

Scimitar



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Scimitar

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Staunton, Virginia

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*Beat feet, man;
and dig the echo
from the night-stilled walls.
The cats have hung up
and the wail is done.
Claw thru the dark,
jazz-ear keening.
The golden throat
of the three o'clock sax
has let go its message
hoarse and clear.
Its reverberations careening
about the pursuing skull.*

*Beat feet, man;
the unfinished end
is over.
But eternity
must have another half.
Hard slapping feet
slow their tempo
that the dark-piercing whisper
may be heard.
Growling thru
to nearer.
The subterranean el
blasting by beneath.*

*Beat feet, man;
the carbon paper of life
is torn
and the first true ink
is flowing.
Let the scene linger
like a cigarette's cloud.
The break-thru snowballing
to narcotic-like crescendo.*

*Beat feet, man;
then pause to wonder
at the fire hydrant's beauty
in the grey-hung, pre-sun morning.
And hear the cough
of the city's crickets,
huddled in newspaper-blankets
on forgotten doorsteps.
And laugh at those
who haven't yet bounced
out of the universal rut
to discover reality's freedom.*

*Beat feet, man;
and eye-drink all
before the sun shows.*

Nocturne

BOB LANDIS

Elegy to Everything

JAMES CAIN

Ice blue sky and white hot stars mingle,
And become one through my tears.
Now
Her life speeds by without me.
And my heart is sucked into its wake.
Memories
Clutter my mind
Like the groping green tendrils of ivy
Found scaling old buildings
Corrupting the mortar as upward they climb.
But lost is the childlike
Firm faith that I had then.
Instead I am weary of it or its image
That's constantly found now
In all that I see.
All that I have now
Is the tenderness of small moments
Hardly remembered,
Yet never forgotten.
They cling to my soul
And they can not tear loose.
For to rip it away is to take along with it
A part of my soul.

Feel nothing.
That is best.
Really it is.
Anything else kills and drowns you
Inside.
Let not Pity or Loneliness
Sorrow or Foreboding
Enter.
Keep them out
And you will be happy.
A sealed and empty bottle
Floating in a lake
Is happy.
Just hit it and listen.
It will ring out and tell you,
Or it will shatter and sink.
I forget just which.

A door is shut,
A shuffling
Down the long corridor of my mind
Grows fainter with each step
And I am alone.
The graveyard of shadows
That arch my mind
Close about me
And the closing twilight
Of what has been
Settles around me.
A moth
Fluttered down on my desk,
Fluttered down from that darkness,
Came out from those shadows,
And settled next to my hand
On the desk.
It seemed to sense a danger
But weary it was from its voyage
And a struggle to flee
Or to bask in the warmth of the hand
Seemed to rage in the small insect being
Or in my mind,
Now one in the same
Laying there on my desk.
In the warmth might lie danger
But to flee was to lose it.
So it seemed to be pondering this
When I scooped it up in the palm of my hand
And hurled it against the far wall.
Thanks be to God that a moth
Cannot cry when in pain.
The shuffling steps
In my mind's darkened corridor
Grew fainter and faded away.
The moth lay quite still
And my lips trembled a name
and a prayer.

Panic

STEPHEN DAIL

I was never so excited in my life. I was walking to gate eleven at Washington's National Airport, about to board the plane that would take me for my first skyride. As I climbed up the stairway into the plane, a sudden fear had overtaken me that the engines would start to run, and that, similar to my fear of heights, I would follow a strong impulse to jump! In this case, to jump into the flashing blades of the whirling props. However, the blades did not spin, and I avoided the terror of following through with my strange urge. I made my way to the door where a pear-shaped stewardess greeted me with a smile.

After seeing pictures of the newest and most modern jets in the world, the inside of my plane seemed quite drab and old-fashioned.

I found a comfortable seat and settled down. I then buckled my safety belt so tight that my face began to turn red. A man bellowed and commanded me to get out of his seat. Hastily I unbuckled my belt and staggered over to another vacant seat.

Soon the plane was ready to take-off and, as usual, the pilot tested all the engines. They made a smooth, even roar. I leaned back in my seat, sighed, and tried to relax. The airplane taxied down the runway at top speed, and as it began to leave the ground, I enjoyed the queer sensation that usually accompanies a quick ascent. To my surprise and terror, I no-

ticed flames sprouting from every engine on the plane. I shouted in terror and the stewardesses tried to calm me with explanations such as, "Please don't get excited, Sir. A fire is only natural on this plane."

"Yes, this plane is a prop-jet!" Finally, they calmed me down and gave me a coke. A-h-h-h, that coke was refreshing, until we hit that air pocket. O-h-h-h, that sinking feeling! O-h-h-h-h, that terrible mess on my lap! O-h-h-h-h, that horrible flight!!!

I managed to make myself presentable once more, but I still had that sickening feeling at the bottom of my stomach.

It wasn't long after that, that I heard the stewardess announce Newark, New Jersey. She asked everyone to remain as relaxed as possible, because we were to make a belly landing—the landing gear was jammed!

As usual my keen brain forgot to remind me to buckle my seat belt, and despite all my efforts to brace myself, when the plane hit the ground, so did I. But at least we were down. Even though we were heading straight for the terminal building, we were down.

A lucky twist of fate, however, brought us to a stop before we hit. The engines had already come to a complete stop before the door was opened, and I got out as quickly as my wobbly legs would carry me. Believe me, I was glad to set foot on "terra firma" again.

Should I attempt air travel any more?

HAIR CUT INSPECTION



Ab Oblivion

JOE GIMBEL

*A question asked of a wise man free
if one wish had but he.
What would he want for ever more:
Bliss of love, life eternal, or just a door.
Do you think you are as wise as he?*

*Many a weary hour he did ponder.
His mind did loop, twirl, and wonder.
Answer quickly he did not
for this wish that he begot
might be lost as quick as it were got.*

*He thought of the bliss of love
tipping her wings as a pure white dove.
He thought of life eternally
and then he said,
"What good is life if I may live eternity?"
He pondered more the sight of love*

*His eyes did close, his mouth was grim
as if he were committing mortal sin
and in his head that wore a frown
a mind there was that wore a crown.*

*His lips did move as if to speak.
He seemed to be so very meek.
Then he uttered the choice he made,
"A door, a door, I am not afraid."
He smiled with peace and looked content.*

*"Why a door may this I ask?
Why so much thought to such a task?"
He smiled at me, and said at last,*

*"A door, my lad, that is what I wish,
for life itself is but this dish,
a bowl of honey. No don't speak,
for you may think that I be freak."*

*I then did ask, "Beyond this door what does there lie?"
Then he smiled and gave this reply,
"A door is nothing, can't you see,
but all the world it is to me.
The door of knowledge, life and bliss,
achieve this goal, it won't be missed.*

*Upon his knowledge I did feed
when he turned to me and said,
"The door is here it is plain to see,
but tell me, lad, who has the key?"*

The Wave and Wall

WILLIAM BLACKMON

*One hundred cannon trained on a hill,
Firing at gunner's will.
Grape, and cannister, and shot did fly,
Filling the smoke-saturated sky.*

*For over an hour the cannon did roar,
Killing many men, wounding many more,
But suddenly these cannon on order did cease,
And the moments that followed were fragments of peace.*

*Fifteen thousand men in gray and red,
Would soon start a march that would add to the dead.
They filed in ranks with splendor and pride,
The Stars and Bars close at their side.*

*An order by Lee brought a cheer in the ranks,
And the gray wave moved toward the waiting Yanks.
A mile to charge to the top of the slope,
A mile that would kill their only real hope.*

*They marched with precision of a full dress parade,
The glorious men of Pickett's Brigade.
A long wave of gray, trimmed with red,
Each ripple a man with uplifted head.*

*Behind a stone wall stood a wall of blue,
Waiting to cut the gray wave in two.
And at fifty yards the South's great sons,
Met a wall of fire from the North's great guns.*

*The fire from the wall reduced the gray ranks,
But they filled them again and held to their flanks.
Where one man would fall, another would fill,
And there he would stay 'till his own blood did spill.*

*They still pressed onward, and there rose a cheer,
The wall had been reached, was victory near?
Over the wall rushed the Gray and the Red,
Leaving behind the blue-attired dead.*

*Fighting for life with sabers in hand,
The men dressed in blue held to their last stand.
Men fought with bloody wounds in their side,
While others, from wounds, fell and died.*

*But the Gray wave again let out a great cheer,
For now it seemed certain that victory was near.
But the men clad in Gray were now very few,
And on rushed superior numbers in blue.*

*Pickett's brave men had to turn in retreat,
As their final charge ended in defeat.
It seemed that the deaths and suffering from pain,
Was lost in results of a charge made in vain.*

*But all was not lost in that fateful defeat,
For the South, in her mind, a victory did meet.
And still can be heard in that same field today,
The cries of the men clad in blue and in gray.*

Confusion

AL VAN NESS

*A turmoil is my mind
Resounding nations' patterns, people's conflicts.
The end is in sight
Hold me back, let me go...Where am I?*

*At the end of a rope, at the top of a mountain...
Pushing me forward, peace holding me to the rear;
Safe at my place, danger inches away,
Disturbance is present, necessity calls it essential.*

*Step aside, stand fast!
A whirlpool has viced my body,
Twisting, throwing, turning, holding steady.
Sea stop rolling—be calm!*

*Hate is with me, beauty is absent.
What have I done to obtain such a state?
Love being ugly, happiness unreal—
Success-unsuccessful...I am lost.*

*Love is here, hate tossed aside, covered up, dissolved;
Eloquence of nature, of being...happiness here.
Half time has occurred, substitute has been made.
My great vessel is settling until the next storm.*

January 16, 1961

Dear Miss King,

Well, it hasn't snowed much more since yesterday, but it might start any time now. There is still none sticking on the streets anywhere around. Hope it stays like this until at least February 20, 1961. I doubt if it will, but I can hope.

David B. and I made a tape-recording that was very good. I wish you could hear it; it will give you a better understanding of our life on the "Hill." It is a life of happy times as well as terrible times. But they both blend in together to make us realize that we are spending some of the best times of our lives. We are getting an education as well as learning to get along with our fellow man. This life is a life of cruelty mixed with sweetness. Of hate and love! A love of free time, being alone, and thinking of past times. A hate of rules, times and loneliness for your loved ones.

Is the above good for a person between the ages of thirteen and nineteen? The age in which the mind matures; their attitudes, thoughts, and faith. Should these people, your loved ones, be away from you, or should they be by your side so you could guide them when they are lost? This you must find within your own mind.

In my case, I believe that Staunton Military Academy served my purpose very well and will continue serving me until I leave it. This purpose lies in a two-part fold: to learn to study and to mature my attitude toward my future and the future of those around me. I hope to mold my future into one that would be desired by any woman for security in the years ahead. This school has helped me mold myself, but a girl I met in 1956 has molded me more than any school could ever do.

At first this girl had little or no influ-

ence over my actions, but as time went by, one could see a definite change in my attitude and actions. On February 2, 1957 Miss Linda Delores King and I started "going steady." During our first phase, we thought we were really in love, but of course we only "liked" each other. Later, this "liking" evolved into a simple form of love. By simple, I mean nothing really involved or sufficiently mature. This was a happy time for the two of us. Later, "true love" entered the picture; a picture of two young people deeply in love. This picture is filled with sweetness and tenderness for each other. After the two had found this treasured love, they were separated. Two hundred miles apart in body, but side by side in spirit. This spirit of trust, tenderness and love. The "real love" grew into an even greater love with an even deeper trust. It now is a wonderful love, shared on an equal basis. And only two mature people could love the way these two do. I know I have found what I've been searching for; and there is only one process to enter now, and that is marriage. To marry Miss Linda Delores King would make my life almost complete and full of goodness. For along with her other wonderful traits, comes that of being able to be a good wife. I believe she loves me as much as any woman can love a man. She means everything to me, and she doesn't take advantage of my love. She's true to me, for she knows she would have to live with herself if she weren't.

I plan on marrying this woman this summer, and I have no fear of the future. I have no fear, for I believe that she and I together can do anything. I only wish she would assure me of her love as I have tried to do in this letter.

I also hope she will send me a reply to the above as soon as possible.

Yours truly,
James Lewis Poole



The Prophecy

JOE GIMBEL

*Born from the womb of a virgin,
Kept by the milk of her warm breast,
Blessed with the hand of a king,
And the merciful heart of a God.*

*An ever-shining crown of light shall adorn his head,
Eyes that see no evil,
The pure mind of a child, yet filled with the wisdom of old,
And the star of Bethlehem to guide the way.*

*A bright jewel in an opal sky,
Guidance from an eternal hand,
Through the divinity of the Lord,
He is born.*

*Merciful kindness and goodness shall be his blessing,
For born of Father, king of kings,
Son of man,
He shall be our guiding light.*

*Watch for Him,
For He shall come in Mine image,
And take thy sins,
Bear them to His breast,
And die for you...*

Wait

M. COVINGTON

*Dirty window
Come clean.
Let life flow through
Let my soul find salvation.*

*One misty morn,
I find myself praying,
For the dawn to bring eternal light.
The goal of life
Can only be seen
By the glowing flame of ambition.
Initiative swells in my soul
Like a mother's pregnancy.*

*It comes,
But darkness follows,
In its footsteps.*

Evanescence

BOB LANDIS

By myself,
I pondered.
Alone
In the World of Me.
The spider-web thoroughfares of my mind
Knowing many commuters.
Main Street . . .
Lined with the theaters
Of my inner-self.

I wandered onto Main
And saw
The neon beacons.
My step quickened
As apprehension hit me.
I searched,
Furtively,
Desperately,
For an exit.
But all the bridges had been drawn.
Trapped on Main!
No chance of escape
Through daydreams-smiles.

As I walked Main,
I grew interested . . .
In the revelation billboards,
Inviting me
Into their respective theaters.
I yielded to their temptations
And was seduced by my soul.

I have thought me out,
And understand me.
I am an Encyclopedia of Life,
Destined to be
Teacher to the World . . .
Through
The exodus of emotion-thoughts
From the abyss
That is me.

Reincarnation

JAMES CAIN

Life all fits together—
Brick and building and city,
2 X 2 makes 4, and 4 X 4 makes 16
To make 256.
Foundation and wall and roof,
Conception and pregnancy and birth,
Root and tree and tender green leaves,
Braves and a chief,
All dependent on all
Or one,
But depending.
A brick is pulled,
A foundation crumbles.
A number is missing,
The spasm that meets the stars is lost,
And the braves die in battle.
I will be glad to be among the rubble
And I will join hands with the fallen,
And we will rebuild together.

We are alone now
And we think alone and act alone.
Let us embrace the thoughts of others
To put them with ours
If they will fit.
If not,
Do not discard them.
Save them and build for them
A shrine in our thinking.
Build it with the bricks of new ideas
And the mortar of long accepted concepts.
Make for them a place,
And let them grow.



Post Death Cross

BOB LANDIS

*A wide brown cross
Resting on a white wall.*

*Our Lord floating, not nailed,
Upon it;
With wide-spread arms
Inviting us
To Emerald Eternity,
From whence He has come.*

*Twenty dollar cross of Cristus Rex
Christ the King,
Risen from the dead.*

*I close my eyes
And see molten gold
Pour from the wounds
That once held nails.*

*My Maker,
The beauty of Thy mercy
Dims that of man-made cross.*

Reflections

JOE GIMBEL

*I close my eyes
Walk the stairway to the gate
And enter.*

*I am faced with two doors
Golden yet clear
Black and dark.*

*I choose the black
and enter
See all the ghouls of life before me
As if in judgment.*

*A voice said
Walk
Proceed
And look.*

*I struck at one
A glass shattered
A mirror broke.*

THE SCIMITAR

Love As If The World Must Die

JIM POOLE

*Love as if the world must die
Hark not the lonely lover's cry
Life goes on despite your fears
Life goes on engrossing tears
Live and be happy with life
Band out the trouble and strife
Start the day with joy and love
Watch the flight of a soaring dove
Hear nature and her song of being
Thank God for His gift of seeing
Stop...see that which you passed before
Regard this land and adore
Love as if the world must die
Laugh at those who did not try*

Rain

RAY HERNANDEZ

*It is gray November
and the rain is here.
I sit and watch its glistening drops
trace their paths down my window,
Monotonously repeating the name of my love
Ro...sa...ly, Ro...sa...ly.*

*Some children are out
playing in my rain,
Their muddy faces reflecting only happiness,
While mine is but a vision of sorrow,
sorrow for the loss of a love,
a love called...but let the rain tell you:
Ro...sa...ly, Ro...sa...ly.*

*Now the rain has stopped,
And angry mothers fetch their sons.
The dark clouds fade out of sight,
The clouds of the sky,
but not those of my shadowed heart,
It is late and I must go
but wait, could it be?
What is that sliding down my window
slowly, painfully, like...
like a lover's dying hopes?
Ro....sa.....ly.*

MARCH, 1961

Why?

CHARLES LANDSMAN

The undaunted dawn shone through the window. The sun that had come out the day before was omnipresent once again. The world seemed to be stagnating for Eddie Martin—not moving, not being motivated, but standing still.

The broken window had yet to be fixed. There was heat in the summer and cold in the winter. The tenements had never been adjusted, and the occupants were incessantly complaining. Eddie Martin had always been the instigator. He had a record that no one would even want to look at—kicked out of school in the 8th grade for attacking a teacher, petty larceny, grand theft, and various other misdemeanors. He had only one thing in common with the rest of the world—he had the desire to live the life of a human being, and not that of a mouse in the state of dormancy.

Eddie Martin had just finished his term in prison. He had no place to go and nothing to do. He was a marked man with a yellow passport. The streets of New York seemed barren and dark with shadows. "Never trust anybody and keep to yourself. Watch it now—there's a policeman, not too fast, don't let it look obvious. Watch that ball kid! Damn it! What the hell am I doing here?"

And so the torture of life went on. It never seemed to end. Day after day, month after month, Eddie tried. Society

seemed to keep its impregnable arms closed. No wonder justice is blind-folded. The light seemed like it would never come—perpetual darkness was inevitable for Eddie Martin. Brash and harsh thoughts swam through his confused mind. It's a hard thing to realize what it feels like to be disconnected from human beings while being alive. There is no barrier except air. The thin and imperceptible element of air detains Edward Martin from achieving satisfaction. The mistakes had been made, but would there be time to make up for them?

The days came and went. Jobs? Where the hell am I ever going to get a job? I walk along the streets and I think to myself, what is so strange about me? What is it? Am I some sort of freak? The mirror in which he was staring broke with the flash of his tight fist. The image no longer lingered. It had vanished.

The rain dripped on the window-sill and the wind tussled the curtains. Eddie Martin arose as per usual partaking in a cup of instant coffee which would have to hold him until 5:30 P.M. when the soup line began. The rain made impressions on the sidewalk and seemed to whisper softly. "This is your day, Eddie Martin. It has rained throughout your life. Now you are going to live."

It was too late. The mirror had broken and Eddie Martin was dead!

The Chap Who Will Follow Me

JOSEPH SCALLEAT

*Here is a toast that I want to drink,
To a fellow I'll never know,
To the fellow who's going to take my place,
When it's time for me to go.
I've wondered what kind of chap he'll be
And I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man,"
In a way that he'd understand.*

*Will he see the sad mistakes I've made
And not the battles lost?
Will he ever guess of the tears they caused,
Or the heartaches which they cost?
Will he gaze through the failure and fruitless toil
To the underlying plan,
And catch a glimpse of the real intent,
And the heart of the vanished man?*

*Then here's to your health, Old Chap, I drink
As a bridegroom to your bride
I leave some unfinished work for you,
But God knows I have tried.
Then all our hopes will be realized
In the light of the new found dawn
So I'm drinking to your health and success old chap,
Who takes my place when I'm gone.*

Painted

JOE GIMBEL

*Humanity —
An image,
One of painted souls,
Living
In painted homes,
Eating meat
Of painted flesh
Made of
Painter bones.
Woman —
A painted face with a painted heart.
Love —
A painted feeling.
Death —
In painted beds,
To be buried
In painted coffins,
To be left and forgotten,
In a painted ———.*

To the Dead Ones. . . Far Away

LARRY SONSTEIN

*The tender hands of a child,
Which hold no cares at all;
The sturdy hands of the surgeon,
As he heals the body's wounds;
The calloused hands of the workman,
As he builds our cities large;
And the limp hands of the dead ones,
Who'll never behold a new day.*

*The loving smile of the mother,
Watching her child at play;
The hateful scowl of the criminal,
Violating society's way;
The cursed lips of the sadist,
As he walks through life his way;
And the unsmiling lips of the dead ones,
Who'll never smile upon a new day.*

*The fragile body of the child,
With abilities yet unlearned;
The beautiful body of a woman,
To tempt the mind to sin;
The strong body of the worker,
Trying to earn his pay;
And the cold bodies of the dead ones,
Who'll never see a new day.*

*And so life moves, ever onward,
Throughout eternity;
The hands, the face, the feet, the trunk,
The bodies of the clan;
From birth to death, from youth to age,
The pattern never changes;
From when the child first sees the day,
To the dead ones . . . far away*

Unto the Dust

F. REID DENYSE

*As I stand here with my feet upon the golden breast of the earth,
My thoughts wander to those who have passed in centuries before,
And as I wet my parched lips with velvet wine I stop,
And turn this chalice to the ground,
To moisten with God's dew the dusty lips of those who passed before.*



Surprise

THADDEUS WESCOTT

As he was driven to the hidden testing grounds in a secluded part of the Ural mountains, Chat Marikoff thought of many things. He thought mainly of the great promotions and glory that would be his after he finished testing, ground testing of course, the new space capsule which would soon go into orbit. He had worked hard and unscrupulously to get this job. He felt he deserved the promotions which would come afterward. This was quite an advantage for one of his station, but it was all for the good of the cause. Down with capitalism!

Finally they arrived at the testing station. It was late at night, but they put Chet in the test capsule immediately. They said that this was for utmost security. They led him into a tall building, blind folded, and put him into a tiny elevator.

When he reached the top they put him into a room and strapped him into a contour seat. He had been previously briefed and knew what to do. The test was to last for ten hours.

He felt the pressure of ten "G's", and was pressed deep into the seat. He blacked out for a short period; he had no idea of how long. After the first hour he felt the pressure slack off, and began to feel weightlessness. They certainly were doing a good job of this test; all of the sensations felt so real! A few minutes later he heard the crackle of the intercom radio. A far away voice told him that he was 300 miles from earth, and that he was the first man to enter space. The last sound that the base heard was a faint wail and a thump as he collapsed on the metal floor of the ship.

My Girl

EARL HASSEL

My girl was created by God just as everyone was. Yet to me she is the greatest creature that has walked, or ever will walk, the face of any earthly body in all the heavens.

I fell in love with her the very first moment that God granted me sight. I have continued to love her throughout these few short years of my life, and I know that I shall always love her till my time is at an end. She has always tried to help and comfort me. Sometimes she makes me want to die by just looking at me with eyes that show tears or disapproval.

She was my first real love. There have been many girls that have attracted me, but none have ever come near to taking her place in my heart.

When I left to join the Navy, she cried. I asked her not to, but she did anyway.

I knew that there would be a letter from her when the mail came. It hasn't come for quite a while now, but it's too late to think of that.

The ship I am on has been hit. We are sinking fast, and I know that I shall soon die. I am trapped in one of the many forward compartments all by myself. I hope that most of my buddies can get off safely; they all have girls too. I am glad that I shall die alone and not have to see anyone cry as I am doing now. The water is now over my head. My foot is caught in something on the floor, and I am unable to free it. I guess I'm glad in a way; now it will all be over much sooner. The little air left in my lungs feels very hot and bitter. Now, as I breathe out the hot gas for my very last drink of water, only my girl's name comes to me—Mother, Mother, oh Mother!

Dawn of Love

RAY HERNANDEZ

*The hour...three o'clock,
The place...the sands of a deserted beach,
The tide...low,
The moon...full,
And the stars are blinking
happily and brightly
in the dark blue sky.*

*We've been here for a long time,
looking at each other;
I see her green eyes,
like two lovely lakes
worthy of admiration,
looking back at the heavens;
I see her lips...red, warm, and tender;
She murmurs three words
audible to the ear
but only comprehended by the soul.*

*We kissed...a long, soft, loving, kiss;
We turned to smile at the
red blazing morning sun
out there on the horizon,
with its harem of clouds.
A new day.*

Insipidity

S. L. BLACK

*Life is but a drop of water,
Falling into eternity,
Never slowing, never stopping,
Always falling, always dropping,
Slipping from the grasp of man,
Yet never leaving his mortal hand.*

*Tides have changed and days departed,
But man's true greatness never started;
If God's own will be deemed so;
Then down this dismal road I go,
Never knowing when it will end,
Always hoping for a bend.*

Tomorrow

LARRY SONSTEIN

*Today is the day,
Tonight the night,
Tomorrow never comes.*

*The past is past,
It's gone away,
And nothing's ever done.*

*So live for the present,
Live for today,
Worry not of days to come.*

*Today is the day,
Tonight the night,
And tomorrow never comes.*

*And so life goes, from day to day,
Ever changing, ever new;
So live for now and not the past,
And worry not of what tomorrow brings,
For today is the day, tonight the night,
AND TOMORROW NEVER COMES!*

Listen

M. COVINGTON

*Unlock love,
Seal hate.
Go on mighty man,
Fight for undying cause,
The cause of old—*

*Lose your life,
It is no matter.
You read a book,
You pay no heed.
Throw your life away—*

*What angers you,
Do you feel sorrow?
Your father died,
Now you fight and STAND.
Die then—*

*Love is locked,
Hate unsealed.*

THE SCIMITAR

All In The Same

JAMES CAIN

*Nothing but a trickle of water
Cutting its way down into the earth
And gnawing at its sides
To make a larger trickle—
A stream.
Cold and clear water
Skimming lightly over pebbles,
Brown and red and yellow and bronze and tan—
All different colors and yet all pebbles
In a stream.
Settled there in the sand
That is swept along by the current
And piled around them.
Reach down
And pick one out.
A cloud of mud is suddenly stirred
And surrounds the place
Where it has been.
But it is soon cleared away
By the flow.
The spot is filled in
By the slowly drifting sand—
Drifting with the current,
The never ceasing, always flowing, current
And all trace is gone
Of a pebble plucked from a stream's bed.*

Interlude IV

BOB LANDIS

*In the city,
We walked.
Among
bustling throngs,
Through
verdant parks,
In between
neatly stacked sky scrapers.*

*In the city,
We walked.
Side by side.
Hand in hand.*

*Then we sat
Where grass grew not,
And we talked
And we laughed
And we looked
Into each other's eyes.*

*Then we arose
And walked again.*

MARCH, 1961



Maybe This

JAMES CAIN

*Let me take
All that man has given
From his soul and mind.
Let me take
A fragment of life
And grind it fine
With the ink
From the opium seed
Of dreams.
Let me drink
Of life and ink and ideas
Digesting all
In my own way.
Let me sit
On the white marble steps
Of pillared Grecian temples
Bathing in the fiery sunsets
And spit expression
On stiff papyrus scrolls
Until the couching of the sun.
Let the sun be sleepless
And my spittle an eternal spring.*

Love Rhyme

BOB LANDIS

*Bliss reigns in the halcyon of lovers' haven
Where loving hands so gently fashion
Delicate patterns about pure breasts
And yet exclude chaotic passion.*

*Sweet lass, breathe deep and draw taut the breasts
That by the moon are set aglow
And let your lover upon them place
A tender kiss to make love flow.*

Anything For The Queen

ROGER JACKSON

Jimmy Randall breezed through the usually tedious task of shaving. He had a lot on his mind this evening. "Gosh," he thought, "I've got a date with a queen." His mind flashed back to one week before. It had been tough asking Julie Harris for a date. She was probably the most beautiful girl in the local high school. Julie's grades were above average, and she was in every club imaginable. Needless to say, Julie's popularity with the boys was high.

Jimmy had tried many times to ask her for a date. Every time, though, he had lost his nerve. Then he got up enough nerve. Why, it was practically simple. Julie accepted rather graciously, and the date was set.

Young Jim now regretted that he had asked Julie to go out on a school night. "Oh well," he told himself, "the heck with English, biology, and French." This date with Julie Harris was too important to miss. He hurried and finished his dressing.

Julie lived in a two story, colonial style house, with a white picket fence around it.

Jim walked up bravely, and rang the bell. Out popped Julie's father. He introduced himself and stuck out his hand. Jim did the same. Mrs. Harris was out at a bridge club party, and Julie was still dressing. This left only Mr. Harris and Jim. They went into the den and had a little talk.

Then his heart jumped as Julie made her grand entrance. She looked like a life-sized doll. Upon saying their good-byes, Jim waltzed Julie out the door. They walked and talked leisurely on the way to the show.

The movie went too fast to suit Jim. Following the show they strolled, arm-in-arm, home. Julie looked gorgeous in the moonlight.

After an over abundance of good-night kisses, Jim retreated down the path and jumped over the white fence. Upon entering his lodgings, Jim was met by an elderly, white-haired man who spoke to him in a fatherly tone. Jim listened as the man said, "Why were you A.W.O.L., Cadet Randall?"

Peace

THADDEUS WESCOTT

Thomas Paine was the author of *The Crisis*. He said "These are the times that try men's souls," and that adage is true in our time also. These are truly troubled years. The twisted and power hungry minds of the Russians are infiltrating the free world by means of insidious propaganda. The unreasoning minds of restless small countries such as Cuba are incited and inspired by the promise of a "never-never land."

Before the free world that is left

dwindles to nothing, we must strike back hard, with something more than mere words. Peace is a fine thing, in its place, and patriots such as Patrick Henry and Thomas Paine exemplify this. When the time came when peace could no longer be held, they realized it, and took action.

This is the case now. The people must somehow understand the serious problems at hand, and fight back as their ancestors did.

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