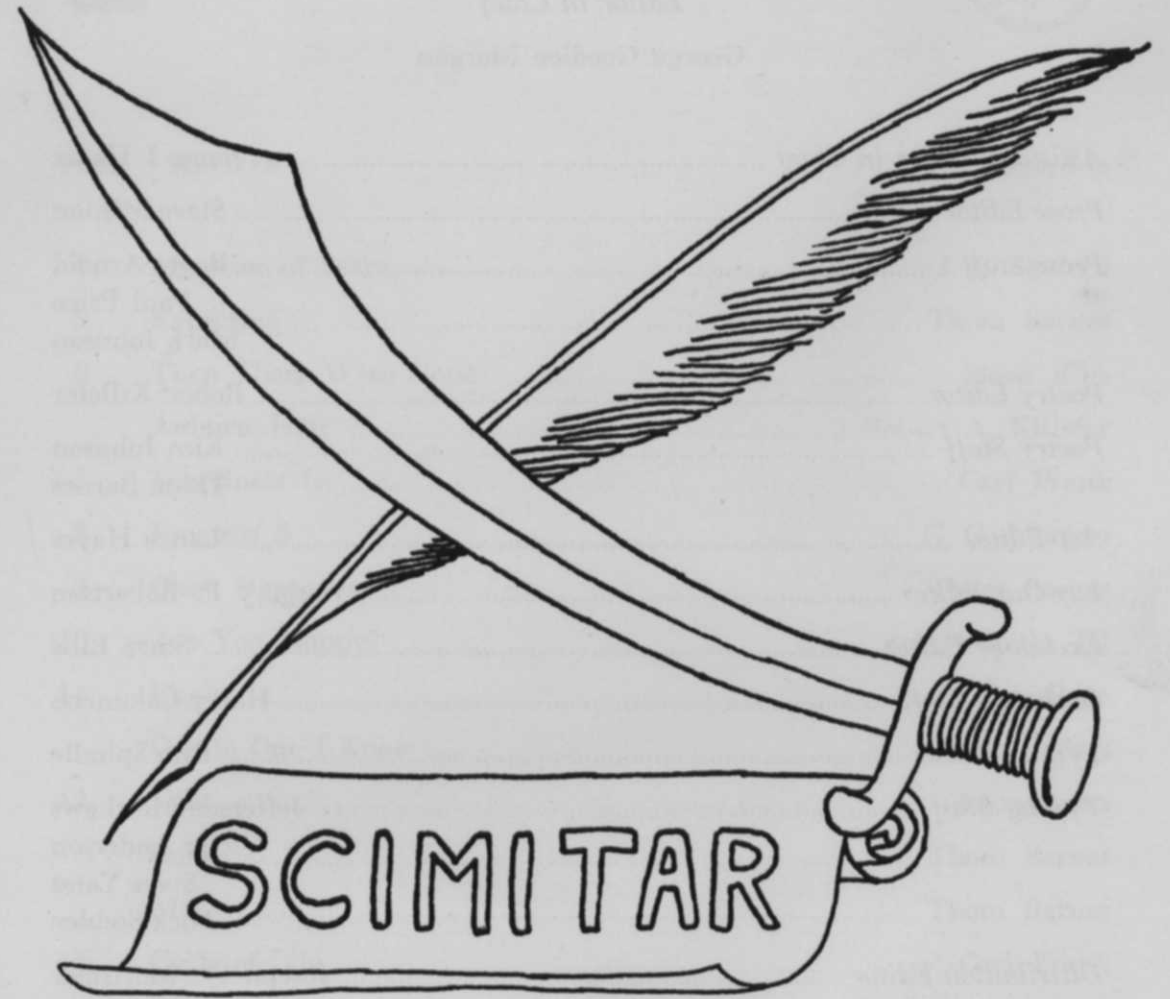




Heimata



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## THE MUTATION OF TEARS

(dedicated to Mancy's P. Shop  
and patrons thereof)

Conversation's almost dead  
And man seeks other ways, instead,  
To lose the workings of his head  
Upon a deafened world.

Music and words so often cry  
That some will stop and ponder why.  
The tragedy is that eyes can lie;  
Refuse to see, and fail to weep,  
Or express feelings nestled deep,  
And often set the ears to sleep.  
The soul endures, and mind, its pawn,  
Expresses agony in songs  
And words to shout or whisper wrongs  
Or broadcast them to endless throngs  
Where eyes and ears have gone to sleep.  
But into minds they sometimes creep  
Which cannot cry, their eyes are dead,  
And so they write or sing instead.

Sandy '70

"Never turn your back on a friend who gave you love,  
if the time came on a cliff he'd be the first  
to shove"

Ted Nugent

The Amboy Dukes

## EXPECTING . . .

I walked out into the night,  
To talk to him.  
Fearing,  
Hoping,  
Wondering.

I watched the dark blue sky,  
To look at him.  
Waiting,  
Praying,  
Expecting.

I talked to the empty sky,  
To listen to him.  
Believing,  
Thinking,  
Wishing.

I challenged the empty space,  
Hoping he would prove himself.  
No lightening struck,  
No thunder roared.

I grew brave with doubt, (yet fearful)  
And screamed to him prove himself.  
No voice came down to reach my ears,  
He would not speak with me.

I turned and walked a while,  
Finding my way back.  
Fearing,  
Doubting,  
Wondering. . . .

Thom Barnes

## THEN THERE WERE NONE

STEVE ELLIS

THE PROFESSOR stood silently in the huge library, thoughts poured through his mind. He didn't move, no sign of life around him, he appeared to be in a trance. He shook himself and checked his watch. Not much time left, he must hurry. He quickly placed the last of his papers in his briefcase and then closed and locked it. He must hurry. He stepped out of the library and walked towards the University Center. He looked around the magnificently designed campus taking in the beauty of his surroundings. Gentle breezes played amongst the leaves and blew silently away. Silently! Silence. Solitude. The magnitude of the thought struck him. He thought again of the radiation clouds. The war in 2341 had done much damage. Only one million people survived. When news of the radiation cloud spread, the University offered an escape to Planet 4. So now the Professor stood alone, the only living being on earth. It was up to him to check to see all had departed. The incredible silence crashed on his ears, pounding away on his senses. Suddenly he found himself in the Center. He looked around the familiar and beloved Earth for the last time. Others would return in a thousand years or so, but not he. He slowly entered the teleporter and pressed the transit button. In a fourth of a second his molecules reassembled on Planet 4. He once again saw the other people, he once again heard their voices, but his thoughts still lingered on earth where the dead planet was shrouded in silence, where human life no longer existed. And a part of the Professor died.

### AUBURN HAIR

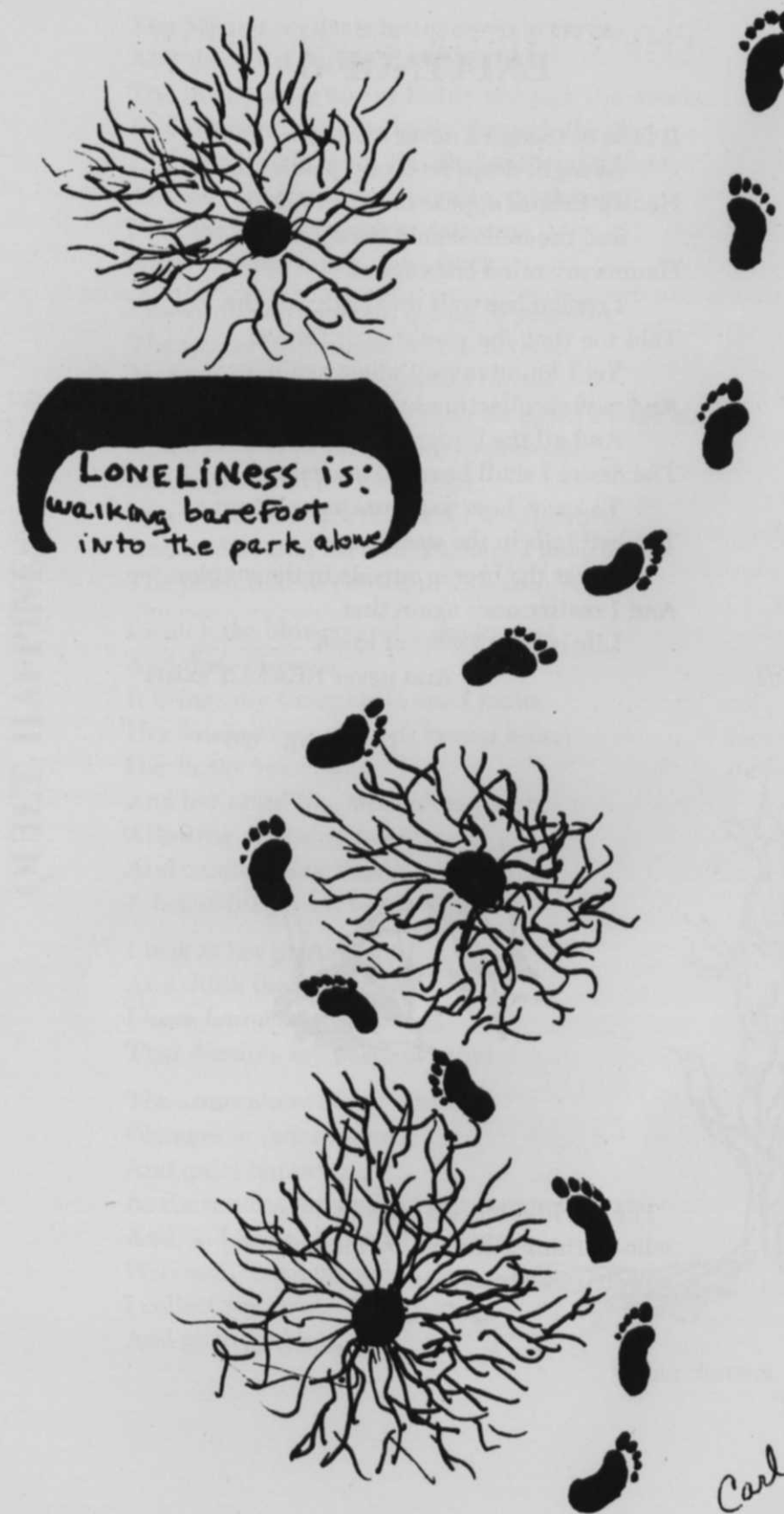
Soft and sweet  
With auburn hair  
Kind words to greet  
Me when I care

But when I'm cold  
I feel inside  
A doubtful hold  
A fissure wide . . .

That makes me think . . .

of auburn hair

R.A.K. 70



## ENIATNOF 5

It feels as though I never existed  
 As night drops its ebony petals about.  
 Henley Estates appear in my mind  
 and the meloncholy baroque oboe  
 Haunts my mind once again.  
 I remember well that Lady Joyche  
 Told me that she would wait forever . . .  
 Yet I found myself alone again.  
 And now recollecting hurts my soul  
 And all the liquor in the world cannot cure  
 The desire I shall have 'til my death  
 To know how war can change things.  
 The bell tolls in the steeple and  
 I hear the breeze outside in the maples  
 And I realize once again that  
 Life is only a state of mind . . .  
 And never REALLY exists

G. G. M. "70"



"The world is blessed most by men  
 who do things, and not by those who  
 merely talk about them."

James Oliver

The Misty rain floats lazily down to earth,  
 And the sky is dark and forbidding.  
 The little people scurry busily through the streets,  
 And the cars move restlessly through the city.  
 I sit in my little room all filled with quiet light,  
 And soft chairs, a crackling fire, thick rugs,  
 Paintings of memories and dreams,  
 Softly flowing music, low, thick.

I move about the room, trying to pinpoint  
 The spot of restlessness within myself,  
 And I am frustrated because I cannot.  
 The inability of my searching thoughts strikes me,  
 And I wonder at man's own uselessness  
 To comprehend his own mind.  
 I no longer am sure that it is I who control  
 And understand myself. Perhaps I have found  
 The point that terrifies and discourages me.

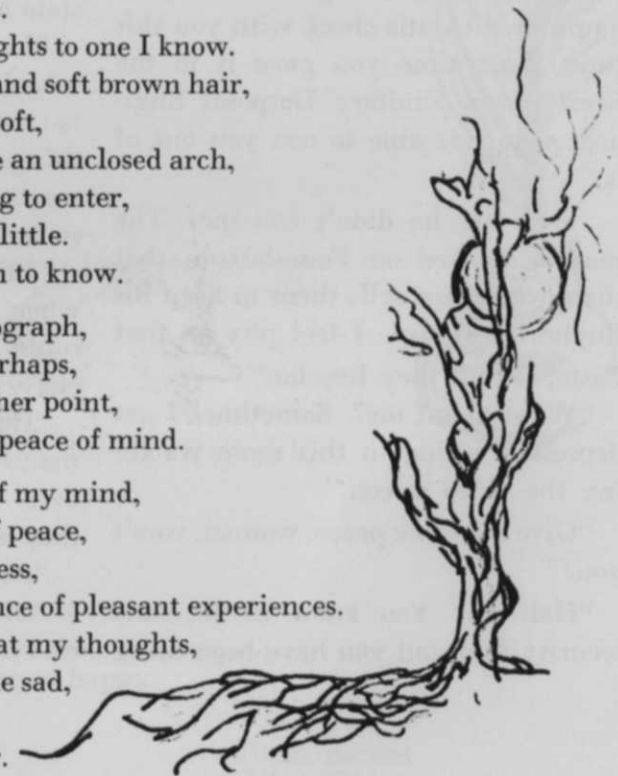
I watch the blue cigarette smoke curl,  
 And then disperse.  
 It brings my thoughts to one I know.  
 Her smokey eyes and soft brown hair,  
 Her husky voice, soft,  
 And her mind like an unclosed arch,  
 Allowing anything to enter,  
 And condemning little.  
 A beautiful person to know.

I look at her photograph,  
 And think that perhaps,  
 I have found another point,  
 That disrupts my peace of mind.

The atmosphere of my mind,  
 Changes to that of peace,  
 And quiet happiness,  
 At the remembrance of pleasant experiences.  
 And, as I know that my thoughts,  
 Will soon make me sad,  
 I collect my coat,  
 And go to find her.

Thom Barnes

## QUIET HAPPINESS



## ARE YOU HAPPY?

ROBERT ROTHS III

24x-16T WALKED OUT of the Central Computer agency onto the busy streets of Project Control. He saw the sun play on the square glass buildings of the Central Fertilization wards. He thought of the great masses of similar people he had helped create, for he was once one of them. His shift was over and he returned via air-bus to his home.

Here she was, that wench whom the state ordered him to have his life's ways with.

"I hope you brought home your damn credit statis check with you this time. Last time you gave it to the Semi-Moron Sanitary Desposal Engineer who was able to con you out of it."

"Shut up, he didn't con me. The man is hooked on Fomulatizon that the government sells them to keep his Euphoric rate up. I feel pity on that Caste; it's all they live for."

"What about me? Sometimes I get depressed sitting in this room watching the video screen."

"Give me some peace, woman, won't you?"

"Hell no! You know if the state security finds out you have been using

your ration of Fomulatizon you won't be a computer programer any more."

"Go ahead, tell them. I could care less. They need me to run the thing. Without my class we would have to return to natural birth like they used to do before the fourth war."

"Natural birth, that's a laugh! They haven't needed that in over 200 years and, for that matter, Nature."

"Do nothing natural, woman?"

"When was the last time you saw a bird on a tree or even a blade of grass. We have science, we need science, the state is science."

"I remember once as a kid back in school, the state instructor took us out to the forbidden area, to see such things. The next day we had a new teacher tell us about the glories of the state."

"Can't you imagine an age long ago when people loved each other and one could do as he pleased without society?"

"Ha, there was never a time like that, it's been proven to us many times over! People are happier now than they ever have been."

"Are you happy?"

"Of course I'm happy! Why shouldn't I be?"

"After all, tomorrow is another day!"

Scarlett O'Hara/Margaret Mitchell.

## FLIGHT...

An eagle once flew from a land so great,  
to spread the "peace", its country's main trait.  
That eagle once great, now hides from its fate,  
in a world so oriental and irate.

Leo Page

## ODE TO ONE I KNOW

You,  
look at me with  
those black eyes and  
Say,  
that you really  
wish I'd stay a little longer.  
My girl,  
try to understand,  
that the more I hang  
Around,  
the more I'm  
rooted to the ground and the less I want to go.  
I,  
don't know why  
I'm going, or even  
Where,  
but there's a mountain over there, I think I'll climb it. .  
Maybe,  
one day I'll come,  
back to find,  
You,  
then, if you still want me,  
I will do, anything to make you happy.

Thom Barnes





I sit  
 beside my window,  
 in  
 the dim lit  
 silk and satin and fur and  
 felt room,  
 and think of little things,  
 and . . .  
 you

Anonymous

## GONE

If you want to hold me,  
 Do it now.  
 For I'll be gone tomorrow. .  
 Don't say to me that I must stay,  
 You cannot hold me.  
 There's something I want to do,  
 I must be on my way.  
 So take me as I am and while I'm here,  
 For I'll be gone tomorrow.  
 Don't say you cannot live without me,  
 You have before.  
 Don't say you'll cry for me,  
 It's nothing new,  
 Everyone has cried.  
 So if you want me,  
 Hold me now,  
 Believe it's forever,  
 For I'll be gone tomorrow.

Thom Barnes

## ME

Doer of little deeds,  
 Thinker of little thoughts,  
 Singer of small songs,  
 Owner of nothing,  
 Lover of life.

## THE CYCLE OF LIFE

The cry,  
 the tear,  
 the call for mother,  
 the growing,  
 the talking,  
 the call for father,  
 the self-discipline,  
 the maturity,  
 the education,  
 the yelling,  
 the killing,  
 the damnation.

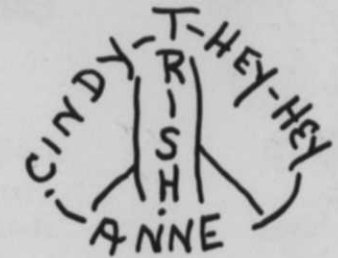
The love,  
 the need,  
 the want,  
 the deaths,  
 the sorrow,  
 the endless haunt,  
 the age,  
 the time,  
 the numbered minutes,  
 the weakness,  
 the loss,  
 of life itself,  
 and,  
 the cry,  
 the tear,  
 the call for mother.

Carl Frank

"For those who love, time is  
 eternity. . ."

It's a Beautiful Day

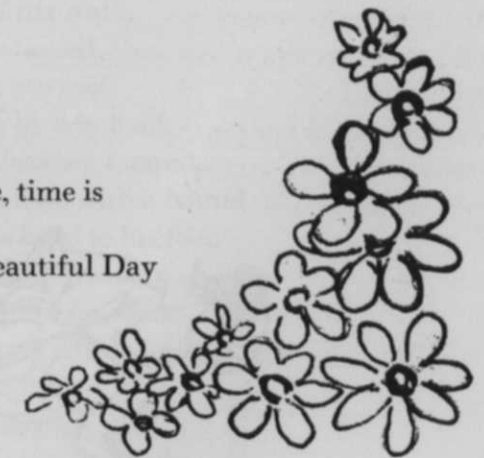
DEDICATED TO:



## LIES?

In the darkness of innocence,  
 And the nakedness of thought,  
 We mortals, still in ignorance,  
 In the name of peace fought.

G.G.M. "70"







*A Recycled From  
Brecht*  
Kuhlman

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF  
Basrab S. Bitsko)

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the flat,  
Not a creature was stirring—  
Not even a bat.  
The bodies were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hope that the Vampire soon would be there.  
The children were nailed all snug in their beds.  
While visions of vampires danced in their heads.  
And I in my coffin and Ma on her rack,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.  
When out in the graveyard there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my coffin to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew in a rash,  
Tore open the shutters with a terrible crash.  
The light of the moon on the new fallen snow,  
Gave a luster of crimson to objects below.  
And what to my red orbs should appear,  
But a miniature coffin and eight tiny reindeer.  
With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be Count Dick.  
Swift as the wind the coffin it came,  
He whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:  
"On Frankenstein, on Creature, on Mummy, on Blob;  
On Phantom, on Hunchback, on terrible Glob.  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all."  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,  
The scratching and clawing of each bloody hoof.  
And as I was turning my head and looking around,  
Down the chimney Count Dracula came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in black from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all garnished with treasure and loot.  
He said not a word, but went straight to his work,  
Punctured everyones neck, and turned with a jerk,  
And laying a finger aside of his nose and  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his coffin, to his team gave a whistle  
And away they all flew with the speed of a missile.  
And I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight:  
"It's on nights like this that I'm glad I can bite!"

Steblez — The keeper of darkness

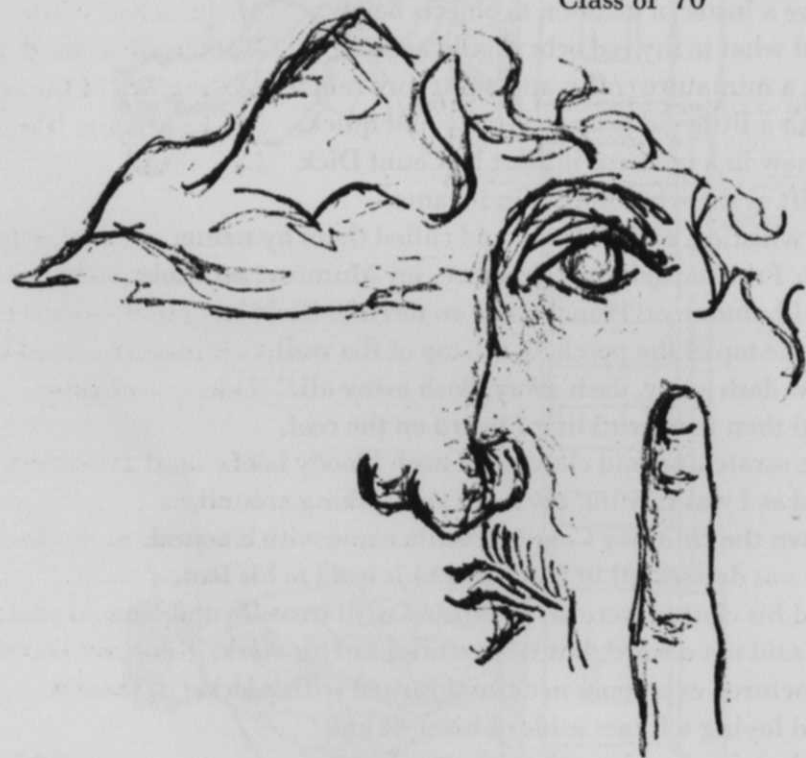
## EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE

Be gentle with me,  
     new love  
 Treat me tenderly  
 I need the gentle touch,  
 the soft voice,  
 the candlelight after nine.

There've been so many  
     who don't understand.

So give me all the love  
     I see in your eyes,  
 but give it gently,  
     Please

Joseph W. Mortimer  
 Class of '70



"Doubt who you will, but never  
 yourself."

Bovee

## SAND

It lies before me,  
 Stretching for miles,  
 Infinite; reaching to  
 The Horizon ...

The beach of white  
 Unblemished sand, glistens,  
 In the glory of the sun ...  
 My future, my life  
 Lies ahead

Behind me are the footprints,  
 Remnants of the path  
 I have trod — thus far;  
 Continually erased by the  
 Tide ... of time

The sand at my feet  
 Is clean ...  
 The wind at my back  
 Is strong ...  
 With faith and courage  
 I continue my journey ...  
 Along the beach

RAK

"Music was a thing of the soul — a rose-  
 lipped shell that murmured of eternal  
 sea — a strange bird singing the songs  
 of another shore."

J. C. Holland

FALL

SCIMITAR

SCIMITAR FALL

SCIMITAR FALL

EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE

"Even the worm can feel life's blisses. . ."

Ludwig von Beethoven



FF

"One thing at least is certain —  
this life flies. . ."

Edward Fitzgerald

FOOD FOR THOUGHT