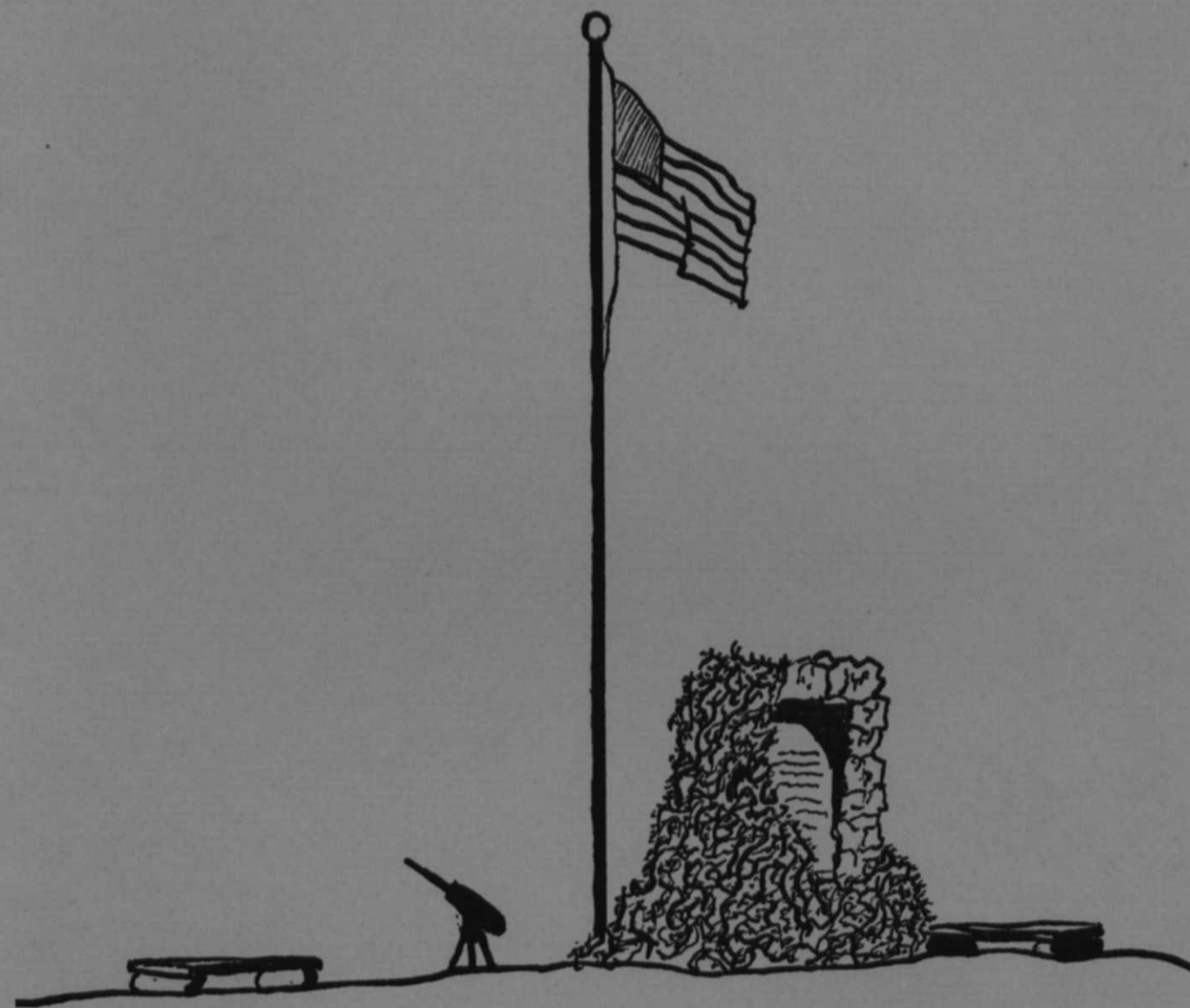


SPRING EDITION

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



SCIMITAR

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PRISONER OF HIMSELF

JAMES F. SMITH

This is how I see many of the younger generation of today.

There is a man who seldom smiles
 As he goes on his way
 And when he speaks he never has
 A pleasant word to say
 Frowns are the mask that decorates
 His sly and cunning face
 His eyes are cord and void of love
 Kindness is out of place
 Sincerity is not his line
 So trusting him is out
 It seemed to me his heart is full
 Of untold fear and doubt
 What makes his personality
 So sullen I don't know
 Perhaps his heart is full of grief
 And has to overflow
 But whatever the case may be
 He earns no dividends
 For life is very lonely when
 We live it without friends
 No mortal man could always act
 Like some disgruntled elf
 Unless of course he liked to be
 A prisoner of himself.

"...ONCE A FRIEND OF MINE"

M. K. SOMERS

THIS IS HOW it happened, your Honor, right from the start... Max was a buddy of mine plus being a surfer — a real hot-dogger, Max was. He had lumbered almost every beach in the world from Sunset, Pipeline and to Manly, just north of Sydney, and I claim, that if he were alive today he could ride any wave on any beach in the world.

Anyway it really started was in the summer of the second year we had been "on the bum" you might say. He met this Gremmies' girl named Kiki at a beach party outside Ricon. She thought she was pretty tough but don't most chicks these days? I could tell she was giving him a mouthful of wax right from the start but Maxie said "No, she's just a great gal, man."

He told me something later, as we stretched out to seek out that night on the sand. It was something like "I think I'll go back to school this fall and get a job." I told him to get that out of his mind—and quick 'cause we had better things to do, and that was to find that big wave and the bigger one behind it.

He started seeing a lot of Kiki after that, Your Honor. I started to think he didn't care to bum around with me anymore and that maybe he was going to give up riding. I asked him

about this one night and he just said, "You can't play the stud role all your life — Hot-doggin aint everything ya know." At this, I told him that this thing with the Wahini had to stop and we'd better flake out if we were going to catch the Orange County Contest this year.

This is when he told me I'd have to make it without him as he was going to quit lumbering, marry Kiki, and go back to school. At this I guess I blew up 'cause I said, "Maxie Baby, good luck and all that rot, but you've got glass and wax in your bloodstream just like me and you can't settle down — you haven't dogged that big one yet — you haven't had your last ride yet!"

I didn't see Maxie again till that fall when me and a bunch of guys went to ride the big winter surf at Makinako. Kiki was with him when he drove up in a '53 Ford he must have swapped for his woodie before they got married.

I stuck my head in the window and said, "Hi ya, Maxie!" "How's kicks?" I didn't speak to the girl that had ruined a good man. He asked me if I was back in school and I told him I hadn't even thought of it since I left him back at Ricon. He told me then of how he had a job in a garage and

was now going to night school. He told me also that he and Kiki were expecting a baby next spring. I told him that I thought it was swell that he was happy but that way of life just wasn't for me.

Then he asked me if I was going to ride that day. I told him yes and showed him my new baby gun I'd bought just for this trip. I asked him the same question and he said, well, that he would like to, but you know how it is — wife and a kid coming.

I don't know what it was, but he soon changed his mind. Maybe it was my new board, the perfect winter curls coming in, or maybe just the feel of sand between his toes again but he said he would ride with me.

We went out around the swells together and sat on our board waiting. He said that it "had been a long

time," and I told him I was glad I was able to surf with him again.

We saw the enormous swell at the same time, laid down, and started paddling. I don't know whether he had just lost his touch or what but as the wave picked us up I glanced his way to see that he was taking off too slow. As we raced down the face of a forty-footer he was cutting sharply towards me. I could see the look of fear he gave me as his board shucked out of control. He tried to turn, but it was too late. I felt a sickening thud on my tail block and I knew he was well on his way to a bad wipe out.

The tons of white Pacific water yielded no screams or bobbling head — only a baby-gun without a rider.

I was right, your Honor, he hadn't made his last ride. I guess he was right to see you can't play the stud role all your life.

NATURE AT SIXTEEN

ROBERT R. ROSSI

I pray for snow, not for it's white,
But for it's no parade.
I think it is a pleasing sight,
And rest for the Brigade.

I think of grass not as a pleasure,
But only on to drill,
I think of time not as a measure,
But a test of our strong will.

I think of stars not as so nice,
They make no pleasure paid,
I use them only once and twice,
As Army, Navy aide.

I think the sun is only for
Its power to produce,
Its beauty gone forevermore,
In test tube's small recluse.

Nature—all these things we see,
But none the meaning of,
How did this dear earth come to be,
From earth or from above?

THE THREE FACES OF ADAM

LEE DeVULT

Art by CHUCK JONES

"Then the Lord God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and Adam became a living being."

Genesis:2:7



1865

HIS FACE was young but bore the lines of one who had seen too much of life before his time. He was young still, inside his soul, despite the world. The world changed but he remained the same.

The sun beat down unmercifully upon the young man as he plodded his way down the dusty road. He shifted his rifle and mess kit to his other shoulder and pulled his grey forage cap down lower over his eyes to keep out the sun's blinding glare. To his left he noted a gutted mansion through a driveway that once had been trees but now were naked fingers probing their way to the sky. His nose tingled as he encountered the bitter-sweet smell of death. His pace quickened, but not before he stumbled over the grotesque heap. The only thing that told him that it was a human being was the blue shirt with tattered gold chevrons. His mind fell apart as a cloud of flies momentarily left their feast. He broke into a run, his heart pounding. Blood rushed through his head like some gigantic tidal wave. His throat became dry and he felt the world whirl about him. He rushed blindly to nowhere until he finally fell beside the little stream in exhaustion. He sobbed in agony and pain; an agony and pain

that were not physical but were branded in his heart. His mind rolled back and once again he heard the wails and moans of the dying and the rumble of the guns. He saw headless bodies writhing on the ground and limbless monsters screaming in pain. He saw the bright flickering lights of the cities that were put to the torch and heard the pitiful cries of the women that had fallen prey to the lust of the soldiers. The world that the young man had known was gone; torn apart and split into so many pieces. He thought of the future and could see only an empty gap that could never be closed. To him, life could never be mended after this war; man had at last done his ultimate in destruction.

The young man picked up his rifle and looked at it. He could see no future either for himself or for the world. He tasted the cool barrel as it entered his mouth. His finger groped for the trigger, found it, and squeezed. His mind suddenly snapped back to reality.

"No! I want to live; I'm willing to try and start all over; I don't want to die!" But it was too late to live. What other thoughts the young man had were splattered on the tree behind him.

The Spanish Civil War

His face was young but bore the lines of one who had seen too much of life before his time. He was young still, inside his soul, despite the world. The world changed but he remained the same.

The night was cool and a gentle breeze ruffled the waters below the bridge. The youth drew deeply on the cigarette that hung from his mouth then snapped it away and watched the red coal spiral down until it hit the water with a noiseless hiss. He listened intently to the bubbling giggle of the water as it lazily rolled its way into the darkness. A shirt in the wind brought the sounds of distant gunfire to the youth. His eyes peered into the darkness and caught the flashes of light that accompanied the throaty cough of the guns. The guns were closer tonight. Soon.....

A twig snapped loudly. In one swift movement, the youth swung around in a low arc, unshouldered his sten gun, and stepped behind a tree while flicking off his safety and pumping a shell into the chamber with a loud snick.

"*Quien va?*" challenged the youth.

"*Solamente yo, Manolo,*" answered a familiar voice. "Why must you always be so jumpy? There isn't a Rebel son of a pig for many miles."

"*Yo siento mucho,*" mumbled the youth. "I just want to live."

The newcomer was typical of the

Royalist army's condition now. He wore peasant dress with a bandoleer across his chest and a rifle slung loosely over his shoulder. A butcher knife gleamed from his boot. He was old and unshaven with a ceaseless grin that sparkled goldenly.

They both stood there listening to the guns and watching the lights flicker across the horizon. It was such a beautiful sight; almost like watching a lightning storm from far away. It was all so hard to imagine that amid such beauty men were dying.

The older man, who was called Carche, turned to Manolo. "It is Zaragoza where they fight tonight," Carche said, indicating the flashing lights and gunfire. "They are only fifty miles from us now. Soon, it will be our turn. Until then," he shrugged his shoulders, "I will love as much as I can and live as much as I can before I dull the end of a rebel bayonet."

Carche slid his hand into his dirty jacket and produced a bottle. "*Mis companero,* join me in a drink *por favor!*"

"*Si.*"

The young man pulled off the cork, upended the bottle and took a long pull on the fiery liquid inside. He handed the bottle to Carche spitting at the same time.

"*Madra Santa!* What have you

got in there, bull blood or wine?"

Carche widened his golden grin. "Only a mixture that I made to ward off the chill of night," he said sheepishly.

"With that you could ward off death itself or spend a week straight lost in the passions of love," mumbled the youth.

Carche took a long drink as well and showed his approval of his own invention by loudly smacking his lips together and then saying "Ah, if only I were going off guard like you, I would go into town and find me a buxom wench and....."

The youth suddenly rested a heavy arm on Carche's shoulder and silenced him.

"Listen! The firing....it has stopped," whispered Manolo as if afraid to break the sudden stillness of night.

Carche slowly crossed himself and said, "It won't be long now, my friend. The roads from Zaragoza will be open soon and we in Anzanigo will have our share of war again. It is so hard to think that we came here for a rest from the front and now the battle has come to us." He stood in the darkness for a moment more, then turned to his young friend again. "We hold the bridge over the Gallego; the Beja road that passes through here leads to the Pyrenees and freedom." It was a statement, no more. Carche turned away and ambled into the darkness of his guard post.

Manolo returned to the barracks and lay down on his cot in weariness. He stretched his lean body and felt his tired muscles knot with fatigue. For some time he just lay there quietly smoking a cigarette in the darkness and listening to the sound of night before he finally fell asleep.

He dreamed wildly. He saw himself with a bayonet protruding from his stomach and saw his blood stain the ground in a red pool. He felt the bullets thud into his body and felt the world turn cartwheels about him. His eyes snapped open as he awoke and he felt himself still trembling. It was almost dawn. With shaking hands he lit a cigarette and felt himself become slowly calmed. He noted that Carche had been relieved and was fitfully snoring his way through slumber. Manolo lay back after grinding out his cigarette and closed his eyes. Slowly he fell back into the black shrouds of sleep.

From a distance, as is from another world, Manolo heard shouts. He struggled through the mists of sleep. The shouts grew louder. He stiffened suddenly as he heard the sharp clatter of a machine gun and the heavy explosion of a mortar shell. He jumped to his feet and almost fell over Carche who was hurriedly dressing.

Carche turned to him and yelled, "Paratroops at the bridge!"

That was all that was necessary to be said. Quickly, with practiced ease, the youth dressed, grabbed his sten

placed it among another group of Rebels that had successfully forded the gun, a handful of grenades and his pistol. Together, he and Carche ran out in front of the barracks and into another world. Men were running, some only half dressed, to and fro, wildly on unknown errands. Carche pointed at the sky and above the glare of burning buildings. Manolo saw the dark shapes of the planes laying their deadly eggs on the far side of the river. Together they ran to their posts on the bridge. Wounded were already being taken to the rear and blood was already flowing freely. The flashing lights of the rebels' guns lit up the opposite bank. Like angry hornets, bullets streaked across the river and chewed into anything that stood in their path. A bullet threw chips of cement high into the air near Carche's head. In anger, Carche fired blindly into the woods on the Rebel side of the river. The first surprise attack had been turned back before Manolo and Carche had arrived. Rebel dead littered the bridge and banks of the river to attest to their first failure. Another attack was imminent. Manolo saw a group of Rebels silently gliding across the river near the base of the bridge. He pointed them out to Carche. The youth thumbed off the safety and took steady aim, as did his companion.

"Now!"

The sten gun jumped and bucked. He saw the first three men crumble and heard their screams as the water turned crimson. He heard the steady

firing of Carche and saw that he too was dealing out death.

"On the bridge! On the bridge!" someone shouted.

Manolo blinked and saw that the bridge was choked with attacking troopers. The crescendo of fire increased until it was a ceaseless roar. The solid wall of the attacking Rebels rushed onward. The youth stood up, placed his gun snugly on his hip and spewed death into the approaching hoard, chopping them down in massive heaps. Men fell writhing upon the bridge in a mass and were trampled into their own blood by the pressing tide. By sheer numbers alone, the Rebels were taking their toll. First one and then another defender fell until the defences were littered with bodies of groaning wounded as well as those who sightlessly gazed skyward, oblivious to the world about them. The battle cry of the Republic was hoarsely shouted by the Royalists.

"Viva Espana!"

Grenades split the Royalist defences with white hot death and curtains of steel, silencing both men and machine guns. The attackers pressed onward. Carche steadily pumped shells out of his gun and the youth felt his own grow hot in his grasp. Manolo was blinded by sweat and the blood of someone nearby that had had his head turned into spaghetti. He shifted his gun to his other arm, pulled the pin of one of his grenades, and flipped it to Carche who deftly placed it among another group of Rebels that had successfully forded the

river to their left. Arms and legs flew into the air while other men just turned into bloody heaps. However, more and more Rebels were gaining on the defenders side of the river and in some places fierce hand to hand struggle raged with cold steel as the only weapon.

"Carche!" shouted Manolo. "Are the demolition charges still in place?" The youth was referring to the final plan of action that called for the destruction of the bridge if the defenders were about to be overwhelmed.

"Si," Carche answered. "Is it time?"

Manolo looked about him and saw that hand to hand fighting existed everywhere except on the bridge itself.

"Si, the time is here," Manolo said softly.

Both of them pulled back from their position firing as they went and making the Rebels pay for every step in advance. The Rebels overran Manolo's old position. Manolo and Carche both heaved grenades among them and saw the death that they had wrought. Momentarily disorganized, the Rebels were so stunned that they gave the two a chance to slip away.

All along the line, as if by command, the Royalists slowly withdrew. Smelling victory, the Rebels pressed onward like a powerful, slow moving wave. Their mortars ploded their deadly way through the town cutting down women and children as well as the defenders that had already pulled back.

Manolo and Carche reached the hiding place of the demolition plunger which was still intact. Manolo swiftly knelt down and was connecting the wires when Carche suddenly leapt to his feet snarling and grabbed the youth's sten gun. Carche then turned, looked at the young man for a moment then spoke softly.

"*Mis companero*, they come now. I will hold them off. Remember, the Beja road to France. *Vaya con Dios!*"

"Carche! Why you? Why not me?"

"*Silencio* my friend! I'm old, you're young. You have life to live like a man. The only thing I have left is to die like one."

Carche stood up just as the advance of the Rebels broke into the clearing. Manolo heard his gun thunder and saw three or four men wilt before its hail of lead. Carche ran forward firing as he was lost in the darkness. Manolo pushed the plunger and felt the ground tremble. The sky brightened as the bridge collapsed in a shower of white hot metal. As Manolo ran, he heard the sten gun still chattering and the voice of Carche screaming curses and oaths above the gun's roar.

A man ran past him gestulating wildly. His entrails trailed on the ground and his face was a blind mask of terror. A rifle cracked from the darkness behind him. The bullet sped to its mark and caught the running man in mid-leap over a ditch. The bullet spun him around in midair and deposited him on the opposite side like a limp rag doll. Manolo

kept running. His lungs felt like they were going to burst. He slowed to a walk then stood and listened. The sten gun was still firing. A second later it stopped. A piercing scream rent the air. It was Carche's butcher knife doing its work. Another scream then silence. The youth crossed himself and started to run again. He noted figures every so often in the dim light that were grimly grappling in deadly duels to the death.

A figure stepped out of the darkness in front of him with a leveled rifle. Manolo saw the glint of light off of the paratroopers emblem on the man's collar and whipped out his pistol, firing at the same time the figure did. The youth saw his bullet smash into the man's face which spurted blood all over Manolo as he sped past. As he ran he felt his arm go numb. He looked down and saw blood dripping off of his fingertips. He knotted his scarf around his wound as he ran through the town dodging Rebel soldiers. As he rounded a corner he came upon a Rebel trooper that was fighting with a young woman. The soldier had ripped the girl's blouse almost off and was laughing insanely with lust. Manolo quietly stopped him with a bullet through the brain.

Near the curb sat a jeep with its driver slumped over the bloody steering wheel. The keys were still in the ignition. Manolo pushed the grisly body out of the jeep and started the engine. The girl fell in beside Manolo just as the motor caught and came to life smoothly. Mere seconds later they were roaring through town dodging

the random bullets fired at him by the advance guard of the Rebels.

He didn't think much after that. The jeep sped down the Beja road which seemed like it was an endless black ribbon. His arm throbbed, his head spun, and more than once the jeep almost veered off of the high curves of the Pyrenees. The girl, Maria, drove the rest of the way. The only thing Manolo remembered was crying on the girl's shoulder as they crossed the border into France. Then unconsciousness totally claimed him.

The bodies of those who fell at the battle of Anzanigo were given mass burial. There was a stone marker placed above their grave after the war. Today, the tourists stop along the road after crossing the new bridge and wonder what it was like there then. Carche is not remembered by them.

Manolo is no longer young and Maria is not the beautiful girl she once was. They now live in the French village of Argeles. They have 6 children that play barefooted in the grass outside of their little home. They are poor, but happy. It is here that Carche is not forgotten. For his sacrifice, he has 8 living monuments of which life is their riches though money be scarce. Every day, beneath the shadow of the mountains, Manolo thanks God for giving his family such happiness, though they have nothing. Manolo is wise now, and he understands why Carche did as he did, but Manolo is old and his wisdom is of no use to himself, only his children. If only the young could be wise.....

The Depression

His face was young but bore the lines of one who had seen too much of life before his time. He was young still, inside his soul, despite the world. The world changed but he remained the same.

The 7:18 was late. The young man leaned against the shed that was next to the station and took a long pull on his rolled cigarette. He let the smoke curl lazily upward into the summer-night's air. Far behind him a piano pumped out a tune accompanying a girl's voice that sounded like a frog that had just been stepped on. To his left, a drunk lay like a limp ragdoll but snored like a bull. He heard the mournful whistle of the approaching train and made himself ready for the time-worn process of hopping a freight. The train rumbled, roared, and groaned its way into the station and came to a halt amid the screeching sounds of tortured metal. The young man silently and swiftly glided along the dark side of the train until he came to one of the numerous box cars. Deftly he picked the seal, heaved the door open, threw his army pack in, and hoisted himself into the dim light of the car. At first glance he thought himself alone but then he saw the motionless form of the old man. He lay in the corner on a pile of straw with his hands open on his lap as if praying to God to give him something.

The train lurched forward and the old man's eyes snapped open. His eyes were a striking contrast to his face as his eyes were clear and deep whereas his face was withered and his body bespoke the hungry times of the depression.

A smile broke upon the old man's face revealing blackened and missing teeth. He lifted his hand in greeting.

"Howdy, young feller."

The young man said nothing but put his pack in another corner, sat down, and drew out a plug of tobacco.

The old man spoke again. "Yew just git on?"

"Yep."

"Where yew start from?"

"Wheeling."

The old man started to say something but closed his mouth and sealed the silence.

The train rocked from side to side for an endless eternity before the young man decided to speak.

"Hey old timer, ain't you just a little old for this kind of stuff?"

The old man thought awhile and then spoke softly. "Yew know boy, I am too old for this. Been on the road since Ah was 16. Ain't got no folks 'cuz Ah made my break from an orphanage. If Ah wanted to stop ridin' I couldn't. Ain't got no place to go but jail. Anyway, as long as Ah ride, Ah'm free and ain't a man

alive to tell me where to go or what to do 'cept the railroad bulls. Don't have to worry 'bout no depression 'cuz Ah've never had nothin' to lose. Know what Ah mean, son?"

"Yeah."

"How old are yew, boy?"

"18."

"You're hooked on the rails too, ain't ya?"

"Yeah."

The young man understood what the old timer meant. Life is so damn hard when you're a rider. Something deep inside heads you toward every train whistle. You pass through one town after another but never stay. You heart needs to be free and yet it seems to be searching for something at the end of the line, neither of which is there.

The old man spoke again. "Yew ever figger to work some?"

The young boy, in answer, spat mightily and shook his head.

The old one continued. "Ah did once. Found me a girl in Rock Springs. Ever been through there?"

"Nope."

"Well, Ah was workin' for the saw mill there when I met her. First thing Ah sez to myself is that Ah'm quittin' the rails jest so Ah kin be with her. Ah was ready to settle down." He was silent for a moment.

"What happened?" queried the young man.

The old man smiled again and continued. "Came in one night after

workin' and found her and this other fella goin' at it to beat all hell and Ah ain't been in one town longer than a couple a days since."

The young man listened silently and then said, "Old timer, what is goin' to happen when you git to old to even ride?"

The old man's eyes burned with a fierce fire and then he spoke with a voice that was barely a murmur. "Son, some people jest don't understand the way we see things. You and me, we're two of a kind 'cept Ah'm on my way out of life 'n you're jest beginnin' it. Some people say we're dumb 'n stupid for ramblin'. When you git growed up enough to think, ya got two choices. You can make a future by settin' a goal and workin' fer it or you can choose to have no future at all like we done. When Ah git too old, Ah'll jest lay ma bones down somewhere and leave. Ah ain't sorry that Ah've had no future. Ah lived the life Ah wanted and that was a life with nothin' to strive for 'cept what was in the heart. Ah had me my women, liquor, good times, and bad ones and Ah ain't never been sorry for bein' alive."

The old man continued to talk, the young man continued to listen, and the train continued to carry them on in a life that was faceless, timeless, and placeless, but was priceless to them.

* * * * *

AND HE WALKED ON....

TOM CRANE-BAKER

THE AIR was heavy and very humid. A hot breeze blew across Central Park blending ominously with the noises of cars, trucks, and buses. A small, lone figure walked aimlessly down a path by the lake. It was a young man and his face gave off an unmistakable air of deep concentration. His outward appearance was average; about 5'11" with brown hair and eyes. His face was intelligent but showed a loneliness which would not easily be overcome. He was dressed simply, white shirt, levis, and a pair of loafers.

As he walked he dragged his heels; he seemed pleased by the noise they made. Pigeons flew by, crying incessantly but he heard nothing. Presently a light summer rain started. The young man took little notice of it, and walked on. He broke out whistling a tune from a familiar Broadway production. A couple walked by, hand in hand, struck by summer love. On the boy walked, leaving the park and passing one of the many museums.

Walking across town he stopped only for red lights, and sometimes only when he heard a volley of horns blaring at him. Now it seemed that all conception of direction was gone. The lone figure turned corners and wandered down streets. The rainfall had stopped, but not before soaking

him completely. The darkness was upon the city and lights flickering on all over. He was at the heart of New York City: 42 Street and Broadway.

Although his face was shadowed, it was not difficult to see that he was constricted in violent pain. Stopping and leaning against a wall, his whole body shuddered and racked with it. People streamed by, but none were concerned enough to stop.

A taxicab came rolling down the street, the boy bolted out throwing himself into its path. A thud, a screech of brakes, and multiple screams from the spectators. A boy was dead by suicide, and throngs of people crowded around to see the bloody exhibition. With sirens pealing, an ambulance soon pulled up and put the youth inside.

The coroner's report showed many tiny pin holes in the boy's arms. The police closed the case as suicide, provoked by narcotics. But the boy must have died for something, no matter how warped. In life he had been just another orphaned teenager, but in death he had achieved momentary glory. People had looked and felt for him.

The people did look, but had they felt? Life goes on in the city; 11,000,000 people are too many anyway!

MAKE-UP OF A TEENAGER

J. A. SCHUMAN

Emotional, dramatic, erratic, unsure—
Devoted, irrational, impoverished, unpure—
The teenager is all of these and in addition—
He is a lazy animal, but he likes competition.

He seems undetached from the world he ponders
He'd like to be rational, but his mind wanders.
He thinks he could do a better job than those
Who are now involved with his country's woes.

If given the chance he could iron-out all
The problems of the world like the Berlin Wall;
Like Saigon, Laos, The U.N., and the Red Chinese
And if they asked him he'd be very pleased.

But they'll never ask. So he becomes very bored.
He looks for new World's to conquer, previously unexplored—
Sex, alcohol, smashing windows with bricks,
Our would-have-been savior will do anything for kicks.
Violence and rebellion are part of his mold.
He looks for material objects and tries to take hold.
But they slip from his grasp like particles diffused.
Nothing bothers him, and pain inflicted makes him amused.



FORGIVENESS?

TOM CRANE-BAKER

THE WIND howled in the trees outside the window, it was ice cold. A brutal sleet smashed against the ground and then disappeared. A young man sat quietly in his room, silently wishing that something would happen, for once.

Pete's mother sat in the kitchen cooking breakfast, and having the first cup of coffee of the day. Pete looked back on the days when his father was still alive. Gee, they had good times together. But his father had died in a car accident the year before. He and his mother no longer got along, they just lived together. The relationship was always quite strained during the past few months. It was not that he didn't like his mother, it was just that he felt unwanted. His father and he had been so close that his mother had been shut out of his life.

It was too late for them to ever hope of finding each other again. "Breakfast is ready, son," came the call down stairs. "Coming, Mom." Slowly he pulled himself off the bed and walked to the kitchen.

Pete was only thirteen, but he had felt most of the hardships that come with old age. Except for his eyes he was no different than any boy of his age. His eyes, though, were a deep blue, they no longer held the questioning glance of a youngster. Instead they seemed to look right through people, with a sort of compassion and understanding. The rea-

son for his mother's attitude toward him stemmed mostly from fear. Pete was far more intelligent than most other kids, and she was unable to comprehend this.

Mrs. Adams dreaded the weekends because it meant Pete would be at home, and she was not able to cope with him.

"Pete, what are you going to do today?"

"I really have not decided, yet. I think I'll just read or something like that."

"Do you have to stay around the house? You are always bothering me."

"I am sorry mother."

"Like hell you are, get out, damn it!"

What could he do, he thought to himself as he walked out of the house. The wind seemed to propel him down the street; it was completely beyond his control. The sidewalks were all deserted on a morning like this.

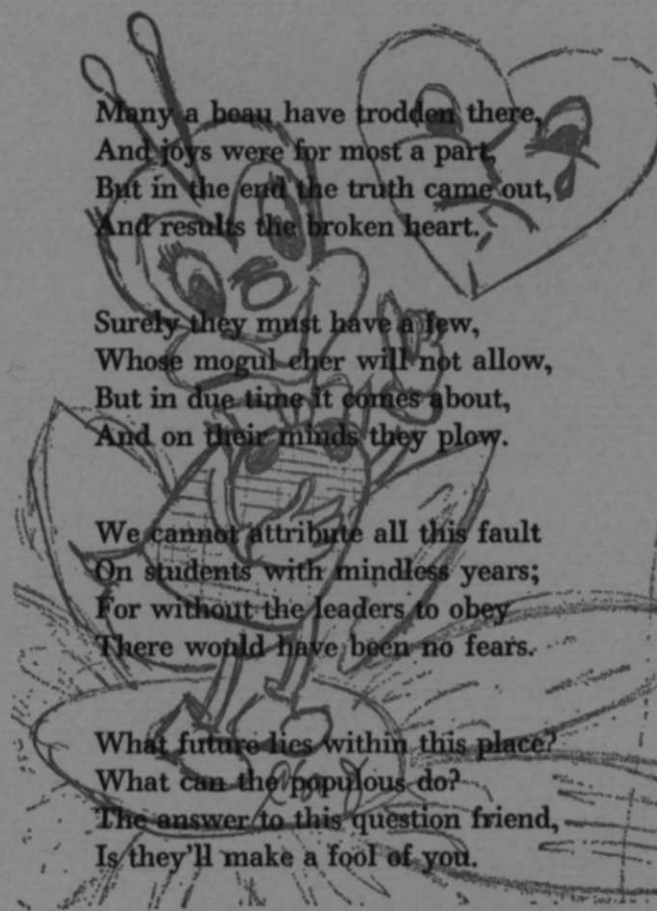
Pete pulled his jacket up tighter around his neck, "Damn its cold out here."

As he ran across the street, Pete saw the big family car speeding down toward him. He waved wildly, "Mother, I am sorry, I am sorry!" His mother never saw him until she was upon him.

She stopped the car and ran out, grabbing Pete in her arms. "I am sorry, Mother. Please forgive..."

DEDICATED TO STUART HALL

JEFF BELKOV



Many a beau have trodden there,
And joys were for most a part,
But in the end the truth came out,
And results the broken heart.

Surely they must have a few,
Whose mogul-cher will not allow,
But in due time it comes about,
And on their minds they plow.

We cannot attribute all this fault
On students with mindless years;
For without the leaders to obey
There would have been no fears.

What future lies within this place?
What can the populous do?
The answer to this question friend,
Is they'll make a fool of you.

THE REAL MEANING OF LEARNING

ROBERT R. ROSSI

THE MIDNIGHT OIL burns and questions and answers transfer between cramming students. These gentlemen are studying hastily for a difficult test that they will take tomorrow. If their cramming is successful, they will pass, if not the opposite will happen, but have these boys learned anything? They may pick up some small grains of information but the general knowledge contained in the subject they are studying will be lost.

These fine gentlemen are known as "Grade-hunters". They study hard in spurts before large tests to get a ninety or ninety-five, but have these men accomplished anything? No. They have learned virtually nothing, and earned virtually nothing except a grade.

When you grow up, you will be confronted with situations in which some general knowledge will be necessary. Your feelings will be raised, I am sure, if you can quote some Shakespearean line, or some reference to an authority, in an argument or a

discussion. And even if your feelings aren't elevated that easily, knowledge of references will be a big help in trying to get your point across in any discussion. A quick recitation of your marks in High School or College will mean nothing to a person who is trying to judge your character and knowledge, and this same recitation will be useless in trying to explain your position to another person.

Grades are merely a teachers attempt to evaluate your progress in a specific area. This usually corresponds to the amount of learning that has taken place, but not always. Your grades do not always reflect your knowledge! A true taste for knowledge and a real sense of accomplishment in learning something is worth more in the long run than the desire to get a good mark.

Strive for knowledge, strive for perfection. Remember, when your grades catch up with you—you're in trouble! When your knowledge catches up with you—you're smart.

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