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Winter
1966

Viking Voices

VOLUME 7

NUMBER I



PUBLISHED BY THE VIKING VOICES STAFF
TENNESSEE HIGH SCHOOL BRISTOL, TENN.

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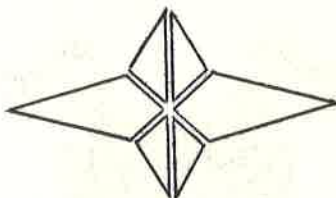
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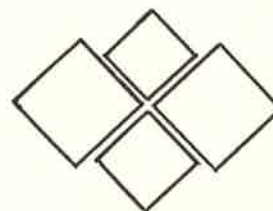
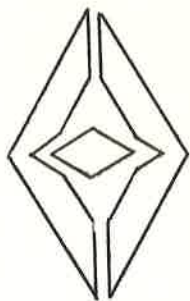


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Children's World

Dance along a moonbeam,
Whistle to the wind,
Hold a crystal snowflake,
Around the river's bend.

Hide beneath a blanket,
Run to get the mail,
Wade in fishpond water,
To catch a creeping snail.

Push the baby's carriage,
Lick the candy spoon,
Hunt for tadpole puddles –
Children grow up soon.

Shelagh Hickie '66



Illustrated by Shelagh Hickie



Illustrated by Susan Ferency '66



Illustrated by Ruthie Warden '69

A Wish



Illustrated by Ruthie Warden '69

The grass still sparkles reflecting the sun's
early rays striking the fresh dew.
The winter's snowflakes still glisten brightly
as they lie white, pure, new-fallen.
The gray clouds still swirl silently through
the sky as if angered with the earth.
Children still run noisily through the vacant
streets playing their happy games.
Mother still stands calling to us from the
doorway of our small, modest house.
Father still sits in the parlor smoking his
pipe and reading his paper.
My brother, my baby brother, still looks up
and smiles trustingly at me.
Oh, God, I wish I could see again.

Bob Benning '66

A Blind Spring

The girl stepped gingerly through the tall grass and felt it brush gently against her legs. She knew she must be on the crest of the hill, not only because the air was cleaner but also because it carried the warmer breeze of sunshine.

The pungent fragrance of blooming clover told her bees were busy. She listened closely and heard the whirring, darting insects. The wind stiffened a little and her long hair was blown wildly about, glinting gold. This particular spot always excited her, for she could sense the distant violet mountains framed by a milky sky. A sound familiar to her caused a smile to cross her lips; the sound of the branches of an old pine expres-

sed the feeling she was not able to put into words.

If only she could remember colors! Some of the colors of winter came back to her — rather dismal grays and browns. But the delicate shades of tender, young buds and opening flowers escaped her completely. Her eyes tightly closed, she stretched her mind as far back as it would go to allow it to recall the way the earth looked after an April rain. But the past was stubborn and would not permit her to see spring. Her arms out-stretched, she tried to pull close to her the youth of a new season — while all was dark.

Nancy Dampier '66

The Little Napoleon

All eyes of the captivated audience were upon the small, middle-aged man as he lectured in a high-pitched voice dripping with sarcasm.

"You are without a doubt the dumbest junior class I have ever had the misfortune to teach! Now, students, I won't put up with this. I know you covered the material in general science because I planned your tests.

"Last night I informed your parents that you were nothing but morons; and if they have any complaints, they can take them to the school board."

The shrill nine-thirty bell having interrupted the strained silence, the teen-agers slowly filed out of the room which was filled with rotten-egg odors. Many teachers had criticized them for not being as astute as possible, but Doc was different. They cared what he thought!

Having received a warning of the lecture, second period came quietly into the room and took their seats. A teacher seeking the advice of an experienced mind prolonged the anxiety of waiting.

Finally the time had come. As Doc raised his eyebrows and prepared to speak, a brave soul ventured to address him.

"Hey Doc, what time is the football bus leaving for Morristown? Since you won't be here, does that mean we won't have our test?"

After running his hand over his thinning hair, the exasperated bachelor exclaimed, "There you go again trying to get out of work! Students, I went through long years of school to get an education; moreover, I can get a job anywhere I want one. The state would hire me at the snap of my fingers! Sometimes I wonder why I bother to stay here; you all surely don't appreciate my talents.

"We're having lab today. Go to your table, get to work, and don't let me hear one peep. The first person who talks will take his seat and receive a zero in lab for the six weeks."

Wide-eyed and frantic, a girl came swiftly into the room after class. "Bill had a date



Illustrated by Shirley Street '67

with another girl while I was out of town last week. What am I going to do?"

Rolling his eyes and assuming a mockingly prissy pose, Doc answered in an aristocratic accent, "Why that dirty dog! I'm going to have to straighten him out during lunch. Meanwhile, don't let him know he's got the upper hand."

After the lovelorn confider had left, Doc took his post at the door while awaiting his third class. The usual flock of boys telling jokes was absent. Undoubtedly the news of his warpath had spread.

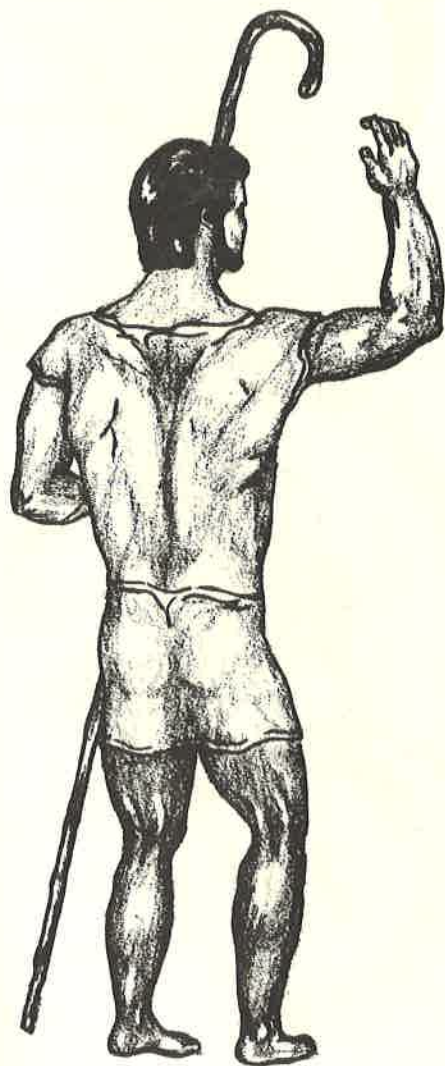
The day proceeded with each class being

humbled by the lecture. Sixth period came, and Doc went out to the fieldhouse where he could relax with the football team. When practice was over, he decided to stop and buy some comic books on the way home. He had not read the latest "Man of the Atom."

Noting that Doc was singing to himself, the first period class eagerly entered the room the next morning. They got out the worn, brown chemistry books and placed them on their desks.

"Now, students, what your book says about the Atomic Theory is poppy-cock. This year you will study Maplism."

Linda Wolfe '66



Illustrated by Terry Moore '66

The Stranger

The room was dark and dreary;
The air was stale with smoke.
It was full of wicked men—
Before the stranger came.

He stood in the doorway
Looking at the room.
The evil cringed with fear—
When the stranger came.

Suddenly the windows opened;
The room was lighted up.
The wicked ran far away—
Because the stranger came.

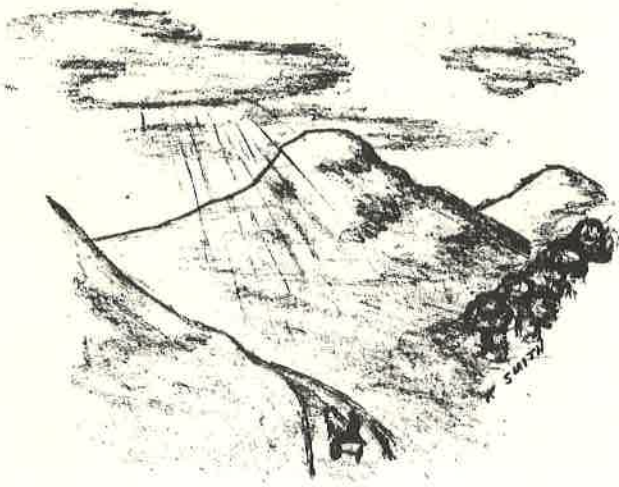
Now the room is brighter;
The people there are gay.
Gone now are most misfits—
After the stranger came.

Ellen Credle '68

Aware

Verdant meadows streaked with light,
Mighty waves reach great heights,
Creatures of God gifted with sight
Give obedience – for they're aware.

Penny Texter '67



Illustrated by Tommy Smith

A Love Song

Rose colored clouds to cushion
The fall of evening's slumber;
With weighty lids, and rumped hair,
And sleep filled with love.

Shelagh Hickie '66



Illustrated by Susan Ferency '66

High School Hustler

Freddy studied his shot for several seconds; then taking his cue stick in his unusual, tripod grip, he slowly laid down the chalk. He made the four ball in the side pocket, putting left "english" on the cue ball so that it banked off three rails, coming to rest behind the five ball in such a way that he could not miss the shot. He tapped the five in and executed great skill in getting position on the six ball, which rolled easily into the end pocket. Freddy's opponent threw a dollar onto the table and tossed the houseman a nickel for the game, while Freddy walked to the other end of the table.

"Man, you left them sitting in the pockets that time," Freddy said as he picked up the dollar.

"You're just too good for me, Freddy; you ought to give me the five and six."

"You're out of your mind; you shoot better than me. You're just getting bad breaks."

Freddy made the four and two on the break. He then proceeded to clean the table, winning the game and another dollar. During the time that Freddy was shooting, several college students came in and sat down. After the game, some of them began talking to Freddy as he prepared to break. They talked mostly about Watson and another fellow from out of town shooting nine ball for fifteen dollars a game at Shorty's Wednesday night.

As Freddy started shooting again, his friends began discussing his skills and stating their desires to shoot as well as he. Two of the boys ignored the praise of Freddy because he had insulted them the day before.

Freddy missed his four ball shot; and as his opponent tried to win some of his money back, Freddy started talking to the boys he had insulted previously. He said nothing complimentary to the boys but talked to them as if they were old friends. Freddy got a break when his opponent hung the six in the end pocket; he left the boys, shot the six, and won the game. As the six ball fell into the side pocket, the other boy laid the money on the table and put his cue stick into one of the five racks along the wall.

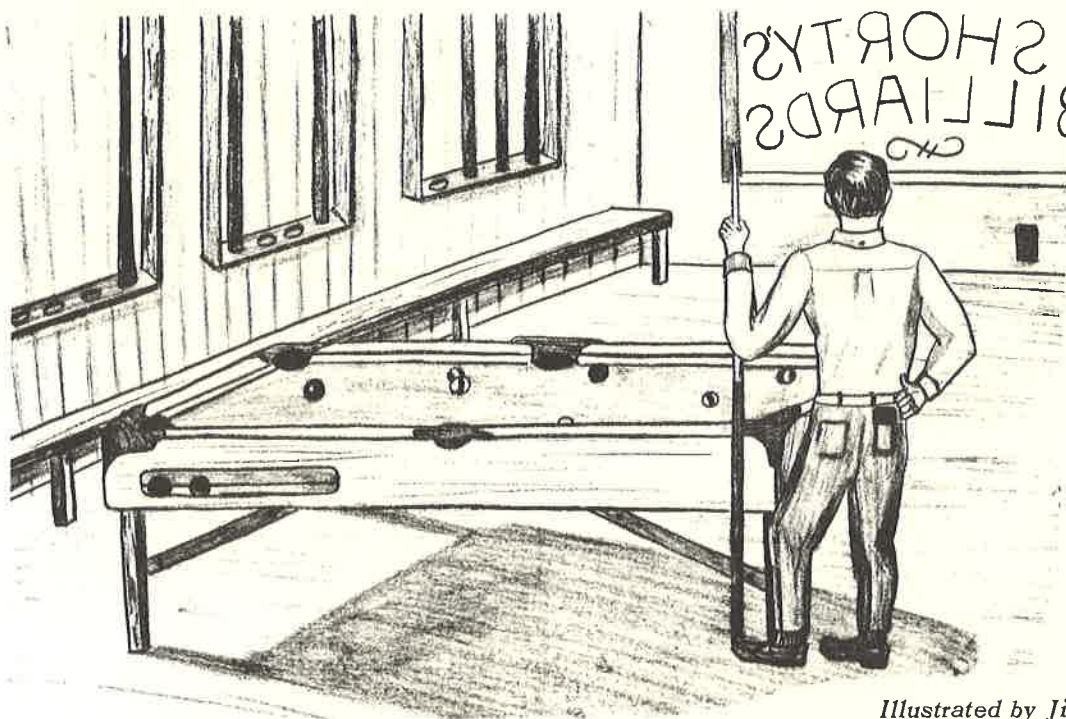
"Rack," cried Freddy, and a fat boy of medium height came to the table. "Rack them for rotation, Kenny."

"How much did you win, Freddy?" Kenny asked as he racked the balls.

"Heck, he cleaned me out," Freddy said, chalking his cue stick and making a difficult combination.

He turned around and faced a middle-aged man who had a trace of gray hair and was wearing a blue suit. "Wanna shoot some six ball for a half?" asked Freddy.

Dickie Hicks '66



Illustrated by Jim Reid '68

The Learning Day

Little Tim, a boy of five, today his first
dime earned.
With eager eyes he raced to buy a toy for
which he yearned.
He stopped. . . relief. . . yes, it was there,
still there upon the shelf.
That tiny gem a precious jewel, the bright
red truck itself.
I watched him as he bought and clasped his
worldly treasure.
This was his, his very own. . . his own for
now and ever.
When Tim skipped from the toy shop, his
world was one gay bubble,
But as he skipped . . . he heard a sound –
a child's cry from the rubble.



Illustrated by Patty Bullock '69

Closely now I watched our Tim, for I knew
this day to be a learning one for him.
Tim peered around a leafy hedge, and he
saw seated there
A tiny boy in tattered clothes with a head of
mussed red hair.
“Why do you cry?” asked little Tim, a tear
in his own blue eye;
But when the saddened face looked up, our
little Tim knew why.
A quick gesture and a smile, but no word did
our Tim say,
For in a half a minute he was skipping on
his merry way.
He'll go back home to play with all his old
trucks numbered many
Because he gave his new one to the boy who
needed one more penny.

Jennifer Woods '68



Illustrated by Darlene Bays '66

A Working Girl

She stopped for just a moment, still holding the large metal tray in her delicate hands. Then she realized that she was supposed to be working and started walking in her quick, light steps. Around the tables she went, a smile painted unnaturally on her face, her hands and upper arms straining to hold the tray. After all the glasses had been distributed, she walked slowly to a small niche in the wall. Placed in it was a little wooden chair; this was her place. Here she could rest her tired feet as well as see everything that was going on, and she could readily see when she was needed. Scarcely had she sat down, when a gruff masculine voice called out an order. She got up slowly, put on a "happy face," and hurried over to the bar to get the glasses filled. She grimaced as she picked up the tray once more, feeling the pain searing up her arms. It was plain that she needed rest, but she needed the money more.

The customer was a huge man who reminded her of a grimy bear. When he smiled his thanks and revealed an almost toothless mouth, she had to smile at this unkempt, but amusing face. With the smile still plastered on her face, she wondered why he was here. Why wasn't he home with his family? Or did he have one? Then she realized that it was none of her business.

"When you finish, sir, let me get you and your guests seconds." He started to hand her money for the drinks.

"You pay the gentleman behind the bar on your way out, sir." He held out his hand again and gestured for her to take the money.

A real smile shone through her weariness as she muttered her thanks. As she turned to go, the huge man started to speak.

She knew he was going to ask her why she was here; many of the men who tipped her did. It was as if they tipped her not only because they felt sorry for her but also because they felt that after they had tipped her, they had a right to know about her life. A surge of homesickness swept through her veins and chilled her blood. At once she felt unloved and lonely, and her one aim was to get back to the niche, her refuge. It was too late to turn and ask the man what he had

said; she was walking too fast, barely looking to see where she was going. He would never know that she had heard him, and this way she wouldn't have to explain. She hated to explain to curious strangers the pathetic story she had made up.

She reached the niche and dropped into the chair, utterly exhausted now from the night's work. She gazed at her hands for a second; they were sweating. Her muscles were twitching slightly, making her joints move this way and that. She concentrated on keeping herself stable; becoming too nervous would hinder her work. She clasped her hands, feeling the perspiration drip from each pore. To forget her discomfort, she put all conscious effort into lapsing into soothing thoughts. She succeeded, and began to wonder about what was happening at home. Right now the servants would be stirring, for it was nearly five o'clock. They would be whisper-



ing to one another about their problems. The cook would be scrambling eggs, and the aroma of the coffee would be stealing its way upstairs and into all the bedrooms. It never ceased to amaze her how the smell could penetrate the huge mansion of stone that had been the home of her father's ancestors for four generations. Coffee was the cook's way of getting everyone up in the mornings. Coffee was a good smell, not like the smell of whiskey. But now she lived half her life with that smell, and she knew that some men were slaves to alcoholic drink.

Coming out of her thoughts and back to reality, she gazed around the room. The one light was hanging from the ceiling directly over the bartender's head. He needed it to be able to read easily the labels of the bottles on the shelf behind him. The rest of the room



Illustrated by Darlene Bays '66

was dark and dingy, and she shivered as she thought of the kind of people she was with at the moment. On the tables in the corner were candles, so that it would not be entirely dark. The candles, she noticed, cast oppressive shadows on the smudged walls. It wasn't particularly noisy or unbearably loud; there was just a din of voices with a few shouts at intervals. The ladies, still trying to act feminine, were laughing in high titters and giggles. The men were bellowing out songs, telling jokes and drinking at the same time. The bear-like man was laughing so stormily that the room felt as if it were shaking from his voice. The bartender was chuckling to himself about something and was pouring himself a drink as he always did if the night had gone well for him. She was the only one who seemed to be uncomfortable and ill at ease. What would her parents say if they could see where she was and what she was doing? Her mother would burst into tears even at the thought of her daughter working in such a disreputable place. A wry smile crossed her face as she remembered how easily her mother cried.

Suddenly the bartender, a little wisp of a man, stood there gazing at her.

"Come out of your dreamland, girl, and get them drinks. It will soon be light and they will be leaving. If you don't serve them the minute they ask for it, then . . ."

She jumped up and filled her tray with the glasses that were standing on the bar. By this time it didn't matter what they drank, just so it was intoxicating. She handed out drinks to the man in the corner, to the party-goers, to the bear-like man, and the crowd of men he was with, and finally to the teenagers that came almost every weekend. She felt like a thief when she gave the teenagers drinks; she knew she was robbing these adolescents of a good, successful life.

Now her job was almost finished, and she felt terribly disgusted, so disgusted in fact that she felt like crying for these people who had such a morbid and uncontrollable craving for alcohol. Why did she stay here in this dirty tavern where only the ill-charactered or misguided came to enjoy themselves? Why did she lie to her parents about her reasons for coming here, and about her job? Why didn't she go home instead of soiling the good name of her parents in this place far from her home town?

All was quiet! The bartender came from behind the counter to give his employee her wages. Looking at her in the dim light of the awakening sun, he seemed somewhat startled.

"Girl, those eyes of yours, they look weird! All dilated, I guess you might say. Do you feel okay?"

"Fine, fine," she answered quickly. "I guess I'm just a bit overworked. I'm sure that after I get some rest today, I'll be quite chipper for another night."

Not wasting any more time, she turned and went out into the brisk air. The street lights had been turned off in this neighborhood, so it was still somewhat dim. Finally she reached her destination, a tenement in a broken-down area. Around her the sounds of night life were coming to a halt, and the children were beginning to take over the streets for their playgrounds.

She looked around the awful place, then ran up the sidewalk and banged on the door. Suddenly a young woman with a dark complexion appeared and invited her in. Inside, the hall was covered by a moth-eaten dark green

The Old Man

carpet. Finally the young woman spoke, revealing a strong Spanish accent.

"Ah, you are back, Senora. Quite nice to see you. Oh, you've brought money this time. Did your parents send it?" She looked at her and saw the ominous look which clouded her face.

"Oh no, Senora, of course not! You are a working girl now; you pay for your own very personal needs. Of course."

She smiled almost too graciously and excused herself. After a few minutes she was back with a small bundle. She smiled benevolently at her customer and showed her to the door.

Walking to her own modest apartment, the young girl felt opposing emotions building up inside her. Her pulse was so rapid that before she knew it, she was half running, half walking to her home. By the time she reached her front door, she was breathing heavily and her feet were so tired that they felt like blocks of lead attached to her ankles.

She walked into her bedroom, took a look around, and with a sigh of relief flopped on the bed. First she hated herself. Disappointment, heartbreak, and disgust made her inconsolable. She scorned herself for thinking how barbarous were the drunkards she served, when she herself

Then she didn't care. People could live the way they wanted. Why not? It was human nature to find bodily comfort for oneself.

Suddenly she was up and walking slowly to the closet. There seemed to be a great force holding her back, but nothing could stop her from finding comfort. Opening the closet door, she looked down suddenly at her many pairs of shoes, then let her eyes rest briefly on the expensive clothes that hung there. Next, her eyes peered up at the shelf, and she heard herself giggle with delight. She spied the box and reached up to lift it down. Bringing it back to the bed, her fingers felt the cool, hard wood. She opened it gently, almost reverently, and stared a moment at what it contained. Then her hands began working so deftly and swiftly that she hardly knew what she was doing. For a moment, while sitting there perspiring profusely and intensely hot, she hated herself. Then all was fine. The world was hers as the needle was thrust into her arm.

Deirdre Dougherty '69

Hardly noticed in the crowd of cheering spectators, the old man rose and put his hand to his heart. But he did not hear any noise; the sound of freedom played too loudly in his ears. A look of pride and joy was spread over his face while his eyes grew dim as he remembered the pain and suffering of earlier years.

He thought of the times of hunger and deprivation; in his mind he saw the bravely laughing brothers and strong sons he had lost. Now all he had left was the right to stand and cry.

Slowly the old man turned and looked at the sea of people. As he looked his heart was filled with shame and even pity for those people. Did they not know what others had done for them; were they not thankful for the sacrifices made by the brothers and sons of other men?

The game was about to begin again, and the frantic roar of the crowd rose around him, giving him his answer. The old man turned and took his seat. The flag, held rigidly in front of the color guard, had just gone by.

Emma Lou Millard '68



Illustrated by Gerry Bunn '66

Barque of Dreams

My ship will come;
I have my hopes,
My life will be a poem;
That faith will not abate in me;
All prayers will be my own

My ship will come
And on that day,
I'll bask in sunshine beams,
And no amount of sad defeats
Will make me lose my dreams.

My ship will come,
Its sails unfurled.
I pray for it to come to me
Because that ship, when'ere it comes
Will be an answer I can see.

They say there has never been a ship;
No unfurled sails to see,
But though life is harder than it seems,
I shall never lose my hope;
Nor ever lose my dreams.

Kathy Doyle '69



Illustrated by Jim Reid '68



Illustrated by Susan Ferency '66

Winter

When summer's warmth is gone, and winter's
cold winds blow,
And the crackling, frigid air is filled with
soft, downy flakes of snow,
I love to leave my cozy seat by the warm,
lazy fire and go
Down to the deserted park where snow-laden-
ed boughs of pines bend low.

Tawny Anderson '67

Spring

Now it is spring,
And there is rebirth.
The bird takes to wing,
And the daisy to earth.

Jennifer Woods '68

Summer

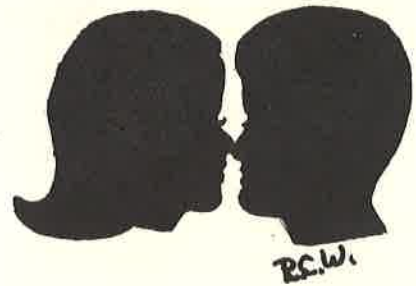
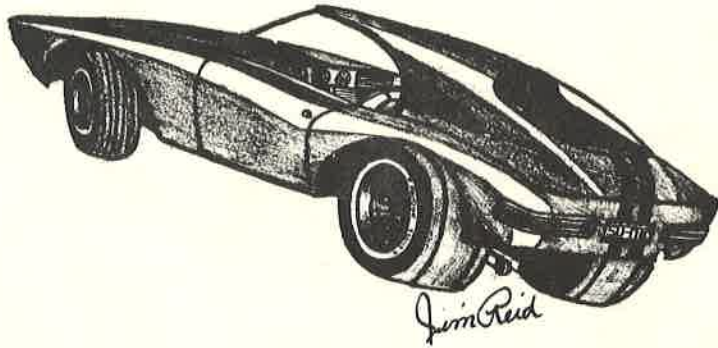
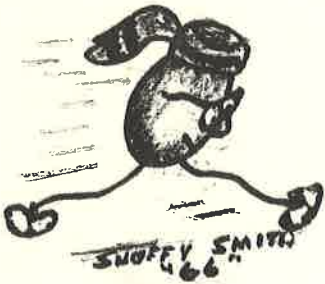
Circus clowns and cotton candy,
Hot days doused with lemonade,
Humid nights on the "verandy,"
Summer is an escapade.

Jennifer Woods '68

Artists'



Sketchbook



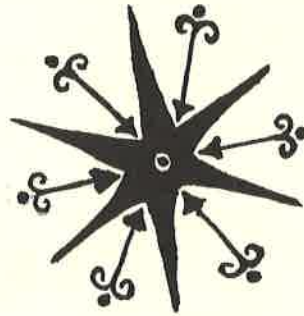
Giving

I live to learn;
I learn to live;
And part of life
I want to give.

I give my love;
I give my life;
To ease the work
And ceaseless strife
Of Day's demands
And crushing ways,
Of empty Nights
In future days.

You have my love;
You are my life;
For you the man,
Am I the wife.

Shelagh Hickie '66



Iridescence

Its fire gleams silver and gold,
As it softly covers the ground;
Gently, gently it falls,
Sparkling without a sound.

Diamond-like it glitters,
Heaped upon the grass;
Softly, softly it lies there,
Icy smooth – like glass.

Slowly-rapidly it covers winter
Under a gem-like cloth;
Quietly, quietly it outlines,
Like a feathery fairy moth.

Shelagh Hickie '66

Illustrated by Shirley Street '67

A Storm

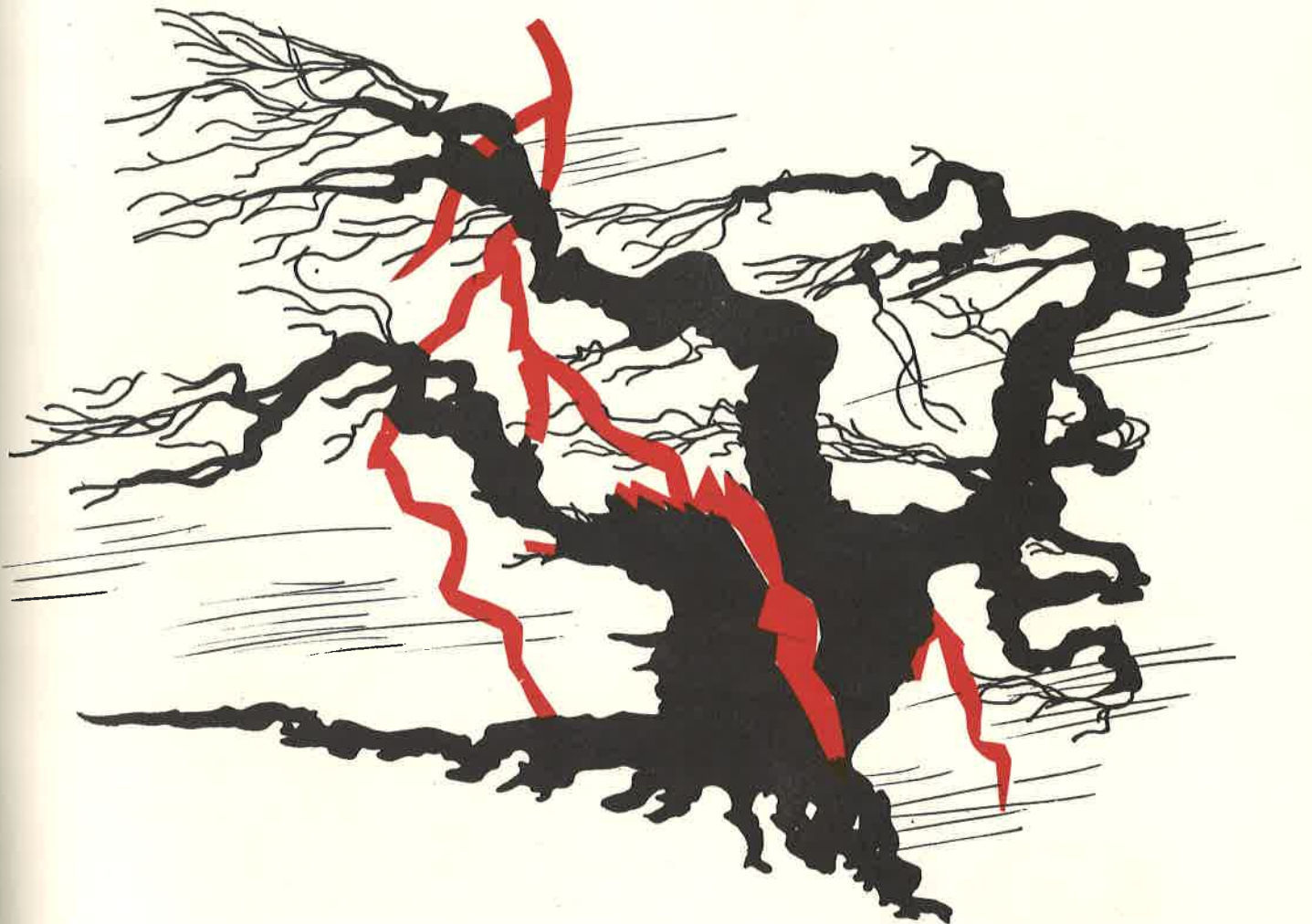
From the start of the day it promised to be a dark and dismal twenty-four hours. Ominous black clouds threatened a terrible storm as they hovered in the distance. The sun struggled bravely, but did not show during the entire day; it hid behind the clouds as if fearful of the wrath of Thor. There was hardly a breeze to stir the brown leaves that clung to the weathered trees. Overhead threatening and formidable black clouds piled up on each other. Birds, animals, and insects hid in their nests, dens, and holes to escape the chill. There was no happy chirping, peeping, or buzzing. Not a sound could be heard. Over the countryside prevailed a dreadful sense of waiting, and the

creatures of nature recoiled from the feeling of impending doom.

Suddenly the heavens unleashed all their fury! Roaring winds blew leaves and branches – anything they could clutch in their racing fingers – over the ground and hurtled them into any obstacle. Wiry young trees bent over backward, almost touching the ground with their limbs. Rain poured down in torrential gusts while eternal thunder crashed from Thor's hammer through wind-torn clouds.

After the earth crouched in fear for a seemingly long time, the wind blew itself out, the black clouds disappeared, and the sun shone out bravely. Peace and solitude regained their thrones and reigned once more.

Kathy Doyle '69



Illustrated by Cathy Massengill '67

A Loaf of Bread, a Jug of Wine . . .

"Psst... over here! No, not up there. Over here! It is I, the fish. No, stupid, not that one. I'm the one with the intelligent look on my face. That's better.

"Look, Bud. What do you think I called you over here for? Not just to waste my time. I want someone to hear about our injustices. What do you mean, 'Our?' Can't you see? Look around. What do you see?

"Well, I guess I should have expected an answer like that from you. Yes, I know you see 'food,' but elaborate, please.

"Very good. Oranges, wine, onions, bread, and butter. Is that all? Come on, now. Don't be embarrassed. You see me and my companion, don't you. Do you see anything we all have in common? Come on, now. You aren't that dense. We're all foreigners! Me and my companion, we're from England. The bread is from France. The oranges are from Spain. The butter is from Norway. What do you mean, 'How do I know?' The milk came from a Norwegian cow. To continue, the wine is from Italy, and the onions are from Greece. You notice anything else we have in common? Say, you catch on fast! That's right. All of us except me are dead.

"Those poor oranges. Basking in the warm sun of Spain they were. Then some sneaking, low-down Spaniard came up behind them. Their innocent lives were snuffed out with a swift stroke of his swarthy hand. It was an abominable action.

"That bottle of wine. The poor grapes that went into that wine suffered cruel and unspeakable torture. It wasn't enough that they were cut from the vine, thereby losing their source of life. No! While those poor grapes were still writhing in pain from this unspeakable experience, they were yet subjected to another torture so hideous that I

shudder to think about it. Picture in your mind, Bud, these poor little grapes, writhing in pain, barely living, but still hanging on, as it were, by a thread. To top it off, there is now some Italian, somewhere, with purple feet, stained from their dear blood.

"That bread. All the way from France it came. It was baked by one of the finest chefs in France. But it wasn't really his fault. Think of the tender stalks of wheat growing in the sunny fields of France, not harming anyone. Then along came an instrument of torture so infamous that only Man could have thought of it. These poor stalks were mowed down without mercy and then almost completely dehydrated. Even after they were dead, their bodies were mutilated in a most horrible way. They were crushed and broken into a fine powder.

"That butter! Is there no mercy? Think of the poor grass that went into the milk for that butter. Is it not enough that it was pulled from the life-giving soil? No, it was chewed and swallowed. Oh, the pity of it! It was once again chewed and swallowed. I am thankful that there its suffering ended. But again this is all Man's fault, for who else besides Man keeps those terrible creatures - cows?

"Consider those onions. There's a real sad story for you. Growing in Greece they were. You know, almost nothing will grow in that hilly, rocky country. But those onions held on as best they could. As hard as their lives were, you'd think humans would leave them alone. But no! Some Greek peasant came along, and with a gleam in his eye he pulled them out of the moist soil. It was evident he felt no remorse whatsoever.

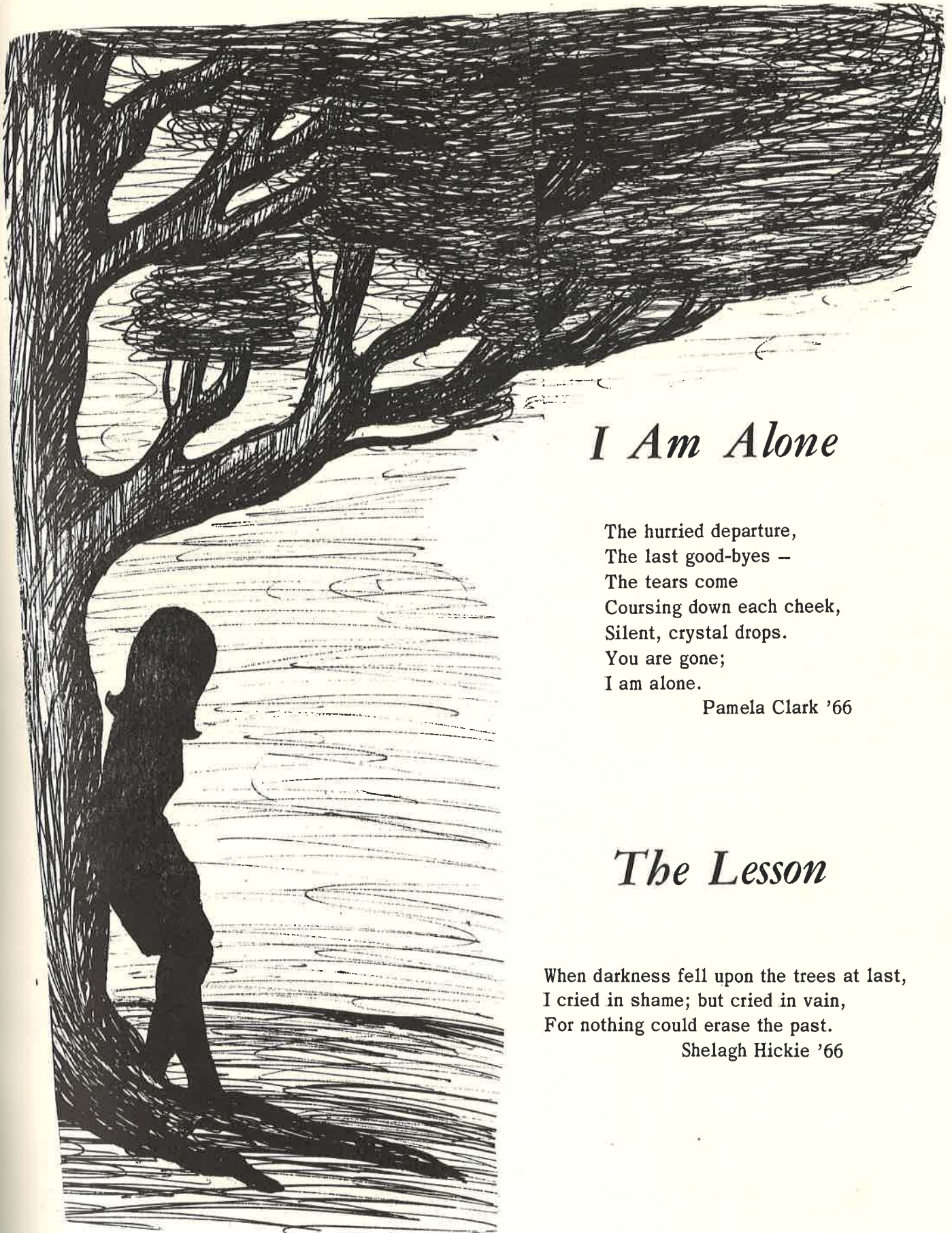
"For my last example, Bud, I want you to look at me and my companion. My companion is dead, and I'm going fast. Both of us were tricked in the same way. Do you know what it feels like to have a fishhook suddenly tearing through your mouth? I won't bother you with any of the gory details, but it sure isn't much fun.

"As a result of Man's cruelty, all of us except me are dead. And in a few minutes I'll lie here dead too, if you'll excuse the expression, as dead as a mackerel."

Bob Benning '66



Illustrated by Cathy Massengill '67



I Am Alone

The hurried departure,
The last good-byes –
The tears come
Coursing down each cheek,
Silent, crystal drops.
You are gone;
I am alone.

Pamela Clark '66

The Lesson

When darkness fell upon the trees at last,
I cried in shame; but cried in vain,
For nothing could erase the past.

Shelagh Hickie '66

Illustrated by Ruthie Warden '69

You Can Fool . . .

Some of the People

Angi sat swinging her slim leg in rhythm to the teacher's words. "Honestly," she thought, "what a bore." She yawned daintily, reset her petulant mouth, and thought of other things.

Moments later Angi heard her name called and looked up to find Mr. Bays regarding her intently.

"Yes, Angi? We're waiting for your answer," he said.

Angi smiled, tossed her head to make the long blonde hair swing, and excused herself sweetly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Bays. I guess I must have been worried about my next period exam. Would you repeat the question?"

"That's all right, Angi. Only in the future try to concentrate on history in here."

"Why, that stupid jerk," she thought as she smiled at him. "He actually believes me. I must be a better liar than I thought."

Tom Malony, who sat behind Angi, tapped her on the shoulder. "What do you want, Tom?" she asked over her shoulder. Gone were the sweetness and the silky voice of a moment ago. Now her green eyes were narrow, and her voice was a harsh whisper. She convinced herself that her nastiness could not be helped. Tom was such a dolt.

"I nominated you for class president," he said. "I hope you make it."

"Thanks a lot," Angi retorted. She turned to face the front of the room just in time to hear the words, ". . . test tomorrow."

"Mr. Bays," she wailed, "a test? We just had one yesterday!"

"We're having one tomorrow, too," he answered calmly. There was a finality in his voice as he spoke that made even Angi pause. She was spared an answer, however, by the ringing of the bell. Snatching up her books, she dashed out the door not noticing the teacher's steady, clairvoyant gaze.

In the hall Angi met Bud Haskins, the most popular boy in school. If she could get a date with him, she would be the happiest girl alive, or so she thought. She smiled at him coquettishly and was just starting to speak when Tom walked by.

"Hi, Bud, Angi," he called pleasantly.

"Hi there, Tom," Bud grinned. Angi



Illustrated by Ruthie Warden '69

merely nodded coolly.

"He's a great guy," Bud told Angi when Tom had passed. "Best darn guy in the senior class. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" Angi was very enthusiastic. The lie came easily to her. What did she care if it got her what she wanted? Next time she saw Tom, she must remember to be nice to him. He would probably be flattered, not knowing her motive.

Having decided upon this course of action, Angi smiled at Bud and proceeded down the hall with him.

With an air of detachment, Mr. Bays watched the couple saunter down the hall. He shook his head wryly, thinking: "Someone should tell her."

Diane Palisano '66

A Night In London

It was late that night as I walked quickly along the sidewalk to my apartment near the Thames. The rain fell steadily in the chill air, plopping in the puddles on the sidewalks and dripping through the umbrella. Taxis still sped through the foggy streets with the swishing noise of flying water, their passengers huddled cozily in the back seats.

As I stopped at a corner, the smell of London and the Thames made my heart ache with that funny feeling of possessive love. The smell of wet pavement and asphalt mingled with the petrol fumes from the occasional automobile as I stepped from the curb. Suddenly I felt a hand jerk me by the elbow as I moved from the sidewalk. I stiffened in terror as I was swung aside. "I have never learned to take London seriously," I thought, wondering where the closest bobby was.

In my fear I failed to see the taxi which sped around the corner and into the night, though it had missed me by inches. I slipped on the pavement and would have fallen had he not supported me. I faced him and in the light from the street lamp saw a tall man wearing a black, belted raincoat. His eyes were momentarily shadowed by the hat he wore, but he had a Roman nose and his mouth was wide and sensitive.

"Jus-just what do you think you're doing?" I stammered. "I could have slipped and fallen!"

"Didn't you see that taxi?" he retorted. "Actually, I saved you from a nasty accident. Look at your coat!"

I looked and saw gray rivulets running down my coat and sinking into the fabric. My shoes were covered with a slimy film.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry! I shouldn't have been so rude, but I thought . . . I mean I didn't realize you weren't . . ."

"That's all right. I'm glad I could help. But you will catch cold if you stay out here much longer. Could I see you home?"

"Yes, thank you," I said imprudently.

We hurried through the deserted streets to my apartment above the Thameside Tavern. As we climbed the rickety back stairs, a burst of raucous laughter came through the open doorway as a reeling patron left. I looked over my shoulder as I searched hasti-

ly for the key in my bag and saw his mouth twitching in amusement.

"I say, why do you live here? There must be hundreds of nicer places, though this must certainly be colourful."

"I'm sure there are too, but I couldn't afford them. This suits my pocketbook, it's



Illustrated by Gerry Bunn '66

clean though noisy, and it's close to the hospital."

"Then you are a nurse?"

"No, a doctor."

He seemed nice; so when I finally found the keys, I turned with one of those impulsive, hospitable gestures of the American South.

"Won't you come in for a drink? It's early, and it's the least I could do after you saved my life."

Immediately I regretted it. Even after a year in London I had not learned to accept strangers cautiously, especially men who appeared fortuitously on rainy nights. And being pleasant on the street to a man who saved your life was a far cry from chatting with him over drinks.

My second thought must have shown on my face because he grinned and said he had a previous engagement.

"Well, good night," I said loudly, inching through the opened door. "And thanks again for coming to the rescue." Then I muttered wickedly as I looked at his painfully starched shirt and newly cleaned bowler, "I can imagine what your previous engagement is."

I switched on the light, waiting for him to leave. As the light glowed weakly on the landing, I noticed his eyes. They were warm brown eyes; at the corners were tiny laugh lines. Suddenly I was sorry he had not accepted the drink.

But just as I was about to close the door behind me, he gave a little laugh.

"Good night, Southern Belle. Maybe I will see you again."

Then he hurried down the stairs. Another burst of light from the tavern illuminated him once more, and he was gone.

Shelagh Hickie '66

If I Only Had Three Wishes

("If I Only Had Three Wishes" appeared previously in print in the *Bristol Herald Courier* as an essay in a series of articles written during National Education Week. Editor's note.)

If I had three wishes, I asked myself, what would I wish for? Anything I wanted would be at my fingertips; the choice would be difficult.

Would I wish for millions of dollars? Would it really help anyone? Would it help me or make me a better person? I could buy almost anything I wanted, and there would be no need to work; but the challenge would be taken out of life. So to wish for riches would not be worthwhile.

Would I wish for an end to my school attendance? Is this really what I want? I'm sure that I would quickly become bored even though there would be no homework or tests and there would be plenty of free time to do what I wanted. I could sleep late every morning, but I know I would soon begin to miss all of my school friends, my teachers, the dances, football pep sessions, and even the homework and tests. Interest would be taken out of life if this were one of my wishes.

Would I choose to have closets full of the latest fashions? I would never have to worry about what to wear, and there would be no rushing downtown when a sale was in prog-

ress because they would be mine with no trouble or waiting at all. But soon the challenge would be taken from choosing clothes. Would I really like the outcome of this wish?

Instead of useless things like these, wouldn't it be better to include all mankind in each wish? I think that I would feel better if I used them in that way.

The first wish might be for happiness for everyone. This would make life much more pleasant and rewarding because the world would be a much brighter place in which to live each day.

The second wish might be for world peace, friendship, understanding, and Christianity. Can you imagine how wonderful this would be? Everyone would love his neighbor and help him whenever possible. Everyone would believe in the heavenly Father and trust in Him to answer every prayer. There would be no more wars or bloodshed, and everyone would live in freedom.

The third wish would be for good health and kind treatment to all living things. There would be no suffering or worrying because a loved one was slowly dying of a dreaded disease such as cancer. People would all be treated as if all were equal, and everyone would know the joy of love and respect.

If it were possible for these wishes to come true, I would feel that I had helped mankind.

Lynn Hillyer '69

Alias Tom Sawyer

The small bedroom at the end of the upstairs hall in our house was a special room. The youngest in our family always called this room his own; it was his castle to defend and to clean. Traditionally it needed more cleaning than defending. A small boy sat on the unmade bed in the room and carefully cleaned his B-B gun, waiting for the opportunity to sneak away from the house and escape the job that Mother had for him. On this bright spring morning Georgie planned to open season on robins. At last it was warm, and he could wear short sleeves and go barefoot. "Robins are easy to kill," he thought. "Maybe it's because they don't bother with nine year-olds until it's too late." The chance to leave his hideout presented itself abruptly when the phone rang.

Once outside, he congratulated himself on his good fortune. The thought of work made his short, blond hair stand on end and his freckles look like polka-dots.

"Whew! That was a close one."

But today the robins were cautious, always flying away when Georgie came within range. A bright red shirt, blue jeans, and not-so-white tennis shoes warned all the squirrels to stay on the other side of the tree. After a half hour of fruitless chasing, he tired of the game. Our neighbor's dog, which should

have known better, suddenly took on a new look to Georgie.

"Yeeark! Yeeark!"

"Boy, two hits on the run." The morning wasn't wasted.

As he wandered in the direction of home, Georgia pondered how he could regain his fort without being discovered. To be captured would mean a certain task to do and inward shame. Having decided upon a plan of action, he approached the front door cautiously and pressed the button on the doorbell. Sprinting to the back door, Georgie again congratulated himself. Did he have brains! He could easily climb the stairs before Mother realized that the front porch was empty. The hall was dark, and Georgie did not even see the small trash can until he kicked it over. Maybe she had not heard. More deliberately he closed the door behind himself, listened carefully, and looked around the room. Georgie decided that he could clean it tomorrow.

Mother slowly ascended the stairs, turned on the hall lights, and walked down the hall toward Georgie's room. Opening the door, she looked around the room for Georgie.

"Georgie, Georgie? Where is that boy, and who left the window open? That boy never makes up his bed. Where in the world are his sheets?"

Charles Anderson '66

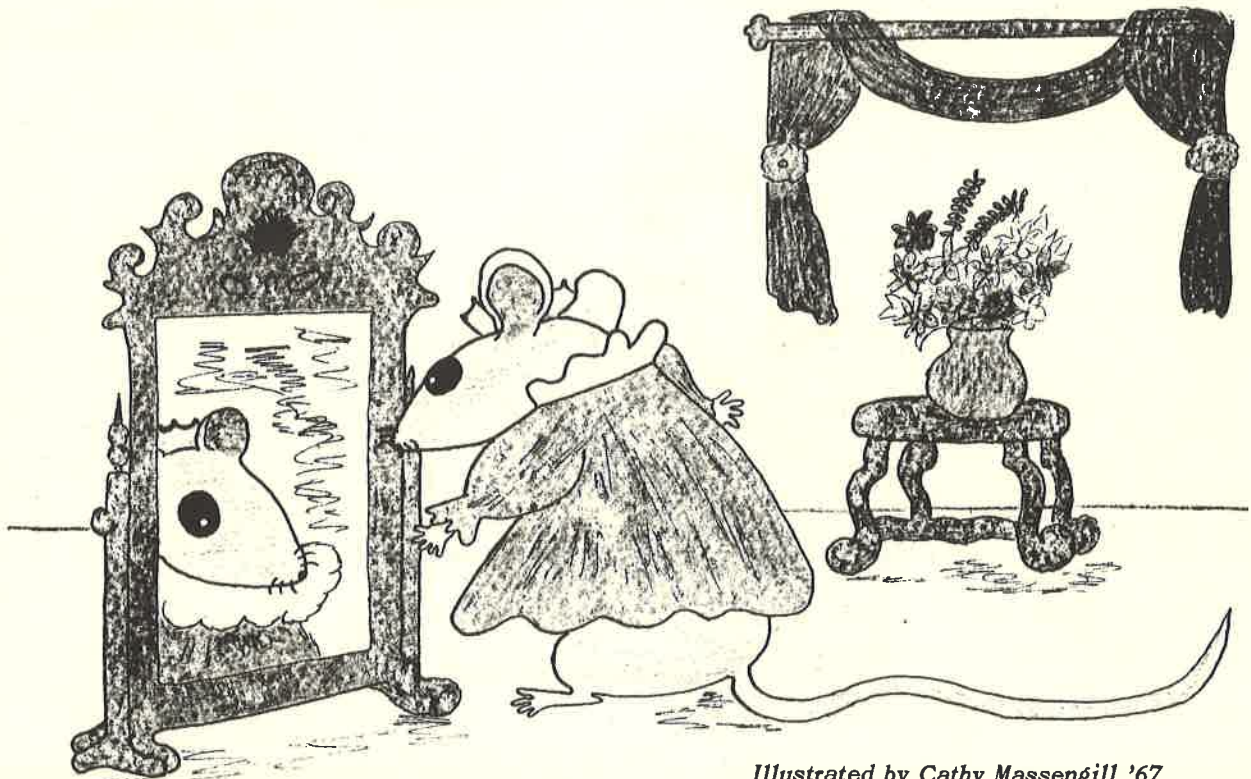


Illustrated by Ruthie Warden '69

The Mouse With Bobbed Whiskers

There once was a mouse with long whiskers,
Fourteen brothers, and twenty-one sisters.
Everyone laughed when she scurried by,
Which greatly upset her and made her cry.
So when she was asked to the royal ball,
She just didn't want to go there at all;
But she bobbed her whiskers, and in her
prettiest gown,
She proudly walked to the palace in town.
When she arrived at the palace front gate,
The guards grumbled, "You're late, you're late!"
But as she joined the dancers on the ball-
room floor,
They realized her whiskers were there no more.
And the prince who never really knew why,
Was utterly taken by the little mouse Kie.
They danced until midnight and on until two,
The little mouse Kie and the prince of Taroo.
"Come live in my castle and be my dear wife;
I promise you happiness all of your life."
So little mouse Kie with her tiny bobbed
whiskers
Made the most of the fact she was not like
her sisters.

Kathy Massengill '67



Illustrated by Cathy Massengill '67

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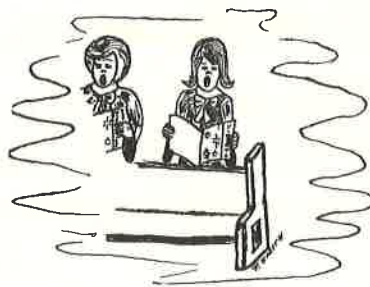
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