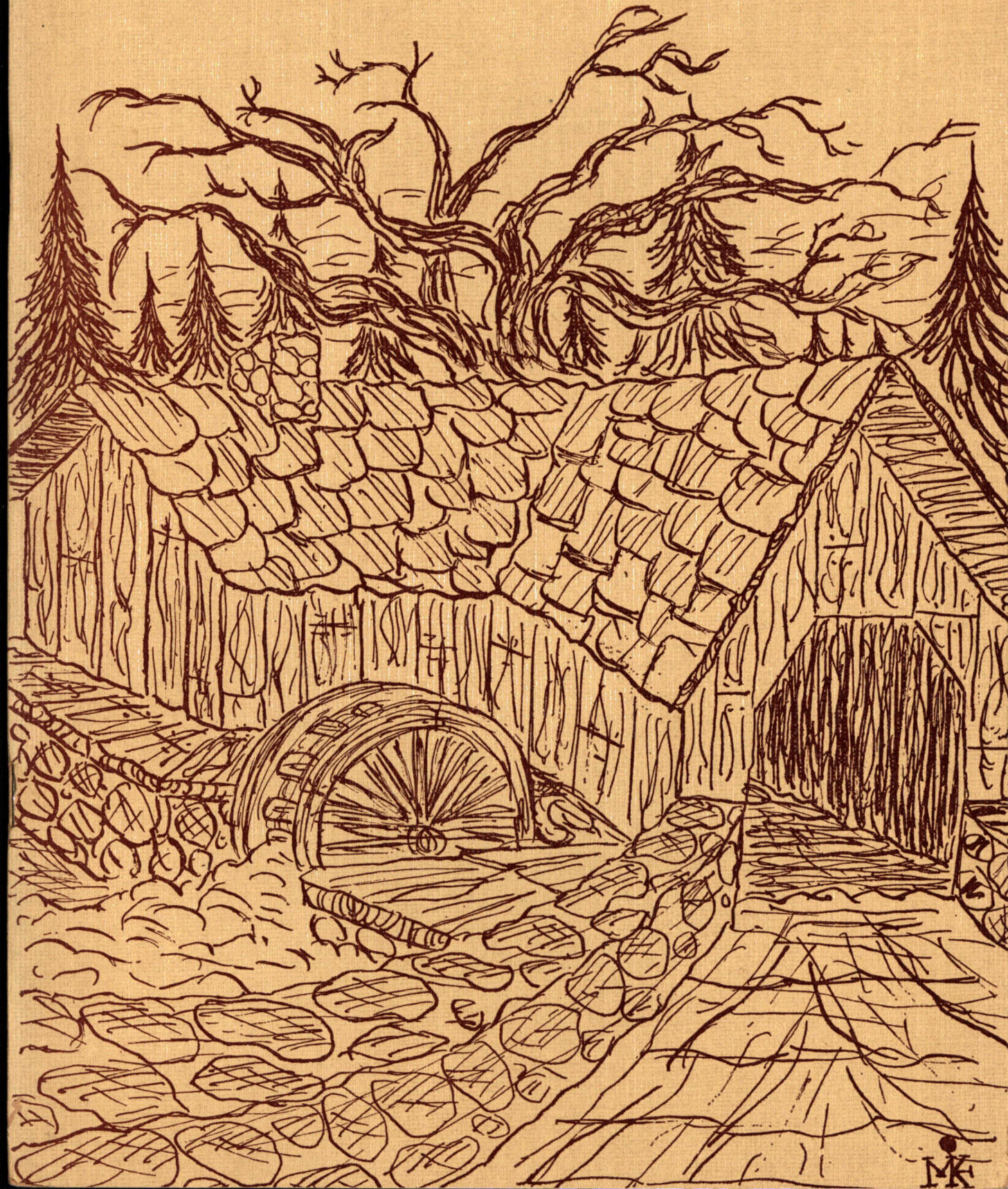
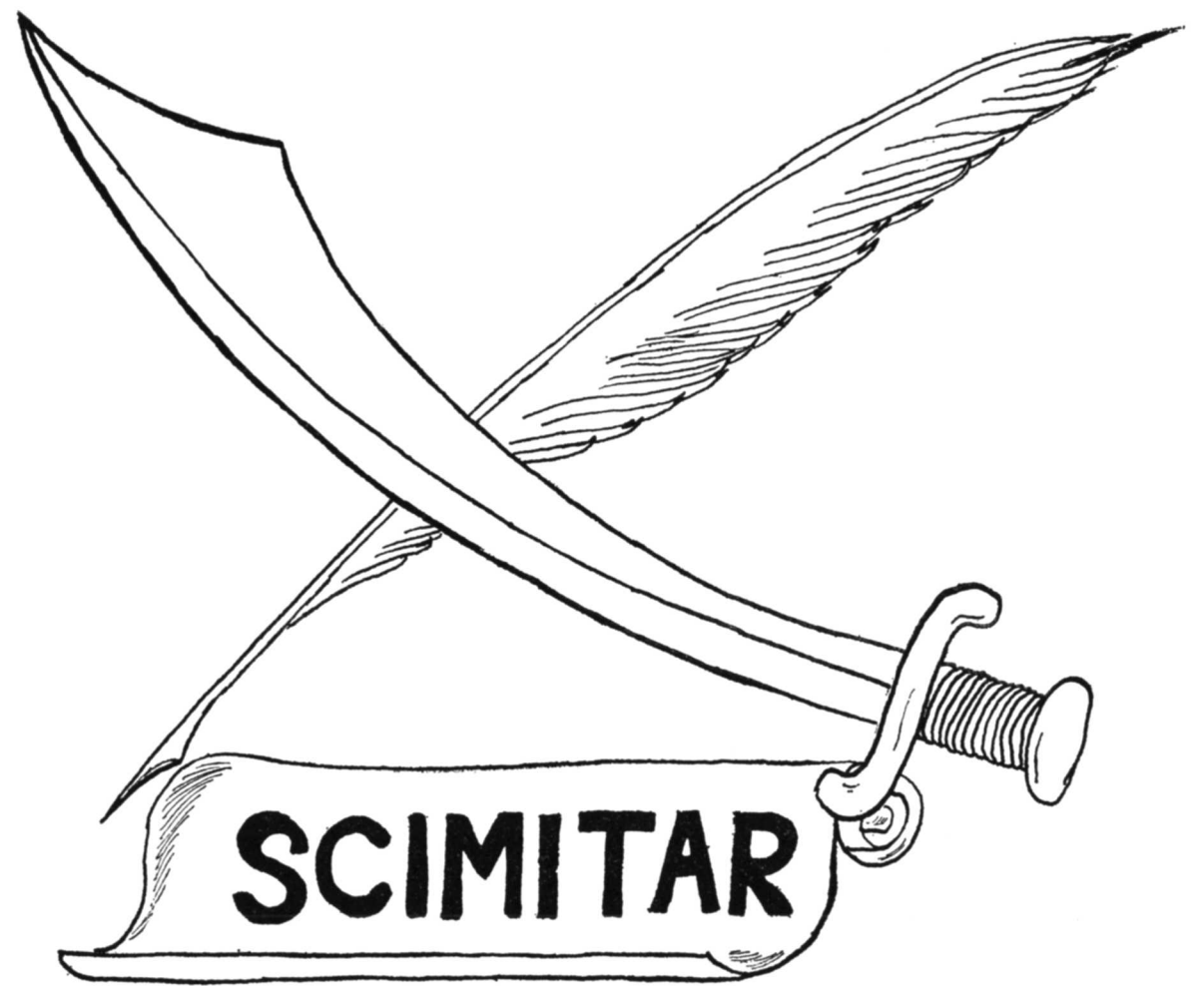


S r i m i t a r



FALL 1966 EDITION

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



THE STAFF

ROBERT R. ROSSI
Editor-In-Chief

<i>Assistant Editor</i>	MICHAEL D. ELINS
<i>Associate Editor</i>	CHESTER F. ELLIOT III
<i>Editor In Charge Of Special Articles</i>	TERRY W. GODWIN
<i>Editors In Charge Of Poetry</i>	HOWARD S. CARMEL JAMES DONNALLEY
<i>Typing Editor</i>	DONALD L. WESTBROOK
<i>Typing Staff</i>	WAYNE HUTCHINSON CHARLES SWAFFORD ANDREW LAMPERT ROBERT LESBURG EDWARD MAYER
<i>Art Editor</i>	MICHAEL A. SHERBA
<i>Art Staff</i>	CHRISTOPHER MORGAN
<i>Exchange Editors</i>	DAVID FRIEDBERG DARREL L. RICHARDSON
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	LT. NEILSON



TABLE OF CONTENTS



PAGE	ARTICLE	AUTHOR
6	The School In The Early Morning Hours or Two on a Beat	Robert R. Rossi
7	Contemplation The Virtual Consequence Generations	Howard Carmel
8	... An The People Laughed	George Tompkins
9	Autumn's Leaves	George Tompkins
	In The Dark	Mike Sinn
10	London	Ed Hara
11	Gettysburg Prayer For A Little Boy	Ed Hara
12	The Effect Of Autumn On The Cadet Corps	Mason Kash Thomas Marshall Andy Pollock
14	To The Dissenter	Robert R. Rossi
15	No Greater Service	Robert R. Rossi
16	Baltimore Harbor Nocturne	Ed Hara
17	Staunton	James Donnally
	Blind Men Wander	Mike Sinn
18	Born A Loser	Scott Harrill

THE SCHOOL IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS

or TWO ON A BEAT

by Robert Rossi

HE WALKS UP Kable Street with a slow deliberate pace and notes the friendly greeting which Weiland gate seems to bestow on all who pass under it. He crosses the asphalt, which is tucked in by living buildings, living in the sense that they house human beings, human life. It seems that the asphalt echoes the shouts and cries of years gone by, and though dormant, seems full of activity. Walking up the steps, he finds himself surrounded by three neatly arranged rows of rooms.

The planks of the gallery sing out a joyous good morning as he mischievously walks a little harder with hopes of awakening a light-sleeping cadet or two. As he passes certain selected doors he discharges one of his newspapers, ceremoniously dropping it from shoulder height, and watching it hit the bright maroon tiles. They seem to come up to meet his feet as he walks along stepping on cracks, and breaking his mother's back.

As he descends the steps, his duties completed, the sun is rising in the east. Its bright rays warm his chilly shoulders. Just then a bell rings. A bugler standing straight and tall plays the flowing tones of reveille. Walking down Kable Street "our man" can hear the flag squeaking up the flag

pole, evidence of a time-honored tradition carried on. He lowers his head and wishes he were a cadet.

He comes out of his room, still stumbling and rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He shrugs at the harsh green, black-speckled walls and curses at the dull red tiles. As he walks along the gallery, he hears the noisy squeek of loose boards under his feet and flinches in agony as each successive screech causes extreme pain in his sore, sensitive head. He walks a little softer to ease the suffering.

Appearing on the cold, empty asphalt he is struck by the austerity and remoteness of this man-made surface. The buildings around seem to scream bitter recollections of past misery. Though full of activity, the asphalt seems dormant. He glances at Weiland gate; it seems a symbol, mocking his true freedom.

The sun is rising in the east. Its hard rays hurt his eyes and increase his headache. Just then a bell rings. A bugler stands sloppily at attention and blasts the harsh, bitter notes of the tune. Standing at attention, he salutes as the squeaking of the flag up the pole increases the pain between his temples. "Our little man" lowers his head and wishes he were a civilian.

CONTEMPLATION

To be the one who is learning,
Is better than being the one who is yearning.
I think of study at this moment,
As intrigue has its component.
As I wonder into the nightless dark,
I think I am a preying shark.
Deeper and deeper do I go,
Where life is but an endless show.
And there I am in the land,
Where study makes you but a man.

Howard Carmel

THE VIRTUAL CONSEQUENCE

Come hither now to me,
I'd wish to never see.
Beyond the voluntary trance,
There lies the notions that do prance.
In warped sensations there have been,
A, depicted, insinuating, and vulgar grin.
More and More does thou unbind,
Until his acts are now untimed.
In depressed state we all shall see,
The war of nerves deprave in thee.

Howard Carmel

GENERATIONS

Death has a great heart,
It leaves no presence.
There is no imitation in one's mind
That it withers me from existence.
Before my sleep I say one thing:
"The strength of soul is the wanderer's guide."

Howard Carmel

... AND THE PEOPLE LAUGHED

The poets song was blown among the spires,
 The curling smoke of incense in the nave.
 The Bishop turned and staring at the deacon,
 Who in one hand held a yellow rose—
 And in the other
 Held a crying child.
 And while the people laughed, he gave his sermon.

All around walls were colored windows,
 Put there in hope that God would not look in.
 On the Bishop's hand there was the ring,
 By which his word was made the church's word.
 And that word was for them only, who could buy,
 A ticket to the church.
 In the basement were the people's children,
 Learning to love their fellow man—
 If he is their equal.
 While they had their party, all the people laughed,
 And the deacon gave his sermon.

Church is over now; people in their homes.
 Talking of the way the Jones' looked
 Complimenting themselves on their own greatness.
 Watching the deacon in the rain,
 Holding his wilted rose,
 Carrying the child—now dead.
 Bearing the Bishop's ban
 For preaching in the church.
 No one goes to church.
 They all know that God is dead
 The greatest men have said it.
 No one laughs at the deacon's sermons.
 There is no one to laugh.

George Tompkins

AUTUMN'S LEAVES

Autumn's leaves are blowing in my face.
 Their flashy colors to obtain
 That before they fall and rot,
 One moment of glory, they could have.
 For cold winds blow, and harsh they are
 To kill nature's glory.
 By autumn leaves, I see you in your fate.
 I watch you fall
 And soon, I to shall be there,
 Rotting 'neath the fleeting sands of time.

George Tompkins

IN THE DARK

From the darkness around
 You can hear the sounds of the world,
 You can smell the sweet air
 But all is dark and isolated.

You can't do what you want to do
 You have to follow them,
 For they can do no wrong and they can do no evil,
 No one sees what is under their masks.

There is no love, only hate.
 It is a world of savages.
 It is a world of emptiness.
 The people are all blind.

The people only see what they want to see.
 But deep down they know
 They just can't bring it out.
 They shut off their minds from thoughts of courage,
 They think only what is accepted.

There is no love, only hate.
 There is no truth, only lies.
 There is no courage, only cowardliness.
 There is no light, only darkness.

Mike Sinn

LONDON

Walk with slow strides over the cobblestones.
In London fog, by the twelve o'clock hour,
Walk cautiously into the unknown.
Into the might of evening's power.

Shadows of darkness run up the walls.
Striking out in eternal gloom,
They wait to reach out from alleys and halls,
Swallowing men as if building doom.

From corner to corner and house to house,
The booming sounds from around an alley in back.
The fright is gone, but like a mouse,
Walk through the night so black.

How was it missed, that which we sought.
A companion, or friendship, or fame.
The shallow night cannot be bought.
The morning will come quite tame.

Somewhere a clock is chiming.
The time for work has come again.
Poets write without rhyming
The facts of life they cannot bend.

Ed Hara

GETTYSBURG

In the shade of the trees, buttercups grow,
waving merrily, their minds unclouded
by the blood their forefathers bore long ago.
Nor can they remember the bodies shrouded,
the stacks of guns,
the shattered limbs,
the futile nurses,
the funeral hymns.

They cannot remember the somber day,
nor the tall man delivering the speech.
Yet, the fence that was there still blocks the way,
and a few old trees
remember the words
carried by the breeze
as the tall man spoke.

Crosses of stone, of linden, of oak,
old soldiers die, only ghosts fade.
Death is blood from a thousand men,
leaving white crosses as memories.
And the buttercups
are yellow again.

Ed Hara

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE BOY

Somewhere his steel hands lie away beneath the mournful tomb.	His warm, forever smile has vanished, laid beneath the somber ground.
The old house that saw so many others, has draped black veils across his room.	To rest with him in cold embrace, and never hear sweet morning's sound.

The castles he built are already crumbling.
Nothing great can forever last.
Time is very slow on pity,
and sorrow runs only in the past.

Be brave, little soldier, now a man.
You've a long way to go, and the lesson's been taught.
But he was also the nation's great father.
It's a shame immortality can't be bought.

Ed Hara

THE EFFECT OF AUTUMN ON THE CADET CORPS

The following article won first place in the "Scimitar Honor Company Contest." "Echo" Company is hereby awarded 15 Honor Company points.

by Mason Kash

AS SUMMER ENDS, a new season begins and nature smiles on her beautiful work of Autumn. At this time of the year everyone is beginning school. The old boy cadets are back from a summer of fun and the new boys are beginning to wonder what they will have to go through in their first year of military school.

Autumn portrays a landscape with beautifully painted trees and provides a pleasant atmosphere for the work of the cadets. Summer is gone and the cadets realize it is time to settle down, to work and intensive study. This season puts one in the right frame of mind for hard work. A cadet knows that he must strive for a good education and be fully prepared for the highly competitive world of tomorrow. Staunton provides for this preparation in many ways. A cadet from Staunton has strong character and displays the qualities of a man. For the new cadets of Staunton, it is just the beginning of a new way of life. Autumn begins this adjustment and provides an atmosphere that makes the work much easier and comprehensive. The

mild Autumn days and the falling of the brightly colored leaves gives the cadet a feeling of security and ability to concentrate. This frame of mind aids in the building of character and the willingness to learn.

The following article won third place in the "Scimitar Honor Company Contest." "Echo" Company is hereby awarded 5 Honor Company points.

by Andy Pollock

THE EFFECT of Autumn on the Corps is sort of a depressing thing. The Corps which has just gotten back from summer vacation is trying to forget all the good times they have had over the summer. The boys have to forget about being with their girlfriend and family and begin to live the military life till the summer.

It is equally depressing for new and old boys. An old boy has to come back and face another year. The new boys have to come not knowing what it will be like, like it or not.

Another depressing thing, whether to look forward to, is school work. The cadets have to get their minds working again and to produce knowledge.

When the corps come back from Christmas it will be depressing, but not as depressing as the return was in Autumn.

by Thomas Marshall

The following article won second place in the "Scimitar Honor Company Contest." "Alpha" Company is hereby awarded 10 Honor Company points.

TODAY, while there are so many cries raging around the world, many of them right in our own backyard, an average person often has little time to sit back and take an unbiased, armchair view of the world around him. This is particularly true in the case of a person whose greatest concentrations are spent on "making the grade." Between carrying subjects, carrying books, and carrying a rifle the cadet has little time to peer over the Academy's walls and see what is happening in the world around him.

But as the proverbial statement goes, "To every rule there is an exception." The exception in this case is autumn. The fields, streams, and mountains of the great Shenandoah Valley undergo complete transfiguration while it changes its coat for the oncoming winter. In all its majestic splendor the valley proffers a great kaleidoscope of hues and tints never equalled by the hand of man. But the cadet soon finds that autumn is fine on a clear, crisp day atop "flagpole hill", and that is usually the only time. The "rude awakening" generally comes during an early morning formation. The cadet stands stiffly at attention, cold rain pelting him in the face, winds pounding against his back, and he looks up toward heaven and asks, "What did I do wrong"? Nevertheless, autumn remains the favorite season of the year.

Along with the autumn season comes the wearing of the winter uniform. This is looked forward to by the corps of cadets. The wearing of the winter uniform heralds another great event, the first full dress parade. Awe inspiring is the sight of almost seven hundred cadets in rank and file formation on the parade ground. Little does the spectator know that the cadets he is watching have been entangled in yards of white webbing and mounds of unshined brass buttons for the last two or three hours. Little does the cadet know that someday he will look back upon these hours and appreciate them as some of the happiest of his life.

The event most associated with autumn is Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving means several days of rest, knowledge that Christmas furlough is only weeks away, and parents. Oh blessed parents! After weeks upon weeks of most dreadful torture they have come to rescue you for a few hours. The cadets first exclamations of joy upon seeing his parents are, "Hi! Gee I've missed you! Didja' bring me some money?"

But autumn is really the first days of school, the most important days of school. It is here that friendships are made, challenges are seen, and goals set. Perhaps that is why autumn means so much to the corps of cadets.

TO THE DISSENTER

As the flag comes down, and the arms go up,
to salute the land we love,
And salute the stripes and crisp white stars,
free as the stars above.

One can't help a feeling of pride,
deep in his heart so brave,
As he thinks of our glorious fathers,
And the lives and the fortunes they gave.

Through hardships and perils and times so fierce,
that their true hearts shook with fear,
They fought in nations around the globe,
to keep our horizons clear.

And so this war that we are in,
is just another fight,
For the side of freedom and honor,
on the side of the true and the right.

And so when dissension threatens,
to tear our land apart,
And butcher the head of freedom,
and pierce its noble heart.

Let us think of our fathers,
and their deeds so true,
As they died for the glory,
of the red, white, and blue.

Robert Rossi



NO GREATER SERVICE

No Greater Service can one do,
To the flag o'er this land doth wave,
To the flaunting glory of the red, white and blue,
To the land of the free and the brave,

To the lush green valleys and white-capped hills,
To the soldiers past, and the free,
To the cotton pickers and industrial mills,
To the free and endless sea,

To the wide green shady avenue,
To the states our fathers began,
No Greater Service can one do,
Than to be an American fighting man.

Robert Rossi

BALTIMORE HARBOR NOCTURNE

The city rests,
 dark and mysteriously quiet tonight,
 dreaming deliriously in delight.
 Down on the waterfront,
 Quietly, quietly.
 Hear the tugboats grunt,
 softly protesting the pushing waves,
 pushing, pushing, eternally.

Shadowed by lone streetlights,
 long tall derricks hold the guard,
 sentinels watching the harbor yard.
 Occasional searchlight glares—
 The harbor revealed, shrouded in black,
 her pungent perfume to quell my fears,
 Her gentle sounds to meet my ears.

Down on the bay,
 Silently, silently.
 Hear the foghorn's rolling bray
 crash against the wharves and docks,
 and echo back eternally.

Out on the bay,
 a million lights jumping, dancing, skipping.
 Who,
 What,
 Which is out there?
 How close, how far away?
 Answer the message they convey?
 Walking feet, clicking heels on walking shoes.
 Streetlights glare through the mist
 caressing my face with oily fingers.
 Stand on the bridge,
 smell the oil in the salt spray.
 Look out across the sleeping bay.
 Down on the wharves,
 Gently, gently.
 Watch the tugboats; tiny dwarfs
 whispering prayers eternally.
 For what purpose did God create this place,
 silently beautiful, despite its face.
 City's junkyard,
 Sailor's home,
 Port of the world.
 Breath deeply, smell the scents on her breath.
 As eternally as the gentle waves shall splash,
 so shall this place remain the same—
 In love, and peace, and strife, and death.

Ed Hara

STAUNTON

S is for Staunton, our school so strong
 All our teams triumphant, singing the Victory song
T is for our training, the military's Seed
 in our life its useful, to suit our country's need
A is for America, our country bold and true
 Which we serve so proudly, for the Red, White, and Blue
U is for United, the way that we now stand
 in trying to be the best, that we possibly can
N is for Now, the time that we should work
 so let us all go forward, our studies we must not shirk
T is for our time, which is getting very short
 Now's the time to learn, then is the time for sport
O is for the oath, on which we solemnly swore
 never to let our Honor, Truth or Duty be Dared
N is for our Nation, of which we soon shall lead
 Through our rugged training, to achieve life's final Deed.
 James Donnalley

BLIND MEN WANDER

Some people fight to be accepted,
 But they don't know what they want,
 They don't see reality
 They don't know what they are fighting for.

Some people are accepted
 Into what they don't know,
 There is still no reality
 They are still fighting in the dark.

Some people will step on other people
 To get what they want.
 They don't get what they want
 They don't even know what they want.
 They have no sense of values
 They are blind to reality.

Why do they keep fighting
 They don't know and no one can tell them,
 They just keep fighting blindly
 They just keep fighting toward destruction.

Mike Sinn

BORN A LOSER

by Scott Harrill

THE PERSON of whom I write is a cadet all of us could do without. I know this from personal experience. This gallant, dashing, young man is commonly called "Hey you, bugler" or something less flattering. From firsthand reports, here is the true, uncensored account of the early hours in the courageous life of this loyal and dedicated young man.

Each morning he cheerfully awakes at least fifteen minutes before everyone else, whereupon he hops out of bed, nearly breaks his neck tripping over his room-mates clothing, and instantaneously dresses himself. He dresses quickly not because of concern for duty, but because the radiator in his room is out of order.

Shaking and shivering, he runs out into the dark, damp, cold morning. He trips over Sergeant Tabor at the door of the stairs and apologetically jumps to his post in front of North Barracks. Here he bravely stands, face to the wind, bugle in hand, with a stiff frozen upper lip, waiting and waiting and zzzzzzzz, waiting for the first bell upon which he commences to blurt out first call; twice no doubt.

After his preceeding futile effort, he hobbles around to all the barracks announcing the uniform for reveille and first mess. The hobbling is the

result of his sprained ankle and the charlie horse in his leg. Of course, a bad case of sore throat always makes his announcements more understandable.

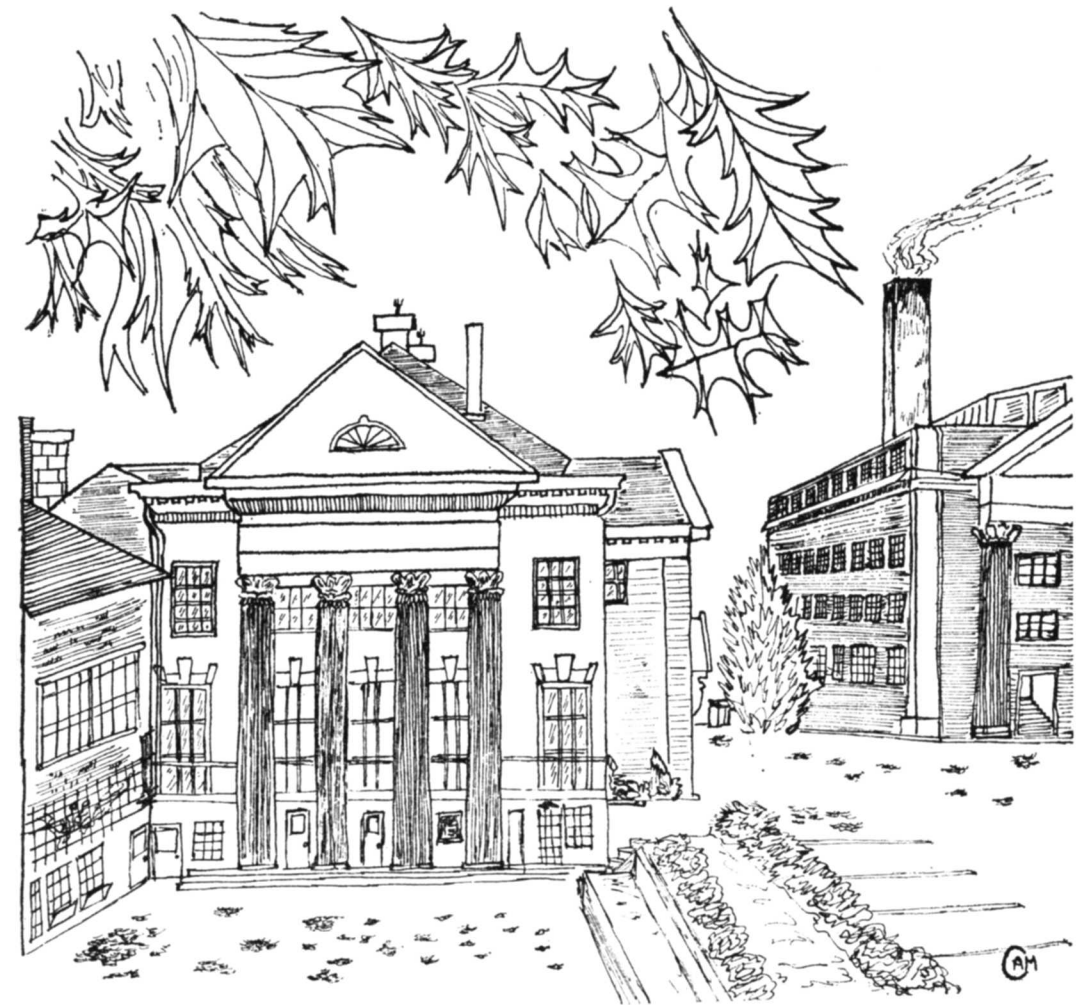
Upon finishing playing reveille call, he is quickly reprimanded by the bugle sergeant who balls him out because he thinks the bugler has played it too fast and the assistant bugle sergeant who nefariously claims that he played it too slow. Neither of these fine gentlemen can even play reveille call.

Retreating to the warmth inside North Barracks, he is quickly thrown back outside by some half asleep officer who keeps grumbling that this is his private pad. Outside he is met by fellow understanding cadets who greet him with such kind words as, "Why didn't you announce overcoats this morning?" or "Ohsulkasodbgnfjeg-mxdj!" which means, "If you come around my barracks again and wake me up in the middle of the night, I'll cram that piece of tin down your throat." Most of these fine young men have one common thought, the beautiful vision of drenching the bugler with a bucket of water. These gay remarks and ideas slowly diminish as he blows "fall in" and finally finishes with assembly, which he plays beautifully

until the last little note, which for some reason comes out a little bit more distinguishable than the rest.

At this moment our man on the spot takes a running start for the warmth of his room. Sticking his key into the door, which his roommates have considerably locked, he hears the bell for fist mess. Frustrated, but a loyal and true-blue bugler, he dashes back outside to play mess call, only to be trampled on the way by the "Reveille Brigade" whom Colonel Richters has kept outside freezing until everyone arrived.

Finishing mess call, he goes into the mess hall jubilantly, only to find he is last in line behind the junior school. After desperately gulping down his meal, he dashes back outside to play for the second shift. With indigestion and fatigue, he slowly trudges back to his room only to find out that he has been stuck by his first sergeant because he didn't have his bed made up before mess. This is the plight of the bugler who is just plain "Born a Loser".



The Scimitar is a publication of the Corps of Cadets. It is their work and their efforts put forth in an attractive magazine. All contributions may be turned into any member of the staff or to the box in the Headmaster's office, at any time.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
the
SMA BARBER SHOP