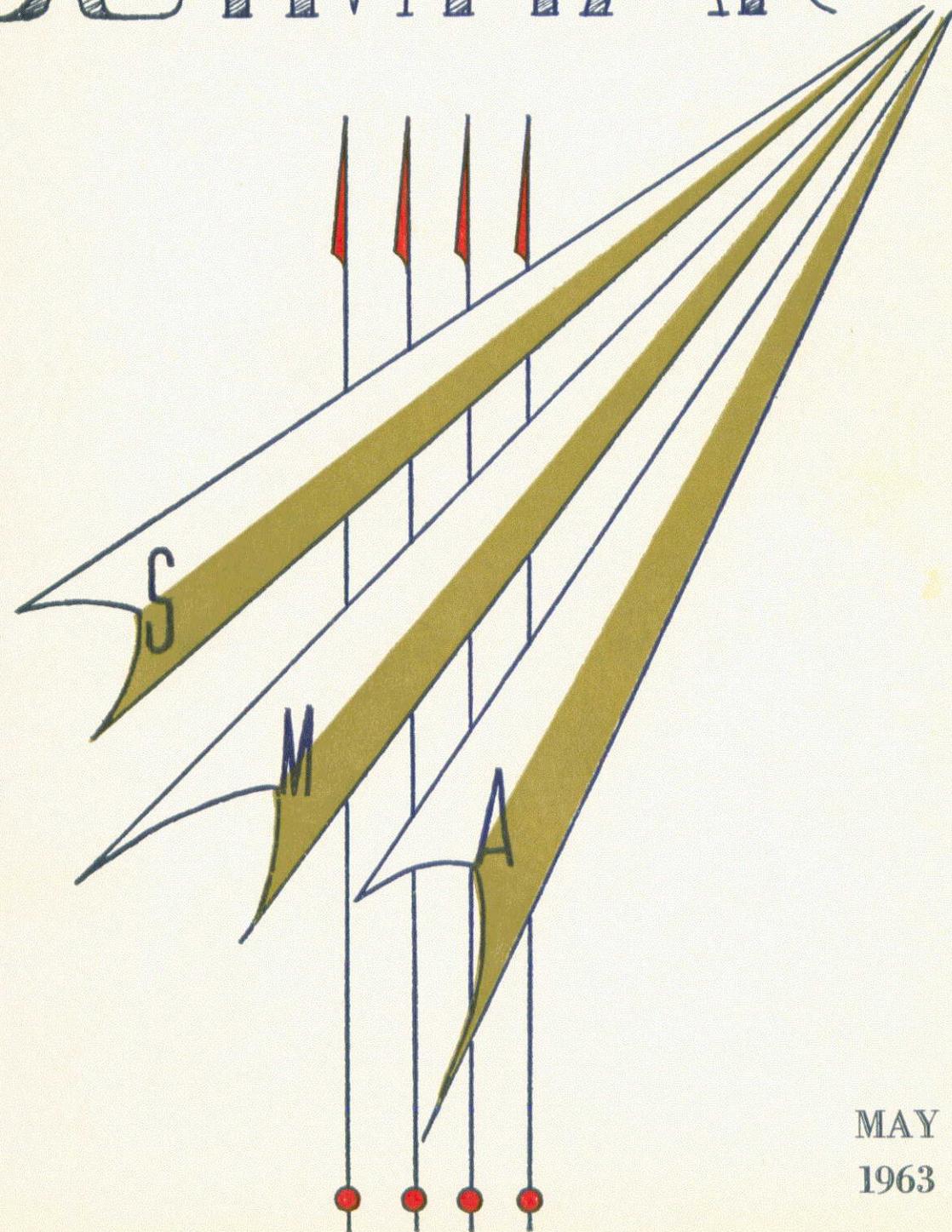


SCIMITAR



MAY
1963

SCIMITAR

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



SPRING EDITION

A TRI-YEARLY MAGAZINE BY THE CADETS
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THE DERELICT

by EDDIE LEINSTER

Wandering aimlessly, the outcast
Bearing his failures upon his sleeve,
Ponders the fate his failures wrought,
He is not numb, but cannot grieve.

'Twas not his fault that in their rush
Society should shun him so.
He merely turned his back on life,
Was this just cause?—He does not know.

One incident was all required,
To stand him helpless and alone.
Drowning himself in pity now,
He has a world, but all his own.

Is there no reprieve for him;
One amongst the crowd to care?
Love is what he longs for most,
And love is what he finds so rare.....

IT'S TRUE

DARREL TYLER

YES, IT'S true, he thought, I am a coward. It's true that I'm afraid of fighting and dying. It's true that I'm afraid of the enemy, of being captured, and of being tortured. It's true that I'm a coward.

The whine of bullets, the dull thud, thud, thud of the projectiles as they found their mark, and the ear-shattering explosions of bombs spreading their destruction across the countryside could barely be heard above the wild throbbing in his chest. Panic and fear stabbed at his heart. Suddenly, as he looked over a ridge, he saw an old, battered shack. Quickly, he crawled down into a shell crater and looked for any sign of life. When satisfied there wasn't any, he continued to crawl to an opening in the shack where there had been a door. His heart seemed to go crazy as he stuck his head inside, at any moment expecting to feel burning pain somewhere deep in his body.

The small room had a dirt floor with cracks in the wall that let in streams of light which exposed the empty inside. There was a strange smell in the room, like that of burning wood. Suddenly, he froze as he heard a low, painful groan! Regaining his senses, he dove to the ground, thinking that someone was approaching; but when

he heard the groan again, he decided that there was someone in the room with him! Surveying the room more closely this time, he discovered a body in a dark corner. Beside him was a smoldering fire that the man had built to keep himself warm but had gone out from lack of care.

Quickly he looked for something to prop the soldier's head on. That's it, the man's helmet. He soon found it, but only knelt there dumbfounded. The helmet, it's German! He overcame the mad desire to run away. He had been taught to hate and kill these people in any way he could, but now that he was close to one, he discovered that they were very much like himself. He realized that if he had met this same person on the battlefield, he would have had to kill him, but now that didn't seem to matter. They were both doing their job and fighting for what they thought was right. His mind was in a chaos because he had never performed an operation, and yet he realized only too well that that bullet must come out and he was the man who would have to do it.

He began to remove the blood stained jacket to get at the deep, oozing wound in the German's muscular chest. It was about a half inch in diameter and was filled with blood

which was overflowing and staining the loose dirt. Slowly he reached into his pocket and brought out his knife. Sterilizing it as best he could, he began to probe. One, two, three inches it went in before he finally struck something hard. Ever so slowly he began to pry it out. Suddenly, there it was between the mangled layers of skin and flesh. His hands were so wet and shaky that it was hard to hold the knife. Out of the man's chest came a scarlet red river. Reaching down to pick out the bullet, he felt a great

relief. After the bleeding stopped, he dressed the wound. Then bidding a quiet farewell to the German soldier and the old shack, he stepped out into the strange world once more and charged up to the front lines to fight as he never had fought before.

It's true that I'm afraid of fighting and dying, he thought. It's true that I'm afraid of the enemy, of being captured, and of being tortured. It's true, but now I realize I am not a coward, only a human being.



Some teachers have the knack of making boring subjects exciting.

ONE POSSIBILITY OUT OF A MILLION

JOHN SILBERMAN

ABOARD THE USS Thresher— "Captain, all compartments report ready for the final test dive. And our escort ship reports that she's in position and ready also." "Fine—tell the exec I want to see him—also have the hydrophone operator alert our escort of our course, speed and time of the test dive which will be in about ten minutes."—ten minutes later "All hands to diving stations—one minute to test dive—clear the bridge—look-outs below— Dive! Dive! Jim (the exec), take her to periscope depth"— a little later— "Periscope depth, Captain, all compartments report a green-board." "O. K. start the test. Give her a five degree down bubble for 20 minutes that will take us to about 750 feet. You know Jim, I think we can go much deeper. Some of the old type subs during a depth charge attack have accidentally dived way below the "safe depth" of 300 feet. The "Tartan" dove to 420, evaded the DE's and surfaced to attack and sink an aircraft carrier."

"750 feet, sir, all compartments report watertight." "Fine— level off and cruise 315° true at 22 knots then we'll" "Captain,— the diving planes are jammed in diving position. Jim! Jim? Oh, where the hell is he—Blow the main ballast tanks— all engines back

emergency— Jack, signal the escort vessel and tell her we're trying to surface." "It's no good, sir, the engines have slowed our descent but the pressure at this depth is so much that the ballast tanks won't blow." "875 feet, sir." "Sir, we have lost contact with the escort vessel." "Jim, have the hydrophone operator try to reestablish contact....." "Sir, forward torpedo room reports the tubes are leaking water—they can't take the pressure." "Sonar— how far are we from the bottom and how close from the shallowest section of ocean bottom?" "Sir, there is about 8,000 feet of water below us now but there is an underwater mountain about a half mile, 5 points of the starboard beam and the depth there is a little less than a thousand feet." "Ok, right full rudder, blow forward tanks as best you can, flood negative, that should lift the bow, all ahead 2/3." "Sir, the helmsman reports we're on an even keel but the diving planes are still plunging us down— we're at 900 feet now, and the forward torpedo room is almost flooded." "Jim, get the diving officer over here.— OK, this is my plan, right now we're over an underwater mountain which by luck was here. We've still got 100 feet of water underneath us. I'm going to pressurize the hull

so it doesn't crack like an egg shell. We'll settle on the bottom and try to get help. The added pressure inside the hull will make everything twice as hard; so the crew will have to sleep 12 hours in 2 shifts; when they're on duty, they'll keep trying to raise the boat. Do either of you have any suggestions?" "No, sir." "O.K., Jack, pressurize the hull to 100 lbs. P. S.—flood the main and forward ballast

tanks. Now all we do is wait"— Three minutes later— "We're on the bottom; Captain, the depth here is 930 feet." "Jim— turn on the intercom system. "Give me your attention, this is your captain speaking. First I want to say we are on the bottom and help should be on its way in a few hours; as most of you know or guessed something went wrong. Well, this is our situation....."

HOW MUCH SHOULD GOVERNMENT REGULATE BUSINESS?

DENNIS KAISER

AMERICA is a nation of industry and big business, but sometimes, due to monopolistic attitudes, regulatory measures must be enacted.

In the past, business was characterized by monopoly and trust, but this rapid expansion put our nation's wealth in the hands of a few people, namely the Rockefellers and Carnegies. Soon the government recognized the need for labor control and passed the Clayton and Sherman Anti-Trust Laws.

Today our government is faced with a new problem— price-fixing in the larger industries. Price-fixing is caused by economic conditions and rising costs for industry. President Kennedy

foresees a recession if this action is not stopped. Consequently, he has proposed extensive regulatory measures to be imposed on corporations involved. "This increased regulation," says Roger Blough, "will cause strikes and the recession the administration is trying to stop." Controversial is the word to describe the matter but most people feel that regulation should be compatible with current economic conditions with the least amount of regulation. We, as the future businessmen and citizens of the United States, can only hope that business and government can derive harmony as to regulation, for our future and security may well depend upon our co-ordination of business and government.

FLOYD "CHUCK" SIMMONS AN ANALYSIS OF A SUCCESS

IN THE FALL of '42 "Chuck" Simmons arrived at S. M. A. to begin a Post Graduate Course of study. Physically he was deluxe size with dark brown hair and a relaxed air about him.

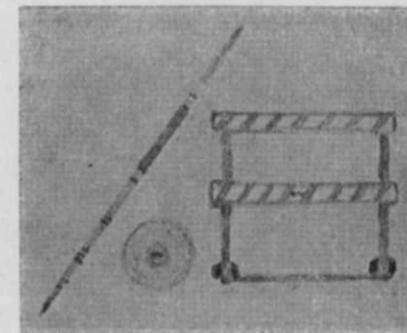
He was not an average person; he was a gifted individual who, although gifted, did three things which we all must do eventually to insure success. He recognized and had confidence in his ability and worth. He was planning his future in accordance with his ability. He was using and training his natural ability to make his future profitable.

While at S. M. A. he starred as an athlete in football and track, and did illustrations in the *Kablegram*. Later he put both of these talents to good use. His experience in illustrations interested him in art, which led him eventually to Hollywood where he has profited. Sometime after look-

ing at one of the old "the line up" movies or "the detective", look for Andrews in the actor acknowledgment at the end—this is his show biz name. He was also in South Pacific, and has done commercial work.

As an athlete he developed his talent well and attended the '48 and '52 Olympics as a decathlon man, placing third in both of them. Because this is track season, the results of Simmons' '48 Olympic marks are included.

110 Meter	10.6
Broad Jump	23' 9½"
Shot Put	40'
High Jump	6' 5"
400 Meters	51.3
110 Meter High Hurdles	14.6
Discus	134' 7"
Pole Vault	12' 8"
Javelin	189' 8¾"
1500 Meters	4.58



SIR WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL

BORN IN Clenheim Palace, Oxfordshire, he was the eldest son of Lord Randolph Churchill and Jennie Jerome Churchill. He comes from a long line of royalty among whom belong such people as the first Duke of Marlborough, one of England's greatest generals.

Early in life Churchill developed a liking for the military, and in 1895 he graduated from Sandhurst, the "West Point of Britain", and was assigned to the Fourth Hussars, the "Queen's Own" regiment. He served in Cuba and India where he received medals for bravery.

At the age of twenty-five he became a newspaper correspondent and went to South Africa to report on the Boer War.

Returning to London in 1900, Churchill turned to politics and was elected to Parliament as a Conservative, while he continued to write. Three years later, in 1903, he dramatically shifted his support and became a Liberal. Under the party he served as Undersecretary for the Colonies from 1906 to 1908, the year of his marriage to Clementine Hozier. When Herbert Asquith was elected Prime Minister, Churchill was promoted to President of the Board of Trade, where he served very actively, passing many reforms and establishing labor exchanges and old age pensions. In 1910 he was again promoted,

this time to Home Secretary, a post he held for one year. In 1911, Churchill became First Lord of the Admiralty.

He was one of the few who foresaw that war was a likelihood, and devoted all of his energy to getting the navy into a state of "instant and constant readiness." This was fortunate, for when World War I came in 1914 the navy was ready, but the army was small and inadequate.

In 1915, after many poor showings by the English Army, Churchill resigned his post and joined the Allied effort as a Lieutenant Colonel, keeping his seat in Parliament.

When Lloyd George became Prime Minister in 1916 he recalled Churchill to serve as Minister of Munitions. From 1918 to 1921 he served as Secretary for War and Air. He then became Colonial Secretary.

During 1923 following criticism of how the Turkish War was handled, Lloyd George called for a general election. As a result the party was swept from office. Meanwhile Churchill had suffered an appendicitis attack and was left as he put it, "without office, no seat in Commons, no party, and no appendix."

With his wife, son, and daughter, Churchill went to Cannes, France, to paint and continue to write. Returning to England he ran in another election and lost. Since neither party



was satisfied with him he ran as an Independent Anti-Socialist, and lost again.

At the end of 1924 the Conservatives asked him to return to the party. To this he consented and won the election, again taking his seat in Parliament.

Stanley Baldwin was appointed Prime Minister and Churchill became Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post once held by his father. He held this post until 1929 when Baldwin was defeated. Churchill kept his seat in The Commons.

Again Churchill was one of the few who foresaw World War II, and he made many speeches warning of the Nazi menace to world peace. Few listened and many laughed.

September 3, 1939, marked the beginning of World War II and Churchill was recalled to the Admiralty he had been twenty-four years before. Then, in 1940, he succeeded Neville Chamberlain as Prime Minister.

Through his leadership and dogged determination Churchill led England

through many grim days. He reflected the feelings of the English people as well as all the Allies when he said, "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, we shall never surrender."

During the war more than 1,700 messages were exchanged between President Roosevelt and Churchill.

On July 5, 1945, England held the first general election in ten years and Churchill was decisively defeated by the Socialist Labor party and he took his place as Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

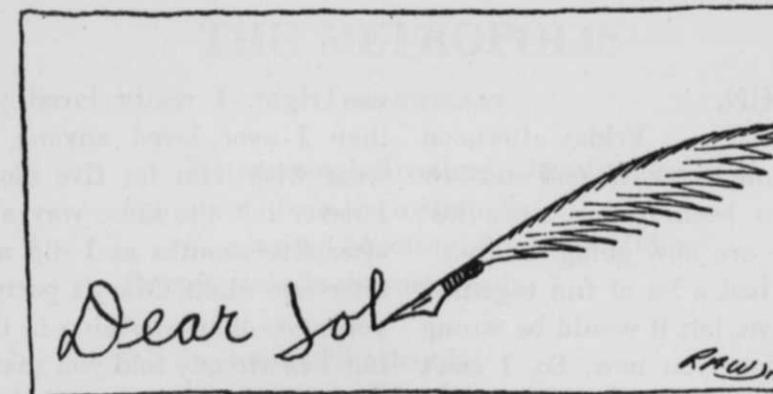
The Socialist Labor party was defeated by the Conservatives in a close election in 1951. Because of the economic problems of England Churchill reduced his salary as well as his cabinet.

On April 5, 1955, Sir Winston Churchill resigned as Prime Minister.

On April 10, 1963, he was paid the highest tribute given to a foreigner, becoming the first to be given citizenship by Congress.



These are typical serious-minded seniors, aware, even at mess that graduation is near.



DEAR JOHN,

I'm sure this is going to be the hardest letter I will ever have to write. I have been staring at this paper for about a half an hour now.

I thought I ought to be the first to tell you that I've been dating a boy, Rob Dyson, pretty regularly lately. Mainly he comes over after school, but we've been out a few times. My parents have encouraged this because they don't feel I should be serious about anyone I can't see but for a short time during the school year. Also, writing leaves much to be desired, when you compare it to this past summer, which as I said was wonderful.

You're a terrific boy, and everything I said about you was the truth. But, I didn't feel it was right to keep you on the hook. I know, myself, that I can't stand sitting around, especially after slaving away all week, as I'm sure you do. When I told you that you should date other girls, I hadn't started dating Robbie. When you left I really thought I could wait until Christmas, but I can't. I'm so sorry. I don't think it would be fair for both of us to sit around until Christmas.

You mentioned that ball at S.M.A. after Christmas. I really think I should say no just on principles. Goodness, by Christmas you will have someone you'd rather take and then you might have to take me. Thank you any way.

I hope to see you during Christmas vacation sometime and to hear from you if you want to write. Please forgive me.

Sue

May 1, 1963

Mr. Senior
P. O. Box 807, Kable Station
Staunton, Virginia
Dear Mr. Senior:

After a careful consideration of your application, the Committee on Admissions has directed me to advise you that you do not meet our requirements for admission as established by the faculty. This decision was reached only after a thorough analysis of the credentials submitted in support of your application. I regret that the University cannot serve you in your educational plans.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Y. Ruth
Director of Admissions

DEAR JOHN,

Friday afternoon

I went home this week end and saw the boy I've been dating since last summer, we are now going steady.

John, we had a lot of fun together, I know I have, but it would be wrong for me to date you now. So, I can't see you Sunday.

You may be angry, I don't know, wouldn't you do the same in my position? I thought you would rather know than for me to write excuses to you saying I have to study and so on.

If I dated you again I would be doing the wrong thing not to only one person, but to two.

I thought it would be better for me to tell you the truth.

You are very sweet and thoughtful and I really had a good time when I dated you.

Be good and take care. Still friends, I hope.

Connie

DEAR JOHN,

I sent my last letter on Tuesday. You must have received it by Friday at the latest, and it is Friday again today. Still no answer. I guess that means you just don't give a darn what I do. Arlene told me once, before I started to really go with you, at Mary's.

You are very sweet and thoughtful and a great guy to go with. I guess she

was right. I really loved you more than I ever loved anyone before. I went with Tim for five months, but I never felt the same way about him after five months as I did about you after one night, Mary's party. I loved you more than anything in the world, but I've already told you that and you don't seem to care. I believed you when you said that you loved me. I thought you were telling me the truth. Now I know you weren't. All lies. I've told you how I feel about you. I hope you believe me because I wasn't lying. You can add me to your list of suckers.

I'll try to forget you. I'll try to find someone I can love as much as you, but I doubt if I will. I can find someone who doesn't lie, or someone who isn't a sex maniac, or someone who isn't 500 miles away; but I won't love them like you. If I didn't care so much about you, I could get so many other boys, but I still love you.

You have your fun writing to Kim, and I'll have mine with the boys around me. There are plenty of them better than you, and believe me, I won't have to look too hard. Even though, I still love you, I'll feel, "..... perfectly free and not obligated to you in the least." If you don't give a darn, then I won't either.

Love always
Pat

P. S. I guess this is good-bye. It was fun. Thanks for the ride.

THE METROPOLIS

TOM SHELLEY

Hammering! Riveting! Shouting! Selling!
Sounds of life in the metropolis.

Screaming! Shooting! Running! Hiding!
Sounds of sin in the metropolis.

All the hours of the decades
Are filled with the life of the metropolis
People running to form a mob
Or running from themselves
Trying to find what they have lost
Seeking every street
Of the metropolis.

Buildings are torn down and new ones made
Stores holding sales every day
To captivate the obnoxious buyers
Men bargaining, scheming, threatening
For the cause of money.
All are seeking something which they
Will never find or know of.

An escape for the lonely
A sanctuary for the wanted
A home for the beggars
A beginning for the lost
What will they ever find
Mid the dust and the crime
Of the metropolis.

Men will leave in disgust
Stay with hope and need
Build with the fears of memories
Destroy with need of satisfaction
On and on they climb the invisible ladder
Higher and higher people climb
All with the hope of conquering
the metropolis.

"THE SUN ALSO SETS"

With apologies to Ernest Hemingway

JOHN CRANE-BAKER

IT WAS HOT; damned hot. The gravel road running between ditches and broken down culverts was shimmering in the heat, and the cracked and hardened surface of the ground looked like a private hell which no soothing water could ever reach to relieve pain.

Nick Foster was asleep, his head leaning on the door of the car and bouncing loosely and grotesquely at each bump, and the bilious tinge of his skin growing more and more sickening each time I looked at him. I wanted to waken him, but I knew there wasn't much use. I hadn't got hold of him until after daybreak and I judged, remembering the slut on whose steps he had slept and who had kept pointing to the smears where he had been sick on the filthy stones of the passageway, that he would hardly prove a pleasant companion when awakened.

I reached onto the seat between us for the pack of cigarettes that I had gotten in Biarritz before crossing the border and cursed as I found them completely crushed by Nick's almost lifeless weight.

"That's the trouble with writers," I thought, "when they get drunk it takes them weeks to get over it," and

to my knowledge Nick had been drunk nearly all the time since he lost his job with the failure of the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Where he got the money for his perpetual drunks I couldn't imagine; I guessed he knew lot of suckers like me. I kept wondering about Nick as the car jolted along and decided the only reason I picked him up was that I could still remember him the way he was when I first met him, fresh out of Harvard.

Since then, the war, and an artist who had taken his money and left him with syphilis had made him as I saw him then.

He had never been what you might call respectable, but now, for the first time, I saw to what depths he had sunk. I knew his mind was rapidly going to pieces, and the last two years had so aged and hardened his face that one who had not seen the gradual change whold never have recognized him.

His head lolled against the worn covering of my battered Ford, his eyes veiled by swollen lids, and his scalp dirty grey and covered with scabs where the sparse black hair had thinned, he was revolting, and I



wondered how there could ever have been sweetness in such a face.

My observation was cut short by a particularly violent lurch of the car and looking back I saw the carcass of what seemed to be a dog, dead several days if the nauseating stench of putrid flesh were any indication.

From then on I devoted my entire attention to the road which grew worse with every mile. I knew that I should reach Burquete within an hour. I kept my eyes on the road and drove silently on, still cursing Nick under my breath for having ruined the only cigarettes that weren't packed in the trunk. Nick groaned once or twice and half opened one eye. I glanced at him but said nothing. He finally raised himself to the sitting position and asked, his voice thick with the woolen sock lining of an habitual drunk, "Where the hell am I, and where did you come from?"

I then told him briefly where I had found him and added that if he did not like my company he could get the hell out of the car and walk back to where he came from. Instantly his manner changed, and almost fawningly he thanked me for the trouble I had taken. I almost felt sorry for him then, disgusting as he was.

Soon I saw the white roof of a farm house off to the left and decided we were nearing Burquete. When I told Nick, he nodded absently and said irrelevantly, "I saw Carla a week ago in Dijon. She was stopping on her way to Rouen. I don't see how she still looks so young; she's living with that

swine Burger now. I hope he likes her; I suppose she still makes a good lay, the dirty bitch!"

His words recalled my wonder as to how he got to Colona where I found him, and I said bitterly, "Call her what you want you probably got enough money from her to last you a long while. My God! It must be worth a lot to a woman not to have anyone know she ever slept with a bastard like you." I couldn't help being angered. Carla was really a swell girl, and if it hadn't been for men like Nick.....Well! I had loved her before and I still did, all her promiscuousness only adding to my sorrow and desire for her.

Nick whined some remark about her not giving him a cent after all he had done for her, and I thought he was getting ready to bum at least a meal from me in Burquete.

I knew that each jolt of the car must feel like a blow with a sledge hammer to Nick's tortured head, but after what he said about Carla I didn't care, and each time we hit a bad rut I would think, "That'll teach you, you dirty bastard."

I was still pleasantly contemplating his pains when we entered Burquete. It was a little town, and everybody must have been in Valencia for the bull fights because there wasn't a soul in sight. I drew up before a shuttered building which once had been painted red but which now was mottled with grey where the paint had peeled off. A sign representing a crude-

ly painted wine bottle was the only new thing in sight. I got out of the car and noticed, as I did, that Nick nearly fell when he stood up, but I didn't bother to help him.

I walked to the door of the cafe and pounded on it violently with both fists hoping that eventually someone would answer. Surprisingly enough the door swung open almost immediately, and as I entered I noticed several people at the tables and at the bar. I saw an empty table in the far corner of the dimly lit room, and making my way to it I sat down in one of the two crude chairs and looked up at Nick who grinned foolishly and half fell into the other chair. Resting his head on his folded arms he seemed to drop off to sleep.

I banged a dirty tumbler on the table and finally a waitress came through the doorway at the rear of the room, which was partly hidden in the darkness by strings of beads hanging on a rod to keep out flies. She came toward our table, and I noticed as she passed a group of men near the door that one reached out and and patted her suggestively on the breasts; she did not even seem to notice, and as she drew near the table I saw that she looked deathly tired. She wasn't at all bad looking in a swarthy sort of way, and the wrap around cotten overall that she wore did little to conceal a lush figure totally devoid of other clothing.

I ordered some fish which seemed to be the only dish to be had, and a

bottle of white wine. At this Nick looked up and seemed interested; when his eyes lit on the waitress he looked even more pleased, and as she went back into what must have been the kitchen he winked at me and said, "That's a nice piece. Did you notice?" I didn't answer, but after the meal I wasn't surprised to see him follow the waitress into the back room. One of the men near the door got up and said something in Spanish, but another man pulled him back into his chair, and Nick went on out. I started to go after him but then decided to avoid a scene, and I poured myself another glass of wine as I waited. After a while Nick reappeared, and before he could sit down, I said, "Come on; we're leaving." He looked disappointed but didn't say anything until we had been driving for half an hour and then it was only, "You know, she was a swell piece. You should have tried her."

I wanted to be disgusted, but in spite of the sordidness the sight of that all but naked waitress had turned my mind back to Carla, and as I remembered the past all too clearly, I learned that the memory of her could still hurt me.

Valencia was a good three hours drive from Burquete, and it was nearly two when we left there. All the way I kept thinking of my life and what it might have been and wasn't, and then I wondered about Nick and whether I and many others wouldn't be like him if there hadn't been some

emotional tie to hold us back when we wanted to let go of everything.

I remembered Carla's words to me when she left me nearly three years before. I had known that I had lost her, and I had been drinking heavily. She put her arms around me and said, "I'm sorry, dear, but if this can't stop you; nothing can." If she had not said that—well? I glanced at Nick and shuddered.

It was thus, wrapped in my thoughts amid a silence broken only by the noise of the engine, that I covered the hundred miles to Valencia.

Signs of life became apparent on every side, and even Nick exclaimed at the number of people where the corrida would be held the next day, already gaily bedecked with flags, and the crowds in the streets laughing, singing, and drinking took all my attention as we crawled up to the pension where I planned to stay.

I got out, and out of a sudden feeling of pity for Nick told him to come in that I would get him a room. He didn't say anything, but he looked pleased, and he followed me quickly inside. I got us two rooms and I saw Nick to his before heading toward mine. The young clerk who finally responded to my demands for a tub full of water left, and soon after I was stripped and bathing in the delightfully cool water. I felt years younger as the sweat crusted dust came off leaving me clean for the first time in nearly three days.

I dressed rapidly, and on my way

downstairs I looked into Nick's room. He was lying on the bed, but he was awake for as I entered he half arose. I tossed him a 100 peseta bill and told him not to drink anymore, knowing damn well that he would be drunk before the night even started.

I walked out of the hotel and down the street mingling with the masses of happy carefree people, and finally, feeling thirsty, I entered a little wine shop not far from the hotel. I sat down at a table and ordered a bottle of white wine, and soon several men who were drinking at the bar came over and sat down at my table. It wasn't long before we were all buying each other drinks, and while I knew that I was drinking too much, I didn't give a damn. I can't remember the rest of the evening very clearly. I do know that some man pushed a girl onto my lap, and that her body, so close to mine, made me forget for the first time in a long while that there was, or ever had been, a Carla.

Later I lay down on a pile of burlap bags in the back of the shop and went to sleep, and it was there that the hotel manager found me. I knew from his face that something was wrong, but he was too excited to talk slowly enough for me to understand him. He kept saying, "Your friend, so sorry, so sorry."

I knew then that something had happened to Nick, and I felt a violent pang of sorrow as if I were enjoying a life I hadn't earned while he—

He was on the floor of the room

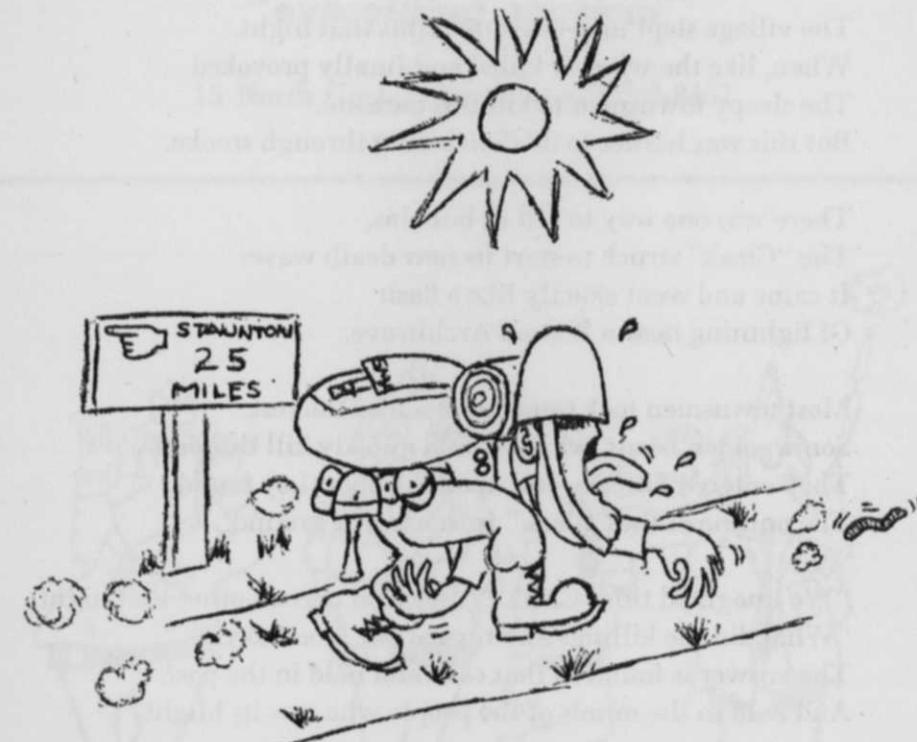
where I had left him, and he looked the same except that his dirty white shirt was caked with blood. There were several policemen in the room, and finally I managed to get the story. There wasn't much to it. He had been drunk and tried to seduce (I think that they called it rape) a girl whose escort immediately objected. In the ensuing fight Nick had been stabbed and had died instantly.

Everybody was sorry. The man was

in prison and would be punished severely.

They all trooped out, and, stripping a sheet from the bed, I covered up the face that was now relaxed in what might have been the lines of happier years.

I wondered then, as I have ever since, about myself and Carla and Nick, and why he died and why I live, and why—I wonder.



Bivouac, as necessary as reveille

THE "CLOAK"

THOMAS CACY

The village slept in deepest thoughts that night.
While upon the mountain stood the "Cloak",
Drenched in murderous thoughts and filled with spite.
The "Cloak" could maim with just one powerful stroke.

This thing of hate was once a frozen mass.
Then *they* came and ruptured it from its grave;
To haunt and kill and slither through the grass.
No one dare go near its home, the cave.

The village slept in deepest thoughts that night.
When, like the wind, it killed and finally provoked
The sleepy townsmen to kill this parasite.
But this was harder to do than seeing through smoke.

There was one way to kill it, but alas,
The "Cloak" struck to start its new death wave.
It came and went exactly like a flash
Of lightning near a Roman Architrave.

Most townsmen took some torches also the rest
Some golden beads, which would quickly kill this pest
They entered his cave and upon the floor they found
The outline of the "Cloak" frozen in the ground.

"We imagined this 'Cloak', " they said to each other that night.
"What did the killings and turned our blood to yolk?"
The answer is found in that cave and held in the past.
And held in the minds of the people who saw its blight.

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