

revelations



revelations

UNION HIGH SCHOOL

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staff:

Mike Lipnicky
Josh Chicovic
Martin Fritch
Susan Serish
Rick Englert
Toni Locy
Marianne Skiba
Mary Cowan
Annette Riggle
John Cherok
Mike Bokulich - Cover Design
Vicki Cummins - Business Manager
Mr. Phillip Esno - Advisor

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CONTENTS

A Coincidence	Sandy Marino	4
A Wasted Dream	John Tunno	6
Broken Reflections	Susan Serish	4
Emptiness	Susan Serish	5
Essay	Susan Holleran	21
Feelings	Susan Serish	17
Friends	Susan Serish	17
Gingerbread Men	Jackie Jablonski	18
Love Never Ends	Penny Parkin	20
Minds of Men		24
Ms	Jackie Jablonski	10
Must I Die	Chuck Micle	3
Questions	Susan Revay	23
Since Yesterday	Susan Serish	10
The Diary	Jackie Jablonski	19
The Jester	Susan Serish	5
Together	Jackie Jablonski	11
Untitled	Annette E. Riggle	24
Untitled	Mary Cowan	25
Nobody Cares About Apathy	Mike Lipnicky	12
Patrons		26

Must I Die

walking,
grasping,
craving for knowledge,
I was confronted by an earthly delight
a beautiful,
green
blade of grass
surrounded by a
bay-colored garden.

puzzled,
filled with caution
and ignorance,
I asked
survive?
How can you survive?

senselessly,
the bay-colored garden
revitalized
shouting and shouting
over and over
We hate him! He is DEATH!

looking at the garden,
I knew that hate wasn't in its eyes,
but fear.

There with my thoughts before me,
I asked,
How can you fear death?
It could not answer, for it had turned
into a garden again.

Chuck Micle

Broken Reflections

When I look in the mirror
I see millions of reflections that I'll never see again.
It reflects my mind-Kaliedoscopic-
Pieces fitting together then breaking apart.
Scenes appear like actors being set on the stage.
They open their mouths to speak
But the words haven't time to come out
Before the scene breaks apart,
Leaving the impression of my missing something.
It's like a record that skips or a film that has
 broken and been repaired jerking by.
You want to finish the thought but
 there's another thought rushing in to take its place.
But none of these thoughts are completed
They all break apart and float away,
 like a rock dropping into a pool to scatter
 the image that was once there.

Susan Serish

A Coincidence

We were both in a comfortable position.
He told me he loved me.
I was crazy enough to believe him.

The next morning, as usual, he left for work.
I never saw him again.

I got a letter from my best friend today.
She said that she was in love.
I warned her;
She was going to be married
 within the week.

A month later, I received another
Letter from her.
Her husband said he loved her,
She believed him.
The next morning, as usual, he left
for work.
She never saw him again.

Coincidence?

The Jester

So...they think I'm funny;
They think they can laugh at me;
They think I am their fool
Who will obey their every command!
They think they know what I think
and what I mean.
Well, I'll tell you something-
They don't know me;
They don't know what I think;
And someday I won't do what they tell me.
Then they'll know I am not their fool,
And they'll be sorry-
Because then they'll know what I felt-
And I will be the one who laughs.

Emptiness

As all the memories of yesterdays unlive fill my mind.
I wonder about the tomorrows that I've lived all my life;
None of them were really todays.

Can life be lived without dreams?
Must everything be reality?
How real all my dreams of tomorrow seemed,
How endless all my yesterdays.

Between now (a now that never is)
And then (a then that never was)
Is a me - lonely, empty, timeless.

I have only memories of yesterdays that never were
And dreams of tomorrows which will never come.
No life...no death...no love...

Susan Serish

A Wasted Dream

There was a tense expression on the defendant's face as the foreman of the jury had just arisen to read the verdict. The voice echoed throughout the courtroom. "We, the jury, find the defendant, Vito Sarchetti, guilty of six counts of income tax fraud."

A spirit of rebellion was building in the Mafia. A conflict threatened between an old gang tradition and a businesslike, Americanized approach to organized crime.

For years the Mafia "families" had been ruled by stiff-collared Sicilians who called themselves "Boss" and who decreed their loyalty to the national title of "Boss of Bosses." They organized their families along military ranks with underbosses and soldiers. They shunned alliances with non-Sicilian gangs and would allow no mainland Italians to enter their families. Guiseppe "Joe the Boss" Magnano, who headed a dominant New York family and carried considerable weight among Sicilian gangs throughout the country, spoke typically of the old gangs. "The Syndicate runs on its own," he said, "and knocks off anybody in its way."

The new Americanized gangs, tagged "Young Turks" by older gang members, wanted no Boss of Bosses. They preferred the American way of delegating authority, rule by committee rather than by dictators. They accepted Italians

and allied with other gangs regardless of ethnic differences. They rejected war, making exceptions for the liquidation of individuals who endangered the common purpose.

By the late twenties nearly every Mafia family harbored outsiders. In the Magnano family members included Frank Piazza (a Roman), Albert Battista (a Calabrian), and the Sicilian Alphonso Longi, whom Joe the Boss looked on as a son.

Magnano and many members of his family were natives of the west coast of Sicily. New York's second most important family came mainly from the region bordering the Northwest Coast. It was headed by Guitano Lombardi, who ran his business, mostly bootlegging and prostitution, behind a real estate sign on the seventh floor of Grand Central Station, overlooking Park Avenue. Magnano tried to take over Lombardi's family by having many of their top men murdered, and by having one of his lieutenants pose as an espionage agent covering as a Lombardian. In revenge, Lombardi had this lieutenant and Magnano-supported Boss of Bosses Paluchi killed. An all-out war, which lasted about a year, broke loose. Magnano, supported by six large contributions from Vito Sarchetti, had orders issued to execute any and every Lombardian. Casualties on both sides numbered about a hundred, many occurring in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

Piazza, Battista, and Longi reaffirmed their loyalty to Magnano. They secretly acknowledged Lombardi to be the lesser of two evils. Battista paid him a visit.

For eight months Lombardians tried to trap Magnano, but he kept himself heavily guarded. It was his trusted Battista who finally lured him away by convincing him that he knew how to ambush Lombardi, and invited him to lunch with Piazza to discuss a tactical decision.

Piazza did not stay long at lunch. After eating and sharing a bottle of wine, Battista and Magnano played cards. By mid-afternoon they were the only customers and Battista excused himself to go to the restroom. During his absence, "persons unknown" entered. When he rushed back, having heard gunfire, as he told the police, Joe the Boss's blood was staining the tablecloth. He had been shot in the head and back six times. In his right hand was the ace of spades.

Armistice was declared, and both families came to honor the victorious Lombardi. "Now its going to be different," he declared; "we will have one Boss of all Bosses, which is myself."

The gangs that opposed the Boss of Bosses tradition did not dethrone one Boss just to enthrone another. Lombardi got worried and decided to go on the mattress, or carry mattresses from hideout to hideout to sleep on during the hostilities. He was handed a list of men he wanted to protect him on the outside. Sarchetti headed it, followed by Battista, Piazza, Longi, and about four or

five others.

But the rebels struck first. They went outside the Mafia to hire four executioners. Shortly before two o'clock the next afternoon, the quartet, wearing fake police badges, brushed aside people in Lombardi's reception room, and stepped into his office. They left him with six bullet holes, nine knife thrusts, and a slashed throat. Within the next 48 hours, about 40 Mafia families went back to the old tradition. Battista became head Boss.

Sarchetti suspected Battista for the murders of both Magnano and Lombardi. He hired Murder Inc. to issue contracts on Battista, Piazza, Longi, and Alonza Profaci, an extortion racketeer who had uncomfortably close ties to Battista.

Frank Piazza was the first to breathe his last words with the help of a little lethal gas. Profaci went for a swim--with cement flippers. Alphonso Longi was found in his dining room; his body was left in the kitchen. After saying "goodnight" to his wife and children, Albert Battista was put to sleep by the sound of gunfire.

The winds of change promised Sarchetti a move to greater heights. He became highly respected and feared as an underworld chief. Unquestionably, he would have taken the head seat at the council table of the national commission

If only he had paid his taxes.

Since Yesterday

Since yesterday
I've grown a day older,
A day further away
From my childhood dreams,
A day closer to my future.

Since yesterday
I've found new ways,
New outlooks
To base my views on;
New views to base my life on.

Since yesterday
I've learned of love,
And of the hurt that came
When you took your love away
And of loneliness.

Susan Berish

"Ms,"

I look at the want ads;
Waitress=female, boxboy=male,
And as I eye my husky arms,
Somehow it doesn't jell.

I'm a woman,
But I can work as well as a man;
I can lift those boxes as well as he,
If I get a chance-I can.

If a man opens a door for me
I'd never slam it in his face,
But I hate men who point to the kitchen
And say, "this is a woman's place!"

I don't wear a button that says "Women's Lib,"
Or go around burning my bras;
Or make fancy speeches on T.V.
Telling the gents all their flaws.

One things for certain we need equal rights,
And deserve an equal day's pay;
But I'll continue tomorrow; I have to wash windows,
And scurb all the floors today.

Together

She lived for him,
She died for him,
And every night
She cried for him.

She dreamed for him,
Then woke for him,
And every word
She spoke for him

Her eyes looked for him,
Her heart roamed for him,
And she wrote a book
Of poems for him.

She wanted to be
A good wife for him,
She lived her whole
Damn life for him.

He said to get lost,
And she couldn't take it,
Ran across the road from him,
But she didn't make it.

Now he lived for her,
He'd die for her,
And every night,
He cried for her.

Now the poems and the dreams,
And the childish hopes,
Were all he had left,
And he couldn't cope.

He wanted to die,
So he did it his way,
He jumped from a bridge
I heard people say.

Jackie Jablonski

Nobody Cares About Apathy

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Four thirty," she said, "we've been stuck in this elevator an hour."

That was the first time either spoke. Complete strangers, they had entered the elevator at 3:40 and almost simultaneously pushed the button to take them to the roof. During the wait he had the opportunity to size her up. To him she looked like a woman of dubious distinction.

"Cigarette?" he offered, reaching into his pocket.

"No thanks, I roll my own."

I'll bet, he thought.

"What are you gonna' do on the roof?" he ventured.

"Jump off" she said with a blank stare.

"That's cute" he mused. Then he became serious.

"You're not kidding are you?"

"No, I'm not. I have nothing to live for. I'll just be another insignificant figure. I've been a loser all my life."

"Can't we talk this over?" he asked. "I'm a psychiatrist."

"Oh," she replied, "you just happen to be a psychiatrist. And I suppose you're gonna' jump too."

"How'd you know?"

"No kiddin'," she said. "You too?"

"My problem is opposite from yours. I've been a winner all my life; it's disgusting."

"It's tougher being a loser," she said.

"I don't think so," he countered.

"I'm such a loser I drink coffee and fall asleep. Top that!" she challenged.

"Okay," he said, "How about this: when I played little league baseball, I was rookie of the year."

"So what."

"Twice."

"Oh!"

"Wait," he said, "Let's talk about your problems."

"How much do you charge?"

"No matter, I won't be around to collect."

"In that case, I guess it's okay." She paced the length of the elevator. That didn't take long. "First of all, it's my disposition. I can't get along with anybody. Not even my cousin Sarah Lee Tucker from Decatur, Ga. She's the sweetest person alive."

"That's no problem, really," he said.

"You don't understand," she squealed. "Everybody doesn't like something, but nobody doesn't like Sarah Lee."

"Married?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Husband?"

"Yes."

"No, I mean are you having problems with your husband?"

"No it's not him. He's quiet. He's the seventh illegitimate son of a seventh illegitimate son."

"Biblical."

"Quite."

"Do you have any children?" he continued.

"Yes," she said, "We have two children and one in the oven."

"Oh, your pregnant?"

"No, we have one in the oven. He won't come out. It's terrible."

"Hmmm."

"How do you spell that?" she asked.

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just like to write down names and things." she said. "Did you notice those names and phone numbers on the ceiling?"

"I read all the people."

"I know all the people."

"Let's get back to the problem. Why are you doing this?" he asked.

"Well, I'm attempting suicide--"

"Wait!" he shouted.

"Why did you shout?" she asked.

"I think I found one of your problems. Lack of self-confidence. Don't say "attempt suicide." Attempt implies failure. Try "commit. . ." Say I'll commit suicide."

"I'll commit suicide," she said.

"Be positive. Finish what you set out to do."

"I'll go to Charlie Weaver to block."

"What?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It comes and goes. I was turned down as a contestant on the Hollywood Squares and I sometime fantasize I'm playing."

"Why were you turned down?" he inquired.

"Well, I guess to be a good contestant, you really should know how to play tic-tac-toe."

He cleared his throat.

"How do you spell that?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said. "Is this the first time you've thought about suicide?"

"No. I actually took an overdose once when I was despondent." She looked at her feet. She was well over 3 feet tall. "Unfortunately I accidentally took No-Doz. I was up for three weeks. It was terrible."

He pressed on.

"Have you had any family history of suicide?"

"No," she said, "but I think it traces back to my father. He's preoccupied with dying. He sits in his room waiting to die. It's the only thing that keeps him alive. He has nothing else, you know. He lives for the day he dies."

"Have you ever sought help?" he asked.

"I called the Suicide Prevention Center last weekend."

"What did they say?"

"Call back on Tuesday. That's when some guy named Elwood is on duty. If my name was Elwood, I'd kill myself."

"My name's Elwood," said Elwood.

"Just a cliché," she said. "Are you the Elwood who works at the center?"

"I moonlight."

"Why did they want me to talk to you?"

"They're all jealous. So far, no one's died on me," he said. "No matter how bad the situation is, there is a good side to it."

"Come on. How can you say that?"

"Go ahead," he challenged, "make up a situation."

Thinking for a moment, she looked at the ceiling.

It was still there.

"Okay, she said, "what would a woman who is a 400 pound bisexual have to look forward to?"

"In a mixed doubles bowling league she wouldn't need a partner."

Just then the door opened. They could tell because an old man stuck his head through the doorway and said "The door's open."

"Catch you Tuesday" said Elwood.

"Tuesday," she said.

Mike Lipnicky

Feelings

Sometimes I feel so lost,
Like a wall that can't comprehend
I can't understand
What's in my head.
Darkness surrounds me.
But in a glimpse of life
I see people's sorrows,
Their fears and tears;
And just when I'm almost lost,
Light flashes and I feel
Love overwhelm me,
A breath of fresh air and
A new glimpse of life.
I see happy faces everywhere,
And a little boy's smile.
I feel an inner peace-
Because of love.

Susan Revay

Friends

You are my friend,
I am yours.
When you have a problem, I try to help.
When I have a problem, you're there to turn to.
We are walking together down the road of life,
side by side,
Sharing happiness and sorrow,
Making memories.

When one of us is down, we are both down.
When one of us is up, we are both up.

When others are against us, we are together.
We learn from each other, we try together.
Time brings us closer together.
Because every second of every minute
We share something.

We will someday change - go each our separate way,
But we will still be together
Because no matter how much distance is between us,
We will still share our lives.

Friends . . . are forever.

Gingerbread Men

As I watch my young daughter,
Making gingerbread men;
I look once quickly
And closer again.

She's not as young as I think
How quickly children grow.
She's a young lady now,
And believe me it shows.

Playing house and Barby dolls
Are something left behind;
She's her own person now,
And she rules her own mind.

She's into the jean stage
Add in love with the boys;
Yesterday she cleaned her room,
And threw out hew old toys.

She's a cheerleader now,
And she just can't wait;
Until Friday night,
Her very first date.

I can't ever remember her engagement,
And yesterday she was married;
My husband's been sick, till a month ago
That's when he was buried.

Now I watch my grandchildren,
Making gingerbread men;
I look once quickly,
Then closer again.

In them I see a daughter,
Of oh so long ago,
Who no longer molds little gingerbread men,
But who molds a world of her own.

Jackie Jablonski

The Diary

I found it in the attic
One cold rainy day,
Wrapped in graying tissue paper
In a corner, tucked away.

I's pages all were withered
And were colored yellow-brown;
I began reading of my past,
And I couldn't set it down.

Memories started flowing
Through the river of my mind;
All the things I loved and promises I've made,
I've forgotten now, I find.

I wonder what had happened
To my precious hopes and dreams;
They are withered and forgotten,
Like my diary, it seems.

Though most of the things were silly,
Quite a few made sense,
The words I'd written exposed my childhood,
As rather cold and tense.

The words expressed my wants,
My needs, and all my fears,
And the pages glowed with girlish joy,
Faded through the years.

Then a picture fell from my diary;
Quickly I examined the young face,
I set it on a carton beside me,
And put the diary back in its place.

Closely I looked at the portrait,
A fifth grade picture of me,
Then I glanced in a dusty mirror,
At what that girl grew up to be.

I find I never reached my goals,
For they changed as time had passed
For my life was now played on a different stage,
And I belong to a different cast.

(con't.)

I choked on the musty air
And placed the picture in my pocket,
And before I climbed down the dusty stairs
I switched off the bulb in the overhead socket.

Now I think of my diary in the corner,
And I know it will be years until I read it again,
For now I lead a different life,
And I'll always have memories of then.

Jackie Jablonski

Love Never Ends

A seed is planted, fragile and small,
It started in summer and matured until fall.
Slowly it buds, it blooms, and it grows,
Bringing new life—a child, a rose.

He was an infant, gentle and pure,
My genuine love is what he had lured.
He grew to be one, bouncy and bright,
Playing at day, sleeping at night.

When he was six he left for a day,
To stay with a friend, to sleep and to play.
When he came home I knew I was missed,
He said that he loved me and gave me a kiss.

He learned about God when he was seven;
He talked about Jesus living in Heaven.
When he was twelve he found his first girl,
Her face made of cream and her hair full of curl.

At sixteen he resembled a perfect young man,
Molding his life and making his stand.
At eighteen he left to seek his own life,
Fighting the misery, conquering the strife.

I lay on my bed, my son at my side,
Gentle and fragile, I'm going to die.
My life was complete with a baby to love,
To Heaven I'll soar, the flight of a dove.

Fear and foreboding will always accompany thoughts of death as long as the travesty of the Christian funeral is practiced. The attitude toward this utterly normal function of the human body has been that of terror since life-after-death was established as part of the organized dogma. Consideration of the possibility of eternal reward in heaven or punishment in hell persists in our modern culture, having been instilled into generations by perverse pulpit-pounding. The church presents death and the afterlife as a yardstick of earthly accomplishments, the measurements on which are taken by an omniscient "judge:" what normal mortal wouldn't be afraid of his future, and that of his loved ones, when, compounded with the anxiety due a completely new experience, he is faced with this intimidating "inevitability?"

While the individual is being continually bombarded with the propaganda, he certainly will visit at least one friend or relative on display in a funeral home. The typical mortuary is one of the most doleful structures built by man, with its grandiose exterior and visitors' entrance overhung by an ominous cloth awning. Within, it is usually divided into several "parlors," each lined with uncomfortable chairs facing the center of attraction at the far end of the room. Here, the corpse is horizontally positioned, exposed to an endless line of admirers exclaiming softly about the lifelike facial make-

up, and the relaxed position of arms and hands. (That is, when the latter are not obscured by a blanket of flowers seeming to extend throughout the room. One wonders if all the weeping is not due in part to distress at the overpowering odor from these "floral tributes.") This situation often continues for three days -- probably a great consideration about one's own death is the agony it will cause those in charge of these traditional "arrangements," and the sheer embarrassment of the thought of oneself being exposed to such endless scrutiny.

Often, two funeral services proper are held -- one at the mortuary, and one at the graveside. The former is preceded by strains of dismal organ music, eventually and miraculously concluding with the approach of the speaker. His talk dwells upon the virtues of the deceased his merits, religious fervor, and assuredness of eternal bliss, all which concerns the listener with his standing should he be the next to "pass on." The consequent follow-the-leader procession to the cemetery passes through red lights and ignores minimum speed limits, showing that the death is an occasion deserving special notice. The vulturous and doting morticians positioned beside the piled earth at the destination reaffirm the notion. And as the funeral party stands around the closed casket beneath the canopy, the minister concludes the ordeal with phrases carefully selected to convey the mysticism of death.

As the obituaries are pasted into scrapbooks, the funeral cards imprinted with "Crossing the Bar" are sent to distant relatives, and the will is hotly debated, one wonders if the most fitting and dignified funeral service would be immediate interment and a simple recitation of "Ashes to ashes . . ."

Susan Holleran

Questions

What do you want,
What do you want,
I'm giving everything I have
I'm even trying to see if there's more
Locked deep inside of me.

I've tried,
I've tried,
Can't you see,
This is me.
I can't change as fast as you can.

What do you need,
What do you need,
Is it really love?
Or is it someone just to hurt
So you can appear to be smart?

Not me,
Not me.
I've given alot,
I've tried so many times,
I've been hurt too much,
And don't think I could handle it . . .
If I were used.

Susan Revay

Minds of Men

Deep in a field of grey
my life is set before me.
The sky above,
black and sinister,
is filled with an evil not yet witnessed.

The field below,
grief, pain,
and sorrow,
is witnessed by those who have known me.

A yellow mist
hovering, testing,
teasing with misfortune.
My thoughts are confused;
I have no control over them,
As a soul has no control over the body.

Muscles that were once
fierce,
and tense,
have weakened with age,
soon to tense no more.

The existance of life,
gone;
nothing surrounds me but fear.
soon—
not even fear.

Chuck Micle

I hate to see the sun go down
And squeeze itself into the ground
Since some warm night it might get stuck
And in the morning not get up.

Annette Riggle



that's
to you,
Society

Mary Cowan

Special Friends

Climax
Mellon Bank
Kitty's Appliance
Junior Class
Senior High Chess Club

Student Council
Skippers Flower Shop
Morra Cycle Center
Lee Funeral Home

Patrons

Gilson Paint Store
E-Z Pickins
Fritchs Sportsman
Dalverny Barber Shop
Hartman's
Busy Hands Craft Center
Kranak's Service Station
Caleffe Service Station
L. J. Maslyk Meats
McFarland Insurance Company
Mr. & Mrs. Asa McCoy
Jim Dellaria Lincoln Mercury
Burgettstown Auto Parts
Repole's Department Store
Kolo Club
Junior Historians
Brunner-Gregory-Attorneys
Biology Club
Charles Pappas Remodeling
Secretaries Club

Senior Class
Williams Garage
Gus Barbush
Coll Tire Distributors
Murphy's 5 & 10
J. & J. Mobil Service
Irwin T. Miller & Company Inc.
Martha's Custom Draperies
Jiffy Car Wash - Weirton
Peachies Newsstand
Robertson Fruit Farm
Thomas McGraw
Big "B" Meats
Nicola's Grocery
Blue & Bertovich Tree Service
Cunningham Machine Company
Amos Confectionary
The Creamery
Marcucci Appliance