

SCIMITAR

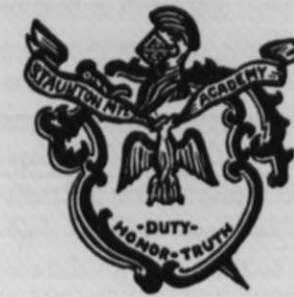


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SCIMITAR

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NO MORE

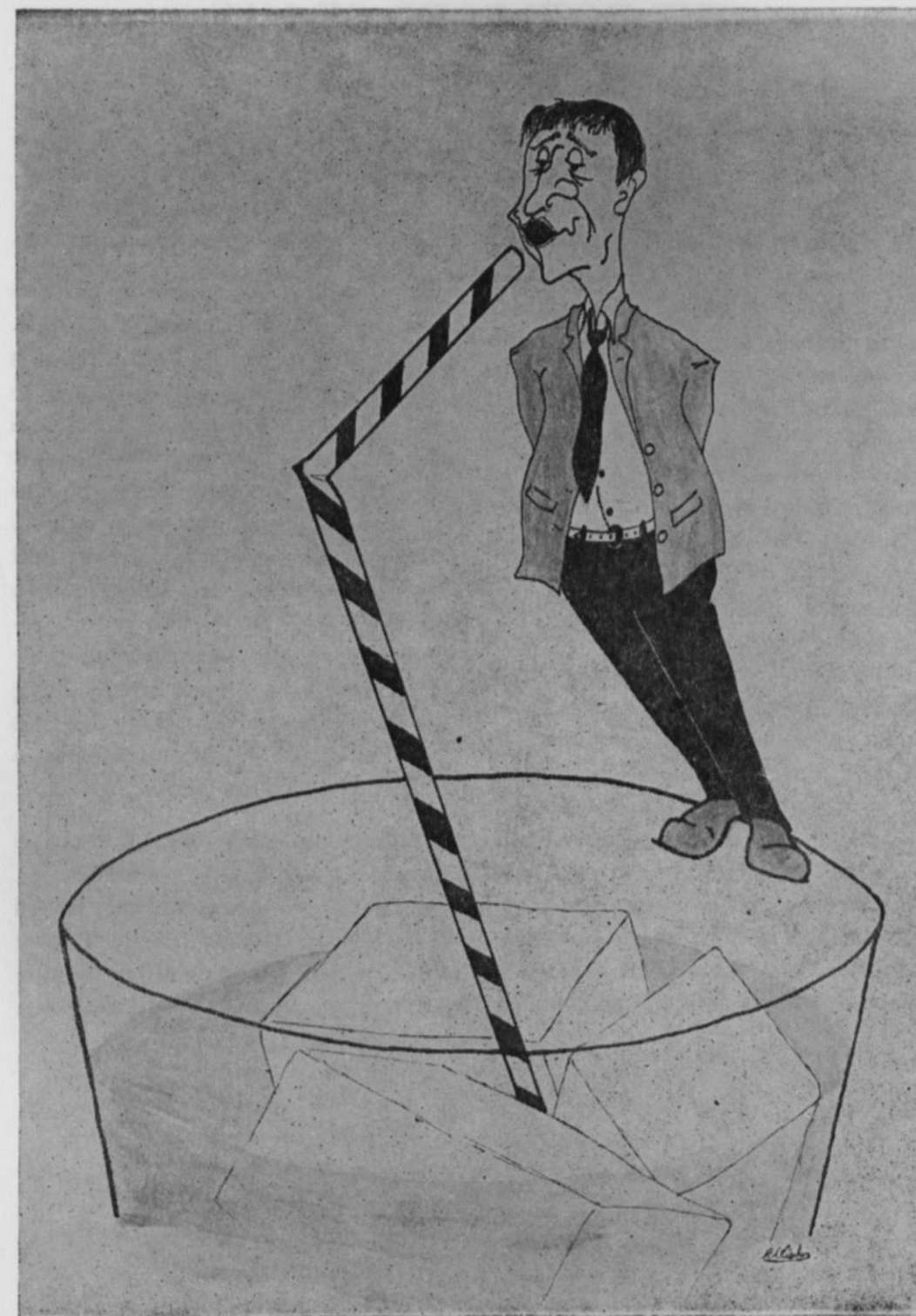
ANTHONY D'IORIO

Come and join hands with me,
 As we sing of liberty.
 For graduation is drawing near,
 And none are expected to shed a tear.
 I'm sure we'll all miss old SMA,
 And getting up early every day.
 No more spit-shines, spiffies or drill,
 No more dusting our window sill.
 No more Col. Webb's impossible themes,
 No more watching him bust at the seams.
 No more M. S. classes that are a bore,
 No more waxing our ancient floor.
 No more inspections of our personal things,
 No more nightly AWOL flings.
 No more potatoes at every meal,
 No more worrying how we feel.
 No more C. Q.'s or sweep detail,
 No more fighting to get our mail.
 No more dreaming about the girls,
 No more cutting our long cool curls.
 No more parades or dress right dress,
 No more marching into mess.
 No more beat squad or penalty tours,
 No more cloudy water from Staunton sewers.
 No more leave days to go down town,
 No more yelling "French Frys down".
 No more bells that ring at dawn,
 No more heat systems that never go on.
 Only four more days till we go home.
 and lie around on beds of foam.
 So come on guys and praise the day
 When we'll leave old SMA.

FRED'S FRIDAY

CHARLES D'ALLESANDRO

When Friday rolls around
 and work comes to a close,
 Old Fred's eyes pop like lights
 cause there's something that he knows.
 With the money from his pay
 that he got the close of day.
 He'll go to Joe's Cafe
 and drink the night away.
 All through the night he'll drink
 until he cannot think,
 And when he's feeling high,
 the drinks will really fly.
 Then when the doors do close
 and Fred's crawling on his nose,
 His stomach comes to his mouth
 and soon he'll have to spout.
 "Oh, what a night," he'll say
 in a very dreadful way.
 But as next week rolls by
 there's a gleam in old Fred's eyes.
 For you know what he will say,
 "Yep, Friday is my day."



THE ROSE BOWL OF LIFE .

THOMAS FOSTER

A PERSON going through life with everything "roses" is rare. Very seldom does a person's life encounter all things as they should be, without going through some rough periods. It has been said that "Life is like a football game." This quotation rather generally relates that in life a person's qualities are at a low standard: it is likely a fumble will occur.

Success can be synonymous with a touchdown. The men and women of the world today are all on one big team. There are the old pros, or adults, that have been carrying on in different vocations for many years. These people have long been carrying the ball and have been doing a good job of it, but as time moves on, so do the old "stars". In time, the reserves, or college men and women will have to enter the game. Each must have satisfactory background, character, ambitions, and friends. Each must be able to fulfill the position of his pred-

ecessor immediately and continue running the ball across the line of success.

Of course, one person's abilities alone cannot always win the game. Every person must have reliable friends, or backers and blockers, to help get across the line. If there is a flaw in the line, success will never be reached. This strong line is the reason why a person must have reliable friends in life. A reliable friend will always give that extra block to help someone get to the top. The young people today should start choosing their friends carefully early in life. By doing this they will learn the character that goes into a real friend and possibly a future blocker on the team.

It has been said that "a chain is only as strong as its weakest link". If the chain of life is completely linked with reliable friends, the touchdown of success will be made often, because nothing can penetrate a wall so strong.



A TEENAGE BOY

LEN KENSECKE

A teenage boy is half man, half child.
 He is in a state of adolescence,
 And the foolish things he does are blamed on this.
 He is undecided about the future,
 And not sure of the present.
 He will sometimes think as a man would think,
 And then act as a child would act.
 He will completely ignore girls at one moment,
 And will think nothing but girls at the next moment,
 He will come home looking like a coal-miner,
 And then spend half an hour combing his hair just right.
 There is something strange about a teenage boy,
 But cheer up— it happens to everyone.

THE WRETCHED SHORES

JAMES PAINE

The sound of the surf beating against the rocks
 Sends a tingling feeling down my spine.
 Those lonely nights by the west side docks
 Remind me of standing among the pines,
 Along the New England shores.
 As Sue and I watched the midnight moon,
 Start to settle among the clouds,
 It gives me the feeling of emptiness.
 Aware that every move is being watched by eyes,
 The eyes of unknown creatures.
 When my mind wanders to an unknown realm,
 My head and soul are full of loneliness.
 The night owl sitting in a large dead elm,
 Is much like me in my feeling of loneliness.
 Such is the life of a decrepit soul
 Who began his life on a windy knoll.
 He looks from his cell block as if to say
 Damn these iron bars, they will pay.

ON WRITING A COLLEGE THEME

JOHN CRANE-BAKER

MONDAY'S assignment having been handed in, the student resumes his humdrum existence. His afternoons can be devoted to entertainment and his evenings to whatever other subjects he has been burdened with. Life once more seems worth living; he can actually read a book without that sinking feeling that, when analyzed, suggests that he writes one; he can sleep and dream of pleasant things: fishing or hunting, or maybe a harem teeming with concubines and endless possibilities. Decidedly, if English teachers but knew, and if the student could but do, such horrible and nerve-racking instruments of torture as weekly themes would not be permitted. Come to think of it, there ought to be a law about it. They protect animals, so why not do the same for students. Having thus expressed his opinion, the student nods, brimming with self satisfaction, and continues to live his life of ease. Tuesday proves to be another Cambridge version of a particularly foul London fog with intervals of torrential rain. Even one who intends to write the Great American Novel is not inspired by such weather. Hedy Lammare, viewed from the depths of a University Theatre seat, reminds the student of the unexplored curves of last week-end

blind date. An adventurous spirit prompts him to disregard such minor worries as English themes in favor of more practical knowledge to be gained with greater ease at the minor expense of a telephone call.

Wednesday dawns to find him triumphant but tired, and still with the unsolved problem of the theme to worry about. With typical Harvard indifference, he disregards the approach of Monday and, at a loss as to how to occupy his time, he plays five rubbers of bridge, "shoots the bull" for the entire evening, and writes home for more money, his ears still ringing with his father's queries as to where in Hell all the money was going.

Already — about Thursday — the insidious prospect of the coming Monday's theme is poisoning his mind. He no longer is carefree, and his every moment of enjoyment is shadowed by the overshadowing threat.

By Friday the situation is becoming intolerable. He sits in his room sunk in contemplation of the various means of destroying himself and his enemies. The world is no longer a series of laughable scenes; each scene must be carefully studied in case it holds some gem of description that will appease the ever clamoring chimeras who can dismiss a literary at-

tempt as not worthy of notice and demand another in the same breath. Each person must be considered no longer as a pleasing or annoying personality, but rather as a slide under a microscope which may at any time produce the subconscious thoughts of the subject. Each sentence in a paper, book, or magazine becomes an unknown entity to be analyzed with care in case it reveals some new application of an age old principle that will melt the critic's very heart.

The student has now ceased to be human; he has become an inefficient recording machine, a machine so inefficient, in fact, that it records but for a moment and promptly forgets, leaving the mind a seething chaos of nothing. Saturday morning creeps along and finds the student at the point where, on the verge of insanity, to relieve the insufferable pressure, he grins and announces to the world at large that he will not work on Saturdays. Men earning their living don't work on Saturday; it is unthinkable to work on Saturday, yet he pays for the privilege of working on Saturday. No! that is the last straw; he won't bow down to capitalism, or tyranny, or whatever it is that oppresses him. Our hero has taken a stand; the situation is critical; will cruel fate grind him down under her inconsiderate heel? No! he is to gain a momentary illusion of freedom; he is to be permitted to attend a football game, but every play will be executed by clever, long-nosed, spectacled gentlemen who

with fiendish glee persist in obscuring the mind which is vainly trying to find out who clipped who, and why. Eventually the game is over and the student, shaking with remorse at having wasted such valuable time, starts to plod wearily across the river and up to his room where he plans to emulate the detested Shakespeare and burn the midnight oil. At this point, the fates, not content with presenting an almost impossible task, go to the extent of tempting the poor misguided youth. He has in the interests of a diploma, refused an invitation to a cocktail party which sounded extremely tempting, but now, as he passes MacBride's Cafe, the demon in disguise as his roommate appears and, at the end of an almost superhuman persistence in doing his duty, the student follows him into the bar.

After all it was cold and damp, and the drink might avert the cold which would interfere with the work on hand. Alas! human nature will have its way, and as it has been for time immemorial, "First the man took a drink, and then the drunk took the drunk." From behind the veil of seven or eight amber colored scotch and sodas, our friend saw the world in a completely different light. The solution to the almost forgotten problem was obvious. The theme would remain unwritten, and the teacher could go to Hell or any other place he wanted to. It seemed rather funny that there had been a problem in the first place. After all, he was white and — well

not quite twenty-one. Saturday nights were for celebrating, and this was decidedly Saturday night.

Alas! Alas! not one of the occupants of the cafe had realized that they had been witness at a great tragedy. The spirit had been willing and the flesh had been weak, but now the spirit was groggy and the flesh was stronger than Hell and just as capable of evil. Lest the picture become too painful and my tears blur these words, I turn aside from the very happy and gay sight of a student having a very good time while very, very drunk. The night progresses rapidly, and so does the student. From MacBride's we find him weaving an exuberant, if unsteady, way to Boston. Scolley Square, The Merry-go-round bar, the Fox and Hounds Club, and then oblivion. A very definite feeling of sea-sickness, and even more definite desire to be in bed, a solemn oath never to drink again (not until next Saturday, anyway) — all these fill his mind.

The horrible trip to Harvard on the subway which relentlessly tries to leave a stomach in each station while bearing its possessions away, the colored ads that dance madly around the ceiling, the endless nightmare of the aged buildings in the yard whose very silence resounds with reproach, and finally the sinking into well-earned sleep that momentarily eases the over-wrought mind and overturned interior.

Sunday, day of rest and penance. Oh God, why don't people do away with Sunday?

That head that, if swollen but an inch more, would obliterate the sun; and still that unwritten theme. It would never do to face those cold, questioning eyes of a frustrated teacher. So, by means of an almost miraculous determination, a tired body and a heavy head are forced into cooperation and the theme is written. Who knows? It may be a masterpiece.

This being Sunday night the story ends; I will finish it tomorrow.



NIGHT OF THE RAVEN

J. WHITE

In night of raven, so obscure,
 when life becomes so small,
 And somber tones with death-like grasps
 close in about us all;
 There is a way, a light, a path,
 for those who wish to follow,
 And escape the dread of darkest night
 with tones so dark and hollow.
 Forget this not — for advice is all too
 rare,
 But find the way, the light, the path,
 in a life of eternal prayer.



THE PLAINSMEN'S PRAYER .

READE TILLEY

Oh let this human structure rise,
 These pinnacles of flesh
 To pierce the hollows of God's skies.
 Crys This Heart
 And pray for lands and fields anew
 No smite or dry.
 I ask all this you will renew.
 Crys This Heart
 And when all this have you done
 What would you seek?
 For me to die as God's own son?
 Crys This Heart
 These arms are stretched to you my Lord
 I ask for mercy's hand.
 My body worn my mind is chored.
 Crys This Heart
 You took the life that of my son
 He paid for mercy ours.
 So give us what we ask my Lord and let your debts be done.
 Crys This Heart
 Or might you want me suffer thrice?
 To fertilize your pastures green.
 Through greed you take my loving wife?
 Crys This Heart
 My debts are cleared this soul is pure.
 'Tis you who owe my Lord.
 So pay oh Satan's God, no more can we endure.
 Crys This Heart

This is a sacrilegious group of thoughts which I believe show the truth of feelings felt towards God by people living on hardships all their life. In many cases they had been taught that God was their savior, and were confused by these hardships and losses of loved ones. They didn't know who to turn to and sometimes felt that God had left them.

WHAT IS WORSE THAN WAR?

ROY L. LAY

THE RULE of the tyrant, the oppression of the poor, the prisoner's chain, and peace are more terrible than war. Could it be that our longing for peace is pure selfishness? Sure, who wants war, but who wants to be a prisoner under Communist oppression? Yes, we want to keep our men at home. If they go, some will not come back. If this is the feeling, are we worthy of the name of men if we stand back and let the tyrant rule and the criminal have his way? This is the price we have to pay if we wish to continue to be free. We cannot be

lax in our dealings with Communism. We have to stand our position and not yield to their actions and demands. If we allow Communist oppression to grow, it will bring slavery to all the world. Every minute of every day the Communists are inching their way along the road to world domination. We are the only possible roadblock in their way. We have to stand fast. The only way to stop this growing epidemic is to stand up to the Communists and fight back. In the final choice, "a soldier's pack is not as heavy as a prisoner's chain".

THE STORM

JAMES PAINE

The wind was whistling through the trees,
 The ground was bleached and bare,
 Gone were the toads and all the bees,
 And in their caves were hiding the bears.
 The clouds were gathering in the sky,
 Black and threatening they started to rumble,
 The trees looked like they were going to die,
 The brooks moved faster and began to mumble.
 The lightning flashed across the sky,
 The thunder rolled and crashed,
 In the water the boats were tied,
 Against the rocks they would be dashed.
 After the storm there would be a lull,
 The air would be normal again,
 The ships would rest on their broken hulls,
 A loss of countless valuable men.

THE ENDING OF A STORM

TOM CLARK

As lightning dashes through the dark sky, I run for a store.
 The wind blows hard and the sky thunders as I run even faster.
 I run through the streets and under the trees to escape the terrible lightning.
 But, no matter how far I go or how fast I run, I cannot escape the bright glow of the lightning.
 I dash through the door of a drugstore, but still the bright flashes of lightning follow me.
 As I relax over a coke, the thundering sky and lightning seem to be diminishing slowly.
 After all is quiet, I venture out on the street once again
 In the distance I can hear the dull clash of thunder and the sharp crack of lightning.
 As I walk toward my home, the sun begins to shine brightly; how glad I am that the sky is once more clearing, and the terrible lightning is gone, at least for a while.

SNOW

JIM ARCHER

THERE IS nothing that I enjoy more than to walk in nature's bliss after a fresh snow. It makes me forget all the turmoil that exists in the world. Time seems to stand still, seemingly overwhelmed by nature's own unique beauty. Any problem that I may have becomes very remote as I contemplate the breathtaking solitude. It gives me a sense of security to watch the animals at play in this white blanket of nature's, completely unaware of the outside world. To me it is inconceivable that anything could be more lovely than a snow fall. I can think of nothing comparable to its magnificence in the whole world. It perplexes me to know how anything of such grandeur can be taken for granted by anyone with any real conception of beauty.

TAKE OF ME NOT MY LOVE MY LORD

READE TILLEY

TAKE THEE my Lord this little dog? From once the paths which he had trod. This fluffy ball of love, his gentle heart that of a cloud who lurks the heaven's skies above.

Take thee his pure and love like smile? That covered many a gentle face with sentimental smirks, which bring about all love embrace. A homely saddening love arouse the fur of years, and gentle pattered paws to meet the hand warm secure and loving hold. The eyes to seek your loving gaze through shiny wakes of haze, and curious lines upon his brow, a sign to reach your soul, to spark and love endow a pat or sound within

your heart to place a day upon his life, and inch of faith to help his strife. And might you fail his asking wants, and bring a tear upon his face to lack the love he needs so true, the lines are there of death to trace.

Oh God! Don't take my love divine, his smiles his eyes, and gentle whine. Let Satan's greed remove my soul, and leave my love to live again, but touch him not, I beg you lend just one more year for him to spend. So hear these words I say my Lord. I'll give him love to flood the sea and drown the land on which we stand,

But Take Of Me Not My Love

A BUM'S CREED

READE TILLEY

1. Just walk along and sing my song,
Or rest the livelong day.
2. No house to make or leaves to rake,
But watch the sun's array
3. A life, no love, the skies above,
A blushing breeze of May,
4. No mouths to feed, or land to seed,
To swim upon the bay.
5. In nature's way to kneel and pray,
And wait for words our God to say.

ALONE

J. H. MANGAN

Ah, the breeze runs free
 and waves lap in.
 As the sun rises on the lee
 and warms the shore,
 I become enthralled by the blue,
 deep blue of the sea,
 And the green palms; true,
 and straight and tall.
 But yet I wish I could
 have been as deep blue
 As the sea, and could
 stand as tall as the palms.
 But, because I told not
 I must live out my exile. . . alone.
 Alone, I must stand, in the hot,
 burning sun. . . and hope. But for what?
 Still my love and he sit
 and enjoy the days.
 Yet. . . I cannot see fit
 that she should love him
 And not me; but she does.
 I can't see how he lives
 With the shadow and blood
 that cover so much of his past.
 Only because he was my brother
 did I admit to the wrong,
 Only because it was he, not another,
 did I say, "'Twas I that did it."
 I am alone now, here with my "sin".
 You know I could have been king
 As my father was then.
 He said 'twas I to be next, not he.
 She loves him. So did I.

How could I point
 And accuse, without a lie,
 that my brother was the one
 Who did all this wrong.
 It was that look on her face
 That said all to be said.
 I couldn't, just couldn't
 Kill both of them that way;
 they loved each other so.
 Now it is gone and past.
 I can survive. . . alone
 On the fish, and the fruit; they'll last.
 But can he exist on her pure
 Love and wealth? or will
 he, in his heart, forever join
 Me on this small island to live. . . alone.

. . . . AND THEN ANOTHER

DARREL TYLER

THESE the ancient, deserted, old house stood. Through the foggy mist and rain it was barely visible from the muddy, deep-pitted driveway which led only half way to the house and then abruptly became a path. Only when the spasmodic cracks of thunder bellowed out their disapproval, echoing and reechoing in the nearby hills setting everything in sight alight in brilliance, could she make out any details of that God-forsaken place.

Like a member of Parliament it stood, stately, laying out its long, unkept green carpet to anyone who dared pass near. He was in want of a new set of clothes and had many holes in his old suit. He was haggard and tired of what he had seen, and feared he might see, which showed on his wrinkled skin.

As she ventured nearer, she could hear the monotonous slamming of shutters, against the window frames that had long since been free of glass. Cautiously, she twisted the doorknob with her perspiring hand and gently pushed. Slowly the door creaked open on its aged, old, rusty hinges which had not been exercised for many years. Her heart beat frantically and her

legs felt like toothpicks ready to crumble at the slightest touch, as she gingerly brushed aside the cobwebs and reluctantly entered the dark, drab house. A musty smell pierced her nostrils as she peered into the inky blackness. She lit the candle she had brought for this occasion, and heard the soft pitter patter of little feet scampering for shelter from the unexpected light. Suddenly she started as an icy chill ran up and down her spine like a person playing a xylophone. Horrible thoughts raced through her head until she found courage enough to look down, and much to her relief saw only a mouse wriggling into her shoe. Quickly she slipped it off and watched the little thing scramble into a hole in the wooden floor. Still quivering from that frightful experience she began to survey the room. The dull light revealed the interior which was almost as dilapidated as the outside. Dust was an inch thick everywhere and the combination of this and the smell almost made her gag.

There was very little furniture in the large room but what was there was covered by white sheets and the customary dust. As she peered around the room, taking in all the details, her

eyes first fell on an old grandfather clock in a corner, and then on the steps leading into the unknown.

As she wandered towards the steps the question kept racing through her mind why, why out of everyone else she had been chosen to investigate for her newspaper the strange deaths of the occupants in the house ten years before. Cautiously, she took one step and then another carefully testing the ancient stairway. Sharp flashes of lightning stabbed out into the morbid night, many times making her cringe with fright and setting her nerves on edge. As she reached the top, an unexpected draft snuffed out the candle. She fumbled for the matches when very quietly she heard some one calling her name, and a slow dragging of feet. In panic, she whirled and began to flee down the stairway but took only a few steps when she tripped and fell. Finally she came to rest at the bottom of the staircase and with her last ounce of strength tried to pull herself to the doorway. Life waned from her body until she finally collapsed into a heap with a sigh.

I have claimed another trespasser and shall forever be standing here waiting for other unfortunate adventurers.



MAN'S JOURNEY

EDWARD DALY

Sunny days, cloudy days,
 Moon clad evenings, misty nights,
 Time unending
 Life is short
 Man journey's
 The path is narrow
 Thought is fed
 The path broadens
 Man sees and listens
 Joy is imagined
 Melancholy is known
 Love the only feeling
 Now is the time
 He enters into madness
 The morning newspaper
 The evening train
 Man educates
 The path now a fine road
 Maturity gives meaning
 The need for existence beckons
 What gains through the chaos
 What worth achieved
 Wealth, fame
 How meager a reward
 The road ends
 Darkness closes
 Man not a part of time
 Becomes the forgotten observer.

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OF

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