





# Viking Voices

Volume 9

Number II



**PUBLISHED BY THE VIKING VOICES STAFF  
TENNESSEE HIGH SCHOOL—BRISTOL, TENNESSEE**

# VIKING VOICES

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## Realization

It was spring only yesterday.  
The grass grew greener—  
Yellow, pink, and happy bloomed;  
It smelled good—like new babies.

I was just a kid then; I played  
In the mud and laughed  
With the sunshine; I felt all  
Yellow and pink and happy.

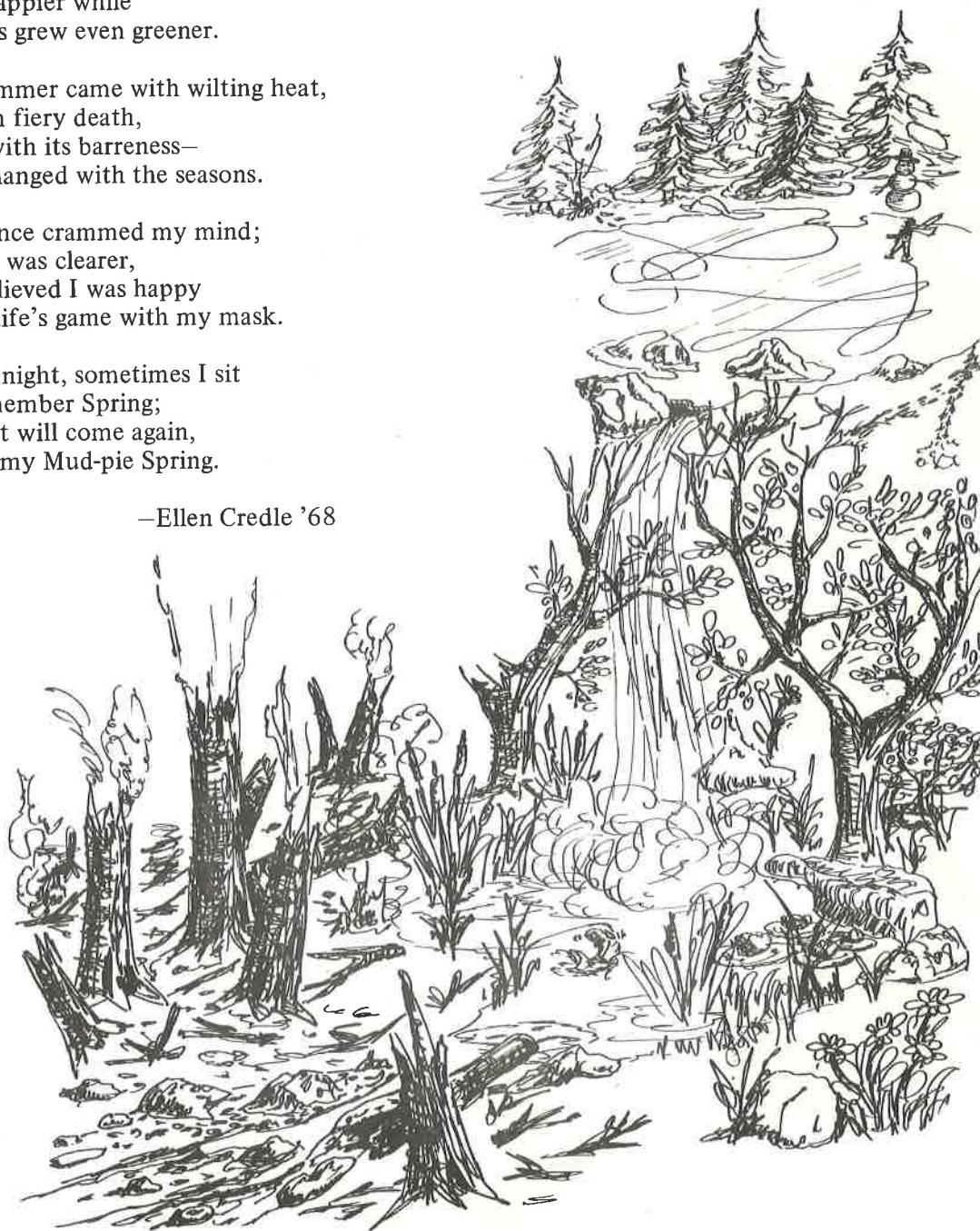
Innocence clouded my mind;  
Spring was all I knew.  
I grew happier while  
The grass grew even greener.

Then summer came with wilting heat,  
Fall with fiery death,  
Winter with its barrenness—  
And I changed with the seasons.

Intelligence crammed my mind;  
My view was clearer,  
But I believed I was happy  
Playing life's game with my mask.

Now, at night, sometimes I sit  
And remember Spring;  
I know it will come again,  
But not my Mud-pie Spring.

—Ellen Credle '68



Illustrated by Jim Preston

## Wildlife

A frequent resting ground of mine is a bench near the east side of the pond in the park. This bench offers a full view of the pond as well as a cooling breeze from over the waters; yet the bench and its occupant are well secluded by the boughs of three towering pines.

One hot mid summer afternoon I had not long been daydreaming in the hide-away, when my reverie was broken by excited, shrill chatter. This intelligent prattle did not sound like that of a child, but the owner of the dark, curly crown and the brilliant, scarlet garment appeared from behind to be a young girl of about six years, and she was the only other human in sight. It is not unnatural for a child to be playing in a public park in the late afternoon; however the fact that this child was alone and talking to herself as she pushed a small sailboat interested me. I perceived that she was journeying to a distant land and fighting sea dragons and terrific storms; she laughed as she pushed the boat through the water and chuckled gleefully where a monster was murdered; then, as the captain, she fiercely shouted orders and threw many men overboard quite heartlessly. I was fascinated by her imagination. She turned, lifting her boat out of the water to examine it, and I beheld a strikingly vivid and beautiful face. The flashing darkness of her eyes shown even at my distance and combined with her glossy hair and bright dress to bestow upon her a startling radiance.

Tiring of her game, she began another conversation. She and this invisible character were discussing, and apparently arguing about, her boat. One moment her hands would be perched on her hips as she frowned and muttered. The next she would hold the boat up in front of her in one hand and shake the forefinger of the other hand as if scolding a naughty child. Her expressions of haughtiness and extreme annoyance with the devilish gleam in her eyes and the way she bobbed her head transformed her into a possessed imp. She finally lost her temper and so earnestly and maliciously shouted indistinguishable utterances as to be a witch throwing hexes. In a sudden whirlwind fit she heaved her sailboat into the pond and proceeded in stoning it to the bottom. Just as quickly and more surprisingly she retrieved the boat with a stick and scampered through the grass waving it in the sun. Now her laughter was merry and childlike; she seemed



*Illustrated by Debbie Shumaker*

exhilarated and thrilled with running. Such was her airy exuberance and flaming, bird-like figure that I half-expected her to lift off into the sky in flight.

Breathless, she fell and rolled over in the wild flowers. She was much nearer me then, and I focused my entire attention on this being. Suddenly, as were all her movements, she gasped and, with a tiny hand, gently grasped a tiny violet. Her expression was awed as she felt and patted its petals, and she now seemed a fairy princess, innocent, untouchable, sweet. I had made no movement nor said a word, but her gaze shifted to my direction. Extremely dignified and royally she walked over to me, nodded, and sat beside me, not at all afraid or surprised.

"Are you a little girl?" I asked. She smiled and sniffed her violet.

## Religious Hypocrisy

The Epitome of our fears starts gamely,  
Sarcastically viewing multitudinous mis-  
takes.

Bitingly cynical, but strangely didactic . . .  
intangible but omnipotent.

We feign weakness—excuses rationalized  
Through insecurity;  
Jawing faithlessly—“Bowing the head  
and bending the knee” . . .  
Selfishly self-sustaining.

The raging kingdom—turbulent, bountiful . . .  
mazed.

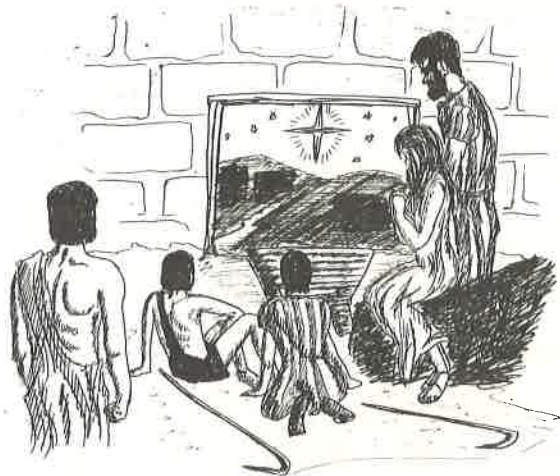
Knives of simulated self-sacrifice  
blatantly plundering while eternally dam-  
ning!

Such is our lot—latent and torpid  
as the lark in a vacuum.

Disregarding the coal and searching for THE  
diamond,  
we plunder eternally,  
while . . .

The Epitome of fears starkly gamely . . .

—Charles Horning '68



Illustrated by Jim Jones

## Then It Began To Rain

Never was time so lonely,  
nor passing so slow,  
As when the animals turned  
and prepared to go.

With a sympathetic look,  
they glanced o'er their shoulders,  
Yet continued their divine,  
unwavering journey.

“Wait!” I cried and fell before them,  
yet to no avail my bended knee.  
Was there comprehension in those gentle eyes?  
Alas! I see—too late for me.

One last time I appealed to the heaven,  
then subsided and watched them go.  
Eternal exhaustion filled my being;  
my voice sobbed—a sigh of woe.

“Please,” I muttered hopelessly, my chin  
upon my chest, “please, won't you  
Take me—please . . .”  
A drop of moisture hit my brow . . .

—Betty Brinkley '68



Illustrated by Jim Jones



# To Grow Up and Die

August, 1861

My darling Lisa,

We arrived at camp late last night, eager but very, very tired. Having looked forward for many hours to a soft bed and long night's sleep, we were appalled when the colonel told us to "bed down" on the cold, hard ground. When some of us voiced our objections, he only smiled and said that things would be different later on. Of course, we assume he was referring to the arrival of General Lee. (He is to be here day after tomorrow, we think). We are assured that so fine a Southern gentleman as the General will immediately remedy this deplorable situation!

When Lee arrives, we hope the colonel will be ordered to discontinue his strange practices about rising. This morning some tom-fool kid with a bugle began an awful racket before the sun was even up! We would have all been blasted right out of our beds, had there been any beds to come out of! At any rate, that was simply too much! We gathered before breakfast in a corner of the camp to discuss our terrible unSouthern predicament. I was elected spokesman for our Georgia Volunteers, and I presented my card to the colonel's aid-de-camp. The man seemed astounded that I should bother with a calling-card, but I informed him that we Georgia gentlemen have no intention of relinquishing our fine old Southern customs simply because we are engaged in a trifling little war, and that he and his colonel should make every effort to remember it! The poor man was utterly flabbergasted, but I think I made myself quite clear.

We are expecting also in the next few days a tailor, so that we may have several more uniforms made up. I need several serviceable jackets, and at least three dress uniforms before I shall feel ready to go to war. Several of our friends—young Edwin Bellamy, Tom Deakins, Nat Milford, and Davis McEnery, to name a few—have furnished themselves with plumed hats. But I have decided that such bravado has no place on the battlefield, so I shall content myself with a rosette and a scrap of your bonnie blue ribbon.

Georges made quite a hit among this strange collection of fighting men. They had never

seen a Negro quite so large and black, and told him so in awed voices. And Georges, with that odd French clip he has begun to adopt, told them that he was "mightily pleased." The colonel himself told me that he had never met such an educated body-servant. Being from West Texas, he is not accustomed to the ways of the true South, and he had never seen a slave from Martinique before.

Dear Lisa, you've simply no idea how much I miss you. The few days we have been parted has seemed like a hundred years. But never fear, my darling, for I shall return home soon. I am confident that our first meeting with the Yankees will also be our last, and that we shall soon be marching home amid the fruits of victory, to embrace our loved ones once more. Until that glorious day, I remain, in love and devotion unsurpassed, your

Geoffrey

January, 1862

My darling Lisa,

It is so cold that I can hardly write. Your last letter found me and Brother Benjamin in excellent health. We have become somewhat accustomed to our colonel's lack of compassion for our sufferings, and so have managed to get along in spite of him.

You mentioned in your letter that your cousin Roger had joined Jackson's cavalry. They are due to pass our way some time during the next week or so. Perhaps I shall see young Roger, and we can reminisce about Georgia for a while. At any rate, I shall give him your love and good wishes.

By the way, could you send me a new pair of riding boots? Clothing and proper equipment are deucedly hard to find in this God-forsaken land, and I seem to have worn out at least three pairs of boots already.

Lee was by our way not too long ago. I thought he was beginning to age rather quickly. I spoke to him at some length about the conditions in which we are forced to live. He listened attentively, but he said again that there was nothing he could do. He was very nice about it all; so nice, in fact, that I forgot

our problems for a while and began to talk with him of more genteel things. We found that we are distantly related through a South Carolina cousin.

Mama writes from Richmond that Cousin Ashton Murray was killed at the Battle of Bull Run. I never would have thought such a thing! One certainly never expects these things to hit so close to one's own family, does one?

We've seen the Yankees only twice, and both times they were far away and moving farther. We loyal Southerners need only to look at the cowardly Yanks to send them scurrying on their way!

The colonel says we'll be home by Easter for sure. I only hope this army food has not ruined my stomach for Aunt Sally's fine cooking. It's been suggested several times to the colonel that we bring in a darky cook or two to cook us some real Southern dishes, but there has been no result as yet. Methinks at least half of what we say to the colonel goes unheard, and the rest unheeded.

My darling, I find myself missing you and home more each day. Every night we Georgia men gather to pray for our speedy return and the safekeeping of our friends and family. Until we are together once more, I remain your faithful, loving

Geoffrey

April, 1863

Lisa dearest,

Forgive me, my darling, for so long a silence, but I think I can say in all truth that our situation has been like unto hell since last I wrote! Nearly half our regiment has been killed, and many more are dying of the fever. Only your welcome potions have saved *me* thus far.

Never in all my life have I seen such a horrible waste of humanity! Hundreds of good Southern boys fall in battle each day! Even when we win, there is no glory; indeed, there is almost no one left to celebrate! Our colonel was killed some weeks ago, and we have a new commander coming in before too long—we hope. At the moment, there is complete confusion. No one knows which way to turn, and certainly no one cares to be held responsible for some dreadful mistake. So we sit here waiting for a guiding light to lead us into battle. (Although most of us have long since lost our eagerness!)

We don't get much news from Georgia any more. I think no more than half your letters have gotten through. The mail service is

becoming every bit as despicable as the living conditions. However, we are all secure in the knowledge that our loved ones are safe and happy. We only hope we may be allowed to join you soon.

My dear, my love for you strengthens with each day we are apart. I long for the day when we may be together once more. Until that day I remain your loving and devoted

Geoffrey

October, 1864

Dearest Lisa,

Oh, my darling you simply cannot imagine what horrors I have suffered! Tom, Nat, Davis, Grayson, Edwin, and even Georges have quitted this earth since last I wrote to you! There are only a few of us left, and we must march to join a new regiment in a few days' time!

My uniform is in tatters! My boots have long since worn away to nothing! My hair straggles down about my face til I can hardly see the path in front of me.

Last night I woke screaming again! I dreamed that I was killed by a Yank, and then that I stood by and watched them murder poor Nat! He was mutilated beyond recognition! I am almost afraid to sleep any more! These nightmares will kill me if the Yankees don't!

My darling, forgive me for telling you all these terrible things. You should be spared all this. But my God! I can't stand it! I must get away! Even hell is more welcome to my shattered mind and body than this! I've got to come home!

God bless you and keep you til I'm in your arms once more. I remain your devoted

Geoffrey

November, 1864

Darling Lisa,

I'm coming home! I cannot endure it any longer! If my plans work out, I should reach Atlanta by the first of December. The Confederacy be damned! I shall spend *this* Christmas with my family!

I'll be with you soon, my dear, never to leave your side again! Watch and wait and pray for me, for nothing on God's earth shall stop my coming home!

In hope and prayer and devotion, I remain your loving

Geoffrey

February, 1866

Mrs. Tarleton:

The War Department of the United States of America regrets to inform you of the death of your husband, Geoffrey McGill Tarleton, in November of 1864 . . . .

—Sandee Harrington '68

## *He Taught*

The first day we walked  
Through the woods, the stream,  
Under the falls—the water gleamed,  
And I knew that he loved it by the way he  
talked.

As I watched my boy  
I caught his delight  
In the clean, cold night,  
And realized that to him this was unspeakable  
joy.

He'd never have told  
What he felt as he went  
No one would know what he meant  
Except those few whose thoughts he could  
hold.

Later that summer we ran.  
The sand flying behind.  
And he laughed when I tried to find  
A fish and found instead a can.

He always said that I was a child  
Because I sometimes giggled and beamed.  
And yet as I watched him, it somehow seem-  
ed  
That he was one—headstrong—a bit wild.

The days ran by and I saw,  
Life as he saw it—alive.  
And I realized that no one could ever deprive  
Him of this love he knew.

And he has begun to share this love with me.  
And no longer am I outside  
But in with nothing to divide  
What he looks at and what I see.

And tomorrow together we will walk  
Through the woods, the stream,  
Under the falls—the water will gleam.  
And we will love it together as we talk.

—Cathy DiNicolangelo '68

## *Windy Sunshine*

Grassy smell blows with the wind  
that is neither hot nor cold,  
but cooler than the friendly  
air of early summer in the  
field.

Worlds of little things breathe beneath,  
between, and on the damp and  
rooted jungle. One stops and  
seemingly returns my gaze; but  
only for a moment. What a pity he  
has no use for dreams.

The buckling wind slides down to  
tie the dry and bleaching under-  
shirts and dungarees in secret  
knots that puzzle, and smell  
like sunshine when the basket  
goes inside.

And I love and wonder at all the  
coarse, earthy beauty that stands out  
around me.

—Jennifer Woods '68

## *Man's Work*

Look now, oh world, at the creature  
Who tamed others, himself savage.  
See the blood he has spilt  
Upon this own pure earth.  
Behold the dirt he scattered,  
Trying to clean the world.  
He rose above the world;  
He built steel cities, hard and cold,  
While himself he could not understand.  
Moving and improving, he lost the soul that  
rules.  
Clay he can mold; hatred he cannot destroy.  
Mindless of God, man tries to rule.  
"Improve" is his cry, and heaven his goal,  
Without, of course, God.  
Racing nowhere to eternal death.

Oh, man, day is ending now.  
Look back and see your work.  
Your days were numbered and time has come.  
To the end you knew was near.  
Days passed in rhythm, and bid you to work.  
Oh foolish man, you have spent a lifetime  
building castles in the sand.

—Karen Vance '68

# A Day In The Life Of An Angel

A peaceful calm had settled over the library as people became more involved in their reading and writing. Scattered all about were people of every description—an old wrinkled man poring over a newspaper with his magnifying glass, a young boy struggling with the words in his story, a group of teen-agers working diligently on their term papers. The head librarian smiled contently as she glanced about the room and saw that all was well. At least she *thought* all was well.

"Whoops!" This one word shattered the silence of the library as everyone turned to the door to see a young girl struggling with an armload of books. Her petite, almost thin body was doubled over under their weight, and she was having quite a time trying to keep them all balanced.

"Gosh, if I drop these, you'd better call your emergency crew to pick them all up!"

"I'm sorry, Miss, but would you mind keeping your voice down?" The librarian was shocked by this disruption and not at all happy about it. She eyed the small, bent girl with disgust, for this seemingly innocent-looking young lady had broken the code of the library by speaking in a loud voice.

"There we are. Gee, I can't believe I actually made it—I thought just sure I'd drop them all and then maybe fall over them or something. Now, let me see. I think some of these are long overdue, medium overdue, and short overdue. Not really—I'm just kidding. But if you'll check them to see if they're in the criminal file, I'll try to raise the money to pay my fines. Ya know, I bet it'll be more than my speeding ticket, and that was a lot. Oh, the price one must pay to live in the U.S.A.!"

The librarian stood dumbfounded as the girl gave this short speech, but quickly composed herself and began sorting through the books which had been scattered all across the desk.

"Anything I can do to help ya, like figuring up my bill?"

"No, it's quite all right; I think I can manage quite well by myself."

"Have you been working here long?"

"Why yes, yes I have. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no reason, 'cept that I had an aunt once who worked so long in a library that she began having nightmares that someone was coming in and moving all the books out of place and she couldn't find the ones that had been moved. It finally became such a thing

with her that one day she stood up in the middle of the library, screamed, "My books, my books! Someone's moved my books!" and fainted right there. She even had to be put on a funny farm—one without a library, of course."



Illustrated by Ruthie Warden

"Oh."

"Gee, did I shake you up? I'm sorry if I did. You look too stable and composed to do anything like that. Do you ever feel nervous? Aunt Jessie always did—the doctors think that's where her trouble started."

"No, I feel fine . . . or at least I did. Now, let's get on with your business. Your overdue book fine comes to three dollars and twenty-four cents—you had one hundred thirteen days overdue on nine of the books and one that isn't due till Monday."

"And I bet you thought I was forgetful."

The young girl proceeded to plow through the small purse she was carrying, and began removing its contents onto the desk as her search became more intent.

"May have to wash dishes if I don't find it."

After looking through all she had in her pocketbook, she finally found a wadded-up five-dollar bill stuck with a piece of gum to a small notebook.

"I knew I had it somewhere. I hope you don't mind if it's sort of messed up. But I guess money is money."

"Yes, it is. Here is your change. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Thanks—and if you'd really like to know what you can do for me, I'll tell you. You can smile—go ahead, it's good for you."

The librarian at first was insulted by the

young girl's remark, but as she looked at the bright face anticipating her response, she forgot all about what she thought and smiled the best smile she could muster.

"There, that's better. Ya know, librarians should smile more often. Maybe if they did, people wouldn't be so scared of them, and their library would be filled with happy people."

"Yes, I'm sure that's what we need."

"Well, good-bye, ma'am, and thanks for putting up with me. I know I'm a pest, but that's just what I am, and I can't help it."

The girl turned quickly to leave, not knowing there was a tall handsome man waiting behind her. She ran straight into his shirt pocket, causing a rather violent crash.

"Whoops!"

—Jane McKenzie '68

## Refuge

Pollution, smog, smoke,  
Gases enveloping every  
Living, breathing thing—  
Gray dominates.

The bomb hangs over,  
Threatening very existence.  
The button's waiting  
To be pushed.

Freeways, traffic, wrecks—  
Zoom, little cars, zoom!  
Little kids on bikes . . .  
Oh Lord! Watch out!

\* \* \*

Green, waving grass;  
Yellow, pink flowers—  
Where? Where is it?  
The country . . . still.

Singing, laughing birds;  
Happy, running kids—  
Slide down the haystack!  
Can we make it?

Fresh air, sunshine;  
Peace, happiness, hope—  
The country's there.  
Can we find it?

—Ellen Credle '68



Illustrated by Linda Kirby

## Here and Gone

Oh, God, why did it have to come back?  
Why when I think it's over,  
I find it's just begun.  
Is it something I lack?

A year ago or more it started.  
A ringing phone—she's dying.  
That lump started somewhere inside.  
We departed.

"No, she's not, yet, thank God."  
That lump had gone—I was ready.  
You weren't, and that was hope.  
Until "Hi, Nan," and only a nod.

Nothing more—she couldn't,  
No sound. No smile.  
Nothing could help her.  
Accept it. I couldn't.

It came again—fast as before.  
Four days praying, "Make it fast,  
Oh damn it, please!"  
Four days—the lump. Gone once more.

I was ready, but you were not.  
Five weeks and we fed and bathed and  
laughed,  
Each time the lump came again.  
The more she could do, the bigger and bigger  
it got.

They said it was my age.  
I had hope and the lump was gone.  
Only to come again  
In a sudden, vicious rage.

The call only said  
What had to come.  
In the dark room came the first cry  
With "Tell Mother she's dead."

Six hundred long miles in one day.  
No one acted any differently,  
Except when we arrived at last,  
And saw her body in the clothes we'd bought—  
the lump gave way.

It came and went all that week,  
As mourners came, went, telling their sorrow,  
And the preacher prayed. At last  
It was gone. Until I had to kiss that unknown  
cheek.

"It will go," Mama promised  
As I came to her for comfort.  
We came back home in a while,  
And it was gone—I never even noticed.

Here again, never leaving.  
Only coming for a sharp, short time.  
But never gone—forever  
So this is what they mean when they say  
"grieving."

—Cathy DiNicolangelo '68

## This I Dedicate

To the one who cries at night  
Of loneliness, sorrow, pain,  
To the one who is eaten by Death  
And drowned by the pouring rain;  
This I dedicate.

To the ones whose souls are vagabonds  
With no goal to be guided by,  
To those who are godless and homeless  
Who can walk but cannot fly;  
This I dedicate.

But to those who have overcome these things,  
Who have asked and have received,  
Who have pushed aside great grief and sorrow  
To make way for better things;  
Happily do I dedicate.

—Cheryl Senter '70

## Infatuation Of Death

Numbness, fear, and chills;  
Limpness and frigidness;  
A corpse in a grassy field.

A weapon piercing deep;  
Her heart bursting open;  
Silence echoing beyond.

Infatuation, love, and passion;  
Tenderness and emotions  
A lassie of only eighteen.

The weapon—his words;  
The heartache—his love.  
The silence—his departure.

—Debra Saul '68

# Dissension

The voice was sheathed in sarcasm, its edge cutting quickly and deeply into the victim.

Around the counter, the other students continued their work, pretending that all was normal. The girl on the right droned on, complaining of the difficulty of her assignment, now and again asking for help or moaning "I just don't understand."

The boy opposite her, his slide rule poised for instant calculation, continued with his self-discriminating remarks. "Boy, am I ever stupid! Why didn't I see that the *first* time." The eraser scratched away the answer as he began the problem again.

The figure on the left, spreading paste methodically, was gluing small bits of information to a large board. His friend across the table looked down quickly and began to thumb through his books, searching in vain for an outlet, an escape.

To the teachers, passing outside and glancing quickly in, the scene was completely innocent. Several students were working around the counter with one standing, apparently speaking to another. But the peace was only imaginary.

Each member had paused, had halted, perhaps for only a split second, which, at any time, would have gone unnoticed, but, which then, had marked and expanded the incident, magnifying its actual impact.

The complainer had paused. Maybe her rest had been natural, for now, a second later, her voice was muddling along again, but in a tone slightly higher and louder than before.

The slide rule had dropped, marking its user's astonishment. He had never been able to retain any degree of poise or composure. After showing his surprise immediately, he now only added to the growing tension by constantly clicking his pencil against the rule.

The boy on the left had never stopped. Always the bright, discerning young man, he forged an action while listening intently to the speakers around him. As he spread the glue automatically, he keyed his senses for the current crisis.

The last figure had known in advance what would happen. But his expectancy only served to heighten his already nervous condition. He glanced quickly from fact to fact, glanced quickly from face to face, hoping to find an expression showing sympathy with his own.

They all had heard. They all had seen. For that one split-second all eyes had focused on

the standing figure. Or, rather, they had focused on the point between him and his opponent across the counter. At this imaginary mark their loaded voices had met, exploding instantly to create a new threat that now filled the air. The debris of their anger polluted the entire room, but endangered mainly the couple directly in its line of fire.

Even after the words had been spoken, they stared harshly at each other. The tension grew. The onlookers, returning partially to their work, only added to the feeling by their forced, unnatural movements.

At last both glanced away, realizing that the battle had ended, but that scars would remain on both sides. These wounds would never heal; they would always leave a tender sore in each victim. The marks would remain always, remnants of sudden, uncontrolled anger.

—Jean Robinette '68



Illustrated by Jim Jones

# Good-Bye, Mother

I killed my mother today. I didn't really take her life in the physical sense of the word, but she's dead, just the same. I didn't mean to. I didn't want to hurt her, but she made me do it. Funny, how many murderers say that, trying to blame their victims.

But I know it wasn't her fault. Sometimes when she's tired, she loses her temper. I should be used to it by now. It never really hurt me before, when she yelled at me. I knew she didn't mean half of what she said. But she finally got to me. For the first time, I yelled back at her.

As soon as she saw that I was going to defend myself, she began yelling even louder than before. But when she finally heard what I was saying, she shut up in a hurry.

I said some terrible things. And they weren't about her—they were about me. I've lived with her long enough to know that calling her names and accusing her of things doesn't bother her. She just ignores that. So I told her about something that I *knew* would hurt her—me.

My mother has always tried to teach me to be a lady. And 'til today, she thought she had succeeded. But now she knows better. She doesn't think I'm all sweet smiles and a sunny disposition and a genuine respect for my elders. I don't guess she really thinks of me at all. She'd rather forget that I even exist. And I can't much blame her.

I told her all about that night we had the party at the lake. I told her about the cabin, and the beer, and the fight between Ned and Robbie—over me, of course. And I told her about the moonlight swim to the island, and what we did there. I didn't miss a single detail. I gave her names—not one, but several—of the boys who were there. I made a special point to mention Jerry McGill. He's the neighborhood pariah, as far as local mothers are concerned. No decent mother in town would allow her daughter to associate with Jerry, and no decent girl wants to, I guess. When I told her about the time I spent with him, she looked as if she'd been shot.

Then I told her about the night of the prom, and the big party at Maggie Proctor's. She was horrified when I told her about how drunk I got, and how much fun I had "skinny-dipping" in the Proctors' pool with Jerry McGill and Mark Tilden and the others.

Since I'd gone that far, I decided to tell her about the weekend Beth Hammond and I had

supposedly spent with Beth's aunt in Glenville. Mother was very surprised to hear that we hadn't really gone to Glenville at all, but up to the mountains to Paul Conklin's father's ski lodge, for a two-night fling with our swinging friends from the university.

After I had told her all that, she didn't listen any more. I kept right on talking, but she just sat there, staring at her feet. Finally I stopped talking, but she didn't say anything. She sat there for another minute or two, just staring. Then she jumped up and ran to her room and locked the door. She hasn't come out yet, and it's been hours.

I don't know quite what to do now. I guess I don't have a mother any more. And of course I can't blame her if she throws me out. But she won't. She'll just go on cooking and cleaning and sewing for me. And she won't yell any more. She won't say anything to me that isn't absolutely necessary. We'll never talk about clothes and boys and dances and new hair styles and college and such any more. We won't talk about anything. Too much has been said already.

—Sandee Harrington '68

## Dawn

A cool, misty morning, heavy with fog, but promising a good day.

Tiny streaks of eastern light filter through the fading grey.

And off in the damp waiting meadows, a mourning dove cries its elegy.

—Kathy Doyle '69

## A Tear

Sweet dewdrops fall softly on blades of sorrow,  
And fade with a passing cloud of happiness,  
Only to return again.

—Lynn Hillyer '69



## *Lines*

Is there some eternity between  
the word and the sound of the word  
And the movement of the hand and  
the sound from the keyboard?

Are there moments known and forgotten  
between sleeping  
and waking, and yet not in sleep itself?  
Where is my free soul?  
Maybe between the summer and the  
fall, and the winter and the  
spring —  
To discover what is there.

—Jennifer Woods '68

## *Image*

She wanted it—this playtoy called love;  
Yet it was out of reach, too high on the shelf.  
So she climbed; she fell a few times,  
But finally she made it to the prize.  
She played with it awhile, laughing.  
But then she dropped it; she didn't care for  
awhile.  
But soon she wanted her prize back . . .  
but it was broken.

—Ellen Credle '68

## *Tomorrow . . .*

My heart is lost in canyons of despair,  
I lost my soul for love of lady fair.  
She took my love and gave it to the wind;  
'Tis awful how the tree of life can bend.

Her beauty still I see before my eyes,  
But why could I not see through her disguise?  
Another came and took my love away;  
I know that she'll be leaving him someday.

But lo, tomorrow brings another day . . .  
Our bodies will be floating in the bay.  
I'm lost and lonely—love has left my door;  
I cannot live without her any more.

—Larry Neal '69

## *Blessing*

All the leaves of summer,  
worn to sparkling gold,  
Caress the autumn's fading,  
gently soothing harsh foreboding.

The secret death silently sweeping  
brushing the cool twilight  
of our dreams.

Beckons . . .

The windless breath, nature's courier,  
sighs in variant passions  
At life's passing . . . away  
too soon, too soon . . . oh, too late.

We, at crises with ourselves,  
stand in awe, thankful.

—Charles Horning '68

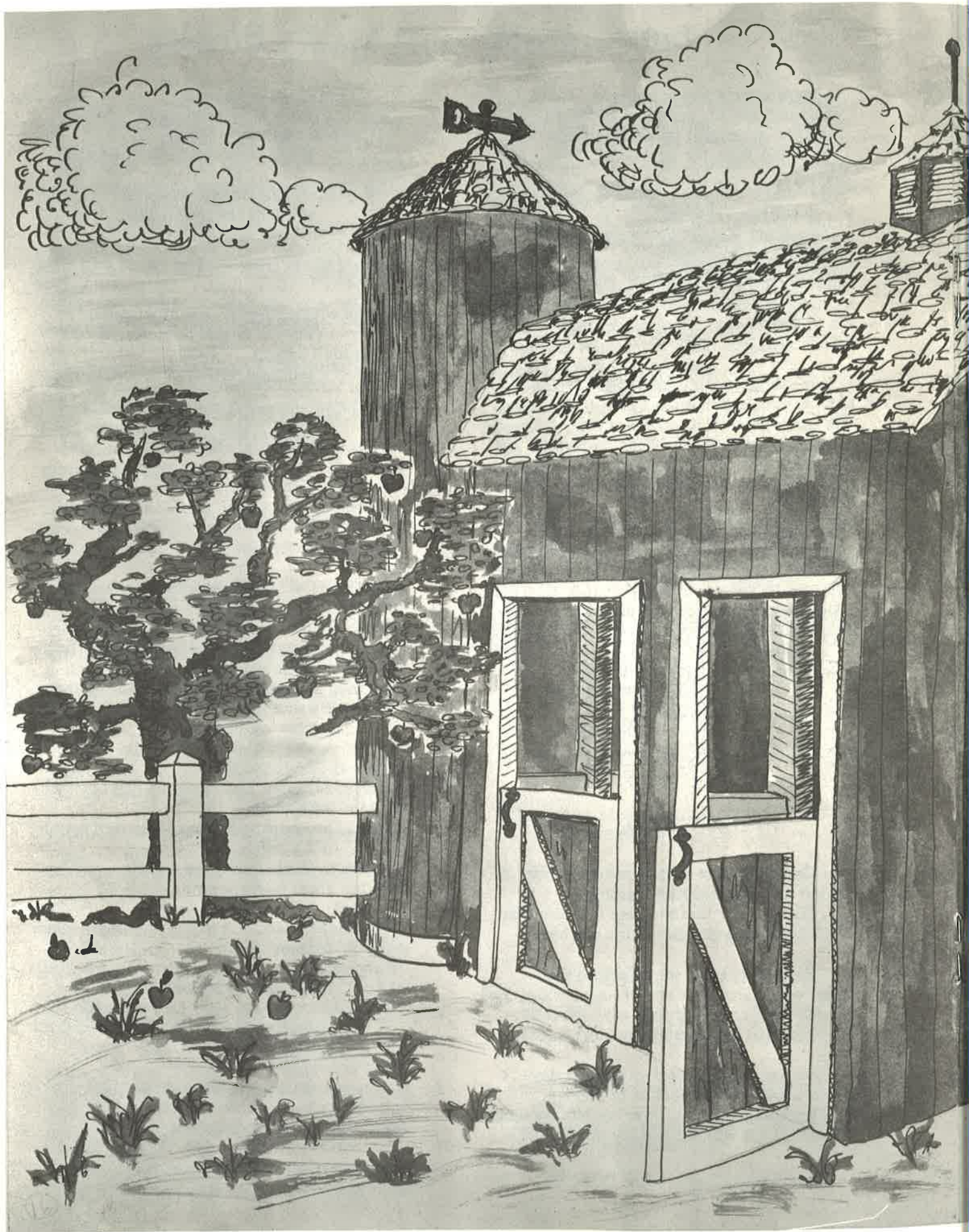
## *Bereft*

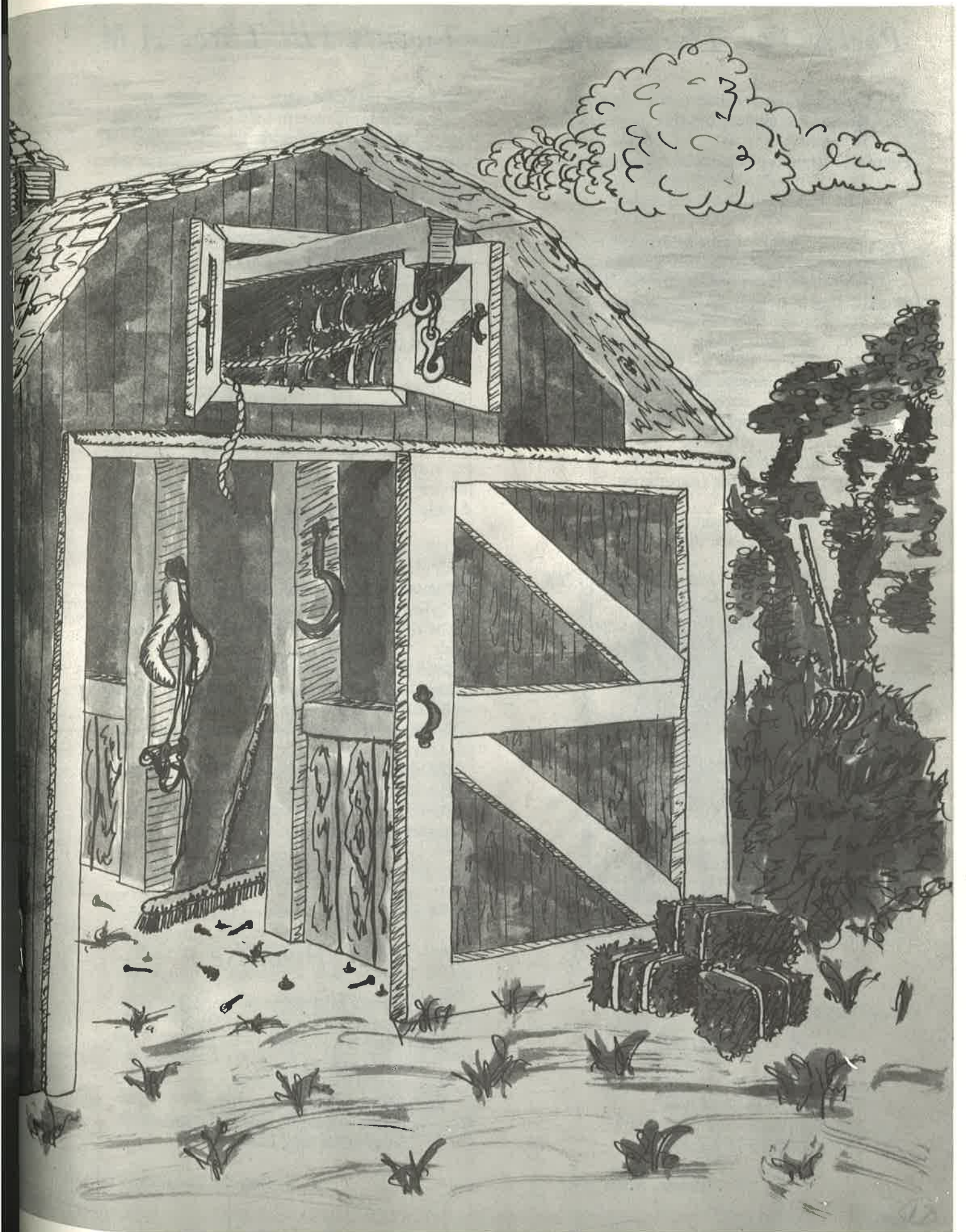
In the velvet darkness of yesternight I had a  
wondrous inspiration.  
Flowing words and whirling fancies swept  
themselves into my mind.  
The eagerness of being set my soul aflame  
with torrid, tumbling verse.

Enveiled in inky blackness of a night-sky shot  
with silver  
I gazed in awe at streams and bursts of wondr-  
ous words.  
I caught them fondly in a golden urn, put  
them by for weaving.

This morn I woke in ecstasy to spin my silken  
treasure.  
I took down my lovely golden urn, but noth-  
ing flowed to greet me.  
As had my tender love of yesternight, the  
wondrous words had faded out of  
sight.

—Sandee Harrington '68





## Poetry For The Blind

As we dwell in this lonesome void,  
We are consumed by the fancy of our  
"reality."

Portentous apathy—example of tomorrow's  
dawn,  
falls unheeded, semi-entangled.

The organs, terrible chorus of discordance,  
deafen even the remotest thoughts,  
which lay, untended, in molded despair.  
Floundering in tumultous affection,  
yearning for invisibilities—we exist.

Knowledge disseminated through  
resounding silence.

They, our stigma, caress true wisdom,  
deprived of mediocrity.

Through uninhibited channels flow  
gravid waters silting reassurance.

For they, steeped in exaggerated insight,  
have the answer.

—Charles Horning '68

## Four Seasons

Each season of the year a story tells:  
In Spring new life is given every day  
Each bird, each bud, each bloom I love so well  
The beauty of the world spread full doth lay.  
Each season of the year a new life brings:  
The Summer is a time of dreams come ture,  
Through air the sound of joy and gladness rings.  
Is this the way that Summer touches you?  
Each season of the year has magic glow:  
In Autumn everything is dressed in joys.  
On puffs of wind the leaves all seem to know  
They fall and bring delight to girls and boys  
Then last comes Winter with his spread of white  
To bed the world in pure and sleeping quiet.

—Hilda Rust '68

## A Thought

If man can't face his thoughts alone,  
What sort of beast is he?  
For thoughts alone are just our own  
To cherish and perceive.

—Melissa Allen '69

## Twenty Till Three A.M.

The key is turned with  
rhythmic, determined  
strokes and I hesitant,  
reluctant, am started  
on the mad, merry,  
meticulous, seemingly  
endless circles and  
stringed dances of my day  
until at last  
at last  
at last

My threads so  
twined and twisted  
must be put away  
as all marionettes.

—Jennifer Woods '68

## Percussion

A percussive sound; I like to hear;  
The sound of the bongos pleases my ear.  
I love to hear the triangle's beat,  
The sound of the snare drum so crisp and neat.

The tympani's roar gives me a chill,  
The rhythm entralls me, a thing you can feel,  
I love to hear the bells as they toll,  
Or march in time as the tom-toms roll.

The cymbal's crash, the gong's huge roll,  
The cowbell's ring, the chime's toll,  
I love to hear the bass drum's boom,  
And hear the marimba fill the room.

—David Owen '70

## Promise

The past is a mistake to be forgotten.  
The present is a joy to be endured.  
The future is a promise to be kept.  
The past is easy to forget;  
The present can be endured.  
But most important: The future  
future should be kept. The future  
must be an improvement.

—Deirdre Dougherty '69

# The Nut House

"Dr. Miller, the man's here to do a story about you."

"What? Oh, yes, send him in, Miss Clark." He silently put the reports in the filing cabinet and turned to face his visitor. Reporters were such a nuisance, always coming to see how the nuts lived.

"Dr. Miller?" Just then the young guest noted that the doctor was aged before his time. Although the famous man was in his early forties, his hair was already partially gray, and his face was well worn with wrinkles. The reporter perceived a look of despair in his eyes, with only a slight sparkle of hope.

"Yes, I'm Dr. Jack Miller. If you don't mind, we'll keep it on a last-name basis. We call our patients by their first names, and I certainly wouldn't want to think of you as a patient. Well, I guess we had better start the tour. We have a wide variety of cases here; some have been insane since early childhood, and others—it just hit suddenly."

The doctor walked out of the office with a slight limp, the result of a patient's stabbing him in the leg. As they passed through the corridor, he smiled and spoke to all the nurses by name—by last name.

"Oh, here we are; this is Millie. She was a perfectly normal wife and mother; then suddenly one day . . . been here for three years now." Dr. Miller shook his head sadly as they continued down the hall. He'd been with most of these people for years, yet each time he saw them a new pain shot through him.

"This is Beverly . . . pretty little thing, isn't she? She's been with us since a small child . . . seems she gets the premonition she's a frog and hops around trying to catch flies with her tongue. Please don't print that; people would only laugh. But I guess if we didn't have the power of laughter, the whole world would be one big nut house."

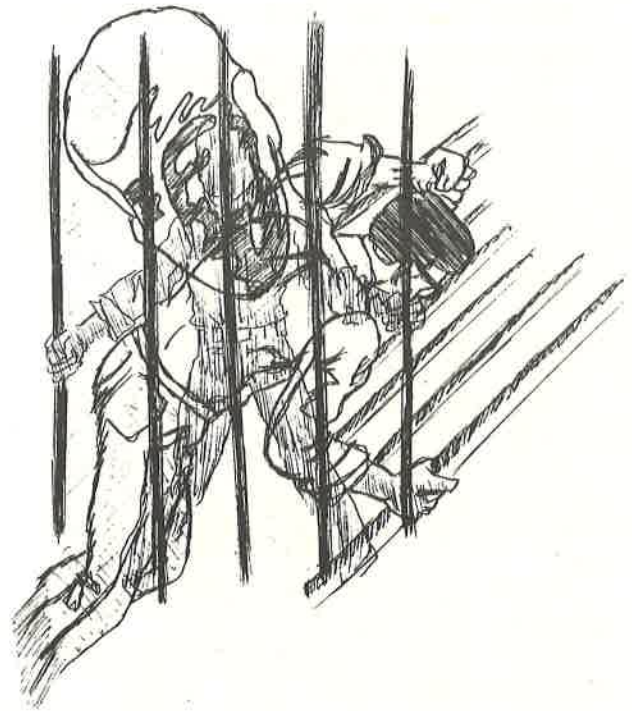
They then entered the recreation center. The reporter noticed a man cringing in the corner and asked about him. "That one? That's Bill. His is a strange case . . . used to be a fireman . . . went into a burning building to save a young boy. He came out badly burned . . . and empty-handed . . . been insane ever since. Sometimes I just want to shake them out of it and have them all by well again, but I just can't do that. It all seems so

hopeless; I feel as if I'll go crazy, too." He seemed to think awhile and then raised his head and said, "I shouldn't have said that. Please don't quote me on it; we doctors are supposed to think scientifically."

\* \* \* \* \*

" . . . and here's one of our strangest and most heart-breaking cases. His name is Jack . . . has a brilliant mind . . . even used to be a doctor. In fact, we still call him Dr. Miller, out of respect." The young nurse could detect the usual look of pity in the group's eyes. They continued the tour.

—Ellen Credle '68



Illustrated by Jim Jones

# Typical

"In a democracy such as ours, . . ."

She wrote. The paper was covered with small blotches of ink, fragments of thought, unrelated ideas.

Her mind was moving in those tracks now, those uneven, broken, cuttngly sharp bits of reality. An idea came. She began to write, but suddenly it stopped. The broken pieces of track isolated it, keeping it from growing.

There were many thoughts, hundreds, all different, all running in different directions at different speeds, at uneven intervals; some rapid, some slow, never tying in, always flashing through her mind in sudden brightness before falling, falling from the plateau of reason to the darkness of confusion. Their light shone hopefully in the distance before the train was lost forever over those broken tracks.

She thought of thing, but . . .

"There is no joy in things, only in us."

The words resounded.

Things—tests—poor grades—a bad average—

She thought of things, but . . .

"There is no joy in things, only in us."

The words resounded.

Things—tests—poor grades—a bad average—

"You're not living up to your abilities."

"Will anything drastic happen if it's not ready then?"

"You'll help me, won't you?"

"You ruined the picture! You cropped it the wrong way."

"Don't let people run over you."

"She didn't say *anything!* I *would* have told him . . ."

Would you? Would they? *Can* everyone else do a better job? Is she *really* that inefficient? That confused? Does she do such poor work?

"Good generals do not stress their weaknesses but their strength."

Forget the mistakes; learn from them but don't worry about them.

Don't say "if only"; remember, it's "next time" that counts! The formula for success . . .

The year was ending. She learned much.

"You look pretty today, dear; that's a lovely color." *She* had been sincere. *She*, the woman she had never liked. Had she ever gotten to know her?

"You *do* want to help me, don't you?"

She could say yes. She could help. Maybe . . .

You *always* let people take advantage of you."

Who has the answers? Who knows the truth? Who can say, "You were right here, but wrong this time."

". . . man has the freedom to choose right from wrong, the liberty to make his own decisions."

—Jean Robinette '68

## A Child's World

Snowflakes, cookies, and dancing dolls,  
Crayons and fingers on the walls,  
Spinning tops and puppy dogs,  
Bubble gum and hopping frogs,  
These are a few of the countless joys  
Of little girls and little boys.  
The secret words are soft and mild,  
The magic world of every child.

—Lynn Hillyer '69

## Golden Fields Diffused With The Sun

There was a violet sky  
That morning after;  
It said more than much to me.

A cry in the distance;  
A pattern of "V" in my vision;  
Pattern of the wild geese freely moving—  
Said more than much to me.

I cry to the fire brimming  
o'er the horizon,  
Promising the sun and a  
*warmer* day.  
I cry to the geese who draw  
me upwards  
To sever the bond that bids  
me stay.

—Betty Brinkley '68

# Anticipation

We're going to the fair.  
We'll ride  
The merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, the big  
dipper.  
We'll have  
Hot dogs, pop, crackerjacks.

Spring's coming very soon.  
We'll have  
Nice days, blue skies, pretty flowers.  
We'll go  
On a picnic, wading, barefoot.

Grandpa's coming for a visit.  
We'll be  
Good pals, chess buddies, t. v. chums.  
We'll have  
Long talks, good laughs, fun times.

We went to the fair  
We  
Rode rides, ate popcorn, drank pop.  
I have  
A stomach-ache.

Spring's here.  
We  
Had nice days, picked pretty flowers, went  
picnicking.  
We  
All have hay fever.

Grandpa's come for a visit.  
We  
Played chess, watched t. v., laughed.  
It  
Was the same as with Daddy.

—Cathy DiNicolangelo '68



Illustrated by Debbie Shumaker

# Bill

A deep green hue predominated in the carpet, broken only by islands of lighter color, where the fleeting light from the sparkling windows touched the fibers of the rug. Matching green on white, flowered wallpaper lent a cheerful touch to the living room, as the now idle fireplace squatted like an imposing ghost to the right of the front door and its silent companions, the large front windows. Beige and gold chairs were placed in a random, but orderly, fashion around the central mahogany table, with the pattern of the room showing only in the sofa of gold, under the windows, flanked in a stately manner by an end table on each side. Mounted atop each smaller sentinel was a tall, rather fat lamp, not in use as yet.

Outside, the fluffy snow, driven by a howling wind, went unnoticed by us two boys, Bill and me, who sat hunched over the board of black and red squares lying on the table. The order of the room was broken by the two straight-backed chairs now at opposite sides of the board. The small gray light that pervaded the room cast its melancholy glow on the carved wooden chessmen and the players.

For almost two years I had known Bill, and had seen him in all the diversified situations that only two sixteen-year-olds can encounter; yet only during our infrequent chess matches could I detect the deep, faraway expression in his eyes that I found now. His long Roman nose and wide, pleasant mouth mirrored his preoccupation as he fingered his offside knight thoughtfully. At times like this, I could not help but feel that this serious countenance beneath a crop of blond hair was entirely alien to the long, thin, gangly body that so loved the outdoors.

I gazed past Bill out the large windows toward the lofty, almost invisible white mountains. Since Bill was still contemplating his move, I let my mind wander. The snowy landscape melted into a lush, warm summer afternoon, with the green of the trees and grass of the golf course contrasting with the blue and white of the sky and fluffy little clouds that floated serenely overhead. This was in its way characteristic of this course; moreover, it seemed to be a definite thing for the days when we came to play here. There stood Bill's willowy form, head down, flailing away at a ball that refused to budge. For several moments, he continued to swat at it as if it were an obstinate fly; next he turned his back and refused to look at it; and finally he

resigned himself to kicking the sphere toward the hole in complete disgust. By the next hole, however, his luck had reversed itself, allowing him to smack a long, perfect drive to the center of the fairway. He almost beat me that day. I remember . . .

The snow had increased in intensity, breaking into my reverie; besides, Bill had finally attacked with his knight. Grinning assuredly,



*Illustrated by Ruth Warden*

he passed the turn to me, knowing he had my bishop. When I quickly sidestepped his onslaught and placed his queen in jeopardy, his smile faded and he sank back into his mood of concentration. I turned my gaze once more to intricate patterns of snow on the window.

Autumn hung heavy in the air, and the cold northern wind, blowing the trees clear of brightly colored leaves, heralded the coming of the first freeze. We walked briskly along the dirt road, the sharp fingers of the air piercing our heavy sweatshirts, from their refuge



in the numerous pines that lined our way, to icily touch our skin. Bill carried the basketball that had become a trademark of these jaunts; when I reached for it, he passed the ball smoothly from my touch in a single lithe gesture.

"Actually, we've got to try to get into a college, so we may as well start looking now and not get left out. After all, when we finish that, we can be at worst educated bums, you know. I'm pretty sure I know where I'm going, or at least where I want to go." A slight pause ensued as I eyed that twinkling face. "Yeah, I know where you want to go." We said it in chorus. "Vassar!"

He gurgled like a baby, and lithely dodged the rock I flipped at him.

"After all," he rambled on, "and this time seriously, we ought to be able to get into any college we want. Such great scientific minds cannot be denied the right to invent . . . ah . . . whatever they're going to invent."

Walking on, we passed into the forest that had now closed in on the trail; while, overhead, the gray clouds gave foreboding of a stormy night. There was a squirrel up that oak tree, just like the one whose leg Bill had set, all reddish-brown and soft. Funny what one remembers . . .

He was after my queen now. The twilight outside had deepened rapidly as it often does on winter evenings, though the hands of my watch tipped only the four and the three. I didn't notice, however, for now he was pressing my defense. Slight pressure slid my rook into an offensive position. Bill caught the motion; a measure of his fierce pride and determination gleamed again in his eyes as he decided how to counter this.

The flash in his eyes and the opaque wall of snow without reconstructed my most vivid recollection of the tall boy I called friend. Skating was never a strong point for either of us; however, we relished its exhilarating effect. We sped up the ice of the frozen lake under the bright amber sky of a late winter afternoon. Green ferns stood out sharply against the white fairyland of snow on both banks.

We glanced at the late afternoon sky and quickened our pace. To be out after dark in this weather could and very often was a dead serious matter, since those who didn't regard it as such were almost always found frozen. I often wonder whether fate has ever ridden swift blades; for, if she has, she was certainly there that day. Because of our haste, we sliced near the danger area of thin ice; not seriously near, but too near, I will always

believe.

Both of us saw the boy crash through the ice at the same instant. It didn't matter that the blame was his for being there in the first place; all we were concerned with was reaching him.

Modesty aside, I was always the faster of the two of us by a good margin; yet Bill reached the hole almost ten yards ahead of me. I had covered half the gap when he knifed into the black water, now minus his skates. My skates fell from my feet under deft hands as he gulped air and surface dived for the second time.

I cut the water almost on top of his third dive; between us we dragged the sodden bundle of small boy to the surface and onto the ice. I remember seeing Bill lying prone on the ice and the rescue squad coming full blast, before I joined him on the cold surface. Later, we were told that the boy would live. I remember . . .

Beating me at chess is no small accomplishment, since I value my skill and reputation highly, but Bill had done it. Rising, we ambled to the window and gazed at the white wall that faced us across the thick glass partition. There was cold here; yet, I shivered more from the touch of the cold wooden appendage that replaced my companion's leg, the one taken by frostbite. His eyes showed some of their old spark now, but it came only on these rare occasions like a chess victory. I felt sad. I remembered . . .

—Joe Ragan '69

Sunlight spears its prey  
The black panther of night dies  
Light of life has come.

—Dan Dorton '69

Death is when fate ceases to be amused  
by the antics of her children.

—Richard Counts '71

# *Whirl' World, Whirl!*

Whirl, world, whirl!  
And when you've finished,  
Look at the wreck you've made  
Of once-ordered lives and loves.

Go on, change;  
But don't change me.  
Don't make me a part  
Of your selfish, evil destruction.

Destroy what is beautiful  
And lasting and divine.  
Exist without love,  
With only hatred of mankind.

Ridicule all who dare  
Face reality with faith;  
Wreck all they've built,  
But don't touch me.

Leave my life and love alone.  
Choose some other for your work.  
Find someone weak  
Who'll take your interfering;

For I will not change.  
I will not waste away  
Like the desert's trees.  
I will not bend.

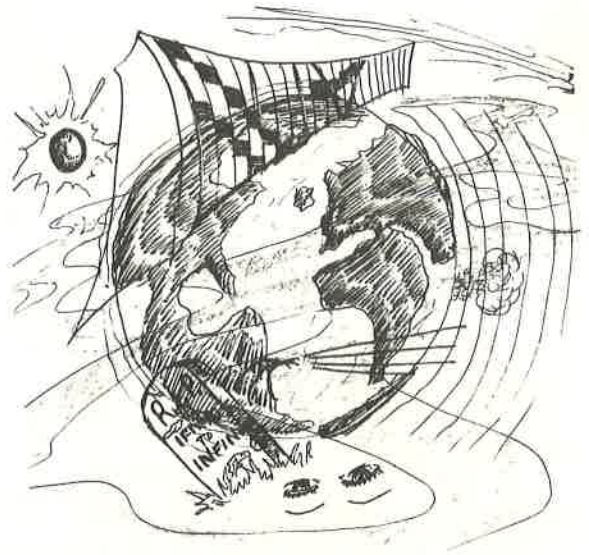
Break me, mad whirling world,  
But only if you dare;  
For we'll go down together  
You and I.

I will not yield;  
I will fight you  
Until one of us is finished,  
And our time is ended.

Whirl, world, whirl!  
What you must, destroy;  
What you will, change;  
What must be, ridicule;

But don't venture near me,  
For one of us will die,  
Or in our fighting,  
*You* will change.

—Betty Swift '68



*Illustrated by Jim Jones*

## *Hope*

It snowed this morning:  
Cold, wet depression  
Weighs heavy.

The world is dead;  
All color and life are gone;  
Only the barren blacks, whites, and grays  
Remain.

Except for the children—  
The screaming children.  
In bright snowsuits they  
Frolic and laugh and  
Mock the passing.

Silence!  
Have you no respect for the dead?  
Go bury yourselves in your  
Precious white stuff!  
Let the dead sleep in peace.

They dissolve.  
Once more silence reigns.  
I sit  
pondering.  
Ideas wallow slowly through  
Sluggish mind.  
When will the world come back?  
When will it live again?

—Tom Davenport '68

# Trapped

Every man of us is like a caged animal, straining at his bonds. He paces to and fro behind the bars of his environment, yearning to be free of his perpetual worries. Even if every means of livelihood were given to him, he would ever search for the way out.

Man is engulfed in his own surroundings, locked in without a key. He scratches at the thick oaken door of his heritage; he makes a futile tapping on the walls of his outermost self. He buries his head that he may escape reality; he succeeds only in retreating to a far corner of his cell.

Some men have larger cages, with gilded bars and satin pillows; their supper dishes are monogrammed, and the small, high windows have crystal panes. They may be a part of a huge winding caravan of diamond-studded wagons; they may rumble over streets of gold. But when they tire of all such splendor, their cries of "Let me out!" are no less in vain than those of their poorer companions. Silver flutes play just as softly as wooden ones; a gold key is just as hard to turn as one of coldest iron. So the rich and petted man falls back upon his eiderdown to cry his salty tears.

Meanwhile, the humble man in his small bamboo hut is using all his strength to dig a tunnel out the back way. He burrows stealthily, lest someone hear and come to stop his

progress. But when he reaches the halfway mark, he finds his passage blocked by cold, grey stone. In his frustration, he pounds his head against the rock, and *his* tears are salty, too. Then he turns once more to his menial tasks; he only pretends to work and live and breathe, while his frantic mind is running here and there in search of another means of escape. He eats and drinks, and he puts on a show of restful sleep. But his mind is every busy, and his heart is filled with hope. Even when he has seemingly resigned himself to his fate, he is working day and night for a way to magnify his timid voice.

But even the loudest voice is never heard. The doors of man's own being may be rattled by his roar, but there is no reply. He may twist the bars of his gilded-cage, but new ones grow instantly into place; the thatched roof of his hovel may whisper in the wind of his pacing, but it is a soft and futile whisper. No amount of begging, no rivers of painful tears will bring someone to lift the silver bars; no false promises will induce someone to pull at the latch-string. Man may hear faint murmurings from without the walls of his captivity, but no one comes near. He shouts for his release. He offers to bribe his jailer. But all is in vain. *Everyone* is captive. There is no one free to hear.

—Santee Harrington '68



Illustrated by Jim Jones

The dawn of the day  
Sprinkles life over the earth  
To season God's works.

—Linda Bentley '69

I am the early morning.  
I am relief from darkness  
and herald of the day.  
And I am alone.

—Anne Bailey '68

# Ann

The foam sprayed around my knees as I glided down the front of the roaring wave. The clamping sound of breaking waves pounded at my ears. I veered sharply down wave to avoid being upset by the tons of rushing water. I was careful not to disturb the movements of my companion on my shoulders, but suddenly we both lost our balance and fell to the mercy of the furious wave.

I was washed onto the shore after a most tiring ordeal with the wave. I shook my head to rid my ears of water and brushed the sand from my hair.

I looked around for Ann, my surfing partner. We were to compete in the doubles division at the East Hawaii Meet the next day.

Finally I found her sitting on the sand—just laughing. Boy, that girl could be so stupid at times!

I walked slowly toward her. Really, I'll have to admit, she was beautiful. Her long blonde hair, now in a wet, shapeless state, fell to her shoulders. Her blue eyes twinkled like the reflection of the moon on distant ripples in the ocean. Boy, was she beautiful!

When Ann saw me approaching, she finally stopped laughing and gave me one of those big, heart-warming smiles. I sat down beside her and kissed her softly on the cheek.

Then suddenly she stopped smiling and became serious.

"We fell again," she said in her clear voice. "That's the fourth time in five starts. We sure couldn't win that way."

"Aw," I answered, "tomorrow's another day; we'll win, don't worry."

"I'm not worrying, just concerned," she argued. "You know if we don't win, I'll have to go back to Boston with Aunt Bessie."

Aunt Bessie—what a person. She was two hundred and fifty pounds of walking might, and she had a temper to match. Ann had come to Hawaii with the monster to spend the summer. Bessie didn't approve of me, but who cared? If we won the meet the next day, we would have enough money to run away and be married. Boy, if Bessie knew that, the devil himself would hide from her rage!

"Oh, we'll win," I reassured her. "After all, we've got everything going for us."

"We've got *nothing* going for us," Ann mumbled.

"We've got each other," I argued softly.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" cried Ann in a defeated tone.

"It'll all work out all right," I insisted. "Come on; I'll walk you back to the hotel."

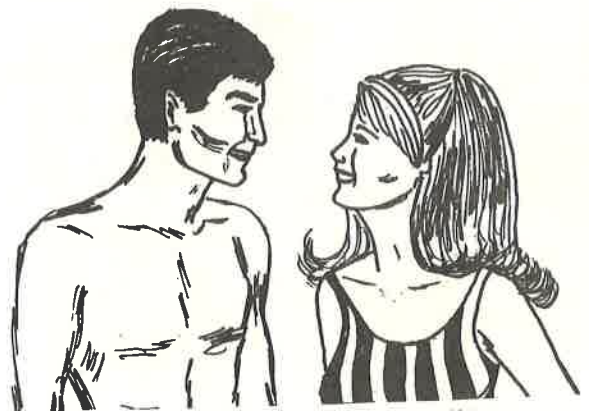
By now it was late afternoon, but the sun hadn't completely set. Its golden rays reflected on the distant horizon, making the water look like solid gold. Every once in a while a cloud would cover the sun, but brilliant rays streaked outward from behind in all directions.

A stiff but warm breeze now blew in from the ocean. It tossed Ann's shining hair about her tanned shoulders. We were now walking so closely that sometimes her silky hair blew into my face, but I didn't mind.

We didn't say much on the way back to the hotel. Every once in a while I would glance at her. Ann was walking with her head down, but then I would give her an encouraging squeeze, and she would look at me with sparkling blue eyes and would give me a half-hearted smile.

When we got to the hotel, we kissed good-bye and planned to meet at noon the next morning. As I turned to leave, I noticed old Bessie looking down at me from a window. She probably saw us kiss. I bet that irritated her. I waved at her and she backed angrily away from the window. One thing that bugged me, though, was that she had a smile on her face, like she knew something I didn't.

By that time, that stiff breeze had turned into a strong wind. The skies had turned gray. Sudden storms were not unusual in these



Illustrated by Ruth Warden

parts. By night, an honest-to-goodness storm had blown up. I decided to call Ann and give her some more encouragement. Heaven knows she needed all she could get!

While waiting for the hotel to answer, I turned on the radio to see if the meet had been called off because of the storm. The radio was playing some surfing music by the Beach Boys. That can really turn a fellow on!

When I finally got the hotel and asked for Ann Lee, the operator said one sentence that knocked me cold: "I'm sorry; Miss Lee and her aunt left for Boston on a Trans-Pacific flight about an hour ago."

I couldn't move. I dropped the receiver to the phone and flopped on my bed. I woke up about an hour later. The storm was howling outside like in one of Poe's stories that I read back in high school. I walked into the bathroom and threw a wet towel on my face.

I walked back into the bedroom to change the station on the radio because the news had just come on, and I sure didn't want to hear about the war now. Just as I touched the dial, the announcer suddenly spoke: "A Trans-Pacific flight bound for Los Angeles, St. Louis, New York, and Boston has been reported down one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Hawaii. No survivors have been reported. No cause for the . . ."

I hit the radio with my fist and smashed it to pieces. I covered my face with my hands and fell to my knees crying.

—Walter Smith '69

The images of God lay bloody and barren  
They fought, died, and knew not why;  
Why people must kill, never caring  
That wars grow more as time goes by.

—Alma Carter '68

Their men have been killed by  
soldiers unknown,  
By soldiers who also wish to  
go home.

—Diane Rowe '70



Illustrated by Jim Jones

## *Be Strong!*

Be as strong as the bird that flies  
o'er the plain;  
Be as strong as the man who  
has earned his name.

Be as strong as the night;  
Be as brave as the day;  
Keep faith, have hope  
Till your dying day.

Be as swift as the waters that  
run to the sea;  
Be as tall as a mountain or  
the giant oak tree;  
Be a Christian; be a man,  
For that is the key.

—Cheryl Senter '70

# When I Was Young

When I was young, my boy,  
The days was different then;  
There weren't no schools  
Like them today,  
As you can sure-fire tell.

Oh, we had schools of different kinds,  
But none a-that fancy larnin';  
That two plus two is five—  
That's all we had to know.

When I was young, my son,  
The rain come hard  
And the snow went deep;  
There was corn to husk  
And fields to reap.

A man worked hard  
And labored long  
And quit when the sun went down;  
He'd go home starvin' for a bite to eat—  
And to meet his dear old hound.

When I was young, my boy,  
There weren't no crime  
Like there is today.  
Just a few bad outlaws on the run  
And a few ol' barmaids looking for fun.

Yes, times is changed, my boy;  
The days is getting shorter;  
So watch thyself, my son.  
The things that happens now  
Could give a man a goiter.

—Cheryl Senter '70



*Illustrated by Ruth Warden*



*Illustrated by Ruth Warden*

I am the dandelion.  
I am called weed by  
scholars and flower  
by children.  
Of the two, who is wiser?

—Anne Bailey '68

## Senioritis



Illustrated by Jim Preston

I don't want to.  
Sophocles, Shakespeare, whoever else there is,  
I just don't feel like handling.

I'm tired of sound waves,  
The Civil War, Andrew Carnegie,  
Term papers, book reports,  
And forward rolls.

I can't face that mound of  
Applications, forms, books to be read,  
Lab sheets, six weeks tests,  
And citizenship essays.

I want to  
Sleep another hour,  
Go to a ballgame,  
Play tennis, have fun.

I want to walk in the rain,  
Get wet, dry off, and sleep.

I want to be lazy,  
Do nothing, and think.

I must  
Read Shakespeare and the books,  
Write a term paper,  
Suffer through sound waves,  
Do forward rolls,  
Learn my part,  
Go without sleep,

Finish!

—Betty Swift '68

## Substitution

I sat alone in a quiet room, because  
it was an assignment.  
But golden words I did not find; I  
only found confinement.

I sat for an hour, and several moods  
upon myself I forced;  
And although words fell on the paper,  
my feelings were not discoursed.

I sat another hour, forcing myself  
to write;

Then I apologized for punishing myself,  
and bade myself goodnight.

But I had a terrible nightmare, and  
I got back up at two,  
Dreaming of things called zeroes, and  
a place called summer-school.

So I sat longer with my pen, forcing  
moods into my head;  
But I hated the things I was forced to say;  
so I turned in this instead.

—Bob Mutter '68

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