



REBEL

'72

Foreword

For some things, words are like the stars —

A person can get lost, just finding them.

A foreword is one of those "things."

Because it is a mostly backward thing.

With words, to weave it "as it was"

(Not as it seemed), . . . it can't be done, with words.

No phrase and picture make a memory;

One can't quite catch just "how it used to be."

Remember this — remember that . . .

A person can forget, remembering.

We "never will forget." . . . and then we do:

The facts we learned, the faces that we knew;

G.I.'s and furloughs, dress parades and drill,

Those first formations we woke up at steel;

The "Dancing Bear" on O.C., and his "Dance,"

New "styles" — the longer sideburns, shorter pants;

That winter morning Guilds Hall nearly burned

(Out of the fire into the ice — recall?);

How classes met, despite a hurricane,

How Christmas formals always came with rain;

The weird expressions, so uniquely ours:

"Bunk over," "You got burnt," "I prob'ly care;"

"How 'bout a break" — the "cleans" and "extra cleans" —

The "just-junk" only we would know what means

So, through words miss and pictures half-suffice

To "tell it like it was," the Rebel Staff

Hopes what's not really will be nearly, true,

And, where our facts fail, that our thoughts will do.