

# Viking Voices



Tennessee High School, Bristol, Tenn.

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# Viking Voices

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Cover *by Bill Buskell*



# Old Man

BILL JOHNSON—'60

*Illustrated by BILL BUSKELL*

The cool, crisp wind kicked up the fall leaves around the old farm. In front of the porch, a miniature whirlwind was playing tag with the dry leaves already fallen. As I looked closer, it seemed as if the large yellow oak leaves were teasing and jesting with the smaller red elm sprouts.

Or was it my imagination taking me back to my childhood, when a young boy ran and romped over the same country side, pausing once in a while to take in the wonderful beauty of nature, or listen to one of the many retold tales of an aging and work-weary old grandfather.

As I looked closer toward the old house, my eyes were suddenly glued to an ancient rocking chair. An old man was sitting there, peacefully relaxing in the warm fall sunshine.

As he reached up and lifted his hat from his head, I could see the thinning, white hair of a man who had lived through many years of toil. He sat there drawing on his pipe. The old wrinkled hands told of years in the field, and the mangled fingers on one hand of a long-forgotten accident.

He arose from his chair with the use of a cane, suddenly stopped and looked down at his feet, which had carried him through many years of life and one world war.

I could almost imagine him thanking them for their lasting service and duty. He seemed to say, "Soon you will rest in the soil which you have plodded over for so long."

Then suddenly I wondered how this strange dream could be accounted for. The old man had passed away before I was even born. Could this be possible? Could the soul and body reappear from the dead, as the souls of demons arise from the graves on nights of full moons when the sting of witchcraft is running beyond the minds of mortal men?

As my head cleared, I realized that I was not dreaming. My youth had slipped away as an autumn wind rakes the doomed and reluctant leaves from the huge oak. Each cluster of leaves that falls accounts for a symbol of time, time that ever passes, can never be recaptured, but only repeats the same story, year after year.

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## Revolutionist

By HAROLD EADS

Bits of light  
Crawling, creeping  
Fighting for a foothold  
Clawing the face  
Of the great Darkness  
Creeping slowly, struggling  
Over the barricades of the Night  
And proudly proclaiming itself  
As Dawn.

# Search

HAROLD EADS—'59

We have looked for You  
in the mountains among  
the swirling mists,  
Searched for You in the valleys  
by the cool streams.  
We have looked for You in the  
sunny places, while others  
searched for You in the  
Gloom.

For we are young dogs,  
hunting, searching, climbing  
hills,  
Baying to the full moon.

We looked for You in Your  
Sanctuaries but found only  
priests performing rituals to  
strange gods.  
We have seen You as idols and  
smelled the many scented  
incense burned before You  
But have not believed.



For we are young dogs  
hunting, climbing  
hills,  
Baying to the full moon  
following trails that  
branch to the winds.

## These I Have Loved

The morning's cool and damp  
The rain resting on the leaves  
The afternoon's hot sunshine,  
The flowers dancing in the breeze,  
These I have loved.

The warmth of a newly born kitten  
The smell of a baby pup  
The love of a tiny child  
The feeling we have waking up,  
These I have loved.

A horseback ride in the mountains  
Or a refreshing dip in the lake  
The smell of mint in the country  
Or maybe a pretty birthday cake,  
These I have loved.

These I have loved for beauty's sake  
These I have loved in life  
I have cherished these treasures in my  
heart  
And taken them all in strife—yes—  
These I have loved.

—EVELYN BLEVINS



# Speak to Me, the Wind

HAROLD EADS—'59

Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR

Speak to me, the wind. It  
Walks among the naked trees  
In the winter, and blows cold  
Among the lonely hills. As I walk  
The barren country, only the wind  
Is there talking and calling  
Mournfully as I continue my  
Journey. I walk along with  
Only the wind.



The wind speaks. It whispers  
Along the lazy streams in the spring,  
And cries and shrieks among the frozen mountains.  
In the depths of the winter, swirling snow  
crystals across the face of the golden moon.  
And in the summer's nights before the warm  
Rains, it talks to you in a low voice  
Like a beautiful young woman, and runs  
Its silky fingers through your hair.

As I continue this now barren journey,  
Only you, the wind walks with  
Me, Listening always, speaking softly.  
Speak with me now, the wind.



# Weddings Are Awful

BETH JOHNSTON—'62

Illustrated by JOHN TICKLE



John Tickle 60

Gee, I wonder who invented big sisters anyway? At least I'm glad that guy she married is taking her away from here, but why did they cause such a fuss over getting married? Why couldn't they just go off somewhere and fade out of my life quietly?

This wedding business could have been fun if there hadn't been so many fussy grown-ups around. Gee, you should have seen all the swell presents Sis got! And then she got sore just because I took two of her old blankets outside to make a tent. She had piles of them.

After she bawled me out for that I decided to disappear until things cooled off. I was on my way outside to my treehouse when the doorbell rang. It was a man with a big package. Everyone else was busy (they were always busy) so I took the package to my treehouse and opened it.

I was trying to do everyone a favor. How was I to know it was the old dress she was gonna wear to get married in? When I got it all out of the box I figured that was what it was so I slid down the tree and took it up to Sis.

I thought this was my chance to get back in good with her. Boy, I'll never do her another favor! She screamed and chased me down the stairs and outside. I climbed up to my treehouse and pulled up the ladder. That made her even madder. Gee, a guy has to have some means of defense doesn't he?

Sis started crying then and saying something about her veil being ruined. I didn't know at the time but that's the piece of cloth you can see through that comes down over her face. I don't see why she cared that I tore it up. It didn't hide her face and it just got in the way when that guy she married kissed her. I don't see how he could stand it. I hope I don't grow up so dumb that I'd kiss a girl.

About that time Mom came out and started crying too. I don't understand Mom lately. She says she's happy about Sis getting married but every time you say anything about it she starts crying about her baby. She doesn't even have a baby! Girls! They're all nuts, even the old ones.

After a while Mom looked up at me and said, "Jasper, you're a bad boy, come down and go to your room." (She always says that whether I'm bad or not.)

I don't mind going to my room. I'm glad Mom can't think of any other way to punish me. After I got up there, the funniest thing happened. Just as

(Continued on Page 29)



# Elopement

Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR

BRENT SEAGLE—'60

If you haven't seen the announcement in the morning paper, probably this is the first you've heard about this social scandal. But I feel that it is my duty to bring this whole affair into the open, although it grieves me to do so.

Before I begin with the sordid account of this scandalous occurrence, I must make it clear that my cat and I are the best of friends. Since our meeting two years ago, he has been my constant companion. We have traveled the world over. We have shared the awe-inspiring sights of the Orient. New York night life is familiar to both of us.

We have shared many hair-raising experiences, such as the time my twin-engined Beechcraft developed engine trouble at ten thousand feet and I bailed out with him clutched tightly in my arms. And I remember the summer in Cuba with Castro's men. Yes, we have stuck together through thick and thin.

But I must confess that I was shocked to my very foundation when I learned of his latest escapade. I was literally struck dumb. How could my life-long friend and companion do this to me? How could he run out on me like this? First I almost cried; then I blazed with anger, and finally I burned with humiliation. Then I sat there with a feeling of loneliness and utter despair, knowing that life could never be the same.

My cat is typical of most felines in that he is a night prowler. Therefore I had no inhibitions about letting him out Monday night. However, when he did not appear for breakfast Tuesday morning, I became a little uneasy. But this had happened before and I dismissed the thought. Morning was redolent with the fragrance of spring and I was lifted to a pleasant eagerness for the day. I stopped outside and breathed a deep breath of spring as I walked to my car. I noticed that his red Jaguar wasn't in the garage beside my old Ford and this knocked the pleasantness out of my whole day.

Tuesday afternoon, after a long, hard day slaving over a hot slide rule, I returned to my modest twelve-room-plus-pool abode, fully expecting Rascal, that's what I call him, to awake from his evening nap and greet me

at the door. When he wasn't there, I almost panicked. I rushed to the phone and after dialing incorrectly three times, I finally succeeded in calming my tattered nerves and reached my neighbor across the street. She seemed very relieved to hear my voice. When I asked if she had seen my cat, she replied, "Yes, I have seen him. The strangest thing happened last night. I went out to call Flower, that's my cat you know, and before I knew what had happened, a streak of yellow blazed through the door and up the stairs so fast that I could hardly see."

(Continued on Page 29)







Jo BOOHER—'60

*Illustrated by* BILL BUSKELL

I love the night, the deep quiet peace that seems to engulf all creation and bring comfort and rest to all mankind.

I like nights that are clear and bright from the light of a new moon; nights that are still except for the sound of crickets.

I like nights in the winter when the stars twinkle and when the snow seems to be set with diamonds. Snow drifts on dark shadowy trees and on fences and great open fields and the whole scene is illuminated by the spotlight of a bright moon.

I like cloudy nights when the moon races across the sky, dodges behind clouds which scatter sometimes over the face of the moon and its light is shut off from all the many people in all the many places that are bathed in its beams.

I like the nights when it rains and the cool breeze seems to soothe and satisfy the restless turbulence of man and his moods. The steady fall of rain sings the song of life and love and danger and death and whispers to all the promise of things to come and the hope and assurance from things of the past.

I like best of all the windy nights when the wind pulls at the grass and trees and makes the air alive. The sound and feel of the wind at night seems to free all one's energy and makes his soul his own. In the wind in the cool of the night, I think a person really stands tallest and thinks clearest.

I love the night and the effect it has on me. I like to sit and think of all the people through all the countless ages that have enjoyed the night and have had a love for it as I have.



# The Wall

CAROLE RUTHERFORD—'62

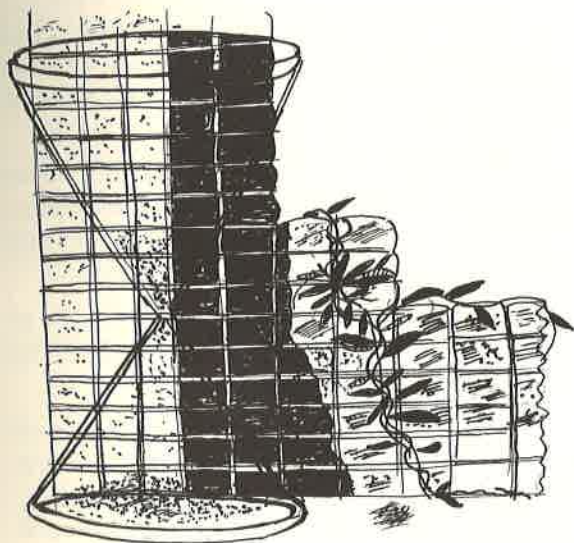
Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR

One black brick—  
The night.  
One white brick—  
The day.  
One dark room—  
The grave.  
One broken home—  
Your heart.

Day by day, and night by night,  
First one black brick,—then one white.  
Build a wall, make it tight,  
Close the grave off from your sight.

Finally the job is done,  
Rest assured,—your peace is won.  
Day by day, and night by night,  
First one black brick,—then one white.

One black brick,  
The night.  
One white brick,  
The day.  
Slowly seal the grave of your dead love  
away.



## Nature

The wind has hissed and growled  
The whole night long, and now is quiet.  
All through the night, it shook the trees  
and now is still.  
It brought the cold that killed the bright  
Green shoots of nature's love,  
And now is still.

The wind in all its fury frightened lonely  
White-haired spinsters, who in their cold  
Hard beds could hear it whistle through  
The trees, and little children who hurried  
To their mothers for gentle reassurance,  
And now is still.

The sun from behind a pearl, gray cloud  
Is peering, the sun which summons the  
Farmer and his family to rise.  
The sun that enfolds the earth with its  
Radiant arms of life-giving life and  
warms

The hearts of those who the night before  
Were frightened by the wind.  
Nature is a loving mother who with her  
Love entices small green sprouts of  
flowers

From their beds beneath the earth, and  
the  
Birds from their nests into the warm  
sun.

She brings forth her coat of many colors  
and  
Brightens the world with its brilliance.  
Now the sun has gone behind a cloud and  
Now is lost from sight, but its radiant  
Pink glow continues to brighten the  
world

For a few short moments, before its  
Glow dissolves into the harsh, cold, black  
of night,  
And then is seen no more.

—MONA SHOUN

# The Island

ANNE BUCHANAN—'60

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"Man is not an island unto himself," but what man hasn't mused away his time dreaming of a secluded, mythical island of happiness and leisure?

There is such an island off the coast of South Carolina where I found the beauty of solitude.

Communion with one's fellowman is truly a joy, one not to be depreciated; however, man must know himself to share in friendship with others.

The old sailors call August the month of storms, and true to form, a hurricane had challenged the stability of the little island. After days of ripping wind and treacherous sea, the storm began to subside. Now it was safe to venture out of the house and wander on the beach.

The night was misty and cool as I stood idly on the lovely beach, sifting the silky sand through my fingers. The cruel waves threw the black water at the shore in a vain effort to purge itself of the angry storm, while the sky, void of all visible form, hurled its unseen mass—the wind.

This atmosphere of grandeur and loneliness brought forth an emotion surging with the poignant desire for fulfillment of life.

Gazing into the night's velvety blackness and listening to the sea, I heard its roar become a voice. "Just as I challenge this island with my storms, so life must challenge you. Stand up against it, for soon the calm will come."

As the voice again melted into a roar, I quickly left the beach and went to bed. The message of the sea finally became the splashing of the water and howling of the wind, as hours later I fell into a dreamless slumber.

Dizzily my feet found the floor and my eyes accustomed themselves to the glaring rays of the morning sun. Coming to my senses, I realized that my father was hurriedly telling me something about a surprise.

"Get your clothes on and come to the beach; there's something you must see."

My father had a childlike grin that teased me to follow him quickly. We walked briskly along the tree-covered boardwalk until we reached the large sand dunes which promised a spacious view of the entire beach. Coming from the shade of the windshaped trees, I saw the world illumined with sunlight and sparkling water.

There on the strangely calm sea four shrimp boats stood like "painted ships upon a painted ocean."

I was filled with excitement as we rapidly reviewed the sudden change of the weather and plans for the day—swimming, boating, and fishing.

Daddy left to arouse the family, even though we discovered it was only five-thirty, and again I was left alone with the sand and the sea.

I walked down to the sea and smiled at the easy flowing waves as they licked at my feet like a friendly canine.

Filling my lungs with the briney air and turning from the omniscient waters, I knew that I had wrested from the sea a metaphor, that, like life's storms, the morrow brought a calm for those who met the challenge.

# Beyond the Sea

SUZANNE MULLINS—'60

Illustrated by BILL BUSKELL



I see the sea sands spreading out,  
Bleached white and dun and drying.  
I hear the waves reverberate,  
Their crash like cymbals crying.

And on and on the blistering sea  
Waves out before my eyes.  
What lies beyond this spectacle?  
What sort of a surprise?

Imagine! See the white waves roll,  
All glistening with foam?  
To know what lies forever there,  
How far and long I'd roam!

The smiling sea looks cool and sweet;  
The water, calling, calling rolls.  
I feel it needs me, so I run—  
God rest my weary soul!

The sun beats down and all around  
The wind is screaming loud.  
The earthly things around me lie  
In ghostly, misty shroud.

The mist is mine and mine alone—  
None else can cry my tears.  
I cannot grasp what prompts me thus,  
But I feel useless here.

Perhaps I might just find a place  
Beyond the sounding sea,  
Where I could find an endless peace  
And all my doubts leave me.



# These I Have Loved

BEVERLY BUSHORE—'60

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In every life come moments of beauty, however transient, when the human heart is pulled out of its narrow breast and expands with love. Though it be threads of eternity glimpsed in the smile of a friend, the tender reassuring face of a familiar object, or the sudden vividness of a sense, these loves forge links from soul to soul, from childhood to maturity. One is often too busy to remember these things, but I remember.

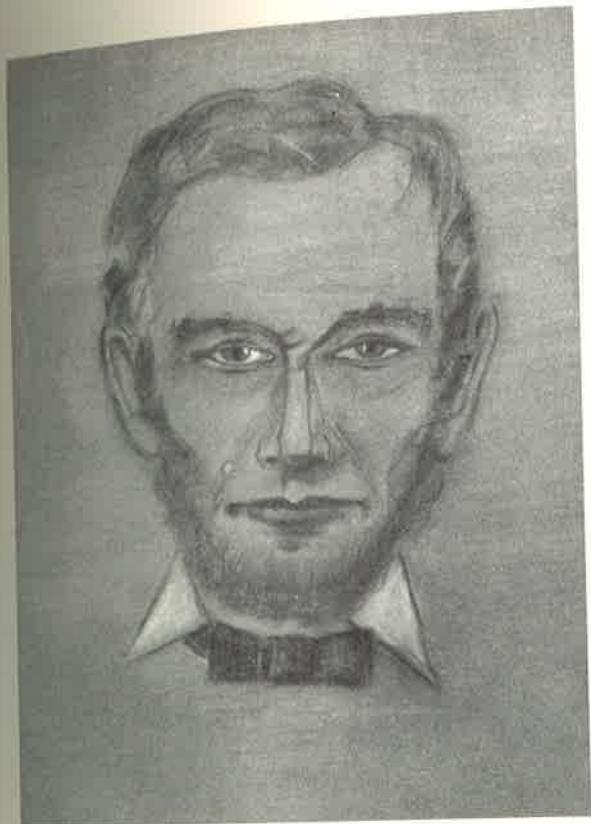
I remember eating dusty purple grapes from an old arbor, and the dry, bitter taste they left in my mouth. I remember loving a black, runny-eyed kitten with a rusty back. I still love coarse, clean sheets and the nearness of a sleeping friend. I love the dim, cool chapel of a deserted church; the red glow of flickering vigil lamps; church chimes at sunset. I love pink toe shoes covered with white socks, a wooden rosin box, and old leotards.

The smell of innocence issued by a drowsy child being carried to bed; beloved childhood books of *Peter Pan* and *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe* carried to bed

and cried over; a lacy tree in the rain at night, sparkling under a street lamp, the powdery scent of my grandmother's robe and her delicious thick, white potato soup; swinging in the moonlight — these I have loved and more.

I love little vapor clouds rising from strong, hot coffee, wind whipping around a house corner, thunder and lightning sensed from the warm safety of bed. I love the strong animal odor of a dirty collie and plastic evening slippers trimmed with pink roses. I love moss-coated bark, tiny rocks, holes in tall hedges, and wild onions. I love a certain dim hall and a bookshelf filled with grown children's old books; brown-bedded pebbly streams; conical green-grassed hills sporting fuzzy-topped trees. I love cold chicken legs and colder lemonade, and yellow plates on a sunny morning. I love the stiffness of red felt Christmas stockings and just-dried hair, watermelon and fall woods.

In remembering these things, the ephemeral beauty of a long lost, beloved moment is revitalized and the chains of character and friendship are strengthened. So I remember.



## Abraham Lincoln

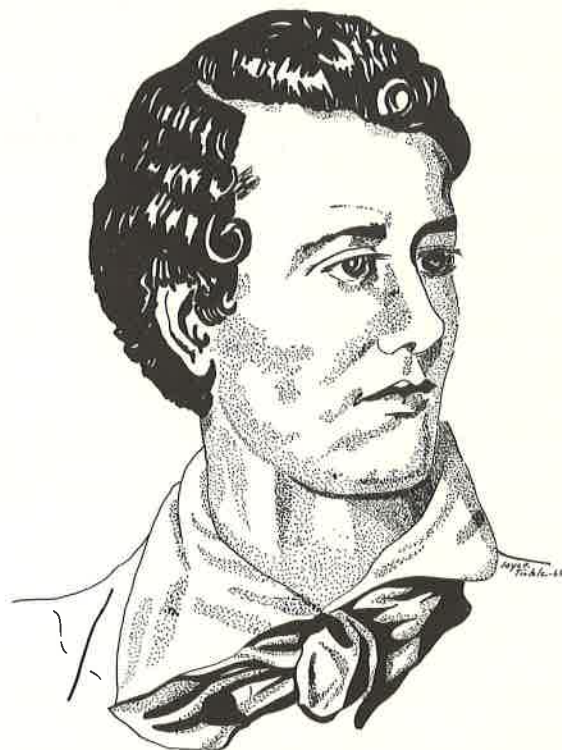
*by*

PAT O'CONNOR

## Lord Byron

*by*

JOYCE TICKLE

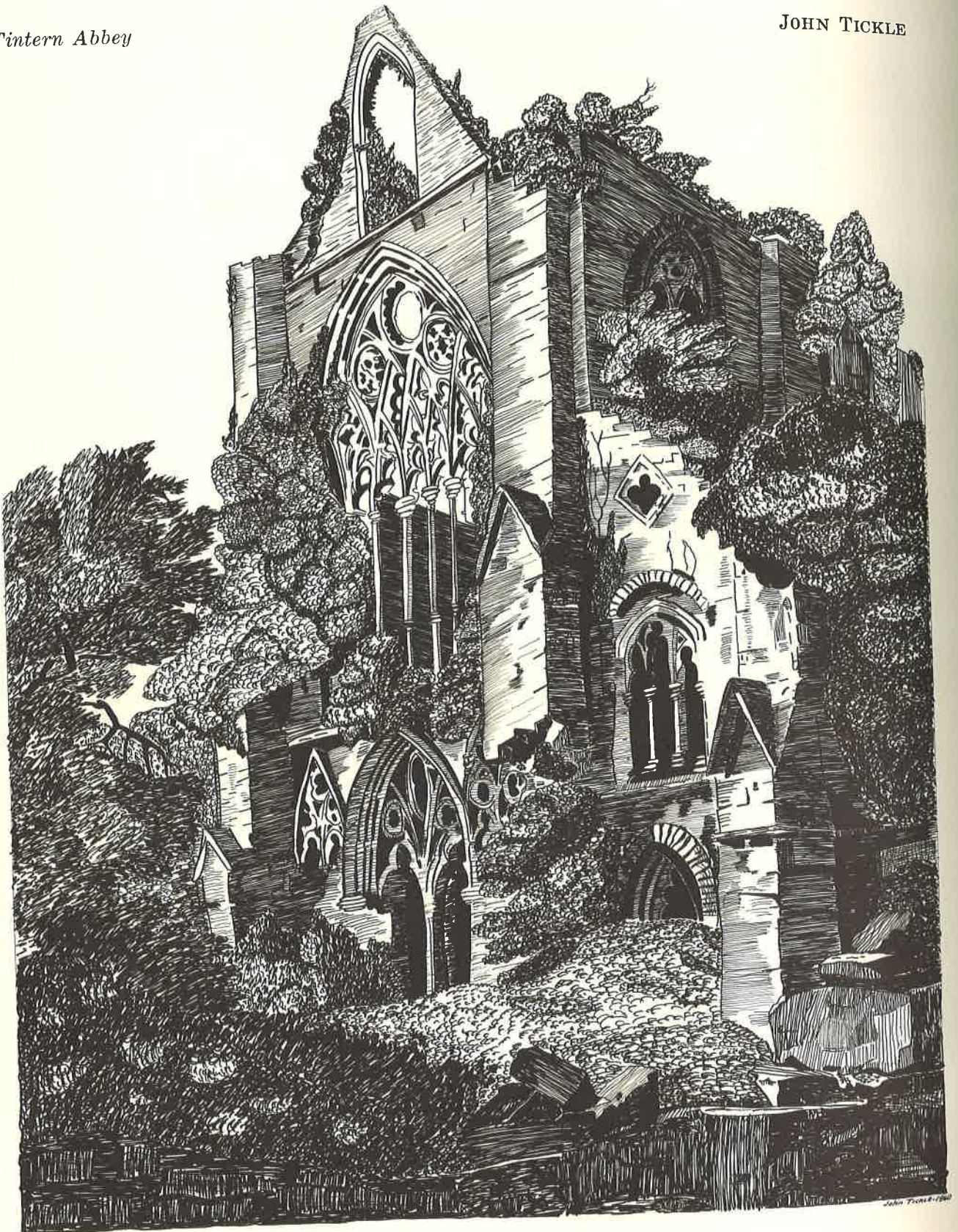


*Lord Byron.*



*Tintern Abbey*

JOHN TICKLE







*Winter Scene—  
Abrams Falls*

DAVID OAKLEY



*Night Scene—  
Bristol*

BRENT SEAGLE

# Grandpop

BARBARA DUNCAN—'60

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He was a big man with a big laugh, a big appetite, and a big heart. Yes, that was Grandpop. My grandfather died when I was only five, but I could never forget the big man with snowy-white hair, who always kept everyone laughing, even when he meant to be serious.

When Grandpop was a young man, he became a salesman, or drummer as they were called in those days. Traveling by steamboat and by horse and buggy, he soon won many customers with his warm friendliness and tall tales. This success story came to an end, however, when he generously gave away more than he made and landed in debt.

Unfortunately, the hotel which he and my grandmother managed and lived in burned down about this same time. The only thing saved from the building was a piano. Selling the piano for ten dollars, he set up a store in the little country town in which he lived. Although he was often tempted to charge groceries to people he knew would never pay, Grandmother watched him closely enough to make the store a success.

When business was dull, Grandpop would say, "Well, we've got to have some business in here." Then he would saunter into the street. No one knew exactly how he got customers, but business would immediately pick up.

Grandpop had a sure method of keeping healthy. Along the wall in the kitchen he had a long shelf full of medicine. Coming home from the store every afternoon, he would stride into the kitchen and take a swig from three or four of the bottles on the shelf. Then he would proceed to read the label and see what he had taken.

One day he looked at the label on one of the bottles he had just taken a drink from and started to yell. Sticking out his tongue, he

ran around the house looking in mirrors and yelling at everyone, "Is it black? Is it black? I know it'll kill me!" He then flew out the door and ran to the doctor's office, still shouting.

Finally the doctor was able to calm him down enough to find out that he had taken a drink from a bottle on which the label read, "For Horse's Sore Shoulder."

Grandpop ate his dinner at twelve o'clock and his supper at six o'clock, letting no occurrence interfere with his schedule. Wherever he was at twelve and six, he would sit down at the table. If he were informed that the meal was not ready, he would say, "Bring out whatever you've got! It's time to eat!"

Another often repeated story was the one concerning Grandpop and the road hog. T-models had just come out and one man always drove his T-model down the middle of the road, refusing to move over for other cars. Everyone said when you saw him coming you just had to get out of his way—but not Grandpop. One Sunday afternoon, knowing that the road hog would be out for a ride, Grandpop said, "Today, I'm going to cure that road hog." He got in his own T-model and drove around until he saw the road hog coming straight down the middle of the road. Grandpop headed down the middle of the road and climbed on the running board so that he could jump away from his car before it hit the road hog. Seeing Grandpop heading straight toward him, the other man moved over and Grandpop had cured the road hog.

In his later years Grandpop wore false teeth. One day the upper plate fell out and broke into several pieces. Snatching the lower plate out of his mouth and throwing it on the floor, he exclaimed, "You might as well get down there with your darn mate!"

This was Grandpop — astonishing and endearing; blustery and kindly; generous and forgiving.



# Learning to Bowl

GINGER SALYER—'60

Illustrated by JOYCE TICKLE

When bowling first came to Bristol, I listened to my friends extol its virtues with a disgust that amounted to scorn. What possible pleasure there could be in rolling a ball at a bunch of wooden pins was beyond me. Even the word "bowling" filled me with loathing. It reminded me of a dish.

To a group of my friends who were happily discussing strikes, splits, turkeys, and pockets, I one day made the mistake of announcing this opinion. I might have denounced George Washington or motherhood from the effect it produced. A hush fell over the group, except for the nervous clearing of a throat here and there. They looked at each other. Then they looked at me—a look of amazement and incredulity. Muttering various excuses, they all slipped away, shaking their heads at such utter stupidity. They were all friendly after that, but it was the cajolery with which one humors a baby.

"Maybe they will forget what I said," I hoped. They wouldn't. "Maybe I'll break a finger so I'll have an excuse," I thought desperately. I didn't. The news of my disgrace was spreading. At school, on the street, I was met with cool, appraising glances. I could feel whispers and fingers pointing behind my back. Finally, driven to rashness, I decided to take the big plunge, to make the supreme sacrifice. I would go bowling!

I picked a busy night so that I would be sure to be seen. After parking my car at what seemed to be the edge of a ten-acre field and trudging my way around several hundred cars, I finally came to the building itself, a glass and brick monster with a restaurant at one end.

Upon entering, I found that the floors were covered with wall to wall carpeting. Above the noise of rolling balls and the sudden crash and crow of triumphant glee of



someone who had just made a strike, there was piped the soft soothing sound of high-fi music.

At a desk in the corner the man chuckled at having trapped me in his lair and informed me that if I wanted an alley I could be number thirty-three on his waiting list. I accepted.

Killing the next two hours was no trouble at all. Several of my friends, after making me feel properly remorseful for my former actions, condescended patiently to explain the game.

"Take three long steps to the foul line," one said.

"No, no, take five," argued another, "and always aim over the guide arrows on the alley."

"Never aim over the arrows," the first one was saying. "It will throw you off."

Then they launched into a discussion of strikes, and spares, and gutter balls, from which I was finally rescued by the man calling number thirty-three over the loudspeaker.

(Continued on Page 28)

# A Childhood Memory

BEVERLY BUSHORE—'60

Illustrated by RALPH CAMPBELL



Mrs. Kummer still lives up the street from us. She has been a widow for nearly all the ten years I have known her. All her children except Jimmy were grown and married when I met her. Some of the happiest times of my childhood are associated with her and her house. She and Mother were good friends and she let us children come up and run around her house whenever we felt like it.

She herself was of average height, a little stooped, with light brown hair slowly being threaded silver by the needle time. Her faded blue eyes were made even kinder and sadder by the deep lines and furrows eroded in her face.

It was she who first gave me a passport to the magic kingdom of books. There I could shut out the clamor of reality and follow undisturbed the enchanting melody of the siren literature.

The brown bookcase in the hall filled with books her children had once read and carried to bed became more precious to me than all the gold of *Treasure Island*.

I remember propping myself on the floor against the bookcase and crying happily over an old copy of Dickens.

The old books were my favorites. I would often stop in the middle of a story to bury my nose in the pages and sniff the musty, heavy odor of crumbly paper and old glue. New books had a sharper, piercing odor that seemed to me to lack the mystery and charm of their grandfathers.

When one tired of written adventures, a trip to Mrs. Kummer's back yard was lively enough. When the hard, green apples on the crooked black tree were at their tangy, juicy best, a stream of noisy children would spill out of our house and pour across the street to Mrs. Kummer's yard. We would climb the tree and shake the limbs till a shining shower of green droplets covered the ground in fruity puddles. We quickly popped our booty into paper bags and retreated to our house to enjoy the spoils.

I do not find much time now to visit Mrs. Kummer. I will try to make it more often, though; for if I ever have children, I want them to have a friend like her.



# These I Have Loved

MARY SNAPP—'60

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In life there is no guarantee of joy, and no detour around annoyance, anger, and grief. God, in his knowledge of human nature, discerned the probability of human beings' self-made miseries. One is not to blame for all his misfortunes; but for the time that he is likely to spend brooding about them, he is solely responsible. What misery life holds for him if it is spent in contemplating his unhappiness!

And so it falls to his lot to go in search of these things which may cast light into his darkness; which may revive his languishing spirit by quenching his thirst for joy with their cups of thrill, amusement, content, and love.

Some things, such as love and peace of mind, when long sought for and found at last, bring this coveted joy in immeasurable abundance. But while searching for these, life must be met and dealt with. It is then that one's senses play their role of benefactor by revealing the most insignificant, almost intangible threads, which, when woven into the plain fabric of our lives, transform it into rich brocade.

When I feel misunderstood, mistreated, ill-fated, the best antidote is to find a private place where nothing may intrude upon my thoughts, and contemplate my favorite things: a summer night, when each sound is carried through the perfumed air to curious ears; the sunrise door to a brimming summer day; warm, bubbling party sounds, heard from the street outside; the revelry of the first bird in spring, summoning the sleepy flowers from the snug beds; an unexpected pool of water, its ripples tickling the feet of trees, its surface a crazed picture window to the world below; the tangible feeling of relief when a term paper is handed in; church bells hymns; teasing whipped cream with its faint, delicate flavor; a drastic black dress to evoke sighs from rash young hearts, astonished looks from older ones; anticipation; the beat of the pop record; a hospital's chemical smell; a handsome new face, a loved familiar one.

Such small things; yet, when they are recognized and loved, life is immeasurably richer, petty miseries disappear, and love and hope become one.

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## Cinquains

The rain  
Fell through the night  
On all the land below  
Filled with God's love it helped our world  
To grow.

---

I think  
When I'm alone  
Of all God gives to me—  
For earth and sky and life and love  
Thank God.

---

The snow  
Is white and pure  
It falls on all the earth  
And fills us all with heartfelt joy  
And peace.

---

I walked  
Along Life's road  
For weeks and months and years  
Until at last my eyes perceived  
The end.

---

The world  
Outside my room  
Is full of wondrous things  
Of trees and flowers and summer  
showers  
For beauty.

---

In school  
Today I met  
A boy who smiled at me  
But still seemed sad because you see  
He's blind.

—FRANK SUTTERLIN

# Rumble

STEVE BORETSKY—'60

Illustrated by RALPH CAMPBELL



The city stands stark and black against the sky. Clouds hide the moon and stars. Black night is spread across the city like a thick layer of ink. The harsh rumble of the day has given way to the calm stillness of the night and the night lies on the city like a blanket, darkening each street and alley.

A drunk staggers from Casey's Bar, singing a profane song to the night. A neon sign winks on and off, on and off. Every hour two policemen walk down the street; in an hour, they will return on the other side.

The night is full of shadows; somewhere there lurks trouble. The world of the night is still.

The shadows part and vague forms begin to assemble in the dim light of the street light.

They come by one's and two's. The pinpoints of light from their cigarettes make stars against the darkened buildings.

From a distance, they all look alike, the same tight blue jeans, white polo shirts and carefully combed hair. Suddenly there appears one who towers over the rest. This is Nick. This is their leader. For a moment they stop and talk; now they resume their slow walk toward the corner. The shirts are more than white blobs. The name can be seen quite plainly. They stop. The name seems to jump at you. These are the Dragons.

Someone holds a match to light Nick's cigarette. In the light, his youthful features are accented. The match flares out, but the face is still there.

From somewhere far away the thud of falling feet echoes faintly.

The light on the other end of the street casts the dim shadows of an approaching gang. They come down the street, now silhouetted against the light, now fading into darkness.

The seconds tick by. Each second brings trouble nearer. They stroll into the light opposite the Dragons. The red letters on the black jackets can be read plainly. These are the Egyptians.

Matches flare across the street, throwing weird patterns of light on the darkened glass behind them.

A huge figure separates itself from the shadows and steps into the light. This is Eddie, ruler of the city from 9th to 14th Streets. The harsh light casts itself upon his face, making black the long scar that runs from his eye to his chin. His whole face is a picture of contempt and hate.

(Continued on Page 30)



# The Pearl of Wisdom

SANDRA REED—'61

*Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR*

The pearl of wisdom glows  
with a lustre far greater  
than any other  
gem.

It leads, it enlightens  
it shines forth  
in the night  
to point onward.

It shields one's mind  
from outer forces  
that lead  
into the dim darkness.

Its lusty fire  
inflames one to search  
for things  
of a greater sort.

And when the seeker  
has reached the summit  
it chastens  
and foretells,

That now he has completed  
the preliminaries  
he can really  
begin to learn.

Wisdom is  
as infinite and elusive  
as a breath  
of air.

One may see  
the beginning of a result  
but the thing itself  
is invisible.

And so  
in the end  
when life's dark curtains  
gather round,

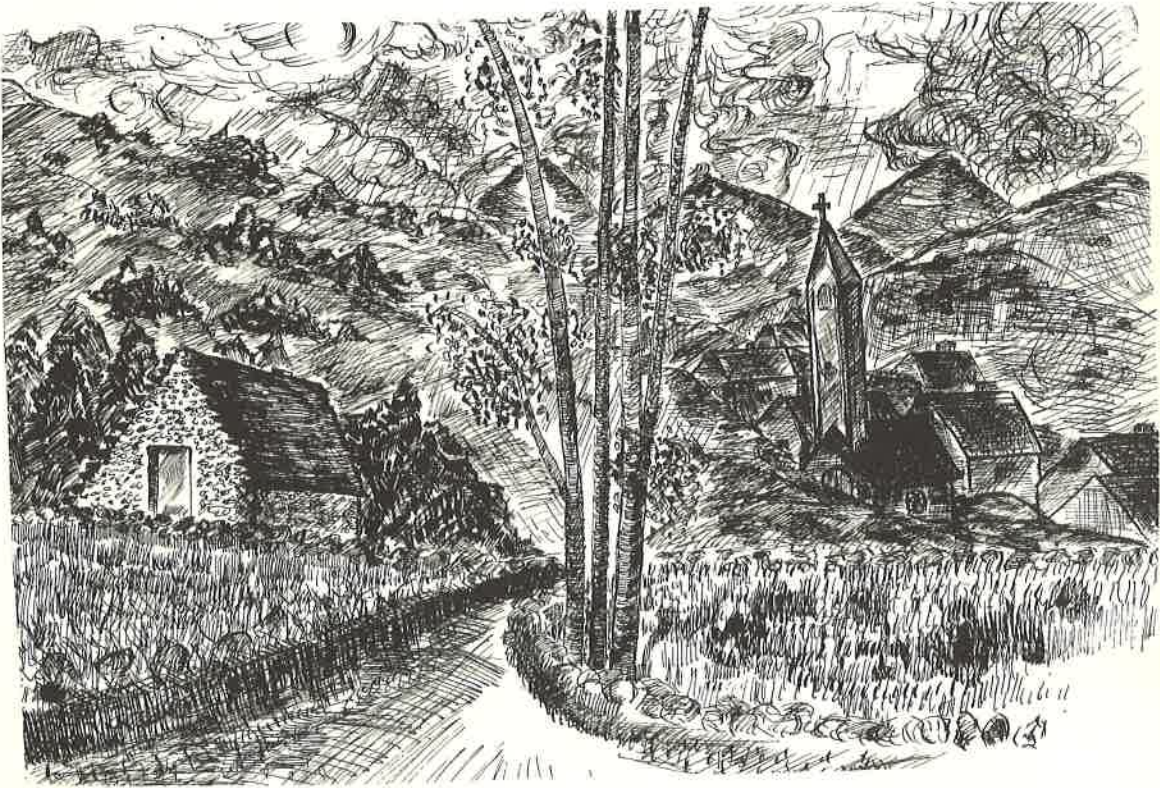
The pearl of wisdom  
whispers,  
"You've reached  
the first plateau."



# Peace

PATRICIA THORNBURG—'60

Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR



Silently, quietly I walked on through the cool, shady path, stepping on odd patterns made by the leaves and sun.

Every now and then a bold streak of sunlight peeked through the trees to brighten the solemn dry leaves and twigs scattered along the path.

Almost all of the leaves were a drab color, with the exception of a livelier yellow and some reddish-orange ones scuffling along the ground. The leaves made a dry, crunching sound when I stepped on them.

I felt with each step a strange uneasy feeling. After all, I might be stepping on an ant kingdom, crushing hundreds of tiny, beady black bodies or I might be stepping on a late flower, fighting to reach the surface.

I was alone, yet I felt some presence all around me. The birds' chirping reminded me of a group of happy children at a school playground.

There were as many kinds of trees as there are people in my neighborhood. The big brawny looking chestnut tree reminded me of our grocer, kind, stable, and dependable. The elm tree, a little taller and thinner, reminded me of the girl who lives down the street, quiet and dignified. Mimosa trees always remind me of delicate, short girls with laughing faces and full skirts.

I walked until the path became wider. I sat down on a rock, looked at my watch and smiled. I had at least twenty-five more minutes before I was expected back home, twenty-five more minutes of the peace and quiet of these October woods.



# Dusk

MARY MCGLOTHLIN—'61

From out the corner of my eye,  
I saw the sun inch down the sky  
With lazy grace, and coat the land  
With day's last light in ribboned band.

I watched the flights of geese o'erhead,  
Their outstretched wings to breezes wed.  
I watched, and saw them fly beyond  
The rim of trees all sunlight donned.

I saw the mountain's springy green  
Become the dark of evening;  
As Father Sun his colors spread,  
And dressed the earth in brazen red.

I listened for the song of birds  
Which, day progressing, I had heard  
Out on the grassland's waving hearth,  
And now, no medley issued forth.

A silence reigned around about  
While cattle, lowing as from drought,  
Moved placidly along the stream  
Beneath the sun's last warming beam.

I watched them as they vanished from  
My sight, and saw a figure come  
On horseback, in the shady place  
To search for them, then turn his face  
To catch the breezes blowing high  
From mountain reaches in the sky;  
Then, off into the fading light  
He rode 'til he moved out of sight.

And when the sun had settled there,  
Behind the peaks, with evening's prayer  
I turned my feet and face toward home,  
And walked back through the creeping gloam.

While walking, I envisioned far  
Above, the night's first winking star;  
And felt, as my feet homeward trod,  
Closer, closer to my God.

## The Unbelievers

You unbelievers!  
You scorners!  
Laugh,—  
    senselessly, mirthlessly,  
Make your empty jests!  
Close your ears to the cry of the heart,  
Close them and be deaf!  
Close your eyes to the sight of this  
    squalid world,  
Close them and be blind!  
Laugh! Yes laugh. You must laugh!  
You must not see that your world is  
    nothing!  
    Nohting but tinsel!  
And underneath that tinsel?  
A mean world, squalid, low, tawdry,—  
A weary world, desolate, hopeless,  
With no meaning —  
Other than the meaning you give it  
    through your dreams.  
Your rosy, hopeful, baubles of dreams.  
Hold fast to your dreams, your hopes,  
Wrap them in a bright fragile package.  
But—be careful!  
Hold them gently, but firmly.

Don't let it slip—  
Don't let it drop—  
    It's fragile, it will break.  
And breaking, lose your dreams, and the  
    world,—  
The world will be to you as it is to me.  
You see,  
    I lost my dreams—  
Lost them when I reached for a star—  
A shining star to put with my dreams.  
Laugh, laugh, you unbelievers,  
You scorners,  
Laugh—  
    Laugh while you can.  
For soon you will cry—  
Disillusioned, empty,  
Drained of all hope.  
Laugh now —  
While your dreams are with you,  
    and still bright.  
Cry later—  
When they're gone—  
    Their laughter mocking your futile  
    tears.

CAROLE RUTHERFORD

# Christmas in Arizona

JEAN LINTHICUM—'61

*Illustrated by* ELIZABETH CARRIGER



Where is Christmas in this arid land?  
This country of deserts and benevolent sun  
That is painted in rainbows by Nature's hand,  
In brilliant pigments of salmon azure.

I see no snow on the brown terrain,  
Only the saguaro with uplifted arms,  
(As if in prayer to the sky for rain)  
And the rusty monuments piercing the blue.

There is no prick in the evening air,  
The breeze that sighs, is velvet soft;  
No crackling fires in the houses there,  
But lifted windows to welcome the winds.

The yuletide tree of farther north  
May be a stately spruce or pine;  
But here to send the spirit forth  
Perhaps is a spiny joshua tree.

'Tis true that there a different course  
Than that in the North does nature set;  
But the essence of Christmas is an inner force,  
Which lives universally in the hearts of men.



# Tennessee

BOB DOUD—'60

Illustrated by JOYCE TICKLE

Murmuring a silent prayer he knows that if he were a Catholic he would cross himself. The clammy fingers of mist cause an instinctive tremor to run through his body. He wonders if the thunder ringing in his ears and the harsh grating of his breathing will betray him in this deadly game of hide and seek. Surely they can hear the pounding of his heart—thump-thumping as clearly and loudly as any Seminole war drum. What are you doing here anyway, Tennessee?

Clunk! What was that?! Paddles! He stops and drops slowly to his knees. Now the stagnant water swirls around his chin and the stench is nauseating. The ghostly stir of paddle blades sharpens into a rhythmic dip, and out of the heavy mist brooding over the face of the Everglades comes a dugout—the cargo of which lies torso and head in the floating blanket of death.

It pauses in its restless roaming. His breath comes not at all and his heart increases its drumming until he thinks he can see the paddlers now a scant yard away turning in answer to its beckoning call.

The dugout circles and continues its prowling. Along the slough it came. The settling mist like a giant sponge soaked them up none too soon—his nose was bleeding from the efforts to quiet his breathing while death floated by. The blood at his temples is knocking a warning drum of oncoming dizziness. The blood taste in his mouth and nose and those stains on the water foretell the inevitable swarming descent of barracuda.

If only he can quietly withdraw his knees from the silt mud bottom of this almost endless greasy water. They're free! He stands. He knows that death lurks behind the curtain of unconsciousness if he loses control of his numbing mind. He'll fall and that, Ten-

(Continued on Page 28)



## Tennessee

(Continued from Page 27)

nese will mean death in one of two equally horrible ways—The Seminole or the barracuda! He knows that on this green-yellow sawgrass sea are land clumps — humpback islands half submerged in the desert waste like oases. All he needs is one—one little dry porcupine—looking island.

There Think! Keep conscious by thinking of home, of porcupines, possum hunts — anything. Just keep that bemused mind from allowing you to fall!

His lips form a half muttered prayer of pleading. He knows he has not lived the best possible life—but, if . . . What's that ghost ahead? It's land! Black and looming ahead like a monstrous wall and solid to step upon. His knees unhinge and dump their heavy load to its face in the gray rotting vegetation. Tears stream down his face—tears of joy and relief. And then everything stops.

The merciless heat of the early forenoon sun beats down on his face—dirt splattered and stubble grown from days of fearing to go near clear water. His brown long buckskin-clad legs were extended down into chocolate-dark tepid water.

“Yohohee!”

The Seminole war whoop, resounding from a wild grape thicket on his right—it chills him to the marrow. Another high-pitched challenge lifts instantly from the jungle ahead—and yet another from the now hot green wall of sawgrass spears to his left. For a crazy instant he has visions of being able to escape. But the whistle of a dozen birdcalls from out of the shallow bayou choked with lily pads are from—well what does it matter?

From mists of green the copper enemies hatch. Black and vermilion battlepaint slashed bodies flash briefly in the corners of his eyes and as he turns moccasins whisper faintly behind him and he finds himself tumbled spread-eagle to the earth. He feels the ax

slash his scalp at the base of his brain; feels his face being driven in the spongy muck at water's edge. He doesn't feel the two hard knees pressing at his sides. But he does feel the tug at his hair and feels the all but effortless slice of razored steel begin its journey across his scalp!

God bless you, Tennessee!

## Learning to Bowl

(Continued from Page 19)

I was given my shoes, which were one half size smaller than I normally wear. “Pretty clever, making you feel good like that,” I thought. “No wonder these poor people have been taken in.” I was assigned to alley number seventeen.

I watched the bowler next to me glide easily up to the line and release the ball which sped in a straight line to its target.

“Nothing could be simpler,” thought I. Standing on the line, I took what I imagined to be three gliding steps to the foul line and released the ball. It wavered down the alley for a few feet and fell off into the gutter with a dull thud.

Subdued but not daunted, I tried again—and again, and again with the same result. Finally I managed to roll one that wobbled the full length of the alley, tipping off the far right hand pin as it disappeared into the abyss below. Solomon in his riches couldn't have been happier.

Spurred on by his feat, I managed to knock down three pins the next time and seven the next. By now I was hooked. Like so many of my friends, my greatest joy, my only ambition had become hurtling that black ball to the end of the alley and seeing it knock the pins from their places.

Today I am a changed girl. I save my money, living on sandwiches and staying home nights, so that once a month I can spend it in one night of madness at the bowling alley.



## Weddings Are Awful

(Continued from Page 8)

I had finished filling a balloon with water to give my teddy bear a shower, I heard that guy Sis was going to marry coming up the walk. I decided to give him the shower instead. It was really awfully funny. He sure was surprised! I won't tell you what they did to me for that good deed. It's too gruesome!

Today was the worst day of all. I couldn't even get any breakfast this morning. Nobody had time. I did get a little lunch and after that they made me take a bath and put on a suit and tie, and it wasn't even Sunday. Then we went to church and sat there a long time while everybody cried. Gee, getting married sure is awful.

After a long time a line of girls in long dresses started coming down the aisle. Then Sis came down in that long white dress (she had a new veil.) She was holding onto Dad's arm like she couldn't stand up by herself. We sat there for ages more while they said all kinds of things and then finally we came home. I sure was glad to get out of there. The only trouble was all those people came home with us.

When we got here, there was a great big, white cake sitting in the middle of the dining room table. I guess that's why they wouldn't let me in the dining room all morning. I stuck my finger in the cake icing to see if it was any good. Just for that Mom made me go away and when I finally got back in the dining room all the food was gone. What a dirty deal!

After a long while Sis and that guy she married ran out of the house and jumped in the car. I guess everybody else was as glad to get rid of them as I was because they threw things at them. I threw my shoe but I missed. After a while they started the car and took off real fast. I guess Sis is never coming back, from some of the things Mom

said. I said I was glad she was gone. Mom said, "Jasper, you're a bad boy, go to your room."

So here I am in my room. I guess I'll probably spend most of my life here.

## Elopement

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yes, Mrs. J . . ."

"It was your darned cat, and he went straight to Flower's room! When he couldn't find her, he came back down stairs and searched the whole house. Then he looked up at me and asked, 'Well, where is she?' I told him I didn't know."

"He did!"

"He did. when I told him I didn't know, he asked to be let out, We don't have a pet door you know, and I was so happy to oblige."

"Have you seen him since?"

"No, the last I saw of him was his Jaguar sliding around the corner. And I haven't seen Flower either. So help me, if your uncouth, playboy, alleycat has harmed my little darling . . ."

"Now calm down, Mrs. Jones, everything . . ."

"I'll sue you, I'll take it to court, you rogue, I'll . . ."

"Yes ma'm," Then I slammed the phone down with a loud bang and stood there shaking all over.

Get hold of yourself, Halloway, I said. Don't get excited. I finally regained control over my powers of reasoning. I immediately went to Rascal's closet and stood there aghast when I saw that his cashmere sport-coat and his Ivy League suit were gone. Needless to say, I spent a restless night of worry.

The next day I went to work, even though I was sick with worry. I was so con-

sumed with fear that I couldn't do anything right. I left work early in the evening and came straight home. I drew all the blinds until the room was dark and I just sat there with my eyes glued to the door, sulking and grieving over my lost friend. I don't know how long I had sat there when the door was thrown open and in strode Rascal. I jumped to my feet and bellowed, "Where in the devil have you been? I've worried myself . . ."

"Now calm down, Cool Daddy. There's no reason to get shook like that." I was about to expound a little further on the matter when I noticed something behind him in the doorway. Then he said, "Cool one, meet the new missus." With that, I sat down and shut up. Since that moment life hasn't been the same for me. I don't know what I'll do. I think I'll get a red Jaguar and . . .

## Rumble

(Continued from Page 22)

The silence is electric; tension jumps from one to another like a spark. The silence is deafening. Each breath is a roar in the night.

They are two rivers of hate and violence as they flow to the center of the street. They meet as two tides, each determined to force its will upon the other.

The silence of the night is broken by the soft thud of fists against flesh, the heavy

thud of falling bodies. Their breath comes in harsh gasps. Somewhere the click of switch blade is heard. A box hook cuts its deadly path through the night.

A shrill whistle echoes from wall to wall. Foes becomes friends in the mad scramble to escape the police. Some do not run. They lie in the street.

The whirling red light on the ambulance casts an eerie glow on their twisted features. Its lifeless cargo loaded, the ambulance leaves.

The night again is silent.

For some the night is still quiet, but for some each sound is an invitation to terror. Nick is scared. His breath comes in harsh gasps, his legs tremble with the exertion of running. Even now he seeks the shadows, shunning the light. Darkness hides all.

Down the street he walks. The sound of his steps echo from wall to wall.

The whirling red light atop the black and white car flashes across the building. Two policemen jump out. They motion for him to come. He runs.

Their voices ring out cold and flat on the warm air.

The harsh report of a pistol shatters the air. Something hard smashes into his back.

The night again is silent.



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