

# SCIMITAR



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# SCIMITAR

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

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# SHADOWS SHADOWS SHADOWS

WARREN SEITZ

A Shadow is a strange phenomenon. Webster's Dictionary defines a shadow as an "imaginary vision", but as most people know, a shadow can be quite real at times.

Remember the horrible thoughts one has had in the past when approaching a shadow. A person could imagine almost anything when some big, ugly, monstrous shadow was seen on a wall. Later, one could usually see that the shadow was merely a toy or something of that nature. Yes, shadows can be extremely harrowing. But along with these bad memories, one should remember that a shadow also brings good memories. I can remember that as a child I would chase after and race with my shadow. I would spend hours on end trying to make it take

different shapes. At this stage of my life it seemed like a very interesting game. Now as a young adult, I seldom play with my shadow. I still get an enjoyment out of forming my hands into different shapes before a bright light and having the shadow projected onto a screen.

Physicists measure the intensity of light by using the shadow which it casts. Still others use shadows to paint pictures called silhouettes. These are just two of the many uses of shadows.

I think that shadows are fun, but scary. They can be our worst and our best friends. One should always remember that a shadow is nothing but an "imaginary vision", and there will be nothing to fear, I hope.

## SPECIAL ORDER NO. 9

ANTHONY D'IORIO

One night when I was feeling low,  
I thought "To the dance I must go".

I slipped out the door and onto the street,  
While praising myself for my wonderful feat.

I made it to the dance in no time at all,  
Realizing fully I had broken a law.

I paid my way in with all the money I could find,  
And prepared myself for one heck of a time.

I was doing the Twist, the Pony, the Fly,  
When all of a sudden out of the corner of my eye,

In walked three bellhops all dressed in their blue,  
While shouting and pointing saying we came after you.

They grabbed me and hauled me back to the school,  
While yelling and telling me I was a fool.

They locked me in the guard house and turned out the light,  
And there I spent my most miserable night.

I thought of my parents and what they would think,  
Knowing their son had been thrown in the clink.

When the sun finally came thru the window so bright,  
I knew I'd be marching until that very night.

Three days past and nothing was heard,  
And from the Colonel, not even a word.

Then it all happened at one second mess;  
I need not tell you I know you can guess.

Captain Cambell got up and started to read,  
Of my horrible, crazy, unforgivable deed.

As I shut off my thoughts so as not to hear a line,  
Thru the ceasing silence was said "Special Order No. 9."

My heart skipped a beat and my face drew a grin,  
For I knew I had committed the school's most Capital sin.

And now I think of all the fun I will miss,  
For one lousy night of doing the Twist.





## AN INCIDENT IN RUSSIA

ROBERT BEUTLER

THE scene of this tragic event was a small, important town on the Russian border. This little town was important to the Russians because of its location on the border; it was not just a border between Communism and freedom. Many of the town's residents were able to escape to the free world; the Kremlin planned to stop this.

On May 17 additional forces were sent in to aid the troops already stationed there. They were to concentrate on the youth of this town. Frightened by the sight of the new troops but not frightened away from freedom, the young people decided to stay quiet for awhile and not to attempt to evade the patrols and sneak across.

Few Americans were permitted to enter Russia, especially through this town. Among the few that were permitted were nine high school students from various parts of the Western Hemisphere. They remained in this town for a week and then continued on. During this week they saw and talked with Russians of their own age.

A report was made by the Russians patrolling that area that they had witnessed a small demonstration with loud noises which they thought was music in disguise.

A week after the Americans left there were three more reports of these demonstrations. The commanding officer received orders to stop them immediately. A few moments after receiving his orders from the Kremlin, a patrol came back with the report that a violent demonstration was taking place in one of the larger buildings of the town. With two hundred men he set out to stop these. When he arrived there, he saw and heard these demonstrations and noises which were described to him. He ordered them to stop immediately, but apparently he was not heard. After several tries he ordered his men to open fire. Every single person was torn and chopped to death by the fury shells.

In the United States it was successful, but in Russia the twist and twisters had died on their debut.

## ETERNAL LIFE

D. GRIFFIN

Climbing higher, searing, diving,  
The onward march of faltering life,  
Onward, upward, ever striving,  
Through the maze of toil and strife.  
Finally reaching, clutching, holding,  
As one would the Phantom knife.

Death has grasped us, now we're resting,  
Christ's own promise of eternal life.

## THE FLOOD

B. FISHER

As I am standing on a hill,  
The river raging down below,  
I see the waters flowing on;  
Its banks begin to overflow.

Its muddy water surging on,  
While minutes ticking, ticking by,  
Expresses ruin in every move,  
Its edges ever growing nigh.

The path in which it flows so true  
Is never heedless of a thing;  
It sweeps them up without a care.  
With outstretched hands, the sirens sing.

## MY DEAREST DARLING BARBARA

CHARLES J. EFINGER JR.

For I am alone.  
I miss you, my darling.  
The embers burn low in the hearth,  
and still is the air of the barracks,  
and hushed is the voice of its mirth.

The rain splashes fast on my window;  
The winds fan the lattice moon.  
The midnight hours chime out from my clock,  
And I am alone.

But as the days pass,  
My heart grows a beat faster  
As the stem rises after  
A new fallen rain.

As the days of the month fall shorter  
And vacation draws near,  
I think of the hours with you,  
The hours that are so dear.

I call to you, my darling;  
My voice echoes back on my heart.  
I stretch my arms to you in longing,  
But they fall to my sides empty, apart.

The silent walls of rules,  
enclose me and keep me from you,  
but the days are falling short  
when again, by your side I will be.

I whisper the sweet words you taught me—  
The words only we have known,  
Till the air of the silent night is bitter,

I want you, my darling  
I'm tired with sadness and care,  
I would nestle in silence beside you  
And all but your presence forget,  
In the hush of happiness given  
To those, who through trusting have grown  
To the fullness of love and contentness,  
But, tonight, I am alone.

I miss you, my darling,  
Oh, how I miss you.

## THE RAIN—ITS BEAUTY

MARC C. JOSEPH

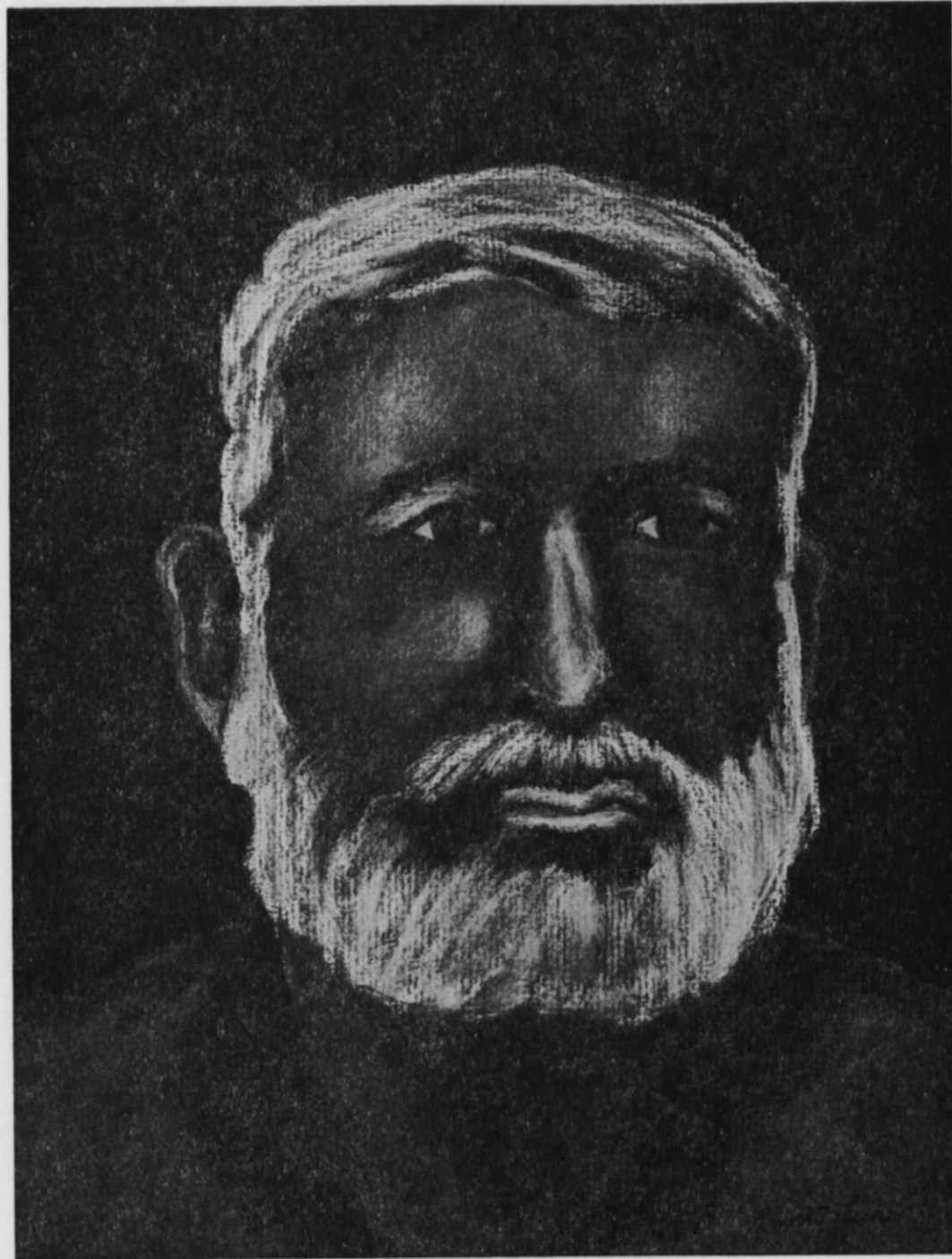
The sky is clouding with the gray.  
The trees are bending as they sway,  
The black is shutting the day.  
The rain is hearing.

The flowers glisten, wet with dew,  
The trees take on a silvery hue.  
The green grass comes to life anew.  
The rain is falling.

The beauty lies in pools around  
The mirrors on the wet, wet ground.  
The birds resume their singing sound.  
The rain is slowing.

The sun is peeking through the mist  
At meadows that raindrops have kissed—  
The sun that never once was missed—  
The rain is leaving.

The rainbow in the azure sky  
Ignores the clouds that pass it by,  
And one may stop to wonder why  
The rain is gone.



## THE LOSS OF A NOVELIST

WILLIAM I. RAU

SEVERAL months ago America witnessed the death of one of the greatest novelists and short story writers of all time. Ernest Hemingway is said to have had some of the most widely read and discussed modern American novels and short stories. Many other writers have copied his style of short sentences and colorful and natural dialogue. Few of these writers have been able to compare to his magnificent pictures of life and people.

Many of Hemingway's experiences formed a basis for much of his writing. His first novel, *Farewell to Arms*, came from his service during World War I. After the war he became a newspaper correspondent in the Middle East. He then moved to Paris where he remained for some years. There he wrote the novel that first made him famous, *The Sun Also Rises*. It is a story of a group of Englishmen and Americans in Paris after the war. After Paris, Hemingway moved to Spain where

he wrote *Death in the Afternoon*, which came from his association with Spanish bullfighters. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was another story Hemingway wrote in Spain. It was written as a result of his experiences during the Spanish Civil War. One of his most recent works, *The Old Man and the Sea*, a vivid tale of courage, became very popular in America.

Hemingway could be considered more of a short story writer than a novelist, because his novels often seemed like interlinked short stories. He wrote about violent things, but he wrote with the sadness of a person who hated the cruelty he wrote about.

Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* was a strong factor in the decision to give him the Nobel Prize in 1954. He will long be recognized for the power of his prose and for his influence on a large generation of younger writers.





## THE ENDING OF A STORM

TOM CLARK

As lightning dashes through the dark sky, I run for a store.  
The wind blows hard and the sky thunders as I run even faster.  
I run through the streets and under the trees to escape the terrible lightning.  
But, no matter how far I go or how fast I run, I can not escape the bright glow of the lightning.

I dash through the door of a drugstore, but still the bright flashes of lightning follow me.  
As I relax over a coke, the thundering sky and lightning seem to be diminishing slowly.  
After all is quiet, I venture out on the street once again  
In the distance I can hear the dull clash of thunder and the sharp crack of lightning.  
As I walk toward my home, the sun begins to shine brightly; how glad I am that the sky is once more clearing, and the terrible lightning is gone, at least for a while.

## SWEETHEART

CHARLES J. EFINGER JR.

I thought that you would like to know  
That someone's thoughts go where you go,  
That someone can never forget  
The hours we spent since first we met,  
That life is richer, sweeter by far,  
Since you became my guiding star.  
And now my constant prayer will be  
That God may keep you safe for me.

## ON BEING THANKFUL

JOHN BREAM

WHICH of us understands his intangible state of being thankful? And which of us realizes that his offering of thanks is included in his supreme obligations? Being able to show real appreciation is an attribute even to the man who does not give, for this real thankfulness makes worthwhile the act of giving. But it behooves one to give for the joy of giving, not expecting a material reimbursement.

In this modern day and age there are many things which we should be thankful for, but we are not. The one which most of us overlook and seldom, if ever, give thanks for is waking up in the morning. We all take it for granted that we will wake up, but there will be a few of us who may not. Yet we still go on, day after day, not giving thanks to God for permitting us to live out another day. Also, at the end of a day, how many of us give our thanks to God for protecting us during the day and allowing us once more to climb into our beds and sleep? I doubt that there are very many.

How many of us give thanks for the thousands of men who gave their lives in the two great wars, so that we might be able to live in peace and freedom? Surely, we all stand there on Veterans' Day year after year, and someone gives a speech and someone else says a prayer; but how many of us really give thanks? How many of us really give thanks for the three meals a day we get? We just take it for granted that they will be there, and then on top of that we complain because we do not get enough or it is not good enough. Yet there are people all over the world who do not even get one meal half the size of the ones we get.

Yes, there are many things in this modern world that too few of us give thanks for, but this is only because we are taking more and more things for granted as each day goes by.

So stop, think—learn to appreciate the little things as well as the big ones. And tonight—ask God for a heart replete with thankfulness; we can ask for nothing more.





## LOST LOVE

DENNIS DWYER

The bird with silvery wings that glides above  
 The radiant colors, the red Autumn scenes  
 Now bring back memories, hours with my lost love.  
 Remembering her, my heart its life redeems  
 The flame which once lived deep within its depths  
 Her love which I had carefully treasured dear  
 Like one would his precious ring beset  
 With diamonds; now my love is far from here.  
 How gently blows the breeze around this glen,  
 The babbling brook knows of my hidden thoughts,  
 It seems to talk of sorrows, of women.  
 So also will my tale of sorrows be wrought  
 For in life's never ending history of time;  
 Woman has proved the need for love subline.

## THESE ARE THE TIMES

LARRY LEVY

"THESE are the times that try men's souls" was written by Thomas Paine during a period such as we are faced with at this very moment. Was freedom worth the possibility of freezing to death at Valley Forge to the soldiers who were encamped there? If it had not been for the powerful words of Paine the cold might have weakened their souls. Will you have the moral courage to fight, to preserve your country's freedom if it is endangered? It would be useless for me to try to

be another Thomas Paine. The people of his time knew what it was to live without freedom and had to fight to get it. We the people of these times did not have to fight for freedom. We were born to freedom. Our grandfathers and fathers have fought to preserve it, but have we? William Shakespeare wrote "I do love my country's good with a respect more tender, more holy, more profound, than my own life". How about you?

## THE MARKS OF AN EDUCATED MAN

CANUTE DALMASSE



WHAT are the marks of an educated man?

If you were asked this question by a friend or teacher, you would probably wrinkle your brow, feign deep thought, and then answer quite intelligently, "Well, he's got that certain something." The problem is: would you know what the certain something is? I don't think you would know. It is very hard for one to define his innermost feelings or emotions, and the impression that an educated man makes on a person is not a surface one. You can't just say, "Oh, he's an educated man; he went to college." I wouldn't be a bit surprised if someone could get through college and not be at all educated, even though he had been exposed to the teachings of some of the most educated men in the country.

Before I go farther, I must make it clear that I don't believe that formal education is the only, or even the principal, trait of an educated man. The dictionary defines the word educated as having an education complete according to an accepted standard. This meaning is a fairly good one as far as it goes, but for our purposes it must be enlarged. We must find



out what our standards are for judging a man. I feel that these standards are speech, manners, integrity, personality and dress. Dress is the least important of these, for even though we might find that the impression made by a man's dress is a correct one, it is, at best, a shallow means of judgement.

On the other hand speech is a rather good yard stick for measuring a man's educational background. A person may dress well and look suave and debonaire; but if when he opens his mouth, a flow of mispronounced mumbo-jumbo utters forth, any favorable impression that his dress might have produced is gone. A man can be judged by his ability to express his views smoothly, intelligently, and with poise; for if a man has not mastered the art of speech, the rest of his education has gone for naught.

An educated man must be a gentleman! He shows his mettle when he shows his manners. I know you might say that if a person eats like a slob and doesn't throw his coat down in front of his queen, it doesn't mean that he is not an educated man. I would fully agree, but I must also say that the man who eats correctly will be an educated one for manners are an indication of poise and polish.

The last two may be dealt with jointly Personality and integrity are definitely the most important marks of an educated man. Personality is a composite picture of formal education, speech, manners, and dress; but integrity is in a class by itself. If a person derives nothing else from education, he would consider himself well off if he increased his respect and his practices of honor and integrity. These are the very core of all that goes to make up a man, educated or not. If a Rhodes Scholar had cheated his way through all, or even one, of the educational institutions he had attended, he might well hang his head in shame for an educated man has been given a great gift to which is attached a great responsibility to society. He must set an example for those less fortunate, and he must also lead them in the proper paths whether he be a statesman, minister, doctor, lawyer, teacher or any other man of influence. In short, the hypocritical oath of education should be to serve mankind with honor, intelligence, and integrity.

So, if you think you have that certain something, then you may consider yourself well on the way to becoming an educated man, for an educated man must be pure before the surface luster will be effective.



The snow is deep.  
I shall not weep.  
The snow is nice.  
It will soon be ice.  
The snow is bad.  
It makes me sad.

The snow is bright.  
Its dark but light.  
The snow is joy,  
To girl and boy.

The snow is wet,  
By this I'll bet.  
The snow is here  
To spread good cheer.  
The snow must melt  
Like so much *gelt*.

## REMEMBERING

DARRYL H. DRAUCKER

## ODE TO SNOW

LARRY B. KREITZER

A short trip  
Being near  
Conversation  
Looking  
Yearning  
Talking  
HOPING.....  
Being in your arms  
Love  
The cold of late night  
Floating in air  
Feeling numb  
Rest and more rest  
Long wait  
In a couple of days  
Gone again



## ONLY MOMENTS TO —

ROBERT BEUTLER

THE date was June 3, 1962. It was a very hot and humid day, and I was glad to witness the approach of darkness. Little did I know that that night was to be a night of suffering and death throughout this entire world. My mind was concentrated on only one thought: tomorrow morning I was to be graduated from high school. I had worked twelve years of my life, and now I was to be rewarded with the honor of graduating.

I came home from a dance that Saturday night with a feeling never to be excelled. My parents were out-of-town, staying at some relatives, and were to return for my graduation in the morning. As I listened to the news, I heard the usual reports of the disagreements between the United States and Russia. I lay in my bed thinking about the coming day for an hour. Suddenly I heard a whistle that sounded much like a Civilian Defense whistle. Minutes later I felt a great trembling in the earth. When I looked out my window, I saw a high illuminous, mushroom-shaped cloud. I knew it was what the World had been dreading ever since August 6, 1945, when the first Atom Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Nuclear warfare had been predicted many years before this day, and now it became a reality and not

just a threat or the subject of a conversation. It would take many hours of writing to fully describe the panic created among the animals of the Earth by this shocking sight, and I have not the time to describe it.

The first thing that came to my mind was the thought of my parents being away from home at a time like this. My father and I had worked during the winter months building a fallout shelter in the basement of our house. We had supplied this little 20' x 30' insulated room with provisions, magazines, and books on the facts and effects of nuclear fallout. Now, being so far from home, my family would not be able to use this protective room. Quickly I went to the fallout shelter and sealed the entrance. Here I was to remain for a period of time only known to God. I turned on the radio to receive instructions from the stations used to emit safety precautions and warnings. Everything must have happened in those few minutes that passed. The radio announcer announced that the United States and Russia were at war, and both were using nuclear weapons. He continued to broadcast that the great cities of the country were being hit consistently, and then the radio went blank. I was on my own now with only the aid

of the provided literature to help me. How would I know when it would be safe to come out of this small enclosure? Would the United States or Russia be the victor or would there be a victor? Would I be able to survive in this room for a period of time that was unknown to me? These questions burdened my mind for several minutes. I then began to read the books on nuclear fallout. They explained how long radiation lasted, depending on how much. How was I to know how much radiation the earth had been exposed to? I made up my mind that I would wait until I had extinguished my supply of food and water and then attempt to venture into the completely changed world that I knew nothing about.

For five weeks I lived in solitary confinement. I read, I thought, I slept in suspense. The radio had been dead ever since those first few moments of terror. My muscles became sore from

the lack of exercise. That little room became so hot at times that I nearly went out of my mind. On the second day of the sixth week my food supply was extinguished. Now I had to make my venture into a world that was completely different. The first of the five senses to be activated by the opening of the sealed door was my sense of smell. The smell was that of deteriorated matter. My eyes witnessed a vast, barren, charred land. I was sure that I was not the only human left alive. Other people had fallout shelters. Then it suddenly came to my mind that I was the only one to have the provisions of a shelter that was built to accomodate four persons; undoubtedly, others had to share the fallout shelters with their families. They must have come out earlier. For days I wandered around trying to find some form of life. I found no one. Now I lie here with my muscles aching and only moments to ———.

## A LOVER'S PRAYER

CHARLES J. EFINGER JR.

O Lord, please hear my prayer;  
 Bless a certain girl for whom I really care.  
 Bless our love and make it grow, ever so strong.  
 And please, God, let nothing go wrong;  
 For soon we shall take together, each and every stride,  
 Because I know, someday, she will be my bride.  
 So God, if you can hear me, though high in your star-studded heaven.  
 The last part of my prayer will be  
 That you keep Barbara safe for me.



## ONE DARK NIGHT

MIKE FISHER

IT was hot outside, and a thick layer of dark clouds hid the moon from view. There was no wind to kill the stillness of night. It was a bad night to be out, Abel thought as he unlatched the door and stepped out into the darkness. Behind him on the doorstep a playful pup ventured after his master. But Abel thought it would be better to leave him behind, and thus didn't let the pup accompany him on his walk to the upper forty, a small valley littered with old abandoned mines.

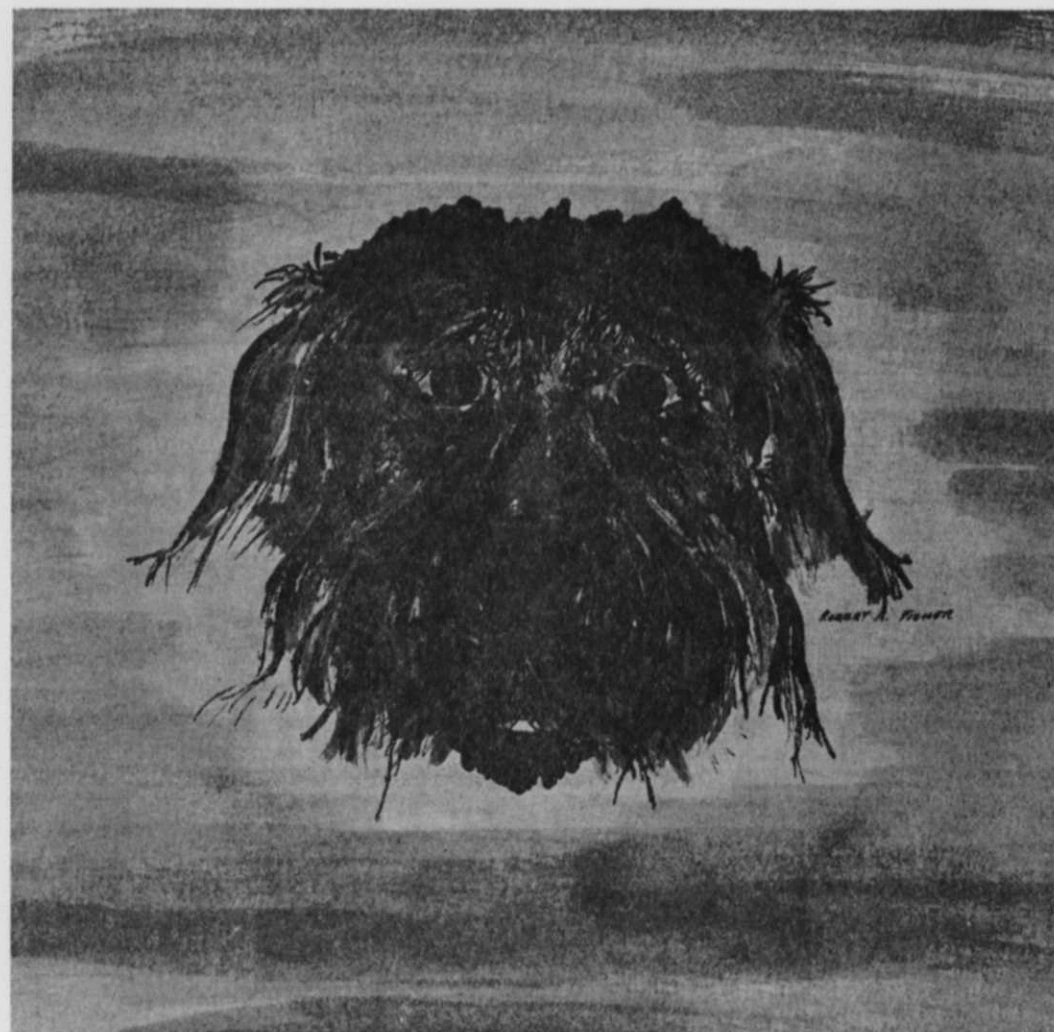
Abel had not been walking fifteen minutes before his thin shirt was wet with perspiration and his trousers clung to his legs. His flashlight penetrated the darkness for only a short distance. Soon he entered the thick woods, where the sound of his feet on the thick carpet of dead leaves, seemed uncanny in the desolate woods.

Suddenly Abel became aware of another sound. It was not the call or sound of the familiar night animals. He stopped. The noise behind him stopped. It was just a rabbit, he thought as he unwarily quickened his pace.

Again he stopped. Again there was

the same noise behind him. Hurriedly he spun around and pointed his flashlight towards his unknown pursuer. The beam revealed nothing. Now he felt his heart pounding within him. A coldness spread through his numb hands. He began shaking uncontrollably. There was a strange tingling in his scalp. His breath came short and fast. Turning around he began to run, but his legs and feet were lifeless. After the few yards he had stopped, and again heard the same hideous sound behind. He stood rooted to the spot, for this time the footsteps in the leaves drew nearer. His mouth was too dry and his tongue too swollen to cry out. The dull thud of each heart beat grew louder and louder. The slow, measured tread of the unknown approached nearer. With a scream he turned and fell forward striking his head heavily.

His flashlight dropped so as to ironically illuminate his stiff figure stretched out on the ground. Out of the dark shadows the playful pup rambled up and licked the cold hand of his dead master.



## THE CHARGE OF THE REVEILLE BRIGADE

BARRY B. LONGYEAR

Six more steps, twelve more steps,  
Sixteen flights onward,  
Onto the Asphalt  
Came the Six-Hundred.  
"Forward, the Reveille Brigade!"  
Fall in you scum!" they said:  
Onto the Asphalt  
Came the Six-Hundred.



"Forward, the Reveille Brigade!"  
 And while the thin-blooded prayed,  
 Knowing their days were few,  
 First sergeants thunder'd:  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to cringe and die,  
 On came the Six-Hundred.

Sergeants to the right of them,  
 Lieutenants to the left of them,  
 Nodding heads in front of them,  
     Worried and wonder'd:  
 Who would be the next clod  
 to find himself on beat squad.  
 With trembling hearts into the cold air,  
     Came the Six-Hundred.

South to the right of them,  
 North to the left of them,  
 The Staff in front of them.  
 Each cold wind piercing like knives,  
 Each cadet wishing he had worn a shirt.  
 Then one by one they fell,  
 Each one a frozen shell,  
 years of life, and then farewell.  
 Ordered by a long dead "tack",  
 Carried to the letter in full.  
 And now the dead lie on their backs,  
 And all for what? The school?  
     The brave Six-Hundred.

As soon as progress sweeps the land,  
 Forgotten will be this battlefield grand.  
 Where men, brave, stalwart, good, and true,  
 Stood their ground and soon turned blue.  
 The judgment used to make them form  
 Had best be used to keep them warm,  
 Or the ghosts will come, swarm after swarm,  
     of the brave Six-Hundred.

## THE END

HOWARD SEATON

WHY are you looking at me like that? The look in your eyes shows much love, love for someone besides me. I wish you would say what you have on your mind. I don't like to sit here and plead but please tell me.

I guess now I wish you hadn't said what you did say. It was quite a shock.

I can't see why you ask what's so shocking about it. Well if you just got home from "Boot Camp" and saw your girl for the first time and she said what you said, wouldn't you be shocked? Especially if you didn't have the least idea that this was going to happen?

Well, you know what I figure about it? I figure you should wait a few days and see if I haven't changed. Look, last summer I was wild. I ran around with the wrong crowd. Then I joined up in September. Those last few days we were together; I wanted to be with you every minute of the day. But I wanted to be with my friends also. I guess you can't see that I have to see my friends some times also.

What more do you want? I spent that whole last night with you. So what if I did see the town with the boys the night before? I have some time for myself too, don't I?

I still can't see why you can't wait

a few days and then decide if that's the way you want it to be. Look, I've been away three months; I've changed in more ways than one. Look, last summer I was wild but this military life has calmed me down. I've learned something that I never knew before. You don't have to be the wildest person around to have friends. Maybe you've noticed the change since I've been home.

What I can't see then is why you just want to call it quits now. What is the real reason behind your actions?

Many. Just little things, huh? Well what is the most important reason, the one that made you sure of yourself?

Oh, I see. So all last summer you really didn't love me, huh?

You did. How could you when you just told me that you tried to love me but couldn't.

What you mean is, you thought you loved me but you just forced it onto yourself. What you're trying to say it that you can't have a one-sided love affair.

Oh well, I guess this is it then. It has been a long time; just about two years—yes, two years the first of next month. I guess that means all my dreams and plans are shot. This



sure leaves me in a bad spot. I guess that's what happens when you're in love: one day is good, the other is bad. I guess I should go for now. No, don't see me to the door; it would be much better if you stayed here on the couch. I'm glad we're at your house right now. I would much rather be walking away from love than to have love walk away from me.

## MY GIRL

CHARLES D'ALESSANDRO

When I look up at a star,  
I think of my girl so near but far,

She twinkles with all brilliance bright;  
Oh, how I wish I were with her tonight.

Her ways are cute, her manners neat;  
When I'm with her, my heart skips a beat.

She's a little blonde that's full of bounce,  
and I love her to the very last ounce.

When the summer comes and we must part,  
I know it's going to break my heart.

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