

# COLLAGE

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

MAY 1975



## NOTES

This is the last of the four issues of COLLAGE this year. The staff has thoroughly enjoyed producing the magazine and we hope you have enjoyed reading it. Your response this year has been very favorable, and we appreciate it. Next year COLLAGE will be under the direction of Robin Freeman. We would like to urge all students, administrators, and faculty to submit their creative works to COLLAGE-Box 61, Campus Mail for possible publication next year.

In addition to the COLLAGE staff and advisor, I personally would like to thank Pat Daley and her E-4 kit, the Singer machine repairman, Mr. Donald Hill, and Mr. Max Shively. I especially would like to thank Dr. Paul Keckley for his constant support and encouragement.

*Linda Sissom*

## COVER

The cover for this issue is by Steve Reynolds, COLLAGE associate editor. The photo of Clayton Hawes' stained glass lamp was taken with a Mamiya camera on Ektachrome Daylight film.

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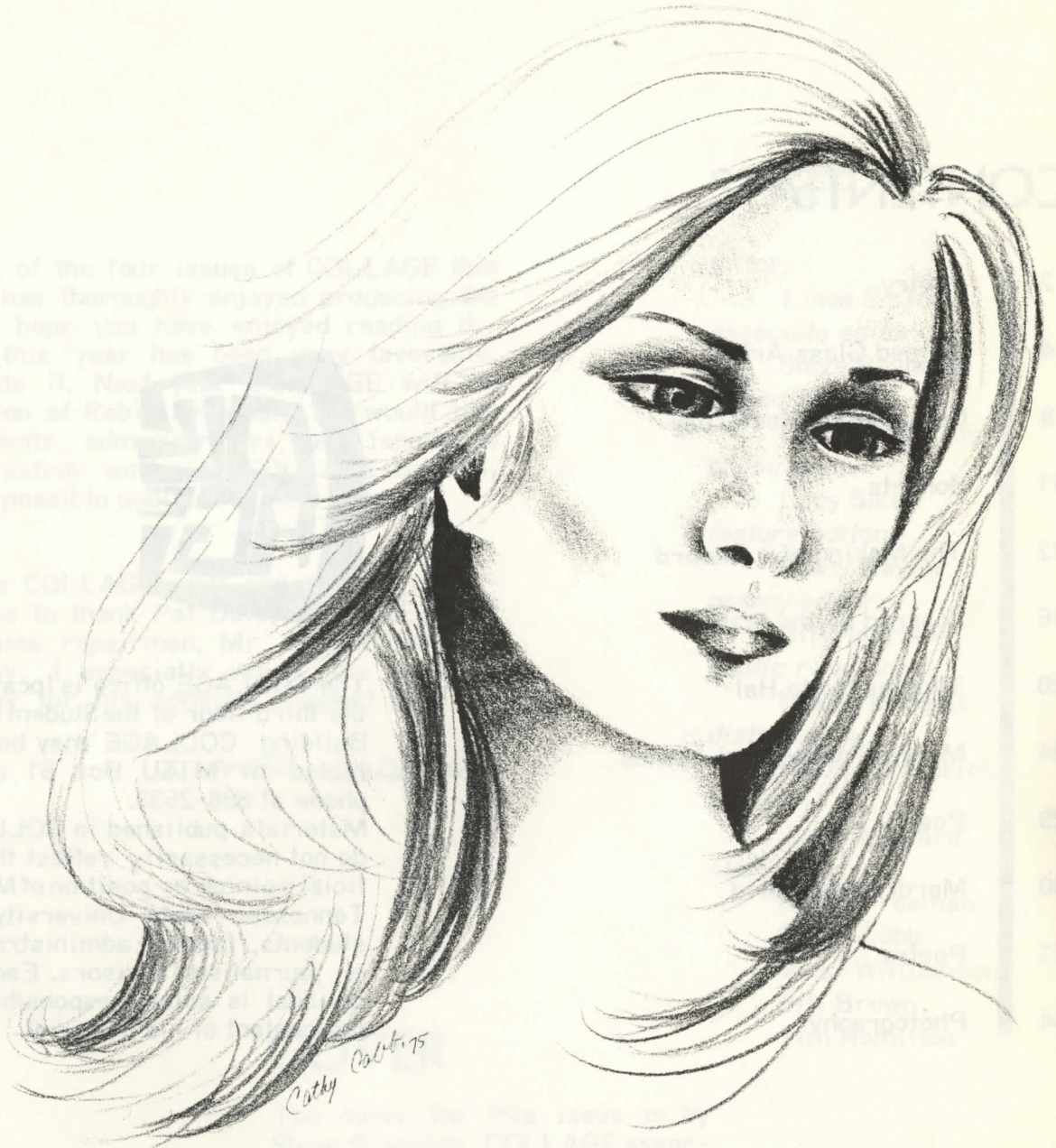
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This is the last of the four issues of COLLEGE for the year. The staff has thoroughly enjoyed producing this magazine and we hope you have enjoyed reading it. Your response this year has been excellent and we appreciate it. Next year we will be under the direction of Bob [Name] and we will urge all students to submit their creative work to Campus Mail for possible publication.

In addition to the College Mail staff, we would like to thank the Singer machine repairman, Mr. Max [Name], and Dr. Paul [Name] for their assistance in the production of this magazine.



*drawing by Cathy Cobb*

I can give in  
without giving  
I will no longer fight you  
passivity will defeat you  
do what you will  
My soul is safe  
hidden deep away from you  
giving light and warming me  
I no longer love you  
just too tired to fight you  
take me as you have to  
but know that I won't give

*by D. Miller*

Frail renaissance: the dogwoods bloom  
And bees fly rant from tree to tree  
While alone in shuttered room  
Stand silently and dream of thee.

Behind the shuttered window gray  
The lonely captive broods,  
While silently he waits the day  
When twain he'll be from moods.

Now the corridors are empty  
And wind sighs where the laughter's been;  
Doors and windows all are darkened  
Reflections of the soul within.

by John Alfred Dangerfield



drawing by Cathy Cobb

Frail Renaissance: the dogwood bloom  
And pass fly rain from time to time  
While stone in shuttered room  
Stand silently and dream of lives

Behind the shutter of window glass  
The lonely captive broods,  
While silently he waits the day  
When again he'll be from woods.

How the corners are empty  
And what shadows the window's pane



# Stained Glass Art

## *Creations of Clayton Hawes*

*by Robin Freeman*

When Clayton Hawes decides to make a lamp, he uses more than a broomstick, a cardboard carton and a 50-watt bulb. And you can't find his lampshades in any department store -- unless it has a stained glass section.

Hawes, a speech and theatre professor at MTSU, makes stained glass lamps, panels, window hangings and assorted trinkets.

From his dank backroom workshop at Studio 4 in Murfreesboro, lit oddly enough by three or four bare bulbs, he produces lamps of his own design in every imaginable color.

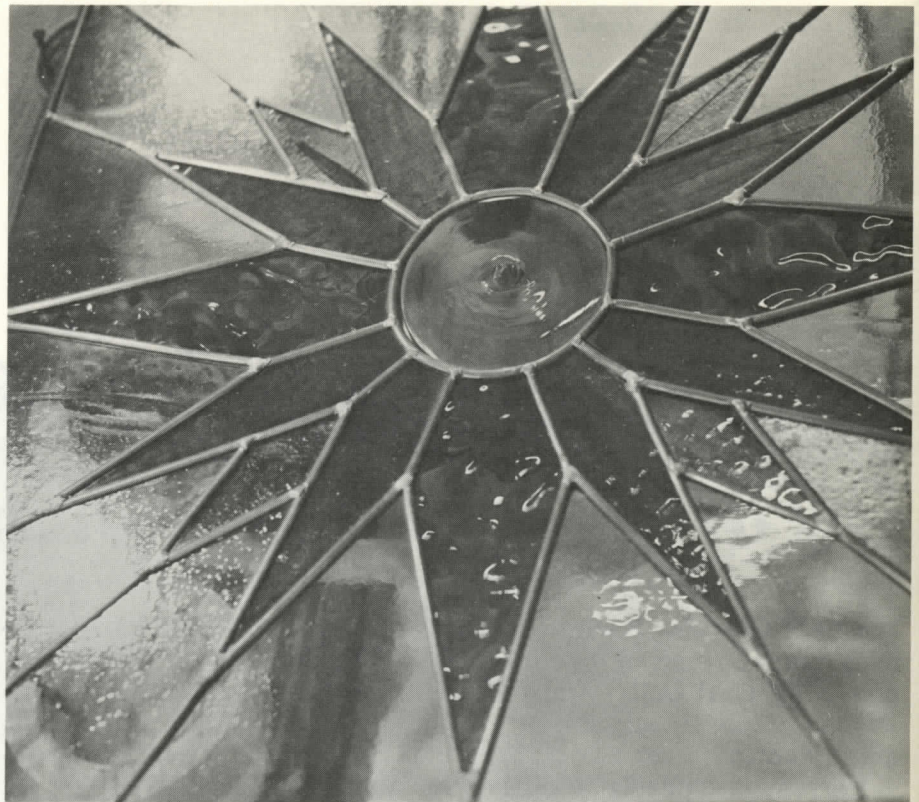
"I first got interested in stained glass when I walked into a stained glass shop where my mother lives in Kansas," Hawes explained. "Then my interest turned serious about four years ago."

The best way to learn about something quickly is to read books on the subject. Hawes had the right idea, but he ran into trouble since there were not many books about stained glass at the time. "I read the few books there were and started doing it in the summer and went from there," he commented.

Although interest in stained glass has increased a hundred fold in the past ten years, only a handful of people still take the art seriously, and Hawes is one of them.

"I like making lamps the best. Almost every one I sell is my own design. I usually end up designing lamps for my customers even if they come in with their own idea and ask me to make this or that for them," he said.

If making stained glass objects isn't enough, Hawes carries his hobby a step further by delving into the "lost art" of bending the glass in his lamps. "Most people use small pieces to make the bend, but I use a special process of melting the glass to fit a mold," Hawes explained. (cont'd)



He buys the colored panes from suppliers in Alabama, Georgia, and Indiana -- the only three companies that still produce them. "The biggest detriment to this hobby is getting the glass," Hawes said. "No company in Tennessee even has a stockpile, and there for a while I thought inflation might put me out of business."

On a recent buying trip, Hawes offered to pay four times as much as the going price of the glass (which in itself has increased by 300 per cent), but he still found it hard to get the colors he needed. "I like to keep the price of my lamps in a range where just about everyone can afford one, and if students can afford it -- anyone can," the professor stressed. Prices on his lamps start at \$45.

Hawes creates intricate beauty with relatively simple tools. "The only distinctive tool I use is my glasscutter," he said. You can buy all the others (pliers, solder, etc.) at any hardware store." His typical hardware tools enable him to transform glass and other materials into antique looking articles. He often combines stained glass and ceramic for "an unusual marriage that I've never seen anywhere else before," he said.

To help his lamps look even more antique, Hawes performs a little trick with the metal bases. He buys them commercially, all shiny and bright, then stains and bakes them to give them an effective aged appearance.



All of his tricks and tinkering sound complicated, but Hawes claims that no one step of the operation is very hard to do. "It takes me anywhere from four hours to four days to make a lamp."

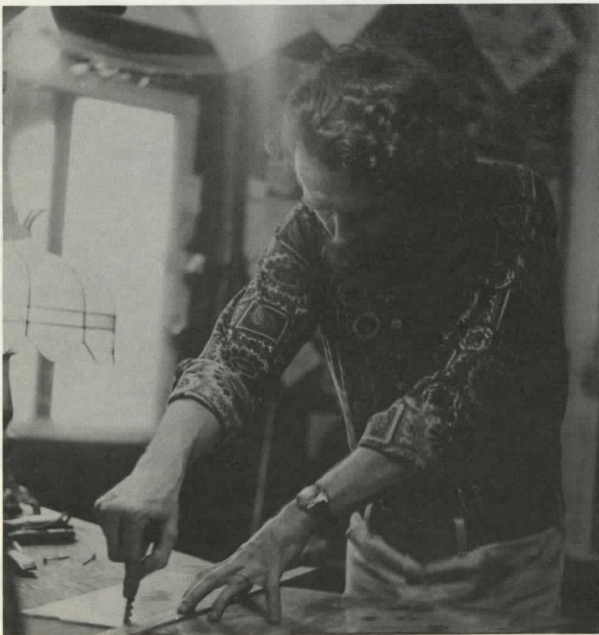
Even though his hobby doesn't take much time on individual projects, as a whole "I don't have near as much time as I need to make all the things I want to, not while I'm teaching." And there is always something, some project, he wants to do.

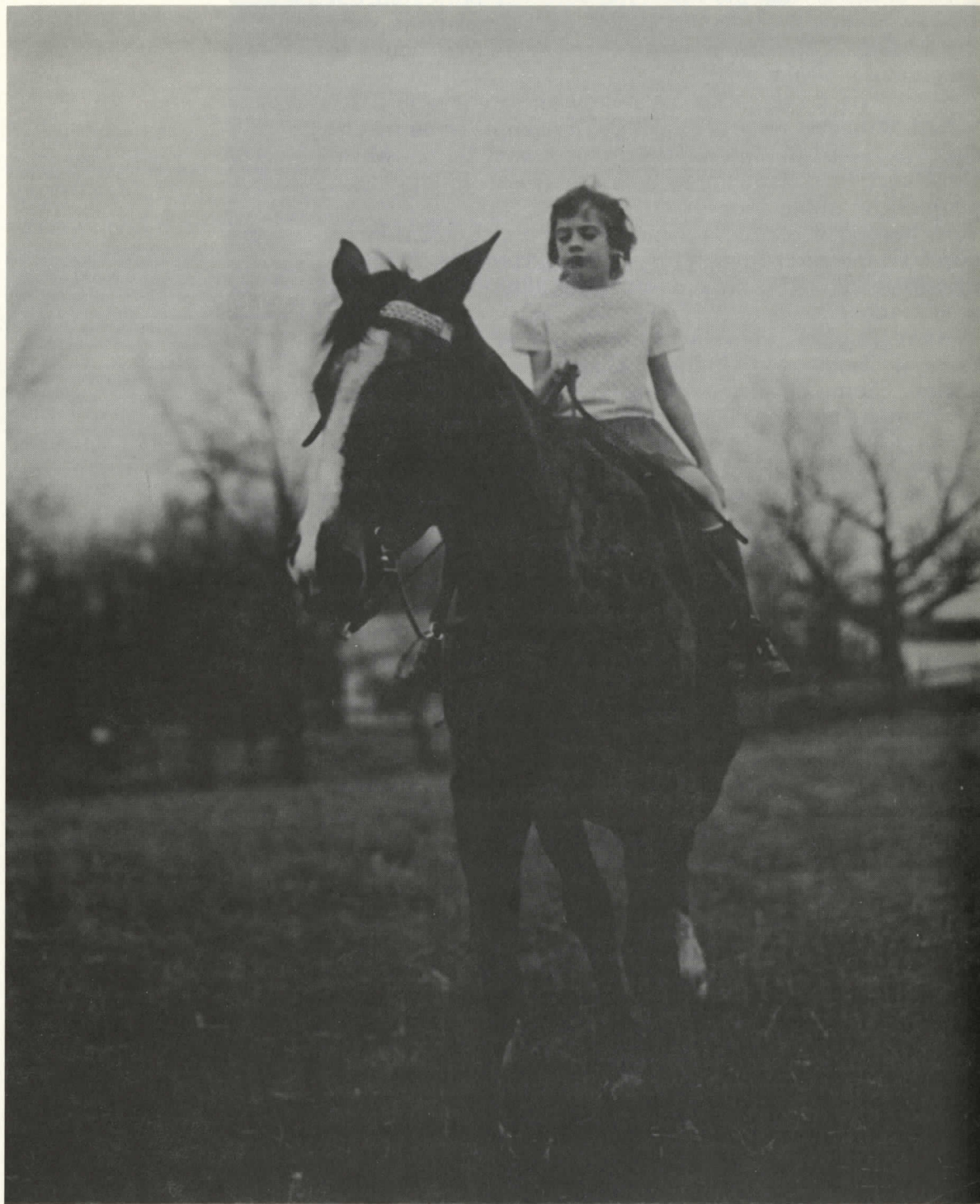
"I have one project hanging in my dining room right now that I wouldn't trade for anything. It was an original design taken from an old idea book," he said, glowing with pride.

Hawes's pride in his work takes him to several craft fairs in Tennessee, Indiana, Georgia and surrounding states. "Some people at these craft fairs call themselves craftsmen, but they run their shops like sweatshops, turning out lamps like a production line," he said. He hasn't won any collector's awards, but he does have several purchase awards to his credit.

"There is no big competitive thing in this field because there is only a handful of people really involved in it," Hawes explained. "I'm the only person around here with my own shop, and more people come than I can possibly make lamps and things for." The man doesn't advertise, except for business cards passed out at the craft fairs.

Little did he imagine when he was making his first lamp in his kitchen years ago that it would turn into such an avocation.\*





*photo by Bill Brown*

# Comment On Yesterday

--from the private letters of Anna Louise Morrow, 1922-1960

*I am a writer. I write words and dream dreams. And I live in a town which is any town and I live in this time which is no time but now and which will--in the end--be forever gone.*

*Anna Louise Morrow*

When I was a little girl my granddaddy used to put me on his old Chester-Dare stallion and we'd ride across the land. The summer sun would shine so bright it almost made my head hurt. My cotton dress would slide up my bare legs to my thighs. Sweat dampened my back as I leaned against my granddaddy, and horse hair from Old Sam stuck to my legs. White flecks of foam from his nodding head would float past on the breeze.

It was a glorious place to be. On top of the world like that. I was taller than anything and sometimes I'd just close my eyes in the warm sun and let the rocking motion of the horse settle me to sleep.

When I grew older, around 12 or so, I remember ripping through the cornfield. My summer dress caught on every stalk, and a pocket or tatter of hem usually hung on the barbed-wire fence.

Momma used to push my hair up out of my eyes every chance she got, but it always stayed a chestnut tangle down on my shoulders. Didn't do much good to brush it so she pulled back the worst swatch in a rubber band, leaving the bangs and the back to fend for themselves.

Never could keep me in shoes, though. My legs were brown and skinny and tanned by the hot Tennessee sun clean to the tips of my toes. How I did love to run barefoot through the green hills. Something in the air would just get to me and I'd go tearing-off like a wild Indian, waving my arms and yelling until I'd fall, exhausted, to the ground.

As I lay, I'd pick the Queen-Anne's-lace and listen to the sounds of the earth. Old mocking bird on the telephone wire acted all the world like a black bird. The summer breeze swished her way through the cornfield--the long folds of her taffeta dress catching the sunlight in glints of gold.

I once had a taffeta dress. Momma would never let me wear it but once or twice a year. I wore it to my granddaddy's funeral.

I remember how he looked. For a moment I didn't think it was "Papa". I remember how shocked I was when I saw his hands. Papa always had the earth on his hands especially around his nails. His darkened fingers were rough and strong. His skin was leathery and browned and the hair on his arms was coarse and grey.

His white shirt was stained, always, with sweat under the arms; and his coat, the top of a worn-out suit, always smelled sweet of the sweat of his horse. Papa wore a cream-colored straw hat with a brown-striped band. His pants and shoes were those of the hired hand.

He was the only father I had ever known so I naturally called him Papa. Standing there at his coffin, I suddenly remembered how he used to close one eye and study me. He'd say, "Julie, this youngun's growin' up wild as a strawberry. If you don't watch out some scraggly old jay will swoop down and scoop her up!" and he'd laugh to himself and set down to the table to work on his farm accounts.

I loved the farm, I loved the land and I loved my granddaddy. It couldn't have been him lying in that coffin with his hands and nails scrubbed clean, his face smooth-shaved, in Mr. Starkweather's funeral home.

I'd lie awake at night for a long time after and listen for the sound of his footsteps on the bare floorboards of my room. I'd wait for him to reach a strong arm over me to tuck me in and I'd close my eyes for the kiss that would follow.

But he never came again. And one day, Old Sam, too, died. He just went to sleep out in the pasture and never woke up. Only I never saw him. The hired hands dumped him in a sinkhole and threw some dirt in to keep the buzz flies away.

When I was 14 I fell in love for the first time. His name was John Roy Smith and he was the son of a hired hand. Momma didn't like John Roy so she would invent things for me to do -- like feed the chickens or snap beans. So I had to sit and wait until bed-time to sneak out my window to see him.

There was a loose board in the fence in back of the cherry trees. I'd slip through, careful not to tear my dress and when I

(cont'd)



photo by Bill Brown

stood up, there he'd be. We'd sneak around behind the barn and sit, arms around each other, and watch for falling stars. He was a terribly shy boy and he only kissed me once that whole summer.

The farm never did well after my granddaddy died. One by one the hired hands drifted away. The summer I turned 16, Momma sold the farm and we moved to St. Louis. We had enough money then to make us decent folk and Momma said she meant for me to act like a lady. I went to a private school for a year. I was scared to death at first and the kids made fun of me a little, but the boys liked me well enough. (The boys didn't go to my school; theirs was across the road a-ways.)

When I was 17, I went to my first dance with Norman Rockfeld. Norman was a senior at college. I met him through my best girlfriend. Momma wasn't too sure about Norman, him being so much older. But since he was going to be a lawyer (my real father had been a lawyer), and the dance was chaperoned, she let me go.

I danced only with Norman. He wouldn't let any other fellow break in. He said he was going to court me and ask me to marry him, and I'd just have to say yes and be Mrs. Norman Rockfeld or he would just die.

But I didn't marry him. I didn't marry anyone. The War was going on and he wanted to go before we were to marry. It was something he had to do. When his body came home, I went to his funeral and held his mother's arm. He was her only child and she never got over his death. Her husband had

died in the first war. This one ended her life.

I finished two years of college and went to work as a secretary down at the local newspaper office. I used to write the crossword puzzles and answer the phone. I wrote several stories, too. And later I had a book published. It sold a few copies; my mother used to brag about her daughter, the writer. Truth is, I was starving on the money I made.

I quit the paper the spring my mother died. I moved to another town; another paper and wrote stories under a pen name until I got established. I stayed a few years and moved again, writing a book here, a story or two there. I never got rich and I never found what I was looking for so I just kept on going.

And then one day I found myself back in Tennessee. I let my mind drive the car down the familiar country roads. It took me to the front gate and over the cattle guard. Buttercups were in bloom and the tree branches laced overhead so thick the sun couldn't get through. The wind stirred and I could feel the sounds of the wind whispering through the fields.

I stopped the car beside the weathered old house. A barefoot little girl stopped her playing. She stood up, her hair in her eyes, a torn pocket on her cotton dress.

"Can I hep ya ma'am?" she drawled. I just stared for a moment and she ran to the house. A woman stepped out onto the porch. I got out of the car, mindful of the chickens and the cow dung and made my way to the yard.

"I, I'm a writer. I used to live here. I was just passing by. Thought I would stop. Do you mind if I look around?" I waited at the porch.

The woman shook her head, wiping her hands carefully on her apron as she looked at my city clothes, my hose, my high-heeled shoes.

"What are *those* thangs?!" exclaimed the child, mockingly as she pointed toward my shoes.

"Shush!" her mother snapped, smacking her hand. "Run along and feed the chickens." The child scowled and left. But once outside, I heard her tear across the porch and with a wild yip she ran through the yard gate, her bare feet flashing through the grass.

I sit here today in my office at the typewriter, pecking out obits and yesterday's news. And I wonder what it is that was once so grand; what it was I lost so long ago.

*Fiction by Lucy Sikes*

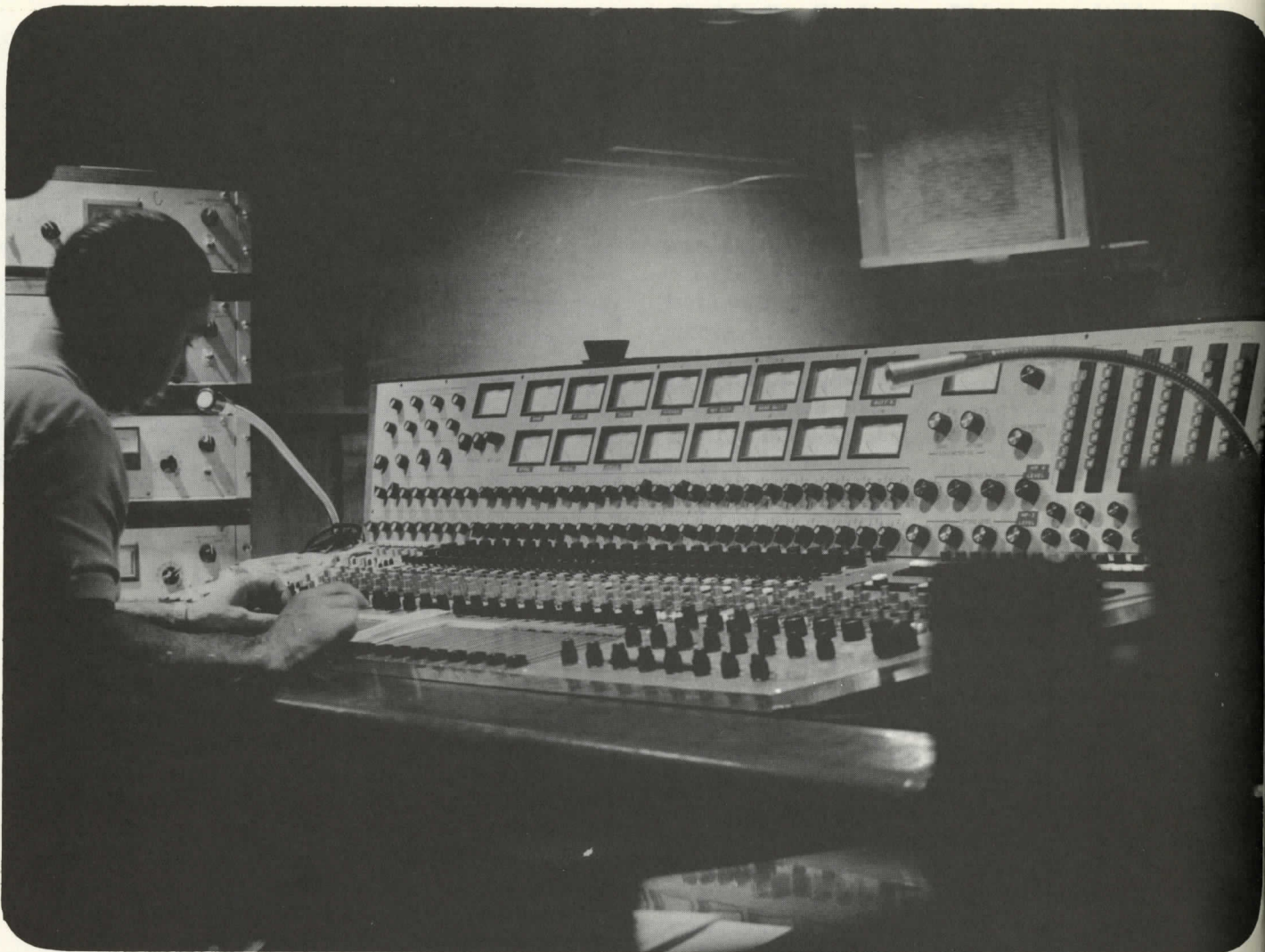
## Sonnets

I saw you once again across the room:  
The stranger whom I'd chanced to meet one day  
Last June before a rainstorm. A new groom  
(You'd told me happily) who'd been away  
From the city for some time and had just  
Returned to take your bride. You were happy  
Then, my stranger. Your eyes possessed that lust  
Imbued in all young men when first they see  
The prospects of a happy life with love.  
Before the advent of life's long sadness  
Sedately settles upon their brow to prove  
There is no life on earth in happiness.  
I saw you once again across the room:  
A lonely man where sadness dwelt too soon.

*B. Harrison*

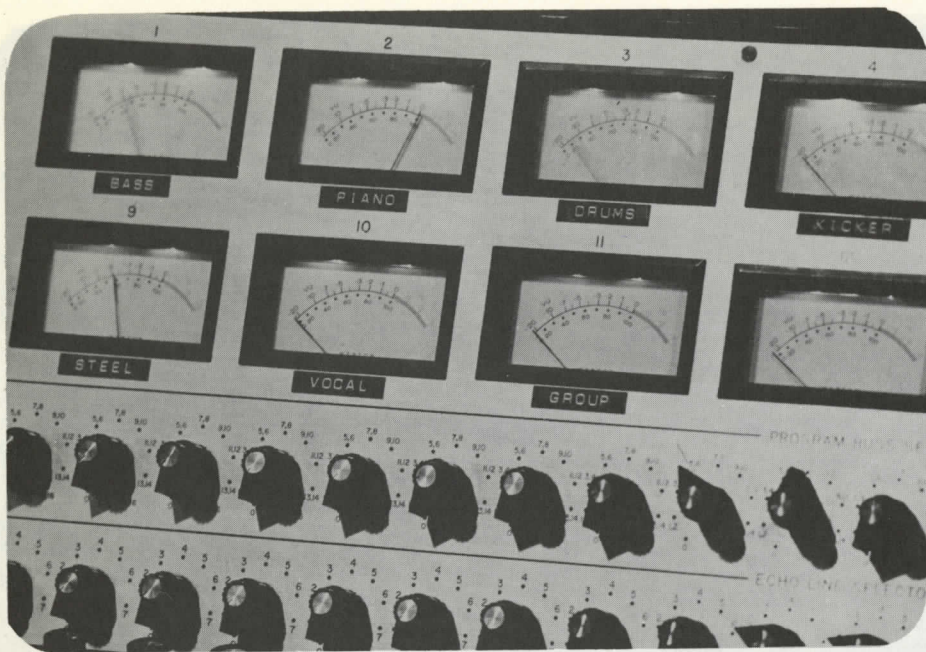
Yours is a face I've often seen at eve  
When hopes have vanished one by one and balm  
For pain no longer soothes my wounds. When calm  
Is storm I think of you and can conceive  
Of hopes unvanquished in a fiery hell  
And nights of passion undivorced from love.  
Yours is a blithe spirit which soars above  
The darkening plain upon which we dwell,  
Which subsists within man's little world  
In constancy. Twain from base corruption  
You reign in a splendid isolation  
In a realm from which all darkest thoughts are hurled.  
You are peaceful, for your heart has been rent  
By maddest perception heavenly sent.

*Anonymous*



my school, there was across the  
ways.)  
When I was 17, I had a bad  
with Norman Rockwell on the  
college. I met him through  
friends. Momma was 100 years  
old, his being some 100 years  
old. I was 10 at a time, and  
and had a lawyer, and the  
man, who let me go. I know  
I danced only with the  
at any other fellow, in, he  
going to school and about  
and I had had my first  
Norman Rockwell on the  
But I didn't marry him. I  
mean. The War was going on, and  
to go before we were to marry,  
something he had to do. When he  
came, I went to his funeral and  
I was 10, and he was 100 years  
old. I got over his death. Her

**CLOSED SESSION**  
**PLEASE**  
**DO NOT ENTER**



Nashville, Tennessee, is called many things from "Music City U.S.A." to the "Athens of the South." It is also a major, if not the most important, recording center in the nation. Album after album is produced, recorded and pressed in Nashville.

Freer, Texas, is a little oilfield-ranching center in the brush country of South Texas. Freer is not exactly the hub of the state. Really it is not known at all to most people.

Recently a bus from the town of Freer carrying the name "Al Dean and the Allstars" rolled into Nashville. Al Dean and the Allstars is a band that plays "western" music, a form which is the bread and butter sound of South Texas.

Al Dean, his wife Maxine and their son Galen had come to Nashville to cut an album just like thousands of other recording artists do each year. Being one of the most popular bands in the state of Texas, they already had released five albums, and this was not a new experience.

A RCA studio in the heart of "MusicRow" was the site of the recording for the album. The songs for the record were divided into two different sessions on successive nights. During the sessions Al and Galen did not do any playing on their own but instead just added the vocals. The music was laid down by eight professional studio musicians who were just that--very professional.

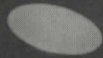
Maxine Dean is the drummer for the group when it is on the road performing, but she was very content to just sit back and listen during the sessions. "I decided to let one of those professionals play this time," she explained.

A recording session is a very exciting thing to see. The facility is lined with plush carpet for sound purposes and divided into the studio itself and the control room, where the engineer sits and masterfully puts down the sound on tape. The board in the control room has more knobs and dials than a 747. (cont'd)

# The Making of a Record

By Scott Perry

RECORDING





In charge of the recording session is the record producer, who has a fine ear for the sound he wants to hear. Ray Pennington, another Nashville professional, was the producer for the Dean sessions. He projected himself to be a very warm and friendly person but very sincere about his work. Perched in the control room, Pennington gave instructions. "Stand by orchestra and choir" was the main cliché he spoke throughout the session.

Al and Galen Dean are exactly what you would think of when you try to picture a Texan in your mind. They both wore western apparel, including the hats and boots that helped them project a cowboy-like image. They seemed amazed at the job the recording engineer and the studio musicians can do, even though they had been through this several times before. "They can go through something just once and pick it up like they had played it several times," Al Dean said admiringly.

That is exactly how the sessions were handled. Al or Galen would go through a song on the acoustic guitar while the session musicians would be busily writing down all the chords for their particular instrument. Then they would all run through the song together, getting it down like it was intended and also giving the engineer a chance to get everything set correctly on the board.

After working out anything that did not sound exactly right, it was time for a take. Some songs required several takes, but this is to be expected. After getting the song down on tape, everyone would sit back and listen.

Al Dean, who was nursing a sore throat with hot tea and honey, listened very closely. "I figured with my throat the way it is, I might have to fly back to Nashville later and dub my vocals in," he said.

Most of the material recorded was written by either Al or Galen. They were not completely sure how many songs would be put on the album. "We try to have around ten on each album," Al said.

After the recording of the last cut, everyone lingered around the studio talking shop and packing up their instruments. The studio musicians turned in a record of the time they had played since they all belong to the musicians union and get paid hourly union scale.

Although the physical recording itself was finished, a lot of work remained before the final tape would be pressed into an album. Such jobs as mixing and overdubbing would be done by the engineer.

Al Dean and the Allstars would stick around Nashville for a couple of extra days before loading the bus for a trip back to Freer.

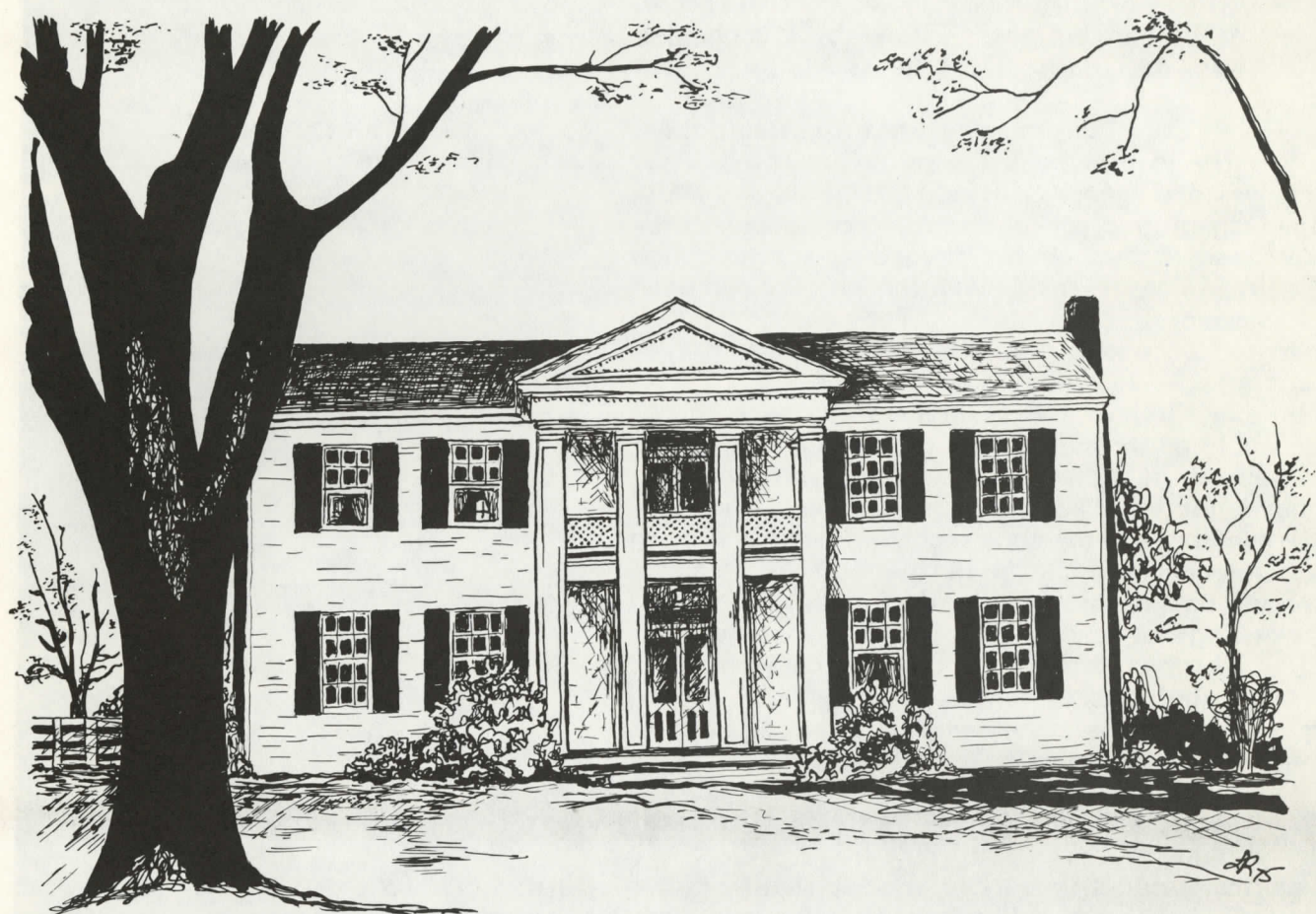
Meanwhile, "Music City" would remain constant, and the professional persons in the business would continue doing what they do best--playing, recording and producing music.\*

*photos by Tim Hamilton*



# Scarred by the War

*Art by Larry Reynolds*



FARMINGTON

The Logan Hendersons came to Rutherford County in 1816 and built a log home of eight rooms. Later, about 1842, a front wing of four rooms was added.

The Henderson home was noted for its hospitality and because of this, sheltered the wives of Confederate and Union Generals. The house was used as a hospital during the Battle of Murfreesboro. The front columns were shot riddled and the front walk destroyed during a skirmish. However, the house held strong and lived without further harm. It is located on the Manchester Highway.



GRANTLAND

This beautiful home was built on the Stones River Bluff on land owned by Col. Hardy Murfree in the early 1800's. Its rooms were filled with historic furniture; it held one of largest libraries of that time and also contained the first piano ever brought into the state of Tennessee. It was burned to the ground during the Battle of Murfreesboro.

(cont'd)



ARNOLD

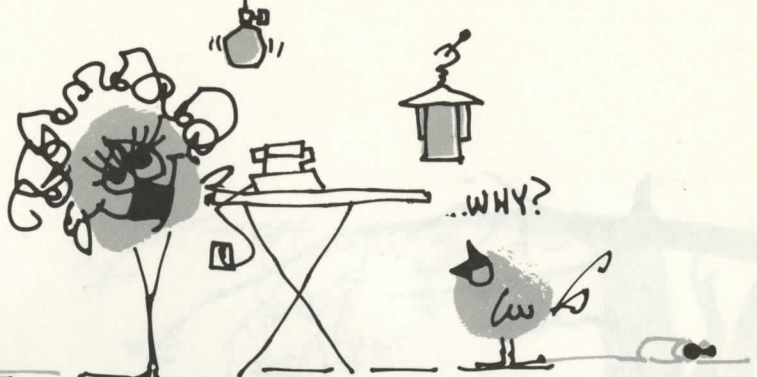
The Arnold home was built in 1861 by Captain Ed Arnold, one of Nathan Bedford Forrest's officers. This house has seen the blood and hardships of the Civil War. One of Arnold's daughters was shot at the front door by a Union soldier. At the end of the war the house was sacked and the ground stripped by soldiers. The home has been restored and is located on East Main Street.



Dr. Thomas C. Black built this home in 1850. Dr. Black became a hostage of the Union forces and his home, Evergreen, was marred by cannon shot. The house contains a secret room in which many a Confederate soldier was hidden. Evergreen is located on the Lebanon Highway. \*

EVERGREEN

...i spent 4  
YEARS IN  
COLLEGE FOR  
THIS!!



# MOTHER'S DAY THE 11<sup>TH</sup>

APRIL 20 to  
MAY 21  
TAURUS THE  
BULL

# MAY '75

MAY 21 to  
JUNE 22  
GEMINI THE  
TWINS

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
<p>...HOORAY... OUTDOOR LOVIN' BEGINS TODAY ... MAY DAY.. THAT IS (3<sup>RD</sup>)</p>		<p>ARMED FORCES DAY 17<sup>TH</sup></p>	1... DECORATE HIS LITTLE BODY TODAY...	2... LONG LEGGED WOMEN DAY	3... A REALLY DEVILISH DAY...	
4... FINALLY THE MOMENT IS AT HAND...	5... PLEASE DONT GIVE UP SINGING...	6... A GOOD DAY TO LAUGH OUT LOUD...	7... WOULD YOU BELIEVE DELICIOUSLY WICKED...	8... FOR A CHANGE... ACT HARD TO GET TODAY...	9... YOU CAN GAMBLE ON THOSE LITTLE HUNCHES TODAY...	10... MOTHER'S DAY AIN'T FAR AWAY...
11..... PLEASURES PILE UP... TODAY	12.. SAVE A TREE... EAT A BEAVER TODAY...	13... YOU WANT MORE THAN YOU GET TODAY...	14... MASSAGE HIS FOOT...	15... GO AHEAD... YIELD TO THOSE LITTLE IMPUL- SES	16.. THROW A WINE PARTY TONITE	17... INTERNATIONAL FLIRTING HUSBANDS DAY...
18... JUST SORTA PUTTER AROUND...	19..... SHIMMIE 'N SHAKE DAY...	20... A WEIRD SORT OF DAY...	21.. SKINNY OLD TOMCATS DAY...	22... WHARF RAT DAY...	23... THREE CHEERS FOR ALL THE PREGNANT STEWARDESSES	24... AND 3 MORE CHEERS FOR ALL TH DENTAL HYGENISTS
25.. GO AHEAD, TURN PRO...	26... HUG HIM AND HOLD HIM.... IT'S MEMORIAL DAY	27.. HOOT AND REALLY SCREAM TODAY...	28... ABSOLUTELY.. POSITIVELY.. DERANGED..	29... FOLD SPINDLE AND MUTILATE YOURSELF TODAY...	30.. JAM YOUR KNEE IN SOMEONES KIDNEY... TODAY	31... HOSE DOWN YOUR LITTLE WIFE TODAY...

# Thumbs Up to Hal



By Bonnie Vannatta

Most artists draw with five fingers. The hand that holds the pen or brush works tediously, patiently, expertly, but Hal Broyles, a Tullahoma artist, makes one digit work twice as hard as the other four. He is the creator of "thumb print" sketches.

Hal is a graphic artist at Arnold Engineering Research Organization (AERO) in Tullahoma, Tennessee, where he designs and draws publicity releases and does other public relations work. Aside from his work there, he sells calendars, buttons, mounted prints, and match covers all featuring his own style of cartoon characters.

Broyles is a graduate of MTSU. He was the first student to graduate with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. He was not drawing in his current style while he was a student, but rather painted non-objective action, color and design with oils.

Broyles is originally from Fayetteville, Tennessee. He moved to Murfreesboro, went to MTSU, transferred to the University of Tennessee and then came back and finished at MTSU. He then went to the University of California at Los Angeles, where he worked on a Masters degree in advertising art. He lived in San Luis Obispo before entering the Korean War.

After the Korean War, he was offered a job at AERO in Tullahoma as a graphic artist.

"I first developed the business aspect of my work in 1969 or 1970. I sold my first work in Tullahoma at the Fine Arts Center, a Civil-War period home on Atlantic Street, where local and non-local artists display their work. Mine was the first one that sold. It had the thumbprint bird character on it. It was then that I began to think of selling my art commercially," said Broyles.

In his work at AERO, Broyles uses airbrush, pen and ink, and tempera paints. But for his cartoon characters, he uses watercolor, India ink, oil crayons, and sometimes the airbrush technique. Broyles said that his characters evolved some time ago as the result of doodling. (cont'd)





"I have three cats that like to lie on my drawing board in my office at home where I draw my characters. After I get them off the board, I sit down and think up the story or theme I am going to put my characters in. Next, I do not do any rough sketches but just start drawing. I use my own thumbprint, which is fat, to be the body of my characters. If it is the bird character, I draw the beak and feet and then the background. On my 1975 calendars I do not have entirely the bird characters, but use the thumbprint, hair, and face to resemble humans. I then draw in the background."

Recently Broyles sold some of his drawings to Hallmark Cards, Inc. "I phoned Mrs. Jeanette Lee, President and Art Director of Hallmark Cards, Inc., whose home office is in Kansas City, Kansas. I told her about my work and then I went there and showed her my portfolio. She then made arrangements to develop a whole new specialty line using twelve of my drawings for bridge tallies and twelve for cocktail napkins," Broyles said.

Broyles uses a variety of themes for his work such as politics, love and college. "Sex is a seller," he adds.

The majority of the cartoonist's buyers are women. He sells much of his work at Vanderbilt University and to professional people such as accountants, lawyers, doctors and dentists. He makes special prints for their respective professions featuring his characters. He has also sold his creations at the Cotton Patch in Murfreesboro.



The artist-cartoonist spends his spare time going to art shows in places throughout the United States such as Greenwich Village, New York and Winter Park, Florida. He likes to mingle with other artists he meets at these shows.

"I get most of my ideas for my cartoons while driving back and forth from the art shows," he said.

Broyles first got the idea for creating his special calendar from Veedie Horn, a public relations worker at the First National Bank in Tullahoma, Tennessee. She worked with him and gave him ideas for the 1974 calendar. The calendar was so successful that Broyles decided to create a 1975 calendar and is currently working on a 1976 calendar using patriotic themes to commemorate the nation's bicentennial celebration.

"Art is my complete life. I like to relate to people who write to me, and I read a lot in current magazines to keep up with what people say and current trends," Broyles said.

A great Russian composer, M. P. Moussorgsky, once said: "Art is not an end in itself, but a means of addressing humanity." Hal Broyles has found a unique way of addressing humanity through the drivel, facts, scandals and whims of his art.\*



# Middle Tennessee Legends:

## Murderous to Mundane

By David Brown

Middle Tennessee is one of the richest sections of the country in its wealth of local legends. From this small area come several nationally famous legends such as the legend of the Bell Witch and a host of lesser-known but equally fascinating stories and tales. These legends cover a variety of subjects containing everything from snakes to spies, but all are historically based in the rich tradition of the Middle Tennessee area.

The term "legend" is difficult to define because it has so many meanings. Although many legends deal with the supernatural, this is not always the case. Likewise, many legends deal with historic persons, but this fact does not alone count heavily in a comprehensive definition of legend. The main feature of all legends is that they are based on some sort of historical fact, even though parts of the legend may not be true. This historical background sets the legend apart from the myths and folktales that deal more with the fictional aspect of folk life. Therefore, the best working definition of legend may be that it is a narrative supposedly based on fact, with an intermixture of traditional materials, told about a person, place, or incident.

Middle Tennessee's rich historical background gave rise to many legends concerning important events or people. One of the earliest of these historically related legends is that of Joseph Greer, the King's Mountain Messenger. A giant of over seven feet, Greer is buried in Petersburg, Tenn., a small town in southern Middle Tennessee. He is best remembered for the part he performed in the Battle of King's Mountain, and it is from this activity that the legends of him have grown.

The son of an Irish immigrant living in the Watauga Valley (now Carter County, Tennessee), Joseph Greer joined the American forces at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Born in 1754, Greer was 26 years old when he fought in the Battle of King's Mountain, S. C. This battle, fought between 900 American frontiersmen and 1,100 British loyalists, proved to be a turning point in the southern portion of the Revolutionary War. The frontiersmen drove the British from their position on King's Mountain and forced them to retreat. When a messenger was needed to carry the news of the victory to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, Greer was selected.

According to the local history of Petersburg, Greer's only protection was a musket and his only guide to get him through the roadless wilderness was a brass compass. He started the journey on horseback, but Indians shot his horse from under him early in the journey, thus making it necessary to travel the remaining distance on foot.

His trouble with Indians did not end there, however. The most persistent legend from the trip is of the time Greer hid in a log to escape capture. It seems that the Indians were extremely close behind him and that he crawled inside a hollow log to hide. Unable to understand how "the giant" escaped their capture, the Indians sat on the log smoking and talking. When nightfall came, Greer crawled out of the log and resumed his journey. Estimates of the

time that it took him to travel the route by foot range from eight days (a Herculean effort) to a more reasonable 18 days. It is said that when he arrived in Philadelphia, Greer brushed aside the door-keeper and gave his message directly to the assembly, whose members were struck by his size and manliness. General Washington is said to have commented, "With soldiers like this, no wonder the frontiersmen won!"

At the completion of the war, Joseph Greer was given a land grant of 10,000 acres. He moved to the Cane Creek area, near present-day Petersburg, and lived there until his death in 1831. The tales, however, live on in the Petersburg area, where many of the older residents still tell the stories surrounding the trip of the King's Mountain Messenger.

A second, similar group of historical legends grew up around two cousins, both natives of Rutherford County who fought for the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Dee Jobe, son of a Mechanicsville coffin-maker, was a spy working in and around Nashville. Caught near Nolensville in the fall of 1864 by a patrol of 15 men, Jobe was tortured beyond belief and eventually killed. It is said that the yelling and whooping of the patrol could be heard at distant farmhouses. When news of the killing reached his cousin, Dewitt Smith, his mind became "unhinged." He broke away from Hood's army near Chattanooga and vowed to kill every Yankee he met.



The events that followed are some of the most bizarre in Civil War history. Legend says that Tullahoma was the first Union encampment Smith encountered. Crawling in the darkness, he found a butcher knife that would serve his purpose. Slipping into the first eight-man tent, he silently slit the throats of the eight soldiers. In a second tent, he had killed seven men before the eighth woke up shrieking. A commotion erupted, and Smith barely made it back to his horse. It is said that he turned and waved the bloody knife in the moonlight, promising further vengeance.

The slayings continued. Once Smith surprised two Yankees, capturing them even though he had no ammunition. He ate breakfast at a farmhouse, moulded bullets, and then shot the men in the back of the head. On the bodies he left the note, "Part of the debt for my murdered friend, Dee Jobe."

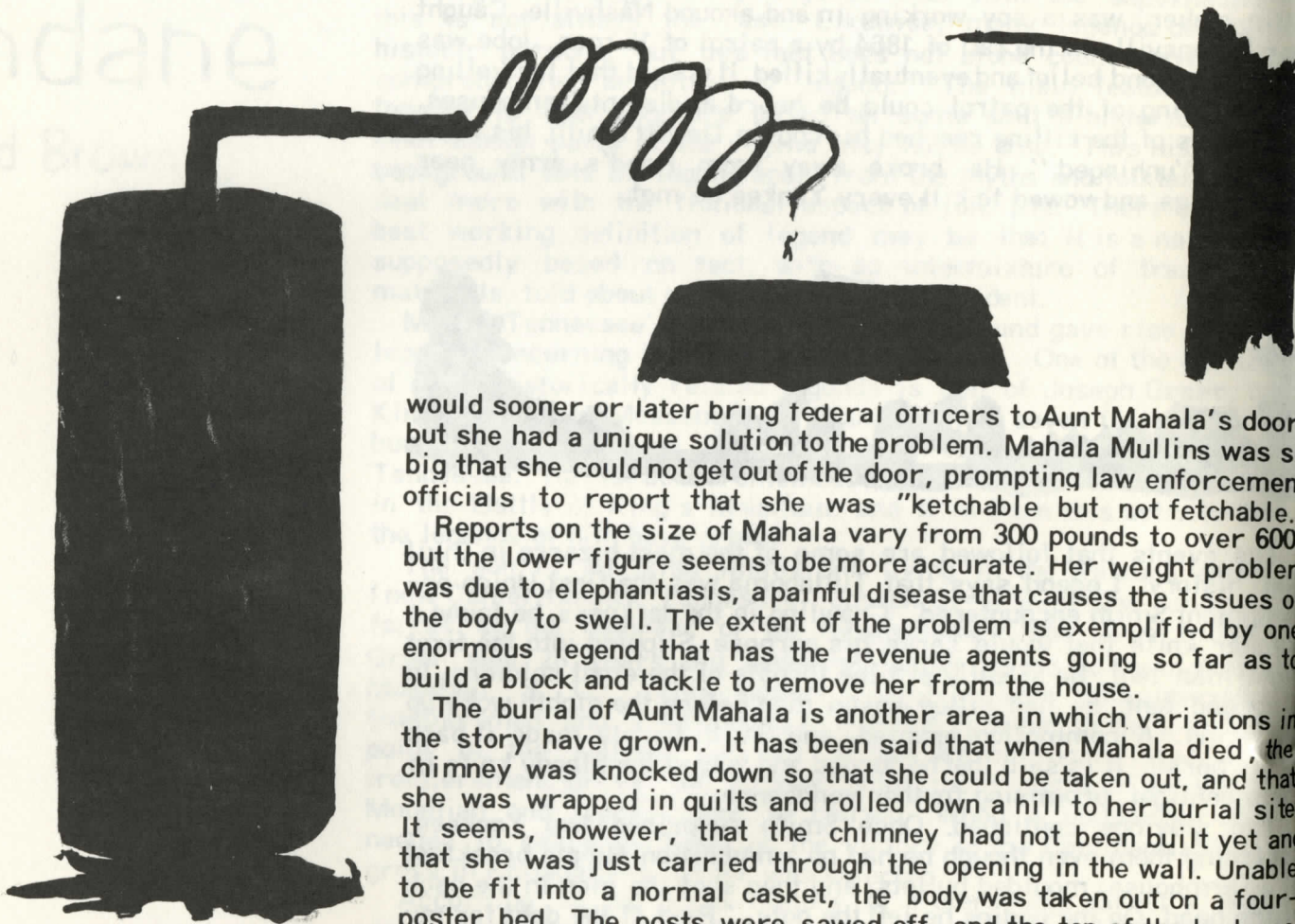
One story said that Smith once carried six pistols and a musket to help in his mission. Before he was captured, Smith may have killed as many as 50 Yankees within 60 days. Though this may be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that he killed a great number and became greatly feared.

In late November of 1864, however, Dewitt Smith was captured in Williamson County and brought to Murfreesboro to be hanged. Smith's friends visited him the night before the execution, and legend says they gave him a drug. Whatever happened, the Yankees did not get their revenge as Smith died before the time of his execution.

(cont'd)

A group of legends entirely different from the war legends h grown up around Aunt Mahala Mullins of Hancock County, Ten "Aunt Mahaley," as she was called by those who knew her, was Melungeon who lived on Newman's Ridge near the Tennessee Virginia state line. The two motifs that occur repeatedly in the Au Mahala legends are her enormous size and the excellent quality, her moonshine.

People in Hancock County still talk about "Aunt Mahaley's moonshine business, a line of work she engaged in for 20 year Customers knew that when they bought a gallon from Mahala, the were getting a gallon of pure moonshine, not a watered-down form ula. One legend says she always kept a jug nearby to supply the need of all those who patronized her business. Naturally this activi



would sooner or later bring federal officers to Aunt Mahala's door but she had a unique solution to the problem. Mahala Mullins was s big that she could not get out of the door, prompting law enforcement officials to report that she was "ketchable but not fetchable.

Reports on the size of Mahala vary from 300 pounds to over 600 but the lower figure seems to be more accurate. Her weight problem was due to elephantiasis, a painful disease that causes the tissues of the body to swell. The extent of the problem is exemplified by one enormous legend that has the revenue agents going so far as to build a block and tackle to remove her from the house.

The burial of Aunt Mahala is another area in which variations in the story have grown. It has been said that when Mahala died, the chimney was knocked down so that she could be taken out, and that she was wrapped in quilts and rolled down a hill to her burial site. It seems, however, that the chimney had not been built yet and that she was just carried through the opening in the wall. Unable to be fit into a normal casket, the body was taken out on a four-poster bed. The posts were sawed off, and the top of the bed was boarded up to make a casket.

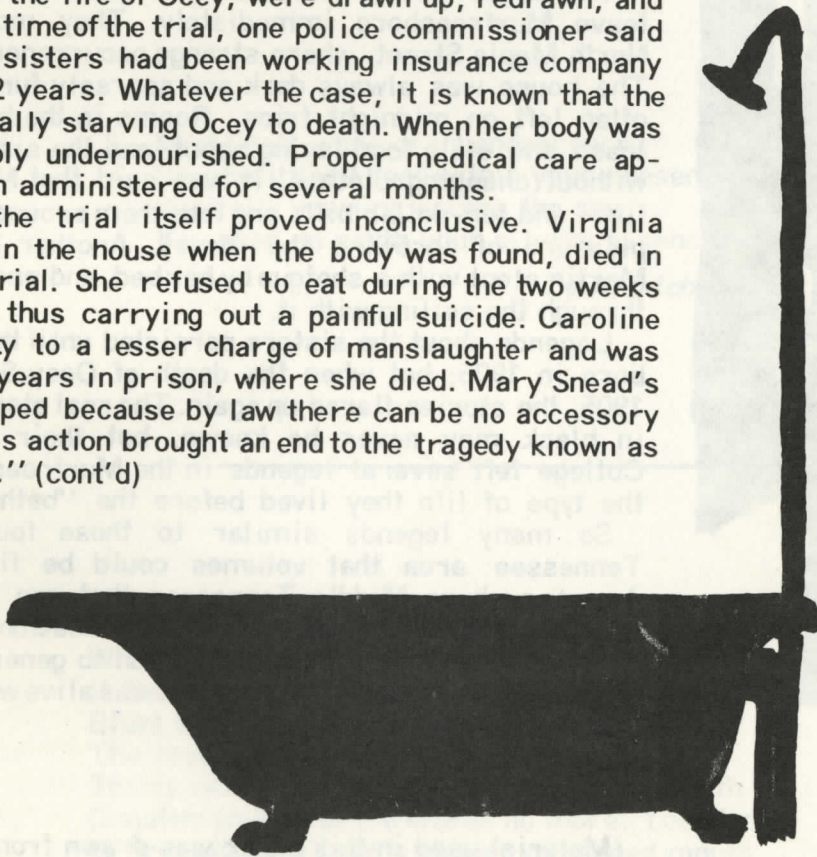
Contrary to published accounts, Mahala Mullins was a very gentle lady who took up moonshining only because it was one of the few economic alternatives open to her. Her story was published by several writers, but the accounts were usually error-filled and derogatory towards Aunt Mahala in particular and the Melungeons in general. One of the fictional treatments of Aunt Mahala was written by Jesse Stuart in his *Daughter of the Legend*. In this novel, Stuart writes of a moonshine seller named Sylvania, who lives on Sanctuary Mountain, but the story is obviously that of Mahala Mullins of Newman's Ridge. The story is essentially the same--with just a few changes by Stuart--as that still told in Hancock County. A chief

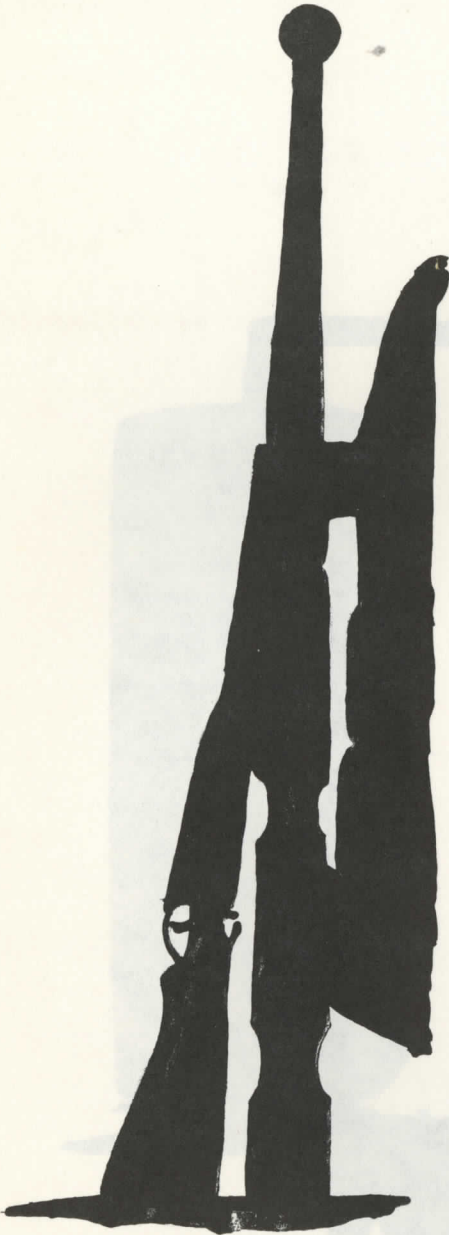
difference is that Stuart's novel is in a much later time setting (about 1930) than the time Mahala lived, which was in the latter part of the 19th Century. Whatever the facts of her life, Mahala Mullins must go down as one of the outstanding folk characters of the Tennessee area.

Three sisters, who were involved in one of the most bizarre murder trials of the early 1900's, are the focus of another group of legends. The sisters, Virginia Wardlaw, Caroline Martin, and Mary Snead, were indicted for murder in East Orange, N.J., in 1909 when Mrs. Martin's daughter Ocey was found dead in a bathtub with a suicide note pinned to her clothing. The trial that followed was widely publicized for the havoc Mrs. Martin raised and the unexpected findings uncovered. It was only natural that some of the evidence should be found in Murfreesboro because Virginia Wardlaw had been president of Soule Female College here from 1892 until 1903 or 1904, and because both of her sisters had lived with her. The stories that grew out of their association with the town are bizarre, but in keeping with the traits of the three sisters.

The sisters, who dressed only in black, were from one of the oldest and most respected families in the South, the Wardlaws, who had connections in Georgia, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. All three were involved in education, having graduated from the finest schools in the South. The family, however, had fallen on bad times and the sisters, who seemed to congregate together, were always in need of money. Numerous wills and insurance policies, including one of nearly \$15,000 on the life of Ocey, were drawn up, redrawn, and used for loans. At the time of the trial, one police commissioner said that it seemed the sisters had been working insurance company swindles for 10 or 12 years. Whatever the case, it is known that the sisters were practically starving Ocey to death. When her body was found, it was terribly undernourished. Proper medical care apparently had not been administered for several months.

The outcome of the trial itself proved inconclusive. Virginia Wardlaw, who was in the house when the body was found, died in prison before the trial. She refused to eat during the two weeks prior to her death, thus carrying out a painful suicide. Caroline Martin pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of manslaughter and was sentenced to seven years in prison, where she died. Mary Snead's indictment was dropped because by law there can be no accessory to manslaughter. This action brought an end to the tragedy known as the "bathtub murder." (cont'd)





These events, however, were all in the future when Virginia Wardlaw accepted the presidency of Soule College in 1892. She blended well into the intense southern atmosphere of the town, and the school grew. Her father, a respected Methodist preacher, moved to Murfreesboro and lived here until his death in 1896. Mary Snead, with her three sons Fletcher (soon to be Ocey's husband), John, and Albert, also moved to Murfreesboro in 1896, at which time she assumed a teaching job at the college. The two sisters were well liked and highly respected; during the first nine years of their tenure, the school prospered.

With the coming of Caroline Martin in 1901, all of this changed. The eldest sister held an almost frightening spell over her sisters and her word was final. Bills at the school fell months behind, and people began to talk. Some said that Ocey was really Virginia's daughter, being raised by Caroline Martin to protect her sister's maiden name. Ocey was kept confined in her room, and the story grew that she was being slowly poisoned. Legends arose about how the three sisters roamed the classrooms and dormitory rooms mysteriously. It was said that one night a student awoke to find the sisters around her stove, mumbling and chanting. Carriage driver reported driving the sisters late at night to Evergreen Cemetery where they would talk in low tones around a gravestone.

The school finally dismissed the three sisters, but they did not leave Murfreesboro immediately. They moved into a house on North Maple Street, where strange occurrences happened regularly. The house was always dark and sparsely furnished, and the ladies often left on midnight trips. Rooms in the house were filthy, with trash and stale food laying about, and the sisters often went weeks without changing clothes. It was said that Mrs. Martin would take five- and ten-dollar bills and toss them around her room just for the pleasure of throwing the money. Another legend said that Mrs. Martin slept with a shotgun by her bed, and one night she shot a hole through the ceiling with it.

Legends about the sisters persisted until the three left Murfreesboro in 1905; but when the death of Ocey Snead became known in 1905, the stories flared up again. The real story of the three sisters in black may never be known, but their association with Soule College left several legends in the Murfreesboro area that reflected the type of life they lived before the "bathtub murder" incident.

So many legends similar to these four exist in the Middle Tennessee area that volumes could be filled collecting them. Areas such as Middle Tennessee that are rich in oral narrative tradition and history naturally breed sensational and unusual legends. The legends, passed from generation to generation, tell the listener today of a not-too-distant past that was alive with suspense, comedy, horror and remarkable people.\*

(Material used in this paper was drawn from a study of the King's Mountain Messenger done by Richard Bedwell, an MTSU student from Ed Huddleston's "The Civil War in Middle Tennessee" from a paper on Aunt Mahala Mullins by Sandra Keyes Ivey of Fisk University; and from Norman Zierold's "Three Sisters in Black.")

## *Confinement*

If I could be myself complete  
without pretense, without conceit  
And love as nature bids me love  
by her blueprint, I would move  
That all the ones who call me mate  
Would turn their heads and saturate  
Their cold and hardening hearts with hate.

Yet by man's law my soul is pent:  
a prison dark--lone confinement;  
For ignorance alone can prove  
a stronger force than love;  
Can bind a thousand hearts in hate  
And by no power can mitigate  
The stoic quality of their hate.

*by Candace Wallace*

---

Misty half-wane of incandescence,  
How belittled I feel within your presence:  
Wistfully yawning across the sky  
You shed on earth your silvery essence.

*by Aldrich Porter*

---

I loved the beauty on your brow expressed  
When twenty Aprils settled there, when love  
(Like glistening dew within your eyes hued  
Blue) sufficed to answer everything and prove  
The royalty of your innocence. Now  
Thirty winter's storms have passed and youth  
Ornates your outward frame no more. Your brow  
Is creased with time's abuse, your aged mouth,  
That once formed passion's thoughts, is downward turned.  
The beauty you possessed was outward cast,  
Your heart was barren; for love you earned  
In April's bloom those thirty winters past.  
Remorseless beauty's price you've paid, now old;  
For beauty fades--turns ardent passions cold.

*Anonymous*

# Mardi Gras World

*By Jennifer McGhee*

It's madness, it's chaos, it's a pied piper. It's Mardi Gras!

A grand illusion and a wild carnival fling before the serious and religious days of Lent.

It's a never-never fairy tale land of torches, unsmiling masks and glittering, spectacular floats wandering through the streets of New Orleans.

A stupendous noise like you've never heard before with little hands hungrily reaching out and begging for the worthless doubloons and Hong Kong beads tossed by masked faces from the glowing fantasy floats.

It's like playing follow-the-leader in the rush of the crowds on Bourbon Street and the endless parades of clowns, kings, bands, and masqueraders picking their way through the trash covering the narrow streets of the French Quarter.

Mardi Gras has been described by many people in many ways. Paul Simon uses these words:

"C'mon take me to the Mardi Gras  
Where the people sing and play  
Where the dancing is elite  
And there's music in the street  
Both night and day...."

No, it hasn't changed much since the first celebration in the 1800's--just a little larger and a lot more expensive. But as always, the God of Joy can join hands with the God of Laughter in the merry court of Rex to be lost in crowds, Bourbon Street jazz and drunken laughter.

Mardi Gras was probably celebrated in all its glamour with the first Spanish and French settlers to come south. This time of public merrymaking is also celebrated in various Catholic countries around the world as well as in Alabama, Florida and six parishes of Louisiana.

The carnival-type atmosphere and feasting prevalent in New Orleans, as in the festivals elsewhere, celebrates Mardi Gras, a French term meaning Shrove Tuesday or Fat Tuesday, as the last day before the 40 penitential days of Lent on the Christian calendar.







One of the main forces behind these elaborate festivities are the Mystic Krewes, based on Greek mythology. These Krewes are secret societies of men. The first, the Mystic Krewe of Comus, appeared on Mardi Gras night of 1857, carrying torches and moving floats illustrating the demon actors of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Since then the Krewes of Proteus (the quick-change artist), Hermes (messenger boy of Mt. Olympus), Momus (god of laughter, ridicule and mockery) and many others have become driving forces behind the whole celebration.

Another force is the unique Mardi Gras fever accompanied by mass hysteria, which strikes thousands of people each year on the beginning day of Epiphany, commemorating the coming of the Magi to the Gentiles. The symptoms are seen in the form of floats and beautifully, grotesquely and comically costumed people representing historical, legendary, and mythological themes. The cure for this strange fever remains unknown until Ash Wednesday. (cont'd)



Mardi Gras is a pageant of people and clothes--street people, common people, tourist people, amazed people and plain people.

In the display of rags and riches, you find lonesome wanderers on Bourbon Street with faded jeans, t-shirts and backpacks. With paint and glitter flowers on their faces, they stumble over empty beer cans, broken wine bottles and discarded and forgotten doubloons.

The rich appear every night before, during and after the parades, on their way to a Mardi Gras Ball. These affairs, highlights of high fashion--grand, regal, costly and behind closed doors--are produced for \$30,000 or more.

Dancing and pageantry adorn the endless hours for 11 days and nights. Days full of mania, madness, chaos and memories. But after all the revelry, parades, balls and music is over, what's left? Nothing but 1,000 tons of trash and a lot of tired people. \*

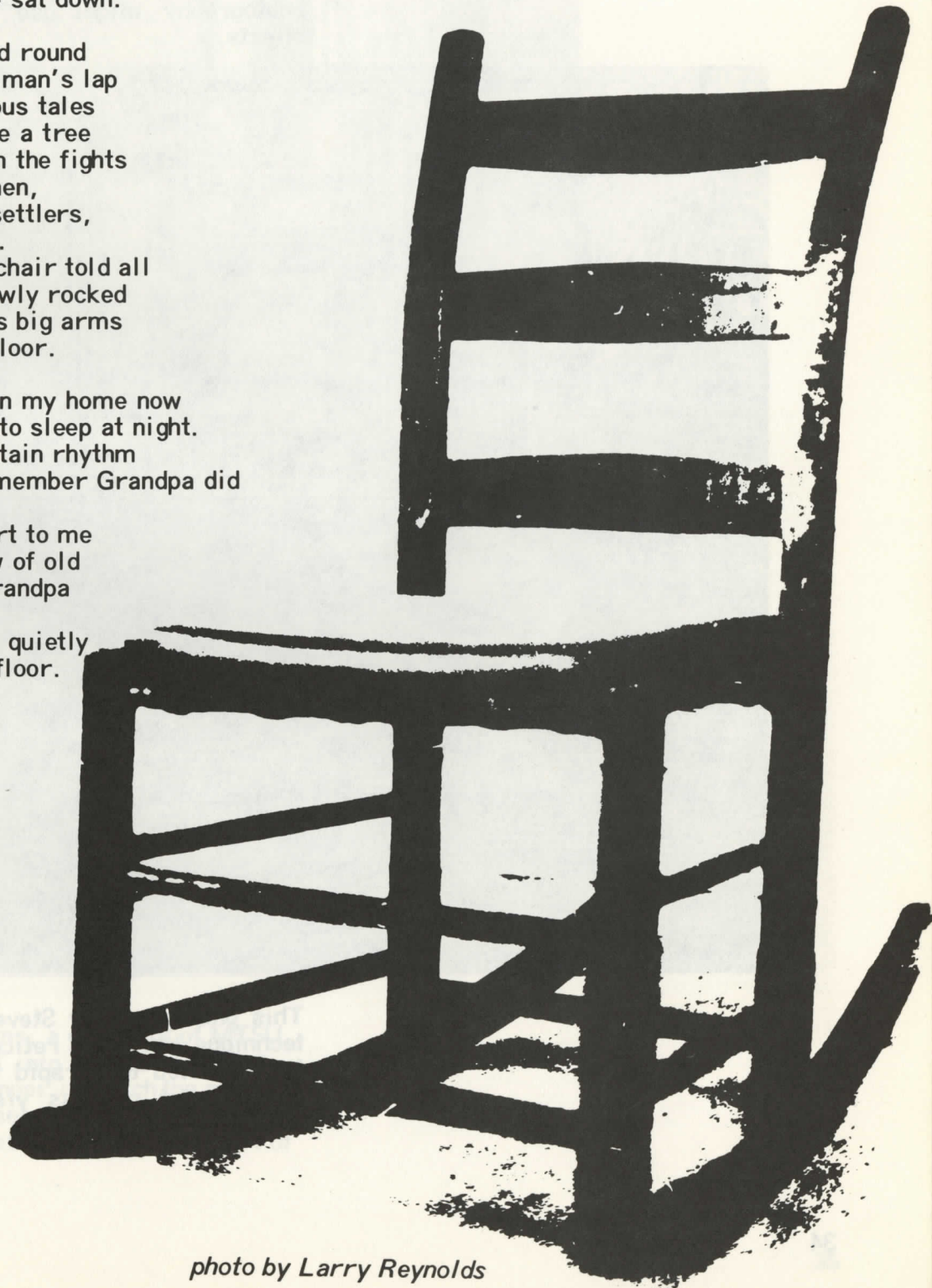
Old rocking chair sits in the center of the room  
Its seat is as shiny as the seat of the pants  
My Grandpa wore when he sat in it  
And rocked his children with a quiet rhythm  
Tapping his feet to the floor.

It once was a part of an old ash tree  
And living wild and growing free  
My Grandpa chopped it to the ground  
For mother to rock her first child in.  
But the chair would not talk for Grandma  
As it would whenever he sat down.

All the children gathered round  
to wait a turn in the old man's lap  
And listen to the wondrous tales  
Of days when it was once a tree  
Of days when it had seen the fights  
Of Indians and cavalrymen,  
The journey's of white settlers,  
The clearing of the land.  
And of these things the chair told all  
To Grandpa when he slowly rocked  
A child enwrapped in his big arms  
Tapping his feet to the floor.

The rocking chair sits in my home now  
And I rock my children to sleep at night.  
I try to achieve that certain rhythm  
And tap my feet as I remember Grandpa did  
But nothing works.  
The chair will not impart to me  
The secrets that it knew of old  
And whispered to my Grandpa  
Whenever he sat down  
And rocked his children quietly  
Tapping his feet on the floor.

*by Bonnie McEachern*



*photo by Larry Reynolds*



This photo is by Jimmy Williams, a graduate of MTSU. He put a great deal of thought into the way the photograph would be viewed. The manner in which the picture is mounted makes the observer see what the photographer wanted to convey and only what he wanted. The rest of the scene is deleted.

# Photo

The previous photographic techniques may not be of great use to you unless you are able to do the complete production process yourself. The technique used in this picture, that of careful and diligent composition, is one readily available to everyone. The photograph by Linda Sissom is of melting ice in a stream, in itself not a terrific subject but the unique angle yields a very appealing photograph.



When you take your next set of pictures, take time to think how you can make them more interesting. You may be surprised to see the possible difference in your work.\*

SECOND PLACE AWARD

*The Society of Professional Journalists*  
*Sigma Delta Chi*

MARK OF EXCELLENCE CONTEST

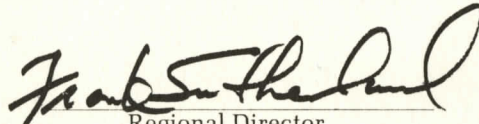
19 74-75 Region 12 Competition

to

Name LINDA ROSE SISSOM

EDITOR, COLLAGE

Category BEST ALL-AROUND MAGAZINE

  
Regional Director



The staff of COLLAGE was very pleased to be awarded second place in the Mark of Excellence contest. The University of Mississippi won first place, and Louisiana State University placed third.

