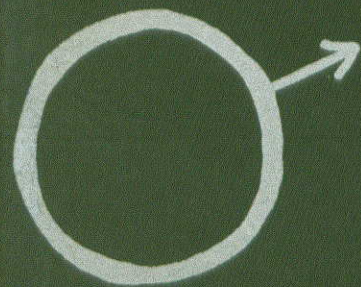
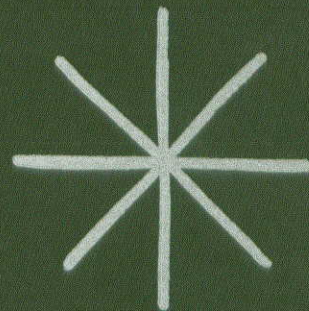
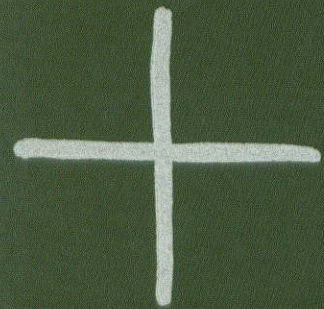
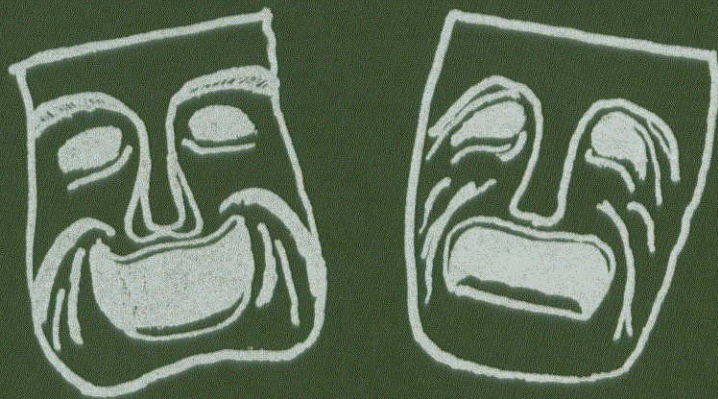
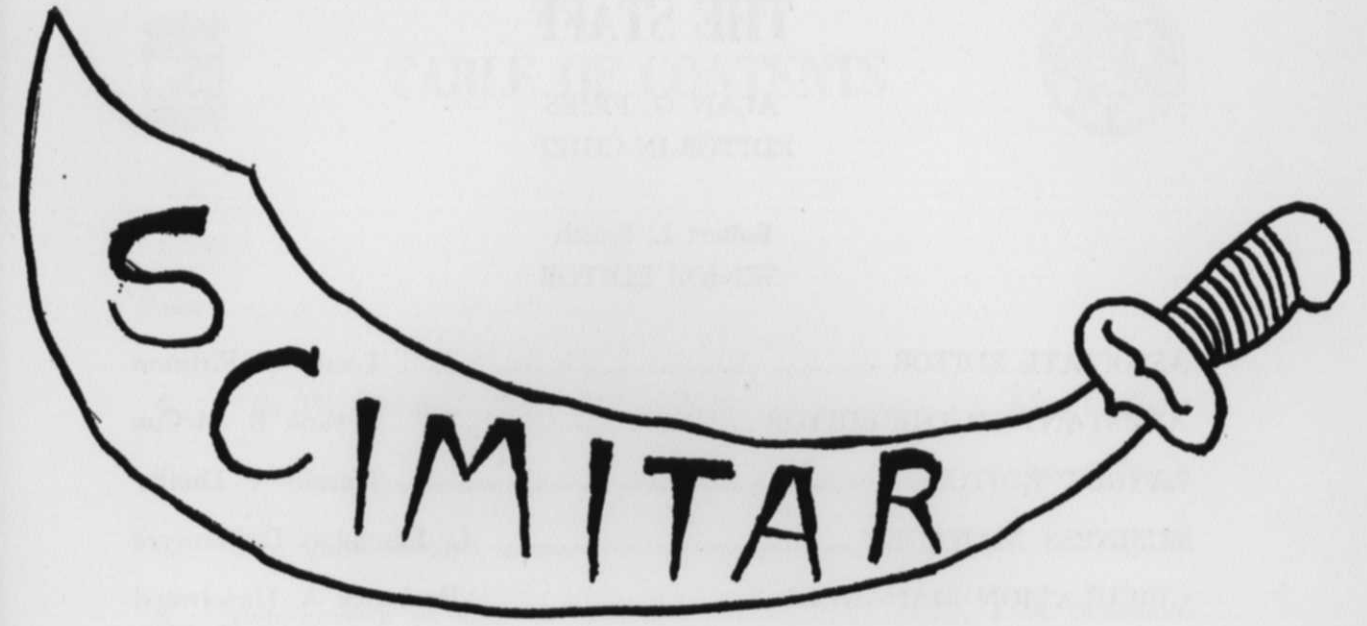


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1964



FALL EDITION

A TRI-YEARLY MAGAZINE BY THE CADETS
OF THE STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

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"TO THE POINT...."

ALAN G. FEJES

TO THE READER:

This edition of the SCIMITAR deals with cadets' thoughts pertaining to life and its various aspects and facets. Happiness, death, and love are a few of the subjects cadets pondered over and then put their ideas into words. Artistic value is placed on the sketches

in an attempt to add savor to the works and lend a more meaningful effect to the poems and stories.

The staff sincerely hopes that the reader will derive not only enjoyment but also a better understanding of life.



To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

ECCLESIASTES, 3

VITA

LEE DEVAULT

A WORD OF vitality, of strength, of motion, of existing, and of growing. Life likens to light, brightness, and things that are living. So much is living in the world around us, and yet so few people stop, contemplate, and realize just how much life has to offer.

Life, however, speaks to us in so many ways. The rain, as it falls, carries the voice of life in its thumping tempo and whispers whenever the rain falls as a soft mist rather than with its usual insistence. Nothing can be more satisfying than listening to nature, which is the purest form of life known to man. Life is so many more things. It is the stillness of night, broken only by the wandering sounds of a passing breeze or the lonely cry of a cricket somewhere in its own world. Life can be found in the sun when it sets and turns the sky ablaze in a breathtaking panorama of vivid colors, and also in the moon, when it bathes the quiet darkness with caressing, filmy light that filters down through a dark velvet sky studded with diamonds. Life can also be

found in new love, that warms the heart with tender thoughts of devotion, concern, and consideration. Life carries on in all facets of existence until it becomes the inevitable... death. All life must end at some time in individuals. The love, emotion, thoughts, sounds, actions, and physical characterizations all return to dust.

Is life everlasting even beyond death? No man has ever returned to divulge this treasured secret. Is the afterlife to be feared or to be anxiously awaited? That, too, lies with the individual. Perhaps there is nothing but eternal darkness, and yet would a man have died for others on the cross telling them of paradise and everlasting life just as a joke or for fame? Hardly. Although we cannot see or touch lasting life, we must believe it is there in much the same way as we believe that the sun will rise again after it sets. Someday, however, that question will be answered and perhaps the secret of existence will at last be released from the heavens and endowed through life everlasting.



The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he hoped to make it.

JAMES M. BARRIE



THE QUESTIONNAIRE

3R

What drives man on to glory?
What shapes his whole life story?
What mends man's way of life.
Creates his faults and strife?
What helps men earn their money,
And keep their lovely honey?
That wonderful help in competition—
Ambition!

What makes strong men rich,
And prevents the seven year itch?
What keeps the wise man healthy,
And keeps the rich man wealthy?
What brings man joy and sorrow?
Keeps food for his tomorrow?
That which pays your tuition—
Ambition!

What keeps man on the ball,
And helps us one and all?
What puts fame within our reach?
Saving precepts it does teach.
What gives us what we need?
My words please do ye heed.
It's why I'm writing this composition—
Ambition!



RELATIONSHIP IN LIFE .

J. A. SCHUMAN

What am I in relation to who,
I don't know and neither do you.
What's the purpose in this place,
Where to be a king you must hold an ace.

Where to come by real life is to moan and groan
And to find this hell you must stand alone,
And dictate to yourself the reason for
Being a swinger, a "beat," or a bore.

You have to be able to stand up and say:
"I am what I am today,
Because I have chosen to be so
And have copied myself from no one I know."

"I fell this way because I believe
That all I can see and all I conceive
Beckons to me and makes me see
That there is no one I would rather be."

If this is said and truly meant
And all your ability and time is spent
Trying to prove that this is true
Then you know what you are in relation to who.

**alone**

ALEXANDER MACNICOL III

upon a barren, windswept hill,
a lonely plant grows.
a small mushroom alone in the world,
without a care.

no birds to peck his cap,
no deer to eat him whole,
no more worms to uproot him.
he is alone.

it happened awhile back.
his brother came,
louder than thunder, brighter than suns,
and left him alone.

**FAITH**

JAIME A. VICENS, JR.

Faith is the flower that blooms unseen
By mountains of immortal green—
A hope—for harvest in the skies,
In which the reaper never dies—
A tree to which the power is given
To lift its branches to heaven;
And from whose boughs of gorgeous fruit
A loftier tree shall take its root.



A MANY-SIDED QUESTION

PAUL R. GURIAN

A ball of fire,
Its Origin unknown;
They say it's an omnipotent's desire;
Can their answer be considered alone?

They say six days,
Its origin unknown;
Why not six million,
Can their answer be considered alone?

Man is one's result,
His origin unknown;
Darwin claims evolution,
Can their answer be considered alone?

The Beasts are his lesser,
Their origin unknown;
They appear to be brothers,
Can their answer be considered alone?

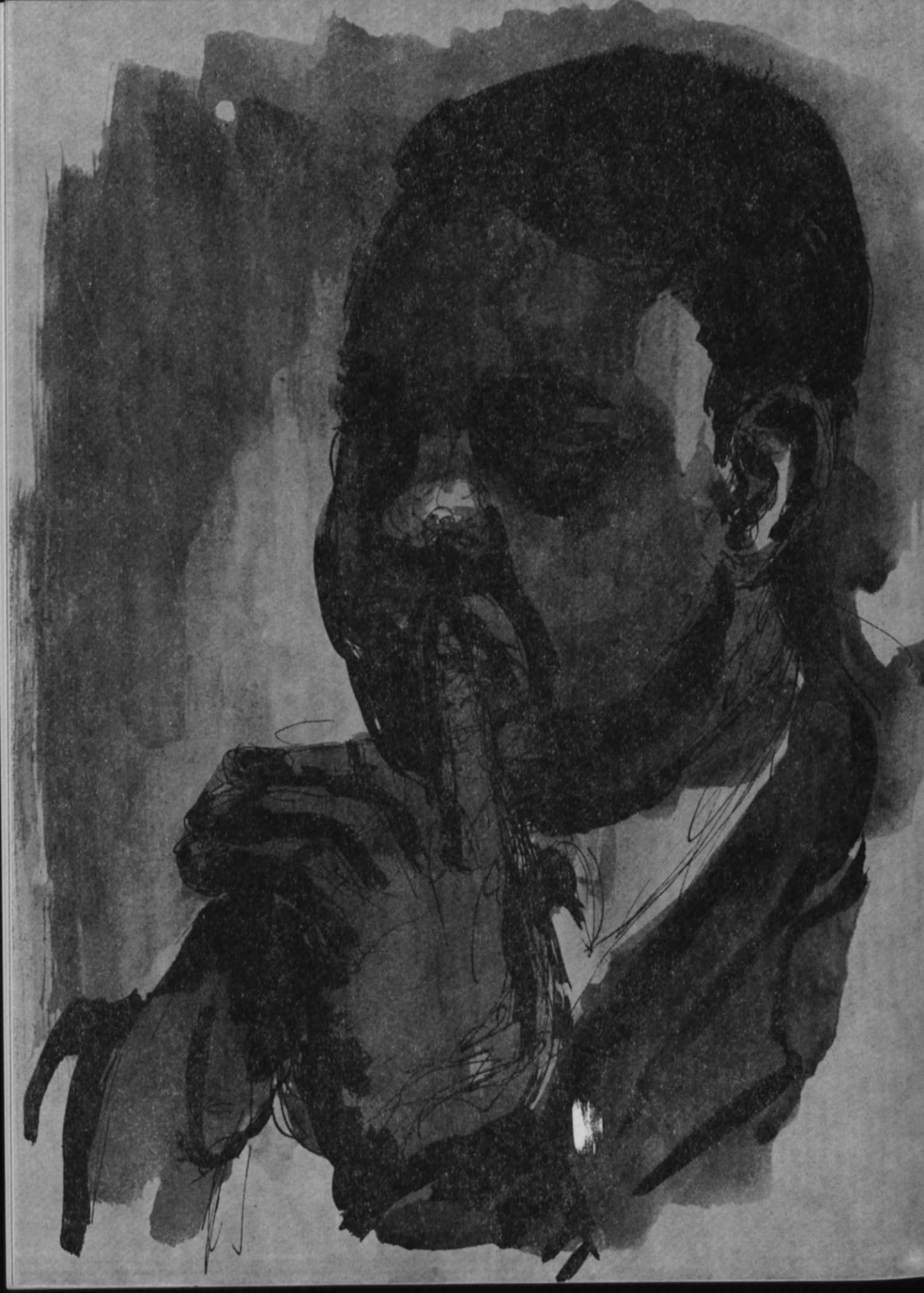
Man prepares for immortality,
Its origin unknown;
Shouldn't he just live life?
Can their answer be considered alone?

They turn to him in need,
His origin unknown;
But the poor still bleed,
Can their answer be considered alone?

Distrust the unbelievers,
Their origin unknown;
Their side could have the answer;
Can their answer be considered alone?

They say life is immortal,
Its origin unknown;
We see that it ends,
Can their answer be considered alone?

One lives in a doubt-filled World.
His origin unknown;
With death he finds his answer;
Then the answer is his alone to be known!



THE TEACHER

LUTHER RANDOLPH DOFFERMYRE

The teacher came and taught us so,
The lesson he felt we all should know.
And when his bell rang, away he did go,
Death we do not want to seek,
But one day each must meet, not knowing
What lies ahead.

He left behind him a memory to each,
To all the pupils that he did teach.
A goal in life that we should seek.
To place before the altar as we fod
In the heaven of God, not knowing
What lies ahead.

Now that nature has made its choice
And has left me forever hoarse
Through teaching a teacher's course.
To the pupils that one day may
Speak the words that I say, not knowing
What lies ahead.

SIMPLICITY OF LIFE

M. K. SOMERS

Men must be strong,
Women must weep.
So hard the swift wind
That silence will not keep,
Yon the great shores
Of God's earth that we reap,
Today we must work—
For tomorrow we sleep.



"THOUGHTS"

LEE DeVault

HE SAT ON THE SIDE of the mountain shrouded in an air of solitude. His face was hard from life and his eyes bore the mark of one who had encountered more than his share of defeat. He was lost in his own thoughts and yet alert to the world about him. The sun was a glowing disc of fire as it sank ever so slowly into the churning seas that faced westward. Far below on one side of him the sea lapped eagerly at the shore. It battered its endless legions against the shore in a never-ending struggle that was eons old and yet was just beginning. He thought of his life as being likened to the sea; his struggles and efforts bore bitter fruit and accomplished next to nothing. He searched within his mind for the tenth time in a vain effort to find a reason or solution to this problem that tormented him so. It dominated his very soul and being by its presence and would give him no rest until it was resolved.

Reluctantly, day slowly lost its reign to the goddess of night. An evening mist settled as if to shroud the changing of the throne. The sun had disappeared leaving nothing but a brilliant scarlet flame of erupting clouds to mark its passage. The world of nature stilled. A chilly wind softly glided to and fro, seemingly undecided about its destiny. The last taints of light slowly faded in the indigo blue sky. With each passing

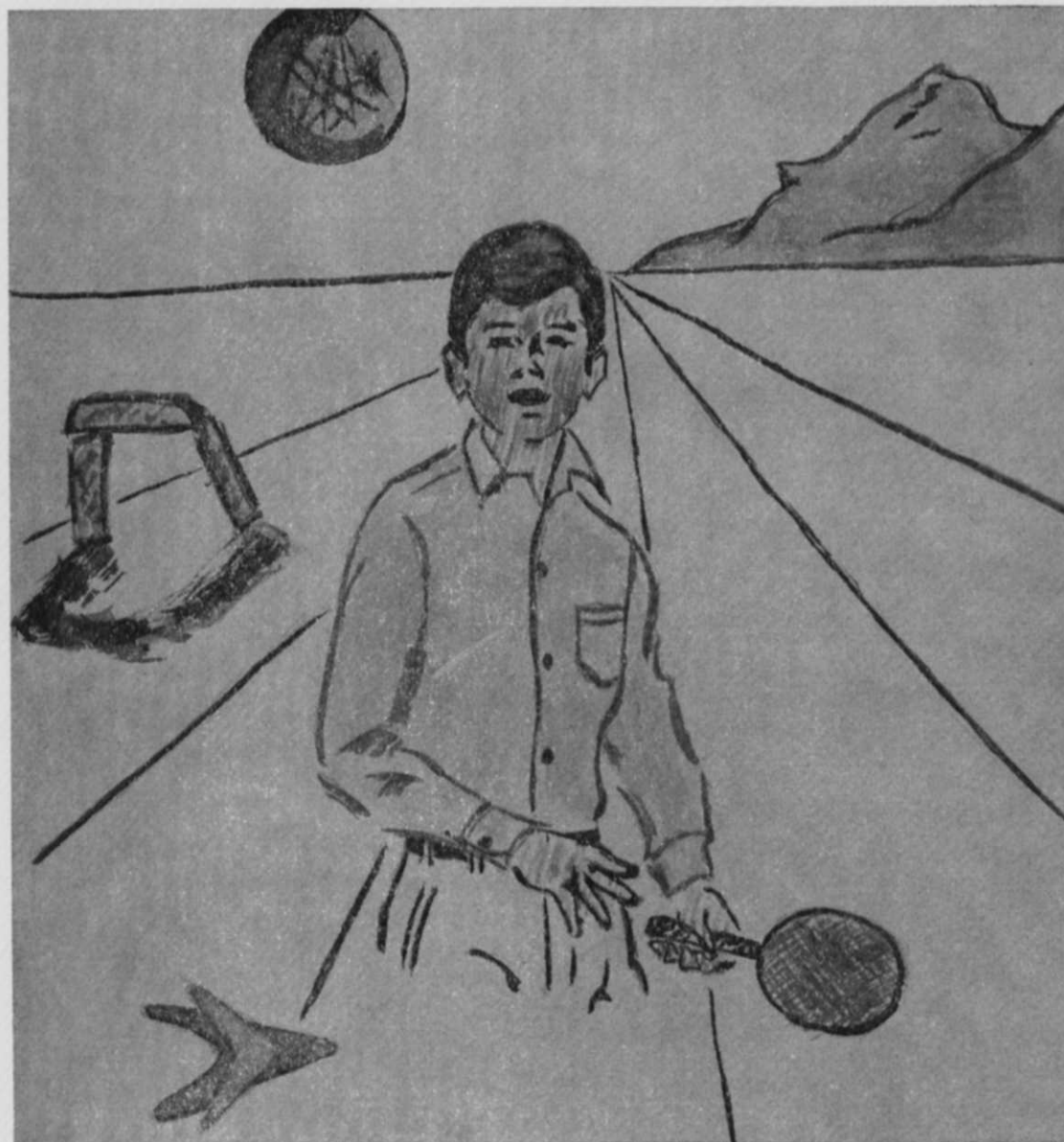
second, the sky relaxed its grip on the light until even the faintest tint was swallowed up into the approaching night. The transition was complete. Here and there a star appeared, some bright, some only a faint pin-prick of light on a velvet mantle of darkness. Within minutes, more and more appeared. The young man's eyes were misty with anger at all of this beauty. He wished he could shatter the quietness about him as well as dampen the noise within his mind. He compromised by lighting a cigarette and deeply inhaling its raw comfort. His mind, however, was still ill at ease.

The stars were haphazardly thrown together. It was more to the likeness of some beserk painter flipping white paint onto a dark canvas into an incongruous mass. Yet out of this mass came the height of beauty. As the night progressed, the stars became more numerous. Below him, the city stirred. Upon this mountain top the wandering wind had found rest. It stirred and shipped playfully up the mountainside in a soft caressing breeze. With this breeze, as its stow-away passenger, came the city. All of the sounds of turmoil, strife, and happiness glided swiftly up to the lofty crag upon which he sat. As swiftly as it came it was gone. Nothing was left but the smell of grass and the fragrance of strange exotic things. The billowing grass stopped its frenzied

dance and once again the world grew quiet, as if waiting.

The young man rose at last. His search within him for that something that had pained as well as soothed was over. He had found an answer within the pit of loneliness that harboured the shadows of all of his griefs. He snapped his cigarette away and watched the dying embers fade from his

sight far below. The wind rose off of its haunches and began to wander once more. His eyes stung and the young man realized that there were tears in his eyes. He had found an answer at last. He slowly walked away no longer tormented by that unknown nightmare. He was gone into the darkness to an even more unknown destiny.



LIFE BEAT!

JOEL SCHUMAN

Life is a pair of Bongo drums,
To which every being eventually succumbs.
One beats sorrow while one rings love,
One is hell below and the other is heaven above.

One is sad while the other is gay,
One is the wind of December, the other the breeze of May.
One tells the story of the beat with long hair,
Who lives close to life on Washington Square.
The other the story of Mr. League
Who doesn't delve into his intrigue,
Of the reason why something is so,
But if you asked his Alma Mater he'd know.

However, Mr. League would probably mourn
If his favorite sport jacket got torn;
For he is blind to the ways of fate,
And probably if on some later date
He found out that he couldn't maintain
The pace with his neighbor's, he'd go insane.

But Mr. Beat couldn't care less
If his pants are torn and his sweater's a mess,
For he has asked if he had some doubt
Of the realistic question others talk about.

Mr. League would rather have a fit
Than ask the question and readily admit
That he didn't know the answer to the same
Even though he isn't really to blame.

So try not to be like Mr. League
Who cares nothing of his own intrigue.
And if you look at Mr. Beat with despair
Remember Lincoln wore a beard
And Jesus had long hair.



TE AMO

ANONYMOUS

WHAT IS this "thing" called love? Is it such a mortal sin and crime to love a girl when you're seventeen years old?

Love—a word that has mystified every person who has ever lived because of the powers and wonders that it possesses. It has baffled and frustrated philosophers of all eras because they cannot pinpoint its origin or trace it with a concise, suitable definition. Love cannot be defined in technical terms or phrases, but its effects can be observed, experienced, and described. Love is natural. If man was born into sin, then he was also born into love.

Why should I write about this word that affects the emotions with the force of a ravaging storm? Maybe it's because I am in love. Yes, I love a girl with brown hair, blue eyes, and an air about her that sends sensations through me faster than cutting soft butter with a red-hot knife. I have

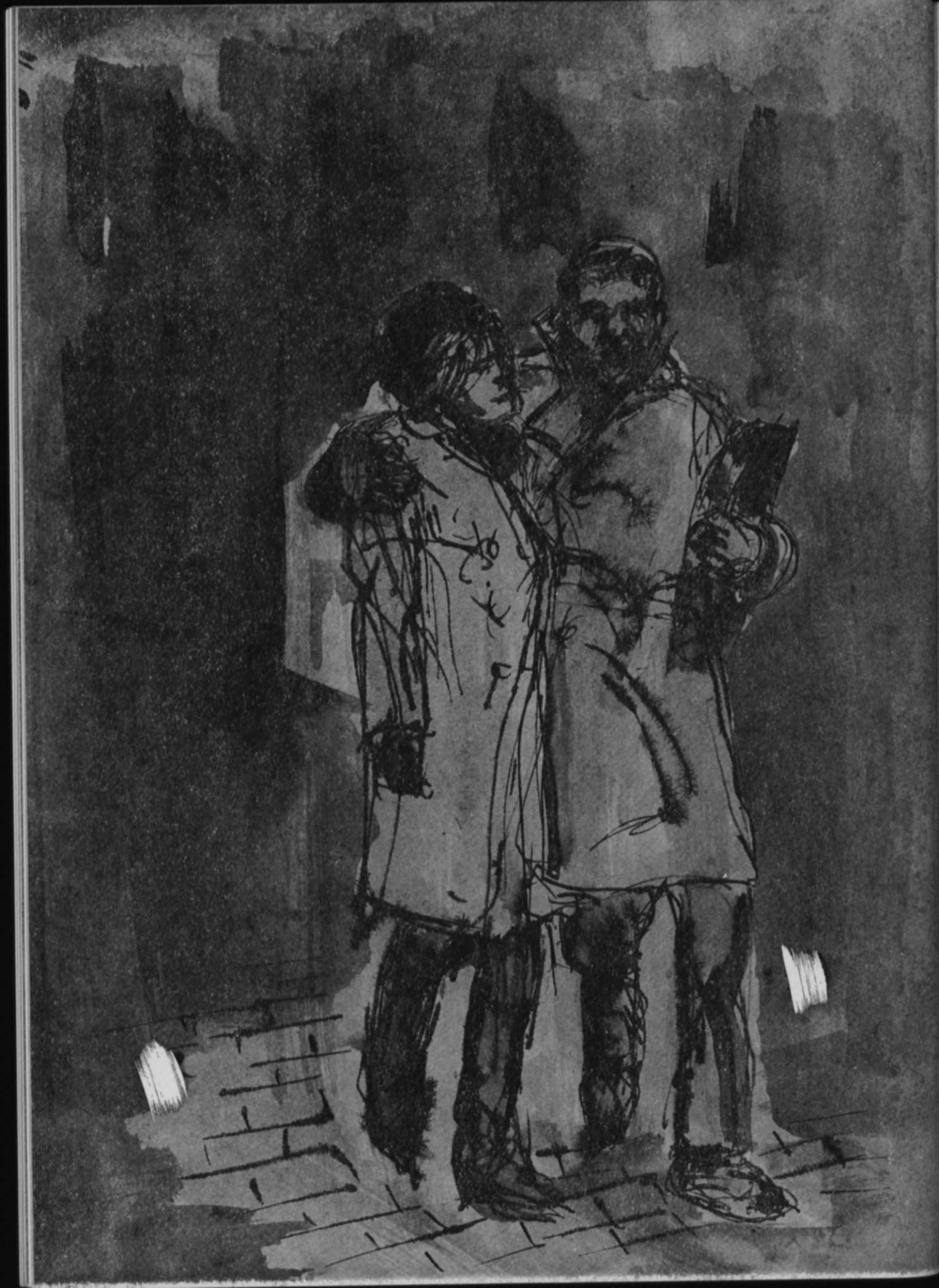
searched my conscience trying to find the reason why I love her; yet, the specific cause has eluded my grasp. It isn't just physical attraction that draws me to her. Her radiant beauty, charm, wit, and personality form what I love. However, there is a concealed element as intangible as the soul which is inexplicable. It is this element that fascinates me and dictates that I love her.

Since we've been dating for the past few years, a deep-seated devotion to her has evolved from our association. She is priceless to me, and I would sacrifice my life for hers. This is really it, and I am cognizant of this fact or else my feelings wouldn't be what they are.

You may think that what I've said is mushy. But you hypocrites will someday experience these same feelings. Don't be afraid what people say. Love makes the world exist and nobody can prevent it. So, damn society and say, "I love you!"

The world would be both better and brighter if we would dwell on the duty of happiness, as well as the happiness of duty.

SIR J. LUBBOCK



COBWEBS

PETE JONES

Life is more than normal
It is a pattern of complex design
Life is a cobweb woven by a spider
Speedily made, but very fine.

The web is man's greed
Trying to catch the unwary prey;
Love, wealth and fame
But short is the day.

Man is the spider
Always hungry and mean
Destroying all that falls its way
He and his web are a team.

Working together, expertly
Trying to capture life at its prime
But the web is not faultless
And who may stop time.

The web's strands may snap.
Their grip now is naught
On a prey long pursued
And seldom ever caught!



Death

JEFF BELKOV

This is the day I have to bear.
I've trodden with this book of life,
And filled myself with sins and strife.
It is too late for me to care.
My limp body has been to rest,
And no one seems to shed a tear.
But this is best of later years,
When my maliced name is of no test.
What have I done?
I know not what.
Be it my fate;
I can not shut.
I feel it late;
My death did have to come.



LIFE

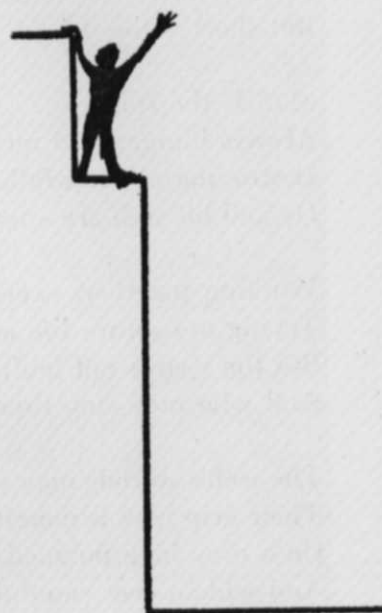
EDWARD A. HARA

Life is the infinite second
 In which man must make a place
 For himself in this earth.
 If he fails, he must face
 The humiliation of being a failure—
 The lowest being of every race.

Between birth and death, time flies,
 And, hour by hour, days quickly pass.
 Always man is under the critical eyes
 Of people who expect perfection from him.
 Every day he must do what is wise
 And just, or be forever persecuted.

I have observed one thing:
 Life is unjust to man.
 It gives him not enough days
 To do what he possibly can,
 To erase in people's minds
 The failures which were wrought by his hand.

In my life so short to live,
 I care not what people may say,
 Or do, or take, or give.
 I have my own ambitions.
 My life is mine alone to live
 And I care not what people think of me.



WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

ANDY LOREE

HAPPINESS, in the opinion of modern philosophers, can equal many things. To me, for the most part, happiness is the fulfillment of soul deep and heart-felt desire. It could be the desire to excel in school, to succeed in the business world, or to settle down to a quiet life and raise a normal American family, as do so many people these days in this time of peace and prosperity.

Happiness is in knowing—knowing that the morrow dawns and a new day has begun and the sun has risen in all its splendor and cast aside the dusk of early morning and gilded the mountains in the olive green we know so well. Happiness is in knowing that we will eat three meals a day, that we will not be persecuted for our beliefs and for the ideals of pure freedom and democracy, and in the just cause of which men and women of this nation have continually and without hesitation shed their precious blood on battlefields around the world! The men and women who have and who will, when called upon, place their very lives on the altars of freedom in a supreme effort for the preservation of liberty, life and truth, and the pursuit of happiness.

In no other country is "the pursuit of happiness" so diligently sought

after as in the United States of America.

Happiness, we then realize, is more than pleasure of the body. Happiness is a state of mind. Many poor people are happy because, as a family, they get along well and, for the most part, few of them know a better life.

On the other hand, many rich people are unhappy because of what we may call too much of a good thing." Rich people have gained their wealth through a driving urge to excel. After they have reached the peak—the top—after which there is nowhere else to go, boredom sets in. Although it is not obvious, a nervous mental condition sets in. It is slowly developing.

Before we can bear it, this condition arrives and is fully implanted in the mind, in the very soul, of the subject. By the time we can hear the faintest footsteps echoing through the mind, he has come, sown the seeds of self-destruction, and skipped merrily on his way, content with the thought that here he has found someone who needed him, who wanted him, who called and waited for him. Now, the subject has him and must spend the rest of eternity with him. Like some unheard of phantom he is here now but has been gone for weeks.

This may not be happiness, but it is a psychological fact that true under-

standing of human beings and the human race as a whole is necessary before the real, indisputable form of happiness is attainable.

I, personally, do not believe that perfect happiness is attainable. I do think, however, that all mankind should strive to come as close as possible to the real joys of easy living, leisure time, and the general welfare of all people, regardless of race and creed; regardless of rank or social posi-

tion; regardless of political beliefs and suspicions; and search for that common good which can be found and can be shared by all men and nations in a time of peace and peaceful co-existence!

It is up to us. Nowhere else in the world is it so much up to us. We should and shall lead the planet earth to real joy, so that in the future no one will ask our descendants, "What Is Happiness?"

~~~~~

*No person is either so happy or unhappy as he imagines.*  
ROCHEFOUCAULD

~~~~~

He who increases the endearments of life, increases at the same time the terrors of death.

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