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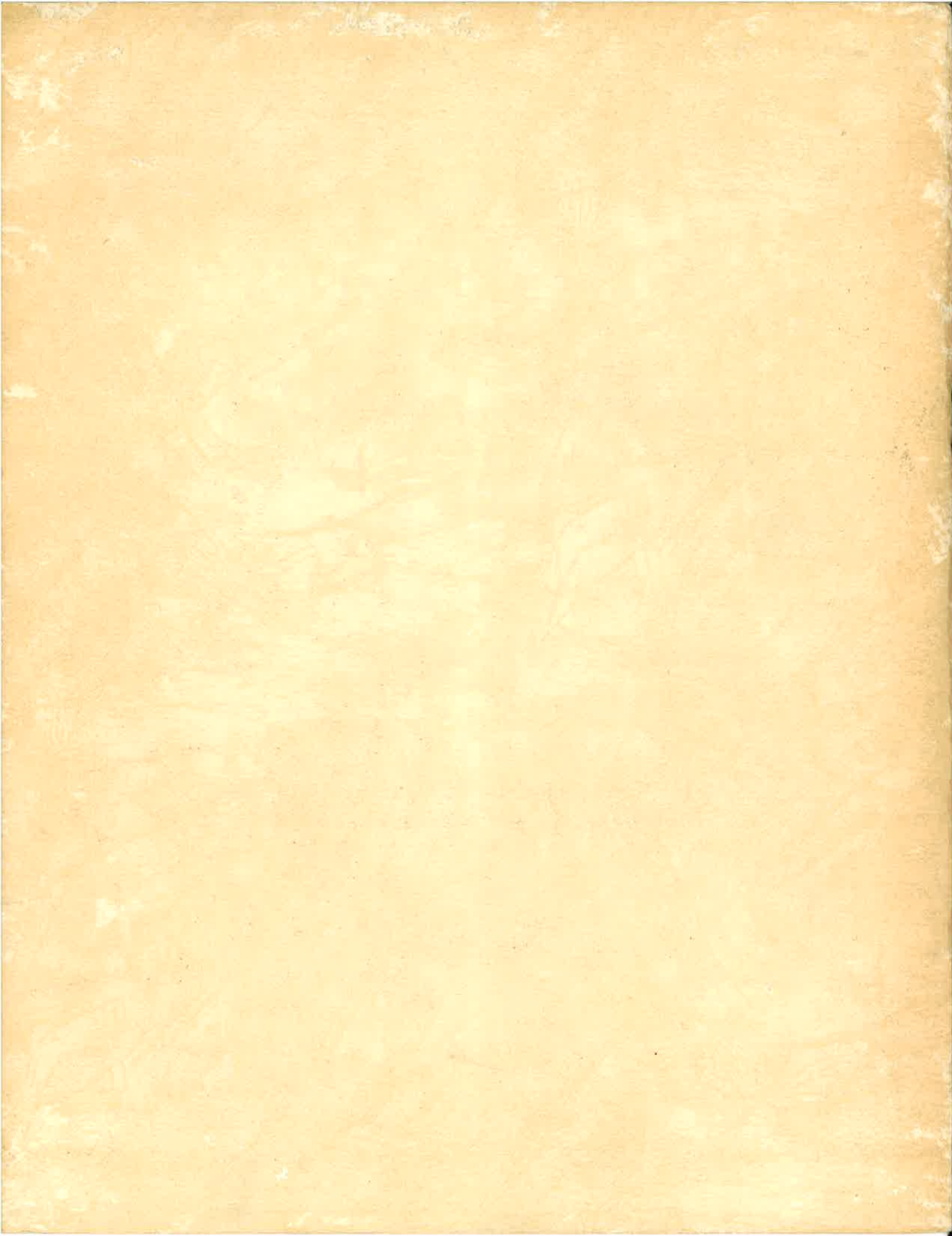
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# Viking Voices

Volume 13

Number 1

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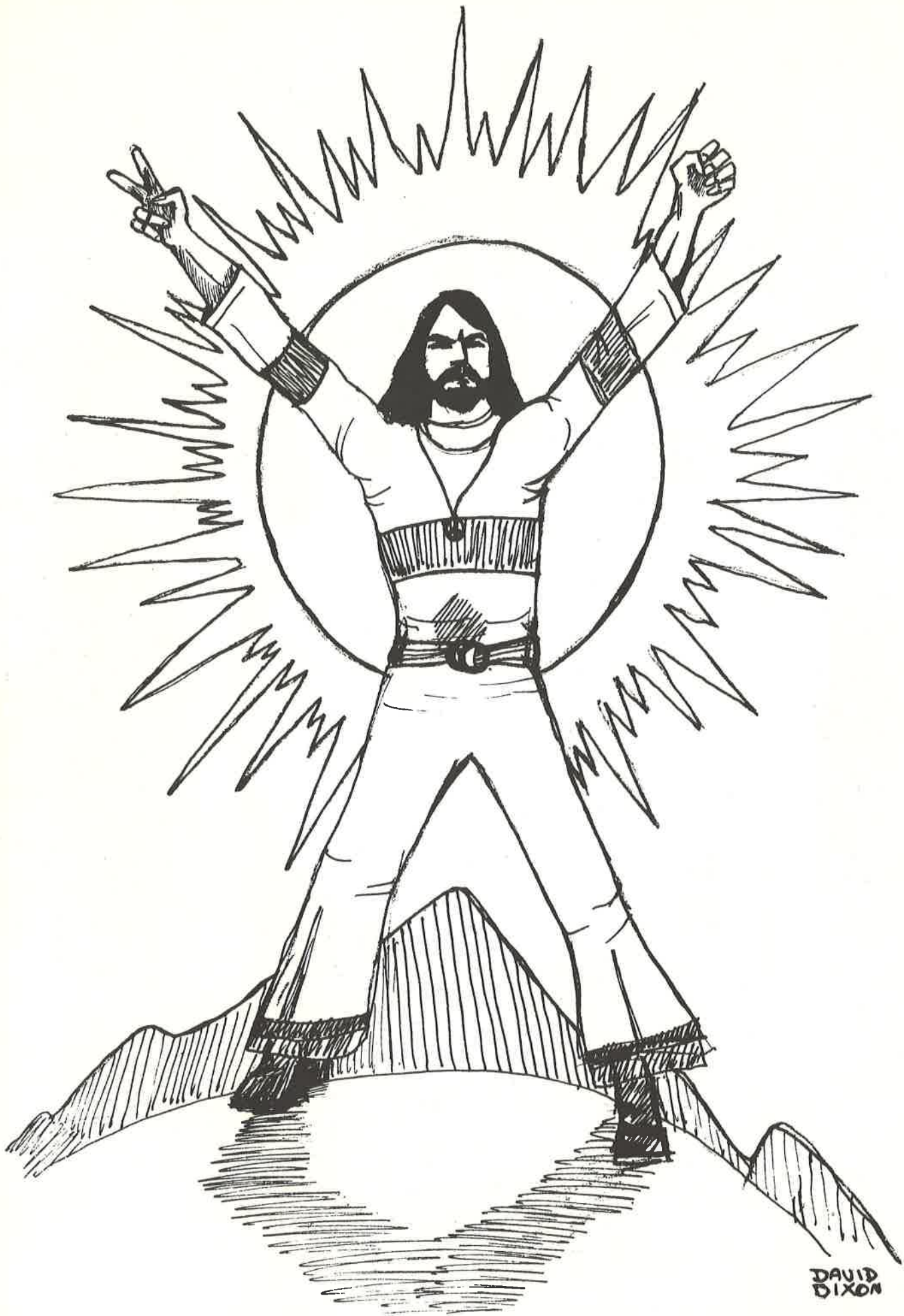
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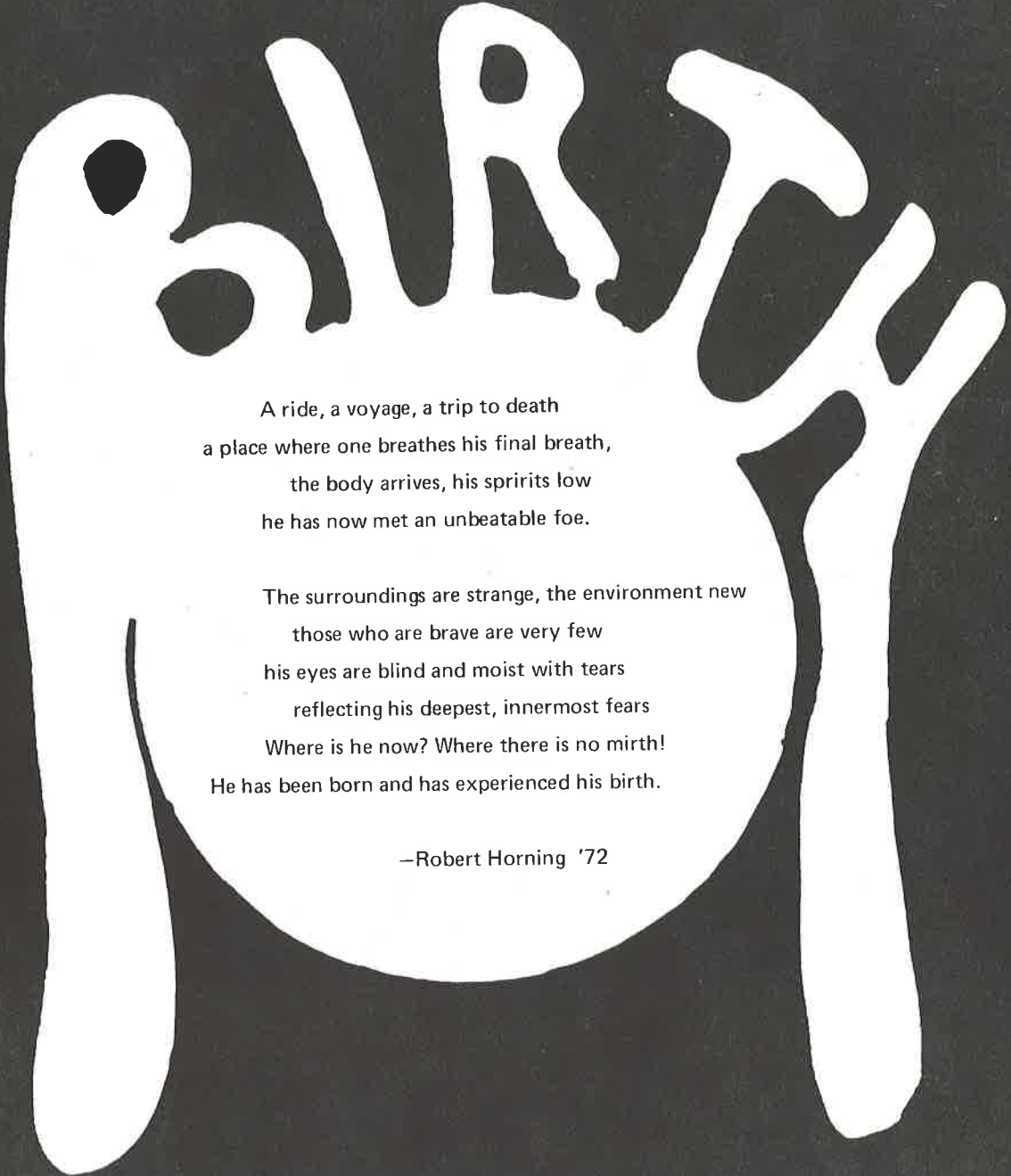
## PEACE

*The greatest gift in the world is peace.  
This is because it can be given to anyone—  
all colors, all races, all creeds.  
It has no price except time.  
It knows no hatred. It has no enemies.  
It's only true necessity is love.  
Peace has never seen war or violence or crime.  
It grows in a dear little garden beside  
Happiness and sincerity and kindness.  
It is the dew on the morning grass.  
It is a flower's soft pastel petal.  
It is a lonely sailboat on a crystal lake.  
It is a bird in flight. It is the key to  
Friendship. It is the light in darkness.  
It is as red as the evening sun.  
It is as yellow as golden wheat.  
It is as black as the midnight sky.  
It is as white as a downy dove.  
It has a universal personality.  
It can dissolve all prejudice and  
Discrimination. Peace could play an  
Important role in our lives, in our time,  
In our world. It could be very  
Fragile and weak, but it could be  
Strong and powerful too.  
It hears no cursing or blaming.  
It is a good worker. It can change  
The minds of people, and reach into  
Their empty hearts to fill them up  
With fervent understanding.  
Peace could shatter at the touch of  
Evil like a glass when dropped.  
It could rebuild its cells and  
Bloom again to thrive on the  
Love of the world.  
Come, let us plant the seed.*

—Diane Jackson '74



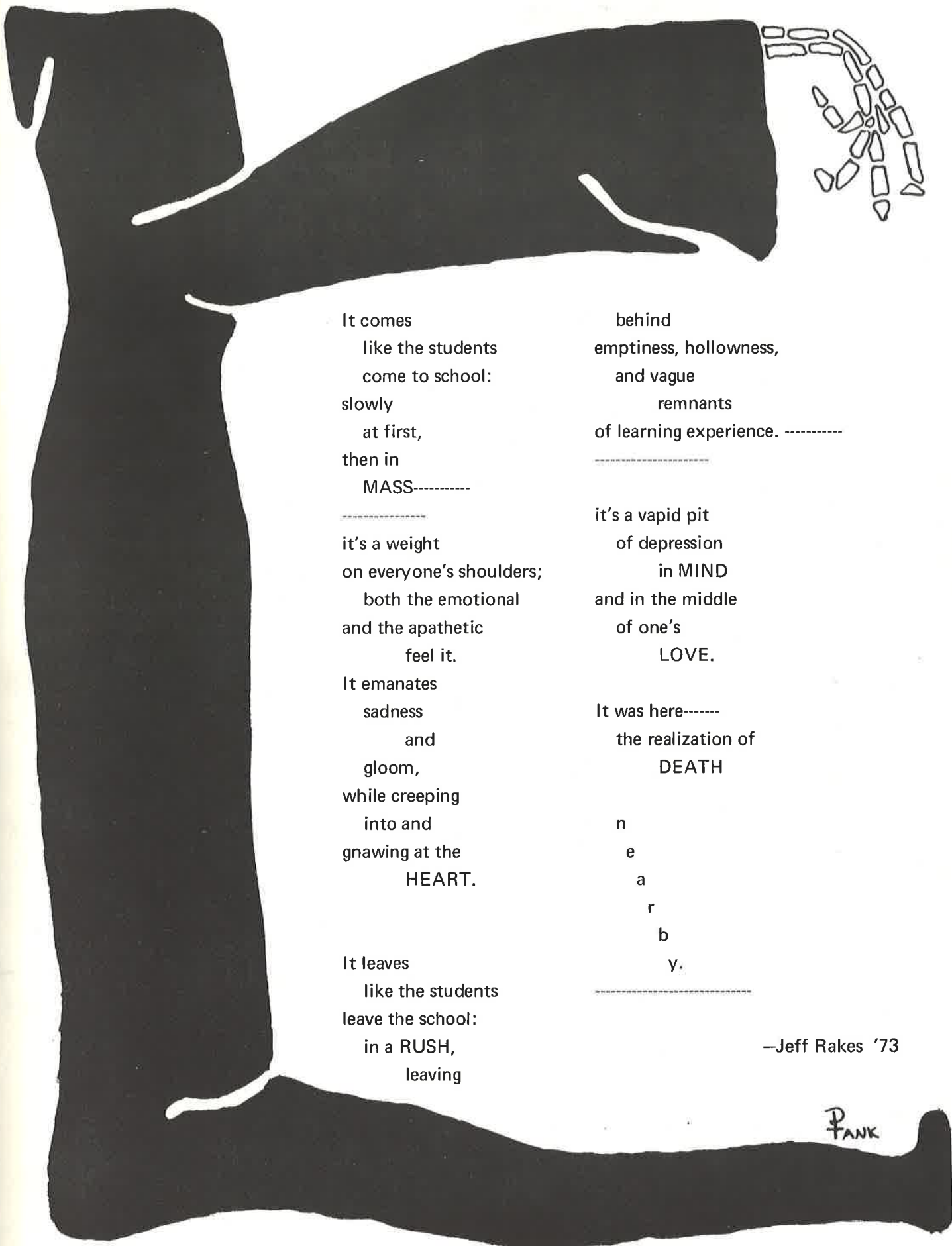
DAVID  
DIXON 79



A ride, a voyage, a trip to death  
a place where one breathes his final breath,  
the body arrives, his spirits low  
he has now met an unbeatable foe.

The surroundings are strange, the environment new  
those who are brave are very few  
his eyes are blind and moist with tears  
reflecting his deepest, innermost fears  
Where is he now? Where there is no mirth!  
He has been born and has experienced his birth.

—Robert Horning '72



It comes  
like the students  
come to school:  
slowly  
at first,  
then in  
MASS-----

-----  
it's a weight  
on everyone's shoulders;  
both the emotional  
and the apathetic  
feel it.

It emanates  
sadness  
and  
gloom,  
while creeping  
into and  
gnawing at the  
HEART.

It leaves  
like the students  
leave the school:  
in a RUSH,  
leaving

behind  
emptiness, hollowness,  
and vague  
remnants  
of learning experience. -----

-----  
it's a vapid pit  
of depression  
in MIND  
and in the middle  
of one's  
LOVE.

It was here-----  
the realization of  
DEATH

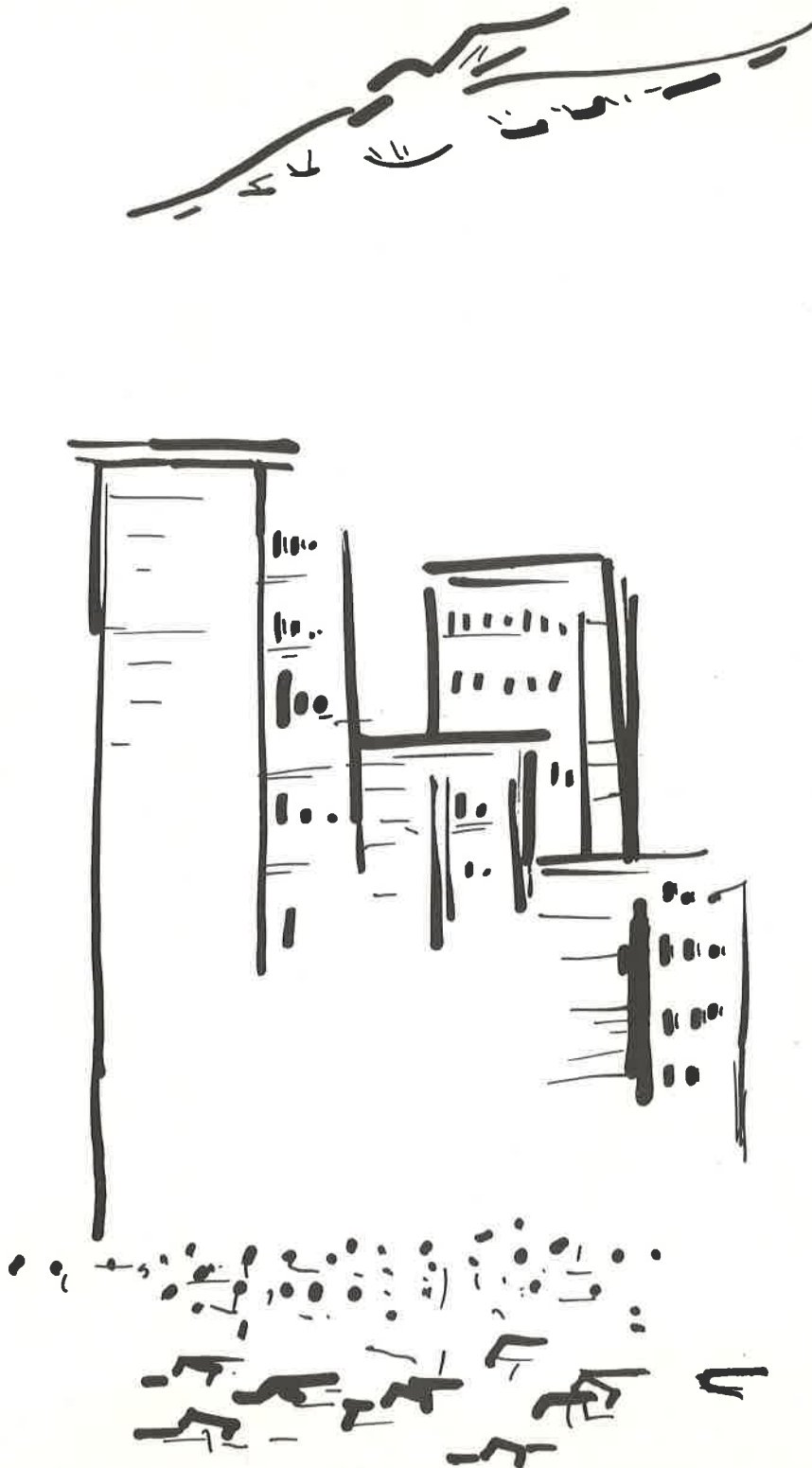
n  
e  
a  
r  
b  
y.

-----  
-Jeff Rakes '73

P  
TANK



# ROUTINE



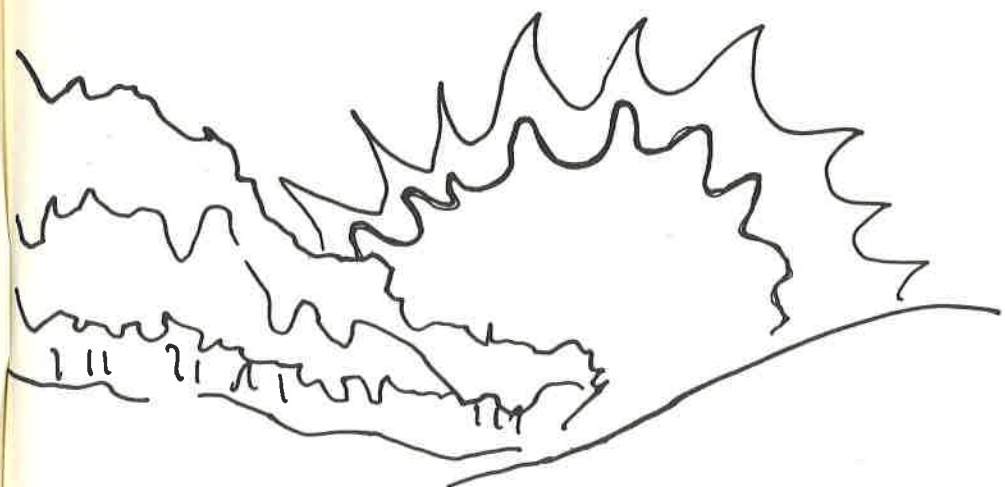
Bumper-to-bumper traffic lines the well-worn expressways as indifferent faces creep at snail paces in their varying vehicles. Red, blue, and black automobiles mesmerize into a huge glob venturing to the Fun City. Eyes, some red and bloodshot, others bedecked in glowing colors and luscious lashes, stare coldly ahead. Cars are abandoned at convenient spots, and the indifferent faces emerge from within to become indifferent persons.

Arrow shirts, diamond-studded pumps, faded jeans, and floppy hats decorate the rushing bodies. Again, they become one mass, moving onward to the "career of their choice." Robot-like, they take assigned positions in assigned offices in assigned edifices to begin assignments. Board meetings and bored employers become key figures in their world. Typewriter ribbons stain pretty, young, Ivory-soft hands while coffee breaks become highlights of the day.

Five o'clock eventually arrives as the workers begin the exodus to the "anxious loved ones" in split-level houses in the suburbs. Hot and sweaty, the tired bodies work their way from the Fun City. A single bird wings its way over the traffic as anxious eyes follow its flight.

—Illustrated by Mike Griffin '72

—Pam Criner '72

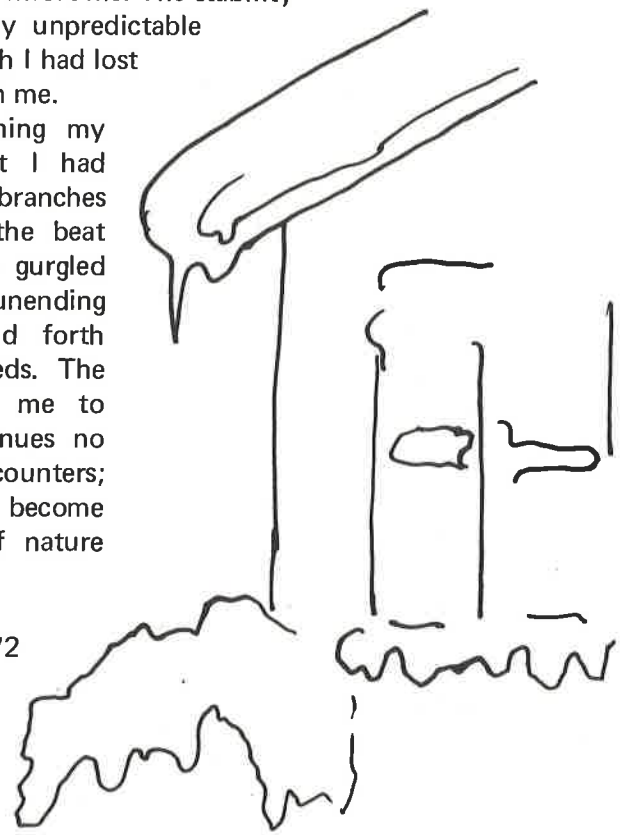
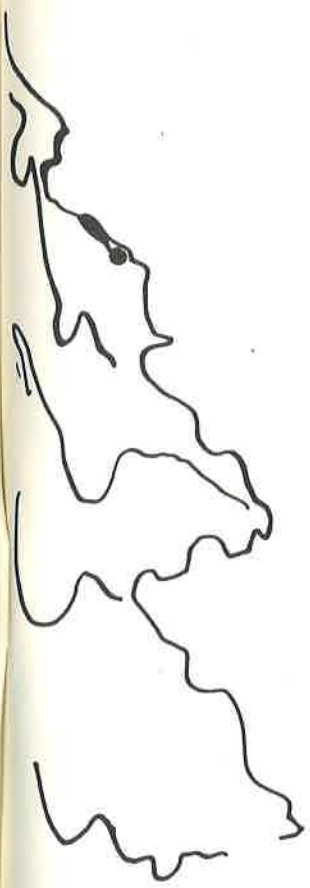


## Winter Morning

As I lifted the stubborn shades, morning sunlight flooded my cold room with a dazzling brilliance. I wondered why the sun had chosen this particular harsh day to glisten so radiantly over the countryside. Was its illumination trying to overpower my feelings, or was it trying to draw me from my dejected shell? While I peered through the frosted windows, sunbeams danced across the fresh snow making it sparkle as if there were fields of tiny diamonds beneath my feet. The landscape was so serene and peaceful that for a single moment I forgot the emptiness which enveloped my thoughts. Suddenly I felt the urge to be close to nature, to embrace it, to let it comfort me. The stability of all out-of-doors beckoned me to leave my unpredictable world and enter its constant realm. Even though I had lost that which I once loved, nature did not abandon me.

As I walked through the woods adjoining my house, I noticed all the small details that I had overlooked when I was happy. The stark branches of dormant trees swayed rhythmically to the beat of whistling wind. Frigid mountain streams gurgled around mossy stones in a constant and unending path downhill. Small birds flew back and forth under scrubby bushes to gather leftover seeds. The untamed pattern in forest foliage helped me to understand my mixed emotions. Life continues no matter what consequences the individual encounters; however, because of these problems, we become stronger. And the one everexisting truth of nature is that only the strong survive.

-Tricia Hatcher '72



# a Memory

Five o'clock bustle on a downtown sidewalk,  
People striding purposefully with arms  
of bulging paper sacks  
Dragged reluctant children past the  
popcorn odor of a dime store.  
The late afternoon sun lighted the windows,  
and glares of light flashed.  
My proud reflection from the panes—a  
little girl,  
In a new Girl Scout uniform—  
gleaming buckle, rich golden tie, soft  
beret.

I stared at my reflection as I walked  
behind Mother.  
How proud! How stiff! How—and there  
he was!

The old man, standing in the dusty  
shadows of a doorway.  
Lank gray hair hung in greasy strings  
under a soiled, shapeless cap.  
A stubble of gray beard roughened the  
creased leather of his face.  
Thin blackened lips pressed in a grim,  
toothless line.  
And his eyes—his eyes, watery, pale  
staring senselessly.  
Like the eyes of an animal killed  
long ago.  
And in the gnarled fist of his grimy  
hand he clutched  
four green pencils.

I looked at the old man.  
And the dead soul mirrored in his  
staring, watery eyes  
Impaled me.

I stepped closer, slowly, then stood  
before him, looking.  
And slowly, so slowly, I saluted him  
With my two fingers held to my  
green beret.  
Then his eyes met mine, and I  
searched them.  
Seeing the faint flicker of understanding.  
The thin lips smiled wanly. And one  
grimy hand gripped the  
four green pencils.  
And rose slowly, so slowly  
To the shapeless cap  
And down again.  
And our eyes knew

and together we understood  
that no one cared.

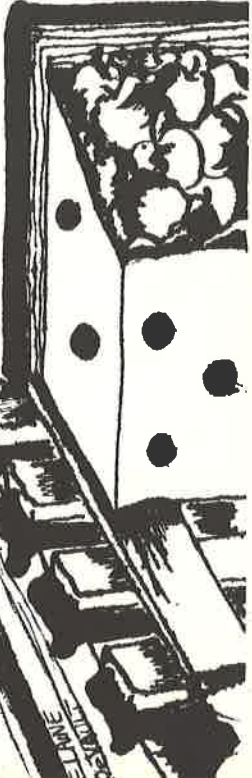
—Laura Anderson '72

**It's the real thing.**

**Coke.**  
Trademark ©



AP  
5¢  
10¢  
per lb



OSKAY  
L. W. WINE

# Magic



hand-in-hand  
running  
through our  
love.  
a  
laugh.  
a  
smile.  
we  
grow together.  
you  
and  
me.  
two?  
one.

*In other words, Louise, I love you*

"Hey, uh, Louise, I was jus' tinkin', ya know?  
An' guess what? I mean, I was tinkin' about  
other wimmen, sort of, you know? The kind I ain't never  
got to know too good? An' guess what? When I'm tinkin'  
about 'em, dey all look like you, you know? I mean,  
I was wonderin' about dis one broad, an' she's  
really stacked, so I comes up to her an' I sez  
sompin really funny, you know? An' den she smiles  
an' you know what? She smiles jus' like you do.  
I kinda see what dey mean in them vows we took, Lou,  
you know? 'Cause I mean, all dose tings about us bein'  
one could be right, see? Cause like if all de  
wimmen I tink on look like you, you're really  
with me all de time, you know? Dat's pretty  
interestin'."

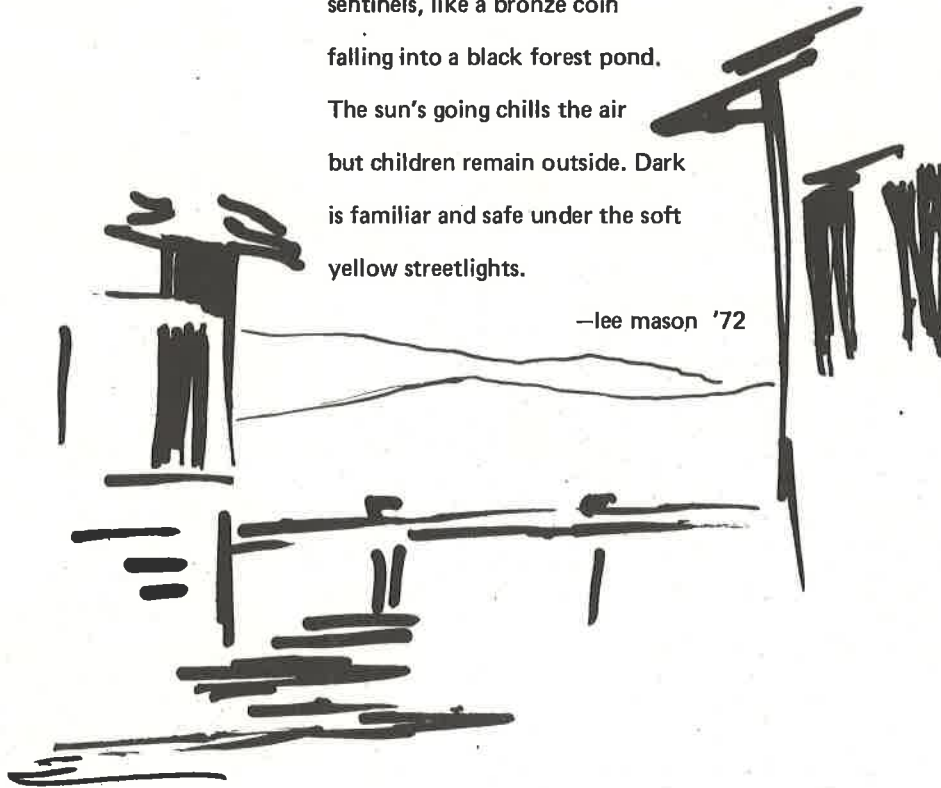
—lee mason '72

Small mining town. I love the black  
dirt alleys, with chips of red brick  
and gray cinders making the going rough.

The mountains are green and black  
against a cool sky. The sun will  
drop in a moment behind those  
sentinels, like a bronze coin  
falling into a black forest pond.

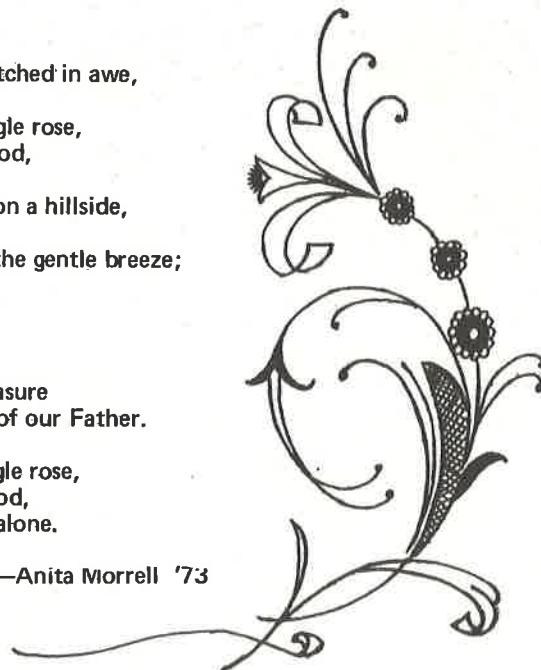
The sun's going chills the air  
but children remain outside. Dark  
is familiar and safe under the soft  
yellow streetlights.

—lee mason '72



we  
watched in awe,  
a  
single rose,  
stood,  
alone,  
upon a hillside,  
swaying,  
in the gentle breeze;  
happy,  
little,  
rose,  
a  
treasure  
of our Father.  
a  
single rose,  
stood,  
alone.

—Anita Morrell '73



# Honestly!

PANK

The fragrance of a freshly smoked pipe mingled with the faint scent of formaldehyde is the first sensation that strikes the student as he enters the biology lab. Soon, however, a dignified gentleman, approximately in his late thirties, appears and takes his seat behind the elevated desk. His red hair, showing only a few traces of gray, distinguishes him from any other teacher, and his neat and fashionable attire is only one reason for his popularity with the students.

"What have you done with my absentee slips, Mr. Frederick?" says he, as he searches his desk after the bell has rung.

"I don't know, sir. I might have eaten them," replies Paul.

After giving Paul an exasperated look, Mr. Burk eventually finds a slip, attaches it to the door, and solemnly strides back to his desk.

"Before I let you go to your lab desks to set up for tomorrow's experiment, I'd like to give you some notes on proteins and their use in the cell. Miss Galliher, what delicious gourmet dish did Mrs. Snapp serve in her emporium today?"

"I believe it was lobster Newburg, sir."

"All right, we have lobster Newburg sitting in Kay's stomach. Now, how does this protein become broken down so it can be used to build more Kay Galliher cells, Sara D.?"

"Sir? Would you repeat the question, sir? I was playing with a brown caterpillar I found," says Sara, as her face got redder.

"Honestly, gal! I repeat for Sara's benefit: What breaks down proteins in the stomach so they can be used in the cells, Sara D.?"

"Enzymes, I guess," she replies.

"You guess?! Do you mean you don't know?"

"Yes sir . . . I mean, no sir . . . enzymes, sir!"

"That's right. Now, Sara D., did you drink milk or coke with your lunch?"

"Milk, sir."

"Good girl. Now professor Smith, tell me the name of the specific enzyme that breaks down Sara's milk."

"Lactose," he replies, very intelligently.

"Right. Well, I see from the time that you'll have to go to your lab desks, so we'll continue with proteins tomorrow and probably get into the nucleotides."

As the students shuffle to their lab tables, Paul approaches Mr. Burk and asks, "Mr. Burk, do you know where I can find some mice for my thing?"

"Thing, thing, what thing?"

"My project; you know."

"Honestly, I get so mad. Didn't I ask you students at the first of school if anyone wanted some pure strains of mice? I cloroformed about fifty mice just last week because no one was interested enough to take them. And I've got a pure strain of fruit-flies going right now, and someone better want to work with them."

"Yes, sir, I know."

Just then Mr. Boretzky comes into the room and asks Mr. Burk if it would be possible for him to take some pictures around school to be used in a film for the PTA.

"Sure, gladly. It'll have to be after I finish helping with the senior play business and the prom decorations. Will that be all right?"

After Mr. Boretzky leaves, Mr. Burk comes up to one of the lab tables and says:

"I need a volunteer, Fred."

"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to take this beaker of bean cultures down to Mrs. Pinkston's gym and tell her it's a present from me. She's been complaining about the horrible smell in her room every morning, so I want her to know I'm getting rid of it for her. Understand?"

Just then the bell rings, signalling the end of another period. As the students file out, Debbie Harrison is heard asking,

"Mr. Burk, where can I buy a mouse cage?"

"Go back in the supply room and help yourself," he replies.

-Aggie Cowan '72



With the twisting of jagged metal around  
a wooden stalk  
virile youth  
and laughing manhood  
stifled in a silent scream  
while the white bird  
rosé on silent wings from its shattered prison  
to meet the morning sky.

—lee mason '72



## Rain

There is beauty  
in every  
drop  
of rain.

The beauty is  
God.  
It shows that  
God exists  
throughout the  
universe  
and  
is giving to  
everyone of us  
a gift—  
Love.

Though it makes  
some gloomy  
dreary or sad,  
rain makes me happy  
because  
of the inner  
feeling of warmth  
that knowing  
when it's over,  
there is a special  
kind of  
place . . .  
A special  
kind of  
beauty . . .  
The beauty  
place and  
love  
of God . . .  
A rainbow.

—Laura Anderson '72



# MY FRIEND THE WORLD

P. TANK

One day as I lay on my bed,  
I dreamed a funny dream.  
I saw the world a friend of mine,  
How real it all did seem.

And in its face I saw the look,  
Of emotions sad and gay.  
On one side I saw darkness,  
And on the other I saw day.

And in its smile I saw the look,  
Of confidence and hope.  
But when it frowned I saw the things  
With which no one could cope.

While In its eyes I saw the pain,  
Brought only by hate and greed.  
And from its mouth there came the words,  
"Love is all we need."

And as it turned and walked away,  
I saw it bow its head.  
The weight was far too great to bear,  
My friend, the world, was dead.

This is to be read in an impatient monotone.

There she sat, on the steps outside the band room, crying. She was sobbing like a pitiful child abandoned by its parents. Naturally I wanted to help, to make her feel better. Sitting down beside her, I questioned her grief. She shook her head and cried harder. I tried again, with the same results.

Still sitting alongside her, I began to think. I had always considered her overly emotional. She rarely talked of her problems, and when she did, they seemed so insignificant, small, and unimportant that I often felt that I had wasted my time. I tried once more, but she still would not talk. I was hurt that she apparently did not want to tell me, but I was too stubborn to admit that, so I appeared indignant. Breathing an impatient sigh, I muttered under my breath as I got up to leave.

Walking around to my locker, I quickly forgot the girl. I fully expected her to be laughing gaily when I returned. Without knowing why I hurried with my books and returned to the scene. It had not changed. Another impatient sigh escaped me, and, as I turned, she looked up. Taking a deep breath and muttering between sobs, she finally told me. Her mother had been killed.

—Lisa King '72

## Impatient Sympathy



—Illustrated by Elaine DeVault '72

## Stormy

I remember the day he first appeared—  
He gave me such a fright.  
I opened the door and there he lay;  
He was such an awful sight.

His fur was matted and full of burrs.  
He looked me in the eye  
And gave me such a pitiful look  
I thought that I would cry.

He received a bath and an unfitting name—  
Stormy, as I recall.  
We taught him all the doggie tricks,  
Even how to catch a ball.

As days turned into weeks and months  
Our affection for him grew,  
And in return for our kindness  
He began to love us too.

His only fault was chasing cars.  
He'd almost quit his habit  
And then a truck came speeding by—  
His end was very tragic.

Now all we have are memories  
Of Stormy, our well-loved stray.  
Too bad that in some instances  
Bad habits just don't pay.

—Dorothy Loud '74

## Ruth

Ruth lay on her cot in the living room, feeling the firmness of the mattress beneath her. She liked it better than her regular bed; here she could watch the loud, upright shapes moving about. She stretched one arm out a little further. The sheets were another thing she liked here; they were brilliantly patterned. Although she could not recognize the varied shapes as representing any particular object, the colors appealed to some natural emotion behind her fogged brain.

A new shape entered the hot room. It came near Ruth, stopping at an odd angle so as not to be directly confronting her. It faced the television, the fireplace, the picture window, anywhere but directly toward Ruth. Ruth did not know this shape to be a woman, in fact, Ruth did not know that there were any differences among the shapes which hovered around her. The shape, Mrs. Corning, bent her sleek head to the left, whispering from the corner of her mouth. "Poor, poor thing. I can hardly stand to look at her. But do you know, I pity her poor mother almost more than I do the child?" The other young woman stole a glance at Ruth, furtively, as if wishing to sneak a look in without letting herself really do it. She immediately felt an emotion which she would have described as horrible. Ruth's fine hair, curling in fragile wisps, floated around her head. One of her thin white arms twisted awkwardly from under the tight sheets, and her breath whistled in and out of the split in her upper lip. Mrs. Corning, too, felt quite weak; in fact, she wasn't sure that she wouldn't faint. She turned abruptly, barely missing a large table lamp with her elbow. At the same moment, Ruth's mother entered the room. "Well, hello! I haven't seen you two since I was just bringing Ruthie home. Have you been visiting with her?" she spoke lightly, moving Ruth's long legs into a more suitable position as she

spoke. The two friends were miserable. After a few little greetings and inquiries, they began to make the first going-home noises.

"Oh, you really don't have to go," explained Ruth's mother, "I'll just give Ruthie her vegetables, then we'll have a cup of coffee." The two exchanged glances. The friend tapped her watch and shook her head slightly.

"Oh, no, we do have to leave, I'm terribly sorry," apologized Mrs. Corning hurriedly.

"Well, let me give Ruth a few bites before I see you off, or else she may start crying."

Mrs. Corning looked nervous. The cheerful mother lifted the slender arms of her lethargic eight-year-old and strapped them to a board. She took a bowl of semi-liquified fruits and vegetables and began spooning them into Ruth's mouth. The child struggled, tossing her head and gagging. Her arms fought against the restraining leather. Mrs. Corning again turned away. Then, just as violently as she had battled, Ruth began to take her dinner. She greedily grabbed the food with her mouth, making loose sucking sounds because of her cleft palate. Mrs. Corning whimpered softly and buried her face in her hands. Sobbing, she ran from the room with her friend right behind her. Ruth's mother rose hurriedly, and puzzled, followed them, calling out in bewilderment.

Ruth, the cause of it all, neither knew nor cared. She lay between her colored sheets, her arms strapped to a slab of wood, gazing out the window into an empty sky.

—lee mason '72



John Meyer '73

i call out

I call out to you  
you say you hear me  
yet you do not comprehend  
understanding, so important  
but so rare.

I yell, I scream  
you hear—soundless words,  
meaningless expressions of my emotions,  
calling out to you,  
trying to connect  
reaching—  
yearning,  
you understand . . . .  
you try;  
but fail

Life is a whole round of failures,  
missing everything by one small "almost."

—Robert Horning '72

to you



It appears to be like feathers,  
As it falls from the sky  
While resting on objects, gathers  
And forms like tiny mountains  
As time slowly goes by.

On the inside looking out,  
We see it as a dream  
Making us dream of  
    far far away  
Thinking we're in Never-Never Land.



Looking from a great distance,  
It is so peaceful and calm  
Like a field of cotton  
Making the outdoors pretty  
It seems as if it would  
    come forever  
The snow, what a wonder.



—Rita Davis '75





# Moments

you  
have long been away;  
but  
still  
you  
stroll  
through the paths  
of my mind,  
daily.  
you  
thrust  
to me  
the memories  
of times long passed  
times  
when you were here  
times  
when you were alive.  
bits  
and pieces;  
a laugh,  
a tear,  
a lifetime  
in a day.  
but  
reality  
eventually  
reaches out  
and  
shakes me,  
hard.  
i  
return and realize  
you  
are no more  
but  
have you really gone?  
does  
anyone ever REALLY die?

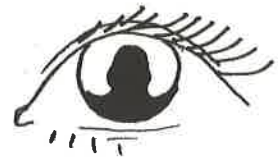
—Anita Morrell '73

You are different

young and refreshing

Like a child

always truthful.



Hiding behind a screen

never actually showing you

Always near me

showing you care.

The sparkle in your eyes

opens up into a bright new world

Revealing all your secrets

you never told anyone else.

We go together in search

hoping to find happiness

You know you, I know myself

do we know each other?

I know you, you know me

understanding, we have it

Not like others I've met

you are different.

—Martha Belew '72

# Him

As I entered the darkened room, I saw him sitting in the usual sagging arm chair, a can of beer on the table beside him. I turned down the television, which was deafeningly loud, and started to read the evening paper. I was hoping that the beer had made him sleepy instead of talkative, but I should have known better.

"Just turn that thing off," my father said. "Nothin' but a bunch of Niggers and hippies, anyway. That's all you ever see anymore."

As I got up to turn off the news, I couldn't help thinking that he was partly right—that was all that he ever saw anymore. I knew from long experience that it was useless to criticize his choice of words, but I saw an argument coming, so I decided to jump in.

"Well, you won't have to worry about that much longer," I said. "Between the cops, the draft, and J. Edgar Hoover, there ain't gonna be many left."

"Now don't try to blame it on the police," he yelled. "Them long-haired weirdos get out there blockin' traffic and breakin' windows. Somebody's got to do somethin'. We wouldn't have all this trouble in the first place if that Supreme Court would let the cops do their job. If they'd just get rid of them communist trouble-makers, we wouldn't have no more trouble."

"Yeah, if you don't like the truth, you can always invent a communist," I replied calmly.

He glared at me silently, his sunburned face growing even redder. The chair groaned

beneath his weight as he tried to sit more erect, preparing for the upcoming battle. I never took these arguments seriously, but he firmly believed that anyone who disagreed with him was wrong, and he set about proving it at every opportunity.

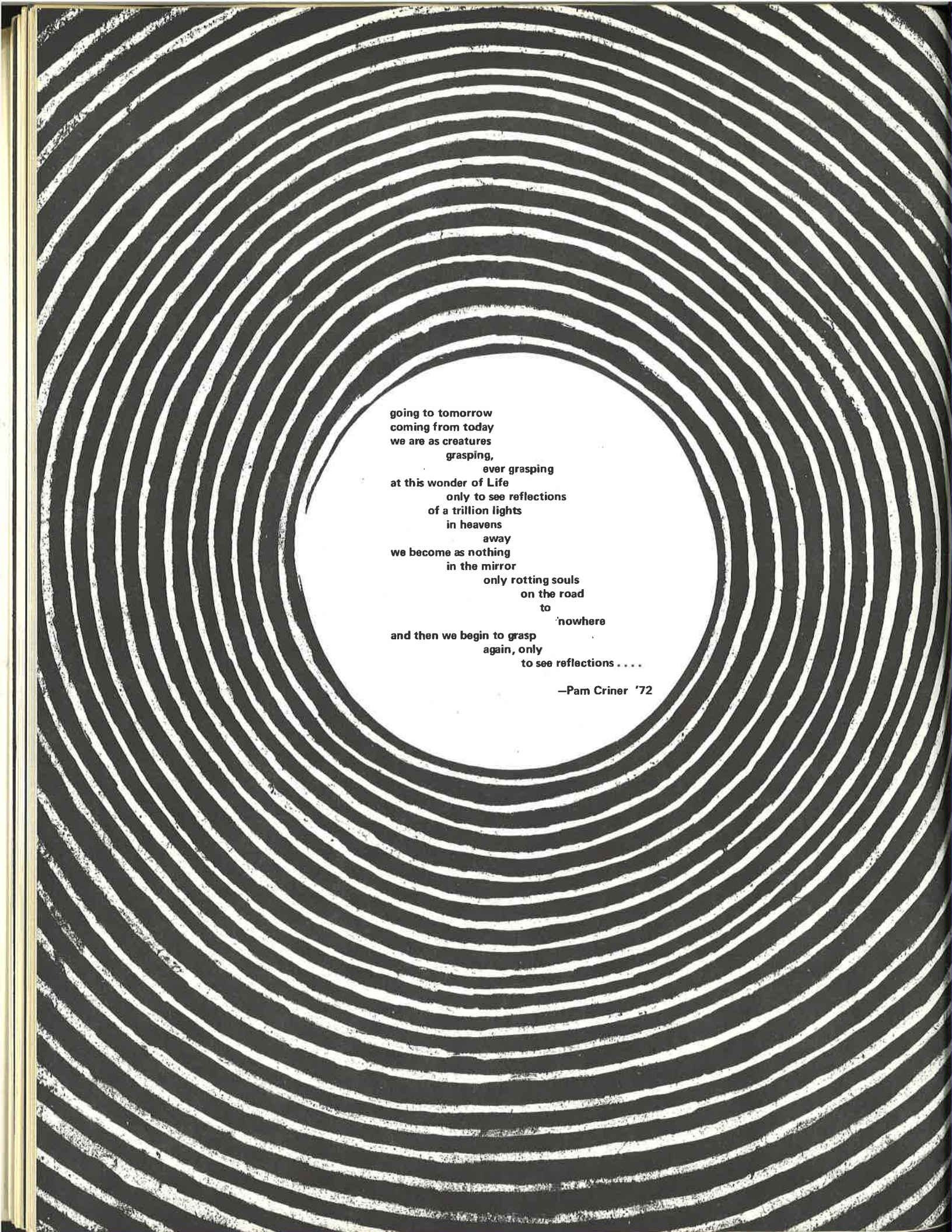
The discussion followed the usual pattern. After touching on communism, cops, war, Blacks, and hippies, it finally settled on the younger generation in general and myself in particular. I reminded him that things had changed in the nearly forty years since he was my age, but he was unimpressed. He seemed truly disappointed that I was so different from him. It was this part of the conversation that I always took seriously, but I could never think of anything intelligent to say.

My father, considering himself the victor, plodded to the kitchen for another beer.

—Mike Ivey '72



—Illustrated by Elaine DeVault '72



going to tomorrow  
coming from today  
we are as creatures  
grasping,  
    ever grasping  
at this wonder of Life  
    only to see reflections  
of a trillion lights  
in heavens  
    away  
we become as nothing  
in the mirror  
    only rotting souls  
    on the road  
    to  
    nowhere  
and then we begin to grasp  
again, only  
to see reflections . . . .

—Pam Criner '72

*A flower-filled field,  
sun shining bright;  
one of God's creations,  
how long will it last?*

*A lake clear and cool,  
mountains surrounding;  
one of God's creations,  
how long will it last?*

*A sparkling waterfall,  
rushing over rocks;  
one of God's creations,  
how long will it last?*

*A couple walking along a beach,  
deeply in love;  
one of God's creations,  
how long will it last?*

*—Martha Belew '72*



*—Illustrated by Mike Griffin '72*

# The Good Old Days

The rear door of the old, white house squalled as it opened upon two rusty hinges badly in need of a few drops of oil. As the doorway widened, a thin and withered hand grasped the iron rail which paralleled the concrete steps descending past the door. Then one foot, followed by the other, found each successive step until a man burdened by his age beheld the sun in all of its glory. Lifting his hoary head toward the heavens, the aged man smote his chest and inhaled deep draughts of fresh, dewy air. Moments later, satisfied with the aroma of a chilly autumn morn, he lowered his eyes toward his feet and cautiously descended the hard, cold concrete steps being careful that his feet obeyed their commander. When the old creature arrived at a carpet of lovely green clover, his steps became more resolute, and straight-way he headed in the direction of a small grove of maple trees which sheltered a large, recently-constructed brick house. A light shining upon the front porch of the house was the signal for Grandfather to come and eat breakfast; for six years beforehand, his precious wife had passed away leaving their daughter and her family to care for him.

As he trudged through the matted clover, a halo of light encircled his countenance. Beams of golden sunlight pranced through locks of silvery-gray hair, and the once solemn expression upon his face became the visage of warm, loving tenderness. Realizing, shortly, that he was being observed, a slight smile broke upon his face cleansing it of age-induced wrinkles for a few moments.

When Grandfather passed a shabby, rotting garage situated between the two houses, he picked up several hickory nuts from a windowsill and stashed them in the pockets of his denim pants. The old man continued the trek until reaching the shadow of a huge poplar tree which immediately preceded the maples. With hand in pocket, he rattled a few hickory nuts and removed one of the larger to feed an old companion. In no time whatsoever, an elderly squirrel—almost as old as Grandfather himself—bounded down the tree and stopped four feet away from the old man. Grandfather slyly dropped the nut into the pocket of his brown-plaid shirt. The clever squirrel, though, climbed across the shoulders of the old man, snatched the nut from his pocket, and returned to the boughs of the tall poplar. Another brief smile rose to Grandfather's face as he watched a comrade ascend the tree to his home.

Turning, the aged man, continuing to beat a distinct set of fresh tracks into the moist clover, headed through the maples. When he drew near to the house, two little bundles of joy burst through the front door and clung to each of his arms like magnets. "Hi! Granddaddy," shouted the small boy and girl who burdened the weary traveler with their weight. Instead of replying, Grandfather gave the children a wide smile and gentle nod of his white head; the

company of three gaily proceeded to the brick house, up the porch, through the door, and into the kitchen.

"Morning, Father!" greeted a middle-aged housewife in the midst of scrambling a few eggs. "How are you feeling today?"

The same warm smile appeared on the old man's lips as he returned a familiar nod.

In a few minutes, the family was seated around the small dining table; and the scent of hot scrambled eggs, ham, and potatoes engulfed the room. Everyone turned to the immediate business at hand and began shoveling the food away. After a short time passed, Mother asked, "How did you and Jack (her brother) do fishing yesterday?"

Hardly ceasing to eat, Grandfather replied in a deep, but soft voice, "We got two apiece."

"Just like a lot of things, I guess fishing isn't what it used to be," sighed the woman.

Grandfather returned another nod; then he sat back in the chair with a reminiscing mood controlling his thoughts. "Yeah," he began, "I guess you're right. Why, I can remember when fish were so plentiful that me and Jack would bring back a dozen or so bass every trip. All these dang advances in science and industry done spoiled 'bout all of nature. I can remember one trip when me and Jack went to Cherokee Lake for largemouths, and we brought home nineteen lunkers. We were sittin' on Point Twelve down there with seven rods-and-reels in the water; and pretty soon, six of those reels began crankin' at the same time! Why, we were holdin' two in our hands and steppin' on one rod!"

At this point Grandfather stopped to chuckle for a moment while the children filled the room with laughter.

"And, too," the fisherman continued, "I can remember huntin' days bein' better than now. You take, for example, me and Rudy down at old man Jones' farm. One day we musta jumped about eleven rabbits, four coveys of quail, two dozen doves, and a pair of grouse. We just got three rabbits and a dove, but did we ever have fun!"

At this Grandfather finished the last morsel of salt-cured ham and slowly rose to his feet. As he rose, so did the other three, and all of them pushed the chairs under the table. The lonely old man exited the house and commenced re-tracing the dew-worn path through the carpet of green. When he approached the poplar tree, he reverted and spoke to his daughter on the porch, "I guess things will never be like they used to."

—Steve Smith '72





Sometimes

I wish sometimes that  
you would look at me  
the way you did  
Last summer.

I realized what you meant  
when you said it was  
serious, but

I loved  
falling leaves - and  
forgot.

and left unattended  
it died....

but  
still

I wish, sometimes, that  
you would look at me  
the way you did  
Last summer.

Laurie Anderson

one

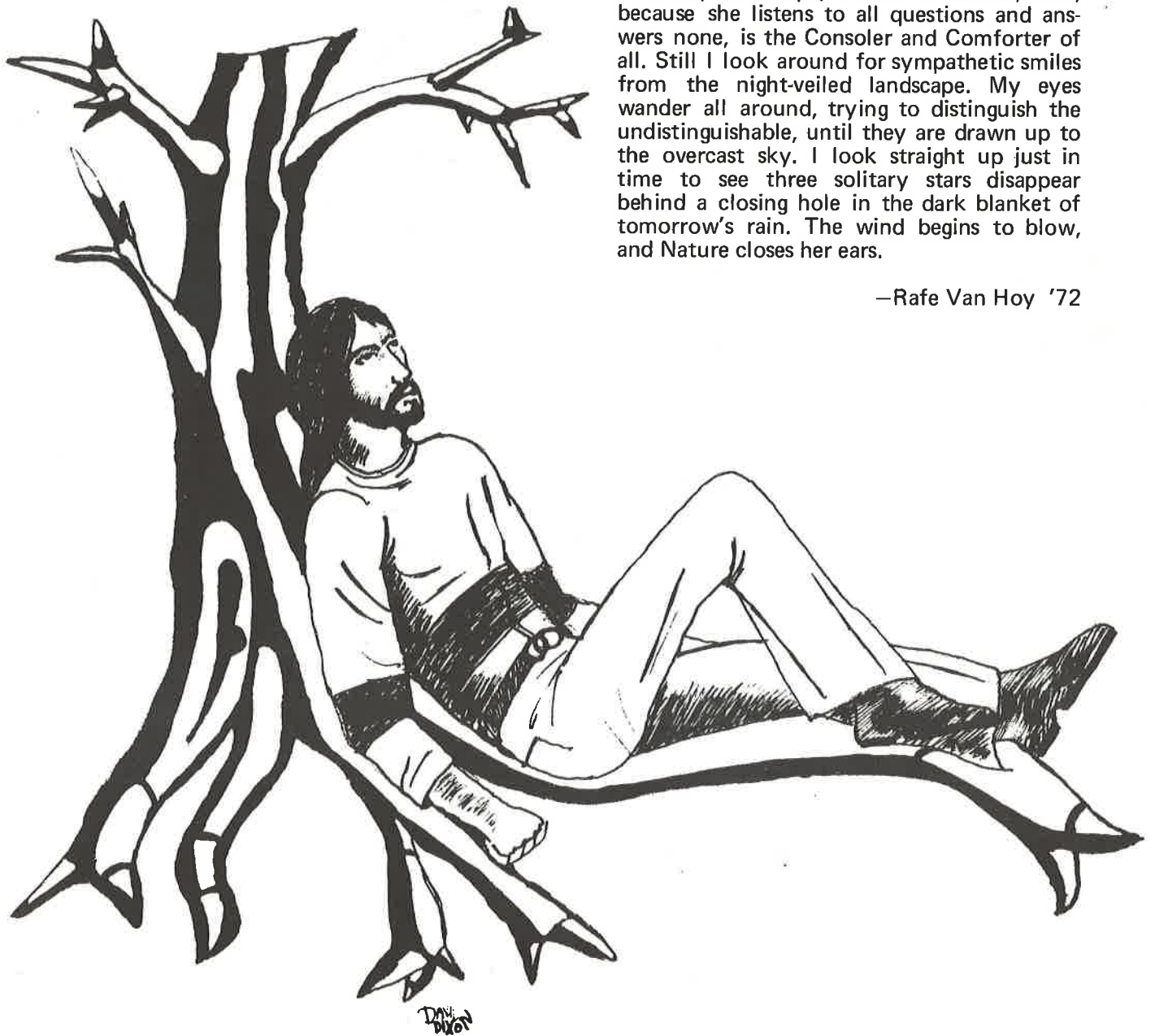
Standing alone in the heart of a familiar field, I try to comprehend how, in less than a week when I laughed and talked with him, this person who I thought could never die has done just that. It is, of course, a fact of life that all shall eventually die, but why does tomorrow's rusty axe have to strike so soon? Cold chills traverse my body, despite the unusually warm night.

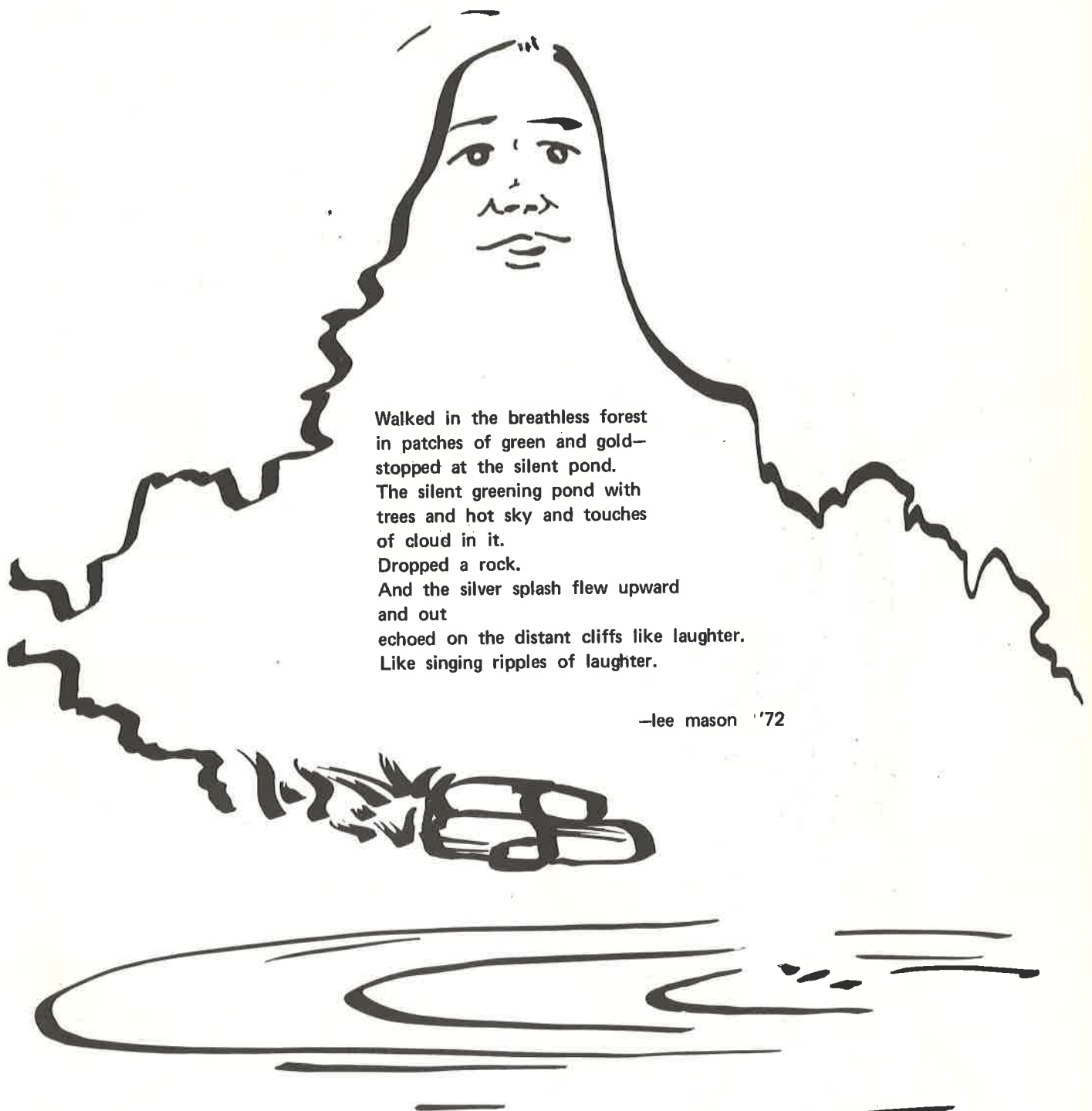
Helplessly floating down the sewer of Life, I try to find some roots of hope to grasp. In my desperation, I tried drowning my sorrows early this evening. Even that failed, and I am sick.

"What am I here for?" I ask any listeners who dwell above. God remains silent. Even He, supposedly the master of all and the answer to everything, remains answerless. I know the answer, though. Life is to be happy. If this is so, then Life has failed; rather, I have failed Life.

In my last hope, I turn to Nature, who, because she listens to all questions and answers none, is the Consoler and Comforter of all. Still I look around for sympathetic smiles from the night-veiled landscape. My eyes wander all around, trying to distinguish the undistinguishable, until they are drawn up to the overcast sky. I look straight up just in time to see three solitary stars disappear behind a closing hole in the dark blanket of tomorrow's rain. The wind begins to blow, and Nature closes her ears.

—Rafe Van Hoy '72





Walked in the breathless forest  
in patches of green and gold—  
stopped at the silent pond.  
The silent greening pond with  
trees and hot sky and touches  
of cloud in it.  
Dropped a rock.  
And the silver splash flew upward  
and out  
echoed on the distant cliffs like laughter.  
Like singing ripples of laughter.

—lee mason '72

—Illustrated by Mike Griffin '72

My Life and Love Death Suicide Note  
Written on Tear-Splattered Parchment  
at the Rippling Wave Beach Because  
We'll Never, Ever See Each Other  
Again and Days are Fading Into  
Distant Faraway Rain Clouds

My Death-wish  
sunset love  
and  
you

and

me

My heart pierced  
fear and crying  
tear drops  
of  
sandy, bloody  
salt-

water

The

invalid man  
with a squirrel on  
his shoulder

sits.

I

hate

my

father.

The flowers

are

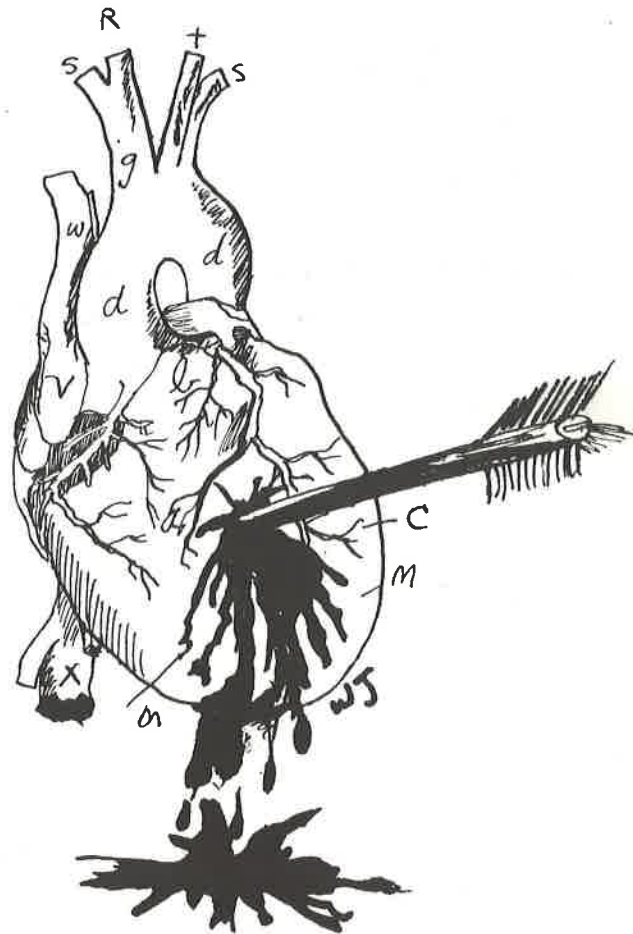
dying

fast

and

so

will



you (!)

-Wally Jones '73

# A Nighttime Stroll

The elderly man strolled quietly down the sidewalk. The falling darkness shadowed his distinct features; his white hair gleamed in the moonlight. His countenance conveyed a sad, but kindly expression, unpretentious in its manner. His back stooped slightly, as if it bore the burdens of years past. His leg, maimed during the war, hindered his movement.

As he walked, he pulled the worn sweater closer around his neck to dispel the chill which tingled through his body. He dug his hands deeper into his pockets. As he watched the cars whiz by, he began to remember his dear wife before she passed away. He recalled the day they had been united in marriage, the birth of their three children, and the happiness they had experienced throughout their lifetime together. The house now seemed so empty, so cold.

His mind wandered back to childhood days on the farm. He remembered his dog, Prince, who used to help him track rabbits in the forest nearby. He called to mind the day he left home to take his first job in the city. He began as a clerk and worked his way to become the president of the firm. When he reached the age of sixty-five, he suddenly became too old to handle his job efficiently and had to retire. After all, who was he to stand in the path of progress?

His thoughts shattered when he heard the screech of tires and the loud voices of teenagers. As he turned, he saw a sports car pull over to the side of the

street. The driver of the automobile, possessing abundant locks of hair and an unkempt beard, was accompanied by three other companions of the same description.

"Hey, old man. What are you doing out so late?" yelled the driver with a sarcastic tone. The others joined in with laughter and obscene remarks, making a mockery of the gentleman.

It was as if they had thrust a dagger into his heart. His encumbered motion ceased; he froze. He said not a word, but stared at the insensitive teenagers, a sense of hatred and anger growing within him. As they departed, they left their trademark on the pavement.

In order to regain composure, the man slowly sank onto the nearest bench, located in a small, grassy spot which formed a miniature park. While sitting there with his head buried in his hands, he felt the presence of a small body close beside him. As he turned, he met the eyes of a young boy looking fearfully into his.

"Hello there," said the gentleman. "What are doing out here alone?"

"I'm lost," replied Jimmy.

"Do you know where you live?" the man inquired.

"No," the boy replied.

"Will you come home with me until I can find your parents?" he asked.

The boy slowly nodded his head yes. The man reached out and enveloped the child's tiny, cold hand in his and proudly walked down the street.

—Phyllis Wampler '72



DAVIDDIXON  
'73

# PRIDE

I'm happy about me;  
Don't misunderstand this PRIDE  
which exists  
    for self-satisfaction  
and consists  
    of sharing action  
coming from me  
    to make expressions  
that are free  
    emotional outpourings  
    capable of application  
    to a boring  
        situation  
as well as the tragic scene  
    where our mind hurts  
        when a mean  
    outside force asserts  
    its existence  
in our mind where it shouldn't be  
thereby causing a tense  
feeling instead of a clear free  
    one  
    necessary  
    to  
LIVE.

Yes, I'm proud;  
and from that self-pride  
comes emotion  
    and expression  
often musical creation  
which provides a way  
    each day  
for me to share  
    the rare  
    way to identify  
with oneself and to try  
to find  
in mind  
self satisfaction, happiness in self.  
Isn't that what we seek in music:  
expression of self, happiness, fulfillment of mood?  
PRIDE in LIFE—not shame of it.

—Jeff Rakes '73

# SORROW

I'm sorry about me  
Please  
Don't misunderstand  
this  
which exists  
only for relief  
and consists  
of brief  
expressions  
of hope  
and confessions  
which try to grope  
with wrongness  
within me  
and to redress  
and make free  
the crumpled spirit  
by means of communication  
of which each bit  
leads to the expectation  
that my soul  
might be understood  
thereby leading from a hole  
a me which could  
LIVE.

I'm sorry,  
I'm really very sorry,  
Please don't misunderstand  
the fact that rains  
fall  
while I  
call  
to my  
mind  
to find  
LIFE.

—Jeff Rakes '73



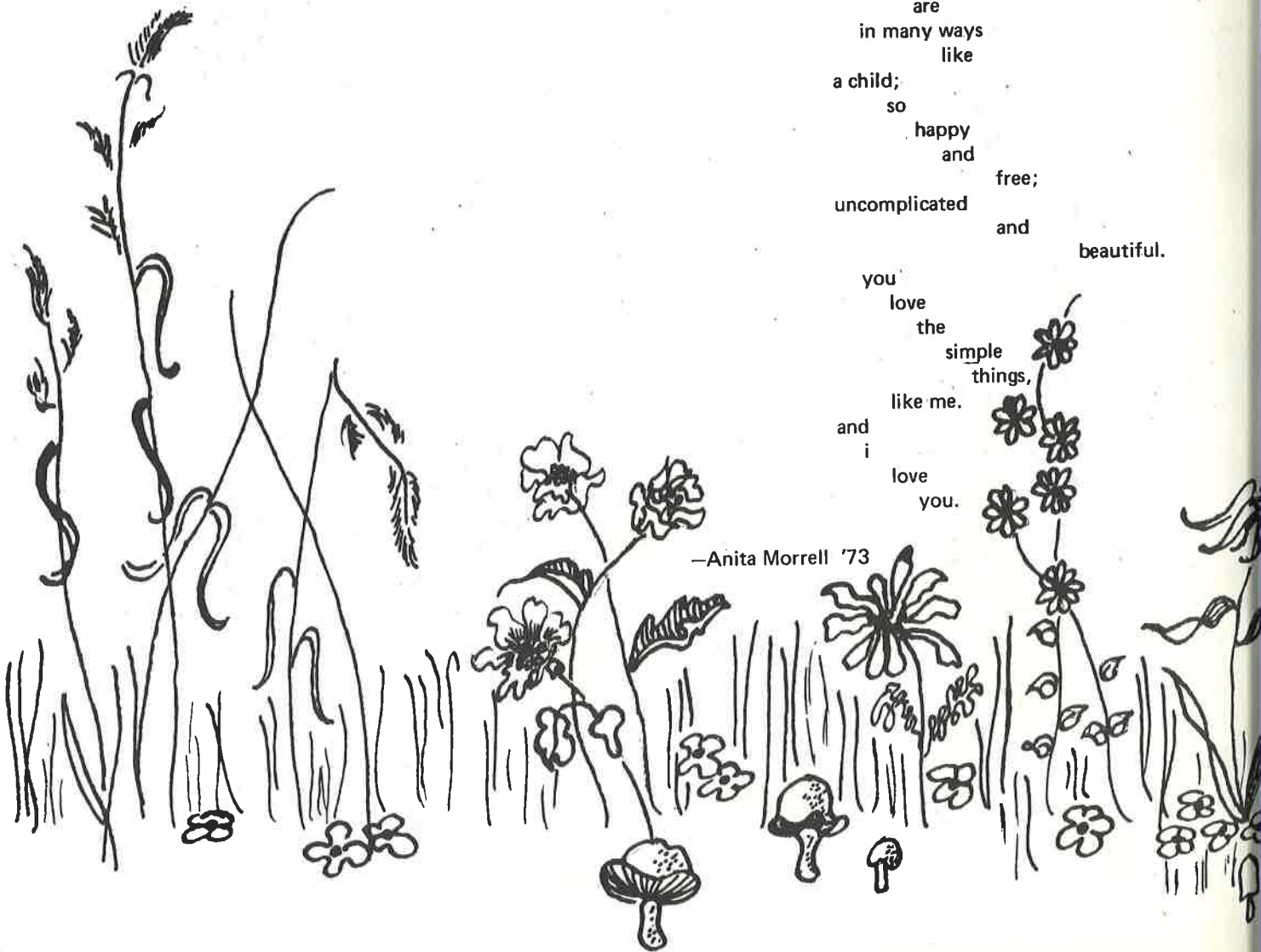
# Love

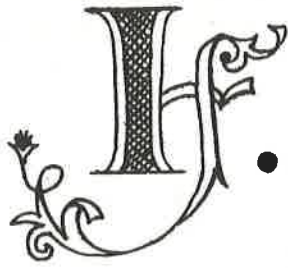
you  
sit  
smiling  
from across the table.  
i  
see  
beauty  
and  
warmth  
in your eyes.  
you  
are  
different  
from all the others.  
you  
like me,  
love:  
poetry  
and  
football;  
rain and the  
seashore;  
sunsets  
and  
Bach.

you  
are  
in many ways  
like  
a child;  
so  
happy  
and  
free;  
uncomplicated  
and  
beautiful.

you  
love  
the  
simple  
things,  
like me.  
and  
i  
love  
you.

—Anita Morrell '73





• • • • a fleeting moment,  
a ray of sunlight,  
a drop of love,  
a package of joy,  
cannot be bought,

nor caught;

but can only be sought—

forever,  
and ever . . . .

if you can hope,  
and if you can cope

with this world's sorrows,  
and still dream about tomorrows,

if you can live for today  
but still find a way

to take of your life's best  
and throw away all the rest.

if you can give and receive  
and still at the eve

of your death, believe  
that life is real and love is free . . . .

then yours is the moment,  
and the sunlight,  
and the love,  
and the joy,

that  
cannot be bought

nor caught

but can only be sought

forever,

and ever!

—Anita Morrell '73

—Illustrated by Elaine DeVault '72



## Goin' Home

He stared at me with his deep dark eyes, and said in a convincing voice that the rain outside his yellow vehicle was going to beat me. No. He was going to kill me for no reason at all. No, he loves me. Yes, he does. Then the rain began to beat on my head, not hard, but gently. I was with warmth again.

For a moment, there was peace, but as I looked at the friends, they became characters in a slow-motion, black-and-white film, and their distance from me was too much for me to bear. I longed for reality and attempted to break into it with an anxious scream. The love and concern sprang from their faces, and each held and comforted my body, not my mind. A purple haze began to envelope my surroundings, and we started on the journey.

The crampedness of the car irritated me terribly, and they stopped to relieve me. The rain outside the car began to soak me, and I reached and touched you. You were real for me. Another stop brought more peace than I have ever known. You sang a beautiful song, and the soft colors soothed my troubled mind. Then the hell returned.

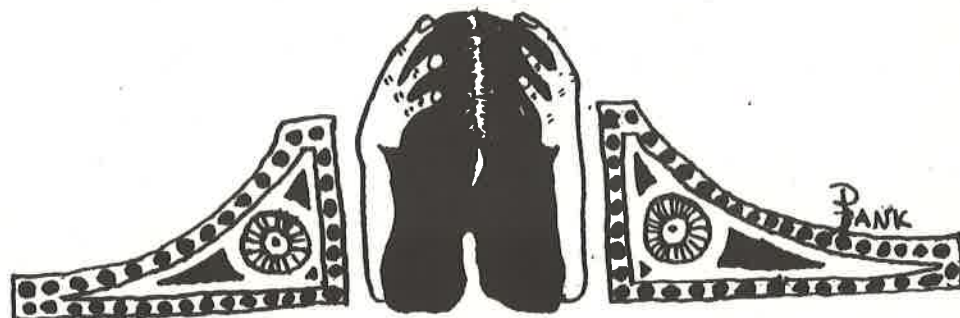
Streets became as endless as infinity, and brilliant colors overpowered me. Their faces changed into evil images, searching my eyes earnestly. So much of the time is emptiness in my memory. I was deep in the realm of another world. Reality came as I ran into the house. The distorted people surveyed me as I continued to lose touch, and in turn, touch the others. Their faces became enclosed in a tunnel. They warned me, but failed to reach me.

"Help me, somebody. Shoot me full of downers or drown me in the sunshine drink."

Your face was so painful when you left me at the other house where I continued my journey. The pictures took on all aspects of life. And the rooms remained on curious slants. The minutes ticked slowly away, or did they tick at all?

Reds, yellows, blues, greens, and purples enveloped me in swirling patterns. Songs and voices pounded in my ears, and I wanted down. I wanted reality, even if it meant white beds, white sheets, white nurses, and whiteness the rest of my days. Yet, what was reality of me? Distorted views became more complex, and I longed for relief. I crashed, but not without the fear that will remain.

—Anonymous



# Her Game of Hearts

The sun was . . . (gone)  
And the sky shone navy  
blue She took a  
walk and it rained  
Cupid's arrows; so

she lifted her black silk  
umbrella, undid the clasp, and it  
blossomed out . . . and still  
The arrows flew at her . . . and they  
pierced  
the black silk umbrella and  
stung  
her on her left side just below her  
sixth rib and a little north of the  
mole on her left shoulder blade.  
and  
it hurt for a while . . . at least  
it still smarted So she applied  
ointment  
to it and she blew on it  
to get the hurt out, but that  
did no good.  
So she went to the hospital  
and got three  
stitches . . . and  
married the doctor.

-Laura Anderson '72



## LOVE SMILE

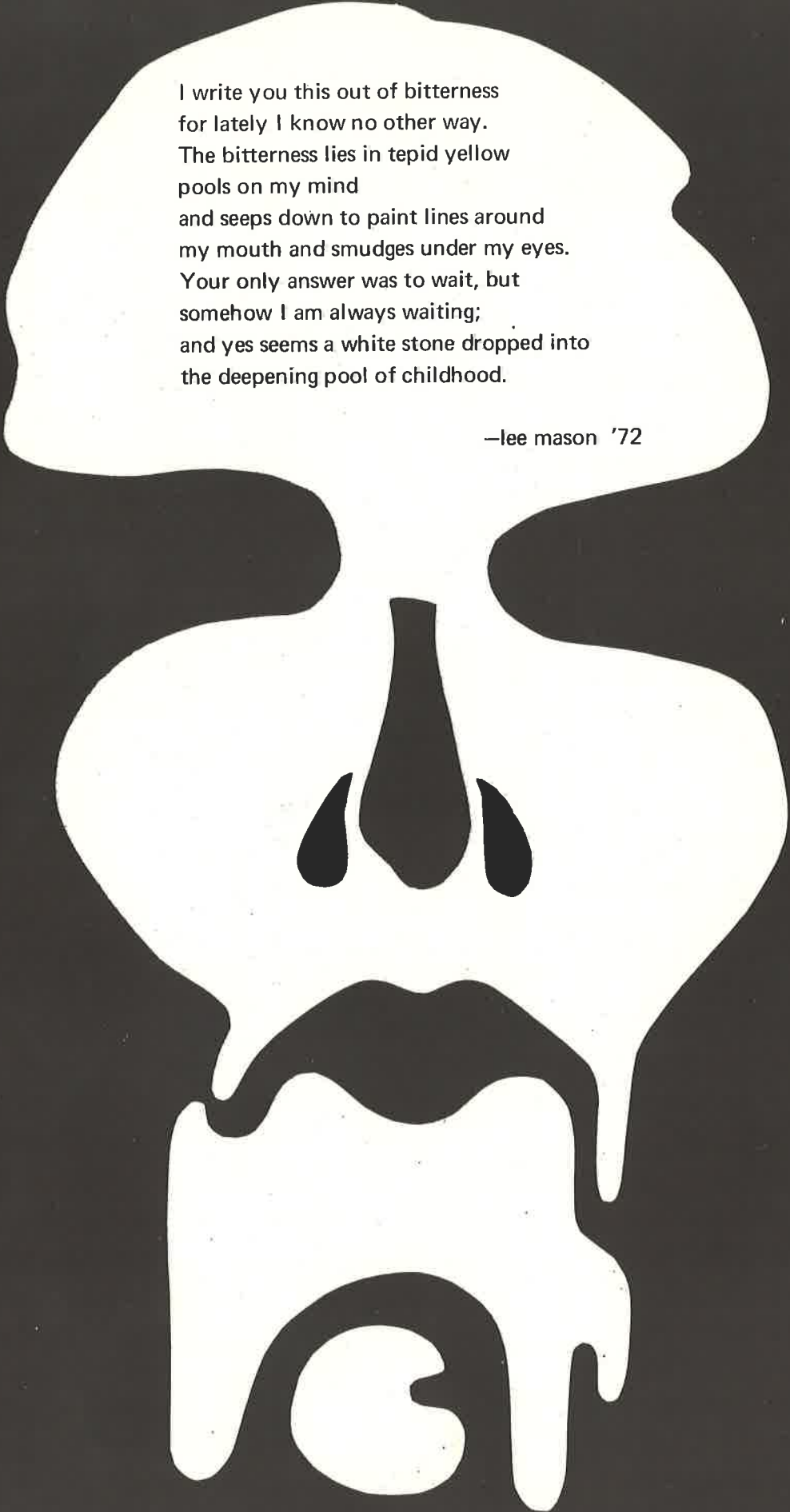
Smile—  
Please smile  
That secret smile—  
The one that takes us  
From their world  
Into the secret, wondrous one  
Of our own.  
Smile, won't you?  
I'll wait.

-Laura Anderson '72

On the cool grass at the edge of a cliff, we huddled together, so close I was sure that he could hear my heart beating wildly. Below us, the bright lights of many fishing boats reflected like sparkling diamonds on the inky blackness of the lake. A chilling wind blew up from the cold, dark water. Suddenly I shivered; laughing gently, he wrapped me in the warmth of his arms and drew me closer to him. Throughout the night, alone together, we giggled and drank Boone's Farm Apple Wine. We made plans for a motorcycle trip to an unknown spot in the mountains. We smiled at the sweet memory of a night, long ago, when he and I had guzzled bitter moonshine until the world spun crazily before our eyes; then, hand-in-hand, we raced, stumbling and laughing hysterically, through a field waist-deep in grass. He asked me about the God I believed in, and we pondered where our personalities would go when our bodies died. The night air grew icy, but we hardly felt its chill; we had each other's warmth.

—Anonymous





I write you this out of bitterness  
for lately I know no other way.  
The bitterness lies in tepid yellow  
pools on my mind  
and seeps down to paint lines around  
my mouth and smudges under my eyes.  
Your only answer was to wait, but  
somehow I am always waiting;  
and yes seems a white stone dropped into  
the deepening pool of childhood.

—lee mason '72

# The Gospel According To . . . .

Click-clack, click-clack, my crinkly black patent leather shoes briskly struck the ancient brown tiles as echoes from their rhythmic tapping sped me down the deserted corridor at the end of which loomed a tall, thin door, panelled with countless glass eyes staring disdainfully down at me.

A confident click accompanied by a brief flash from the glass inlaid door knob acknowledged my arrival and bade my entrance into the dark within now ozzing through that narrow portal out into the vast, empty white hall which lay basking in a few forgotten rays of late autumn sunset.

Once inside the chamber, I was smoothly engulfed in a vapor of foul smelling smoke, tiny particles of which captured the gentle, yellow emissions of several lamps placed oddly about, and lowered them caressingly into the endlessly deep, dark pools of carpeting over which I was now making a rather hesitant journey.

Out of the deathly silence that surrounded me, I began to perceive a slight but regular ticking; yet, glancing around at several clocks in the room, of which I noticed four in particular, I found all the hands utterly motionless. Finally, after much consideration, I was able to locate the source of this incessant ticking—a small, black box, the front of

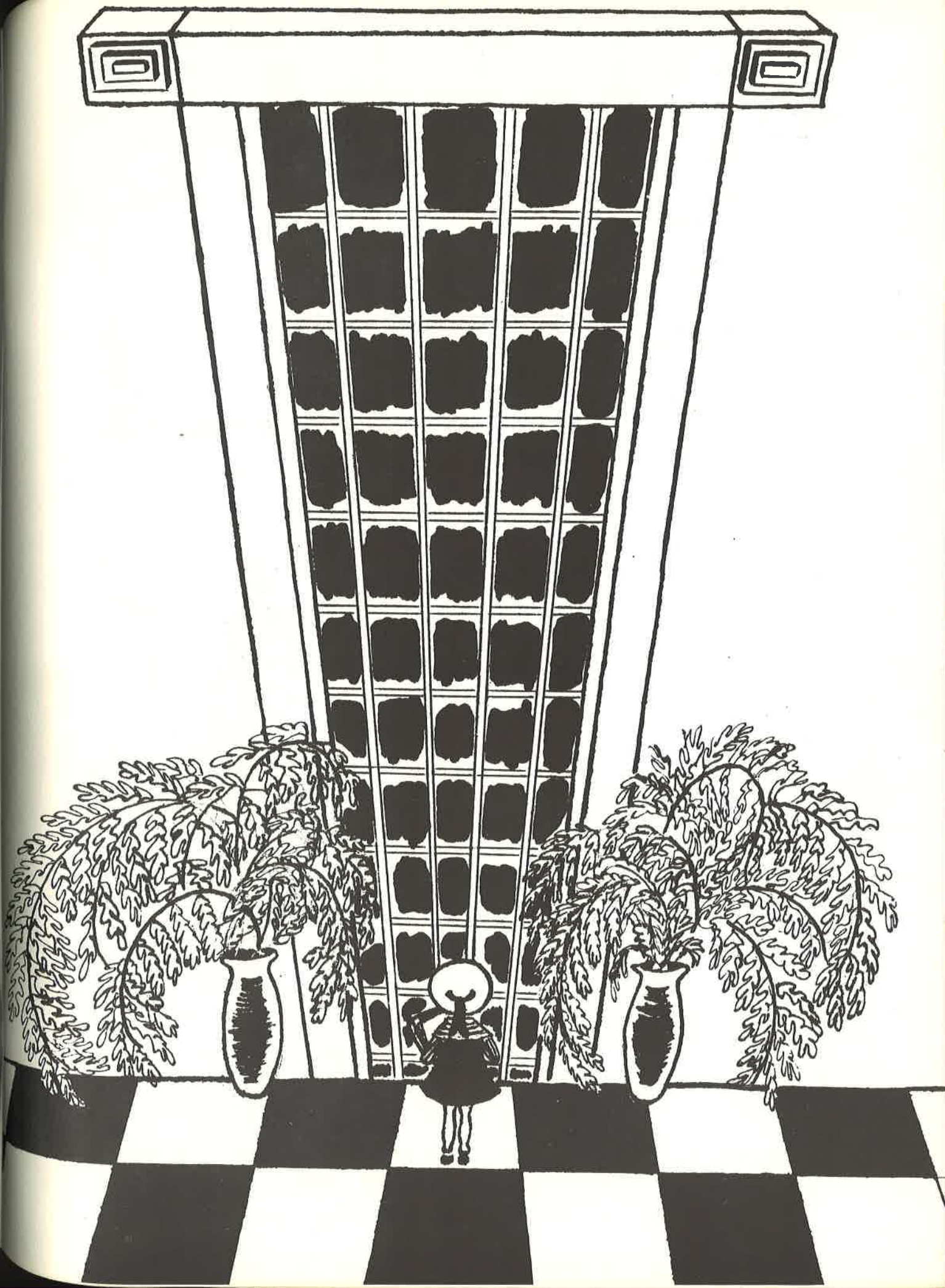
which was dotted with tiny white numbers, pronounced in those deep, sonorous tones as “metronome.” My fate was now sealed.

Throughout eternity I suffered in silence. Black and white sharp and flat were muddled together in polyphonic dischords as I stumbled from one impossible trial to another—too tired to care, yet too proud to relinquish hope.

Gradually, as the seconds turned into minutes, the notes lost their vicious vitality and grim countenances and became mere splotches of black ink on thin yellow paper—published in the United States of America and sold for sixty cents by Southeastern Music Company. The Voice was standing up and ushering me from my stool once more across the beguiling pools of light and up to the formidable—door.

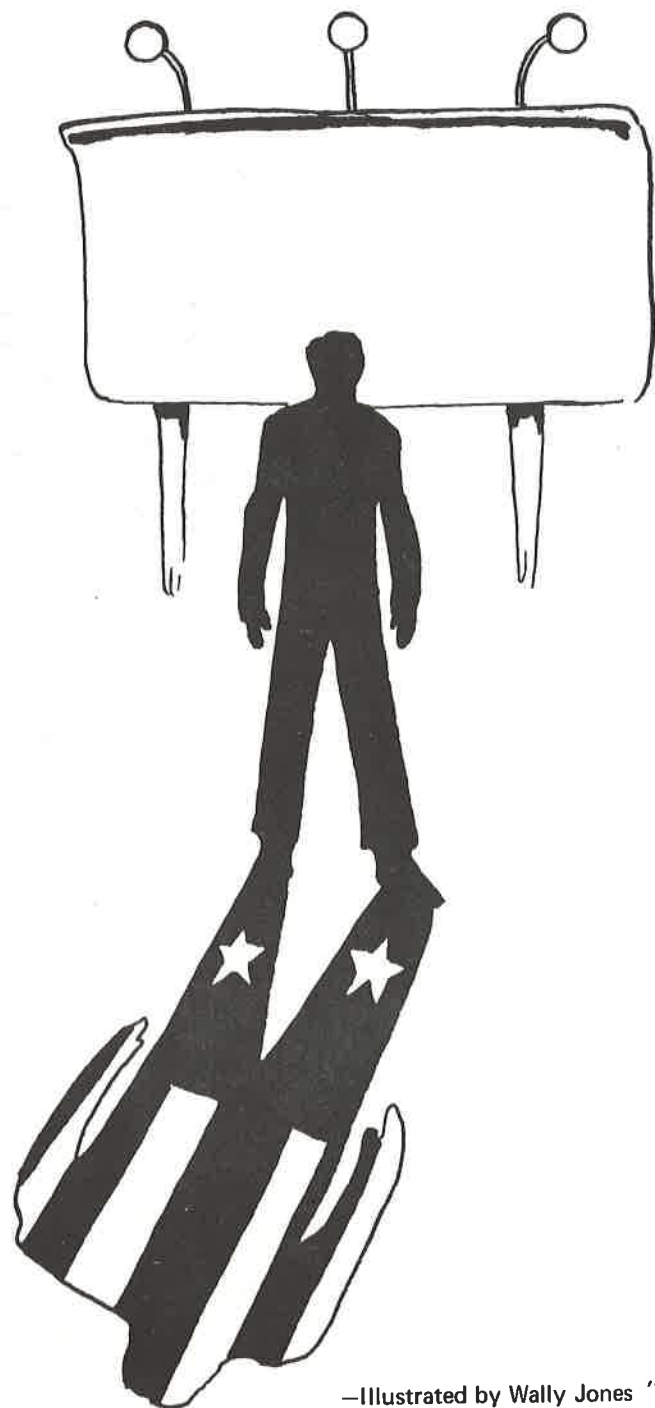
The world that had deposited me here was ready to receive me once more as I stepped across that dim, imposing portal. The same self-assured “click!” that had announced my arrival now signaled my departure along the very same ancient brown tiles that would now lead me out into the sunshine where I could play pretend in the grass. Pinao lesson was over. I was seven years old and, for six more days, twenty-three hours, and thirty minutes, the world was all mine.

—written and illustrated by Elaine DeVault '72





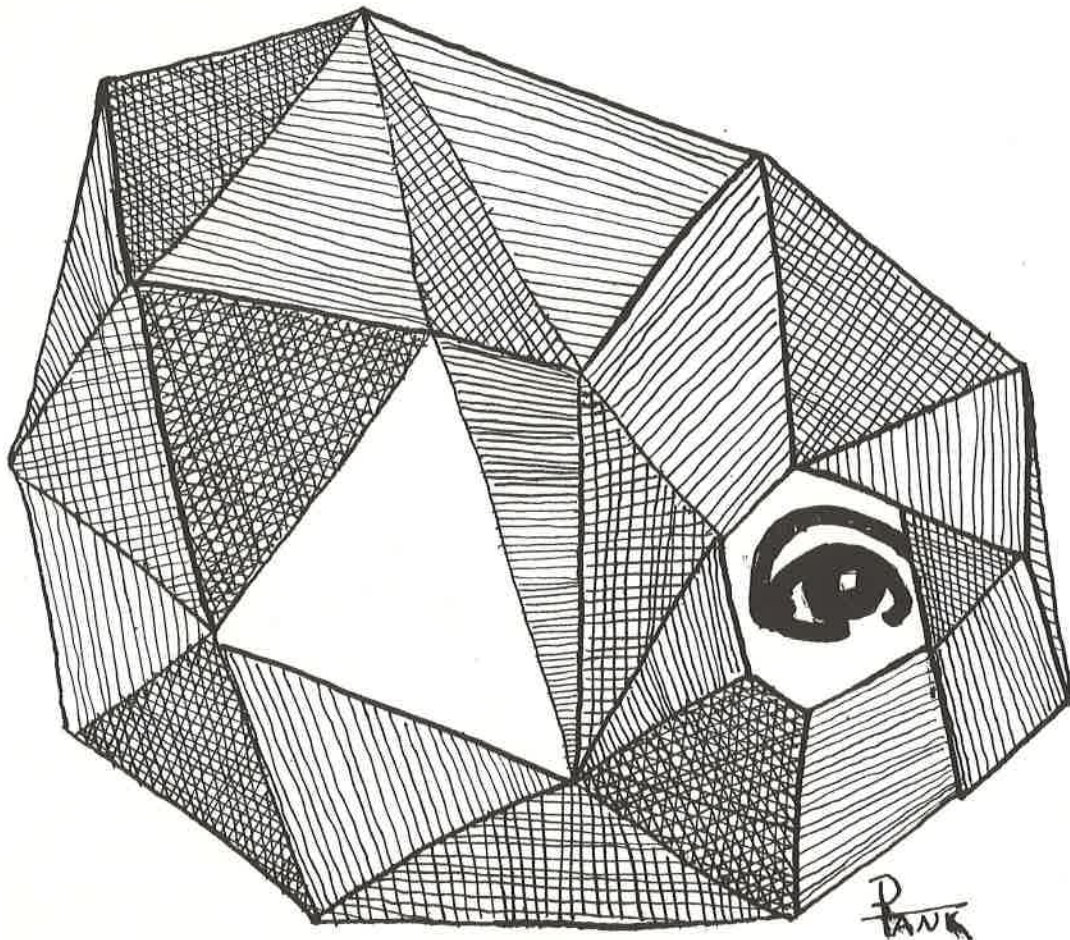
shoes are just  
society's conforming  
to sidewalks  
and i'm tired  
(so tired)  
of neon lights  
blocking the sky  
lights from above—  
no longer stars  
no  
they are shining bulbs  
demanding that if  
i vote for eugene q. englewart  
i will save the state  
government from  
corruption.  
heaven,  
i thought Abe and George  
loved us.  
—pam criner '72



—Illustrated by Wally Jones '73

I am inside an oddly-shaped  
many-sided polygon.  
Each face is a different false front.  
No two are like each other;  
No one is like another  
On other polygons.  
Pick a side—any side.  
I will show you any face that you  
please,  
. . . Except one.  
I will not reveal my smallest face  
to you.  
This face is not a side, but an imperfection:  
A small gaping, unguarded hole,  
An opening that exposes my  
innermost thoughts  
An outlet to the fragile facilities  
of my polygon.  
Your careless prodding will poke  
and punch my delicate parts.  
No, you and your laughing  
funny-face will not peek into  
my polygon  
. . . And I will never come out.

—Peg Tanksley '72



# Rah!

Roger took one last, long drag off the cigarette before skillfully flipping it out the window onto the roof outside. The pep session would be starting soon, and Roger could not afford to be caught skipping it. He ran a comb through his shoulder-length hair, which was in need of washing, left the restroom and headed for the auditorium.

Having had gym the period before, Roger disdained standing up, taking a seat on the nearly deserted back row. The head cheerleader was now trying to make herself heard over the unusually boisterous crowd. "Our mighty goons must have a big game tonight," Roger thought as he watched the girls up front scream their heads off. "Oh, wow! Here come the freaks," he mocked when the players swaggered down the aisle. No one heard him.


While the captains stuttered through their speeches, Roger went through his weekly "Gosh, how inspiring" routine with little success. "That little broad acts like she's riding a joint," he mumbled, noticing the head cheerleader's antics. Roger was quite puzzled at her delight over such trivia.

The pep band played the alma mater and everyone stood except, of course, for Roger. Again, no one really took much notice; it was as if he were not even there.

—Gary Tester '72



David  
Dixon  
473



Who are we who act only to please "others"  
whom we actually don't please at all?

Who are we who so boldly judge the lives of others  
but can't see the wrong in ourselves?

Who are we who abandon the poor and look down on  
those who refuse them pity?

Who are we who hold our lives from those who yearn  
for their love?

Who are we?  
Who are we to be?

Jeff

Rakes '73

# Xotzcapetal's Conquest

Half-a-league, Half-a-league, Half-a-league onward,  
You're a better man than I am, O Chi Minh!  
And six hundred shout, "Give my regards to Broadway!"

Ten hundred thousand blades go slashing thru the night.  
Xotzcapetal breaks thru the misty moonlit morn  
    To reach the bridges at Toko-Ri;  
    And live to fight another day.

Splish-splashing through the Mendel rivers  
They reach their bloody worn objective.  
The purple mountain majesties beneath the Two-Cents plain  
    to fight the bridges at Toko-Ri  
    And fight to live another day.

Solemnly lining up his men at the head of the mount,  
Xotzcapetal gazes at the win or lose Draw Bridge.  
"Charge" he shouts and "charge" his brave men echo.  
    To fight at the bridges of Toko-Ri—  
    And fight to win another day.

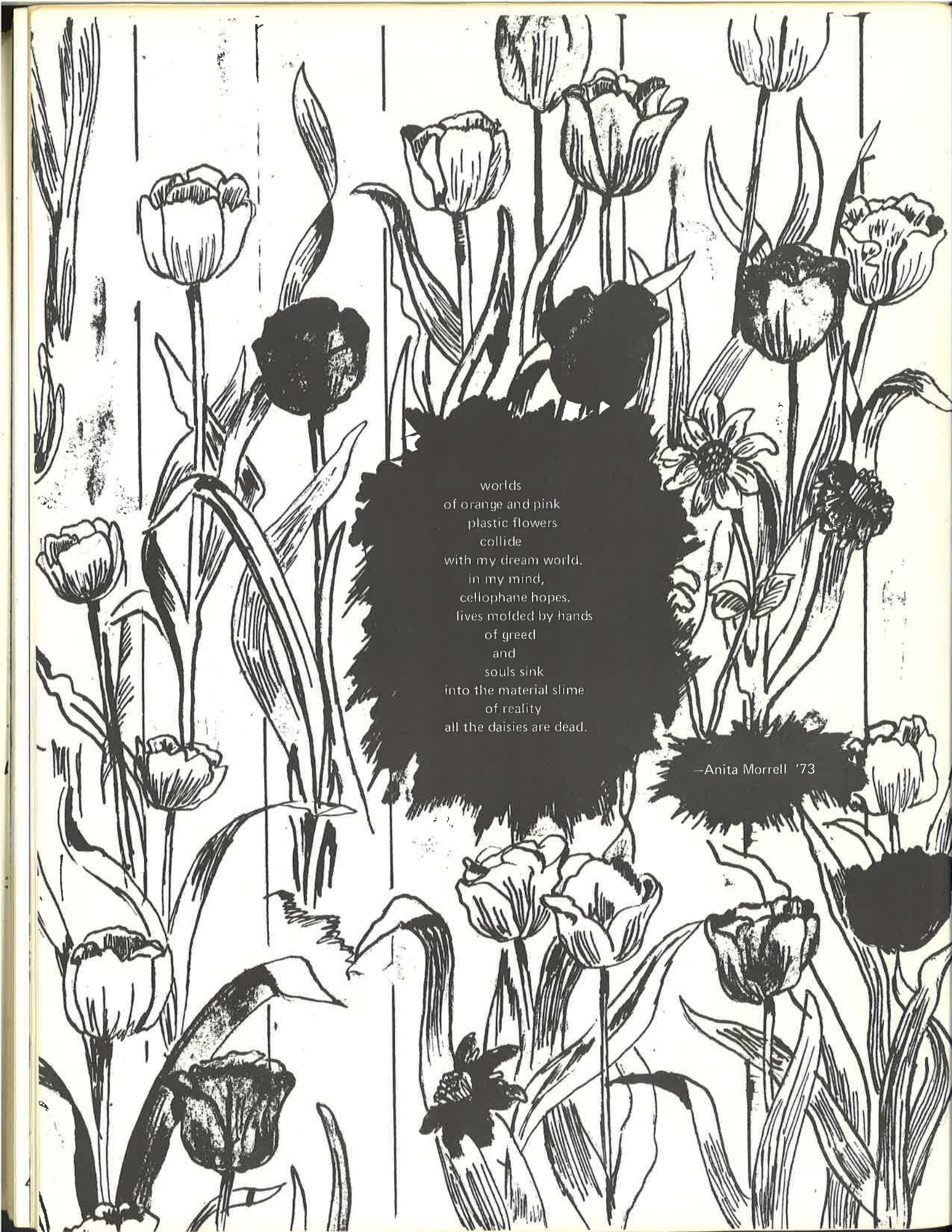
A flash of drums! A roar of lightning!  
Xotzcapetal's troops had won the fighting!  
He moved triumphant through the ruin  
To see the prize that he had won;

A pair of things his bloody eyes sees  
One, a sign, reading: "Bridges of Toko-Ri,  
    15 mi. Exit eleven. Don't litter, please"  
The other, a man: a broken grey man,  
Who slowly and morosely spoke, "You spastic  
Klutz!! You conquered your own capital!"

So there's no joy in Mudville tonight;  
As the moon comes over the mountain—  
Xotzcapetal vows he shall live to fight  
    another day!  
If his lawyers can get him off.

—Wally Jones '73





worlds  
of orange and pink  
plastic flowers  
collide  
with my dream world.  
in my mind,  
cellophane hopes,  
lives molded by hands  
of greed  
and  
souls sink  
into the material slime  
of reality  
all the daisies are dead.

—Anita Morrell '73

# Of Life and Death

A blossoming, young dogwood tree swayed in the breeze that swept briskly across the top of the knoll. In its branches high above the plush green that carpeted the hillside, a bumble bee performed an aerial ballet with a bright pink blossom, adjusted and readjusted its trajectory in order to light within the cluster of petals that danced among the whispering leaves. Near the trunk of the tree of the sprawling lawn, a solitary tombstone pierced through the tranquil sea of grass and protruded upward, unaffected by the chilling forces of the wind. Its obtrusive, cold-gray mass remained indifferent to the efforts of two tiny ants who struggled to drag across its base to their nest the decaying carcass of a dead beetle.

From below this monument a small, dark-haired woman slowly approached, never once taking her eyes off the fresh heap of dirt that stretched out in front of it. Holding tightly to some white flowers, she knelt reverently alongside. As she reached out a quivering hand to place the bouquet on the grave, she collapsed on the mound with tears streaming down her cheeks and moaned, "Oh, God, my boy . . . my baby . . ." just out of sight and just beyond the whir of the bustling four-lane highway that lay beyond the crest of the hill.

—Jules Smythe '72



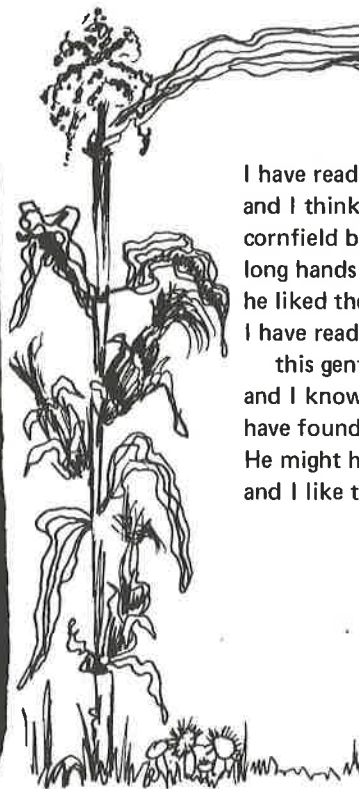
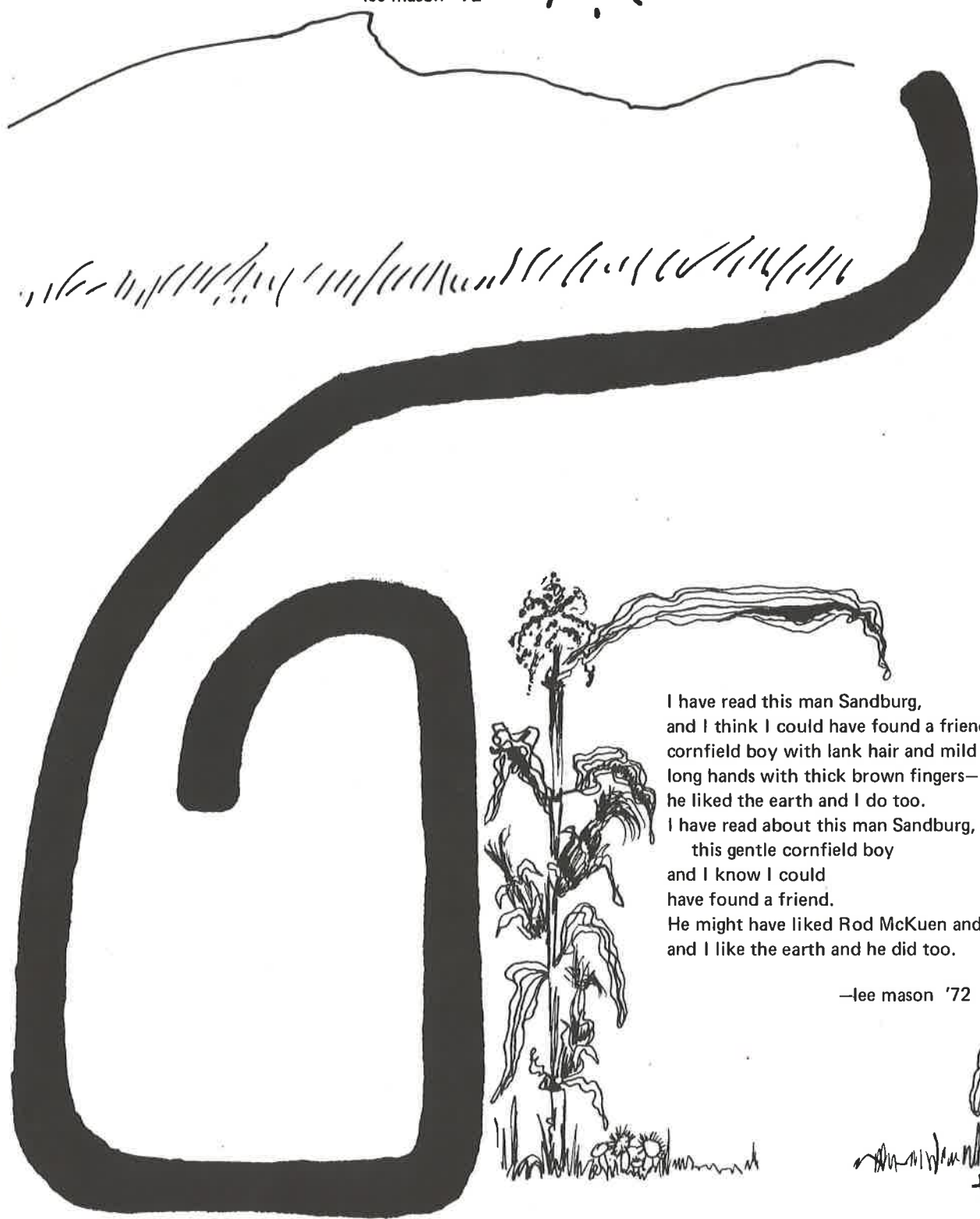
—Illustrated by Anita Morrell



Maybe you brought the summer  
the shadows of the cool gray mountains  
the grassy heat of the bronze meadows  
us in our solitude listening to  
the silent laughter of the sun.

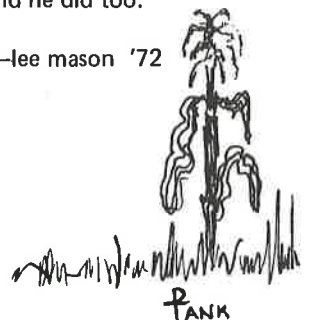
If you leave there will be other summers. I know that.  
But the meadows will only be fields of grain  
and I will have forgotten  
how to hear the silent laughter of the sun.

—lee mason '72



I have read this man Sandburg,  
and I think I could have found a friend in him—  
cornfield boy with lank hair and mild blue eyes  
long hands with thick brown fingers—  
he liked the earth and I do too.  
I have read about this man Sandburg,  
this gentle cornfield boy  
and I know I could  
have found a friend.  
He might have liked Rod McKuen and Paul Simon  
and I like the earth and he did too.

—lee mason '72



# THE DARE

I was standing on the outside,  
Watching older boys at play,  
When suddenly their leader began  
Walking towards my way.

He started making fun of me  
And trying hard to scare,  
And while my head was hanging low,  
He offered me a dare.

How often I had stood here  
And suffered in disgrace,  
With heavy feelings in my heart  
And tears upon my face.

I had to end it somewhere,  
I had to draw the line.  
And so I took this bully's  
dare—this enemy of mine.

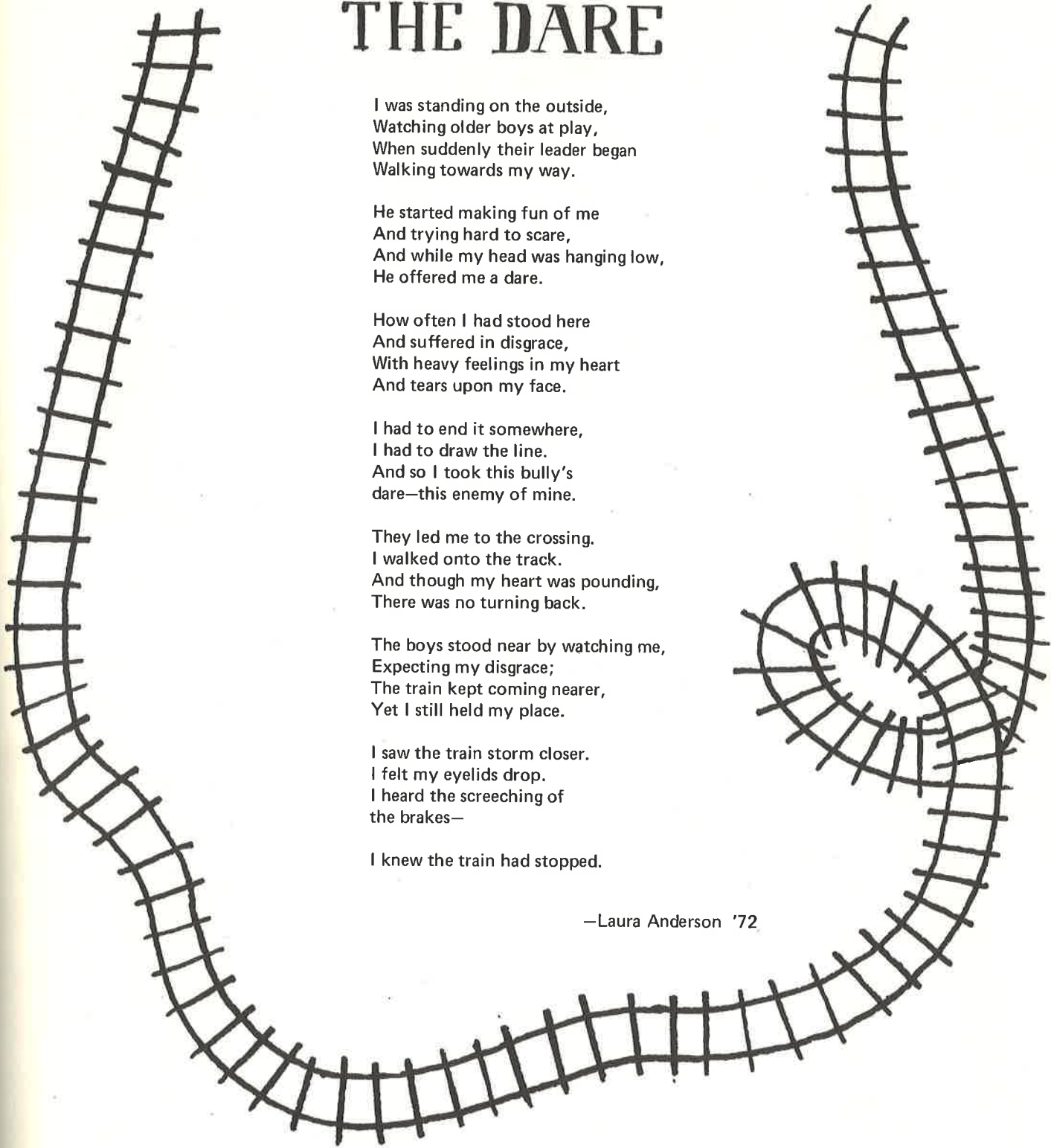
They led me to the crossing.  
I walked onto the track.  
And though my heart was pounding,  
There was no turning back.

The boys stood near by watching me,  
Expecting my disgrace;  
The train kept coming nearer,  
Yet I still held my place.

I saw the train storm closer.  
I felt my eyelids drop.  
I heard the screeching of  
the brakes—

I knew the train had stopped.

—Laura Anderson '72



Paul

"Kay, I hate you! You know why I hate you? 'Cause you're ugly ... ugly, ugly, ugly!!"

That's how I start my day with Paul. After four years of homerooms and varied classes with him, I feel I am qualified to write about him.

Paul is everyone's friend. He's the class monkey, freak, and an all around good guy.

This class clown is a little above average height with his lean frame lengthening him even more. Paul went hippie this year, so he's usually seen in blue jeans splattered with white paint and a T-shirt. Long, ambling strides, the result of long legs, characterize this guy's walk as he saunters to class or the bandroom.

I've decided that, to him, I am half guidance counselor and half psychoanalyst. Our discussions have ranged from the trivia of the day's events:

"Kay, notice anything different about me today?" (This question is asked at least once a week.)

"Uh, did you get a haircut, new shoes, new jeans (of course not!)? If not, I just don't know, Paul. You'll have to give me a hint."

"It adds to my natural magnetism and irresistible beauty."

"Good grief! You didn't have your nose bobbed, did you?"

"No! No! Cufflinks, Kay! I have on new

cufflinks!"

..... to deep discourses on the traumas he has endured:

"Oh, the most terrible thing happened yesterday in band. You know how hot it was? Well, I just couldn't stand marching in that long sleeved shirt, so I took it off. Oh, Kay! The whole band saw my body! All those musclemen like Cunningham and Spink saw my poor, little body!"

These are typical comments which make Paul the unique person he is.

In class he is known for his vivid interest in his studies. Any teacher can tell what an enthusiastic pupil he is.

"Oh, Mrs. Hagan, I'm so eager to learn today! Let's delve into another exciting realm of mythology!"

And in Trig.: "Miss Rhea, Trig. is so fascinating—just like putting a big puzzle together!"

His comments are meant mainly to acquire Brownie points with the teachers, but Paul also enjoys entertaining his fellow classmates.

All of this and more is the Paul we all love and adore. If you ever see him in the hall or around town, ask him to do his interpretation of an epileptic having a seizure. He's really very good at it.

—Kay Galliher '72





i wish you

autumn breezes to toss your long hair  
as it grays with age  
warm hands to comfort your  
tired body  
chocolate candy for every day  
of your life  
sincere smiles in the October  
of your days

i wish you

all the happiness  
and i only ask  
that you don't grow old  
without  
me.

—Pam Criner '72



—Illustrated by Rita Davis '75

# Injustice

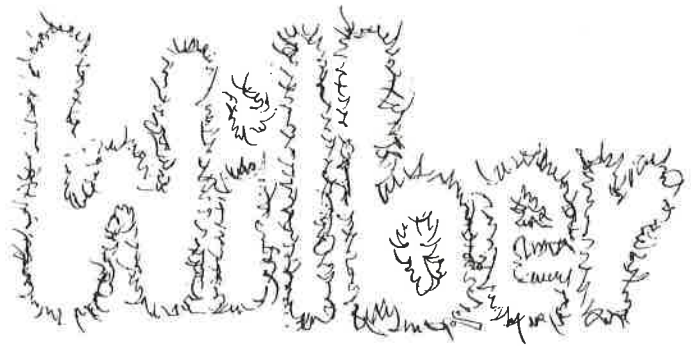
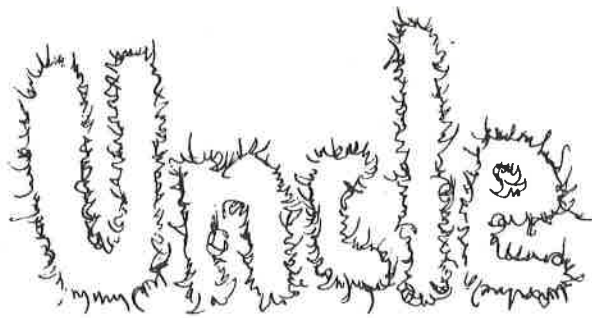
Blackness clung to the thick jungle foliage around me as the rain continued to pour down. There was no sound and so I relaxed for a moment. I pulled a cigarette from my pocket and sat back on my haunches to enjoy the deep, rich smoke. Like a baby's pacifier, the smoke had a soothing effect. I had been in the jungle for nearly two days and sleep wanted to come, but I dared not close my eyes. I thought about home and how much I would like to be there. Home was far away, and I had more important things to occupy my mind right now. I finished my cigarette and crushed it beneath the heel of my boot. The air had grown colder, and I pulled my coat closer around me.

Suddenly, I heard a noise—the snapping of a small twig. My entire body became tense as I searched the darkness with my eyes and ears. Crouched in the underbrush, I hoped I was invisible. Again another sound broke the quietness of the dark. I pulled the long, slender piece of steel from its sheath and held it in my clenched fist. A shadow-like figure moved quickly along the seldom-trodden path. As he passed by me, I sprang from the shadows and brought the knife up to his throat; I imagined myself cutting into an overripe pumpkin. The man tried to scream, but my Marine training taught me to cover his mouth and nose with my hand. As he lay face down in the mud, I knew I had done the world a favor because now there was one less communist pig to worry about.

I wiped the blood from my knife onto my pants and returned to the underbrush where I lit another cigarette. From the light of the match, I could see the brilliant red stain on my fatigues. I wondered why God made his blood the same color as mine.

—Gary Cole '72

John Meyer



Yellow

long

slender

always in my room

lying on my bed

keeping Miss Kitty company

Understanding

cheerful

comprehensive

talking to you

praying with you

laughing with you

Uncle Wilber

if you could talk

what could you tell me

sure you're only a stuffed snake

but would you solve my

problems

make me understand

Excitement

'adventures

romance

what stories of your life

could you reveal to me

travels of the world

lands I've never seen

things you know about me

that not even I realize

NO

you can't

you never will

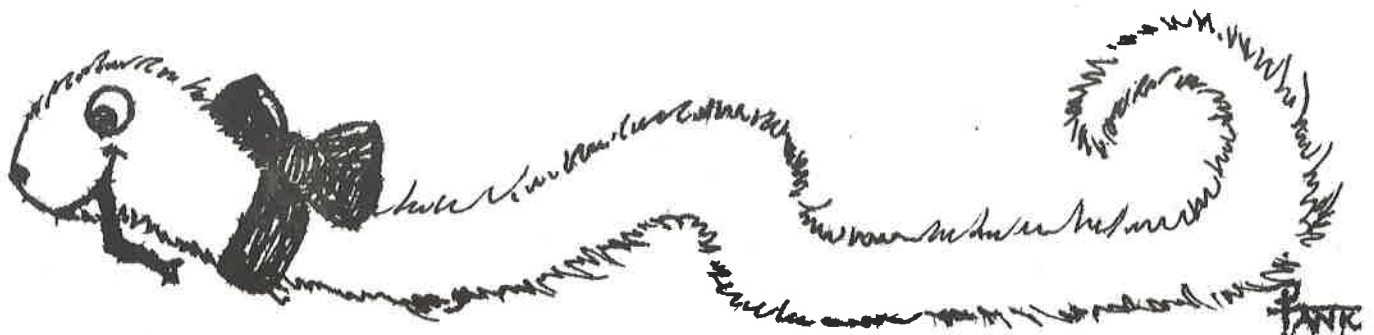
you're only a toy

I must learn for myself

after all, you're only a stuffed

snake.

—Martha Belew '72



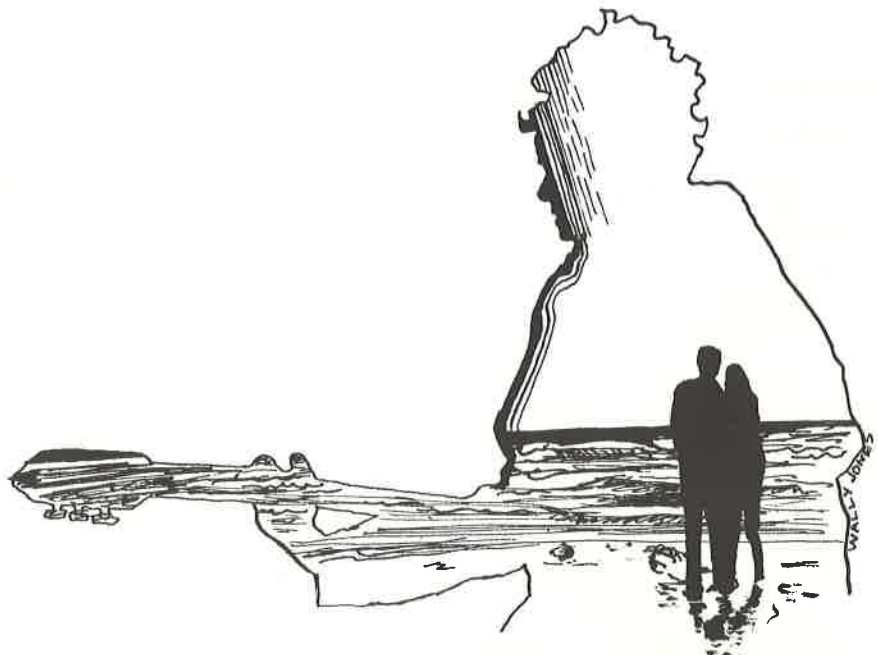
warmth is with me  
for a flaming moment,  
then in suspension  
i grasp for . . .  
something  
to cling to—

nothing.  
faces acting out a  
strange tragedy  
carry me into the  
play.

no.  
drifting on shimmering  
clouds  
on their way to

nowhere.  
try and catch me.

—Pam Criner '72



—Illustrated by Wally Jones '73





# The Forest

A tiny, furry head peers into the morning light from its position within the trunk of a giant oak. The dawn had broken over the east ridge of the forest, and minute flecks of light are shimmering through the newly-fallen dew. Two black eyes, as small as peas, seem to be noting every action outside the confines of the tree. Roughly fifty feet to the north, a red-headed woodpecker hammers its way into a hickory; in the same tree, a young opossum sleeps undisturbed by the drumming above. Toward the east the two eyes spy a multitude of finches perched in a sapling and bathing in the warm sunlight which floods the woods. After several minutes the brown and yellow birds arise, race around the oak tree, and alight once again on the sapling. In addition, scurrying field mice, swarms of insects, and the inviting warmth of a beautiful autumn morning lure the small creature from his den in the oak.

At first, the head and shoulders pass through a hole in the tree. The curious animal glances quickly about the forest and then warily pulls himself upon a thick, black limb above the den. As he lies flat against the bough, the sleek, grey creature is perfectly camouflaged. His head, appearing to be a knot in the limb, slowly and cautiously pivots so that the beady eyes can observe the environment in its entirety.

Moments later, the squirrel, assured of safety, leaps onto a lower branch of the oak and then vaults to the ground! He scampers past several rotting timbers and a thicket of saplings north of the oak. The dry leaves crackle under the small mammal's bounding run until he approaches the hickory. Surveying the premises, the squirrel pauses to pick up three large hickory nuts. Storing two nuts in his cheek pouches and holding the third between his long, yellow teeth, he ascends the tree. The frisky animal almost runs over the woodpecker and topples the opossum while seeking a place in which to cut the hickory nuts. The woodpecker, frightened by this intrusion, flies to a nearby beech tree where it resumes hammering. The sleepy opossum,

startled to consciousness, drops to the ground. After exchanging an intense glare with the squirrel, the opossum ambles through the bushes.

Following several trips up and down the hickory, the squirrel discontinues his search. From the tree's summit, the playful animal leaps to a beech sapling below which bends—nearly to breaking—beneath his weight. From the sapling the rodent crosses to a poplar and then to a long, thick branch of the massive oak tree whose boughs seem to sprawl for miles in every direction. Perching on this branch, the squirrel prances toward the trunk as if running along a rail fence.

Suddenly, a small cylinder of blue steel emerges from within the thicket of saplings; silently it follows the progress of the unwary animal. As the squirrel approaches his den halfway up the oak, an explosion rings through the trees! The helpless mammal utters a squeal of pain as he is jolted from the limb. The squirrel falls a few feet from the thick branch, but grasps a smaller one with his forepaws. Both hind legs having been crippled, the squirrel hangs from the branch in desperation.

A second shot rings through the forest! The victim is snapped from the limb and hurled to the ground where filth mixing with drying blood matts the soft, grey fur. The injured prey, writhing in torment, utters a fatal squeal heard throughout the forest.

As silently as it had come forth, the dull blue steel returns to the cover of the thicket.

—Steve Smith '72



DEVAULT

# The Ballad of Jack & Jill

In lands of old when knights were bold  
And there had reigned a king,  
The prince named Jack had made his debut  
Whence Jill had something brewing.

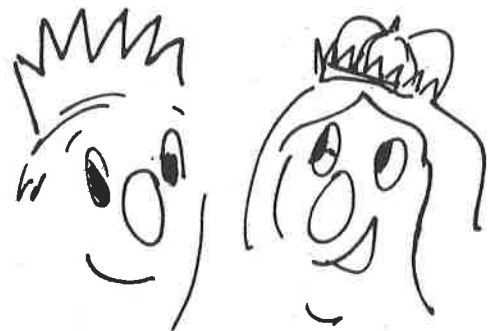
Since Jill had missed the prince's debut  
She had to know the truth.  
Jill asked to Jack who he was courting  
And realized she had no couth.

Whence Jack had seen this girl called Jill  
All this to him it did not matter.  
Jill made the love to Jack forever  
So much could make him fatter.

In March they married and received the crown  
In May they had a child  
In June she yielded her ale brewery  
In July a divorce was filed.

Divorce uplifted and peace everywhere,  
One day to hills he runs.  
But Jack fell down and broke his crown  
And died of ruptured organs.

—Brian Doyle '74



## Youth and Age

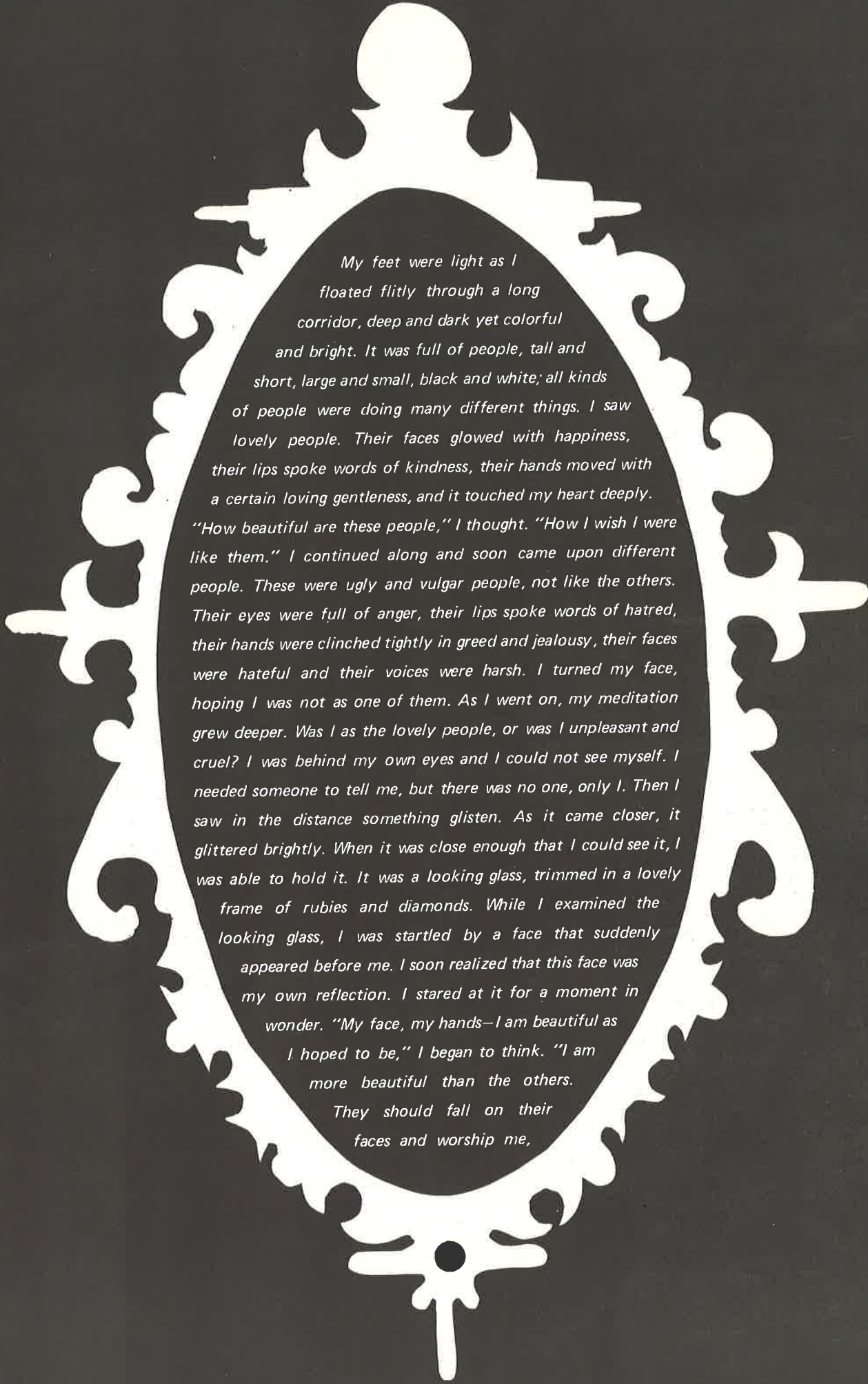
Upon entering the Bristol Nursing Home I met the cold, blank stare of an elderly woman sitting in a wheelchair. I managed to smile at her, but she did not seem to notice. After checking the register in the lobby, I found the room number of the invalid I had come to visit. I hesitantly walked down the bleak hall, afraid of disturbing the listless forms lying on their hospital beds. The beauty of their youth had long ago vanished into the emptiness of old age. Carts stacked high with various medicines and cups of pills lined the walls. In front of a spacious picture window a white-haired gentleman gazed dreamily into the autumn afternoon. I climbed the stairs to the second floor and tapped on the slightly opened door. Not waiting for a reply, I peered into the dimly lighted room. A nurse, changing the bed linen, said, "I'm sorry. Mrs. Braswell passed away this morning." Without saying a word, I stumbled down the hall and numbly made my way to the car.

—Margaret Shanks '72

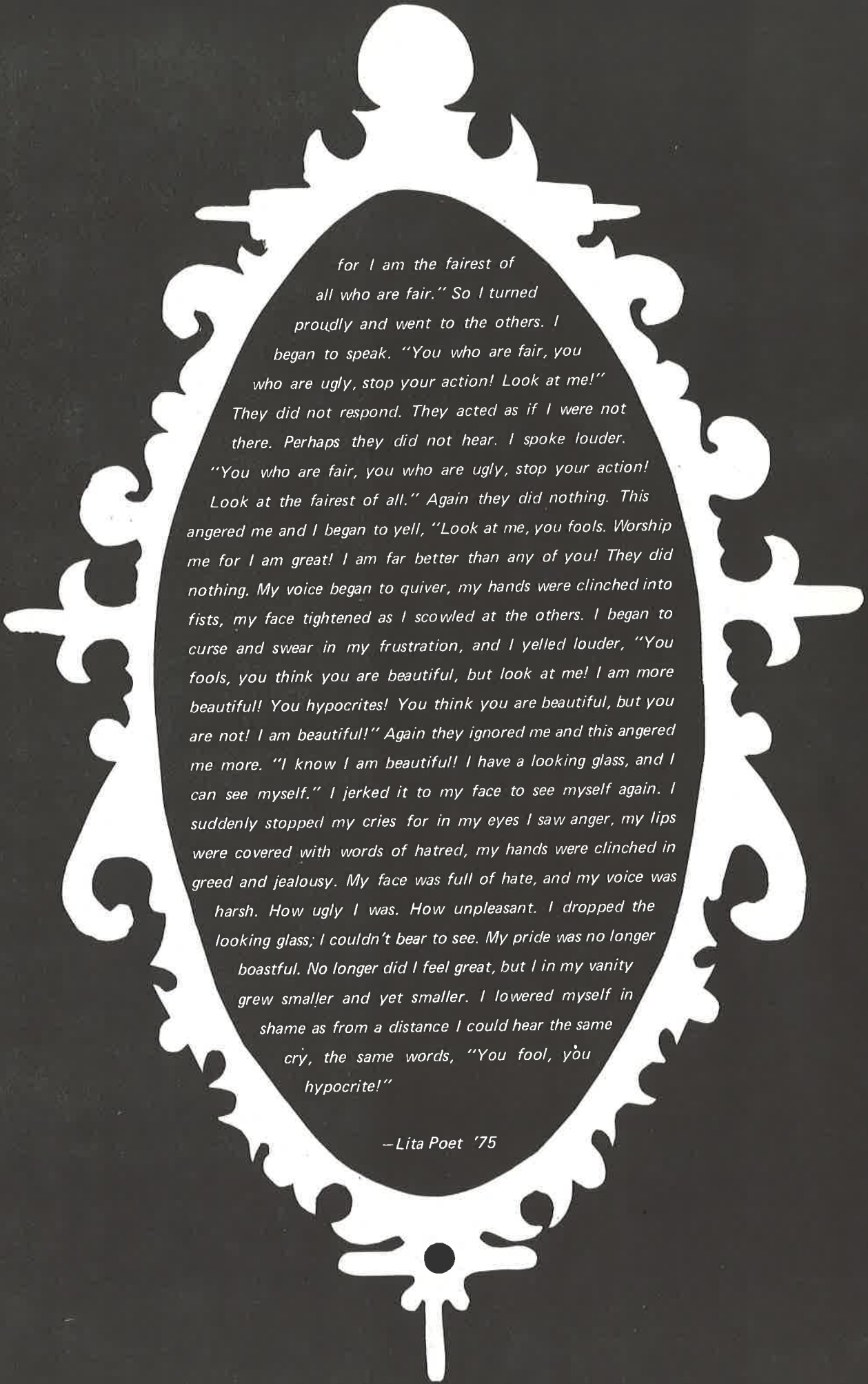
## Her Man

And when he showed me his love  
For her,  
I rewarded him with my pleasing words.  
Inwardly, I cried.  
I realized that he belonged  
To her,  
But I still wept—childish tears.  
Fate overcame and  
I cried once more—sinful tears,  
To be forgiven.  
He was happy  
And  
She was happy.  
Now I'm happy  
For  
My brother.

—Laura Anderson '72



*My feet were light as I floated flitly through a long corridor, deep and dark yet colorful and bright. It was full of people, tall and short, large and small, black and white; all kinds of people were doing many different things. I saw lovely people. Their faces glowed with happiness, their lips spoke words of kindness, their hands moved with a certain loving gentleness, and it touched my heart deeply. "How beautiful are these people," I thought. "How I wish I were like them." I continued along and soon came upon different people. These were ugly and vulgar people, not like the others. Their eyes were full of anger, their lips spoke words of hatred, their hands were clinched tightly in greed and jealousy, their faces were hateful and their voices were harsh. I turned my face, hoping I was not as one of them. As I went on, my meditation grew deeper. Was I as the lovely people, or was I unpleasant and cruel? I was behind my own eyes and I could not see myself. I needed someone to tell me, but there was no one, only I. Then I saw in the distance something glisten. As it came closer, it glittered brightly. When it was close enough that I could see it, I was able to hold it. It was a looking glass, trimmed in a lovely frame of rubies and diamonds. While I examined the looking glass, I was startled by a face that suddenly appeared before me. I soon realized that this face was my own reflection. I stared at it for a moment in wonder. "My face, my hands—I am beautiful as I hoped to be," I began to think. "I am more beautiful than the others. They should fall on their faces and worship me,*



*for I am the fairest of  
all who are fair." So I turned  
proudly and went to the others. I  
began to speak. "You who are fair, you  
who are ugly, stop your action! Look at me!"  
They did not respond. They acted as if I were not  
there. Perhaps they did not hear. I spoke louder.  
"You who are fair, you who are ugly, stop your action!  
Look at the fairest of all." Again they did nothing. This  
angered me and I began to yell, "Look at me, you fools. Worship  
me for I am great! I am far better than any of you! They did  
nothing. My voice began to quiver, my hands were clinched into  
fists, my face tightened as I scowled at the others. I began to  
curse and swear in my frustration, and I yelled louder, "You  
fools, you think you are beautiful, but look at me! I am more  
beautiful! You hypocrites! You think you are beautiful, but you  
are not! I am beautiful!" Again they ignored me and this angered  
me more. "I know I am beautiful! I have a looking glass, and I  
can see myself." I jerked it to my face to see myself again. I  
suddenly stopped my cries for in my eyes I saw anger, my lips  
were covered with words of hatred, my hands were clinched in  
greed and jealousy. My face was full of hate, and my voice was  
harsh. How ugly I was. How unpleasant. I dropped the  
looking glass; I couldn't bear to see. My pride was no longer  
boastful. No longer did I feel great, but I in my vanity  
grew smaller and yet smaller. I lowered myself in  
shame as from a distance I could hear the same  
cry, the same words, "You fool, you  
hypocrite!"*

*-Lita Poet '75*

# A Carnival of Life

Carnival lights  
Twinkling.  
And happy music  
Continuing.  
Gay, funny faces  
Laughing (always  
laughing)  
no sorrow . . .  
But, no meaning.  
Carnival lights  
And happy music  
Forever . . .  
. . . my life  
Until—  
Cupid  
Blew him out of a cloud  
From a star  
Or maybe, just perhaps  
The moon.  
He had gentle eyes,  
Was kind,  
And did not always laugh.  
Somehow it was all different . . .  
Then, and for the first time,  
I cried.

—Laura Anderson '72

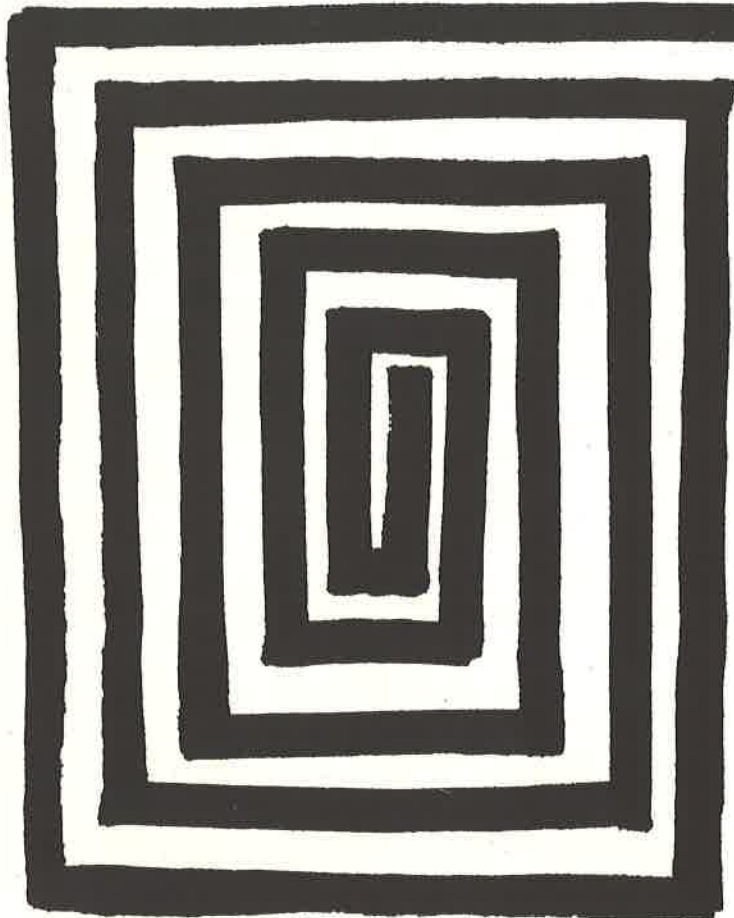


It's hard for me  
to understand  
how love can end so fast  
One minute here  
the next—  
gone.

Life is so mysterious  
love being a  
great necessity  
When do we learn  
that life goes on  
even when love is gone.  
Love again?  
is it possible?  
When the old love still  
remains.

Love at all?

—Martha Belew '72



## *impatience*

*I'm told  
that somewhere  
there waits someone  
who will love me  
someday.*

*I wish  
that I could meet him  
and scold him  
and ask him  
WHY  
he can't love me  
right now!*

—Laura Anderson '72



# The Field

"C'mon, old woman. Got to get the rest of this field plowed before evenin'." The old man squinted over at his wife, who sat firmly on a log at the far end of the field.

She glared fiercely at him. "You tell me to come on! Now, you just listen to me, Clayton. You was the one who took this job, and you is the one who is gonna do it. I warned you at the start, I did. Don't you 'member me saying, 'Clayton, you gonna hafta plant that field yourself, 'cause for sure I ain't gonna help you this time!' That's what I told you, Clayton, so don't you go tellin' me to come on!"

"Shut your mouth, woman. You want the people to hear you? 'Sides, you know I can't do all this with my back how it is. And 'sides, a little work ain't gonna . . ."

"My Lord! Your back's been ailin' you for fifteen years and it's never kep' you from any honest work yet, so for the life of me I can't see why it would think to change now!"

"Woman, I done tole you to shut up. And for the life of me I can't see why you walked all the way down here for me, when you wasn't even 'sidering helpin' me. You tell me that, woman."

"Humph! A little walkin' never hurt nobody, and 'sides, I know what you gonna do with the money you gonna get if I let you outa my sight. Don't think I don't know, 'cause I surely do, and if you think . . ."

"I said, woman, shut your mouth. I'm

gonna plow this field myself, and I'll thank you to leave me alone, 'cause I mos' certainly don't need no help from you. So you just get yourself on home, 'cause I don't intend to work and lissen to your houndin' . . .OW!"

"What trouble you got now, old man?"

"Dadburnit, woman, I just got a slivver in my hand, that's all. Now you just get a . . ."

"Clayton, you let me look at that hand. You 'member last year when you got that blood poisonin' . . . There now! Does it hurt you terrible, Honey?"

"Ooh! Somethin' awfully terrible. I can feel pains all the way up to my shoulder, just like it did last year when I got that blood poisonin' . . ."

"Now, now, you old fool. You sit right over there and let the pizen seep outa yer arm. Go on! I'll work the rest of the field for you. Blood poisonin' is killin', you know."

"Ooh . . ., Lord o' Mercy, how it does hurt! I betcha I woulda dropped dead if you hadn't a been here to save me . . . Marleen, darlin'."

"Hush up, you old fool!"

—Jenny Winston '72



# MR. LITTLE

"Let's go play a quick game of tennis!" a jolly Mr. Little yelled as he came through the hall.

"Remember, Dad, we broke two of the rackets last week. Do you want us to go get some more?"

"Hell, yes. We can't play without rackets. Go on."

When Mrs. Little entered from downstairs, Mr. Little turned to go back to his room. "David, I'm so glad you decided not to go. You have been working awfully hard lately, and you need your rest."

"Hell, woman, I was planning on going. You don't know what you're talking about. Since you think I need my rest, I'll just stay home."

"Honey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it. I just thought you had decided not to go. I only thought . . ."

"That's the trouble, you thought. How about letting me think for myself; I think I'm old enough to be now. I'm going to bed."

"Mon, you've done it again."

"Yea, Dad's in one of his moods. He's the biggest baby. If anything goes the least bit against him, he has to go off and pout."

"Hey, you shouldn't talk about your father that way," Mrs. Little said.

"Well, it's true, Mom, and you know it. He's only hurting himself. He's back there with no television, no one to talk to, and nothing to do. He knows he's hurting himself, but he's too stubborn to come out. He's just a big baby. Sometimes I hate him."

"I guess it's all my fault. I should have just kept quiet. I was only trying to agree with him," sighed Mrs. Little.

"He will probably stay in there all night; at least, I hope he does. If he does decide to come out, he will be H-E-L-L to live with."

"I know it's bad to say, but he really makes me sick sometimes. Everything has got to be his way or not at all. He reminds me of a spoiled child."

Then, from the rear of the house, Mr. Little speaks, "Louise, bring me something to eat. What are you trying to do? Starve me to death? Damn it, I said I was hungry; bring me some food."

"Just a minute, honey, I'm fixing you something. I'm coming."

-Terri O'Dell '72



LARRY EPPERSON

## GENESIS—LAST CHAPTER

IN THE END,

There was Earth, and It was with form and beauty.  
And man dwelt upon the lands of the Earth,  
the meadows and trees, and he said,  
“Let us build our dwellings in this land of beauty.”  
And he built cities and covered the Earth with concrete and steel.  
And the meadows were gone.  
And man said, “It is good.”

ON THE SECOND DAY, man looked upon the waters of the Earth.  
And man said, “Let us put our wastes in the waters  
that the dirt will be washed away.”  
And man did.  
And the waters became polluted and foul in their smell.  
And man said, “It is good.”

ON THE THIRD DAY, man looked upon the forests of the Earth  
And saw they were beautiful.  
And man said, “Let us cut the timber for our homes  
And grind the wood for our use.”  
And man did.  
And the lands became barren and the trees were gone.  
And man said, “It is good.”

ON THE FOURTH DAY, man saw that animals were in abundance  
and ran in the fields and played in the sun.  
And man said, “Let us cage these animals for our amusement  
and kill them for our sport.”  
And man did.  
And there were no more animals on the face of the Earth.  
And man said, “It is good.”

ON THE FIFTH DAY, man breathed the air of the Earth.  
And man said, “Let us dispose of the wastes into the air  
for the winds shall blow them away.”  
And man did.  
And the air became filled with smoke and the fumes  
could not be blown away.  
And man said, “It is good.”

ON THE SIXTH DAY, man saw himself, and seeing  
the many languages and tongues,  
he feared and hated.  
And man said, “Let us build great machines and destroy these  
lest they destroy us.”  
And man built great machines  
and the Earth was fired with the rage of great wars.  
And man said, “It is good.”

ON THE SEVENTH DAY, man rested from his labors,  
and the Earth was still, for man no longer dwelt upon the Earth.  
And it was good.

“GENESIS—LAST CHAPTER” was written by a student of Upper Moreland High School in Pennsylvania. It was read by Dr. J. J. Hanlon to conclude his address at the Environmental Quality Forum.

*Interact Club*



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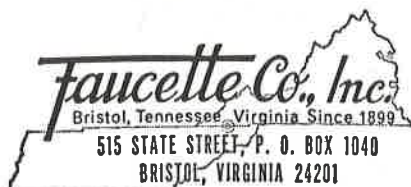
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