

SCIMITAR



December
1961

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

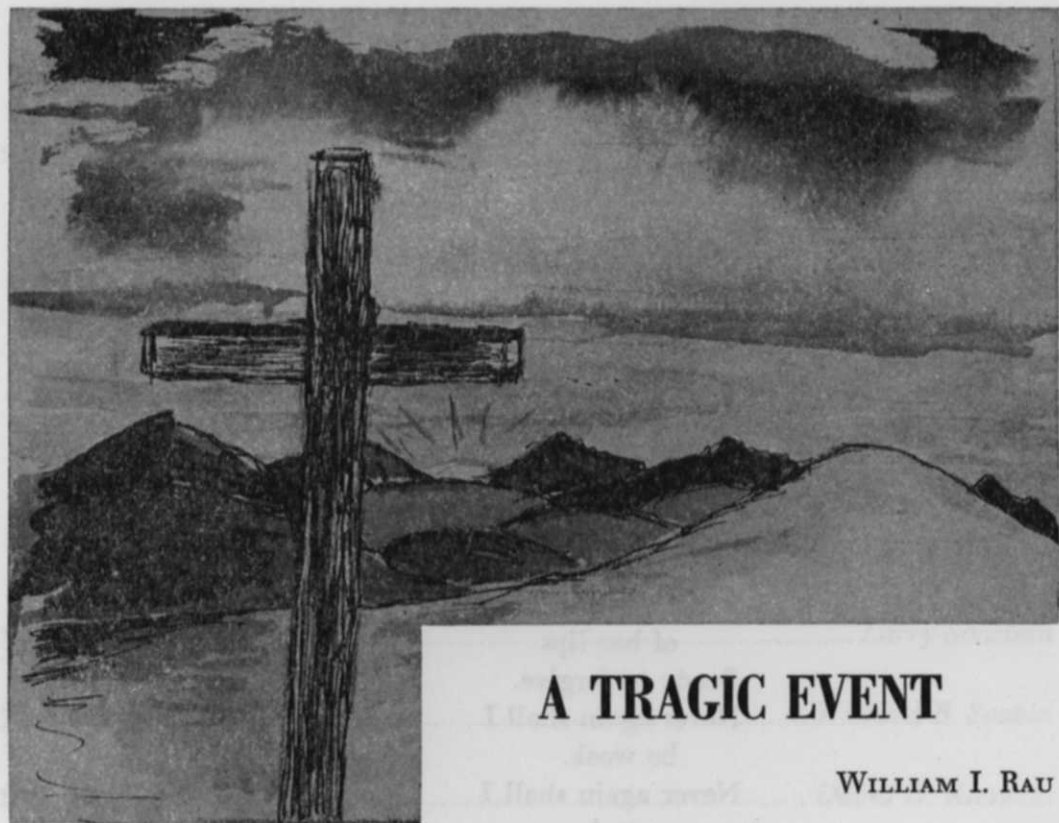
PAGE

3. To Her I Will Go *Clarence McD. England*
4. A Tragic Event *William I. Rau*
6. From Nowhere *John C. Caffrey*
7. Dark Night *Ray Hernandez*
8. Memories, Only Memories *Dennis Draper*
11. Father Aggregate *Larry Sonstein*
11. Last Voyage *Howard B. Seaton*
12. Nature Blooms *David D. Knowles*
14. Greatest Through Man *Albert VanNess*
15. War *Richard W. Lytton*
16. The Sea *Larry Sonstein*
17. Records *Roderick Brown*
18. A Mystery Off the Space Lanes *Edward J. McEntee*
19. Rise Up *Canute Dalmasse*
20. My Mind's Death *James L. Poole*

TO HER I WILL GO

CLARENCE McD. ENGLAND III

Alone
 dreaming while awake
 Walking
 dying
 Remembering.
 Countless times she
 has hurt me
 knowing that I'll give away
 and go to her
 with my arms spread
 hungry for the flavor
 of her lips
 Ready to forgive.
 Never again shall I
 be weak.
 Never again shall I
 go to her.
 At times she is
 warm, tender.
 Her hair is golden,
 lying on her shoulders
 Her full lips are red,
 inviting.
 Her whole self is warm
 to the touch
 of those fingers,
 My fingers.
 She is beauty herself.....
 Alone
 thinking of you
 Resting
 Smiling
 Forgiving



A TRAGIC EVENT

WILLIAM I. RAU

SEPTEMBER 18, 1961, was a day that will never be forgotten in the world of international affairs. On this date the Secretary General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold, was killed in a plane crash in Northern Rhodesia. This marked the end of the life of a man whose name was synonymous with the U. N.

Hammarskjold was born in an aristocratic Swedish family. His father had been Premier of Sweden. He was appointed Secretary General in April, 1953, and was completely unknown.

Upon his move to the United Nations Building in New York City, he first advised the Americans not to worry about pronouncing his name. He became known not only as a good diplomat, but also as a very hard worker. An admirer of his once said: "He has figured out that this is either the century of the hydrogen bomb or it is the century of Africa. If it is the hydrogen bomb, he can do nothing; if it is Africa, he can and will do anything."

In a rare lapse as Hammarskjold left for the Congo, he failed to designate an Acting Secretary General to run the

U. N. in his absence. Thus, his death left the United Nations headless.

Hammarskjold believed in "quiet diplomacy," something that very few diplomats were able to endure. He sent a United Nations Emergency Force into Egypt in the wake of the British, Israeli, and French invasion. This was the first time the world had seen an International Army comprised of volunteers from various countries.

Originally the Russians were in favor of Hammarskjold's request to send a U. N. force into the Congo. Later, they turned against him when he refused to let Russia have their request of taking over the Congo. Premier Nikita Khrushchev appalled the General Assembly as he campaigned for Hammarskjold's destruction. "It is not proper for a man who has flouted elementary justice to hold such an important post," cried Khrushchev.

One of Hammarskjold's few errors

was the tragic military intervention in Katanga. It was not only an error of military judgement, but it also showed the confusion about the U. N.'s function and powers in the world.

The United States is now faced with a great problem. Without the great leadership of Dag Hammarskjold, the United Nations could lose a good deal of its political philosophy. Some Americans have always thought that Washington should not rely as much on the U. N. It is now evident that the United States will try to save the U. N. from destruction, and try, at the same time, to strengthen other world organizations.

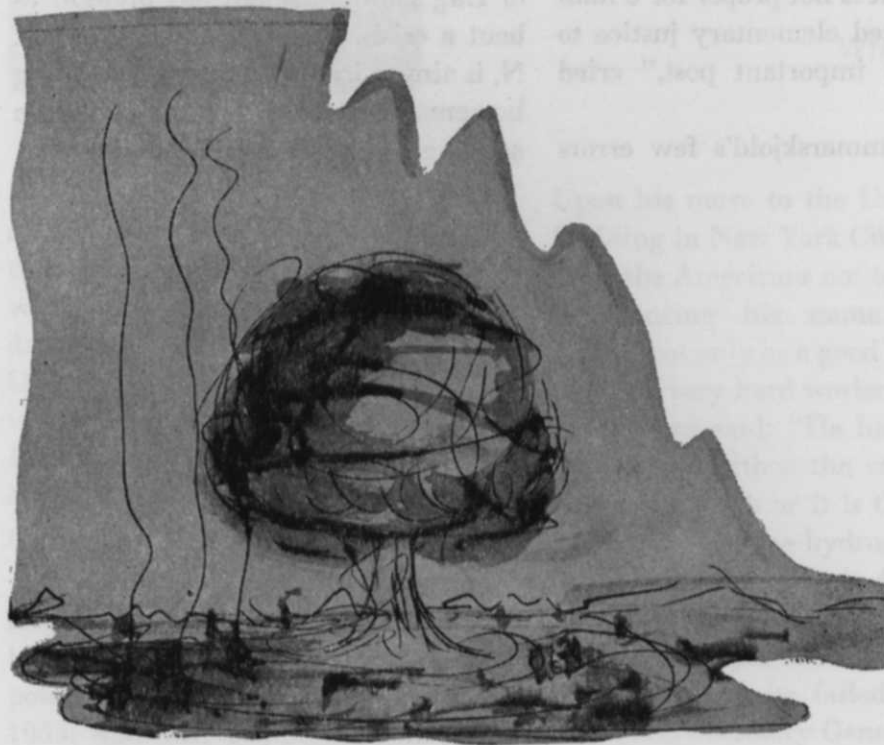
As anyone can plainly see, the death of Dag Hammarskjold has brought about a crisis. His leadership in the U. N. is almost irreplaceable. He will long be remembered by millions of people as a great guardian of world peace.



FROM NOWHERE

JOHN CAFFREY

Who knows what it was?
 I don't.
 It came from nowhere like a sudden storm.
 It left complete destruction in its immortal path.
 It gave no warning, no pity, no explanation.
 It merely came and left.
 Who was to blame?
 I surely don't know.
 Everyone, I suppose.
 But who can say for sure?
 We don't know what it was.
 We never will, for its path is irreparable.
 Shall we forget it?
 Yes, We'll have to.
 We are no more.



DARK NIGHT

RAY HERNANDEZ

The night is old;
 there is no moon, no stars.
 Romantic night?
 No, weary night,
 Lonesome and strange,
 mystic.

I try to find myself
 and soon give up.
 My reflexes won't respond,
 or, is it that I am just
 lying here without making
 an effort to move?
 Just staring out the window
 into a sea of nothingness.

There are clouds out there,
 I am sure,
 I just can't see them.
 Now it starts raining;
 and I, without moving,
 imitate the sky:
 While he rains
 reviving drops,
 I only rain sorrow.

I can picture the morning:
 The sun will shine,
 bright and high.
 Winking mischievously
 at the rain drops that,
 fearing to fall to the mud,
 hang on to the petals of red roses.
 Like my soul and heart
 hanging to a dream,
 a dream of you.
 Yes, I can picture the morning;
 just as dark as the night before.



MEMORIES, ONLY MEMORIES

DENNIS DRAPER

Now I can look back and see all of the foolish mistakes I made. I can see why Renna despised and hurt me so much. She loved me at one time. I guess that was at the beginning. It was so wonderful being able to hold her close to me and feel her warmth — the warmth that loved me.

If only I could live that one day over. That dreadful day—but I shall not think of it anymore. Let me think of all the good times we had together. Why, I can remember when.....

"Move along, we haven't much time."

"That's right, there isn't much time."

Clang! The door shut behind me.

Yes, I can remember when Renna and I would walk down by the river. She would tell me that the deep blue color of the river matched my eyes perfectly and that I looked so happy. I would smile and kiss her. She, kissing me back, would tell me that she loved me. The sky that I see now reminds me of how.....

"Turn left at the next corner and then into the court yard."

As I walked down the corridor and into the court yard, the sun that was shining reminded me of that dreadful day. Yes, that one day which changed my whole life, what there was left of it.

I guess that, after our first few years of married life, we became tired of each other. It seems impossible that Renna and I would ever fight, because we loved each other so much. Then, when Johnny, our first son, came, I can remember how happy we both were because of the wonderful feeling we both had for each other.

As our son grew, Renna's hate grew inside her. She began to make any cutting remarks that she could think of to me. She wanted to hurt me, and she did, very much.

That night when I gave her the painting which I had worked on so hard for her, she just looked at it and.....

"Up the stairs, please."

As I climb the stairs, each one represents a step in my life. I remember the step that almost killed me. When Johnny was sick with pneumonia and the doctors said he didn't have much of a chance, I was completely lost. My son died the next day, and Renna blamed me for his death.

I just don't understand how Renna's feelings changed, love to hate and laughter to bitterness.

Now I can look back and see all of the foolish mistakes I made. Now I think I understand why I did what I did last month.

We were spending what was supposed to be our second honeymoon, going to New Orleans. As we stood on the deck of that old show boat, I could tell that she was planning to hurt me. She loved to say things that hurt like a spear to the flesh would, so sharp and tearing out my insides.

That day she was in one of her moods.....

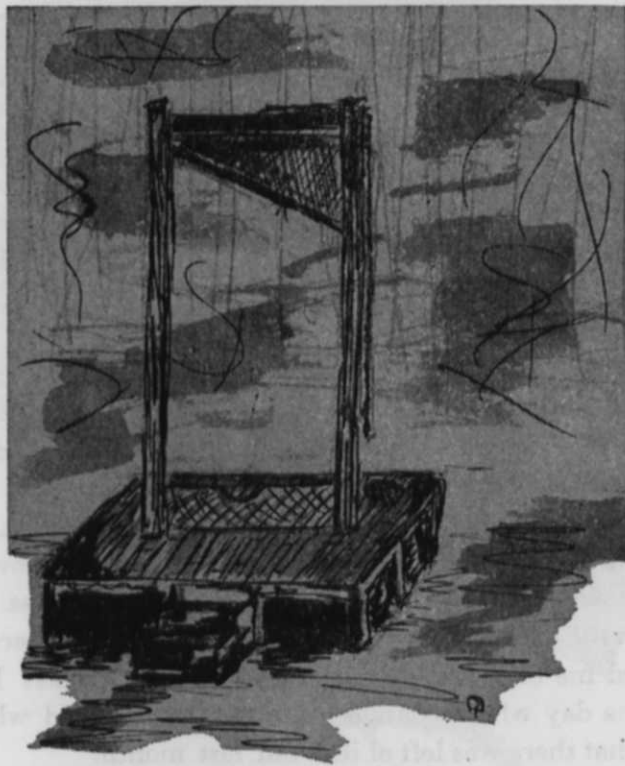
This blade that I see now reminds me of that mood, a sharp, cold, empty mood. She hurt me so much that day that I found myself wanting to hit her.

Then I did. She staggered backward against the railing which collapsed and fell with her into the water. When, missing her by inches, I grabbed the air, I was shocked at the sight I saw.

I can't bear to think of the way she died. I can only remember the first years of our marriage.....memories, only memories.

Now as I feel the roaring vibration of the steel drawing nearer and nearer, I wonder if Renna and I will live again. They say I killed her.

The roaring of the guillotine blade came to an end.



FATHER AGGREGATE

LARRY SONSTEIN

It is a place where the sun never sets:

Never rises.

It is a vast, deep, ocean:

Not wet.

It is infinitely large:

So small.

It is endless:

To the end.

It is here now:

It's gone.

It was here before:

It comes.

It is here forever:

It has passed.

It can't be seen:

Watch it go.

By it you live:

You die.

It hampers your life:

It hastens death.

It helps always:

A curse.

It is unnamed:

TIME.

LAST VOYAGE

HOWARD B. SEATON

On a cold, lost, foggy night,
Sailed a ship with all her might,
Boun' for Bos'n and the Bay,
Landing there in about a day.

Up the waves and down the foam,
So held our ship like the sturdiest roan.
Out of the fogs and winds we came.

Her sails were torn; her bow was split,
And at any moment she would tip;
But our old ship, faithful and true,
We knew that this: she could go through.

So here I am on a bleak little isle;
Here I'll stay for a little while.
Our old ship, so faithful and true
Is under these waters, icy and blue.

NATURE BLOOMS

DAVID D. KNOWLES

A thorny stem on which a single flower blooms,
 A single bloom is all I've gained from one long year,
 And yet, there in its singleness, assumes
 A tender loveliness, and beauty looms
 From being fed by love, and moistened by a tear.

It budded there within my world,
 And then its cloak was fresh and green,
 But by and by its cloak unfurled
 And frailties, once masked, were seen.
 A quiet beauty marked its soul,
 The glow within a burning coal
 Is like its radiance; and when
 I felt its warmth, I saw again
 That there, where once I understood
 To be but youth, was womanhood.

And yet I see, within this grace
 Of noble carriage, studied tongue
 That speaks with prompting from an urge
 Which dwells inside a deeper place
 Than bred of fancy or a surge
 Of mumbled thoughts, a dream emerge
 That could be only of the young.

We, together, young and free,
 Under a celestial dome
 Of fleece trimmed blue, a rolling sea
 Of sweet, green grassy knolls, a sea
 Of sprinkled flowers, let this be
 Our haven and our home.

We, together, you and I,
 Take to wing and upward fly,
 Laughing, living, as we vie
 With swallows in a dappled sky,
 And down along the earth we skim
 Along our meadow, hear the cry
 Of summer breeze, of summer's sigh,
 Deep and tranquil, nature's hymn,
 But as we soar, that, too, will dim
 And fade as clouds pass whistling by.

Up and up and soaring high,
 We swim in soft grey pools of night,
 And floating, drifting, swirling stars
 Are glowing lilies, giving sight,
 That sends bright shafts of glittering light
 Into this shadow world of ours.
 Soon with a sudden lunge we burst
 The quiet surface, quench the thirst
 For cool sweet air, and then we perch
 Upon a floating star and gaze
 Deep down into the mystic haze,
 And try to count the myriad beams
 Of starlight in that world of dreams.
 Sparkling pillar, glowing shaft,
 Drift on by as on we waft,
 And gentle ripples stir the deep,
 And lull us into gentle sleep.

Bud and burst and bloom in subtle shaded tones
 Of radiant hues, or wither on the stalk,
 And let its seeds be sprinkled on my bones,
 And let the rustling of its leaves be all the moans
 I hear when there into that twilight I must walk.

GREATEST THROUGH MAN

ALBERT VAN NESS

MAN'S greatest work could be an essential part of life as the wheel. Man's greatest work could also be a modern drug or a gigantic dynamo. If a person really thinks of man's most wonderful contribution to mankind, the person must realize that man's greatest work is just one of God's greatest inventions. Although man has used and matured natural resources into useful machines and goods, God through man has developed a boy's father as the greatest masterpiece on the earth.

My life has been altered and directed by many different surrounding, intangible objects. I believe the most influencing object which has guided me to the present is the spirit of my father. Greatness is learned from greatness.

Different standards are always followed by youth. These ideas, although varied by a youth's environment, attains an ultimate goal. My father has

been my standard. Good qualities are scattered in all his actions and conversations. Of course, I cannot prove his actions are always right, but my faith in him tells me his actions are never wrong. Understanding is one of many of his fine characteristics. This quality encourages me to talk things over with him. I hope that this quality of my father will eventually help me to understand the world better when I am alone in life. Trust is another element of his character. When trust is present, fear is abolished. My life works for him because he acts as my standard. Besides all the other of my father's traits, hope is the one spirit that he possesses which guides me to certain goals in life.

A person always picks an idol. This object or person is the final guidance counsellor. My father is my living spirit of God. My father is God's greatest gift to me.



WAR

RICHARD W. LYTTON

War is bitter, and war is cruel;
War is like a dangerous tool,
A fight to hold and a fight to gain,
A fight that drives a man insane.

I'm in a war, and I must get out,
For death lurks in wait all about.
My father was killed and my brother too,
Oh God, why can't this war be through!

I've seen men fall on the battlefield;
I've seen the enemy take and yield.
I've seen the towns in a fiery hue,
And seen their streets in a blood red dew.

I've seen my own ransack and plunder,
And seen my own in bluff and blunder.
I've seen the enemy in proud retreat,
And seen the enemy in piteous defeat.

My thoughts ring in me loud and strong;
Let us end this hate, for war is wrong!
But still we fight and still we kill,
And still we force down death's bitter pill.
I thought the war's end would never be,
For I fought so long for our liberty.
I fought so hard in this grief and woe,
But at last it's over, and homeward we'll go.



THE SEA

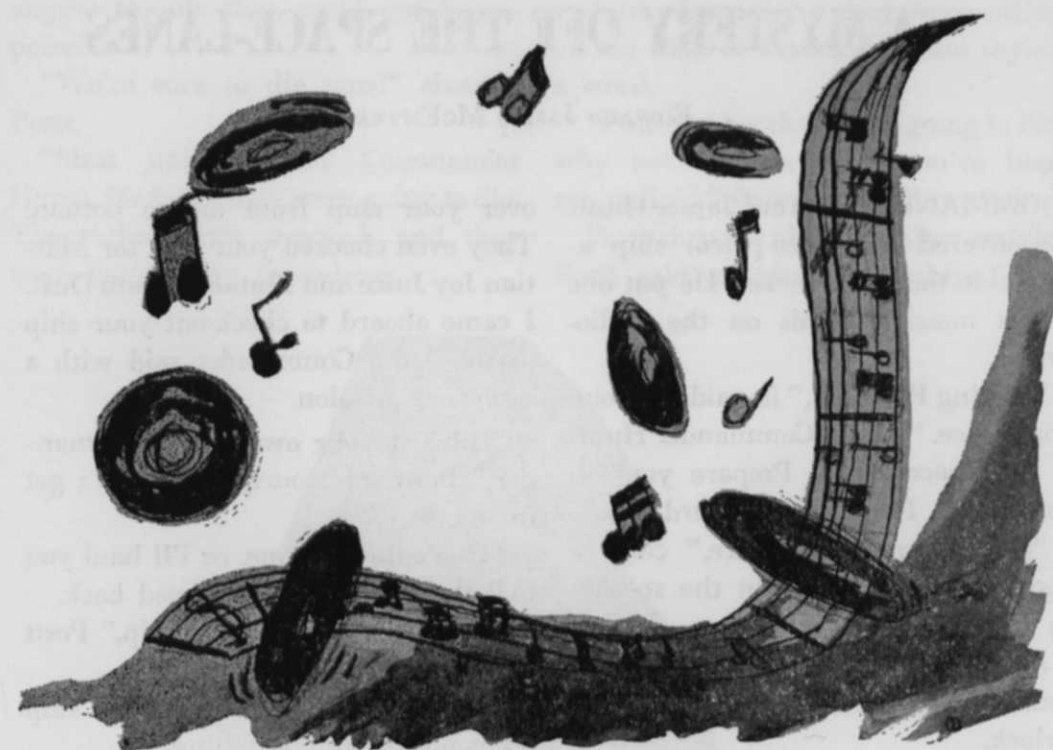
LARRY SONSTEIN

A massive gray void,
Through which
The ships sail
From port to port;
None stopping
For more
Than a fleeting moment
And, then,
Only to discharge
A passenger or two.

A swirling holocaust
of emptiness,
On which
The silhouettes
Of ghostly ships pass,
With no true destination
Save only
To reach the destination
Of their destiny.

It is a dark, bleak ocean,
With tides
Of never ceasing fury
And waves
Of uncomprehensible might,
And life,
Yet truly death,
Within it.

But still,
It is the sea
Of all things;
It is the sea
Of all life;
It is the sea
Of all hope;
It is the sea
Of time.



RECORDS

RODERICK BROWN

Round and Round
Up and Down
Amazing
Songs, Humorisms, Sound Effects,
Kiddie stories, adult,
Anytime,
Stereo,
Hi-Fi,
Plain,
A round flat plastic plate,
33, 45, 78.

A MYSTERY OFF THE SPACE-LANES

EDWARD JAMES McENTEE II

COMMANDER Edward James Huntt maneuvered his space-patrol ship along side the other rocket. He put one of his massive hands on the audio-switch.

"Calling Pro Postt," he said in a loud gruff voice. "This is Commander Huntt of the space-patrol. Prepare yourself for contact. I'm coming aboard."

"Sure, Commander, sure," came a high squeaky voice from the speaker on the wall.

After switching off, the Commander donned his space suit and rushed to the airlock.

Inside the airlock he checked the magnetic force field, holding the two ships together; his air supply; and his life-line.

His magentized iron boots stuck to the hull of the ship with great strength. He leaped from the hull in the direction of the other ship. Having no air to slow him, Huntt reached the other ship very rapidly.

After landing on the ship, he traveled to the airlock and started to decompress his suit as he entered it. Inside the ship he saw Postt and walked over to him.

"Postt, I won't waste words. I never do. You're a smuggler, and we both know it. But so far, I haven't been able to prove it. My chemists have gone

over your ship from top to bottom. They even checked your hull for Martian Joy Juice and Plutain Dream Dust. I came aboard to check-out your ship myself," the Commander said with a serious expression.

"Have it your own way, Commander," Postt said sourly, "but don't get in my way."

"Don't threaten me, or I'll haul you in," the Commander snapped back.

"Okay, okay, search the ship," Postt said a little amazed.

The Commander searched the ship but could not find anything.

Coming back to the ship's control deck, he started to tear out the control panel in search of anything that might be smuggled.

"What ya doin'?" Postt asked excitedly.

"I'm checking for dope," Commander Huntt replied.

"You'll wreck the ship!" Postt shouted.

"Don't worry. We're locked together," Huntt shouted back.

Suddenly, Postt shouted. The Commander turned around to see Postt pointing out of the view-port.

"Meteors!" Postt exclaimed.

"Damn it!" Huntt shouted.

After the meteors had hit, they checked for damage. Both ships had

engine trouble that could not be repaired.

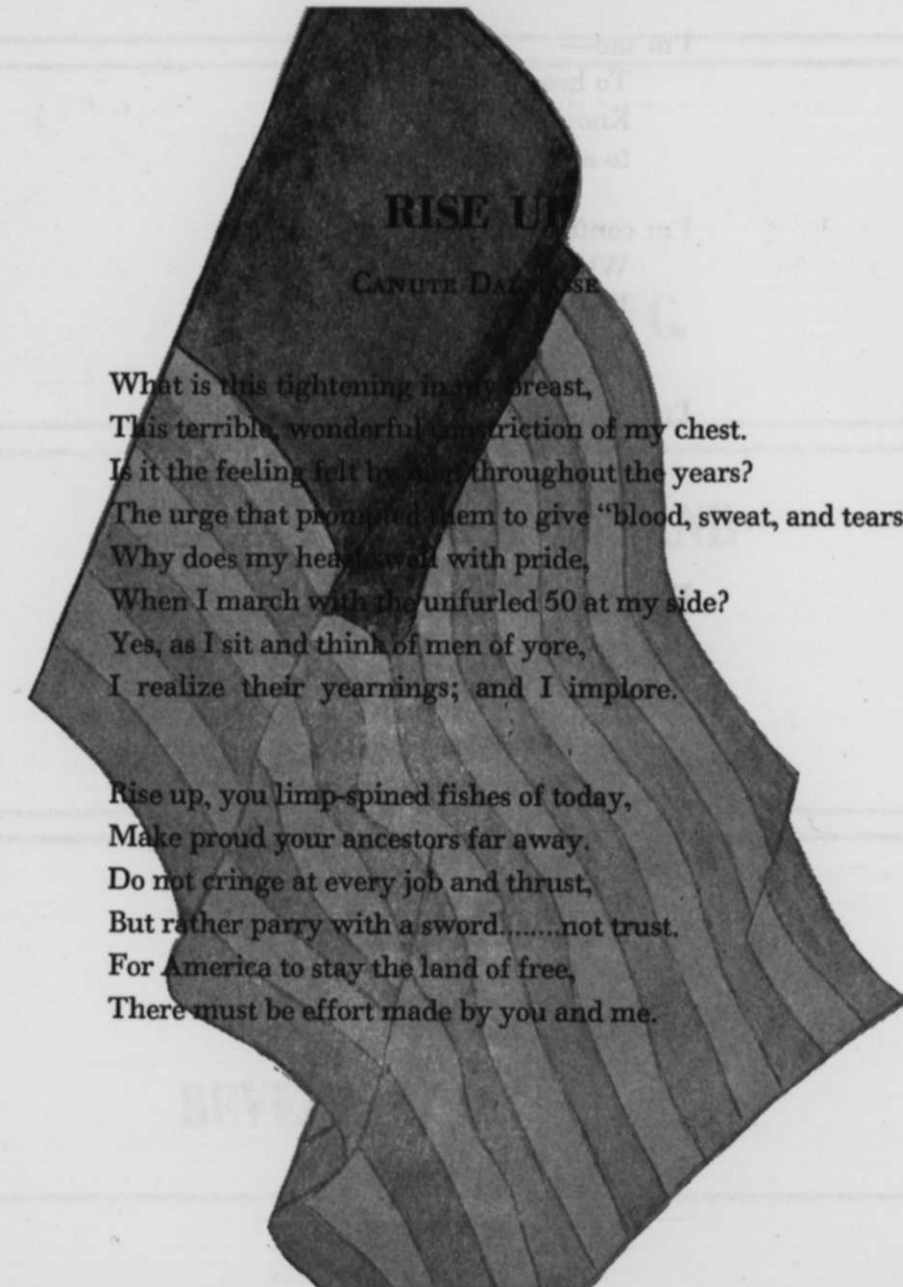
"We're sure to die now!" shouted Postt.

"Shut up!" replied Commander Huntt. He knew they were going to die. The radios were wrecked, and they were not on any space-lane.

A few hours later they were sitting on the floor of Postt's ship, not saying a word.

"Postt, seeing that we're going to die, why not tell me what you've been smuggling?" Commander Huntt asked.

Postt thought about it. After awhile, Postt said simply, "Spaceships."



RISE UP
CANUTE DALL

What is this tightening in my breast,
This terrible, wonderful restriction of my chest.
Is it the feeling felt throughout the years?
The urge that prompted them to give "blood, sweat, and tears."
Why does my head swell with pride,
When I march with the unfurled 50 at my side?
Yes, as I sit and think of men of yore,
I realize their yearnings; and I implore.

Rise up, you limp-spined fishes of today,
Make proud your ancestors far away.
Do not cringe at every job and thrust,
But rather parry with a sword.....not trust.
For America to stay the land of free,
There must be effort made by you and me.

MY MIND'S DEATH

JAMES L. POOLE

I'm happy—

To see the fat man eat
for it will kill him soon;
still he eats on.

I'm sad—

To hear a woman cry,
Knowing I could change it
to a lover's sigh.

I'm confused—

When I think of
H and A bombs
that will fall soon.

I'm angry—

To know that people
are starving right here
in the United States.

I'm prejudiced—

To think democracy
is the only good government
for a people to have.

I'm dying—

As I look back
over a lifetime of
nothings all added up.

I have died—

I can no longer write
for my thoughts
have perished.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

S.M.A. BARBER SHOP**C. O. Sprouse****George Knibbs**

COMPLIMENTS

OF

KABLE'S, INC.**JESSIE'S NEWS STAND****and SNACK BAR**

138 E. BEVERLEY ST.

Catering especially to teenagers and S.M.A.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

BEVERLEY RESTAURANT



COMPLIMENTS
OF
the
CANTEN

COMPLIMENTS
OF
SNYDER'S JEWEL BOX

A NOTE FROM THE STAFF

Any contributions submitted would be highly appreciated. Cash prizes for work submitted will be awarded. The recipients of these awards will be invited to attend the school's annual publications banquet held in the spring.

All work should be turned in to Classroom 7 no later than March 1st in order to qualify for an award.

