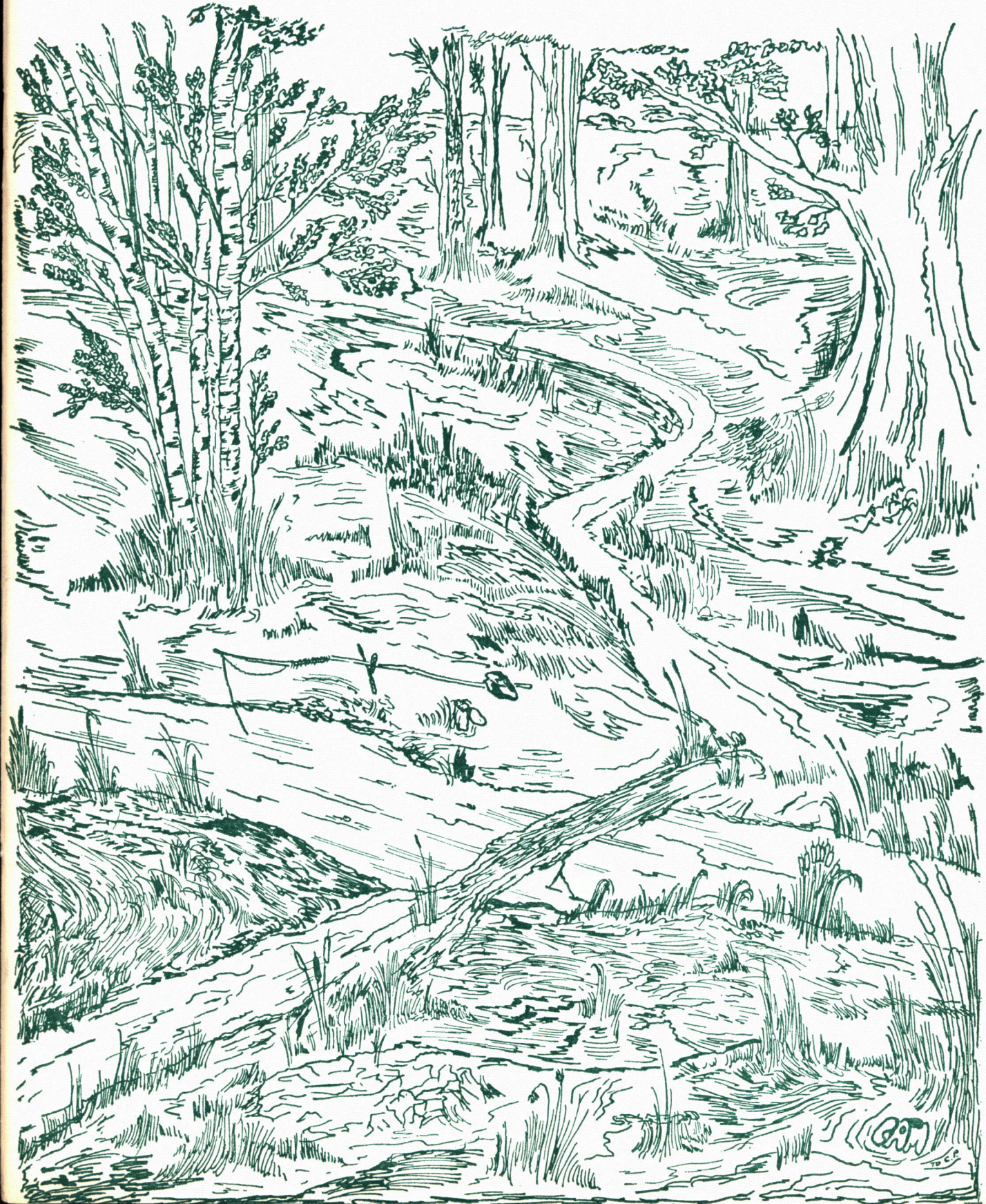
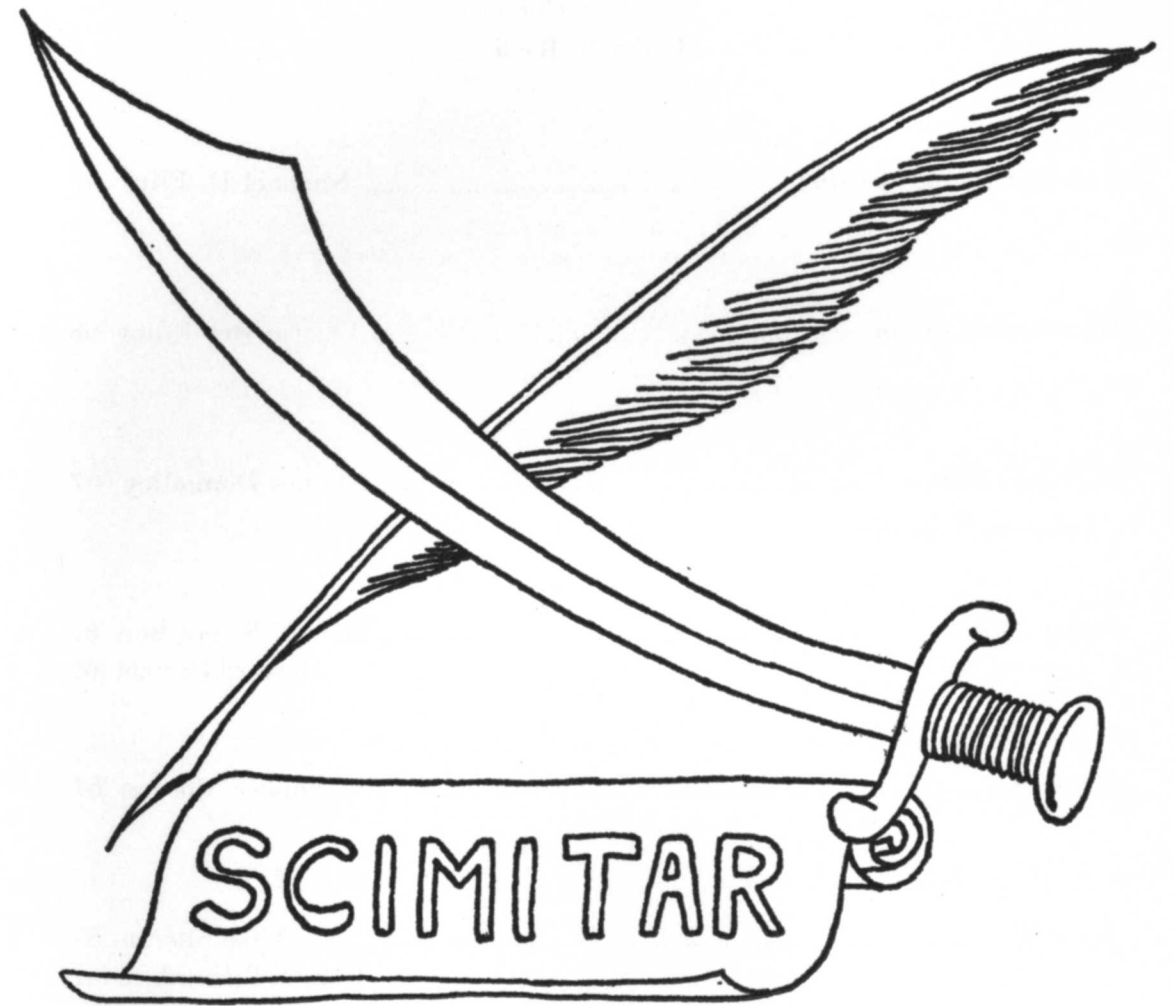


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MOSBY

The moon is out tonight,
so be still my children and listen
while I tell you about the man of the quiet,
who fought when the moon made the night dew glisten.

In the silent fields of Virginia after
the sun goes down, a ghost rides
in the country,
with pearl handled pistols, he flies
in butterscotch grey. They call him Mosby.

When the full moon rises
and not a breeze ruffles the fields,
the coming of a madly dashing rider and mount
crashing through the wet grass, reveals
the excitement in Mosby that cannot surmount
the flaming look in his eyes.

The handsome young Confederate
fought until after the cause was suppressed,
and then he did not surrender
he dispersed his gallant men in a lonesome, forgotten forest.

Take heed little ones, he rides on still
defending a cause the Yankees could never kill.

Darrell Richardson '67

"WHO ARE YOU?"

Who am I?

I am the son of steel and asphalt.
Bred from a state of speculation,
nurtured by the breast of imagination,
and fondled by the hand of motivation.
my character was formed like that of a superstitious cult.

I am the offspring of tears and joy.
Given a space in human emotions
to absorb those infinite romantic notions,
with overtones of hatred, malice, and devotion
to a security that plays me as a toy.

I am the product of peace and war.
Set on a fence with no foundation,
destined to fall by the innovation
that man has named energy relation,
I'm the master of the "Never - more".

I am the sum of history and the future.
Placed with love on Pharaoh's treasure
to untie the knots of greater measure,
with which man will find great displeasure,
my providence will prove abundant torture.

I am the result of painstaking care.
Insured machine of great ability,
molded individually, unlike reality,
possessing a sort of pure morality,
I am fault which man must share.

Bob Adams '67

AMORAL PLIGHT (A Question of Values)

by "Courthouse" Cail '67

Characters

Marty Jenkins, Fugitive
Marge Carter, Wife and mother
Bob Carter, Policeman, husband of
Marge Carter
Barbara Jenkins, Wife of Marty Jen-
kins, mother
Janie Carter, daughter of Marge and
Bob Carter
Patrolman
Baby

Act I

Setting—Three room apartment in a bad section of Chicago, Large, worn, brown rug and second-hand furniture in living room. Two unmatching lamps adorn two end tables. 19-year-old boy in living room putting on a beige wind-breaker, he has on dirty blue jeans and tennis shoes. 10:30 P.M.

Barbara—(From another room), Marty, where are you going?

Marty—Out. Don't wait up. (Barbara walks into room)

Bar—Where?!

Mart—I'm just going for a walk. Don't worry; I'll be back tonight.

Bar—Marty, you go on these "jaunts" every week. Don't I have a right

to know where you are? You know I worry.

Mart—What the Hell! You'd think I was a thief or something!

Bar—No Marty, but...

Mart—Honey, please!

Bar—You know that the manager doesn't like to see you come in half asleep. He probably thinks you were out drinking all night.

Mart—I could care less about what a gas station manager thinks.

Bar—(Sternly) Don't you care about your job? I want a little security. (A baby cries from another room)

Mart—You better check the baby. (He kisses her and she walks off with a concerned look) Bye Hon! And don't worry! (He leaves)

Act II

Setting: Nice, neat, inexpensive apartment in a clean neighborhood in Chicago. Wife is facing husband who is hiding behind evening newspaper. She is sitting on a footstool and he is engulfed in a large, leather easy-chair. 11:30 P.M.

Marge—Bob, you aren't listening!

Bob—Hmmm?

Marg—Bob!

Bob—For the last time dear; any day now I'm going to be moved to a SAFE desk job.

Marg—You have been saying that for two years. I want a little security! I worry about you when you're out chasing some hood.

Bob—It's only natural that you do.

Marg—Yes, and it's only natural that I want you alive. What's going to happen if you get killed? Think of our future; Janie is only two you know.

Bob—I haven't even been shot at in the last three months!

Marg—I don't care, it is.... (The phone rings)

Bob—Bob Carter... yea... hmmm... now?... O.K. (Hangs up phone) (starts putting on a gray suit coat)

Marg—Where are you going?

Bob—They're chasing some kid that just broke into a hardware store. They need some extra men.

Marg—No Bob!... Don't go!!! (Very sternly)

Bob—I have to. (He inserts his pistol into the holster)

Marg—Don't expect to find Janie and me when you come back!!

Bob—(Not realizing her seriousness) Honey, you know I have a job to do. (He kisses her and walks out)

Marg—(Pause, a tear breaks from her eye) (Calling)—Janie!

Act III

Setting: Small hotel room in low class section of Chicago, two small beds, wash basin, five foot dresser with most of the paint chipped off, table, chair, small throw rug on wooden floor, overhead light is off (just a bulb), you can readily see that by the dress of the occupants, they could have afforded a better room. Occupied by Marge Carter and two-year-old daughter. Marge is getting Janie ready for bed, Marge is very sad, no expression on Janie's face. Midnight.

Marge—Hold still Janie!

Janie—(Pause) Mommy, when are we going home?

Marg—Soon dear, soon. (Very sadly)

(Running in hallway, person stops right outside her door; Marge, unnaturally, holds her breath. Pause, door is kicked open with a loud crash. Shadowy figure holding an old, cheap 22 cal. revolver. Marty pauses with an uncomprehensive look, then enters; he closes the door part way, looks down the hall, then shuts the door. Marge is too terrified to scream, still no expression on Janie's face.)

Marty—(trembling) Not a sound!

(Siren is heard, Marty goes to window, he turns around and sees Marge, he looks down shamefully. Police are heard checking every room.)

Marty—You had better convince those hoops, (policemen), that you are alone with your kid; we wouldn't want her to get hurt.

(Knocking, Marty steps behind door, Marge pauses then opens door.)

Police—Sorry to bother you, mam, but we're chasing a teen-age boy on suspicion of robbery. Have you seen or heard anything?

Marg—The only thing I remember is footsteps and a loud crash.

Pol—Would you know where the noise came from?

Marg—No, I'm afraid not; I'm sorry.

Pol—O.K., sorry to bother you, ma'm. Could you please stay in your room for the rest of the night; the boy could still be in this area.

Marg—Certainly.

(She closes the door, both she and Marty let out a sigh. They exchange glances.)

Mart—Very good, let's hope he doesn't come back. (Pause—very friendly tone) Your little girl, eh?

Marg—(quietly) Yes.

Mart—(Long pause) What are you running from?

Marg—(Very curious look) Why do you think I'm running away?

Mart—A woman like you wouldn't be in a flop like this unless she was hiding.

Marg—(long pause, she is staring into the distance) My husband. (pause, she is now talking to herself) He promised to resign from being a police detective after the baby came; he didn't.

Mart—So he's a cop, eh? Why did you want him to quit?

Marg—TO KEEP HIM FROM BEING KILLED BY TRASH LIKE YOU! (She breaks down in tears and clutches Janie, he turns away shamefully)

Mart—(Pause) I'm sorry. (quietly)

Marg—(Slightly ashamed of what she said, long pause) Are you married?

Mart—Yes. (Standing at window, smoking a cigarette)

Marg—Do you love her?

Mart—Yes, that's why I steal — to support her and the baby.

Marg—If you really loved her, you would realize that you could get caught or even killed.

Mart—I'm taking that chance. (She turns away pitifully)

Act IV

Setting: Same hotel room, one hour later. Footsteps are heard in the hall, Marty and Marge exchange glances.

Mart—Go into your act again, baby. Remember, you have a little girl. (Marty stands behind door)

Marg—(Beads of sweat start to form on her brow) Oh God! (very quietly)

Bob—(Her husband, he knocks) Marge?! . . . Marge?! I've got to talk to you! That patrolman recognized you. (Marge opens the door slowly)

Janie—(Running to her father's arms) Daddy! Daddy!

Bob—Oh, Janie! (Looks to wife) I was worried about you; I heard that . . .

(He notices the sweat on her forehead. He grabs her arm and pulls her out of the room. Marty shows himself and fires two shots

while Bob is pulling his pistol from his shoulder holster. The policeman buckles, and his wife screams as her husband falls. Marty is frozen for a few seconds and then turns and starts to climb out the window onto the fire escape. Another policeman appears and fires three shots into Marty's stomach; Marty falls. Marge, holding husband's head, tearfully glances at Marty.)

Mart—(Cringing in pain, jokingly remarks) You were right.

LIFE GOES ON

As one walks through the misty air of a rain-filled day,
And sees nature's waters bounce off the cold, gray, immobile stones,
Perpetually perplexed by the gastly vastness of our galaxy and beyond.
Pondering, wondering, of what will become of him, nature's highest
form of life,
When he no longer can feel the misty airs.
And yet, the stone upon which he gazes has no worries, no problems, no
complaints.
It just lies there being slowly worn and washed by those cool, costly
little drops,
Which nature has also created—
Senseless in the sense that it stays in the rain.
Or perhaps it will be picked
Up and dropped on an ant seeking its life,
Or mixed and molded into a grave stone
And then chiseled into a familiar prayer.
Finally, the man walks on,
And the cold, gray, immobile stone remains,
Doomed to its fate, unlike the man who will create his own.

Lawrence Miller '69

WHO IS RICH?

The farmer works
 With plants
 With the earth
 Under the sky.
 He is a devoted Father.
 He carries the spirit of Christ,
 Always.
 He is satisfied.

The business man works
 In a city,
 In an office,
 At a desk.
 He is a devoted miser.
 He carries a checkbook,
 Always.
 He is ambitious.

Who is rich?
 He who lives simply,
 Or he with ulcers.
 What is precious?
 The love of that which God has created,
 Or the love of money?

J. K. Sanford, Jr. '70

TRIOLET ON FEAR

Is this fear I feel inside my heart?
 Perhaps because I am alone,
 Watching fireflies dart.
 Is this fear I feel inside my heart?
 Or could it be I heard the start
 Of an animal's distant moan?
 Is this fear I feel inside my heart?
 Perhaps..... because I am alone.

George Tompkins '69

SOCIETY'S FAULT

by Darrell Richardson '67

HER SMALL eyes opened to another day of her overcast life. The thick mantle of grey clouds separated the sun and the dirt like a wall. Deep inside, the little girl felt the pains of hunger, the same feeling that haunted her existence day in and day out. She got out of bed and slipped her ragged dress over her bony frame and wandered listlessly over to the cupboards in a vain search for a little food.

She had never known her father, and her mother slept most of the day. She had a night job that gave them barely enough to survive. As the child looked about their two-room hovel, she realized that she would have to provide for herself once again because

there was no food, only an empty whiskey bottle which stood mockingly on the table.

She had seen the rich people and their big houses and new cars many times. But they were different from her, she was as black as her lowly existence. Today, yesterday, and tomorrow would all be the same. She had no chance, the smiling government workers had not found her yet, and progress to her meant only food.

What would the future bring? Suffering, want, ignorance, obscurity, and a pauper's grave, could be lifetime's reward for the small girl that did not make her life, and it wasn't her fault, but it became society's.

AN IRONY

Sad is it that things are such
 That when an old woman boarded the bus,
 An old man shamed each one of us,
 By offering his seat, while rising on his crutch.

David Pomeroy '69

NO SATISFACTION

I hear a noise upstairs,
It is the noise of restless fingers and minds.
Young people that seem so unaware
Of how beautiful the moon so brightly shines.

The poor limited mass with all their electric
Noise to entertain them.
And yet, every hour one complains of the sick
World that constrains him.

And through that barrier of blasting sound
And smoke filled rooms,
The quiet beauty of the night cannot be found
With her twinkling stars and solitary moon.

Poor people plagued with dissatisfactions
And unable to move without their artificial noise.
I may be wrong but I choose to seek out joys
Without the use of their electric contraptions.

I am happy, and mass, you have told me you are not,
I wonder, could it be that you are searching
In the wrong direction?
Of course, that is absurd because the new generation knows a lot,
And the new unhampered, pampered reasoning
Hardly ever needs correction.

Darrell W. Richardson '67

SLAVE OF OLD

The command of the center,
"Obey! Obey! You must obey!"
Then the pending noises are heard,
"Come here to me! Follow on!"
When a shrill noise lessens to a roar,
In the distance we hear no more,
"Imitations are we all . . ."

Howard S. Carmel '67



A DAY OF A FOOL

The three of us were sitting there
 Staring at the camp fire's blaze,
 Wrapped in our thoughts, without a care,
 Thinking of happier days.
 The stars that were out winked from above
 As if they knew each of our sins;
 They laughed at us and our petty love,
 And dared us to make amends
 For our wasted lives and the things we'd done,
 And some of the things we'd said,
 That caused us to be forever shunned
 And look to each night with dread.
 For each of us had made mistakes
 That had damned our lives as such,
 We'd done the things that were to make
 Us hate ourselves so much.
 But change? We knew we never would
 We wouldn't even try;
 It was no use to think we could,
 For as we were, we'd die.
 We accepted this as simple fact,
 As we drank ourselves to sleep;
 Peace of mind was all we lacked,
 Damnation was ours to keep.

Thus we sat, ensconced in thought,
 Hoping the gin would last,
 So we could forget the life we'd bought,
 And could scorn the lore of the past.
 But we were not destined to live that night
 Alone, as of those gone by,
 For before the morning would bring its light
 We would watch a stranger die.
 Yet if this was all it wouldn't be bad,
 We'd seen death many times;
 It was his story that was so sad
 That it broke a heart such as mine.

We heard him stumbling through the brush
 And we stared through the Winter night,
 Wondering who had broken the hush

That had surrounded us so tight;
 Upon our fire we threw some wood,
 And in its light we saw
 A man who looked as if he could
 Have caused the Devil awe.
 He looked like a man fresh out of the grave,
 Dog dirty from head to toe;
 He moved to the fire so he could bathe
 Himself in its warming glow.
 We asked him what he was doing out
 On a night as bad as this;
 The way he told us left no doubt
 That tomorrow he'd never miss.

He started raving about his past
 And a girl he called Diane;
 We heard him out until at last
 He felt the weight of Death's hand.
 The story he told has been heard before
 By many a man, I guess;
 But never before have I heard such lore,
 And never have I hated it less.
 There as he died he told us of
 A love that he couldn't hold;
 I knew those stars that were up above
 Cried at the story he told.

It seems the girl had loved him so much
 She'd given her body and soul,
 To a man to whom roots couldn't clutch
 Because of a heart turned cold.
 He wanted to love her, he really tried,
 So much he would cry at night;
 He told her he did, but knew he'd lied,
 Could Hell be any worse plight?
 For each time he kissed her, he hated himself,
 A hate that was with him yet;
 For a man like this, what is left
 But to try to repay the debt?
 A debt to a girl who knew no less
 Than to believe his every lie;
 Just if she did is anyone's guess,

But he thought so, in those days gone by.
 It made no difference how much she knew,
 What counts is what he thought;
 And each day he hated himself anew
 And he couldn't find what he sought.
 For love can never be found through hate,
 But he didn't know this then;
 By the time he did, it was too late,
 For she'd realized his sin.

He woke one morning and she was gone,
 And his hatred began to ease;
 But then began those nights so long
 When a knowledge of love would seize
 His soul and mind and make him cry,
 For wasting a love so true;
 He felt that he would rather die
 Than live through what would insue.
 For she was gone, but love was here,
 It had finally come at last,
 How Fate stood back with a look of leer
 And made him weep for his past!
 He had tried to find her, looked everywhere,
 And was yet on that cold Winter night.
 As for him, his soul knew but of two cares:
 To die, or else hold her tight.

The former was granted, and I can't say
 That he wasn't glad that he died;
 So before the sun had begun a new day
 He had heaved his last wishful sigh.
 But at least he'd tried to make amends,
 Which was more than we'd tried to do;
 But he died just the same for his youthful sin,
 Just why, we never knew.

When morning came we packed our gear
 And headed North again;
 The sun looked down in scornful leer,
 Asking just where we'd been
 That we liked more, or hated less,
 But it couldn't begin to know
 That we ran from ourselves and the tangled mess
 Of our lives, and a stranger's woe.

Charley Hyatt '68

FREEING A CADET FROM SMA

"They are going to dismiss someone today," the corporal of the guard said.

"Oh why, oh why are they doing that," said the asking cadet.

"He tried to get away with breaking the rules," the corporal of the guard said.

"I am dreading to hear the Honor Company results," said the asking cadet.

As they're taking him to the bus station.

you can hear him yell, "Yea ho, yea ho,

I am free, I am free."

They're going to dismiss someone today.

Robert Gates '69

A THOUSAND SPARKLING DIAMONDS

Rays sparkled and shone from each,

Brilliant every one, and all within my reach.

A thousand precious diamonds, I had found

All of them lying there, lovely on the ground.

On each the morning amber sun had shone

Giving them exploding rays, in every direction blown,

So that when I half shut and blurred my eyes

Quivering search lights went out, looking for some surprise.

I lifted a few from their setting in the damp grass,

Knowing I'd never admit to myself that it was only broken glass.

David Pomeroy '69

...WITH THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDER

He was a young man going out in the world,
A little wonderous at the expanse of it all.
He knew he was one in the path of many,
And some men made the top and got to watch others fall.

A new life was beginning for him
And his young life was over.
His untried face was very grim
As he walked with the world on his shoulder.

For soon he would disappear into the mass,
Like one little blade in a field of grass.
And while fate stared him in the face
He would have to contend with all of the human race.

An old man watched him as he went away
And rocked contentedly in the warmth of the day,
And smiled complacently to himself
Remembering exactly how once he too had felt
On that day so long ago
When he too set out on that lonesome road
Of life.....

Darrell W. Richardson '67

ODE TO A SLEEPY ONE

Sleep, beautiful sleep,
Delightful, delicious, overcoming,
But creep,
As it will over those unknowing.

Do we sleep our lives away?
Do these dreams and thoughts of subconsciousness do play?
Sleep! Is it an awesome array?

Howard S. Carmel '67



...AND CANNOT SING

As a mellowed anthesis am I, and, as in spring,
 I want to shoot my stem up to the sky, and fling
 My everlasting fragrance bland upon the pliable impressions of man;
 And yet I am as unripe bulbs that lie; I cannot live, yet will not die,
 . . . and cannot sing.

Here I lie, before reproach, and often, if not always, wondering
 Dare I ever try encroach upon that disheartening
 Covenant that Man has made, the only one that He forbade;
 Skies are clear but there's a mist, and in it something I must have
 missed,
 . . . and cannot sing.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill," it was said, on the carved stones Moses did bring,
 And how many are now lying dead, their tolls the bells oft ring;
 Who have received their nemeses, and no matter what any fool says,
 Have not their unsung glories rung upon the tip of Mankind's tongue,
 . . . and cannot sing.

Should I enter public places, my intentions subtly garnishing?
 Can I harrangue ambivalent faces, my golden morals tarnishing?
 Must I challenge criterion to a duel, and have myself oft made a fool?
 Using polite words—my very best, but taken everytime in jest,
 —as a clown's, no less,
 . . . and cannot sing.

Tom Marshall '68

TOGETHER

As the cool, individually shaped, crystals fall,
 covering the earth in a blanket of white,
 None can find two of the same.
 Yes they were individually created,
 And individually they fall.
 But once they have met with others,
 They hold hands,
 and die together.

Lawrence Miller '69