

SPRING



1964

SCIMITAR

SCIMITAR

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



SPRING EDITION

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

THE STAFF



Editor-in-Chief	William Stillgebauer
Associate Editors	John W. Diggs A. G. Fejes
Layout Editor	Darrel Tyler
Art Editor	Greg Hudson
Business Manager	Jeffrey Mayfield
Circulation Managers	Richard Gilbert J. G. Flynn
Exchange Editor	Greg Thomson
Typing Editor	Ray Jarvis
Writing Staff	Mark Schlobohm Everett Doffermyre Robert Hill
Typing Staff	Michael Campbell Charles Giarraputo Fred Warren Fred Hazlewood
Faculty Advisor	James W. Walker

TABLE OF CONTENTS



PAGE		
4	A Many Sided Question	Paul Gurian
5	Thoughts	Lee de Vault
6	Happy Is The Bum	Mike McGann
7	America Quo Vadis?	A. G. Fejes
9	Deserted alone	Jay Horwitt Alexander MacNicol III
10	Dear John Dedicated to Dear John	Jeffrey Belkov
12	The Sea of Love	
13	General of the Army Douglas MacArthur; Soldier, Statesman, Patriot	Ray Brownfield
16	Theme on Myself Evening	P. D. N.
17	Take the Bus, And Leave the Driving to Us	Robert L. Smith
18	A Page From the Diary of Ernie Davis	Richard Edwards
19	The Howling Wind Just You	John Mack
20	Temptation Need I Say	John Mack Bruce B. Baker
21	For the Love of A Motorcycle	Howard Conlin

A MANY SIDED QUESTION

PAUL R. GURIAN

A ball of fire,
Its Origin unknown;
They say it's an omnipotent's desire;
Can their answer be considered alone?

They say six days,
Its origin unknown;
Why not six million,
Can their answer be considered alone?

Man is one's result,
His origin unknown;
Darwin claims evolution,
Can their answer be considered alone?

The Beast are his lesser,
Their origin unknown;
They appear to be brothers,
Can their answer be considered alone?

Man prepares for immortality,
Its origin unknown;
Shouldn't he just live life?
Can their answer be considered alone?

They turn to him in need,
His origin unknown;
But the poor still bleed,
Can their answer be considered alone?

Distrust the unbelievers,
Their origin unknown;
Their side could have the answer;
Can their answer be considered alone?

They say life is immortal,
Its origin unknown;
We see that it ends
Can their answer be considered alone?

One lives in a doubt filled World,
His origin unknown;
With death he finds his answer;
Then the answer is his alone to be known!

"THOUGHTS"

LEE DEVAULT

HE SAT ON THE SIDE of the mountain shrouded in an air of solitude. His face was hard from life and his eyes bore the mark of one who had encountered more than his share of defeat. He was lost in his own thoughts and yet alert to the world about him. The sun was a glowing disk of fire as it sank ever so slowly into the churning seas that faced westward. Far below on one side of him the sea lapped eagerly at the shore. It battered its endless legions against the shore in a never-ending struggle that was eons old and yet was just beginning. He thought of his life as being likened to the sea; his struggles and efforts bore bitter fruit and accomplished next to nothing. He searched within his mind for the tenth time in a vain effort to find a reason or solution to this problem that tormented him so. It dominated his very soul and being by its presence and would give him no rest until it was resolved.

Reluctantly, day slowly lost its reign to the goddess of night. An evening mist settled as if to shroud the changing of the throne. The sun had disappeared leaving nothing but a brilliant scarlet flame of erupting clouds to mark its passage. The world of nature stilled. A chilly wind softly

glided to and fro, seemingly undecided about its destiny. The last taints of light slowly faded in the indigo blue sky. With each passing second, the sky relaxed its grip on the light until even the faintest tint was swallowed up into the approaching night. The transition was complete. Here and there a star appeared, some bright, some only a faint pin-prick of light on a velvet mantle of darkness. Within minutes, more and more appeared. The young man's eyes were misty with anger at all of this beauty. He wished he could shatter the quietness about him as well as dampen the noise within his mind. He compromised by lighting a cigarette and deeply inhaling its raw comfort. His mind, however, was still ill at ease.

The stars were haphazardly thrown together. It was more to the likeness of some beserk painter flipping white paint onto a dark canvas into an incongruous mass. Yet out of this mass came the height of beauty. As the night progressed, the stars became more numerous. Below him, the city stirred. Upon this mountain top the wandering wind had found rest. It stirred and shipped playfully up the mountainside in a soft caressing breeze. With this breeze, as its stow-away passenger, came the city. All

of the sounds of turmoil, strife, and happiness glided swiftly up to the lofty crag upon which he sat. As swiftly as it came it was gone. Nothing was left but the smell of grass and the fragrance of strange exotic things. The billowing grass stopped its frenzied dance and once again the world grew quiet, as if waiting.

The young man rose at last. His search within him for that something that had pained as well as soothed was over. He had found an answer within

the pit of loneliness that harboured the shadows of all of his griefs. He snapped his cigarette away and watched the dying embers fade from his sight far below. The wind rose off of its haunches and began to wander once more. His eyes stung and the young man realized that there were tears in his eyes. He had found an answer at last. He slowly walked away no longer tormented by that unknown nightmare. He was gone into the darkness to an even more unknown destiny.

HAPPY IS THE BUM or Thanks to Emily Dickinson

MICHAEL MCGANN

Happy is the bum
That wanders in the world alone,
And doesn't forethought success
And destitution never fears.

Garments gifted from an old fad,
Better found them at a rummage sale,
And wealth, nature gifted,
And staff of life, benevolence.

Dictator of himself
And citizen of the world,
And faith and creed, individual liberty,
Happiness is his chum.

AMERICA QUO VADIS?

A. G. FEJES

WHERE HAS AMERICA been? Where is our nation heading? The answers to the first two questions are recorded in history. However, the solution for the last lies in the future.

One hundred and eighty-eight years ago, fifty-six delegates from the thirteen original colonies signed a declaration of independence which was to become the backbone of this nation. Their signatures ratifying the document represented the beliefs of a country composed of various nationalities trying to live in peaceful harmony while striving for freedom. Only a devoted people with interminable courage and stamina could have endured the struggle. Many laid down their lives so others could live in a nation independent of restricting and stringent laws which were often unbearable.

Since the revolution the United States has made remarkable progress as a leader in the world. Although hampered by a civil war, two major conflicts, and a countless number of threats against its doctrine, the United States has managed to overcome these obstacles and continue on its path toward freedom.

Throughout the years the United States has led the world in scientific discoveries and research in agriculture,

medicine, and other fields of exploration. At present, America is the world leader in almost every area of production and experimentation. The standard of living is at an all-time high and continues to rise. A two-car family is a national characteristic, while owning three cars is no longer rare. Automation is the guideword for everyday life. A housewife would be completely lost if it was not for her automatic clothes washer, dryer, dishwasher, and cooking appliances. Communications is another field where we have conquered the barriers of time and space. By dialing a few numbers one can reach the other side of the continent within a few minutes.

Tommorrow we may discover that there is a thirty-five hour work week which means more leisure time for our industrial nation. Combine this with a tax cut and the people have more money to spend at their convenience. At the rate of our growth and achievements, the zenith of our civilization is not foreseeable.

Let us now examine history in retrospect. Our subjects are Egypt, Greece, and Rome at the summits of their civilization in their respective eras. Everybody was enjoying the best times in their histories. But then came the end of empires which took centuries to

develope and a few years to destroy. The primary cause was internal suicide. In each case the people of the nation became lazy and careless. Corruption became commonplace. Thus, domestic deterioration weakened their defences and opened the door to barbarians who recklessly destroyed the great empires.

Will it ever happen here in the United States? Many of you reply with a blunt and absolute "never." The Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans said "never," but what happened?

There are three areas where decay can set in. The first is in our concept of the American way of life. It seems as if materialism has replaced all other beliefs of value. Greed has taken a strong hold in most of our minds. The dollar and luxuries that it can buy are glorified. A second phase of self-destruction is the peoples' attitude in public affairs. The extra time afforded to the nation has been wasted mostly for amusement and entertainment. Lack of enthusiasm for public issues is not due to disagreements but a deficiency in knowing and understanding

the present problems. The third point is disunity among the people. Are the discrepancies beneficial to individuals or the entire nation? Results of conflicts are usually aimed at aiding a select group instead of the whole.

No one can go to the corner drug-store and purchase a "wonder" drug that will kill the infection and prevent its return. The solution lies within you . . . not a few but everyone. The future and destiny of the United States will someday be placed in your hands. Do not face the situations with a narrow mind, but attack them from all angles and insure that the solutions will better the entire nation.

In the inaugural address of our late President Kennedy, he said, "Ask not what your country can do for you . . . ask what you can do for your country." Let these words linger in our minds forever. Let us preserve our nation by asking for our share of the burden and accomplishing it to the best of our ability. What took long years of endless toil can be destroyed in a few years because of ignorance and laziness.



DESERTED

JAY L. HORWITT

A house so dark and despondently blind
A ghost may lose his way,
The hill was cold and hard to find
There wasn't a one to pray.

The wooden doors and blackened glass
Made one weary to think,
Was the supernatural haunting from the past
Or was it safe to stop and drink?

A gate stood tall resting before this place
It looked like a gate from hell,
And surrounding this structure there wasn't a trace
Where mother nature could have dwelled.

The sun would shine for miles around
But not on this forsaken hill,
The wind would blow about the ground
And install a vicious chill.

A place deserted such as this
Bears one thing in the mind,
Is it as romantic as a moonlight kiss
Or as mysterious as the blind?

alone

ALEXANDER MACNICOL III

upon a barren, windswept hill,
a lonely plant grows.
a small mushroom alone in the world,
without a care.

no more birds to peck his cap,
no deer to eat him whole,
no more worms to uproot him.
he is alone.

it happened awhile back.
his brother came,
louder than thunder, brighter than suns,
and left him alone.



DEDICATED TO DEAR JOHN

Love is but a gem,
Which contains deceiving glows
But doubt might end in sorrow,
When our love comes and goes.

You speak the words of faithfulness,
Which mistifies the mind
But in this mixed up world of ours,
Love can only make us blind.

While engaging in our merriment,
Left memories to our fill
But thinking only of the past can bring
The falsehoods, not the real.

Our love was like the ocean
And there our hearts were born
But at the end the truth came out
And concluded in a storm.

So which of us is sorry,
Neither is the blame
But now until the end of time,
My love will stay the same.

Dear John,

I'm sorry I haven't written sooner, but right after you left and I went back to school exams started and I've been studying like crazy for them. They're finally over though! They ended last Wednesday.

I guess now you're wondering why I didn't write last week when exams ended. Well it's because this is going to be a hard letter to write because of what I have to say. Terry, I'm going with someone else now. I've only been going with him for about a week so please don't think that the reason I didn't write sooner was because of him, it wasn't. As I told you before, I didn't write at first because of exams. Terry I had thought that at one time I was in love with you and wanted to go steady with you, but when I realized that if I went steady with you, it wouldn't last very long because you're so far away most of the time, and it really wouldn't be fair to either of us because I know that you'd probably want to go out sometime with one of the girls up there and you'd feel tied down because you were going with me. And to be truthful, I would want to go out with boys here, because three or four months is a long time to wait for a boy to come home. In case you want to know who I'm going with it's Nick. Please don't hate me Terry. I hope we can still be friends.

Love,
Gayle

Dear John,

I was really glad to hear from you because there were a lot of things I've been wanting to tell you. John, I had a lot of feeling for you, I really did. Maybe you couldn't see it because I didn't show it in the way you wanted me to. I am sorry for that but it is just the way I am and I thought you understood. I guess now that you were right and we should have called it quits a long time ago. You took all the feeling I had for you and destroyed it little by little. I trusted you and believed you were sincere in every thing you said. I found out you were going to the beach for the purpose of meeting a certain girl. I realize that we were not going steady but never the less I felt I had a right to know. After all I was the one you were making a fool of. I have emotions and feelings too.

You always said that you would not hurt me in your actions or by talking about me with all the boys. Obviously this was a lie. I don't appreciate that in the least. Although I can not forget the good times, I am not going to be sitting around waiting this time as I did in the past. I am tired of you forgetting me when you had something better to do. I hope you understand what I am trying to say. I really don't want to end on a sour note.

Just Mary

Dear John,

I received your letter last week and have been putting off writing to you for lack of words. I was shocked to see my picture. I figured it was one big dart hole by now.

That letter was quite a work of art. It must have taken ages to compose. If it meant to make me feel like a heel it accomplished the job.

What you said in that letter was true. I have changed in many ways from many contributing factors. The sweet Gail that entered SSC is a memory now and has changed to the Gail (Gai) of college and can never reappear. You don't want me anymore, Mike because I'm not the same person. I'm here and the Gail you want is gone with the summer. I don't know whether you have actually figured this out or if you are afraid to. You may think you want me but what you want is the satisfaction that I came back to you. Your pride is hurt. The "stud" is not the coolest thing on earth. Someday you had to find this

out. I'm sorry I had to be the one to show you. If I had known it would end up this way I never would have dated you. I was hurt once and I know how it feels and wish I didn't have to hurt you. Someday you will find someone who is perfect for you. I'm not that person.

I know you must hate me now but please try not to. It has been the hardest thing in my life to write this letter. I cried for three weeks every time I heard "Since I Fell For You." That's why I never wrote back or thanked you for the record. I just felt so bad about it I couldn't write. I am a very sensitive person and I will always remember everything we have ever done because I had the most wonderful summer of my life but it couldn't last for us.

If you ever decide to write back I am living in a new dorm until Feb. 28. Then I'm transferring to Penn State.

I'm sorry Mike,
just Gail

THE SEA OF LOVE

Love is like the easy sea,
That comes and goes like day.
The thought repressed throughout my heart,
Has stole my heart away.

The wave that pierces the rocks,
Can not retell my fear.
The only loss is the calm,
Which brings the sadden tear.

The storm has come and with
Each wave has broke my heart in two;
But knowing that this storm must close
And end my love for you.

GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MacARTHUR: SOLDIER, STATESMAN, PATRIOT

RAY BROWNFIELD

"AN AWFUL GREAT general, the finest soldier . . . We have suffered a great loss . . . "MacArthur died in Walter Reed Army Hospital, age 84 . . . MacArthur relieved of Korean command by Truman . . . MacArthur takes over U. N. command . . . V. J. Day August 14, 1945, MacArthur accepts unconditional surrender of Japan . . . MacArthur liberates Philippines . . . MacArthur reappointed Chief of Staff by F.D.R. . . . MacArthur commands "Rainbow" 42nd as youngest general of the war . . . Mexico . . . Tokyo . . . Philippines . . . West Point . . .

As with so many great American leaders, Douglas MacArthur was a product of West Point. But it was not the Military Academy that made him what he was. It takes more than a fine school to develop in a man the traits that MacArthur lived by during his life: the ideas of duty, honor, personal bravery, loyalty, devotion to duty, and patriotism. The belief in his country and his willingness to give his life to it, these things had their roots in the man himself, and were brought out and encouraged by his surroundings, family, and upbringing.

Douglas MacArthur began his life

in an Army barracks in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1880. His father, Captain Arthur MacArthur who was famous as the "boy colonel" of the Civil War, had taken his family there for one of his tours of duty. His mother, Mary Hardy MacArthur, never intended for this, her third son to be brought into the world in such an obscure location, but such were the fortunes of Army families.

Young MacArthur spent his boyhood on Army posts in Texas and New Mexico. He grew up loving the open plains, the cowboys, and the colorful Indian. When his father was reassigned to desk duty in Washington, he could not acquire the same feeling for the city as he did for the West. He longed for the day when he could return to it.

In 1893, the then Major MacArthur was ordered back to Texas, and it was to the West Texas Military Academy that he sent his overjoyed youngest son, Douglas. It was while he was here that MacArthur began to show those qualities that stood him in such good stead in later life. He worked at everything, academics, and athletics and ended up in the top of his class. He worked because he had set himself

a goal; he worked to become a West Point cadet.

1899 brought Douglas MacArthur the fulfillment of his ambition. He was in that year appointed a West Point cadet and began a four years record that has yet to be equaled by any other graduate. He maintained the highest scholastic average yet reached. He won "A" in football, baseball, and tennis, and he was first captain. These honors did not come to him because he was more talented than his contemporaries. They came because he did then what he did throughout his life. He worked. After graduation in 1903, MacArthur left the academy as a second lieutenant of Engineers, the top man in his class. Ringing in his ears were the words given to the graduation class by Secretary of War Elihu Root, ". . . prepare your country for the war that must come."

It was not long before young Lieutenant MacArthur discovered what it was like to be shot at. He was first sent for duty in the Philippines. These were not the same Philippines of today, our friend and ally. These were the Philippines of Aguinaldo and his revolutionists, of the fierce Moro tribesmen.

In 1904 he was promoted to first lieutenant, and was sent to Japan as an aid to his father. Arthur MacArthur was now a lieutenant general and the United States' Military observer in the Orient.

Upon returning home, Douglas

found himself selected as the aide to President Theodore Roosevelt, and once again was thrown into the rat-race of Washington life. He met and carried a friendship with many of the great lawmakers of that time such as House Speaker Joe Cannon.

The Mexican border action came three years later, and it found Captain MacArthur with it as an observer for the General Staff. During this campaign he was recommended for the Medal of Honor for a reconnaissance he made deep into territory controlled by Mexican bandits. Though he did not get the medal, upon his return to the staff in Washington he was promoted to Major.

World War I began, and caught the United States without enough men in the Regular Army to fight it. It was Douglas MacArthur who conceived the idea of using National Guard units to beef up the regular components, and it was Colonel MacArthur, who put this idea into effect with the famous Rainbow Division.

MacArthur, who skipped the rank of lieutenant colonel, began the war as chief of staff of this division, and ended it as its commander. He was considered the best front-line general in the American Expeditionary Force by General Pershing, and was nicknamed the "hell to breckfast baby" by his men who worshipped him. MacArthur didn't seem to know what it was to be afraid. He never wore a helmet; he continually exposed him-

self to weusy fire, and many times went out with the troops during patrols and attacks. He ended the war after being wounded and gassed, and after having been decorated by both the United States and France.

The Period between the wars was spent in typical MacArthur fashion. He was superintendent of the Military Academy, Chief of Staff twice, and a field marshall for the Philippines whose military defences he organized. In 1937 he retired from active duty and married his second wife, Jean Faircloth.

He didn't stay retired long. In 1941 he was recalled to active duty as a major general and given a Pacific command. In July of that year he was promoted to full general and began directing his now famous campaign against the Japanese.

Bataan . . . Corregidor . . . "I shall return." Island hopping in the Pacific and he did return. Leyte . . . Manila . . . victory. On August 14, 1945, General of the Army MacArthur ended the war by accepting the unconditional surrender of Japan on board the battleship Missouri. ". . . These proceedings are closed."

The war was over, but MacArthur's job had just begun. Now he tackled the task of reconstruction, occupation, and rebuilding of Japan into a modern, democratic country and ally. This was accomplished by MacArthur in his capacity of military governor. But once again it was Douglas Mac-

Arthur who rose to the occasion and led us out of it.

In 1950 Communist North Korea attacked and overran South Korea, and a United Nations force composed largely of Americans under the command of MacArthur came to their aid. He master-minded and put into effect the plan which drove the North Koreans back.

Unfortunately, Korea was to be the cause of his downfall, also. Because MacArthur disagreed with President Truman on how the war should be carried on, because he believed, "there is no substitute for victory," he was relieved of his command and recalled to the United States.

So his career ended after forty-eight years of service to his country. Even though he was officially still on the active list because of his five-star rank, Douglas MacArthur never again served in a military capacity. He spent his remaining years in New York City as the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Remington Rand Corporation.

Now he is dead, but who can forget him? President Johnson called him, "one of the truly great American heroes." However, he is more than just another hero who has passed on. He is a living symbol. His life will serve as a guide to Americans to come, and, as the years go by, it will be as he said to the joint sessions of Congress in 1951.

"Old Soldiers never die,
they just fade away."

THEME ON MYSELF

WHILE STANDING on the corner and wasting time one day, I happened to notice a person doing exactly the same thing as I. First I noticed the blue color of his eyes that gave the impression of an absolute simpleton. Then I had to fight hard to suppress a chuckle when I noticed the simple grin he always seemed to have on his face. Then I had to use all my will power to stop from laughing when I saw a little funny looking scab right between his eyes. Next I noticed a pair of fine wide shoulders and expected to find a slim tapering off of the mid line. But to my amusement, I found a bulking waistline as wide as his shoulders. Indeed he was a poor sight physically.

I began to wonder if this boy was as friendly as he looked. He impressed as being an egotist, and I was sure he consumed popularity as if it were the nectar and ambrose of the gods. I was sure he also thought that he was

the world's best wit and God's gift to women. Yet the more I studied this boy, I started to think that this was nothing but a front, just a hard covering shell. Inside he seemed lonely, soft and frightened. He was lonely because of strife and difficulties between him and his parents and lonely because of his unapparent lack of luck with girls. He seemed soft inside; soft enough to understand and feel for other people but afraid to show it. Finally he seemed afraid; afraid because he knew he had to face the world by himself. Everything he must do, he must do by himself.

Well, it was getting late, and I decided I should try once more to strike up a conversation. Well, all he did was mock me. Every time I started to speak; so did he. By this time I decided it was all in vain; so I thrust out my hand to shake goodbye and I heard a shatter of glass and my friend disappeared.

EVENING

P. D. N.

This is the time of evening

When the work of day is through.
When I can rest my troubles,
Sit back and think of you.

This is the time of evening

When the breezes move the air.
When the sunset is as golden,
As the sunlight in your hair.

This is the time of evening

To single out a star.
And stop for a moment,
And wonder how and where you are.

Yes, this is the time of evening

Given just to me.
When things are not as they are,
But as they ought to be.

TAKE THE BUS AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US

ROBERT L. SMITH

IT WAS A LONELY NIGHT waiting for the bus. Al stood by waiting for the bus to go to the village of Paracho. He had a meeting with an old friend named Bob.

The bus, which was late, finally left the stop. By this time it had started to rain.

The top of the bus was open. Having to ride on the top of the bus, he chose a comfortable seat.

Inside the old bus were men, women, and children crowded into small seats. The rain continued to come down more and more. Flashes of lightning were constant.

Al was known all through Mexico as the American killer. He had to keep his date with Bob in the village of Paracho. The passengers stared at him thinking that he was going to hold them up and rob them. The young children kept talking about the bad deeds of Al, the American Killer. Would they be next?

Wrapped up comfortably, Al stared out into space. A flash of lightning showed that an object was next to him. The next flash showed that it was a coffin. Why should this make him feel uneasy?

The bus driver kept hitting all the rocks sending the box closer to him.

The rain having stopped, the moon came out. But then the lid of the coffin opened and a hand slid out. Then a wrist came out. What next? Scared to death, Al got up and jumped off the bus not realizing where he was.

The bus finally arrived at Paracho. An old man greeted a young boy with a coffin.

"Good morning," said the old man, "I see you brought the coffin which we will bury your brother in. The American killer, Al, had killed him. Your brother had a career ahead of him. But how come you are not wet?"

"I did not want to get my new jacket wet so I crawled inside the coffin. But when I got out, after the rain had finished, I heard a horrible noise."

"Probably an animal in the night," said the old man.

A few days later 2 boys were hiking along the road when all of a sudden they saw a man in a ditch. His face was bloody. He was dead but he looked as if he had seen the devil.

"Hey," one of the boys said, "Here comes a bus. Let's stop it to go get the sheriff."

They sat down next to a young boy who had on a new jacket.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF ERNIE DAVIS

RICHARD W. EDWARDS

(A fictitious, but interesting look into what might have been the Heisman Trophy winner's own thoughts before his death.)

I WAS NUMBED at first, unfeeling, disbelieving. However, when the truth of it was proved to me, it was so crystal clear that though my body and mind shrank from it, I was compelled to believe.

Imagine for yourself if you can, what it means to be full of life and hope one minute, being on top of the world, only to learn the next minute that life itself has almost ceased to exist. The grim finality of it was a sickening weight. The knowledge, an unbearable burden.

I am caught on the final yard by a big tackle called "fear." Yet it is not fear of pain, of dying, or of the unknown. Instead it is a subtle kind of fear.

The fear of oblivion.

I am a living person, alive and vital. I look at my hands, and they are strong and sturdily made. Beneath the

skin thousands of tiny, intricate blood vessels maintain my body in movement, give me awareness of pleasure and hate, of hunger and thirst, and the pleasures of gratifying those desires.

I am afraid to lose the thrill of competition, the smell of sweat, the heat of action, the taste of victory, and the vomit of defeat. I know that there will be no "next time" for me!

I am afraid that this wonderful being which is "Me," the body and mind for which I have never once stopped to spare a thought will suddenly vanish—Will become nothingness unthinking, unseeing, and unfeeling. "Me" will suddenly have no existence. The memories, the cheers, the grime and grit that have become my life are to be listed in a dusty record book. Then they will become nothing too.

And what will become of "me"?

I do not know. And there is only one way for that big football game to end and I will be the loser.



THE HOWLING WIND

JOHN MACK

ALTHOUGH ITS DRIVING force singing out at the tree tops may terrify some and inflict a chill of discomfort toward the accompanying cold in others, the shrill howling of the wind always sends a shiver of thrill through my entire body. The sheer power it holds in its grip is, to me, magnificent.

During the summer when its gentle breezes offer relief from the scalding heat, the wind, in its milder state, is a welcome friend; but as the sun climbs high in the sky losing much of its radiance and the mercury starts its downward fall, the subdued wind gains new vigor after its period of quiet. As summer concedes its last dying warmth to the cool air of autumn, the wind bursts forth with the fami-

liar fury of years before, constantly becoming stronger as fall fades into winter.

It is during this season that the howling wind bears its fangs to its most terrible savagery. The fluctuating gusts which uproot trees, topple utility poles, and crumble stout walls and sides of buildings swoop recklessly down snow-covered mountainsides, through icy valleys, and across frozen plains disregarding any significance of objects in their devastating path.

Subdued by no mortal, tamed but by God, the West's Maria seems to boldly sing her name to a quick pulsating tempo. To me, the symbol of force and strength that holds everything powerless in its mighty grip is the howling wind they call Maria.

JUST YOU

ANONYMOUS

I dream of days that used to be,
Of nights I spent with you.

Don't you remember how it used to be,
When you said you loved me true?

Do you remember the days of fun,
Our love that used to be;
The days we spent under the sun,
That summer just you and me?

How wonderful it was those hours together
with laughter, love and joy;

I thought It would go on forever and ever,
The romance of that girl and boy.

Then you heard I had been untrue,
And you thought that I had lied;
I always told the truth to you,
Don't let it hurt your pride.

What fun it would be to go back with you,
As I miss the times we had;
Come back my dear its only you,
And I will be so glad.

TEMPTATION

JOHN MACK

GREATER THAN the greatest battles in history are the emotional conflicts which take place quite often between the id and ego. The cause of these conflicts is temptation. The deep animalistic desires of the id against the socially right from wrong feelings of the ego tend to make this everyday emotion a major cause of upset and, often, indecision. The knowledge of the possible consequences of succumbing to temptation acts as a braking system to try to quell the disturbed animal instinct.

When a problem or situation presents itself, emotions assume the task of finding a solution. Instinct, the id, supplies the first reaction to the stimulus, but as the full expanse of the situation is absorbed, the many rules

of conduct and acceptable behavior which have been acquired to form the ego cause a doubt to arise. The urge to follow the suggestions of the id despite whether it is right or wrong causes temptation. Falling prey to the id is believed to be the deep source of many crimes.

Thus it can be seen that a weak will power and a background of lower society result in strong dependence on instinct. Only when the ego is strong enough to balance the id can temptation be conquered. A good balance of these two drives produces what is known as the super ego. The strength of the ego as compared to the opposing strength of the id will regulate temptation and effect personal character.

NEED I SAY

BRUCE B. BAKER

Need I say I love you,
Or Honey, is it clear,
By the way my heart reacts,
Whenever you are near.

Need I say I love you,
Or is it in my touch?
Did you know I love you,
Lots more than very much.

Need I say I love you,
Or tell you with my heart,
For it will yearn and die for you,
Each day that we are apart.

Need I say I love you,
And do you feel the same?
Godspeed the time our hearts unite,
The day I will change your name.

Now you know my feelings,
I hope yours equal such.
And now I'll leave you with this thought,
"I love you very much."

FOR THE LOVE OF A MOTORCYCLE

HOWARD CONLIN

THE MOTORCYCLE throbbed as Johnny stood next to it. But this was not the only thing that throbbed. His heart also purred to the rhythm of the cylinders. It also gleamed in much the same way as the chrome sparkled in the sun.

Johnny Abbot thought of how the other boys would envy him if only he could persuade his parents to let him have the cycle. He thought then of his mother who would fight him over this for quite a while, but he felt sure that he could make her see the light. The motorcycle was just an economic convenience, he thought, which could save him a lot of money on gas. His father, he knew, would let him have it because he had had one when he was a boy. And not only that, he thought, but the price was so low; how could he refuse?

Johnny was home early that night and had already planned out what he was going to say. When he came to the dinner table he could tell that his parents were in a good mood. Now he knew that they would not be able to refuse his plea.

"Dad," he said, "I was thinking today that most of my spending money goes to that gas station down on the corner. It seems all I ever do is put money into our car, when I could be

using it for better things. So I was wondering if you would let me buy a motorcycle?"

His father looked up from his plate. "Well, I don't know. You know that I know how dangerous cycles can be. I've got many a scar from my youth when I used to ride them every day. Why do you want to have one?"

"I just thought that it would be economical, and I would probably only use it to go to work on. That way I would have enough money to save a little more and still be able to have some left to date with."

"Well, I guess that it would not be such a bad idea at that, his father said. "Have you any special bike in mind?"

"Yes, I've been looking at the one they have in the used-car lot on Weiner Street. It is in good shape and is fairly cheap."

"Well, before I say yes or no I'd like to see it. After all I wouldn't want you to buy a lemon, right, son?"

"How about tomorrow then, Dad?"

"All right."

Johnny went to bed that night confident that he would get his cycle. He was sure that his father would not be able to refuse.

The next day came swiftly and before Johnny knew it, he and his father were standing next to the motorcycle that he wanted so badly. His

father was talking to the owner. Johnny heard his father ask if he could take a ride and assured the man that he had ridden cycles before. The man said sure. Johnny watched his father mount the bike and kick stiffly on the starter.

The motor caught almost immediately and purred with perfection. Johnny stood proudly by as his father manuvered the machine out to the curb. Then the engine roared and it sped across the street. As his father was going to turn into the right lane, the

chain made a loud crack and flew into pieces. The bike slid into an on-coming truck. When Johnny got to the scene, his father was dead and the motorcycle was ruined.

The nurse brought in the tray of food for lunch, but Johnny told him that all he wanted was the motorcycle that his father had ruined.

The man walked out of the room wondering why people so young have to go insane over a little thing like a motorcycle.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
the
CANTEEN

COMPLIMENTS OF
B & E SANDWICH SHOP

13 North Augusta Street

Specialize in all types of foods

COMPLIMENTS OF
THOS. HOGSHEAD, INC.

Druggist

Finer Furnishings and Clothing

MATTHEWS HABERDASHERY

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA