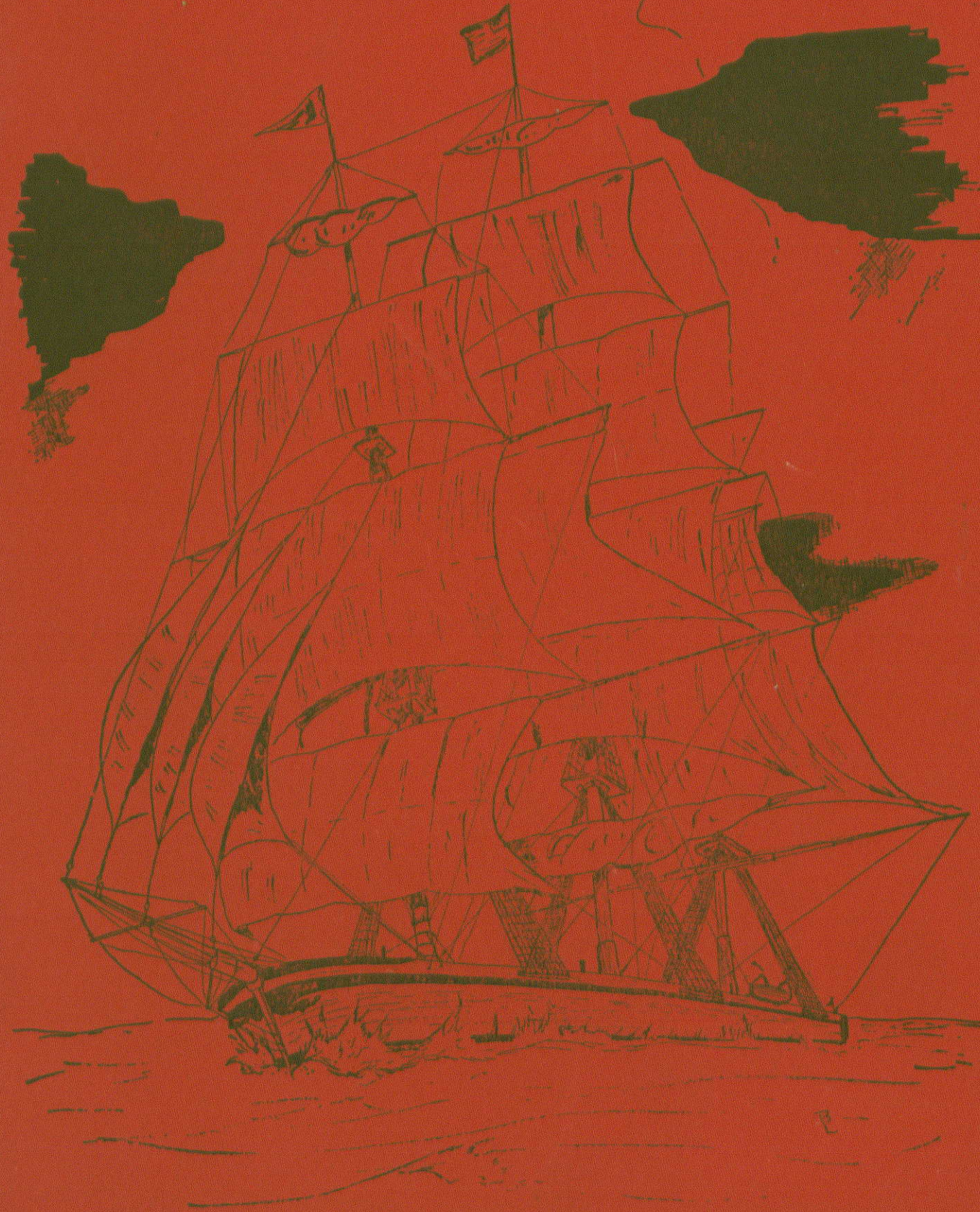
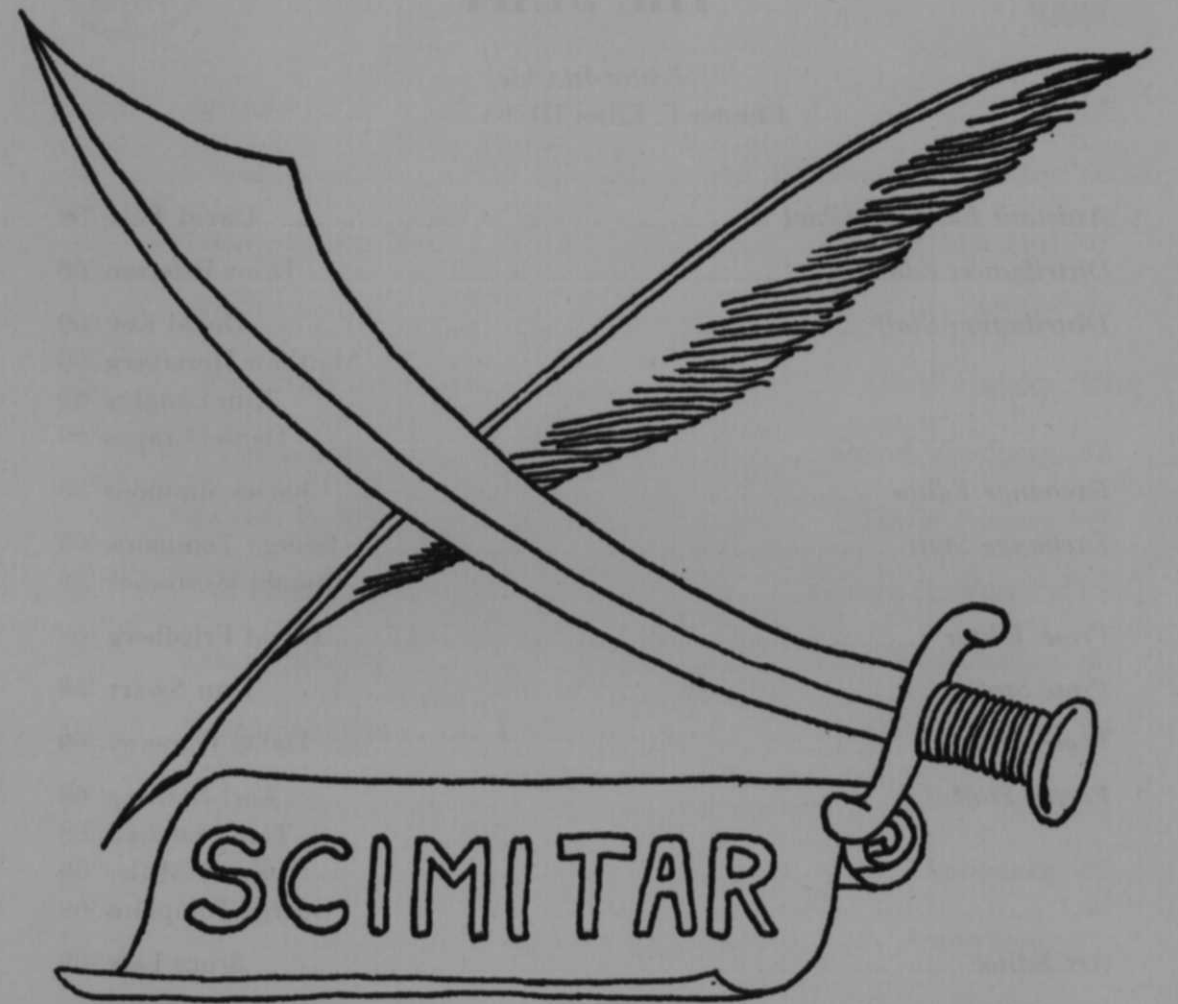


S r i m i t a r





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SCHOOL

by William J. Abernathy

"F" Co.

AH, THE GOOD old days of school, where have they gone? That is what the old-timers say. With television, computers, huge buildings, and streamlining of the systems, school just isn't what it used to be.

Today, after all is said and done about changes, there is still the student and the teacher. The young, sometimes solemn, but more often cocky student is at heart always ready to learn. The teacher, with extra duties, problems, and a low salary, is always ready to teach.

To me, a school is a place to learn. When I become old and senile I will remember my school by way of the institution, by way of the policies of the administration, by way of the spirit of the student body; "I remember the old place in '68, we really had fun. Never raised so much Cain in my

whole life."

In sincerity, one will remember the physical part, the representation of the school. "Remember that big tree in the back yard? Well, it has been chopped down. The old place really has changed a great deal. At least the Hill is still here." One will not remember the daily recitations, the slaving over the long hard math problems. One will not remember the miserable term papers, the long hours of study, the desperate cramming for the final exams.

No, the memory would go back to the physical aspects of school. The mind has put all of that learning in a place where it can not be thought of as a memory, for it uses what it has learned, not what it has done. The institution which houses the school may change, but the school will remain the same for years to come.

DOWNY-BROWN HAIR

Swirls and whisps of downy-brown hair,
Eyes that laughed and freckles fair,
A voice that tickled, yet was calm and cool;
All melted together in a safron swool.

Walks, not lonely; our talks together,
Smile; don't mingle scarlet with heather.
A bouquet, a pom-pom, a pedestal, a rose,
A cry shoulder in low plateaus.

Close together with stars overhead,
A break-up, a make-up; who cares what's said?
Eyes that watch but never see,
Ideas that parallel but never agree.

She's gone; and with her goes me,
My ability to love; my eagerness to be.
All that I lived for now is not there,
But lies lucid in whisps of downy-brown hair.

Thomas Marshall
"A" Co.

WHY?

Cool waters and buzzing bees,
Lazy forests of wind blown trees,
Yet man lives apart from all of these.

Larry Miller
"Hq." Co.

“AND WITH THE DAWN . . .”

by Charley Hayett

He stood on the edge of the bridge and looked
 at the railroad tracks below,
 And thought of the lives that passed beneath
 to worlds he'd yet to know;
 He felt the wind that whispered to him
 of things he'd yet to see,
 He heard the sounds of existence that told
 of what he'd never be.
 His thoughts went back over the years
 of the life that he had known,
 To his early youth and the countless seeds
 of pain that he had sown;
 And as he thought, could not recall
 of one good deed he'd done,
 And he tried to think of a reason to live,
 yet knew that there was none.
 His life came back like a kick in the face,
 from his soul escaped a moan,
 He had created nothing of value of which
 he could rightfully call his own;
 He had failed in every sense of the word,
 and now there was nothing left,
 Only to recompense for pain, and try
 to live with himself.
 And with this thought he turned and left
 to disappear in life,
 To try to live and love again,
 to pay life's fearful price;
 He walked away from an easy death to repay
 the debt he'd made,
 Knowing he could never die in peace
 until it's paid.

A DESCRIPTION

by David Freidberg

THE PEA-GREEN WALL in front of me is peeling and cracked. My desk is furrowed with the names and epithets of my predecessors. As I lean back in my wicker chair, the legs give a creaking warning of their frailty.

The two beds against the wall behind me appear hastily made. They both have similar blankets that are flecked with burns from cigarette ashes. Two presses face each other across the fifteen foot length of the room. Both have facades of neatly folded clothing, concealing stacks of hastily put away garments.

A cigarette butt lies under the cold, rusty radiator in the corner and two more lie by the door. In the dim light at the window two flies are lazily circling.

I walk slowly to the door, glance briefly at my room, and walk out. The weather is beautiful.

AN ODE TO MUSIC

Ah, music, thy lilting tones and refrains caress my weary soul.
 How thou does't stir the burning embers of emotion!
 I could stay for an eternity and bathe in thy luciousness forever.
 I am a slave to thy beauty, thy enchantment, and thy melodious depths.

by David Pomeroy

THE HIGHLANDS

My heart urges me to go,
 back to the land I'm from.
 Those highlands of Scotland call
 and beckon me for to come.
 I think of the lassies
 in plaids and their tams,
 and the sticky laddies there
 in mother's fresh-made jams.

The cottages high upon the braes
 and the heather there a'blooming.
 They pull me home but once again
 and set my heart to swooning.
 In the morns I wake and see,
 the dew a'sparkling 'round,
 and then my heart begins to cry
 but never I utter a sound.

I'll be back home before too long
 on the braes I love so much,
 to be with my friends just once again,
 and with my fam'ly and such.
 I'll be in the highlands from that day on,
 in life and death thereafter.
 I'm staying alive and I shall strive
 to return to my homeland's laughter.

I have but several months to live
 and never so glad was I,
 to know that I could see again,
 my homeland before I die.
 I'm certainly daft to think that I,
 an eighty-year-old mortal,
 should be upon a ship like this,
 a'gazing through a porthole.

by George G. Morgan

LOSS OF IDENTITY

by Gilbert Ashley

"A" Co.

"IT'S A LOUSY conformist world." This statement is echoed in the hearts and minds of the few true individualists left in the world today.

Today's conformists can be classified into two distinct groups. The first of these consists of those people who regard conformity as a necessary evil which must be observed in order to succeed in today's world. They are the victims of suburban living, the "nine to fivers" who own two cars and mow their lawns on Sunday. They are the ones who pay through the nose in order to play the All-American sport of "keeping up with the Joneses." For this group I see little or no hope.

The second group consists of those who consider themselves "ultra-non-conformists." By trying to be com-

pletely different from the first group, they have become one of the most conventional of all societies. Their language, dress, and view of life, are all basically the same.

Today, the future of this nation lies in the hands of what is probably the world's smallest minority, the true individualists. These are the people who neither conform to public standards, nor join the ranks of the radical movement. They think for themselves and act accordingly. This group consists primarily of people in highly individualistic fields such as writing, philosophy, art, and teaching.

If the world is ever to be led out of the "Dark Ages of conformity," these are the men who will lead it. They are the only individualistic men left.

SANDPAPER: TIME

While walking on the sandy beach,
Sometimes I linger by a dune,
And let my eyes for beauty reach,
While wind through wire-grass moans a tune.

At times I think of good days past,
And savor old times with delight,
Laughing at things which Time holds fast,
I scare a seagull into flight.

But as a river leads to sea,
A small thought leads to a big one,
And soon I realize how easily
Tricking the willing mind is done.

Mire and much ocean's FLOOR,
Though ugly now, when viewed again
When Time has placed sea-plants galore,
Is seen as a corral marked Eden.

For the pebble, sharp and jagged,
When fondled by Time and the sea,
Is no longer rough and ragged,
But is very round and glossy.

David Pomeroy

MY SEASON

The pine cones and the leaves that fall
On ground or lake or river
Symbolize another year of reasonable
Thought and pleasure.

This season comes but once a year
And even past I feel it's near;
To me again in the coming year
I see my season oh so clear.

by Bob Piper
"B" Co.

TWO WET

Two
in rain . . .
Faces are ivory trinkets framed by wet.
Hair clung headly.
When mouths' corners
Float up and two eyes' pairs
become a misted double gem.
A moment flickering,
as images when rain does patter on
ferny pond.
Rain
weeps, chilling semi-ice,
to soak the bones,
And then the two, trenched-coated
and blanketed in an aura of only-now,
whimsy, warmth.

by J. M. Timberlake

L.S.

I was a jigsaw puzzle with a piece missing,
That is, until a few hours ago.
The life which flows so warmly through your veins
By far outshines the life which sprouts the young green buds,
And though I sit alone with but a harsh white light reading over my
shoulder.

When I close my eyes, and meditate
I can almost feel your soft warm cheek against mine.
You know it's strange the way I've known you all my life,
But truly, just a few hours — Yet it's easy to explain,
I've known you long before tonight.
Everytime I have smiled—there was a little bit of you,
And every joy, both large and small—that was you, too.
I'm still drunk with exaltation of just being with you,
And yet Fate has played the cruelest tricks on me.
I'm dying a sort of starvation, and when I saw you
I was allowed only to quickly taste sweet fulfillment,
For you've been snatched away . . .
And now, I hunger more than ever!
I'm a weak and selfish man
I wish you happiness, and yet I know
I'll envy the air you breathe, every chair you sit in,
Every fork or spoon you hold, and every fellow you smile at.
For they will be near to you, while I am so far away.
Yesterday I was drifting
Today, I drift—but with a sweet goal!
You, my elusive one, are that goal,
And for three long lonely months, with every happiness that comes my
way
I'll be reminded, and think of you.

Anonymous
C company

A SONNET ON A NEW FORM OF BEAUTY

There're less stars in a velvet summer night,
Than verse on some spring joy, or pure sweetheart,
Or laughing brook, or oak trees in their might,
For poets have praised all these from the start,
But now there's new things to open one's eyes,
For even diamonds with their sparkling beams
Aren't so precious, as one will realize,
As some new drug and the life it redeems.
Does not the researcher's love for mankind
Equal or surpass love of other sorts?
And the chemist's vials: the rainbow refined?
And the laser, fine, as disease it thwarts?
Allow doors to these wonders be open,
And, with them, let the poet fill his pen.

David Pomeroy
"Hq." Co.

FLEETING TIME

Time goes by.
With every tick of the clock
Goes a part of our life.
It will be, it is, it's gone
Did that bit of time slip by?

That time is gone forever
Was it squandered,
Or was it used wisely?
Time is something that
Can never be gained.
It can only be lost.

Karl Lahring

UNCERTAINTY

Her loveliness is so pleasing to behold,
Her shy glance, and her hand against my arm.
Eyes that shame the starry skies,
Her spirit is livlier than the dawn's feathery chorus.

Do I dare hope for more than friendship?
For I don't want to make a fool of myself.
(Through some awkward and untimely deed)
What I would not give to know just how she feels!

If unnecessary caution restrains me,
And it seems to her that I do not care,
I'd lose the most precious gift I might ever receive:
Her love, so soft, so sweet—So much like her.

In a sea of doubt I drown,
Heavily shackled with uncertainty,
But gladly and happily am I tortured so
If it would make her love me.

D. Pomeroy

MEDITATION AND RESPONSE

Today would not have come so soon had I
Realized how late it really was.
The weeks keep getting colder as they come,
'Fore long the frost will have engulfed the bay—

“Three years ago it snowed on All Saints Day”.

The bite of winter makes its own repast,
A test has come, or perhaps it is a rest.
No matter, anyway, it all turns out.
The flow of falling leaves is growing steady—

“Looks like autumn's here already.”

George Tompkins

ALONE

The lonely
boy
on the bending
tree
reminds me what it's
like to be
alone, without a friend.
hoping to be alike but
different.
A strong gust of wind, a
smiling face
Gathers in the leaf, makes it
alone, apart.

by D. Akers
“A” Co.

EVERY CHRISTIAN LION HEARTED MAN . . .

by B. L. Jackson

MANY PEOPLE mistakenly believe that teenage boys with long hair are weird, dirty or homosexual. Long hair on young heads seems to be particularly infuriating to old men with short hair or no hair at all. To the middle aged, long hair and effeminacy seem synonymous and the well balanced virile young men should be crew cut in youth and close cropped in age.

Furthermore, all "right thinking," carbon copy adults decry long hair as wrong if not downright wicked. Most would say it makes one look absurd though they would not say the same of Jefferson or Washington.

In the paintings of Pinturicchio one can see the youth of Renaissance Italy. They were the Oddi and Bagliani who roamed the streets and dyed them with blood. They played with death wantonly and arrogantly, but could easily be mistaken for girls.

Their hair fell to their shoulders in scented ringlets and they were as bright as parrots in their reds and greens. From their waists hung short swords, used for hacking each other to pieces, even in the Cathedral of their city.

In Elizabethan London, long haired youths maimed and murdered each other almost all the time. Pitched battles took place at Fleet Street and the

Strand, and Blackfriars Stairs, close to the house Shakespeare lived in, was a favorite spot for an ambush.

In Queen Anne's reign, a gang of mere boys terrorized London. They called themselves the "Mohawks" and hair hung to their shoulders. Englishmen often saw the corpses of young long haired youths lying in alleys and gutters.

Now, after a few generations, long hair has again come into fashion. I feel confident that the prejudices of an older generation will eventually be washed away with the passage of time.

COME AND GONE

by J. W. Mixer

When fall has come,
Gone leaves,
Majestic as they look.

Then comes Winter,
Covering the world
With its coat of White.