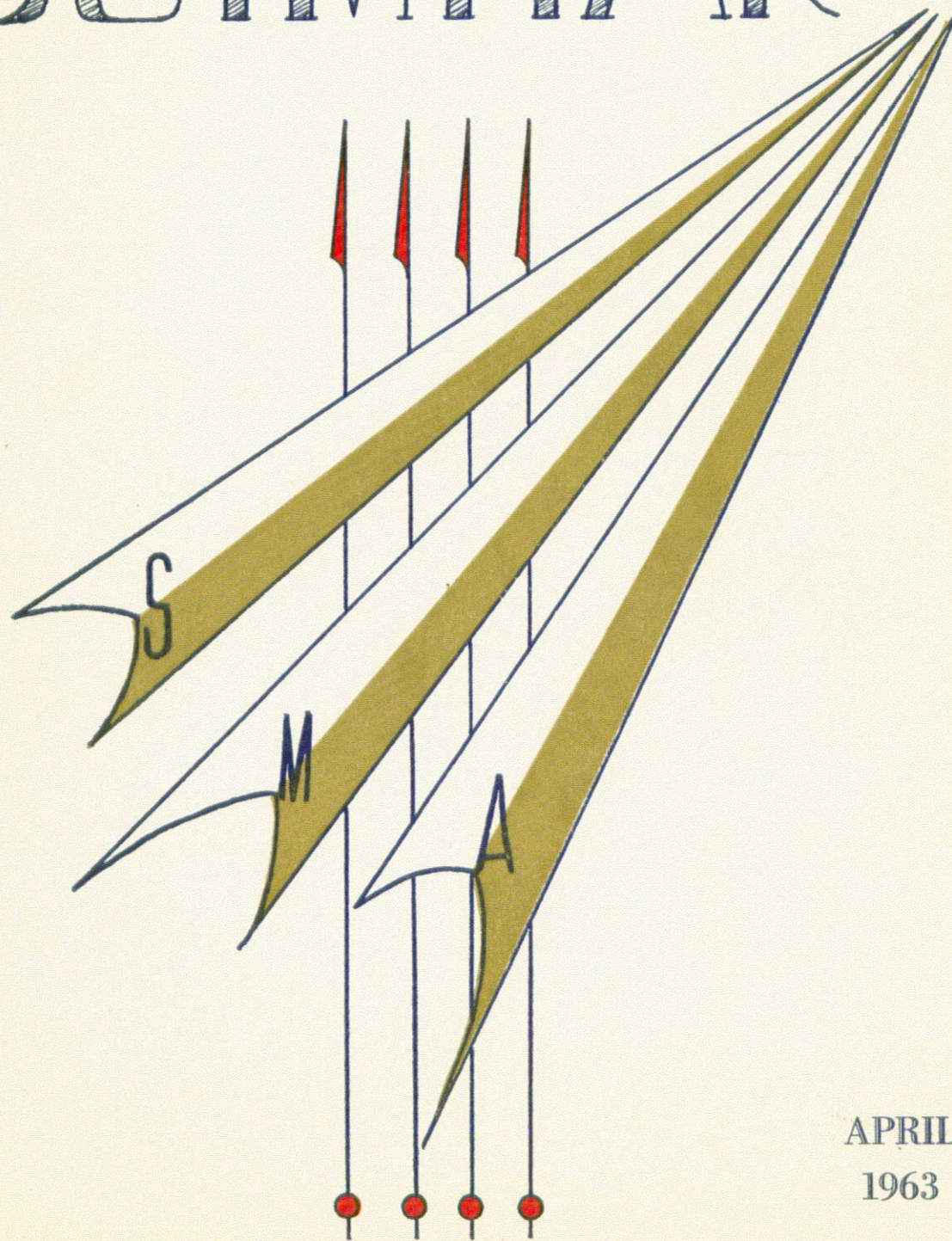


SCIMITAR



APRIL
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SCIMITAR

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Staunton, Virginia

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BUT THEN; NOT SO...NO BANNER WAVES

JACK C. WHITE

O'er somber hill the dawn doth rise
 To spread its cheerful light,
 As Lark and Dove emit the cries
 That bid farewell to night.

As warmth is spilled from vale to hill,
 And through the wooded glen,
 The rivulet flows by rustic mill
 And dormant lives begin.

And there upon a distant knoll
 A slender shaft points high,
 The tall, majestic, towering pole
 On which our flag should fly.

But then; Not So. . . .No banner waves,
 The barren spire is sad,
 And now the land it ever saves
 Has left its frame unclad.

Some hasty thought and foolish play
 Has torn our faith apart
 And shamed the blood, The American Way,
 That spills from Patriot's Heart.

Bring back the flag; Red, White, and Blue,
 To never more look down
 And place upon the shaft so true
 Its all deserving crown.

FACTS ABOUT THE POLARIS SUBMARINE

MY NAME IS John P. Tartan. I am captain of the United States nuclear-powered submarine, "The George Washington." "The George Washington" carries twenty polaris missiles which can be fired from periscope depth, which is 100 feet, and can be directed to hit any prearranged target with a nuclear warhead up to 4000 miles away. These missiles are the new A3 type polaris which have just gotten out of the experimental stage and have a 100 percent accuracy rating and 99.99 percent firing status. They are by far one of the deadliest weapons we have ever developed. We can in seven minutes change from a cruise status to a firing status and have a missile on its way to the target. These missiles cannot under any circumstances be fired without me for only I know the combination of numbers on the remote-control firing box which activates the computers that feed target data into the missile's brain. This is one of about sixty devices which make it impossible to fire a missile without the whole crew being at their firing stations.

The George Washington can make thirty-two knots on the surface and twenty-two knots submerged. This is quite fast for an underwater boat like ours. For self-defense we have a newly modified S J radar set, which is so accurate that it is used as a mobile part of America's early warning defense system. The S J is constantly in

action for our protection and for the protection of the United States. We also carry three dozen torpedoes to be fired from eight forward and four after torpedo tubes. On deck we have two 8" deck guns, one mounted forward the other aft and three anti-aircraft which are one .50 caliber machine gun and two standard AA guns. Our normal diving time is about one minute and fifteen seconds from the time of command until we are completely submerged and out of sight. However, during an emergency we can crash dive in just under sixty seconds. We carry enough fuel for three to five years continuous operation without being refueled, but this is only a precaution in case a war should break out. Our patrols usually last from two to three months.

I have just told you a few details of our submergible "Cape Canaveral". Right now the United States has twenty-three nuclear-powered submarines, and seventeen of these are armed like mine with polaris missiles. We have in the past few years been on secret patrols in the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. In a few minutes the George Washington with its crew will leave on another patrol. I am sorry I cannot say where because it is top secret. All I can say is to rest assured that we will keep a watchful eye on Russia and her allies and will protect the United States, to the best of our ability.

LOVE

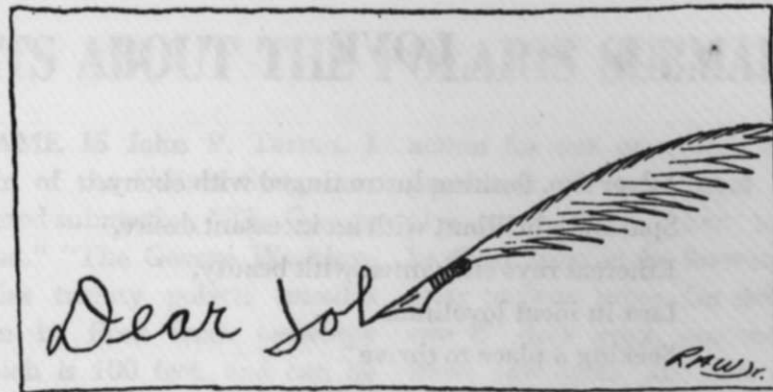
Silver sun, flashing lustre tinged with ebony,
Sparkling brilliant with an incessant desire,
Ethereal rays enchanted with beauty,
Lost in ideal loveliness
Seeking a place to thrive
Where it can create or destroy.

Harmonic sweetness is without parallel,
Experienced by those who only live in ecstasy.
Fears of discord and jealousy
Clutch my thoughts until she smiles.

Spirit of nature whose child I love
Surge forth in wild consent,
For your heartless soul I know not
And your burning passion I have taken.

Her lips kindle within me a permeating fire
Ardent with love, driven by an inner lust
Which has no guide nor is to be controlled
By the mind.

Draw not back, but rather
Yield to the irresistible joy,
Breathless and in realms of dreams
dissolved in her arms forever
Caring not for human joy
Just lost, lost, forever lost.



DEAR JOHN,

By the way you talked in the letter I got yesterday, you apparently hadn't received my letter yet. Like I said in the letter, I'm not going to write anymore and I don't want to see you. It's not because I hate you at all and you know very well. I just feel funny seeing you when I know everything has changed. I hope you understand.

I didn't tell you that Thelma was going to write you. I said that she told Paul that she still liked you and wanted to go back with you. Why don't you write to her? You said you didn't know if you could still love her as much as before. Why not? At Christmas I wanted you to take her out but you wouldn't. You said you were real sure. Why did you change your mind?

I'm not the least bit upset about dating other people. I wanted to anyway but I was afraid to say anything because I thought you were mad when I went out with Wayde (guess what? they're playing *You Cheated* by the Shields right now. Isn't that a coincidence.)

I'm just hurt because I can tell you feel differently about me. I don't see why, if two people love each other they could date other people and still be as much in love. All the boys in the world couldn't make me change my mind. I can tell things have changed because your letters are different, you only write once a week, and you haven't called me in 5 weeks. Please don't say you love me as much as ever because it makes everything worse. Either you're lying or you didn't like me as much as I thought you did before.

Did you have a nice Valentine's Day? I didn't. I didn't appreciate your Valentine very much. No, really. It was cute.

I can't think of anything to tell you. I guess this will be the last letter I'll ever write to you. I don't want to see you when you come home either. I'll give your ring to somebody to give to you. I'm also giving back your football letter and your picture. Tell me if there is anything else you want.

I really can't figure out what's wrong with you. How can you change

your mind about someone when you've had so much fun together and you loved each other so much? I don't think I'll ever stop loving you, even if I marry someone else. I wish you really loved me as much as you said you did. Good luck with Thelma or Anne or whoever it is going to be.

Love,
Suzi

The night before I left we had a terrible fight and broke up. Naturally I thought that it was all his fault so when I got down here I decided I would start dating and forget him. Well— we had just gone too long and I liked him too much to forget him. Then Monday I got a letter from him apologizing— and asking me how I felt, and if I wanted to go back with him.

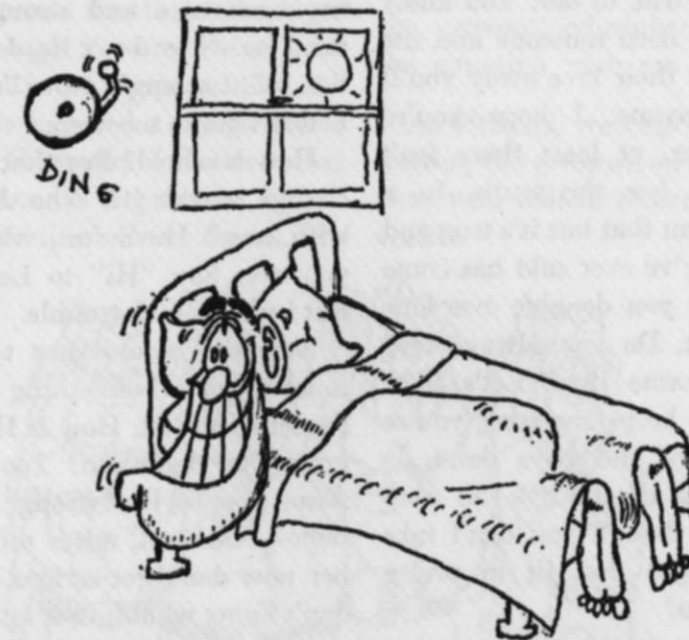
DEAR JOHN,

Well—here goes! I don't exactly know how— but I have to tell you a couple of evry important things.

As you might have guessed, I'd been going with a boy before I left New York— and for quite a long time.

I really don't know how I feel but I have no right to keep on dating you when I may decide I still like him— (I always use *like* instead of love cause I don't think I'll be in love til I'm older).

So I guess we'd better end this before it starts— I don't want to wind



This is a waking cadet, happy because another cheerful day is beginning at Staunton. Color him anxious.

up with the same problems as the "Paul-Hope-Candy Mess". I'm really sorry about the Military Ball—I really wanted to go— but being as unsure as I am I really can't go out with anyone.

I hope you realize it's nothing personal—I just don't want the "eternal triangle" to happen here!

If you aren't too, too mad, please write back—I really am sorry but. . . I just don't know my own mind!

Love,
Pam

DEAR JOHN,

I hope that she is deserving of your love. Please be true to *her*. You know someday you'll need someone and the way you throw their love away you'll never have anyone. I hope you're happy with her, at least there isn't anyone to tell her the truth. In a way I don't mean that but it's true and everything they've ever said has come true. I can say you do give everyone a thrill at first. Do you always feed everyone the same line? Let's hope not. But then I keep forgetting you're just a little boy and boys don't do anything wrong except live. So drop dead. Too bad though you can't take a hint. I thought that fit in pretty good, didn't you?

You probably won't write now but if you do all well and good. Even if I'm not going to be your fool any-

more there's nothing wrong in writing each other, is there? That is unless it's too much of a burden, we couldn't have that could we.

You said to feel free to ask you anything, well here goes. Do you always make everyone feel like an idiot? I'm sure it must be hard for you (ha, ha). Too bad it isn't a joke. No really John what do you want me to do, take it just as if it was a big joke. I'm sure once, just once, even for you it wasn't a joke. But then we really don't know what love is do we? Have fun pretending.

Be sure you don't do anything I wouldn't, but then I'm sure she would.

Don't you think I'm really racking them up for the white team now. You really threw a curve but now I'm coming back nice and strong don't you think so. Now don't lie, Johnny never lies, what a laugh. Now I'd better stop before I get in too deep.

How is school? Boy that was a quick change wasn't it? Who do you room with now? Have fun, which I know you are. Say "Hi" to Lenny for me if it isn't to much trouble.

Now this sounds just too boring. I must think of something to hold the reader's interest. How is Hope? Really grabs you doesn't it? Too bad it rubs some people the wrong way. I just hope— Oh well, never mind. Remember now don't get serious because you don't know what love is and I wouldn't want you to get hurt (ha, ha).

Your fool,
Candy

WHEN IS THE UNITED STATES GOING TO WAKE UP?

R. LAWRENCE LEVY

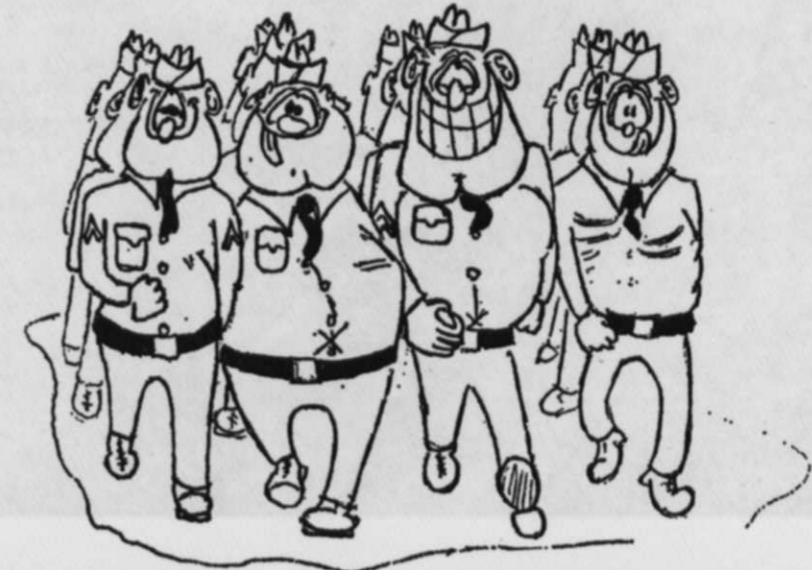
THIS IS A question which has probably been asked many times in political arguments, campaigns, and everyday conversation. I have often asked myself the very same question.

I think it would be very practical to discuss this question in terms of recent events. Foreign policy is usually at stake when a citizen asks this question. For about a decade we have been very liberal toward conflicts which involve other countries except for the recent Cuban problem. In my opinion, the United States treated the Russian and the Cuban governments very well. It was the first time since I was old enough to comprehend anything printed in a newspaper that the United States handled a conflict with such force. However, I believe that we should handle a problem before it gets ninety miles off our shores. We

must suppress the communists with force, verbally or militarily, whether they are ninety or nine thousand miles away. The communists are slowly taking over many of the small countries in the world. I believe this is a dangerous threat to our welfare.

Also, a mistake of the United States is the practice of doing more than her share in the cold war. Many of the members of NATO are depending on the United States to be the judge when World War III will break out. Recently, Canada refused nuclear weapons. I feel that they are a poor friend, and the present administration handled the situation with too much caution.

As citizens, we can do our part by putting the pressure on our representatives who will in return carry out our wishes.



These are cadets marching into the mess hall, eager to see what treat is in store for them today. Color them hungry.



THE CONSERVATIVE

AMERICAN political parties today consist of two factions, liberals and conservatives. We are witnessing a struggle between these two factions that has not been equalled in many generations. Leading the Conservative movement is Barry M. Goldwater, Senator from Arizona.

The Conservative is a traditionalist. He believes in adherence to the traditional principles of the Constitution. He is one who advocates a slow, gradual change in our political life.

Conservatives also advocate more decentralization of the government. It is felt that the government is becoming too "Big" to preserve the American way of life. Alexis de Tocqueville, a French political philosopher, in his book "American Democracy" warns of this possibility. He writes:

"The time will come in America when above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary

power which will not be obviously cruel or oppressive, but will so regulate the conduct of human beings as to spare them all the care of thinking, and all the trouble of living, and thus reduce each nation to nothing better than a flock of timid animals of which the government is the shepherd."

The Conservative today is fighting to keep this prediction from becoming a reality.

Another goal of the Conservative is the lessening of government intervention in personal and economic life. Instead of growing state-help the Conservative seeks a revival of the old American tradition of self-help.

A Conservative is one who believes in the adherence to the traditional principles of the Constitution, more decentralization of government, and the lessening of government intervention in personal and economic life.



THE LIBERAL

LINCOLN in 1860 said, "We all declare for liberty, but in using the same word, we do not all mean the same thing." The concept of the "liberal" is much discussed today, but rarely with much consensus as to what the term *liberal* means or what a liberal stands for.

The concept of the liberal is not at all new. It can be traced back in the Anglo-Saxon tradition certainly as far as the 17th Century struggle against the Stuart kings. One could suggest that it goes further back—to King John and the Magna Charta.

The liberal of the 17th Century and the liberal of today show a common concern: the individual human being. They show a common purpose: freeing the human being from all forms of enslavement.

In the 1600's the liberal saw governmental control and oppression of the individual as the great threat. Today the pendulum of history has swung to the opposite extreme, and the liberal, believing that government as a foe has been disarmed, now sees government in precisely the opposite role—as an instrument for liberating the human being from other forces which have now enslaved him, "to lift the handicap from the shoulders of man." Such handicaps are hunger, second-class citizenship, unemployment, disease, and poverty.

It is interesting to list some of the great Americans who belong to the

liberal movement and to note their varying concerns. Thomas Jefferson, one of the greatest liberals of all time, was concerned with the political and religious manifestations of freedom. Andrew Jackson was an advocate of social equality; one group is as good as the other. Abraham Lincoln was obsessed with the desire to free an oppressed race from brute physical enslavement. Theodore Roosevelt spoke softly and wielded the proverbial big stick against giant corporations which held an economic stronghold over the nation, with obvious "enslavement" of the individual. Woodrow Wilson sought to free man from "the soulless, heartless machine." Franklin Roosevelt brought the concept of the "four freedoms" and fought on economic and psychological fronts to protect "the forgotten man."

Adlai Stevenson embodies the liberal tradition in its noblest sense. His record of public service at state and national levels evidences his untiring efforts to free man from industrialism, urbanism, and organized finance. His work at the UN bears witness to his belief in the ability of international cooperation to alleviate human want, to bring about greater cooperation between nations, and thus to pave the pathway to permanent peace.

Stevenson quotes Sandburg to illustrate the timeless concern of the true liberal: "There is only one man in the world and his name is ALL MEN."



HONOR

HONOR, that is a word that everyone uses, but what really is it? If men were asked what it meant, most would be at a loss for what to say. In the writer's opinion only a very literate man with a large vocabulary and a very decided opinion, would even attempt to answer this question. The dictionary describes honor as, "That which rightfully attracts esteem, as dignity and courage; especially, excellence of character; in men, integrity, uprightness; in women, purity, chastity."

As both the writer and the reader wish to find out what this honor really is, they should analyze the definition. The first part of the definition says, When analyzed, this means that, in order to be honorable, one must be courageous; one does not have to save a fair maiden in distress; he might be courageous just in getting a cat out of a tree. The same man might have always been afraid of heights; thus it

took a great deal of courage to go up after the cat.

The rest of the definition is, "especially excellence of character; in men, integrity; uprightness; in women, purity; chastity." This part of the definition is probably more pertinent to the case at hand, because everyone likes a nice, clean woman and a truthful, honest man. Why, then, if people like people, are most of those same people dishonest? The writer's opinion is that most people want to look good in the eyes of their friends and neighbors, but do not care how they look in their own eyes.

This is where the writer thinks that most honor is lost, when people shut up all feelings, self-respect, and honor of themselves, and try to look good for their friends. Once this has been lost, it usually shows to their friends, and then they even lose the friends that they were trying to say, is that once self-respect and honor is lost, all is lost.



ODE TO THE OCEAN

HOWARD SCAGGS

The ocean is wide, and the ocean is deep
And while all life approaches sleep;
Its destiny shall never come to rest,
Until each particle of earth hath been
Washed away into its murky grasp.

The ocean is wide, and the ocean is deep.
Constantly with never ending perseverance,
It builds mountains of terror,
And each mountain thrown two score
And many more, towards the
Banks of every shore;
Bringing about eventual holocaust.

The ocean is wide, and the ocean is deep;
Within its ironclad jaws, it doth provide a life for many.
Within the realm of fathoms deep.
The answer to life's beginning and
Life's end lies hidden under an encrusted cover.

The ocean is wide, and the ocean is deep,
Beneath its mountains of water steep;
There lies the key of history old,
In old'n ships and urns of gold.
Holding the answer to men gone by,
Of bravery and courage and then to cry.
Let them rest in peace with no reason to weep.

The ocean is wide, and the ocean is deep,
All through time its grasp will keep;
Memoirs of days so long have past.
Supporting life of many kinds,
And supplying pleasures to fill our minds.

THE VISION

DARREL TYLER

HER NAME IS Susan Johnson, a cute, popular girl of seventeen. She is a junior at Cambridge High School. The date is January 1, 1960, the time—2:00 A.M.

It had been a wonderful New Year's party she thought as she quickly slipped into her raincoat. It had been raining since late that afternoon. As she stepped through the door a bolt of lightning stabbed out in the dark, making her jump. She had always hated dark, rainy nights, and this was no exception. Quickly she began the routine walk home, or was it?

"I'll be home in ten minutes", she thought as she turned up Elm Street. Suddenly she came to an abrupt halt. There, in front of her, she could see that the road had been washed out. Only one alternative, and that was to cut through the graveyard. The thought sent shivers running up and down her spine. "It's the only way I will make it home on time", she said aloud, trying to sound convincing. With her heart quickly beginning to throb, she started on her short journey to the cemetery.

Involuntarily she began to quicken her pace. Now she was hurrying, now

trotting, now running. Soon she was going as fast as her legs could carry her. Suddenly she tripped on an unseen vine, and sprawled face down in the mud, panting wildly. She lay there for what seemed an eternity, slowly regaining her breath. As she looked up a flash of lightning lit up the forbidding landscape. There, directly before her horror-stricken eyes, was a new tombstone. It read:

Susan Johnson

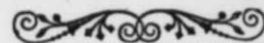
April 3, 1942—January 1, 1960

Hysterical, she jumped to her feet, turned and ran. Soon she reached the street and began to blindly run across. Through the crisp night air came a screeching of tires, a flash of headlights, a scream, and a dull thud.

"She just ran in front of me", said the driver as the bright, clear, full moon lit up his pale face.

"What would a beautiful young girl want to run in front of a car for, especially on such a beautiful night", asked the policeman?

"Maybe a better question would be how did she get that mud on her shoes, it hasn't rained for weeks", continued the man.



A TOUCH OF SPRING

DENNIS BROOKS DRAPER, JR.

AS I AWOKE, I was aware of the fresh aroma in the air. It was a strange sensation. I felt like opening the window even though the heat had been left on during the night to assure a warm apartment when I awoke. I felt the freedom of spring being revealed to my half-numb sensibility. Glancing at my watch I found that it was only eight-thirty.

I went over to the window, raised it as high as it would go, inhaled the fresh air; then fell back on my bed. My mind was still hazy. Short images ran through my head. A calendar with the 20th of April circled ". . .that was to-day," I thought. Grandfather appeared. I don't know why, but I guess it was because he had called last night and had asked how I liked his apartment now that spring was in the air. He had made arrangements for me to come to New York and "find myself" as he put it. He was a great Grandfather in that he was paying for everything.

Kathy's face appeared. I always remember her face as it was pictured on a shampoo ad for which she had modeled once. Her soft blond hair cut short and combed behind her ears, her light clear skin making her brown eyes sparkle, and her certain smile made me feel warm and wanted. During the past months I had built up a feeling

for her which seems undefinable: I love the way she moves, I love her poise, and I love the way she talks. I love her—not only for her beauty and devotion to her work, but for the way she fills all of my expectations of a woman.

Kathy is a practicing psychiatrist, two years out of graduate school. Although she is six years older and doesn't share the same feelings which I hold for her, I am sure of love. It seems that I had always been searching for Kathy. Several times I had given myself as a faithful lover, but somehow these vanished into what seemed frivolous romances. I can always remember having visions of the next girl, but now there are no visions.

Kathy had spent her life in school. She had financed her own education, and in so doing she built up a terrible debt. Now in her office on Second Avenue she is beginning her vocation. At my Grandfather's suggestion I came into contact with what he called an "extremely dedicated person".

At the beginning of last summer when I had finished college, I was still not certain as to what I wanted. I felt a slight tendency for the field of medicine, and I wanted even more to be a psychiatrist; but I looked dimly on the required extra years of preparation. However, it was the time to be

making a decision. I decided to turn a would-be summer job into an apprenticeship to get a taste of modern psychiatry.

The fresh spring air brought with it a comfortable feeling of confidence. In an hour I was walking out my front door and trying to decide if I should take the subway or bus downtown. I took the bus. Even though it was a longer ride, I did not feel like going under ground on a day like this.

"Good morning, Tuck," Kathy said in a fairly cheerful manner, as I stepped into her private office. "Mr. Sidney is an hour late, and I just don't have time to see him. When he arrives would you talk to him and watch for the factors that I pointed out in his report? When you finish with him, see if you can diagnose his condition and suggest a solution to me. If your response is negative, go to the book shelf and look under polycharathesis; you might find an answer there."

"Do you honestly think that you cannot 'communicate', as you put it, with Mr. Sidney? Is that the word that you want to use in your report?"

"Yes, I believe it is. There is something lacking that I can't grab."

I nodded my head and added jokingly on turning toward my own little office.

"O.K. I'll try to fit it together."

"Tuck."

I swung around and noticed Kathy's eyes peering over her glasses. She had a sweet smile on her face and began

to speak in a very sincere manner.

"Happy birthday."

"How did you remember?" She only smiled.

"Here, your birthday present. You might feel that it is a little premature, but I have faith that it will fit in its place in due time."

I unwrapped a dark plated object and read the bold face letters: DR. SPODE — PSYCHIATRIST.

"I accept your present with the greatest of enthusiasm," I said sternly. "Also, I'm looking forward to to-night with even more anticipation. I can hardly wait to taste your dinner in my apartment."

"That was weeks ago, and I was only bluffing," she said.

"Well, I did not take it as a bluff, and I am going to hold you to your solemn promise. Six-thirty to-night. I'll be expecting a wonderful dinner."

"You don't know what kind of a cook I am. Maybe I'll poison you."

"Fine. Six-thirty," I said confidently.

"O.K., I agree. If you promise to work hard on young Mr. Sidney, I'll struggle to be ready by then."

I entered my office with some marked inspiration for work, but I couldn't help visualizing to-night as perhaps just another struggling affair. When we are together alone and talk as if we were beginning some sort of general relationship, I always feel a little uneasy. I seem to be hiding emotion when we are close, for Kathy had never quite responded to my expression of love. Even though there was

some communication of our inner selves, there was always some element present which, when removed, spoiled things. As long as the soft, sentimental music played, or when the lights were dim, Kathy wanted to be serious and talk of her new warmth, ecstasy, and fullness of heart. But during the day—in the revealing light—she seldom talked of these things.

I remember and cherish her words when she whispered, "Tuck, since you have been here . . . I have experienced some sort of new glow inside me. . . something has been trying to break through and let itself be known. . . Help me find it, Tuck."

But here in my office those words seem so foolish, even childish. I don't believe I want to play games any more. I want to get settled somehow.

"Kathy seems always to be working late," I thought. That reminded me of something. "She doesn't cook much . . . maybe I should suggest a supper club or a restaurant instead."

I decided that I would not make a decision now, but that I would start to work on Mr. Sidney's report. I was convinced that there was definitely something wrong with this character. Anyone who can sit for an hour in a semi-dream and not realize that time has passed is definitely sick. However, I wasn't sure if he should have come to Kathy for help. She does not give him close attention, which simply means that he seems to have only a temporary condition. But the man is definitely sick. In fact, I believed that

he was probably right now sitting in a subway riding off to some distant, unknown destination.

In all seriousness I began to compare him with myself. "Kind of just riding," I thought. An hour passed. I made an earnest study of Mr. Sidney's report, waited, then glanced at my watch. It was noon. I was sure that Mr. Sidney was not coming and after I was so prepared to deal with him—to hell with the whole thing.

"Cold chicken salad sandwich, toasted, and a glass of milk." I really didn't feel like eating anything after a late breakfast, but I just could not stay cooped up in that office any longer.

I don't know why, but everything seemed to be pushing at me. Something kept hinting to me that I was being deprived of affection. Why couldn't I be given a chance to take part in life as it should be? I wanted to start living without this feeling of being cheated. I wanted a rebirth.

I kept thinking.

Even if it meant giving up this practice of medicine, I wanted a fresh opportunity. I could quit here, return to Virginia, and still make a fine living working with my brother who was happy with his job of raising horses.

I knew that Kathy would never give us a chance for a successful marriage. She would love only the ambition in me for her profession. When that was drawn from me there would be nothing left for us—I wondered what to-night would be like?

"Your sandwich, Mr. T."

"Thank you."

"Have you heard what happened to that blond Tuffy, Taffy, or whatever her name was? You know, the one who was off her rocker . . . kept hearing little voices."

"John, right now I don't feel like diagnosing any of Kathy's patients even if I could. O.K.?"

"O.K. Mr. T."

Now that it was getting dark I began to worry just a little. Usually Kathy was punctual. I decided to make a fire. The whole evening seemed unrealistic now. I could not see how I could possibly start to explain to Kathy how I had decided to leave. By this time I knew that I was not going into psychiatry, even though I had tried to make it a success for me. This afternoon I had given everything a good

going over. I wanted to move back to Virginia. There I could start a life which I knew I would enjoy. I would live without this feeling of being tied up.

I heard a small noise just outside the door. Kathy's head appeared and then her whole body. She was dressed in a dark tight skirt with a dark brown sweater which complemented her womanly figure. She had a slight frown on her face and began to speak.

"Tuck, forgive me?"

"Sure, Kathy. We can go down to Angelotte's and have a wonderful birthday dinner. Let's fix a drink or two, first." I wandered into the kitchen.

"Mr. Sidney came in just as I was leaving. I had to speak with him. Tuck?"

"Yes."



Here is the obviously friendly O. C. who removes nasty sticks for almost any reason. Color him understanding.

"Are you mad?"

"No."

"Tuck?"

"Yes."

"Come . . . come here Tuck. I want to talk to you."

"I am fixing your drink. I'll be there in just a moment. Say, did you help Mr. Sidney any? I became fed up with the whole matter."

"Tuck, sit down here beside me. I want to try to explain something to you."

I sipped at my martini, wondering why Kathy seemed nervous.

"Lately, since you've been here I have become aware of something that I can't quite spell out, but I think that you will understand. I have been giving us a lot of thought and I . . ."

As I watched her speak, a strange feeling overcame me. Every motion that she made was the perfect image of the girl I had always dreamed about, the one every man dreams of, yet takes so long to find. Why? Why should I start hunting again? I've found her. "Kathy," I thought "give us a chance to at least begin our love. Say that it's time to start talking about us, about our future. Give us a beginning point." I started to just tell her that I love her.

"Tuck, are you listening to me? Please, I am trying to reach you somehow. I can tell that you must be discouraged or dissatisfied, but Tuck I . . . I believe that I can, with your help, make this a better life for you. I believe that at the present you are

not happy with this 'experiment' you're involved in. But it seems to me, that if you tried, I mean really tried, to get what you want you could find your happiness. Tuck, I've found that my work is an anchorage for me. I can live it. I actually understand the goodness of success when someone walks out that office door thinking that he is cured and believing that he can start a new life with a certain feeling of freedom from the past. It's as if I can read their minds. I feel what they are thinking; somehow I can say the right words to help them overcome their problems."

Looking deeply into Kathy's eyes, I sipped my martini.

"At first when I meet a person who has come for help, we feel the atmosphere of strangers. Then each week we build up a relationship which will never be broken. I will admit that a few of us don't quite communicate, but I believe that by giving things a chance even those people have helped themselves by at least beginning the fight."

Kathy's body seemed rigid and keyed with tension. Her face was slowly becoming red. She exhaled and fell back into the flexible couch.

"Tuck, what I'm trying to say is . . . If one ever feels that he could become a psychiatrist, he must have some sort of deep appreciation of human emotion. He must be able to want to spend time untangling his own feelings and match each one up with his patients'.

Otherwise, I cannot see how he can be happy with this type of work. And Tuck . . . I think that when you're working you show this appreciation of emotion, even though you are drawn away from it at times. I hope that you will give this a lot of thought and decide to go ahead with your career as a psychiatrist."

By the time she had finished talking I had finished my drink. I didn't know quite what to say or do. Kathy seemed so relaxed now. It was as if she wanted to give me the key to success as she saw it. But I saw success in a different way.

I bent over and kissed her. She seemed startled at my first motion. I knew that this was the time to make her understand. It was a light kiss filled with every particle of emotion that I could give to it. I seemed to be yelling, "Understand me. Realize that I love you." I backed away.

There was a moment, or perhaps two or three moments, before I spoke again.

"Kathy, we live in two different worlds. I am beginning to understand them, but I can't do much with them. Thanks for trying to help. Let's go get my birthday dinner."

All through dinner I watched her. Often she would cast a glance of question at me, and any number of times I almost told her the truth: How some day she would finally get tired of matching her emotions with her patients' and want someone whom she could whole-heartedly love; how she would never find him because she had turned too many away thinking they were healed of their sickness which they brought to her.

I explained that I had decided to leave—emphasizing that it was like "walking out of her office door with a certain feeling of freedom from the past." I took her home early in order to get a fresh start for Virginia in the morning. I hope that perhaps on my next birthday—

"Oh well, I won't even think. I'm just going to enjoy my new freedom and this wonderful spring weather."



INTRAMURAL SPORTS

FOR THOSE CADETS who are unable to play on a varsity team, but still desire to participate in athletic events, the school has established an intramural sports program. Ranging from football in the fall, basketball and swimming during the winter, to softball in the spring, companies compete against each other for the number one position.

of having cadets wrestling in rooms or running on the galleries, they can release their tensions and extra energy through a supervised sport while getting some healthful exercise. Secondly, cadets will not lose valuable study time in venturing to another school for a contest since all intramural sports are played on the school athletic fields.

Cadets are urged to participate in some sport to raise the company spirit and get plenty of exercise.

There are two good reasons for incorporating such a program. Instead



This is a typical Staunton cadet after receiving his allowance. He will, no doubt, put it to good use in Staunton, shopping center of the South. Color him well-off.

MEMORIES

TYLER PUGH

These are what is left of your life gone by;
 These are the things we recall with a sigh,
 A sigh which later gives way to a smile,
 As we go back in time to remember awhile.

The wind in the trees, the bird on the wing,
 The clouds in the sky, the world of spring,
 The search for knowledge and the tale untold,
 These are the things your memory will hold.

The sand on the shore touching the sky,
 The sound of the tides as they slowly drift by,
 Moon of the surf; lights of the sea,
 These are the things which are memories to me.

The rustle of fallen leaves under my feet,
 The crisp cool air without summer's heat,
 The soft, damp blanket covering the ground,
 The singing of carols and the silent winter sound.

These are the things which will keep me strong,
 When the days get short and the nights grow long,
 For a man without dreams will never have his own,
 But he who has memories will forever stand alone.

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JESSIE'S

Make Jessie's your second home
while on leave

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B & E SANDWICH SHOP
 13 North Augusta Street

Specialize in all types of foods



These are two cadets who are obviously committing a moral sin, breaking a Staunton rule. No doubt, tomorrow they will feel guilty and humiliated. Color them ashamed.

COMPLIMENTS OF
THOS. HOGSHEAD, INC.
Druggist