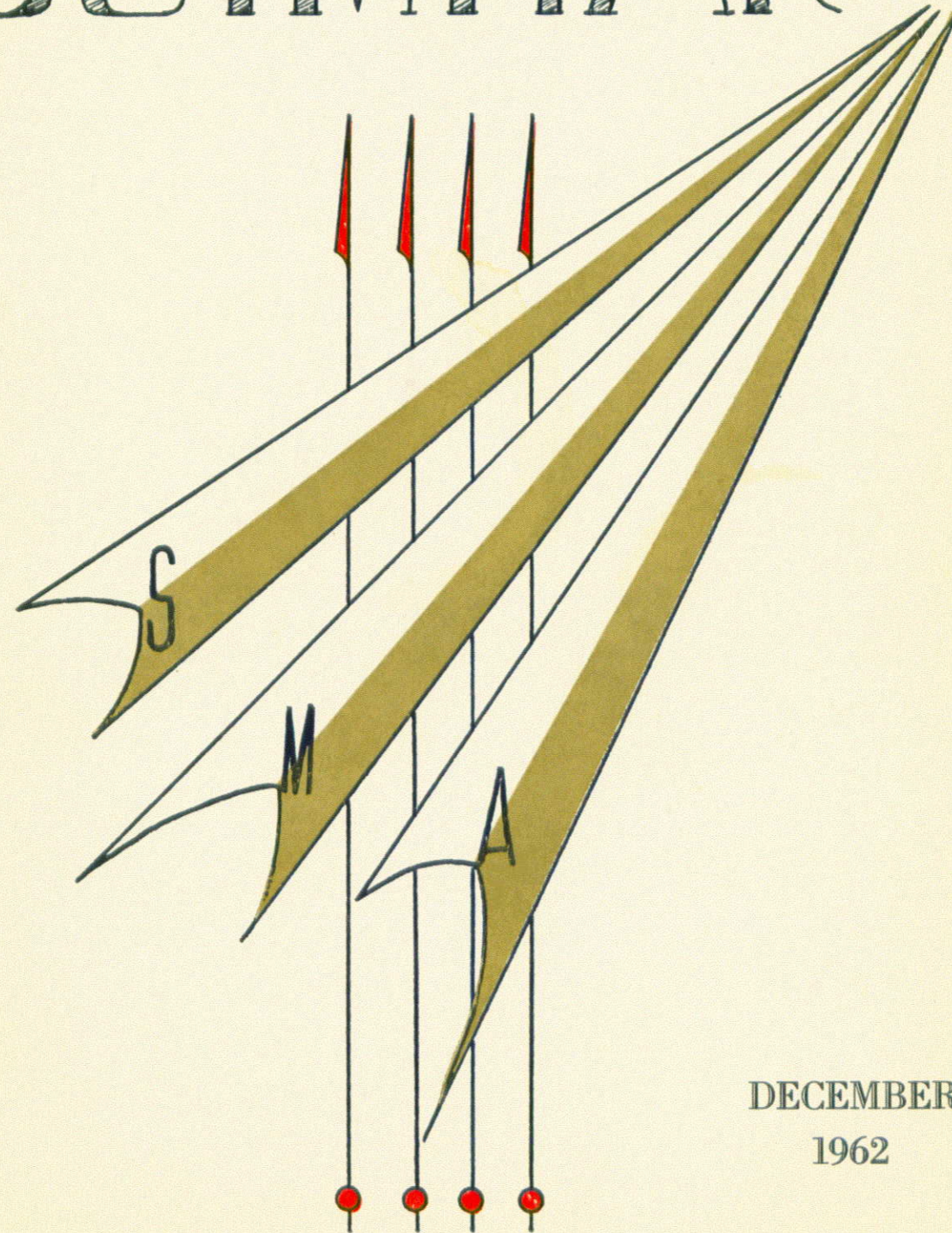


# SCIMITAR



DECEMBER  
1962



# SCIMITAR

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Staunton, Virginia

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## THE TALE OF THE BIRDMAN

ANTHONY D'IORIO, JR.

As we think of freedom's way,  
There lives a man who, for many a day,  
Has spent his life behind locked doors  
While only time has healed his sores.

He'll always know that starting source  
And how his life was changed from course.  
His sturdy frame now bent with age  
Reveals his years within a cage.

His long and lonely years alone  
Presents no reason to ever moan,  
For his story is the strongest heard  
And all because of a little bird.

He started with a will to live  
And from his nature a want to give;  
He started reaching and grasping high  
To learn about the birds that fly.

He brought forth many a startling fact  
And set the theories of bird raising back,  
For with his discoveries with the naked eye  
He enabled many sick birds to live and fly.

And after many tiring years  
When he listens, he only hears  
That people like him are dangerous loose  
Because he once escaped the noose.

Yet still he sits behind those bars  
And vaguely pictures planes and cars,  
While thinking of the time to come  
When he is granted his freedom.

Let's all arise and help his ways  
And help him to forget the days;  
The burning coals we will try to fan  
That tell the tale of the Birdman.

# PRAYER SHOULD BE ALLOWED AND ENCOURAGED IN OUR SCHOOLS

DENNIS KAISER

TO EXAMINE the complete situation of prayer in public schools, one must take several different viewpoints into consideration.

First, it would be proper to analyze the student's viewpoint. Most students feel that prayer in public schools is a sacred right which the government can not take from them. They, for the most part, regard prayer as an integral part of school life, for they believe that to take away prayer is to infringe on American rights.

Next, one must examine the general public's opinion. The public views school prayer as a custom as well as a right of American citizens.

Lastly, one must analyze the Supreme Court's position. The Supreme Court feels that prayer should be kept out of the schools because it is unlawful to pray in school.

The view of the American public and student contrasts to that of the Supreme Court, but one can also view the validity of the Court's opinion; however, a decision has been made on this controversial matter. The Supreme Court has ruled that prayer in our schools is unconstitutional. However, the writer disagrees with this decision, for in removing prayer from our schools, they have also removed God from democracy and free society.



Sweep Detail

# SMA MESSHALL CONSTITUTION

JACK WHITE

WE, THE Corps of Cadets of the Staunton Military Academy in the year 1959, do by just and rightful authority vested in us by our tuition compose and ratify the following as a constitution governing our conduct in the messhall.

## Article I

Sec. 1 The SMA dining hall is hereby constituted as a legal establishment of the Academy to be used solely as a place for the consumption of viddles as deemed necessary by the Health, Education, and Welfare Act.

Sec. 2 The facilities of the Messhall are available to each cadet upon enrollment and to the faculty members, their wives and children.

Sec. 3 The following rules govern the conduct of each and every person who partakes of repast in the lunchroom.

## Article II

Sec. 1 The Corps will march into the lunchroom and assume the position of a rigid "at ease". Hands may be put in the back pockets to simulate this position.

Sec. 2 If foods are to be swapped for

thy neighbor's foods (i.e.; your pie for my donut) or if they are to be stolen by a slight of the hand, these acts are to be done after the command seats is given.

Sec. 3 All liquids will be handled in glasses except in a case where the glass is in an inoperative order at which time liquids can be placed in a soup bowl, shallow plate, or serving tray, except in such cases where the above listed items are also in an inoperative order at which time the right hand may be cupped forming a makeshift drinking utensil.

Sec. 4 Due to the high content of



Messhall



poly-unsaturated cooking fats, all solid foods are to be eaten with the knife, fork or spoon except hardtack, sea biscuits, and soup which can be drained from the bowl with the mouth.

Sec. 5 The following etiquette of language must be practiced. When asking for food, the cadet must use the following statement, "If it is to your pleasure and convenience, please upon your leisure pass to me the course of Roast Beef". This, however, may be somewhat shortened to "Meat down."

Sec. 6 At the termination of each

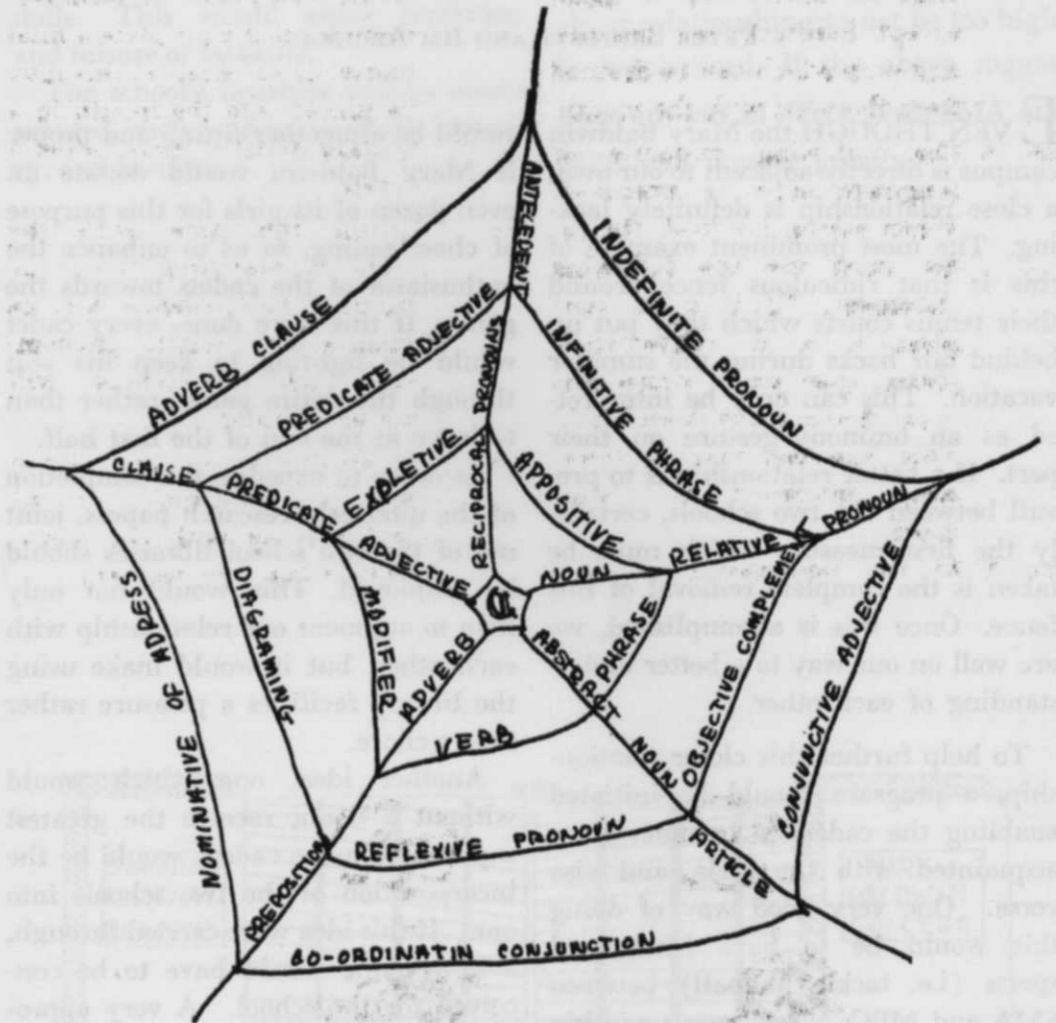
meal, a bell will signal the cadet corps to fold their arms across their chests. If, however, there is upon your plate a final morsel of sustenance, this may be placed into the mouth in a quickly decisive move called a "cram."

Sec. 7 During this time while the corps is marching from the banquet hall, silence will be maintained. Gastric phenomena, such as belching, will not be tolerated.

Sec. 8 In all due respect, we submit this our constitution to the record along with our motto, "Eat, drink, and be sorry."



Exams



"The Cobweb"



## THE GIRLS OVER THE HILL

PETER BARTLETT AND JIM ARCHER

**E**VEN THOUGH the Mary Baldwin campus is directly adjacent to our own, a close relationship is definitely lacking. The most prominent example of this is that ridiculous fence around their tennis courts which they put up behind our backs during the summer vacation. This can only be interpreted as an ominous gesture on their part. If a better relationship is to prevail between the two schools, certainly the first measure which must be taken is the complete removal of this fence. Once this is accomplished, we are well on our way to a better understanding of each other.

To help further this closer relationship, a program should be initiated enabling the cadets to become better acquainted with the girls, and visa versa. One very good way of doing this would be to have intramural sports (i.e. tackle football) between SMA and MBC. Good sportsmanship could not help but be developed from this also. And since we are required to wear name tags, the same should also be required of the Mary Baldwin students. This would eliminate the feeling of their being complete strangers, although we never really think of them as such.

We all know that our cheerleaders offer little, if any, sex appeal. It

would be altogether fitting and proper if Mary Baldwin would donate an even dozen of its girls for this purpose of cheerleading, so as to enhance the enthusiasm of the cadets towards the game. If this were done, every cadet would be fighting to keep his seat through the entire game, rather than to leave at the end of the first half.

In order to expedite the completion of the quarterly research papers, joint use of the two school libraries should be employed. This would not only help to augment our relationship with each other, but it would make using the library facilities a pleasure rather than a chore.

Another idea, one which would without a doubt receive the greatest support from the cadets, would be the incorporation of the two schools into one. If this idea were carried through, a new name would have to be conceived for the school. A very appropriate title would be The Staunton Mary Baldwin Military College.

With the two schools combined as one, naturally some definite changes would have to be made.

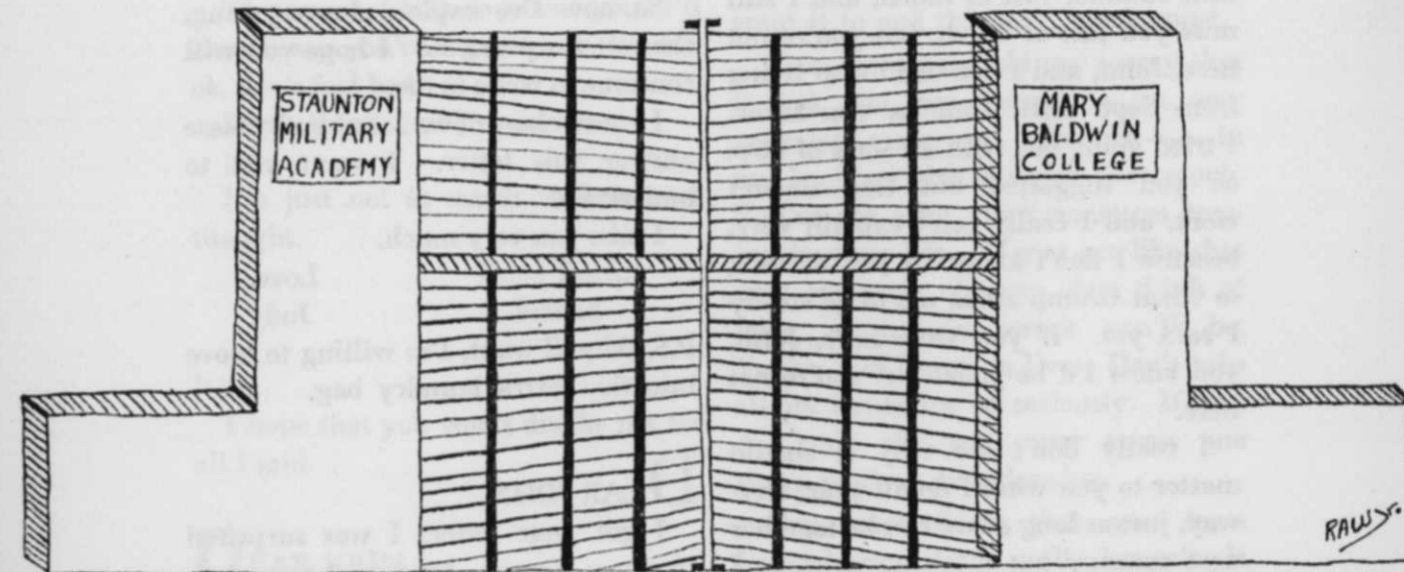
Clothing to be processed in the laundry would be marked as "his" and "hers".

Next the beat sheet would become coeducational so as to develop a feeling of unity.

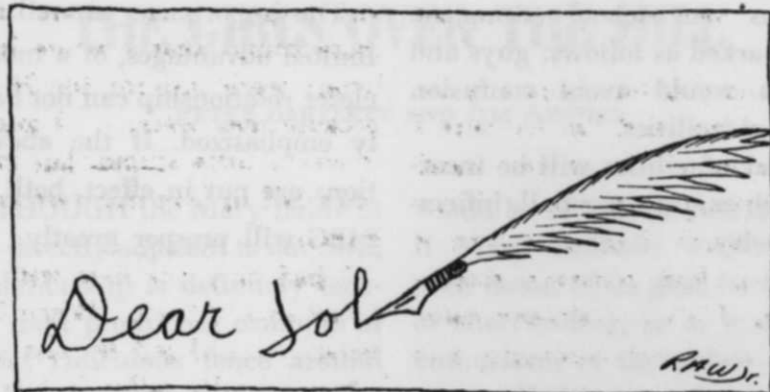
Bathrooms on school campuses would be marked as follows: guys and dolls. This would avoid confusion and misuse of facilities.

The school's facilities will be incorporated, such as, the mess hall, infirmary, and laundry.

The importance, as well as the unlimited advantages, of a much needed closer relationship can not be too highly emphasized. If the above suggestions are put in effect, both SMA and MBC will prosper greatly.







DEAR JOHN,

I hope this letter won't be a disappointment to you, but I think it is only fair to tell you.

I am now going steady with Crump, and I want you to read the rest of this letter and understand it my way before you throw it away or something, Okay? I still feel the same way about you, and I am still looking forward to next summer just as much, and I still miss you just as much, but you're not here, John, and I just can't stop living from Sept. until June as you know. I tried going out with all sorts of boys as you suggested but that doesn't work, and I really can't explain why, because I don't know. It just doesn't; so when Crump asked me to go steady I said yes. If you were here, John, you know I'd be yours but you're not here.

I really don't see why it should matter to you what I do all year, anyway, just as long as we can be together next summer but that's up to you. I don't think that you are not seeing other girls and even going with one

special one, but it doesn't bother me because it's only natural and we're both young. I hope that's the way you feel too and will continue to write me; but if you don't, please answer this letter at least.

I honestly never thought I'd have to write a letter like this to you, but I want you to understand and not be mad or disappointed with me. I don't want that at all.

So now I've explained everything, the rest is up to you. I hope you will continue to write to me.

I must close now, John, and please answer this letter. I want you to understand.

I miss you very much.

Love,  
Judy

P.S. If you want, I'm willing to move into that extra laundry bag.

DEAR JOHN,

I got your letter; I was surprised that you wrote. Anyway I was glad.

I had to stop wearing your ring because I'm going with Jacque now; we

made up last week-end. I was so sad before then.

I understand you John, and I'm not sure you love me, and I'm not sure I love you anymore. So if you want, we'll stop writing each other. I just think it is a waste of time for both of us. You can find someone else to write to you if it's not already done, someone of your own nationality and of your religion.

But now I know I'll never marry an American. Anyway I didn't write to talk about marriage. Of course you're a sweet boy, and that's all. I enjoyed writing you, but I'm sure that someone else will find it much more amusing.

I'll keep a nice memory of you. All the nice times spent together, but I surely won't cry over it, cause it wasn't that exciting.

To anyone I talk to about you, I'll always say you're a great guy, but it's ok, don't feel bad?

Don't think that I'm mad.

No.

I'm just not so much in love as I thought.

Good Luck,  
A Friend  
Pauline

P.S.

I hope that you won't dislike me for all I said.

DEAR JOHN,

What I'm about to say may come as a shock to you, but I can't lead you on

any longer. Don't think that all of those things that I wrote in my last letters were just for the H—— of it because they weren't. I guess maybe it was a little stupid, but two people can't fall in love that fast and still be human.

I had only one date with you, and I had such a blast. When I got your letter, I could tell by last night that I hadn't really fallen in love. It gave me such a thrill to read your letters even more than talking to you.

You probably think I'm an immature girl who doesn't know the real meaning of love. I sure wish the H—— I knew.

John, you have opened my eyes to love and life, and I owe you a lot more than what I'm giving you.

Believe me, I have tried to think of everything possible because I don't want it to end this way, but it must.

Your roommate told my roomy that it took you two months to get over your last romance. Listen D——, in my book no girl is worth that much. You've got a lot more romances coming in your life. If you act like that over everyone of them, just think of what a nervous wreck you'll be. You've just begun to live. Don't take all its hardships so seriously. If you do, wait, till you come across one that's really a heartbreaker.

You may think that you have found love, but you really haven't. It takes two to love because one couldn't love enough for both of us. I can't

say that it was just a whim and leave it at that. It was something that had to happen to open my eyes.

I guess you may say that love is like a clock. When it stops, you lose. But when you find out what time it is, you just wind it up again and let it run.

You're a very nice and sincere boy. I just hope that the next girl won't leave you with as much heart-break as others have. I will never forget

you as long as I live, and I want to thank you for everything.

If two love each other, then and only then, will love be eternal.

John, I'll *never* forget you. You don't know how hard it is for me to end it this way.

Thank you for showing me the way to grow-up.

Sue



Chew Out



End of Spit Shine

# ASHES

DARREL TYLER

"SEE YOU tomorrow Jim," he said.

"Are you sure that you want to work late tonight again?" asked Jim. "You know you've been working late every night for the past six months."

"I'm sure"

"All right, I'll see you tomorrow," Jim said, as he closed the door.

Quickly, he found the keys to the laboratory and opened the heavy, steel door. There before him was a large machine. As he walked over to an obscure corner, he flipped some switches; and the machine started to purr. In the corner was a cage containing a rabbit. Picking up the small animal, he strolled to the middle of the machine that looked like an X-ray unit. He flipped another switch while he strapped the rabbit in, and a strange light beamed on the animal. Quickly, he left the room, latching the door behind him. Then, walking over to what appeared to be a wall, he pressed a button. The wall slowly slid back to expose a thick window. From here he could observe the reactions of the experiment. The time was eight o'clock in the evening.

10 o'clock — Have been bombarding rabbit with atomic energy

for two hours. Still no result. Should be the last test in the six month series. Jim never became suspicious.

11 o'clock — Rabbit's ears appear to be larger. Is lying calm for the first time since starting bombardment.

12 o'clock — Rabbit definitely abnormally large. Am going to increase radioactivity.

1 o'clock—Rabbit so large that he has broken straps that held him down. Does not seem to want to move away from beams. Possible that he is getting energy from radioactivity. Rabbit seems to have more energy after each exposure for the last three months.

2 o'clock—Am going to go in to get rabbit before he gets any larger. Appears to be glowing.

— — —  
 "But where can the professor be?" asked the policeman. "All I see in this room is an atom gun, a dead rabbit and some ashes on the floor next to the rabbit."



## THE REWARDING ATHLETIC PROGRAM

CHARLES SULLIVAN

ALTHOUGH many people are born with a great deal of natural ability, no one is a born athlete. The spark which kindles good and great athletes is desire, something we all can possess. Once it is obtained, there is no record that cannot be broken, the impossible feat. The great yearning caused by desire brings with it the qualities of determination and confidence, which are life-long assets.

Below is a list of a few of the athletes who have gone to Staunton and have used their Staunton training to become professional athletes and successes in life.

### Lenny Rosenbluth

All-American basketball player at the University of North Carolina. Also played with the Philadelphia Warriors.

### Fred Mautino

Twice All-American end at Syracuse University.

### Peter Fick

1936 Olympic swimmer. Holds S.M.A. pool record for the fifty and one hundred freestyle.

### Frank Chamberlain

Yale University, 1952 Olympic swimmer, 800 Meter Freestyle Relay.

### Calvin Griffith

Owner of the Minnesota Twins of the American Baseball League.

### Billy Hitchcock

Current manager of the Baltimore Orioles; former major league ball player; a standout at S.M.A.

### Charles Perini

Former co-owner of the Milwaukee Braves.

### "Chunk" Simmons

Member of the 1948 and 1952 Olympic decathlon team, now an actor in television and stock theaters. All around athlete at S.M.A.

### Larry MacPhail

Currently breeding horses; former co-owner of the New York Yankees; he established the modern Dodger baseball power.

### Henry Fonde

Assistant coach of University of Michigan football team.

### Lou Michaels

Linebacker and field goal kicker for the Pittsburgh Steelers; All-American tackle at Kentucky.

### Bob Savage

Formerly a pitcher for Connie

Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. He was wounded three times in World War II, which shortened his pitching career.

### Bill Quinlan

Currently the defensive end on the Green Bay Packers, standout end at Michigan State.

### John Morrow

Offensive center for the Cleveland Browns, All-American center at Kentucky. He played center at S.M.A.

### John Barthlomew

All-American tackle for Wake Forest.

### Tex Lloyd

Center and linebacker for the Detroit Lions, center and linebacker for the University of Georgia. All-Military League star at S.M.A.

### Mike Quinlan

United States Air Force Academy — All-American honorable mention 1959-1960.



First Sergeant



## THE FOUNDER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY

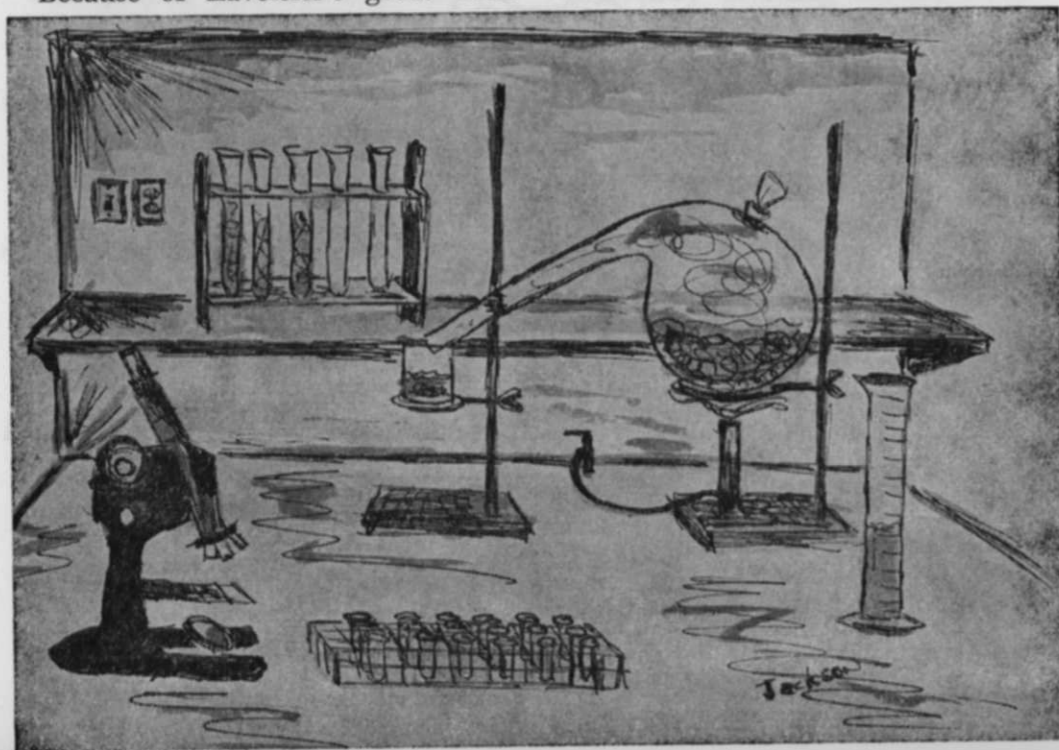
WILLIAM RAU

**A**NTOINE Laurent Lavoisier, known as the founder of the modern science of chemistry, was born in Paris on August 26, 1743. He received a good education and developed an early interest in mathematics and the physical sciences, particularly chemistry. When he was 23, he wrote a paper about chemistry which won him a prize from the Academy of Sciences. A second paper led to his admission to the Academy. In 1776 he developed a method which greatly improved the quality of gunpowder and made other discoveries valuable to agriculture.

His absorbing interest was in chemistry. He followed the lines of discoveries already made by Priestly, Cavendish, and others.

Because of Lavoisier's great work

with agriculture, he was given the lucrative office of farmer-general of the revenue. This office proved to be his downfall. In the eighteenth century there was a peculiar method of tax collection in France. A popular outcry was raised against officials like Lavoisier because of lost tax revenues. Before the Revolutionary Tribunal they were accused of being enemies of their country, and Lavoisier with 26 other farmer-generals was condemned to die. His friend and fellow worker, Antoine Fourcroy, vainly pleaded Lavoisier's scientific achievements as an argument for sparing his life. Fourcroy was answered that France needed no more scientists, and Lavoisier perished by the guillotine on May 8, 1794.



## THE ENCHANTED LAKE

DARREL TYLER

**A**LTHOUGH it was rather cool, there were hints of the day being a warm, summery day when they left the house to go fishing. The weather report said it was to be warm and sunny all day long, a perfect day for fishing, but who knew how this wonderful day would affect the lives of these three people?

We left the house at six o'clock to get as much time as possible at the lake. Piling everything onto our car, my brother, father, and I had high hopes of catching a record number of fish.

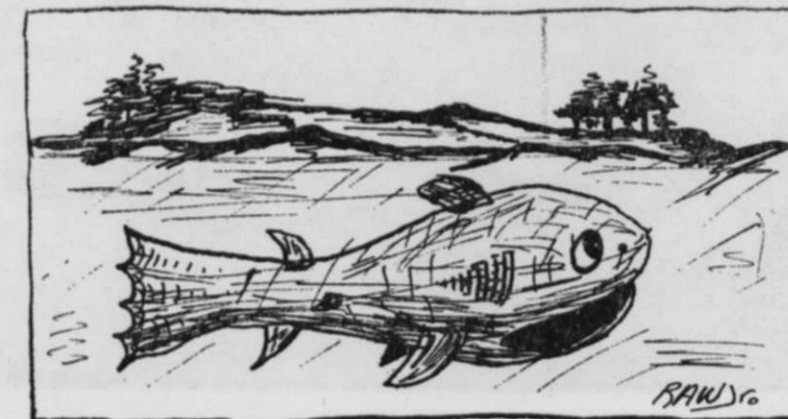
It took about two hours of driving and another hour of walking before we finally reached the lake. In no time we were quietly cruising, the waves making a lazy lapping sound as the canoe made its way to the middle.

It actually wasn't a lake, not more than a pond, and yet it boasted almost every fish that was worth eating. The lake was about 150 yards in diameter,

but no living person knew just how deep it was. No living person that is, although eleven people had been reported missing just after they had gone fishing there. Naturally, under these circumstances, there were many stories about this strange lake, and none of them good or presumably true.

We were there only about 15 minutes when suddenly we started to catch fish as fast as the lines were thrown into the water. Then as quickly as it started, it stopped. Nothing happened for another hour. We lay basking in the sun. Suddenly my line began to sing. Surely this must be the largest fish in the lake! Before I reached my rod, it was already in the water. Quickly I dove after it, upsetting the canoe.

And as night enveloped day, three bodies drifted slowly to shore, ending another chapter in the strange saga of the mysterious lake.





## THE MAN I MOST RESPECT

LARRY LEVY

**H**OW DOES a person gain respect? In my opinion there are two types of respect. One is temporary respect, and the other is lasting respect. Al Capone was respected only as long as he had his gun. This is an example of temporary respect. In lasting respect, admiration is usually the key.

I believe the person I admire the most is Doctor Tom Dooley. The question a person might ask me now is, "Why just an ordinary doctor?" The truth is that he was not just a common, everyday doctor. He did not drive a Cadillac or live in a plush penthouse.

Upon graduating from Notre Dame, he became a Navy doctor. One of his tours of duty brought him to South Vietnam, where he treated half a million refugees from North Vietnam. Many of the diseases he treated were ones that his professors in college told his class they would never come in contact with. Many of his patients had been brutally harmed by the Communist. After being discharged from the Navy, the doctor from Mis-

souri did not forget what he had seen. Instead of returning to the comforts of home, he raised money in order to build a hospital in Laos. When he was finally able to finance the hospital, he went there to begin his task of curing the suffering Laotians. His mission was not to convert these people to capitalism or to Christianity; he came because he felt it his duty. However, he probably won more people for our side than any of the top diplomats. He was later the founder of Medico, an organization founded to bring medical care to countries where it was not available.

Doctor Dooley died in January of 1961 of cancer. The doctor who had a smile for a cure was dead, but we can be sure that his spirit will find a place in every heart of all people who hear the name of Doctor Tom Dooley.

It is my hope that the day he died, a baby was born that will someday be just like him. As Dwight D. Eisenhower said, "Few, if any, have equalled Dr. Dooley's exhibition of courage, self sacrifice, faith."





## THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

J. H. MANGAN, JR.

AS THE night falls, a new moon rises. The stars light up the myriads of snow crystals which, like so many diamonds, reflect the white and golden light. As the moon plods its way silently across the deep blue skies, a cool wind blows the late leaves across the crisp white surface. In the distance, a fuzzy squirrel makes its way daintily across the perilous surface, for it is late and cold and the night can mean an end for those who linger. Far off in a cozy bed, a young child dreams of things to come, for it is Christmas eve.

The older folks have finally retired, since the night's chores and parties have ended.

Yet, somewhere, in some lonely field, in a still lonelier small town, a man sits in front of his control panel with the loneliness of a Christmas night away from home. In the dark glow of red and green lights and chrome switches, a speaker barks the check signal every thirty minutes. But its last recognition was thirty-three minutes ago.

They're three minutes late? Oh well, probably got himself a drink and is singing his favorite tune at the watch station. I'll just give him a buzz to see if he can remember to call on time the next time. Hmm! That's funny? Seems to be no re-

sponse. Maybe he's outside.

Another five or six nervous minutes pass and after a cup of bitter, warm coffee from the silo's pantry, he seats himself comfortably in his padded bucket seat in front of the control panel and gives the watch station another impatient buzz.

Nothing.

Must be a dead connection from the snow or something. Try the auxiliary. Still nothing!

A panic which has been slowly building is now beginning to boil. If only the relief would arrive. He's overdue too. Damn this snow!

A brief, unconscious idea that maybe control headquarters has been bombed flashes through without incident. Even if it had, the metering or monitoring devices which would have shown earth tremors or a short circuit in the relay line would have sounded.

Don't panic! They've just fallen asleep on the job! They'll call; they'll call!

But, as a precaution, without thinking, he flips the switches which open the giant top to the missile silo and raise the missile to its secondary firing position. It's just routine; he'd done it many times before. It meant nothing. Just routine.

I guess I'll check the area; maybe it will pass some time.

The little dot on the monitor screen opened into a panorama of the snowy hills, the snow covered road and the black sky with cold little stars like snow flakes on black asphalt. Nothing unusual.

Three more tries— No answer!?

Where in the hell are they? Or is it that . . . maybe they're gone?

The spreading panic moves his hand to the second of three switches. It clicks and a hum now raises the missile to the primary firing position, and the electronic aiming system aligns the missile on its prechosen target 10,000 miles away.

Fearfully, he slowly moved his hand to rest lightly on the "FIRE" lever as he sat, intent in silence . . . waiting, watching for that red light to go on meaning that thermonuclear war was in progress.

In a split second the speaker clicks on and buzzes loudly as the operator

jumps and tightens his hand on the lever.

Suddenly, the red light is on! In panic but without hesitation the trained hand jerks the ignition lever and with a loud resounding bellow the cold white cylinder rises slowly and then grows faster as the red ball in its tail propels it to supersonic speeds.

As the flame is swallowed by the black night, the man breathes heavily as a cold sweat forms on his face and the little beads fog his eye. Dreadful visions of what has happened pass in micro-second flashes.

Slowly the speaker again buzzes and a thick, mellowed voice heavily says, "A-OK, Mac, merry Christmas! . . . Oh! sorry I gave you a start. I kinda slipped and fell on the wrong switch, but you can relax cause everything's just fine now, everything's just fine!"

As children rise in joy, a cool wind blows the late leaves across the crisp white surface.

## WAR

J. H. LLOYD III

Down, down, down,  
Disaster—  
A world gone,  
Forever—  
A time to live,  
No more—  
A time to die,  
Forgotten—  
A child cried,  
Painfully—  
A man died,  
Breathlessly—

A yearning, warm, desire,  
Gone—  
A hatefilled revenge,  
Denied—  
A place to go,  
Nowhere—  
A place to stop,  
Anywhere—  
A cycle of life,  
Shattered—  
A means to an end—  
War.



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