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Spring
1965

The 1964-1965 Viking Voices staff wishes to dedicate the spring issue of Viking Voices to Mr. Paul Odom, in appreciation for his patience and guidance in hopes that he will continue to inspire artists and writers of Tennessee High School.

Viking Voices

Volume 6

NUMBER II



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

A decorative border of intricate line art floral and vine patterns surrounds the text. The patterns are symmetrical and flow from the top and bottom edges towards the center.

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Officer's Page Designed by Lynn McCall

Cover Design by Sandi Warden

Editorial

We wish to thank Mr. David for his letter to the editor. Although this is the first we have received, we hope through your co-operation to continue these letters in future magazines.

Viking Voices, the literary and art magazine of Tennessee High School, was begun five years ago with the intention of presenting to the student body selections of work from their classmates. Today it has grown beyond the circle of our student body and has broadened its circulation to those who are interested in the ideas we have presented.

Few people understand the operation of our magazine and how we gather material for it. We were concerned to find that many felt that stories, poems, and art work could be submitted only by club members. In order to discover the hidden talents of our students who have not sought membership we have urged them and their teachers to submit tentative material.

The material is chosen by our staff, who seek to select that which best represents the students of the school. It is then carefully checked for errors before being approved by the majority of the members. Although a staff member might not have any of his own work in the magazine, he may have spent hours on someone else's composition readying it for publication. We wish to express our gratitude for the hours of hard work they have given to our magazine this year.

Viking Voices is continually growing; we are fortunate to have one of the few literary and art magazines in this area. Each year we have tried to do a little more in presenting what the reader wants. We would like to hear from any reader about our magazine.

Lynn McCall, *Editor*

LETTERS TO EDITOR

March 26, 1965

Miss Lynn McCall
Editor *Viking Voices*
Bristol, Tennessee

Dear Miss McCall:

The seeming preponderance of death, tragic, macabre, and depressing themes in student writing has caused me to wonder just what goes on in the minds of our young authors. With so many pleasant things to write about it is difficult to understand why the gloomy atmosphere prevails in student magazines.

Perhaps childhood is not the happy place we adults imagine it to be. We tend to forget the sad, unhappy times of our youth and recall only the gay, wonderous times. Maybe this is a built in protection against our being overpowered by life's sadness and tribulation.

Perhaps childhood thoughts are only reflections of the gloomy atmosphere of our times that we adults spread through newspapers, television, books, and conversation. Whatever the reason for the sad state of affairs, I hope your generation can bring the world back to a happy time and that the children of your generation have only happy themes with which to deal.

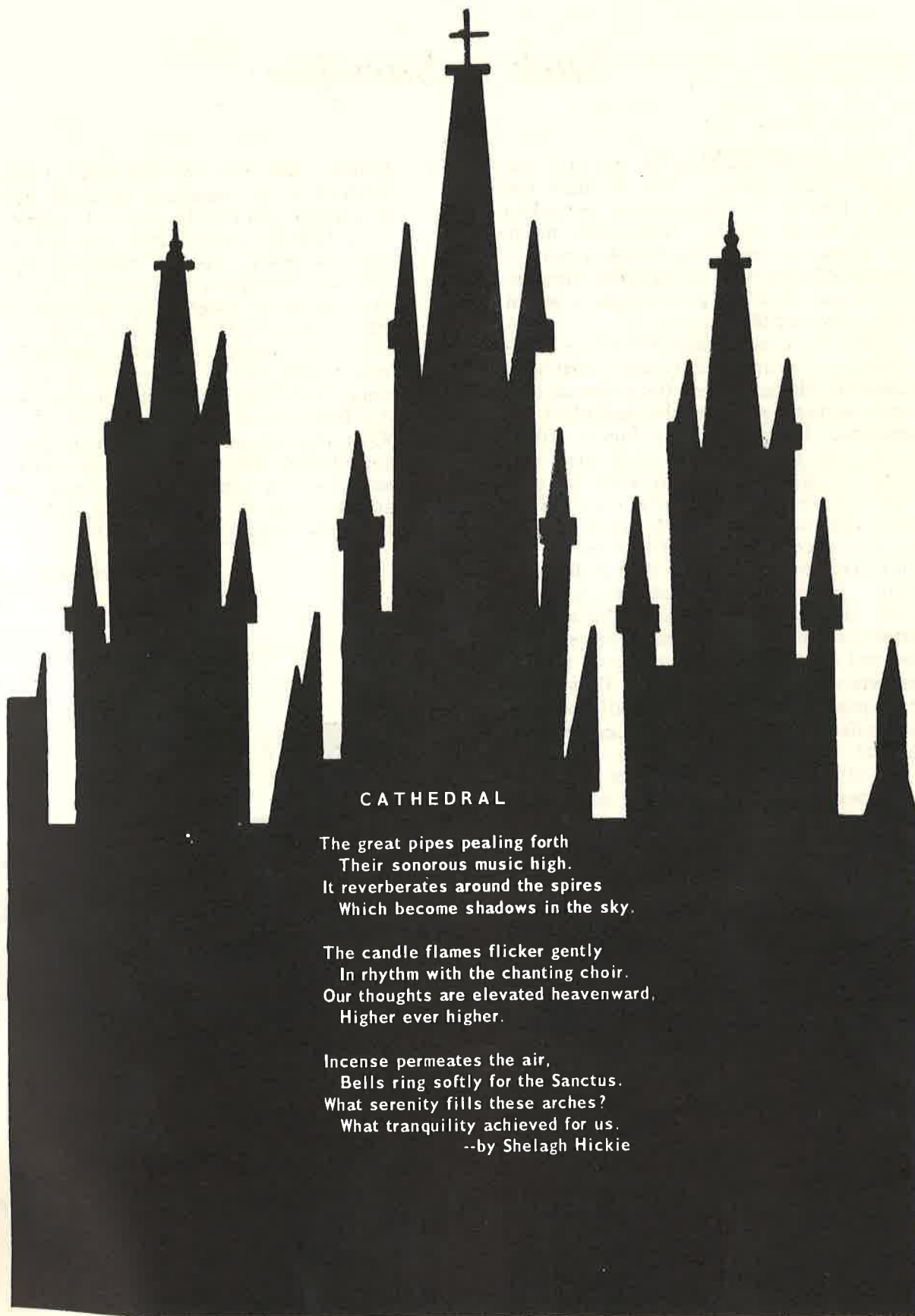
I did enjoy the current issue of *Viking Voices*. I Believe we have students with great talent, and with proper development we can hope to hear much more from them in the future.

Shelagh Hickie's *My Ship Will Sail* is a delightful flight of fancy, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Nancy Dampier's sad little vignette, *A Love Affair* is a touching poem which shows insight beyond her years -- very good. And who wouldn't love the feel of Christmas that Judy McFaddin's *Five Christmas Gifts* evokes.

I was quite taken by Richard Flagle's *Doleful Dragon* although I must confess I'm not exactly certain what it was all about. *He Was Different* and *Ireland's Past* are very interesting pieces as is Ellen Credle's *The Birds and Bees and the Horses and the Cows, Etc.*, especially the title.

Congratulations to you, your staff, and all your contributors on a fine job.

Sincerely, Hugh David



CATHEDRAL

The great pipes pealing forth
Their sonorous music high.
It reverberates around the spires
Which become shadows in the sky.

The candle flames flicker gently
In rhythm with the chanting choir.
Our thoughts are elevated heavenward,
Higher ever higher.

Incense permeates the air,
Bells ring softly for the Sanctus.
What serenity fills these arches?
What tranquility achieved for us.
--by Shelagh Hickie

Illustrated by Richard Flagle '65

Such a Sacrifice

"I would do anything for the sick and injured," said Janice. "You all know how much I love the poverty-stricken and ailing peoples of the world. Tears come to my eyes whenever I see a handicapped child or a person afflicted with an incurable disease. That is why I am going to become a social worker after college."

A few boys in the last row of the auditorium began to laugh, but Janice continued undaunted. She explained the importance of social workers and why she wanted to become one. Two of her close friends sitting in the first row glanced at each other with mutual satisfaction, for they knew the sacrifice she was willing to make. Janice needed the approval of her friends, and the quick nod they gave her satisfied this need. She continued her speech in an almost dramatic mood. Janice told the audience how she would help the sick and make the world a better place to live. Even more eyes showed awe and admiration. The group of faculty members stirred in their seats. Only mediocre speeches had prevailed until now, but Janice had captivated the audience with her brilliant oration.

All of the young speechmakers knew that the person presenting the most convincing oration would be awarded a scholarship for his respective vocation, and they knew that it was the decision of the faculty that determined the winner.

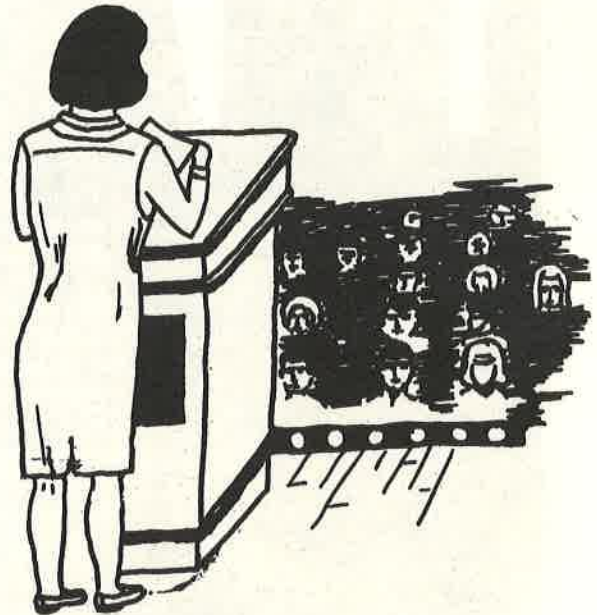
As Janice observed the rising interest of the teachers, she exploded with facts and figures on social service. If her rhetoric was nearly perfect, then her sincerity must have been perfection.

Janice's friends knew that she would receive the scholarship; they also knew how dedicated she was to her life's work, even if she had decided on it only a week ago. It seemed strange that such a popular girl would choose social service as a career, but Janice was different. She seemed to love people and their companionship, and she evidently wanted to devote her life to them.

Janice concluded her speech and then took her seat. An innocent smile appeared on her face as the applause filled the audi-

torium. She knew she had won. Janice listened to the remaining speeches almost in a stupor and numbly received congratulations from her many friends after the meeting had ended. As the audience emptied from the auditorium, she walked toward the exit behind the stage. Her coat had fallen from a hook on the wall, and a small dog, which had managed to enter the building, was resting on it, attempting to warm its mangy body from the cold. Janice kicked the dog from her coat and picked up the garment. When she noticed a spot of blood from the dog stained into the fabric, she sneered and kicked it again. As Janice confidently strolled from the building, she once again heard the echoes of praise in her ears.

--by Richard Flagle- '65



Illustrated by Terry Moore - '66

Love

What is love? Love is a favorite
Theme of poets, of artists,
Of philosophers. But what
Is love?

Love is what the poet feels for
His poem. Love is what the
Artist feels for his painting.
Love is what a mother feels
For her child. Love is a
Quality in man, considered to
Be deeply embedded in the
Heart. But love reaches
Deeper than the heart. It
Reaches to the deepest recesses
Of the soul, awakening in
Man the spirit of life,
Awakening within him all
The beauties of nature.
But most of all, love is what
I feel for you.

--by Bob Benning '66

By the Sea

The spring came late that year, but it had come. With it had seemed to come a vision of future dreams and fantasies.

It was such a morning that a solitary figure trudged a lonely extent of sandy waste. It was too early in the season for bathers and too early in the morning for scavengers. Obediah Journey walked unconsciously along, leaving in his wake the fine imprint of his stout old cane. A bent figure in a weathered jacket, a scowl on his withered face; his thoughts were completely immersed in his troubles. He was mentally thrashing the infernal idiotcy of doctors. As far as he was concerned, walking didn't help you live longer. And so what if he died? Who was to mourn his passing? Money couldn't cry. Neither could it gripe, complain, nag, hurt, or cheat. You lived and you died, and that was that.

So his thoughts ran, much like a water wheel, round and round, tumbling over and

over each other, and in time returning to start all over again.

If Obediah hadn't been so deeply involved in his miseries, he might have noticed the awakening of spring. How the zenith shone through the sky like burnished gold, or how the ocean glittered making it look like an enormous sapphire set in a band of silver sand. He might have heard the promised nature's breezes blow his way, as they gently caressed their subjects.

But perhaps it is just as well, for if Obediah had seen it all, he wouldn't have seen the grandeur of it. For you see, Obediah was a cynic. He would have told you of the havoc the sea might create on the morrow, or what past destructions had been among her misdeeds. He would have told you how the wind walked hand in hand with this force.

Among the many dislikes of Obediah Journey was his abiding hatred of children. His frequent comment was, "Nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble."

It is easy to understand why if he had seen the crouching figure ahead, he would have gone around it or turned back. But as it was Obediah was on the little creature quite before he realized it.

"Hello," spoke a bright voice, one that bubbled like a crystal spring.

"Ump," and Obediah began to wander on, but a question stopped him.

"What's that?"

Obediah turned. He saw the clear eyes were looking at the cane.

"That, you urchin, is a cane. Haven't you ever seen one before?"

The solemn wisp shook his head.

"You know what I'm doin'?"

"No," gruffly spoke the old man, "And what's more, I don't care."

The little boy was not the least taken aback, but went on with his conversation.

"I'm diggin' for buried treasure."

"So what?"

Still the little voice went on as if he hadn't heard.

"I've got to be careful though, his voice lowered, cause there's pirates all around."

Suddenly Obediah wanted to smash this little boy's world.

"Pirates? Don't you know there isn't any such thing?"

"But, of course, there is."

"No there isn't. There aren't any Spanish galleons, or buried treasure, or, or even any Santa Claus."

"There," thought Obediah, "that will fix him."

But the boy was unshaken.

"Sh', he might hear you."

"Boggle, there isn't one I tell you."

Still the boy stood his ground unabashed.

His deep blue eyes held pity as he looked into the old man's face.

"Don't you believe in God either?"

Obediah sank down into the sand. For the first time he saw the child's deep blue eyes peeking through a mop of hair.

"Impudent imp!"

Obediah sprang up with more agility than his sixty-eight years gave credit for. Swiftly he turned his back to the boy and walked home.

The next three days it rained. The waves danced and surged about, making the sea a caldron of boiling wrath. But on the fourth day the rain stopped, and the sun peeked through the clouds. Obediah walked along the beach quietly. Once in a while he would look up cautiously, as though searching for something or — someone.

As he moved up the beach, he saw what he was seeking — a vision of faded jeans and straw hair. This time it was Obediah who grudgingly said hello first.

"Oh, hello," said the child and resumed his digging.

In the days of the storm the sea had heaved upon the clean, white sands many treasures from her mystic depths. It was as if the sea wanted to appease man for her anger. So strewn about were corral shells, bits of smooth glass, and small animals. This was all part of the little boy's world.

"Look what I found!"

The old man looked, but all he could see was a bit of broken glass which caught the rays of the sun.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

The old man looked again, looking for something he might have missed, but as before all he saw was the same piece of glass.

"Ump, just a broken piece of glass."

The boy was holding up another treasure—a corral shell with bits of amethyst and deep brown. As before all he saw was an old shell, and he said as much.

"I'm going to hide them so no one will find them; they are valuable, you know."

The old man looked quietly into the wide, young eyes, and what he saw startled him.

"Why he really believes it!"

The boy began to dig.

Obediah looked at the bent head.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked out of curiosity.

"No," said the little boy. Mother says God is always watching over me and protecting me."

There it was — that supreme faith.

Suddenly the little boy jumped up and pointed to the horizon.

"Look," he shouted.

The old man turned slowly, and sure enough there it sailed.

"Whew," said the boy, "it's gone."

Obediah shook his head. It had been nothing but a trick of his tired eyes or an illusion. He turned back to the boy. To him it had been as real as the ground beneath his feet.

"Yes," said Obediah, "yes, it's gone."

But he knew it had left him a little richer. He had re-found his belief in man and God. He turned to leave.

"Mister, hey, mister."

"Huh?"

"Would you like to play?"

"Why not," he thought. He had all the time in the world; then if it weren't too late he would have eternity.

If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, nothing is impossible unto you. -- Matthew 17:20.

Susan Ferency -'66

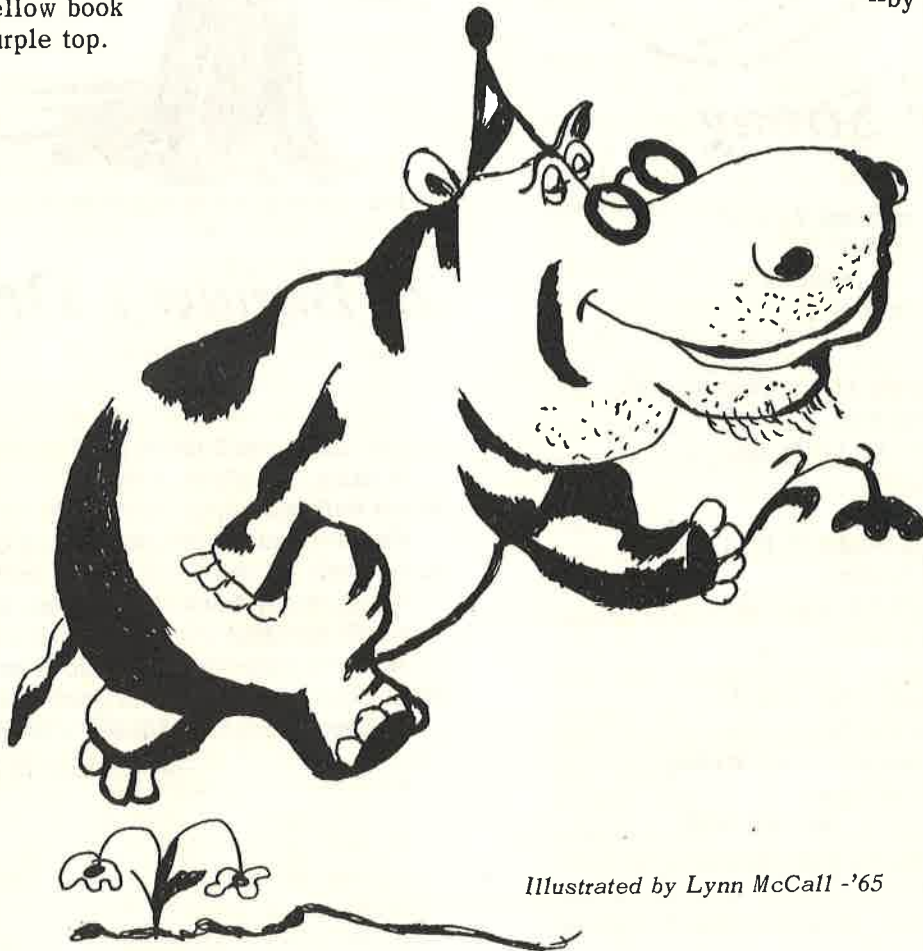


Illustrated by Susan Ferency -'66

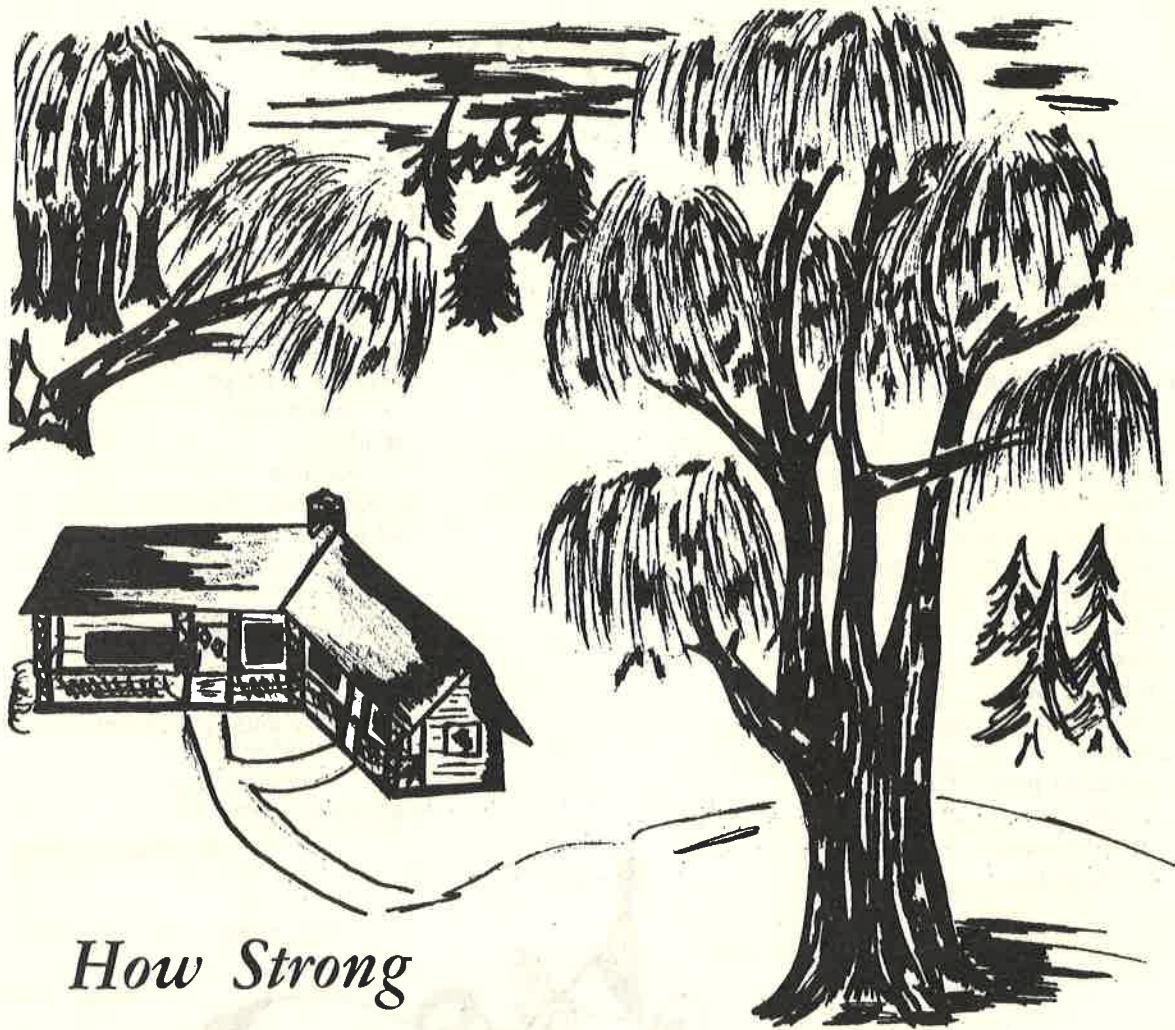
Definition of My Love

i love you
like
a million little kids
rolling down hills
laughing,
like twenty bunnies'
fluffy tails.
like fifty bees
with a field
of two million flowers
all full of honey
and they visit each one.
did you ever see a bee smiling?
well,
that's me --
a happy bee.
like two million flowers and you.
i'm happy
like assorted purrs of kitten
a pink bow
a yellow book
a purple top.

i love you --
everything.
it's all you,
it's all me.
everything's happy,
everyone's happy
somewhere.
i'm happy
all over.
up and down
and in and out
everything's silly --
me too.
call me a blue carnation.
i love you
i love you
you are my mushy monster
hairy bear
furry funny
I LOVE YOU!!!
--by Rebecca King



Illustrated by Lynn McCall -'65



Illustrated by Gerry Bunn -'66

How Strong

From tiny seed to towering tree
 The little acorn grew.
 How could I be as strong as he?
 I'd love to, if I knew.

He's tall and strong and towers so high.
 I'd like to be that way.
 And hold my head up to the sky --
 And never be afraid!

These thoughts I pondered in my mind,
 And then I tried to see
 That if in life, I'd try, I'd find --
 Then I could be a tree.

A tree looks up all night and day.
 It loves the rain and lowly clod.
 At last! I know how I'll grow strong.
 My feet on earth, my eyes
 toward God!
 --by John Keller

A Builder's Dream

I think that I shall never see
 A thing as ugly as a tree.
 Where dark and dingy forests grow
 Could stand cheap houses, row on row.
 But on this ground, there stands instead
 Those lousy trees, I wish were dead.
 What ho! An idea! I'll get a bulldozer,
 And other machines and run them over.
 We'll clean out the forests good and fast,
 And my cheesebox houses will stand at last.

--by Richard Hilton '67

Satan

The minute I walked into the house I could feel the stir of anger in the air. The expression on my mother's face confirmed my fear. "Don't bother telling me why you're late; I'm sorry that you won't make it to your meeting tonight, but it's your own problem. You'd better go in and put on some old clothes; your horse has been loose since three o'clock."

"Oh Satan, for Pete's sake, why today? I'm supposed to be at Keyettes in thirty minutes, and it's pouring down rain." I threw my clothes on the bed and pulled on some old jeans. I was still shaking from driving too fast, and I vowed, as usual, that I would never take the long way home again. If only I could break this stupid, senseless habit of running around. It's like being addicted to a habit of which you can't rid yourself. I know it's a waste of time; I never see him anyway.

My philosophyzing ended abruptly when I realized that I had taken my loafers out of my red boots yesterday. "Does everything have to go wrong on the same darn day?" Shakily I grabbed some tennis shoes and dashed down to the barn.

Satan's halter lay uselessly on the ground and I kicked it wrathfully as I stumbled into the tack room to get my bridle and some feed to coax him. "Now that's really marvelous. It'll be great fun catching him without even a halter to grab." Scurrying up the bank I shuffled along the road toward the field where I usually rode. I grew a little calmer, in fact, my spirits actually rose at the prospect of entering that world of escape which Satan and I both found so pleasant.

Around the curve of the road I saw him. He was calmly grazing, giving a glance upward now and then to check for anyone who might try to intrude upon his uncertain position. Luckily he hadn't seen me, and I was able to advance to within about fifteen yards before he looked around at me. He stood motionless and gazed, a few blades of grass still hanging comically from his lips.

"Easy boy, it's all right baby; come on now, it's time to go home." I struggled to keep my voice to a monotone so that it would not reveal my nervousness. He put his head down again and cropped a few more hasty mouthfuls, slowly edging away as he did. He still acted as undisturbed by my

presence as if he were standing in our backyard.

I moved several steps closer and stopped. "Just keep calm, little boy; I'm not in a hurry now; it's too late to worry about time, fellow; so just relax and enjoy yourself. I can stay out here just as long as you can." My words took instant effect on me; I felt very much relaxed now, and I began to enjoy the steady drizzle which was causing my hair to drip into my face. The only complaint I would have made was about the cold, and I realized that the gnawing chill would get worse as the sun went down.

"Let's go home, baby; I can't stand this much longer." I walked straight toward him now; there was no reason to waste more time; he was either going to run or just stand there, regardless of how fast I approached him.

"Darn, if I just didn't have a trig. test tomorrow, everything would be fine. That's probably why I stayed out so long this afternoon. It's an easy way to forget about your work for a little longer."

I was about three feet from him now... close enough so that I could feel the warmth of his body and smell the dank, horsy odor which drifted with the steam from his back. But I could not touch him.

"Better move a little closer to his head; he won't kick me unless something startles him, but there's nothing to grab hold of if I do get close enough, and it's better not to take the chance." I was even with his withers now, but I stayed far enough away so that he could still see the feed which was in my extended hand. He turned his head toward me and moved his body at the same time so that he had a chance to grab a bite of the food without being close enough for me to touch him. He snorted at the food and pawed several times nervously; then, extending his neck as far as he could without moving his feet, he scooped up a few grains with his outstretched lips. I moved one step closer, drew a deep breath, and grabbed at the closest shock of mane. The ends of several strands seared my hand as he reared and wheeled away. My angry tears mixed with the mud which he had kicked into my face, and I realized that in my desperation for revenge, I had thrown the feed at his retreating hindquarters. "Darn you, Satan!" I scre-

amed, "I don't care if you stay out here forever." I sobbed hopelessly as I sank to ground.

He scampered about kicking, running, and galloping about to and fro in a frenzy of triumph and terror. He reminded me very much of a naughty child, just as he had once been when he had unseated a friend of mine who considered herself to be quite a good rider. She had mounted and started off like a professional, but when he shied at the tree which has been in our yard much longer than he can remember, she fell just as hard as any of us. The killing blow had come, however, when a tiny boy from across the street walked calmly up to him, despite my friend's warning screams, and with a loving voice had urged the docile animal back to where I was standing. His understanding of people almost scared me sometimes, for he didn't hesitate to bring them down to earth if he felt they were riding too high on their own virtue. I guess that was why he was always so very patient and gentle with children. He seemed to understand their helplessness and enjoyed the responsibility of being careful with them.

I remained on the ground, although the dampness of the earth was penetrating my very skin. He began to gallop in a wide arc about me; then he cornered abruptly, cowboy style, shifting his weight with agility on his short, yet fine legs. Now, he thundered toward me, and I felt the ground shake under his hoofs as he neared.

"Come on, you fool, run over me. It does not really matter, does it? Maybe I haven't ridden you every day, but at least I've tried to give you a decent home and be kind to you. Come on, Satan, come on!" I shouted, knowing well that he would not touch me.

He was only a few feet from me now, and I could see the fire which lighted his eyes--not the fire of hatred but simply the pride of free, wild ancestors which had passed to him the heritage of his love for liberty. Inches from me he stopped, bracing his legs and throwing his weight backward so that he half-reared. Coming down, he began to graze once more a few feet from where I sat.

Half-heartedly, I rose and started toward him again. "O.K., you devil, this is it. You're beautiful, and you've put on quite a show, but if you're not ready to give up then just forget it, and stay here. You stupid horse, you don't know how well off you are, do you?"

He looked a little startled at my sharp tone, but he didn't move away. I moved closer and closer to him, praying that he would stay, but not risking a hope; for I had nothing even to coax him.

"Just wait 'till I get this bridle on you; I'm gonna beat you until you wish you had never thought of getting loose. You're not gonna pull this trick again." I was as close as I had been before, but this time I hadn't one iota of composure, and I was panting angrily. I lunged and threw my arms around his neck, holding him until the reins were over his head. I leaned against him for a minute, trying to free myself of dizziness from being out of breath.

The rain had stopped, and a glint of purple sunshine lit the sky. The cold wind bit into my face, purging me of the anger which had possessed my mind. "Come on, love, let's go home now, Satan."

--by Jeanne Kleinhammer '65



Illustrated by Peggy McLaughlin '65

Paintings



The Old Mill --

Susan Ferency

Infatuation --

Lynn McCall



A Study on Fruit --

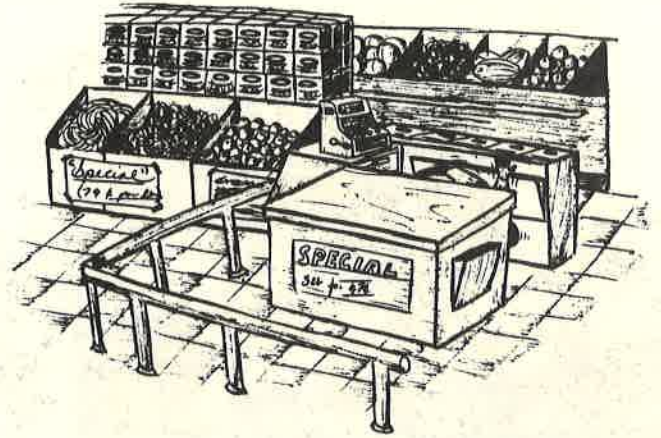
Kitty Martin



Illustrated by Richard Flagle '65

A blushing lady,
Leaning coquettishly from a latticed
balustrade
Tossing a rose to her lover
Who waits below in the costumed crowd
Of carnival.

--by Carter Reser '65



Illustrated by Jim Reid '68

A haphazard grocer
Shuffling behind a messy counter
To read yesterday's funnies.

--by Judy McFaddin '65



Illustrated by Randy Jessee '66

A weathered old man
With sand in his shoes;
Smelling of the salty air,
Sits all day mending his fishing nets.

--by Sandi Warden '65



Illustrated by Shirley Street - '67

Straight hair and patterned hose
Eye make-up and pale lips
A sneer, a dirty joke
A dancer in a night club
A failure.

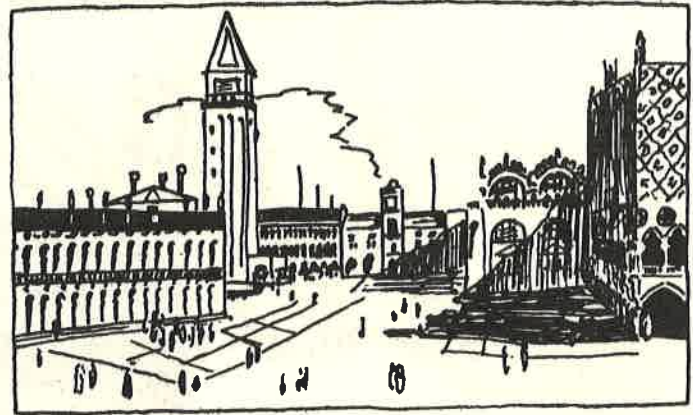
--by Judy Whittaker '65



Illustrated by Lynn McCall '65

A sombrero and a full plaid skirt,
A low guitar and the smell of rum,
A barefoot boy and a dark haired girl
Seek pleasure in the crowd's festivities.

--by Lynn McCall '65



Illustrated by John McMinn '65

A handsome young Italian
Pushing his gondola slowly through the
glistening water
Trying to find a passenger.

--by Carol Ringley



Illustrated by Tommy Smith - '65

A solemn-faced Quaker
Possessing his forefathers
Antiques;
Patient and calm.

--by Dianne Graybeal '65



Illustrated by Tommy Smith '65

A shy, lovely rebel
Flirting with her admirers;
Faintly smelling of peach blossoms,
Young but set in her ways.

--by Dianne Graybeal '65

Paintings

A Glimpse of Solitude --

Sandi Warden



The Wind and the Waves --

Sandi Warden

Despair --

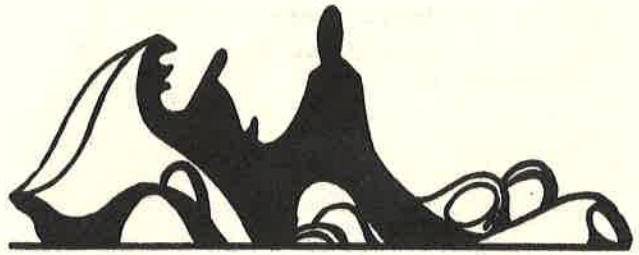
John McMinn



Off Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a barren plain?
Thou art the common of the common;
Piercing winds do tear the jagged stones
of time,
And the eternal dust hath the air of in-
difference:
Often shines the mighty sun too hot,
To sap the youth of the treeless waste;
And the one to many is changed,
By the course of nature altered;
But thy enduring plain shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that frequent thou
owest;
Nor shall Death claim thy memory;
So long as the wind can blow or suns can
shine,
So long lives one as thou and more thy life
to see.

Richard Flagle - '65



Illustrated by Richard Flagle -'65

Silver, Crimson and Gold

I rode upon a crimson horse,
His hoofs were made of gold;
He had a golden bridle,
I didn't even hold.

We raced along a silver path,
We ran until we flew,
We pushed through golden branches,
Agleam with silver dew.

We rode into the silver moon
Until his crimson shone,
But then my stallion ran--
Away from golden dawn.

Shelagh Hickie -'65



Illustrated by Shirley Street -'67

A View of Death

Death is inevitable. It comes to all.
What is this thing called death, that we
should fear it?

To the rich it comes, to the poor alike.
It strikes swiftly, oft without warning.
Why worry about it? Is death so terrible?
To die, to die, to die. The refrain is most
Sweet. To live. But why? What is the
Use of living? We live our daily lives in
This world of woe. We are constantly
Buffeted to and fro by the wills of the
Unpredictable, and oft unappeased, gods.
To be thrown about as a pawn in the
Game of Life. To be subjected to the
Sicknesses, the hardships, the unceasing
Toil, the agony of defeat at the hand
Of our enemy. This, in part, is Life.
To those, does it not seem reasonable
That the sweetest refrain that could e'er
fall
Upon their ears would be to die, to die,
To die?

To die, to die, to die. List to that sweet
Refrain. Does it not beckon to thee as the
Voice of freedom? Does it not fall upon
Thy ears even as the gentle rains from
Heaven do fall upon the meadows, bringing
Forth their fruit, and bringing them
Peace and refreshment?
List not to thy own stubborn will to live,
For living is but a prolonging of death,
A prolonging of the inevitable.

To die, to die, to die. We were born to die.
Do not fear death, but approach it with a
Heart full of courage, a heart unwavering,
And a mind at peace, at rest.

Fear not the mysterious journey of death, as
Spoken of by fools and babbling old men.
Fear not death, but accept it as thy victor.
Submit to this victor without resistance,
And great will be thy reward.

For death is nothing more than a temporary
Interruption of life. At the same time it is a
Stopping of life, and another beginning.
To die, to die, to die. When thy victor comes to
Claim thee, some will mourn, some will laugh,
And some will not care. To their reactions
pay no

Attention. When death comes to claim thee,
Be thou ready. E'er thy last breath is
Drawn, e'er thy heart shall beat its last
Stroke, e'er thy dying words are heard, thou
Shalt begin on thy journey. Thy body, no
Longer useful, will be laid away in the vaults
Of the earth, preceded by the Pharaohs, the
Wealthy kings of Europe, the patriarchs of
Biblical time and preceded by thousands,
Even to the magnitude of millions, yea,
Billions, of those still unborn, and of the
Unborn of those as of yet unborn. Thou
Shalt be alone; yet thou shall not be alone,
For death is random and will eventually
Claim for his own thou and all the undreamed
of
Generations.

Be thankful for death. Death is thy relief, thy
Comforter. Thy body shall fall to decay; it
shall be
Consumed by the crawling, creeping, disgust-
ing

Forms of life that inhabit the dark, moist,
Stench-filled soil. But of what consequence
Is that? After you are claimed by death,
Thy body would no longer be useful, but
Instead would become a hindrance. And
Before many years have passed, there
Would be none left to mourn thy remains,
For death will claim thy generation and the
Generation of thy children. Death is thy
Reward for living. Death is thy peace.
Death is thy rest. Death is thy comforter.

Welcome death, for it is but a brief rest in
The eternity of time. Thy soul shall be put
At rest. Thy pain-racked body shall bother
Thee no more. Death is but the beginning
Of the true life. Thou shalt walk the
Never-darkened field in raiments of
White, magnificent to behold. Thou shalt
No longer, from death to eternity, know
Hunger, sorrow, or pain. Thou shalt
Once again see those beloved of you
Alive, and happier than ever they had been
In their fleeting lives on earth. Thou
Shalt go to meet thy Creator, thy God, to
Live with Him forever and to grow
In his doctrines.

To die, to die, to die.

Bob Benning -'66

A View of Death



Illustrated by Richard Flagle -'65

Trends in the Art World

The wave of abstract art, which started over five years ago, has just lately begun to subside in popularity. This form creates most of its excitement from the rich emotional content of undefined shapes and textures. In the past few years there has been a large branching off of abstract painting, forming new fields of modern art.

One of the major new fields is Pop Art, that fascinating arrangement of loud colors and bold lines. The likenesses to commercial advertising in Pop Art, which looks like a photograph, are such non-art objects as bathing suit advertisements, pictures of tomato cans, scenes from comic strips, and bottles of insect repellent. This new wave of modern art has, astonishingly, been widely accepted by many well-known critics.

An example of one of the more readily accepted art forms, called Primitif, is the painting on this page. This form of modern art gains its effectiveness from the contrasting texture used in the same painting. The main contrast, and the most obvious one, is the difference in the texture or depth of the background, coarse wood, and the smoothness of the oil paint used on it. This form of art is rapidly gaining popularity and is being widely seen throughout the country.

The latest and most shocking form of abstract art is Op Art. This new form gets its effectiveness by creating optical illusions. This is accomplished by the use of black and white strips, varying in width and evenness, with sudden splashes of vivid colors. The fact that Op Art is always on a flat surface adds to the illusion. This form of art is just beginning to be accepted throughout this country and Europe, and many authorities still have their doubts about the validity of this style- is it, or is it not to be considered legitimate art?

A novel group of artists (called by the French, Les Naifs) has been produced by the subsiding of the popularity of abstract art. Their paintings characteristically employ the use of two dimensional figures against childlike landscapes. This group of artists, who are definitely classified as modern, has gained considerable recognition in the past year and is gaining more every day.

A modern painter, in almost all of the above-mentioned fields, uses many different-

textured materials and shocking colors in his creations. These materials not only include the conventional variety of oil paint but also include burlap, barbed wire, bottle tops, pennies, and wood shavings. These unusual materials are constantly being used to achieve new and unusual effects to go along with the personality of the painter and his painting.

These new, and not always understood, forms of creativity are not as confusing as they sound. A short visit through a modern art gallery will give anyone a chance to see for himself examples of each type, and then he can decide for himself what he likes, and what he considers to be true art.

For the first time in the history of art, the United States has taken the coveted lead from Europe. According to Aliseair Cooke, an authority on art trends, the lead was taken in today's most important art field, modern and abstract art. The new artists of America have gained praise, respect, and a large fortune from this form of art.

--Sandi Warden '65



Painted by Kitty Martin -'65

Sorry! I Didn't See You

Sorry! I Didn't See You

I am sorry I didn't see you,
That day so long ago.
You looked at me with loving eyes,
But then I didn't know.

These eyes of mine, much younger then,
Looked far beyond you dear,
In search for that one lovely girl,
And she was never near.

"Sorry I didn't see you."
My heart repeats to me;
For when I look at you, my dear,
It's "me" you cannot see.

Please look at me again today,
And forgive me if you can;
For things a young boy could not see,
I see now, as a man.

Perhaps some day before too long,
You'll look at me once more.
Then, I'll be sure to catch your glance
For it's you that I adore

--by David Francis '67



Illustrated by John McMinn '65

The Sweater

It was my mother's idea, and it seemed like a good one at first. I mean getting a hand-made sweater without making it yourself or paying money for it was a pretty good deal. All I had to do was sit and talk to Miss Anne Beth each day after school while she knitted.

It sounds pretty easy, doesn't it? But wait 'till you hear the history of Miss Anne Beth. She was once a beautiful young lady--until the accident. It was terrible. She was lighting the stove one day when something went wrong, and it blew up in her face. Now that she was old, one could not bear even to look at her. Her face was expressionless; most of it was covered over with scar tissue, but the worst thing was that the shock made her go crazy. The only thing she remembered was the accident. That's what we always talked about. It was gruesome.

But Mom said I had to go. So I did. I thought the first week would never end. She often made me touch her face, to feel the grossness of it.

All the while she talked, she knitted. Her fingers moved so swiftly, I often wondered what took her so long. Maybe, like the pensive Penelope, she took it out each night just so someone would be with her a little longer.

The sweater was beautiful, but I could tell she saw no beauty in it; she saw beauty in nothing now.

Once in a while when she would remember her past, she would tell me of her great beauty and all her admirers. These stories seemed like fantasies to me, because I couldn't imagine that any beauty had ever existed in her.

She knitted for three solid weeks, but it seemed like three years to me. Then one Friday as I walked to the house, things seemed different. There were actually people there. I came in to find her lying on the couch, dead. Lying on her was my finished sweater. For a minute there as I looked at her, she seemed beautiful. That's how I remembered her.

Ellen Credle -'68



Small girls
And little boys
Who wish to be grown-up
Can never know that someday soon
They may.

--by Wanda Williams '65



Young love
Is just a dream
That grows and grows with time
Until at last the two are one
Or naught.

--by Larry Davidson '65

Upon
The sea, the quiet,
The restless tide did try
To stop and sleep like happy men,
But no.

--by Richard Flagle '65

The moon
So high up there
With all its splendor grand
Is all alone in depthless dark
From man.

--by Larry Davidson '65

Friendship
Is seeing one
With all his faults and flaws
And loving him the way you did
Before.

-- Nancy Harkrader '65



The child
Emits a cry,
For pain is hard to bear.
Too soon he'll know how hard life is,
And weep.

--by Jackie Thomas '65



A sound,
A look, a move
Can say more than a book,
If heart and mind are ready to
Receive.

-- by Jackie Thomas '65

Music is a nymph
Who takes your hand and leads you
Into fairyland.

--by Nancy Harkrader '65

The wind is God's whip
Lashing at the evil earth,
Seeking repentance.

--by Brenda Morton '65

A spring thunderstorm
Is only an angry child
Throwing a tantrum.

--by Nancy Harkrader '65

Stars are the doorknobs
To God's Paradise by which
Angels come and go.

--by Diane Graybeal '65

Someone burns a star
Then sails it through heaven
In a lonely search.

--by Ford Caldwell '65

Love is a strange game
Because its players never
Know the lucky one.

--by Patty Carmack '65

Beauty is moonlight
Glistening on the dewy carpet
Of summer's night.

--by Jeanne Clark '65

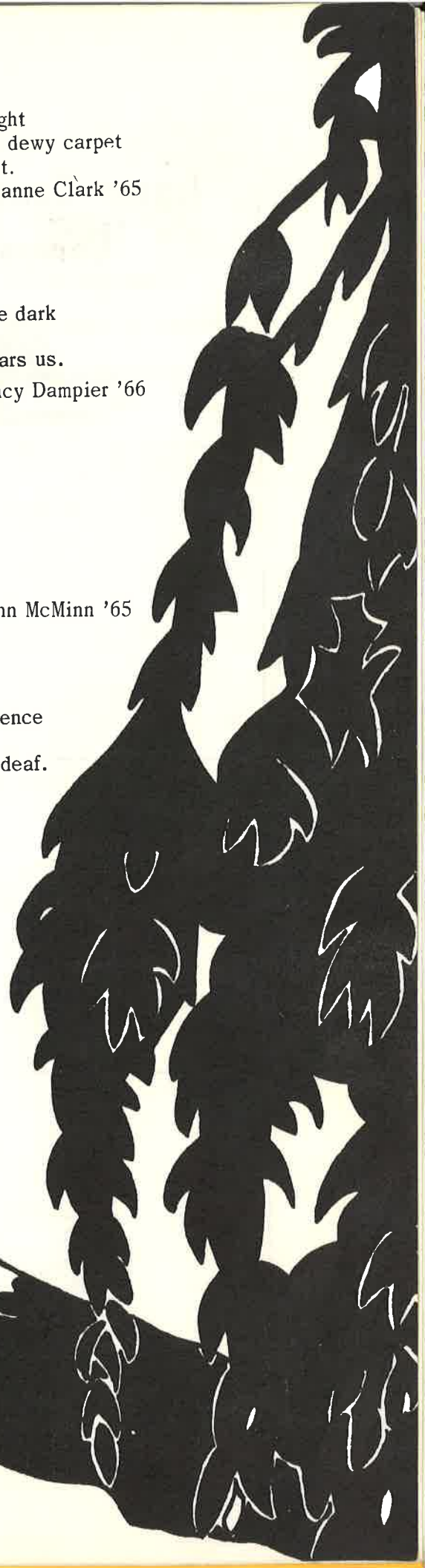
We whistle in the dark
and wonder
who hears us.

--by Nancy Dampier '66

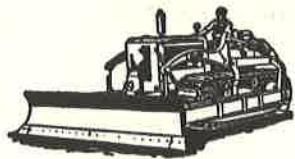
Willows weep
river runs deep
I cry.

--by John McMinn '65

The deepest silence
is noise
to the deaf.



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