

Reveille



OM / THE ANCHOR TO MY SHIP LIES DEEP DOWN WITHIN THE FOLDING LAYERS OF ME.

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d. anonymous C.
kristie oberg
glen burris
kristie



shelley

*piercing
early morn fog
unveiling
the pregnant earth
racing along
before autumn snows
fall on woods
and silent well
and rippling current
and afternoon gloom
held common with him*

*who became
a joyful elf
who forgot
himself.*

quentin



*Every spring brings something new
A new song to sing, A new reason to laugh
Different thoughts in my mind and a change in my ways
Growing older but far better than before.*

*As I look out my window and see winter approaching
I wonder what this spring will bring.*

Alison Andrews



C. Haggren

Winter came early that year. It brought with it all the ice and swirling snowy wind that the valley had come to know so well. With the trees cold and naked, it was possible from Cottonwood Ridge to see all the way to Sikes' Furnace, some days even as far as Jackson which was nearly thirty miles away.

Whatever it was though, that brought Alvin Sikes out that day, it wasn't snow. He huddled deep into his coat, butted his head into the wind and trod the six miles up Cottonwood.

Alvin always was a strange sort. Most people in the valley just ignored him or tolerated his strange behavior: his withdrawn nature and far away smile. It was the smile that bothered most folks, though. Sitting around the stove in the Post Office, someone would try to talk to Alvin. Most times Alvin would draw himself up and move toward the corner; one time though, he smiled that crazy smile of his and started laughing right out loud. After that most people in the valley gave Alvin a wide berth.

This day he carried a package wrapped in cheesecloth and bound with heavy cord. It was tucked under his arm and he held it as if to shield it from the swirling weather.

Folks in the valley talked of Alvin's family too. His father had died in a hunting accident when Alvin was little. His mother was left with only that little farm—and Alvin. It had been difficult for a young widow trying to keep that farm running, and many times there was little on the supper table.

When Alvin was sixteen Mrs. Sikes died. Most thought that her son's simple-mindedness had sent her to her grave; that and having to run the farm alone.

Alvin stopped midway up the ridge and looked back. His tracks were filling with snow now, obliterating his trail. He arranged the last leg of his journey.

Cora Sikes was buried next to her husband up on Cottonwood Ridge. She always had liked it there in that stand of pines. It was where Alvin's father had proposed to her.

The snow farther up the ridge had a glaze on it from the night before. It crunched slightly beneath Alvin's feet. Almost on the crest of the ridge now, Alvin faltered for a second but quickly recovered his balance. He checked his package and seeing no damage he smiled in that crazy way of his.

Alvin turned and hurried toward the pine trees that loomed ahead of him. He began to run, his feet kicking up a sparkling mist. He bounded into a clearing and stopped short. There, partially covered with snow were the crude crosses that marked the graves of Cora and Malcolm Sikes.

Carefully Alvin laid his package between his parents' graves. Next he went straight to a young pine that was standing nearby and took up the shovel that was leaning against it. Adjacent to the graves was a mound of some size. Alvin took the shovel and dug down into the snow until he had uncovered a canvas tarp that ran for the length of the mound.

Hesitating a moment to catch his breath Alvin resumed his work at his parents' graves. With the same deliberation as before, he took the shovel and dug, at first his mother's grave and then his father's. He dug straight to the earth, flinging the snow behind him.

When he reached the bare ground, Alvin stopped. He gently leaned the shovel against its resting place and turned to the canvas. Pulling back the canvas tarp, he uncovered a great mound of young branches. They had been there since before the snow. They were dry and for the most part, tender. Alvin took them in his arms, a bundle at a time, and spread them in the spot he had cleared over the graves.

When finally all the branches had been arranged, Alvin reached for the package he had carried up the ridge. Carefully he slipped the wrapping twine away and removed from the cheesecloth an ordinary block of salt. Alvin leaned over slowly and rested the salt against the cross marking his father's grave, at the same time gathering some young branches around it.

Alvin rose again to his feet. Looking at what he had done he smiled with a glowing satisfaction. Then a sudden movement far down the right caught his eye. A young hart sent his white flag into the air and bounded toward the deep wood trailed by a group of older does.

Once more Alvin Sikes smiled in that crazy way and turning from his gift slowly trudged the six miles down from Cottonwood Ridge, the snow filling in his forgotten tracks.

Stan Murphy

at night the room is
dark,
darker than rev's black robes,
but no no
not dusky
I've seen those rooms
evoke disrepair,
dust, like a second coat of paint on the
furniture,
but those rooms are of the day.
darkness hides pulchritude and/or
decrepitude
making young girls and older women feel (?) equal.
boxes in corners
stacks of papers on the night stand
the dresser mirror's cracked
but
this room
feels of quiet suspense at night
like the moment before a whisper
the crack around the door frames it
with lines of light.
like a comet's tail those lines
sallow streaks,
that cosmic sallow
that freckles the night sky.





Timeless Thoughts of an Old Man

*I was a youth so long ago my mind cannot remember,
of fleeting glimpses I do snatch born high upon the wind's December.
I can see the Christmas lights hung gaily by a cheerful youth,
echoing out the awesome cry to feel the ever glowing truth.
But then the vision's swept away to someone else's mind,
I cast about for other winds my memories there to find.
Along the dirt packed sun lit road a chariot appears,
drawn by seven sturdy horses galloping so near
I feel that if I reach my hand out I can touch their manes,
but heaven help this wrinkled hand, the vision's gone again.
Life is but a whirlwind mad house spinning through the years.
The hopes I've felt have all too often vanished into tears.
And yet somehow I feel that all my troubles will soon cease,
and through my luckless time on earth I'll find a well earned peace.*

Anonymous

A TRIBUTE TO CORNELIUS MARZENI

It's my mother, was his first thought. Who else would call at this hour but Mama. He was ashamed. There she was on a measly sixty-five a month, her friends dying all around her. Oh God. She'd had another stroke. He hadn't written for eight weeks and now she was dying or—

He answered the phone. He recognized the voice. It wasn't his mother's.

"Marc? Marc? Is that you?" asked the voice.

"For God's sake," he exploded, "Do you know what time it is? Who else would it be at this hour?"

"I don't know, Marc. I've got a problem."

"Swell. Who hasn't?"

"What?"

"I said swell."

"Oh. Are you sure? I hope you're not mad because I thought you said hel—"

"I didn't. What do you want?"

"I—You'd better have a cigarette, this might take awhile."

"I don't smoke."

"Oh. Neither do I. You know; all that cancer and emphysema—"

"Your problem?"

"Well my sister Eva fixed me up this blind date. She saw this movie, Marty on TV. And she wants me to get—"

"You woke me up to tell me that? That at six-thirty! Cry—"

"Sixteen."

"What?"

"It's only three-sixteen."

"Can you tell me all this tomorrow?"

"I don't think so."

Marc threw the blankets off his legs and stood up.

"Jimmy, you're an engineer. Come to the point."

Carrying the phone, he stepped over the debris in the living room. A shoe box from Jarman's, he got the wrong size, the arch was too tight. He bent over and smiled. Connie's necklace under the couch. She must have—

"Marc, are you listening?"

"Yeah. Sure, Jim, you're on this blind date."

"Right. I met her in the park by the Cornelius Marzeni statue—"

"What?"

"Cornelius Marzeni. He's a hundred an' five. When he hit the century mark—Imagine, a hundred years old! They gave him, the people on his block, this statue as a—"

"Jim, what is your problem." He kicked the chess pieces out of his way and leaned over to switch on the light. He couldn't reach it, he lost his balance and hit his elbow on the funny bone. He swore at the light.

"What?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing. Nothing, Just for cry-sake,—Hurry up!"

"So I sit down next to her on the bench. She's very pretty. Okay so far. I ask her her name to make sure I've got the right girl. But she says, 'I've got this friend named Eva.' Isn't that smart? See, because I know what she was talking about, but any other guy would have thought she was weird and moved away. She could make sure I wadden just some fresh guy making a pass; that I was really me. The right guy. Wasn't that smart?"



"Very clever." He had the beer out but he couldn't find an opener. He pulled open the glassware cabinet and didn't see one.

"Then right out of the blue she says, 'There's something you ought to know about me'—"

"You must've loved that." He opened the miscellaneous drawer and felt around in the back.

"You can imagine how I felt." Marc stood up and banged his head on the glassware cabinet door, which he didn't close. He put down the phone to get out ice for his bump; the tray stuck to his fingers. Cursing at them all he smashed the beer against the counter ledge and poured it into a glass. He picked up the phone.

"... so Sally told Eva, yes she would—"

"Jimmy."

"I'm sorry, Marc. Anyway she, the girl, goes on to say, 'I think you ought to know that I'm 5'10½" ' and I said, 'Hells-bells, honey, I'm 6' 4½" ' You know Marc, at least I don't look like that Italian."

"Who? What Italian?"

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"It sounded like something."

"I'm opening a beer. Continue."

"That Italian, Marty, he was short and—"

"Dammit, Jimmy."

"Okay. She was looking at me in this funny way—"

"Eva?"

"No, Marc. Now just listen. The girl, she looked as if she had taken off her glasses to look prettier and she couldn't see too far."

"Good thing she took 'em off. You may be taller than that Italian but neither of you is much to look at. No offense intended, but—"

"Marc. I'd like you to stick to the point." Marc began to thread his way back to the bedroom.

"All right."

"Then she admits that she's—well, she's really blind."

"Naive?"

"Blind. She can't see."

Marc stopped midway across the living room. "She's blind?"

"Yes, but the hell of it is—what am I going to do?"

"Do? I don't get it." He sat down on the couch arm.

"Should I send her home?"

"Home? Where is she?" He stood and decided to go back to the kitchen.

"Here. In my living room."

"At three-thirty in the morning?"

"Yeah. That's why I called you."

"Why?"

"It's the weirdest thing. I got this funny feeling when I saw her. You know, you can't really tell she's blind and all. And she's extremely good-looking."

"So what's the funny feeling?" He was drinking another beer. Stepping over the glass on the floor, he started once more for the bedroom, an ice cube held to his head.

"What was that noise?"

"I opened a beer."

"Another beer?"

"Go on, Jimmy. Where is she now?"

"In the john."

"For thirty-five minutes? Is she shy?"

"No. I mean she's very friendly. I imagine she's in the living room or something. I'm in the kitchen. What should I do?"

"Tell her you're fixing something to eat."

"No. That's no good, Marc. She'll probably say she's not hungry. Then where will I be?"

"In the living room."

"But what do I do?"

"Tell me about this funny feeling. You want to kiss her, but you're afraid to because she's blind?"

"No."

"You're not afraid because she's blind. Why then?"

"No. I don't want to kiss her. I want to—to—"

"What." He sat on the bed, moved the blankets around and lay back.

"I want to marry her."

Marc sat up. 'What?'

"I get this funny feeling I want to marry her."

"Funny? Ha-Ha. Why?"

"This sounds silly, but the way she holds her hands in her lap. She's got the most beautiful hands in the world. I swear to you, she's—"

"Okay. Anything else? Her teeth mebbe. D'ja check them?" He shifted his body so that he lay on his side facing the phone.

"They're straight and white and everything. But her mouth! It's—It's sensuous."

"AHA. You do want to kiss her."

"Well yeah, but—"

"No girl spends forty-eight minutes powdering her nose. She's probably in the living room, and if your apartment hasn't changed any, heard everything you've said. I want you to hang up, go in there and kiss her. Then, okay Jimmy? Then, tell her everything you've told me. In three months you'll be married or have a new girl. Good luck. It is now fifteen after four—"

"Eleven."

"Are you listening? Now let me go to sleep."

"But Marc—!"

"I am going to hang up."

And he did.

Dead ends and paperbacks
And the sea that flows within them
Run through my head from time to time
And as if in sleep they wander
in and out.

—HH



*So many people have entered my life
And then have gone away again
Without knowing how much they meant to me*

*A smile to soothe my fears
A song to lift my spirits, they gave
And then disappeared forever*

*So many people have made me cry
Yet have not been there to see the tears
So many more have seen me laugh
But my laughter went unnoticed.*

Alison Andrews

No One Else

Somedays I search all over,
Looking for a four leaf clover;
I want something other than luck,
I'm looking for myself, I'm stuck.

Stuck there?
Move with care;
The whole thing's a night
mare.

In the cold I huddle;
Staring at a mud puddle.
But I'm not looking at dirt;
It's an unreflecting mirror, I hurt.

Stuck there?
Move with care;
The whole thing's a night
mare.

A leaf brushes past my face.
Where will it land, which place?
That is the question I ask with wrath.
Which way will I choose, which path?

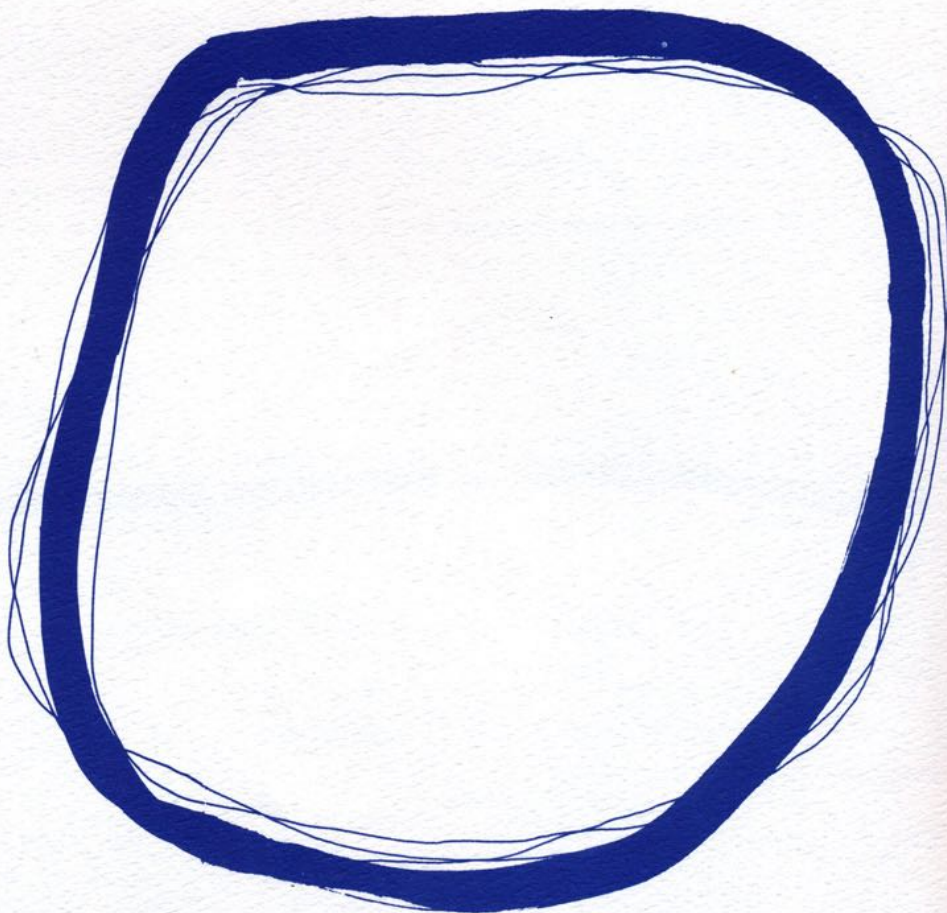
Stuck there?
Move with care;
The whole thing's a night
mare.

The store windows change these days;
I seem like them in this phase.
Today I'm in the glory of my childhood;
Tomorrow I'll be a woman, at least
I wish I could.

Getting there?
Move with care;
The whole thing's a night
mare.

Now I see the reflection of a mirror.
Now I know my life in this era.
It's me I see, no one else,
Yes, it's me I see, and no one else.

Now you're there;
Now you care.
Now you're in the night
mare.



Jody Lannen

SING A SONG

Sing a song of yourself,
And let the feelings in you come on out.
And don't you lose them,
'Cause if you lose them then you'll be lost
Sing out strong and you'll find the words;
They are there you just have to feel them,
And they'll come to you
Like a cloud that must rain.
Hell, they wouldn't know what you meant,
Even if they heard you,
So sing out strong
And let that cloud pour. — Plato Horatio Kloun



Passing Silences

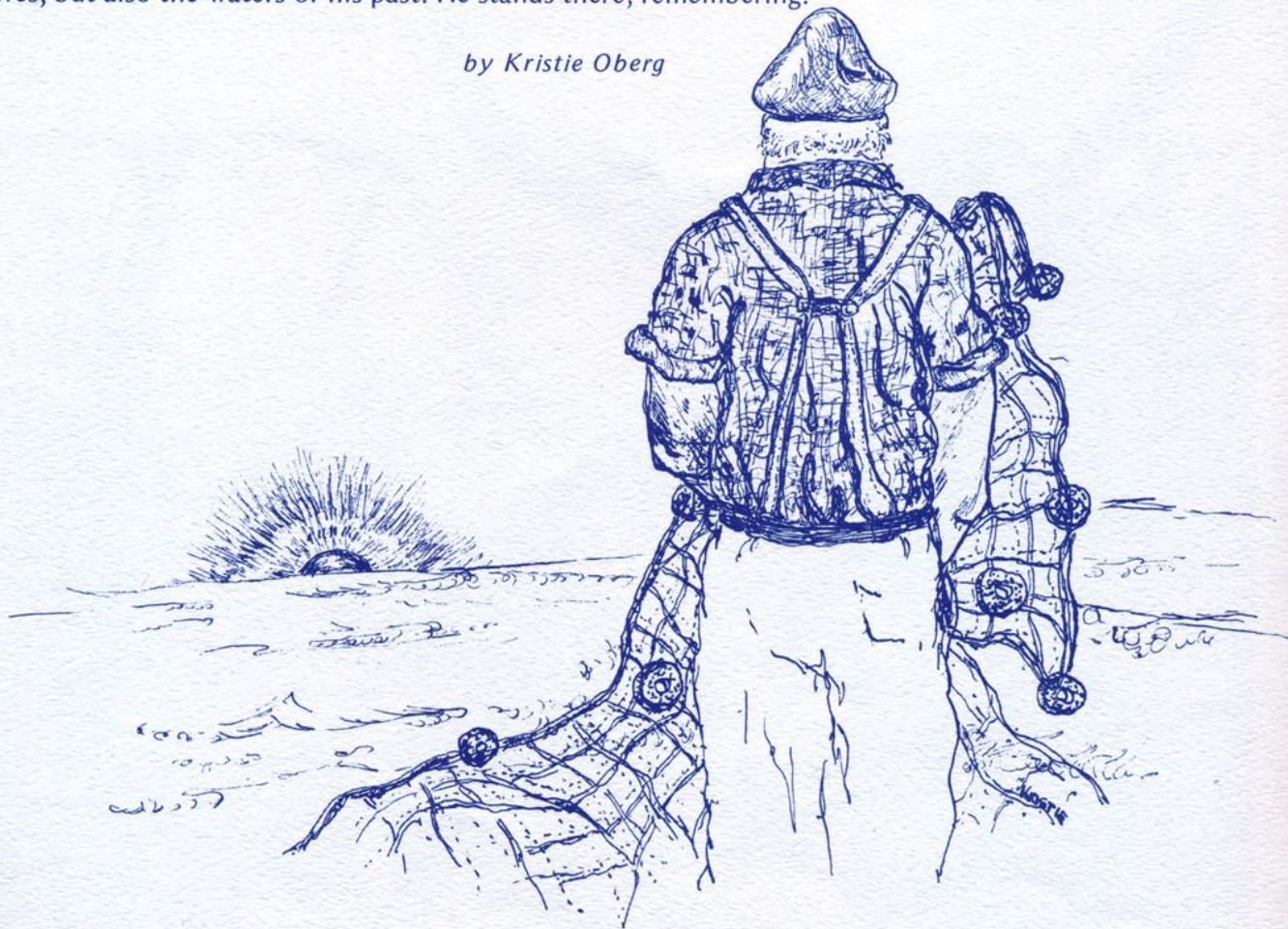
He was an old man; no one knew exactly how old, but it was safe to assume he'd been living in that same New England house by the sea for over seven decades. He liked that house, even though it could have used a fresh coat of paint and the porch roof kept leaking from the time when a poplar branch blew into it during a severe hurricane six years ago. It was a typical Maine house, like dozens of others along the coast, with several stories and a widow's walk which was constantly in use during the early whaling days.

He had been a good sailor. In fact, at nineteen, he was first mate on one of the best whalers in New England. The work was dirty, exhausting, and back breaking — but it was his life, and a good life, and he loved every bit of it. He didn't care if the food always tasted like salty fish, or if his hands were covered with callouses and cuts, and rope burns. His face was always whipped raw from the winds and salt spray. The muscles of his arms and legs were taut knots, evolving from the miles of masts and rigging he'd had to climb. He learned quickly, and his hearty, unbreakable spirit was familiar to every tar.

Now he sits in a wicker chair and watches the tides. Everyone considers him just an old man—in fact, they've never thought of him as anything else; as if he had always been silent, and wrinkled, and tired, sitting forever in that weathered old chair overlooking the sea.

Sometimes he walks down to the beach late in the afternoon, when the sun isn't so hot and the people have left. Rolling up his baggy blue trousers, he stands barefoot in the wet sand, looking out over the water with a quiet concentrated gaze, as if he were seeing not only the sky and waves, but also the waters of his past. He stands there, remembering.

by Kristie Oberg



*To live is to do whatever comes to your head.
To be kept from such actions is to be put in a state of death.
The better part of Humanity is dead.*

Anonymous

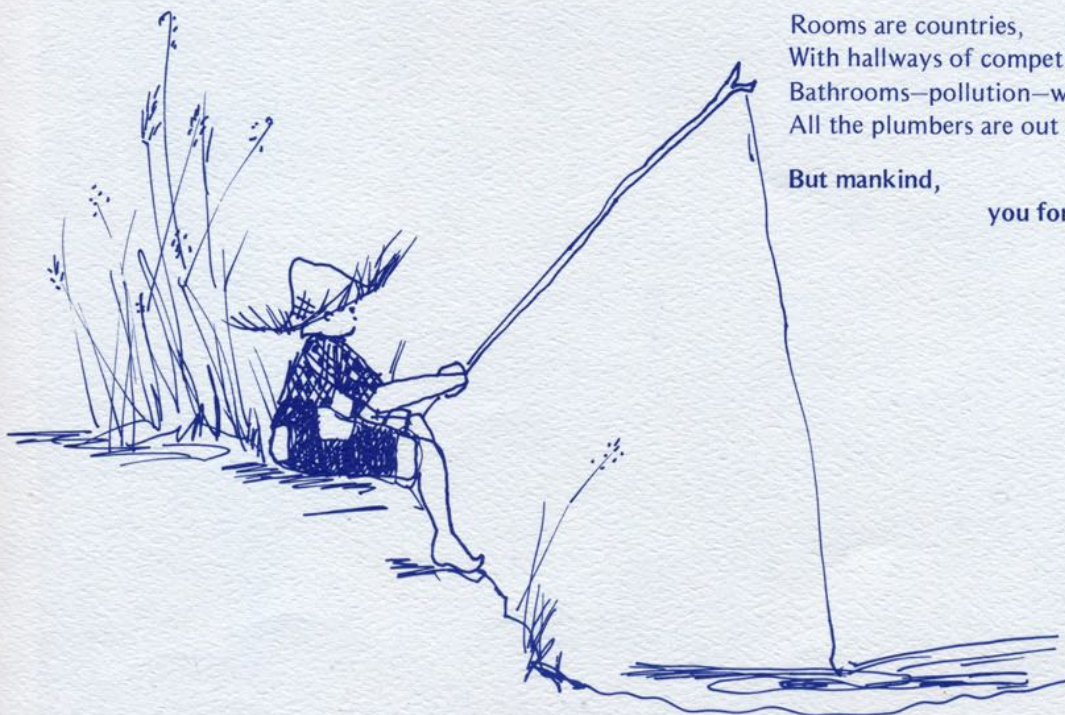
Mankind,
Why does thou harass me into fear,
Fear that your strengths and weaknesses will come tumbling
down upon me,
And smother me—my thought,

Mankind, you have constructed a building called civilization,
Made of brick—societies,
With windows of science,
And religion for venetian blinds,

Rooms are countries,
With hallways of competition standing between them,
Bathrooms—pollution—with broken pipes,
All the plumbers are out to lunch,

But mankind,
you forgot the doors.

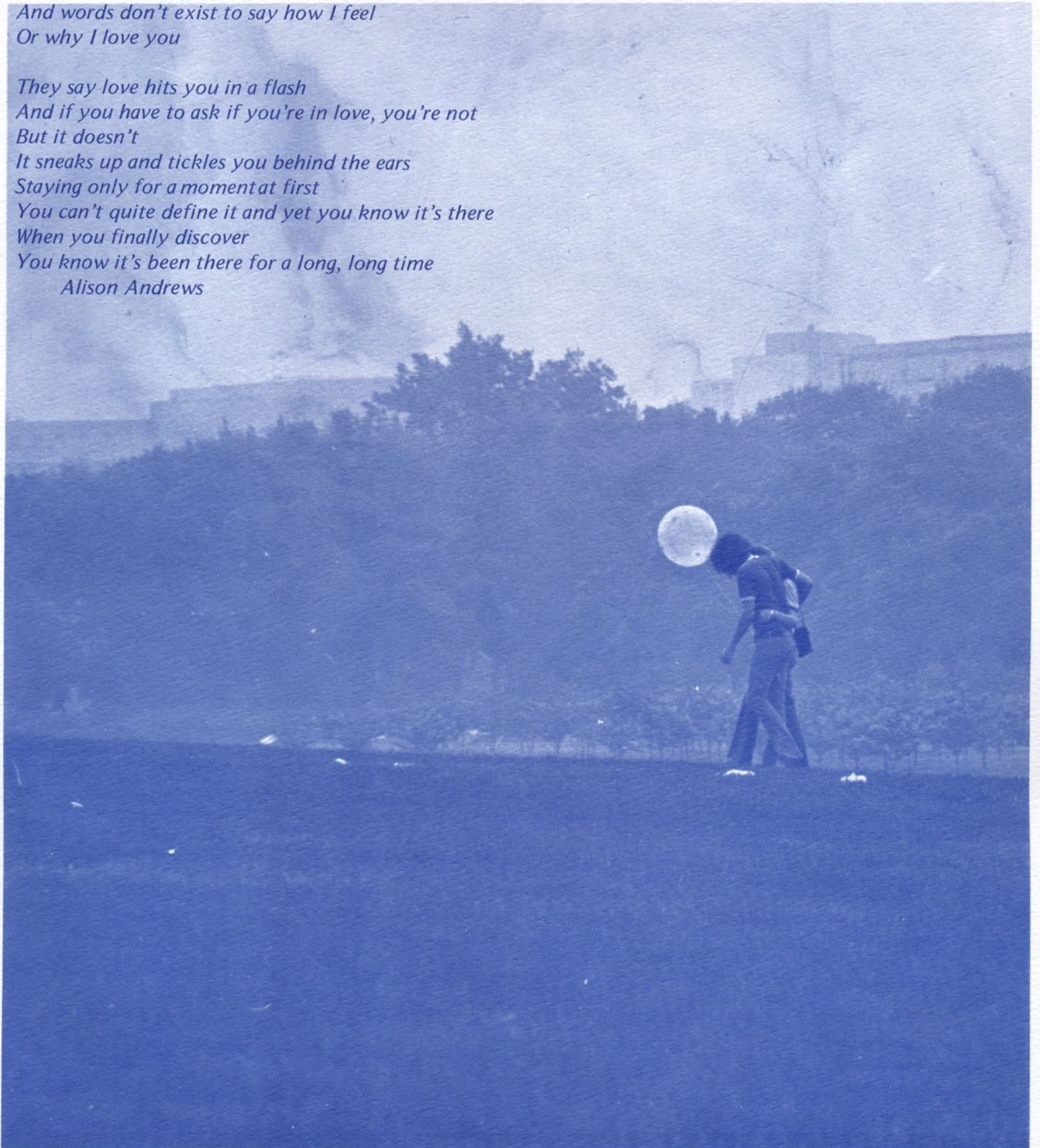
Wanda Plybon



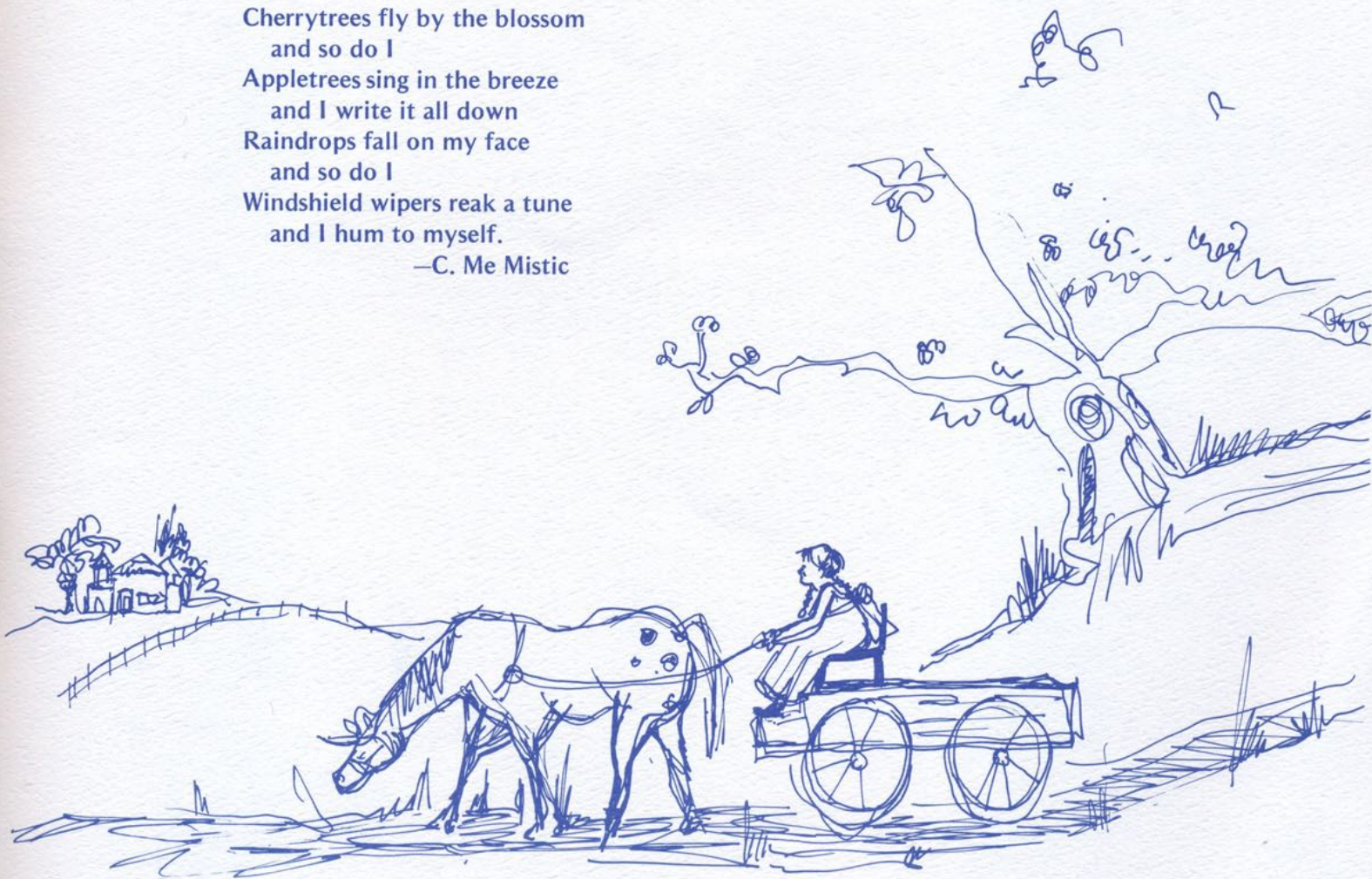
*Other people have said they loved me
And I've said I loved them back
Maybe because it sounded nice
Or it was the thing to do under the circumstances
But you, you were different
I wanted to say it to you
Because it was bursting out of me
But the words wouldn't come*

*You were the first one I ever believed
And words don't exist to say how I feel
Or why I love you*

*They say love hits you in a flash
And if you have to ask if you're in love, you're not
But it doesn't
It sneaks up and tickles you behind the ears
Staying only for a moment at first
You can't quite define it and yet you know it's there
When you finally discover
You know it's been there for a long, long time
Alison Andrews*



Cherrytrees fly by the blossom
and so do I
Appletrees sing in the breeze
and I write it all down
Raindrops fall on my face
and so do I
Windshield wipers reek a tune
and I hum to myself.
—C. Me Mystic



FEWITY

A Eutopian world, to me, is one in which everyone has attained inner peace of mind. This peace of mind would generate a comfortable spiritual atmosphere. No war, no hate, no lust would be conceivable.

In order that the eutopia be complete, all people must be of the same frame of mind, all the time. Can this ever come about? No, because as long as anything is decided by the majority of people, very few correct decisions will be made. The minority of people have the necessary wisdom to make decisions. Few are capable leaders, few are spiritually alive and well, few are really happy with what they are doing and have that elusive peace of mind.

Everyone will admit that smoking is bad for your health yet X% of Marshall's students said they do on the 1971 Questionnaire. Do these people know something the rest of us don't about smoking, or are they just weak in resisting temptation?

Think a moment. Is the majority usually right? What would happen if they were? In a short time, say a hundred years, most of humanity's problems would be solved. War would be the first to go. Next education would change to a system designed for and dedicated to training people to generate peace of mind.

(But none of these things will happen, of course.)

Most people take the easiest path. If they are being molded in their early years by society and the education system, they accept what is happening to them. Even though they fight it a little, they are too weak to overcome the evils.

The easiest path is usually the wrong path. Is it easy to hold your temper while being insulted or bullied.

A few realize the course society guides them in has the false values of materialism. Fewer yet are willing and have the inner strength to save themselves from being propagandized into submission.

All of these few are not intellectuals, neither are all intellectuals of the few. Some of the few make their lives bend toward science and mathematics, other follow music and art and still others get into every field imaginable (maybe even sanitation engineer!) Yet wherever they go success is theirs. Some of these few have been called geniuses. Some have been called insane.

You shall know a person by his deeds. The next time you hear a strange voice uttering an illogical thought, take a good look at that speaker. For he is one of the Few.

As I sit reading this, I am convinced that a crazy person wrote it. I have only one other comment: Fewey!

And now for some facts.

Everyone will admit that smoking is bad for your health, yet X% of Marshall's students said they do on the 1971 Questionnaire. Do these people know something the rest of us don't about smoking, or are they just weak in resisting temptation?

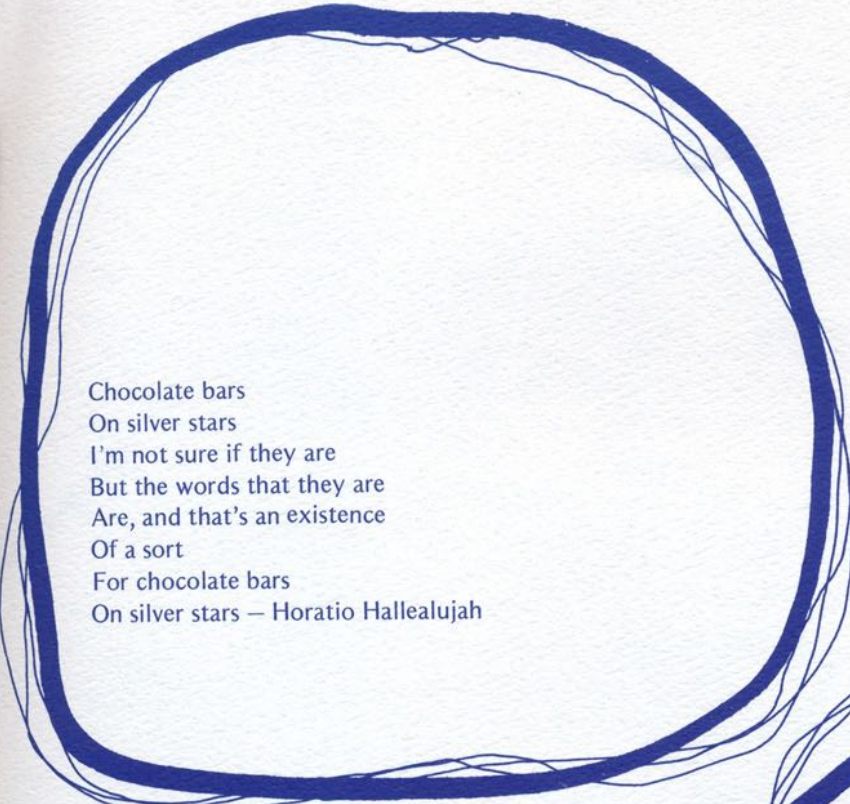
Aldous Huxley said that very few people were really sane. Reading *1984*, *Brave New World*, or *Fahrenheit 451* will convince anyone that although most people can be manipulated, a few can't and never will be.

A recent study on the effect television has on children revealed that today's young people are far more cynical than the older generation was in the 1930's. About 80% of the 18 year olds tested showed cynicism as part of their personalities. Cynicism and hard-heartedness are not the sort of things which help you toward peace of mind.

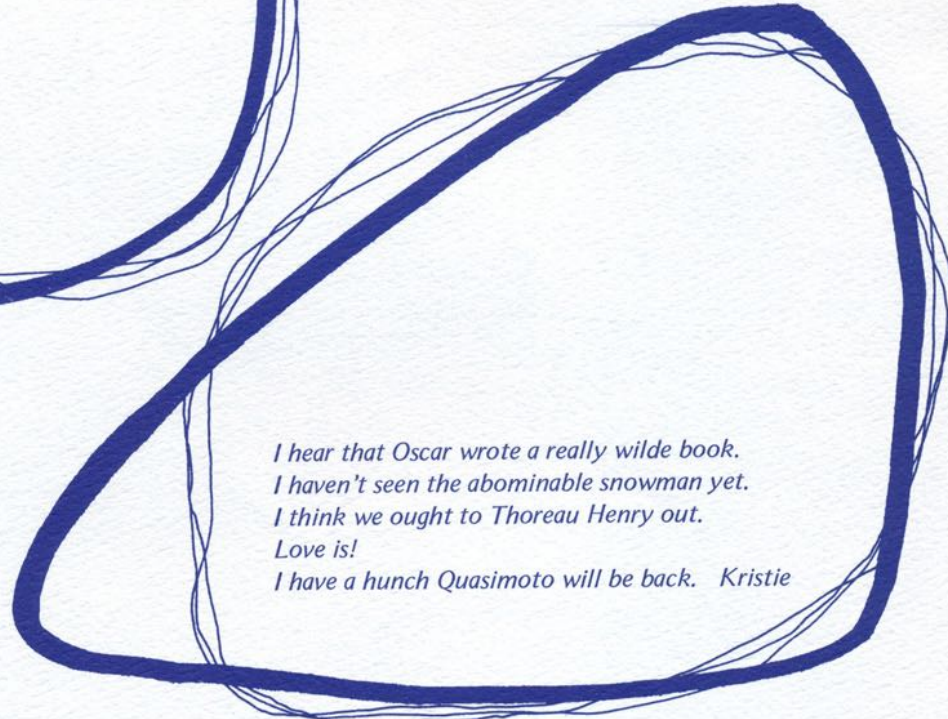
Do you look objectively at where you are going and make honest plans to change your course if it is defective? In short, are you into your mind, or out of it?



John Sumser



Chocolate bars
On silver stars
I'm not sure if they are
But the words that they are
Are, and that's an existence
Of a sort
For chocolate bars
On silver stars — Horatio Hallealujah



*I hear that Oscar wrote a really wilde book.
I haven't seen the abominable snowman yet.
I think we ought to Thoreau Henry out.
Love is!
I have a hunch Quasimoto will be back. Kristie*

CONFESSIONS OF A DYING STUDENT

Now—as I see my last hour approaching
I have decided to let the world in on a
great big secret. . . *Everything I've ever done wrong!*
— I ran through the halls barefooted last week when it rained,
because I was afraid of getting my shoes wet.
— I wrote on the student calendar in the front hall.
— I wrote in a book.
— I cheated and got 10 cents back by pretending that I had delivered
two trays to the “tray dump” instead of one.
— I wrote on a desk.
— I pressed the elevator button and made it ring for 10 minutes!
(*That was fun!!!*)
— I wrote on a locker.
— I kissed a boy in the halls and I wore my skirts 8 whole inches
above my knees!
— And the worst of all. . . I skipped gym.
But now. . . as the shadow of darkness spreads across my bod
like a warm blanket, I go to await my judgment in that
great principal's office in the sky. (Goodby French III)

Anonymous

HARK THE HERALD NEWSBOYS SHOUT

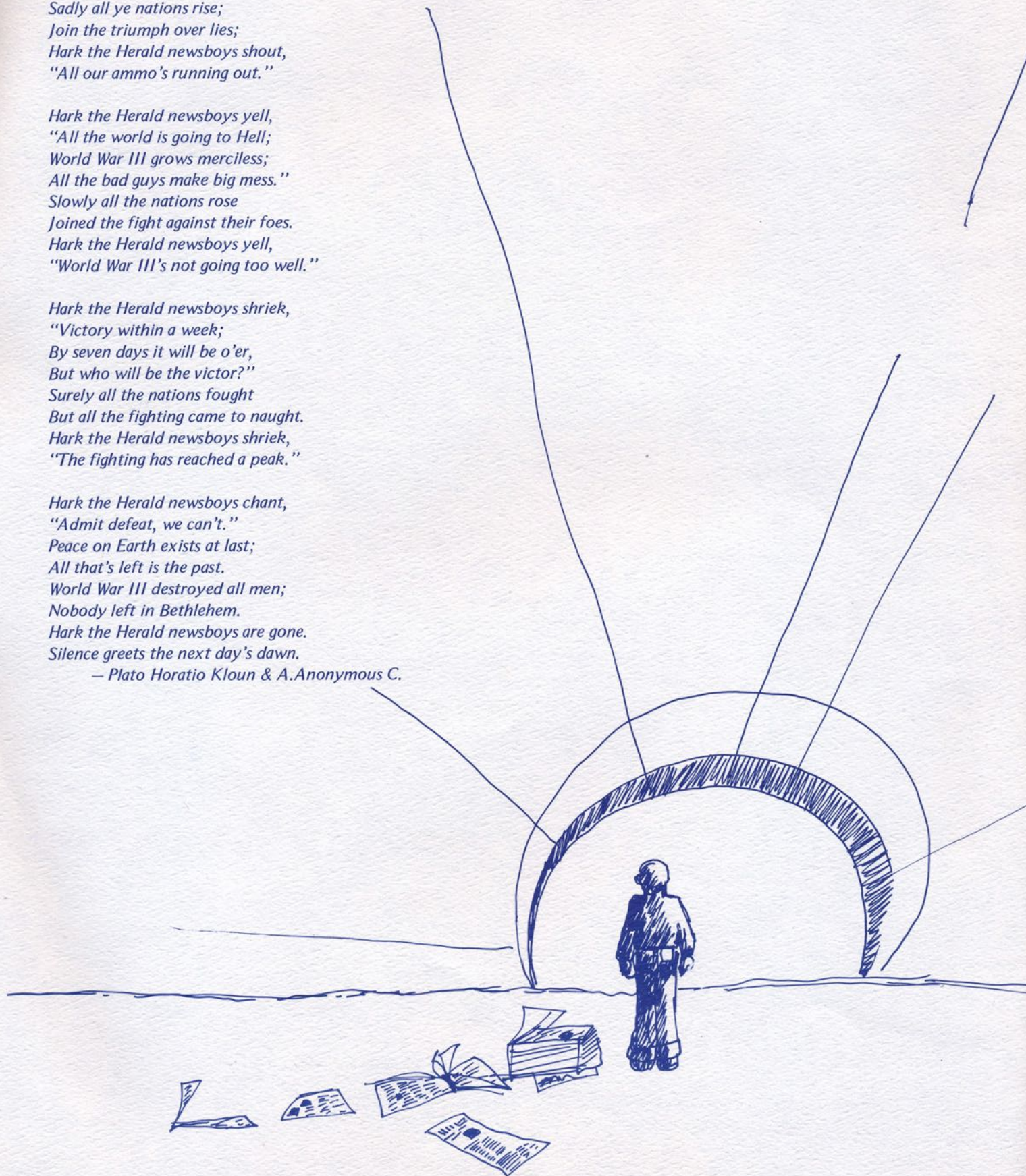
Hark the Herald newsboys shout,
"Extra, extra read all about
Salvation Army starts war on Earth,
World War III assumes its birth."
Sadly all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph over lies;
Hark the Herald newsboys shout,
"All our ammo's running out."

Hark the Herald newsboys yell,
"All the world is going to Hell;
World War III grows merciless;
All the bad guys make big mess."
Slowly all the nations rose
Joined the fight against their foes.
Hark the Herald newsboys yell,
"World War III's not going too well."

Hark the Herald newsboys shriek,
"Victory within a week;
By seven days it will be o'er,
But who will be the victor?"
Surely all the nations fought
But all the fighting came to naught.
Hark the Herald newsboys shriek,
"The fighting has reached a peak."

Hark the Herald newsboys chant,
"Admit defeat, we can't."
Peace on Earth exists at last;
All that's left is the past.
World War III destroyed all men;
Nobody left in Bethlehem.
Hark the Herald newsboys are gone.
Silence greets the next day's dawn.

— Plato Horatio Kloun & A. Anonymous C.

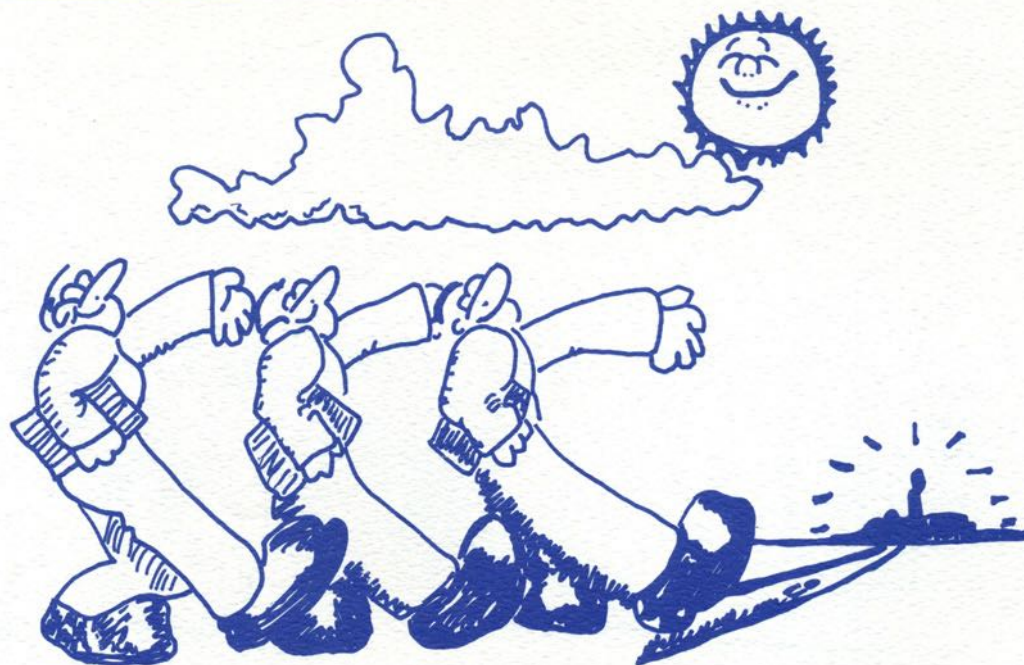




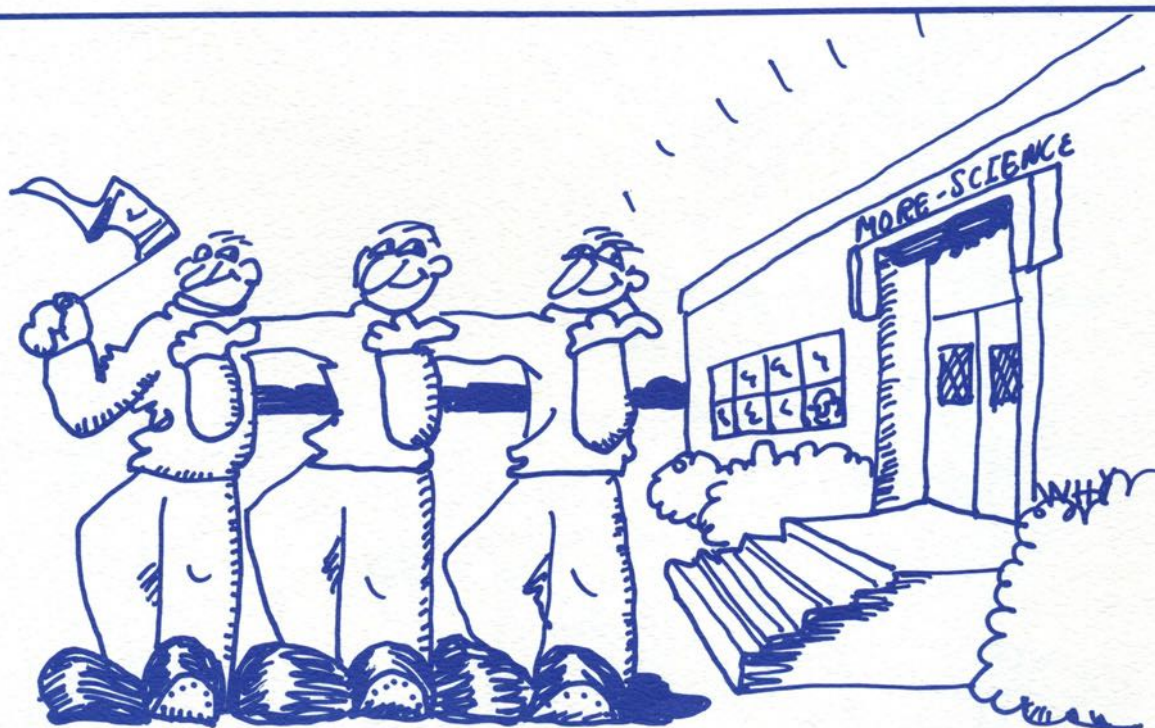
“HIGH SCHOOL
MADNESS”

A POEM

BY G. BURRIS



WE LOVE OUR SCHOOL , AND THAT'S A FACT
MORE-SCIENCE , OUR 'ALMA MAT'



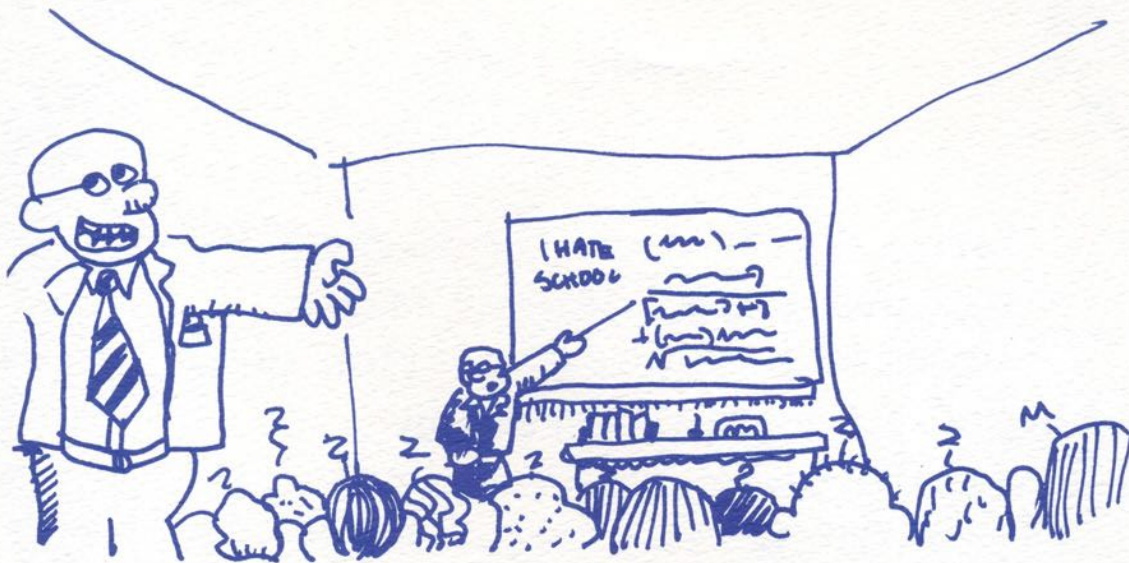
OUR TEAM IS SWEET , OUR PROM IS NEAT
EVERYTHING AT OUR HIGH'S AWREET !



OUR SCHOOL'S THE BEST, MAKE NO MISTAKE
(AT LEAST TRY NOT TO, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE)



FORGET YOUR WORRIES, COME TO SCHOOL!
WHERE KIDS LIVE BY THE GOLDEN RULE



ALL OUR TEACHERS, WISE AND GOOD
DO ALWAYS TEACH YOU AS THEY SHOULD



SO BE GOOD KIDS, DON'T MESS WITH DRUGS
AND YOU'LL GROW UP STRAIGHT,
JUST LIKE US!

G.B.



Reveille Staff

mary kearney ~ editor in chief
luanne origer ~ layout editor
luanne te selle ~ recreation editor
cinda haggren ~ art editor
kristie oberg ~ artistic editor
susan zavolta ~ magazine editor
laura creed ~ layout editor
anne williams ~ publicity editor
larry mohr ~ photographic editor
allison andrews ~ financial editor
donnie ellison ~ advertising editor
phil dexter ~ staff

mr. victor kryston ~ continuity



spring
1971

