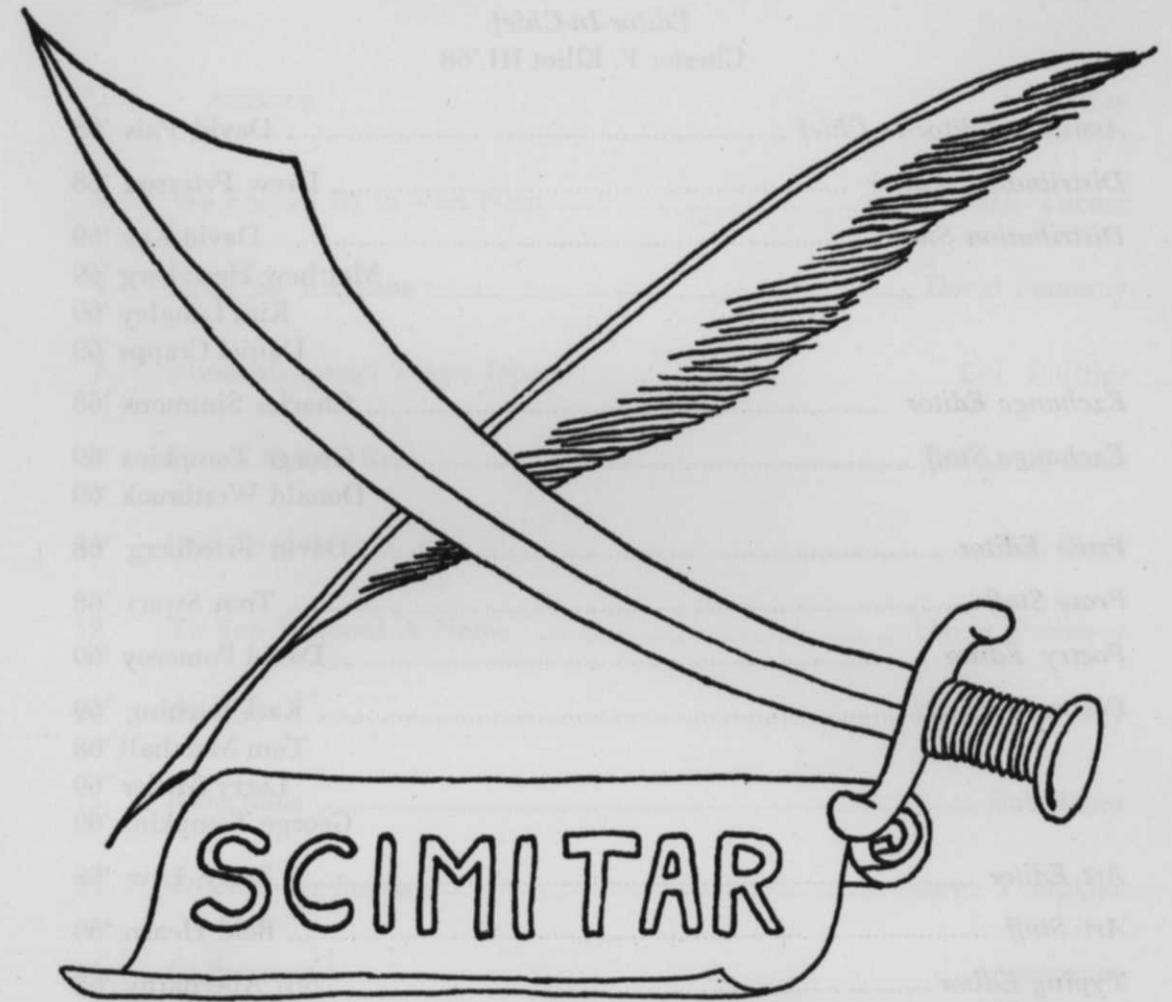




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WE SHOULD BE IN VIET NAM

AMERICANS LIVE on the concept of complete freedom, and they would surely fight for it if it were in danger. At the present time the United States doesn't have to worry about communism taking root here, but we do have to worry about other smaller countries that are being taken over. We have watched these smaller countries in the Far East slowly sink into communism and have finally decided to put a stop to their actions in Viet Nam.

The people of South Viet Nam deserve, as we do, to be free and choose the government they want. Alone the South Vietnamese can not stand up to the communist giants; they need the help of a stronger nation, such as the United States.

The people of North Viet Nam had been convinced that the Communist way of life was better and tried to instill their ideas in the South Viet

namese. Such actions led to violence and then into a war.

If we had not gotten involved in Viet Nam, the communist beliefs could, over a period of time, have spread over East Asia. It was our duty to step in and put a stop to this communist movement.

Our men are dying for people they do not even know, but they are fighting for the way of life they believe in. In helping other countries escape the threat of communism, a possibility arises of that country developing a democracy, where the individual has rights and freedoms.

Yes, we should be in Viet Nam, just as we defended our independence, we should help other countries who are trying to defend their own.

Jack Turner
"A" Co.

DROP IN ANYTIME

So, you've come to stay with us,
At our "Looney Bin".
Come. I'll show you to your room—
The padded cell—that we'll lock you in!

We know you'll enjoy your stay,
Actually you are mighty skinny for someone who is fat.
You'll have to follow the rules here.
Would you like to sniff my hat?

Never eat at meal times.
Swim only where it's dry.
Take your thumb out of your ear.
If you don't sniff my hat I'll cry!

As you know I'm the main doctor here;
I'm the one who gives you your dehydrated water.
I warn you now, if you don't sniff my hat.....
I'll chuck you in the oven and coat you with butter.

Here's the cell, now lock me in.
Bells! What bells? Do you hear any bells ring?
What do you mean, you think I ought to be in the cell?
My gosh! What are you—CRAZY or something??????

David Pomeroy



MUSASHIKOGANEI TOKYO JAPAN

IT SAID IN the travel folder if you want to know the country you must stay in a Japanese inn. Well, now I know the country. I also know better.

We spent a night at an inn called the Kaneiwaro-Bekkan, which roughly translated, means, I'm sure, the Aching-Back Hotel. The travel folder promised that from the hotel's garden we could see the Kamo River and the Higashiyama Hills. It said that the warbling sounds of the chidori, or plover, would come wafting up to us from the banks of the Kamo.

Maybe it was the chidori that sold us. Anyway, on the fateful evening I gathered the baggage, grabbed mama-san and bade a tearful farewell to the comfort of our Western-style hotel. Flagging a cab, I said, "Kiyamachidori Gojo-aguru, Shimogyoku". It was the address of the Kaneiwaro-Bekkan. I had rendered it in my best Japanese, but the driver looked at me as if I had questioned his ancestry. I handed him the hotel folder that told about the warbling chidori on the banks of the Kamo. "Ah, so," he said beaming, and we were off like a cannonball.

Greeted With Bows

The driver honked his horn at the door of the inn, and nine retainers and the owner came to the door. They all fell to their knees and made deep bows to the floor. "Ah, mama-san, papa-san," they said, smiling all over the place and bowing some more.

We said goodbye to our shoes and slid into a pair of slippers. The entire troupe led us up the stairs to our room. It opened on a small vestibule with no furniture except for a make-up table.

If mama-san got on her knees in front of the mirror, she would be able to put on her make-up handily.

The slippers we wore were proper equipment only for the halls, and we had to drop them at the door of our room and proceed in stocking feet. The main room, which would do for sitting, eating and sleeping, was covered with straw matting. In the center was a table perhaps eighteen inches high, flanked by a pair of arm rests raised one foot off the floor. A simple and lovely floor display stood in one corner under a long Japanese scroll. Progress had invaded another corner, where there was a radio loudspeaker and a telephone. Sliding doors framed with opaque rice paper and unvarnished wood opened on a narrow terrace just wide enough for two rattan chairs, a table and a view of the Kamo River. There was no sound from the chidori, or plover.

A Japanese home in winter is as warm as an igloo in a blizzard. Central heating simply doesn't exist. To keep the guests from turning blue, the Kaneiwaro provided an hibachi, a big urn filled with ashes and hot coals. Also there was, for our thinblooded Western benefit, a Kotatsu, which is a pot of coals covered by a grilled wooden box. Mama-san sat on one side, papa-san on the other, and a quilt was thrown over the legs and the box. It was sort of bundling, oriental style.

Kimonos Provided

Soon there was a knock on our sliding door and Itoku, our servant of all purposes, came in. She carried a thin bathrobe and a heavy quilted bathrobe

for mama-san and the same combination for me. "Take off," she said, pointing to our Western clothes. We waited for her to leave, but Itoku held firm. Mama-san moved into the dressing room, but Itoku followed. I seized the opportunity to make a quick change, but Itoku returned right away to see if I was making out all right. Soon we were both standing there in our brown kimonos with the thin bathrobes underneath; Itoku looked happy.

I turned to the part of the hotel booklet that has English phrases. I said, "Furowa Dokode Hairunodesuka?" It was the first sentence on the list, and it meant, "Where can I take a bath?" In short order a face appeared at the screen. "I bath boy," the face said. We followed him down the hall, down the staircase, in our kimonos, past the front desk, past new guests registering, and arrived at the bath. "No soap in tub," said bath boy. "Make soapy here," he said, indicating a spigot. "Use," he said, handing me a dishpan.

Bath is Ritual

The Japanese figure that washing is one thing, but sitting in a bathtub is for relaxing and pleasant company. In deference to the modesty of Westerners, no strange guests climb into the same tub, but it can happen. It can also happen that you emerge from the tub as well cooked as a New England boiled dinner, for the water in a Japanese bath is just short of the bubbling point.

When we got upstairs, Itoku was busy cooking the sukiyaki. The owner arrived to supervise, and later a few other retainers stopped by to watch the Occidentals trying to keep the boiled seaweed from slipping through the chopsticks.

After dinner Itoku removed all the furniture and threw several Futones, on the tatami. Then she appeared with a pair of pillows that could not have been tougher if they had been canvas bags stuffed with dry beans, which, it turned out, they were. Itoku left a toothbrush and tooth powder for each of us, and hot-water bottle and instructions for reaching the bathroom. To travel to the bathroom involved putting on a pair of slippers at the door of your room, shuffling to the edge of the tiled floor, dropping the slippers and slipping into a pair of wooden clogs that wait by the bathroom door. When returning to your room, you drop the clogs at the bathroom boundary, pick up the slippers and enter in stocking feet.

Bill is \$10

I stoked the hibachi until the coals glowed, blessed the hot-water bottle, fell among the tatamis on the floor and waited for the dawn. The tatamis are warm, but I wouldn't say that Japanese inns have innerspring floors. In the morning Itoku appeared with a breakfast of unsweetened green tea and pickled radishes, but we talked her into some eggs. We ate on the little terrace looking down on the Kamo River.

Our bill was exactly \$10 for two, meals included. I gave Itoku what corresponded to \$1.50, and she dropped to her knees and touched her forehead to the straw floor many times. The nine retainers and the proprietor bowed to the floor as we prepared to leave. At the gate we got back our shoes, and as we put them on we heard a happy warbling song. We figure it must have come from the chidori, or plover, on the banks of the old Kamo.

by Col. Phillips
"B" Company

"JUST A GENTLE RAIN"

The gentle rain came softly down
upon a world of hate,
And brought with it a sense of peace,
defied the voice of Fate
That said that all men love, then cry,
as flowers slowly fade,
That told of wars to come and then how
dearly man would pay.
It glistened in the hair of one held
out by caring hands,
And with it then a sense of love,
like shifting of the sands;
A feeling there—before untouched,
as one looked everywhere,
Shifting, ever changing, dancing on
without a care.

Their dream hung high above them,
hidden by a knowing cloud,
And made these two forget the pain
of what they once had vowed;
It showed them things they thought they knew,
but not before as this,
It showed them peace like that endowed
by Spring's eternal bliss.
It said no more as there it hung
and looked upon the world,
But as it watched, was glad, for there
a sense of love unfurled.
Unfurled its colors to the wind,
existing evermore,
No matter where these two would go,
like waves upon a shore;
Running in then drawing back into the
sea again,
Back into that blissful night, and all
that it had been.
And life goes on and doesn't care
for them or what they found,
But gentle rains still fall upon that
ever sacred ground.



ODE TO ROBERT E. LEE

O noble sir and sage as well,
 With sabre by your side.
 Fighting for what you thought was right,
 For your state you'd live or die.

With loyal men all around,
 You showed your wiseness and your pride.
 Beside you, they were all the way,
 And you in turn were by their side.

Into battle with head held high,
 Your sabre shining in the sky.
 Defeat was far away from mind,
 Even though your heart was kind.

Your glory and truth will always be,
 In our warm hearts that long for thee.
 Your pictures and name we'll always see,
 Remembering the fame of Robert E. Lee.

Bob Piper, "B" Co.

TO YOU, WITHOUT A NAME

I've passed your window many times,
And at your loveliness, I glance.
Your tilted head hears distant chimes;
You're standing in a plaster trance.

I wish that I could stop and stare,
But people just can't understand,
How one could love the smile you wear,
And want to hold your life like hand.

The gem-like twinkle in your eyes,
Winks at me as I pass along,
Yet, that look goes to all the guys;
Unseeing, so it's not too wrong.

I like to think a warm heart beats,
Underneath your delicate breast,
But your years are days; each hour fleets,
And all things are like all the rest.

No blood runs redly through your veins,
As you stand on the display floor,
In which your perfect glamour reigns.
I love the beauty you stand for.

David Pomeroy

DESTINY

Although Frank had every reason to live,
And bravely, the supreme gift he did give:
He lost his life while saving another's,
For to Frank's good soul all men were brothers.

The one he saved was of a different sort,
For Carl was mean and a very poor sport.
Sadly, an old man shook his aging head,
While saying, "It should have been him instead."

At the time everyone had thought it sad,
That Frank needlessly die for one so bad.
Ah, but now, no talk of it goes around,
Since a cure for cancer is what Carl found.

Dave Pomeroy

REFLECTIONS

As I walk by the clear, cool water of
The stream of life,
My heart leaps out of the stillness
Of my body and stands as a
Shadow with light behind it.
The flaming terror of love and
Hate are all dismissed, and my
Body and soul are thoroughly
Cleansed of the impurities of
Life.

With this out, I feel empty and
Need to converse mentally with
My own conscience.

I need my heart and soul
Back, but I know that they
Will become impure again.
What is there to do?

The only way out is to yeild
To the force of life and to go
Through the phase of reflection
Again.

Bob Piper, Bravo Company

TOMORROW'S SUNDAY

Tomorrow's Sunday!
Another new Day.
The soiring end *and* beginning of the week,
The Day when autumn ends and May begins.
The Day—the Day when Roses bloom,
The new awakening:
Prelude, Presage; Pray for
Tomorrow's Someday.

George Tompkins, Band

"IN RETROSPECT"

The little bird, it flew so high,
 And never touched the ground;
 For in the clouds it heard no cry
 Of woe that would rebound,
 From deep within the souls of men,
 It couldn't reach this bird;
 So from its mouth it would send
 A sound of joy that went unheard.
 A sound sent to those below,
 That signified the peace of heart
 That very few men ever know,
 For they had not his gifted art.
 The art of seeing only good,
 And never knowing of the wrong
 That people do, and so it could
 Let loose its joyful song.

Yet was it right? I only know
 That there's a price to pay;
 For when this little bird will go
 To meet with death some day,
 He'll see the things that people do,
 And hear the things men say;
 He'll wish so much it wasn't so,
 As there nigh death he'll lay.
 He'll cry to God to take him from
 The death that is so near,
 So that he might share with some
 The joy he valued so dear,
 That he kept it all just for himself,
 He thought if it was shared,
 For him there would be nothing left,
 How little then he cared,
 For people that he couldn't see,
 How could he have been so blind,
 That he didn't know he held the key
 For mankind's peace of mind?

THE CLASSROOM

A hoarse cough echoes through the weary silence,
 A thousand pencils; claws against paper,
 The window—A world which is so far away,
 The nagging pain from a desk too high and a chair too hard,
 The wind lashes the freezing rain against the window pane,
 Inside: Sticky and reused air hangs motionless,
 A droning and monotonous voice pounds in my ears,
 My eyelashes—lead.....My breathing rythmical,
 My body weighs a million tons.....and my head nods,
 As I slowly fall....

David Pomeroy

THE PICTURE ON MY DESK

A hush falls over the campus
 As the day begins to die.
 I sit alone at my desk, staring
 At the picture you gave me
 before I left.

Your eyes, they look so merry now,
 Yet many times have I kissed the
 tears from them,
 And many more times have I
 without meaning to
 Caused those eyes to cry,
 And not be able to be there
 To soothe the anguish I have caused.

I weep inside now,
 for all the grief and hardship
 I have given you, my love.
 I'll pay for all my thoughtlessness.
 I am paying now
 With every glance at your picture.

Today was not an easy day,
 But the shades are pulled now.
 And the smile in the picture
 on my desk
 Seems to make it worth it all.

Tex, "C" Company

THERE IS MUCH MORE

Once upon a time, many years ago,
 There lived a little man, near a mighty flow.
 His hut was dark and dreary,
 His apperence quite the same,
 But he was always friendly when anybody came.

He was, however, born into,
 A family rich and healthy,
 But he had said, "there is much more,
 than simply being wealthy."

So he up and left, one misty day
 and in his dreary hut he stayed.
 With leaky roof and bearskin door
 he always said, "there is much more."

He fed the birds when err they came,
 With cats and dogs he did the same.
 He seemed content with a hard dirt floor,
 He always said, "there is much more."

And then one day a girl did stumble,
 Into his hut, be it ever so humble.
 With sparkling eyes and silken hair,
 There was a maiden, young and fair.

He fell in love that same sweet day,
 and feared that she would go away.
 He asked her then to be his wife,
 But she replied, "not in my life."

In that same minute she had gone,
 And left him staring, all alone.
 He stomped and cursed his dirty floor,
 And then he thought, "I could have more."

He walked into the star filled night,
 And thought and thought with all his might.
 He wondered why they had to part,
 Then pushed a dagger into his heart.

"MOUNTAINS"

A mountain is a fortress,
 Towering o'er the sea
 Waiting to be conquered,
 Conquered by only me.
 My mountains are my life's goals,
 The things for which I strive,
 The very things I live for,
 The reason I'm alive.

The sea is what I start from,
 The basis of my work.

I cannot see my future
 For all this opaque murk.
 My goals may be set *too* high,
 Some I can't obtain.
 These I must give up, then,
 I cannot try again.

You could not exist if
 You didn't have a dream,
 A goal to keep you going;
 To keep your senses keen.
 Work on towards your mountains,
 The goals you set so high.
 Conquer all your mountains.
 Strive on towards the sky.

G. Morgan, "Band"
 Class of '70

"A SHORE"

The day was overcast by thoughts that
 God had not revealed,
 Dark grey clouds hung in full bloom and
 life was all but sealed;
 As far out as my sight could reach the
 sky hung like a veil
 Over the infinite water, that broke on
 shores to tell
 Of life and men and creeds and peace
 that other places knew,
 But not so here, for God was sad and
 hid his skies of blue.
 The heavy mist had changed to fog which
 rolled toward the shore,
 And made me see my life as I had never
 done before;
 I noticed then a ship far out, anchored
 there so still,
 Moving only then by waves, as if it
 had no will.
 A lonely sea gull broke the scene, as
 he, in search of food,
 Flew out into the dismal air and tried
 to fight this mood;
 It cried out to the breeze that blew
 so free in to the land;
 It cried out to the sea that left its
 foam upon the sand;

But getting no reply it soared its way
 into the sky,
 And cried to God as only its small soul
 knew how to cry.
 It turned and looked upon the earth and
 saw the ways of man,
 And as it watched then it perhaps began
 to understand;
 Began to know that man's whole life was
 written on that shore,
 Began to know why God was sad, and would
 be evermore.
 But he had sent this warning down to show
 what man has been,
 To say the time has come at last for peace
 and peaceful men;
 A time for man to live in love as never
 done before,
 A time for man to live in peace and end
 his senseless wars.
 I turned and left in hopes to find the
 clear blue skies again,
 To find some virgin land somewhere where
 man has never been;
 Yet as I left I knew that I could never
 find this land,
 For there was no place left on earth not
 spoiled by schemes of man.

UNQUESTIONED

An answer sought that no one knew,
 a love that wasn't real,
 A passing on to other days,
 a question time would seal;
 One word was said of life and death,
 one word demanding, "Why?"
 But Life smiled back and Death lashed out,
 and Time resolved to die.

Charlie Hyatt

"THE MAN"

You always have to prove yourself
 No matter where you live,
 Back down once, and what is left?
 A conscience that won't forgive;
 One weak moment is all it takes
 To make you feel that you're a fake.

You'll always wonder, "Was it fear,
 Or was it just good sense?"
 But then when others look and leer,
 Then how the heart repents!
 If you had only said, "I can",
 And stood and proved yourself a man.

And then there are the long, long nights,
 As you lie there awake;
 Longing for the break of light
 That always seems to take
 These morbid feelings that abide,
 So that better ones reside.

But then again these thoughts will come
 As night prevails again,
 And then you'll wish that you had some
 Of what it takes to send
 Yourself into another chance;
 Would you do it again?

"SOUND AND SIGHT"

The sound of hammers on a new put
roof
On the colorful leaves that
fall
Their resemblance is similar in
my mind
'Cause all they do is call.

Bob Piper, "B" Co.

