

foreword

a salute — a handshake — and it's finished;
quite suddenly, quite surely, the year is gone,

every moment of it — almost, it seems, before it had begun,
before we were aware that it was going all along.

that's how years are — so brief, so busy —
dissolving into memories, memories, and memories of memories.

time is so slippery.

there are so many things to remember (the sillier, sometimes, the better);
but how does one begin to remember them all? he doesn't — not really —

that's what a yearbook's for — the things we "never will forget,"
but always do . . . rat year, reveille — this year, taps . . .

as if all the yearbooks in the world could once half-capture
colonel risler's "now, young gentlemen," crisp, the way he says it.

the best is always lost.

furroughs, tandem games, government inspections — kaleidoscopes
of memories (the bugle blaring even now) — all gone so suddenly.

because they were — just as they were — these things should be remembered —
the blaring too . . . some things you can't forget for trying.

as soon unthink the stars themselves as one of their designs
. . . a thought is a thousand things, so a memory is a million.

memories, memories . . .

memories that for some of us span half a decade at Carlisle —
memories that for all of us will span a lifetime wherever we are . . .

each moment is big business, forever,
and only the years end — the rest is just beginning:

commencement coming — with a salute and a handshake . . .
a ring and a diploma, the applause

of friends who soon are memories of friends.

for random reasons we, the 1971 rebel staff, compile this annual:
not that years aren't ending every day.
nor that this one of ours was more that fair —

rather, that the experiences captured on these pages
may never be lost, but preserved — not only in this volume,
but in our hearts as well — to be looked back upon and shared always.