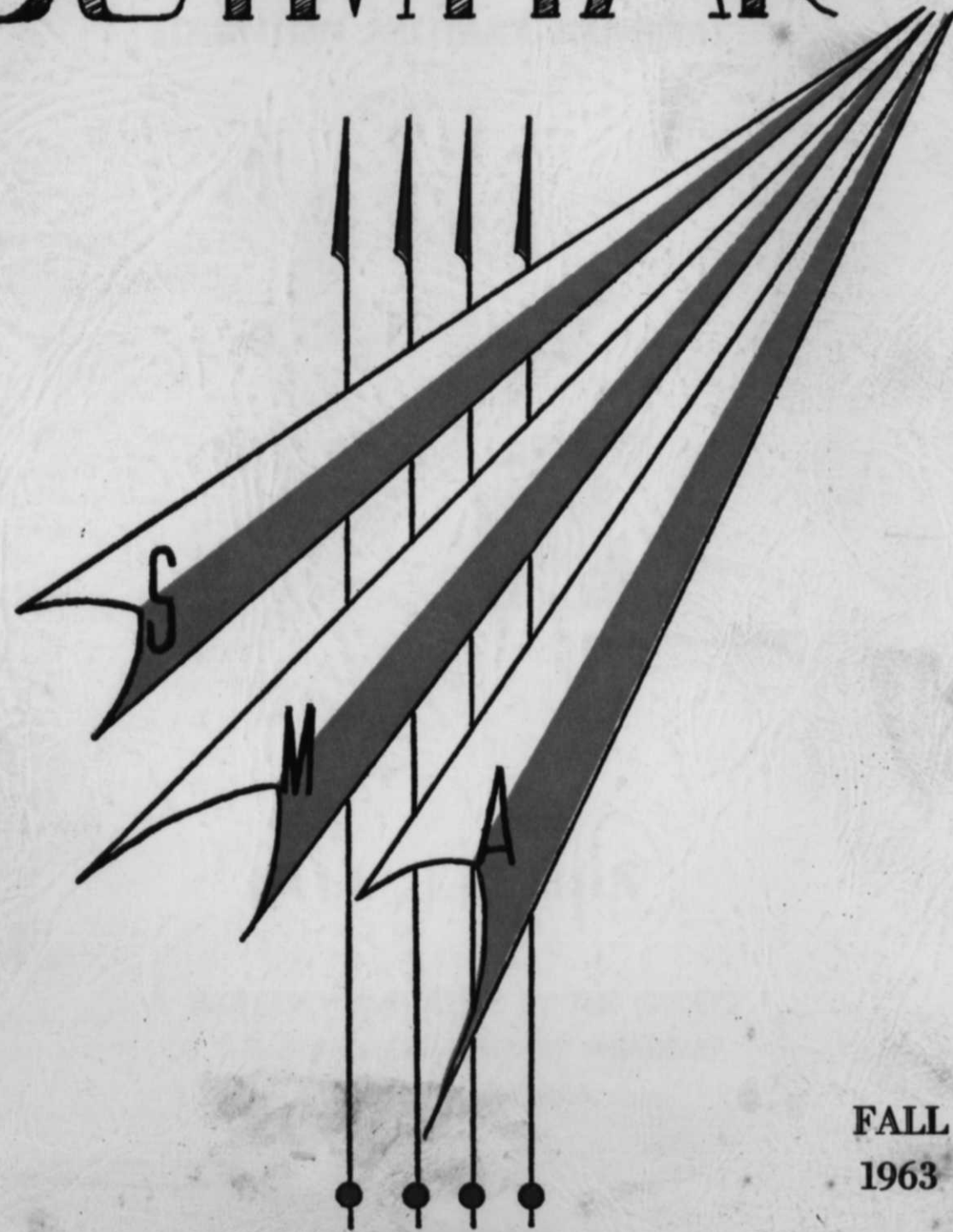


SCIMITAR



FALL
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SCIMITAR

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



FALL EDITION

A TRI-YEARLY MAGAZINE BY THE CADETS
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ETERNITY

LEE DEVAULT

The sun has just begun to set
into the Western sea;
and soon the air will grow so cold,
so cold as eternity.

Eternity is emptiness;
no borders does it hold;
constant darkness does it shroud,
for spirits who are old.

But as the sun sets,
our hearts are free;
"Could there really be
empty eternity?"

Cold, bitter cold, does follow the sun;
the clouds start their prow,
so big, so black as they scurry
and turn the wind afoul.

The wind is then like a demon;
the rain like pain possessed;
o woe is man, o lucky sun
beneath the seas in rest.

The waves do leap asunder;
our ship is of the sea;
"Even then I won't believe
in dank eternity!"

"There is no such place"
my heart does cry;
"Its only of the mind;
but if I die and fall there,
what then will I find?"

O stop this thundering multitude,
O god who made it start;
The waves are only mountains,
the wind and rain no heart.

Our ship does roll upon its side,
is pinned down by the sea;
O thundering wall of blackness engulf
"O God no! Not black eternity!"

Now black is my day and my night
and ne'er am I fed;
for even though I seem to exist,
I am of the land of dead.

HURRAH FOR MR. BOND!

RUPERT BROOD-HURST

ONE OF THE current literary ties between England and the United States has been the ready acceptance of a new hero of suspense. A British Secret Service agent created by Ian Fleming has found his place among the American readers of intrigue and mystery. James Bond, or 007 as he is known in the service, is the dashing, bovid agent of espionage.

Bond symbolizes the essence of the super-spy. Authorized to dispose his adverseries by any convenient method at hand, he is ruthless, efficient, capable of great daring, and able in any circumstance. His abilities manifest themselves by his finesse in overcoming his opponents.

Along with dexterity in his professional skills, Bond is a sophisticate. His tastes run to fine automobiles, exquisite food and drink, clothes, beautiful women, and—of course, the thrill of adventure.

Fleming places his hero in various corners of the globe from lush Jamaica to behind the Iron Curtain. He depicts Bond on substantial footing beside the gaming tables of the Riviera or in the wilds of Canada. His themes vary as do the locales in which they are set. With combatants ranging from the unique Dr. No to the king of voodoo, Mr. Big, including such organizations as SMERSH and SPECTRA, Fleming creates a kaleidoscope of character, suspense, and thrilling situations.

No doubt, Fleming is criticized as to the credibility of the Bond's adventures; however, he can hold his own compared with other mystery writers as shown by the sheer attraction to the modern reader and his present popular appeal, including very prominent Americans.



SEGREGATION IN THE SOUTH?

EVERETTE L. DOFFERMYRE

INTEGRATION IN the South is only a myth at present. Many years will pass before whites and Negroes associate with each other. In many sections, integration may never occur. The South's stand for segregation grows more rigid as northern liberals slowly strive for desegregation.

There is an important difference between integration and desegregation. The former is the willful association between different elements in a certain society. Desegregation, however, is the forceful dissolving of any discriminatory acts. Though desegregation may one day be fact, integration now is a vicious word in the south.

Southerners firmly believe in individual rights. We do not want to be compelled to do anything. When

something like integration is enforced, we naturally revolt. The staunch efforts by the President and his brother for the "Negro cause" has fanned the spark of human hatred to a fiery white. Since the Civil war, we have desired to be governed by men who know and understand our problems.

We do consider the Negroes socially inferior. For the most part the Negro in the South is coarse and unrefined. Most of them do not wish to improve their status. We feel that if the Negroes expect equal opportunities, they should strive to better themselves and raise their social level to that of the whites. Legislation is not going to solve anything. The South will drop its color bars only when the Negroes prove themselves worthy of self-respect. Until then segregation will prevail in "Dixie".



CIVIL RIGHTS — A PROBLEM TO ALL OF US

KIT A. REGONE

WHAT IS civil rights? Webster defines civil rights as "non-political rights of a citizen; specifically the rights secured by the 13th and 14th Amendments to the Constitution." The 13th and 14th Amendments state the natural rights of all citizens regardless of race, religion, creed, or color.

The problem in the United States concerning civil rights rests mainly with the Negroes and the prejudice held against them by the white people. If all the people in the United States fully understood the meaning of civil rights and all aspects of it, this prejudice would draw to an end.

However, the main question that is in all individual's minds is: should we intergrate or not. The views on this subject are many and widespread; but whichever way the government tends to turn, it will violate the rights of some of the people. For example, the owner of a restaurant, motel, or a bus terminal refuses service to a colored person. The form of government in which the people live, Capitalism, states that the owner of an establishment has the right to operate his business as he sees fit. He has the right to refuse service to an individual or group of individuals that tend to ruin

or destroy his business. However, this group of individuals, the Negroes, are having their rights of equality taken away from them by the owner of this business. This is one of the major problems that the government must solve.

The Negroes, until recently, have been quite patient with the white man and the government, but lately there have been numerous incidents of rebelling by the Negroes. For instance, the University of Mississippi was intergrated earlier this year against the will of the state of Mississippi and its governor. Here the Negroes staged a "march" for equal opportunities.

The Federal Government, continually interfering with the rights of the states, violates the Constitution by trying to force intergration on the people against the will of the people. If intergration is going to be possible, it must be accomplished gradually and with the consent of the people involved. The government cannot force intergration on the white people or a problem will arise which is more serious than that of intergration or segregation. If intergration is possible by these gradual means, it will be limited because the people of the United States will never consent to total inter-

gration where intermarrying is allowed.

The Negroes are only hurting themselves when they continually riot and rebel on the streets of some of the countries largest cities such as Cambridge, Maryland and New York City. If they want intergration, they should do it by peaceful means such as the courts, education, and self-improvement. The Negro definitely wants intergration but he does not want to work for it, and the Negroes only show their ignorance when they resort to such means as rioting and rebelling. The most recent incident of "marches" was staged in our nation's capital on August 28, 1963. Negroes from all over the country participated in the "march" against the white man's rule. However, this "march" was more organized than any other, but, as usual, it accomplished little or nothing.

President Kennedy, recognizing this civil rights problem, has sent a Civil Rights Bill to the Congress and is awaiting its ratification. If Congress does pass this Civil Rights Bill, a crisis will develop which will be more serious than that of civil rights for the Negroes. It will be a problem of civil rights for the white man.

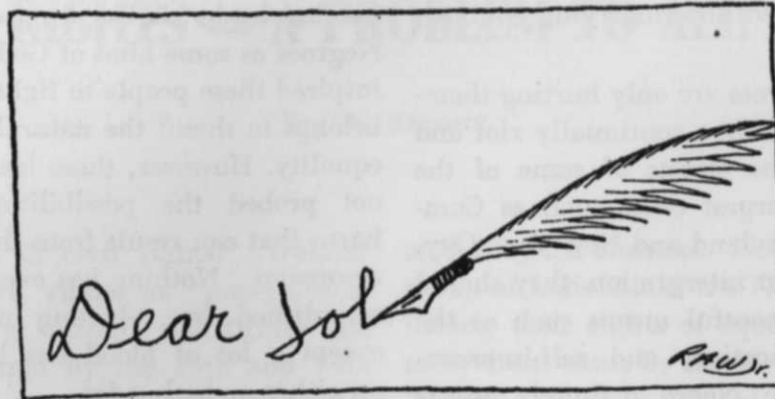
The principal leader of this Civil Rights Movement was the late Medgar Evers, who was assassinated in the Spring of this past year. His position was soon filled by his brother, Charles Evers who is now taking up the fight for civil rights. Martin Luther King,

another leader, is worshipped by most Negroes as some kind of God. He has inspired these people to fight for what belongs to them: the natural rights of equality. However, these leaders have not probed the possibilities of the harm that can result from this type of campaign. Nothing has ever been accomplished by rebelling or rioting except a lot of blood has been shed on either or both sides.

This problem of civil rights has become one of the major issues in the United States today and concerns every individual directly or indirectly. It is the duty of everyone, white or black, to participate actively in this problem and strive for what he believes is right.



The new cadet arrives at Staunton, obviously bewildered by the complexity of his new home.



DEAREST JOHN,

I wish you were here now so I could talk to you but you're not so I'll just have to explain things on paper. I don't know what Charlie told you, but I'll start from the beginning anyway.

We went round and round on "our problem" and came to no conclusion until I decided that the only thing I could do was to just choose between the two of you. I thought of you and what another "shafting" would do to you and I thought of Charlie. John, he really and truly needs someone. He's so down in the dumps. I really feel as though he has had it pretty rough. And so if I can't date both of you I guess that it will have to be — oh ---- — I hate to ruin your day. I've never had anyone be so sweet to me and I'll never forget you and I want to keep on dating you so much but there's just something I feel about Charlie that I felt about Tom and that I have never felt about anyone else. John, I'm sorry. I always had such a marvelous time with you. Oh please understand.

I'm sorry that it had to be this way but to be honest with you ever since I met Charlie I had a feeling that something was going to clash. Last night I tried to fight that feeling, but it kept coming back and today I just couldn't fight it anymore.

I may end up hating Charlie, and he may end up hating me; and if that happens then maybe, I'll learn to be happy with what I have but I guess those are the chances I have but I guess those are the chances I have to take. You've been a wonderful friend and I hope we still can be friends and I know a lot of girls here are cusing me out right now for what I'm doing and I'm cusing myself out too, but...

Thank you for putting up with me for so long; you went through an awful lot. I hope you'll understand and forgive me. I wish you'd write back and bawl me out or something.

I can't write anything else because I'm libel to cry but I'm not believing my life with the opposite sex.

Forgive me,

Bobbie

DEAR JOHN,

Surprise no doubt. This is just a note to end all ends since you have tried so ably to do so.

As for your situation at this renowned school, you are not blackballed although you came within the realm of that; so if there is anyone you wish (desire I should say) to date, no one will stop you except the person you plan to date. Thank you for trying to return my favor. I hear it didn't work too well!! Fairfax's facilities are much better suited for your use anyway!

Oh, yes, you should learn to keep your mouth closed when surprised. It is very unbecoming in public!

You know you're right, I am a

-----, and I get a ---- of a lot of enjoyment out of it, being one that is, and, yes, you are pigheaded, in fact, you're the ----- I've ever seen. I hope you let everyone in the barracks read this because it will show what an --- you are. Your friends, as you call them, don't like your attitude. You really should change it. Sure, you can rant and rave all you want, but you're not bothering me a bit. Too bad you never had full possession of me. Poor John and to think I can predict every move you make. You lost out, and now you have the brag or what's left of the blow up.

Oh yes, John, you're cool, in fact, you're one of the coolest guys I know that's exluding all the other guys I



dated. I hope you find a girl who will take all your cuts, inconsiderances, and whims. I did for 9 mos. and I'm so glad I don't have to any more! Your father didn't find out about your little pranks from Susan; he didn't even talk to her, that was ME, John, YOUR loving Elsa at the time.

The day you can give even a part of yourself to someone is the day you will begin to grow up. I appreciated that letter of yours. It's too bad you've even forgotten how to original. Well, at best you can copy! That was your defeat, not mine, I got out of that one just in time.

Oh yes, if you see me puttering around in my little Stingray sometime don't be too alarmed. That won't be for quite a while though. That Halloween dance should be cool not that any of us are going. I have the car that night. I don't think 8 is too many for a station wagon. You'd make the ninth but that's an odd number.

I really pity you. How can you be so blind! Good luck, I hope someone will make you joyous, obviously, I didn't, and vice-versa! To think you said you loved me, what a farce. Oh well, life is one big farce, n'est-ce pas?

Today Joan stole a picture of you from Ted. We have it on the bulletin board below Fred's. Small comparison that is! We also have a hand cut like a bird pointing to it, just thought you'd like to know.

Oh yes, I'm good ol' Zelda. Say

what you like last year was great, I give us that. So you can never start again. You haven't the guts even if you wanted to. Yes, only a temperamental scag of a ----- would write this. Ok, so that's what I am, was, and will be but just remember that this letter you're reading now is written by the same person you said you loved. What happened to the missing pieces, John, that's all I want to know. You're very incoherent even to yourself. As for Joan, so now you're in love with her. Good for you and more power to you. It's too bad the feelings aren't mutual. Your charms worked in reverse. Such suaveness, remember that word! That's you altogether. Joe is nice to her. You could never be. Even the special letter showed your usual arrogance. She doesn't take things like that. She's used to having normal boys treat her like a normal girl, no excuse me, replace superior or extra spectacular for normal. The boys are always "tuff". Right now she's writing to one of them. He has his own XKE, of course, there's your Ford or have you gotten the Olds yet. The XKE owner is a senior at Stanford. The contrast in mentalities is too great (vast is a better word) to even mention. Then there are the others and mine, of course, but you aren't interested.

Let's try another topic. You'd better blow your nose first. All ready, ok. So some friends finally talked some sense into your head. How much sense do you think that was? You

think I'm temperamental, what about you Mr. J. (little that is). Why did you asked me to that Hop in the first place. I certainly consider that a whim. Ha, ha, what a joke!

So now I close from this character analysis. I could go much farther if I were not so utterly and thoroughly bored. You may begin on me now, all your friends will laugh such is always with one fool talking to another. Ask dear ol' Jack. I'm sure he can fill you in on some other fabricated details about my character.

Farewell John, I hope you have the most pleasant of days.

As ever,

Elsa (or would you prefer
Zelda — incognito)

DEAR JOHN,

This letter is long over-due to say the least. It should've been written Saturday night after the football game. If there's one thing that bothers me, it's someone hating someone because of misunderstood feelings.

Right now you must, and I know you do, hate me from the bottom of your heart. I don't blame you and I more than understand. But I hope you'll at least read the rest of this before you tear it up.

First of all, I hadn't planned to go to the game. I certainly was never under the impression you thought we had a date. You're always so half hazard when you say things that I'm never quite sure. Anyway, you just

said maybe you'd see me after I'd said maybe I'd go. You just sounded, like you always do, that it really didn't make too much difference to you one way or another. You see, that's how you've made me feel ever since you told me about your girl at home. I just sort of feel like you don't care a damn. So, that's why, Sharon told you about that boy and his parents etc., it never occurred to me you'd think I'd stood you up when I didn't even know you thought we had a date, or that you'd really care. John, I don't know how you expect me to feel. You just want to have your cake and eat it too. There doesn't seem to be much left over for me. What possibly am I to gain by dating you when I know you'll never be interested in me. I was defeated before I began. Maybe you want to date me, regardless of how my feelings might be towards you, and then just drop me flat at Xmas, when you get home. I'd just like to date someone who will maybe care a little about me in return. That's a natural way to feel and a you've sort of shattered in our relationship. Honestly, I do understand your position but I'm human too and you should understand how I feel too. I just don't want to be dangled all year while you're in love with someone else.

Well, Sharon told me you never wanted to date me again anyway so maybe it was foolish of me to write this. I don't think so though because I had to explain how I feel and what

had happened last week end. I hope this does make you see a little bit better.

I still will knit your sweater if you want me to. Even if you never want to see me again, as you've said, I hope you won't hate me.

Take care —

As ever,

Diane

DEAR JOHN,

My, but you write sweet letters. I got your precious letter today and enjoyed it to the ultimate.

Thank you for your understanding about Saturday. You show emmence amount of maturity and I'm only sorry I've not "come of age" yet and reached your level of understanding and comprehension.

I'm sorry I couldn't make things work out for you. I would have called you, but I frankly did not care for another 3 damn weeks of restriction.

Sorry sweetness. I guess you better find a more mature girl as you seem to be "too" old for yours truly.

Sorry sweetheart —

Becky

LA VIDA

ERNESTO GODOY

Todo el penoso esfuerzo de la vida
se disipa, se apaga, o se diluye
lo que se va la humanidad lo olvida
lo que se queda, el tiempo lo destruye.

Más la belliza esa ecuacion que huye
la posesion total y la medida;
eternamente por las almas fluye
eternamente a medias comprendida.

Viviendu oculata donde oculata nace,
nonca termina, porque nunca empieza;
y el hombre que en buscarla se complace,

Apenas ve un jirón de su pestello,
y lo que ofrece a veces por belleza
es tan solo la sombra de co bello.

WHAT A COLLEGE EDUCATION MEANS TO US

ROBERT HILL

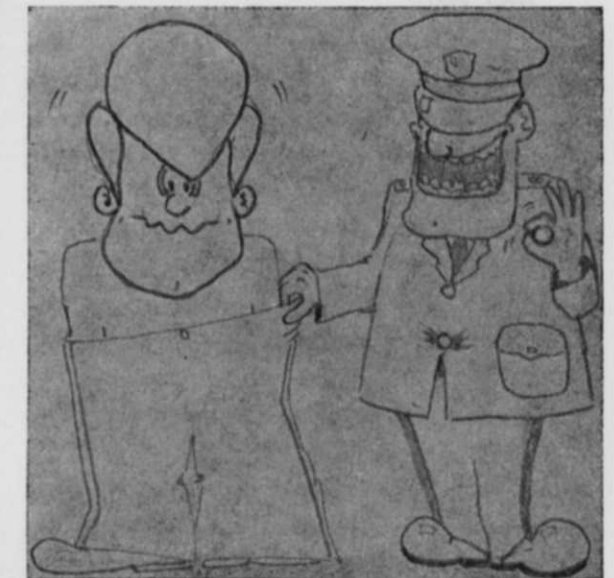
IN TODAY'S STRICT, competitive world a college education is a must for better living. The college diploma is not as easy to obtain as it has been in the past. Statistics prove that more and more high school seniors are competing for this highly cherished college degree; and also that colleges are limiting their admissions only to the "pick of the crop".

Students here at Staunton Military Academy have an advantage over students enrolled in public high schools. We have expert instruction and guidance to aid us in getting into college and obtaining our diplomas. It is our obligation to our parents and our teachers to use these advantages to the best of our ability.

A college education means different things to different cadets. A few of us are only concerned with the parties and good times connected with college. Those of us who feel this way will find out, only to soon, that it is impossible to just have a good time at college. Deep, prolonged periods of study are essential. To some of us a college education is only a means of making a lot of money in later life. This philosophy is usually altered during the first year of college. Most of us look upon college as an opportunity for continued education, which in turn, will make us better citizens in a

better country. This should be every cadet's philosophy in regard to a college education. We have to remember that a college education is not for our own personal benefit, but also for our country's benefit. A country is only as strong as its people, and in modern times the country that is mentally strong supersedes the country that is mentally deficient.

We all must work with great vigor to achieve a well-balanced college education. It does not come easy; but with good study habits, hard work, and a conscientious mind, we can all reach our goal, a college diploma.



First he is given a uniform which instills a pride and honor in him.

THE SUICIDE

NORMAN TANEY

WILLIAM BARTON, owner and editor of the city's largest newspaper, walked into his fashionable house at 5:20 P.M. on Friday afternoon. He was tired and dejected from the phone ringing all day. A fire here, a child hit by a car there, had been the story.

He had just sat down with a drink and the paper when his wife burst into the room with a black cocktail dress on. She looked at him in astonishment and asked why he wasn't getting dressed for Hime Marshall's cocktail party? He replied disgustedly that he was too tired.

But after two more drinks and a half-hour of pleading, Bill Barton headed up the stairs to change. He grunted disconsolately as he took the first steps.

Twenty minutes later he came down and remarked sarcastically to his wife about her conservative low-cut dress. She ignored this and said, "Let's leave before we're late."

At 7:00 P.M. the Bartons arrived at the Marshall residence, a penthouse. The butler ushered them in and got them a drink. Mr. Barton proceeded to get very drunk while his wife was busily attracting all the men doing well at their respective forays.

Two hours later Bill Barton arose drunkenly and staggered across the room to the bedroom. He stood looking through the drapes and window

at the people below. He laughed as he thought that he could squish them with his foot. Then suddenly he felt as if he was being pushed through the open window and into space. He was falling! The last thing he heard was his wife's laughter and the words: "He's gone for good."

The headlines of the city's papers the next morning screamed: "William Barton, famous editor and millionaire, leaps fourteen stories to his death." A subheading said in black print: "Wife, sole heir!"



And the final result ...
a Staunton cadet.

THE LINE BETWEEN SANITY AND INSANITY

DARREL TYLER

THE LAWYER was tired, beaten and unhappy, because he let an innocent man go to the state prison called Leavenworth. He walked slowly to his car, thinking "I could have saved him; why didn't I?" Maybe I worked too hard or maybe not hard enough; maybe I didn't appeal at the right time? The lawyer drove home in silence.

Arriving home, he found his wife dressed in a gleaming cocktail dress, mixing martinis for the two of them.

She asked, "How did it go today dear?"

He replied, "The jury voted guilty; he goes to Leavenworth for life on Wednesday."

She, trying to comfort him, said "Maybe there was nothing you could do, the papers said..."

Cutting her off, he yelled, "Damn the papers! He was not guilty, and I let him go to prison. I will never forgive myself for that. I can't even call myself a lawyer anymore. The papers will say tomorrow that Joe Brighton was so guilty that even the great Mike Masterson could not get him acquitted."

She said, "Now Mike quit all this talk and get ready."

Masterson replies, "What for dear?" She indignately said, "For the

Johnson's party. You know I want to go."

He replied in a tired, beaten voice, "I don't want to go to a party; I don't feel like it."

His wife replied, "If you don't go, I'll never speak to you; and there'll be no trip to New Orleans."

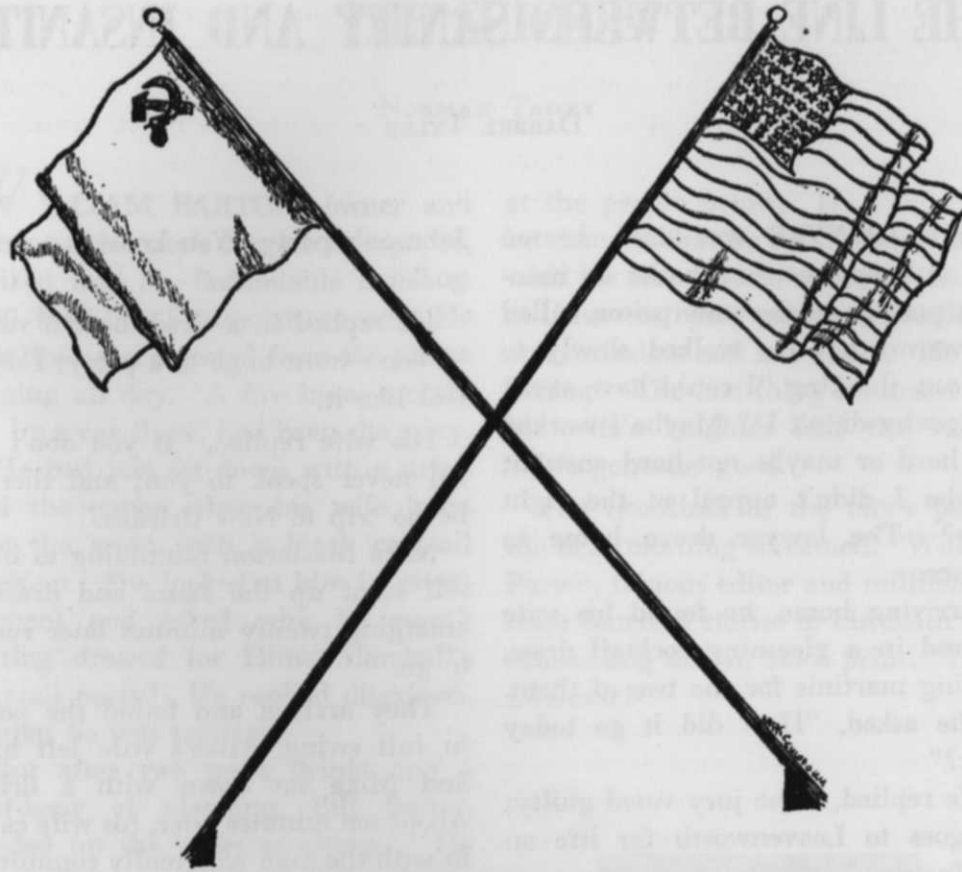
Mike Masterson mumbling to himself went up the stairs and dressed, emerging twenty minutes later ready to go.

They arrived and found the party in full swing. Mike's wife left him, and Mike sat down with a drink. About ten minutes later, his wife came in with the man who really committed the crime of which Mike was trying to clear Joe Bixton.

She stopped with a scream and yelled, "That, Mike Masterson, is why you lost the trial today. I planned it; I set it up and you couldn't do a thing about it."

Mike jumped up and started to run away; then he tripped and fell. As he fell, he heard a mocking laugh behind him and then there was nothing.

The headlines in the morning read, "Mike Masterson, brilliant defense lawyer, leaps thirteen stories to his death, the cause being his loss of the Joe Bixton case yesterday."



CO-EXISTENCE, IS IT POSSIBLE?

RAY BROWNFIELD

IN OUR MODERN complex civilization there are many different types of systems or forces that work against each other for their very existences. These systems include politics, economics, and various social and moral systems. Because of their difference they obviously conflict with each other. Because of their great number, they have found it necessary to form coalitions among themselves to

make one group or another to gain an advantage. The two main groups have set themselves up in opposition and have created what has come to be known as the "conflict of our times." One group, the West, includes the democratic free thinking societies; the other, the East, is composed of those totalitarian, closed minded societies who want only to dominate mankind. The question is: can they exist with-

out friction at the same time in the same world?

For the answer to this question it is necessary to examine the various basic principles and beliefs of these societies. First let us take the Western democracies

The word itself "democracy" is of Greek derivation meaning government by the people. This is the all important basis for this system. Also, characteristic of a democracy is the belief that the state exists for the greatest number of people. Democratic societies state that the individual should be regarded as a human being possessing human worth, human dignity, and human value. He is an end, not a means to an end.

Societies of this sort are controlled by governments of laws, not of men. Theoretically, there is no discrimination against citizens because of race, color, creed, or sex. In democracies the decisions of the majority bind the whole, and these decisions of the majority are forced by civil and legal process, not by military force.

Individuals of democratic states are believed to have the power to make valued judgments. Among these judgments is the right of the people to grant governmental powers to whom they choose, and retract them if they deem it necessary. Finally, as the last characteristic the guiding light for all democratic societies is the common Code of Good Sportsmanship.

That their bloc, represented and largely led by the communist states,

seems to disagree with all the important aspects of the first. A contrast of the two would show initially that the government of these are not of, by, or for the people. They are of and for the state only. These governments attach not worth or value to the human being. They regard him only as a tool, something that can be made into anything or forced to do anything.

These societies are dominated by one man or small groups of men who are concerned only with themselves or their own groups. There is constant discrimination against various people for any reason that the authorities may choose. The masses have no basic rights.

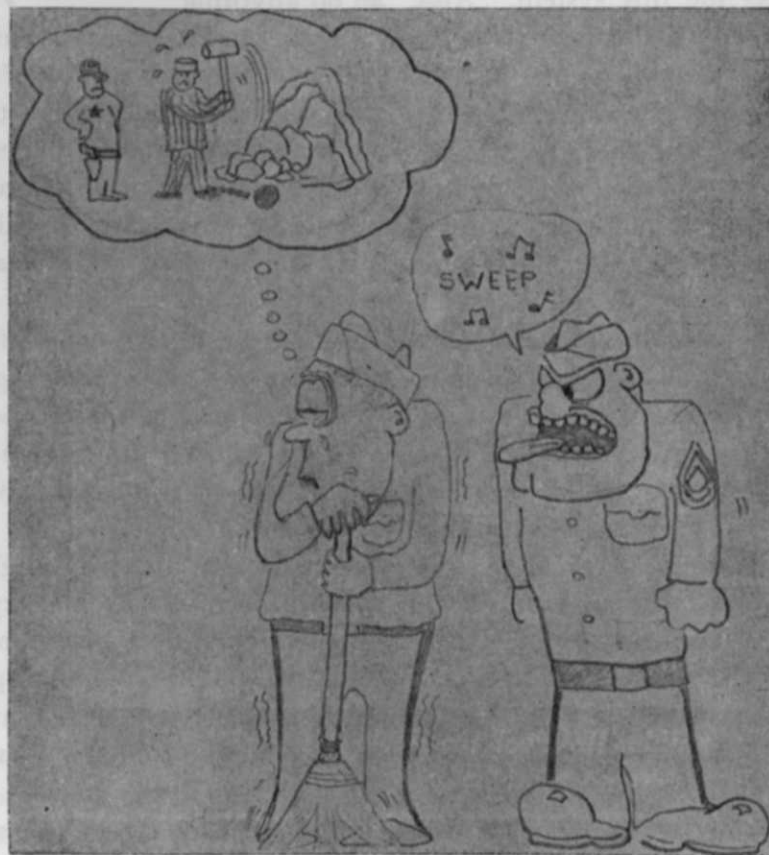
Since the governments of these societies do not derive their right to rule from their people, they do not allow it to be taken away from them by peaceful and orderly means. They cannot allow their people to think for themselves for fear that they might become over-authoritative. As a comparison to the final principle of the other bloc, their view is this: If the opponent is smaller than you, step on him. If he is larger, take care, for you may end up under his heavy hand.

Can we draw a conclusion from this comparison? Theoretically, how can any two forces, basically opposed to each other in every way, possibly co-exist? Surely one must resist dominate or stamp out the other to preserve its own life.

Practically, we must co-exist at least

for the present. We cannot allow ourselves to drift into an open conflict with another force, for it would mean the end of the world as we know it today.

Co-existence does not seem possible, yet co-exist we must. What happens when one irresistible force meets another. What will be the end result?



Then he is taught some of the fine arts of military life. By now he is already accustomed to, and looking forward to his stay at SMA.

THE SUMMER ALONE

NORMAN TANNEY

JOHNNY PARRISH had just gotten out of the car and headed for the house. The time was 2:00 A.M. Mrs. Barnes, who had seen her next door neighbor wander drunkenly in too many times, muttered to herself something about teenagers being left alone for two weeks.

Back in the house, Johnny turned the light on and started the coffee "perking". Then he left the kitchen and went into the living room and lit up a "Luckie". He turned on the record player, quite loud for a party, but for the middle of the night it was blasting. Lights came on in the houses along the street and the phone started ringing. After cussing out by some, he turned the record player off. About 3:30 that morning he crawled in bed.

He awoke about noon the next day with a horrible hangover. Johnny lit a butt and got up out of bed. Smiling though his pounding head he thought of the last two weeks. Then he started breakfast. He kept muttering to an empty house about his head.

That afternoon he was dressed and headed for Steve Bullock's house. They

were going to the country club for golf and the dance that night.

The boys came in after eighteen holes as the sun was going down. They changed and swam around for about two hours. At 8:00 P.M. Steve and Johnny headed for the clubhouse for dinner.

An hour later they went into the dance quite already tippy from the liquor. They kept drinking on and at midnight, when the dance was over, Johnny was plastered and Steve was pretty high. A few minutes later they started out to take a couple of girls home across the river.

As they got on the bridge everything went black for John who was driving. Johnny awoke and saw a kid pedaling his bike slowly across the bridge. Johnny slammed on the brakes! He was too late! The kid lay on the road conscious. Johnny cried out into the night. His friends saw him leap out over the rail 300 feet down into the swirling white water. They heard him yell, "I killed him, I should go too!"

John Parrish, a brilliant and high-strung boy of sixteen was dead. Dead, because he thought he killed a child. That boy had just fallen off his bike.

AN INGLORIOUS DEATH

HARLOW NEWTON

LIEUTENANT JIM STUART was upset. He was raging, "It was a catastrophe, Bill. Though only one man died, it should never have happened. If I could find the guilty ones who overlooked the transformers and the faulty valves, I'd kill 'em."

"I know how you feel, Jim," said Second Lieutenant Bill Ganon sympathetically. "Eric was one hell of a nice guy."

"Why couldn't I have taken his place? At least I'm not married." Jim paused as he wandered over to the water cooler in Conference Room 13. "You know, I still can't believe he's dead. Eric was my best friend and the best guy in this mixed up world."

"Look Jim, I've got to report to sick bay. You might want to read this." Ganon placed a small, dirty, oil-stained notebook on the mahogany conference table, he saluted and left.

"Why it's Eric's personal logbook," exclaimed Stuart while thumbing through the pages. When he came to the page marked May 3, he slumped into a large swivel-type chair and began to read slowly and carefully.

0630—I woke up today feeling quite refreshed and ready to go over the preliminary checks of the ship. We have been submerged twenty days, and just received orders to surface at

1200 hours today. We all will need this breath of fresh air. Everyone is getting pretty exhausted down here.

0830—I just finished mess and was examining the reactor and missile charts. Everything is in order. The crew is happy and I share their feeling.

0930—There is nothing special to do now. I have checked all systems with Mitch, the first mate, and all is in order. There are no emergencies and everybody is taking it easy. In eight days I shall see my wife, Jane, and my kids, Frankie and Terry. I can't wait to see them. These next eight days are going to pass awful slow for me.

1030—All is well. There is nothing new to report except Mitch, who caught his pants on a latch and tore them in half. We had a good laugh and he took it quite good-naturedly, too.

1130—Nothing to do except sleep and drink coffee. The next check is at 1330.

1230—No check.

1300—A lot has happened in the last thirty minutes. I might as well start from the beginning. At 1200 hours we began surface preparations. By 1215 everything was checked and ready. As we began to surface, the transformers to the air-water tanks

short-circuited. I don't think anyone will ever understand how or why they did, but the damn transformers blew, and we were stranded about eighty feet below sea level. Well, I sent the electrician experts to appraise the situation, which relatively speaking, was not a major calamity. It was just then that all hell broke loose. The intake-water valves broke and water began leaking into the tanks. I was informed that we were slowly sinking. The rest was simple and quick. I rang the orange emergency and ordered an immediate S.O.S. sent out. Then I held a quick conference with the officers and then the crew and explained to them the situation. It was decided to evacuate the ship. In less than fifteen minutes everyone except me had donned diving suits and had left for the surface. By the time I prepared to exit, the sub was over 150 feet "downstairs", which is too low for a diving suit. We were still sinking, the sub and I.

1330—A strange thing has happened. The sub didn't explode or better said collapse with the pressure. By some quirk of fate the sub landed on the edge of a precipice some 250 feet down. I have just found out that the air is escaping. Somewhere there is a small hole in the hull. It will be about one hour before I suffocate. I wonder if the signals got through.

I guess I should be crazy with nervousness, but somehow I'm very calm about the whole matter. Maybe I've passed the stage of hysteria and am in the calm stage now. The thought of death doesn't seem to bother me.

Right now, I'm drinking some coffee, and writing so someone will know what happened. Many wonderful memories are drifting across my conscious mind. Terry who is six, Frankie who was just a year old yesterday, and my beautiful wife Jane. I can remember all the wonderful times we've had together. Now there is only the deep rhythmic sound of the "reactor".

1430—There is not too much time left. I was hoping for help, but I guess our signals didn't get through.

The coffee tastes good, very good. I want my family to know what happened. Please, whoever reads this book, tell them please.

1440—Its getting hard to breathe. Oh God, let my wife and children know how much I love them. Don't let them forget me.....

There it ended. Stuart slowly closed the logbook of Eric Stantler, Captain of the U.S.S. Hull. He arose from the chair; put on his cap, and walked towards the exit door of Conference Room 13. There were tears in his eyes as he slowly went out of the building.



TO KAREN

MARK T. EWING

Blonde hair, laughter, gaiety and fun	Lips so red and eyes so blue
Yonder we see a girl in the sun	Won't you be my love so true
Happy and gay	Sweet and fair
Stay that way	With golden hair
Oh! Little lady, daughter of the sun.	Oh! Little lady, my love so true.

Bluebirds are flying over the sea
 Won't you be the true love for me
 Nestle in silence quietly beside
 So your radiant love can abide
 Oh! Little lady my love for thee.

FOR ETERNITY

H. I. SCAGGS

The night was cold and dark;
 Amber stars were dangling in the sky,
 And covered with a cloud of muffled silence.
 Everything within sight was smothered
 In a blanket of deadly mist.
 The moon above could scarcely be seen,
 And every ounce of its mere existance
 Amplified its mystery.
 Everywhere a black mournful cloak
 Hung hideous over every second of deeping stillness;
 Nearby a small stream bubbled over
 With eerie apparitims which chilled the very soul.
 All life was drained away;
 Last souls could be visualized,
 Searching, ever searching the
 Vastness of this God forsaken land
 For some unknow cause.
 With all pure hearts prevailing,
 May the innocent never step into
 These abysmal jaws of Hell.

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