

# A Guest Editorial

## "A Eulogy To A Friend"

It's been a little more than an hour since they announced the news. Can it be possible? A feeling of numbness and nausea fills me. My friend is gone.

I'm reflecting now. It all started in 1955 when he met Paul McCartney. In 1961, their manager told Decca records that "One day these boys will be bigger than Elvis Presley." In late 1962, they made their first record. A year later they had the top two albums, three LP's, and the top three singles.

He and Paul and George and Ringo had little faith in their ability to break the U.S. record charts. They need not have worried.

They sold more singles in the first three months of 1964 than all the other recording artists combined. Three of the top five albums and fourteen of the top one hundred singles had the groups name on them.

Their disarming style and antics captured people of all ages. They succeeded, as one reviewer put it, "because moms and dads liked them." They left the teeny-boppers behind with "Revolver," then stunned the rock world with the astonishing "Sgt. Pepper."

He met an Oriental woman who became his infamous wife. He and Paul had come to a parting of the ways as a songwriting team, and that separation was reflected in their music.

He and his friends recorded "Abbey Road" in late 1969; it was their last and arguably their finest effort. Shortly afterward, he told Paul: "I want a divorce." Paul made the dissolution official in April 10, 1970.

He was on his own. His solo efforts drew praise and criticism, more often the latter. Because of his politics, the Nixon administration tried to have him run out of the country; it failed. He went into seclusion because it was important for him to be with his son.

Several years later, he returned with an album and a single, both successes. Then somebody decided that he didn't have the right to live.

Paul McCartney transformed the ideas into commercial acceptability, but HE was the innovator of the group.

When the Beatles broke up, he said that "the dream is over." He was wrong, of course. Numbers such as twenty number one singles and fourteen number one albums in seven years wouldn't let it die.

There won't be much sleep tonight, so I think I'll put on "Sgt. Pepper" and "Rubber Soul." Thanks for the memories, John Lennon. The "dream" will never die. You made sure of that.

Keith Waters

# A Cool Night In December

by Joe Stallings

As I sit down, I think about Christmas, that joyful time of the year. Actually, that doesn't sound really too unusual, does it? After all, it's now the middle of December and the 25th is only days away.

Anywhere you go, you see reminders that it's the Christmas season. There are Santa Claus's in all the shopping malls, there are ornamented Christmas trees virtually everywhere, wreaths are on the doors, and best of all--- presents are coming! That, is what Christmas is all about! The joy and fun of opening presents and checking stockings on Christmas morning is what we treasure so much. We just can't wait for the "unusually long" Christmas Eve night to be over with so that we can rush out to the tree and see if Santa Claus has brought us all the gifts that we wanted. Oh, how the true spirit of Christmas sweeps the nation and the world!

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. All the stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there." For some reason it just doesn't have that usual heart-warming ring of past years. What's wrong? There's got to be more to it than that. I remember when I was a kid, that was it, that was what I needed, that was what I so excitedly looked forward to every year. Now though, that I'm older, that "traditional" Christmas story just doesn't

fulfill me anymore. There has got to be some chapters missing from the story. In fact, even that doesn't satisfy me. It's ALL wrong, I can just sense it. What's missing? I keep asking myself that same question over and over again. No answer comes to my mind. I can't think in here. I'd better go outside. Maybe the cool, crisp December air will clear the cobwebs from my mind and enable me to find out what I'm searching for. I walk around through the neighborhood looking at all the colorful Christmas lights and the houses with the candles in the windows. They're all beautiful, but what do they mean? I keep on walking and soon stroll past "Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer" in someone's frontyard. Oh, what a hero! He saved the world you know? Remember, a few years ago his bright nose enabled Santa to see through a snowstorm, and thus deliver his presents to all the people of the world.

Wow, what a feat! Maybe thoughts like this are what I need to put the "Christmas spirit" back into me. But even Rudolph doesn't give me that usual zing anymore! What's wrong with me this year!?! I keep on walking and soon find myself in the busy part of town. Man, does this place buzz at night! Everyone around me is so happy. Why can't I feel the same happiness that the others feel? I feel down and out, like an outsider. I read a sign on a store window, "MERRY X-MAS." I walk on. But then I stop. What is this "x-MAS" stuff anyway? I

thought this was the Christmas season. There's something wrong with that sign. The "T" shouldn't be there. It's blocking out something. I can sense it. They're marking the letters C, H, R, I, S, and T out of the word "Christmas." Why? Wonderment fills me, then panic. I start running down the sidewalk. I've got to get back home. As I run, I faintly hear the songs "Jingle Bells" and "Frosty the Snowman" in the distance. What does Frosty, Rudolph, or even Santa have to do with it anyhow? I'm beginning to think now, so I stop in a quiet corner of town and sit down. I'm totally confused. I don't know what to think anymore. I remember many years ago my granddaddy told me something. It was a story of some sort:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Why are my granddaddy's words going through my mind? I'm beginning to feel very weary, fighting to stay awake. It's no use. I can't hold it back any longer. I'm so weary. I hear a bell toll as I fall off into a peaceful rest.

Your True Love

You search and search,

For that one true love,

The one that can thrill you,

And protect you and help

You find true happiness.

You may search your whole life through,

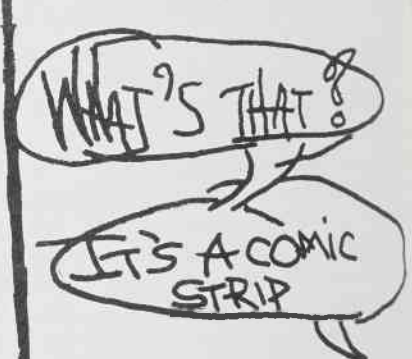
And then come to realize that

That special love was there all the time,

All you had to do,

Was reach out and take it.

B.J.



BY MELVIN MORON (KO)

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