

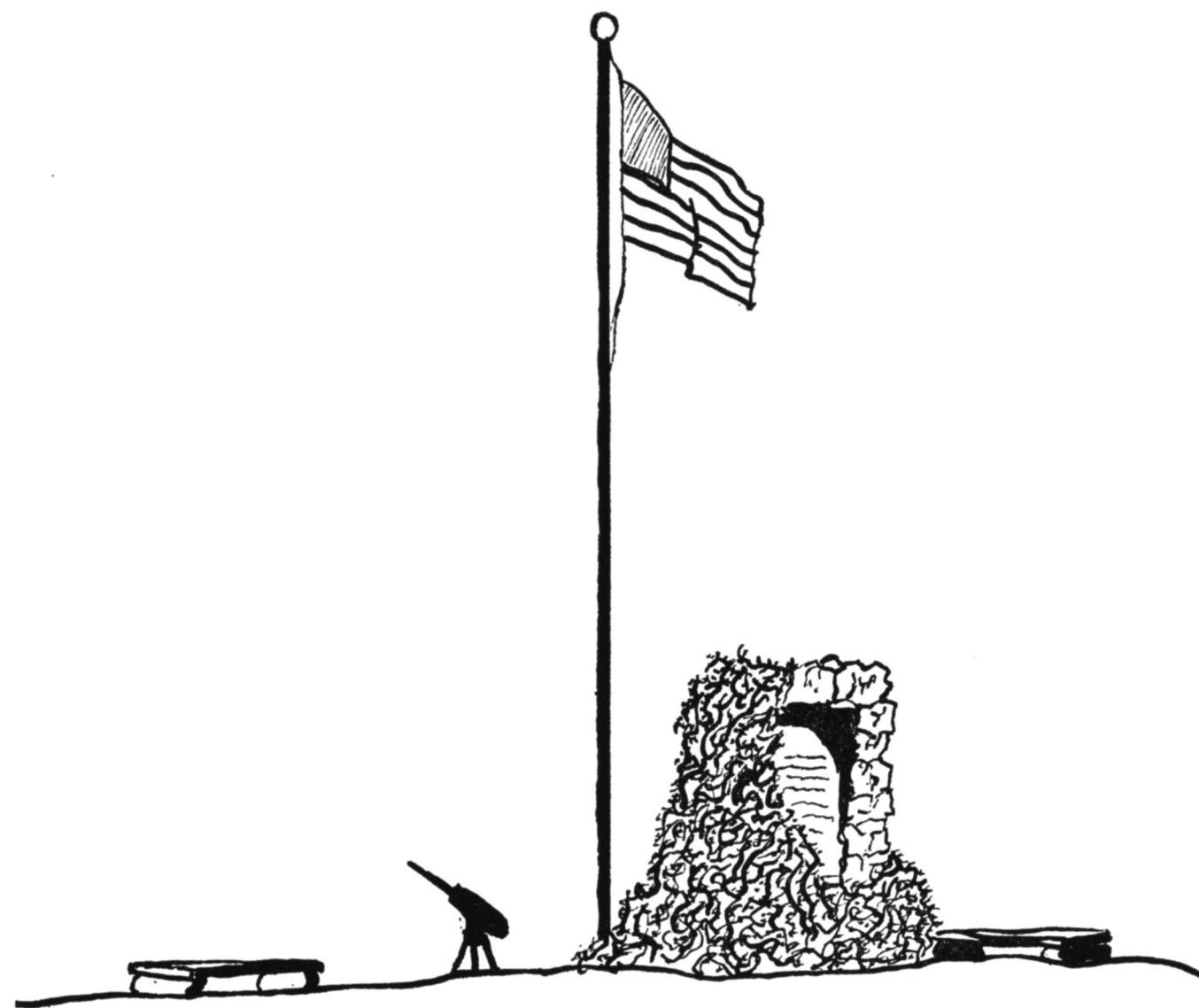
SCIMITAR



SUMMER, 1966

SUMMER EDITION

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



SCIMITAR

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THE CAR

R. Savage Cunningham

He stood and stared across the track at nothing, his six foot frame wracked with sobs. Two tear washed streaks gleamed from his soot covered face, and new tears ran down his cheeks. In front of him lay a charred smoking heap which had once been a car and a man. The car, his life long dream, and the man, Charles, his only brother, were both gone.

In a way it was fitting that they died together, the car and the man. They had always been inexorably linked- opposed yet joined.

He thought back, years back, and he could still hear Charles' voice: "Frank," he had said, "the trouble with you is you work too hard. You ought to get out and live." And it was true. He did work too much. But it was his life and his choice on how to live it. But this choice had cost him many things.

Most costly of all was Kathie, the only girl he had ever loved. He still remembered that night she had told him she was leaving him. "I love you Kathie," he had said, "I want to see you more, but I have my job and I just haven't got time to go out all the time. You can see that, can't you?" But of course she didn't see. And now she

was a widow, for she had married his brother.

She hadn't understood because he hadn't explained. How could he explain? How do you explain a goal you don't have, a dream you haven't dreamed? That's just what he had. An invisible goal. He didn't know what it was or where it was, but when he found it he would be ready. And toward this end he worked, and slaved and saved. By hard work he amassed a fortune and made himself a name in the business.

And then he saw it, the car. \$30,000 of fiberglass and steel, speed and fury, flash and beauty. A beast, a beauty, a living, throbbing, pulsating being with a will and a life of its own. It was more than a car. It was a noble steed with a will to win. It achieved horrible, frightening, exhilarating speeds, and it clung to the track with a fierce tenacity, a definite steel bound will, a love. Love - that was the word. It loved the track, the speed, the challenge, the win. And he loved it and all it embodied. He drove it and it drove him. They screamed around and around, no longer they but it, for they were now one.

There it had been, as if a fog had

lifted and his dream shone forth. And now the smoke lifted and it shone no more. His dream was a smoking heap of melted fiberglass, bent metal and shattered glass. All he ever had, ever would want was dead. There could never be another car, for it was a part of himself that lay there. He had heard of K-9 men going crazy over the death of their dog. He had been told that once it was dead, there could never be a replacement dog. And so it was with his car. It was gone - there could be no other.

But Charles had lost everything too. Perhaps more. But it was fitting that they should have died together, the car and the man. The car meant doing without, and Charles coaxed him to

live, to fly, to soar, to be free. They were opposites and being so they had attracted. Like magnets held apart and then released, they had smashed together.

"Beautiful," Charles had said, Gorgeous! You've got to let me drive it." "No," Frank had thought, "God no." But then he'd softened. After all, what were brothers for?

And this was the result. And he wept. But why did he shed his tears for a brother who had had all the fun, all the love, all the rewards, and never worked for them? Or was that why he cried? What sort of feelingless beast had he become? Had he lost all true values? He searched his soul and having found the answers, wept again.

MEMORY

By Steve Gates

Remember the days when we were young,
And all the days we had so much fun.
Remember the times so far away,
That we were together on a fine day.

Oh! sweet memories that always stay
Oh! sweet memories that come every day.
Memories that will never die,
Memories that always make me cry.

And now, as I stand here looking down
Upon this sacred, hallowed ground,
I know someday like you to me,
That I too shall be a memory.

THE UNITED STATES SHOULD NOT BE IN VIET NAM

Robert R. Rossi

The United States takes its stand in Viet Nam on the pretense that, by stopping Communism it is helping to spread its beloved freedom. The United States wishes to let all the people of the world enjoy the blessings of Democracy, and the rewards of Liberty. The United States feels, undoubtedly, that it must propagate its way of life, and export it to other countries. Well, let me ask a question. What are the Communists doing? Are they not trying to spread their way of life? Are they not trying to give all the world a chance to experience, as they would say, the joys of communism. Maybe their means are different, but aren't the goals the same. Don't both the United States and U.S.S.R. want to export to other countries the way of life they find the best. How can we condemn North Vietnam for their action when we are doing the same thing. It makes no difference, whether the action be retaliatory or taken on the initiative. The action remains the same. The hypocrisy of the situation still stands out. Let me make my position clear. I don't advocate a withdrawal at present, I advocate the fact that the United

States should not have entered Viet Nam in the first place. That the United States should have steered clear of the situation completely. Because of our involvement now we have nothing but defeat in sight for the future.

In all the dealings the United States has had with Communist nations, not one has benefited the United States. Not one has conceded a vital issue, and not one has actually resolved anything. If the United States' entrance into Viet Nam constitutes a willingness to go to the conference table, the United States has lost already. All the men, money, an equipment that has been used are wasted. History proves, that Communists don't lose at the conference table.

Is the United States fighting to win? There is no victory against guerrilla's, only partial gain. The hit and run fighter cannot be beaten, he can only be killed. A small scale guerrilla war could go on indefinitely without a victory for either side. Could the United States fight a total war for total victory. I doubt this seriously. A nuclear war would have disastrous effects and it could trigger a world

wide reaction that might end man's troubles permanently. In Korea the United States decided against the war and after losing thousands and thousands of good men, retired from the war without gaining one small concession or piece of territory.

In the eyes of the world we cannot win. The major part of our allies don't even support our stand in word let alone deed. Great Britain demonstrates against the United States' policy, and France leaves an alliance detrimental to the free world. West Germany sells steel mills to our enemies, and Italy has a hard time remaining out of the clutches of communism itself. The very

country we are fighting for, giving up thousands of lives for, is yelling, "Yankee Go Home".

Can the United States win? There isn't a chance. The United States can only lose. Viewing the facts, is it intelligent to enter a conflict that has no possibilities for victory? Not only is it not intelligent it isn't even practical. It is never wise to enter a situation which has no possibilities for success.

The war in Viet Nam is a mistake both politically and strategically. A mistake which has cost the United States a bit more, I'm afraid, than she expected to pay when she entered the war.

NOTHINGNESS

By Steve Gates

To be someone is something for me,
Even though that can never be.
For I am something but nothing,
With a life as painful as a wasp sting.
I have no feelings left inside me,
As some people can plainly see,
From the marks left on my skin
And all the pain that comes from within
But. To be someone is to live a lie
Because you are nothing until you die.

ONE LITTLE BIRD

By William A. Richards

Once, not so long deterred
 As I passed through the rustic leaves
 I came upon a little bird
 Nestled snugly in the trees.
 So slim and gentle, so ever free
 Soon the little bird approacheth me
 Triumphant in its boundless wonders
 The freedom of the bird asunders.
 "What doeth thee", says yonder bird
 "Why art thou so frenzy fired?"
 So startled by the gapping sound
 My lips mere moved as I turned round
 Could it be true was my first reply
 Methought birds were meant only to fly
 "Tis not true," says little bird, "Tis only a lie"
 "We think and laugh and love and die.
 We are not human, to that I'll agree
 Yet ours is much better for we are free
 Free from the oppression of ones so clever
 Free from the sorrows that haunt you ever."
 Such truth as I have never heard
 Was told to me by one little bird.

THE PART

By Steve Gates

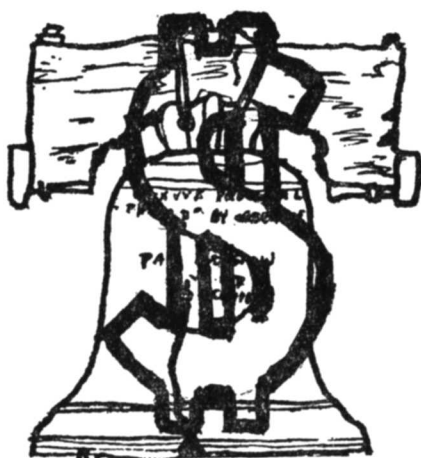
I play the part of an actor
 Each and every day.
 Looking for the theatre
 Which happens on my way.
 The way of parts and roles,
 Which I must always play.
 Bitters the way with tolls,
 I always have to pay.
 Acting is the greatest thing,
 For an actor is always something.

IN PERSPECTIVE

Robert R. Rossi

I find Washington, D. C., to be a very fascinating city. As I look at the Capitol building, I find it hard to encompass the fact, that right there before me, stands the political capital of the world. That inside those walls lie the workings of the largest government on the face of the earth. The President, Congressmen, the capitol itself, all seem to be in the distance; something you read about in the newspaper but never quite come in contact with. I find it to be a very sobering fact that this city, so easily accessible to me or anyone else, houses the leaders of the free world, the champions of Democracy, the rulers of the greatest country on the face of the earth.

Several weeks ago while I was in Washington, the bus I was riding stopped at a red light. I heard a siren sounding just down the street. Soon there appeared two motorcycles with their lights flashing then four black limousines. The first car flaunted on the front fenders the flag of the United States and the Republic of India. As I looked through the window of the black Lincoln Continental I saw the fur-wrapped figure of Prime Minister Indra Ghandi, in the corner of the spacious black limousine, her silver streaked hair slightly out of place. She seemed engulfed by all the elegance and magnanimity of the job she had to do. Seated in the opposite corner was the President of the United States slightly hunched over peering fixedly out of the window, his mouth sagging a little, at the edges and his hair slightly ruffled. This may not seem too astounding but, I find it extremely fascinating and interesting to view the people, ordinary people like you and me, who hold the fate of the world in their hands. It seems to make the world a little more understandable and to put its procedures a little better into perspective to be able to see the mortals, the merely human beings, who guide the course of the world.



WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

Lester G. Pittman

The life of the common people in the underdeveloped, insignificant countries of the world is very dull and routine. Communism enters their lives as a revolutionary doctrine which gives new meaning and purpose to their future. It promises them, as members of the communist movement, an important role in world affairs. Thus an insignificant farmer in a backward nation, when he joins the communist National Liberation Front of his country along with many other peasants, can cause a disturbance in far-off and remote Washington, D. C. In its effect on men's minds communism may be compared with a religion. This force should not be underestimated. Long ago the great religions were created to give shape and purpose to the common, corrupt lives of our ancestors. History

attests to their powerful influence. The Roman emperors tried to crush Christianity without understanding the power that it had to enflame and give strength to dedicated men and women. The flame of Islam conquered all peoples who could not match its firm ideology. The force of Islam's creed can be witnessed in the fact that never before or since its birth has any purpose or personality united the Arab people. The Christians and Jews who already possessed and were dedicated to their own beliefs were not influenced by the spread of Islam. Thus it can be seen that Americans and others of the Free World who are firmly devoted to the ideal of freedom can stand the onslaught of communism. Those of Asia, Africa, and Latin America who are still politically immature are very

susceptible to communism. They have no strong political convictions to resist communist doctrine.

America must not sleep in apathy for the sinister forces of communism never sleep. Americans must understand and not blindly fear communism. We must realize that, if given a chance, they will steal small, underdeveloped nations little by little over an endless succession of negotiating tables. We must recognize that, as long as they support National Liberation Fronts throughout the world, all their overtures for peace are lies. Lin Piao, who is presently Vice Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, Vice Premier of Red China, and Minister of National Defense, in his article, "Long Live the Victory of the People's War," gives a blueprint for present Chinese Communist strategy. This plan is to inspire in all weak nations of the Free World movements called National Liberation Fronts whose guerilla tactics are the same and whose ultimate goal, that of Red Chinese domination of the world, is also the same. Such movements, with such an end, are clearly aggression. Those in the Free World who favor abandoning our efforts in the Republic of South Viet Nam should realize that such revolutionary organizations are being prepared secretly throughout the Free World, not only in Viet Nam. A communist victory

through armed revolution in South Viet Nam would give Red China an unquenchable thirst for more territory. An American withdrawal from South Viet Nam would be the beginning and not the end of a long series of wars for the Free World and Americans. Examples of communist influence are seen in many places today. Red Chinese pressure is becoming increasingly dangerous in Thailand. The Soviet Union, a seemingly inactive enemy since the Sino-Soviet split, is still aiding the Kurds of Iran, Iraq, Syria, and Turkey who fight on because of the Soviet promise of an autonomous Kurdistan which would actually become another Soviet Socialist Republic. The Kurds, a politically ignorant, mountain people, do not realize the significance of the price they must pay. Only recently the "peaceful" voice of Radio Moscow is trying to influence the ten million Inca Indians of Peru into revolting against their legal government. The Russians admit that they are training guerilla leaders in Moscow to lead the insurrection. The outcome would be another communist satellite in the Western Hemisphere. It should be evident that America cannot withdraw from South Viet Nam.

The Honorable Harold Brown, Secretary of the Air Force, recently made it clear that it is not the avowed purpose of the United States' forces in South Viet Nam to needlessly destroy

the communist nation to the north by unnecessary bombing. Our present course of action in the Viet Nam war is the best, according to the Secretary, because our bombing in North Viet Nam and our operations in the South are to show the communists that they cannot take that free nation by force. Those who wish to recognize the communist Viet Cong and give it a part in the government forget that in a politically immature nation such as the Republic of South Viet Nam the Communist party allows no rivals once it has gained a foothold. Those who protest that we are not wanted in this country should recognize that although the American public sees much about radical demonstrators in its morning newspaper, the American soldier fighting that horrible, little war sees as many South Vietnamese peasants, of villages until recently terrorized by the Viet Cong, shouting, "Marines Okay!". "Americans Number One!" The United States wishes to free South Viet Nam of the armed communist threat so that its responsible citizens may establish a government beneficial to their interests and responsive to their will. President Johnson has said:

"Men ask who has a right to rule in South Viet Nam. Our answer is what it has been here for two hundred years: the people must have this right - the South Vietnamese people - and no one else. Washington will not impose a government not of their own choice.

Hanoi shall not impose a government not of their own choice.

"Finally, men ask if it is worth it. I think you know that answer. It is the answer that Americans have given for a quarter of a century wherever American strength has been pledged to prevent aggression. We keep more than a specific treaty promise in Viet Nam... We keep the faith of freedom." The President of Costa Rica, a very pro-American nation, has told Americans:

"You should explain more fully to the world why you are fighting in Viet Nam. You are fighting for freedom everywhere, and not power or prestige. I do not believe that you emphasize sufficiently that you fight for the principle of freedom and human dignity, or that you fight for an idea."

The Age of Revolution which swept the civilized world some two hundred years ago and during which our own nation was born was characterized by individual patriotism. A single man shouting, "Give me liberty or give me death," could and did greatly influence the course of history. Today, as the world grows smaller and the countries form a community among themselves, the concern is for the individual liberty of nations. Now nations, such as the United States, Australia, South Korea, and New Zealand who are defending this liberty in the Republic of South Viet Nam, are the patriots. The Cold War is not a war of individuals. The Viet Nam conflict is not "the Pres-

ident's war." It is an ideological contest with nations as the players and freedom, won or lost, as the stakes. Dean Rusk, in the following excerpt from one of his speeches, clearly defines the principle which must guide the nations of the Free World in this contest:

"Nations which value their independence and freedom dare not let down their vigilance. If there is, or seems to be, less danger of war in some parts of the world, it is because those who would coerce their neighbors have a healthy respect for the strength and determination of those whose dedication is to freedom."

Communist agitators throughout the world scream, "Yankee Go Home!" But do their followers and do Americans themselves forget the millions that lie beneath simple white crosses in Flanders' fields, France, and the Orient who gave their lives that freedom and free people might live? Shall they have died in vain? Shall America ignore the cry of free people drowning in the advancing tide of communist aggression? Or will all America shout to all its Free World allies with united conviction and the renewed purpose of a patriot, "Wherever brave men fight and die for freedom - follow ME!"

FALSE MAN

By Steve Gates

John Thomas I heard you were dead,
But believing not what has been said,
I came to see myself instead.

There you were all coated pink.
Like in life, but not really I think,
More like an actor ready for a part.

People all around looking on,
Who did not look till you were gone.
Such a gathering of new found friends.

There on that satin pillow you lay,
Quite different from life I'll say,
But listening I guess to the praise given today.

I'll say one thing and I'll say it again,
But I can't remember any time when
I did not say it before you died.

I'll say this John Thomas about you,
A long time after without much ado.
This I'll say because this is you
On the day of your burial.

THE ATOMIC AGE

Lester G. Pittman



In the early hours of August 6, 1966, birthday of the Atomic Age, a young captain in the United States Air Force lies in bed thinking. He is in a Strategic Air Command alert building somewhere in the United States. On a broad, paved area nearby are several huge B-52 Stratofortresses. All is quiet, and in a sense poised. He is a member of one of several crews about to end a routine five-day alert. For some reason he is awake and is intensely absorbed in thought. "I wonder what it was like, eleven years ago today, on that first mission?" It was indeed a strange morning.

All is tense in one particular, brightly lit hangar. Due to the alarming number of take-off accidents in the last few days, it has been decided to arm "Little Boy" in flight. A specialist is busy teaching a member of the "Elona Gay's" crew the complex process. After much frenzied preparation the B-29, unusually nude of all armament, is rolled out and prepares for take-off. All persons concerned feel a strange, uneasy anticipation and awe like that before a birth. Finally all is done; the plane is taxied out, turns, dashes down the runway, and, with a supreme effort, lifts itself into the sky. All crew members busy themselves as much as possible, but, every now and then,

find themselves unconsciously poised in thought. Soon the escort drops away and that solitary, lonely plane is detached from the world. After many droning hours the target area is neared. There is a unique and troubled element in each man's thinking as he preforms his task with the conditioned reflex of much training and practice. Then the bomb is dropped and immediately the plane tears itself away from its former course. Suddenly a terrific shock hits the aircraft and the navigator gazing from the window whispers, "Oh my God!!"

The young captain wonders, "It was so horrible and devastating. Was it right to kill all those civilians?"

The scene changes again. It is a very dark and wet street of ancient buildings in London. The fog clings to all those who have ventured forth. A young woman hurries her three small children home. Several well bundled bicyclers are gliding through the mist to an evening of enjoyment at a pub nearby. A uniformed policeman paces the sidewalk twirling his nightstick. Suddenly sirens shriek a warning. The street is immediately filled with people dashing for shelters and all is confusion and fear. The shock of distant anticraft guns is felt but is unnoticed. The only sound heard by all is the

drone of Nazi Junkers 88 bombers approaching from the east. The lethal rain begins, explosions rock the city, and fire adds horror to the screaming night. Walls crumble dropping all their weight to the earth. London, with a war-time population of well over three million, is badly hit. Many can no longer see the ruins and devastation that morning will reveal.

"Perhaps it was just a more powerful and destructive weapon, but was it necessary?"

Now the captain sees an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. It is perhaps the very day that, had the United States used the atom bomb, the peace treaty would have been signed on the battleship *Maine*. The carrier is surrounded by swarms of menacing kamikaze planes. The fury of battle is evident on the ship. Suddenly a Japanese plane hits the side of the carrier. Many young sailors die instantly.

The captain now sees a young GI on a tropical island. He is hunting the fanatical remnants of the Japanese defense force. He stops, looks intensely at the side of a hill, and then shouts that he has found a cave. He dives for cover. There is an explosion from a carefully concealed mine and the young soldier's name is added to the list of those who have died for their country. This takes place perhaps one

week after the bomb would have been dropped.

Next the captain sees a B-29 on a low-level bombing run over Japan. The air is filled with flak as the planes release their deadly loads from yawning bomb bays. One plane receives a direct hit at the base of the right wing. The under-turret gunner is killed instantly; his crewmates are unable to bail out. This takes place perhaps two weeks after the bomb would have been dropped.

Then the captain sees a long beach. Lines of marines rush from their landing craft to secure a beach-head in the invasion of Japan. Many drop before reaching cover. The last thing they feel is the sandy beach hitting them hard. This is perhaps three weeks after the treaty would have been signed.

The captain still worries that we, a peace-loving nation, dropped the first atomic bomb. Then he sees the monstrous mushroom cloud towering over New York City. He realizes that had the enemy the time and materials to develop an atomic bomb they would not have hesitated to use it. He also realizes that had the United States kept the atomic bomb in theory, laboratories, and testing grounds, would there not have been some ambitious aggressor bold enough to use it eventually. For, like a child told not to touch a stove who touches it anyway

because she has never been burnt, the challenge would exist. The atomic bombs, "Little Boy" dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945 and "Fat Man" dropped on Nagasaki on August 9, not only served the constructive purpose of bringing to a close World War II but also furnished unquestionable proof for all generations of the future, including our Cold War adversaries of today, that nuclear weapons are not for human use. They exist today to ensure that they will never

be used. Mankind will be saved or destroyed by this awesome force during the Atomic Age.

The captain soon rises, preforms his morning duties, and is picked up by his attractive, young wife at the gate of the alert complex. As they leave the main gate he notices the gigantic billboard which greets those who enter the base. There, in bold white letters for all to see is the motto of the Strategic Air Command - "Peace is our Profession."

SONNET

By William A. Richards

My soul searches the crimson deep,
The everlasting tribunal of sleep,
Wandering through mysterious heights
And boundless depths of eternal lights
With countenance so purely divine.
Found water turns readily to wine
And even the most profound arrays
With me all through the night stays.

Nothing can stir me from my sleep;
My mind is clear, my breathing deep;
A soul so free it dares to venture
Where no one else can even enter.
And so in the darkest of repose
A world is found with fewer woes.

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