

Viking Voices



Tennessee High School, Bristol, Tenn.

May, 1961

Viking Voices

VOLUME 2

NUMBER I



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

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Cover by *Bill Bolster*

Photography by *Howard Snow*

Viking Voices

MARY McLAUGHLIN—'61

Illustrated by JOHANNA VAN GELDER—'61



A blast on the trumpet of time recalls the strength, the devotion, the spirit that was the Viking youth. Again, he lives. He lives on in the youth of the present, the hope of the future. Banners unfurled, heads high, hearts dedicated, his followers seek their

destiny and find their place. Again, through them, he finds new life. His moral pride and bodily strength are renewed, his spirit of adventure is recharged. His call, in the youth of a new age, is again carried on the wind—vital and alive. Let it be heard!

MARY McLAUGHLIN

First Crush

JULIE SOTZING—'61

Illustrated by JOHANNA VAN GELDER—'61

The sound of the early morning traffic hummed in a series of high murmurs and low drones. Sandy slumped on the edge of the porch, her arms folded about her knees. A strand of dark hair fell carelessly across her cheek as she lowered her head to watch a small cluster of dry, crisp leaves being swept apart by the gentle whips of the autumn wind.

"The leaves should be raked today," sounded a cheerful voice behind her.

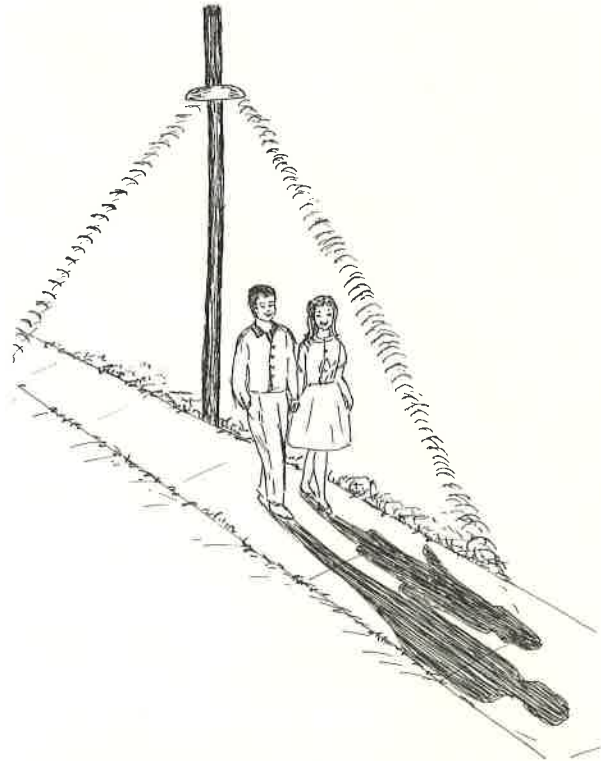
Sandy turned to see her mother smiling from the doorway. "Yes, I was considering tackling the job myself," Sandy complied to the hinted request. "It will at least keep me occupied," she said to herself as she heard the front door close.

She sat silently without thought for a moment. Then slowly she rose to stretch her arms high above her head. It was useless to be lazy on Saturday. There were plenty of chores to be done. Her homework would have to be done. Sunday allowed little time for doing homework. She had promised her mother to help with the marketing. Saturdays were always her busiest days, yet she wanted to resist the burdens of this day, just to sit lazily on the front porch. She knew why. Her mother knew too, although she never mentioned a word about it.

The mailman should have been here by now, she thought disgustedly. No, he was always later on Saturdays. Unconsciously she could feel a lump swelling in her throat. Why had he not written? The ever-questioning thought pierced her restlessness. There had to be a reason. Why could she not find it? Her hands grew tense. Was she feeling anger? No, not that. She wanted an answer, a reason. Even more, she wanted a letter.

In the next moment she was scolding herself. "Sandy," she whispered to herself, "you're only seventeen. Besides, it was just last summer that you met him." Still, he said he would write. Perhaps it would come today. Yes, she could still hope.

In the realization of a new hope, she found her eyes were fixed upon the trunk of an old maple tree at the side of the house. Could it, a tree with its sadly drooping



branches, know of the loneliness she was experiencing in this moment? Somehow she felt the tree was sympathizing with her anxiety.

"Hey, Sis," a small voice shouted, "Mom said you were going to rake the leaves, so I brought you the rake."

"Gee, thanks," was Sandy's sarcastic reply as she took the rake from her twelve-year-old brother.

"Well, have fun. I gotta' be goin' now," the voice faded.

There she stood, a tall, slim girl with a rake in her hands and no ambition at all. She walked to the edge of the yard. Still there was no sign of the mail carrier. She decided to put it off no longer. The rake combed through the leaves and caught in thick grass hidden by the dry leaves.

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A Musical Spectrum

JEAN LINTHICUM—'61

Illustrated by JOHNNY SMITH—'61

In his "Letters upon the Aesthetic Education of Man," Schiller discusses two different kinds of beauty. The first, which he terms "energetic" beauty, appeals to the senses more than to the mind; whereas the second, "gentle" or "graceful" beauty, excites the mental more than the physical. Music, having a greater affinity for the senses, exemplifies the first type, while poetry, because of its reliance on the imagination, is of the second.

Might this same reasoning, then, apply to a particular aesthetic realm alone, for instance music? Assuming, as Schiller has proposed, that *all* music is more sensuous than thoughtful, might it be possible to determine degrees of this condition and to arrange them as a spectrum, with red representing the most passionate and violet the most reflective?

However, as a basis for such an undertaking, we must again borrow some fundamental concepts from Schiller.



There are, according to Schiller, two basic instincts in man. One concerns the physical world about him as he is aware of it through his senses; the other is an imaginary world he creates in his mind, a realm independent of sensation. Furthermore, these two instincts rarely, if ever, exist in harmony and balance. When man is only aware of a physical world to exclusion of thought and logic, he is called a "savage." At the opposite extreme, when his lofty thoughts rob him of feeling and warmth, he is referred to as a "barbarian."

Since, in music, the physical, or sensuous, predominates, we must look toward the primitive cultures for the most passionate kind of music and toward more civilized peoples for the reflective type.

Music of the primitive peoples was simple and rhythmic in nature. It was probably utilized, even as music is today, for personal expression, but more often it served the definite purpose of motivating individuals to perform some function. Music was used to excite men for war and to aid in religious ceremonies. Its extreme sensuous nature, together with native superstition and a clever "witch doctor" made it remarkably effective.

As man's thinking powers developed and he became more "civilized," music gradually rose to approach the aesthetic ideal of harmony between the senses and the mind. The bugle and march remain today to arouse certain useful emotions, but music became not so much a tool of society as a tool of the individual for self expression.

The music of the Baroque period, culminating in the works of Bach and Handel, was, of course, a great deal more subtle than the African war chant. To be sure, it still appealed to the senses, but it was tempered by the restrictions of the surge of reason and the growth of systematic knowledge. The development of one of the two basic instincts results in the decline of the other.

The Classical period which followed was, for the most part, characterized by a stately elegance and still more restrictions, accom-

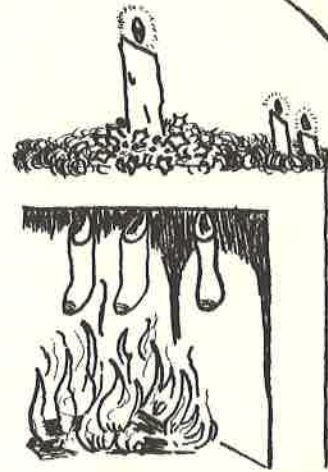
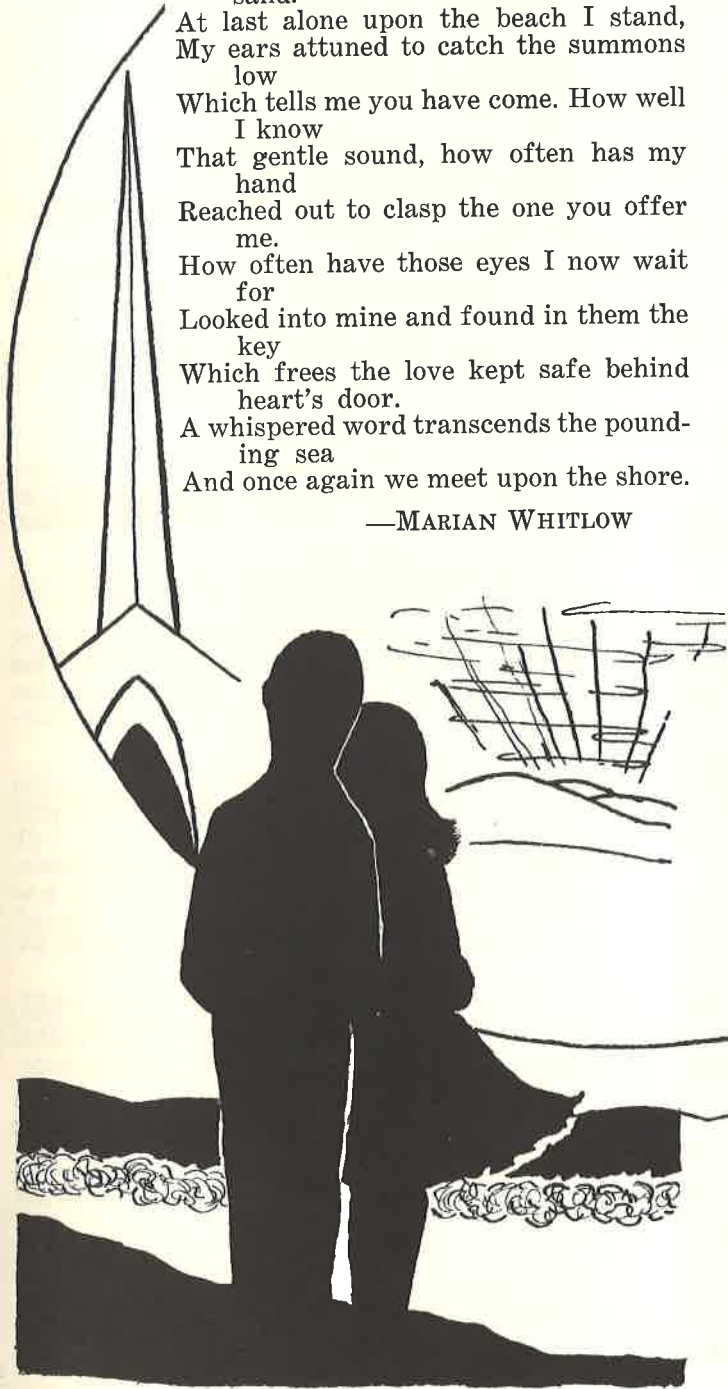
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Treasures

Darkness comes creeping, stealing o'er
the land;
The shadows merge; the cooling night
winds blow;
The shroud of twilight covers up the
glow
Of pink which lately robed the silver
sand.

At last alone upon the beach I stand,
My ears attuned to catch the summons
low
Which tells me you have come. How well
I know
That gentle sound, how often has my
hand
Reached out to clasp the one you offer
me.
How often have those eyes I now wait
for
Looked into mine and found in them the
key
Which frees the love kept safe behind
heart's door.
A whispered word transcends the pound-
ing sea
And once again we meet upon the shore.

—MARIAN WHITLOW



Illustrated by MARIAN WHITLOW—'61

Rendezvous

A church bell chiming Sabbath peals of
peace,
The merry music of the children's play,
The clarion call of southward winging
geese,
A friendly fire to warm a winter's day,
The pungent pine aroma of a tree
Bedecked with balls to welcome Christ-
mas morn,
The briny breeze that sings of sand and
sea,
Mimosa's scent, and meadows freshly
shorn,
The brilliant glow of setting summer
sun,
The white and gold of daisies fresh with
dew—
These earthly loves will vanish, every
one,
As fades the darkness when the day is
new,
But in my heart through all eternity
Abide because I shared them, love, with
thee.

—MARIAN WHITLOW

Freckle-Face

HOWARD SNOW—'61

Illustrated by LYNDA COX—'62



I remember a short, freckle-faced little girl with two uneven pigtails hanging carelessly down her back. Sal wasn't like most little girls her age; at least we thought she was different—something special.

She wasn't dainty, and she hated to wear frilly dresses almost as much as she disliked playing with dolls. Sal was a real honest-to-goodness "tomboy" in the truest sense of the word.

"My gosh, Mom!" she'd say. "What's wrong? It's only a little ole garden snake. It won't hurt you." Sal's mother didn't always share our enthusiasm at some of her boyish traits and pranks, and occasions such as this were not uncommon around the Kraft household.

She would race off, taking time to open only the bottom half of the huge Dutch door and ducking skillfully under the upper portion, mumbling to herself. ". . . only a little ole garden snake; wouldn't hurt anyone for the world . . ."

If the gang played cowboys and Indians

or organized another club, Sal was there. If we were going swimming, naturally Sal had to go. The phrases, "Where's Sal?", and "We've got to wait on her," often greeted our elders. The delay was well rewarded when she would come bounding into the house barefooted, dragging a badly worn tennis shoe behind her.

"Gosh, fellows, thanks for waiting on me. I figured you would have already left." What a thought! Who could leave without Sal?

We learned many things together, Sal and I. She taught me how to blow bubbles with that great invention called "bubble-gum," and after a while she could out-whistle her teacher. Sal wasn't very old, only five or six, but then that made things better—so was I.

Sal was always ready—ready to explore the darkest cave, brave the largest spider, or just sit and play "Sorry" on a rainy afternoon.

Sal, like all other little girls her age, had to leave when her family left, even though she didn't quite understand the reason. "Bye, Howard. Be good after I'm gone," was the last thing she said to me as she and her folks left Bristol . . . and the guys in the neighborhood.

The years rolled by, and the gang started school. Not everyone made it to that great awesome institution referred to as high school. But most did, and in the summer, especially when the smell of a carnival was in the air, we thought of Sal, and "Sorry" games and remembered the good times we used to have damming up Beaver Creek.

It was a day like this, a day for fun, when my doorbell rang, and I sleepily pulled myself out of bed and stumbled to the door. I didn't recognize the cute, fairhaired girl that stood peering at me through the screen. Sally wasn't a small, freckle-faced little girl anymore; she was older now, almost a woman. The pigtails were gone and so were the freckles—well, most of them anyway. "Hi Howard, remember me?" I leaned forward, shading my eyes with my hand to get a better view of this illusion which stood on my front

(Continued on Page 27)

Girls and Me

BILL BOLSTER—'61

Illustrated by BILL BOLSTER—'61



Gee, I wish I wasn't bashful. Every day she passes me in the halls and sends a smile so potent it curls the unshaven whiskers on my chin. She looks so cute, but I'm too shy even to say hello.

Her face is nothing special. Most boys don't see her beauty, but through my eyes all her charm and grace show forth like the pitted moon on a cloudless night. The sun-kissed strands of hair and her chirping little voice send my whole circulatory system into an uproar.

Of course, any girl can do this to me. They always have. Never have I been able to carry on a conversation with any member of the fairer sex, except my mother, without becoming weak at the knees. I would rather kiss a dog than the soft, red lips of a girl. Oh, I'd like to kiss a girl, but I just haven't got the guts.

Well, today I plan to speak to this girl. No matter how nervous I am I will say something to her this time. I have scouted this girl till I know where each of her classes is and every day I pass her in the halls at least

six times, even if I walk everywhere but to my classes. So far this year I have been late four times and stayed in three hours because I had to pass her in the hall.

Gosh, here she comes now. Boy she sure is cute! Stop shaking! Stop shaking! I'm all choked up. I can't say a word.

"Hi, how are you?"

Gee, she spoke to me—"Hi."

"My name is Terry Jones. What's yours?"

"I'm Bill Bolster." I can hear my voice shaking. But I feel a little better.

We've been talking now for several minutes. There goes the tardy bell. Well, I'm late again, but today it was worth it.

As I run down the hall, thoughts race through my mind. That was fun talking to Terry; I'm going to do it again tomorrow! Maybe I might even ask her for a date. Well, maybe! Boy, I feel good, Gosh, I feel wonderful—

It Feels Like Spring

There's drizzling rain
On the window pane
And snow that clings
But—it feels like spring!

How can you say
—On such a day—
With a happy sing
That it feels like spring?

Because there's love in my heart
Born of Nature's high art.
And love on the wing
Makes it feel like spring!

by SHARON SWINEY

The Dust Over Pina

MARY McLAUGHLIN—'61

Dust—miles and miles of it. It ran off flat to the east, hilly to the north and south, rocky to the west. In the east it was dark, to the north and south purple and calm, and to the west as red as blood spilling out over the land. It was everywhere. It was everything. The dust had conquered.

Santo had known the dust all of his fourteen years. He looked out over it now from the top of a lonely dune without loving it or hating it. He was empty now.

At Santo's feet there was a little mound higher than the sand around him. A wheel—two spokes missing—was planted in the sand at the head of the mound and there was writing carved on it. Santo bent over and touched the writing. As if frightened at the feel of it, he took his hand away quickly and rested it in the pocket of his levis.

His hair was dirty and unkempt, and it blew in his eyes now as it always had. But Santo didn't brush it away. He had touched the gravestone now, and his hand was sacred. He took the hand out of his pocket, turned it over, let the red glare of the sunset color his fingertips, and then put it back in his pocket.

Santo had big eyes, very deep and black, eyes that had rarely known tears. They misted over now, for he had begun to think of the little body under the sand at his feet. He had promised not to think about Pina being dead under the sand, but it wasn't in him. It wasn't in him to pretend she had just gone away for a while. He was a man, and men knew death for what it was.

There had been no flowers for the burying. No one out here with the sand all around would have had flowers. There had been the Padre, though, and Papa and Miguel Ortega and the McKinleys. Buryings out in the waste were like that. There was a time away from digging for water that wasn't there, from huts full of hungry, thirsty, squabbling children. The desert livers, with relief at the change and fresh surroundings, came to see another body given up to the sand.

It was funny how little things got to be big and big things little and strange things important to people and important things not

so important when the sand was all around, Santo thought. Nobody had taken much notice of Pina when she was around. She was a poor sight. She wasn't pretty or even special—just peaceful and good at heart and young as he was young.

He thought now as he squatted and rubbed a finger over the mound how they had sort of "adopted" her. She wasn't like them—she was Americano from the looks of her—but nobody out here who knew the sand and the storms could leave her, knowing she'd been deserted and left for only the Holy Virgin Mary herself to find.

She'd grown up with him, Santo knew now with a gnawing emptiness in his bony chest, and he'd never thought of losing her. This mound was all there would be for her now. Maybe the sand would bury it.

A little smile, a slow smile, curved Santo's mouth up at the corners. He was remembering the nights when he and Papa had read books to Pina. She couldn't understand a word, but there had never been any purpose in his reading to Papa or Papa to him—they both had memorized every word in the four books they had. Pina was restless and she had climbed up on their knees, her eyes bright, making little sounds they could not understand. But the nights had been good.

And Santo remembered how, when he drove the three ewes out on the flats to scratch around for roots, Pina had come along beside him, scuffing the dust, excited and happy, accepting the desert. She had grown so fast she seemed to shoot up overnight. But she could never quite reach Santo's chest. Her head had reached his narrow, thin shoulders sometimes when they played the "jumping game." He remembered how proud she was then. It had made him all warm inside.

He touched the wheel again. His eyes read it, read the etching on it he'd carved out with his own hands:

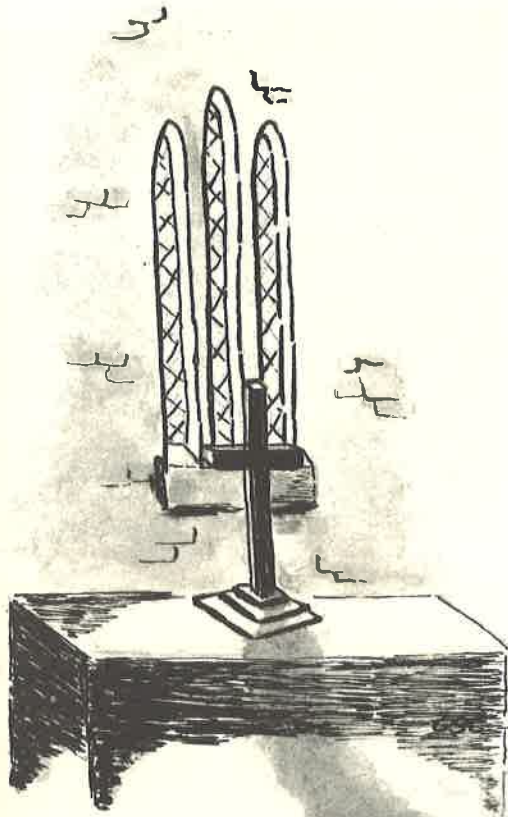
"Pina—1948
She is here
under the sand"

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Afternoon in the Sanctuary

MARTHA BARB—'61

Illustrated by ELIZABETH CARRIGER



Quietness. Serenity. A closer feeling of God hovered around me. The murmurings of past prayers seemed audible. My petty thoughts were lost as I stared toward the altar. The sun shining through the narrow, red-stained windows left long red streaks in the aisle. The shadow of the cross wavered upon the red stains.

The tranquility of the scene permeated my soul and filled me with joy. In my heart the Angels were singing; songs of praise, songs of compassion, songs of peace filled the air. I longed to sing with them.

I was barely conscious of rising, moving up the aisle—quietly, on tiptoe, not to disturb the anthems — and seating myself at the organ.

At first I played softly; I played simple hymns just to accompany the Angels. The melodies became louder; the anthems pealed joyously. They told of the Lord and His love for all. They sang of peace on earth and salvation for everlasting life. They told of His agony on the Cross and of the excruciating pain He endured in the greatest act of love the world has ever witnessed.

The chords became full and rich. The magnificence of the organ, the praises in my heart, the voices of the Angels, and the presence of God guided me to the deepest peace I had ever experienced. The organ hushed as I again turned my attention to the Cross. The shadows had lengthened. The red stains had grown darker like a precious ruby. The Cross now threw a distorted shadow over them.

My thoughts were jarred back to the present as I heard a car crunch in the gravel of the parking lot. I realized that the first people were arriving for the evening service.

With a reluctant heart I gave up my afternoon that God and I had spent together. Now I must share Him with others.

The Sea

PHYLLIS WIDNER—'61

Illustrated by ELIZABETH CARRIGER



The wind rushed at the window trying to invade the house. Dark and menacing clouds were gathering. Disregarding the approaching storm, the girl left the house and walked toward the beach. She left deep tracks, but they were soon erased by the wind-driven sand. Her hair blew into her face, obscuring her vision and causing her to stumble.

She reached the shore. She was like the sea today — angry and violent. Billowing green waves rose high into the air and crashed again into pools of foam. The sea was as frustrated as she was because they both wanted something they couldn't have.

She wanted to face the sea as an equal. It was strong and powerful and showed its anger and strength to all the world. But she raged within and kept her emotions hidden. She held her pain close, and she was even a little afraid; but the sea vented its anger on anyone near.

She could feel the sea begging, coaxing her to come nearer. The water washed around her feet and ran back teasing her. "Why won't you come?" it seemed to ask. "We're alike."

She started to take a step forward, but the rain began falling, slowly at first, then with more force. Undecided at first, she

finally turned and ran back to the house, her clothes drenched before she had gone five yards.

When she was inside the house, she looked out the window. Torrents of rain fell, and she could not see her adversary; but she could hear it crashing out its attack upon the shore.

In the morning the storm clouds were gone. The sea was a clear, calm blue. Sea gulls saluted the new day. Gone was the anger of the sea and the girl. The violence of the night before was only vaguely remembered, like a bad dream. But as she watched the sea now, she knew she had beaten it. She was equal to it and everything else life had to give her because she had found courage and strength within herself. She smiled and went down to the beach for a swim. She was not afraid.

Young Scientist

On the ground lay a twig. Rain and snow had kept it damp all winter so that when spring weather dried it, it would remain a spiral.

Peter poked a straight, stiff stem through the spiral and twirled it. He thought of his hand as a small and delicate machine, a centrifugal force.

Amy, his sister, was pedaling her bicycle up a steep slope the other side of the valley. He observed the speed she was gaining because of the mechanical advantage of the wheel and axle.

The wind flipped over the pages of his physics book and lost his place. It was, he noticed, an unbalanced force, acting in a clock-wise direction.

Sunlight fell against smooth roofs, which lined the street below. Sunbeams slid into budding branches, waving against the sky above.

Peter shivered. Warm air is lighter than cool air, and must always rise above it.

He sat up and propped his textbook on his knees, then bent his head to learn more secrets.

JO VAN GELDER

Growing Up

JOHANNA VAN GELDER—'61

Get up, young man, young dreamer,
from your bed of down!
Quit snoring! Listen! The world needs
your talents!
To conquer pride,
Oh, I remember dusky evenings;
And self,
Why, we were playing Go Sheep Go between
two rows of clapboard houses,
And appetite,
Slipping behind the hedges,
Ambition,
Peeping over them,
To learn compassion,
Signaling to each other,
Feel great pity,
Purple meaning hide,
with warm humor,
Black meaning stay,

And bitterless sorrow.
Red meaning scamper,
Yellow meaning Come!
Come, come, come!
Get out of bed, I need you!
You're too comfortable there!
A little black boy is calling far off of
guerrilla fights and Communists,
An ancient tenement dweller is cursing
—"There is no God!"
Now let excitement engross your head,
expand your heart,
And we will honor you when you are
dead.
But that is of no matter—
You will make you God a little happier,
Or lie there fat and hulking, brawny
arms clutching the pillow . . .
I promise! I'll get up; I'm coming!

Carnival

by SANDRA REED

Merry-go-round
whirl!
twirl!
Fly through the air!
Music playing-sad
happy,
—Music of emotion—
Dead leaves trampled
under feet,
beat.
Deadened by carelessness.
Dust blown-frenzied
gentle,
—Dust of loneliness—
Ferris wheel ride
first,
worst!
Dizzying height!
Smell of popcorn
battered
—Top of the wheel—
Freshness of the night
mist,
kissed
By truant rain lance!
Moon above
pale astor
—Night of desire—

Caught in the maelstrom
breathless
deathless,
A being apart!
Hurled by the crowd
unmotivated
—Eddy of velocity —
The thrill-seekers
walk
talk
Jabber! Jabber!
Quickly here
and there.
—Home of the hopeful—
Big-eyed child
dressed,
blest
By tragedy.
Last fling
now
—Imminence of death—
Aimless futility
churns
burns
Desire for action
A halocaust
earthly
—Escape from reality—

Merry-go-round
whirl
twirl
See nothing!
Sway to motion
enraptured
—Lost in a moment—
Circle of life
whirl
See nothing!
Sway
enraptured
lost . . .

"Doc"

HOWARD SNOW—'61

Illustrated by LYNDA COX

"Now, students!" A voice that was to become a familiar one awakened me on my first day as a sophomore at Tennessee High. The bell hadn't even rung, and already the foundation of Biology was being laid.

"You'll need a notebook — a thick one, typewriter paper, a dollar and a half for lab because you're going to break something, and plenty of pencils. Get some colored ones and a 3-H drawing pencil. No other will be acceptable, and don't think I can't tell the difference between a 3-H and a 3.1-H." And he could too!

This man stood on his raised platform and "laid down the law" while cradling an imaginary violin in the crook of his arm. I soon learned that this "imaginary violin," which he was prone to play when stressing a point, was as much a part of "Doc" as was his round, Christmas-like "bowl full of jelly." This "bowl full of jelly" often shook like the one boasted of by St. Nicholas when "Doc" had to borrow a chair in order to reach the top of the blackboard. But he was good natured and an expression such as "What's the matter, 'Doc'? Need a ladder?" often brought a grin rather than a sour rebuke.

Next day, everyone had a 3-H drawing pencil, even though we didn't need it for three more weeks. A notebook—a thick one—was also among our assortment of tools which would become well worn with use, as well as abuse, in the weeks and months ahead.

Here, I thought, was a man to be feared rather than respected or admired. With the coming weeks, however, my attitude changed. I had at last found the first teacher who knew how to be a friend both in and out of the classroom and who knew the place, limit and value of a strong friendship.

My sophomore year passed quickly, and as it came to a close I looked upon my last few Biology classes with an air of regret that I had never felt before. It would be no understatement to say that by the end of the year there was no such thing as a naive first-period Biology student.

That summer, as all summers do, passed quickly, and it was dotted, like freckles on a



teenager's face, with fond and pleasant memories, some larger and more prominent than the rest. I went bowling and just plain "goofed off" with Doc. This latter title was fondly supplied by the athletes of Tennessee High who say that a better ankle-wrapper and all-around first aid consultant couldn't be found.

My junior year had begun, and my chemistry classes began with a familiar ring, "Now, students, this year there will be far more studying and far less 'bull-shooting' sessions. We are already behind, and you must not let me 'shoot the bull' so much.

Thus my chemistry class started. We were already behind, even though it was the first day, and during Doc's "bull-shooting" sessions, more often than not, much more was learned than in the ordinary classroom.

This short, chubby man sat perched on a very high chair behind a vastly overloaded desk and winked at me between the blades of a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk pair of scissors. He also clutched a badly-worn, but much-loved gavel which he seldom used since his voice did a much better job.

I crossed "Doc" only once, and there are few times when I can remember anyone making me feel so terrible by saying so little. His only reproach, if it could be called that, was, "Howard, you were relying on friendship. I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't do that again."

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Home to the Green Isle

MARY McLAUGHLIN—'61

I felt the very pulse of the air that morning. My heart had never sung that way before—like all the heather of County Meath blowing against a sea breeze. We were all intoxicated with the knowledge that this day was to be a great one. *The Dublin* would be docking in midafternoon and Stephen O'Rourke, long-legged Stephen we had known as just a sprout, would come down the plank. No event had ever been just like this one.

The whole of Brianbragh—Mike Shaughnessy with his maimed leg; the O'Connell twins; Roy O'Hanlon and his wife with their constant bickering; robust Sally McNeal; the baker, O'Hara, and his twelve sons; Father Fitzhugh and Father McCarthy — all had come to greet Stephen O'Rourke with proper ceremony, come over the blooming spring country to welcome him home. My family, too: straight-laced Father, Mother with an anxious expectancy, my three brothers—Gerald, Jaimie, and Martin—and I had joined the delegation, hearts high and happy.

I'd been a tall, freckle-face of eight years when fatherless Stephen O'Rourke left Ireland, he a rangy, hollow-cheeked stripling of sixteen. The good land—the best land in the world, my father said — had given up so many of its young that one more wouldn't matter. The green hills and the warm hearths of newly-limed cottages couldn't hold the adventuresome, hot-blooded Irish young, Father Fitzhugh said, when the beckoning of grand things was so strong, when America across the sea seemed like a living dream. So it was goodbye to Stephen.

I'd not told Stephen O'Rourke that my heart was his for the taking, nor had he noticed that I hung on his comings and goings, waiting for the day when I could tell him everything. Together we had known the wild geese, the sweet-rainy smell of the moors, the salt air of Dublin's quaysides, the banshee and blarney stories of the old seamen after dark. All this came to me now, filling me with a warm glow. Stephen — coming home to the stone fences of Meath, the love of his people, and me.

In the morning we all went to the Dublin docks through the streets crowded with cyclists and tradesmen and travelers, my father

in the lead, strangely silent. We walked proudly together, and we weren't noticed because this city saw all kinds and didn't notice. We were a part of the slow-moving, thick-tongued crowd that saw all men as brothers and welcomed humanity with a warm, easy kindness like the breeze off the Irish Sea.

There was a certain feeling among us that seemed almost like a hanging-back, but I pretended it wasn't there. It was the normal feeling among simple people about a body they hadn't seen for fifteen summers, the normal fear that the growing farmer's boy they had known of a time would be changed with his success, with the fortune found in a dream. I hoped wildly—

Stephen's letters had told us all that we had imagined. America was a land where a man, any man, could make a place for himself. The letters had been read publicly since all of Brianbragh held Stephen close as its own. But my father, having been a second father to Stephen in his young years, had kept parts of the letters to himself, reading them by the firelight into early morning. It was Father who led us today, very quiet and restless, his arm hooked in my mother's as it had been through thirty years of marriage.

We sat on the docks all through the hot morning. The weathered sailors and stevedores stared at us, wondering at a group of farmers who sat on barrels and boxes waiting for an incoming liner, making us more and more uneasy. Sweat began to pour down our necks, noises to irritate us, and the wonderful spring day had begun to wilt within us.

"What'll he think o' a passels o' patched-up farmers pouncin' on 'im, I ask ye?" Rory O'Hanlon said aloud suddenly, and we all looked at one another.

"Whist, O'Hanlon!" his wife ordered angrily.

Whispers ran among us, whispers about the polished shoes in America and the fine coat a man could buy for a song as well as the solid gold canes the schoolboys carried. When I thought no one was watching, I looked at my sandals that I'd worn on Sunday for seven years. I looked around me then and

(Continued on Page 28)



Southern Section of Moon

Made when moon was at first quarter. The prominent crater (Down Center) is Tycho.

Verichrome Pan Film—Exposure Time: 30 seconds. Taken through six-inch F/9 Reflector.

Star Trails

Venus—Exposure Time: Two hours
F 2.8

Star trails are made by leaving the camera shutter open for a rather lengthy time. The rotation of the earth carries the camera beneath the stars, thus producing this "trail" effect.



World's End

SANDRA REED—'61

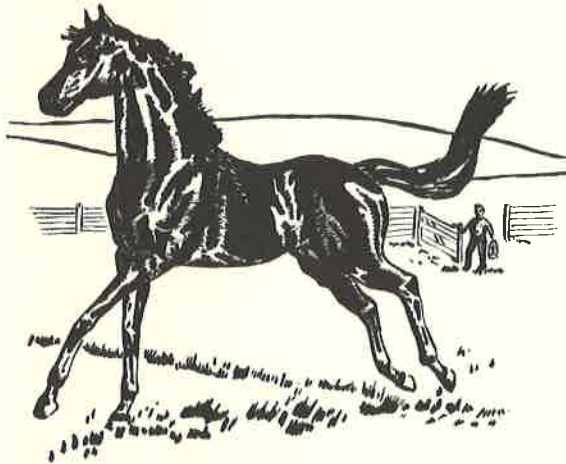
The world is dead.
The dust-blown trails lie still
 motionless,
A deserted highway stretches out
 grasping
 reaching to a sunless sky.
Time passes; a clock ticks
 alone
 magnified in the silence.
The oak tree stands
 A sentinel in the wilderness
 black outline
 against the glow
 a martyr.
The rust-turned grass lies
 still and lifeless
 half-bent, frozen
 immobile.
The wild gray sky is trimmed in
 lacy pink
 glowing,
 shedding ethereal light
 on a half-dark universe.
A gatepost stands
 lone survivor of a crushed house
 companion to the tree
 guarding the home
 lost in eternity.
From the east the drone of a plane
 is heard
 unpiloted
 riderless.
It crashes in the cold dust.
In the sky a writhing gray cloud
 appears
 spreads.
A low rumble falls on unhearing ears
 gains momentum
 splits and rolls off
 in the distance.
Soundlessly
 the world crumbles
 and falls
 in endless space.

Note: This poem by Sandra Reed won first prize in a contest and was published in *The National Beta Journal*, January, 1961.

Magic Moments

SUE PULLIAM—'61

Illustrated by KATHY KAMP—'63



"Just a few more minutes—please!"

Joy sat dejectedly on the grassy hillside, her hand clutching the lead strap attached to the halter of a rust-colored horse. She stared with unseeing eyes at the rhythmic motion of his jaws as he peacefully munched the grass. She seemed oblivious to the confusion going on around her; it was almost as if she were in a state of shock.

Joy's eyes closed involuntarily and memories of happier times crowded her numbed mind. Like movies on a screen, pictures of past events flashed before her.

There was the day she had seen her horse for the first time—lying there in fresh, clean straw, staring up at her with those big, frightened eyes. He had looked almost like an enormous spider with those long, gangling legs doubled up under him at odd angles. She remembered how she had laughed at his short, scrubby mane and tail. She could even feel the moistness of his little pink tongue against her flesh.

"He's your responsibility, Joy," her father had said, "and you must take care of him."

And she had taken care of him. Each day after school she had helped her father with the other horses on their large breeding farm until she had earned every cent of his feed

bill. She had fed him, groomed him, and even cleaned out his stall herself. "But it was worth all the hard work," she thought.

Then came that glorious day when she had ridden him for the first time. For the first few minutes he had stood bewildered at the strange weight on his back, and then he had given several hard bucks to show his displeasure. He learned quickly, however, and it wasn't long until they were doing many things together: exploring seldom-used trails, entering horse shows and gymkanas, and going camping in the mountains with her father.

Joy shuddered violently as if seized by a sudden chill. She could hear distinctly the words of Dr. Jones, the veterinarian, on that memorable day several years ago.

"I'm sorry, Joy. I've done all I can, but I'm afraid he won't pull through."

But Joy had prayed and hoped, and somehow he had survived the vicious attack of pneumonia that left him weak for months afterward. In the trying period of recovery that followed, she had often wondered if he would ever be the same again. But finally he had regained his strength and unquenchable spirit, and Joy's happiness knew no bounds.

A hand on her shoulder startled Joy out of her reverie. Without turning around, she knew who was there. She also knew that there would be no putting it off this time. The time had come.

She barely heard her father's voice say, "They have to leave now, honey."

With her heart throbbing as though it would shatter into a million pieces, she gave a gentle tug on the lead strap. The horse raised its finely-chiseled head and with small ears alert looked expectantly at Joy. As a brilliant ray of sunlight caught the deep red highlights of his smooth, well-groomed coat, a sob caught in Joy's throat. She quickly stifled it and started walking stiffly down the gentle slope, her horse following close behind.

Joy had no sense of being; she walked like one in a hypnotic trance. "It's like being dead," she thought. She didn't hear the dull thud of the tailgate as it slapped the hard

(Continued on Page 28)

The Bottom of the Ladder

SANDRA REED—'61

Life begins . . . and ends
 at the bottom
 of the ladder.

Each end is a beginning.
Each triumph a failure
 On a higher plane.

The infant gropes in the dim light
 of an inception;
Each year sends him higher;
He gains superiority.

"FIRST GRADER!"—in school now,
 on the lowest rung
 of education.

Each year teaches him
 a little of life,
 a little of Christ.
He ascends steadily.

"OH, JUNIOR HIGH!"—Young
 and inexperienced
 -again-
Youth climbs in certainty
Loosening the apron strings
 that love has tied
Jaw firmly set, he wrests
 away-
 wringing the heart
 -a little-
Climbing ever upward-
 climbing . . .

"LOW MAN ON THE TOTEM POLE"—
 freshman, high school
 is here!

Again, on the last rung
Declaring independence
 With a certain pride
Lodging a complaint—
—"DAD, CAN I HAVE THE CAR?"—
Against restrictions
(Learning, reasoning
 rejecting, blind faith)
Seeking a cause
 to fight for,
 to die for . . .

"JOE COLLEGE—MADE IT AT LAST!"
 But freshman again
 Painfully young again
Ascends the ladder again
Until . . . until—graduation!
 Into the world
 eager youth—

"PRIVATE, GET OUT OF THAT BED!"
 Again at the bottom
 of the ladder
Private, first class
 Corporal
 Sergeant
Ascending, climbing
 fevered desire—
 for recognition . . .

"TIME FOR WORK!"—
 Civilian again
 and low on the ladder
Working for the top
 (which is the bottom)
Seeking a victory
 (only for defeat)

"HE'S DEAD!"
Dead, yet alive
Defeated, yet triumphant
Ended, yet a glorious beginning . . .
Ascent on a new ladder
 Which goes always
 Upward

"AND YET?—reincarnation?
 A soul in another body?
 A mind in a different tract?
At the bottom of the ladder
 -again?
A new beginning (which is an
 ending)
A new triumph (yet defeat)
 perhaps . . .

The Ordeal

MARGARITA HOGAN—'61

I listened to the steady hum of the motor as the sleek black sedan plowed its way through the sullen grey mist. Confused thoughts crowded into my mind.

"What are they going to ask me?"

"How will they treat me?"

"Is it really as bad as I've heard?"

Fear, that sensation caused by a terror of the unknown, laid its icy fingers upon me. I trembled. Huddled in the farthest corner, I tried to avoid the sidelong glances of the other occupants of the car. Their pity only added to my despair. I could expect no mercy from them. They knew their duty. All was in readiness, and they had to deliver me at the appointed hour.

I turned my back to them and stared fixed out the window. Bleak fields stretched on until they were stopped by the forests.

The firs bent their dark heads in submission to the glowing sky. Billboards with trite praises of their products appeared for a moment before my eyes, and then were gone.

We were there! A cold stone building frowned haughtily down at me. Feeling small and tired, I pushed open the car door and stepped upon a wet, uninviting curb. I walked slowly toward the dark entrance.

Later as I hurried from the building, I breathed of the autumn air. It was so fresh it almost hurt to inhale. The sun danced from one gaily colored leaf to another—here red, there yellow. Sitting on its hind legs, a rust-colored squirrel watched me with curious eyes as it nibbled absently on the acorn seed pressed between its tiny paws.

I straightened my back and smiled quietly to myself. It was over at last, my first college interview.

Stephen

LEAH O'DELL

The door slammed. In rushed a small, white-headed boy, his deep blue eyes sparkling with pride.

"Looky at my muscle!" he said, rolling up his sleeve and flexing his arm muscle with all his might. "Looky at my muscle!"

"Hey, big boy, where did you get a big muscle like that?"

"I've been drinking milk! Granddaddy! Can I help ya' milk, huh? Can I?"

"Well, Stephen, you can go with me if you won't get in the way."

Stephen ran ahead, lugging the huge bucket he had insisted on carrying. His short, chubby legs quickly carried him down the hill to the barn. He stood glaring at the huge cows. He watched his grandfather give them some corn and then seat himself on the stool to milk. Stephen was silent for a while and he had a look of thoughtfulness on his face.

Finally he said hesitantly, "Do brown cows give chocolate milk?"

"No."

"If I had a brown cow she'd give chocolate milk."

"Cows don't give chocolate milk."

"Why?"

"Be quiet or the cows won't hold still!"

"Do ya' want me to hold his tail for ya'?" Stephen asked seriously in a deep, manly voice.

"No, I don't want you to hold her tail for me! Why don't you help your grandmother feed the chickens?"

"Okay . . . Grandmama, why don't brown cows give chocolate milk?"

The Church

LEAH O'DELL—'61

Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR



The church bells clattered as we hurried up the river to the old frame building.

"Hurry up or we'll be late!" I cried tugging on my daddy's hand.

Ever since I could remember we had walked together up the old road to the little white church. I had never known another church, and when we didn't go there I had an empty feeling and I knew I had missed something.

I loved the stained glass windows and the bell that sounded at the beginning of the services. The church was old and the boards creaked. There were stains on the walls and ceiling where the roof had leaked. The old piano was never in tune. The building was worn out. But it was with that building that I identified God.

I felt sick when I heard the news. The church had burned. It was gone, and a part of me went with it.

The people of the church are no longer the same. A fine, new brick building has taken the place of the small white frame church that I loved. New faces have replaced the old. The people who built the church are gone. The ones who taught us to live and love are no longer there.

"Come on or we'll never get there!"

We walked up the steps to the door. The bells sounded once more. They were the bells from the old church and they still sounded the same. The same God is in the new church as was in the old one. I'll just have to find Him again.

The Sagar of Jack

I had all the money I could use, and moah,
But Americer was calling me to do a choah.
I sped down to Washington fresh from the
woah,
For the Congress was in trouble, and the
country soah.

I passed many yeahs on the Congress floah,
But Americer was calling me for even moah.
My smart little brothah and I got togethah,
And took on all the primaries in campaign
weathah.

I took on Wisconsin, and I met the fahmahs,
And the primaries were bagged 'cause all my
folks were chahmahs.

I battled the patty, even Eleanoah,
And triumphed on the end of the convention
floah.

I chose Mistah Johnson as the 2nd numbah,
And we spoke to arouse the U.S.A. from
slumbah

I reached all the people in the evening houahs,
I impressed the nation with my quick de-
bating powahs.

I won, and I did it without deals or bartah,
And went back to Hyannis to my wife and
datah.

I know that the ship of state will need a
steeah,
And, as President, I'll steeah it toward the
New Fronteah.

by MARY McLAUGHLIN

Night of Storm

ROSE GENTRY—'61

Slowly, painfully she made her way to the old, bent oak, her own skin almost as rough and gnarled as its aging bark. Finally, with a sigh she seated herself in the cool of its shade, the last heat of summer dancing only a few feet away. Sitting so quietly, with white hair and body, she gave no indication that once she had been the lovely, laughing belle of her community, except that one might catch a glimpse of memory's sparkle in the faded blue eyes.

Nothing round about her looked just the same now. Nothing was left of the house in which she had grown into a mature young lady, nothing of the vegetable garden or mother's flowers. Nature had reclaimed everything. Perhaps not quite everything—only she and the old tree under which she sat were left of the past.

The dear, familiar old oak! She felt almost a kinship for it. Together they had known the wonder of life; the gentle spring days and even summer's parching heat and rainless days. She could recall the mellow autumn which had tried to disguise for awhile the first biting nip of approaching winter. Somehow, she could almost catch a whiff of the smoke when the evening air had grown misty with the burning of bright leaves.

Winter. Oh, how she had loved winter with its lovely snow. From her window she had watched the forest and the oak change to a fairyland of splendor as frost crystaled it with beauty.

Quite suddenly she noticed that it was growing darker, and she was suddenly caught up with the present. Gone was the mellow twilight and the afterglow of the sunset of which she had been only faintly aware. A storm was threatening and around her the night was becoming a thick, impenetrable thing.

Hurry. She must hurry home. Her grandchildren were coming to visit. Hurry, hurry—the pattern beat steadily through her brain.

Then the rain came, great sheets of it, driven by powerful gusts of wind. Lightning, brilliant but dreadful, flashed across the sky as thunder clashed simultaneously.

At a crawling pace she made her way through the downpour, sometimes slipping in the mud. Why couldn't her feet carry her quickly as they once had? The walk to the old tree a few hours before had never seemed this

long. Were her aging limbs betraying her to the lashing fury about her?

Then a brilliant, severe flash of lightning brought to her startled sight the old oak directly in front of her. Why, in the darkness she had been walking in a circle!

Fear tore at her as she saw the writhing, twisting oak in its torment fall to the violence of the wind and crash on the floor of the forest. A strange smile brightened her countenance as she fell forward over the old oak, whispering, "I must go home . . ." The rain became a soft, gentle mist.

The Sagar of Lyndon

I got me an oil well out in the West
I built me a good house whar I could rest.

Then Congress called me as sure as shooty,
And I went out East to do my duty.

And all the while I was makin' the laws
Them oil wells kep' a'comin' without pause.

Afor I knowd it I had loads o'money
And life begun to look bright and sunny;

Then old Jack he popped up one happy day
And he said to me, "Lyndon, go my way."

Well, I thought that that was a real good idee
Cause Jack was goin' places I could see.

Next thing I knew back to home I done went
A hopin' to be the vice-president.

I got me a train and I toured the state
And I talked up a storm—m'an my wife-
mate.

Well, we showed old Texas what a campaign
is
And we sent old Nixon back whar he 'riz.

Come thunder or rain—now I am the veep.
And what Nixon's got he can sho' nuff keep.

by SANDRA REED

Bubba

BENNIE SHULER—'61

Illustrated by LYNDA COX

It was one of those warm spring mornings when the little rabbit-tail clouds were so lazy that they scarcely moved across the softly glowing sky. This spring morning was just the sort to make a seven-year-old boy want to go outside and do nothing with his best friend. My best friend was Bubba, who lived up the road.

I went to his house and knocked on the door. "Hi, Miz Rogers. Kin Bubba come out to play?"

"Of course," she answered. "Bubba! Bennie's here."

As soon as he came out, I could see that something was wrong. Bubba's usually smiling, freckled face had a frown on it. Somehow his short, straggly red hair wasn't so bright now, and his ruddy complexion was darkened.

"Hi," he said as he half-heartedly kicked at the steps.

"H' lo, Bubba," I said as cheerfully as I could. "I'll race ya to the hide-out."

"Naw, let's just walk down," he said.

"Are you feelin' okay?" I asked, for Bubba never walked. He was always in a hurry to go places, to do things. The only time that he ever slowed down was when he rested a moment between running to go somewhere and rushing to do something. Of course, I was lazy on this warm morning, but I was lazy every other day too.

"Yeah," he answered. I didn't say anything else.

We arrived at the hide-out without our usual laughing and joking. This was our own secret place in the woods beside the creek. Bubba lay on the grass without first climbing a tree, without even swinging across the ravine a couple of times.

"Ben, we're moving tomorrow."

It took a few minutes for the full impact of this statement to sink in. I asked the inevitable, "Why?"



"My dad's company's transferin' him. Darn that ol' comp'ny!"

Then I realized what this meant. I was losing the best friend of my "long" life. I gasped, horrified, "We're goin' to Gramma's after lunch for the holidays. That means I won't see you anymore."

We spent the rest of the morning talking about all the things we had done together. Soon, too soon, we could hear the distant car horns beckoning us to lunch. Hardly speaking now, we walked on together to my house. We stood for a moment.

"Maybe we can see each other during the summer," I said. This was a dim hope, for Bubba was going far away.

"Yeah," he said none too hopefully.

"G'bye, Ben."

"Bye, Bubba," I choked.

I waved to him for as far as I could see him through brimming eyes. Bubba—almost a part of me—was gone.

These I Have Loved

NANCY WILLIE—'61

Illustrated by PAT O'CONNOR



It seems as if it were only yesterday when life was nothing more than a cycle of geniality—void of pain and worry, rich with merriment and pleasure.

Then, with a speed I had never known, it seemed as if the hands of the clock raced, the world rotated at a never-ending pace and mankind's overflowing love diminished.

Peace became the Korean War, brothers became soldiers, frolicking summers became polio panics and I know fear. Experiences became treasured memories as I slowly forged the bridge between childhood and maturity.

Now the pace has quickened and the fears have become realities because they are not sensed. They are my own.

Many times I have crossed back over that bridge revitalizing the happier memories, and with unbridled thoughts, I trip thoughtfully over the things I have loved.

I remember loving an armless doll whose eyes I had unmercifully punched into its head because I didn't want her to know what an unhealthy condition she was in. I remember picking strawberries from the dewy grass and painfully extracting chinquapins from their spiny capes. I still love rainbows and snowflakes—vivid examples of God's handiwork.

I love the cindery breeze at a railroad station and the inward excited sickness prior to a long trip or an anticipated vacation.

I love the smell of baby powder and an infant grasping my forefinger; spring grass embossed with sunny dandelions; a Mother's love. I love a horseback ride just before a shower; a sneeze forced by the early morning sunlight; cool, crisp salads and icy limeade; dainty and unusual dresses, hats and monograms.

I love to lie in a hammock at twilight; swing in an inner tube; swim in mid-July; weeping willow trees, rustic fences, freshly cut grass and the pungent smell of wild onions carried by the wind. I especially love the handclasp of a friend; a lovely poem, originality, velveteen ribbon, thunder storms, the antiseptic smell of a hospital, dirty white tennis shoes, and popular music heard dimly in the distance.

I treasure the beach with its carefree throngs in the daytime and the unconquerable violence of the waves beating against strong pavilion walls at night; blue plaids, oil paints, a tiny gold bracelet, a minister's deep voice; the calm serenity of communion; the baby pictures over my bed—these I have loved.

Time goes on. The world changes. Friendships are made, then dissolved. Loves are bonded. The need of God is recognized. Old age creeps in and the calmness of death nears. There won't be much left, but I'll be happy. These I'll remember. These I have loved.

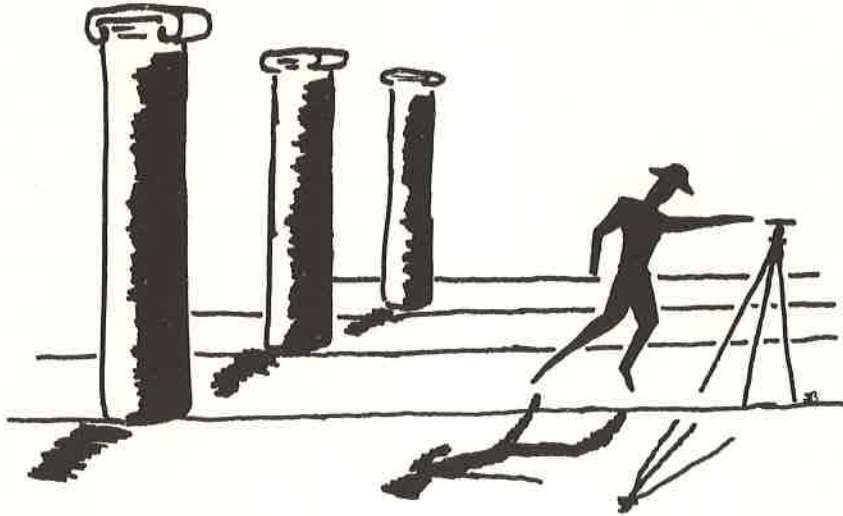
A Limerick

There once was a young man named Billy,
Who lived on a hill that was hilly.
He ran a small still
Up there on the hill.
And so they all called him hill Billy.

Epitaph

MIKE TABOR—'61

Illustrated by JOHNNY BORETSKY



The tombs of kings and the palaces of princes stand defiantly in the sun. They tower above the surrounding desert and serve as colossal monuments molded by the sweat of thousands, strengthened by the blood of ten thousands.

They stand as tributes to the might, the valor, even the cruelty and savagery, of a race long since dwindled into nothingness.

Gone are the Pharaohs, the courts, the priests, and the slaves. Yet they live in these structures built to weather the winds of time—the gentle zephyrs of yesterday, the gusts and the gales of tomorrow.

The hot, dry desert air has preserved the stone relics, the copper trinkets, the ivory ornaments, the ebony statues, and the golden gods of a long forgotten race; and along with them it has kept alive their hopes, their fears, and their dreams.

In the dusty arid tombs, sheltered from the all-revealing sun, lurk the spirits of long-dead gods and long-forgotten kings. Here are they content to linger and cherish old memories until the end of time.

And now a man arrives; another draws near, and another. They come one by one with

their instruments and maps and plans and their disregard for all that is holy.

Now one who stands above the others rises and shouts out to the blistering sun, "We need water for our people."

"Yes," echoes another, "Let us build a dam and tame the mighty Nile."

"It will be magnificent," interrupts another. "They will never know such another dam. It will outlive all ages."

The desert lies still and gives not one reply.

The men go away and peace comes once more to the desert.

Now the workers come with their tools and machines and their brazen authority. They destroy and rebuild, and the dam grows day by day. It grows higher and higher until it reaches the sky.

And now the water rises. It ebbs and flows and slowly destroys the monuments of generations past.

Now, where sacred palaces once stood as stately epitaphs to their builders, there is nothing—only water from horizon to horizon, water that lies calm and placid and reveals nothing.

First Crush

(Continued from Page 5)

The short strokes became involuntary. Sandy's mind was crowded with thoughts and memories of the past summer. It had been a lovely summer, as if it had belonged to her alone. Each star had shone for her only. The trees had even seemed to blossom when she met him.

Sandy recalled a day in early August. It had been one of those blistering summer days, but that evening when they sat on the front stoop talking with two other couples, it had been cool. The sound of crickets was loud in the night. The moon was a ball of romantic splendor. They teased about their bowling scores made earlier that evening. The night had been perfect because he had said, "I like the way your hair sparkles in the moonlight."

There was the night it rained and he had taken her to a movie. She remembered seeing the sparkle in his eyes when they glanced at each other and afterwards, how he used his coat to protect them both from the rain by placing it over their heads and shoulders.

Then, finally, there was the last night she saw him before returning home. They had gone for a walk and joked about their shadows which the street lights cast upon the dark cement walks. They had stopped at the pizza house and hardly spoken a word as they sipped slowly on a vanilla malt. Then, when it was time to say good-night, he had been the first to kiss her. He said, "I'll write."

"Hey, you've sure done a swell job," a voice interrupted her thoughts. She quickly brushed the tears from her eyes.

Feeling almost embarrassed, she replied teasingly, "It's more than you could do, my lazy brother."

The short chubby boy paid no attention to her. Instead he said, "I see the mail man coming. I'm going down to meet him."

Sandy wished he wouldn't. It didn't really make much difference. If there was a letter she would get it either way. "Please, let there be a letter," she pleaded. "Please!" What would she do if there were none. No, she musn't think of that. She must wait, not think.

She saw her brother running back with the white envelope in his hand. Trying not to sound anxious she asked, "Is there one for me?" No, there was not one for her.

Sandy began gathering the piles of leaves into a basket. She heard the mail man whistling gaily as he passed. A strong gust of wind blew the back of her collar against her neck and a dead leaf drifted slowly down. "Summer's gone," she whispered.

A Musical Spectrum

(Continued from Page 6)

panied by the "Age of Reason." Composers of this period wrote light, entertaining pieces not meant to awaken raw emotions, but at the same time, not aimed at the mind. In this light vein, it is said that Haydn inserted his famous "fortissimo" in the Surprise Symphony to awaken his drowsy audience!

The most outstanding exception to this easy-going spirit was Beethoven. He was the first to discard the shackles of form and give vent through his music to tempestuous emotions. The sensuous character of music was again clarified.

The Romantic composers, including Chopin, Liszt, and Tchaikovsky, incorporated Beethoven's freedom of expression but carried it further. Essentially, their music was emotional in nature, the same as it had been in the primitive stage. But it was much more complex, like the society which produced it. It reflected strides in reason and ethics; its very scope indicated that man was thinking on a broader plane. Let this, then, represent the midpoint of the spectrum.

(Continued on Page 27)



Science Club

A Musical Spectrum

(Continued from Page 26)

With Debussy and Ravel and perhaps a Chopin "Nocturne," we arrive at the violet of our musical spectrum. One feels in Beethoven strong, rugged emotion. Debussy gently nudges the feelings while, like poetry, tending to stir the imagination. His music weaves a golden web about the listener and lulls him into a melancholy, reflective mood. It produces the same sensation that is present when one is alone in a forest glade, gazing into a sluggish stream, thinking about everything and nothing at the same time.

The great freedom of form, rhythm, and melody characteristic of the Romantic Age enabled the composer to simulate this ecstasy of the mind in its restless wanderings. Yet the sensuous element is there, for the impression is so clear that the listener can almost feel the warm sunlight and smell the damp moss!

The growth of music and the development of society go hand in hand; one is usually a fair indication of the other. Just as there is a place in the eternal scheme of life for all people, so is there a place for all music.

Freckle-Face

(Continued from Page 8)

porch and called my name.

Sally was short with a nose that tipped up at the end like the nose of a rabbit when he pleasantly sniffs a carrot and her whole personality jumped at me like the color comic section of a Sunday newspaper. Sally had finally grown up, but things were still O.K.—so had I.

"What's the matter, Howard? Don't you remember Sal, Sally Kraft?"

"Forget you! Gosh, who could forget the best bubblegum blower in Bristol!"

"I'm here for just one day, Howard," she laughed, "and we must cram a trunkful into it, a whole summer at the least. With swimming — the water's still wet isn't it, and tennis, and gosh, just everything." Suddenly she stopped and asked, "You don't have something else planned, do you?"

It wouldn't have made any difference if I had, and I just grinned at her and said, "You're just as crazy as ever."

Sally and I, and the rest of the gang, investigated the carnival smell that morning, and in the afternoon the two of us had a special carnival — the kind of carnival you dream about and see in movies but which never comes true.

It was all over, but I knew that somewhere, sometime there would be another carnival, more lasting than this one and much more special. Sally had gone again, and I remember the short, freckle-faced little girl with pigtails who taught me to blow bubbles, and I smiled quietly to myself and winked at the house across the street.

The Dust Over Pina

(Continued from Page 10)

They both had loved the sand when it didn't bring the drought, and when it didn't kill the ewes, and when it didn't make Papa curse the land he would have died for. They had dug in it, watching it fill up its own hole or blow away on the wind. And when they tired of digging, they had chased like two wild things, sharing the vastness with each other.

Santo looked out over the desert. It had really taken Pina from him, he thought. She had needed water — they had, all three of them, needed water — and she had simply dried out. Papa said it that way. They could take it, but Pina was scrawny and nothing but heart. Americano or not, she had heart and she had hung on until the hanging on was hurting her and she died. She hadn't made a sound—just died quietly on a dark, hot night. He wanted achingly to have died with her.

The sounds of a peaceful evening came to him now: The sound of Papa's cranking up



Key Club

The Dust Over Pina

(Continued from Page 27)

the old car to put it away, the sound of the ewes wanting food, the clucking of the chickens in the yard.

There were more memories for Santo, but a tear had inched its way down to his chin and his heart was like a dead burden in his breast. He angrily brushed the tear away, leaving a muddy smear on his cheek.

He kicked the dust with his toe and turned away. The sun dappled his back as he went. He thought how Pina had loved the heat of the sun and had lain in it for hours. He smiled again with the thought and picture of her—stretched out full-length on the dunes, her red tongue lolling, her fur catching the light while her tail wagged slightly in the dust—and he knew there would not be another dog to touch her.

The dust had conquered.

“Doc”

(Continued from Page 14)

A student of Tom Thumb dimensions left the classroom that morning, bearing the grief of injured pride and unspoken apologies on his pin-point shoulders. But he survived, and a much bigger and perhaps more considerate individual returned the next day.

I missed “Doc’s” classes my senior year, but his friendship and characteristic air of telling everyone what was wrong with everyone else, including himself, was still there. One thing, though—I thought he was always right.

I think about “Doc” and see a man unforgettable in size and appearance, equally unforgettable in thought. He will wink at me when I leave for college, and while I’m there, he’ll continue to wink at me through my memories of a very good friend.

Magic Moments

(Continued from Page 18)

earth. She didn’t even realize that her father had slipped the lead strap from her stiff fingers and was leading her horse toward a green trailer parked a few feet away. A faint murmuring of strange voices reached her ears, but her numbed senses could not perceive any words.

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She heard only the harsh, grating sound of motor and saw her horse disappear into the trailer. Her father emerged from within and came to stand beside her. She didn’t even feel his comforting arm around her shoulders. Through tear-blurred eyes she saw the trailer lurch into gear and move slowly away into the fading sunset.

A loud, despairing whinny pierced the sudden silence and cut into Joy’s very soul like a knife. She knew that her Magic Moments was gone forever.

“Good-bye,” she sobbed. “Good-bye, my Magic Moments.”

Green Isle

(Continued from Page 15)

saw many of the others staring down dismally at their clothes. Only my father sat very still, his pipe puffing rings, watching the roll of the water in the bay.

There were whispers, too, of the grand twenty-room houses in America, and faces among us clouded over thinking of the two-room, peat-smelling cottages of County Meath. Then the whispers stopped. We all hoped at once that Stephen O’Rourke would still be one of us, coming home to the sandals and the sweet, damp air and the green earth of the Meath he’d known and loved as a boy.

The Dublin docked two hours past her scheduled time. The sun was sinking behind us, the breezes blowing in from the Irish Sea, when the big liner came to rest and the plank went down.

(Continued on Page 29)



Future
Teachers
of
America

Green Isle

(Continued from Page 28)

None of us rushed to be the first to greet the homecomer. Streams of passengers came down the gangplank, unfamiliar and uninteresting faces. Still, none of us moved. We were all afraid of the image we'd begun to see in our heads the last few hours—that of Stephen O'Rourke in rich American dress with a gold cane, his smile strange to us, his eyes taking in our County Meath selves with amusement.

It was old Rory O'Hanlon who lifted a finger and pointed to the deck of the liner with an awed look on his face. We looked up and saw, coming down the plank, a tall, rangy man with sandy hair and blue eyes and—St. Michael preserve us!—the cane and polished shoes. I gathered my courage to look into his eyes, and the arrogance in those eyes hurt me so that I was afraid for the others if this were Stephen O'Rourke.

The stares around me were pinned on the swaggering, blue-eyed man when, suddenly, my eyes met a pair that were achingly familiar. They belonged to another tall man, but this one sported a worn brown suit-coat and his shoes were a dull gray. He carried no cane, only a large suitcase. My heart gave a wild little leap and I knew. Then the others saw him.

The group of us clustered around him, but it was my father to whom Stephen spoke. There was only a hint of Meath on his tongue.

"Hello, sir. It's glad I am to be home."

My father embraced him. But the lot of us hung back. Stephen looked at all of us; there was no amusement in his eyes. When he looked at me, I realized that he knew me and that he hadn't changed. Then he spoke to Father again.

"You never told them," he said. Then he turned to us and said as if relieving himself of a terrible burden. "I'm not what you expected. You might as well know I'm not wealthy. There is no rags to riches story. When a man doesn't belong, when he longs for—" and his eyes took on a faraway look as he tried to see past us into the heart of Dublin," — for the land he's been born to,

there's no changing that. I left with nothing. I return with—nothing." He seemed tired and almost beaten. "If it's packing you're thinking of sending me, it'll be just. But I intend to stay here," and his eyes sparkled defiantly, "now that I've come home."

Everyone was silent. Slowly, unmistakably, smiles spread over every face in the crowd, mine most of all—a smile full of a happiness I'd only known when, as a girl, I wasn't tanned for feeding chicken to the dogs.

Somehow, then, there were tears and explanations and a blessed relief that brought us all very close. Brianbarghers shook Stephen's hand a dozen times around, assuring him of the welcome he'd feared wouldn't await him. He understood, after a while, the anxiety we had felt and his face relaxed in a boyish grin.

When he came to me, he held me off from him, saying simply, "Can this be freckle-face Peggy Fitzsimmons?" and I thought my heart would burst. Sure, and it was singing like all the heather of County Meath blowing against a sea breeze.

The Misfit

Oh—and in his eyes was pain
And a hidden hungry look
There a distant sad refrain;
All laughter had forsook.

For the smile that was on his lips
And the brave light in his eyes
And the look of sailing ships
Sailing in the grey-swirled skies

Looked out on distant harbors wide
And dreamed on a million stars,
Sailed away with the ebbing tide
And roamed the planets—Earth to Mars.

He stands alone amid man's lust
And waits for life to turn to dust.

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