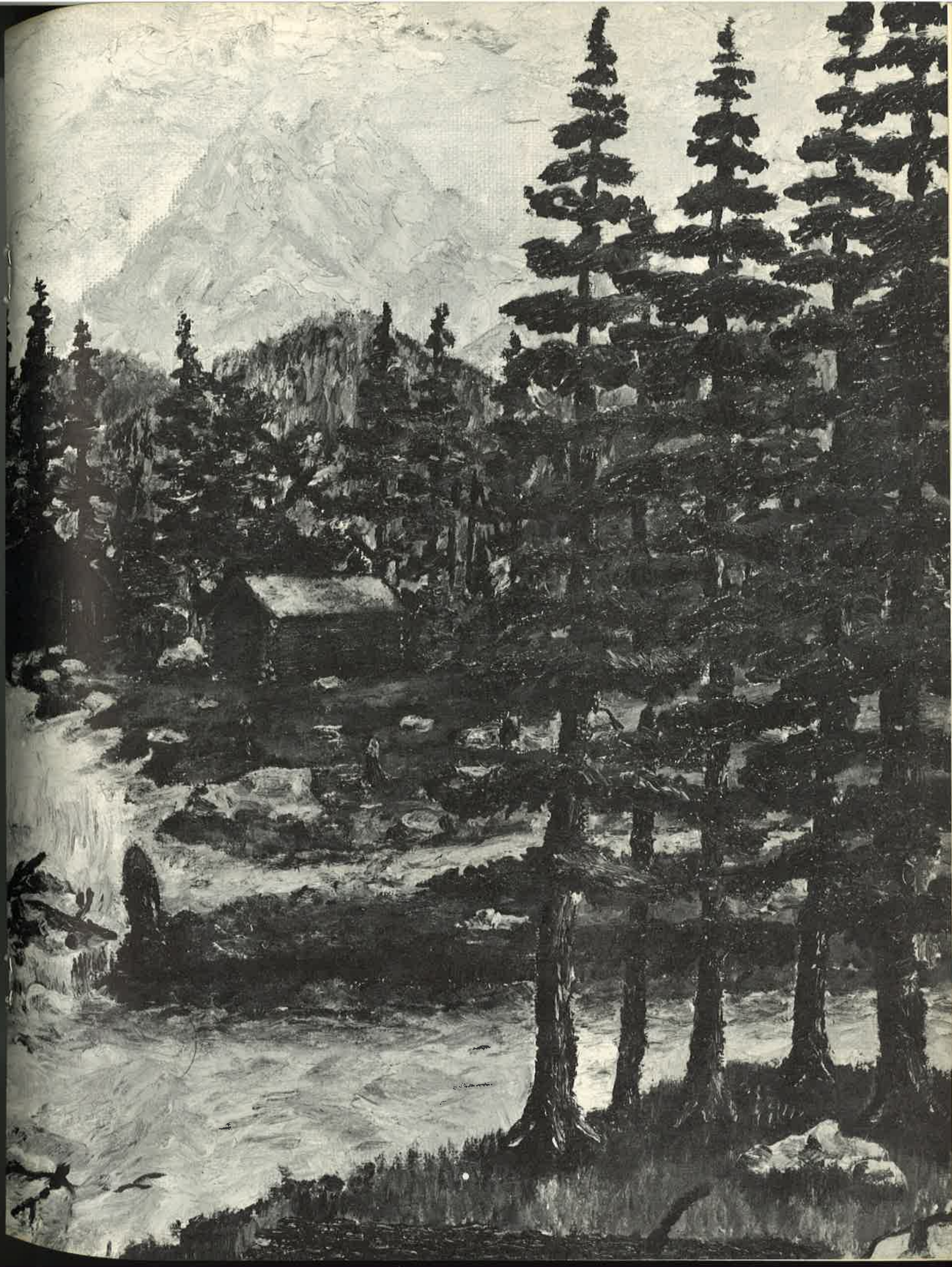
Sandi Warden

The Dutchess

Kitty Martin







Reach from Lonliness

Lynn McCall



Unplayed Melody

Gene Hendron

The Unforgiven

Susan Thompson



My Sister Anita

The dark-skinned men chanted a work song as they unloaded the boats in the wide, shining bay. Their bodies, tall and smooth-muscled, glistened with sweat. The sun reflected off the water with an intensity that made the throat ache and the eyes burn.

In the background rose a hill, stark against the sky. The makeshift shacks which covered it were constructed by men resigned to the fact that their labor would be swept away by the next hurricane.

A dirt path led up to one of these shacks. Maria sat playing with Pepe, a small mongrel with expressive eyes. From within the shack came the mourning wailing of her baby sister, Anita. She wanted to close her ears against the sound. Why wasn't there any milk for Anita, she wondered.

Soon her father would be home and her parents would have a quarrel. Why were they always quarrelling? Sometimes she awoke at night to the sound of their voices raised in anger. She knew it had something to do with her sister, but why should they quarrel over Anita? Suddenly she shivered in spite of the heat.

The sun was even hotter the next day when Maria walked up the path to her shack. Everything was still and quiet except for a few scattered children playing listlessly in the scarce shade. A few yards from the shack Maria stopped suddenly. Something was missing. A vague presence was gone from the atmosphere surrounding the hut.

The crying had stopped! She ran to the door of the hut and stopped, adjusting her eyes to the dark interior.

Her mother was washing clothes in the corner. Maria glanced anxiously at the corner where the baby's bed rested. The baby was gone! Where was Anita?

She hadn't realized that she spoke aloud until her mother shrugged in a gesture of infinite weariness.

For a moment Maria rejected the thought which had come to her, but then she accepted it with the resignation of her race. Turning, she went outside to play with Pepe.

Judy McFaddin—'65

Earth is two steps away from Heaven,
And just one away from Hell.
— Pat Grayson—'64



Illustrated by Lynn McCall—'65

Vigilance

A cloaked and hooded figure huddled closer in the sheltering rocks as an icy gust of wind snatched at the meager clothing.

Oh, would he never come! The ship has been overdue four months already; surely it would come tonight! John, please come home!

So ran the thoughts of a woman who waited for the return of the Pepper Tree Fleet. Everyone knows that when a whole fleet has been absent four months, none will come back everyone except Rina Gardner.

As the darkness became more profound and the sleet and wind drove on, her eyes slowly closed.

I must keep awake! I must, I must! Wait! There, near the point, it must be the Pepper Tree! The Pepper Tree is home! But suddenly it was gone, and the tears of happiness changed to tears of sadness and disappointment. Her lips trembled as she sobbed despairingly. John! John!

Wearied by the fervor of her sudden disappointment, Rina closed her eyes. The sleet turned to snow and the wind howled on, but Rina slept.

But through the lessening darkness, around the point of the cove came the Pepper Tree Fleet! Long overdue, the fleet was at last home; but down by the rocks covered with a blanket of snow, the vigil had ended and a woman slept.

Shelagh Hickie—'66

A Nightmare With Foresight

The uncertainty of the twilight was frightening. The dark refused to envelope Nora but merely cast shadows about, putting her on the defensive.

Despite the gloom she hurried on, forced toward her destination. Suddenly she was there, the familiar wagons looming around her. But their stalwart canvas was flung in ragged shreds by the rising wind and the spokes of many wheels lay scattered on the frozen ground. Nora stepped forward uncertainly, seeking an explanation for the grim spectres.

The people to whom these wagons belonged, those gay, brave spirits, where were they? Could they be huddled behind one of the great wooden frames, or perhaps in some niche in the hill seeking protection from this piercing cold? She stepped waveringly among the ruins.

Nora never knew what first warned her, perhaps a stray shadow plunging at her feet through the midst, or the scream of a careless boot against a wagon wheel. But she was no longer alone. She whirled, trying to pierce the void with gimlet eyes. She retreated slowly until her back rested stiffly against the shaking form of one of the overturned Conestogas. Its wheels whirred in the gale. Her slim form shivered against its bulk.

The moon slid unexpectedly from behind the raging clouds, illuminating her surroundings and casting even deeper shadows. In its flashing passage through the hole in the clouds, she recognized a shadowy form moving in the lee of the wagon opposite her. It had no recognizable shape, only living, threatening bulk.

As darkness fell once more, she started like a frightened doe, sensing a sudden movement near her. Before she could move, a clammy hand closed over her face, suffocating her with its force. She slipped on the icy path and crashed to the ground, freeing herself desperately. As she fell, she felt the form beside her groping for her, and she cringed nearer the frozen earth. She waited until his blind search brought him to the right distance, then plunged her foot against his bent knee. He lurched against the wagon and fell on his face.

Quickly she leaped to her feet and fled over the barren ground, slipping in distress. She could hear his heavy footfalls far behind her, following like a crazed animal. Her frightened bounds took on a treadmill finality, though she strove to drive herself on. She knew he was gaining like inevitable Death! yet she fought to escape despite the dragging force on her limbs.

At that instant the house appeared out of the gloom, its huge window filled with candlelight. Its high turrets pierced the sky and the broad veranda was covered with ivy, just as she remembered from her childhood. Only heavy midst lay between her and its embrace.

His dark, wild steps drew ever closer, filling her with panic. Her flight seemed arrested by the dragging air. The safe haven before her blurred and she gave a cry of longing.

The porch was instantly filled with gaily dressed people, and in a sudden splash of light she was lifted by many hands and carried inside to the bright, demure atmosphere of home. The familiar faces around her bent forward in concern. Here were all those from the wagon train for whom she had been searching.

Close to her she found Carl, her husband, gazing into her eyes with an amused gleam in his own. Her terror slowly receded before his evident calm, and she tried to muster a smile, but failed miserably. Her quick breathing relaxed to normal, but her eyes remained dilated, revealing her uneasiness.

"What on earth were you doing tramping around in that damp, Nora? We've been waiting here for ever so long. I was beginning to think we'd lost you." His thin mouth curved down, slightly cynical.

"I—ah—, well," her sentence never got out because he was raising her gently to her feet and propelling her toward the next room, a great, well-lit ballroom.

"We've been waiting to celebrate your arrival, you know, but we're all rather tired with the delay."

Still his face had that queer, cynical light, his curling hair waving on his smooth forehead like marble. Despite his natural reactions, his eyes, after that first glint, were like glassy marbles. When he took her arm while approaching the dance floor, his hand was icy and smooth as silk. Her uneasiness heightened by leaps and bounds.

They whirled across the room to a waltz tune, all the couples turning like toys on their separate sticks. As the music came to a close, Nora stopped breathlessly near the doorway. His cold hand was still cupped on her elbow.

"Do you mind, Carl, if I just rush upstairs a moment and clean up? I feel such a sight. I know I must be so conspicuous." She tried to make her voice light and natural, but it cracked slightly. Carl seemed to have noticed nothing unusual.

"Certainly, darling, but please hurry. We can't have our guests waiting, can we?" His

eyes stared past her, becoming more distant. "Oh, I'll be right back," she assured him, slipping quietly from his grip.

As she hurried through the hall toward the stairs, she hardly noticed the bland, gaily-set faces of those around her. She could think only of the cool room at the top of the broad stairs, the securely-closed door.

Her feet fled up the stairs, and she crossed the velvety carpet to the nearest bedroom. As she closed the heavy door behind her, she breathed a sign of relief, pushing all her urgent question to the back of her mind. In the center of the room was a huge canopied bed, and the wall opposite it was completely covered with a huge mirror. She crossed hesitantly to peek at herself. The figure in the mirror could never be her, the pale, gaunt face with wide eyes which were already taking on the glassy look, just as she had seen in Carl's own eyes. Her rasped nerves suddenly snapped, and she whirled, screaming, and lurched to the bed, face down.

"Nora, Nora! you're all right now, darling. The doctor's here and you'll be just fine. Hush, now, or you'll wake the babies. There, I'm here; Carl's here to take care of you."

When her sobs had subsided and she was finally fading into peaceful sleep, Carl tiptoed quietly out of the room accompanied by the doctor. They went into the living room of the cottage to avoid disturbing her.

"Has your wife ever had these nightmares before, Mr. Stevens? Has she given any indication of disturbance lately?" asked the doctor softly.

"No, she's always been quite steady,"

Carl replied with a worried frown. "The only reason I can find is this trip West that we're planning. It's been pretty trying preparing everything we'll need. Do you think these dreams might continue, Doctor?"

"I seriously doubt it, Mr. Stevens. As you say, it's probably just the results of strain. That sedative I gave her will solve the problem, I'm sure." He closed his bag and picked up his hat to leave. "Well," he said, holding his hand out, "I wish you luck on this trip. I realize it's quite an undertaking. Which party are you traveling with? Who's their leader?"

"Why, it's George Donner. You've probably heard of him. We'll be a small party, only about eighty of us, but it ought to be a real experience. Yes sir, our Donner party ought to do very well. Good evening, Doctor, and thank you very much for helping Nora."

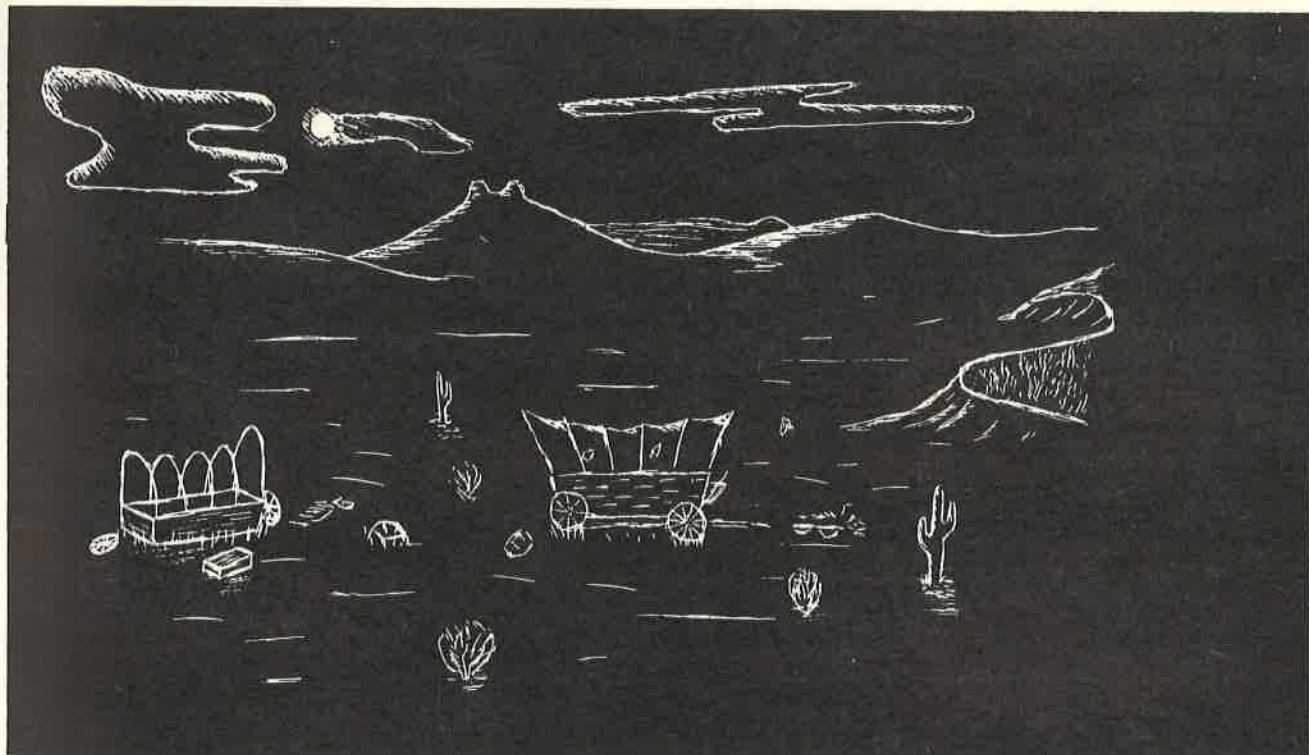
The door closed with a hollow ring . . .

San Francisco Chronicle

March 15, 1858

The Donner Party, led by George Donner of Illinois, has finally been found after a long winter of apprehension. They had not been heard from since last summer when they entered the Sierra Nevadas on their way to Sacramento. The surviving members of the party, of whom only forty-five returned out of the original eighty-one, tell a horrifying tale of starvation and desperate hardship in a remote mountain pass. Those lost in the tragedy include . . .

Peggy McLaughlin—'65



Illustrated by Tommy Smith—'66

You Just Know

The night was pleasant, but the air blowing through the window was almost cold. Girl rolled up the window on her side of the car, shutting out the wind and noises of other vehicles on the highway. As the car slowly began to warm up, she realized that it gave them a welcome privacy.

Oncoming headlights showed Boy's profile distinctly, but only for a moment. Now everything was dark again, and a red glow from his cigarette was reflected on the windshield.

Girl's thoughts flashed back to a time earlier in the night. The party had really been fun. Girl remembered how funny boy had been, and she felt a strong pride that he had picked her to be "his girl." She was glad everyone liked him as much as she did, only in a different way. There was a very special feeling between Boy and herself.

Millions of stars in a cloudless sky replaced the bright lights that they had just left. The silence that enveloped them was in complete contrast to the loud music and laughter of the party and was welcomed by both of them. Sometimes talk came freely and they could talk all night without stopping, but if silence came, it did not come between them. They had been dating long enough so that one did not worry if the other had nothing to say. They understood.

Sharon Massengill—'64



Illustrated by Susan Barnes—'65

The Walk

I never walk
On any street,
Without a prayer
That we won't meet.
I am afraid
That you may guess
Time hasn't made me
Love you less.
But more than that
I'm afraid to find
That you can meet me
And never mind.

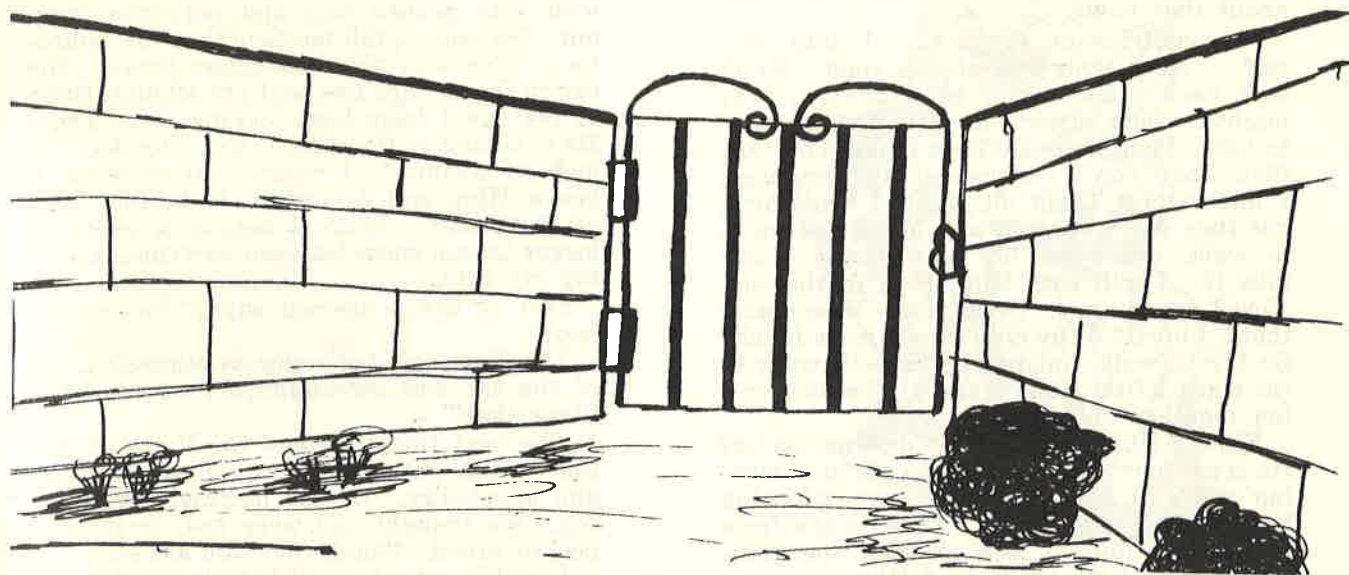
Travis Reinhardt—'64

The Changing Day

Sometimes the day is dark,
gray, dismal, dreary.
Things are black, damp, silhouetted
against a bleak, gray sky.
The soul is asleep as death;
pensive, depressed,
Immersed, surrounded, sunken,
subdued in gray.
But then it lifts, the gray turns
blue and gold
As the ethereal sky, not the old
but the new.
The rising hope, the climbing soul,
The peak is reached, the purpose found,
The bright, not gloom, the faith, not doom.
I love, not curse; I laugh, not cry;
I shout, not sigh; I live, not die.

Jeannie Kleinhammer—'65

The Escape



I blinked my eyes in the bright sunshine. Ah, freedom! Here it was at last! The building behind seemed forbidding and gloomy, surrounded by its tall trees, high fences, and stone walls. The silence was eerie and unnatural, making me shiver slightly in spite of the warm sunshine. Would They miss me in That Place where there was so much activity? Would the alarm sound before I could make my dash? Was it only this morning that I was so rudely awakened at the crack of dawn?

The Authoritative Voice had said, "Get dressed. Make it snappy, now."

Hustle, bustle. For what? There was all the time in the world. Didn't they know that the hours dragged in That Place?

Later there was the call for breakfast, or what They called breakfast. Then more dragging hours. Nothing to do. Just sit and think. Just think and sit. Lots of people but they didn't mean anything to me. How could They know what I was thinking? Suddenly I was noticed, and They handed me some silly things.

"Hey, fella'," said the Voice of Authority, "try these for size. Make a picture, build a toy, weave a basket. Don't just sit there."

How little They knew. All I wanted to do was sit and think. No, that was not quite right. Occasionally I would move to the big window and look at the wide, wide world. The beautiful wide world that led to freedom. Out there, the birds were singing, the sun was shining, and the roads led to strange places. Out there, He will be waiting for me. I'll find Him. Why not? Maybe today is the chance.

"Lunch," cried the Voice of Authority, and momentarily the dreams were shattered.

Lunch stuck in my throat; swallowing was painful. Could They see the excitement and anticipation in every movement? Today would be my chance. I was sure of it.

More sitting and thinking. Suddenly the moment had come, unexpected, simple.

"Time to do some more work on the sandpile," said the Voice of Authority. "Be sure to bring in the bucket and shovel when you are finished. Here, put on this jacket and cap; it's still chilly outside.

A red cap. A red jacket. Was this a trap to see every move I made? No matter. This was the chance.

With swift feet, I moved down the gravelled walk toward the great gate. There, near the entrance, was the huge sandpile with a bucket and a shovel. There were days when I didn't mind the work. In fact, I enjoyed it, for then my imagination would carry me into far-away places and lands while my muscles rippled under the pleasant stimulus of activity. But today would be different. The gate was open. Not a soul in sight. Everything was still. Ready. Waiting.

I paused just outside of the gateway, and it was there my eyes blinked in the brilliant sunlight. It was there I shivered, not because the air was crisp, but in anticipation of the unknown. My eyes surveyed my surroundings. Strange, but there were no cars on the highway. However, my hesitation was slight.

If he turned left, he thought, it would mean certain discovery. If he turned right, They would be sure to find him. Oh yes, he knew the way. He would find it all right. It was not difficult to find where each road went. They would be surprised at his knowledge, but there was no time to think about that now.

Concentrate on freedom, I told myself. Keep your eye on the road. Don't look back. Don't talk to strangers; they might become suspicious. But I don't need to talk. Back there in That Place, They say that They don't understand my language. I understand Them all right. I fool them, but they don't know that. Miles and miles to walk, but I am big and strong. I can take it. I will find Him there in the end. Now I am hungry. Breakfast? Who wants that? Lunch? Why didn't I eat more lunch? So far to walk, but maybe He will want to eat when I find Him. That will be nice, eating together once again.

Finally I have reached my destination but He is not here. I stand on a corner not knowing what to do. Many cars are whizzing by. I count the corners. Five. Cars from every direction. I look at each one anxiously. Still I see no sign of Him.

I look across the street where the filling station is, and the lady at the cash register comes out and smiles at me. I think she recognizes me. She shouts something, but I do not understand at first. She comes closer to the edge of the sidewalk with that smile and asks, "Are you waiting for someone?"

I am speechless, but I smile back and nod my head. This seems to satisfy her, and she returns to her place in the filling station. I see her reach for the telephone and call someone.

Hours and hours of waiting, but still He does not come. There's only one thing left to do. I must find my own way.

I look down one road where the cars have thinned out. Maybe I should take this one. It looks much safer. I walk slowly, brooding over my disappointment, but sure in the knowledge that in the end I shall find a solution to my problem.

Abruptly the sidewalk ends, and I find myself walking down the middle of the road. I also realize that I do not know this road at all.

Out of nowhere the sound of a siren wails.

It's not the time that's
long; it's the living.

— Susan Thompson—'64

All is not heard,
My mouth
Is closed.

— Brenda Walling—'64

I look back. A big black car is bearing down upon me. I look forward and another car is bearing down on me from that direction. I stop in my tracks. What else is there to do? I grin foolishly, wondering what kind of punishment is in store for me now. The big black car stops, and two men with peaked hats and uniforms jump out. No need to tell me that they are policemen. I've seen them too many times. The car in front stops too, and joy of joys, there is the one I have been looking for. There He is sitting at the wheel. But why does He look so strange? I notice that someone is beside Him, and it happens to be the Voice of Authority. There I am, in a space no larger than a room between two cars, awaiting my fate.

One of the policemen says, "Is this the boy?"

The Voice of Authority is stumbling out of the car and screaming, "Yes, yes. Oh, thank God!"

The next thing I know the Voice of Authority has gathered me up in strong arms and is sobbing, "Oh my darling. My darling. We thought you were lost, or kidnapped, or killed. Thank God, you are safe."

I'm still grinning. What else is there to do? I don't understand what all the fuss is about.

The Voice of Authority holds me tight all the way back to the big house. I can hardly breathe, but somehow I don't mind too much. It feels mighty warm and comfortable. We are nearing the gate, but why are there so many people standing around and talking with serious faces? Something must have happened. They point at me, and everybody is smiling again. I really don't care. I'm too tired, too sleepy, and too hungry.

We pass through the big gate, and I see my little bucket and shovel sitting in the sandpile, looking very forlorn. Oh well, I can bring them in tomorrow. Right now, my Dad, for that's who He is, is sitting beside me looking relieved and happy. I wonder why he didn't go to that filling station today? And the Voice of Authority, who is my Mom, is promising me all kinds of goodies to eat. But why is she still crying? I only wanted to find my Dad.

After all, I am four years old.

The leaves
On my grave
Are heavy.
My eyes are blind.
I hear a sound;
Now the silence aches.

— Sandra Warden—'65

In His Own Image

What is this thing called man?
Is he just a grain of sand
On life's eternal sea?
A captive breath, which only death
Can set at liberty?
He lives, he loves, and then is gone,
This world to see no more.
A wasted and a bitter song,
A stranger at Hell's door.
No! No! Far more than this is he
Whom God doth choose to love.
Unchained and pure, his mind is free
To roam the skies above.
Oh, man! A blessed lot is thine
Above all other things.
Dear God hath made thy soul divine,
So let thy glad heart ring!

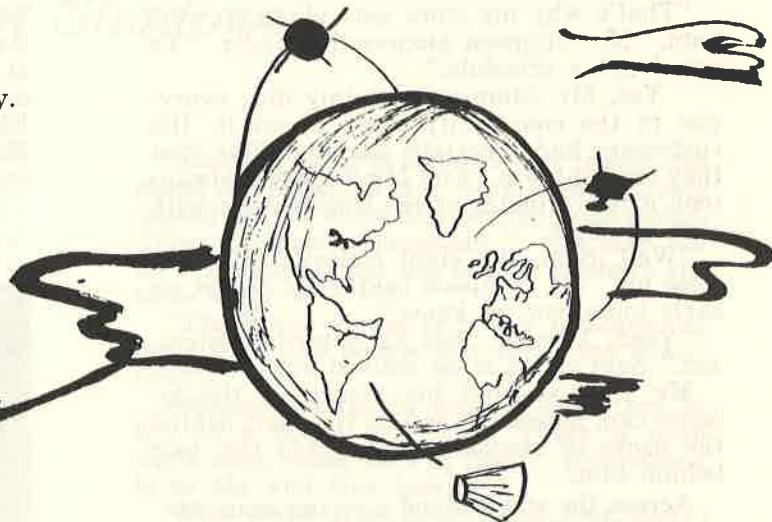
Fred Nidiffer—'64



Illustrated by Fred Nidiffer—'64

Man

Man talks peace; yet Man fights wars.
Man talks friendship; yet Man is unfriendly.
Man talks fairness; yet Man is unfair.
Man is a hypocrite.
Man was once peaceful.
Man was once friendly.
Yes, Man was once fair.
Yet Man is none of these now.
Man was once peaceful.
To his neighbors, friends, family. To all.



Illustrated by Betsy Beach—'64

Yet Man did not like peace.
Man created wars.
Man was once friendly.
He tried to befriend all.
Yet Man did not like friendship.
Man created hate.
Man was once fair.
He was fair to all in all things.
Yet Man did not like fairness.
Man created partiality.
Man could still be peaceful, friendly.
The sad thing is Man could be anything
good.
But Man is his own ruination.

Bob Benning—'66

Marty

Mr. Simpson covered up the last barrel of pickles and walked over to the cash register to check his earnings for the day.

"It's been an unusually good day for me, Sam," Mr. Simpson said. "First time in all my years in the grocery business that everyone has paid his bill. I bet I got enough money to buy a new store."

"Mr. Simpson, I'm warning you," Sam replied in a deliberate manner, "if you don't put that money in a good, safe bank, you ain't gonna have 'nough money to buy a can of peas."

"Now, Sam, you know I ain't got no trust in them banks. They'd soon take my money and not give it back. My tobaccer can is as good as any ole bank, and I can get to it any time I needs it," Mr. Simpson protested. "Well, it's about time to close up. Got time enough to make one last check."

"I say, Simpson, if thur's one thing you can be proud of, it's your time. You know, the way you're always a' openin' and closin' right on the button," Sam put in.

"That's why my store gets along so well, Sam," Mr. Simpson answered proudly. "Ya see, I got a schedule."

Yes, Mr. Simpson certainly did; everyone in the community knew about it. His customers had a certain day and time that they traded there. And Mr. Simpson always took a few minutes of his time to talk with each of them.

"Well, Sam, it's eight o'clock. Time ta close up," Mr. Simpson said. "Got ta get up early tomorrow, ya know."

"Yeah, I know. See ya Saturday, Simpson," Sam yelled as he walked out the door.

Mr. Simpson put his money in the tobacco can, placed the can on the shelf behind the packs of crackers, and locked the door behind him.

Across the street stood a young man staring at Mr. Simpson. He had taken an unusual interest in the affairs of the grocer and the store. His deep brown eyes followed Mr. Simpson down the road. Then the young man turned and slowly walked in the opposite direction.

The next day as Mr. Simpson finished with a customer, this same young man stepped into the store.

"Have you got a job or somethin' I could do to make some money?" he asked.

"What's your name, son?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Sac, and I want to make some money," he replied.

"Sorry, Sac," Mr. Simpson said sympathetically, "but I don't need nobody just now."

As Mr. Simpson helped another customer,

Sac glanced quickly over the shelves behind the counter. His eyes stopped at a point on the shelf. He turned and walked, unconcerned, out of the store.

Sac had the information he needed. He would rob the store on Saturday, just two days away. That would give him plenty of time to plan his attack and to study Mr. Simpson's schedule.

Friday Sac placed himself across the street from the grocery store in the Yellow Coach Bus Terminal. It had a large clear window facing the store which made it easy to see who went in and came out.

As Sac sat on one of the benches, he saw Mr. Simpson open up at exactly 6:30. At 11:00 he left for lunch and locked the door, returning exactly at 12:00. At 2:00 Mr. Simpson left once more, without shutting the door, and returned in ten minutes.

Sac realized that this was the chance he needed. He sat on the bench a few minutes, then rose and walked away.

Saturday finally arrived. Sac once more sat in the bus terminal watching across the street. Mr. Simpson again opened the store at 6:30. The regular Saturday customers came to trade and exchange pleasantries. Eleven o'clock quickly came as Sac watched Mr. Simpson leave for lunch. At 12:00 the door was opened again—just two more hours.



Illustrated by John McMinn—'65

Sac's eyes were twitching. He put his hand to his eyes and rubbed them. As he removed his hands, he glanced across the street just in time to see Mr. Simpson walking down the sidewalk. Sac walked nonchalantly into the store and jumped quickly behind the counter, pushing everything off the shelves. He grabbed the tobacco can, but he suddenly dropped it when he heard someone behind him shout in a loud, crackly voice, "Stick 'em up!"

He had been caught. But how? What could he do? He felt under his coat for a gun. Then the shout came again, "Stick 'em up!" He raised his hands quickly. If only he could reach under his coat, get his gun, turn quickly and shoot, then make a run for it before the town got there. But he didn't know where the man was standing, and he might miss. Mr. Simpson would be back any minute.

It was too late. He heard footsteps on the sidewalk; Mr. Simpson stood in the doorway. Simpson began to laugh loudly and said to Sac through his laughter, "Well, young man, I had an idea you'd do something sneaky. I didn't know you'd do it so soon, though. Here, let me have that gun before my friend gets nervous and does something drastic." The humor of the situation struck him more fully, and he laughed even louder.

Sac blurted out wildly, "But you had a schedule—a perfect system. How come there was somebody in here? You always leave at 2:00 and nobody is here. How come there is this time? I checked it out!"

"You didn't check it close enough, son," Mr. Simpson laughed. "Ain't that right, Marty?"

"Yeah, Marty's a pretty bird."

Brenda Walling—'64

Light Shadows

Washington, D. C., imagine! Pappy and Ah finally made it here. Ah told 'em back home Ah was gonna make it, but they didn't believe. It sho' is a big city; Ah betacha' a little boy like me could get lost real quick. Nah, Ah won't. No one could get lost holding on to Pappy. He stands a head taller than everyone else, and Ah can spot him anywhere by his jet black hair. Ah wonder if Ah'll grow up to be as big as he is. My hand in his looks like a little pebble.

"Up ahead you see the Iwo Jima monument. A tribute to . . ."

That guide sho' is an impressive man; he's so clean and knows so much. Miz Miller and he sure would match each other, brain for brain. She knows all that there is to know in history. She told us kids how lucky we is to be Americans. We is all equal, she says, and everyone can walk with his head high 'cause he is as good as everyone else.

"If you look to your left as we go down Constitution Avenue, you will see the Washington Monument . . ."

Boy, George Washington! He sho' lived in a tall house. It seems like in Mistah Washington's day everybody was more equal than they is today. He got to grow up and be President. He didn't have to be rich and know lots of important people; all he did was to be honest and sincere and like people. Pappy says Ah ain't got no chance to be President even though Ah is only six. He says it's got something to do with men, my station, background, or sumptin'.

"Ah ain't going to feel all funny inside now about my name, no sir. Ah is special, being named G. W., short for George Washington Tilley. It means sumptin'." Ah may not be a President, but Ah is able to share the same name with him.

"The White House is now a residence of more than 100 people who serve the President . . ."

Someone has to be mighty important to live in a house like this. There is even eight long, black cars in front. Everything is so big and fine lookin'.

"Stay away from everything over there! Don't touch anything . . ."

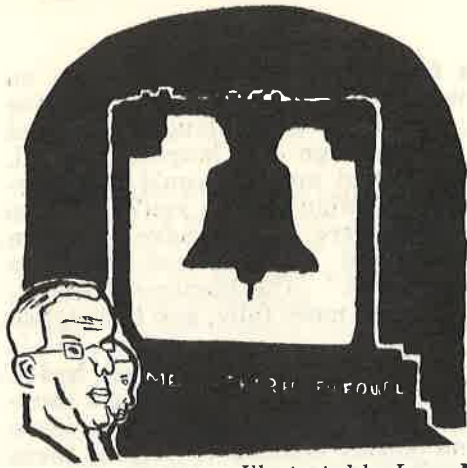
Ah wasn't meaning to hurt it! Ah only wanted to touch the whiteness to see if it come off. Ah wouldn't destroy anything of Mr. President's, no sir! But that little girl over there wasn't fussed at like me, and she touched the wall and picked a fl'r.

"The men of America's government walk up these very steps to the Capitol. There are at the present time 435 Representatives and 100 Senators who compose Congress; of these, eight come from . . ."

There's an important-looking man; Ah know he's a Congressman; look at his notebook. He might shake hands with me if Ah was to . . .

"Sir! Sir?"

Ah just wanted to shake hands with him. Maybe he jest didn't see my outstretched hand is why he pushed it aside and kept on walkin'. No sir, he couldn't have been



Illustrated by Lynn McCall—'65

a Congressman 'cause they represent all of us Americans.

Grandma said for me not to forget to 'member to see the documents. Oh, they'ze so many and all covered with glass. Ah can't read them 'cause they're so old. Supposin' if no one can read them, then no one would believe in them or use them. The Congressman passed right by these and didn't even pause to look at them; he jest don't seem to care. Grandma says one of these here documents created us liberties. We is all equal, she says, the big 'uns and the little 'uns, the rich and the poor. That Senator just walked on by . . .

"The round circular building is the Jefferson Monument. Notice the placement of the statue. It was so placed to enable Jefferson to see all directions . . ."

A Woman's Life

She put away childish things,
 She was Katherine, not Katy,
 She became a young lady,
 All for the love of the boys.
 She went steady,
 She wore a red hair ribbon,
 She kept step in life's rhythm,
 All for the love of a boy.
 She became engaged,
 She was a woman now,
 She took the eternal vow,
 All for the love of a man.
 She suffered the agony of birth,
 She worked her fingers bare,
 She lived a life pure and rare,
 All for the love of her man.
 She bore the grief of death,
 All but memories were gone,
 She lived only for the dawn,
 Yet, not in vain; she'd loved too.

Louise King—'65

Jefferson, oh, he'z the one Mis Miller told me wuz for every man being what he wants to be and doing what he wants. Everyone gettin' the same privileges as everybody else was what he wanted. But sometimes Ma and Pappy won't go into certain places. Ah see a gleam in their eyes like they want to, but they don't. Last year half of the grown-ups didn't go vote, for they was afeared to. How comes when Brother Tom was accused of stealing Mix Skinner's mule, he didn't even have time to scat before he was in jail, and he didn't do it. That Brown boy got away scot free, and he was the one who done it. It seems like some more of us Americans should be like Jefferson — if Jefferson was true and everyone is equal.

"Move to the back of the bus, you! All the way!"

"The Lincoln Memorial will be our next stop."

I want to get there before everyone else does. Hurry up these big steps. Lincoln's my favorite President 'cause he'z most like us and wouldn't let us be kicked around. Mr. Lincoln? Mr. Lincoln! Why, you ain't like me at all.

"Pappy, he ain't black like us. He'z white. None of these heroes we saw wuz black, wuz they? They wuz just a talkin' about freedom and equality."

Sheila Morton—'64



Illustrated by Kitty Martin —'65

Between Here and There

A deluge of fears, racing
heart, prayer —
Hope!
A straying mind, wandering
eyes, love of earth —
Suspicion!
Taunting forests, babbling
streams, coyote yells —
Wonder!
A newly born baby, wanting
cries, love of motherhood —
Anxiety!
Careless mother, wants
of reprieve, need of money —
Discontent!
Lost child, wanting cries,
love of motherhood —
Privation!
Sighting of child, running
legs, gratefulness —
Suspense!
Tiny body, cold and blue,
breathless —
Death!

Larry Bandell—'66



Illustrated by Betsy Credle—'64

Life is a path;
Don't get sidetracked
By death.
— Shelagh Hickie—'67

The hand of teaching
Clasps
That of learning.

Betsy Credle—'64

The death
Of a child
Makes the soul shiver.

— Sandra Warden—'65

Definition of Freedom

Freedom is the sudden emotional feeling that the Negro slaves in America experienced after Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. It is the vision of a vast, cloudless, blue sky, a rolling verduous meadow with a breeze teasing every blade of grass. It is standing on a towering mountain top viewing the world in its activity. It is the never-ending joyful song of the gurling brook tripping over itself in its glee. It is the silent, passionate flight of a butterfly content with making an indistinct shadow. It is walking down a street, head held high, and no trace of fear or disgrace in every stride. It is the equanimity of moonlight upon the silvery shore of the ocean. It is riding a barebacked steed in the wind. It is the powerful, majestic soaring of a lark to lofty heights. It is worshipping in solmenity the God who has endowed the earth with so much to be cherished. It is awakening in the morning with merely the realization of being alive!

Bambi Morrison—'64



Illustrated by Tommy Smith—'66

J. F. K.-- Alive Today

Our memories of him live, though
he does not;
His life is not confined to that
small plot.
The world will note him as a man of
strength,
A man whose life was not dimmed by
its length.
His every move was criticized
or praised
As through the New Frontier a trail
he blazed.
To some, his speeches were a thing
of jest;
To some, he rivaled Shakespeare
at his best.
His critics said he had a speech
defect,

But that really was New English,
in effect.
His religion had been said to be
all wrong,
But it's not to church, but God,
that we belong.
An office such as his bears
much abuse—
The public craves a hero to
traduce.
To him we gave our nation and
its strife;
To us he gave his service and
his life.
"Ask not what your country can
do for you;
Ask what you can do for
your country."

Alton Waters—'64

Freedom
Rests on a pedestal
Of fighting men.
Betsy Credle—'64

The ceiling will lift
If you open the windows
And doors.

The ring is eternity.
My ring
Is gone.

Your sin is your shame—
Don't blame it
On anyone else.
— Mack Richardson—'66



A leader is one who will end up
carrying the responsibilities
of his followers.
— Pat Grayson—'64

Have we already
Mixed the mortar
Of our life?

You hit me?
Even the shade of my shadow
In the desert is
Hot.

You can chop the tree down—
It won't hit you
Back.

All buttons
Won't fit in
The same hole.

Do you wonder if I'll turn
The other cheek if
You hit me?

I'm supposed to
Be at home;
But I'm not.

The pond is outside
And the sun is blazing,
But I can't swim.

Birds are constantly singing,
But who stops to listen to
What they have to say.
— Larry Bandell—'66



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