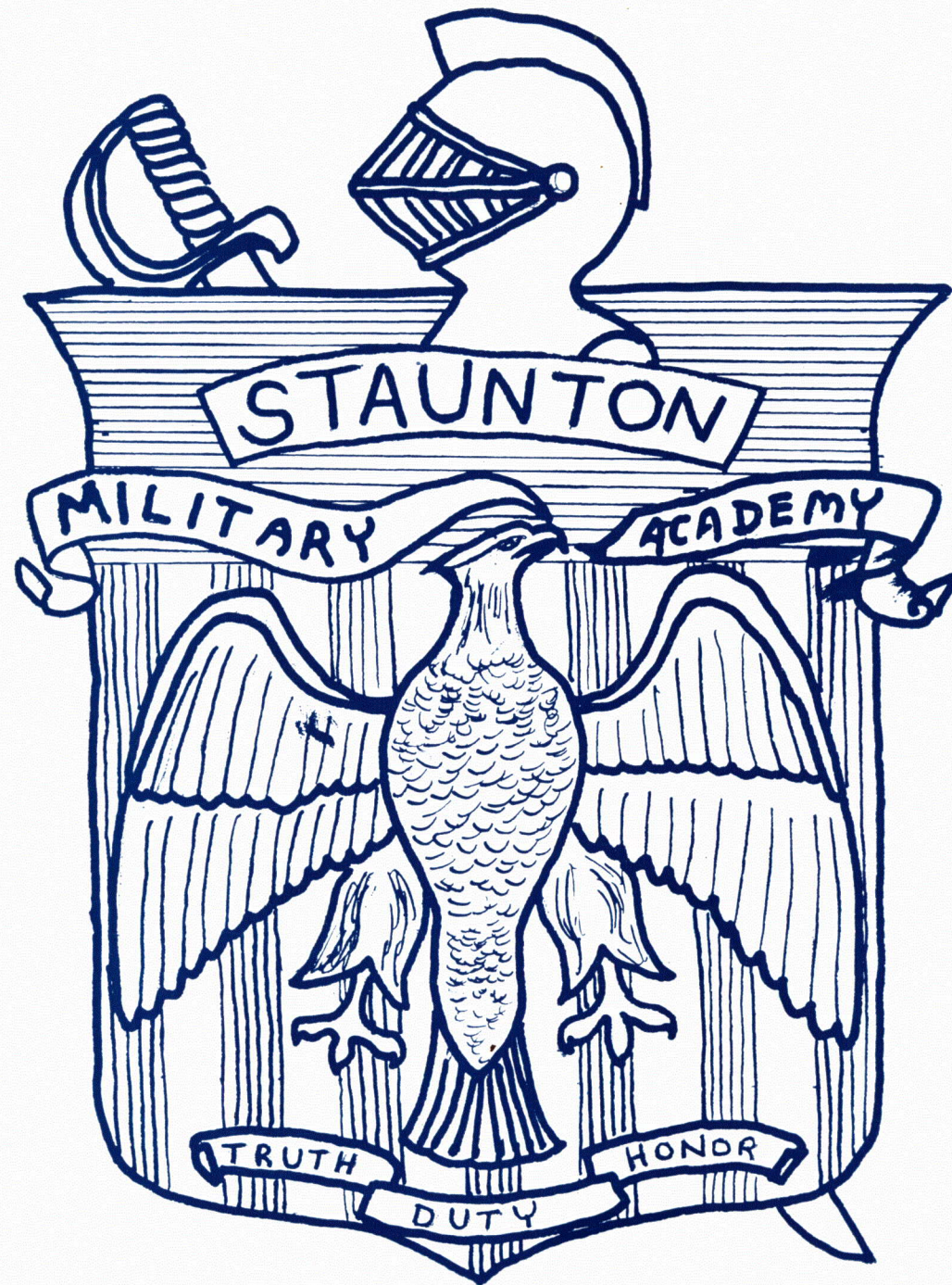


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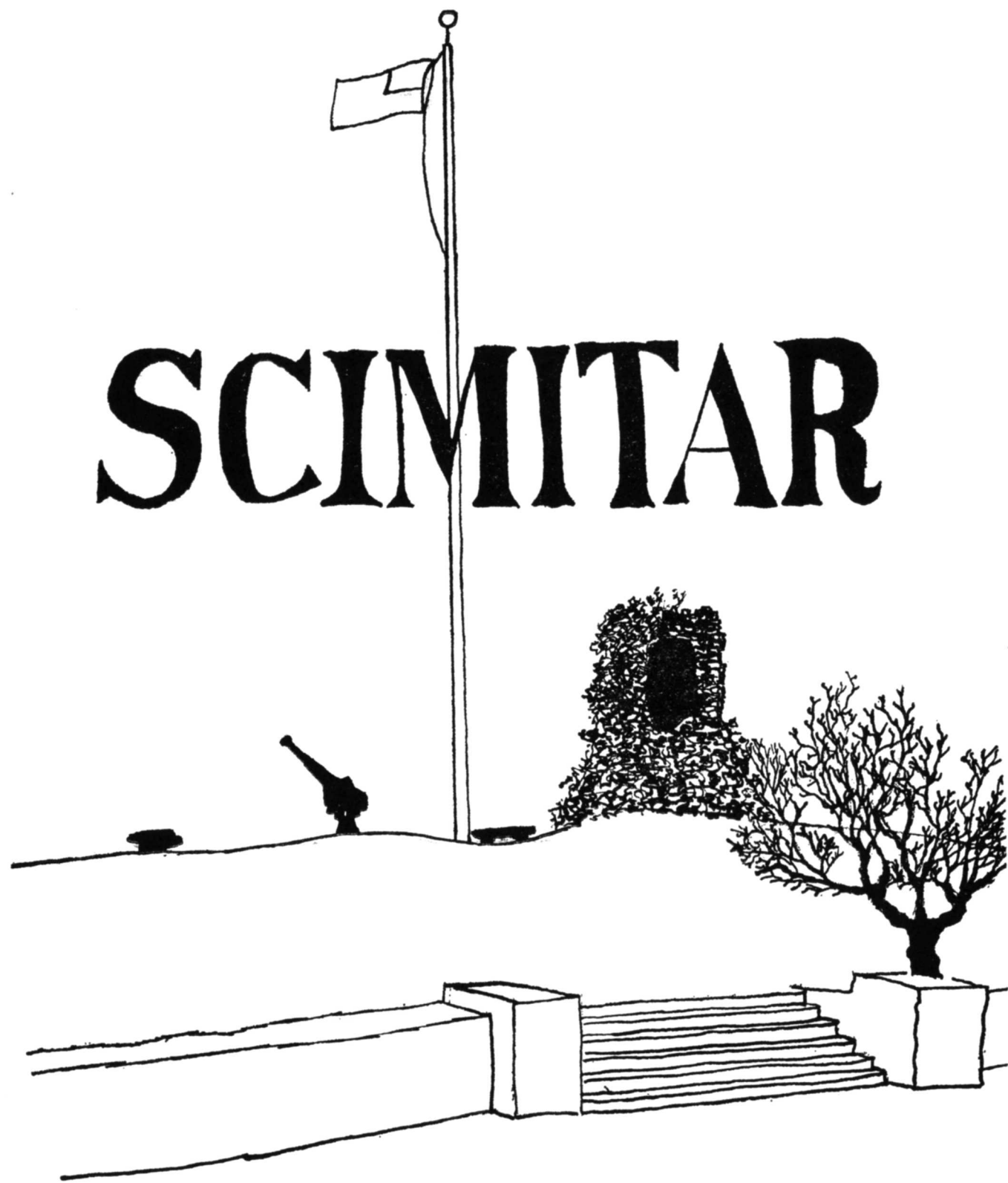


SPRING, 1966

SPRING EDITION

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

SCIMITAR



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Raymond R. Jarvis

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FROM OUR ANCESTORS

By ROBERT ROSSI

What would Jefferson say,
To see his beloved country, torn by civil strife today;
To see his hope of freedom, dashed by hate and moral decay,
Yes, what would Jefferson say.

And what would Washington think,
To see our embassies' walls, splashed with dirt and mud and ink;
To see through senseless killings, the white of the flag turn pink,
Yes, what would Washington think.

And what would Franklin do,
To see his scientific world, cruelly divided in two;
To see the world's great masses, split by iron and bamboo,
Yes, what would Franklin do.

And how would Lincoln act,
To see his glorious nation, again by race defracted;
To see his hope of peace, no longer kept intact,
Yes, how would Lincoln act.

These men who shaped our past,
 who loved their nation dear,
Can only look in longing,
 and wish that they were here.
But the task for us remains,
 and let us dedicate,
Our minds, our lives, our fortunes,
 to keep this country great.

FAKING ANTIQUES

By C. DRUMHELLER

My home is rather old, built around 1790. Every room is furnished with antiques, some quite old and beautiful and some, well, I still wonder. After eighteen years of sitting, sleeping, and eating off this furniture, I consider myself somewhat familiar with antiques.

Often I wonder just how old various pieces are. Were they made by some ancient codger with only the most primitive tools, or by a crafty forger who took much delight in making two-hundred-year-old antiques out of lumber fresh from the mill?

Many effective and seemingly humorous techniques have been invented. The battered look is the objective! After rescuing a table from a pile of firewood, I decided to try my hand at faking antique furniture.

When the last of the paint had been removed and about an eighth of an inch sanded off, I discovered that it was made of solid pine. My first job was to find some rusty snow chains and coat them with liberal amounts of dark black mud. After a thorough rubdown with these and a couple of well-aimed swings at the top, the table had aged just about one-hundred-and

fifty years, all in twenty minutes. I decided to add a few worm holes with an assortment of sharp nails and ice picks. Now, for that unique something for those people who will believe almost anything, a machete made a perfect unexplainable, but very obvious, scar that most reproductions usually lack.

When I had stained it lightly, a mixture of oil and varnish, with dust and pumice added, was applied. The idea is to show up the grime of the ages. When this had dried, a final coat of varnish was brushed on. My masterpiece, it was finished.

However, the dishonesty had not ended here; it had to be sold.

"How much do you want for it?" asked my first customer.

"Forty dollars", said I.

"I can't afford that much."

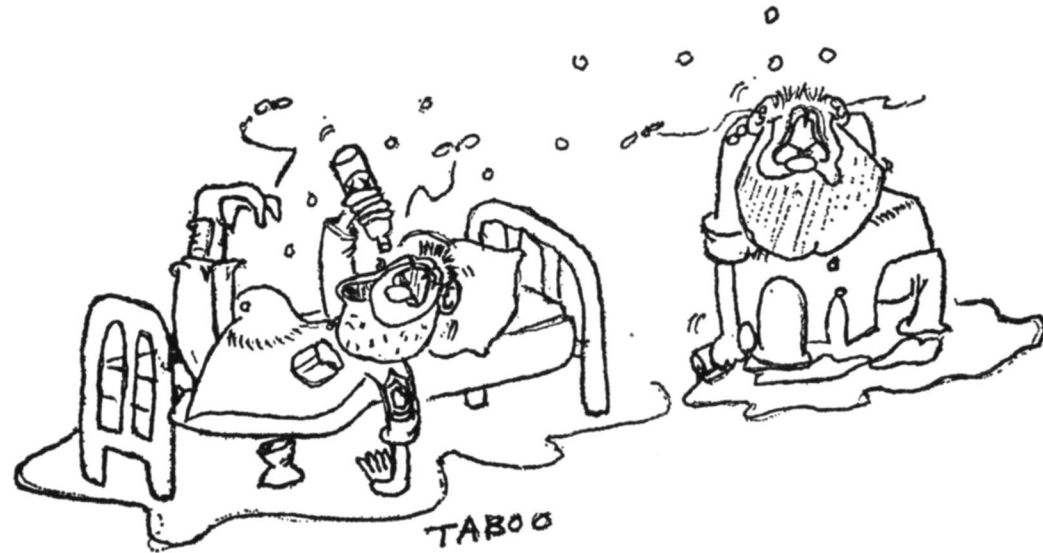
"Madam, I have to go to college on this money."

"I'm sorry, but..."

"Well, I'll let you have it for thirty-five."

The next day I bought the thirty-four-dollar radio I had seen in the store window two weeks before. It was an excellent radio, but I didn't enjoy it.

S. M. A. LIFE



These are two cadets who are obviously committing a moral sin, breaking a Staunton rule. No doubt, tomorrow they will feel guilty and humiliated. Color them ashamed.



These are cadets marching into the mess hall, eager to see what treat is in store for them today. Color them hungry.



This is a typical Staunton cadet after receiving his allowance. He will, no doubt, put it to good use in Staunton, shopping center of the South. Color him well-off.



Here is the obviously friendly O. C. who removes nasty sticks for almost any reason. Color him understanding.



This is a waking cadet, happy because another cheerful day is beginning at Staunton. Color him anxious.

SOLDIER, CITIZEN: VALOR, DUTY

By Lester G. Pittman

INTRODUCTION

In the following article I seek to present my personal ideas on the character of the American soldier, his will to win, and why he is now fighting in South Vietnam. I hope that this may stimulate the reader to appreciate the service rendered to him by the professional American soldier and his brother-in-arms, the American citizen-soldier. It is also my desire to have the reader form his *own* opinion on the present military stand of America and its allies in South Vietnam.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

By BILLY ROSE

There's a graveyard near the White House
Where the Unknown Soldier lies,
And the flowers there are sprinkled
With the tears from mother's eyes.

I stood there not so long ago
With roses for the brave,
And suddenly I heard a voice
Speak from out the grave:

"I am the Unknown Soldier,"
The spirit voice began,
"And I think I have the right
To ask some questions man to man.

"Are my buddies taken care of?
Was their victory so sweet?
Is that big reward you offered
Selling pencils on the street?"

"Did they really win the freedom
They battled to achieve?
Do you still respect that Croix de Guerre
Above that empty sleeve?"

"I wonder if the profiteers
Have satisfied their greed?
I wonder if a soldier's mother
Ever is in need?"

"I wonder if the kings, who planned it all,
Are really satisfied?
They played their game of checkers
And eleven million died.

"I am the Unknown Soldier
And maybe I died in vain,
But if I were alive and my country called,
I'd do it all over again."

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear is the blood you gave —
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.



Early in July of 1775 George Washington, the recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, arrived at the siege of Boston. He found a motley assortment of militiamen lacking discipline and knowledge of military organization. It took hardship which only such a desperate struggle can furnish to fashion this rabble into an effective fighting force. Our revolutionary army of long ago had only one commodity in plentiful supply—dedication to throw off the yoke of tyranny and establish a new nation distinct from all democracies before it. They were fighting for freedom—the right to chose their own government. Like every revolutionary army, they were driven by a fanaticism which carried them through many obstacles to victory at Yorktown. Yet during these turbulent war years was born a unique fighting man who has saved his democracy from destruction many times since then. He is the American Citizen-soldier. Courage, bravery, and valor have enabled him to defend his country and the principles on which it was founded. But what is this valor and why is it so important in the vocation of arms?

Valor is the sterling quality of the soldier. It is the essence of victory. Yet valor, courage, or bravery are not born on the battlefield as so many suppose. Nor is it inherent in man at birth.. It is merely an outward manifestation of a personal discipline. It

comes from a strong sense of responsibility. Robert E. Lee, a great soldier, scholar, and gentleman from our American heritage, once challenged, "Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less." Ernest Hemingway described courage as working gracefully under pressure. These definitions may suffice in any walk of life. In the particular application under discussion in this article, however, it becomes much more important. For the soldier is the guardian of his country and his way of life. He cannot fail.

The essential element in the military scheme is the accomplishment of the mission. Military discipline, carefully taught, will ensure that everything required will be enacted in striving to complete the mission. However, the many recipients of our nation's highest award for gallantry since it was established in 1862, attest to an additional factor which causes many an American serviceman to strive on "above and beyond the call of duty." This quality is found inscribed on the Medal of Honor — Valor. The seven red stripes of the Star Spangled Banner reflect the hardiness and valor of the American man-at-arms. His aggressive spirit in the cause of freedom is characterized by the American eagle. In the Code of Conduct for the United States' Fighting Man, he pledges to give his life in defense of his country and our way of life. The soldiers, sail-

ors, airmen, and marines, who have received the Medal of Honor posthumously, sacrificed their lives strategically so that their comrades could go on to victory. Their citations end with this simple remark: "He gallantly gave his life for his country." Every American citizen should surely be thankful that this is a part of our American heritage.

Today America is in special need of all her valor and patriotic strength. We and our allies of the Free World are engaged in a defensive war with international communism. After World War II, communism leapt from its heartland in the Soviet Union to inflict its dominance over Eastern Europe. Rather than using open aggression, the Soviet form of communism now takes advantage of the local differences and feuds in the underdeveloped countries of the world. They give aid to the struggling minority and, in return, use it as a puppet regime when it takes control. Russia has vowed that through international communism it will destroy all other ideologies.

In Korea, the Free World was confronted with another form of communist strategy—the Red Chinese kind. China does not rule out war and open aggression as a means to achieve its end. But the aggression in Korea was so obvious that all the Free World supported the United Nation's defensive action. China has learned its lesson

since then! In Vietnam they started with the Soviet strategy of aiding the radical minority—here the Viet Cong. The Saigon government of free South Vietnam required aid to suppress this rebellion which was trying to overthrow the government by force. America responded to its commitment to help protect all free nations of the world from communist aggression by sending advisors to train the South Vietnamese troops. The American intervention was not clearly justified in the eyes of much of the world because the Viet Cong controlled most of the population and thereby would seem to be the rightful government. This, however, is due to the political immaturity of the Vietnamese people who will support the force which controls their rice-patties and homes. America felt that it could not morally condemn these people to awaken someday in the chains of communism. The Truman Doctrine set as American policy "to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or outside pressures." So, America was committed and escalated its forces to fight beside the South Vietnamese to meet the rising communist revolution. THEN, *far more subtly* than in Korea, the puppet state of North Vietnam deployed its forces to the South. Thus, world opinion and even much opinion within America remains uncommitted or opposed to the defensive stand of America and its allies in South Vietnam. The aggress-

ion, as flagrant as that in Korea, lies concealed beneath the jungle canopy of Vietnam. President Eisenhower once put the basic reason for our opposition to communism in these words: "Americans, indeed all free men, remember that in the final choice a soldier's pack is not so heavy a burden as a prisoner's chains."

America believes in Freedom. A young army officer wrote the following passage in a letter to his father a few days before he was killed in Vietnam: "Here is a country—Vietnam—with people like you and me, with families like ours, fighting for the right to determine its own existence. As long as you and I believe we should be free, we must treat that feeling in others as important. So, if God wills I die here, there is no finer cause today for which a man must die than the cause of these people." America believes in self-determination. We believe that each free nation of the world should determine its own policies and destiny, free from outside pressure. America, indeed, has a miserable lot in today's world. As an example of the ingratitude shown by a foreign people for American assistance I relate the following story:

During the Allied occupation of Vienna after WWII, a street-car was passing through the American sector of the city. The Austrian conductor, noticing a GI

among the passengers, decided to provide a little entertainment for the Austrians on board. Every time the car passed an American installation, he would call out its name with an atrocious pseudo-American accent and then give its former Austrian title. "Silver Dollar Club, formerly Café Goethe," "Yankee Sports Center, formerly the Messepalast," "Yank Cinema, formerly Kolloseum Lichtspielhaus" and so on.

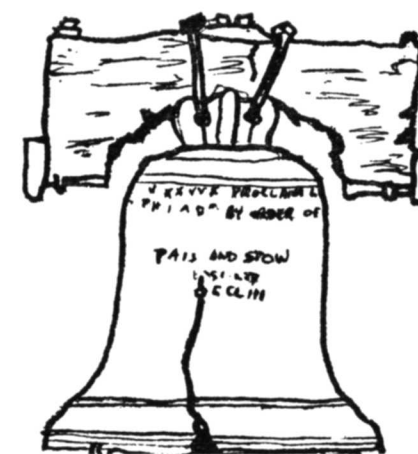
The GI paid no attention to the commentary or to the broad grins of his fellow passengers, but continued to read his newspaper. Just before reaching his stop, however, he stood up, turned to the occupants and in very passable German said politely "Auf Wiedersehen, formerly Heil Hitler!"

But as miserable and undesirable as this fate may be, I believe that it is necessary. Winston Churchill challenged the Free World with this rhetorical question: "Nothing is worse than war? Dishonor is worse than war. Slavery is worse than war."

Most nations of the world today realize that peaceful coexistence is a necessity if the human race is to survive the twentieth century. But, the communist bloc countries and the Free World (especially the United States) want to assert their influence on as many nations as possible before this ideological cease—fire of peaceful

coexistence comes. This is the cause of the present struggle —the Cold War—throughout our world today. America and the Free World have only one course to bring peace to our troubled world. They MUST make a firm stand against communist aggression in all forms both diplomatically and if necessary militarily. The American soldier pledges patriotism and commitment to the preservation of freedom in the Code of Conduct of the U. S. fighting man. In Article I he declares — "I am an

American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense." In Article VI he pledges—"I will never forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, and dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God and the United States of America." Shouldn't these commitments be for all Americans?



BELL OF FREEDOM

By ROBERT ROSSI

Oh God, let this bell toll free,
 Let its crisp, clear notes bring freedom to me.
 Let the strong deep tones flow the country through,
 Let its strength reinforce the red, white, and blue.

Oh God, let this bell toll long,
 Let its steady swinging motion go on and on.
 Let its silvery clapper strike its sides forevermore.
 Let its great resounding power open freedom's door.

Oh God, let this bell toll great,
 Let its independent air guide this "Ship of State".
 Let its wondrous tune of glory lead the free men of the earth,
 Let its joyous, sharp resounding signal freedom's rebirth.

THE HAIKU

A haiku is a verse form consisting of exactly seventeen syllables. They have been used most effectively by the Japanese to express a subtle, compact idea.

Contributors

Ray Jarvis
 Tony Smith
 Denny White
 M. Elins
 Lester Pittman
 Robert Rossi
 Joe Ritok

The spring was flowing with quiet gentleness-
 And the birds make sweet rounds.

The pencil prints the word in lead-
 The hand creates a word as thought.

Come wind and wave and hurricane, yet
 The grain of sand remains the same.

Our lives which we hold dear are as consequential
 As a tick in time.

Hardships, like little pinpricks, stimulate
 Man's progress forward through time.

Each his social security number; each his
 Individuality.

Loneliness is the one dream
 That is shared with no one
 Except yourself.

Drifting clouds half-exist
 In the sterile blue of the sky.
 God exists.

Sleek minaret guides Hope;
 Plaintive muezzin summons
 Lost Humanity.

The sky above,
 The earth below,
 Is the same except from where you stand.

One who does not spend
 The time to think,
 Finds that he does not understand.

Many people see their own future
 In the stars,
 Not in what they do.

Peace,
 Contented snoring of the free men.
 War cause these men's sleep to end.

When the warmth of summer lingers late,
 The breezes of autumn must wait.

A good friend's worth his weight in gold;
 But, then, you'll never want to sell him.

The earth has beautiful music
 Why do men always drown it with death?

Above, all things are different, yet the
 Dirt below is all the same.

Do You Know?

by Joseph A. Ritok

What is life but a game? It matters not if won or lost, but how it has been played. At least that's what they say. You win, you lose, you try, you fail, and yet you try again. Man has not yet learned the bitter truth, to all there is an end.

The "Grim Reaper" does not tarry. He gives no mind to wealth. There is a time for all, but once we are gone they ask, "Who was it who stood there?" In this game of life we are not known by all we say or do, but one thing may stamp our lives. That thing is left to you. This one thing may be good or bad. You can be known

like a JFK or perhaps like Lee Oswald instead. But remember, a man is just a man, to whom life can be a chore, an utter bore, or a gay and witty time when work is not a chore.

The rewards can be great and the failures many. But life is indeed a diverse place, a place for all and yet a place for few. The few are indeed a happy lot. They do not worry for little things, but live life as a whole. This is the way a man should be, to know himself as one. The joys of this can ill be expressed in words so poor as mine, but I know how I want to play this beautiful game. Do you?

ALONE

By STEVE GATES

Alone I am,
Alone I will be,
Destiny meant this for me.

I was born alone
And, after a life of misery,
Will probably die alone.
Destiny meant this for me.

NOTHING

By STEVE GATES

I was born to be nothing
And nothing I'll be,
It matters not the bothering
People give to me.

My life is a well,
For people despise me.
A barren waterless hell
That people hate to see.

Pushed into someone's life
That is not for me.
Stabbed with a knife
Drier than a desert sea.

Life is to be found,
But never achieved
By one who has sound
That is not perceived.

Only when in soil,
That one can see.
How to achieve with toil
What he wants to be...

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF A GIRL

By Bill Gemmill

For her I'd swim the ocean,
Then crawl up on the shore.
I'd comb the beach for treasure ...
Bring her all I could and more.

I'd climb the highest mountain;
But what could all this gain?
I'd even find Youth's Fountain,
Yet all I'd gain is fame.

I want to win her love for me,
This creature priceless as pearl;
For her I'd do most anything...
All this for the love of a girl.

CONCEIT

By ROBERT ROSSI

The man who says he's greatest,
The one who thinks he's tops,
Only falls the hardest,
When his venture flops.

The one who loves himself best,
Who thinks he's number one,
Often neglects to remember,
That his day is soon to come.

The man who loves himself too well,
Who loves his every act,
Often finds it hardest,
To face one sobering fact:

That the man who shouts the loudest,
Who thinks he'll never fall,
The one who says that he's the best,
Isn't the best at all.

THE TROUBLED COLLEGE CAMPUS TODAY

(Original text of cadet Bill Gemmill's winning speech.)

There are many aspects of college life today that bother a majority of Americans. These aspects range from the problem of getting into college and staying in, to the fumbling around with drugs and the consumption of alcoholic beverages on campus. Yet there is one aspect of American college life that does more than bother people, it *scares* them. It frightens people to know that college students, the leaders of tomorrow, are in revolt against the policies of the United States Government.

College students, for the most part, are at the age when their professors, probably more than any other single group, influence their lives. Professors have historically been radical even before the recent demonstrations began. This by no means should be misunderstood that all college professors are radical....by far the majority of them you will find to be wonderful people who love their country. Unfortunately, it is the minority—the loud mouths—who receive all the publicity and the student followings. It is interesting to note that the leaders of the original trouble at the University of California, in Berkeley, California, were *not* University of California students! Once a

little unrest is caused, communist agitators move in to stir up further trouble. The directive the Communist Party issued to its members several years ago was aimed at the college youth. This is the most vulnerable age group in the U.S., and this group includes some of the college professors as well as the students. The intellectual comic strip artist of "Li'l Abner" fame, Al Capp, was quoted saying: "I trust an eighteen year old who has a ungovernable passion to make a buck, but I don't trust an eighteen year old who wants to make a world he hasn't been in long enough to understand."

Two weeks ago, 10,000 demonstrators, mostly University of California students, marched from the University's campus to Oakland, five miles away, in protest against U.S. involvement in Vietnam. They were chanting an ugly tune entitled: "We Ain't Gonna Study War No More." Up in front of the procession was an 84 year old woman of Berkeley, who lost a son in World War II. She carried a sign saying: "My son died in vain....don't fight, go to prison". Demonstrations such as this cause Peking and Moscow to rejoice, and encourages further acts of hostility against us. Demonstrations

such as this also hurts the morale of our men in Vietnam. Servicemen in Vietnam are now receiving printed leaflets, telling them to "oppose the war," from the "Vietnam Day Committee," of Berkeley, California. Those leaflets were printed in the University's printing office by student members of the Vietnam Day Committee.

After repeated investigations by the F. B. I., the U.S. Government has positive proof that communist agitators are the main cause of the troubles that have mounted on our campuses. During the 1964-65 school year, party leaders spoke to more than 37,000 students in 56 different appearances. This problem cannot be solved by arguing that everyone is entitled to "the freedom of speech", and that all groups may enjoy "freedom of assembly." There can, of course, be no lawful interference with speechmaking or orderly demonstrations as such, but it is one thing to allow an American citizen to express his views, and it is quite another to find Americans joining organizations financed by enemy governments and even directed by their agents in this country. After the 1964-65 school year, membership rose sharply in the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America. The DuBois Club is a Communist Party oriented youth organization, founded in June, 1964, at a convention in San Francisco, California. The clubs are dominated and con-

trolled by communists, and its aim is to promote Marxism-Leninism. The communists believe that these clubs, which are centered on college campuses, will aid greatly in promoting Marxist-Leninist ideals among youth in America.

The Communists are also pleased to hear that University of California students have elected a Party member as Chairman of the Student Co-ordinating Committee, the second most important committee on the campus. The newly elected Chairman, a girl, has openly and unashamedly pronounced herself a devout Communist, and no one has made a motion to remove her from the chair.

So the question arises.... Is there any way to slow down and eventually stop all of the student demonstrations? How can the government help these young, misguided citizens of America who join causes they know little or nothing about, or participate in demonstrations without realizing what is actually meant by such movements? There are many solutions to the problem, but there is one which seems most imperative; that is for the government to proclaim any party, organization, or association which is directly or indirectly influenced or financed by a foreign government unfriendly to the United States, as subversive. Thus, by outlawing the Communist Party, stu-

dents will realize the dangers of personal associations with the Party, and therefore organizations such as the DuBois Clubs will collapse.

Right now the situation on college campuses seems to be worsening, although some progress has been made in cutting down the drug and alcohol problem. The next step is to try to make young college rebels realize that

the cause they are aiding isn't the right one. In time, as they get older, many of these rebels *will* realize that they are wrong and will turn to help fight the Communist cause. The more people of this nature that come out of college, the better. The United States Government will welcome *anyone* who wishes to fight the Communist cause, and keep this great country as free as it is.



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A NOTE FROM THE STAFF

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